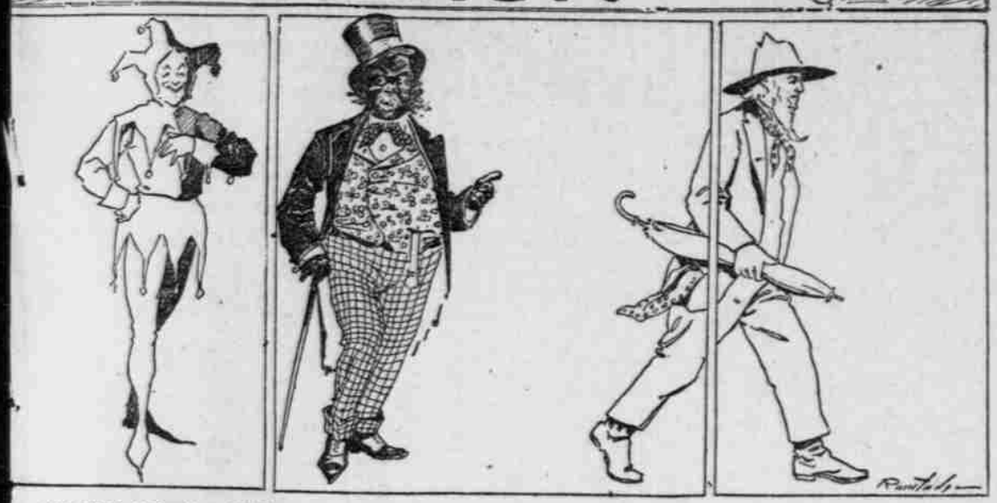
HUMOR



"Go Res' Yohse'f a Bit."

Sun comes in de mo'nin',
I's gotter stop my sleep;
He hurries on to noontime
An' de pace I tries to keep,
Gallops 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 stahted
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 glad to see de blackness
Dat is comin' up de sky.
Now, Mistuh Sun, I's hopin'
You'll be peaceful by an' by.
Go res' yohse'f a little,
I's tired as I kin be;
Go tumble in de cloud-bank
An' let up yoh chasin' me.
—Washington Star.

UCTIONS AT DUFFY WAKE

the Corpse Had Only Stayed Dead All Would Have Gone Well, But It Was Very Much Alive.

'I see by the papers that the case of len Duffy against the city is comin' tomorrow," said Rafferty.

"D'ye tell me so?" replied Madden, with terest. "And what's the matter wid len?"

"Oh, she has a claim agin the city for glect o' duty o' public officers and for 0 in money, 12 dresses, six pitticoats and e pairs o' shoes taken from her closet ile she was in the hospital lasht Winter d the rheumatiz."

"Faith I knew she was sick, but this is fust time I heard annything the loss her money and clothes. Make no bones out it, Rafferty, but tell me all about

"Well," resumed Rafferty, "you know at Ellen is an ould maid, mighty careful her money, and she lived on the top or back of a tinement in Nineteenth reet, where she had two as cozy rooms ye'll find annywhere. Her cousin Katie iffy went to see her one evenin' and found Ellen in bed sick wid rheuatiz and no wan to take care of her. tie became frightened, and what did e do but had the drug store man on the ner ring for an amb'lance and they took er Ellen to the hospital. Ellen was that k that Katie thought she would never t well, and so she left her name and dress at the hospital in case annything e death might happen to Ellen.

Ellen Dies.

"Well, she was in the hospital about a ek whin wan o' thim orderlies came wnstairs wan day and told the clerk at Ellen Duffy was dead. What did the rk do but sint a postal card to Katie, yin' that her cousin was gone to heaven. hen Katie got the tears out of her es she sinds word to the undertaker to afther Ellen's body, and thin she goes t to find Ellen's friends and relatives make ready for the wake. At 10 o'clock at night they all met, twinty o' thim, the late lamented's rooms, as they say the church service, to make what le preparations were necessary to put er Ellen to sleep wid a shovel."

"That must have been a very mournful eetin'," said Madden.

"Well, no, not so mournful as you might nk," said Rafferty. "They found a art o' hardware in the closet and by time the bottle had gone around twice ey were all wishin' Ellen a safe journey rough purgatory, and there was ne'er a t eye in the place nor a dry throat."

"'Tis nonsinse, this cryin' annyway," errupted Madden.

