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RESTITUTION.

Dear Love Disdain, I faith to you Would offer this poor fan in lieu Of the rare toy I napped in two Between my clumsy fingers. You played a Machiavelian part, Revengeful your love and broke my heart With smiles, white teeth, mocking art Still in my memory lingers. Unfurl it now, you will behold A painted story new, yet old. She is not hard, indifferent, cold. This wattle maid in yellow! She does not scorn and then bid go This quaint marquis in lace jacket, This "apres-moi-le-déjeuner" bean, This Louis Quinzième fellow! Therefore I beg you condescend To keep the trifle that I send. I pray you, too, my heart to mend With one or two kind glances, And learn a lesson from the fan. If, not these halting verses, scan, And substitute me if you can, Nor fly from Love's advances.

HER RETORT. 'Tis most incongruous, I ween, To humble truth by arts and deane, Me, whom you oft have called a queen, With these insulting fane, fan, fan, And you, who princely gifts bestow, I marvel should a beggar go. I will not mend your heart—no, no— But send you mine for answer. —Harper's Weekly.

UNCLE BOB.

It was on an evening in late September that Mr. and Mrs. Barbour were sitting on their front gallery. Mr. Barbour had been reading his paper and Mrs. Barbour sewing, but they both abandoned their occupations for a moment and looked at each other.

"James, I have been thinking about this sheep stealing that has been going on for some time," said Mrs. Barbour. "We must do something to put a stop to it."

Just then Uncle Bob came running around the corner of the house and stopped before them. He did not speak a word, but simply stood and stared at them with bulging eyes and wide open mouth.

Uncle Bob had never accepted freedom so far as to leave the home where he had been reared and where he had worked as a slave until emancipation was proclaimed. Mr. Barbour had been and always would be "Mars Jim" to him, and Mrs. Barbour at the age of 60 was still "Young missus." Uncle Bob's mind had never been very bright, and of late somehow it seemed to rest under a heavier cloud than ever before.

To a person not acquainted with Uncle Bob it would have seemed as if something terrible had occurred to give him that startled look, but it brought only a smile to Mr. Barbour's face.

"What is the matter, Bob?" he asked gently.

"Hawgs in de tater patch, Mars Jim."

After this information was given his face relaxed somewhat, and the terror that had been depicted upon it vanished in a moment.

"Go and drive out the hogs and reap the fence."

"I've done fix de fence." "Well, then, what is the trouble?" "Hawgs in de tater patch."

"Didn't you drive them out?" "I sholy try, but dem hawgs dess run an run an butt dey head gin de fence till dey plum crazy."

"Oh, I see," laughed Mr. Barbour. "You closed up the gap where they got in before you tried to drive them out?"

"Laud, Mars Jim, I dess sholy did!" And Uncle Bob started back toward the potato patch, while Mr. and Mrs. Barbour laughed softly to themselves over the blunder he had made.

"Bob's reasoning faculties are getting duller every day," said Mrs. Barbour. "Since Mose and Phyllis came back here last spring it seems like he is out of his wits oftener than he used to be."

"Nonsense, Kathleen. Bob is getting old; that is all."

"Perhaps so. But there is a great change in him since their return. Mose and Phyllis were always full of tricks, and there is no telling what influence they are using over the poor old fellow."

"Do you think they have hoodooed him?" laughed Mr. Barbour. "No, I do not. But I am sure they are intimidating him in some way," said Mrs. Barbour earnestly. "Don't you remember, James, the tricks they resorted to while they were slaves to get out of work? Mose was crippled so badly with rheumatism that he just could creep around with the assistance of a stick, and Phyllis was so hard of hearing that it was impossible to make her understand anything except through signs, and then she would only understand as much as suited her. But the day they were set free Mose cast away his stick and hopped and danced as lively as any one, and Phyllis was no longer troubled with deafness."

"Well, my dear, that was a compliment to us. They knew no one would buy them in that condition and pay what they were worth to us. We were always kind to them, and they appreciated it. They simply played that trick because they loved us."

"You know better, James. It was to keep out of hard work—to get the best of us—to cheat us so far as we would allow. Just remember how quickly they left us after they were set free. Mose and Phyllis were the first to go away."

