

WHITE AS SNOW.

George Weatherly, in the Quiver.
From morning until evening
He sought for peace and rest—
Rest for a weary spirit,
Peace for a troubled breast;
But vain was all his seeking
From dawn till set of sun;
His sins lay heavy on him,
And comfort there was none.
Then, in the gathering twilight,
He knelt him down in prayer,
And the stars shone in upon him,
And smiled upon him there;
And while he told his Father
Of sin as black as night,
The pure white snow fell softly
And hid the earth from sight.
And when, in bitter sorrow,
He looked into the night,
Behold, the earth shone brightly,
Wrapped in its robe of white!
And the promise came to cheer him,
And bring him peace: "Although
Your sins may be as scarlet,
They shall be white as snow."

THE HUNTERS' HOLIDAY.

The Trials and Tribulations of a Chicago West Side Woman Who Determined to Have a Home of Her Own, and How She Had Her Own Way.

Some years ago Henry Hunter was bookkeeper for a Lake street firm. And so he is still. Years ago his salary was twenty dollars a week. It is just the same now. In fact for twelve years Henry Hunter has sat at the same desk, kept the same set of books, and drawn the same compensation for his services. Ten years ago he was married, and the few hundred dollars he had saved was spent for household goods. He and his wife rented a \$25 house on the West Side, and of course lived up to their income. The wife dressed fairly well and so did he. They of course, went to the theatre, and Henry smoked cigars, and occasionally took a drink. Two years sped by and they were happy and had one child and plenty of hope for the future, but no money. At times, in fact, they were a little in debt to the grocer and the butcher.

Then Mrs. Hunter began to talk about getting a home of her own. She seemed to set her heart on it, and Henry talked about it, just to humor her. But he had no more hope of getting a home of his own than he had of flying off to the moon to look for gold. That is, not for many years to come. He was willing enough, even anxious, but his familiarity with figures and finances was sufficient to show him the great gulf there is between a moderate salary and a homestead. But Mrs. Hunter continued to talk of the home she hoped to occupy. Womanlike, she had yearned, and womanlike she refused to be comforted by talk of what would happen in the far-away future.

One evening Henry came home from his work, and, after tea, settled down with his slippers, his paper and his pipe. Mrs. Hunter had been unusually reticent during the meal, as a woman always is when she has something of unusual importance on her mind and the inevitable accompanying desire to talk about it. So Mrs. Hunter bided her time until the tea was finished and the dishes cleared away and then she began:

"Now, Henry, I want to talk to you seriously."
He reluctantly removed the paper from his eyes, and took the big pipe from his mouth.
"I was over to Mrs. Smith's to-day," Mrs. Hunter went on, animatedly, "and what do you think? They are buying a home of their own. Mr. Smith's salary is only \$18, but they say he can easily pay for it."
"So?" replied Henry, with a grunt, and resumed his paper.

"Yes," his wife kept on, "and I don't see why we can't do the same thing. Your salary is \$24 a week more, and I know I am quite economical—or, at least, I can be as Mrs. Smith."
"We'll see about it next year," said Henry wearily; "maybe I'll get a raise in my salary."

And then he resumed his paper, and pulled vigorously at his cooling pipe. "But I don't want to wait," persisted Mrs. Hunter, "I'm tired hearing about the increase in salary which never comes, and I'm tired of paying rent and fighting with the landlord about repairs, too. If the Smiths can get a home of their own I don't see why we can't."
"And how on earth?" queried the man with the pipe, "do you suppose the Smiths are going to live and pay for a house on \$18 a week?"

"Why, they are in a building association, and they pay so much a week, and that pays for the home in eight years."
"And what is a building association?"
"I—I don't know, but I'll run over in the morning and ask Mrs. Smith," replied Mrs. Hunter, a little abashed.

"I'll tell you what it is," said the lord of the rented house with that air of superiority which the best of husbands put on at times, "it's a scheme by which financing fanatics think they can get something for nothing, by which they can pull themselves up by their boot straps, as it were. You don't catch me in any of those schemes."
And Mrs. Hunter's meekness returned to her with a realization of her ignorance, and she said nothing. The paper and pipe were resumed, silence reigned, and the wife got out her stocking bag and mended hose, saying not a word, but keeping up a lively thinking.

