HUMOR

Fishing Time.

The woods are waiting, and the rills
Are gushing down the rocky hills;
The trout are leaping from the brooks
At red flies and alluring hooks,
And, happy-faced, with hearts aglow,
And costly reels and rods,
The fishermen in dozens go
To worship woodland gods.

In fancy I with them may lie
On banks where foamy flecks go by;
Meseems I taste the savory bite
That comes, well earned, in camp at night—
The tale, the pipe with those well met!—
Ah, welcome fancy, work away,
Since through thy pleasing I forget
That some must toil while others play!
—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Times-Herald.

MRS. PIMLEY'S UMBRELLA

Its Owner Looking for a Woman in a Plum-Colored Suit.

When suger slumped the other day to 9½, Mr. Pimley did a little plunging on psychological principles, and when he liquidated at 11⅞, Mrs. Pimley's rake-off was a forty-five-dollar umbrella. To common mortals it is necessary to explain that a forty-five dollar umbrella is no ordinary implement. Mrs. Pimley's was a princess among umbrellas, toward whose creation science and wit had combined. Its handle was mother-of-pearl, covered with heavy gold filigree in exquisite design. Having once unfurled it, Mrs. Pimley would have been content to live forever in a wet world.

This may or may not have had something to do with Mrs. Pimley's choosing a rainy day to do her Spring shopping. The important fact is that when she started downtown, immediately after breakfast, on that occasion, the finishing touch of her rainy-day costume was the forty-five-dollar umbrella. It was a long day's shopping, and late in the afternoon, when Mrs. Pimley reached home. The first remark of Miss Agnes Pimley, 14, who met her at the door, was, "Why, mamma, what have you done with your umbrella?"

In reply Mrs. Pimley cast one panic-stricken glance at her hands and sat down in the hall and wept. She had been in a dozen stores during the day, and in which she had left the forty-five-dollar umbrella, or whether she had left it in the cable cars, or in the elevated, or whether it had been stolen somewhere as it stood beside her, she had not the remotest idea. Mrs. Pimley continued to weep at intervals during the evening.

Had Troubles of His Own.

The sympathy which, in decency, might have been expected from Mr. Pimley, was not forthcoming. Mr. Pimley had been making more experiments on psychological principles, and had troubles of his own. Mrs. Pimley lay awake the greater part of the night trying to remember just when she had had the umbrella last and coming to the conclusion that the human mind was a ridiculously imperfect organ.

Early morning, however, brought a ray of comfort. For, about daylight, it came to Mrs. Pimley with sudden distinctness that when she went into McTolly's to look at table linen, she had had her umbrella with her. She remembered laying it on the counter before her. She remembered also that when she left the store she carried her purse in one hand and two small bundles in the other. So she must have left the umbrella behind. The girl that had waited on her must certainly have seen it, and it probably had been turned over to await identification. Of course, some customer may have laid unrighteous hands on it, but, having worked it out so cleverly, Mrs. Pimley would not admit to herself any such thing.

Immediately after breakfast she started downtown, and whom should she meet on the car but her friend, Mrs. Van Antrim. Mrs. Pimley's spirits were so much recovered that she told Mrs. Van Antrim the whole story, omitting neither a full and eloquent description of the umbrella nor its price. As she spoke she noticed a woman in a plum-colored cloth suit and velvet toque, just opposite, who seemed greatly interested.

"I'm sure to find it at McTolly's," said Mrs. Pimley as she finished her story. "That was the last place I went to, with the exception of Bengel Bros., and I distinctly remember having it when I went in and laying it on the counter."

The interest of the woman in the plum-colored suit had grown visibly during Mrs. Pimley's recital. At its conclusion she leaned across the aisle.

"Excuse my addressing you," she said politely. "I could not help overhearing what you said. It is such a peculiar coincidence. I happened to see a clerk turn over to the floorwalker precisely such an umbrella as you describe when I was in Bengel Bros. yesterday afternoon. It must have been yours, and is undoubtedly waiting for you."

Mrs. Pimley was very much surprised.

"Well, how in the world," she said, "did I take that umbrella from McTolley's! But I'm awfully glad to know that it's safe, and very much obliged for your kindness in telling me."

The woman smiled pleasantly, and said Mrs. Pimley was entirely welcome.

Mistake Somewhere.

