

Pleasing Prospect. River looks invitin' Lookin' crost the town; Feel the fish a-bitin'-See the cork go down!

What's the use o' ploddin'-Tillin' o' the sod? Ruther be thar noddin' With a fighin' rod.

Comes the feelin' lazy When the Spring days smile; Ruther reap a daisy Than plow a mule a mile.

Life-we've got to give her Room to rest a bit; Fishin' in the river Ah' drowsin' side o' it! --Atlanta Constitution.

# ENDS IN THE USUAL WAY

She Tells Him With Much Partic ularity How to Propose, Then He Lays Down the Law.

"Harold Billmore, are you asking me to be your wife?"

"I think what I have been saving to you is fairly open to that interpretation. Maud Wintergreen. Didn't I do it right?" She tapped her foot on the floor impatiently.

"No, sir." "Where did I miss it?" he asked hum-

"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

"Oh, but you are a dear, you know." "Don't interrupt me, sir. When you propose to a woman, propose to her. I've a great mind to show you how it ought to be done."

"I wish you'd take the whole business off y hands, Maud. I'm no good at it, and I promise to say the right word when "Don't be a coward as well as a bun-

fer, young man. Listen, now. I am the -stricken youth-" "All right. You're Harold Billmore."

"Not at all, This is a purely imper-sonal affair. You are the coy maden." "Yes, I'm Maud Wintergreen. Go on." "Don't be any sillier than you are nat-

urally. Desiring to enthrone myself in the heart of a young woman I first-" "That sounds too much like giving a ewly initiated candidate in a sceret soclety the proper directions for entering

lodgeroom. But go on." "If you interrupt me again with any

change of characters, and Harold Bilimore tion: 'A equals B, B equals C, C equals was the young man again. D, D equals X, therefore A equals X. was the young man again. His arm stole around her waist, her head slowly sank on his shoulder, he bent "But he couldn't see it. He shuck out firmly that each of the four assertions was gospel truth, but he wouln't stand for their logical conclusion. I told him he ought to be arrested for asking \$100 for a watch which I could prove by his

his head downward, and-Pff! P-ff!-Philadelphia Press.

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. Some find it comforting more ly to gaze and ponder on this leaven which goeth forth to leaven the whole

city-it is such a nice, cleanly, self-re-specting leaven. There is none of the helter-skelter, unscemiy haste with which the cable car throngs go to their daily toil. Here all is serene and elevating. It is charming and comforting. It makes one think of newly-paved streets, and pretty little rows of newly-fiedged trees, and clean, proper houses that you buy at so much a month, and many things good for a hardened depizen of the city to think on. In the Spring they wear little bunches of flowers-violets, and cherry blossoms, and johnny-jump-ups, and others. It is touching, especially when they beetow the woodland wealth on hungry-eyed newsboys and their filk. And the girls are tender-hearted in this respect. There is one comes in every morning from Bloomdale or Mossy Dell, or some sylvan nook around Oak Park. She is such an "altogether darling" that even the cab horses smile when she goes by. And she believes in human nature, and had a fervent faith in the charity that never faileth-the kind of charity reprehelter-skelter, unseemly haste with which

had a fervent faith in the charity that never faileth—the kind of charity repre-sented by a nickel or dime dropped in every open palm between the bridge and State street—that is, until last Saturday. On every other week day she takes the 6:15 train westward, but on Saturdays it is the \$:10. Now it came to pass that for many days a sad-eyed youth had haunted the cars of the 6:15. He is pale, and of a Smike-like slenderness and he wore a lit-

Smike-like sienderness, and he wore a lit-tle black painted tin sign, with words to the effect that Willie Jones had been born deaf and dumb, had only been out of the state asylum a month and would the kindhearted public extend its assistance in getting Wille food and lodging? The kind-hearted public, in the person of the suburban girl, donated regularly to

of the suburban girl, donated regularly to the worthy cause of Willie Jones, and Willie Jones smiled faintly and lifted his hai with humble grace in volceless grat-tude, and a tender feminine heart fluttered with the happy consciousness of easing the woe of the world by her mite. Then came the shock. She was sitting in the train about 3 o'clock a week ago

