

HALF-WAY DOIN'S.
Belubbed fall-travelers: In holdin' forth to-day,
I doem't quote no 'special verse for what I has
to say.
De s'mon will be berry short, and dis here ain't
de text:
Dat half-way doin's ain't no 'count for dis worl'
or de text.
Dis worl' dat we's a libbin' in is like a cotton-
tow.
Whar ebry culud gentlem'n has got his line to
hoe;
And ebry time a lazy nigger stops to take a nap
De grass keeps on a growin' for to smudder up
his crap.
When Moses led de Jews across de waters ob de
sea,
De had to keep a goin' jes' as fas' as 'tad could be;
Do you 'spose dat dey could ebber hab succeeded
in deir wish,
And reached de Promise Land at last—if dey
had stopped to fish?
My frien's, dar was a garden once, whar Adam
libbed wid Eve,
Wid de one to bodder dem, no neighbors
to de thieve,
And ebry day was Christmas, and dey got deir
ractions free,
And ebrything belonged to dem except an apple
tree.
You all know 'bout de efery—how de snake come
snopin' round—
A stump-tail, rusty moccasin, a crawlin' on de
ground—
How Eve and Adam ate de fruit, and went and
hid deir face,
Till de angel oberseer he come and drove 'em off
de place.
Now 'spos dat man and 'ooman hadn't tempted
for to shirk,
But had gone about deir gardenin' and 'tended
deir work,
Dey would hab been losin' whar dey had no
business to—
And de debil nebbor'd had a chance to tell 'em
what to do.
No half-way doin's, bredren! I'll nebbor do, I
say!
Go at your task and finish it, and den's de time
to play—
For ebry if de crap is good, de rain'll spile de
bolls,
Unless you keeps a-pickin' in de garden ob your
souls.
Keep a plowin' and a-hoein' and a-scrapin' ob de
rows,
And when de ginnin's ober you can pay up
what you owes,
But if you quits a-scrapin' ebry time de sun is
in de
heavens,
De shier's gwine libby upon ebrythin' ob your
souls.
Whate'er 'is you's dribbin' at, be shore and drike
it through,
And don't let nuffin' stop you, but do what you's
gwine to do.
For when you sees a nigger foolin' den, as
shore you're born,
You's gwine to see him comin' out de small end
ob de horn.
I thanks you for de 'tention you has gib deis af-
ternoon—
Sister Williams will oblige us by a-rasin' ob a
turn—
I see dat Bradder Johnson's 'bout to pass around
de hat.
And don't lets hab no half-way doin's when
it comes to dat!

key, feebly but beautifully played on the
old-fashioned upright piano.
"You love music?" said madame, turning
slowly and confronting her.
"With all my heart," answered the
girl, the vivid flush that was ever ready to
appear flushing the fair young face.
"You play?"
"A little—a very little; but I have had
no piano for three years—since my own
mother died."
"Let me hear you."
"Oh, madame, I dare not try after
you."
But the old lady rose and gently led
her to the instrument. There were two
or three keys entirely dumb, and the rest
were not in perfect tune, but the spirit
of music so guided the long slender fin-
gers that they reproduced the minor melody
madame had played so daintily en-
wrapped in bird-like trills and rattling
runs, that she, in turn, stood entranced.
"After me, indeed!" she said, as the
girl struck the last chord. "I had to
learn, but you—it is part of you. And
you have no piano? Ah, that is sad.
Could I give you mine, it should be
yours. But it belonged to my dear hus-
band, who died twenty years ago, and I
could not bear to part with it. He was a
Frenchman and a professor of music, and
was an American girl, and one of his
pupils. When I married him I helped
him to teach others, and so came to be
called 'madame.' We loved each other
very much. But I shall be glad, my
dear, to give you my piano, if you will
play as often as you will."
"Could I come as often as I would,"
said the girl, with a bright smile. "I am
afraid I should soon tire you. But I
will come as often as I can. And oh,
madame—suddenly kissing the soft,
wrinkled cheek—"I cannot tell you how
much I think of you."