"And what'e more," resumed Rafferty, hey found half a sugar-cured ham and me crackers, and before ye'd be winkin' ice they had the kettle singin' on the ve and everything as jolly as if 'twas Weddin' and not a wake they were gettin' dy for. When the ham and crackers re gone and the whisky was sint where ould do the most good they started nmagin' around the place in the way men have. They brought out all her sses and laid them on the table. There s a dozen o' thim, Madden, fine enough annybody. Katie picked up wan o' m wid bows all over it, and she says, s she:

Provident Katie.

"'Of course, girls, ye are all sorry that en is gone—heaven rest her soul!—but can't wear any o' these pretty things erever she is. I'm thinkin' she's lookdown from above in glory where she rd thinkin' that this dress would look ll on me. What d'ye say, girls?' "

"Usha, if Ellen heard that remark she'd ve heaven to kill Katie. Sure she had emper that 'ud melt iron," said Mad-n.

"I'm thinkin' you knew her, Madden," umed Rafferty. "Of course all the men agreed wid Katie, and when they through sharin' the clothes there were enough rags left in the house to cover ittin' hen. Little Mary Duffy, a fourth sin o' the dead woman, picked up a itcoat lined with red silk, and says she: n sure she's in Paradise; but if she had the bad luck to get in the other ce, I'm sure she won't need this,' and n they all laughed. They took her es, her stockings, her bonnets, the tures off the wall; but there was a evil of a fight over Ellen's watch. At clock in the mornin' one o' them found bank books in the bottom of a trunk a canvas bag with $250 in gold in it. re was a great ruction when the money found. The sight o' gold made them crazy. There would have been murther n, only Katie made a motion that they uld spend the money on a banquet in dead woman's rooms, and give her a erit send-off wid fizz wather and bos and finger bowls and all of them ngs d'ye mind, Madden?

The Duffy Spread.

"So the next mornin' a committee o' the ffys, numberin' seven, went to an illet degracious eatin' house and they ordd a dinner to be sent around to Elrooms for 30 Duffys, at 36 a plate and extra. They had a piano h'lated in windy and carpet on the stairs. A elabrum that looked like a house on as hung over the table. While they ate partridge and quail on toast wid nagurs to wait on them a dinky, little Dootchmen was playin' the piano. They washed their ice cream down wid fizz wather, and what they didn't spill they drank. And when they got down to the coffee the door opened and in stepped a little red-headed woman in waterproof wid an umbrella in her hand.

"'I'll bet it was Ellen,' exclaimed Madden.

"'You'se right,' said Rafferty; "'twas Ellen rix from the dead, only she was never dead at all, bekose it was another Ellen Duffy that died in the hospital. When Ellen came in there was the devvil to pay. A howl went up that 'twas a ghost they saw, and half o' the women crawled under the table. But Ellen went through the place like the big wind in Ireland. She whacked the ould umbrella down on the table, and every whack cost her $10, bekose the glasses and bottles went dancin' jigs. She chased every wan of her relatives down the stairs, and pelted them wid bottles from the windy when they came out on the sidewalk. They had to lock her up for fear she'd commit murther."

"'But what is she suing the city for?' asked Madden.

"'Bekase she says 'twas the hospital clerk's fault sendin' word of her death, and she's got 25 relatives to prove it."—New York Sun.

AUNT M'RI'S CALF.

How the Elder Lost Caste With the Maine Widow.

Regularly every Sunday forenoon on his way to service the minister called for Aunt M'ri' Stevens. Aunt M'ri' is a poor, lone widow, and if the minister did not call to take her along in his team it is to be feared that the poor old woman would not have heard his sermons very often.

And in this Spring "going"—slump and snow, why, what could Aunt M'ri' have done without the genial assistance of the minister? And how she did spread his praises.

And to think that this had to happen!

"Land sakes, ye're airly; ain't ye, elder?" she called out of the door when he drove up to the gate t'other Sunday. "I haven't got all my chores done yet. I haven't got my dress changed or nothin'. I guess ye'd better go right along without me—" but there was a note of regret in her flustrated tones.

The minister climbed out and hitched his horse. He came into the house where the old lady was bustling about.

"What have you got to do, sister?" he asked.

"About all the chores are done except feedin' the calf," said she. "His vittles are mixed, but I haven't had time to go out and tend to him. I weaned him las' week, and he's a master sight of bother. I'm goin' to veal him, but the butcher won't be 'round till week after next."

"You go right ahead, Sister Stevens, and change your dress, and I'll go out and feed the calf. I was brought up on a farm, you know."

"Massy me, elder, I couldn't think of lettin' you do such a thing. It's turrible gormin' piece of work. And here you are all in your meetin' best."

"Sister Stevens, we are here on earth to help each other. The best way I can start in my Sunday is to help you by feedin' that calf. Where is the pail?"

