

POETRY



Pleasing Prospect. River looks inviting. Linger 'neath the tower. Feel the sun's caress. See the cork go down!

change of character, and Harold Billmore was using man around her waist, her head slowly sank on his shoulder, he bent his head downward, and—

around. Finally they began to close in on him. "Made you see constellations, hey?" asked one of them, laughingly uproariously at his own humor.

By this time there were about 30 men standing in a circle around the portly man who had suddenly taken a sitting posture. Then the portly man, without rising from his sitting position, reached into his overcoat pocket and brought out a small square package.

through the customary channels, until it finally reached the section of seed and plant introduction. In due time a package of the desired seed was mailed to the address of the applicant, inclosed in one of the ordinary official penalty envelopes.

The Blot on Polly's Bonnet. How many cause intertwine To make a perfect whole? What wondrous power, what vast design, Must pay its little toll? No earth attainment now we see, But bears some tribute on it From France's dress industry. For instance—Polly's bonnet.

That tip, the little tip that shakes So softly on high, Was plucked one day, far, far away, Beneath an Afric sky; I see a lovely ostrich stand And lay his offering down.

Next, wondrous fields of rustling gold Upon my merry ruy through the mold, The reaper busy hum; And skillful hands are plaiting straw, And mystic patterns— To make a dainty framework for What Polly calls her "dream."

My "Love Songs." "Mr. Waterhouse very rarely writes love songs"—As remarked by one of my kind friends. I rarely sing the love songs now that once I used to sing.

Sometimes, sometimes she comes to me with eyes of love asking, And breathes again the olden vow, "that old sweetheart of mine."

So love songs I do rarely now in gait abandon sing. The lady interferences, I vow; she shears the "old" from my "new" wing.

ENDS IN THE USUAL WAY

He Tells Him With Much Particularity How to Propose, Then He Lays Down the Law. "Harold Billmore, are you asking me to be your wife?"

"Where did I miss it?" he asked humbly. "Everywhere. You seemed to be hedging. You tried to shoot so as to hit if I were a deer and to miss if I should prove to be—"

"Tell her in a Manly Way." "If you want to marry a girl go and tell her so in a manly way. Don't you suppose, if she has any suspicion, she has found out your little secret long before you have made up your mind to speak?"

"Take you arm away from the back of this chair, sir. Neither do I hem and haw—"

"Very good," he said. "That is what you would say if you were Harold Billmore! Now listen to me!"

THE MAY "FERGIT IT." But Willie Jones Will Get No More of Her Nickels. When the suburban trains come in of a morning there is a real, deep pleasure in watching the throngs they bring to this large city.

There is one crowd in every morning from Bloomsdale or Mossy Dell, or some such suburban nook around Oak Park. She is such an "altogether darling" that even the cab horses smile when she goes by.

Then came the shock. She was sitting in the train about 10 o'clock one day last Saturday, reading her paper, when suddenly a wistful voice murmured at her elbow.

She turned impulsively, caught a full view of the speaker's face, and gasped. It was Willie Jones. There were only a dozen people in the car, but they got the full benefit of the scene that followed.

PARADOXICAL CONCLUSION. Still, the Clerk May Simply Have Lied About His Wares. "Strange," said a talkative man in the lobby, "but four statements, each perfectly true in detail, made a whopping big lie in the aggregate. It happened like this: I went into a jewelry store yesterday afternoon to buy a watch for \$1.50.

"Don't interrupt me. I have not finished my answer yet. Harold, I reply, you are a good and worthy young man. You may not know exactly how to make a proposal of marriage, in the most approved form, on account of a lack of previous practice, but your heart is right. Here is my answer. I will whisper it in your ear: 'Yes, Harold, I will be your wife.'"

HUSTLING AVAILETH NOT.

Was Tanked Out of His Bath to Vote Too Late. A humorous incident of the voting on the Puerto Rico bill was the manner in which Representative Spight, of Mississippi, was brought into the House just a minute too late to vote for Mr. Richardson's substitute.

