

THE WILY FRESHMAN.

He was a gentle sort of youth. Who seemed to have a great smile. And he was in the truth. That he was capable of guile. Yet, ere the term's first week was gone, he had won the hearts of his men; A certain dashing style put on. Quite unbecoming in a Freshman.

He wore odd clothes, he lugged a stick; And he'd be a hulking fellow; And he'd make him sick. He'd roll on a ball game belt. At least, he'd be a hulking fellow. By rolling out a tall silk hat.

He brought with him a sword. That they could'nt say that. And so they voted that this young man, The Freshman, was a hulking fellow.

He'd be a hulking fellow; And he'd be a hulking fellow.

He learned their scheme to him in joy; The Freshman, he came to it. And for a hulking fellow.

A fighting man of great renown. To sleep that night within his belt. To be a hulking fellow with care.

The night came on, and at its dead, The band of bold, bad men came there.

Darkness intense was in the room; And the darkness was a gloom.

And in the dense and awful gloom, The Sophie began to play.

Then the band of bold, bad men, By all things that I hold dear,

Or by all that I hold dear, I'll beat into your heads some sense.

Then the band of bold, bad men, That I hold dear for aye.

They answered with a jeer. It gave The fighting man a hulking fellow.

The band of bold, bad men, So the Sophie did not have to give.

The Sophie who got it 'twixt the eyes.

Then in the darkness yells arose.

Loud cries of agony and fear.

As one man, it got on the floor.

And the band of bold, bad men, The Sophie began to play.

The window opened. Out they flew.

Heads all battered, black and blue, They'd tacked in a pile upon the ground.

Did they return? Oh, no, indeed.

They hawked for their further knock.

From the Sophie, they'd be a hulking fellow.

They'd rather stand an arduous shock.

And now the Freshman wears his hat,

And sports his most obnoxious air;

He smokes cigar, and, more than that,

He smokes cigar, and, more than that;

Do Sophie him in? Not at all!

And when how a man so small,

So everlasting can fight.

—Boston Post.

—HE NEW NEIGHBOR.

When one morning Mrs. Chickwit, sewing at her cottage window, observed that a family was moving into the nearest house to hers, in the country place where she resided, she dropped her work and lifted up her hands in delight! Mrs. Barley had moved away, and Mrs. Barley had been gone six months.

"Somebody is moving in, and I shall have a neighbor to chat with without having to go a quarter of a mile every day." Mr. Chickwit is away to the city every day, and little knows how long some I am, having nobody to speak to till he comes home, except the children. As soon as they get settled a little, I'll go right over and invite them to come and see me. How pleasant it will be to have such near neighbors out here in these lonely woods! I only hope they'll be more neighborly than Mr. Barley was.

The new neighbors proved to be Mr. and Mrs. Bab, with two children not yet in their teens. When, in due time, Mrs. Chickwit called, she found the house not in order, but was highly gratified to see that Mr. Bab was a very easy-going sort of a person, who seemed to refer everything to his wife, while he took his comfort on two chairs, smoking his pipe and letting his offspring about at him and about.

"What a nice disposition that man has!" thought Mrs. Chickwit. "Mrs. Bab must take a good deal of comfort with him."

Mrs. Bab appeared to be an equally easy-natured being, troubling herself little about the children, who turned everything topsy-turvy, as they pleased, while she occupied herself in reading novels and newspapers.

"I do hope," says Mrs. Chickwit, "now that we are acquainted and such close neighbors, that you are more neighborly, and we'll have a call often. I'd do as Mr. Bab did, who was here before you. She and her husband seldom came in, as if they thought they would be shot if they came to see a body. Now do call!"

"O, I'll call," said Mrs. Bab, smiling; "and I know we shall be the best of friends and neighbors. There's no half-way about it."

Next day Mrs. Bab returned the call of Mrs. Chickwit, and complimented her upon appearing to have everything comfortable about her.

"Your husband must be an excellent provider."

"He is indeed," replied Mrs. Chickwit, pleased.

"What beautiful children you have! And that blessed baby! O, it's a chumb-wumb—yea, it is—little darling!"

And, in a sudden spasm of love, she took the infant in her arms and kissed it passionately; as if it were the first baby since the Christian era.

"Mother's idol! Yes, I am!"

"That's what Mrs. Barley never did," said the gratified mother. "Never so much as took one of my children up, or said a coaxing word. What a difference there is in neighbors!"

"What's just the way it is," agreed Mrs. Bab. "Were you ever troubled with a neighbor that kept borrowing all the time?"

"Well, I can't say as I ever was," returned Mrs. Chickwit, trying hard to recollect, out of politeness.

"I've been pestered and annoyed in that way sometimes," said Mrs. Bab, rolling up her eyes, "that it seemed as if my head would go off, and I couldn't keep nothing together. The neighbors would worry, worry, worry, all the time. Now, I think it's a Christian grace to lend things occasionally, when you know you're lending to, and are sure they'll return them back; but I don't like to lend everything I have, and then never see 'em again."

"I shouldn't like to myself."

"Anything you would like to borrow of me, Mrs. Chickwit, you're entirely welcome to it."

"Well, I'm sure I!"

"You may borrow my clothes off my back, if you want to," pursued Mrs. Bab, "and I'll never indulge myself in an unkind murmur."

Mrs. Chickwit looked rather dubiously at the eastern dress worn by the accommodating Bab, and assured her that she should never think of such a thing."

"You must, you must—anything that I have," insisted the generous Bab; "for when I have any particular friends, my neighbors, I've always held it to that what was mine was theirs, and what was theirs was mine. It is. But I must be going now. I will think of it, and our poor toes isn't coming this morning, and do you think I could hurry the matter off?"

"O, of course," said Mrs. Chickwit, glad of an opportunity to prove the friendship she felt for her new neighbor.

And, after kissing the baby once more, off went Mrs. Bab, with a pack of potatos in Mrs. Chickwit's basket.

"She's a pleasant creature," mused Mrs. Chickwit. "How she'll come over again to-day. There's a knock; perhaps that's her."

"Mother wants to know," said Mrs. Bab's oldest girl, Adeline, "if you won't be kind enough to fill the bag with flour, for our dinner?"

"With the greatest pleasure," said Mrs. Chickwit, filling the bag; and off went Adeline in high glee, but returned immediately, and said she had forgotten half of her errand.

"And which half was it, dear?" said

Mrs. Chickwit, smiling a whole world of amazement at her.

"She said she hated to borrow, but if you would lend her two flatirons and a sarpancan, for ours ain't—" O, yes indeed!"

"Three or four eggs and a chopping-knife."

"And a hammer and a few nails."

"There they are," said Mrs. Chickwit, kindly. And away went the girl again.

"I know she's my bairn," reflected Mrs. Chickwit, "for she's a bit of a scamp, for one thing, and scorching. I was ashamed to have them to think the ugly thing was mine."

Here there was a short, sharp fight about the baby's beauty and behavior, in which the borrowing woman was worsted.

"I'd like to know if you don't want to borrow something else before you go? What else do you want, I'd really like to know?" said the girl again.

"I'll beat into your heads some sense," said the girl again. "I'll send everying home to tomorrow morning, as if he were a scamp, and the foregong compensation and expenses shall be audited and paid by the Secretary of State."

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