Feeds the Calf.

So the elder took the pail and trotted out to the barn, where a hungry calf was already calling for breakfast with lusty baritone. When he saw the minister coming he lowered his head and commenced to butt his fuzzy frontlet against the bars of his stall in an ecstacy of anticipation.

"Steady now, steady now, you handsome little feller," said the minister, soothingly, as he stepped over into the pen. "Steady, now."

And then, with the skirts of his shiny black frock coat gathered between his knees, he poured the warm skim milk into the trough.

Now there are ways of feeding a calf so that he will not do the thing that this calf then proceeded to do. No matter what the aforesaid ways are. I say this simply so that the calf may be exculpated. He simply acted according to his lights. As soon as the elder poured the trough full of milk the calf rammed his nose clean to the bottom. The milk was up to his eyes. Through nose and mouth, with one great gulp, he took in all he could swoop. It shut off his breath. He choked. He yanked his head out of the trough and with a whoof like the bellow from the exhaust pipe of a steam mill he blew.

The elder was right in front of him. After the explosion he looked as though he had been standing in the middle of a dairy kitchen when the cyclone struck it.

The rest of it Aunt Stevens has told so many times to the horrified neighbors that I will use her words:

"I heerd something of touse out in the barn jest as I was tying my bunnit strings. The elder didn't come in as quick as he ought to have done, and so I went out there. Wal, I do hate dretful to tell ye the rest. I wouldn't have believed it, not if the best friend I had told me; no, sir, that I wouldn't. And to think that Sunday after Sunday I have rid to church with that sheep in wolf's clothes! To think how I have called him the salt of the earth!

It Was Awful.

"When I got in the barn there seemed to be a turrible wrassle goin' on in the calf pen. I looked over in there. Oh, massy, it was awful! There stood Elder Smart right straddle of that calf's neck. He had the calf by the ears and plunk, plunk, plunk! he was jabbin' his nose down into that trough, and what do ye think he was sayin'—sayin' right there on Sunday? It's most too awful to repeat. Wal, sir, he was sayin', grittin' his teeth all the time, he was sayin':

"'Dod swelter yer dod rotted pelt, ye want to drink milk, do ye? Wal, dod baste ye, drink, drink, I say.'

"'Elder, elder,' says I.

"'Git away from there,' says he, 'or I'll hold this brindle offshoot of tophet by the ears and beat your brains out. He'll drink this milk now before I leave him or I'll drive his nose clean up into the back of his neck.'

"'And do you know I had to take the pitchfork and run the tine into that terrible man's legs before he would let go of that innocent little calf.

"'Thinkin' it my duty as a good Samaritan, I took the elder into the kitchen and wiped off his clothes so that he was fit—so fur as the outside of him was concerned—to appear in the pulpit, but I told him that never, never again would I dast to ride with a man who had thus showed the cloven foot of sin. I should expect to be struck by lightnin' out of a clear sky. That is the kind of a whited sepulcher that is at the head of this our blessed church here. I can tell you that the presidin' elder will get this story straight and he will get it right from me."—Holman F. Day in Lewiston Journal.

IT WAS A GOOD PLAN.

But It Didn't Work Quite as He Expected It Would.

His wife had acquired the habit of going at night when he slept to where his trousers hung and taking money from their pockets, but in this instance it is the consequences that are interesting. He is the proprietor of a business that brings him a large income. There are rush hours in his business, and at such times much bad money finds its way to his coffers. In the course of a year, usually, he gathers a large bundle of counterfeit notes of large and small denominations.

He was thinking one day of some plan to break his wife of her nocturnal borrowing. While he was studying over the plan he thought also of the bundle of bad bills then in his safe. He never knew just why he was keeping the bad money until that moment.

"That's a brighter idea than I have had for years," he said, and he smiled with satisfaction that evening as he filled three of his pockets with the counterfeits. He took no other sort of money, except 10 cents for car fare.

Trap Works.

He couldn't go to sleep that night and could hardly keep from chuckling with mirth. He managed, however, to simulate sleep, and out of a corner of his eye saw his loving helpmeet help herself to the bills. She took some from each of the three rolls, thinking he wouldn't miss them. The next morning he hurried off to his office, so his wife wouldn't get time to repent and tell him what she had done.

Several times that day he went to a window and looked out, just to be alone with his thoughts and be happy. A telephone message came for him in the afternoon. If was from a big store in State street.

"Hello. Are you married?" came the question over the telephone.

"Yes. Is that any of your business?"

"It may be. There's a woman over here who says she's your wife."

"Well, what of it?"

"You'd better come over and see."

