"Don't Worry!"

At sun-up, in the torrid heat,
A man began in accents sweet,
To say: "If you'd not feel the heat,
Don't worry."

And every person whom he met
He'd stop and murmur: "Hot? You bet!
But to keep cool—now, don't forget,
Don't worry."

He'd greet them with a pleasant bow,
And say: "How are you, anyhow?
You're looking warm. I'll tell you, now,
Don't worry."

At last the men he worried so
Seized him, and flung him to and fro,
And answered all his yells with "Oh,
Don't worry."

His epitaph was very neat:
"Good friend, don't worry at the heat
Where you are now. Keep cool and sweet,
Don't worry."
—Baltimore American.

PAW GETS ALL "HET UP"

Goes Out on the Porch to Sleep and Runs Afoul of the Neighbor's Dog, Who Trees Him.

One nite when it was so hot paw got up about midnite and sed He was going out on the portch to sleep, becoz he would suffick cate if he couldn't have Fresh air.

"Well, you better put your close on," maw told him, becoz he was dressed only in his Long nite gownd.

"What for?" paw says. "Nobuddy can see in amung the vines along the Frunt of the portch. 'If I would haft to ware trowsers it wouldn't do enny good to go out."

So he went and got in the hammuck and pritty soon the muskeatas and Things began to find out where he was.

If he would of rung the bell when he wanted to come back in the house it would of Been all rite, but he forgot he didn't Have his keys in his nite shurt pocket when he went out, and he hated to disturb the Fambly.

They are a big tree beside our house, with the lims growing out over the top of the portch. So Paw thot he would clime up the tree and get on the porich and go in a nopen windo. Then nobuddy would haft to get woke up.

The first thing me and maw and Little albert new about it was when we herd paw hollering and Captun Cooper's dawg from next door Barken pritty savidge.

The dawg saw paw when he started across the grass toward the tree, and I gess he must of thot it was a goast or sumthing.

"Paw Was Hollerin'."

When we looked out of the windo we saw paw go past first, and pritty soon the dawg. They were having a race around the house. Paw was hollering "Help," and the dawg wasn't losing ennything on each lap.

"Wait, paw," maw told him, "and I'll come down and open the door."

"I haven't time," paw sed when he went past again like a Sack of flower shot out of a cannon.

Then the dawg got to gaining, and pritty soon paw gave a jump, when he got near the tree, and cot a lim. It was the highest jump paw ever made in His life, and he couldn't of done it if he would of had a lot of close on. But his nite shurt didn't seem to way mutch.

After he got so he was settin' on the lim catching his breth and talking harsh to the dawg, a poleasmun came running to the seen of trubble.

"Come down out of that," he told paw.

"That's all rite," paw ansord. "You wait till I go in the house and get some close on and I'll tell you how it happened."

Then paw began to crawl up the tree so he could step on the portch and get in the windo.

"Hold on there," the poleasmun hollered when he saw what paw was doing. "Don't you go enny further or I'll shoot."

"My goodnuss!" maw screamed, "this mite be a turrable tradigy before we could help it. Please don't shoot," she told the poleasmun.

Then she got paw's trowsers and sed: "Here they are, paw, catch them."

Trousers Were Saved.

She gave them a fling, but they didn't go straight, and the poleasmun and the dawg made a run for them. Each one grabbed a Laig, but the poleasmun hit the dawg with his club, and the trowsers got saved.

Then paw clum down the tree and put on the trowsers, with the poleasmun holding him by the collar of the nite gownd so he wouldn't escape.

While they were tawking about it maw got Dressed and went down to the frunt portch, so pritty soon she and paw came back upstairs, and the poleasmun went away, when paw gave him a quarter to By some cigars. It was pritty still for quite a while after we were all in Bed again. Then paw sed loud enuff so you could hear him all through the house:

"That's what a-body gets for having a kind hart. If I wouldn't of cared for the cumfort of the rest of the fambly I would of rung the bell and woke you all up. But that's always the way when a person does kind deeds. Here you are, maw, snickering like a nold man at a bailey show, and me all het up, too! Think what mite of happened if I wouldn't of cot that lim when I jumped."