The next evening, having in the meantime seen Mrs. Smith, she tried to tell her husband what a building association was, but that impatient man listened none too sympathizingly, and questioned the correctness of his wife's figures and Mrs. Smith's statements and ruthlessly exposed the false financing of the building association plan as he understood it, and

finally mixed Mrs. Hunter up so that she had to go off in the bedroom and cry from vexation. Most good husbands can tell when their wives are crying, even if there are a dozen walls intervening, and Mr. Hunter was that kind of a man. It may be perception, instinct, the superiority of man, or conscience that tells him. But whatever it is, on this occasion the husband threw down his paper and went in to see about it. Of course he wiped away her tears and took his pipe out of his mouth long enough to kiss her and call her by her first name, and tell her not to cry any more.

"I do—do so want to get a home of our own," she gasped, between sobs, "and I think we might try and—be careful, Henry, or you'll spill hot ashes on the baby and send it into convulsions."

The little rain-cloud passed away, but nothing more was said about homes or building associations that night. The very next evening, however, Mrs. Hunter sat down in her husband's lap, put her arms about his neck, looked him in the eyes in her old way, and said:

"Now, dear, have a little request to make of you. Will you grant it like a good husband?"
And of course he granted it. Few men refuse their wives' requests under such conditions. Then Mrs. Hunter made known her desires. She wanted to run the finances of the household.

"Give me your salary every week," she said, "and I will take care of everything. You work hard, hubby, and you don't want to be worried by these little things. Business men like you have enough to bother them without paying butchers and grocers and landlords. We'll make a bargain—you keep out \$3 a week for your personal expenses, and I'll have the rest. That gives you fifty cents a day for lunch and street car fare. When you want anything else come to me."
The bargain was made and Mr. Hunter lived up to it. He gave his wife seventeen dollars every week, carefully retaining and always spending his \$3, and was glad of the arrangement. He had no trouble about anything, and smoked his pipe in peace, unworried by the coalman, the butcher, the grocer or the landlord. The \$3 a week kept him going nicely, and altogether it was a satisfactory arrangement for him.

Mrs. Hunter liked it, too. She was pleased with the responsibility and with the care and the scheming to make both ends meet. She seemed to have some object in life besides the mere routine of household care. The first thing she did, of course, was to take out her pencil (sharpened with the carving knife) and figure up her prospects.

"Now, let's see, said she to herself. "Income \$1,040 a year; out of that we must pay rent, \$300; groceries and meat, \$250; coal, \$50; Henry \$150; clothing, newspapers, miscellaneous, \$100. I think we can get along on that if we are not sick, and that will leave me \$190 a year. Let me see; Mrs. Smith said their thirty shares in the building association cost them \$3.35 a week—that is \$195 a year. We can do it."

So this is what Mrs. Hunter was driving at. She had not given up the building association idea. But the meek, sly, little woman kept her own counsel, and in about a week (after consulting and pledging to secrecy Mrs. Smith) went around to the office of the building association and took out thirty shares of stock. This cost her \$7.50 cash, and she had to make payments of \$3.75 a week. She was confident that she could do it, but she very few cents left after all the bills were paid. Then she began to look about for cutting down the expenses. She bought a cook book and studied kitchen economy. She got a sifter and sifted the coal. She induced Henry to give up the thirty cents a week paper he had always read and take one for fifteen cents—a change which he did not like at first but with which he was soon delighted. The new paper pleased him immensely. "Of course," he said, "the difference in price is only a trifle, but I prefer the cheap paper at any price—it is so clean bright and handy. He didn't stop to think that his wife had saved \$8 a year by slyly inducing him to change his paper. In many other ways Mrs. Hunter cut down the family expenses, without at all interfering with the comfort which her little lord loved so well. But her most successful stroke was at the landlord. The Hunters had always paid their rent promptly and taken good care of the house, and when Mrs. Hunter put on her boldest air and bluntly told the landlord that the rent was too high and that there would be a moving out unless he came down in his price, the landlord came down like a little man to \$20 a month. Well, this thing went on for several months and Mr. Hunter knew nothing of the building association investment. He frequently queried his wife as to the results of her financing, and praised her when she showed him a little roll of bills which she had saved and tucked away in the middle bureau drawer. He didn't see how on earth she could do it, and then, of course, Mrs. Hunter had to give up her secret. She had not intended saying a word for two whole years, but two years is an eternity to a woman with a secret. He was surprised, and also pleased. His pride was at first a bit touched at the thought that his wife would go ahead in such a venture without his counsel and consent; but he soon thawed sufficiently to say that as long as the investment had been made it had better be kept up. But—such is masculine nature—he failed to display any curiosity as to the nature of the scheme. What Mrs. Hunter told him he listened to patiently, but what she didn't know or forget to tell him was not inquired about. Soon three years sped by, and one day Mr. Hunter came home with something on his mind. He was not long in working it out. An acquaintance of his who had suddenly to leave the city wanted to sell a nice lot at much less than its value for cash, and Mr. Hunter knew it was a bargain, and did so wish he had the money.

