

The early bird may catch the worm.
All right, all right, but say,
Have you noticed that the may who gets.
To work about midday—
Who opens up his desk along.
About half after 10—
Is the one who carries home the most.
Of that which dazzles men.
—Times-Herald.

"PAW" IN A SERIOUS FIX

He and "Maw" and "Georgie" and the "Pupp" Go House-Hunting,

With Unsatisfactory Results.

Paw and Maw were Hunten houses neerly all Last weak and they are a look in paw's Eyes that makes You think he expects something mite Happen almost Enny time before he could notus it. I was a strange coincidence.

"Sell the thing to a circus," said Jerry. The stranger threw a pitying smile upon his host, and then explained that the gold had been cast into a brick-shaped mass, adding: "There's \$7500 worth of gold in ft, but I'll take \$5200 ready money," just the magnitude of Jerry's bank deposit. It was a strange coincidence.

Jeremiah asked to see the brick, but it was down town; he would not care to endanger its safety by lugging it around. Enny time before he could notus it. I went along a Fue times becox Aunt Grace sed she would stay with Little albert and the baby, but she told us she wouldn't have the pupp around Becoz she didn't Beleave he was to be Trusted Enny more Than a thursty poleasman in the Kitchen when they were Things to Drink in the Ice box. So last Thursday me and the pupp went along Becoz paw Got home erly the Afternoon. Maw told paw about a House she saw the Day before where was sunshine in Every room. After we Rung the Door bell neerly Half a nour they was a hired girl Come to the Door and Told us we Couldn't get In becom

and Told us we Couldn't get In becox the lady wasn't at home.

"When'll she be Here?" paw ast.

The girl Sed she Didn't no, and paw got
To talken about the House, and they
Didn't see the pupp when he Scooted past
the girl and got inside. I didn't want to
Say ennything about it Becoz paw told
me once that it was Bad manners to interrupt when Grown peeple are Tawken,
In about a Minute and a Half we herd a
Scream up stares and pritty soon the Scream up stares and pritty soon the Lady of the House Came down with the Baby in her arms, but not becoz she Wanted to show us the sunshine in Every

That Terrible Dog.

"Take that turrable Dawg out of here," she says, and me and paw went up See if the pupp would Lissen to reason. Maw lady went in a Back room and Waited and paw ran in Whare the pupp was and started to kick him out, but the Pupp got under the bed and Backed up in the corner Whare he Could think about in the corner Whare he Could think about it without getting his thots upset. Paw knelt down on his nees and Elbows and le to coax the pupp out, but it wasn't Enny use. The pupp humped up in the Corner and Looked distrustful. Then paw Crep under the Bed so only His Laigs stuck out, and was agoing to Drag the In about a half a Second after that paw

was hollering for help and the pupp was making quite a Fuss, too. The man that lived Thare got home while the trubble was Going on and Came up Stares without asten enny questions. When he Saw paw's Feat sticking Out frum under the bed and herd the Racket he didn't seem to no whether he better Stay and Try to find Out what was goin on or not. Then maw came runnis in and Grabbed paw by one laig but that didn't seem to make the man understand it enny better Than he did before.

Maw pulled at one foot and I cot bold of the Other, but we couldn't budge paw, so after while the man we were visitun took hold of the Bed and pushed it Over to the ther side of the Room. That left paw the pupp Out where we Could get at eq. The pupp had a Holt of paw's Cote coller and wouldn't let go Becoz be was a Bull Dawg, and the man says:

Water Is Tried. "Water'il make him quit. That's the only way to make a Bull dawg give up." So he got a pitcher Full of water and poured it on paw and got a Little on the pupp, too, and pritty soon paw Got up and

"Gimme a Towell!"

The man handed paw a Towull and paw

wiped the Water out of his ears and Eyes and kicked the pupp down stairs. Then the man says: "Of corse I 'spose it's all rite, but if you Have time now I wusht you'd tell me what all this means."

"We herd you had sunshine in Every room here," maw told him, "and we that We'd come to see About it." "Well," the man says, "if I was Looken for sunshine I don't think I'd hunt under

Couldn't be ennywhare else. Paw refewsed to argew about it, and or

the Way home I says to maw:
"It's a good thing We took the pupp a Tall, mite we?"-Georgie in Chicago

JERRY BOUGHT THE BRICK. And It Was Worth \$7500 and Didn't

Cost Him a Cent. Jeremiah Harding lives on the West Side with several hundred thousand other people; doesn't pretend to be smart, is law-abiding, but has never been indicted for it, and yet he practically sold a conndence man his own gold brick.

