

ow the crublet in the mand Lords beneath the waters blue,

And extends the gladeome hand To the laughing bothers, who,

Unsuspecting of his fell,
Whicked purpose, skyly pose,
Till a loud and piercing yell
Tells us he has pinched their toos. -New York World.

ORTON, THE BOOK AGENT

r., and Mrs. Billings and Mr. Noodle Induced by Him to Invest in Beligious Literature.

It was hot. Billings sat in his office, pping his brow and saying naughty ngs about the thermometer. A man shed the door open and would have enred, but Dillings, catching sight of a pe-niar black leather case be carried, cried a loud voice "Get out. No book agents need apply

"You mistake me," replied the man, "I not a book agent-sooner death than

ch an occupation." He spoke so eastestly that Billings was ollified and said, half apologet only:

"I thought you were one of those conded fellows. Come in, if you've got iness with me." and the man came in.

'Mr. Billings," he began, hurriedly, ong ago I came to the conclusion that ert from all moral considerations, 'honity is the best policy' in business. I deve no one as to my goods. I have come ere today, knowing that you as a Chris-an man will be particularly interested in that I have to sell, which is no less a ne than Jeremy Taylor's 'Holy Liv

You said you weren't a book agent."

ered sallings.
"Nor am I-I buy what I sell outright, ad make a moderate profit. My selectors are always useful and instructive, y love of humanity forbids all works of light." light nature. Thus I combine missions work with some slight remaneration myself. This volume." thrusting the ok into Billings's hands. "is \$1:50-worth vice the money. If you take it only to the to some benighted being who needs dig'ous counsel, it will repay you ten-ile. Think—"

He Wanted It. "Shur un!" said Billings. "Who the devcould think while you're talking. I'll ske that for my wife. We don't agree religious subjects. But remember, ng man, I take it simply because I ant it, not because of your convincing ents. I like the name 'Holy Living. give it to Susan. Here's your money, w get out. You're no business man, u deceived me, or you wouldn't have

book man, whom we will call Norgianced angrily at Billings for a mo-t, but forbore to reply and quickly reed his usual cheerful smile. On reach the main floor of the building in which ings's office is situated, his first care to consult a directory. oked up Billings's house address, and the his cheerful smile, broadened into an uple grin, boarded a trolley car and redly arrived at his destination. Was Mrs. Billings at home? Yes, Mrs.

elf out of the presence of Mrs. Bil gs, that lady said, graelously: I'm glad you called, Mr. Norton. The ok I have bought from you, 'Holy Livwill be much as preclated by Mr.

llings. We differ on religious subjects." 'Madame, I believe that he will learn ich from it. Good afternoon." alf as hour later Billings came home, while he divested bimself of his cost

on from "such a frank, gentlemanly And, my dear, she remarked, as Bils sank comfortably into an easy chair the window, "I bought from him a tiful book which I mean to present

on called 'Holy Living." llings's wrath, and many and amique re the names he applied to Norton prayed Heaven that he might once un behold him. "only for five minutes." It is moment, hirrying hothy down apposite side of the street, Mrs. Ellperceived the object of her husband's

Noodle's Enlisted.

And I can't follow him in my shirt ves and slippers-but there's Noodle, hing sight of his next-door neighbor, was just turning in at his front gate. r. there. Noodle! For heaven's sake after that fellow going down the ci-he's a book agent. Bring him back . Can't go myself. I'm in my slip-

dic, who adm red Billings's daughter, dily assented and loped off after Nor-But before he caught up with him, latter had boarded a trolley bound for station. Not to be balked, Noodle uped excitedly into a cab and gave Norton reached the station first was in the act of buying a ticket for when Noodle caught bim. Billings wants to see you," he breathlessly.

th, I can't come. I've got to catch this n. What does he want to want to see me

ist be about this book," said Norton f course, that's it," assented Noedle ve got only one left-don't know if I let him have it." yes, you can," Noodle said, per-

a five-dollar copy," said Norton, ell, never mind. He won't stop at \$1 it

s wants the brok. I'll pay you cash it and Billings can settle with me."
Vell, here," said Norton, thrusting the ime into Noodle's hands and pocketing V. "Good day and good luck to you." he burried off to catch the 6 o'clock

this is how it comes about that the paid for the original bushel.