He hurried to the store, doubting and agitated.

His wife had been shopping. She bought things so liberally that the salesman who served her was delighted. The bill of goods amounted to $18, and it was for trinkets only, such as women buy who have lots of money. She handed over four $5 bills. She waited for her change. The salesman returned, but he was not smiling suavely.

"I'm sorry, madam, but these bills are bad."

"Bad?" And with a long, cold, withering look, she gathered up the bills, and handed over two $10 bills.

After another wait the salesman came back, and he was not smiling then, either.

"I'm sorry to inform you, madam, that these bills are bad also."

Plunges Deeper.

She started to say something to him, but just at that moment the right words were too hard to find. But she could still look chilling glances at him. She slowly picked up the two returned bills and stuffed them into the off side of her purse. Her fingers were not moving deftly but she managed to draw out a $20 bill. With icy deliberation she passed it over the counter.

"See if that is bad, too," she said, with fine irony.

She was breathing hard, but otherwise she was perfectly calm, while she waited. Soon the salesman came back. His face was in hard, set lines.

"It is," he said with an effort.

"Give me that money, you—you—wretch."

"I'm sorry, madam, but—"

The overworked salesman was saved the labor of finishing such a difficult sentence. A house detective stepped up beside her and finished for him by telling her she would have to come to the office of the superintendent. He was a police officer with a star on his vest, and she avoided a scene by going with him.

Her husband settled the matter by telling the superintendent the whole story and paying the bill with good money.—Chicago Tribune.

"PAW" ON MOVING.

Declares the Proceeding a Drawback of Civilization.

"The man that Furst started this moovIng Bizness," paw sed one nite after he got Home from not Finding a house for Us to live in, "was neerly as Bad a nenemy of the Hewmin race as the One that got us in the habbut of Waiting close. That's the worst thing about sivvle izashun. It's expensive and makes a Heap of bother. Whenever peeple commence to Get sivvle ized it's like when a Baby Cuts Teath. The Teath come in Handy, all rite, But sumtimes it Hardly seems Like if they were Worth all the irubble.

"It's the same Way with sivvle izashun, I could tell you About lots of Ways whare it's a good Thing to have around, But see what We haft to give up for it. If it wouldn't of Been for sivvle izashun peeple wouldn't need to worry becos the Varnish mite get nocked offen the piano or sum of the Cut glass would get stepped on By a man that has the nurve to Hang around at nite waiting for His pay after he's rooened ate or nine Dollars' worth of stuff that you Won at card parties.

Civilization to Blame.

"Why do peeple Eat thare meels offen boxes in the kitchen and sleep on Bare floors that are Full of Tacks? Sivvle izashun's to Blame for it. The nobul red man Don't never haft to neerly Brake his back and get the Skin all wore offen his nees nor spoil a Conshunce that was neerly as good as new Taken up Carpets. No, when he Wants to move, all he hast to Do is wait till dark and Then jump the reservashun. If he Has a Squaw that's enny good she Can carry the two Yungest childurn with One hand and the Fambly telluskope with the Other.

"That's ware I don't blame the Injuns for not wanting to get Sivvle ized. They've Had a chance to see the white man moovIng, and I gess they think they better stick to Bein Savidges. They no a Good thing when they've got it.

"And what makes peeple all so Crazy to moove enny way? I'll tell you what. They have'nt Ever got Out of the old savidge habbut yet, after all thare Sivvleizun. It's poor old hewmun naitcher, that's what it is. God didn't bild a House with bay windows and Burgler alarms and Open plummin and all the moddern conveneyunces for portch climbers and tell Adam and Eve that was Whare they had to Live. No, they just went campen around Wharever thay pleased, and if Thay got tired livin in One place they'd tie Thare Wedding presents in a Hanker chief and go whare the train Survice was just as good and Thay could have more Room.

Same Old Feeling.

"And that's the Same old Fealing peeple Have in them Today. They can't Get it sivvle ized out of Them. If it wouldn't be for That lots of people would live two or Three years in the Same place and be Happy without hunten around after a Worse one that cost more munny. You can always tell about How far a purson's got away from their munky ansestors by the Way they want to moove. If they don't moove offun it shows they can truce their Fambly away Back, but if they Hardly get settled before they want to moove again you couldn't get back of thare grand fawthers without going Over into the Hart of Africky."

"Well,' maw says, "I don't no But you're rite about that part of it."

After paw got the Ashes of his siggar wiped offen his vest whare they Fell in a Bunch, he says:

"Sumthing must be Going to happen. That's neerly the First time you ever agreed with me."