Jerry doesn't need any pointers in transactions where money is one of the active ingredients, for he came by them naturally, but the confidence man didn't know it. In some way the latter learned the dimensions of Mr. Harding's deposit done it was good to furnish 100 tunes of at the bank, and, after careful calculative stanzas each without any attention tions with a range-finder, thought the transfer to his own depleted hoard as

Because of his fallure to take Jeremian into his confidence, however, this brick-layer slipped an eccentric, lost the cher-ished brick which had so often lain long-

him stay to the noon dinner, and trotted out the hard cider.

though his conscience hurt him for mis-trusting the eloquent missionary, but it recovered from the attack when the visitor, after handing out lots of information about Cape Nome, where Arctic sent him several thousand dollars' worth of gold dust, which he had transformed into a parallelopiped, but, needing cash, desired Jeremiah, as a business man, to

advise him.
"Sell the thing to a circus," said Jerry.

danger its safety by lugging it around, nor would he ask Jerry to buy. Perhaps some bank was in need of it. "I can have it tested, I suppose?" in-

quired the groceryman.
"Certainly," responded the missionary;
"we'll go to the Government assay office and it will be tried by the assayer in your

presence."
SoJeremiah agreed to meet the mission So Jeremiah agreed to meet the mission-ary at the bank Thursday morning, and both were on time, the stranger with the brick in a satchel large enough to accom-modate a hodioad. Jerry caught on to this at once, said nothing, drew \$5200 in 10 \$500 and two \$100 bills, stuffed them carelessly into his pocket, took a chew of black tobacco and then left the bank with the missionary. the missionary.
"I'm sorry, but the Government assayer

is out of town; shall we wait till he gets back?" remarked the missionary, apolo-

assayer his friend recommended would do, at which reply the missionary could have killed Jerry for not having \$100,000 with him, and looked upon the grocery-man as a swindler for possessing but a paltry \$5200.

Jerry Pockets the Brick.

The brick was tested at a jeweler's, and being pronounced pure in heart and of good financial standing, Jerry, putting it in his pocket, accompanied the mission-ary to a Van Buren-Street hotel to complete the transaction. It was evident the good man was disturbed, and he hinted good man was disturbed, and he hinted two or three times regarding the danger of carrying so precious a burden in one's clothes, but Jerry merely remarked, "I'd like to see some one take this from me. If he does, he can have it."

It was rather queer that the religious man's room smelled of smoke and liquor.

but Jerry said nothing. The missionary stood aside to let Jerry enter first, but the latter pushed the other ahead and into the apartment, and, merely crossing the threshold, with the open door at his back, the groceryman drew his money back, the groceryman drew his money from his pocket and thrust the roll into the crook's hand.

"Nit," shouted the confidence man, quite unclerically. "Come here, Jim." The missionary, dropping the satchel, was about to reach for a revolver, when he found a glistening barrel shoved under he found a gistening barrel snoved under his nose. He could see all the constella-tions through it, for it was apparently the size of the Yerkes telescope. The hand of the man behind the gun didn't tremble a

Obedient to call the confederate emerged from behind a curtain in the dark corner of the room, and, running forward, was about to rush Jerry, when the latter coolly remarked; "I'll kill the missionary if you move an inch further, and then I'll kill you. I won't even let you change bricks

on me."
This was no theater play, and the confidence men realized it, and as Jerry backed out of the door, they giared and used extracts from South Clark-street conversation never resorted to in renned or polite circles. Jerry locked the brick, which was really worth \$7500, in a safety deposit vault.

When the missionary counted over the

when the missionary countries were built of stage money, for the gro-ceryman had fixed it with the paying ter ler of the bank.-Chicago Tril

UNRULY CHURCH ORGANS. One, an Orchestrion, Had to Be Carted to the Graveyard.

Half a dozen preachers were standing in a group in the Methodist Book Concern telling stories the other day, when the Rev. S. L. Baldwin, recording secretary of the Missionary Society, joined them. Bed for it till I was pritty sure it In the course of a Sunday evening service in a church of which he was pastor two keys of the organ got out of order, and became fastened down in such a manner that they could not be raised. To make that they could not be raised. To make the situation more serious, it was found impossible to shut off the power that kept the bellows supplied. At this juncture somebody was sent down in the cellar to disconnect something there that would

"That," said the Rev. Dr. James M. Buckley, "reminds me of another unruiy church organ, only in this instance it was not an organ, but an orchestrion. This did not require the services of a player, all that was needed being a man to wind the thing with a big crank, much as you would a two-story clock. After that was

"Well, this particular church raked and scraped enough money to buy one of these, and it was set up in a commanding position, in all the glory of its imitation pipes, fancy woodwork and blue and gold adornments. Then, with much solemnity regardless of the fact that no one underlayer slipped an eccentric, lost the cherished brick which had so often lain long-green eggs, plunged his family into grief and woe, had to move at night into a cheaper flat, forfeited his social and business standing, and was relegated to the "sucker" class.