"The lot is worth \$900 if it is worth a cent," he declared, "and I could buy it for \$600 cash. In two years it will be worth twice the money."
"Let's buy it," said the wife.
"What with?"
"With my building association money, of course."

And then Mrs. Hunter surprised Mr. Hunter by showing him the last quarterly statement. She had paid on her shares \$588.60, and she could now withdraw \$726.30. Nor was that all—she had saved in cash and tucked away in the middle bureau drawer more than \$150, and she didn't see why they should not buy the lot.

The next day she went to the office of the association and told the secretary she wanted to withdraw her shares and get the money on them. "But why withdraw?" asked the secretary; "if it is money you need, deposit your certificates as collateral security, and we will loan you the money. You can keep your shares up just the same. It is for your interest to do so." She took his advice, left her certificates, and carried away with her \$450, the cash on a loan of \$600 with the 25 per cent premium deducted. With this \$450 and the \$150 saved the lot was purchased before dark, and Mr. Hunter felt proud of his wife. But still he would not interest himself in details of the building association. "It is your scheme, wife," he would say, "and you have done so well thus far, just you keep it up. I shan't meddle for fear of spoiling everything."

Another year passed, during which Mrs. Hunter had need of all her economy. Besides the \$3.75 a week due she had now to pay \$4 a month interest, but Mr. Hunter proved himself a worthy helpmeet to so good a wife by walking to and from town and carrying his lunch.

"I'm tired of riding in Jones' old street cars, anyway," he said, "and I'm also tired of the restaurants. I believe it is healthier to walk and to eat a snug little lunch than to ride in the stuffy old cars and swallow the poorly cooked stuff we get down-town."

This was a great help to Mrs. Hunter, for it enabled her to cut Henry's allowance down one half, and that more than paid the interest. And so the little roll in the middle bureau drawer began to grow again. At the end of the year Mrs. Hunter surprised her husband by proposing to build a house of their own on the lot they had purchased. Of course he consented, and such a delightful time they did have looking up plans and figuring on specifications. At last they agreed upon a snug cottage costing only \$1500, and both expressed their surprise upon discovering what a nice little house could be built for that sum when one pays cash for everything.

"But can we raise \$1500?" queried Mr. Hunter, a little incredulous, notwithstanding his increased respect for his wife's financing and the mysterious building association.
"I think we can," she replied, and next morning she put on her wraps and called on the secretary, whose smiling face she knew so well on account of her regular weekly visits with the dues.
"Of course you can have \$1500," said the secretary, promptly. "You have thirty shares, on only seven of which you borrowed. There are twenty-three remaining, and on each of these you can borrow \$100, less 25 per cent premium. That will give you \$1725, which is more than you want."

"And besides," said Mrs. Hunter, her pride mastering her modesty, "I've got \$75 in the bureau drawer at home, and that may come in handy."

