

JUST BEFORE WINTER COMES.



Chickens roostin' in the barn,  
Too cold in the trees;  
Folks is keepin' close to hum,  
Jes' like honey bees.  
Frost gits at yer rheumatiz,  
Ain't no use to holler,  
Col' is gittin' in yer bones,  
Pains is bound' to foller.

Mornin' jes' the time to sleep,  
Col' outside the kiver,  
Dad shouts up it's time to bounce,  
Boys begin to shiver;  
Huskin' corn out in the fiel'  
Ain't no mighty 'musin'

'Fore the sun gits really up—  
Rather be a snoozin'.

Quail is hollerin' in the woods,  
Seems jes' like they know  
Folks so busy huskin' corn  
Hunting's got to go;  
Jes' you wait thar, Mr. Quail,  
Jes' keep up yer tootin';  
Spent yer time a crowin' now,  
Soon there'll be some shootin'.

Soon's we git the woodshed full,  
En corn all in the crib,  
Then we'll git our huntin' togs,

En you won't be so glib;  
Dogs'll fin' you in the bresh,  
Spite o' all yer boastin',  
Gun'll then begin to bark,  
Soon you'll be a roastin'.

Autumn's jes' the time o' year  
Makes yer heart git glad;  
Summer's work mos' finished up—  
En winter ain't so bad;  
Settin' roun' a-poppin' corn,  
Er dozin' in a chair;  
In summer can't be lazy,  
Ain't no time to spare.

—Lynn C. Doyle.

WHEN I PLAYED GOLF.

When I played golf I learned to eat  
Some things I dared not eat before.  
I learned another tongue complete,  
I learned to lie about my score.

When I played golf I learned to flirt—  
An opportunity most rare—  
And as I cameed the dirt  
I picturesquely learned to swear.

When I played golf I learned to steal  
The balls the other players lost.  
I learned to spend my all and feel  
'Twas wrong to stop and count the cost.

When I played golf my great concern  
Was this:—I say it to my shame—  
The only thing I did not learn  
Was how to play the cussed game.

—Life.

TOM'S BLUNDER.

TOM BENTLEY was a fool. That is to say, he was generally accredited with having less sense than his fellow men. Certainly he had abilities of a fair order, but they were not of the kind adapted to carry him through the ordinary affairs of life without some blunder here and there.

Tom fell in love. Not that this might be considered as the natural result of his affliction, but it led him to the blunder here recorded.

When Tom first met Miss Amanda Smith he was acting as private secretary to a wealthy retired senator. Just about the time Tom's heart bade him unburden himself at the feet of Miss Amanda, his employer went abroad, taking his secretary with him. Why he did not propose to her by letter, I do not know; nor was it any of my business; I record simply facts.

A year passed by before Tom's employer was disposed to return, and then his return was unexpected, else Tom could hardly have had the chance to make this blunder.

It was a beautiful May morning. Af-

ter a good night's rest, Tom had strolled down town to attend to some business, in order that his mind might be freed from all cares, preliminary to a call upon Miss Smith. Toward noon, his business completed, he entered a fashionable cafe, which was, to him, replete with memories of happy visits, in company with her for whom he had been languishing a whole year. The seat he took gave him a position whence he might admire his own attractions in a full length of French plate, and also observe the other guests plate, and also observe the other guests.

Before he was half through lunch the mirror made known to him the presence of a very striking couple. She was young, beautiful and—Miss Amanda Smith! He—well, Tom did not know him, but observed, with paling cheek, that the two were very much devoted to each other. Finally he noticed a startling fact. Miss Smith, with feminine care, was just in the act of passing a beautiful white hand over her tresses. Tom watched it, in all the fascination of a lover; until suddenly his heart began to sink. On the third finger of Miss Smith's left hand was a wedding ring!

"Great Scott, she's married," poor Tom moaned. The next minute he was off like a shot.

I knew nothing of all this until some time after; in fact, not until I received a letter from Tom, in which he upbraided me for a lack of friendly interest, in not having acquainted him with the news of Miss Smith's marriage. He detailed the scene in the cafe, and told me that his life was ruined; that he never cared to return again to his native town. He was now holding a good position in New York, and would stay there.

I was a little perplexed by this turn of events, yet I correctly guessed the affair to be complicated by his stupidity. I resolved to see Miss Smith, and, if possible, ferret out the mystery. Accordingly, one fine afternoon, I called upon her, in the hope that circum-

stances would bring about some solution of Tom's troubles.