When a business-like, although clerical-looking, middle-aged man, nearly dressed, called upon Jerry at his grocery on called upon Jerry at his grocery on Society for the Propagation of Menda-glous Peripatetics, Jerry warmed to him limited to the side which had so often lain long-green eggs, plunged his family into grief and success and be feesh and he feesh. An' fust t'ing he know 'bout he have wan gre't bite bite. Now he was ban stan' on sleepery log, and when he geet dut bite he jomp, ""But you heard him talking. What do you think of him?"

"Wal', yo' see what he los'. He was yong man—only twenty-t'ree. So he los' wan feesh line, dat van feesh hook, dat wan feesh look, dat pron and biayed every one of those 100 blessed tunes.

"It was good music, but the minister wan feesh hook, dat feesh pole. He los' heem dat beeg feesh dut bite and whin the jom of the bite. Now he was ban stan' on sleepery log, and when he geet dut bite he jom, ""There's a smart fellow for you." There's a smart fellow for the bite said with pride. "He didn't seem to be very much for "There's a sma

at once, promised to think it over, had him stay to the noon dinner, and trotted out the hard cider.

Smelled a Rat.

Now, Jerry rather smelled a rat, although his conscience hurt him for missing from 'Coronation' to Jesus, Lover of My Soul,' and Greenland's ley Mountains' with appelling capture and area. My Soul, and Greenland's Icy Moun-tains' with appalling celerity and ease. Everybody was aghast, and renewed ef-forts were made to choke off the thing, which seemed to be alive and out for a good time. Pieces of carpets and cid books were fed to it without stint through its many mouths, but it kept right on playing as if hungry for more. "Just as it began on Blest Be the Tie

nice pair rubber boot. He los' his job on de Webster Mill for cot de siab. He los' wan day's pay, which ban wan dollaire feefty cent. He los' hess wife, for he ban go geet married nex' wik. "'My moder she los' ma broder Joe and I haf for loaf two day for gon hees funer-

al."

"Dat w'at my broder Joe geet be catch dat hearly wa'm. Be gar! I say to M'sieu-w'at de secre be dat feliaire's nam'-wal, eet mak' no deef-any way I say to heem dat I drive hees hoss and I cot hees wood and I do de chore, but by cr-r-ipe, I no go out to catch dat hearly wa'm eef he gif me twenty-five cent more on wan day."—Lewiston Journal.

HIS CONFIDENT MANNER.

Could Have Had the House if He'd

Asked for It. "Take a look at that man." The head of the house had just returned from the kitchen and was talking to an old friend whom he had left in the library. "Notice his carriage; head well back, step firm, shoulders squared and his whole air suggestive of important business. They just called me to see him. As a result he has a half dollar of my money, a hat and an overcoat that is yet good for a season or

two."

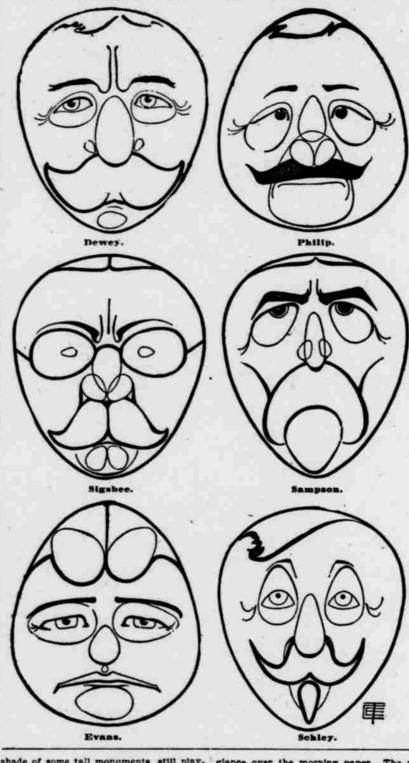
"Told a sad story, I suppose?"