The man stined a groun occasionally, paid for the original bushel.

"I took the lot down to the office of the but otherwise suppressed all indications." ingres have three volumes of Jeremy

Taylor's "Holy Living" thrust away in a dark corner of their little library, and this is also why, on a certain evening, Mr. Augustus Norton, "Independent Merchant," treated bimself profus champagne.—New York Press.

Promoter's Method for "Boosting" Shin Pinster Concern.

"Gimme two cents' worth of those peanuts," said the smooth-faced young man, walking up to the Italian vender in front of the postoffice. The Italian measured the peanuts out and at the young man's suggestion, dumped them into the pocket of his coat. They went into the righthand pocket, but the young man plunged his hand into the pocket on the left-han ride, and, hauling out a nut, cracked it open and started to put the contents into his mouth. Suddenly he gave a loud ex-camation, and then with apparent indig-

camiation, and then with apparent indignation turned to the Italian and said:
"Say, John, what kind of peanuts do
you call theer?"
"They all right," protested the Italian.
"All right nuthin"," said the young man.
"Just look at this," and from inside the
peanut he had just broken open he pulled
a small piece of paper, neatly folded up
Unfolding the paper he read aloud:
"This is no shell game. Use the famous
Bumm Bumm Shin Plasters."
The young man took another peanut
from the left-hand pocket and cracked
that open. Out fell another fold of paper
containing the same advertisement. The
Italian's eyes were nearly popping out
of his head. The young man put on a
great show of indignation.
"This is the worst burneo game that I
ever run against," he explained. "Take
these peanuts back and keep them. I
don't want the blame things," and with a

don't want the blame things," and with a rapid motion, he extracted a handful of peanuts from the same left-hand pocket and, throwing them in with the Italian's stock, mixed them up and went on his way, leaving the Italian gesticulating wildly and making frantic efforts to ex-

This much was witnessed by a reporter who decided forthwith that the young man was up to some game, an impression which was strengthened when he saw him approach another peanut wander and go through the same performance. So when the young man went on his way the reporter accorded him and asked him what his game was. The man was delightfully frank. Here is what he said:

"I get enough fun out of this thing

His Discomfiture.



nd you alone, that I level Edith-'Sh! 'Sh! Do you not know that n father is the biggest man on the force? As if he were but to hear one word of this-



"Great Scott" watching the faces of those dagoes to pay me for doing it, even if I wasn't getting good pay. Say, it's the greatest game ever. You see, it's this way. I make a living suggesting ways to advertise to big concerns. Now the Bumm Bumm Shin Plaster Company wanted to reach the common people with advertisements of their stuff. So they synt for me and asked me for a suggestion. The peanut game was one that I thought out a long time ago, but had never put into operation. The Bumm Bumm people thought it was all right and were willing to put up good money. I had a couple of women open a bushel of peanuts, fold up these little circulars, put them inside and then by the use of a very small quantity of paste on each shell, put them together again. I sold the meat of the nuis to a candy man, and got more for them than I paid for the original bushel. watching the faces of those dagoes to pay

Bumm Bumm Company, and they were dead stuck on the game. They gave me a fat check, and that being the end of my contract, I bobbed up with another suggestion. You can reach a lot of people with those things, just scattering them around the street, I says, but I've got a better game than that. Then I told them that for \$10 a day I would mix those fake peanuts up with the stocks of venders, so that every man who bought peanuts on the street would be found to get at least so that every man who bought peanuts on the street would be found to get at least one of ours. Say, they were dead stuck on the game, and we closed at once. That's all there is to it. You've seen me at work and know how I do it. Say, but isn't it a peach of a game? I bet I've put 50 peanut stocks on the bogus since I started out, and I've only been working three days."—New York Sun.

SOMETHING LIKE IT. Observe, Oh Ye Wosers of Ye Frolic some Muse!

As the managing editor stepped from the elevator car, he was waylaid by the city editor.

"Who?"

'Why, a poet." "A poet? Why, they are swarming to this office like bees to a magnolia tree. Why didn't you tell him the elevator stopped at six?