"That's what I'm doin'," maw sed.—Georgie, in Chicago Times-Herald.

HAD A SURPLUS, ALL RIGHT.

But, in Effort to Realize, She Made a Bad Mess of It.

Having graduated at a famous Eastern seminary, and always remembering that her father had started from the scratch and won handily in the race for business success, she felt justified in announcing right after marriage that she would run the whole outfit at home, keep books and render reports once a quarter.

It must be admitted that she got a shade off on almost everything she bought, sent back everything that was not up to the quality ordered, and seldom provided in excess of what she required.

At the end of the first year rather a puzzling situation was encountered. By some mysterious and paradoxical perversion of figures that she could not unravel, though she lost hours of sleep and grew hollow-eyed in the attempt, she had a surplus of $125, though she was without a dollar in the family fund. She gleefully told her husband how well she had done, and he was inconsiderate enough to ask for a sight of the "velvet," as he termed it.

"It must be some place," she assured him. "I know business better than you know your profession. I'm just one $5 ahead, and I'll find it, too." That night she sat down at her books after supper and never left them until called to breakfast. Then she wanted a little walk and headed toward the depot. Two hours later she was awakened to read a responsive telegram from her father:

"Have wired the money. You can fool that jay husband of yours all right enough, but don't try any such game on your dad again. Far better to ask right out for what you want."

She triumphantly laid the money before her husband with a request that he have a little greater confidence in her after that. He responded by laying before her another telegram from dad.

"Don't know whether you are trying to job me, but will stand no more for Betty's bookkeeping. Discharge her and hire cheap young man at my expense."—Detroit Free Press.

"CHUCK" TRIES TO EXPLAIN.

But John Chinaman Fails to Grasp the Situation.

"Chuck" Conners was proudly exhibiting in Chinatown yesterday a letter which he had just received from Auburn. According to the postmark it had been mailed the day before. It was addressed simply to "Chuck" Conners, New York, but he had received it without delay. "Chuck" was proud of this because it showed that he was well known. He declared he was not surprised that he had received the letter so soon after it was posted, because he recently got one from Japan addressed, "Chuck" Conners, United States.

"I guess I am about the best-known man in America outside of the President," said "Chuck" to the reporter. "I heard that he got a letter from Roosia or s'mother place wid only Bill McKinley writ on der anvelope."

"Chuck" began to tell the reporter of his theatrical plans for next season, when he was interrupted by a passing Chinaman. The latter was a laundryman in Yonkers, and he had not visited Chinatown in several weeks from fear of being mobbed. He knew "Chuck."

"Hullo, Mis' Conners!" began the Chinaman.

"Hullo, John!" responded "Chuck." "How about the war?"

"Wa? wa?" replied the Chinaman, as a puzzled expression came into his eyes. "What wa?"

"Why, de war in China; what war d'yer t'ink?"

"Wa? wa—Wa Lee?" asked John.

"No, no; not Wa Lee—war in China; war between China and America."

John was gazing apparently at nothing down the street at this point, and he still had the faraway look in his eyes as he resumed:

"Wa, wa—China and Melica?"

"Yes, dat's what I said; war between China and America."

"Wa, wa," mused John, as if sorely perplexed, "why for wa China and Melica?"

"'Cause de Chinks are killing all de Americans in China, dat's why—'cause China is making war on America, dat's why."

"Wa, wa—why for China make wa Melica?"

"Ask me something easy. You Chinks oughter know dat. But America is going to make war on China now, you bet."

"Wa, wa," continued John, in musing tones, "why for Melica make wa on China?"

"'Cause China makes war on America. But America is going over to China and lick China out of her boots."

"Wa, wa—Melica lick China's boots?"

"Lick China's boots! Not on yer life! America's going to lick China off der face of de earth, you slant-eyed lobster. What'll you Chinks do then?"

"Wa, wa," responded John, with the same blank, expressionless look upon his face, "Melica lick China, Melica lick China."

"Yes, dat's what I said—America lick China and what will China do then?"