"Not specially end, but it's his whole manner. He has the composite spirit of the warrior, philosopher and man of the world. It is not one man in 20 that gets better than a curt dismissal from the woman in the kitchen. She declares that she can tell from a knock what kind of a man is giving it. If it be nervous, timid or vacillating, 'stammery,' as she calls it, the applicant is sent about his business before he can get his breath. All the servants turn up their noses when they servants turn up their noses when they hear that weak and fluttering request for

"But this fellow swung around to the rear as though he was going to storm the castle, gave a bold, audactous knock as if ris many mouths, but it kept right on playing as if hungry for more.

"Just as it began on 'Blest Be the Tie That Binds,' several strong brethren seized it and, after partially smothering its cries and groans with cloths, took it out doors get warm,' and he pulled a chair to the and into the graveyard in the rear of the side of the range, put his miserably shod church. There they set it down in the feet into the oven and asked if he could

EGG-SHELL CARICATURES OF OUR NAVAL COMMANDERS.



ing and occasionally relieving itself of a resounding snort that fairly snook the tombstones. With much poorly suppressed tittering the services went on, but occahigh notes or swelling passages the sounds would penetrate the church, and this con-tinued until the music-box ran down atter playing the 'Doxology.'' - New York

NO EARLY WORM FOR HIM.

Why M'sien Provancher Lost Faith in an Old Maxim. M'sieu Provancher was just fixing the feedbags on the nose of his horses down

in Haymarket Square. "Oui," said he, "I ban hire wit' dat odcross where de Pelletiers ban use leeveforget dat man's name. Dis be two day I work for she. Her fus' r-r-at man, too. Good man. Wan dem kin' w'at geet up var' airly and deeg in heem toenalis all disconnect something there that would give relief from the distress, but as the two mutinous keys were next each other, the discord made the time seem an are by two mutinous keys were next each other, the discord made the time seem an age before silence was restored. When Dr. Baldwin was asked what he did in that emergency, he said he waited until the organ finished its voluntary and then proceeded with the services.

"That," said the Rev. Dr. James M. Buckley, "reminds me of another unruny.

Buckley, "reminds me of another unruny.

He work on de Webster Mill and cot de slab. Wal, when he ban walk along de ro'd all to once, hab, he see nice, great, beeg, fat wa'm. Wal, he say, "P'rap I'm prat' looky dis mornin', eh! When wan hearly bird catch de wa'm he's ban looky to go feesh. Ba gar! I gass I go feesh for de fon. Yo bat ma life I don' work when

hees feesh hok and feesh line and hees feesh pole and he go out dat Tayleur pon', and he tak' dat nice, gre't, beeg, fat wa'm and he heetch heem on de hook and dar he feesh and he feesh. An' fust t'ing

shade of some tall monuments, still play-ing and occasionally relieving itself of a smelled like the pie he used to get at resounding snort that fairly snook the home, and they gave him a generous section to sample. He praised the roast till he got a slice, told the cook that she ought to set up as an exclusive caterer and then asked for me. He did not whine or cringe, but talked just like a solid business man, looked me straight in the eyes and cap tured the goods and chattels I've men-tioned. That chap knows the world and can live easier without work than you or I can with it."—Detroit Free Press.

ONE ON THE HORSE EDITOR. There Were Some Things on Which

The horse editor was entertaining, or rather being entertained by, a gentleman der man what ain't M'sieu Joejacksong up his knowledge, most of which was about cross where de Pelletiers ban use leeve—subjects of more or lees literary character dey don' leeve dar now. Ba gar! I ban ter, seeing that he was calling in a newsforget dat man's name. Dis be two day I paper office. The horse editor was pleased work for she. Her fus' r-r-at man, too. and at intervals looked over toward the literary editor, who occupied a desk in the far corner, as much as to say, "Get on to the action of the kind of people I mix

The literary editor wasn't showing any sign, but he heard the talk over at the horse editor's desk.
"I think," said the visitor, "that litera-

Life is real, life is carnest And the grave is not its goal; Dust thou art to dust returnest

he preached a sermon equal to the best of the chaps that hang around the pulpits in high-class churches. And how close to the center Longfellow hit when he said: Laugh and the world laughs with you; Weep, and you weep alone.

Oh, I'm telling you that literature can win every time, hands down." win every time, hands down."

There was a great deal more of the same sort, and when the visitor departed, the horse editor came over to the literary

He Was Not Posted.

with.

ture is the finest thing on earth, and I'd rather be a great writer than to own a bank. When Whittier wrote:

poulterer. "Yes, sir; all fresh from Norfolk today, "What is the price?"

