SPICE AND CONDIMENT

More Clausum.

Poor Tommy Atkins gazed around
The dusty, glaring veldt;
No longed-for water had he found
And fearful thirst he felt.
A comrade walked beside him there
And murmured, with a wink,
"Lasagers, lasagers everywhere,
And not a drop to drink."
—Chicago Tribune.

BUT HE GOT THE GIRL.

Wild Tussle With New Footgear, but Wins Out in Old Shoes.

Last week, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, the young man invested in an entire new outfit of wearing apparel, from shoes to hat. The investment was made at that particular time because the young man intended to call on a certain fair one up the state last Sunday, and hoped—well, he hoped that he wouldn't have to return to Philadelphia with "I can only be a sister to you" ringing in his ears. Sunday morning after breakfast the young man repaired to his room to dress. Everything went all right until he started to put on his shoes. The latter were a trifle too short and a trifle too narrow.

"It'd be all right if I were going to stay here in Philadelphia, and could run home and take them off if they got to hurting too much," soliloquized the young man, "but something's got to be done with them before I'll risk wearing them up to Blankville."

Some member of the family told him to pour water in the shoes and let them stand for a while, adding that the water would soften the leather, and when he put the shoes on they would stretch. As he had a couple of hours to spare, he did as advised, and then finished dressing. After sitting around for perhaps an hour and a half, he poured the water out of his shoes and then tried to pull them on. Naturally, being wet inside and out, they refused to go on, no matter how their owner pulled and tugged. At last, with but 20-odd minutes in which to catch the train before him, the young man decided to dry his footwear in the oven of the kitchen range. Suiting his action to the thought, he soon had the shoes inside the oven and the door shut. Ten minutes later, when he went to get the shoes, he found that they had dried. Also that the soles had curled up so that they resembled a pair of old-fashioned "rocker" skates. More than that, the leather was as springy as a bit of steel, and nothing he could do would restore the soles to their original state of flatness.

"I had but one pair of shoes in the world just then," the young man declared afterward, in telling the incident to a confidential friend, "and they were so shabby almost any self-respecting hobo would have turned them down. But it was either that pair or stay at home, so I got into them. Say, you should have seen the contrast between those old shoes and the remainder of my brand-new outfit. It would have made a horse laugh."

"What did your girl say?"

"She—oh, well, I didn't bring the ring back that I took out to her home with me."

DAVID HARUM IN MAINE.

Kennebec Horse Trade, in Which Diamond Cuts Diamond.

"I met Al Stephens out on the ro'd here a ways," said the Kennebec David Harum to me. "Al is all the time trying to stick me on a hoss trade. We pulled up to one side of the ro'd and got to talkin' hoss.

"'What ye got there between the fills?' says Al.

"'Oh, nothin' much—jest a hunk of crowbait I picked up day before yesterday—nothin' ye'd want to look at, I guess.'

"'Wal, by gracious, from what I can see from here I like the looks of him pretty well,' says Al.

"'Don't b'lieve he's anything ye want,' says I. But that jest tussed Al up. He thought I really had hold of a good one. So he got out of the sleigh and felt of the critter's legs. While he was doin' that I looked his hoss over. Wal, it ain't necessary to give the conversation that followed, but the upshot of the thing was we shifted.

"The hoss I turned over to Al was the wust blamed balker there was in the whole County of Kennebec. The only way you could drive him was by usin' a special harness—and we didn't let the harness go in that change of hoss flesh.

"After we had shifted the harness and had got hitched up once more, we both got into our sleighs, and—wal, we sat there lookin' at each other. Neither seemed to be willin' to start. I suspected that I had a bomb in between my shafts, as well as Al.

"'Honest, now, Al,' says I, 'what is the matter with this hoss?'

"'Well, you might say he was a leetle high pressure,' says he with a grin. 'Go ahead and start him up and hear the way he blows off steam.'

"But I haven't been in the hoss business 30 years without knowin' what to do for a breather. I just flipped out of the sleigh, took out a piece of wire I happened to have in my pocket, and bent it over the critter's nose and drove up the ro'd a piece, and then turned round and come back. I won't say that the hoss was breathing easy, but he wasn't makin' noise enough so that Al felt like laughin' very hearty.

"Says I: 'Al, I want to see ye start. I've showed ye what I can do with mine; now let's see what ye can show with that high-priced hoss I let you have.'

"Al hated to cluck up wust kind; but he lifted the reins and touched old Ariander with the whip. No start! 'Giddap-along!' says Al. But Arinder looked around at him kinder surprised and planted his feet firmer in the snow.

"Then Al got interested. He used his whip and I let him have mine. Told him I didn't mean to drive very fast and shouldn't need it. When I went over the hill Al had got discouraged. He'd unharnessed, left the sleigh by the side of the ro'd and had started for home leadin' the hoss.