"Wa, wa; Melica lick China," mused John, in slow tones, as he continued to gaze down the street. Silence reigned then for several moments. It was finally broken by John, who murmured, gently as a Summer breeze, "Splose China lick Melica, what Melica do then?"—New York Tribune.

GETS BACK HIS BLIND HORSE.

Slick Parson Outwitted by Slicker Horsedealer.

He never read David Harum, but this Long Island veterinary surgeon has a stock of tales that have a decided Harum flavor. One of them relates to the time when he got the best of the parson in his native village. It was more than 50 years ago, and he was then in his teens. He and the minister were the most pronounced lovers of good horses in town, and when he saw the reverend gentleman drive out a handsome, well-gaited new horse, envy and other unchristian qualities entered into his soul and increased every time he saw the horse. He knew he would never be happy until he could own it.

After a great many skirmishes, in which both knew they were dickering for a deal, though neither would have owned to it, they reached the bargain stage and the youth, depleted in pocket but tremendously self-satisfied, took home his purchase, the coveted horse. Nothing marred his elation until he reached the stable door, when the horse refused to step. Investigation proved that the beautiful horse was blind. He would go in and out of familiar quarters all right, but was lost in a strange place.

His new owner was cast down and disappointed, but he did not despair. Instead he determined that, in some way, at some time, he would even matters with the tricky clergyman, so he said nothing but kept thinking. Shortly afterward he went to a neighboring town on a visit and took the horse with him. When he returned, it was understood that he traded his horse, and the minister was one of the first to show an interest in the new animal. Every day the young man passed and repassed the parsonage, and as often as he did so the clerical figure appeared at the front gate.

When the time was ripe there was some preliminary talk about horses in general, and finally about that horse in particular.

"Want to sell him?" inquired the minister at last.

"No, he suits me."

"Looks a great deal like that horse you bought from me," he remarked, with a smile.

"There is one difference: I don't get taken in the second time on a trade," replied the young man; "besides, he's a better horse all around; goes twice as well, you can see that yourself."

The talk ended, as all such talks do, in a trade, by which the clergyman got the horse and the youth made $25 over his former deal. Then he awaited the sequel. It was not long in coming. The minister appeared in a terrible rage, breathing threats of vengeance.

"That's the same old horse. You've deceived and cheated me," he declared. "You will have to refund the money."

"Go slow, parson. I didn't say anything about it being a different horse from yours. I said he was different in one way, and so he was. That hair dye I put on his white legs and the spot in his forehead was all right. I din't tell you I hadn't used any, did I? That was what made him different, nothing else. And if I was you I wouldn't say much. Seems to me it would be better not to. If I should tell the whole story it wouldn't sound nice—for you."

Evidently the parson decided that it would not, and the subject rested.—New York Press.

ROUGH ON THE GAS MAN.

But Says He'll Get Even for Being Trapped as a Burglar.

"Help! help! police! Merciful goodness, where is that policeman?"

When it is whooped up in this style along the upper section of Cass avenue, from a front porch in the middle of the afternoon, it is paralyzing, blood-curdling and generally terrific. There was a great rushing forth of women. They held their dresses in the best position for running, leaned eagerly forward, asked what it could mean, and wondered.

One wiry little woman of 70, gritty as she was venerable, beat the corpulent policeman to the scene of trouble. "What is it?" they inquired in discordant chorus.

"Burglar," in high notes, "burglar in the cellar. Wonder that you got here at all. If you can't run faster than that why don't you walk or send for the wagon? Burglar in the cellar, I said."

"D—I guess not," from the policeman, "not in broad daylight."