"You can take your choice, sir; I have them at all prices."
"Well, I want to give my boys a treat. But I don't want them too tender. There are a dozen here. Pick out four of the

shop."
"Thank you," said the schoolmaster,
"I'll take the other eight,—Weekly Tele-

A Dance at the Ranch

B'lute yer pardners! Let 'er go!
Balance all an' do-se-do!
Swing yer girls an' run away!
Right an' left an' gente eashay!
Gents to right an' swing or cheat!
On to next gal an' repeat!
Balance next an' don't be shy!
Bwing yer pard, an' swing her high!
Bunch the gals an' circle 'round!
Whack yer feet ontil they bound!
Form a basket! Break away!
Swing an' kits an' all git cay!

Swing an' kiss an' all git gay!
Al'man left an' balance all!
Lift yer hoofs an' let 'em fall!
Swing yer op'sites! Swing agin!
Kiss the sage hens if you kin!

Back to pardners, do-se-do! All line hands an' off you go! Gents salute yer little sweets! Hitch an' promenade to seats!

on the Owyhee.

-Denver Evening Post.

When Paderewski Plays.

We went down to the city Fer Washington's Birthday, An' I went to hear a feller Called Paderwhisky play

Upon a big planner
That took up half the stage
An' set the women weepin'
An' made the menfolks rage.

We climbed a lot o' stairways-

They took us up so high We most could hear the angels

"PROGRAM" OR "PROGRAMME!" Unher's Interference Puts Stop Impending Battle. emphatic best; tresses of the buxon girls as be stream behind— silten castigating whips cut at the s As the orchestra finished the last note of the ragtime medley, the girl in the plush coat touched the girl in the lace bodice on the shoulder.

"Excuse me, but would you ple me glance over your programme? I for got to take one as I came in." uncultured tones. Or ride beside the pretty girls, like gallant pour the usual fairy tales into their "Beg pardon!" exclaimed the girl in the lace bodice. Within the "best room" of the ranch the jolly gathered throng
Buss like a swarm of human bees and lade the air with song;
The maidene tap their sweetest smiles and give their tongues full rein
In efforts to entrap the boye in admiration's chain,

"I say would you let me take your pro gramme? I forgot to take one as I came "My which?"

said the horse editor, with confidence not unmingled with disgust.

"That's the difference between you and me," said the literary editor.

The horse editor had a conference that evening with his wife, and the next day he asked the literary editor to come out and have a drink.—Washington Star.

"Your programme."
"Really, you do not call this a pro-

"No?"
"Of course not."
"Well, what do you call it?"
"A program. P-r-o-g-r-a-m!"
"Indeed! Well, I don't mind telling you that I call it a programme. P-r-o-g-r-a-m-m-e!"
"Then your propupolation is decidedly "Then your pronunciation is decidedly incorrect. It's a pity how ungrammatical

"How is that?" "I say it's a pity how ungrammatical we get at times.

"But there is nothing ungrammatical about it. Read those bold letters on the cover of your programme. Does it read p-r-o-g-r-a-m? Of course it doesn't." "Well, you know the man that printed that may not have the advantages of high enlightenment."
"No; and I suppose he never went to

the Chicago University, ei--"
Just then an usher terminated the controversy rather suddenly.
"Ladies, permit me to say that if you will only adjourn until the fall of the curtain the audience will be able to pay more attention to your interesting discus-sion."—Chicago News.

THAT DREADFUL BUTTON. He Wanted the Doctor, and He

And thus the merry dance goes on till morning's struggling light

In lengthening streaks of gray breaks down the barriers of night.
And bronks are mounted in the glow of early morning skies

By weary-limbed young revelers with drooping, sleeping eyes.
The cowboys to the ranges speed to "work" the lowing herds;
The girls within their chambers hide to sleep like weary birds.
And for a week the young folks talk of what a jolly spree
They had that night at Jackson's ranch, down on the Owyhee. Wanted Him Quick. "Martha," asked Mr. Fraley, appealingly, "didn't I give you that shoe button I was going to ask you to sew on my shoe?" "Why, no, Isaac, this is the first I've heard of it," replied his wife.

"Well, it's blamed funny what's become of it," said Mr. Fraley, ruminatively. "I can't find it anywheres, and I know laid it right here on the bureau beside-He stopped suddenly with a gurgling gasp, and, to his wife's consternation clutched the front of his vest vehemently with both hands, while his face worked convulsively and the great beads of sweat

rolled down his forehead.

"Why, Issac, what on earth is the matter?" cried Mrs. Fraley, in wild alarm.