"Oh, no! No grudge on either side. Hoss dick'rin' is hoss dick'rin' up in Kennebec County."—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

WANTED TO GO TO HADES.

How the Commodore Fooled Secretary Long's Messenger.

For several years there was employed as messenger and doorkeeper for the Secretary of the Navy a stalwart colored man who was acquainted with the personal appearance of nearly every officer in the navy who visited Washington during his stay "in office." He even came to consider himself quite a personage, and when officers returning from a long cruise would appear in person to report he was often a little too familiar to suit the tastes of some of the more esthetic of our tars. Usually, however, he received a good-natured response to his effusive greeting, and was generally regarded as harmless, if not useful.

Not long ago a gruff old sea dog, a commodore, who had just returned from foreign shores, thought he would have some fun with the colored man and brother. In answer to the greeting he received, the Commodore said:

"What, John, are you still here? Why, I thought you would have been promoted ere this. It is a burning shame that you, who have served the Government and the party so faithfully should be left here. If I were you I would ask for a Consulship somewhere. You could get it easily, and you deserve it. You just stick it out and you'll get a chance to travel to foreign countries. Insist on it."

"Well, Mistah Commodore, whar do y'u t'ink I had oughter go?"

"Why, just tell the Secretary that you want to be Consul to Hades."

"What's that?"

"Oh, that is a nice warm place, where the climate will just suit you."

Sure enough the colored brother went in to the Secretary at the first opportunity. He stood there till Mr. Long noticed his expectant look and inquired what he could do for him.

"Mistah Secretary, I'se tired of my job; I don't like it."

"What is the matter now?" asked the august official, not a little surprised.

"I wants to be Consul. The Republicans hain't treated me right, nohow; I'se worked mighty hard fur the pahty down in Alabam', and I wants to be Consul."

Scenting something, Long asked him where he wanted to be Consul to.

"I think that I'd like pow-ful well to go to Hades, suh."

"Hades!" ejaculated Long, laughing. "Who told you about that?"

"Commodo' ——."

"Well, you go and find out just where that is and come back, and if you want to go there then I guess we can fix you up," said the Secretary, almost smothered with a desire to laugh.

The story got out somehow, as such stories do. Some say the Secretary thought it too good to keep, but at any rate it was soon current throughout the department, and the doorkeeper, much chagrined at the laughter it caused, resigned, and is today shaving customers in a barber shop in a hotel not far from the Capitol.—Wahington Post.

RESENTED INSINUATION.

"Mike," the Raw Recruit, Suffers From Mal de Mer.

Captain Reid, of the United States transport Sherman, has been running between San Francisco and Manila with troops for over a year. He has had some funny experiences, and in a letter to his father, in Pittsburg, lately, told the following story of an Irish recruit who was going over to join the Fourth Cavalry. The big trooper had got outside the Farallones on her voyage West, when she began to feel the heave of the Pacific. Of course, most of the soldiers became seasick, and the majority of them were hanging over the rail in various stages of dejection. The Irish recruit held out as long as possible, but he soon felt a few premonitory qualms and began paying tribute to Neptune, like the others.

The captain in charge of the draft was passing along the deck, putting a kind word here and a sentence of encouragement there. He came to "Mike," and, stopping beside him, said:

"You're pretty bad, my lad."

"Oi am," said the soldier, trying to stand at attention and salute his superior, "an' Oi suppose th' docthor can't do annythin' fur me?"

"I'm afraid not. Poor fellow, you have a weak stomach."

The Irishman bristled up at this in indignation.

"Oi don't know about thot," he gasped. "Oi notice Oi'm throwin' as far as anny av th' rest av thim."—Pittsburg News.

Kentucky Ways.

A certain youth of Louisville, while calling on a Blue-Grass belle, was so emboldened by her gracious manner to him that he flung his arms around her neck and kissed her.

"If you ever do that again," exclaimed the tousled girl hotly, "I shall tell papa."

The young man took this for a mere feminine bluff, and promptly repeated the dose.

The outraged girl flung out of the room and into her father's study. She found him oiling his gun. Somehow the sight sobered her, so she merely said: "There is some one in the parlor who wishes to see you." Then she went up to her room to have a good cry.

The father briskly stepped into the other room, still holding his half-oiled gun in his hands.

At the sight of the old man with the gun the young man lost no time, but jumped clear through one of the parlor windows and vanished over the garden wall before the hospitable colonel could even ask him what he would take.

After this startling episode in Kentucky high life many months waned before the participants in it could be brought together again.—Collier's Weekly.

Vegetable Talk.

