HUMOR

His First Attempt.

Without a nozzle for the hose,
He tried to wet the verdant lawn;
He placed his thumb upon the end,
And then he turned the water on.
A quart or two went up his sleeve,
A mighty stream went in his face—
Some water reached the grass, but he
Was the wettest thing about the place.
—Chicago Times-Herald.

DRAMA OF THE PULLMAN

Mystification of Carload of Expectant Passengers by a Self-Possessed Young Man.

The bridal couple boarded the train at Suspension Bridge. He was a smooth-faced, well-set-up young man, and she was a sweet, pretty girl of a bride. There was a large, very hilarious company of wedding guests to see them off, and as the pair struggled from their carriage to the sleeping-car they were almost lost to view in showers of rice and flying old shoes. Even this demonstration was not considered adequate, and a dozen or so young men followed them to their seats and poured streams of rice over them and down their backs until the train pulled out, while the crowd on the platform howled joyfully.

The young couple stood the ordeal with great courage, and after the train had started did so well that before long the rest of the passengers in the car left off watching them and began turning in.

The next morning the interest in them grew again, when section after section of the car was made up until the bridal couple's section stood alone with its curtains still drawn. This was the state of things at 8 o'clock, and at 8:30 there had been no change. Nine and a quarter past came around, and still there was no sign of life from the bridal section. When shortly after half past 9 a slight, mysterious movement was apparent behind the curtains, almost a sigh of relief went up from the rest of the car.

He Appears.

The movement continued, increased, until suddenly, after an especially violent agitation of the curtains, they parted sufficiently to let a young man slip between them into the aisle. His hair was rumpled and his coat collar turned up, and he carried a traveling bag and various articles of wearing apparel to be donned in the washroom. As the young man hurried forward he seemed somewhat puzzled by the almost smiling interest of the rest of the car, but of embarrassment he showed not a trace.

When he had disappeared the car settled itself to await the egress of the bride. But if she was about to make her appearance she showed no signs of it. Neither sound nor motion was discernible from the recesses behind the curtains. In a little while the young man came back showing the freshened effect of cold water and hair brushes, and moved the bottom of the curtains aside sufficiently to shove his bag under the berth. As he rose to his feet again, the car saw that he was looking down reflectively at the cargo of rice which covered the floor. He continued to regard it for some time, fixedly. Then he raised his eyes and surveyed the car. There was a more or less unsuppressed smile on every face, but the young man still showed no embarrassment. His eyes traveled down one side and back the other, and they were filled only with a calm thoughtfulness. Then he arranged the folds of the heavy curtains with elaborate solicitude, and finally went forward again and whispered something to the porter. The car, to a passenger, would probably have gladly paid double fare to have heard those half-dozen whispered words. The pretty mystery was assuming proportions. But the porter only said: "Yes, suh." And then the young man went over and sat down gravely in an end seat from where he looked smack into the face of every soul in the car.

By this time it was no longer interest that moved the inmates of the car; it was palpitation of the heart. The air was crisp with expectation. It seemed certain that the bride must now make her appearance.

Oh, Horror!

The next moment the porter came down the aisle toward the bridal section. He was a fat and very black porter. For an instant he paused before the silent curtains. Then a thrill of horror ran through the car, and several men got half way to their feet. With two swift movements he had pulled the curtains wide apart and was thumping and pulling at something within! Another instant, and horror had given way to amazement, for the inside of the berth immediately became visible to all who cared to see. The porter was making up the section. The bride had vanished!

The car turned swiftly to the hapless bridegroom on the front seat. An expression of Arcadian simplicity rested on his countenance.

A few moments later the porter started toward his linen closet, but half way down the aisle he was held up by half a dozen male passengers with wonder-stricken faces.

"What has become of the bride?" they demanded.

The porter scratched his head and looked at them uncomprehendingly. Then he showed his teeth in a grin.

"Oh, the bridal couple w'at got on at Suspension Bridge?" he said. "They done left the train last night. They did'n have their section made up. That gemman down in front of the car he had upper one, 'n' he kicked, so I shifted him over soon as the bridal couple left."

The car turned again toward the young man on the front seat. The expression of Arcadian simplicity was still with him. But for the first time across his face there glimmered a faint, thoughtful smile.