"Yes, but I think this one is a genuine muse-wooder. Step over and hear him yourself." The managing editor walked briskly over

to where the rhymster sat waiting.
"Do you wish to see me?"
"Yes, I want to install myself on your paper as a poet."
"We are not-"
"Of course you are not in need of any
medicore verse, but just listen to this:

She weighed four hundred, so they tell, Did ebony Aunt Dinah; And when she tumbled down the well, She went clear through to China. "Is that a tombstone inscription?"
"No, sir, that is a poem that people in understand. Shall I run off the other

Please don't " "Well, if that is too serious for your readers, how is this:

He climbed up on the village school, His feet were wet and muddy: He dashed himself, the reckless fool, And died from over-study. "That is pretty fair."

"That is pretty fair."
"Thank you! Only the distance prevented me from winning fame by having it published in the London comics."
"Have you any others?"
"Yes, here is a good hender for the Spring fashlons:
She wattred, and then came home at one.

Her skirt was very tight; he couldn't get the clasp undone, So she eat up all night.

"Quite an effusion. But have you any need war verse?"
"War verse is my specialty. I regret very minute not spent in finding rhynes for kopie. But how is this:

The Boerman has the nerve of ten, The firmness of a rock; When he isn't popping Englishmen-He's drinking wholesome book. "How could we use that?"
"Get out a Kruger edition, "Do you ever drop into political verse? You know there is a Presidential campaign on the horizon."
"I am prepared. Here is the first of IB

To reach the White House is no fun,

A man is put to test; For when the royal race is run it takes four years to rest. "You'll do, Get your overalls er-I mean get your pen and occupy the desk back of the sporting editor. If you wish a green shade ask the copy-boy." -V. A. Hermann, in the Philadelphia Inquirer.

MEAN TRICK. Chicago Dentist's Way of Silepeing

Talkative Women. A North Side dentist is sure to be called 'a mean man" by some of his womer patrons when they learn of the trick he has practiced upon them. It happens sometimes that even a rubber dam will not stop the flow of woman's speech, and although the dentist, being a young man, is not averse to a little "pleasant talk" now and then with a patient, yet if she persists in telling him her personal or omestic history during the filling of a tooth, hindering the work, while other patients wait in the ante-room, it's a little trying to his nerves and temper. The doctor is a polite man; he does not ask a woman to stop talking, but says gently:

"Open your mouth, please,"
There is allence for a few moments, when the chatter begins again." "Open wider, please," says the dentist, sore persuasively than before, and the work goes on rapidly enough until the patient seeing her opportunity starts in again where she had left off in the take of everyday woes. The clock strikes the hour of the next appointment. The dent-ist selzes the most terrible of all his in-struments, his look becomes threatening and his voice, too:

Please, now, open your de," The ruse succeeds, and the startled but unsuspecting woman stretches her mouth into an abysemal yawn that pre-cludes the possibility of even a whisper. It's a mean trick.—Chicago Tribune.

FOOLISH FELLOW.

Little He Knew a Woman's Reason

for Shopping. He evidently had been invelgled into that most foolish of occupations for a mere man, shopping with his wife. Fatigue, canual and irritability were expressed in good deal of squawken in the Garden, the droop of his figure, the expression of his face and the impness of his manner. His wife, on the contrary, was plactd, alert and apparently well satisfied with herself and others. He hung from a strap in the crowded car with an ill grace. She clung to his arm for support. Her talk was a sort of escintle comment- end in its Sistum they Would start away with herself and others. He hung from a strap in the crowded car with an ill grace. She clung to his arm for support. Her talk was a sort of escintle commentary on panne velvet, liberty satin and other mysteries of fabric and dress, interlarded with allusions to the merits and demerits of Fiemish oak, bamboo furni-

feeling and intelligence. At the end of several weary miles, however he re-marked bitterly: "And you have been shopping for more than three houls with-out finding one thing that you want to buy. What is the good of it?"

"But, Tom, I know now exactly what don't want. Don't be foolish. Here is And the men and women within hearing grinned with different kinds of appreciation as the couple left the car.-New

"PAW" AND HIS GARDEN. Fishes for His Neighbor's Chickens

and Gets Into Trouble. Paw's got a garden sints we mooved ou here, but maw Says the only Thing he raised so Fur is trubble. The man that Lives the other side of us Yoost to be a sea captun on the lakes, and if we had a Parrut they woulden't be hardly enny use trying to make it a morrel Burd becox when the captain talks you can hear

coz when the captain talks you can hear him nearly all Around the naber Hood. About the First thing we notust after paw got his eriy crop in Was the Way the Captun's chickens wouldn't letit come up itself.