Mrs. Pimley hastened to Bengal Bros., and, finding the intelligence department, after many windings, demanded her umbrella. Then Mrs. Pimley received a shock. The intelligence department, after an elaborate search, announced that it had no knowledge of such an umbrella. Mrs. Pimley insisted. An acquaintance had seen it found the previous afternoon, and delivered to a floorwalker. The intelligence department had to call in one of the firm before Mrs. Pimley could be convinced that her umbrella was not in Bengel Bros.' possession. Then the thing seemed inexplicable. Was it possible that she had misunderstood the plum-suited woman to say Bengel Bros? Or could the plum-suited woman have been mistaken after all?

Mrs. Pimley proceeded to McTolly's on the drowning-man-and-a-straw principle. The official to whom she described her umbrella looked queer and asked her to wait a moment. Then McTolly's manager appeared, and regarded Mrs. Pimley searchingly.

"And you say you are the owner of such an umbrella?" he asked severely.

"I do emphatically," replied Mrs. Pimley. "I am Mrs. George Pimley, and I have an account here."

The manager's severity changed to apprehension.

"It's very strange," he said. "That umbrella was correctly described by a lady and taken away less than half an hour ago."

Mrs. Pimley regarded McTolly's manager dumbly. Then a sudden nausea seized her. "Was it a tall woman in a plum-colored suit, and velvet toque?" asked Mrs. Pimley.

"Exactly," said the manager in relieved tone. "A friend of yours, I suppose?"

The next two days Mrs. Pimley spent in bed. But the pleasant, plum-suited woman had best wear her plum suit and violet bonnet, and carry her pearl-handled umbrella with heavy gold filigree, with extreme caution in and about the borough of Manhattan.—New York Sun.

"PAW" AWARDS APPROVAL.

Thinks It Might Be Well to Have Preachers on Trains.

"That's one of the Best plans I ever herd of," paw sed last Nite, after maw Got thru putting a Poletuss on His sore thum.

"What is?" maw told him.

"They are Going to have preachen on Ralerode trains that Run on Sundies," paw answered. "It's a grate thing. I tell you what, it's a pitty Sum of Our ansestors that thot they New a Few things Can't come back here and see what a naige of pregress is with Steam up."

"It duzzent Seam to me they are enny sents having preaching on Trains," maw says. "I think it Would be rong to Do sutch a thing too. It would seem almost Like a sin."

"Oh, shaw," paw told Her, "they wouldn't be Ennything rong about it. People that wouldn't want to hear the preach-en wouldn't hafto. They could Go in the smoken Car and make the Limmut 5 sents a corner or sumthing Like that. But they are a hole lot of Good things about the plan. One of the Best it that it Would make more jobs for people that have to Good a neducashun to Tamp ties and Are too proud to Begg. Just think what a goddsend it Would be to some Deserving yung man That never had a goddsend Before if Every ralerode had its Regular preachers the saime as it Has conducktors and brakesmun and Candy butchers. Then they Could have the ralerode preachers' union, too, and mebby Get dubble time for worken on Sundy."

After maw thot about it Awhile she sed:

Couldn't Afford It.

"They won't never have enny sistum Like that, becos the ralerode cumpneys wouldn't want to pay out So mutch munny. How could they afford to Have a preacher on every train, and mebby not even Half of the lower Burths taken?"

"They wouldn't need One for every trane," paw told her. "Sposen the preacher Got on the 10 o'clock trane going South. He could save all the soles that needed it By the Time the enjuneer whisseled for Kokomo, and then Catch the 'Eleven twenty Back, makin thurty or forty sinners On the Return trip wisht they were nobuller and better men. If he Got thru with the Surmen before it was Time to start out on the next run, He could pass around Dodgers amung the Saved, saying it was the shortest and most Direct line to the East, west, north And south, Landing you in the very Hart of the sittie, and if the cumpny had enny trubble Getting bizness from the Other lines he could say sumthing in his Surmon about the Dainger of Going to Purdishen or Kansas Sittie by eny other Root.

"The ralerode man that Thot of this skeem new his bizness all Rite, and Just think how it can be Carried on from One point to another. After the sistum Gets to working good, They can run Sundy golf trains with Preachen going and coming, and In that way make it soast they needn't Hardly ever be a Sollut terry foozle approachen the Hevenly gates. I spose it would Help travvel, too, Becos lots of people that Don't play on Sundies now would Think it was thare Duty to encurridge the ralerode cumpny in its nobul Effert and Go to The linx, and Play from Nine in the morning Till four in the Afternoon to sho their good faith. So the preacher would More than ern his sallery rite there.

"Lots of Texts."

"I been Looken in the Bible since I herd about the plan, and they are Lots of texts would come in Handy to use. Here's One I got frum the Same: 'My Sole followeth hard after Thee,' and another could be made out of This verse: 'They go up by the mountuns, Thay go down by The valleys unto the place which Thou hast founded For them.'"

