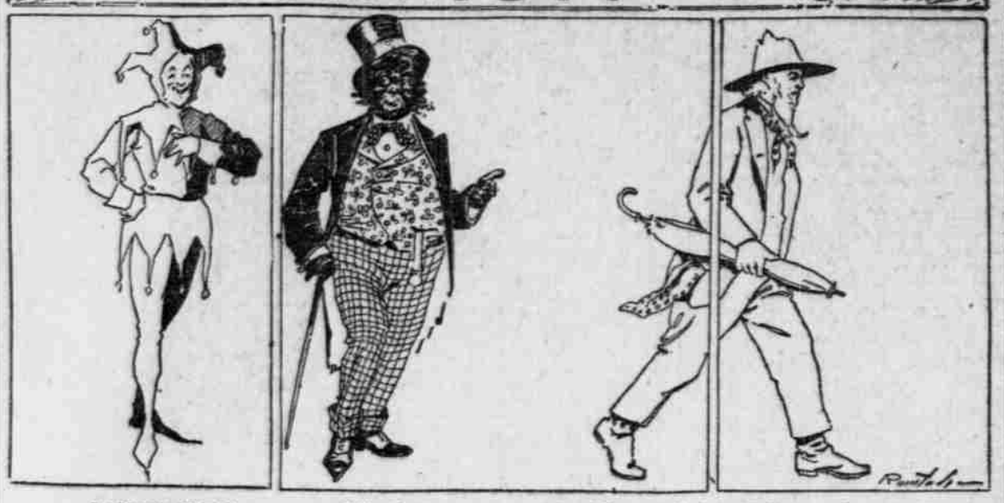
HUMOR



As Moses Would.

"You've cheated me out of my watch, sir!" he cried.

"No Christian, old man, would ever have done it!"

"Ah, my friend," the honest pawnbroker replied,

"I'm running this shop as Moses would run it!" —Chicago Tribune.

RED JACK STARTS A YARN

But It Shares the Fate of All Barroom Stories and Is Not Finished Yet.

Ever since the first barroom was opened there has only been one barroom story, and that has never yet been finished. With localities, names and dates a discretion, it runs on broken lines that never reach a station, and when reproduced is something like this:

Red Jack—Speaking of queer things, when Jones used to keep that place on Twelfth street, where Dittenhouser has the undertaker's shop now——

Long Jim—There ain't no undertaker's shop there now. What are you talking about?

Slick Sam—Jones never kept a place on Twelfth street. His place was on Fourteenth street.

Red Jack—I know what I'm talking about. When Jones kept that place——

Long Tom—You're both wrong. Jones' place was on Thirteenth street. I remember when it was burned down. I was there with No. 18.

Red Jack—You never belonged to Engine 18. You were going to school at the time I'm talking of.

Long Tom—I tell you I was there with that engine, and the proof of it is——

Big Mike—Let the man tell his story.

Long Tom—Right you are. I stand corrected.

Red Jack—Well, to resume my reminiscences, or, in other words, my interesting narrative——

Pinching Peter—Oh, take that dictionary out of your throat!

Big Mike—For goodness' sake, give him a chance to speak!

Jocular Jake—Good evening, gentlemen! Who's treating? I'll take whisky.

The Tale Is Resumed.

Red Jack—You're welcome, Jake to the best in the house. I was just about to tell these Indians what happened on the night of the big fire, when Jones kept that place on Twelfth street, and when——

Pinching Pete—Oh, Jake! That's too heavy a hooker. But maybe I'm a poor judge. I hate to drink whisky, because when I do I can't go to sleep.

Jocular Jake—And I hate to go to sleep, because when I do I can't drink whisky.

Salvation Army Lassie—Buy the War Cry?

Big Mike—Don't look at me; I'm married.

Lassie—Take the War Cry home to your wife.

Big Mike—I'd be afraid.

Lassie—Oh, fie! A giant and afraid!

Big Mike—And like most married men, I'm a sinner.

Lassie—Repent! Remember that sin can never enter the kingdom of heaven.

Big Mike—Oh, yes, it can. The very first on the list of the seven deadly sins entered the kingdom of heaven long before the creation of Adam. Lucifer was the first sinner.

Lassie—Ah, but don't you know what happened to Lucifer?

Big Mike—Of course I do; he was bounced by my namesake.