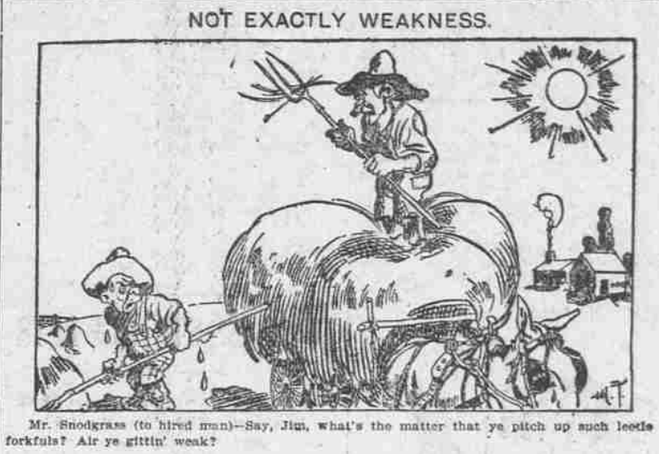
"Well, sir, you can just guess again. Didn't I say there was a burglar in the cellar? Hasn't he been pounding, swearing and yelling to get out? I've got him trapped. Come on, if you are not afraid." The policeman led the way. The woman of the house had a hatchet, the old lady was armed with a flatiron and the policeman had a gun in one hand as he raised the trapdoor with the other. Up the steep, narrow steps came a man with a lantern and a uniform. He was mad for keeps and roaring forth his word that somebody would pay for his imprisonment. "Been in there an hour," he announced. "Case of false imprisonment, if there ever was one. Bolted the door just after I went down. But don't you forget that I'll get satisfaction."

"Man that reads the meters," sneered the policeman.

"Came mighty near hitting him," trembled the old lady.

"Lands, I forgot all about his going down," from the lady of the house, "but his last bill was highway robbery anyhow, and that's worse than burglary."—Detroit Free Press.

NOT EXACTLY WEAKNESS.



Mr. Snodgrass (to hired man)—Say, Jim, what's the matter that ye pitch up such leetle forkfuls? Air ye gittin' weak?

Jim—No; 'tain't exactly weakness ex I kno wa on.

JUMBLED IDEAS.

Tried to Rise to the Situation, but Couldn't Manage It.

He—So nice to find you here—I scarcely thought you had returned to town.
Her Sister—Oh, yes; we brought
Our pastorale to quite a sudden close—
The chilly weather.
He—Too bad! I suppose
Your sister, also, has returned?
And how—
Her Sister—Oh, she's quite well. She's not at home just now.
He—Ah! What a charming season we have had!
Her Sister—Just charming! Yet it makes one feel so glad to be in town.
He—Yes, truly. Did you say
You thought your sister would stay long away?
Her Sister—Oh, no. She meant to make a call or two—
He—What are you reading? Is it something new?
Her Sister—A very clever, comprehensive screed
Upon the negro of the South.
He—Indeed!
That should be interesting. I have seen
Much of the Southern negro.
Has she been
Long gone?
Do you expect her soon? I mean your sister.
Her Sister—Not just yet.
He—Ahem! Of course,
The negro of the South lacks mental force,
Such as the Northern negro shows. No doubt
She'll come in time for dinner?
Her Sister—She went out
Just after luncheon.
He—Well—ah—as I said,
The Northern negro has the clearer head;
His mental qualities have far outgrown
Those of the Southern ne— Is she alone?
I might walk down to meet her.
Her Sister (with sarcasm)—Yes, you might.
He—Though, to be sure, it is delightful, quite,
To chat with you. The negro of the North
Has had a wider chance of branching forth,
Whereas, the negro of the South, at home—
You don't exactly know which way she'll come?
Her Sister—I don't—
He—The negro of the South, well, he—
The negro of the South—in fact, you see,
He naturally is—er—ah—of better stock,
And finer grain. It must be 5 o'clock.
I really ought to go. Tell her I've found
The book we spoke of. I will bring it 'round—
Yes, his association with the whites has made
Him gentle, cultured, graceful.
The negro of the South—he—well—in this
Respect, would seem—By Jove, ah! there she is!
—Madeline S. Bridges in Truth.

"IT'S SHANGHAI!"

Specials That Lie and Dispatches That Pain.

He but smiled a smooth smile that was childlike and bland, watching Seymour the while he allowed him to land. That was Monday—next day he for fight colled his queue, and the dickens did play with the ships at Taku. Then on Tuesday he smashed and bombarded Tien-Tsin, while Seymour just dashed up and captured Pekin. But on Wednesday—willed it the Orient fate?—Sir Seymour was killed just outside the South Gate; and that same afternoon, on the very same ground, the perverse I-Ho-Chuan did Sir Seymour surround, and compelled him to shin down the road to Taku, while saving Tien Tsin, as he'd set out to do.

