Retaliation.

Whenever some one does me wrong,
As quickly as I can
I hurry out amid the throng
To smite some other man.

The Golden Rule I oft recall
Meodious and pat,
I simply hang it on the wall
And let it go at that.
—San Francisco Examiner.

MRS. FELTON BUYS WHEAT

Gets a Tip From Smart Mr. Billings and Turns Her Pretty Home. Into a Grain Bin.

"Buy wheat!" exlaimed J. Mortimer Billings. In the enthusiasm of the moment he so far forgot himself as to smite his host's table to emphasize his words. "Buy wheat!" he repeated. "It's going up like a racehorse. Buy it now at 75. We'll have dollar wheat before July 4. Dollar wheat, sir!" And J. Mortimer Billings paused for breath and nodded vigorously at his old friend George Felton, whose guest he was at dinner.

"I believe it," put in George Felton, more because he knew some answer was expected than because he cared whether wheat sold for a dollar or for 50 cents.

"Believe it—of course you do," began J. Mortimer Billings again. "Any man with the sense of a rabbit believes it—knows it. There's a fortune to be made in buying right now. Dollar wheat, I say." Mr. Billings said it as though the future of wheat were settled then and there—as though it were as good as selling at a dollar right then. He drew himself up and wagged his head at Mr. Felton, and pretty Mrs. Felton, with the superiority born of seniority in years, business, and natural experience. Mr. Billings was only 30, but he was five years older than his friend, Felton. He held a clerical position with a big Board of Trade firm and sometimes took a "flyer" in wheat. He liked to talk—Felton was a good listener. Many a friendship has been based upon less. Conservative, deliberate Felton, who kept books for a big West Side foundry, rather looked up to his dashing friend from the Board of Trade, and Mrs. Felton had come to share her husband's respect for J. Mortimer Billings.

"Is it really certain that one could make money by buying wheat now?" asked Mrs. Felton, who had all the wisdom of 20 years and the full measure of experience which comes from eight whole months of married life.

Dead Sure.

"Just as certain as anything can be down here below," replied Mr. Billings." Traders who are buying wheat are making money faster than they can count it. They're being almost smothered under greenbacks. Take even my case. I bought 1000 bushels at 69—sold out at 74 three days later. You can imagine my profit."

"What did you do with so much?" inquired Mrs. Felton, meaning the wheat.

"Put it in my flat," answered Mr. Billings, meaning the profit. "Everything goes into my flat. We had two rooms nearly bare. Filled them up pretty well on that deal."

"I should think so," assented the young wife.

"But never go to a bucket shop for wheat," advised the man from the Board of Trade.

"Of course not," said Mrs. Felton promptly.

Then Mr. Felton tried to talk about the outlook of the Bessemer pig market and although he failed, the conversation didn't get back to wheat.

When the guest had departed Mrs. Felton asked:

"Mr. Billings is a good business man, isn't he?"

"Yes, bright," answered her husband.

"Do you think wheat's going up?"

"Billings says so. He ought to know," and Mr. Felton yawned audibly and made for the bedroom.

"Why don't you buy wheat?"

"U—umph!" said Mr. Felton, "I'm in the iron, not the wheat business.

The wife said no more, but the next morning "Buy wheat!" and "Dollar Wheat!" rang in her ears. There seemed to be some magic in the words. The spoons, as she tumbled them into the sideboard drawer, seemed to say, "Buy wheat!" and the dishes, as they clattered in the pan, said, "Dollar wheat."

"Why shouldn't we buy wheat and make some money," thought Mrs. Felton. "Mr. Billings says there is a fortune in it. But George is a little slow, dear fellow. He can't help being so, I suppose. But if he'd only do like Mr. Billings, then we could fit up our flat as Mr. Billings did. But why can't I buy wheat? Yes, why not?"

Mrs. Felton Thinks.

Mrs. Felton stopped and thought. She had $75 and more which she had put by out of her liberal allowance.

"Wheat's now 75 cents, Mr. Billings said," she figured. "Now $75 would buy 100 bushels. It would rather crowd the flat, but if Mr. Billings put 1000 bushels in his flat we ought to be able to stow away 100 bushels here, even if we haven't two bare rooms."

