



HUWOR

It's June. He says it's a little, he says it's clear— And only a bit out of tune; A worn down his back, a bug in his ear— "It is June, it is June, it is June!"

SHE WAS REAL HELPFUL

Her Sympathetic Efforts to Lessen the Labors of the Weary Census Taker.

The young woman who boarded in the house was the only member of the family at home when the census man came. He had called in the morning without finding any one, and had left several large blanks to be filled out. The young woman was wrestling with one of the blanks when the bell rang, and she greeted the mild-mannered census-taker with effusion.

SORROWS OF THE RICH

"Paw" Telith of the Beauties of Carnegiean Philosophy.

"Sumtimes" paw sed, after He had read his paper Down last nite and got to Having solemn thoughts, "It almost seems like if They wasn't enny yooze for a Buddy to go on trying to Put munny in the Bank and Get so you Haft to hire Other people to do What you done Yourself when you were poor and Happy."

"They are Hardwood Staves in the house where we Live now, and the Gurl we Got Last week sint you to Them. So the first thing after she swep and dusted they before Yistady afternoon, she Hunted around in the attic and Found a sold rug maw Didn't need enny more.

"Mary that we couldn't Afford to have new Carpet for the Stairs and she was Aging to Help us not to Get Looked down on Just for Being poor, becose she Has a kind hart. Then she Put the Rug on the Stairs, and Went to hunt for some Tacks. The steps were So slippery she thought that the rug mite slide down if it wouldn't be Fasened.

"About that Time paw got Home and went up the Back stairs becose He had sum Broosen't to Do before Yistady, and when He started to come Down the Front way he didn't notice the Rug till it was too late to Grab anything. But he had to try, and he tried to get up the Wall when He Found him and it down stairs in the Hall, only they nocked three spinles Out of the Banister and Damaged the Wall some."

"That's where the Trouble happens," paw says, "when you Get some you haft to Take modum instead of Exerale becose you Hire people to Do the work our Faseners and mothers yooze to Do becose spittin a Load of Ralls or mebbly weaning a Caff before Breckfast. Look at Kansas."

"What's the matter with Kansas?" maw ast Him.

"The Trouble With Kansas.

"The Salm thing That's the matter with Other people which Haft to hire hands," paw says. "They need Twenty thousen Men in Kansas to Help cut the grain, and can't get them. See what lots of Truble the people Got with mite of Sived if they wouldn't of Had such crops."

"Land akes," maw told Him, "you can't blame the people of Kansas becose their crops are so big they can't take care of 'em. Providence makes the crops Grow."

"Yes," paw ansered, "but they mite of swayed in Pennil Vanev or Commetteyout and Fasened on stons and mite of mooving Out Thare, where they new they would Haft to Run the Risk of not Getting half enuff people to Wait and be Hired to Help. Andra Cartrige new his Bizness when He sed it Was a sed thing to Be rich. He's Got tired of Bein rich too. Before he Became famus and went Lecturing on How he rote the man With the hat and What it ment he was poor and Happy. He could set Down at nite and Eat a good meal and Weap for the Poor and Have pleasant Dreams afterwards. But now look at Him.

HEAVENLY MUSIC

cause it was so cheap, for goodness knows I didn't need it! But buy it I did and carried it home, where I braggied of my bargain all the rest of the day. It wouldn't run more than half the time, and finally I turned it over to my little sister to play with.

"You know the time I had with that eligible young man, and how I had quarreled with every one and know who has dared to look at him? But you don't know how many nights I have wasted sitting up planning a campaign that would be successful."

"Well, he called the other evening and I served notice on the rest of the family that we wanted the drawing-room to ourselves that evening, for I felt sure that the supreme moment had arrived. I wasn't disappointed. We were sitting side by side on a divan, quite by accident, looking at some engravings, when he began, and I tried to look as if I was awfully surprised. But he hadn't spoken more than three words before that miserable alarm clock went off, right under us, where my little sister had left it when she was young playing with it.

"From the way the young man jumped you would have thought that he was a part of the alarm and always acted that way when he was in a hurry. He made for the door, mumbling something that I didn't catch on account of the noise; that the alarm made, and he was outdoors before the din ceased and gave me a chance to collect my wits. And to think it was all caused by a little, miserable, petty— The pretty girl in blue gave it up and burst out crying.—Detroit Free Press.

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this, could one?" she asked him, coyly. "No, if that's what they're doing," he answered, feeling of his right-hand vest pocket to see if he'd broken his cigars in the crush of boarding the car. Perhaps she saw then that that wasn't going to do. At any rate, when they passed a number of neat-looking cottages a bit further down the line, she pointed to them and said: "They look so cozy, don't they? I wonder what they rent for?" "I peek," said he. "Never could see this thing of living out in the woods, anyhow."