"How could I help it," maw told Him, "when they are never a Spring comes along without you want to moove?"—Georgie, in Chicago Times-Herald.

"THE MAGIC RIBBON."

Patent Medicine Faker "Works" a Kansas Crowd for Keeps.

"I never hear that expression 'got 'em on a string,'" said a visitor to this city, "without recalling an incident that occurred a number of years ago in a town out in Kansas. I was spending a few days in the place looking after a cattle deal, and early one evening a patent medicine faker put in an appearance on the Courthouse square. He was in a fine two-horse rig and had a partner with a banjo, who soon drew a big crowd. Then the faker proceeded to hawk a cure-all liniment at $1 a bottle.

"The price was steep and the stuff went slowly, and I noticed that at each sale he wrapped up the bottle, in a sheet of white paper, upon which he ostentatiously pencilled a large cross. When four or five were disposed of, he called on the purchasers to bring up their wrappers, and handed over a crisp dollar bill in exchange for each. 'I am doing this simply to introduce our wonderful pain specific!' he shouted: 'who's the next lucky man to take a bottle in a marked wrapper?'

"At that the sale picked up and when he had repeated the little comedy of selling the nostrum and redeeming the wrappers a couple more times, the stuff was going like hot cakes. Men fairly fell over each other to get to the buggy, and every now and then the faker would bawl out, 'Hain't time to stop just now, gentlemen, but be sure to preserve your wrappers!'

"When he had sold, perhaps, 400 bottles, and the crowd was about cleaned out, he stopped suddenly and held up his hand for attention. 'Now, gentlemen,' he said, producing a ball of narrow pink tape, 'I want all of your who have a marked wrapper to take hold of this ribbon. Get in line, please!' The crowd obeyed with a rush, and presently 400 men were strung out along the curb, holding to the tape and wondering what was going to happen next.

"The faker drove slowly up the street, paying out the tape as he went. 'Hold on to the magic ribbon!' he yelled. 'Don't let go of the mystic band!' The tape was five blocks long, and when he paid out the last of it he whipped up his team and vanished in the gathering night, leaving 400 large, able-bodied chumps hanging patiently to his infernal string. When the trick dawned on them he was half way to the next township. Was I in the line did you ask? Yes, I was."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

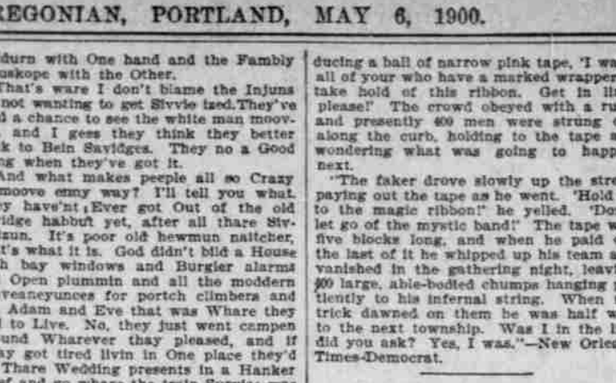
DRUMMER WON THE BET.

Louisville Horseman Drops $100 on Quick Gamble.

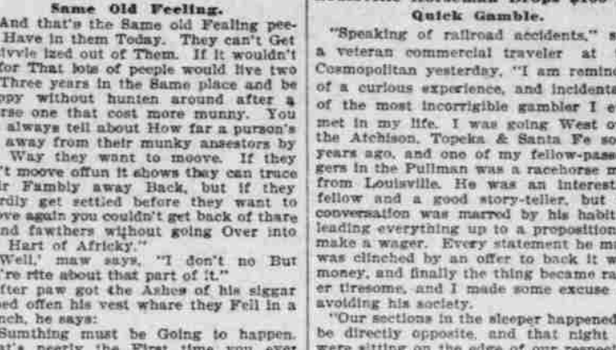
"Speaking of railroad accidents," said a veteran commercial traveler at the Cosmopolitan yesterday, "I am reminded of a curious experience, and incidentally of the most incorrigible gambler I ever met in my life. I was going West over the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe some years ago, and one of my fellow-passengers in the Pullman was a racehorse man from Louisville. He was an interesting fellow and a good story-teller, but his conversation was marred by his habit of leading everything up to a proposition to make a wager. Every statement he made was clinched by an offer to back it with money, and finally the thing became rather tiresome, and I made some excuse for avoiding his society.

"Our sections in the sleeper happened to be directly opposite, and that night we were sitting on the edge of our respective lower berths preparing to retire, when all of a sudden the whole car was shaken

SLIGHT MISTAKE IN NATIONALITY.