"Not on your file. Fou ain t got time, suddenly a wistful voice murmured at her elbow: "Pardon, indy, but would you kindly "Pardon, indy, but would you kindly last Saturday, reading her paper, when suddenly a wistful voice murmured at her

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. While the roll was being called it was ascertained that Spight was not in his

seat. A messenger found the Mississippian rolling juxuriously in a bathtub in the basement of the Capitol. He notified Mr. Richardson, who, appreciating the desirability of recording every vote that it was possible to round up against the tariff

bill, sent two stalwart Democrats to the bathroom to bring Mr. Spight to the floor with the least possible delay. They found Mr. Spight sprawled at full length in the tub.

"But he couldn't see it. He stuck out

Was Yanked Out of His Bath to Vote

Too Late.

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

ceremony. "But I can't go now," Mr. Spight plead-ed. "I am taking a bath." "If you don't get a hustle on you and have your vote recorded I wouldn't care to take your chances for coming back to

Congress. Any member who ducks this important vote will be blacklisted in the party. Mr. Spight, who is an old man, and

somewhat timid, gasped an inaudible re-somewhat timid, gasped an inaudible re-ply. He jumped out of the tub dripping wet and looked around for a towel with which to dry himself. There was none in eight.

eight. "What will I do?" he pleaded. "Oh, get your clothes on and come on upstairs and vote and then come back and dry yourself." was the advice of both messengers. Then one of them seized Mr. Spight's trousers and assisted his wet legs into them. The other helped him on with an undershirt and both alded him in put-ting on shoes without socks.

ting on shoes without socks. "Now I'll put on my shirt," said Mr. Spight. "Not on your life. You ain't got time,"

"Got a job melting the ice, eh?" asked another. By this time there were about 20 mon standing in a circle around the portly man who had so suddenly taken a stiting posi-ture. Then the portly man, without rising from his sliting position, reached into his overcoat pocket and brought out a small square package. "Gentlemen," said he, in the tone of a man who knew just exactly what he had to say by heart, "I have taken this some-what unusual method to attract your at-tention to the merits of this new brand of mentholated, carbonized, dethigum jigged corn saive that I am selling at the almost insanely low price of a quarter a box, money refunded if you don't find instant relief, and-"

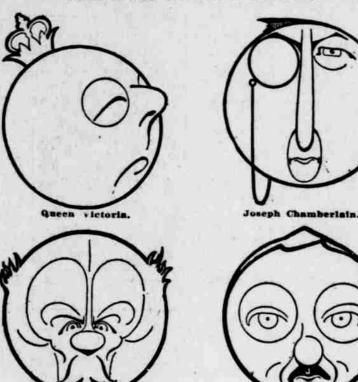
relief, and—" Most of the crowd fell back and disap-peared, but five of them thought he had earned their quarters, and bought corn salve.—Washington Post.

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 allow offenders to go unpunished. "Jos" Seahorn, a quarrelsome fellow, had a difficulty with a neighbor which ended in blows. The Squire ordered the offending parties arrested and brought be-fore him. Seahorn, the chief offender, took to his heels when he naw the officer ap-proaching. Finding that he should be over-

## SOME SIMPLE CIRCULAR PORTRAITS.



Lord Roberts ("Bobs").

around. Finally they began to close in on him.
"Made you see constellations, hey?" asked one of them, laughink uproariously at his own humor.
"Just taking a little rest, I s'pose?" inquired another.
"Got a job melting the ice, eh?" asked another.
By this time there were about 20 mon standing in a circle around the portly man who had so suddenly taken a stiling positure. Then the portly man, without right four his sitting position, reached into his overcoat pocket and brought out a small.
"Gentlemen," said he, in the tone of a man who knew just exactly what he had

lawful. He added that as he had prompt-ly returned the seed, not having made use of it, he hoped he would not be made to pay the fine. The Department people were highly amused when it dawned upon them that the Western farmer had mistaken the warning on the official envelope-"Punalty for private use, \$200."- as applying to the seed.-Washington Star.