Paw went to the captun and Told him about it, and the Captun sed it must be a Mistake. He told paw His chickens didn't haft to Go way from Home for thair meals, and Every little while you could hear him say things that showed He wasn't a Christian, between his other

Words.

When paw came home he sent me and Little albert to the store for Ten sents worth of Fishen hooks and Lines, and When we Got back he says:

"I don't never want to Take a mean advantage of a Dum Creacher, but something hast to be done to Sho the captun it ain't always the man who Swairs the loudest That gets the biggest Lump of shugger in his coffey."

So he cut the Fishen lines into about 10 peaces and Put a Hook on Each end of Every peace. Then he baited the Hooks with Wormsand chunks of Bred and other Things chickens like pretty well and went out to do some more planten in the Garden. Every time he planted a seed

Evolution of a Bird.









He would put a Batted fishen Hook in Then he went and Told the captun he beter keep his chickens at Home, and the Captun sed:

"Captun" is Indignant. "This is the Last time I want you to Come insultin me about My chickens, Abuddy would think this wasn't a Free country where people Could rase chickens if They wanted to, the Way some peeple talk. Now shoe yourself out of here."

other Calcach had the hook on the other end in its Sistum they Would start away kind of pulling apart and Looking suspishus at Each other, and pritty soon all but two or three got Hitched together.

Then trubble commenct. When one chicken tried to fly over the fents it would get terked back by its martner at the

get Jerked back by its partner at the and shouted:
Other end of the Line, or else if it Got over they would kind of Hang thare. One Tribune.

s each side, and pull and scold about and brace their feat against the boards And try to Back up.

Maw sed it made Her hart bleed for the
poor thinge, and Paw told Her that was
Beebs she was chicken harted, only it Was

recobubly the Chickens' gizzurds that was Bleeding. Then be went Over where the Captur was settin on his Frunt portch smoken, and I went Along to see what happened. "Did you ever notus How burds and chickens and such Things go around in

chickens and such things go around in pairs?" paw ast.
"No," says the captun. "Twe berd some Birds take Their mates for life, but I never paid mutch a Tenshun to it."
"Well." paw says, "I don't no as Chickens always mate For life, But I guess most of yours Have got into that Habbut lattly."

More Indignation. "Say," the captun says, swalring a Lot nore, "it's strainge you can't quit harp-

en on my Chickens. Some peeple when they Get started on a Subject always

run it in the Ground."

About that time the Captun's wife came around from the Back of the House and told him sumthing Seemed to be the matter with the Chickens.

matter with the Chickens.

"Chickens!" yelled the captun, "Is everybuddy crazy on the Chicken subjeckt? Can't I hear about emything But chickens enny more? The next purson says chickens to me I'm agoin' to—to—"

But he had to stop thare Becox they was a Rush of blood to his hed and I thow his face mite explod. Then he went aroun to the Back yard to See what the Trubble was, and when he Got so he underble was, and when he Got so he under-stood how it Hapened Paw took me By the Hand and we Went Home. After while when we Couldn't hear the Captun saying ennything More about it paw Went out to Work in the Garden again, and Just as he bent Over to plant things the Captun ross un from Behind

things the Captun rose up from Behind his Fents and turned the Hose on Paw. So paw Went to Grab up a chunk of durt to Thro at the Captun and he Run durt to Thro at the Captun and he Run a fishen Hook neerly thru His finger.

The Captun's girl told our gurl they Haven't had enything but chicken to Eat at thore house Lallely, but the docker says it'll be Too late to put in A nuther crop when paw's hand Gets well.—Georgie, in Chicago Times-Herald.

LOBSTERING DOWN EAST. Hartshorn Knew It All and Gained

Little Experience.

"Jes' Hartshorn come down to the beach a while ago," said the ancient mariner of Georgetown, as we sat togeth

mariner of Georgetown, as we sat together on the stringer of the wharf and allowed our feet to hang down.

