



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 follow.

Mornin' jes' the time to sleep,
An' outside the kiver,
Dad shouts up it's time to bounce,
Boys begin to shiver;
Huskin' corn out in the fl'el'
Ain't so mighty 'musin'.

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

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

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

En you won't be so glib;
Doesn't 'fin' you in the brush,
Spite o' all yer boastin';
Gull 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 cameoed 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 unbend himself at the feet of Miss Amanda, her employer went abroad, and Amanda, his secretary with him. Why he did not propose to her by letter, if he did 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 would hardly have had the chance to make this blunder.

It was a beautiful May morning. After 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 at a glance. Miss Amanda was seated at a table, and also observed 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 pining cheek, that the two were very much devoted to each other. Finally he noticed a startling fact. Miss Amanda was just in the act of passing a beautiful white hand over her forehead. Tom watched it, in all the fascination of a lover; until sud-

denly 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 circumstances 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—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.

On Riverdale drive and West End avenue. For years and years the porterhouse steak has been considered the best cut of beef and has fetched the highest price. Now the demand is for the Delmonico steak, which is the porterhouse with the bit of the tenderloin cut out of it. A dislike for the tasteless bit of tenderloin seems to have developed, unless the tenderloin is served separately, either as a roast or fixed up as one of the fancy steaks that the accomplished chef knows how to prepare. There is more flavor to the sirloin, and so the demand is for either the bone sirloin, as it is called, or the Delmonico steak, which follows it in the carving of a "critter." This fancy has generally put out the butchers, who have now to find a new way to carve their meats to an advantage. Even when the tenderloin is cut away from the bone, it is said by the dealers to be the hardest piece of the beef to now dispose of to advantage.—New York Times.

COSTLIEST SAUSAGES MADE.

Some Made in France that Only Capitalists Can Afford to Eat.

"The costliest of all sausages," said a man familiar with the trade, "is Lyons sausage, imported from France. Lyons sausage sells in Paris at 2 francs and more a pound. Here it is sold at 80 cents to \$1 a pound. Lyons sausage is also produced in this country. That made here is even finer than the imported, but sells here, however, for somewhat less."

"Lyons is rather a large sausage. It is put up in the largest size hog casings and it is made of beef and pork. The meats used in making it are of the very best, and they are prepared with the greatest care. From the beef all the sinews and veins are removed, and there is left only the selected parts of the meat. The beef is chopped very fine, so fine as to make of it practically a paste. The pork used is from the back fat of hogs. This is not chopped fine, as the beef is, but is cut into irregular shaped pieces, which show in the sausage when it is cut. The spices used in the seasoning are, of course, of the choicest. The Lyons sausage is hard smoked."

"The art of sausage-making has so improved in this country that now, as you can say without reservation, the finest sausages produced in the world are made in the United States. This is true without exception. The American Lyons sausage, for example, is better than the imported. Some American Lyons is exported to France and sold there, and some of that thus exported is reimported and sold here as imported Lyons."

"Lyons sausage is served in the very finest of hotels and restaurants, and may be found on bills of fare, before the soup, served as an appetizer. For that purpose it is very excellent. I fancy that its increasing use in this manner in New York in recent years is due in great measure to calls for it from Russian visitors. The Russians have always been fond of Lyons sausage, as they are also of caviare.—New York Sun.

If you won't work, respect the rights of the man who will.



English as She Is Wrote.
"Miss Spelt," said the business man to his new typewriter, "you are certainly wasting your talents here."
"Really?" gasped the young lady.
"Yes, you should go in for humorous writing. You have the making of a female Josh Billings."—Philadelphia Press.

Encouraging.
He—is your father a large man?
Ruth—Reasonably so. I have seen him take a gentleman of your size and throw him through the window half-way across the lawn.—Life.

What to Do with Willie.
Mother—I hardly know what to do with Willie. He doesn't seem to learn anything at school; his spelling is awful.
Father—Let's make a sign painter of him.



He Had Been Caught.
Willie (glancing up from his book)—Pa, what is a "man-trap"?
Pa—Well, my son, the most effective man-trap I know of is an old-fashioned rocking chair in a dark room.—Philadelphia Press.

Should Be Used to It.
Mamma—Bobbie, it grieves me so to have you naughty!
Bobbie (strictly logical)—But why should it, mamma? I was always so.