#### MISDIRECTED ZEAL

## Georgia Physician Makes Slight Mis-

take 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.

"The doctor, as the tale goes, was sitting in his office one Saturday afternoon. when he heard a terrific hubbub, and, look ing out of the window, saw a runaway

100

6

Cecil Rhodes

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

Then's the time to go a-fishin', For the lasy time is best 'Cause a fish ain't hardly human, And it never wants to rest.

By the ripplin' of the waters, Makia' music all the day, He can stretch out where it's shady And just fish his life away.

It's the sunshine time, the fishin' time, The lazy time that's best,

nkers coming in! The city's walls a prison make, the office is a

are coming in!

tenderly:

Make

The Blot on Polly's Bonnet. My "Love Songs."

How many caused 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 ev'ry human industry; For instance-Polly's bonnet.

She calls it a "creation," small And simple as can be, And sees no miracle at all

In its simplicity; But, when I try to figure out The things that helped to make it,

So fast the pictures crowd about, I hate to undertake it.

That tip, the little tip that shake

So saucily on bigh, Was plucked one day, far, far away, Beneath an Afric sky; I see a lordly carrich stand And hay his off ring down,

To help to make, for Polly's sake, The prottient hat in town.

Next, wondrous fields of rustling gold

Upon my mem'ry come. The horses tugging through the mold, The respers busy hum; And skillful hands are plaiting straw,

To make a dainty tramework for What Polly calls her "dream."

But what is this, with asure wing

Upon the sunshine borne? A little bird, a beauteous thing. Trills gayly to the morn; I watch him bend his graceful head,

As flitting blithely by He darts away in merry play Beneath the clear blue sky.

A shot rings out, the leaden rain

Sheds darkness all around, And, writhing in its cruel pain, The bird lies on the ground; A stream of blood its body yields, It quivers, and is still;

And murder stains the yellow fields And fashion pays the bill.

No beauty can I see; Gone all the charming daintiness, The sham simplicity; And Polly's face seems grown less fair

A Hint of Spring.

And'll keep it up through June.

at the valleys and the hills. With its warm light a-drivin' Out the shivers and the chills.

There's a lazy time a-comin' And it's comin' purty soon; It'll git a start in April

The sun'll come a-streakin'

It'll loaf around the gurdens And'll roost among the trees, A-coaxin' and permuadin' With a mighty power to please.

Till the earth will be in color.

It'll ketch a feller workin' In the house er out of doors, And'il start the tired feelin'

Oosin' out of all his pores.

With the roses all in bloom And the trees in leaf, and Nater Injoyin' of the boom.

So, suddenly, my fancy stays,

th her dainty bon For a little mangied body there Has set Death's seal upon it. -John R. Rathom, in Chicago Tim

And mystic patterns gleam.

A little valley next appears,

This simple little hat.

"Mr. Waterhouse very rarely writes love songs"-As remarked by one of my kindly critics.

I rarely sing the love songs now that once I used to sing. 'Tis not that I've forgotten how bright Cupid's "The not that I am growing bald. In faith,

there's proof galore That for each bair time plucks from us we low

a little more. Tis not that sweethearts of the past are al

forgotten quite. For e'en a name has power to claim my dreaming thought tonight: But when one cometh through the mists, and I

would sing, I hear Words that the Mume can never use: "Please take the baby, dear."

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

sweetheart of mine," And then my pencil is not still; it tries to pain her there. With youth's own beauty on her face and sun-

light in her hair. "Oh, love." I say, "though I grow gray, yous sweet love bieness still. Your hand in mine, we'll ne'er repine, my own,

A fifthe values next appears, And on the screen I see Dull pearsants toiling through the years And trees of mulberry: "Tis France, where slikworms live and spi and yield for hoom and mat The shining threads that tremble in "The shining threads that tremble in my darling"-Fill The sentence as it seemeth best, I hear, with woe could gru: "What name could you have had in mind? "Still' doesn't rhyme with mine."