So arrangements were made for building the cottage. The contract with the builder was signed, the mortgage to the association executed, and the little house grew quickly, being all the time closely watched by Mr. and Mrs. Hunter. At length it was finished, the contractor went to the building association for his money, insurance was taken out, and the Hunters moved in. At last they had a home of their own—it was at least partially theirs—and how nice and clean and bright and sunny everything was, and with what pride they fitted the carpets and the curtains and arranged their humble stock of furniture in the cozy rooms.

Mrs. Hunter still kept the family finances in her own hands. She paid everything and bought everything. There was now to pay \$3.75 a week dues on the shares, \$4 a month interest on the \$150 borrowed for the lot, and \$13.33 a month interest on the \$1500 borrowed to build the house with. This made total payments of \$33.38 a month, but as there was no longer any rent to pay the demands were easily met and occasionally some money was spent for new furniture and for improvements about the place.

"Just think," said Mrs. Hunter, "we will have our home paid for in a few years and we are now paying out on it only a little more than we used to pay in rent."
"When did you say we would get through paying?" inquired Mr. Hunter displaying a little curiosity.
"At the end of eight years from the time I first took out the shares," replied his wife, and then adding, "so the secretary says."

Week after week and month after month Mrs. Hunter continued her regular visits to the office of the association, and at last the flowers bloomed for the spring of 1885, and the end of the period of probation and trial for the homesteaders was but a few months away. But during the summer Henry fell sick and had to leave his desk for several weary months. There was a doctor's bill to pay, and lots of expenses, and only half of an income to meet them with, for the Lake street firm generously continued him on the pay roll at half pay. By the aid of this \$10 a week, and the little roll in the bureau drawer, Mrs. Hunter managed to pay most of the bills and keep up the interest and the dues. But it was a weary struggle, and the doctor's bill and at last the drug bill and other bills began to mount up at an alarming rate.

Along in November Henry resumed his work, and \$20 a week came in

very handy once more. But it seemed only a drop in the bucket. The bills came in faster than the dollars, and at times Mrs. Hunter was so discouraged that she felt like giving up the payments on the home and taking the consequences, whatever they might be. But she didn't. Always on Mondays she scraped together the pennies and dimes and made another journey to the little office. Weeks and weeks ago neighbors began talking of Christmas, and the children (for the Hunters now had a pair of little ones) began to get crazy about it. But there did not seem to be any Christmas in the Hunter household.

"We will will not run in debt for Christmas if we never have anything," said Mr. Hunter, doggedly.

"No, we won't," added Mrs. Hunter, positively, "but we'll have a Christmas, anyhow. The secretary told me to-day that just before Christmas our period of eight years in the association will expire, and our mortgage will be released, and we'll have a little Christmas after all. It isn't every family can have a house and lot for a Christmas present, is it?"

This was more encouraging, but two or three times a day the bills were coming in, and the butcher and grocer were giving credit grumpily, and the coal man was threatening suit before the justice, and there was no turkey, and no tree, and no toys for the children except a few penny trilles, and nothing for papa and nothing for mamma, and the neighbors were continually running in to tell of the nice things they had purchased for so and so—this is a little habit neighbors have, especially if they suspect the wolf is at some near door—and the life of poor Mrs. Hunter was made well nigh unbearable.

Wednesday evening Mr. Hunter came home from the store with a week's salary in advance. Without a word he placed it in his wife's hands, and turned away. She went into the bedroom and cried.

"I've a mind to let the dues and the interest and the horrid bills go," she said to herself, "and buy something for the children and Henry. It is hard not to have any Christmas—and here she broke down. During the wakeful hours of the night both she and Mr. Hunter thought of the cheerless holiday so near at hand, of the nice things their few dollars would buy, and of the mortgage which could be lifted on the morrow. But Mr. Hunter threw all responsibility of decision between the two courses upon his wife, as men so like to do. Mrs. Hunter hesitated and cried a little, but next morning she told her husband that they would have roast beef for Christmas dinner—if the butcher would trust them—and the mortgage would be lifted that very day.

Mr. Hunter sighed and buried his face in his newspaper, and soon afterward went sullenly to his work.