Dandy Dan—And ever since the Micks can down the devil.

Lassie—May heaven forgive you all! (Exit.)

Learned Larry—Mike, you should not talk that way to those Salvation people. You may think that they are foolish, but at all events they appear to be sincere, and they do a great deal of good in the line of charity.

Dandy Dan—So they do. I knew one lady who joined the Salvation Army, and she was about as good a woman as ever went to church. Well, there was a fellow who worked in the neighborhood where this lady lived, on Staten Island. We used to call him Schnapps. He was well known in all the saloons. He was a wild fellow, and lived all alone in a little old shanty on the beach, long before there were any Raines-law hotels there. Well, this lady fancied that Schnapps was sad and lonely in his little hut on the beach. But she was mistaken, for the fellow was as happy as a lark.

The Plum Pudding.

One Christmas Eve when Schnapps was passing her place, she called him in and made him a present of a splendid big plum pudding. She was a kind-hearted English woman, and, naturally enough she thought that nothing could be more acceptable to Schnapp's than a plum pudding for Christmas day. Schnapps thanked her eloquently and started off with the big pudding under his arm. He lugged it about from saloon to saloon until he got tired carrying it. He did not dare to put it down on a chair or place it on a table because he was afraid that some of the Wood Road boys would steal it. So he determined to hide it.

St. John's Church in Clifton street was building at the time. Schnapps went straight into the church grounds and groped in the dark along the unfinished walls until he found a cunning corner for the pudding. He stowed it away. "There!" said he, "the devil won't find it now." Then he returned to the nearest saloon where he remained until 2 o'clock in the morning. On his way home he slipped into the church grounds again, but he couldn't remember where he put his pudding. After a long search he gave it up and made up his mind to call for it in the morning at sunrise.

Well, he did come for it at sunrise and hunted high and low for that pudding, but he couldn't find it. That night he tried again with the same sad result, and during five long years afterward every night when Schnapps was on a toot he never failed to call in at St. John's Church to look for his pudding. One night—"

Pinching Pete—The angels ate it.

Learned Larry—No, but they threw it out, and the devil flew away with it.

Dandy Dan—Never mind about the devil. You never saw him.

Learned Larry—I didn't, hey! I've been pulling him by the tail all my life.

Dandy Dan—Well, one night in the Fall, about seven years after Schnapps had put his pudding in that church, there was an awful storm. It blew down half the trees on the Wood Road. The thunder roared, the wind yelled and the lightning blazed. Schnapps came out of one of the gin mills, paying no more attention to the storm than a duck would pay to a dictionary. He was homeward bound, on a dead beat to windward. He needed the whole road to himself. When he came in front of St. John's Church, then finished completely, he thought it might be a wise thing to make one last attempt to recapture that lost pudding. The lightning, every moment, gave him a chance to see. Between the flashes his eyes might as well be shut as open.

The Pudding Found.

Suddenly—usually lightning comes that way—a bolt came down beside him and, instead of knocking him flat on the ground, it fired him 10 feet into the air and planted him on all fours by the side of the stone that he immediately recognized as the one alongside of which he had cunningly placed his precious pudding. That stone was in a corner, and in that corner——

Pinching Pete—Oh, get bricks.

Jocular Jake—That's a puddin'-headed story.

Big Mike—And there is no raisin in it.

Dandy Dan—Will you let me finish?

Pinching Pete—We can see your finish.

Red Jack—You fellows give me a pain in the head. I was going to tell you about the night of the big fire, when Jones kept that place on Twelfth street. At that time——

Big Mike—How long was that before the night of the big wind?

Jocular Jake—You say you have a pain in the head? I can give you a boss cure. Just you take a common cabbage leaf and put it in your hat, and in 15 minutes——

Red Jack—That might cure your head.

Learned Larry—Sure! Similia similibus curantur!

Jocular Jake—Don't chuck any of your Shakespeare at me!

Learned Larry—That ain't no Shakespeare; that's Parkhurst.

Jocular Jake—What, the doctor?

Learned Larry—Aye, the doctor.

Jocular Jake—I take it all back.

Red Jack—Well, to begin my story again. When Jones kept the place on Twelfth street, between——

Incorrigible Con—Between High Bridge and Hollyoke, where Barney McAloone kept the cockpit?