So love songs I do rarely now in gay abandon

sing. The haby interferes, I vow; she shears the Muse's wing; And it is hard, oh, very hard, to plainly, clear-

ly show "wtill" doth rhyme so poorly with a name Why

I chance to know. And so my love songs are not sung, except you hear them when I sing about a home of cheer remote from cares

of men, A little home, a homely home, by love made

passing fair, And if you listen you may guess my "love songs" center there. -A. J. Waterhouse, in Examiner.

Feedin' Hens.

Tchick, tchicker, Sneeze and ker-snicker! Pepper their 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

And they'll crowd and they'll gobble, they'll aneeze and they'll peck -A-gulptn' it down till they're full to the neck.

They relish it so that I vum and declare It's good for my appetite watchin' 'em there. -And if biskits are done by the time I go in, I'm apt to pull up and clean out the whole

I'm long, s'r, on grub, a believer in feedin', I think it goes furder than blue blood and

breedin"; Ev'ry hen that I've got is so pussey, by jing, She can't tuck her noddle around under he

wing; And bein' she's wakeful and broke of her rest She'll always hop down for a turn on the nest. So I git double work, s'r, by usin' 'em right --One egg per hen daytimes--one egg ev'ry night!

And they're livin' like ladies on mash and chopped ment. With all the red pepper and corn they can eat

They're makin' no kick, And if nothin' don't split I'll be rich putty

The Ducks Are Coming In.

The southwind has a gentle touch, the air a tempered chill; Upon the sloughs and rush-rimmed lakes the

low-hanging clouds are ecurrying by: some snow-banks linger still; Thus wind and weather loud proclaim-the

Across the full moon's slivery face dark ob jects swiftly pass, And through the stillness of the night there counds the well-known din Of wild goose cries-no music sweeter than

those notes. Alas, That man should have to labor-with the

while work becomes a sin; No brew can cure, no tonic heal, no mixture

can assurge The fever burning in the blood-when ducks

So from the old elk's antlers lift the 12-hore

(There's but one panacea when those fever-

captivity To where the "blind" is waiting-and the

ducks are coming in! -J. W. Wright in New York Sun

To the Flapjack Cake,

Sizzle de sizzle de zim! Watch how the porce and air bubbles raise-

Mother is waiting with long turning tin-Sizzle de sizzle de zim!

Sweet was that plate of towering brown-Sizzle de sizzle de zim!

Ode to Spring.

The very thought doth make our spirits quali-it does, by jing!)

-Chicago News.

Ga.) Standard

-Chicago News

Sing a song to the flapjack caks--

That is the way the batter must bake

Sing a song to the flaplack's praise-

rale de state de sim!

Sizzle de sizzle de zim!

Turn in the mi

Splash on the griddle,

Strale de sizale de zim!

Sizzie de sizzle de zim! See the grease flowing, See the pile growing-Sizale de sizale de zim!

Sizzle de sizzle de zim

Sizzle de sizzle de zim!

Sizzle de sizzle de zim!

No one can bake them

Sizzle de sizzle de zim!

Hall, gentle Spring! (Nay, nay, we want no hall;

But mark well how we spell it-

R-e-I-g-n! That's how you hear us tell it.

Oh, Spring, You are a sportive maid,

How freeze-out's played, But don't do so This year.

We're glad you're here,

And crown you queen With garlands green

And flowers sweet.

Spring!

That's why we say

Tou glad

'Tis very meet With smiles to great

the bring;

We hope you've come to stay!

Spring. Welcome, bright ethereal Spring-With your sweet moist wing Come the gentie showers, Waking up the siumbering flowe

Proskies over their stones are dashing, And their eegy banks are lashing; Birds are building in hedges and trees; Their songs making countless melodies. Halos of giory fill the air,

The wrote a charming little verse, Just sixteen lines and sweetly terms the sent it done in eithe blue To a paper published in Si. Lou; And when it came back marked "T It almost caused the tears to blind; For there it was in brazen blue-"Tour fost will never, never do?"

And Spring poems are booming everywhere

The Mean Man!

-Cedartown

Spring.