The half dozen male passengers and the porter held a moment's consultation in the middle of the car. Then they came forward, and one of their number said something in a low voice to the young man on the front seat. The young man rose to his feet still smiling thoughtfully.

"I see," he said softly. "I don't care if I do."

As the crowd filed toward the buffet car some one in the rear of the procession began to whistle Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." Then the passengers in the seats began to laugh.—New York Sun.

"PAW" ON THE SILK HAT.

Explains Its Importance As a Factor in the Boer War.

"How are they Getting along with the Bore war?" maw ast paw the other Day.

"It's comin' our way rite along," paw says. "Lord Roberts gains two or Three yards every time thay Go down in a Bunich, and you no it's only a question of Time when the Boys'll get acrost the Line if thay keep that Up long enuff."

"What do you mean?" maw told him.

"Why," paw anserd, "you see it's Like a Football game. Our side is trying to push sumbuddy acrost the Line at Pretoria and the Bores wants to kick a goal Down around Cape Town sumwhaire. Nearly every morning Lord Roberts cables home that he Gained a yard and a Half or so on the Last down and it makes my Blud thrill with enthewsey Azzum."

"It seems to me," maw Says, "you must of Chainged your mind Laitly. I thot you said at first the Bores ot to Win?"

"I no it," paw sed. "That shows a purson Has braine. When people change their mind sumtimes you can always tell that They have reesuning powers. Don't never ferget that, maw, and some Time it mite help you to Understand Things that didn't seem the Saime to you before. I went Back on the Bores after I thot it all over sollumly. The Bores haven't Got whare they are Reddy for self guvernmunt, and that'e the Saime trubble with the people Over in the Fillapeens and down in Cuba and Every place else whare they Don't ware plug Hats."

"I don't see what Plug hats have to Do with it," maw says.

The Great Civilizer.

"I no you Don't," paw anserd. "It's sumthing that Hast to be Reasoned out. Look at the Enlitened peeple of the world. Whare are They? You don't see them whare men have Eagul fethers insted of plug hats on thare heds, do you? No. Wharever the men ware plug Hats sivvle isashun has Come without stretched wings holding the Fare boon of freedum in Her beak. The plug Hat is the Grate sivvlcizer. Enny nashen that Don't ware plug Hats can't run a republick. That's what made me Give up simpathizen with the Bores. They are Only one plug Hat amung them. That's Kruger's, and it's 47 years Behind the stile. They haft to ketch up on Plug Hats before they will ever be able to Have a land of the Free and Home of the brave in Africky.

"What's the reason the Chineese haft to keep on Plowun with a crookud Stick and Getting along without Strawberry short Cake or ward bosses? Becoz they don't ware Plug hats. Why do the People on the South sea ilunds haft to live without Brass beds and never no What it is to advertize for anuther Girl Every three Days? They don't Have plug hats. Why are the people of Kentucky always Shooting thair nabers From behind Straw stacks and things and settin fire To other peepl's houses? It's becoz they never seen a Plug hat two miles from the County seat. Wherever the plug Hat goes peeple Have Bucket shops and all nite saloons and men like Croker and Quay that get Pollat Ticks down to a S'untifflick Basis and other things By which it is Easy to tell that self-guvernment has almost Got to be second naitcher to Them.

Hand in Hand.

"Plug hats and Sivvle isashen Go hand in Hand. They are no Use Trying to get peeple to be Free and Eakwul enny whare Till they get so they Have leaders wairing Plug hats."

"Well," maw Told him, "why duzzent England quit Shooten at the Bores then and Fill thare camp with Plug Hats some nite when They mitten't be on thare Gard, so as to make Them Better and nobuller, or if England won't Do it why Don't the peeple in This Country that simpathize with them raise Enuff munny to send a Few Wagon loads of Plug Hats down to them and over to the poor Savidges in the Fillapeens, so Thay could thro away thare Guns and put on Thare hats and stand up and sho they Had took thare place amung enlitened nashens of the Erth?"

"They are no yoose trying to explane nobul sentaments to You," paw Says like if he was getting Cross, "and a Purson that Goes to theeorizen where you are mite as well Expect to Get understood by a Flag pole as to think you Could see the difference between a simble and a Sack of flower."—"Georgie," in Chicago Times-Herald.