Mrs. Felton thoughtfully put on her hat and sailied forth. On Wabash avenue she remembered, she had seen a big sign: "Flour and feed."

"They'll have wheat there, of course," she said to herself. "The idea of going to a bucket-shop for wheat. How foolish some people are! Might as well go to a drug store for horseshoe nails."

The young wife stepped jauntily into the big feed store.

"I want to buy some wheat," she said.

"Yes," said the feed man. "What grade?"

Here was an unexpected question, and Mrs. Felton hesitated.

"Why, the best," she finally ventured.

"No. 2 red?"

"The best."

"Very well," said the salesman. "How much do you want?"

"Seventy-five dollars' worth."

"Seventy-five dollars' worth," repeated the feed man in astonishment, looking at the stylishly-dressed young woman.

"Yes, $75 worth," answered Mrs. Felton in her most severe tone, thinking: "He knows I've got a good 'tip' and don't want to sell."

The grain man asked no more questions, but took Mrs. Felton's address and promised to have the order delivered that afternoon.

At 3 o'clock a great grain wagon came. It groaned under its load.

"Where's the barn, mum?" asked the driver.

"There's no barn. You're to bring it right in here,' said Mrs. Felton calmly.

Wanted No Impudence.

"It's not 'er pound of sausauges I hev, mum it's a hundred bushels of wheat," suggested the teamster.

"I know that," answered Mrs. Felton, again calling up that severe tone. "Bring it right in the back door at once."

"But——" began the man again.

"I don't want any of your impudence!" exclaimed the young wife. "I've bought that wheat and paid for it and want you to bring it right in here."

When George Felton got him that evening dust met his nostrils and he noticed a flush of excitement on his wife's cheeks. The dust brought back to him his days on the farm.

"What's up?" he asked, sniffing the air, after kissing his wife.

Mrs. Felton led him to the rear of the six-room flat. Great gray, dusty bags were plied along the hall. Others were lined up along the side of the dining-room. The flour bin in the pantry was bursting. There were two great bags under the sink. As many more were stowed away under the kitchen table. A pile frowned in from the back porch.

"What the deuce is this?" gasped the astonished husband, surveying the scene.

"I've bought wheat," said Mrs. Felton, bravely. "Bought it at 75. It's traveling toward a dollar like a racehorse. There's fortunes in wheat. Can't lose. There's to be dollar wheat, I say!" and Mrs. Felton tried to draw herself up as J. Mortimer Billings had done. Mr. Felton sat down on a bag of wheat and wept.—Chicago Tribune.

REMARKABLE VIRGINIA HEN.

Laid Half-Peck of Scrambled Eggs and Then Died.

Richard Peckham, now of Fruit Mill, but who has lived in several parts of our broad country, and has seen some things out of the ordinary, comes to the front with a story of a hen that lived and died in Old Virginny. Her exploit in the hen-laying line not only shows that the McNally hen tale is easily one of the most probable things ever placed before a skeptical public, but that the marvelous egg-producing faculty of the Crompton fowl was, in all likelihood, an inherited trait that the hen could no more help than a bald-headed man can help the scarcity of his locks.

Mr. Peckham owned this hen, so there cannot be the slightest particle of doubt that the story is exactly true in every particular, and he says that she was just a common gray hen, that is, her color was common, but other things about her remove her from the plane of mediocrity and place her upon the pedestal of fame as though she had flown there to roost.

Well, this hen disappeared one Spring day, and the family was plunged into grief, because she was a hen of social habits and most reliable as a producer of eggs. But she was sure enough gone, and the first tidings of the gray hen came when a search for a lost half-peck measure located it in the manger of a vacant stall. The measure was nearly full of broken eggs, with one whole egg floating about on top of the mixture, of broken shells and their contents. The eggs were that they were all laid at about the same time, but how they came to be in the measure and all broken but one, none could tell until the body of the old gray hen was found in the loft just over the stall where the measure of eggs was found, and then the mystery was cleared up at once.

The proud old hen, with the blood of some of the haughtiest fowl of Virginia in her veins, had evidently sought the loft as a desirable place to lay herself a nestful of aggs and chanced to lay the first one directly over a hole in the flooring of the loft, through which it dropped into the measure below. Turning around to see if the egg was up to her standard of excellence, the gray hen was doubtless astonished to find no egg, and immediately laid another, which followed the first in its downfall to the waiting half-peck measure.