But the often proved very seldom, for
some of the summer boarders staid until
the end of October, and the butter had
to be churned and the fruit canned, and
the young sisters to be prepared each day
for school, and the twin boys—nothing
to speak of in point of years, but perfect
Methuselahs in mischief—to be looked
after from morning until night, and winter
wardrobes to be made, and a thousand
and one other things to be done.
And then madame fell sick, and all the
finest doctors could spare spent at her
bedside. "Time that had men better
be spent at home," scolded her step-
mother, "for there's a servant there,
and one servant is enough to take care
of two such houses as this, and their mis-
tresses, too; sick or well. I have no
servant!"
"You have me," Viola could have re-
plied, "and no servant ever worked
harder or for less wages," but she set her
lips firmly together and said nothing.
But she rose earlier than ever thereafter,
that she might not leave undone the
slightest of her tasks, and thus merit no
reproach for the few hours each day she
gave her dear old friend.
And now madame was getting well and
with the strength of her strong servant-
maid, could go from room to room; but
she was best satisfied as yet to be in the
swee parlor on the lounge before the big
window.
At this time Viola made her appearance
the day the roses were beckoning, with a
merry greeting, and a dish of luscious
strawberries smothered in cream; but in
spite of the merry greeting there was a
hint of a shadow on her bonny face that
did not escape madame's keen black
eyes.
"Tell me about it, dear," she said, in
her sweet, trembling voice.
Viola knelt beside her.
"You must be a fairy, madame," she
said, "for no one but a fairy could have
guessed that I was a little sorry to-day.
And for such a trifling cause I'm ashamed
to speak of it." But the old lady insist-
ing with gentle persistence, she began:
"It is a ball I would like to go to, but I
cannot. I have never been to a ball and
this one—you remember the young lady
who boarded at our house last summer
with her father and sister—"
"And brother," suggested madame.
"And her brother," repeated Viola,
"never leaving her frank blue eyes, but
blushing from the tip of her round chin
to the curls shading her fair brow."
"Well, she and I were good friends then,
but I never dreamed she would remem-
ber me after she went away, for he—she
I mean—was rich and I am poor, and our
ways in life lie very, very far apart. But
she has not forgotten me. She, madame,
here is an invitation to a ball to be given
on her nineteenth birthday at her aunt's
house, only a few miles away. And
her brother, who is a doctor, too. He
writes a handsome hand, does he not,
madame?"
"A strong, handsome hand, my dear,
and he is a strong, manly fellow. I do
not forget the messages he used to bring
from you, and dearest, with such
courtly grace. You must go to the ball."
"Oh, madame, it is impossible. I
could not go if it were to be the simplest
of parties, and it is to be a fancy dress
party. You know the party, for the
crops failed last year on account of the
drought. But what folly for me to let so
slight a thing distress me for a moment,
when all at home have health and
strength, and you are fast getting well?"
"It is, which we should be—and no
doubt we are—devoutly thankful," said
the old lady, "and all the more reason
why you should go to the ball. You said
just now I must be a fairy. I will prove
my right to the title by being a fairy
godmother. You did not know that my
name was Violet. Take the key you will
find under the clock on the mantle, and
open the ottoman that stands yonder."
"Open the ottoman, madame?"
"Yes; it is a chest in disguise and
in it lies your ball dress."
The lid of the disguised chest was
raised, a long box was lifted out and
opened. An exclamation of delight
burst from Viola's lips. There is a satin
dress of dreamy whiteness. It unfolded
into a miracle of old-fashioned loveliness.
Purple violets were scattered here
and there upon the scant skirt, as though
dropped from some careless hand, and the
puffed sleeves and short waist were
made of a wreath of amber-hued lace.
And there came a large quantity of
satin wood and peacock feathers, a
necklace of pearls, a high tortoise-shell
comb, and a pair of satin shoes with low
flat heels and queer pointed toes.
"But you never mean that I should
wear these, madame?"
"That do I, I'm sure," said
madame, gayly. "I wore them, child,
many years ago. And now another Violet
needs them. There is fate in it. And I
will put a spell upon them, and who
knows—they may help you to win a
true lover as they did me."