They were a Lot more, but paw wouldn't rite Them off for me. After maw thot about it a While she says:

"Well, it's a Nobul plan enny way. I spose they are sum people can't Hardly help travvullen on Sundies, and if they can be saved by the ralerode preachers it's So mutch the Better."

"Yes," paw told her, "But they are one thing mite work aginst it some. If the Trane run over a cow or struck a Sharp curve about the Time the preacher got to Thurdly or Forthly, and Threw him in a man's lap that weighed two hundred and sixty pound From Dallas texas they would be more Harm done in about a minute Than all the Good the Preachen amounted to in Six years. People that ain't Got time to stay Home and git safed won't never catch up with mutch Sal vaishun going sixty miles a hour, and a Flask in thare pocket."—Georgie, in Chicago Times-Herald.

HER FORETHOUGHT.

She Wished to Make Sure of an Income After Marriage.

She is a fair young thing no matter whether she lives in Brooklyn or Kalamazoo, and she knows a young man who is all the world to her, albeit the world might not hold her choice in such esteem as she herself holds it. When a fair young thing is in that condition, it matters little to her where he lives. The only shadow on her sweet young life is cast by her respected father, who is, or was, not favorably inclined to the object of her choice. Just what he thinks now is not yet definitely ascertained. The fair young thing had an interview with her father the other evening.

"So," he said, severely, "you have accepted that young smug, have you?"

"To all intents and purposes, papa," she admitted, freely.

"You ought to know better than that," he grumbled. "Don't you know he is a very improper young man—that he plays cards for money and bets on horse races?"

"Yes, papa."

"And he has only $12 a week salary?"

"I know it, papa."

"And how do you suppose he is ever going to support you on that sum?"

"He isn't, papa."

"He isn't?"

"No, sir."

"Well, he isn't looking to me to support him, is he?"

She smiled softly.

"No," she hesitated: "not exactly, papa, but he says if you'll only keep on playing poker with him three nights in the week there won't be any trouble about our getting along beautifully."—New York Sun.

NO WONDER HE WENT "BROKE."

Put Altogether Too Much Confidence in Deacon's Suggestions.

"Opposite the railroad depot down in Virginia there was a grocery kept by a colored man, and as we had some time to wait for the train, three or four of us crossed over to look at his stock," said a commercial traveler. "Business was very brisk with the merchant, though all his customers were colored. We noticed that sugar, tea and codfish seemed to sell above all else, and during a temporary lull the Colonel approached the battered scales on which everything was weighed and picked up some of the weights. The hollow in each one had been filled with lead, and when quite sure that the pound weight would balance 20 ounces at least, he said to the old man:

"'I see you have filled your weights with lead.'

"'Yes, sah; yes, sah,' he replied, as he rubbed his hands together.

"'What was the idea?'

"'To keep de dirt out o' de holes, sah. Can't no dirt get in dar now.'

"'Was it your own idea?'

"'No, sah. I never should ev got dat idea if it hadn't bin fur Deacon Williams. De Deacon said it was de way dey did down in Greenville, an' he fixed 'em up fur me without cost.'

"'The deacon buys all his groceries here, doesn't he?'

"'He does, sah; yes, sah, he buys 'em all yere, an' he was tellin' me only dis mawning dat he nebber did see de beat o' how dem groceries held out.'

"He was advised to take his weights over to the cotton warehouse and have them weighed, and he picked them up and in a slow walk and very much puzzled he proceeded to the warehouse. When he returned it was on the run, and his eyes hanging out, and as he reached the store he exclaimed:

"'No wonder I has gone into bankruptcy fo'teen times an' had to sell my mewls and hogs an' make de ole woman go bar'fut! Dat air pound weight weighs 22 ounces, an' every time Deacon Williams has bought two pounds o' sugar an' codfish he has took away three pounds an' a half! Shoo, but I'ze gwine to close de doah an' put up a sign o' "Busted Ag'in!"'"—Washington Post.

ANANIAS OUTDONE.

Omaha Railway Man Tells a Colorado Snake Story.

The Omaha branch of the Ananias Snake Club, composed wholly of local railroad men, held another session yesterday. Charley Young, of the Buslington, held the floor.

"I read George West's snake story with a great deal of interest," said Young, "and confess that it is a good one. But I had a little experience last Summer that knocks West's story higher than Winter resort rates in Florida.