"Jes' hain't never been around salt water much. But you can't get Jes' to ever let on that he don't know all there is to know about everything. He's one of them half-cock, betcher-life fellers, ye know. When he goes to heaven, if 8t. Peter tells him which corner to turn to get to the room where they keep harps, Jes' will interrupt him 'fore Peter says two wqrds. He'll says, 'Oh, I know-i know,' just as if he had been there a danie times. That's Jes'.

"Wat, as I was sayin', he come down to the shore the other day to make me a little visit and do some flashin'. The first day he was there I told him that the rote didn't sound well for hand-lining outside

day he was there I fold him that the rote didn't sound well for hand-lining outside and I advised him to try lobsterin'.

"Twe been doin' pretty well down in the cave there, 'round that point,' says I. 'You'd better take four or—"

"Oh, Ikhowikhow'khow,' says Jes', rattling it off like a machine gun. So seein' that he knew so much, gol darn him Jie him swat.

seein that he knew so much, got dark him, I let him swat.

"I was baitin' trawle for my next day's fishin' and I had the tubs out where I could get a view of the bay. It struck me that Jes' was the busiest lobster fisher I ever see. And I wondered too, how that could be, for when he went off with the dery I noticed that he took only the lobeter not. He rowed around the buy one lobster pot. He rowed around the buy five hours by the watch. Every little while he would hold up and do something with the lobstor pot. I couldn't make out what it was, but thinks I 'If he's lucky accordin' as he is busy he'll come home with the dory loaded to the gunnels.'
"Jes' stopped at the store 'fore he come

to the house. He was so tuckered that he had to set down there and rest. "Said he to the storekeeper," I ain't had so darn busy a day sence I broke had so darn busy a day sence I broke ten acres of pasture with a steer team.
This lobster fishin' is what I call hard work. When I started out this mornin' Ahse wanted me to take four or five pots. Wal, if I had I'd a-been sick ahed.
Dragging that one pot around the have were the rusted hings sticks fast. Drugging that one pot around the bay was about all I wanted to tackle."

The ancient mariner spat voluminously into the deep, green sea.
"That's what that cust fool had been doin'-trolling for lobsters with a pot. He thought you caught'em same's you do salmon in a pond. He'd row as fast as he could and then he'd stop and pull up the pot to see if he had caught one. Then he'd swear and throw it back and row hard some more. "The only man I eve

only man I ever heerd of who had ch sportin' blood as that was Ben Smith who used to run a hotel up in Caribou. Ben went trolling for engles in a But Ben stood some show of catching engles."-Holman F. Day in Lewiston

SPILT SALT DON'T SCARE HIM. But He Carries Rabbit's Foot, Just the Same.

"Doan't yo' talk no more fer me 'b luck. Nev' see such fool coon fer luck in yo' born days, sah," said the chocolatedipped new waiter at the lunch counter, as he brushed up some spilt sait from the floor under his feet. "Me throw sait over mah shoulder? No, sah, Doan't catch dissa coon twice same day. Last time Ah

trowed salt over mah shoulder mos' got kilt. Yassa, 'at's right.

"Know dat place down on Adams, off ole State, doan't yer? Pince whar dey got one dem fool ting-a-ling bands a makin' a feller walk turkey trot alla time. Ah use ter work down dere till Ah mos' got kilt one day all 'long er salt an' dat

"Y'see, Ah used ter be terr'bul nigge i see, An used to be terr our agger fer signs. Gee, Ah'd find sign all round. If cross-eyed man show up round dat coun-ter Ah nearly have seventeen fits till Ah get a chance ter turn 'bout tree times and talk voodoo. Yessa, 'at's right. "Feller named Gawge. Him an' me used ter work polley zames an' all dat stutt.