There was an elderly couple up in the front of the car, and the old folks laughed and chatted and seemed to be a whole lot devoted to each other. "Isn't it delightful," said the young woman, "to see people of that age so perfectly wrapped up in each other, after so many, many years of married life?" "Maybe they chuck coal-scuttles at each other at home," replied the young man.

"Oh, by the way, talking about married folks," exclaimed the young woman, as if she had just thought of it. "I hear Mr. Sixweek and Kitty Longwatt are engaged."

"Yes, so my sister was telling me," said the young man. "Jimmy Sixweek told his sister that Kitty had finally rounded him up and married him so he couldn't get out of making his little speech, and Jimmy's sister told us about it in confidence. She told me in confidence, and the young man grinned demagogically. "I have such a headache," said the young woman, a hand, story book creeping into her eyes. "We'll get off at the next stop and take the car back."—Washington Post.

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are addicted to the bit habit always make a point of attaching their napkins to their necks as if they expected them to remain there for all time, and this gentleman took particular pains to see that there was no chance for a slip. Then he proceeded to order the palau. The first thing served was turtle soup, and the two guests had just commenced to discuss it when in hustled another lady, who evidently belonged to the party and had been delayed on route.

As soon as he clapped eyes on her, the fat gentleman uttered a joyful exclamation and scrambled hastily to his feet. As he did so, he took the entire cloth with him and neatly deposited two plates of hot soup, a bowl of sliced tomatoes, a bottle of oil, a dragon of vinegar, a stack of bread, a crust of pepper and a miscellaneous assortment of cutlery in his companion's lap.

"I had longed for a camera on divers and sundry occasions, but never with such a poignant yearning as I longed for one right then. I wanted to secure a snap shot of a large, portly gentleman, standing erect, dumfounded, horror-stricken and transfixed with a towel fastened around his neck, a foreground of soup and a background of hysterical females. It would have taken first money at any amateur contest on earth."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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POETRY

"Rightman's Girl." We have warbled old Barbara Fritchies In sonnets, and several other ways. How she stood at her window in Fredericktown And from the "rubs" with a patriot trawl!

How she raised "Old Glory" in loyal way And told its foes it was there to stay! But now the old Barbara flag will furl And tell the story of "Rightman's girl!"

The great sun blazed in the Afric' skies Like a Gery ball of unusual size, And sprinkled heat o'er the shimmering void That would blister an elephant's four-ply hide.

The British troops on their conquering march To homes of fumes applied the torch. Burned out the megal, where the Boerem brave Came to change their lines and get a share.

And the Rightman march were the troopers hid To burn, but the burning they didn't did! For there in the door of the old farm place stood a plump Dutch girl with a pretty face!

Her eyes were blue with defiant fire, And her bosom heaved with expansive ire! To the throng "Tomnies" she fearless said: "Just pull your freight and gone off ahead!"

"Don't haul was left with my share, you bet! You say don't you'd burn it already yet!" "Just pass a motion and quick adjourn, Because we don't get some houses to burn!"

Up rode Lord Kitchener, grand and great, With his crown and his dignity both on straight. Rode up in his majesty, but the girl Just gave her lip an additional curl.

And he gazed in her proud and defiant face, And noted her simple, unadorned grace. And his lion heart melted quickly down To jelly, and gone was his warlike frown.

And he said to his troopers: "Who dares to scratch the mules in the place which he Has used for the scratching purpose, see?"

And then to the maiden: "My gentle fawn, I weaken!" And then to his troops: "March on!"

And there she stood as the troops marched by, And off at herself winked the other eye! She stood there in defiance until the last Of the bloomin' British had by her passed.

And said as they faded from out her sight: "There's been no hot times with dis old ranch to-night!"

"Does stand-off work mighty slick, I think, Udd das vos lot mit me, by yinks!" —Denver Evening Post.

Open Car "End-Seat Man." Trod upon; Stared at; Angry; Glared at; Hoisted and Spattered; Bumped against; Muttered at; Frowned upon; Scowled at; Stumbled on; Growled at; Slyly kicked; Voted upon; Diggest pill; Really should Hang the cuss; Verdict; No censure; Hope he goes Where it's hot; Gets a place On a spot; Where the heat Simply sizzles; Keep him there; Let it be frizzle; That's the best Sort of plan; Are lemon chair and minnow; "End-Seat Man!" —Baltimore American.

"Long the Coast." I'd hate to be an islander; An' live 'way from the coast. Think 't would be mighty slow 't would kill a fellow—most. Think of livin' in a town!