"And the first to return to us," replied Mr. Barbour, with a smile. "Yes; they passed their useful days in town doing barely enough to live, and now, when they are almost used-

less, they come back to us to support them."

"What you say is true, Kathleen. Suppose we turn them off again; tell them to go back to town and live or die as best they can," said Mr. Barbour, looking at his wife with a quizzical gleam in his eyes.

"You know very well I would not consent to any such thing any more than you would, James; but for all that, I cannot help thinking but what Mose and Phyllis are imposing upon Uncle Bob in some way, and that this sheep stealing we were talking about when Bob made his appearance just now has something to do with it."

Just then they were interrupted in their conversation by a man coming toward the house from the road.

"Goot efening, Mishter Barbour; goot efening, Mishter Barbour. I hoot you vos all vell," chirruped the newcomer.

"All well, thank you, Fritz. Come in."

Fritz sidled up the steps and sat down awkwardly on the corner of the chair Mr. Barbour offered him.

"I hear you shote some sheeps. Mishter Barbour, eh?" said Fritz. "You mean you have heard I have had some sheeps stolen from me," corrected Mr. Barbour.

"Yes, yes. I hear you haf shoten some sheeps. Excuse me, Mishter Barbour. If I lif 200 year, I vos nod dings but von Deutchmens in Anglish nohow."

"That is all right, Fritz. Yes, I have lost some sheep lately."

"Vot you gif?" "What did I give for the sheep?" "No. Vot you gif for dat tief?" "Oh, I see you want me to offer a reward for the fellow who stole my sheep. Well, seeing it is you, Fritz, I'll give 4 bits for him," said Mr. Barbour, laughing.

"Den I catch him, sure." "How are you going to do it, Fritz?" "I catch him, dot vos all, and den I bring him here for 4 bit. Goot efening, Mishter Barbour; goot efening, Mishter Barbour," and Fritz, bowing and scraping, backed down from the gallery and walked away, apparently highly elated.

Fritz was a German, small in stature, with a big woman for a wife. They had moved into the Pine bayou neighborhood a few years before, had rented land and farmed for Mr. Barbour for several seasons and made good crops, which enabled them to buy the land finally and make a home of their own.

Fritz had always been of a steady, slow going sort, never trusting to chance or resorting to anything but hard labor to earn a dollar. The Barbour therefore were somewhat surprised when they found that he had turned detective, and that, too, for no greater reward than half a dollar.

"What do you reckon has come over Fritz?" asked Mrs. Barbour wonderingly.

"That, my dear, is more than I can answer," was Mr. Barbour's reply. Fritz, however, as he wended his way homeward, communed with him self.

"I fool dat toothache, sure. I go shtay by dat sheep pens an vatch for dat tief, an I shleep maype. Maybe I don't shleep, an den I catch dat tief and make 4 bit. If I shtay at home, I don't shleep, an I don't makes nodings nohow. Dot's so, by shimminy!"

It was perhaps 10 o'clock that night when two men crawled up toward Mr. Barbour's sheep pen from opposite sides, but neither of the prowlers was Fritz. Fritz was lying in a fence corner at right angles from the two, sleeping peacefully.

One of the men rose from the ground and peered cautiously over the top rail toward the other side of the pen through the darkness. For some minutes he watched patiently. Then he saw a dark form mount the fence opposite to him and sit motionless for a moment, his form clearly outlined against the starlit sky.

Then the man on the fence slipped down inside the pen, and there was some commotion among the sheep. A few minutes passed while he was hidden among the darker shadows near the ground; then he made his appearance again close to the fence where he had come over it and threw something to the ground outside.

Just as he was about to clamber over the watcher on the other side sprang into the pen also and rushed across it. When he reached the other side, however, the first man in the pen had long since left it and was fast disappearing down the road, running as if terror lent wings to his feet.

"Huh—huh," muttered the man left behind. "I think I know you. I'll take a short cut across the pasture and catch you yet."

So saying, he began to climb the fence and was ready to jump over, when his boot strap caught upon a protruding knot in the top rail. He tumbled over backward and was left hanging head downward with his feet in the air.