work policy games, an' all dat stutt and we'd guess we'd got a sign fer a tiif a fly fell dead in de soup, till dat day when I mos' got kilt. "Band was a playin" 'Ell Green,' in one

o' mah years, an' ole man a peilin' hot caices over in disea one, an Ah done got twisted, an' spili a heap er sait on mah right foot. Lawd, Ah mos' had 'leven fits, an' Ah jus' fergits ever ting, an' grabs da sait cellar, an' shakes it over mah left shoulder for ter cross de luck, an' Ah'm a gone white coon if it didn't fly right inter de ole man's lookers, an' he yell like a 'possum when yer skin um alive. jus' den 'long cum Gawgs wif a bowl er hot soup, an' dat fool band strike up, an' he got a hot foot all at once, an' jus' had to dance cakewalk er die. An', Lawd, Ah get dat hot soup all over me, an' de old man start a firin' plates in mah direcebun, an' Ab mos' got kilit. Yessa, 'at's right ''Ab ain't no fool coon, jus' a same. Betcher life Ah coan't go lookin' fer no Betcher life Ah doan't go lookin' fer no signs now. Ah let um shake sait all over me' an' neva change de expresshun of mah astronomy. But Ah got a hind foot an' a yaller dog's tooth jus' a same, down in mah back pocket an' when Ah sees a sign, Ah rubs um together, an' says mah prayers. Gawge got fired, too, all 'count dat fool band, an' a hot foot, an' he's got summing in his back pocket, too, Ah Scan't sumpin in his back pocket, too. Ah doan' know jus' what 'tie, but yer can't take n chances round yere in Checawgo. No, sah 'at's right.'

And he brushed the last of the sait up

Capid to Mammon. fours is a magic key. It opens wide the door whereon is writ "Society" And "No admittance save to the elect." wly, and with reluctance oftenting

The heavy hinges turn; yet turn alway When you persist, so potent is your power Through halls kept sacred to the name Caste. You walk undaunted by the silent stare Of proud ancestral faces on the walls—Your coat-of-arms the mighty \$ sign.

Your coat-of-arms the mighty \$ sign.

You influence nations, rule affairs of state
And purchase leaders. Politics today
Is but another synonyin for that
Isnoble, base word-money.

With your key
You enter churches, and pervert the creed,
And substitute the word of man for Christ's
Large loving utterances. You huy and sell
And "matter" and "manipulate" religion
Like stock upon the street; your satellites
Kneel in their cushioned pews and numble
prayers

With hatred in their hearts, and pride and greed
Where brotherhood should dwell.

All this yeu do. O monarch, but behold your Wellington! In Love's fair court there is no lock which turns
For Mammon's key. When Hymen gives you

heed, He stands without my gates, no kin of mine. Love has the only kingdom in the world Where money cannot purchase place or power; And in the rapture of one mutual kies, When soul meets soul as lip clings close to lip, Lies more delight than all earth's other realms Combined can offer to the human heart.

In this brief life the memory of one hour Of perfect love is worth all other joyn. And he who has it not, though he be King, Goes bergared through the world. —Bila Wheeler Wilcox in New York Journal

Now the trampe are gayly trekking From the exits of the jalls, Starting on their yearly saunter "Mong the rural hills and vales. Through the Winter they were resting At the citizens' expense, Sullding up the systems shuttered By their months of negligence.

They were ragged, thin and wretched, Sore and weary were their feet,
When they sought the warmth and comft
Of their Winter-time retreat.
Now with ciothing neatly mended,
Fat and "sassy," free from cares,
They go on their way as happy
As though all the world were theirs,

Jogging onward through the city To the country they go straight, Where there's nothing to disturb them But the dog behind the gate. Well-worn paths again they're taking, For they've been there oft before, And with their old-time presumption, They are knocking at the door.

They relate their hard-luck stories In the same (amiliar way,
Some still posing as the heroes
Of an Oriental fray,
Some accept the proffered "hand-out,"
And then gratefully reply;
Some will view it with suspicion
And express desire for pie.

Through the months of Spring and Summer And the early weeks of Fall.
They will roam across the country,
And at back doors often call.
But when days and nights get chilly They'll grow penitent, and then, Ragged, footsore, thin and wretched, They'll come trekking back again.

The Cuckoo Clock

My Cuckoo Clock hangs in the hall; By day and night I hear its call. Old friend! I love the cheerful note That flutures from your busy throat. Your usher is the little quali. With nodding head and jerky tail; "Twikey" it chiras. "Twikey" it wheel Twikes! Twikes! With nodding head and jersy tan,
"Twheel" it chirps, "Twheel Twheel"
And sounds the quarters merrily.
Next bounds forth the brisk Cuckoo
With beating wings, as though he fewProclaims the time-with eartling flap,
Like Harlequin, leaps through his trap!
Cuckoo! Cuck

In vain the bird will wheere and pant, It struggles to be free, and-can't; At last prevails. How swells its throat. At hat, prevail.