POOR MRS. JONES!

She Has Bad Luck With Her Latest Hired Girl.

"My wife is mad, and I don't blame her, and I'll tell you why," said Jones yesterday.

"We kept house for 20 years, and I figure that during that time we have had at least 80 hired girls, good, bad and indifferent, but mostly bad. Several years ago Mrs. Jones was fortunate in securing a jewel of a girl, but she was indiscreet enough to brag about it around the neighborhood, with the result that one of the neighbors enticed her away under promise of paying her higher wages, and my wife has not forgiven the woman that did it, to this day.

"Ever since she has had a dream that some day she would be lucky enough to draw another prize in the hired girl market, and when she did she had her plans all laid to keep her.

"Well, the other day, the jewel was secured, and Mrs. Jones simply hugged herself with delight when she realized what a treasure she possessed.

"The girl had only been with us one week when Mrs. Blank, one of our neighbors, called, and casually remarked that she saw we had another girl.

"'Yes,' answered Mrs. Jones, with a sigh. 'I'm only going to keep her until I can get another. She is simply unbearable! She is insolent, lazy, slovenly, impudent, and doesn't know enough to start the kettle boiling. She—'

"'You're a loir, mum!' burst upon her astonished ears, and there stood the new girl in the doorway, with all her Irish up. 'An' I'll have ye understand, mum, thot I'll not stay another minute in a house where they blackguard a poor, hard-workin' gur-rl's character,' and with that she flew to her room and packed up.

"Mrs. Blank has the girl now, and she never loses a chance to tell what a treasure she has, and how Mrs. Jones abuses her girls, which makes my wife simply wild."—Detroit Free Press.

KNEW WOMAN HUMAN NATURE.

Smart Dodge of the Strawberry Merchants of Brooklyn.

It was on the Park Slope in Brooklyn. Two men of mighty lung power were climbing the hill on opposite sides of the street, bawling an offer of "Straw-ber-ries, 25 cents a box—straw-ber-ries!" Housewives and maid servants drew curtains aside to peer at the bargain; then turned up their noses contemptuously at the half-ripe fruit in tiny boxes.

"Twenty-five cents for that? Huh!" said one of the women, in a tone of contempt.

"Berries is scarce, mum," the street hawker replied, mopping his forehead. "They'll be higher'n ever tomorrow—30 cents, at the lowest."

From far down the street came a faint cry:

"Straw-ber-ries—straw-ber-ries, only 20 cents a quart."

The woman turned scornfully on the man in the area. "Hear that?" she asked. "Twenty cents a quart!" and she pointed to the tiny box in his hand.

The hawker went out of the gate with the air of one who has large stock of patience with women, and his partner across the street made the windows rattle with his cry of "Straw-ber-ries, 25 cents a box!"

The cry from down the street drew nearer. It had a cheerful tone, compared with that of the 25-cent men. There was almost a laugh in it. It was like the voice of a friend crying out heartily: "Here I am at last, my dears; sorry to have kept you waiting.' And "only 20 cents a quart" seemed to stand out as prominently as the "God Bless Our Home" in red worsted over the mantle in a country boarding-house.

The 20-cent men were busy. Their berries were red, their boxes large and their rule of trade, as one of them said, was "small profits and quick sales." And as they unloaded their wares the cry of "Straw-ber-ries, 25 cents a box," floated down the hill from those who had gone before in vain search of the customers who now were hanging over the gates waiting for a chance to buy.

"These berries are something like," the woman who had scorned the 25-cent man remarked as she paid for two boxes. "Man just went by with a lot of green ones that he wanted a quarter a box for. And such a little box, too."

"Ah, some people want the earth, you know," the vender said. "We don't do business that way. Why, say, we sell crates where those fellows sell boxes; see?"

Half an hour later the 20-cent men turned into the avenue and found the 25-cent men sitting on the curb. The 20-cent men halted their wagon and sat down beside them.