Quiet Neighbors.
Mrs. Gabbie—I hear your husband's been made superintendent of a cemetery, and that you'll have to live there.
Mrs. Short—Why?
Mrs. Gabbie—Well, I was thinking the neighborhood would be rather ghostly and creepy.
Mrs. Short—No doubt, but it has one good point. The neighborhood won't be prying into our affairs.—Philadelphia Press.

A Thoughtless Answer.
"Do you think of me as often as you did before we were married?" asked Mr. Meekton's wife.
"Much oftener," he answered, cheerfully, but absent-mindedly. "You see, Henrietta, you weren't in a position to then remind me of yourself as much as you can at present."—Washington Star.

A Touch of Nature.
"The sentence of this court," said the judge, "is that you be condemned to solitary confinement for the term of two years."
"Thanks, judge! My profoundest thanks!" exclaimed the culprit, with effusive gratitude.
His Honor, detecting the genuineness of the prisoner's appreciation, spontaneously returned:
"I don't know, my friend, but I almost envy you; I am a married man myself."—Richmond Dispatch.

Send It by Mail.
Borough—'m off for California; got a good job out there. Good-by, old man; I'll never be able to express to you all I owe you for your many little kindnesses.
Lenders—Well, you might try a money order or a check.—Catholic Standard and Times.

On the Habits of Husbands.
"I always telephone John when we have company, so he'll be prepared."
"Goodness! If I telephoned William he'd stay down-town."—Chicago Record.



Cholly—I can't find words to express my love for your daughter, sir.
Her father—Figures will do.

His Sense of Pride.
"Henrietta," said Mr. Meekton, "there is one request which I should like to make of you."
"What is it?"
"If I get to acting a little bit overbearing don't notice it. At any rate, don't hold it up against me. You see, everyone in a while I get to thinking of the fact that I am Henrietta Meekton's husband, and I can't help feeling just a mite haughty."—Washington Star.

A Poor Salesman.
Little Isaacs—Dot man come in for a straw hat, but ve didn't have vot he wanted!
Mr. Isaacs—Den vy unter heafen didn't you sell him an overcoat? I'm afraid you'll never maig a good salesman! Nefter!—Puck.

The Present Would Have Been His.
The American tourist is so firmly convinced that he is being cheated on all sides during his European travels that he occasionally oversteps the bounds of prudence.
"What is the price of this pin?" asked a young man in a Paris shop, handling a small silver brooch of exquisite workmanship.
"Twenty francs, monsieur," said the clerk.
"That's altogether too much," said the young American. "It's for a present to my sister; I'll give you 5 francs for it."
"Zen it would be zat I gave ze present to your sister," said the Frenchman, with a deprecatory shrug, "and I do not know ze young mademoiselle."



Very Particular.
"Raastis (interrupting minister during marriage ceremony)—Pahson, would you min' readin' dat part about 'lub, hono' an' obe'y' jest once mo'; I doan't want de bride to disremember it."

Frankly Expressed.
"I am a man of few words," said the busy citizen.
"I am glad to hear it," answered the caller, with a superabundance of assurance. "I've got a whole lot to say to you and the fewer times you interrupt me the better I'll be pleased."—Washington Star.

There Are Others.
Father—You have spent a fortune on the races, and what have you realized?
Son—That I am an idiot.—Brooklyn Life.

Sure.
"Yes, sir," said the sad-looking man. "I am one of the few people who can tell with accuracy how the stock market will go."
"How do you manage it?"
"Easily. I get interested in a stock and put up my money. Then I can sit down and feel morally certain that it will go the other way."—Washington Star.

Haunted Him.
Miss Sue Persifulous—Do you take any stock in dreams, Mr. Ledger?
Mr. Ledger—Do I? Why sometimes after we've been taking stock at the store I don't dream of anything else for weeks.—Philadelphia Press.

Unusual.
"Say, did you hear about that accident?"
"No. What was it?"
"A policeman got hurt by the accidental discharge of his duties."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Novel Trap for a Snake.
A lady in Durban, India, on getting up one morning heard a most peculiar noise in the pantry. She was astonished to find that a snake had its head and part of its body through the handle of a China jug. Both sides of the snake—that is, the portion on each side of the handle—were bulging out. Then she discerned what had happened. Some eggs had been lying on the shelf and the snake, after having swallowed one, had crawled partly through the handle of the jug—that is, as far as the swallowed egg would allow—in order to get at another, which it had also swallowed. Naturally enough, it could not then go either forward or backward through the handle. The lady was just going to call her husband, when the reptile gave a desperate wriggle and in doing so fell on the floor with a bang, handle and all. But the fall broke both the eggs in its inside and, taking advantage of its release from the handle, it was out in the garden before you could say "Ware!"