But in ways that are dark (which I mentioned before) the top high-water mark was here reached by Seymour, when the state he descried of the town of Tien-Tsin, missionaries outside and the Boxers within! For he charged on the wall, and before 6 o'clock he had massacred all that evangelist flock!

"Twas a way that was dark, call it righteous who may; 'twas a very strange "lark" for a man dead a day. Yet fret not nor chafe for his treating them so—he believed them safe at the mouth of Pei-ho, while maintaining his ground 20 miles from the coast 'gainst the prisoners bound and a wild, fleeing host. And 'tis fully assured that the envoys he'll save, though each has been immured 20 times in his grave; for each time they are slain, or by ones or the batch, their hopes they explain through a cheering dispatch, of his allied marines, each to each a true brother, fighting Boxers by means of attacking each other.

"Oh," we say, "It's Shanghai!" That's the way we explain that for specials that lie and dispatches that pain 'the Mongolian faker's peculiar.—New York Mail and Express.

NEW SYSTEM OF MNEMONICS.

How Miggles Remembers What His Wife Wants Him to Buy.

My friend, Micah Miggles, has a system of mnemonics all his own. When he wishes to remember one word he thinks of another that may sound quite different, but that bears some relation of ideas to the word he seeks to retain. Thus, if you told him to buy a pair of socks, he would immediately think of the word "sockdolager," and, 10 to 1, when he arrived at the store the word would have turned into doxology, and he would come back with a hymn book. So his system has its faults, but Miggles swears by it, and once in a while he evolves a triumph in his line.

Last week his wife asked him to stop at Munnimaker's and buy a few things for her. He immediately made a list so that he should not forget. I was with him when he drew out this list at Munnimaker's.

"Hello!" said he, "what's all this royal family about? I can't think whether it was books or kitchen utensils that Mrs. Miggles asked me to get." This, after reading his list.

"What's on the list?" I asked.

"Why, I made it out in my own system, you know, and I can't think of the key to it. I've got to have a starter always. It says, 'King Henry V., one Prince of Wales, one Duke of York, Queen Victoria and Marquis of Lorne, too.'"

"Why, it's historical works or photographs," said I, but I was really quite in the dark.

"No," said Miggles. "Just help me to think. I'm sure it wasn't books or pictures. I think it was dry goods."

Quite accidentally I put him on the track. If I hadn't, in spite of his system he would have gone home without a bundle, and as he is a commuter, that would have been a little irregular.

"What is King?" I said, half to myself.

"Ha!" said Miggins; "thanks. 'Cotton is king'—old expression. Cotton—'King Henry V. equals five yards of cotton.'"

"Good!" said I. "But what in thunder is 'one Prince of Wales?'"

"Prince—Prince—prints—one yard of prints!" And Miggles laughed with joy.

"There is more in that system than I thought," said I. "But what can you make out of 'one Duke of York?'"

"Duke—Duke—Duke. Duke—Duchess. Ha! one yard of duchesse lace."

"You're a wonder!" said I. "But what can 'Queen Victoria and Marquis of Lorne, too,' mean?"

Like a shot he answered: "Two yards of Victoria—lawn! Hooray!"—Charles Battell Loomis, in the Smart Set.

He Was the "Party."

A Coney Island excursion steamer was leaving New York with but few passengers aboard. The boat had just cast off, when a stout man, with a very red face, rushed down the pier, and, flourishing his stick, shouted: "Hey, captain! Put back—back her quick! Here's a large party wants to go."

The captain was at first derisive, but finally shouted from the pilot-house: "How large is the party?"

For an instant the fat man hesitated, then he yelled back: "Between 60 and 70."

As soon as the captain heard this number he instantly ordered the steamer back and made fast again. The fat man waddled across the gang plank, and, picking out a nice deck seat, fanned himself with a straw hat. Meanwhile the captain and his crew waited for the party to arrive. After waiting five minutes and more the captain turned impatiently toward the stout man and asked: "Where's your party between 60 and 70? This boat can't wait all day for them."