Having determined to lay an egg or die, the high spirit of the gray hen would not give up, and she had laid until nothing was left of her but mere bones and feathers, and then she had died a martyr to the motto, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

The body of this devoted hen was stuffed with bran by some of the family who owned her, and was long held up as a warning to those who maintained that strict adherence to a principle of conduct cannot be carried too far, and the gray hen was also famous for many a mile around for having produced several quarts of scrambled eggs at one sitting, although Aunt Massie, the family cook, was heard to remark: "It beats all how that chicken could lay nigh onto three quarts o' aigs, when she didn't hol' but three pints o' bran."

Which goes to show that the same disposition to invade the realms of speculative science with mathematical propositions existed in Virginia as it does today in Rhode Island, and the fair fame of any hen, gray or white, is open to attack by cold-blooded persons, who must be able to extract the square root of a statement before admitting it to belief.

Aunt Massie, however, justified herself by saying: "Mos' hens is laike me. When I feels laike I'se done 'nuff, I don' do no mo'."—Providence Journal.

REILLY EXPLAINS ICE TRUST.

He and Sinkers Thereupon Form a Beer Syndicate.

"It's getting verser," said the Sinker Man as Sarsaparilla Reilly went into the restaurant.

"What's getting worser?" asked Reilly.

"Der ice question," replied Sinkers. "When I lay avake in bed dreaming of which is to be, I don't supposition dot der grand jury vill do der Mayor someting for putting ice in der city hall. Vhat?"

"He didn't put no ice in th' city hall," answered Reilly. "The ice trust did it."

"Vhat is it for a ice trust?"

"Well," explained Reilly, "the ice trust is a body av refrigerators who bought up all the ice farms in Iceland and sold off shares at sivinty-sivin dollars a cake. They played a big game for high stakes."

"Pinochle?"

"No," said Reilly, "freeze out. The ice men got the ice and gave th' customers th' frozen end av it. Last week whin me wife got her ice bill she took a chill and gave me the cold shoulder. Then she took Mary Ellen's diamonds out of th' safe and put them in the ice box and put the ice in the safe, for there's no telling when burglars might drop in."

"Yesterday night my vife paid $2 for one little ice share,' said the Sinker Man, mournfully. 'Mebbe, she says, before der Summer comes out ve vill had to burn oil in der gas stove,"

"That wud be terrible," remarked Reilly.

"Yes," continued Sinkers, "und soap vent up 2 cent a cake on the grocery, 'cause he can't no more afford der big ice bills. Coal 20 cents vent up mid der bushel und vinegar more besides."

"Sure they don't kape coal on ice," said Reilly. "Don't lay it all to the trust. I remember one very hot morning when I was a sailorman it was so hot that the iron plates on the ship's side melted and ran red hot into the sea. Well, that morning we went fishing for icebergs and caught a berg that had floated down from Greenland. When we hauled it aboard our ship we noticed some carving on the side of it in letters as big as a house, and——"

"Please, Reilly, you get me dizzy," interrupted Sinkers. "Do der ice mans fish icebergs too?"

"No," said Reilly. "They cut it in th' small lakes near th' Hudson River whin snowballs are ripe. I've seen cakes up there tin thousand feet square."

"How do they get dot size in der ice cart wagon?" asked Sinkers.

"Why," said Railly, "they have to build the ice wagon around the cake. Well, these ice trusters save the ice till th' Summer and thin sell it off in small pieces. This year they'll get stuck, for the people won't buy all av it."

"Mebbe dey can sell it mit skating rinks," said Sinkers. "Vhen somebody vould start a ice farm down in Cuba he vould much money make. Vhat?"

"No," said Reilly, "It wudn't pay. I heard av a man who started a snowball farm down in Cuba, but he was overcome by the heat and died before harvest-time."

"Vhy not ship ice by telegraph from Iceland?" suggested Sinkers. "Den dey could sell a big share for ten cents."

"Thot 'ud never do," said Reilly. "Th' telegraph wires wud be blocked continually wid icicles."

"How shamefulness," remarked Sinkers. "Den ve must ice buy on trust. Vhat?"