"It's the best game we've worked yet," said one of the 20-centers. "Sold out by 10 o'clock—think of it! That idea of going on ahead with the bum berries at a quarter and following up with the good ones at 20 cents is a prize-winner. Made the dames treat us like benefactors of the human race. Say, it 'ud have give you fellers a kink in the back to have heard 'em roast you for cheats. An' all the time we a-gettin' 20 fer what the stores ask 15."—New York Press.

BUNKMATE ENMITY.

Fellow-Occupants of Steamship Cabin Detest Each Other.

"There's one place above all others where a man exhibits his meanness," said the traveler, "and that's aboard an ocean liner and toward the man who is obliged to occupy the same stateroom with him. You are mad to begin with that you have to bunk in with somebody. If he gets the lower berth, he's done you a mortal injury. If he's seasick you have contempt for him; if he is not, you are a bit envious. I've crossed the Atlantic nine times, and always shared a stateroom, and I was never more than on speaking terms with my room-mate. You can be all right toward everybody else aboard, but he's your enemy. The case is worse when it's a pair of old travelers, as each is posted as to his rights and priveleges and is zealous in enforcing them.

"When I crossed to London last year, I had a Chicago man for a chum. No doubt he was an all-around good fellow, but it was his sixth or seventh trip, and he'd got posted as to when and how to exhibit his meanness. I found him in the stateroom when I came aboard. We recognized each other as veterans, but a few words must be uttered for decency's sake.

"'Name's Jones,' says I, as I chucked away my steamer trunk.

"'Name's Brown,' says he, as he banged on his hat.

"We didn't speak again for four days. Then we got a heavy gale and a big sea, and as I was lying in my bunk he came in for some cigars and growled:

"'Got it?'

"'No; have you?'

"'No; hoped you had?'

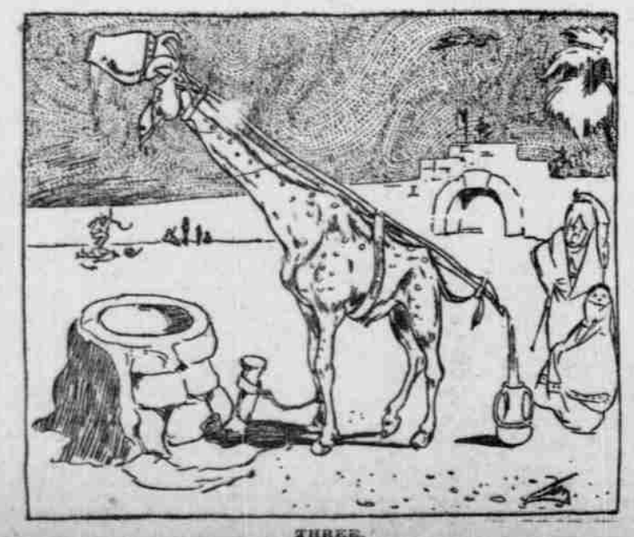
"'Ditto!'

"An hour before we landed I handed him a paper on which I had written down my feelings concerning him. I called him a crank, a curmudgeon, a bear, a heathen and lots of other things and expressed the fervent hope that it might never occur that the same hotel would give us both shelter in Europe. As I handed out my paper, he extended one. He had written down his feelings towards me, and the two papers were alike. I met him in Paris six weeks later, and we rushed to greet each other like old friends, and for two weeks we walked about like brothers and were grieved when the parting came. That was on land, you know, and we weren't bunkmates. I'm going over again next month, but I'm making no promises of better behavior. Whether my room-mate is a minister from Boston, or a cattle-raiser from Arizona, I shall probably do all I can to make his position uncomfortable, and I am sure he will do as much for me."—Kansas City Journal.

LABOR-SAVING CONTRIVANCE AT THE WELL.

ONE.

TWO.



THREE.

KNEW HIS BUSINESS.

Didn't Concern Policeman, if He Sat on His Own Doorstep.

The man was sitting on the front steps of his house at 3 o'clock in the morning as the policeman came by and noticed him.

"Hello," exclaimed the startled guardian of the peace, "what are you doing there?" and he drew near cautiously.

"Sitting here," responded the man.

"What are you sitting there for?"

"It's my house, and I guess I've got a right to, haven't I?"

"Oh, excuse me," apologized the policeman, coming closer; "I didn't recognize you. What's the matter? Lost your night key?"

"No," very curtly.