Red Jack—I'm not talking about Barney McAloone. I was just saying when Jones kept that place on Twelfth street——

Landlord—Come, gentlemen, it is time to close up now. Take a drink with me. I'll be pleased to see you tomorrow evening.—New York Sun.

"PAW" GOES PICKNICKING.

"Georgie" Tells of the Things That Came to Pass.

We had a picknick on deckemshunt day. The Bassetts and Uncle wesley and Aunt grace and me and paw and maw and Little albert and the Pupp and the baby and several more People went. We rode on a Train and got off at a Bewtifle little Lalke thirteen miles away whare they Had a Murry go Round and Botes and things. Maw sed she Didn't care to go at First, but paw Got her in the noshun all rite.

"Here I get a Day off," paw Told her, "and you Want to just set around like old people. That's no way to selebrate the Day."

"Has it got so you Can't enjoy Yourself at Home with your fambly enny more?" Maw ast him. "Must you always go away sumwhare With other people to have a good Time?"

"Oh, no, it ain't that," paw ansserd. "I don't care ennything about the Picknick, and I'd rather stay rite here with you and the boys, but I told Mrs. Bassett when she spoke of Getting it Up I'd go, and you'll have a nice quiet Time here and Get rested."

So maw began to get reddy to Go to the picknick.

Getting Down to Business.

After we got there we Found a pleasant place with a roof over and a Long table inside, and Paw sed that's where we would Eat, so they put The things on the Table, and we all got Set Down to Bizness, but about That time a Man with a badge On came in and sed it would cost three Dollars. Paw ast him Why, and the man sed becoz he Owned the place and Didn't bild it just to get Exercise.

After that we Went out under some trees and Were agoing to Eat, but Before it got to be Paw's turn to Have a peace of Cold chicken it Commenct to Rain and every Thing got soaked.

"Well," paw says, "let's all Be filosofickle and not Care. Mebby they mite of Been sumthing in the Cake or pie that would of made us all Sick enny way. You never Can tell about Such things if they don't Happen. Just make the Best of it. That's my mottoe when you go to picknicks."

Mrs. Bassett sed she Was glad paw Looked at it that way and didn't blame Her for getting him to come, but the Rest looked kind a sorrafle and Hungry.

We huddled around under trees and in Sheds a cupple of ours and Got all Wet, but it Cleared up at Last and was Bewtifle. Then Maw wanted paw to Hold the baby so she could give Little albert a ride on the murry Go round, and paw says:

"That's one of your failings, maw. I Told you it would be Better if you Staid at Home with the Child. If I wouldn't want to Do ennything at a Picknic's but Hold the Baby I could stay rite at Home and do it just as Well, but You haft to always want me to Be around sumwhairs maken miself yoosfle when it's my Only chanct to have A good time. I come out here to rest and Be quiet far away from the Ware and tair of the grate sittle, and Now you go and Try to upset the Hole plan. Why don't you Have some thots about other people's enjoyment?"

Maw Held the Baby.

So paw Gave us ten Sents and I held little Albert in the murry Go round, and maw held the Baby. Pritty soon paw and Mrs. Bassett and her Ant from Since a natto Went down to the Lake to have a Bote ride. When maw seen them she sed:

"Paw, I thot you Came out here to not Get enny ware and tair?"

"This is sumthing I need," paw Told her. "Thay are nothing like rowing for the Helth. If I could roe more it would be Better for me than medasun."

After Mrs. Bassett and her ant got in paw Give the Bote a shuv, and was agoing to Step on the middle Seat when It came to Where he stood, but some Way it Didn't seem to be whare he thot it was when he stepped Down, so he struck the End of it and They were a splash and a Lot of screams and the Bote upside down.

After it got so we Could see what was Goin on in the watter paw Was standin in it a Little bit abuv his knees. Holding Mrs. Bassett's Hand and Telling her he was agoing to Safe her at the Risk of his own life. Mrs. Bassett is young and bewtifle, and Her ant waded Out alone.

When maw put me and Little albert to Bed that nite she nelt Down with us to say our prayers and told Us to ast God to bless Everybuddy but Mrs. Bassett, so we done it, but Nothing ain't happened to her yit.—"Georgie" in Chicago Times-Herald.

IN THE SPRINGTIME.

What the Gladsome Season Bringeth in Its Train.