"No," said Reilly. "Ice trust don't mane trust ice. A trust is a combination av men that corner th' market. For instance, if you and I agree to drink all the whisky in Red Jerry's we form a whisky trust. Are you listening?"

"Sure," said Sinkers. "Vhy not ve make a beer trust on Red Jerry?"

"In that case," asnwered Reilly, "we wudn't need to raise the price av th' beer."

"No," said Sinkers, "ve'll put it oh der state."

And the new syndicate went into Red Jerry's and absorbed a large block of stock that wasn't watered.—New York Sun.

Was Strictly Up to Date.

This mummy, recently found in Thebes, is supposed, from the inscription on the case, to be the body of a young man of the period.—The Manhattan.

SIMPLY INCORRIGIBLE.

Hubby Misapprehended the Cause of Her Tears.

"And so you really believe your shopping expeditions—I mean particularly your ones to the special sales—are in strict line with economy?" he asked, as he settled back in the chair and watched her.

"Of course," she answered, smoothing out the folds in her dress; "of course, they are. Didn't I buy a 50-cent toothbrush yesterday for 39 cents?"

"You saved exactly 11 cents," he said, after a pause. "But now let us look at this matter in all its lights. As I said, you saved 11 cents. But we will commence at the beginning. You push your way into the crowded store; you see the special sale counter and fight your way to it, make your purchase and are happy; your hair is mussed, your skirt is torn in two or three places, and entirely disarranged when you finally get your change and board the car.

"When you get home you are cross to the baby and the servant, and you go to bed with a bad taste in your mouth. In the morning you are tired, aching and sore. Then you vent your spite on me, and all for 11 cents."

"But 11 cents saved is 11 cents earned," she exclaimed, triumphantly.

"True," he said, "but what do you need with another toothbrush? I believe I have noticed several around the house."

She looked bewildered for a moment.

"I thought perhaps you would need it," she explained.

He laughed.

"Perhaps I will—some day. But just at the present time I am also well supplied."

His words were becoming cruel and her lips were quivering. He knew it and approached her. Then she cried. Her head was on his shoulder.

"Don't mind me, dear," he said. "I'm a brute. Shop whenever you please. Buy all the toothbrushes you wish—"

"It isn't that," she sobbed; "but, oh, Jack, I just remember that I left my pocketbook at the store."

He smiled again.—Indianapolis Sun.

HAD BEEN THERE HIMSELF.

Ex-Hotel Keeper Puzzles One of the Niagara Falls Gentry.

"I was up at Niagara Falls the other day," said a Washington man. "The Spring rush had just begun. While I was in the office a guest entered to register. The landlord sized the new arrival up as a kicker while he was writing his name in the register, and before anything could be said about rooms, rates or conveniences, he observed:

"'Perhaps you have made a mistake in the hotel. This is the Great View House. The Small View House is two blocks down the street.'

"'This is the place I want,' replied the guest.

"'But our rooms are small, and the beds nothing to brag of.'

"'That will be all right. I've been sleeping in a hall bedroom or on a shelf for a year past.'

"'There is no roaring to be heard here.'

"'I am glad of it.'

"'And the meals are very plain.'

"'That suits me. I've got dyspepsia, and the plainer the meals are the better.'

"'You don't object to hand organs by day and squalling babies by night?'

"'Not the slightest. I've roamed all over Europe, and you can't have anything here to compare.'

"The landlord saw that he had erred in sizing the man up, but he hated to admit it, and therefore continued.

"'My rates are $3 a day.'

"'That's cheap enough for a hotel here,' replied the man.

"'Do you look for rainbows over the falls?'

"'Not a bit of it. If they come along, I'll take my share, but any old bow will do for me.'

"'Are you afraid of the typhoid fever?'

"'No, sir.'

"'There is only one cataract here.'

"'I don't want any more. Give me the poorest, smallest room in the house, and if you want to put a man in with me all right, and I'll use anything for a wash basin and furnish my own soap and towel Your rates are $3 a day. Here is $100 to start on.'

"'Lord, Lord, but what kind of a man are you?' gasped the landlord as his head began to swim.