"Forgot it when you came out?"

"No."

"Afraid of disturbing somebody that's sick if you knock?"

"No."

"Waiting for the milkman, perhaps?" ventured the policeman, taking another tack.

"No," shorter than ever.

"Want to get in early to breakfast, perhaps?"

"No."

"Sitting here to get cool before going to bed, likely?" and the policeman chuckled, for the thermometer marked considerably below freezing.

"No."

"Are you—" began the policeman, when the man interrupted him.

"Say," he said, "do I have to reveal to you the sacred secrets of my household?"

"No," said the policeman, almost as short as the man had said it.

"Do I have to communicate to you my domestic infelicities?"

"No."

"Do I have to tell you that my wife is waiting at the head of the stairs in there for me?"

"No."

"Do I have to inform you that she has declared war?"

"No," stammered the astonished policeman.

"Well, then," commanded the man, "you go on away from here and attend to your own business. I'll sit here till the middle of next week if I want to," and the policeman, thoroughly abashed, apologized to the man and went on around the corner.—Washington Star.

PANIC IN THE CAGE.

Wee Mouse Causes Much Commotion in Hotel Elevator.

Eddie Kohler, a bellboy at the Hotel Alms, caused a sensation last Thursday. Eddie was on his way to work Thursday and saw a wee mouse run across the pavement at the Elmwood-avenue entrance to the hotel. He reached out his foot and, as he thought, stepped on the rodent. A moment later Eddie reported for duty and was sent to the sixth floor with a message. He entered the elevator to return to the first floor, and several ladies who were in the cab noticed the boy suddenly turn pale green and topple sideways. "Undo his collar!" cried the lady. "He's going to faint!"

"It's a mouse!" murmured Eddie, faintly. "It crawled up my britch—er—pantaloons."

"Don't undo anything!" screamed all the ladies in unison. "Don't let it get out! Bellboy, we'll take up a collection for you if you just keep him until we get away."

"I kin feel him a-crawlin' down," said Eddie, in an eerie whisper. "He's a-goin'—t' leave his—happy home, I think—ladies."

At that moment the elevator reached the ground floor, the ladies rushed out, and a second later Edwin appeared, clutching first at his waistband, then at his collar, then at the calf of either leg—in fact, the mouse's position was about as hard to determine as that of the Boer army. Eddie was taken downstairs, and porters, barkeepers, bellboys and waiters gathered about the lad, each with a broom or other weapon, and each garment was taken off and vigorously shaken. At last, tucked away under the waistband of his trousers, the dead body of the little mouse that had caused all the trouble was found.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Couldn't Lose Her.

It was at a dance up in Greene. The old man had been doing handsome work with the fiddle. "He's great on time," says every one in Greene. There's a good deal of sameness to his playing, but for time he beats the Lewiston Brigade Band. His favorite tune is "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and unless he is argued with he will play that from 8 o'clock till 12 for every dance except the Virginia reel.

Some of the old dancers were on the floor the other night. Between dances one of them went up to the old man, who sat rubbing the rosin on his bow.

"Uncle," says the dancer, "all the folks down on the floor want you to play old 'Speed the Plough' for the next dance. Give it to us."

The old man rolled his chew around to a more comfortable position in his cheek. He tucked his rosin into his vest pocket.

"I gh'd like to 'commodate ye fust rate," he said, "but the's suthin' sing'lar 'bout that tune of 'Speed the Plough.' Jest as soon as I speed the plough along a little ways I run right into 'The Girl I Left Behind Me.'"—Lewiston Journal.

Anna Wouldn't, but Ma Would.

When the new minister, a handsome and unmarried man, made his first pastoral call at the Fosdicks, he took little Anna up in his arms and tried to kiss her. But the child refused to be kissed; she struggled loose and ran off into the next room, where her mother was putting a few finishing touches to her adornment before going into the parlor to greet the clergyman.

"Mamma," the little girl whispered, "the man in the parlor wanted me to kiss him."

"Well," replied mamma, "why don't you let him? I would if I were you."

Thereupon Anna ran back into the parlor, and the minister asked:

"Well, little lady, won't you kiss me now?"

"No, I won't," replied Anna, promptly, "but mamma says she will."—Harper's Bazar.