"Oh, that's all right," replied the fat passenger, with a bland smile; "I'm the party; 65 today, sir."

The captain's face grew redder even than the passenger's as he furiously rang the bell to steam ahead, but the fat man at once became the hero of the boat.—Collier's Weekly.

Killed His Patient.

At a lesson in a medical college the other day one of the students who was by no means a dullard, was asked by the professor: "How much is a dose of —?" (giving the technical name of a strong poison.)

"A teaspoonful," was the ready reply.

The professor made no comment, but the student, a quarter of an hour later, realized that he had made a mistake, and straightway said:

"Professor, I want to change my answer to that question."

"It's too late, sir," responded the professor, curtly, looking at his watch. "Your patient has been dead 14 minutes."—Weekly Telegraph.

POEMS WORTH READING

The One-Price Man.

Yew wanter buy thet heifer, Zeb? I don't believe yew can;
I wouldn't sell thet heifer, sir, to any livin' man.
No, sir, if yew should come an' lay a fifty in my hand
I'd go an' shet the stable door an' let thet heifer stand.
I'd let her stand right where she is till she is old an' gray
Afore I'd sell one side of her, thet's all I've got to say.
Yew heerd I wanted to dispose? Yew must hev heerd it wrong;
I'd buy a dozen like her, Zeb, if yew'd bring them along.

Of course t've got a lot of stock, more stock 'en what I need,
An' I am short of stable room, an' somewhat short of feed;
But ez for sellin' thet there beast I wouldn't, no sirree!
Let forty dollars come between thet heifer, Zeb, an' me.
I am a one-price critter, Zeb, no man kin beat me down;
She's wuth a heap more 'n forty, Zeb, ask any man in town.
Hi Hunker wants her purty bad, an' so does Deekin Hale,
But ez I said before, of course, the heifer ain't for sale.

She's gentle an' she's good an' kind, an' slicker then an eel;
A child could milk her any time, she'd never raise a heel.
She never hooks nor jumps the fence, she never runs away,
An' comes around at milkin' time ez reg'lar ez the day.
You'd orter see the milk she gives, it's yaller, thick an' sweet,
An' ez for quantity, by gum, thet heifer can't be beat!
They's junks of butter floatin' round inside the milkin' pail,
An' speakin' of her butter, Zeb—but then, she ain't for sale.

Yew say yew're bound to hev her, Zeb? Yew want her purty bad?
The slickest piece of cow-flesh, sir, a farmer ever had!
Wuth thirty dollars ez she stands, an' not a dollar less;
For I'm a one-price critter, Zeb, yew'll find thet out, I guess.
Wuth thirty dollars ez she stands, I'll tell yew what I'll dew;
I'll swap her now for twenty-five—'twixt me an' her an' yew.
Jest twenty-five, no more or less, for I'm a one-price man,
An' if yew want to swap her back, why durn it, Zeb, yew can.
—Joe Cone in New York Sun.

Clinched.

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.

A Matter of Policy.

While honesty is policy
And truth a jewel too,
I'd hate to be the person
Who told everything that's true,
Who instead of lying glibly,
"What a lovely child is that!"
Must in truth say to its mother,
"What an ugly little brat!"

Just suppose at some reception,
Entertainment should be slow,
And we fret and fume and fidget
As we often do, you know,
Who would care to make his farewell
Truthfully to host and say,
"I've been simply bored to death, sir,
And I'm glad to get away?"

Who would care to meet a lady
Whom he hadn't seen for years,
Greet her pleasantly and tell her
How much older she appears?
How much nicer to lie glibly,
Lie sincerely, and to say,
"Why, it seems to me that you are
Growing younger every day?"

Be he saint or be he sinner,
Would a mortal man, forsooth,
Ever dare go out to dinner
If he had to tell the truth?
Say the roast was tough and tasteless,
Say the soup was seasoned wrong,
Say 'twas strange how weak the coffee
When the butter was so strong!

When the amateur canary
In the parlor warbles gay,
Like a buzzsaw on a tantrum,
Who would care to rise and say,
"Goodness me, but how you flatted,
My, how shrill your high notes are,
I have heard young calves that blatted
Better music—better far?"