"'I? Oh, I used to run a hotel here myself, and I know how to sympathize!' smiled the guest. 'Just let things go along the same as if I wasn't there. If it's handy, give me clean sheets once in two weeks, but don't go to putting yourself out or worrying over me. Here's $3 days in advance, and in case you run short any time, just let me know, and I'll lend you $500 to get along with!'"—Washington Post.

DIDN'T LIKE THE SEND-OFF.

Orator's Latin Too Much for the Candidate for Office.

He got his friend the lawyer to present his name for delegate to one of the big conventions.

"Give me a good send-off," said he to his friend. "You know what to say, of course, and put it on strong. I can stand it. I've found out that unless things are put on strong in these days the crowd don't hook on in good shape."

So the lawyer arose at the proper time and he "put it on strong." And his peroration went something like this:

"Gentlemen, the man whom I present to your attention today has been bred and reared in the sacred associations of that old town; he has imbibed the traditions of the honor and integrity and good citizenship that have come down there from father to son, and those lessons of youth and manhood have followed him into all his walks of life. And today, gentlemen, he stands before you as one of the most striking types of the genus homo that you can find in all Maine."

Well, the man was nominated, but—

Just as soon as the convention adjourned the candidate came hurrying over to where his friend the lawyer was struggling into his coat.

"What sort of a throwdown are you trying to give me anyway?" he cried. "That's a nice way to use a friend. Joking is all right among friends over a quart of Mount Vernon or something of the kind, but it don't go on the floor of a convention, not for a minute."

"What are you trying to get through you?" asked the lawyer.

"I'm calling you down, that's what I am doing."

"For heaven's sake, what for?"

"For standing up there, cuss ye, and calling me a genuine hobo. Don't you ever work any more gags of that kind on me."—Lewiston Journal.

HOW HE CURED HER.

She'll Let Him Smoke All He Wants to Now.

"My smoking has always been a sore point with my wife, who never lets a chance slip to try and talk me out of the habit," said Brown. "Now, I enjoy a good cigar, and see no use in giving up something that affords me pleasure. The other day, while I was rummaging around in a cupboard, I ran across a box of alleged tobacco cure. It could be put, so it said on the lid, in the coffee of the one that it was intended for, and he would be cured of the habit without knowing how it was done.

"I saw at once what Mrs. Brown was up to, and I resolved to get even with her. The contents looked as much like sugar as anything, so I threw it out and refilled the box from the sugar bowl.

"That evening from the unusual sweetness of my coffee I realized that she had begun to dope me. Finishing my dinner I pushed back my chair and said:

"'It is strange, my dear, but I haven't the slightest desire to smoke a cigar.' I saw her beam at this, and then I continued: 'But instead I have a desire to smoke a cigarette.'

"'You have what?' she shrieked, for she considers it sure death to smoke the little rolls.

"'A desire to smoke a cigarette,' said I, calmly. 'I shall have to go over to the corner store and get a package.'

"Leaving her gasping for breath, I went over and bought a package, and smoked the miserable little things for the rest of the evening, while she wildly begged me to smoke a cigar or anything else but cigarettes.

"For three days my wife kept putting her supposed dope in my coffee, and I kept smoking, continually remarking that it was strange that I no longer cared for a cigar, but could not smoke enough cigarettes.

"Finally she broke down and confessed what she had been doing. After frightening her by pretending that she had fixed the cigarette habit on me for life, we compromised by my agreeing to give them up and she to refrain from saying anything more about my smoking cigars.

"The agent that sold her the dope is going to call soon to get a recommendation from my wife. He'll get it. He'll get something else, too."—Indianapolis Sentinel.

HORSE WAS ALL RIGHT.

Trouble Was Altogether With the Wise Crowd.

It was a one-horse wagon, loaded with boxes and barrels, and the driver suddenly turned into the curb and got down and stood off a few feet and looked earnestly at the horse. Four or five pedestrians came to a halt, and one of them promptly called out:

"That horse has got a chill, and you ought to unhitch him."

"It's a case of the bots," added a second.

"He's got the blind staggers, or I don't know anything about horses," put in a third.

The four or five pedestrians grew to five or 10 and 10 to 20 or 30.

"He's balky, eh?" queried a fat man as he forced his way into the crowd.

"Holler in his ear!!" shouted a boy who was up on balky horses.