Beets—I would bleed for you.
Capsicum—You are too hot-tempered.
Celery—You are a stick.
Egg plant—You are no chicken.
Lettuce—Shall we?
Mushroom—You are an upstart.
Onion—You bring tears to my eyes.
Peas—I am willing to "shell out."
Spinach—You are very green.
Tomato—You are too saucy.
Turnip—I am mashed on you.
Carrot—You are courageous.
Cucumber—Why are you so cold?

Oh!

"Pray, dear, what do you think about when you sit down to meals?"

"Sweetest," replied the old man, "I only think about chew!"

And Mrs. H. put her arms about his neck and kissed him.—What to Eat.

After the Ball.

Mrs. Wederley (unmasking)—Oh, but didn't I fool you, though! You had no idea you were flirting with your wife all evening.

Mr. Wederly—No, I hadn't. You were so very agreeable I was completely deceived.—Chicago News.

AS TO THE NEW CENTURY.

Mr. Bjones Practically Demonstrates to Mrs. Bjones.

"I don't care!" said Mrs. Bjones, at the end of the argument. "You might as well try to tell me that black is white and expect me to believe it, as expect to convince me this time. You have convinced me too often against my will and my better judgment. If 1900 isn't the first year of the new century, then what is the use of changing 18 to 19 at all?"

"But, my dear," said Bjones, "the years of the 19th century began with the figures 18."

"So you say—so you say," sighed Mrs. Bjones, "and I suppose you are correct in that, but it isn't logical. After all, men had all the say in the making of the centuries. Women, as usual, had to submit—though it has always been one of the greatest puzzles of my life to understand why we should have had to call the 1800s the 1900's—for that is what we were doing when we were calling them the 19th century, wasn't it? Don't talk to me about women being inconsistent, Mr. Bjones—don't talk to me!—hold on a minute," she added, as he took his hat from the rack, "I am going out to do a few little errands, and I would like a couple of dollars."

"All right," said he, "you don't object to pennies, do you? You can work 'em off on people better than I can, and I have a whole pouch of them that I brought home from the store."

"I believe in pennies," said she. "When I use pennies I don't ever need to say 'Keep the change,' and if you would fill your pockets with them and use them 'for common' it would be a big saving."

"All right!" said Bjones, going toward a table with an alacrity and cheerfulness that might have made Mrs. Bjones suspicions. "You say you want $2—here! let me count!"

He toled out penny after penny until he had reached the century mark, and then he said, with a tinge of triumph in his voice. "Two dollars! and there you are, my dear!"

"There I am not!" she said, angrily. "Have you forgotten how to count?"

He took another handful of pennies and began: "Second dollar—and one; second dollar—and two; second dollar—and three ——"

"Now, then, my dear," he said, suddenly, "was the first penny after the first dollar the second or the first penny of the new dollar?"

"The first," said she, somewhat bewildered. "What are you driving at?"

"Oh," said he, "apply it to your dates, your years, your centuries—and you'll see. The year, or the dollar, 100, completed the first century, and we were not in the second until we began to count one. At one, were we?"

Mrs. Bjones "came and saw." But Mr. Bjones "conquered."—New York Press.

FROZE HIM OUT.

Three Detroit Girls Get Rid of Unwelcome Visitor.

Three girls who had attended the same school and who had not gone over their delightful reminiscences for a full week, were lounging and talking at the house of one of them, says the Detroit Free Press. Suddenly the tall one, with blonde hair and features to match, sprang to the window, pouted and told why.

"Pshaw! there comes that stupid brother of mine to call on you. What business has he breaking in on our pleasure, I'd like to know?"

"None," declared the hostess, as a matter of self-vindication.

"Will," began his sister, as soon as he had blushed his surprise and was seated, "are those your new pants? They bag horribly at the knees. I never knew a boy so hard on his clothes," and him 24.

While he was trying surreptitiously to kick out the imaginary deformities, the hostess had taken her cue. "Are those very heavy-soled shoes full dress now?" she asked innocently.

"Pardon me," said the third tormentor, sweetly, "but I was thinking of the necktie. Is it the proper caper now to have quiet harmony or vivid contrast?"

"Will," fairly shouted the sister, "did the barber singe your hair? It looks like tufts on a blackened waste."

"Guess I must be getting along," he managed to mutter after a maddening silence, and he got.

The sister solemnly averred that Will would wreak terrible vengeance on her, but in two minutes they were chattering and laughing as though there were no "boys" or other cares.

More Puddin'.

"Bobbie, what would you like for dinner?"

"Puddin'."

"Yes, and what else?"

"Why—er—more puddin'."—Judge.

WAS NOT SUPERCILIOUS.

She Had Simply Just Been Vaccinated, and It Hurt.