"Run for a doctor. Quick, quick, Martha, run for a doctor!" howled Mr. Fraley. "But what is it? Oh, what is the mat-er?" cried Mrs. Fraley, wildly wringing her hands.

her hands.
"Don't stand there jabbering like a petrified parrot, Martha," implored Mr. Fraley. "If you want to save my life, get a
doctor, and get him quick!"
"Yes, yes. At once. Right away. But
what is it, Isaac?" cried Mrs. Fraley,
dashing here and there about the room
and snatching up one article of clothing
only to abandon it immediately for some
other.

"Why, I know what's become of that why, I know what's become of that shoe button," moaned Mr. Fraley, piteous-ly. "I laid it right here beside my pill, and I know I took it instead, for here's the pill left."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Didn't Want 'Em, Anyway.

"I want some frogs' legs, please," said a young woman in a Filbert-street game market yesterday morning. "Want 'em asked the man, brusquely. "Mercy! no!" exclaimed the young wom-'We'll kill 'em for you while you wait, if you want 'em," continued the dealer. "Let me show you, anyhow." He led her to the rear of the establish ment and there were the frogs hopping about in a damp cage. "How much are they?" asked the young woman, shuddering. "Two dollars a dozen," was th "Gracious! I'm not a millionaire never paid anything like that before, said the fair marketer. "But you never got 'em alive before," explained the man. "We can give you all you want from cold storage. That's the kind you would get in a restaurant or hotel. I'll show

The young woman's only comment was that they looked as though they had been dead a long time, and ought to be buried. "I guess I won't take any frogs' legs Then she compromised on catfish.-Philadelphia Record.

Corn in Kansas.

An Easterner traveling through Kansa recently heard a great many tall corn stories and thought he would tell some of them in a letter home. This was how he did it:

"Most of the streets are paved, the grains of corn being used for coblestones while the cobe are hollowed out and used while the cops are hollowed out and used for sewer pipe. The husk when taken off whole and stood on end makes a nice tent for the children to play in. It sounds queer to hear the feed man tell the driver to take a dozen grains of horse feed over to Jackson's livery stable.

"If it were not for soft, deep soil here I don't see how they ever would harvest the corn, as the stalks would grow up in the air as high as a Methodist Church steeple. However, when the ears get too heavy their weight presses the stalk down in the ground on an average of 92 feet this brings the ear near enough to the ground to be chopped off with an ax. Collier's Weekly.

"Now You're Talkin'!" "'E comes up to me," said the Regu-

lar, "an' 'e sez to me, sez 'e, 'Look 'ere, me man, where can I find your Sergeant-Major?' I looks at 'im, an' I sez, 'Wot are you? sez I. 'E ssz, 'I'm a City Im-p'rial Volunteer,' sez 'e. 'O!' sez I. 'Yus,' sez 'e. 'Yus, sez I, 'you're a Volunteer an' I'm a Reg'lar,' I sez, 'an' you ain't goin' to lord it over me.' I sez, 'with yer "me man," I see, 'don't you forget it. I didn't get no freedom of the City,' I see, 'the only thing the Lord Mayor ever giv' me, I sez, 'was 14 days for fur'ous driv-in', I sez, 'wasn't entertained at tea,' I sez, 'by all the dooks and earls of Lor don,' I sez. 'I wasn't 'ugged an' kisse as I walked along the street,' I see, 'but I'm a bloomin' privit an' so are you, me lad. 'Yus,' sez 'e, 'an' dam proud of it,' sez 'e. 'So am I,' sez I. 'Well, come an' 'ave a drink,' sez 'e. 'Right you are,' 'now you're talkin'!"-Londo

How to Choose Turkeys. "You have some fine turkeys this

norning," said the schoolmaster to the

The poulterer obeyed. "There, sir; you have four of the toughest birds in my

They All Bring Spring While roaming in the woods one day, I asked the queetion, half in play, "Who can tell when Spring began?" Straightway the answer came, "I can!" And Robin Redbreast cocked his head. "All right! Then pray proceed," I said.

In efforts to entrap the boys in admirators chain,
The fiddler tunes the strings with pick of ; thumb and scrape of bow,
Finds one string keyed a note too high, another keyed too low;
Then rosins up the tight-drawn hairs, the young folks in a fret
Until their ears are greeted with the warning words: "All set!"

His Handlenp.

were uncouth;
She took her jewel in the rough; she polished day by day,
And with a woman's patience ground the worthless parts away. She turned him from a stupid clown to on

She gave him cor for them and him,
And often knelt beside her bed with sching
eyes and dim.