How fills the house its shrilly note,

Cucked! Cucked!

At last arrives the final day, When master's self must go his way; Borne down the stair into the hall. He takes his leave of house and all. The heariless birds pursue their game, And crow and chirrup all the same. The newer tenant looks askew, And scorns the notes of poor Cuckoo; No grace or mercy will he show— "That notey thing at once must go." And so within the shortest space An eight-day "striker" takes its place

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Percy Fitzgerald in Good Words.

Cotton, Mule and Nigger.

Summer-time is here again See dat grass a-growin'? Git up by de peep of day, Keep dem plows a-goin Stir de dirt! Grass grows like sin, Comes right whar you'se jes' now bin Faster dan de craps dat's in, Keep on plowin', hoein'.

Chop dat cotton to er stan', Watch It, wuck It, hoe It, For de crap needs every han'. Make dem hoes jee' go it. All de rows keep clar an' clean, Nothin growin' in between; If you're int, you'll soon be lean, Hoein'! Fer I know it.

Chop dat cotton, sling dat hoe, Chop dat cotton, sing dat noe, See dat grass a-growin; Make a crap an' den rou'll know 'Things dat's worth a-knowin', Grass an' weeds don't want no start, Dey is sure to do thar part, Dey has got de very are Growin' while you'r hoein'.

Cotton crap don't give no rest To de mule er nigger; Sweat an' toll dar very bes', Den dey cuts a flager In de "round-up" of de crap, If de year brings no mishap, Dey fills up a mighty gap,

Votes to Get.

I love my country well, I want to see it rise To be the fairest land That lies below the skies. I long to see the day

I'd like to see reforms

Of many kinds come in, but voters cry them down, And I need votes to win. I love my country well,

Where'er I turn I see

I love my country well,

Her wrongs I much regret,
I'd like to stop them alt—
But there are votes to get!
—Chicago Times-Herald. Considerate. "Oh, do not let the word be no,"

Would somewhat ease the cruel bipw,
The maiden simply answered "Nit."
—Chicago News,

The lover cried, and, thinking it

"Don't speak to me! Don't speak to me! Don't! I won't hear a word you say! Den't: I won't hear a word you may! 'Half-past sleven?' It was three! 'Important work?' You had to stay?' Hat Hat Hat Hat There! That'll do! No more lies please! Oh, you vile thirs! Don't say you're sorry! 'Tisn't true! That you should ever dare to bring That nasty, tipsy Smithers here To sleep in the spare bed! There, there! The so!! What's that? 'Twas only bear?' Oh, weren't you a prefty call?' Oh, wenn't you a pretty pair? Oh, yes, I heard you at the door, When you asked him to stop and nee 'If he could hear the old girl smore,' A pretty way to speak of me! 'Perfectly sober!' Oh, perfectly! Terfectly sober? Oh, perfectly? Do you know what you tried to use To open the night-latch? The key? No-but you did rry two corkscrews! I found them in the keyhole? What? It's no such thing? Well, here's the patr. Tours, aren't they? You say they're not? Well, here's your name engraved—right there! You brute! And then you crawled inside Through the bow window, both of you. Yes you did, now! I heard you slide The window up and both step through! Do you know where you left your bat? I thought not! Well, you go and see! You'll find it minus rim and flat Stuck in my oleander tree! Who turned the flower pot upside down And sat on it? Was that you, too? What's that? You guess you'll go down town? I guess you won't till I get through! Through the bow window, both of you.

In the Morning.

What's that? Tou guess you'll go down towa? I guess you won't till I get through! 'Tou saw a lovely Easter hat?' Where? Stacy's? Oh, that Paris one? For twenty-str? You'll get me that! Oh, Jack! That's just too nice! And, John, I was too angry, I'm afraid, I didn't mean to be severe, It's all that Smithers' fault! He made You do it, Jack, didn't be, dear?' — Hismarck Tribuna.