And well you know

Reign, ther

Sing a song for the flapjack thin-

Smell the rich butter, Hear the grease splutter-

Sing a song for the flapjack roun'-

Like mother could make them-

throbs begin;) e haste to gather shells and all, and fly

And home and clubs loss all their

-Lewiston Evening Journal.

Tchick, tchick!

ice is soft and thin;

ducks are coming in!

quick.

irks like that, Mr. Billmore, this lesson will come to an end. Begin by-no, sir, sit a little farther away. You are acting entirely out of character."

"So I was. I humbly beg pardon. I orgot. Go on." forgot.

Tell Her in a Monly 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 gumption, she has found out your little secret long fore you have made up your mind to

Then you have known all the time, Maud, that I-' "Once again, sir, keep your distance and let me do the talking."

"Then tell me just what I ought ave said, Maud-that's a dear girl."

"Well, remember, now, I am supposed to be a young man making a declaration of love to a young woman. I say to her "Lucy," or "Mchitabel," as the case may her"

"No, no! You say to her, 'Maud,' I in-

sist on that."

rist on that." "Let it be 'Maud.' then, if it will keep you quiet. But this is only ... supposititious case, just the same. I don't say to her, 'Maud, do you think you would marry the right fellow if he ever came along?" Nor do I put my arm on the back of he chair as if by accident-"

"I didn't know I was doing that

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

"Oh, but I didn't do that! I may have

saped a little, but what could you expect from a fel-"
"T think I should stand up squarely before her, like a man, as I am doing now-sit down, sir! You are the listener in this conversation-and I should look her streight in the are like a man. her straight in the eye, like a man, and y to hert 'Lucy,'-" "No, no! 'Maud!'" say

" 'Maud,' then, for the sake of the illus-mtion. 'Maud, I love you!'-Sit down!" "But how would that sound? 'Maud, I

I wanted to ask a girl to marry me." The young man bounded to his feet.

#### Listen to Him!

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

"Stand right there! Don't all down! m doing the talking. You, speaking for arold Billmore, have said you loved me,

Harold Billmore, have said you loved me, and have asked me to be your wife. I, speaking for Maud Wintergreen...." "That isn't fair, now. I told you..." "I know what you told me-as the young man. Now I'm acting as the girl. For all practical purposes I am Maud Winter-green. I would say to the awkward youth: 'Harold, I have known for a long time that you love me. Do you think I time that you love me. Do you think I would have accepted your attentions month after month if I did not intend at

"You have no right to say anythin like that. Is a girl supposed to take it for granted

for granted——"
"Don't interrupt me. I have not finished my answer yet. 'Harold,' I reply, 'you are a good and worthy young man. Tou may not know exactly how to make a proposal of marriage, in the most ap-proved 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: "Tes, Harold, I will be your wife!"""
Then, of a sudden, there was a lightning

trouble? I've been working in a factory, and got my arm badly crushed. Just out of hospital, lady-" 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. "Why, I think you're perfectly awful!" she cried, her blue eyes wide with horror are crice, her nice eyes wice with horror every single night, and you're deaf and dumb, and I've given you ever so many nickels. And now you've crushed your arm and talk. The idea! I think you're just terrible. I-I'm going to report you to the police."

She was almost crying, and Willie was

She was almost crying, and Willie was touched by her evident disappointment. "Aw, say, don't yer care," he said com-fortingly, as he braced himself against the opposite seat and arranged his bandage more effectively. "Us guys have ter live, yer know, and yous folks from the

live, yer know, and yous folks from the country are easy. You're all right, lady. Even if I ain't deaf and dumb, I get hungry, and your nickels bought me many a redhot on a cold day. Don't yer care. I won't strike yer for any more. Fergit it, fergit it. Bye hye." And she hadn't got over it by the time they reached Austin,-Chicago Tribune.

PARADOXICAL CONCLUSION.