Don't wait until it begins to sprinkle before starting to lay up money for a rainy day.

LAW SETS WASH DAY.

CHICAGO JUDGE RENDERS DECISION IN QUARREL.

Decides on What Day Flat Occupants Shall Cleanse the Family Linen—Housekeepers Must Wash on the Days Allotted to Them.

Strange as it may seem, the Chicago Woman's Club has never discussed the problem of wash day in an apartment building; neither has the West End Woman's Club, nor the Arche Club, nor, so far as anyone can find out, has any woman's club of the city. It is a rare occurrence that a matter comes before the public mind which has not previously been considered by the woman's club. It is seldom that women are forced to go outside the authority of their organizations for a solution of any really weighty problem. There can be no doubt that concerning the regulation of wash day the clubs have been negligent. They have had mothers' meetings, they have given their best thought to the solution of social problems, they have dabbled in domestic affairs to the extent of the servant question. Why they should have so neglected the problem of wash day is a mystery.

It was Judge Tutthill who has braved enough to attempt a settlement of the matter. The wash-day litigation has reached a successful termination, and the public is agreed that no greater service has been rendered by the courts of Illinois. All America will look to Judge Tutthill's decision for authority in arranging wash days, and the world can but be influenced by its message of domestic peace. It marks the passing of the Monday wash-day, opening a new epoch, which, influenced by the strenuous life of the times, will have seven wash days instead of one.

There can be no argument as to which wash-day belongs to whom. Judge Tutthill has read the law on that question, and occupants of apartments left renting their flat. According to the decree, the water stands: First flat wash day, Monday; second flat wash day, Tuesday; third flat wash day, Wednesday; fourth flat wash day, Thursday, and so on until the seventh flat is reached, when, so the decree reads, a new laundry shall be established. It is so planned that every six flats shall share a laundry, taking it day by day in turn, so that no two families will expect to have the room on the same day, and so that no discussion can arise as to which day the laundry belongs to which family.

The case that brought the matter to a focus in the courts was that of a family living in the third flat of a building on Woodlawn avenue. The family in question was more forehanded than its neighbors, and thought to get soapuds and ill-temper out of the way before the middle of the week. Wednesday was its allotted day for the laundry, but, nothing daunted, the family housekeeper set her clothes a-soak Monday night, with the intention of washing on Tuesday. Early Tuesday morning she was busy over the tubs, when the family from the second flat—a mother and two sturdy daughters—invalued the basement. The discussion which followed was a trying one, and but for the timely intervention of the janitor might have resulted no one knows how seriously.

Now, as luck would have it, the janitor, man fashion, was unconscious of wash-day trials and tempers. The matron of the third flat had taken to the tubs first, and by right of possession they belonged to her. So, at least, the janitor decided, never thinking that in breaking one of the rules of the establishment he was laying himself open to litigation.

The family of the second flat were great "sticklers" for rules. They knew the right of the laundry was theirs for the day, and, whether or not, they had no intention of being trampled on by the people from the flat overhead.

Besides that, they were persevering people and fond of argument, and would not let so good an opportunity pass.

Judge Tutthill has presided over the recent masses these many years with never an opportunity for so distinguishing himself as he has done in the wash-day decision. He has never hesitated to mete out justice even of the sternest sort; he has never faltered in the doing of his duty, but it must be remembered that duty never came to him with so many perplexing complications as this before the stern facts as they were presented by the two chief witnesses, if he hesitated in choosing between the rights of the two sides of the case, no one will ever know. Wisely he kept his peace and, advising with no one, with his duty ever before him, he chose to emphasize the rule which has been held in many apartment houses, and which the better judgment of every thinking person will commend. It is now no longer a rule, but a law, unwritten, yet forceful nevertheless to hold every top flat occupant to her week's end wash day.

As for the women's clubs, it is too bad they did not "get in" on this discussion before the question was settled. As it is, one of the North Side clubs has decided to talk about it next week, and if possible to find some excuse for the action of the woman from the third flat, who has, in their estimation, been unjustly set upon throughout the trial. If such a decision is not possible, the club may decide to send her a testimonial of sympathetic sisterhood, expressing the trust that she will be resigned to retarded housework and midweek washings. Perhaps later in the year the Chicago club may undertake to throw further light upon the distressing domestic situation of the woman who occupies the third flat.—Chicago Chronicle.

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