The first thing I observed, when we were seated for a chat, was her left hand. Neither there nor on the other hand could I see anything in appearance approaching a wedding ring. I resolved upon a bold expedient.

"I miss the plain gold ring you sometimes wear," I said.

"Oh, yes," was her reply. "Excuse me for a moment, and I will get it. There is a very sad story connected with it."

She returned shortly, and handed to me what was unmistakably a wedding ring. While I was examining it she related to me the story of a dear cousin, who, after wearing it one short year, had died in far-off India.

"But, Miss Smith," I asked, with the freedom of a friend, "are you not afraid to wear this in such a way that it might mislead people?"

"I never do," she replied. "Indeed, I make it a point of wearing it always on my right hand."

This was all the more perplexing. I knew her to be precise and careful; I knew Tom was not such a fool that he could not tell the right hand from the left. It was certainly strange, and for a few minutes we dropped the matter. At last, an idea having struck me, I asked Miss Smith to put the ring where she usually wore it—on the third finger of the right hand. Then I gently turned her to a mirror, held up her arm, and asked what the mirror said. Astonishment spread over her face as she looked.

"Why, it seems to be on my left hand! I never thought of that."

I did not explain to her the reason of my interest, but that night I sat down and wrote a long letter to Tom, calling him some choice names, and warning him that his folly would ultimately bring untold trouble upon himself if he did not reform.

My harshness, however, did not prevent me from being, three months later, the best man at Tom's wedding.

—Waverley Magazine.



"How do you suppose she manages to have the reputation of being so good-natured?" "Easy enough. She never cultivates any opinions of her own."—Brooklyn Life.

"Did that girl encourage you any?" "Well, when I called she didn't appear herself, but she sent her mother in to see me instead of her father."—Indianapolis Journal.

Suggestion.—Wife—We need a new set of china, dear. This one is nearly gone. Husband—Why don't you wait until we get a new cook and start even?—Harper's Bazar.

"Does this climate agree with you?" said the solicitous person. "Very seldom," answered the man of serious mien. "I'm a professional weather prophet."—Washington Star.

Tommy—Pop, what does it mean to fritter your time away? Tommy's Pop—Oh, that's just another way of expressing the futility of arguing with a woman.—Philadelphia Record.

"What makes you look so gloomy?" "I just had an awful shock." "Did you, really?" "Yes, I just heard a man who is the same age as myself referred to as 'old.'"—Philadelphia Press.

"Isn't that prominent politician something of an egotist?" "I think so; he won't even let his wife's photograph be taken without his bust in the background."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Johnny! Johnny! You're so noisy. I'm going to have rubber soles put on all your shoes." "That's great, ma! And, oh, ma! get me some rubber elbows, too!"—Indianapolis Journal.

"No, Tommie, dear, you don't get any more jam. Next time, when you have been a very good child, you get some more." "Say, mother, do you think it will keep so long?"—Brooklyn Life.

Mrs. Smith—So Hattie is going to marry Mr. Stickker, after all? Mrs. Brown—Yes, she was forced to it. It was the only way of ever having an evening to herself.—Boston Transcript.

"Why do you leave your windows open at night? Aren't you afraid of burglars?" "Yes, that's the reason. If I keep the windows shut they'd probably break the glass."—Philadelphia Press.

His Reason.—Costigan—Casey hozn't drank a dhrup since he took out the "accident policy." Cassidy—Whoy; Costigan—He sez he's noticed that it's always sober men that gits hurted.—Judge.

Husband—I see they're advertising bargains in patent medicines at Kutt & Price's drug store. Wife—Isn't that too aggravating? There isn't a thing the matter with any of us.—Philadelphia Record.

Compensation.—Cleverton—I find nowadays that if a man wants to marry a girl he has to work till he gets her. Dashaway—But if it's the right girl he doesn't have to work afterward.—Brooklyn Life.

"I suppose you have been a good boy," said the youngster's uncle. "Well," was the answer, "I haven't had to be as good as usual. You see, we only have one circus a summer nowadays."—Washington Star.

"She used to say he was a man of very strong will power." "Yes, that was before they were married." "And how does she put it now?" "Now she says he's as stubborn as an ox."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Jones—She's a fine-looking woman, and then such a splendid carriage she has! Smith—Splendid carriage? Guess there's some mistake. Never knew her to ride in anything but the trolley cars.—Boston Transcript.