There was something strikingly pictorial in the appearance of a young woman who sat in the upper left hand corner of a Jackson-avenue trolley car during one of its outbound runs yesterday morning. It was due, no doubt, to many things—to the aristocratic slenderness of her figure; to her wide, dreamy eyes, the exact color of wood violets; to the great black forest of ostrich plumes that formed her hat; to the geometric curve of the towering collar of her cape. At any rate, she looked as if she might have sauntered out of the pages of some elegant journal of fashion—a beautiful denizen of picture-paper land, where skirts always hang in just the proper folds and trousers never bag at the knee. Everybody looked at her, the men admiringly and the women coldly, as they always do when another woman is better dressed, and she withstood the scrutiny with regal composure. She did not seem aware that anybody else was present.

At last the car neared her corner, and when she had pressed the button and the wheels were almost at a standstill, she arose clamly and glided down the aisle.

She was at the door when the car came to a full stop, and, seeing her stagger slightly from the shock, the conductor instinctively laid his hand upon her arm. It was a courteous and respectful act, and one that might have saved her from a fall, but the instant his fingers touched her sleeve the haughty beauty leaped backward as if she had seen an apparition. Her delicate face went pale and her beamy eyes blazed.

"Don't touch me, sir!" she exclaimed, with a harshness that shocked and astonished every hearer.

The conductor was a plain, kindly man, and, flushing with mortification and chagrin, he turned back to his platform, while the young woman gathered her skirts and passed swiftly through the door.

"Well, I must say," remarked an elderly man who had taken in the episode over the top of his newspaper, "that was about the most painful exhibition of superciliousness I ever witnessed in my life. She seemed to think she wou'd be contaminated if that honest fellow touched the hem of her garment. Pshaw! No wonder the poor are embittered!"

There was a growl of approval, and the conductor thrust a smiling face through the doorway.

"Don't blame de young lady, gents," he said, cheerily. "She explained it all when she was gettin' off. She didn't mean nothin'. You see, she's been vaccinated and has a sore arm."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"BLOW ON'T, AULD BONY!"

Laughable Experience of Scotch Surgeon in Hiring Assistant.

Dr. McTavish, of Edinburgh, says the London Tit-Bits, was something of a ventriloquist, and it befell that he wanted a lad to assist in the surgery who must necessarily be of strong nerves. He received several applications, and when telling a lad what the duties were, in order to test his nerves, he would say, while pointing to a grinning skeleton standing upright in a corner:

"Part of your work would be to feed the skeleton there, and while you are here you may as well have a try to do so."

A few lads would consent to a trial, and received a basin of hot gruel and a spoon. While they were pouring a hot mass into the skull the doctor would throw his voice so as to make it appear to proceed from the jaws of the bony customer, and gurgle out:

"Gr-r-r-gr-h-uh! That's hot!"

This was too much, and without exception the lads dropped the basin and bolted.

The doctor began to despair of ever getting a suitable helpmate until a small boy came and was given the basin and spoon.

After the first spoonful the skeleton appeared to say:

"Gr-r-r-uh-r-hr! That's hot!"

Shoveling in the scalding gruel as fast as ever, the boy rapped the skull and impatiently reorted:

"Well, jist blow on't, ye auld bony!"

The doctor sat down on his chair and fairly roared, but when the laugh was over he engaged the lad on the spot.

BECAME MONOTONOUS.

Inquiring Offspring Provokes Fond Parent's Ire.

His 5-year-old boy was perched on his knee, and the fond father gazed at him with eyes that beamed with paternal pride.

"Papa"—pointing out of the window—"what are those men doing over there?"

"Building a house, my son."

"Why?"

"Because they are paid to do it."

"Who pays them for doing it?"

"The man who is putting the house up."

"What does he pay 'em for."

"For building the house."

"Why?"

"Because—well, because they would not build the house if he did not pay them."

"What does the man want the house for?"

The paternal smile became rigid.

"To live in."

"Hasn't he got a house to live in?"

"Oh, yes."

"What does he want another for?"

"Oh, for other people to live in."

"What other people?"

"Oh, men and women and little boys and girls."

"Why do they want to live in the house?"

"Well, they must live somewhere."

"Who?"

"The people."

"What people?"

"Any people."

"Why?"

At this juncture the innocent, prattling child saw a firm hand descending, and hastily retreated in time to prevent a collision.—Tit-Bits.

Who Is Sam Phillips?

An editor of an Oregon newspaper, who goes in for the high-flown style of writing, once began one of his extravagant leading articles in this fashion: "Tomorrow is the anniversary of the death of Louis Philippe."

The editor's penmanship was not, by any means, the easiest to decipher, so, when the proof was handed to him, it read: "Tomorrow is the anniversary of the death of Sam Phillips."