"Two years ago this Summer I spent my vacation in Colorado, trout-fishing and specimen-hunting. While seated on a boulder near a mountain stream, resting from a long climb, I began humming a snatch from a popular song. I noticed a commotion in the sparse grass near my feet, and presently I saw a snake's head lifted up, swaying from side to side in perfect time with my melodious singing. I at once grasped the fact that the snake was charmed by my voice, so I sat perfectly motionless for 30 minutes, and sang for the entertainment of that snake. When I stopped singing the snake applauded by making its rattles hum like a swarm of bees, and then glided away.

"Last Summer I again visited that same spot, and, remembering my experience of the year before, I determined to ascertain if that snake was still in the vicinity."

"I'll bet it wasn't, if it had a good memory," interrupted Dave Johnson.

Mr. Young scornfully ignored the interruption and proceeded:

"I seated myself on that same rock, cleared my throat, and began humming the same old tune. If I remember right it was 'My Hannah Lady.' Before I had finished the first bar I heard a tremendous rustling in the grass near by, and upon turning I saw—"

"The same snake, Is suppose," said George Haynes.

"Yes, and 133 others by actual count. My first snake was a mother snake, and for three weeks she had been herding her new family around that rock, waiting for me to make my annual tour of song."—Omaha World-Herald.

TOO SMART FOR MA AND PA.

Didn't Propose to Be Restricted in Correspondence.

Her parents had no particular objection to a correspondence with the young man, but they insisted that all of his letters should be read by them and all of her letters should be submitted before being posted. Of course, letters written under these conditions were too cold and formal, and the young folks concocted a scheme that worked well for a short time. When he wrote to her he wrote in those peculiar pothooks and zig-zags that mean so much to the stenographer and so little to the uninitiated. When her parents insisted that she must translate these mysterious marks, of course she could translate them into anything she saw fit, and the translations were always very prim and proper reading. And when she submitted translations of the mysterious marks she made to send him, her parents could find nothing therein to criticise.

But papa's suspicions were aroused, and one day he secured one of the letters and submitted it to a stenographer who made a living by reporting court proceedings. The court reporter, not being in the secret, made a literal translation, and when papa saw it his eyes stuck so far out of his head that they could have been scraped off with the concave side of a barrel stave.

That ended the stenographic correspondence, but when the poet remarked that "Love will find a way," he uttered a truth that will go thundering down the ages with all the reverberations consequent upon a fat man stumbling over a row of fruit jars.

As before remarked, the Sweet Young Thing and He were expert typewriters. He got a machine and fixed it up, transposing the letters on the end of the little levers that slam up against the ribbon, but not disturbing the letters on the keyboard. Thus, when he would hit the key marked "a," the letter "e" would be imprinted on the paper, and so on through the alphabet. Of course, the "e" key would make "a," and similarly all letters were switched about. The Sweet Young Thing was given the combination, and she warped her machine over into a similar condition. When he wrote to her the letter would read something lik ethis:

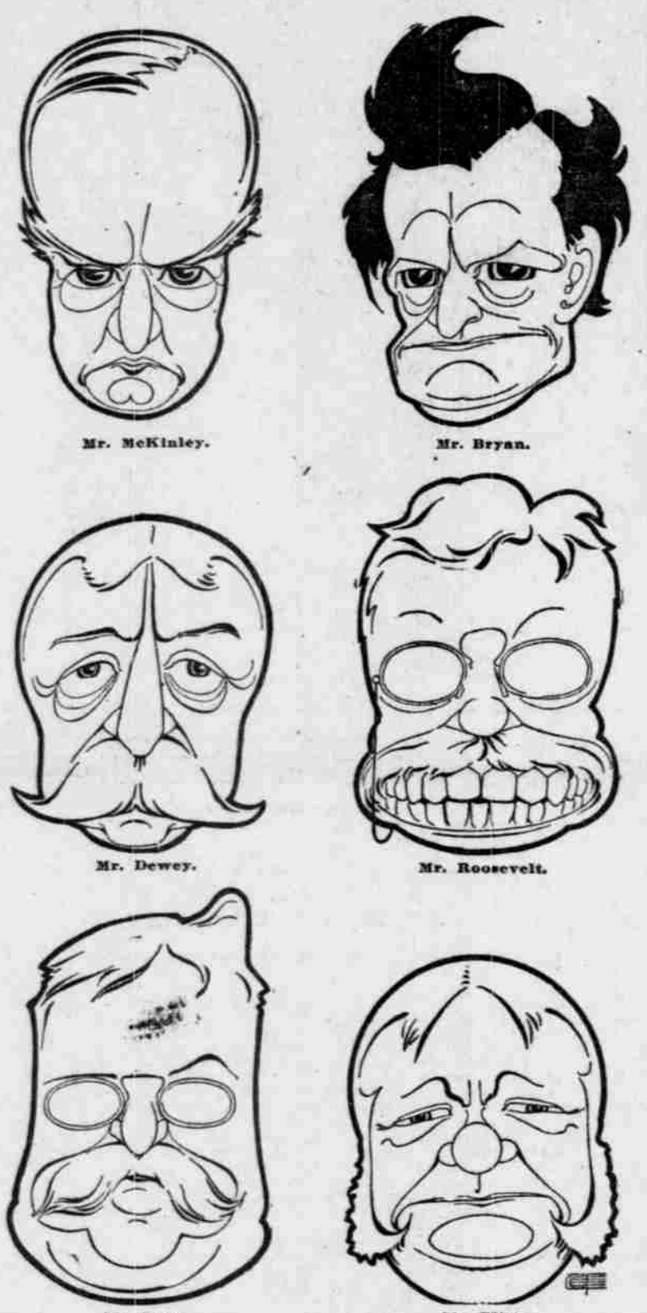
"Qj Skd Fzbmj Fevoe39; E osh jsu; cvfhv w; c3 c qzoh bc3 mebm."