Mrs. Hunter bit her lips, tried to be brave, and with the precious money in her purse, went once more and for the last time to the office of the building association. The secretary handed her the cancelled mortgage and the deed, wished her a merry Christmas, and congratulated her upon her perseverance and her ownership of her own home.

"You'll have a merry Christmas, indeed," he said lightly, "with your tree and your presents, all beneath your own vine and fig tree."
"Ye-yes," faltered Mrs. Hunter, you are very kind," and then she turned to go.

"Hold on," said the secretary, "you have forgotten something. This belongs to you."

And he held out a small piece of paper. Mrs. Hunter looked at it wondering. Her heart's beating seemed to cease as she held the little paper up and riveted her eyes upon it.
"I do—don't understand it," she faintly whispered in her excitement.
"What queer hands at business you women are," replied the secretary. "You seem to know everything, and then you go and overlook something big. Don't you know that you borrowed of us \$600 for your lot and \$2,000 for your house? And you have carried thirty shares, which mature to-day, bringing you \$3,000? That leaves you \$400 surplus, after paying your debts, and there is your check for it. Go down to the bank and get the money. Hope you'll have a nice Christmas, madame."

And in all Chicago there was no happier Christmas than the one they had at the Hunters.

Tom Scott's Fate.

Washington Cor., Cleveland Leader.

A friend of Tom Scott, the noted President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, told me recently how Scott's choosing of railroading as a profession hung on the flipping of a penny. Said he: "Tom Scott told me the story himself. He was the toll collector on the Pennsylvania Canal at Columbia, when the railroad authorities, hearing that he was a bright young man, offered him the position of station agent at Altoona. Scott was popular, and when he told his friends of his offer they urged him to refuse it and stay on the canal. He resisted their importunities, but finally taking a big red copper in his fingers, said: 'Boys, I will let the fates decide. Heads is Altoona and tails Columbia.' He then threw the copper into 'he air with a twist, but it fell and the head was uppermost. The boys then said that one trial was not enough. It must be the best two out of three. Scott consented to this, and threw oncemore. His next throw was heads, and so the railroad won. Had the copper fallen on the other side, who can tell what the future would have been?"

A Chinese merchant in New York has received a letter stating that not long ago the little villages of Ko and Ju, fifty-five miles from Hong Kong, quarreled about the site for a temple. The difficulty culminated in the burning of both villages and the killing of nearly 1,000 people.

JOURNALISTIC CHANGES.

A Liberal Advertiser and a Remarkably Shrewd Publisher.

From the Turf, Field and Farm.

He was an old New Yorker, and he talked with the precision of the printed page: "Would you believe it? When the Tribune was started it refused to publish theatrical advertisements or to chronicle the movements of players. Now it gives much space to the stage. When Mr. Bonner was pushing the Ledger, he bought a page in the daily, semi-weekly and weekly Tribune, agreeing to pay \$3,000 for it. After the advertisement had appeared in the daily Mr. Greeley raised the objection that it would hurt the weekly, which had a large circulation, to allow such a man to occupy so much space in it. Mr. Bonner insisted that the contract should be carried out in good faith, but Mr. Greeley was obstinate, and the matter was compromised by no charge being made for the page occupied in the daily. When Mr. Bennett, the founder of the Herald, heard of the transaction, he said to his trusted lieutenant, Joe Elliott, that the Tribune people were foolish; that no advertiser could ask for too much space at the regular rates in the Herald. Mr. Elliott repeated this conversation to Mr. Bonner, and the proprietor of the Ledger quickly remarked, 'Tell Mr. Bennett that I will take eight pages of his paper.' As the Herald was an eight-page journal, the advertiser put in a bid for its entire space. Mr. Bennett was equal to the emergency. He put on sixteen pages, three pages of the Ledger advertisement going into one-half section and five into the other half. This was the first time the Herald ever issued a sixteen-page paper, and the feat was regarded as something wonderful. How different at the present, when more than thirty-two pages are sometimes caught and folded from the press. Sam Sinclair, the publisher of the Tribune, lived at that time in Twenty-eighth street, near Eighth avenue. The morning that the sixteen-page Herald came out he took his seat in the street car and bought a copy of Mr. Bennett's paper. When he opened the first half and saw three of the pages monopolized by the Ledger a scowl came over his face and he tossed the sheet over his shoulder through the open window. Mr. Bonner, who had got into the same car one block higher up, was amused by Sinclair's act, and he called out: 'You have thrown away the lesser part; you will find the greater in what you have kept.' Mr. Sinclair colored to the roots of his hair, and opened the sheet and was greatly surprised to see that five of the pages were given up to the Ledger. The fact then dawned on him that he and Greeley had made a mistake in refusing to carry out the contract with Mr. Bonner for one page in the Tribune. The first Sunday Herald was issued to get rid of the left-over matter which encumbered the galley. It was an experiment; but it brought such good results as to lead to the establishment of a regular Sunday edition of the paper. Mr. Bennett was quick to seize a point and profit by it. Now all the morning journals, including the Tribune, print a Sunday issue, and it is really the elaborate and most costly paper of the week. The changes in the newspaper world are marvelous to an old-timer like myself. A far-away look came into the eyes of the speaker as he uttered the last words, as if the faces of the older Bennett, Horace Greeley, Henry J. Raymond and other journalistic stars rose before him from the mists of the past. Then he muttered something about time moving on with remorseless tread, indifferent to change, and thrust his hands into his pocket and walked away.