In the Spring the whiskered farmer drinks hard cider from a can, throwing wads of burning language at the indolent hired man. In the Spring the grand old granger plants his succotash and corn, and the chinchbugs come and eat it, while ho sleepeth in the morn. In the Spring the old sow wanders to some quiet fen or brake and returns with seven piglets toddling cutely in her wake. In the Spring the good dog Rover hides behind the bushes damp waiting always, waiting ever, for a chance to mail a tramp. In the Spring the bull so gentle, which has been a pet for years, gores the poor confiding farmer, sits on him and eats his ears. In the Spring the youths and maidens go to picnic in the woods, packing with them in their baskets sandwiches and other good; and they fall into the river, and the chiggers eat them up, and they come back from the picnic swollen like a poisoned pup.

I have hot pains in my larynx and my liver is out of whack, there are rumblings in my stomach, there are creakings in my back. When I go to bed at evening I can only roll and groan, for my mouth tastes like a hen's nest, and my head feels like a stone. And I read the daily papers where they tell of Snooper's Pills, as a sovereign specific for these kinds of vernal ills. And I buy the pills and eat them, and I feel a whole lot worse; there are times when I am longing for a sleigh-ride in a hearse. And the ancient dames come to me and they brew their magic tea, and they say if I will take it, I'll feel happy as a flea. But their dismal, dark decoctions only make me shriek and wail, and I wish that all herb doctors could be carted off to jail. In the Spring the wily stranger comes to sell a patent oat, and he gets the names of victims to a thousand-dollar note. In the Spring you make a garden, full of things you like to eat, and the chickens come and scratch it all to thunder and repeat. In the Spring your lawn is pretty and you point to it with pride, till some cattle come and spoil it in the silent eventide.

In the Spring the groaning husband eats his victuals in the barn, for his wife must clean the mansion, and she doesn't care a darn; and the yard is full of carpets, and the trees are full of sheets, and he has to live on sauerkraut, cistern water and sliced beets. Oh, a woman's in her glory when she tears things all apart, piling beds and chairs and pillows in a way to break your heart. And at night the groaning husband has to sleep upon the porch and he feels so plum disgusted that he can't enjoy his torch.

When the blamed old cleaning's over, then the wife is taken ill, and it keeps her husband busted buying dope and drug and pill; and the mansion is no cleaner than it was when she began, but she'd slay him if he said so—and he is a prudent man.—Nebraska State Journal.

SOLD HIM BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

If Mr. Bunco No Buy-a Back Signor Corelli Kill-a Him.

The police are looking for an Italian bunco man who has been swindling his fellow-countrymen in a novel manner. He was first heard of when Signor Luigi Corelli, an Italian merchant who recently landed in New York, went to the office of Lawyer Robert Racey, in the Ahrens building, and told a remarkabe story of how he had been fleeced by the swindler. He told his story through an interpreter, explaining that he had been bunsoed out of $500.

"How did the bunco man get it?" asked Lawyer Racey.

"He sell-a de Brooklyn bridge to my friend," explained the interpreter.

"Sold the Brooklyn bridge to your friend?"

"Sure," answered the interpreter. "Only not all de bridge. Only New York-a side. He tell-a my-a friend Mayor Van Wyck own'a de rest. He tel-a my-a friend de Brooklyn bridge do much-a business. He met-a my-a friend just so soon de ship come in. He find out his name. Sure. Pooty soon he said, 'Hello, Signor Corelli,' and he shake-a de hand. My friend think he know-a him in old country, but forget-a de name. All right. He have a drink, my friend hav a drink an' he take-a my friend all round for two day, show him de cit'. He know lots policemen an' shake-a de hand. He tell-a de policeman my friend be new Italian Consul just come over. Policeman shake-a hands with my friend. He tell-a my friend in 'talian all policeman work for him. Second day he took-a my friend up to Bridge and give-a my friend free ticket to ride Brooklyn. All right. He tell-a my friend he an' Mayor Van Wyck own-a de bridge. He say he sell-a my-a friend one piece New York side for five hun' dol'. All right, he buy de bridge. He tell-a my friend keep New York-a side for week an' when he like he buy all Brooklyn side, too, for ten tous' dol'."

"Very cheap for the Brooklyn side of the bridge," remarked Lawyer Racey. "I'd give that much myself for it."

"My friend buy-a Central Park bear, too, an' two stores," continued the interpreter.