Still, the Clerk May Simply Have

Lied About His Wares. "Strange," said a talkative man in the lobby, "but four statements, each perfect-

ly true in detail, made a whopping big lie in the aggregate. It happened like this: I went into a jewelry store yesterday and asked to see a cheap watch. The clerk showed me a tin-clad affair at \$1 50. It came in a small pasteboard box, on the lid of which I noticed the statement that It was the equal of any \$5 watch in the

world. "Have you a watch at \$57 I asked. 'Yes, sir,' said the clerk, and banded me tration. 'Maud, I love you!'-Sit down!" 'Yes, sir, said the clerk, and handed me "But how would that sound? 'Maud, I love you! Sit down!" 'I should say: 'Maud, I love you! Will you be my wife?" "Maud, I love you! Will you be my wife?" "Yes, that is what I should say, sir, if "Well here are some filled case

belleve I'd like something better." "Well, here are some filled case watches,' he replied, 'that we seil with a 30-year guarantee. The case' can't be dis-tinguished from solid gold, and the move-ment is fully standardized and tested for heat and cold. It is a watch we consider very cheap at \$25.' I pried open the back case and out dropped a little disk of paper, on which the 30-year guarantee was printed. This watch is as well made in every particular,' it said in preamble, 'as the average \$100 chronometer." "What kind of a chronometer can a man get for \$100? I asked. The best in the world,' replied the clerk enthusiasti-cally. 'Here is one now. You observe its thinness and general elegance. As far as the movement is concerned, it is simply im-

thinness and general elegance. As far as the movement is concerned, it is simply im-possible to produce anything better.' All right,' I said, 'T'll invest on that assur-ance,'  $ar^2$  I picked up the tin-clad ma-chine and laid down \$150. 'I have your word.' I added, 'that this is the best watch on earth.' 'No, you haven't!' he exclaimed, 'I don't say anything of the kind!'

kind!"

began the recapitulation of the vote and too late to be recorded. As he stood out in front of the Democratic desk with an ulster collar absorbing the water that was cozing from his matted hair he was a pic-ture of despair. He did not return to the bathroom until the final vote was taken half an hour afterward.-Chicago Chront-

#### DIDN'T CARE TO DO TIME.

#### Two Merry "Ensemble Loldies" Re ceive a "Setback."

Two beauteous young ongsomble loidies of "The Belle of New York" merrymerry got into an automobile the other aftern on (it is simply astonishing, by the way, how far ongsomble loidies can make their \$12 per week go) and went over to the bureau of engraving and printing to see how the useful green papers are made They were shown around by one of the pretty young women who act as guides. "Dear me," ecstatically exclaimed on of the merry-merry girls-the one with the \$180 paddock coat-addressing the

young woman guide, "aren't you ever tempted to grab an armful of those \$10,000 bills and just run?" "Well, yes, I confess I am," replied the guidess, with a straight face. "But there

guidess, with a straight face. "But there is one thing that restrains me." "What is that?" inquired the two ong-"Time," replied the guidess. "Time," replied the guidess. "Time?" they inquired in a breath. "How do you..." "I wouldn't care to do it, you know,"

"I wouldn't care to do n, you know, explained the young woman guide. "Do what?" asked the ongsomble loidies. "Time," said the guidess. "Oh!" exclaimed the merry-merry girls, gently failing to the fact that they were being "strung." "And then, again," went on the guidess,

with composed features. "I understand that they don't permit ladies in federal prisons to have curling irons." "Oh!" exclaimed the ongsomble loidies. "I really believe that snip meant to be sarcastic!" they said to each other when 

### OH. WHAT A FALL!

#### But He Gathered in the Crowd, Just the Same.

portly man with the bulging over The coat 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 key pavement, and by the time he had re-eaablished connections with the bricks with that one, the other shot out from under

him. Then they both began to execute a quick and devilish shuttle dance. The man's arms flow out, and he seemed to be making a wild but futile effort to pull slices out of the nippy atmosphere. Then he simply sat right down, without any su-perfluous ceremony or hubbub whatso-ever. Of course, all the men within a radius of 80 feet adjuated their hands to their sides and ha-ha-ed joyously. There is only one thing on earth that tickles a man's fellow men more than to see him drop ker-flop to an loy pavement—it tickles 'em more if he happens to have a bot-tie of bug juice in his rear pocket. This portly man with the buiging over-fing to study the thing out. Meanwhile the dozen or lis men who were waiting for cars just lay back and hollered. The port-ly man made no effort to rise, and the longer he sat there, looking mystified, the funnier it seemed to the merry gars be making a wild but futile effort to pull



taken he climbed a tree like a squirrel

and took refuge in the topmost branches. The officer commanded him to come down. Seahorn deflantly refused. "If ye want me," he called, "come up here an' get me!" Thinking himself safe, he crowed like a defiant roster on his The officer hesitated but