In vain he struggled to release himself. He worked until the perspiration ran into his eyes and made him groan with smarting pain. Then for a few moments he hung motionless, as if meditating on what would be best to do to extricate himself from the uncomfortable position.

"Yes," he muttered, "Fritz ought to be here. I'll call, and perhaps he'll come to my assistance."

"Oh, Fritz!" he shouted. There was no reply. Again he called, and with renewed

vigor, as he began to fear that no one would hear him. Presently, however, Fritz was awakened and sprang to his feet and listened.

"Who's dot?" he asked. "It's I. Come and help me, Fritz." Fritz made his way cautiously around the fence until he reached the place where the man was hanging upside down.

"Ah, ha! I catch you, eh?" exclaimed Fritz. "I'll fix you." With the swiftness of an expert Fritz pulled out a large cotton handkerchief, gave it a twist in his hands and bound it over the man's mouth as a gag.

The man tried to tear it away, but Fritz informed him that if he did not desist he would get his brains knocked out.

Then Fritz produced a stout cord and proceeded to tie the man's hands securely behind him. When this was accomplished, he cut the boot strap and let the man down to the ground.

"Now get up, you feller," ordered Fritz, helping the man to his feet. When he was standing up, Fritz began to look around.

"Ah, I tink so! Here vos dat sheep," he cried as his foot struck against the carcass that had been hidden by the tall weeds, into which the first man had thrown it.

"Ah, I makes you carry dot sheep, an Mishter Barbour pay me von dollar maype," he said.

Fritz provided himself with a stout stick. Then he untied the man's hands and made him shoulder the dead sheep and walk before him to the house.

A light was still burning in the sitting room, and the door being open Fritz walked his prisoner straight inside.

"I gots him!" shouted Fritz. Mrs. Barbour was alone in the room, where she had been sitting reading, and when she looked up at the prisoner, with the carcass of the sheep still upon his shoulders, her eyes showed fully the surprise she felt.

"Oh, James, what has happened?" she asked.

Fritz, too, looked into his prisoner's face and was almost surprised out of his wits when he found that he had captured Mr. Barbour himself.

"Py shimminy," he cried, "I nefer tink dot!" And he quickly removed the gag and relieved Mr. Barbour of his burden.

"You caught me, Fritz, and have earned the dollar. Here it is," he said as he handed him the money. Then he added: "You can have the sheep, too, and welcome. Now you can go home."

Fritz was too astounded to make a reply. He shuffled out of the room, feeling that a blunder had been committed somewhere, but in what way he could not make clear to himself.

"The most ridiculous thing I ever saw," laughed Mrs. Barbour when Fritz had departed. "How did it happen, James?"

Then Mr. Barbour told how the real thief had escaped, and how he had been caught himself through an unlucky accident.

It was perhaps an hour later that same night that Mr. Barbour was standing alone on the gallery, when Uncle Bob, his face upturned to the sky and mumbling to himself, came walking by.

"How is the weather, Bob?" asked Mr. Barbour, smiling to himself.

"Clare too goodness, Mars Jim, I can't tell ye. Mose got scairt an didn't bring him home. But he say hit was de fates' wedder in de flock."

"Did he, sure enough?" "Yes, sah, Mars Jim."

Uncle Bob had approached the gallery where Mr. Barbour was sitting, and as he touched the edge of it he looked up pitifully.

"You ain't gwine tu'n ole Bob of fen de place, is you, Mars Jim?" "No. Did any one tell you so?" "Yes, sah, Mars Jim. Mose an Phyllis bof say dey'd have me tu'n off if I tole on 'em."

"They won't trouble you any more, Bob. I'll speak to them in the morning."

"Reckon as how you can't, Mars Jim. Dey's bof gwine leave in de mawwin. Dey say Pine bayou hain't good for dey constushion no longer, sah."

"They are right, Bob."—John P. Sjolander in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Willie Thought It Was "Jam." "A door has two jambs. Write that on the blackboard, Willie," and Willie wrote, "A daw has two jambs," and his teacher had to admit that he was right.—Harper's Bazar.

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