Spring at Lost Creek.

This wee sonnet to Spring appears in the Lost Creek Lyre over the signature of the poetess-laureate of the camp, Miss Popsie Duzenberry:

"The merry days of spring have came,
King Lear hath onward went,
And sunshine in a silvery flame
Heats up the firm-a-ment.
The birds, in plumage glad and bright,
For crumbs at back doors begs,
And happy hens are getting quite
Prolific with their eggs,
And bees, new mated, softly croon
Upon their annual honeymoon."
—Denver Post.

Some Men Are Tools.

He was the bashfulest man she had ever met.

"What would you do," he said, tentatively, "if I were to steal a kiss from you?"

"I really don't know," she responded, with the always bewitching diffidence of a maiden under such circumstances; "but I think I would go into court and testify that you were a kleptomaniac and didn't know what you were doing."

And he only laughed and thought it was a good joke.—Detroit Free Press.

POETRY

Pie.

"The consumption of pie is on the increase."—From the Sun's report of the New York pie market.

Oh, Pie,
Oh, unassuming, shy
And simple solace to our woes,
This shows
That you have come to stay.
And, say!
Don't ever, ever, ever go away.
What odds if some
Assert that you're a
Breeder of dyspepsia, and
One half the ills of all the land.
They lie.
Oh, Pie,
For you're a peach—
Sometimes; and speech
Falls flat in telling what
You are as mince, served piping hot, or
Better, cold.
And would Thanksgiving be
Thanksgiving half, if we
Had not you there,
So fat and filling, and so fair?
If there were nothing else but you,
There would be thanks enough in that for two!
And think of you in apple form,
And lemon, too,
White capped with fluff;
And cocoanut, and sweet cream puff;
And huckleberry, deeply, beautifully blue,
The time-tried color of the true;
And pumpkin, or sweet potato, with a sauce
Of spice and sherry that is boss;
And custard, dream of poet's pen,
Materialized from cow and hen;
And myriad other kinds.
Why,
Pie,
Of all the great bonanza finds
Of culinary searching, you
Are first and foremost. Who
Will dare deny
The potency and permanence,
The plenitude and pleasantness,
The popularity of pie?
Oh, mystery and magic, we
Delight to stick our face in thee
And take it out again to see
The horseshoe of our teeth
Set like a semi-cycle
Into your midst; and then
To do it several dozen times again!
Meanwhile to feel
The ecstacy no spirit can reveal
Save thine; to steal
The rapture and the rhapsody
Enfolded by thy pale periphery.
Oh, Pie,
Oh, pure, propitious prophylactic pie,
You're IT,
A large, luxuriant, luscious bit.
Here's your good health,
And ours;
And by the powers
You're bound to be
The proud precursor
Of a National pie-eat-y.
—W. J. Lampton in New York Sun.

Never'll Move Again.

Taking up the carpets,
Nearly breaking backs,
In the lengthy struggle
With the stubborn tacks.
Now and then a knuckle
In the mouth is dipped,
Shouts of anger telling
That the lifter slipped.

Taking down the curtains
From the window top,
While the ladder wobbles,
Threatening to drop.
Getting more impatient,
Making movement rash,
Sudden loss of balance,
Then a fearful crash.

Packing up the dishes
Not at meals required,
Placing them with caution
In the place desired.
Tripping o'er obstruction
Not observed before—
Finest piece of china
Shattered on the floor.

Clearing out the places
Where the clothes are stored,
Every shelf and recess
Carefully explored.
Finding many garments
Faded, frayed and torn,
Others of the fashion
That no more are worn.

Cleaning up the attic
With the greatest care,
Thoroughly astonished
At the rubbish there.
Overhauling cellar
Where more stuff is stowed—
Boxes, crates and barrels
By the wagon load.

Many backs are aching,
Many fingers sore,
Every room is cheerless,
Bare is every floor.
Weary are the women,
Angry are the men.
Some declare they'll never,
Never move again.
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Croaker.

He croaked when the sky was blue
And he croaked when the sky was gray;
He croaked when the sun went down,
He croaked at the dawn of day!
He croaked when the wind was low,
He croaked when he heard it blow—
When he had no job he croaked because
He was robbed of a chance to toil,
When he worked he croaked against doing so
To induce the pot to boil.