Extremely indignant at what he deemed a wanton insult, he wrathfully wrote on the margin of the proof: "Who the dickens is this Sam Phillips?" Then, having reproved the printer in scathing fashion, he went home.

At breakfast, in the morning, when he turned with pride to his article, which he considered better than usual, he sprang up in a towering rage, on finding it begun thus:

"Tomorrow is the anniversary of the death of Sam Phillips. Who the dickens is this Sam Phillips?"

Twisted Phonetics.

One day, on the streets of Portland, was noticed an emigrant wagon. The driver was asked where he was from, and where he was going. This was his answer:

"Well, we wintered over on Pucket sown, an' we will go down through the Willametta valley and have a look at the Umpquack valley, an' if the land don't suit, we will jest drive back to Tack-amaw and winter."

After studying a moment the writer figured it out that the man was from Puget sound; would travel through the Willamette valley, and also view the Umpqua valley; if, then, the country did not please him, he would return to Tacoma for the winter.

Not Up to Snuff.

Ben Inprint—Say, my wife, Mrs. Ben Inprint, and two children, Lucy and John, are away on a visit to her Uncle Ebenezer's, down at Cedar Valley. I join them over Sunday.

New Reporter (producing notebook)—Give me the names of the children again, please.

Ben Inprint—Goodness! Y' ain't goin' t' put it in yer paper, are y'?

New Reporter—I intended to, but of course, if you'd rather, I'll not mention it. Good day.

Ben Inprint — Why didn't I keep my blame mouth shet. That feller must be new.—Ohio State Journal.

Fixing a Flirt.

Mrs. Plainface—I have an old coat which, though somewhat worn, is still quite good. Would you like to have it?

Miss Flirtie—What? Do you mean to insinuate that I would wear one of your cast-off garments?

Mrs. Plainface—I don't know but what you might. You seem to be trying to get my husband.—New York Weekly.

Correct.

Teacher—Willy, please give me a sentence in which the verbs "to set" and "to sit" are used correctly.

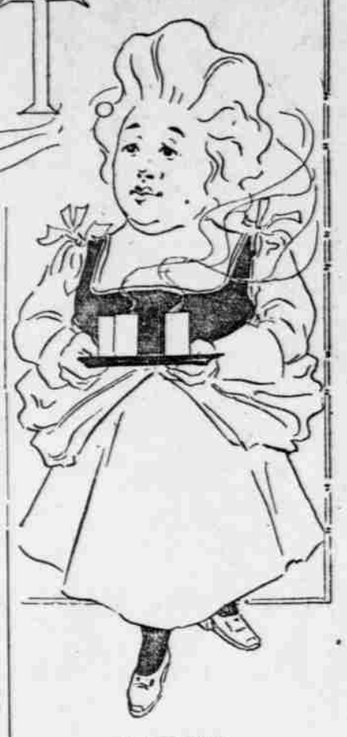
Willy (after a brief deliberation)—The United States is a country on which the sun never sets and on whch no other country ever sits.—Puck.

His Bible Wife.

Little Willie—Say, pa, did you ever have another wife besides ma?

Pa—No, Willie. But why do you ask?

Little Willie—The family record in the Bible says you married Anno Domini 1877.—Chicago Record.



Retribution.

The Boer stood on the rocky veldt
And calmly swept the kopje.
"I never," said the Briton, "feldt
Such firing. Hey, there! Stopje!"

"Oh, no," the wily Boer replied,
"You have attacked my trek;
And sought to steal my gold beside.
What did you, then, expect?"
—Philadelphia North American.

APPLE SAYINGS.

King of Fruits Not Always in the High Favor It Now Is.

Apples were at one time underestimated, says a writer in Youth's Companion; they were scarcely considered a fruit rare enough for the consideration of the epicure, unless, indeed, they formed a part of some elaborate dessert, compounded and cooked by a skilled housekeeper. Apple jellies, puddings, pies and cakes might do, but plain raw apples were fit only for school children, vegetarians or the poor. All this is now changed, and the apple has come to its own again.

But if its flavor has been at various times slightly esteemed or discredited, at least its wholesomeness has been steadily recognized. "Apple sayings" are frequent, both in our country and in England, all of which testify in favor of the fruit. In the "west contree" there are four such:

An apple a day
Sends the doctor away,

is the first and briefest. Then follow, in the order of their vigor, three more:

Apple in the morning,
Doctor's warning.

Roast apple at night,
Starved the doctor outright.

Eat an apple going to bed,
Knock the doctor on the head.

A little less aggressive is one of the Midlands:

Three each day, seven days a week—
Ruddy apple, ruddy cheek.