When the Sweet Young Thing ran this through her machine, it produced the following result:

"My Own Ducky Darling: I love you harder than a mule can kick."

The Sweet Young Thing's parents are now laboring under the impression that she is studying Greek, and they are delighted with the progress she is making.—Omaha World-Herald.

PRESIDENTIAL AND VICE-PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES.



Mr. McKinley. Mr. Bryan. Mr. Dewey. Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Long. Mr. Bliss.

EQUAL TO THE SACRIFICE.

Cyrus Barker Complies With Angeline Ashcraft's Request.

"Cyrus Barker, remove your arm!"

For, in an apparently careless manner, he had placed it upon the back of her chair.

Stung by the tones of her voice no less than by her words, the young man flushed deeply.

"Is that the greeting you give me, Angeline Ashcraft—you who professed to be so sorry when I went away to the war—who wept upon my neck and said you would never have a moment's peace or happiness until I returned safely home again—who gave me a photograph, which I have carried next to my heart from that day to this!" he exclaimed. "Do you remember how you said you would be true to me, though thousands of miles of ocean might roll between us?"

"Oh, yes, I remember all that."

"Have you forgotten how you said at parting, 'O, Cyrus, it breaks my heart! I cannot give you up!' "

"I think I did make some such remark."

"I think you did. Have you forgotten how you bade me think of you, in camp or on the battle-field, when the bullets of the enemy were flying thick and fast around me, and let the thought that you were praying for me cheer me in that dark hour?"

"I think I do recollect saying something of the kind."

"You think you do! Ha! And when I was wounded you wrote to me to get well as soon as I could and come back to you! Do you have a dim recollection of doing something like that?"

"Now that you mention it, I believe I did."

"You have changed, then," he said, scowling darkly. "You are not the same girl!"

"You have changed more than I have, Mr. Barker," coldly she answered. "You are not the same man."

"You still insist," he went on, with exceeding bitterness, "that I remove my arm?"

"I do."

"So be it, then!"

Calmly the young man arose, unscrewed his wooden arm, placed it at her feet, and turned to go.

"I hope, Miss Ashcraft," he said, "you are satisfied."

But Miss Angeline Ashcraft had fainted. —Chicago Tribune.

MAKES ROOM FOR HER.

The Fat Man, the Johnny and the Young Woman.

The elevated trains were crowded with people going to their homes. There wasn't a vacant seat anywhere. A small man with a red necktie, patent leather shoes, clothes of stylish cut and a general fashion-plate appearance sat with his short legs wide apart, taking up room enough for two of larger size. A fussy fat man stood in front of him, hanging on to a strap, glowering down upon the fellow with the red necktie and muttering curses on his piggishness.

At Twenty-third street there was a rush of shopgirls to get aboard. "Plenty room up forward!" the conductor shouted as they scrambled in at the door. The fussy fat man turned to see where all this room could be. The train started with a jerk. The fussy fat man lurched heavily and fell with crushing weight into the lap of the man with the red tie. The girls surged forward involuntarily, clutching at each other and uttering little shrieks of apology. The fat man smiled grimly, but made no effort to rise, while he of the red necktie squirmed and sputtered without avail. Then the fat man took off his hat, bent his head toward one of the young women, and called out in a loud, pompous voice:

"Permit me, young lady, to offer you my seat," he said.