"But the shoes, madame—they are too
small, I'm sure."
"Try them, my dear."
"Viola slipped one on. "It binds across
the instep," said she.
"Take the scissors and cut it, then."
"Oh, madame, it would spoil it then."
"Do as I bid you. Fairy godmother
must be obeyed. Now take the roseset
still remaining in the box, and fasten

one over each shoe to hide to damage
done."
And with the beautiful roseset of satin
and lace, with a "V" encircled in seed-
pearl in the center of each, hiding the
ancient lace, her innocent blue eyes
glancing shyly over the quaint face,
and her feet clad in the queer pointed shoes,
half hidden by the great roseset—the
gay crowd felt, some of them (the fair
maidens these) with bitter envy, that an
unknown Princess of Beauty was among
them.
And the Prince of the reigning house
quickly followed his sister to welcome
her, leaving a Knight with diamonds
stars to sparkle for some faithful wor-
shipper. And again and again he and
the unknown Princess danced together
until nearly daybreak, when a servant
summoning her hastily—for the farmer
father was tired of waiting—she flew to
the dressing-room and one of the roseset
brushing from its fastenings on the way,
away went the shoe it had helped to
hold in place, down through the
well of the winding staircase, to regions
far below.
And Viola, having the enchantment of
the night still upon her, never missed it,
but hastily drawing up her stout boot
ran to the old wagon, jumped in, and
drove away in the dim first light of the
morning from the Prince and Fairyland.
But when she awoke from the deep
sleep into which she sank as soon as she
reached her home, she found in her
westward way—she discovered the loss,
and while she was bewailing it the Prince
rang at the door.
"I have a slipper, or shoe, or something
of the kind," he said, tapping it from
the breast pocket of his red-trimmed coat,
"and as it will not fit either of my sisters,
or my cousins, or any of the lady
friends who with them abide, I thought it
might fit you."
"It does not, really," said truthful
Viola, with her lovely blush. "I could
not have worn it had it not been cut
open in the instep—I have not an aristo-
cratic foot—and that is how the stitches
that held the friendly roseset giving way
I came to lose it."
"That I, thank fortune! might find it.
And now, Viola, dearest—"
But what need of saving more? You
can all end the story for yourselves. I
am sure, even to guessing that madame
lived to be a hundred years old, and
never was fairly godmother so loved and
petted as she.

A Good Story of a Horse
We recently published the story of a
horse whose rider was thrown and in-
jured. The intelligent animal took in
the situation and trotted off, making such
demonstrations at the house that people
followed him and the rider, who was
unable to help himself. Mr. Hugh
McClellan, of this town, informed us that
the reading of the story brought to his
recollection an occurrence of his youth,
when living with his father in Gorham,
Maine. It was one evening
turned the family horse into a large pas-
ture to feed during the night. In some
way (whether from an injury was never
known) the horse commenced to bleed
profusely from the nose. The animal re-
turned to the barn where he was kept,
to the pasture. These he broke down
and passed up to the farm-house. Here
he beat upon the platform of one of the
doors until the father was awakened and
went out to see what was the matter; he
found the horse still bleeding. Calling
the son (or informant), the two worked
over the horse until the bleeding was
arrested, though he was so much reduced
as to be hardly able to stand. There was
quite a pool of blood at the door, and a
still larger pool was found in the morn-
ing at the bars, where the horse had evi-
dently been detained in his efforts to
escape from the pasture. And yet we
are told that animals don't reason.—
Brunswick (Maine) Telegraph.

Senator Manderson.
Comparisons which reflect upon the
membership of the Senate as at present
constituted are not to be made, either
just or not—and it should be remem-
bered that there is in human nature the
disposition to magnify the men and
things of the past—the course of the
elections thus far indicates that while the
best men in the Senate of the present
Congress, with but few exceptions, will
be members of the next, the senators to
succeed those retiring or failing of re-
election, are, generally speaking, men of
the age, culture and antecedents which
promise the thorough, vigorous and
sagacious treatment of subjects for legis-
lative action. This remark holds good
of both political parties, and is made
without the entirely unnecessary insti-
tution of a comparison between the future
and the present Senate.
