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A SONG BY A CONTENTED FELLOW.

Oh, it's all one to me, all one.

Whether I've money or whether I've none.

He who has money can buy him a wife.

And he who has none can be free for life.

He who has money can trade if he chooses.

And he who has none has nothing to lose.

He who has money has care not a few,

And he who has none can sleep the night through.

He who has money can squat at the fair.

And he who has none has no escapes with much care.

He who has money can go to the play.

And he who has none can stay.

He who has money can travel about,

And he who has none can do without.

He who has money can be at ease still.

He who has money can drink the best wine,

And he who has none with the goat will not pine.

He who has money the cash must pay.

And he who has none says "charge it, I pay."

He who has money must die some day.

And he who has none must go the same way.

Oh, it's all one to me, all one,

Whether I've money or whether I've none.

MAURICE DALE'S REVENGE.

BY WILL F. JOHNSON.

The farm residence of Joel Fields stood near the track of one of the great railroads traversing the State of Illinois, and down the road west, a distance of five miles and back north three miles, lived his cousin Matthew Dale. Each of them had a good farm, but Mr. Fields had the larger farm, and was in every way possessed of much more property than his relative; and the heir to his splendid farm and to all his property was his daughter Hester, a fair, sweet-tempered girl, the belle of the neighborhood, and with whom half a dozen young gentlemen within a radius of ten miles were in love.

It was a custom of Mr. Fields to have a number of guests during Christmas time, and to have a Christmas tree and a general good time. And on such occasions he always had his cousin's son, Maurice Dale, come and stay a few days. Not that young Dale was a favorite with him, however, but mostly on account of the relationship between them.

A few days before the Christmas which opens my story, Maurice Dale as usual accepted the invitation extended him, and came to the residence of his relatives.

In addition to the good time to be had, there was a powerful motive for his coming—whi-^{ch} was that he was violently in love with Hester, and though she had once rejected him, he did not despair, but determined to try again. She was not rejoiced to see him, for while their association had never been unpleasant, she had a secret aversion to his bold, black, watery eyes that seemed to follow her every movement. There were two other gentlemen invited to spend the Christmas with the Fields, and the next day after Maurice Dale's arrival, they both came first to the farm of Mr. Fields, a wealthy farmer, and a son, who had just come to the land and had broken the railroad two miles from the railroads two miles. He was a fine-looking, manly fellow, with a pleasant way about him calculated to charm the gentler sex, and, of course, the great inducement for him to come was Hester herself, whom he had become interested in some time before; and while he was not exactly in love with her, he felt that he could soon be so, and he determined to find exactly his state of feeling by constant association with her. His sister Lilly, a winning, dark-haired girl, a favorite among the gentlemen and an ardent friend of Hester's, accompanied him.

The other visitor was Jack Tracy, the best looking young gentleman of the three gentlemen. He was a finely proportioned man, 24 years old, with a fresh, healthy complexion, a blue eye, and a drooping brown mustache, which hid a well cut but good-humored mouth. He was the life of the company, or any company in which he might be. His pleasant humor and universal cheerfulness would not allow those around him to become dull or blue. Of the three none was so welcome to Hester as Jack Tracy. He lived back in the country, north twelve miles, and on account of the distance had not been a frequent visitor at Mr. Fields' house; but, having met Hester, he had straightforwardly fallen in love with her, and looked forward to this visit with bright hopes of winning her regard.

The evening of his arrival they were all gathered in the parlor and music, cards, and walking was the order of the evening's enjoyment.

Maurice Dale watched with a jealous eye when Willard Moore danced with Hester, and when she and Jack Tracy sang together the very harmony of their voices roused the demon of jealousy still more in him, and a close observer would have seen an occasional gleam in his eye which gave sure evidence of the passion in his breast; but, ordinarily, he was perfectly calm and self-possessed. It appeared that Hester treated both the other gentlemen with equal cordiality, but toward himself she was constrained in her manner, though she tried hard not to appear so. It is almost impossible to appear friendly and cordial toward one we secretly distrust, and Hester could not entirely conceal from the jealous eyes of her relative the feeling of aversion she had for him.

On the morning of the day before Christmas the men started to take a turkey hunt in the ledges of timber lying along Hurricane creek, several miles to the northeast. Turkeys were not plentiful, though there were a few, and, as they were hunted a great deal, they were very wild, and it was extremely difficult to get a shot at them.

That evening, after the return of the hunters, it was intended first to have the unloading of the Christmas tree, and then a few of the young folks of the neighborhood were invited to have a dance and usher the Christmas morn in with merriment and pleasure.

When the gentlemen were ready to start on the hunt, Hester said, in a bantering tone, "I'm ready, but as I am not going to make a proposition to you to become vigilante hunters."

"What is it?" cried they all.

"One who brings in the largest game shall have the first dance with me. And now, my friends, with such an incentive, you ought to do wonders."

"Play for a buffalo to cross my path," said Jack, plausibly.

"No, indeed, sir," replied she, but at the same time she was very white and pale, as if she had just seen a ghost.

Willard Moore grieved greatly, for he was a nervous lad, but, and he did not stop to look at Hester,

but, bewitching look at him which Jack was standing just back of him,

he fancied was intended for him and not for Moore; and possibly it was.

"We will have a walk in the first dance," said Maurice Dale, with a significant look toward Hester.

At which remark Willard looked still more disconcerted, and Jack looked daggers, and Hester looked—not a quick look. "Do you mean to insinuate that I bought it?"

"We will defer the discussion until after dinner," said Tracy. And as soon as dinner was concluded the gentlemen met outdoors to take a smoke, and as soon as they were out Maurice commenced the conversation by saying to Tracy, "You must be confounded jealous to spring such a thing on me."

"Maurice Dale," said Tracy, stopping and looking at him sternly and contemptuously, "can you explain how you killed the turkey with buckshot, when there was a cheerful fire, and did ample justice to the dinner that they had brought with them."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Fields,"

said Jack Tracy, "I should not have spoken so in the presence of a lady," and with a bow he took his leave.

"When I was gone, Willard Moore said: "I am very sorry, Miss Fields, that I spoke hastily: can you pardon me?"

"Oh, yes," said she; "but it is too bad for you two to quarrel, and especially over poor me."

That night Jack Tracy mounted his horse and rode off, and did not return till 1 o'clock the next morning.

"I guess you've got the dance," said Jack, gloomily, and eying the luckless owl, if it were to do its duty, it would immediately, for his benefit, transform itself into a much larger and more palpable bird, "unless Dale has had extra game."

"Which I have had," remarked that gentleman, coming among them, swinging a huge gobbler.

"By George!" said Willard.

"In the woods," said Maurice, laconically.

"Ah! Pardon the doubt implied by my question," said Willard, sarcastically.

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