He can do more work in a shorter period of time than any man living. He can lift more, walk further, and is getting rich faster than anybody he is acquainted with; while there are very few things that he will admit of being ignorant of. He belongs to the world's incorrigibles, whom there is no convincing.

He walked into the country post office, where he was always sure of an appreciative and attentive audience, threw his dirty mittens underneath the red hot stove, turned his back to it, and began:

"Mighty cold weather we're havin' now! My thermometer was down to twenty-four, last night."

"As no one could come within six degrees of such extreme cold, not a sound was heard—except one disbelieving cough that was half strangled."

"Butter's coming up," he said at length. "Got twenty-two cents for what I sold yesterday. But mine was extra, you know. I've got the name of making the best butter in this county, and it always brings the highest figure. Made three hundred and twenty pounds to the cow this year, and I'm bound to do better than that next. And I've some of the best cows there is in this section, everybody says. There ain't one farmer in a dozen that knows a good cow, any way; and then they don't know how to lead, for profit."

"I suppose I get more off from my seventy-acre farm than most farmers do from a hundred and twenty acres; and it's just 'cause I know how to manage."

"Now, when I bought that farm I hadn't but leetle to pay down. But I've worked clear 'o' debt, got one o' the best houses and biggest barn in this town, and am getting along just boss."

But I tell ye, I've got one o' the smartest women for a wife. She can cook a splendid meal o' vittles, and do a big washin', and don't get any outlandish notions in her head, like some women.

"Children all take after me, though. They just push right ahead and think they are as good as anybody. I calculate to do well by 'em too. Whoever marries my girls will get something besides plated spoons and photograph albums. And the boys ain't going to be left by anybody. Tom's colt can leave anything on the road, now, and he's only a four year old; while Jake can saw and put up his four cords of wood alone, any day. He's got the best saw I could find hereabouts. Tell ye what it is, boys, it don't pay to buy cheap tools to work with."

A boy came in for his father's mail. He had a basket of eggs that had cost two cents and a half apiece.

"What little eggs," said the brag farmer. "My hens lay eggs twice as large as them. Got the finest lot of fowls you ever see. They're half Plymouth Rock. We just have loads of eggs, and the woman sold forty dollars worth last year—tell ye there's a big profit on poultry. Ye want to raise early chickens and sell 'em as soon as they're large enough for br'ilers. Then, through warm weather, pack down your eggs and keep 'em till Christmas, and ye can sell little eggs for a whopping big price."

"Killed your hogs?" some one asked in order to have a change of subject.

"Why, yes! Hadn't you heard how much they weighed? Biggest pigs ever fattened in this community,—spring pigs and they averaged 300 pounds."

"Say, did you ever hear of Ananias?" asked a meek looking man with many patches on his clothes and an equal number of blotches on his face.