"Fetch me an az," he said to a bystander. The ax was soon in his hand, and he began aiming sturdy blows at the trunk. The ax was soon in his hand, and he began alming sturdy blows at the trunk. "Joës" bravado began to melt as the tree cracked and showed signs of failing. "Hold on!" he cried, rather weakly. "Til come down." "Hold on yourself!" shouted the officer. "This tree's coming down, and you with it!" saying which he whacked away at the thinning trunk.

it." saying which he whacked away at the thinning trunk. Seahorn, thoroughly frightened, began to silde down and struck the ground just as the tree left the stump. He was caught in a moment by the officer, and for safe-keeping was put under a cart body weighted down with a huge log. There he spent the day awaiting the Squire's time for trying his case.—Youth's Com-nanion.

## SCARED HIM BLUE.

#### Brave Lawton Confessed to Being Badly Frightened Once.

It has been said of General Lawton as of Bayard, le chevaller sans peur et sans reproche, that he was never known to afraid in all his life. Major Putnam Bradley Strong, who served on the staff of General MacArthur in the Philippines, de-nies this. He says that General Lawton himself confessed to him that he had been badly scared by bullets, and that very

recently. It happened just beyond the Paco ceme-tery, in Manila. General Lawton was rid-ing past the cemetery one day with his little boy, when a number of our soldiers were burying some of their comrades. The firing squad found that they had nothing but hall cartridges but ball cartridges. "Oh, they'll do," said the Sergeant of

the volunteers. "Ready, fire!" came the order a moment

Inter. The builds went whiszing over the grave and over the stone wall, on the other side of which rode General Lawton and his boy, their heads only a few inches below the wall. The builds made a breeze as

the wall. The bullets made a breeze as they went past. "That blast of bullets whizzing over our beads scared me blue," said General Law-ton, as he related the incident, "but the kid only looked up innocently and asked: "Say, papa, does it sound like that when you're under fire?"-Coilier's Weekly.

## HAS MUCH TO LEARN.

#### Western Farmer's Queer Reading of an Official Envelope.

Among the communications received the regular mails at the Department of the regular mails at the Department of Agriculture a few weeks ago was a re-quest from a farmer, located in one of the states of the far West, that he be sup-plied with a quantity of a certain kind of seed. He desired, he said, to make use of the seed on his farm for experimental purposes. The communication passed

**Oom Paul Kruger**.

'Yes, sir,' replied a bystander, 'the driver's 'most killed.' "McKane pushed his way into the thron

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!' Suiting the action to the word, he seized the young man's elbow and gave him a herculean wrench. The victim howled vigo and made frantic efforts to speak.

"'Oh! doctor!' he gasped, 'please stop Oh! stop him, somebody! He's killin' me! 'Hush your mouth, you fool!' said Mc-Kane, sternly, 'can't you see I'm reducing the fracture?" "But, doctor-oh! doctor-

"Well, you idiot, what d'ye want?"

"'I w-w-want to tell you,' stuttered the young man, 'that I was b-b-born this "Born this way!" thundered McKane

suddenly letting him go; 'wasn't you hurt in the runaway just now?' "'No, sir,' said the cripple, humbly, 'they've took that feller into the hotel.'"-New Orleans Times-Democrat. Comes the Spring with all its snow All its colds and influenza, All its doctor's bills and coal bills, All its slippery, slushy sidewalks; All its wind and rain and sunshins All its maple-sugar weather, All its hopes and aspirations,

#### NOT FOR EZRY.

Although Somewhat Obfuscated. Knew Ghosts When He faw 'Em. Eary married a woman with the most tarnation tongue you ever listened to Scorcher, that tongue was! When she had occasion to rebuke Eary the tongue would take varnish off the furniture. As a result of his treatment at hon Erry was inclined to spend overmuch of his time at the tavern. He drank other things there beside cold water. And when he would start for home he was in that blissful condition where he didn't care whether school kept or not. In that condition he was in some measure prepared to meet his gentle chatelaine.