If to truth you have a leaning,
It's not always best to say
What you think on some occasions,
There's another, wiser way;
'Twixt your policy and conscience
To affect a compromise,
Let what you think be truthful
If what you tell be lies.
—Bismarck Tribune.

Good Times in Georgia.

Bees are swarming,
Honey is in,
Birds are singing
On every limb.

Gardens growing
Full of sass,
Cows are lowing,
Finding grass.

Farmers happy
Hear their "gee,"
Fruit is loaded
On every tree.

Chickens growing
Day and night,
Fish are willing
Your hook to bite.

Candidates coming
Thro' thick and thin,
And telling they're
Going to win.

Clerks are busy
In every store,
Girls are pretty
As never before.
—Walker County Messenger.

The Tongue.

I.

"Go, bring me from that crowded street
The choicest morsel man may eat;
Prepare it for my midday meal,
Let this thy skill and taste reveal!"
Thus to his servant spake the sage,
Renowned for wisdom in his age.

II.

The willing slave, no longer young,
Went forth and purchased only tongue;
Prepared the meal, without a word,
And bore it to his gracious lord.
He silent ate, and eating, thought
It strange that only tongue was brought.

III.

The morrow came; "Go bring me, sure,
The vilest dish thou canst procure;
Prepare it for my midday feast,
My mandate change not in the least!"
Thus to his servant spake the sage,
Renowned for wisdom in his age.

IV.

Again the crowded street was sought,
Again tongue—only tongue—was bought;
Prepared again with skillful hands,
This servant filled his lord's commands.
The master ate, and eating, thought
It strange that tongue again was brought.

V.

"How is it"—thus at length he speaks—
"Thou dost indulge such senseless freaks?
I ask the best, and tongue receive;
The worst, and tongue again you give;
I cannot surely understand
How this agrees with my command."

VI.

"My lord! for wisdom world-renowned,
I pray thee think; where can be found
A thing so good, so pure, forsooth,
As the good tongue, the tongue of truth?
And what so bad, so vile, so mean,
As the bad tongue, impure, unclean?

VII.

"Both good and bad they are, my lord,
And thus have I obeyed thy word."
The master gravely bowed his head;
"'Tis ever thus; thou has't well said;
In high or low, in old or young,
The best—the worst—is found in tongue."
—Harvey Wendell in Harper's Monthly.

His Hope.

"What is his bridge to heaven?" they cried,
And the warriors held their breath,
As the grizzled King of a hundred fights
Went down to the river of death.

"What is his bridge to heaven?" they cried,
"Is it bastioned with buckles and spears,
And girded strong with the iron blades
Of the battles of bygone years?

"And what are the voices he hears in his dreams?
Are they the clamors of fight,
Or the echoes of splendid victories that come
As he stands by the river at night?"

"Nay, nay," and they stand by in wonder and awe,
For all that he builds on there
Are a withered blossom, a baby's shoe,
And the lock of a woman's hair.

And the only voices he hears in his dreams,
As the world dies out on his ears,
Are an old love-ballad, a baby's laugh,
And the sob of a dead wife's tears.
W. W. Campbell in Pearson's Magazine.

England's Laureate.

Oh, H'England 'as a poet with a 'arp o' many strings,
But Lor! they seem h'all busted when 'e lifts 'is voice and sings!
Is metre's like a daschshund with bow legs behind h'and 'fore;
Hi tell you, H'England quivers when 'is Pegasus doth soar!

'Is laurels h'are o' burdock er o' chickweed er th' like;
'Is verses all remind us o' the novice h'on the pike;
'E wobbles h'and 'e wobbles, h'and 'is bloomin' tires give h'out,
When 'e fills 'is lung wien atmosphere h'and starts 'is mighty shout!

They dassent jump h'upon 'is neck because 'e's laureate.
H'and gits three hundred pounds per year h'and Malmsey wine h'and cate.
'E h'is the fambly minstrel, and 'is wires h'are badly sprung,
H'and h'if 'e lived h'in n'olden times, 'tis plain 'e would be 'ung!