"All you fellers git hold and push the wagin'!" commanded a citizen who appeared to be a born leader of men.

The crowd grew to 50, 80, 100 and the street was blocked. Men examined the wheels on the wagon, the feet of the horse and the harness. The driver stood there with lines and whip in hand, but said nothing, and made no move until a policeman forced his way into the crowd and excitedly asked:

"Now, then, what's this about? What's the matter here?"

"Nuthin'," was the calm reply.

"Horse sick?"

"Naw."

"Is he balky?"

"Naw."

"Then why don't you go on?"

"I'm goin'."

And he put his foot on the hub of a front wheel and sprang to his seat and drove off at a sharp trot, and all the wondering crowd said as it looked after him was:

"I thought so all the time."—Washington Post.

Old Man Thought Differently.

The son wrote home from college as follows:

"Dear Dad: I expect to graduate this month, and will need $100 immediately. Send check at once."

The old man replied:

"Dear John: Times is too tight. I send you a postoffice order for $10. Jest graduate $10 worth an' come home an' go to plowin'!"—Atlanta Constitution.

POEMS WORTH READING

Our Gospel Pilot.

We've got a gospel pilot now that soars 'way
out of sight,
A layin' down the livin' word an' clinchin'
of it tight;
A man that aims right at yer heart a shootin'
truth, an' who
Don't hesitate to fit you with a mighty pinchin' shoe.
He doesn't sugar-coat his words to make
'em good to taste,
Nor never 'nunciates a phrase that seems to
go to waste,
But eevry truth that quits his lips perceeds
to make a nest
An' takes up its abode to stay right in a
feller's breast.

In preachin' to us yistaday he made the p'int
that we
Must love our neighbors as ourselves, an' it
occurred to me
The parson wasn't cognizant of all we'd have
to face
By livin' up to his advice with fortytude an'
grace.
One sinful neighbor that I've got jest keeps
me in a fret
A playin' Methodistic tunes upon a ol' cornet,
An', sayin' nuthin' of th' noise, it keeps my
pious head
Plum full o' durned onchristian thoughts, me
being Baptist bred.

Another neighbor an' his wife an' growed up
gals has got
A organ, an' their musicales jest keeps me
biliin' hot,
Fur every night when honest folks had ort
to be in bed
They keep that ol' harmonic wreck a try'n'
to rise the dead!
They sing the sinful songs of earth, then
jerky spasms that
They claim is rag-time gems o' song; I sw'at,
they'd sings a cat!
An' when I made a Christian kick my speech
he rudely checked
By tellin' me to go to grass, or words to that
effect.

There's others 'round on every side with habits
that annoy
My calm an' quiet Christian ways an' wreck
my peaceful joy.
An' often when I kneel in prayer some strange
onearthly sound
'Ll come to pull my thoughts from God an'
smash 'em to the ground.
I'd like to heed the parson's words an' love
such brutes as them,
Fur I don't want to miss a p'int to win the
diadem,
But if it's requisite to give sich neighbors
Christian love
I've either got to perish with the onredeemed,
or move!
—Denver Post.

She Was His'n.

They talked about the margin wide
Between the wants of men,
How some had simple tastes, and some
Fastidious were again.

Quoth he: "Oh yes, some are content
With things of little worth,
But that won't do for me; I want
The best there is on earth."

With joy of uncaged bird that once
Again to freedom soars
She fell into his arms and screamed—
"Thanks, darling, I am yours."
—Boston Courier.

Johnnie's Plaint.

Teeny,
Weeny
Lit'l fellers
Has no fun at all.
Jus' when 'ey is playin' hardes'
Hears somebody call:
"Johnnie-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e!
You-u-u-u, Johnnie-e-e-e!
Come-right-home 'is minute!"
Awful aggravatin', ain't it?
Has to stop our play
An' go home, so's ma can tell us,
"Don't go far away!"

Teeny,
Weeny
Lit'l fellers
Sometimes can't keep well,
Speshly if'eir bigges' brother,
He starts in to yell:
"Johnnie-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e!
Did yo'-use-my shavin'-brush
To-black-your-shoes-jus'-wait
Tel-I-catch-you-Johnnie-e-e-e!"
'At's the way wif bigges' brothers;
Everything 'at's did
Flies right off an' goes to work an'
Blames it on the kid.
—Baltimore American.