But more interesting than these is an old orchard verse which used to be recited on certain ancient farms on the plucking of the first ripe apples of the crop. Misfortune was supposed to follow its omission, and its utterance was quite a little ceremony, the first apple over which it was spoken being presented to a young girl, who halved and bit it before any further fruit was gathered, or at least tested. Thus it ran:

The fruit of Eve receive and cleave,
And taste the flesh therein;
A wholesome food, for man 'tis good
That once for man was sin.
And since 'tis sweet, why, pluck and eat,
The Lord will have it so;
For that which Eve did grieve, believe
Hath wrought its all of woe.
Eat the apple!

AS SHE IS WROTE.

War News as Compiled From Records, and a la Buller.

CORRECT VERSION.

The British crossed the Tugela in the attempt to relieve Ladysmith. Held a hill for a day and then retreated, on finding the position untenable. Loss, nine killed, 40 wounded. Boer loss, seven killed, 30 wounded.

BULLER'S VERSION.

I have the honor to report that I crossed the Tugela again this morning and made a feint, in order to give the enemy the idea that we actually meant to attack him. He was completely taken in, and replied to our fire vigorously all day, when we retired to the south bank of the river. The movement was a complete success. We caught two men bathing in the river. They claimed to be Boers, but, on hearing indisputable testimony from their captors to the effect that they were taking a bath, I refused to believe them and let them go. Our casualties were slight. The enemy must have suffered heavily.—Chicago Tribune.

Jabe's Change of Heart.

Jabe Mathis, of the Thirteenth Georgia, was a good soldier, but one day, says the Brooklyn Eagle, when the Confederates were retreating from the field of Gettysburg, Jabe threw his musket on the ground, seated himself by the roadside and exclaimed, with much vehemence:

"I'll be dashed if I walk another step! I'm broke down. I can't do it."

And Jabe was the picture of despair.

"Get up, man!" exclaimed his captain. "Don't you see the enemy are following us? They'll get you, sure."

"Can't help it," said Jabe. "I'm done for. I'll not walk another step."

"The Confederates passed along over the crest of the hill and lost sight of poor, dejected Jabe.

In a moment there was a fresh rattle of musketry and a renewed crash of shells. Suddenly, Jabe appeared on the top of the hill, moving like a hurricane and followed by a cloud of dust. As he dashed past his captain, the officer yelled:

"Hello, Jabe! Thought you wasn't going to walk any more?"

"Thunder!" replied Jabe, as he hit the dust with renewed vigor, "you don't call this walking, do you?"

The Reason.

"Why do you—aw—sigh, Miss Dolly?" asked the callow bard, after reciting one of his soulful offusions.

"Because it is not good form to snort," replied the wearied maiden.—Harper's Weekly.

Told Him Why.

Some one once sent to Eugene Field a poem entitled "Why Do I Live?"

Mr. Field sent back the reply, "Because you send your verses by mail."—Youth's Companion.

Silent Heroes.

"To our silent heroes," little Willie read from the memorial bronze. "Popper, what are silent heroes?"

"Married men," said popper.—Indianapolis Journal.

POEMS WORTH READING

How're They Comin' With You?

I started 'round the other day,
To satisfy myself
How fast the general public
Was accumulating wealth.
Each individual I met
I interviewed, you see,
So now I'll try and tell you what
Some of them told to me.

A shoemaker said he was "pegging away,"
A lawyer was "lying low."
A doctor was making his money "dead easy,"
It's the truth—they told me so.
A butcher managed to make "ends meat,"
The iceman had "struck a frost,"
The plumber I met was "hitting the pipe,"
Poor fellow, I guess he's lost.

A pickpocket was "taking things easy,"
While a baker was "loafing all day";
A grocer told me in confidence
That "things were going his weigh."
A dentist was "living from hand to mouth,"
And here, just to make a rhyme,
I'll have to ring in the jeweler,
Who was working, of course, "over time."

A burglar said "times were picking up,"
But he had to work at night;
And even a poor blind beggar said
He was "doing out o' sight."
An ossified man was having
An awful "hard time," he said,
While an undertaker told me
He was "doing quite well—on the dead."

A prima donna, who warbles,
Said "life went by like a song";
But a little soubrette, I casually met,
Was "barely getting along."
An oil producer told me
He "managed to get a long well,"
While a Hebrew merchant mentioned
He had "clothing to burn or to sell."

I asked a spiritualist how things were.
"Just medium," he replied;
A barber said he was "scraping along,"
And then curled up and died.
A furrier "ran a skin game,"
A jockey was "on the go,"
But it turned my head when a dressmaker said
She was doing "sew and sew."

Now pardon me if, in conclusion,
Of myself I modestly speak—
All I'm doing is digging out stuff like this
For thirty cents a week.
—William Lord Reed in National Laundry Journal.