Oh, h'every time the British h'in South Afric win a town,
This laureate, in jig tims, does the h'episode h'up brown.
'E gallops h'in h'iambics, h'and 'e whoops h'in spondees long.
H'and 'is dactyls h'and 'is trochees h'are both picturesque h'and strong.

Oh, 'ail Columbia, Yankees h'ail, that we've no tethered muse
That wobbles for three hundred pounds h'and eke a keg o' booze.
The shade o' Tennyson h'and h'all who rode h'in golden cars—
Oh, well, this H'Alfred h'is a poet, but Hi tell you what, it jars!
—Harold MacGrath in Syracuse Herald.

Willie With the Short Coat.

We've sung about the women and their frills and furbelows,
Their waspish waists and trailing skirts, their tightly compressed toes;
We've laughed at all their foolishness—their follies we've expressed
Of things that we must put up with, if they would be well dressed.
But while we wax sarcastic, let us make a little note
Of the man with padded shoulders and the muchly shortened coat.

We rave of woman's "silliness" in rainy-day attire,
Which she'll not wear except on days when sunshine beams like fire,
We hoot and howl at her big hats, we jibe and sneer and scoff,
Because she'll use complexion tints that sometimes peel right off.
But overlook her for a while, and help us to assail,
The masculine attire—the coat that hasn't any tail.

It strikes him at the waist band, and looks like a widened belt,
The queerest-looking garment that you ever saw or felt—
The shoulders lump and hang around in broad and swagger style,
And miss the shoulders of the man by something like a mile.
Let's sing no more of woman's whims, but take a carping crack,
At Willie with his coat tail ending half way up his back.
—Baltimore American.

Goin', Goin', Gone!

Goin', goin', goin'—gone! Mother, dear, don't cry,
Th' old home passed t' other hands, but mebbe, by an' by
We may save an' buy another, though no place'll ever be
As dear as this one that we've lost has been t' you an' me.
Goin', goin', goin'—gone! Mother, come away,
Th' ol' farm's ben knocked down an' sold—it does no good t' stay;
We've tried our best t' save it, but it wasn't ordered so;
It ain't our home no longer—mother, dear, le's go!

I don't know as I ever see th' ol' farm look so fine,
Never see a deeper green on every shrub an' vine,
Clover blossoms never smelled so fresh and sweet, somehow,
Lilacs never grew so thick, it seems, as th' do now.
The ol' white house with its green blinds, the woodbine creepin' on,
'T won't do no harm, I guess, t' take a las' look 'fore we're gone.
Tried our best t' pay th' debt, we did, th' Lord must know;
But somehow couldn't make it quite—mother, dear, le's go!

Goin', goin', goin'—gone! I seem t' hear it yet,
Seem t' hear the auctioneer—my eyes somehow gets wet,
Gone t' pay th' mor'gages, an' we are crowded out;
Gone! So many things are gone that folks don't think about.
Every blade o' grass an' tree; every foot o' ground,
Has got some hauntin' memory, some sweetness clingin' 'round.
Some memory for you an' me, thaf other folks don't know,
It seems somehow they're speakin' now—mother, dear, le's go!

Goin', gone! We couldn't save it, mother dear—we tried,
But everything went criss-cross—th' cows took sick an' died,
We had t' sell th' horses—th' farmin' didn't pay,
An' troubles sort o' double-quicked—sometimes the' come that way.
Goin', gone! The pasture lands; th' dairy house beside
Th' brook; the first house that we built where Sue and Johnny died.
T' other folks it's simply losin' of a bit o' land,
But the's a loss t' you an' me that they can't understand.

Goin', goin', goin'—gone! I wonder what's th' use
Twinin' heartstrings 'round an' 'round, jes' t' tear 'em loose.
Goin', gone! Th' way o' life; why th' good Lord knows,
Buildin' up for years an' years, an' then away she goes!
Hopes or homes, it's jes' th' same—what we build about,
Other hands mus' reap th' fruits an' we are crowded out.
Story always jes' the same, fr'm th' light o' dawn
T' th' twilight's mist an' shade—hopes gotn', gotn', gone!
—Bismarck Tribune.