The River.

De River talk on evr' han'—
He gossip fur en free;
He know de secrets er de land',
En tell 'um ter de sea.

He run 'long whar de gyarden grow
W'en Springtime melt de snows;
He tell de Sea Win,' "Ef you blow
Dat way you'll fin' a rose."

De Lily in de gayrden spot
Say, "Rock me, please, ter res'!"
He takes de finest' en de lot,
En wear 'um on he breas'.

He knows des whar de Sunshine keep
En kiss de rose ter red;
He sees de Moonlight go ter sleep
'Pon top de vi'let bed.

He tells de news er ever' place,
En w'en yo' Sweetheart pass
He gives her back her purty face
Des lak' a lookin'-glass!

He pass de big house en de hut,
En spread de gossip free—
O Mister River, tell me whut
My Sweetheart think er me!
—Woman's Home Companion.

To John Chinaman.

Your manners impress us as queer, John;
Your language is rough on the ear, John.
And your hair is done up in a queue.
Your trousers are not the right shape, John;
The conviction we cannot escape, John,
That wour social attainments are few.

You play at this game called "Fan-Tan," John;
Why don't you play "draw" like a man, John?
'Twill leave you worse off when you're
through;
And your bad men take opium smoke, John;
In whisky you won't learn to soak, John,
As civilized persons oft do.

You work all the day and the night, John;
Do you really think it is right, John,
For labor to show such a greed?
You're a quiet, long-suffering chap, John,
But you'll have to get off the map, John,
And give us the room that we need.
—Washington Star.

Gifts of the Year.

The years pass on, and more and more
A miracle it seems to me,
To see the Spring come slowly up
From Southern gulf and sea;
To see the emerald grass arise
From fields where snow lay yesterday,
And see the bare brown boughs put on
Their wealth of leaf and spray;
To see the airy stalks of wheat
Bend low and lower with the grain
Which feeds a multitude at home
And millions o'er the main;
To see the swaying boughs droop low
With ruby fruit, the whole year's flower,
And field and garden everywhere
Yield up their precious dower;
To see the Summer leave our homes
For shores where Mexic waters play,
And stealthy Autumn set his feet
Where she trod yesterday.
And though our eyes may never see
Again this grand procession come,
We know the years will bring it still—
The Spring and harvest-home—
And other eyes will see it all,
And other hearts with joy shall beat,
To see the sweet June roses bloom,
And watch the ripening wheat.
—Ninette M. Lowater, in the New York Sun.

The Reason Why.

He stood one bright May evening
A lovely creature and fair,
And his eager eyes grew misty
As he gazed at her standing there.

Her cheeks, so fair in the twilight,
Seemed to speak unutterable love,
Her form, like that of Venus
As fit for the realms above.

She stretched her hands out toward him,
Softly she whispered "come,"
But never a word did he answer,
But turned on his lone way home.

O why this departure so pitiless
From one so fair and dear,
So seemingly cruel and heartless
To his sweetheart standing near.

The query is easily answered,
For in that twilight dim
He saw the old man's bull-dog
Lying in wait for him.
—Royal W. Weller, in the Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Serenade.

She leaned from her window as he came by,
He passed, with a bow and a hopeful sigh;
Then softly he played
To the listening maid
A lyrical dream from the "Serenade."

He drifted from that to a Tosti song,
And mused of the land he had left so long—
Of Italia fair,
With its amorous air,
And the fair Senorita he'd loved over there.

The languishing cadence in melody flows
As sweetly he plays of "The Beautiful Rose."
The beauty enhanced
When upward he glanced
To where the fair damsel sat, half-entranced.

But see! From her window she leans, and she speaks:
"Git aff av th' shtrate, or Of'll git yer tin weeks!
Yer lazy galoot!
Now rustle an' shoot,
Or Of'll break in yez face, an' pi-anny t' boot!"
—Baltimore American.

Boomed the Plague Too Well.

Now one fine day was found a rat,
As dead as nail in door,
But what the plague he died of—
That perplexed the people sore.

So lest infection should be sent
From this dead rat to kill us,
To work two learned experts went
In search of plague bacillus.