"He was lucky in not buying the new Zoological Gardens," remarked the lawyer. "I had a man in here the other day who told me that he bought the Aquarium from an Italian who met him at the Battery. He had been in New York but a few days and he signed a contract to buy a third interest in the Zoo for $500, from another Italian. I guess it's the chap who sold the Brooklyn Bridge to your friend. He took one of my clients down to the City Hall, told him it was a hotel, sold him some of the furniture, and then brought him over to the County Courthouse where he got his money in return for appointing him chef of the Courthouse Hotel."

Signor Corelli listened attentively while the lawyer was talking and the interpreter repeated the story, ending by telling the Signor that the only thing the lawyer could do would be to report the matter to the police.

"You no catch-a him today?" asked the interpreter, and when the lawyer said "No," the Signor threw out his chest, tugged at the end of his mustache and exclaimed:

"L'uccido domani!"

"My friend ver' mad," explained the interpretrr. "He say when Mr. Bunco no buy-a de Bridge back he kill-a Mr. Bunco tomorrow. Good-by."—New York Sun.

TOO MUCH RESPONSIBILITY.

Leaves His Happy Home Rather Than Arbitrate.

"While I was out West," said the returned traveler, "I chanced to meet an old man sitting by the side of the road. He looked so sad that I stopped and asked him what the matter was.

"'Stranger, I'm in a heap of trouble,' he said.

"'Nothing serious, I hope,' I answered.

"'Humph!' he grunted, 'that's all ye know about hit! Jes' like a dern tenderfoot!'

"I made no answer, and after drawing a few puffs from an old corncob pipe he said:

"'I might as well tell ye. I live up yander in thet house on the hill, an' I always calcalated to live an' die thar, but hit looks ez though hit wuzn't ter be. The other day my wife got hold 'of a paper somewhere, an' she read in hit thet women's clubs wuz all the go, an' hit set her wild to hev one herself. Wul, she talked to the other old wimmen around yere till she had 'em jes' ez crazy as her, an' the result wuz thet 15 old wimmen 'ere now holdin' a meetin' up at my house ter organize.

"'Wul, the first thing wuz ter elect a president. They took a ballot, an' the result wuz that each one of 'em had a vote. Hit wuz the same way on the next 10 ballots, an' frost wuz beginnin' ter form on the windows. Wul, hit looked like a deadlock till one fule woman suggested thet I be allowed ter cast the decid'n' vote. Wul, I had jes' presence of mind enough to point out that hit would take a little time ter solve sich a delicate question; so I kum out yere to ponder, followed by the smiles of 15 old wimmin. If I vote for my wife the other 14 will be after my scalp, an' if I don't vote fer her hit means a lingerin' death.'

"'Then it is a question of the lady or the tiger?' said I, smiling.

"'Stranger, I didn't know thet you knew my wife. But you're right, she's a tiger, sure enough. Stranger, I'm off fer the mountains! I'm leavin' 43 acres, a mewl and three hogs, but what is personal wealth ter personal safety? Farewell, stranger, hit takes a man ter rise and meet a question like this. I'm off."—Detroit Free Press.

Simply an Ass.

"Just imagine! If you were a flea you could jump 200 miles at a single jump."

"But I am not a flea."

"I didn't say you were. I said if you were."

"But you implied that I might be."

"Not at all. In estimating the relative strength of a flea as compared with a man, I said that one of your size could jump 200 miles."

"Nothing of the sort, sir. You distinctly spoke of me as a flea."

"How absurd! I merely inferred that suppose you were a flea."

"Do I look like a flea?"

"Why, no, sir, certainly not."

"Have I the arms, legs, proboscis, anatomy of a flea."

"Who said you did?"

"You did, sir."

"I didn't."

"You did."

"Well, sir, I am sorry. I apologize."

"You admit, then, that you did refer to me as a flea?"

"Why, no, I don't."

"But you have just apologized."

"Well, well, let it go. I said you were a flea. I apologize. I am sorry. I was wrong."

"Good! You were wise. I am no flea, sir."

"Of course not. Utterly removed from a flea. You couldn't be one if you tried. Impossible!"

"Impossible, sir! For me, sir? How impossible?"

"Yes, sir, exactly, sir. How can an ass be a flea, sir?"—Life.

The Idea!