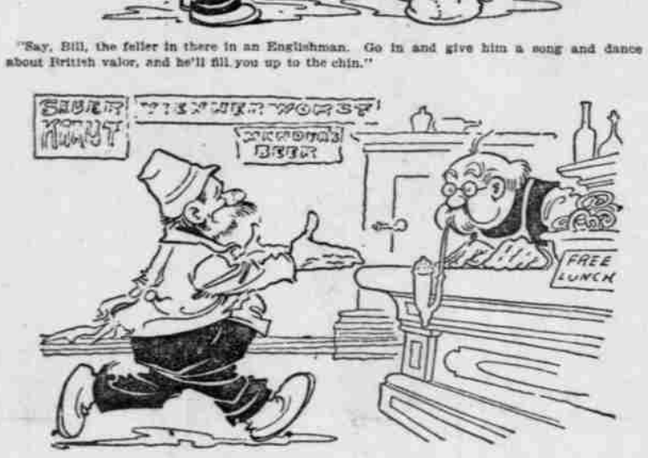


"Say, Bill, the feller in there in an Englishman. Go in and give him a song and dance about British valor, and he'll fill you up to the chin."



"My dear sir, let me extend my sympathie s and declare my conviction that when the English soldier gets the pesky Boer where he wants him, he'll make dog's meat of him in—"

"Dunder and blitzen!"



"Say, Bill, don't blame me fur it. I guess I mad ea mistake in his nationality."

A Sure Test.

"Are you sure she is as gentle and patient and amiable as she seems?" asked the friend.

"Not quite sure," answered the young man who is in love. "But I'm going to find out."

"How?"

"I'm going to get her to call somebody up over a long-distance telephone and then watch her."—Washington Star.

POETRY

On the Firing Line.

Would you live a life in a single hour?
You can.
And help run things with a brimstone power?
Understand
You can do all this in our picnic free
By taking your place with Jim and me
Out here on the firing line.

Your face is as gray as the sands at noon—
That's right.
All the blood has gone to thy heart, poltroon—
But you'll fight.
When the click of the bullet brings fate's decree
It will tune thy nerves to the major key
That sounds on the firing line.

You may give one thought to the friends away—
No tears.
You will think of them no more today.
The cheers
Will lift you up to another sphere,
The past, my son, will be out of gear
With you on the firing line.

Are you a murderer at heart?
Oh, no.
Would you kill yon man where the gray rocks part—
Thy foe?
A puff of smoke; a jarring shock;
A Mauser's mark on thy rifle stock—
You have on the firing line.

Can you joke in the face of death, my boy,
With Jim?
Can you laugh when the dead on our flanks deploy
With him?
You can? You lie! When the white flags wave
We can dig for Jim a soldier's grave—
He is dead on the firing line.

You have caught the fever of battle now,
So good.
You would fight the world in a deadly row
If you could.
You would carry our flag through the furnace of fame.
You would charge yon mountain of fire and flame
Ahead of the firing line.

Today has made you a hero rare
With us.
You fight as if you did not care
A cuss
For bullet storm or bursting shell—
For all that constitutes a hell
Along on the firing line.

This day has made you a man—a man
With us.
Although we can scarcely understand
Why thus
You can show the grit of a veteran old,
And smile at death as you stubbornly hold
Your place on the firing line.

But the lessons of war we are learning, my lad,
We two.
The diaplomies should not be bad
Or, few,
And when we get home—my God, a ball
Has given to me—and to you, our all—
A grave on the firing line.
—S. D. Richardson in Rochester Democrat.

Feedin' the Stock.

Hear the chorus in that tie-up, runch, zerrunch, and runch and runch!
—There's a row of honest critters! Does me good to hear 'em munch.
When the barn is getting dusky and the sun's behind the drifts
—Touchin' last the gable winder where the dancin' hay-dust sifts.
When the coaxin' from the tie-up kind o' hints it's five o'clock.
Wal, I've got a job that suits me—that's the chore of feedin' stock.

We've got patches down to our house—honest patches though, and neat.
But we'd rather have the patches than to skinch on what we eat.
Lots of work, and grub to back ye—that's a mighty wholesome creed.
—Critters fust, s'r, that's my motto—give the critters all they need.
And the way we do to our house, marm an me take what is left.
And—wal—we ain't goin' hungry, as you'll notice by our heft.
Darn the man that's calculatin' when he measures out his hay.
Groanin' every time he pitches ary forkful out the "hay;"
Darn the man who feeds out ruff-scuff, wood and wire from the swale.
'Cause he wants to press his herd's-grass, send his clover off for sale.