Ye Life Insurance Agent. Suave and persuasive, with manners soft a Warmly he greets you as he grasps your hand. Such handsome children! Look so much like

you!
And how is business? Flourishing and strong?
With such good management it hardly could go wrong.
Plainly, it's booming; any one can see
It's growing grandly—and none so glad as bet

Speaking of business, he's just got something Something he's sure will be of interest to you. Just see this contract-how liberal and free! How can they do it? By George, it's hard to see!
All the advantage is sure to come to you,
You'll hardly know it when the premiums

Cash surrender values, the privilege of loans, All he puts before you in the most persuasi tones.

And if you show objection, by word or by a He swiftly turns the pages of his red merocco and finds another schedule that exactly fits

All to your advantage, with thirty days of All hall the able agent, with manners soft and bland,
Who wins you by the arder with which he
grasps your hand;
Sometimes next day you're sorry, when you see his little game,

- Somerville Journal.

It's the sociablest Spring season that ever yit I knowed! Why, you don't meet anybody in the middle of On the highways-on the byways in this blest

I've lived long years in Georgy, by valleys, hills an' plains; I've hearn the boys noratin' in a hundred odd

But this here's ason bents'em all fer barbones an' bin's, An' "Hello, thur!" "Now air you?" an' a gir'rul shakin' hun's!

To step you on the shoulder, an' shake a fel-ler's han'; It's hearty like, an' wholesome, when a fellor's But I draw the line at shakin' of a man's han' all day long!

know jest what it's meanin'-it's jest as pinta From the way the ban's air playin', from the way the of mules bray!

An' ever "Hello, that?" "How air you?" an' gin'rul shakin' ban's! —P. L. S. in Atlanta Constitution.

pell; de times de worl' aroun', dey treats you mighty well!
Singto, or sighin'-only dis ter tell:
Tek de times de worl' aroun', dey treats you
mighty well!

Taikin' 'bout do bad times-dey soon'll say farewell; You des can't lose on cotton of you ain't got none ter sell! Ef de cyclone blow yo' house down, dar's timber in de dell-

Talkin' 'bout de bad times-I wants it under-You'd be so close ter beaven of 'all de times wir gred. Dey'd be no fun in goin' darf So, cheer up for a spell-Fer, tek de times de worl' eroun', der traits you mighty well!

"Heenuse!" She had a wondrous yearning in Minerva's ways to go-(ghe'd had it since she was a child of seven

And waded into Blackstone to do the thing up

She was a revelation to her unpretentious ma. She knew much more than any of her brothers or her ps.
And at the age for voting was admitted to the

there was a petitie—
Then rang her voice triumphant through the countroom—"Why-because!"
—Gertrude M. Butler in Philadelphia Inquirer,

The Way of It.

And a song that brings to a woman's check The red o' roses is still the song That sings like a river that bears life along.

But the grief of it all is this: At night When I dream by the desolate, dying light Of the lonely hearthside. I seem to see The face that was dearest of all to me! And a ghost is there, in the room, that seems

But the widow and the orphan have cause to

"A Gin'rul Shakin' Han's."

o' Southern lan's, But he hollers out, "Hello, thar!" an' he goes to shokin' han's!

bless his name!

I like to see felks sociable—I allus like a man

It's the biggest sort o' campaign, an' they're all a goin' to win.
For they're headed for the voters, an' they're drillin' of 'em in!

Warn't nuthin' ever like it! They're a-rollin' tht slong, or felier that kin sing j'ines in the campaign song! A-blowin' of the bugles—a-playin' of the ban's, An' "Hello, that!" "How air you" an'

Treats You Mighty Well. Talkin' 'bout de good times, en bad times, fer

Tek de times de wori' aroun', dey treats you mighty well!

-Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

rears or so). years or so).

And there was no use in learning what Matilda didn't know.

She graduated early from the high school of the town.

She left a seminary with all honors and re-

bur. Her case was called—they marveled at her knowledge of the laws; But, ah! there came a poser by the Judge—

I think I would never have loved him, but he Was there when the other wasn't you see! When the other died on the lonescone way He sang to my soul of the sweetest day. I wouldn't have loved him; but women are

To smite with tears my tenderest dreams;
And the song that brings to my check the rose
Is pitiful sad to my heart, God knows;
—Atlants Constitution.