"Yes, of course! Name is familiar. Seems to me used to keep our school when I was a boy."

"Shouldn't be surprised," was the reply. "Guess you always passed examination, didn't ye?"

"Of course! I always stood head of the class." was the confident reply.

Smiles threatened to become explosive when the boy with the eggs piped out:

"Didn't ye know that Ananias was a liar that lived more'n eighteen hundred years ago?"

"No-o?" exclaimed the farmer, hesitatingly. "Well, by golly, he could have descendants, couldn't he?" as he picked up his scorched mittens and made a rush for the door, to get a ride home.

"Tell you what it is, boys, there's such a thing as being too well satisfied with one's self and one's possessions, isn't there?"

"Should say so," was the reply. "But he didn't tell it all. He might have said he was the biggest fool in town—"

"He'd a lied if he had," said the small boy, "and—"

"That will do, sonny. You had better go home with your little eggs," said another.

"All right! And that makes me think of what Mrs. Ware said when I came along past your house. She wants you to come straight home and dig some wood out of the snow and split it, for the fire was 'most out," said the boy, as he pulled his old cap down over his ears and disappeared through the door. The opening strain of "Over the garden wall" was cut short by a gust of wind laden with snow that froze his tuneless whistle, instanter.

His remark reminded others that there was a shortage in their family supplies. There was a general uprising, and, to the great delight of the clerk, Uncle Sam's postal museum was vacant for the next set of loungers.

The Brag Farmer.

The self-satisfied man is an affliction that all desire to avoid. He would not change his farm for the whole Russian Empire.

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"What little eggs," said the brag farmer. "My hens lay eggs twice as large as them. Got the finest lot of fowls you ever see. They're half Plymouth Rock. We just have loads of eggs, and the woman sold forty dollars worth last year—tell ye there's a big profit on poultry. Ye want to raise early chickens and sell 'em as soon as they're large enough for br'ilers. Then, through warm weather, pack down your eggs and keep 'em till Christmas, and ye can sell little eggs for a whopping big price."

"Killed your hogs?" some one asked in order to have a change of subject.

"Why, yes! Hadn't you heard how much they weighed? Biggest pigs ever fattened in this community,—spring pigs and they averaged 300 pounds."

"Say, did you ever hear of Ananias?" asked a meek looking man with many patches on his clothes and an equal number of blotches on his face.

"Yes, of course! Name is familiar. Seems to me used to keep our school when I was a boy."

"Shouldn't be surprised," was the reply. "Guess you always passed examination, didn't ye?"

"Of course! I always stood head of the class." was the confident reply.

Smiles threatened to become explosive when the boy with the eggs piped out:

"Didn't ye know that Ananias was a liar that lived more'n eighteen hundred years ago?"

"No-o?" exclaimed the farmer, hesitatingly. "Well, by golly, he could have descendants, couldn't he?" as he picked up his scorched mittens and made a rush for the door, to get a ride home.

"Tell you what it is, boys, there's such a thing as being too well satisfied with one's self and one's possessions, isn't there?"

"Should say so," was the reply. "But he didn't tell it all. He might have said he was the biggest fool in town—"

"He'd a lied if he had," said the small boy, "and—"

"That will do, sonny. You had better go home with your little eggs," said another.

"All right! And that makes me think of what Mrs. Ware said when I came along past your house. She wants you to come straight home and dig some wood out of the snow and split it, for the fire was 'most out," said the boy, as he pulled his old cap down over his ears and disappeared through the door. The opening strain of "Over the garden wall" was cut short by a gust of wind laden with snow that froze his tuneless whistle, instanter.

His remark reminded others that there was a shortage in their family supplies. There was a general uprising, and, to the great delight of the clerk, Uncle Sam's postal museum was vacant for the next set of loungers.

Vacaville (Cal.) Judician: Sid Walker cut a watermelon on Wednesday the 13th of January. There has been so little frost in that part of Vacaville that the melon vines up to that date were untouched by frost, and the melons have been growing right along as if it were mid-summer. The flavor was little inferior to its normal character.