A thousand miles from shore! Couldn't see no battin'-ships; Er bear their cannon roar. Couldn't see no millin' ships; No crowd of lumber rafts; Couldn't see no ferry-boats; Er tug an' scurion craft;

Couldn't go with morn' an' pop; Spend summer by the shore; An' sit 'long the beach an' talk 'bout 't Spanish War.

Me want 't be an islander; An' never see'n sport; I want water—fresh an' salt— 'Longside some big resort. Kin see 't vessels comin' in From some long forrin' cruise; I want things maw'n' lity-like; An' get 't latest news!

—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Summer Car. Along with the blossoms and briars, Along with the red berries sweet; Along with the frogs in the mire, The creek for the summer heat; Along with the country-pike riding And thoughts of the seashore far, Comes out of the barnyard gliding The fresh-painted Summer car.

Like a coach bedecked for the race, With polish and brightness gleam; And new rows of lithograph glass; With ever the same solid beam. The girl with expression comding, The man with a new brand cigar; And they never seem weary of riding Aboard the big Summer car.

And then, of course, there are others, The people who grumble and snap, The end-seats and the mothers, That thrust their kids in your lap. The man who complains of the weather, And cringes your own at each far; You'll find them huddled together Inside of the big Summer car. —Chicago News.

In the Smoking Car. There's the big meerschaum, with the little Half hidden behind its bowl, Who puts away as hard as he can, As it were to save his soul, And he fondles the thing and so strokes it down.

With a sort of rapturous pride As a bridegroom lovingly smoothes the brown Silk strands of the happy, his bride. Across the aisle is the rank, old clay In the shape of a "man" who smokes away With a grin, pugnaucious air, And he adds to the fifth on the floor beneath Without removing the stem from his teeth— He hasn't time to sneer.

There's the red-faced man with the dark Key Who reads as he speaks to town, Letting the ashes fall on his vest, And dribble from there on down. He's forming an army smoke out his nose To mingle with wreaths from pipes, And the clouds he raises who puts and blows Over his resurrected snipes.

By the door is the man with the sickly cob; Ah, how it gurgles and sighs and sob, And alas, how it frets and chokes! It whistles and sputters and gasps for breath; Deep down in its throat is the rattle of death, But little he cares who smokes.

There's the "Henry Clay" and the "Chester" And the "Abby B." and the "Little Mack"; There's the "Admiral D." and the "Queen of May," And the "Soldier Boy Who Never Came Back!"

The good cigar and the rank cigar Under common conditions meet, And from end to end of the smoking car Puff fumes of the cigarette.

With contentment pictured on every face They breathe foul fumes in the filthy place, Dully puffing away, And if they were forced to congregate there As fast as a post to breathe clean air, The devil would be to pay!

—E. E. Kiser in Chicago Times-Herald.

When the Mail Goes Through. Nuthin' in a country, "Capt' bout five o'clock to go To the deep—small, south bound, Due at that time, There's your know, Crowd of lanky country boys, Loadin' as they allus do; Hoards an' dogs—half-breds an' yellers When the Mail-goes-through!

Newly steps at Sassafrasville; Comes with lightning to her eyes! Lowly! Whizzin' down the hill, Jist a-screenin' on the fly! Engineer's head out a-bravin' Smoke an' cinders flyin'! Niglet An' we uns with hats a-wavin' When the Mail-goes-through!

You can feel the whirlpool come, When she clatters past you—Go! Feet 'er rock the country boys; An' the platform! Mercy! Me! Getherin' at ev'ry minute, With a long an' a-screenin' woot! An' us wavin' 'we was in it, When the Mail-goes-through!

Then as soon's she's gone, you git Tired of old Sassafrasville; There's the times it is that it, Never seems to get no better; For you get of bigger places, Where the train's a-goin' to; An' from home with lovely faces When the Mail-goes-through!

—Edward Singer in Indianapolis Sun.

June. The flood of day's dew, glowing stream Is setting toward the afternoon; Through misted light the waters gleam; The wide serenity of June, Sets all the country wide adream.

About the homestead's dooryard space Are lemon chair and minnow; And southernwood, with plummy lace; And, in a narrow border set, The China pink's old-fashioned grace.

Among the fragrant flower stocks Maraud the lassy bumblebees; A row of slender butterfly, in rank, Is tipped and tilted by the breeze, Till every crimson breaker breaks.

Along a worn, neglected lot, The quoth grass trails its odd devices; From forest and from garden plot, The air is thick with the spike of mallow and wild bergamot.

The plums have caught a fern stain, That burns beneath the satin skin, Till, meeting in each golden vein, The molten honey juice within, Spills all their scarlet coats in vain.

So, on the stream of Summer flows, And June a honey, golden glow, Whose cheek with healthy color glows, Weaves in and out her tawny braid The glory of the damask rose.

—Hattie Whitney in Truth.