Applaudin' in the sky. Ve waited almost breathle Till that 'ere chap should please To unlock that plans An' jingle all the keys. He come, and then they hollered-Jest tarrified the air! Till it 'peared like a harricane Blowed through that feller's hair! The groanin' and the moanin' It shook the painted walls; The noise o' many rivers— The roar o' waterfalls!

But, oh, that feller's playin'! (His hair wux all we seen.) We didn't know what music Like that wuz made to mean! All that we knowed fer sartin Wuz, that 'ere chap wuz mad, An' beat that big plan With all the strength he had!

How could they call that music "Heavenly," "sweet," an' "gr Played in a foreign language We couldn't understand? We looked at 'em applaudin', An' tried to git the hang In that melojious "bang"! But all wuz Greek to us folks An' when we said good-bye. We sighed fer "Suwanee River,"

An' "Comin' Through the Rye,"
Gran'pap wuz hummin' "Dixie"
(That's somethin' had to beat!)
An' whistled "Annie Laurie" Along the crowded street. The ol' tunes! Folks, I tell you, We jest can't find our way To these high things o' earth;

But we still feel very thankful That we got ten dollars' worth! -Atlanta Constitution An Easter Egg.

I am an Egg. An Easter Egg. Behold how beautiful My outside is. in glittering gold, In silver sheen, And burnished bronze, In Tyrian purple And in vermeil dyes; in rainbow hues Set solidly Or woven intricately In curious, chaotic chroms in blended tints and shades and in all manner In blended tints and shades
And in all manner
of prismatic wonders.
I please the eye,
And satisfy the sense
Of harmony in all the airs,
That light may play
Upon the chords of taste;
I fill the tired
Aesthetic soul
With that chromatic rest
Which quiet sunsets
Bring in June
To bathe a twilight world
In crimson peace;
Or yet again,
I stir the limner's brush
To nobler victories
In realms of light
That's how I am outside
My shell;
Within,
I may be a bad egg,
Through and through;
A doubly whited sepulchre,
In that, all colors blended
Are but white.
That's me.
A gaudy glory to the eye
At every Easter show.
But—
—W. J. L. in New Yo

-W. J. L. in New York Sun.

Cawing of the Crows. What a famous noise there was In the morning when I rose! All the air was hourse with "caws!" And the sky was black with crow Hundreds circling round the trees,

Swooped down on a last year's nest; lose and scattered, then, like bees, Swarmed again and could not rest. Cawing, cawing all the time, Till it grew to one great voice, And you could not hear the chims Of the school clock for the noise.

Every garden bush has heard, igh its tiny twigs and shoots Right down to their very roots.

Buds of green on branch and stem Glisten in the morning sun; For crows have wakened them, And they open one by one

On the hill, last night, there lay One white patch from winter so Now it's melted clear away With the cawing of the crows.

And a primrose, too, has heard, Peeping out to nod and talk, From the hedge roots to a bird, Hopping down the garden walk.

What a famous noise it was! To make the trees and bushes And fields and flowers and leaves

"I must," said he, "express surprise
That anyone with two good eyes,
Or even one, should fail to see
Spring's coming must depend on me.
When I come, then will come the Spring,
And that's the gist of the whole thing."

"Ho, ho! He, he! Weil, I declare!"
A Squirrel chuckled, high in air.
"That is too droll—that you should brin instead of being brought by, Spring. I hadn't meant to boast, but now The cause of truth will not allow My silence; so I'll merely state That Spring for me must always wait. The thing admits not of a doubt: Spring can't begin till I come out."

"Well, binse my stars! For pure conceit, Began the Brook, "you two do beat All I have heard. As if 'twere true Spring never came at all till you Were born, and can't come when you're But I can set you right. I know Spring comes when I begin to flood. When my ice melts, and not till then, Spring dures to venture forth again."

"Whew!" sneered the Breeze, in high disda
"Tou're wrong as they are, it is plain.
When I first came, not long ago,
I found you naught but ice and snow.
'Twas my warm breath, you thankless thi
That broke your bands and brought the Spri
The Robins and the Squirrels all
Come only when they hear me call.
In fact, I may assert with truth
I am the Spring itself, in sooth,
Spring's here because I'm here, and when
I leave you'll have no Spring again."

—E. J. Wheeler, in Boston Transcrip

He wood her when they both were poor;
'twas then he won her, too;
She cheered him when the days were drear and
tolled to help him through;
She taught him things from books that he had
falled to learn in youth;
She got him to avoid the use of words that
were uncouth;

whose mien was proud; planted in his heart the wish to rise above the crowd; She planned the things he undertook; she urged him on to try; him confidence to look for splendid things and high; She bore the children that be loved, and totled

She cheered him when the days were dark, and when the skies were bright.