"They want you up on the floor to vote for the substitute for the Puerto Rican tariff bill," exclaimed one of the messengers, who broke into the room without ceremony.

"Not on your life. You ain't got time," said the messengers. "They put his overcoat on, commanded him to button it around his neck, and then hurried him upstairs to the floor of the House, where he arrived just as the Clerk began the recapitulation of the vote and too late to be recorded. As he stood out in front of the door, the clerk with an ulcer collar absorbing the water that was oozing from his matted hair he was a picture of despair. He did not return to the chamber until the final vote was taken half an hour afterward.—Chicago Chronicle.

DIDN'T CARE TO DO TIME.

Two Merry "Ensemble Loidies" Receive a "Setback." Two beautiful young ongonable loidies of "The Belle of New York" merry-mery got into an automobile the other afternoon (it is simply astonishing, by the way, how far ongonable loidies can make their \$12 per week go) and went over to the bureau of engraving and printing to get how the useful green papers are made.

SCARED HIM BLUE. Brave Lawton Confessed to Being Badly Frightened Once. It has been said of General Lawton as of Bayard, le chevalier sans peur et sans reproche, that he was never known to be afraid in all his life. Major Putnam Bradley Strong, who served on the staff of General MacArthur in the Philippines, denies this. He says that General Lawton himself confessed to him that he had been badly scared by bullets, and that very recently.

OH, WHAT A FALL!

But He Gathered in the Crowd, Just the Same. The portly man with the bulging overcoat pockets began to lose his center of gravity gradually at the corner of Fifteenth street and New York avenue. One foot slipped from beneath him on the icy pavement, and by the time he had re-established connections with the bricks with that one other shot out from under him. Then they both began to execute a quick and devilish shuttle dance.

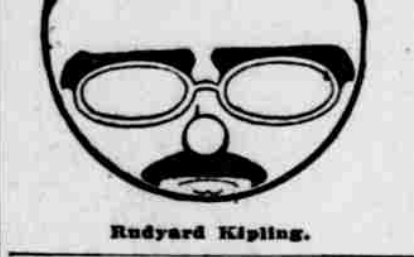
OLD TIMES IN TENNESSEE.

Amusing Example of Administration of Justice in Early Days. In "Old Times in West Tennessee" the author describes an amusing example of the administration of justice in the early history of Tennessee. Squire Thomas Thompson was the first Magistrate in Tipton, and the reader will see that he did not for the most part to go unpunished.

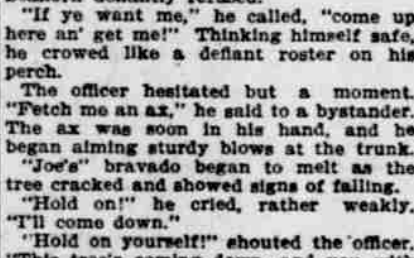
MISDIRECTED ZEAL.

Georgia Physician Makes Slight Mistake in His Patient. "I noticed a little reminiscence of Dr. McKane, of Augusta, Ga., in the paper today that interested me greatly," remarked a New Orleans clergyman. "I lived in McKane's neighborhood at one time and have heard many stories illustrative of his quaint, kindly qualities of head and heart. I think one of the most amusing was about a runaway.

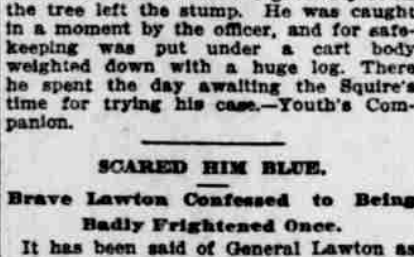
SOME SIMPLE CIRCULAR PORTRAITS.



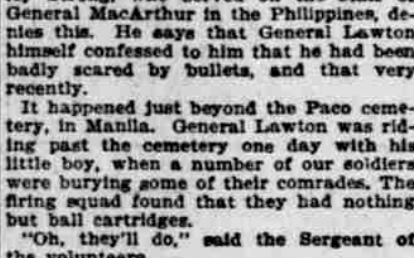
Queen Victoria.