"What are you buying all those traps for?" "Doctor's orders. He tells me I need a little recreation and insists that I should go duck-hunting with him." "Hub! Seems to me that's a sort of quack remedy."—Philadelphia Press.

Tess—I thought she was going to marry old Gotrox. Jess—She was, but she broke the engagement. Tess—What for? Jess—When she accepted him he told her she had put new life in him.—Philadelphia Press.

"We are just holding a love feast," said young Mr. Linger, audaciously, to Mr. Frisbie, when that father of an engaged daughter put his head in the parlor doorway at 11:25 p. m. "I thought it must be a protracted meeting," said the old gentleman, as he withdrew.—Harper's Bazar.

Mrs. Newrich—That Mrs. Hyart is a stuck-up thing. I know just as much about music as she does; she needn't get funny. Mrs. Browne—Why, what has she done? Mrs. Newrich—Oh she tried to trip me up to-day. Asked if I'd ever heard somebody's "Songs Without Words."—Philadelphia Press.

"Did they have fresh vegetables every day where you boarded this summer?" "No," said the sad-looking citizen, "the farmer we visited bought everything at the cross-roads grocery store. There's only one thing worse than a green goods man and that's a canned goods man."—Washington Star.

INDIAN BUILT A RAILROAD.

Only Member of Race Who Ever Rose to Such Distinction.

An Indian whose name is familiar in portions of Missouri, Arkansas, Kansas and the Indian Territory and who enjoyed the distinction of having built a railway line which has grown to be one of the most important in the middle west is Mathias Splitlog whose death occurred a short time since.

Splitlog was born in Canada in 1810, and was of French and Indian descent. He was brought up in the woods of the far north and was unable to read or write, but he could count money like a banker and was shrewd at driving a bargain. Like most Indians, he was reticent, cautious and suspicious.

Although without schooling or mechanical training, Splitlog was a natural mechanical genius, and to that he was indebted for his start in life. He had built a ferryboat at Windsor, Canada, in the early '40's, and ran a ferry between Windsor and Detroit. He had also built a saw mill there and dis-



played other indications that caused the United States government to notice him, and he was selected as a suitable man to go to the Wyandotte Indian reservation in Kansas to build houses for the Wyandottes.

After completing his work among the Wyandottes, Splitlog moved to the Seneca Indian Nation, close by, and built a grist-mill and saw mill there. His counsel and energies were so highly appreciated by the Senecas that they adopted him as one of their tribe and he married a Seneca woman. A few years later he became chief of the Senecas.

When, in 1886, Splitlog conceived the idea of building a railroad, he was a wealthy man. He bought an alleged rich gold mine and it was with the idea of bringing his gold fields in touch with the large cities that he started his line. In 1887 thirty-five miles of railroad had been put into operation, or under way, and Splitlog had put \$265,000 into his scheme. But his troubles began to grow, and finally he was compelled to sell out. His gold mine proved a failure and the old chief lost considerable of his wealth. In 1890 the road passed out of his control. It was pushed through to the gulf and almost to the great lakes by the new owners and proved a paying venture.

Splitlog had many peculiarities but was always thoughtful, considerate and charitable and may be classed as one of the most remarkable of Indians. Upon his death he left over \$100,000.

A PROFOUND SCHOLAR.

Prof. Mueller Was One of the World's Greatest Philologists.

Friedrich Max Mueller, who died in London recently, takes rank as one of the most distinguished philologists of the century. His whole life time, comparatively, was given up to researches into the origin of languages. To him more than to any other scholar, possibly with one exception, Sir



Prof. Muller, William Jones, the western world is indebted for the opening up of the vast field of Sanskrit literature, upon a knowledge of which depends a fundamental conception of Oriental modes of thought. Prof. Mueller was the son of a German poet, Wilhelm Mueller, and was 76 years of age. His bent to the study of languages of the east was early shown. He had been connected with Oxford University since 1848, at the time of his death being corpus professor of comparative philology.

While Prof. Max Mueller made England his home and employed himself chiefly in making known in the English language the treasures of Sanskrit literature, his services were well appreciated in Germany, as indeed they were in all countries, for he was known by his writings in the literary magazines in America, France, Germany and Italy. Many marks of personal friendship were shown him by the Emperor William, who on several occasions made him the medium to convey telegrams of congratulation to the athletes of Oxford and academic institutions in whom the Kaiser interested himself.

A little switch engine attached to a big train always puffs and snorts, and halts in a manner that reminds us of a little man who tackles a big subject.

A rural editor refers to his mother-in-law as the "queen of terrors."