So that's the way they raised the scare
Of the bubonic plague.
The facts they founded on were rare
And inferences vague.

But still we've got ourselves a name
For plague and stench and dirt,
Which to ourselves may bring some blame,
And to our city hurt.

For trade shall shun our seething shore,
And tourists distance keep,
And all our business men may snore
All days a Sunday sleep.

The century that's coming fast
Shall hear the people tell
How, in the last year of the last,
They boomed the plague too well.
—San Francisco Call.

The Man Who Hollered.

I ain't the man who led the way,
A-ridin' proud an' stately:
I walked fur miles in the display,
The same fatigued me greatly.
I wasn't of the chosen few,
Silk-hatted an' high collared,
I did jes' what they told me to,
I am the man who hollered.

They told me I was needed there,
Sech doin's always has 'em—
The folks who forward the affair
With their enthusiasm.
I never tried to make a speech,
Not bein' any schollard,
I merely f'ined the general screech,
I am the man who hollered.

I've had to meet with some expenes,
That couldn't be neglected,
My achin' head, it feels immense,
I'm weary an' dejected.
Not one of 'em could tell my name;
Those leaders whom I follered,
A patriot all unknown to fame,
I am the man who hollered.
—Washington Star.

Just at Dawn.

Sixteen tomcats mixed in a fray
Out on the fence at the break of day;
Just as the lamps and stars went out
And only the form of a cop was about—
Just at dawn!

Sixteen sashes on each dwelling side
Fly on their pulleys away up and wide,
Fly with the din of a mountain road train,
With clatter of woodwork and rattle of pans—
Just at dawn!

Sixteen heads of disheveled hair,
Flung to the breeze of the new crisp air;
Three of the sixteen caught by the neck,
Hurl out words like skippers on deck—
Just at dawn!

Sixteen missiles—vases and books,
Umbrellas, mats and brass curtain hooks;
Sixteen lives extinguished with pain,
But one hundred and thirty-five still remain—
Just after dawn!
—Chicago Daily News.

Shine, Bright Sun, on Dixie.

Oh, Dixie lan' is de lan' er raisin'
But what de good er de folks complainin'?
Shine out—
Shine out,
Shine out, bright sun, on Dixie!

De storm beat down de roof en panel,
But de melon heart ez red ez flannel;
Shine out—
Shine out,
Shine out, bright sun, on Dixie!

Hit's des de time fer ter feel yo' best in:—
Everyt'ing 'cept de mortgage's restin'
Shine out—
Shine out,
Shine out, bright sun, on Dixie!

We huddle close,—by de rain surrounded;
But our heads is out, en we ain't half-drownded!
Shine out—
Shine out,
Shine out, bright sun, on Dixie!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Talk Hopefully.

Talk happiness. The world is sad enough
Without your woes. No path is wholly rough.
Look for the places that are smooth and clear,
And speak of those to rest your weary ear
Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain
Of mortal discontent and grief and pain.

Talk faith. The world is better off
Without your ignorance and wicked doubt.
If you have faith in God or man or self,
Say so; if not, push back upon the shelf
Of silence all your thoughts till faith shall come;
No one will grieve because your lips are dumb.

Talk health. The dreary, never-changing tale
Of mortal maladies is worn and stale.
You cannot charm, or interest, or please
By harping on that minor chord, disease.
Say you are well, or all is well with you,
And God shall hear your words and make them true.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The Meadow Lark.

An airy flutter of slender, brown wings,
And hark is it joy or sorrow that sings
In the one swelling note
That trembles and thrills through the long-lifted throat?

A rush o'er the prairies, a sorrowful cry,
And the quivering grasses bow down with a sigh.
Stirred deep by emotion
That in the wind sings and cries o'er the wide grassy ocean.

A thrill of the heart, a trembie of grasses,
And wind-sound and bird-song a melody passes;
We puzzle long, but we may not know
If wind or lark first sang this song,
With its burden of exquisite woe.
—Annie Reece Pugh, in Chicago Times-Herald.

We'll Do the Selling.

There's fighting in Asia
And Africa, too;
But all is serene
'Neath the Red, White and Blue.
If others must fight,
To our grief and surprise,
We won't join the fracas,
We'll sell the supplies.
—Washington Star.