Oh, the dim old barn seems homelike, with its over-hanging mows,
With its warm and battened tie-up, full of well-fed sheep and cows,
Then I shet the door behind me, drop the bar and drive the pin,
And, with Jeff a-waggin' after, lug the foamin' milk pails in.

That's the style of things to our house—marm and me don't pull up
Until ev'ry critter's eatin', from the cattle down to pup.
Then the biskits and the spare-rib and plum preserves taste good,
For we're feelin', me an' mother, that we're actin' 'bout's we should.
Like or not, s'r, after supper mother sews another patch
And she says the duds look trampy, 'cause she ain't got goods to match.
Fust of all, though, comes the meal bins and the haymows; after those
If there's any extry dollars, wal, we'll see about some clothes;
But tonight, why, bless ye, mother, pull the rug acrost the door
—Warmth and food and peace and comfort—let's not pester God for more.
—Lewiston Evening Journal.

Signs of Spring.

The snow has left the open field a month or more ago,
I've found the yellow cowslip where the meadow brook runs slow.
And all along the intervals the blushing snowdrop twines;
The crows are shy and silent—they're nesting in the pines—
But Winter'll maybe come again; you're never sure 'twill not
Till you hear the cuckoo calling in the pasture lot.

"Cuckoo, cuckoo," softly calling you,
Down behind the pasture bars
All the warm day through.
"Cuckoo, cuckoo," shy and sleek of wing,
He's the low-voiced harbinger
That makes us sure of Spring.

No use to look for orioles, they haven't come as yet;
Although I've heard a linnet and the quail has cried "More wet."
Good Uncle Zenas Tompkins has been out and planted peas—
He "doesn't think 't'll hurt 'em if we have another freeze;
But don't you put in corn or beans (for if you do they'll rot)
Till you hear the cuckoo calling in the pasture lot."

'Way over in the scrub-oaks you can hear the partridge drum,
The girls are playing hop-scotch, and the boys say "tops have come."
Miss Abigail is making soap—that's pretty nearly sure
That pleasant weather's right at hand and likely to endure.
We're only lacking one more sign—and hark, 'tis on the spot!
Don't you hear the cuckoo calling in the pasture lot?

"Cuckoo, cuckoo," softly calling you,
Down behind the pasture bars
All the warm day through.
"Cuckoo, cuckoo," shy and sleek of wing;
He's the low-voiced harbinger
That makes us sure of Spring.
—Harper's Bazar.

Sleeping Under the Trees.

It was April the steenth,
And quite soft were the skies,
Which it might be supposed
That the man was likewise;
For he put on a suit built for Summer,
And the sequel perhaps you surmise,

Which along about noon
It began to freeze,
And a blizzard swoope down
On the wings of the breeze—
In a week he was peacefully lying
Asleep out under the trees.
—Chicago Times-Herald.

Would It Be Too Late?

Goin' to separate today—after twenty years,
Twenty years o' married life—mingled smiles an' tears.
Jes' drawed a deed for th' house an' farm—she's a-goin' to stay,
An' as for me, I'm goin' to quit—quit an' go away.
We can't hitch up no longer; I'm a-hanging' back,
A-draggin' on the wagon wheel, or else she flies th' track;
An' when a team don't pull right, the's nothin' else to do
But put shafts in th' wagon, with one horse 'stead o' two.

The's a vision sort o' comes to me—comes through the mist an' blur,
A vision o' twenty years ago—I wonder if it comes to her—
When the preacher joined our hands in his an' said: "My children, give
Yer hearts an' lives t' each other as long as ye both shall live."
I wonder if she remembers—I'd sort o' like to know;
I'd like to go and ask her, but now it's too late to go;
Too late to come together—we've got to face our fate;
I wonder if anything's sadder'n them twe words, "too late."

Twenty years—I was thirty then; I'm over fifty now;
Seems sort o' childish business to break up in a row,
For a man as old as I am, an' a woman old as she;
Sort o' old for people to find they can't agree.
I wonder if I was hasty? Mebbe I was. I b'lieve
With an evener on th' wagon I wouldn't a had to leave;
An evener o' Patience th' balance would sort o' make,
When we got to goin' sideways, an' let us give an' take.

I wonder if I was to go to her—go to her an' say:
"We've been pullin' uneven—let's try another way;
We'll lengthen th' temper strap a hole and shorten up th' tongue,
An' move th' load forrud a little so th' weight 'll be better hung.
Mebbe we've not been hitched up right—could pull th' load along
If we'd look th' harness over an' find out what was wrong."
I wonder if I was to go to her an' put thi' case an' state
What I b'lieve to be th' matter—if it would be too late?
—Bismarck Tribune.