As the young woman approached, smiling her thanks, the fat man rose slowly and stepped aside, revealing a crushed and fuming fashion plate. The girl stopped in surprise, then turned red and giggled. Those on each side of the red necktie roared with laughter. The fussy fat man bowed politely to the young woman and waved his hand toward the seat he had just vacated.

"Sit down," he repeated. There was another roar of laughter, and the red necktie arose and squirmed down the alise. The fussy fat man turned in pretended astonishment.

"Great Scott!" he cried, "was I sitting on—that?"

"'Ty-ighth street!" shouted the conductor.

The red necktie got off.—New York Press.

TRAIL OF BURNED MATCHES.

O'Lafferty's Attempt to Get Even With Load of Hay.

"'D'ye recollect the time that Billy McLune and Florence O'Lafferty chased that farmer with a load of hay," said the night editor as he opened the jack pot.

The telegraph man had not heard of it.

"Well, it was in the old days, when the regulation thing was to work till 2 o'clock in the morning and then tank up beautifully before you went home."

"Sure. In those days they sized you up by the whisky you drank," sighed the telegraph man, regretfully.

"Florence and Billy were proceeding along Clark street about 5 o'clock in the morning, each supporting the other, and both leaning against a wall occasionally to rest. They started to cross the street and Florence got a little in advance. Billy promptly pulled him out from under the nose of an early cable car.

"'Thash your dastardly doins', blockin' up the sight of a gentleman,' roared Florence, shaking his fist at a man on a wagon load of hay.

"'Aw, go soak yo' head,' laughed the driver.

"At this Florence grew thoroughly incensed. 'Til fix you,' he shouted, starting in pursuit of the hay. He caught up with the wagon, stopped gravely, found his matches, and struck a light on his trousers leg.

"'By George, thash funny,' he muttered, as he looked up to find the wagon half a block in advance. Again he straggled along vowing to make a holocaust of the load of hay. He caught up again, struck his match and found the wagon ahead of him. After this happened three or four times, Billy, waddling along after Florence and able to appreciate the joke somewhat, a string of men and boys lined up on the sidewalk to see the finish. Florence left a string of burned matches from Van Buren to Washington street."

"Well?"

"Oh, a policeman finally coppered 'em and put 'em in a cab, and Florence and Billy rode home in state, and each of 'em gave the driver a $20 bill—the last money they had."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

POETRY

Milk and Music.

Professor McConnell told the Eastern Counties Dairy Farmers at their annual dinner a few days ago, that "music suitable in quality and administered at the right moment is a never-failing means of increasing the supply of cream.—The Sun.

We hail thee, Prof.,
Nor do we scoff
At what you rise to tell us;
Because we feel
That gods reveal
Strange things to those who're zealous.

We love to think
The milk-white drink
The cow gives of her treasures
Is changed somehow,
Despite the cow,
By lovely Lydian measures.

The statement which
You make is rich
In knowledge that enthuses;
Your fame can't fade
Since you have made
Milkmaids of all the Muses.

You've made of Pan,
The goat-leg man,
Whose musical endeavor
Was piping hot
In wood or grot,
A Pan of milk forever.

These things are plain
And much we gain
By your profound researches;
But something more
From out your store
We want by gift or purchase.

We know that what
You know is not
What may not be relied on,
And you, no doubt,
Have heard about
The tune the old cow died on.

We do not care
To know the air,
As millions have before us;
Nor do we, sir,
Ask if it were
A solo or a chorus.

But tell us now,
Did not that cow
Succumb with sigh and sputter
Because some maid
Just played and played
To make her give pure butter?
—W. J. L. in New York Sun.

Zimmity-buzz-ty-sum!

The housefly lit on a big bald head,
Zimmity-buzz-ty-thup!
Hard were the words the owner said
As he lifted his fat hand up.
(Zup!)
Zimmity-buzz-ty-sum-m-m!
sum-m-m!
m-m!

The housefly lit on a plate of hash,
Zimmity-buzz-ty-squish!
What the diner said we write with a dash
As he wildly "shoo-ed" the dish.
(Whish!)
Zimmity-buzz-ty-sum-m-m!
sum-m-m!
m-m!

The housefly lit on a maiden's cheek,
Zimmity-buzz-ty-ping!
She slappeh herself so it was red for a week
As she called her a horrid thing.
(Zing!)
Zimmity-buzz-ty-sum-m-m!
sum-m-m!
m-m!