The senator-elect from Nebraska,
Charles F. Manderson, is an able man
and a brilliant speaker. He was elected
on the seventeenth joint ballot as a Rep-
ublican, and accepted the office in a
speech which has made an impression of
his excellent ability. The country may
expect to hear impressively from Senator
Manderson.
Ex-Empress Eugenie Hopeless.
During the short visit of Prince
Napoleon by ex-Empress Eugenie at
Farnborough, more than one enterpris-
ing press correspondent tried hard to dis-
cover exactly what was going on, and
how long the Prince would remain there.
But strict orders had been given to the
servants, and not only was no one ad-
mitted within the house, but no ques-
tions of any kind were answered. Noth-
ing can be more quiet and unostentatious
in the manner in which Her Majesty
lives. She only leaves her apartments
to hear mass in her private chapel, in the
morning, and to join in the meals which
she takes twice a day with the members
of her household. She intends to build
a new chapel close to her house, and
when it is finished the remains of the late
Empress and of the Prince Imperial will
be removed there from Chislehurst. To
several of those who have visited her the
ex-Empress has expressed her conviction
that the cause of imperialism in France
cannot be revived with any hope of suc-
cess for a long time to come.

A Good Way to Save Warmth in the
barn this cold weather is to throw a tem-
porary floor of scantling and loose
boards over the driveway and cover it
with a few inches of straw or old hay,
leaving scantling holes at convenient in-
tervals. It will prevent the loss of heat
into the great empty space above.

THE SQUATTER'S SPIRIT.
The spirit of the renowned old squat-
ter still lingers in the land.
"Which road shall I take?" asked a
traveler who sat on the steps of a cross-
road.
"Which one do you want?"
"I intended to ask which one should I
take to lead me to the river?"
"Take your choice."
"Which one leads the river?"
"The river?"
"Why, the Arkansas?"
"You want to know which one leads
there?"
"Yes, sir."
"How long have you been in this
country?"
"That makes no difference, my friend.
I want to know something of the geogra-
phy of this community."
"No, it makes no difference how long
you have been here, but there isn't a
geography of this neighborhood, but
there was a lot of 'em in the school-house
when it burned."
"How far is it to the river, any?"
"Well, any way, it's about 200 miles."
"Oh, how far is it?"
"You can make it as far as you
please."
"How can you know how near it is?"
"That'll sort you. I don't know."
"Is this a temperance community?"
"Sorter."
"How long has it been since you had
a drink?"
"It ain't been more than a month, but
it seems like a couple of years."
"What would you give for a drink?"
"A common-sized mule."
"I've got some very fine stoff here in a
bottle; have some?"
The native grasped the bottle eagerly
and drank.
"What is it you want to know?"
"The road to the river."
The native took another drink and
said:
"The river is right over yonder, but
the ferryman will charge you like thun-
der if you ain't got no whiskey. Good
day."
When the traveler arrived at the ferry
he found his friend of the store in the
boat waiting for him.
"Hello! here we are again. What
will you take to row me across?"
"How much have you got?"
"I mean, what is your price?"
"The price is the cork of the bottle."
"What do you want with the cork?"
"Want to put it in the churn to make
the milk taste natural.—Arkansas Trav-
eler.
The losers of the Isabella mine Col-
lapse are mad, but there's much metho-
dism in their madness.—Boston Tran-
script
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sold in all the principal cities of the world.

HALF-WAY DOIN'S.
Belubbed fall-travelers: In holdin' forth to-
day,
I doem't quote no 'special verse for what I has
to say.
De s'mon will be berry short, and dis here ain't
de text:
Dat half-way doin's ain't no 'count for dis worl'
or de text.
Dis worl' dat we's a libbin' in is like a cotton-
tow.
Whar ebry culud gentlem'n has got his line to
hoe;
And ebry time a lazy nigger stops to take a nap
De grass keeps on a growin' for to smudder up
his crap.