When times were hard he croaked:
"'Tis the work of the rich, you see!
They're building their fortunes up;
Only crumbs are for you and me!"
When times were good he swore
They were worse than ever before;
"They have raised the prices on what we wear
And on what we eat," he complained;
"The rich are piling up more and more,
But what has the poor man gained?"

He croaked when his twins were born:
"Ah, what an expense!" he sighed—
He croaked by day and he croaked by night
When one of the little ones died,
And he croaked in another way,
On his wretched bed, one day—
Yet, if he has gone to that realm above,
Where all is so rare and so fair,
I'll bet he croaks at the tunes they play
On their golden harps, up there.
—Chicago Times-Herald.

Fishin' Time.

Fishin' time, en' wishin' time,
Set hyah, watch mah line,
Heah de watah chucklin' sof'—
Yes, indeed. Hit's fine!
Jes' a-fishin', en a-wishin',
I cain't ha'dly tell
Ef I'd ruthah git a bite
Er heah de dinnah bell.

Fishin' time, en' wishin' time,
Bluejay 'bout mah head
Gabblin', gigglin' ter hiss'f—
Wondah whut he said.
Jes' a-blinkin', en' a-thinkin'—
Watah singin' sweet.
Wondah 'f Marty's cookin' yit,—
En' whut she'll have ter eat.

Fishin' time, en' wishin' time,
Guess dat hook too deep.
Ripples muhmah lazy like—
Singin' me ter sleep.
Jes' a-dozin', en' supposin'—
Ef I had mo' cash
I'd jes' buy er speckle yes'
En' I'd—en' I'd—Splash!
—Baltimore American.

Spring Has "Came."

Sing ho for the rose on the bough a-tilt,
As it flirts with the belted bee.
Sing ho for old nature's crazy quilt
That bespangles the windswept lea.

Sing ho for the wren in the lilac spray
And the vagabond butterfly
That flits through the maze of the misty May,
While we're tapping the rhubarb pie.

Oh, the freckled beeve in the clover mead
Is disporting in fleshish glee.
And the housewife plants the holyhock seed,
Which the chanticleer scoops care free.

The strawberry mark on the shirt front gleams,
And the whitewash flutters and flies;
And the home run wakens the ball crank's screams
While the peanut his joy unties.

The mosquito is tuning his elfin lute
As he flits round the marish dam,
And we light out in rapture wild and mute
For the skipful beminted lamb.
—Exchange.

Lo, the Summer Girl.

Lo, there she stands
Upon the mystic, misty line
That lies half-way
Between the frost and flowers;
Her pink cheeks resides in the sun,
And with a greeting smile and nod
She comes to earth upon a bluebird's wing
And tip-toes into June
On rosebuds blushing sweet
Beneath her dainty tread.
Gowned in a garniture of filmy white
Or fluffy pinks and blues
And every varying tint and shade
Of blossom time,
She skims above the green earth's breast
Just high enough to reach men's hearts;
She makes the world her own,
And man her slave,
And as a Queen she reigns
Upon her hammock throne,
Or sits in state upon a hotel porch
Surrounded by her court;
The ribbons of her sailor hat
Are rainbow-tinted fetters
Binding close the glad, unhappy subjects
Of her sway;
Her tinsel parasol
Is scepered in her hands
And from its shade she rules
A retinue of swains;
Down by the sea
She walks the silver strand,
Where emerald waves break into foamy white
And lay their broken bodies at her feet;
She murmurs nothings to a hundred ears,
And gives her smiles to honeyed tongues
That tell of manly hearts in thrall to her;
The lazy, lambent moon
Lies crescent in the sky
For her to hang her witcheries on,
And all the little stars,
With twinkling eyes that sparkle in the blue,
Laugh silently to see
This sorceress of the Summertime
Work moonshine into mystic spells;
The sunshine drops its dazzle
In her hair, her eyes, her smile;
The flowers fold their fragrance round her
As she moves;
The roses lay their leaves upon her cheeks,
The lilies on her hands,
And everything in sight is hers.
She leaves the land
To meet the cool caresses of the sea,
And Neptune sets a short-robed Queen
Upon his billowy throne;
The saucy waves come up to kiss her cheeks
And slip away, as laughingly she dares
Them do their worst;
Sunburned she stands upon the shore,
And, gazing outward o'er the sea, she weeps
For other worlds to claim as hers.
Up from the sea
To where the mountains touch the sky
And bathe their dark green brows
In silver clouds,
She takes her way,
All-conquering as she comes;
The waving trees
Bend down their sheltering boughs
To touch her passing underneath;
The gray crags soften
When she rests on them;
The murmurous hum of forest life
Grows still to hear her speak,
And what she says to any him
Who worships her
In those primeval shrines
Is hidden in the hearts of flowers,
Where bees may come to gather it
And lock it in their hives
She rules the mountains
As she rules the shore,
A flirting phantom,
Frivolous and fair;
A dream of fluffy pink and white
That ne'er comes true;
A bright intangibility;
A fantasy of music, moonlight, love and flowers,
A Summer Girl.
—W. J. L. in New York Sun.