The housefly lit on a brandy fizz,
Zimmity-hic-ty-whee!
Said she to the mixer, "This is his."
"Dash your eyes!" said he.
(Gee!)
Zimmity-buzz-ty-sum-m-m!
sum-m-m!
m-m!

The housefly lit and waved her legs,
Zimmity-buzz-ty-grid!
And deposited seventy million eggs
And died with her duty did.
(Your bid!)
Zimmity-buzz-ty-sum-m-m!
sum-m-m!
m-m!
—New York Press.

The Only Way.

I've allers done quite fairly at 'most all I've undertook,
An' I lay it to a motter that I never have forsook,
I'll put it to you in a Whitcomb Riley sort of rhyme—
"Never quit, but keep a-peggin' at it
All
The
Time."

I've got a old bay mare to home; she's blind an' kind o' lame;
She can't strike no two-forty gait, but gits there, just the same.
The best can't beat her record fer a week, I'll bet a dime;
She hits the pike an' keeps a-goin'
All
The
Time

I courted Ann Elizy, now, some twenty year ago.
I popped. She sorter snickered, 'n' then plump out answered "No,"
But finally relented, an' they rung the weddin' chime,
Fer I kep' right on an' pestered at her
All
The
Time

I've often seen some feller that they counted mighty slick
Go a-sailin' like a rocket, an' come down just like the stick,
I've finerly concluded, if you ever want to climb,
You've got to jest keep peggin' at it
All
The
Time
—Chicago Record.

"When Ye'r Growin' Old."

There's a sadness stealin' o'er ye,
When ye'r growin' old,
Th' don't 'pear so much before ye,
When the world grows cold;
Ye'r a' standin' in th' evenin'
Where th' shades unfold,
When th' light o' day is leavin'
An' ye'r growin' old.

Night is drawin' of a curtain,
Sof' a bell is tolled,
Things look sort o' gray, uncertain,
Where th' shadows fold
Th' landscape's waverin' pictures
That are all unrolled,
When ye'r life is in th' twilight
An' ye'r growin' old.

Like a fire that's sort o' fadin'
When the ashes hold
But a sort o' ghostly shadin'
Of a joy that's cold;
Like a sweet song, but whose echo
May ye'r memory hold,
When the sunset gilds the hilltops,
An' ye'r growin' old.

But th's light beyond th' hilltops,
When ye'r gray an' cold,
Out beyond the crimson sunset,
There is dawn unrolled;
The's a glow o' promise beamin'
Of hopes that feld
Ye'r heart and bring it comfort
When ye'r growin' old.
—Bismarck Tribune.

Oh, Believers!

Jacob's heavenly ladder
Reachin' ter de groun';
Satan says "Hit's in my way,"
En th'ow de ladder down!

Oh, believers,
Better take yo' time;
W'en you see ol' Satan
Watch out how you climb!

Moses in de bullrush—
Li'l chap was him—
Ef dat basket leaky,
How he gwine ter swim?

Oh, believers,
Hol' de hick'ry limb;
Don't you hit de water
'Twell you larn ter swim!
—Atlanta Constitution.

When They Print the Names.

I like to read o' politics, diplomacy an' such,
With ev'rything 'at's goin' on I like to keep in touch;
I read the little weekly printed Fridays here in town,
An' a great big city paper for to sorter wash it down.
It's good to feel you're posted, an' when all is done an' said,
In the steady march o' progress you're a-traipsin' on ahead;
But so frequently it happens in the march my off-foot lames
When the papers tell o' fightin, an' they go to printin' names.

I tramped till I was tired, though I never got a scar,
A-followin' the Gen'rals in the Greece an' Turkey war;
With Kitchener I wandered an' his Tommy Atkins throng,
An' joined with Major Marchand till Fashoda came along.
With Germany an' Uncle Sam an' England for a spell,
I ranted 'round Samoa, an' I kept up pretty well.
Now Kruger's got me drafted, an' I smell the battle flames
Since the papers tell o' fighting, an' they've gone to printin' names.

To read o' folks an' places that their names ye can't pernounce
Is harder work'n skirmishin' where fancy shootin' counts.
They keep me at it year by year; I never got no peace
When the Japanese broke China or when Turkey soaked up Greece.
An' now the Boers their columns are a-movin', don't you see?—
It's the columns in the papers, that are terrifyin' me!
A task looms up before me worse'n breakin' fare games
Since the papers talk o' fightin' an' they've gone to printin' names.
—Robert Greene in Leslie's Weekly.

Job Without a Peer.