When Moses led de Jews across de waters ob de
sea,
De had to keep a goin' jes' as fas' as 'tad could be;
Do you 'spose dat dey could ebber hab succeeded
in deir wish,
And reached de Promise Land at last—if dey
had stopped to fish?
My frien's, dar was a garden once, whar Adam
libbed wid Eve,
Wid de one to bodder dem, no neighbors
to de thieve,
And ebry day was Christmas, and dey got deir
ractions free,
And ebrything belonged to dem except an apple
tree.
You all know 'bout de efery—how de snake come
snopin' round—
A stump-tail, rusty moccasin, a crawlin' on de
ground—
How Eve and Adam ate de fruit, and went and
hid deir face,
Till de angel oberseer he come and drove 'em off
de place.
Now 'spos dat man and 'ooman hadn't tempted
for to shirk,
But had gone about deir gardenin' and 'tended
deir work,
Dey would hab been losin' whar dey had no
business to—
And de debil nebbor'd had a chance to tell 'em
what to do.
No half-way doin's, bredren! I'll nebbor do, I
say!
Go at your task and finish it, and den's de time
to play—
For ebry if de crap is good, de rain'll spile de
bolls,
Unless you keeps a-pickin' in de garden ob your
souls.
Keep a plowin' and a-hoein' and a-scrapin' ob de
rows,
And when de ginnin's ober you can pay up
what you owes,
But if you quits a-scrapin' ebry time de sun is
in de
heavens,
De shier's gwine libby upon ebrythin' ob your
souls.
Whate'er 'is you's dribbin' at, be shore and drike
it through,
And don't let nuffin' stop you, but do what you's
gwine to do.
For when you sees a nigger foolin' den, as
shore you're born,
You's gwine to see him comin' out de small end
ob de horn.
I thanks you for de 'tention you has gib deis af-
ternoon—
Sister Williams will oblige us by a-rasin' ob a
turn—
I see dat Bradder Johnson's 'bout to pass around
de hat.
And don't lets hab no half-way doin's when
it comes to dat!

A FAIRY GODMOTHER.
Madame Dupont, wrapped in a loose
robe of some soft gray material, a faded
cashmere shawl partly covering her, lay
on the lounge before the bay window
that formed almost the entire front of
her cottage. Her large black eyes,
their lightning somewhat dimmed by
her long sickness, dwelt with dreamy
pleasure on the landscape spread before
her.
It was a very common landscape, such
as can be seen in any country places on
any summer day—only a broad field,
white with daisies, among which two or
three brown cows patiently sought for
tender blades of grass, with one tall,
stout tree standing midway, solitary and
alone, and a background of dense tan-
gled brushwood. To careless eyes, scarce
worth a careless glance; but to hers, so
long shut out from sight of earth and
sky, a scene most beautiful. The slender
white wrinkled hands folded upon her
breast were set too weak to hold
even one of her beloved books, and the
small feet still lacked sufficient strength
to sustain the frail body. But, thank
heaven! the cruel pain had gone, and in
its stead had come a blissful rest.
All through the night, the melody of
spring, taking no heed whether they
smiled or wept, she had never raised her
weary head from the pillow.
And the snowdrops and crocuses and
scillies and hyacinths and tulips had
grown and budged and bloomed in her
little garden, and she, who had hoped to
watch them grow from the first green
leaf to the perfect blossom, had only
seen the few Viola had plucked and
brought to her bedside, where, soon
through a cloud of suffering, a shadow
had fallen upon their beauty.
And now it was the heart of June and
the roses, gay in every shade of pink,
climbing about the window, looked in,
and entreated her to come out. But no;
she could not hope to walk among the
flowers until the roses had faded and the
lilies had begun to reign. And perhaps
even this hope would not have been hers
had it not been for the love and care and
cheering words of Viola, the eldest
daughter of the big farmhouse. Kate,
the strong, rough Irish servant maid, was
kind and faithful in her way, but hers
was money service, and left to it alone,
she might have died; but Viola served
for love (she had never seen the old
madame since first they met), and love
brings faith and hope and patience and
many other beautiful things.