Mrs. Hohmboddie—John, dear, while you're downtown I wish you'd call in and pay the milliner—$17 the bill is, but if you give her $10——

Mr. Hohmboddie—I'd rather settle it in full.

Mrs. Hohmboddie—Well, but I want you to bring me six yards of that lovely stuff from Matchem's—I'll get you the pattern—and that will take the other $7. Then I'll just make a memorandum of the trimmings—that will be about $3 more—and if you love me you know the kind of gloves I want—you've bought them often enough. Now, dear boy, you won't forget?

Mr. Hohmboddie—No, I'll remember; and, by the way, I'll take my tonic bottle along and get it renewed. I've felt quite run down of late.

Mrs. Hohmboddie—Your tonic? Why that cost $1.50. It seems just like throwing money in the street to pay for medicine. Don't you think you could get along without it?—Judge.

JUNE FASHIONS IN SOUTH AFRICA. —From Le Rire.

POETRY

The Picnic.

Ma'n pa 'n' ma 'n' Bill
'N' Harry Green 'n' Bess
'N' Susie Slough 'n' all th' folks
Around our place, I guess—
Had a picnic th' other day
Way down t' Winder's wood—
'N' two big baskets filled way up
'Ith everythin' 'at's good.

Pa he put a swing up there
'N' didn't know th' limb
Wuz rottin' till it all kum down
'N' fell on top o' him,
'N' when I laffed pa swore, 'n' ma
She said, "ain' you ashame?"
'N' pa he up an' walloped me
'N' said I wuz t' blame.

Ma she said she'd never saw
Sech carryin's on before;
'N' pa he set rit on a nail
'N' his new pants got tore;
'N' 'en he swored a awful lot,
'N' wished he hadn't kum,
'N' ma she said, "Why don't you go?
You know th' way t' hum."

'N' Bill he fell into th' crick,
'N' ma she fished him out,
'N' rolled him 'round' till water kum
A'squirtin' from his mout'.
'N' pa, he walloped Bill a heap
Fer fallin' down th' bank,
'N' Bill coughed up a awful lot
More water he had drank.

'N' Susie Slough she stubbed her toe,
'N'er nose begun t' bleed,
'N' ma wuz certain, like o' that
She hadn't never seed.
'N' Harry Green he sprained his arm,
A'fallin' out th' swing.
'N' ma she jes' set down 'n' cried,
'N' cried like everything.

'N' bimeby when she went t' git
Th' lunch fer us t' eat,
Th' ants had crawled thro' all th' things
'N' et up mos' th' meat.
'N' 'en a bee stung Bessie Green,
'N' my! but she did yell,
'N' pa he jes' set down 'n' said,
He thought 'at this wus hell.

'N' 'en when we wus eatin' what
Th' ants had overlooked,
A gres' big thunder clap it kum,
'N' my! th' woods wus shooked!
'N' ma she picked up everythin',
'N' we all had t' run—
I guess th' picnic ended then,
But gosh! 'twas lots o' fun!
—Detroit Free Press.

Trying to Make "a Hit."

The boy who is dancing a jig,
And the girl in the chorus who sings,
And the man who exhibits a pig
He was taught to do wonderful things
May die disappointed, but still, in their hearts,
they are hoping away
To make the great thing which they call
"A hit"—
Some day.

The poet who scribbles and sighs
And squanders his paper and ink,
Who cudgels his brain and who tries
To think and cause others to think,
May die disappointed, but still, in his heart, he
is hoping away
To sing out a song that will make
"A hit"—
Some day.

The man who is daubing his paint
On the canvas no other shall buy—
The man who with hunger is faint,
But is never too hungry to try—
May die disappointed, but still, in his heart,
he is hoping away
To lay on the lines that will make
"A hit"—
Some day.

The man who is waving his arms
Like a windmill churning the air,
Has few of the orator's charms
And thunders at seats that are bare!
He may die disappointed, but still, in his
heart, he is hoping away
To deliver the words that will make
"A hit"—
Some day.

O let each go on with his part!
'Tis better a thousand should fail
Than that one should be taken from art
Through a critic's discouraging wail!
They may die disappointed, but where is the
judge who has power to say
Which one of those trying shall ne'er
Make "a hit"—
Some day.
—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Times-Herald.

It Beats the Band.