They take him from the Army, with not a chance to fail,
And they ship him to the tropics on a warship or a mail;
They ship him to the jungles where the wild banana grows,
To civilize the savage without resort to blows,
And he preaches
And he teaches
The art of wielding hoes.

He wears a suit of canvas, a hat to shield the sun,
And he rules his million charges without a single gun,
Without a single cannon, without a single row,
With nothing else but volumes of farm hints headed "How."
And he preaches
And he teaches
The way to guide a plow.

He lives in tropic splendor, he has his trusty man,
And a valet bringing breezes with a jungle-spreading fan;
And another mixing ferments of cocoanut and rice,
And still another serving with a sprig of native spice.
And he preaches
And he teaches
The art of making ice.

A Governor in the tropics—a job without a peer—
It's worth a hundred office jobs in Washington or here;
To hammock in the noonday, to court the jungle breeze,
A job of peace and plenty and one perpetual ease.
And he preaches
And he teaches
The art of trimming trees.
—Chicago News.

The Spring Broiler.

Sing ho for the broiler that's spread on the grill,
My spirit with visions of rapture to fill;
Sing ho for the broiler, so brown and so crisp,
That flits through my dream like a Will o' the Wisp.

Its frou frou while broiling is music to me
As sweet as the murmurous song of the sea,
That haunts with a charm as elusive and shy,
And sad as the tang of the ready-made pie.

Oh! now on Olympus my joy I uncork,
And play a tattoo with my knife and my fork,
And, as the bird sings with the medley along,
My inner man blossoms a bower of song.

Oh! where is the robin, the thrush and the wren,
Compared with spring's jewel, the juvenile hen?
They're naught to this bird, though their graces they join—
This bird that outbirds the big bird on the coin.

Hurrah for the broiler whose feathers are shed;
Hurrah for the broiler in beauty outspread
To gild the white damask and cause me to sing;
The broiler's the only excuse for the spring.
—R. K. Munkittrick, in New York Herald.

In the Open.

I said in my heart, I am sick of four walls and a ceiling.
I have need of the sky;
I have business with the grass;
I will up and get me away where the hawk is wheeling,
Lone and high,
And the snow clouds go by.
I will get me away to the waters that glass
The clouds as they pass;
To the waters that lie
Like the heart of a maiden aware of a doom drawing nigh,
And dumb for sorcery of impending joy.
I will get me away to the woods.
Spring, like a huntsman's boy,
Halloos along the hillsides and unhoods
The falcon in my will.
The dogwood calls me, and the sudden thrill
That breaks in apple blooms down country roads
Plucks me by the sleeve and nudges me away.
The sap is in the boles today,
And in my veins a pulse that yearns and goads.
—Richard Hovey in Philadelphia Inquirer.

"June Bug Hit de Ceilin'."

Summah's jes' aroun' de co'neh—
Jes' er little piece erhead—
W'en de watamillyun greets us
Wif his smile so cool en' red.
Summah's sent us wo'd a'ready—
Jes' las' night I got de tip—
Mistah June Bug hit de ceilin'
Wif his "Bz-z-z-m-m-m-m-bip!"

Summah's comin'! Summah's comin'!
Wif de flowahs in huh lap,
En' de sun dat smile at noon time,
Coaxin' yo' ter take er nap.
Comin'! En' de bees is hummin'
Twell I's droolin' at de lip.
Mistah June Bug fotch de message
Wif dat "Bz-z-z-z-oo-oo-oo-bip!"

Summah's comin' down de big road
Wif er milyun in huh a'ms,
En' er happy, lazy feelin',
En' er lot o' yutheh cha'ms,
Mistah June Bug done come tol' me,
W'en 'e duck en' dive en' dip
'Gin de ceilin' jes' las' evenin'
Wif 'is "M-m-m-m-bz-z-z-z-bip!"
—Baltimore American.

Victoria's Sons.

"I've a power of sons," sez she,
"All sorts of ones," sez she,
"Some quiet as cows," sez she,
"Some always in rows," sez she,
"An' the one gives most trouble," sez she,
"The mother loves double," sez she,
"He drink to the min," sez she,
"That have gone in to win," sez she;
"In the 'gap of danger,'" sez she,
"As a Connaught Ranger," sez she,
"An' somewhere near," sez she,
"Is a Fusilier," sez she,
"An' the Inniskillings not far," sez she,
"From the Heart o' the War," sez she,
"An' I'll tell you what," sez she,
"They may talk a lot," sez she,
"An' them Foreign Baboons," sez she,
"May draw their cartoons," sez she,
"But what they can't draw," sez she,
"Is the Lion's claw," sez she.
—Dublin Evening Mail.