For weeks the young girl came morn-
ing and eve, to stay an hour each time,
and her visits were the only gleam of
brightness that lightened the darkened
room. And many the wee loaf of
whitened bread, and golden pat of butter,
and drink of rich sweet milk, and a fresh
laid, pink-tinted egg, she brought to
tempt the languid appetite; and many
the song she sang soft and low, to woo
for the sick woman the angel of sleep.
And yet not only were they neither
kith nor kin, but she knew naught
of Madame Dupont save that she and
built the four-room cottage the preced-
ing spring, and had lived there since the
last July in the hubbub way.
There was a large family at the farm-
house, and much work to be done—hard,
unwieldy work, the very thought of
which often made the young girl, walk-
ing in the gray morning from pleasant
dreams, clasp her hands and cry out:
"Is this to be my life forever?" And had
it not been for the glimpse of beauty she
caught about her home—the far-off river
gleaming in the sunlight or moonlight,
the orchard trees white with blossoms in
spring, and laden with fruit in summer
and autumn, the shady woods where
countless shy wild flowers hid from
the glare of the world, the songs of the
happy birds, and the grand sunsets be-
hind the distant hills—she would have
been heart-weary indeed. For she loved
everything beautiful. And especially
did she love music with all the tender-
ness of a creator, as madame discovered
one day—the day they first saw each
other; in fact, when Viola, coming on
some errand to the cottage, stopped, en-
tranced on the threshold of the door to
listen to the plaintive melody in a minor

key, feebly but beautifully played on the
old-fashioned upright piano.
"You love music?" said madame, turning
slowly and confronting her.
"With all my heart," answered the
girl, the vivid flush that was ever ready to
appear flushing the fair young face.
"You play?"
"A little—a very little; but I have had
no piano for three years—since my own
mother died."
"Let me hear you."
"Oh, madame, I dare not try after
you."
But the old lady rose and gently led
her to the instrument. There were two
or three keys entirely dumb, and the rest
were not in perfect tune, but the spirit
of music so guided the long slender fin-
gers that they reproduced the minor melody
madame had played so daintily en-
wrapped in bird-like trills and rattling
runs, that she, in turn, stood entranced.
"After me, indeed!" she said, as the
girl struck the last chord. "I had to
learn, but you—it is part of you. And
you have no piano? Ah, that is sad.
Could I give you mine, it should be
yours. But it belonged to my dear hus-
band, who died twenty years ago, and I
could not bear to part with it. He was a
Frenchman and a professor of music, and
was an American girl, and one of his
pupils. When I married him I helped
him to teach others, and so came to be
called 'madame.' We loved each other
very much. But I shall be glad, my
dear, to give you my piano, if you will
play as often as you will."
"Could I come as often as I would,"
said the girl, with a bright smile. "I am
afraid I should soon tire you. But I
will come as often as I can. And oh,
madame—suddenly kissing the soft,
wrinkled cheek—"I cannot tell you how
much I think of you."
But the often proved very seldom, for
some of the summer boarders staid until
the end of October, and the butter had
to be churned and the fruit canned, and
the young sisters to be prepared each day
for school, and the twin boys—nothing
to speak of in point of years, but perfect
Methuselahs in mischief—to be looked
after from morning until night, and winter
wardrobes to be made, and a thousand
and one other things to be done.
And then madame fell sick, and all the
finest doctors could spare spent at her
bedside. "Time that had men better
be spent at home," scolded her step-
mother, "for there's a servant there,
and one servant is enough to take care
of two such houses as this, and their mis-
tresses, too; sick or well. I have no
servant!"
"You have me," Viola could have re-
plied, "and no servant ever worked
harder or for less wages," but she set her
lips firmly together and said nothing.
But she rose earlier than ever thereafter,
that she might not leave undone the
slightest of her tasks, and thus merit no
reproach for the few hours each day she
gave her dear old friend.
And now madame was getting well and
with the strength of her strong servant-
maid, could go from room to room; but
she was best satisfied as yet to be in the
swee parlor on the lounge before the big
window.
At this time Viola made her appearance
the day the roses were beckoning, with a
merry greeting, and a dish of luscious
strawberries smothered in cream; but in
spite of the merry greeting there