Oh, ye who are fond of problems,
And in riddles take delight,
And in solving hard conundrums
Will remain up late at night,
If you wish to study something
That certainly beats the band,
Just hide yourself for a year and
Try to memorize shorthand.

I know that mathematics tax
All the skill of any man,
And that there're other sciences
Which we seldom like to scan;
But if 'steen months of agony
You think you can easily stand,
Take my advice and take a course
In the science of shorthand.

Oh, the puzzling little circles
And the angles in the scheme!
Oh, the thousand little word-signs
That are never what they seem!
You may find it a diversion,
And you may pronounce it grand,
But next to the Inquisition
I will surely class shorthand.

L'envoi.

Then go to work and buy a book,
And study it night and day,
And practice ev'ry moment
And never be caught at play;
And when the struggle is over,
And you seek a job, so meek,
You'll get a place in some old shop
At three and a half per week!
—Frank Bauder in Philadelphia Inquirer.

Loafin'.

One time I fixed my work all up. There wa'n't
no chores to do.
Says I, I'll jes' enjoy a day of loafin' through
an' through.
I won't git up no picnics nor do any sech fool
thing,
A-botherin' with the victuals an' a-pushin' of
the swing.
I won't do any readin', 'cause a book your
mind will test,
An', when you're thinkin' thoughts, of course,
you can't be quite at rest.
I'll have the time my dreamin' has so long an'
fondly prized,
An' revel in the sweetness of ambition realized!

So, with both hands in my pockets, I walked
out an' viewed the sky;
An' then sat down a-waitin' while the lazy
hours went by.
An' then I thought I'd lose all earthly cares
in slumber deep.
An' that's the first time in my life I ever
couldn't sleep.
I grabbed an ax an' jumped right in fur fair,
a-choppin' wood,
To ease my nerves, an' nothin' ever done me
so much good.
An' I've jes' about concluded, as I think it
o'er anew,
That there ain't much fun in loafin'—'ceptin'
when there's work to do.
—Washington Star.

Trek Away Once More.

Put up your gun and sheathe the sword,
And leave unbarred the door,
Still with the old faith in the Lord
Our fathers had before.
Drive in the cattle from the veldt,
And after we have sung and knelt
Let's trek away once more.

Adieu to vaal and kraal and kop!
We've heard the bullet's song;
We see upon the mountain's top
The banners of the strong—
The joyful hopes we had are fled,
The leader that we loved is dead—
It's time to trek along.

The rolling hills will still be green,
The heights will still be gray,
And peace will settle o'er the scene
Where war clouds hang today—
But bring the cattle from the veldt,
And, after we have sung and knelt,
Let's rise and trek away!
—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Assessor.

(By a Friend of the Assessor.)

O who is the man on assessing intent?
And why does he do it; what by it is meant?
He calls at the door with his paper and book,
And he turns full upon us a business-like look:
"And how many are there, pray tell me,
In this cottage or cabin, whatever it be
How much land do you own; what is your occupation?
And what is your husband, and what is his nation?

"How many cats have you, and how many dogs?
How many cows, also, and how many hogs?
How long in the Yukon do you mean to stay?
And when you leave here will you go far away?
What age is your husband, and what age are you?
The fine is a big one if you do not tell true;
In mine speculations have you ever indulged?
All matters concerning you must be divulged.

"Your eyes, they are blue, but what color are his?
Should your hair be quite straight, or is natural that friz?
And where, may I ask, came that color so nice;
From the hand of Dame Nature, or over the ice?
These questions, dear madam, please answer with haste.
As there's much to be done, and we've no time to waste;
And to ask all this knowledge with us is judicious,
So we trust you will not think us over officious."

And so goes this fiend with his assessment roll,
And it's useless to think of evading the toll;
Do not argue the points and exhaust thus your breath,
For there's nothing so sure as taxation and death.
Be polite with the gentleman, answer him straight,
And do not oblige him for hours to wait,
For he's a good grafter, and when we reflect,
We think him entitled to our highest respect.
—Yukon Sun.

Yawp of Ye Street Peddler.