The Little Blue Bullet.

Whiz, whiz! goes the little blue bullet. "Get out of the way when I hum.
You can laugh at round shot and shell, and dodge as they clumsily come.
The big round shot is a bully—loudly he blusters and roars;
And the shrapnel shell gives warning to all as high in the air he soars.
As I fly on my death-dealing errand, the men that I hit never hear;
"It's the ones that I miss that flinch at my hiss, and listen again in fear.
I go to my work unseen. I neither bluster nor blow;
I but whistle and sing, as I wing my way, and straight to my billet go.
I cut through muscle and bone, I cut through heart and brain.
I can make the men at the big guns quake as I cut and come again.
I laugh at the glittering sword, the lance and the bayonet's steel.
I volley them back, heaping dead in the track, as the wounded stagger and reel.
A fig for the round shot and shell, as they finish in smoke and dirt.
When I hit my mark I leave wounded and stark.
Whiz, whiz! See the life-blood spurt!
'In days of old, when knights were bold,' and armed cap-a-pie,
They faced the spear; they faced the sword; but never fronted me."
Whiz, whiz! goes the little blue bullet. Ping, ping, and pit, pat, pat.
When the rifles shoot, skedaddle and scoot, or don't show the top of your hat.
"Now, look them over, O Red Cross men. Count them up, I say;
Was it shot or shell, weapons of steel, or the bullet that won the day?"
—George Crouch in New York Sun.

Honey, Don't You Cry.

Honey, w'en de lonesome rain
Drappin' fum de sky,—
All de sunshine drowned out—
Honey, don't you cry!

Honey, don't you cry—
Sun 'll shine bimeby;
'Bleege ter rain
On hill en plain;
Honey, don't you cry!

Don't you know de lily fee!
Dusty, hot, en dry;
Liftin' up his empty cup—
Honey, don't you cry!

Honey, don't you cry—
Sun 'll shine bimeby;
'Bleege ter rain
On hill en plain;
Honey, don't you cry!
—Atlanta Constitution.

The Bold Buccaneer.

'Twas a bold buccaneer, and he strode the street
In a smooth silk hat and a long frock coat;
And close to his club he chanced to meet
A brimming bard, with a tremulous throat,
Clad round his limbs, as a bard should be,
In the garb of the aristocracy.

The singer, he seized the warrior's hand;
His pulse beat high, that grasp to feel.
"And you come," he cried, "from a distant land,
That rings with the clang of your clashing steel!
Nay, tell me your doughty deeds," said he,
"To enshrine in immortal poesy!"

Today, as of old, will our champions take
Their lives in their hands, where the battle is keen;
"You fought and bled, like Raleigh or Drake,
For old England's fame, to serve your Queen."
"Well, not exactly that," said he;
"We fought for a Limited Company."

The bard he winced, but his soul was high;
For to break the letter is not to sin,
He thought to himself of Nelson's eye;
And of Hawkins who disobeyed, to win,
"There were maidens and babes to save," said he,
"When you dashed on your raid, beyond the sea!"

The bold buccaneer, he eyed him hard,
With a delicate quiver about the lid.
He saw in his soul that the well-dressed bard,
Mistook the note of your modern Cid.
"'Twas our stocks and snares, you know," said he,
"That stood in particular jeopardy."

The poet, he heaved a quiet sigh.
"Yet, still, 'twas a glorious cause," he cried,
"For your country's sake you strove to die."
The bold buccaneer, he stepped aside.
"You don't understand finance," said he;
"'Twas the glorious cause of *f. a. d.*"
—By the late Grant Allen.

Jest Hangin' Eroun'.

Never wuz much of a feller fer gittin' over groun';
Thar's Molly, a-pickin' the banjer, an' me jest hangin' eroun'!
The other fellers air dancin'—keepin' time to the soun';
But as for me, I'm a feller jest made fer hangin' eroun'!
An' ain't them fellers jolly—
Shakin' the shingles down!
What's she thinkin' of—Molly—
With me jest hangin' eroun'?

I'm jest the backwardest feller that ever the country seen!
Never a manjo moves me—fiddle, or tamboureen;
Ain't I lovin' of Molly? That's how they set it down!
But allus—forever an' ever I'm jest a-hangin' aroun'!
An' ain't them fellers jolly—
Shakin' the shingles down!
How does it look to Molly,
With me jest hangin' eroun'?

I jest can't muster the courage to enter the lively race;
I'm allus feelin' an' looking out o' my rightful place.
The marriage bells 'll be ringin' all over the merry town,
An' when Molly's led to the altar I'll still be hangin' eroun'!
And Molly will look her sweetest,
Dressed in her weddin' gown;
They'll dance to the weddin' music,
An' leave me hangin' eroun'!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Wasted Genius.