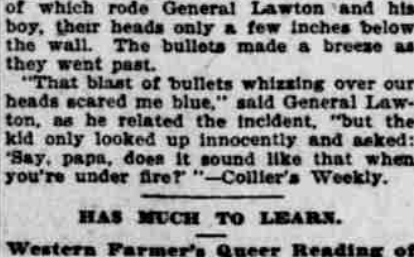
Joseph Chamberlain.



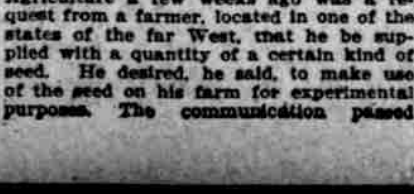
Lord Roberts ("Bobby").



Cecil Rhodes.



Rudyard Kipling.



Oom Paul Kruger.

"Yes, sir," replied a bystander, "the driver's 'most killed.'"

"McKane pushed his way into the throng and caught sight of a young man whose head was twisted to one side, and whose body was bent half double. 'Ah! ha!' he exclaimed, wrapping one of his powerful arms around the unfortunate's neck, 'this is evidently a case of dislocation of the shoulder! I'll reduce it at once!'

"He's the son of a—!" he gasped, "please stop! Oh! stop him, somebody! He's killing me!"

"Well, you idiot, what d'ye want?" "I w-w-want to tell you," stammered the young man, "that I was b-b-born this a-way!"

NOT FOR EERY.

Although Somewhat Obfuscated, Knew Ghosts When He Saw 'em. Eery married a woman with the most tartation tongue you ever listened to. Scorcher, that tongue was! When she had occasion to rebuke Eery the tongue would talk warlike of the furniture.

One night his wife sent her brother out to "play ghost" and scare the drunkard into reform. The ghost was expected to say in sepulchral tones that unless Eery reformed he would be taken into hell for sure when he passed over.

Among the communications received in the regular mail from the Department of Agriculture a few weeks ago was a request from a farmer, located in one of the states of the far West, that he be supplied with a quantity of a certain kind of seed.

A Hint of Spring.

There's a lazy time a-coming! And it's coming purty soon; It'll get a start in April And'll keep it up through June.

It'll load around the garden And'll most among the trees, A-coaxin' and persuadin' With a mighty power to please.

It'll hetch a feller workin' In the house or out of doors, And'll start the tired feelin' Coasin' out of all his pores.

It'll make his eyelids heavy, It'll set his brain on dreams Of the cool and shady places, By the quiet runnin' streams.

It'll hetch a feller workin' In the house or out of doors, And'll start the tired feelin' Coasin' out of all his pores.

Let It Come.

Comes the Spring with all its snowbanks, All its colds and influenza, All its slippery, slushy sidewalks, All its wind and rain and sunshin, All its maple-sugar weather.

Pussy Willow's Out.

Before the bluebird whistles its way To reform in glad and droll, There comes a dear and happy day When buds begin to swell.

Feedin' Hens.

Teheek, teheek, Pepper thir, grub and they'll lay for ye quicker. There's nothin' smells better than steamin' bran mash!

When I pound on the basin them hens makes a dash. And they'll crowd and they'll gobble, they'll sneeze and they'll peck and they'll squawk!

The southwind has a gentle touch, the air a tempered breeze, Upon the sloughs and rush-rimmed lakes the ice is soft and thin;

Across the full moon's silvery face dark objects swiftly pass, And through the stillness of the night there sounds the well-known din.

To the Flapjack Cake.

Sing a song to the flapjack cake— Strale de strale de zim! That is the way the batter must bake— Strale de strale de zim!

Ode to Spring.

Hail, gentle Spring! (Nay, nay, we want no hail; The very thought doth make our spirits quail— It does you ting!) Hail, gentle Spring!

The Mean Man.

She wrote a charming little verse, Just sixteen lines and sweetly terse; She sent it done in elite blue, To a paper published in St. Louis;