When the traveling market comes slowly along,
"Pie Ap Paws," howls the man with the horse;
Incidentally, "Whoop Dideroop Dideroop"—
One would label him crazy, of course.
But he isn't, for surely a man has a right
To converse in a language he knows;
If he wants to call pineapples "Pie Aps" he may,
So he does it wherever he goes.
There are others in plenty, the strawberry man
Will undoubtedly bellow, "Straw Bear,"
While another linguistic performer asserts,
"Riper Nanners," or "Ripe Bonan Air."
Can you wonder that people lose faith in their ears?
That they try to be knowing and fail?
Do you marvel no woman can tell what she's bought,
Till she sees it in box or in pail?
'Twould be well if some go-ahead person would print
A complete alphabetical lot
Of the varied expressions which peddlers use,
With their meaning set down to a dot.
Then the wife in her home when a yell in the street
Makes the blood in her veins trickle cold,
Could refer to her list and at once ascertain
An idea of the fruit being sold.
In the study of languages, modern and old,
Of primitive phrases and verbs,
It is strange no one ever bethought him to search
For the root of the tongue that disturbs.
Now the tongue that disturbs is no mythical speech,
It is spoken right here in New York;
You have heard it, not once, but a thousand of times,
In the marvelous peddler talk.
Was there ever a language so hard to acquire,
Or a tongue more unkind to a brain?
Take a sample consignment of ev'ryday words
And their meaning attempt to explain.
—Brooklyn Eagle.

Paid to Fill Space.

A woman there was and she wrote for the press,
(As you or I might do.)
She told how to cut and fit a dress,
And how to stew many a savory mess,
But she never had done it herself, I guess,
(Which none of her readers knew.)

Oh, the hour we spent and the flour we spent,
And the sugar we wasted like sand,
At the best of a woman who never had cooked,
(And now we know that she never could cook,)
And did not understand.

A woman there was and she wrote right fair,
(As you or I might do,)
How out of a barrel to make a chair,
To be covered with chintz and stuffed with hair,
'Twould adorn any parlor and give it an air!
(And we thought the tale was true.)

O the days we worked and the ways we worked
To hammer and saw and hack,
In making a chair in which no one would sit,
A chair in which no one could possibly sit,
Without a crick in his back.

A woman there was and she had her fun,
(Better than you and I;)
She wrote out receipts, and she never tried one,
She wrote about children—of course she had none—
She told us to do what she never had done,
(And never intended to try.)

And it isn't to tell and it isn't to spell
That brims the cup of disgrace—
It's to follow a woman who didn't know beans,
(A woman who never had cooked any beans,)
But wrote and was paid to fill space.
—Boston Congregationalist.

De Lazies' Man.

I never won no picture cahd
De week I went to school;
I never learnt to study hahd;
It were agin my rule,
I always tried to take my ease,
A race I nebber ran;
So pass me up dat medal, please,
Foh bein' de lazies' man.
Oh, I's lazy in de mawnin' an' I's lazy all day long;
I couldn't sca'cely hurry 'nuff to sing dat ragtime song;
I couldn't win no cake-walk; I's built on a restin' plan;
You can't decline,
Dat medal's mine
Foh bein' de lazies' man.

I never worked foh wages yit;
I sleeps twelve hours or mo';
I never shoveled coal a bit,
'Twould break my record, sho'.
An' so I's puttin' in my claim
As earnest as I can;
I wants to be hel' up to fame
Foh bein' de lazies' man.
Oh, I's lazy in de mawnin' an' I's lazy all day long;
I sca'cely moves f'm de street cah track when de gripman rings dat gong.
I can't keep cool in Summer, I's too tired to swing a fan;
So all bow down
While I wears de crown
Foh bein' de lazies' man.
—Washington Star.

Hot Enough for You?

One does not mind the Heat so very much—
The torrid air, the stifling Warmth, "and such"—
Until at the Thermometer he looks
And sees the height the Mercury doth touch.

One can forget the sizzling, baking Street,
That makes him, like a blind Horse, lift his Feet,
Until some Bunch of Wisdom prateth thus:
"'Tis the Humidity, and not the Heat."

It would not make one wish to mildly swear,
Nay, verily, he would not greatly care,
But for the Thought that by some one's Advice
He still had on his Winter Underwear.

It is not Heat that fills one so with Guile,
And causeth him to talk in Swearful Style,
The madd'ning Impulse cometh when he sees
The joyful Glee that's in the Iceman's Smile.

Thermometer and Flannels make one stew;
Humidity and Iceman's Smile do, too;
But, ah, we grow the Hottest at the man
Who asks us, "Is It Hot Enough for You?"
—Baltimore American.