My Uncle Jim's a wonder,
He would know jest what to do
In a military crisis—
Say, another Waterloo.
He could figure in a minute
How his side might win the day,
And get out with banners flyin'—
But none ever came his way.

In political transactions
He has foresight rare and keen,
He would know what strings to pull
As he stood behind the scene.
In a "coo-dy-tah," I tell you,
Genius! That's what he'd display,
Changin' all the face of his'try—
But none ever came his way.

An' as fur financeerin',
That is where his talent shines;
He knows how folk should handle
Railroad pools an' banks an' mines.
Puttin' through big undertakin's
Seems to him a pastime gay,
He could fix 'em in a jiffy—
But none ever came his way.

Uncle Jim is livin' quiet
In his home behind the hill,
An' the world gets on without him,
Missin' all his brains and skill.
War, diplomacy, finances
Would have felt his master sway
Had occasion only offered—
But none ever came his way.
—Washington Star.

The City Editor's Dream.

He was a city editor, a busy, busy man,
Who toiled by night when work by day were far the wiser plan.
When other men were sleeping he worked and worked the while,
And cussed the shy reporters in the editorial style.
But through his hard and toilsome life one blessed dream he knew,
Vision-haunting, beckoning on, as still before it flew.
"Oh, come the day," he'd softly say—you'd sigh to see him there—
"The day of perfect peace and rest when I can slippers wear.'

This was his dream of bliss complete, or rest beyond compare.
"Oh, day of days!" he'd gently say, "when I can slippers wear!"
And then he brushed a tear away, this worn and weary wreck,
And when the next reporter came he "got it in the neck,"
For city editors, you ken, must never weakness show;
If they, too, have their pleasant dreams the fact you'd never know.
But still in secret, inmost thoughts he dreamed of pleasure rare,
Of that bright day of peace and rest when he could slippers wear.

One day this city editor, the copy all passed in,
Went from this world of toil and strife the Heavenly world to win.
Of course they let him pass at once. "Your punishment," said they,
"Was quite sufficient while on earth. Now blithely come this way."
Next day his spirit sought this earth and sought his office, too.
They found it sitting in his chair just as he used to do
"Why sittest here, pale ghost?" they cried. His answer spoke despair:
"It isn't Heaven above, dear boys; they don't wear slippers there!"
—A. J. Waterhouse in S. F. Examiner.

Paw on Skates.

O me an' paw went skatin' yeste'day—I bet if you
Ud bin erlong 'at yu'd a-laff'd 'til yu'd a-shook clean thro'
At paw a-skatin'—he tol' me when we got to th' crick
He'd cut sum fancy capers fer me if th' ice wuz thick;
Paw sed 't when he wuz a boy they wuzn't enny wun
Cu'd skate as fast er cut wun ha'f th' didos wot he dun.

So when paw got his skates on good all reddy t' begin,
He stood up strate an' sez t' me, "I guess I'll jist start in
By cuttin' a spred-eagle like I uster do," 'nen he
Ist got up steam an' lit out like a Injun—Jimminee!
An' pen he ist fell down kerflop an' cracked th' ice an' tore
His pants an' skinned his nose an' jet lade whare he fell an' swore.

'Nen paw he took his skates right off an' sez t' me, "See here,
Yung man, you cum right home 'ith me—don't let me kech y' neer
Th' ice agin this winter, an' now you mind wot I say;
I won't let my boy waste his time in enny sich fool way";
As we walk'd home I laff'd cut loud, but I don't think paw heard,
Coz he ist limp'd erlong shed an' nuvver sed a wurd.
—Newt Newkirk in Ohio State Journal.

An Adventure.

Three smart young men and three nice girls—
All lovers true as steel—
Decided, in a friendly way,
To spend the day awheel.
They started in the early morn,
And nothing seemed amiss;
And when they reached the leafy lanes
They rode in twos like this!

They wandered by the verdant dale,
Beside the rippling rill,
The sun shone brightly all the while;
They heard the song-bird's trill.
They sped through many a woodland glade,
The world was full of bliss—
And when they rested in the shade
Theysat intwos likethis.

The sun went down and evening came,
A lot too soon, they said;
Too long they tarried on the way,
The clouds grew black o'erhead;
Down dashed the rain! They homeward flew,
Till one unlucky miss
Slipped sideways—Crash! Great Scott! The lot
Werealimixeduplikethis!
—California Curio.

Carnegie.

A fight 'gainst plutocracy's powers?
Well, Andrew will never be in it.
He doesn't object to long hours,
At $44 a minute.
—Chicago Tribune.