She saw him rise above the crowd and reach a noble height;

Her brow is marred by many a line, she's bent and wan and old;

He has a bearing that is fine, a form of noble mold. And people say: "Poor man, alas! He's grown beyond his wife; How and that such a load should be attached to him for life!" -Chicago Times-Herald.

Georgie's First Smoke. Paw, he ist smokes th' offlest, biggest black seegars 'at you Ist uver saw, an' yeste'day I thot I'd smoke wun, too; So when they wurn't ennybuddy lookin' I ist Upon a chare an' sneek'd out a seegar an' a whole lot
Uv matches, nen I hiked out fur th' coal
shed, where I'd be
All by myse'f, an' whare they cu'dn't ennybuddy see; I lit it all up good an' nen I puffed away like paw.

An' ist make smoky kurly-kews—th' best you

Nen after bit it didn't taste so veree good an' I let tho't I'd stop a-smokin' fur awhile befoar Agin, but I got offul sick, an' 'at ole coal shed it
Commenc'd to turn erroun' an' nen th' floor flew up an' hit
Me on th' hed a nofful slap—'s hard it made me cry;
An' I ist lay'd there quiet an' afrade 'at I wu'd die; Nen I got sicker still an' wish'd 'at I wu'd di an' be
A ningil-nen maw cum fur coal an' skreem'd
when she saw me.

Paw sex he'll git me a gold watch an' chain
if I ist don't
Smoke seegars nuvver enay moar, an' you ist
bet I won't.
-Newt Newkirk in Ohio State Journal.

April Rain.

April Rain.

Gray threads are caught within the forest-loor
A-slantwise, shuttled by the April breeze;
A fog of buds and rain-unraveled bloom
Is set adrift between the antiered trees;
And leaf-bud sheathings, closed an hour ago,
The edges of their satin linings show. The rain-threads break in little golden ends,

And opals, all a-quiver in the air, Hang scintillant, as slipping sunshine sends A rainbow here, a needle-glimmer there. An uptomed head of fragrance, dimly white, The wild plum glistens in the fleecy light. The wet, rough rocks, with lichen-laces rimn Shine faintly green, along the slanted glades. The curled brown fungus-cups are even-

With rain, that steals their dusk and orange And darkies in each hallowed velvet bell.

To the dim softness of a fairy's well. A crab-tree's branches, sharp with thorny

spears,
A-sudden turn to wands of dripping pink,
A-sudden turn to the April's jewel-tears,
That start the birdsfoot paneles where the subtle balms are trailed through every lane,
From woodlands wet and sweet with April rein.

—Hattle Whitney, in Truth. A Spring Ditty.

Music o' the mockin' birds where wild the blossoms glow;
Fifty million roses in a perfect storm of snow!
An' all the groves rejoicin', an' all the greenin' A-lookin' glad an' giddy with the ripple o' the There's a twinkle in the maples, there's a

whisper in the pines, An' the hummin' bird is hummin' fer the mornin' glory vines; There's a thrill of life pervadin' all the mountains an' the della,
An' music in the breezes where the cattle shake their bells.

Oh, the country's growin' brighter, an' the world in glory rolls;
The sunshine's streamin' whiter through the winders of our souls. Lord's unlocked His storehouse, with all He's got to give, An' if life would last forever we'd jest live, an' live, an' live!

-Atlanta Constitutio "Go Rest Yohse'f a Bit." Sun comes in de mo'nin'.
I's gutter stop my sleep;
He hurries on to noontime An' de pace I tries to keep Gallope on to night-time
An' leaves me feelin' blue
About de money dat I needs
An' work I didn't do.

I reckon I'd git stabted In purty decent style

Ef ol' Sun would be good-natured

An' jes' wait a little while. But he travels on so hasty Like he had to ketch a train, Dat I never overtakes 'im, Though I tries an' tries again.

So I's giad to see de blackness Dat le comin' up de sky. Now, Mistah Sun, I's hopin' You'll be peaceful, by an' by. Go res' yokse'f a little, I's tired as I kin be; Go tumble in de cloud-bank An' let un yoh chasin' me.

In the Bathroom With soapy water on your face,
My! don't you swear and growl,
To find, when you have groped through spe
A stiff and brand-new towel!

An' let up yoh chasin' me.
--Washington Star.