The Terror From Kalamazoo.

He lit in the camp with a booze-scented whoop,
like a besom of withering wrath,
And swore he would wipe from the face of the earth any rooster that crowed in his path;
He cussed till the air that hung over the bar with the heat of his language was blue;
His name was Wild Dick, an' it fit him, for he was a terror from Kalamazoo.

A pair of six shooters t'd ballast a ship were hung from a belt at his waist;
The terrors of neighboring Michigan towns in premature graves he had placed;
But price marks were written in ink on his guns
—they both were untarnished and new,
And we knew that our camp was the first stand he'd played since starting from Kalamazoo.

He shot at the bottles that stood on the bar, but missed, and then, eager for gore,
Cut loose at short range on old Tamarack Joe, and hit a spittoon on the floor;
His guns for a minute he noisily worked, the bullets most recklessly flew;
But nothing was hit that would leak any blood for the terror from Kalamazoo.

He'd kill the first man that declined to indulge, and the boys quite obligingly drank—
'Twas seldom they struck such a dead-easy guy with money to burn in his flank;
They patted him oft on the full of the back, and called him a daisy cuckoo,
And every such joshing would jolly a drink from the terror from Kalamazoo.

Yank Sullivan started the ball on a dance 'round the fast-whirling wheel of roulette,
And bantered Wild Richard in sociable way to favor the game with a bet.
And half an hour later in searching his clothes, he failed to discover a sou,
And kind-hearted Sullivan purchased a drink for the terror from Kalamazoo.

We filled all his pockets with second-hand grub to chew on his way to the States,
For Richard was not in position to ride at regular passenger rates;
And down in the gathering gloom of the yards we bade him a tender adieu,
As he climbed on the trucks of an emigrant car and started for Kalamazoo.
—Denver Post.

The Man With the Van.

Bowed with a bedtick in his arms, he leans
Against the newel-post and gazes round;
Dirt, hair and feathers on his face
And on his back a blouse that once was blue!
Who made him so he doesn't care a "cuss"
For polished brass or varnish or shellac,
Stolid and swart and stubborn as an ox?
Who loosened and let down the folding bed?
Whose was the hand that ripped the hinges off?
Whose foot went through the beveled looking-glass?

Is this the man they said would handle things
As carefully as if they were his own—
The gentleman the clerk declared they'd send
To load and haul away our furniture?
Is this the lovely thing who was to come
And with his very presence make us glad?
Down all the stretch of space to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this.
More bent on jamming corners through the walls,
More eager to spill glassware on the floor,
More fraught with menace to the things we own!

What gulfs between him and the joy of art!
Slave of the weed he's chewing, what to him
Are sweet Madonnas held in dainty frames,
What the rich glow of vases from Japan,
The deckel edges of the printed page?
From this dread shape the suffering thousands shrink,
For tragedy is in his every lunge!
To this dread shape humanity upset,
Made desperate and trod upon, cries out
A protest that is full of bluish words,
A protest that he merely laughs to scorn.
—S. E. Kiser in Times-Herald.

Tommy Atkins Up to Date.

We take him from the nurses and the maids;
We load him up with guns and haversacks;
We teach him how to form a hollow square;
And what is what in marches and attacks;
We show him how an ultimatum works,
And how we play our little bluffing game.
It matters not what he is called abroad,
We call him Tommy Atkins, just the same!

CHORUS.

Oh, Tommy! Tommy Atkins!
You're a good 'un, heart and hand;
You're a credit to your wages,
And to all your blooming land;
You're a beauty when you're dreaming
Of a war across the foam;
But, God help you, Tommy Atkins,
When you get away from home.

Of course, we have the world upon a string;
We like to think we own the blooming earth;
What care we for the rights of other folk
While we are in the game for all it's worth?
We fancy that we run America,
(While Europe bows to us with cringing smiles,
Africa and Asia are our pie)
And all the little cheap Pacific isles.

CHORUS.

Oh, Tommy! Tommy Atkins!
You are always in the right;
But stop at home and talk, sir!
It is safer than to fight.
For you must be circumspect, sir;
There are kicks across the foam;
And God help you, Tommy Atkins,
If you get away from home.
—New York Evening Sun.

Different Aspect.

A letter one day to the editor came,
It read, "Sir, your paper is swat;
But money is scarce, so in payment I send
A pair of gum boots, number eight."

An answer to town then the editor penned,
It said, "Yours received, thanks to you;
But this paper is run by women alone,
And the editor wears number two."