Just Jealousy.

Ma's 'lected justice of the peace, an' pa has got a case
Of what you'd think was rheumatis a drawin' up his face;
Jest sets around and cusses at the cruel hand of fate
That led him here to settle in this wimmen suf'rin' state.
He talks about the crowin' hens an' what they call advance,
A crowdin' men folks from the right to wear the honored pants,
An' says the time's a-comin' fast when men'll be but slaves—
Be ruled by tyrant wimmen from their cradles to their graves.

Ma laughs to hear him goin' on, an' sometimes says she'd ort
To sock him with a heavy fine for sich contempt o' court,
An' tells him he had better stop and mind his p's and q's,
Or her official dignity'll, h'ist him from his shoes.
An' then she'll spank his ol' bad head with sort of lovin' hand,
An' say there ain't a better man in all this Western land,
An' that in all domestic things he yit kin be the boss,
An' pa, he'll heave a sigh an' say he'll try to bear the cross.

Pa asked her, s'posin' he's arraigned before the jedgment seat
Fur takin' in sufficient booze to tangle up his feet,
If she would cork him in the jug, an' ma jest told him flat
A jedge's husban' wouldn't drink to such excess as that.
She says he ort to swell with pride an' satisfaction fur
The great judicial honor that had bin conferred on her,
An' pa he fetched another sigh from down inside his breast
An' said he'd shortly try to hope it all was fur the best.

I pity pa, goin' 'round with such an achin' face,
An' actin' like he was a strange trespasser on the place;
Jest cuts me like a weepon every time I hear him sigh,
But ma says he'll recover from his tantrums by and by.
I know jest what's allin' him; it's only jealousy.
It rips the stitchin' of his pride to figger out that she
Will be "her honor" an' "the court" an' sort o' rule the town
While he'll be what he allus was—jest plain ol' Jimmy Brown.
—Denver Post.

When Father Signs a Check.

They've lately served poor father up
In quite sarcastic truck,
"When father sings a lullaby,"
"When father carves the duck,"
And when he monkeys this or that
To any rhymester's beck,
But no one yet has sung about
When father signs a check.

The old man isn't up to date
In table manner's p'rhaps,
And doesn't talk, or walk, or dress
Like modern college chaps;
But on his business habits, sirs,
There's neither flaw nor fleck—
You've got a paper good as gold
When father signs a check.

He uses the Colonial quill;
The letters of his name
Are rugged as the hand that writes
Unevenly the same;
But you can bet the jewels all
That kingly crowns bedeck,
The banks hand out the requisite
When father signs a check.
—Boston Courier.

Here's to Him!

Here's to the feller that's down on his luck,
The feller that's doin' his best
An' strivin' an' waiting an' keepin' his pluck
An' puttin' his wits to the test.
The person who basks in prosperity's glow
Has handshakes and cheers without end,
But the feller that's down on his luck—well, you know,
He's the chap that's in need of a friend.

Our fortunes are subject to change day by day—
At least so philosophers vow;
And judgin' a man doesn't really pay
By his fame or prosperity now.
So, if you are wise, you will make it a plan
Your courtesy never to drop,
For the feller that's down on his luck is the man
Who is due to be some day on top.
—Washington Star.