One night his wife sent her brother out to "play gnost" and scare the drunkard into reform. The gbost was expected to say in sepulchral tones that unless Exry reformed he would be taken into hell for sure when he passed over. Eary came up the road-across the road, too-and he was irolling one of the lusty

old songs of Revolutionary days. He was halted by a sheeted figure.

"D'ev'nin'," said Exty cheerfully. "Listen to your doom," solemnly and n deep tones quoth the specter. "Zhas all ri," replied Exty, "le'r go."

"I'm a spirit." "Glad to hear 't, o' fler, glad to hear 't Goo' ap't, I suppose? If you're good sp't I mus' stan' clever wis you. I'm a pretty goo' f'ler, I am." "I am a spirit of evil," boomed the

"I am a spint of shay sho. Wal, p'raps "Sp't sevil! Don' shay sho. Wal, p'raps you're the devil himseif." "I am." "Pu' 'er there, ol' boy, pu' 'er there. Come up t' hous. Zhe'll be gia' to shee ye, that zshe will. S'pose ye know, of course, that Fm married to yer slater Nancy?"-Lewiston Evening Journal.

When a feller don't want nothin' But to soak his soul in rest. -William J. Lampton in New York Bur

#### Br'er Ephraim,

Br'er Ephraim preach de gospel-His voice a-risin' higher, He say he gwine to giory In a cherryoot er fire; "He's des too good ter stay heah"-Dat what de people say; Dey boun' to sen' dat cherrycot Ter tek Br'er Ephraim 'way!

He all de time a-prayin' In country en in town; "Lawd, wharfo' dis delayin'? O, sen' dat cherryoot down? I all de time a-preachin'--I constant watch en pray:

O' fire up dat cherryoot En head de hose die way!"

Now, one night, w'en Br'er Ephraim Wuz eleepin' fas' en soun', De chimbiy kotch on fire En de biase leap all eroun'! Dey beat and bang ter wake 'im Wuse dan a big bass drum; "Rise up-rise up, Br'er Ephraim-De fiere cherment come! De flery cherryoot come

Br'er Ephraim boller-'Cl'ar de way-I comin' out de do'i O, Lawd have mussy on me-De cherryoot come fer sho'i En den he fail ter prayin', Whilst all de minners scoff. "I des can't go ter glory Wid all my close bu'n off!"

Comes today the pleasant Springtin

Let ber come and get her work in; Meit the snowdrifts, flood the gutters, Swell the buds and bring the birds, too Start the many-colored crocus, Crocus vernus, iridaceous; And the hyadinth so fragrant,

And the hyacinth so fragrant, Sprung from blood of Hyacinthus; Start the dandelion yellow, Leontodas Taraxacum (Fut the accent where you want to), Start the fuzzy puszy willow, Start the fuzzy puszy willow, Start the Arbutus and also Any other flower that's ready Then we'll hall her and we'll call her Gentle Sector. Phasmal Willow.

-Utica (N. Y.) Herald-Dispatel

Pussy Willow's Out

Gentle Spring, Ethereal Milds

Before the bluebird wings its way To northern glade and dell, There comes a dear and happy day When buds begin to swell.

Perhaps they see (we know not how)

Some secret, beckoning sign, For soon on every willow bough

By singing streams so lately dumb

The merry children shout, (Oh, joyful news') "The Spring has come! The pussy willow's out!"

Taps.

Lights out! and darkness brooding deep aroun Thee, soldier; not the trembling bugle's sound Nor volley thrice repeated o'er the mound

Shall waken thee. Lights out! Not where the flag of battle flies.

-Anna M. Pratt in "Flower Folk."

arek Tribu

Let her come, she can't be wor Than the beastly Winter weath We've been having all this more

Let it Come.

-Atlanta Constitution