

## ARIZONA COWBOYS.

### FIRST COWBOY.

I'm the howler from the prairies of the West!  
If you want to die with terror look at me!  
I'm a chasin'-lightnin'-if I ain't may I be blessed!  
I'm the sporter of the boundless prairie!  
Chorus—He's a killer and a hater!  
He's the terror of the boundless prairie!

### SECOND COWBOY.

I'm the snorter from the way-back up trail!  
I'm the reveler in murder and in gore!  
I can bust more Pullman coaches on the rail  
Than any one who's worked the job before!  
Chorus—He's a snorter and a snorter!  
He's the great trunk-line snorter!  
He's the man who pats the sleeper on the rail!

### THIRD COWBOY.

I'm the double-jawed hyena from the East!  
I'm the blazin', bloody blizzard of the States!  
I'm the celebrated s'gger! I'm the beast!  
I can snatch a man bald-headed while he waits!  
Chorus—He's a double-jawed hyena!  
He's the villain of the scene!  
He can snatch a man bald-headed while he waits!  
—Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.

## CHOOSING A WIFE.

In from the hay-field came John Westlake and went into the cool sitting-room, threw himself upon a sofa, picked up a paper, and read as follows:

"A young man having matrimony in view should ascertain before taking this important step what the house-keeping abilities of his intended one are. Many a man has had both fortune and happiness wrecked by overlooking this important point."

"Any man, by a little strategy, can obtain the desired information; he can have some business at his father's house early in the morning, or if she lives by the roadside he can ride by and glance in at the open door or window and thus see which, mother or daughter, cooks the breakfast."

"Or he can take a position behind some tree in the orchard, commanding a view of the barnyard, and find out who does the milking—the knowledge can be obtained, and it should be obtained by some means, and in this case the end justifies the means."

"What paper is this?" said John, looking for the heading. "The Crampton Herald." Yes, and this is good advice for a farmer's son. Now, soliloquized he, "I have about concluded to marry Mary Johnson—that is, if she will have me, and I think she will—but I must confess that I do not know much about her abilities as a housekeeper. I know that everything in their house—that is, as far as I have seen—is in perfect order; but who takes care of the house I don't know—perhaps Mary, perhaps Mrs. Johnson. Mary, I know, has taste, for she comes into company as neatly dressed as any young woman in the neighborhood; but then she has had the advantage of two or three years' city schooling, which fact may account for her knowledge of dress, but it argues somewhat against her knowledge of domestic affairs—but I will find out."

"John, dinner," said his little sister Kate, poking her curly head in at the door.

While eating, John outlined a plan of operation.

"I will," thought he, "get up early to-morrow morning, go across the meadow to Johnson's corn-field, and then through the corn-field to the barnyard, cross the barn-yard to the meadow fence, and then creep along this until I get to the bushes in front of the summer-kitchen window, where I will hide, and there, not more than a rod away, I can see everything that goes on."

"What a splendid General I'd make," said he, chuckling, as he went to the field by himself; and the more he contemplated his plan the more he became convinced of its brilliancy of conception and ease of execution.

"I will tell Mary," said he, "of my strategy after we are married—that is, if she suits me, and I think she will. Love," continued he, "is said to be blind, but I will show Mr. Cupid that if he has pierced my heart he has not affected my vision. And again, getting married is said to be like putting your hand into a bag in which are ninety-nine snakes and one eel; but before I put in my hand I intend to see the eel and know just where to reach for it."

Next morning John arose very early, dressed quickly, and went down stairs very quietly.

Going first to the barn he went half way around it to get it between himself and the house and then struck a bee-line across the new-mown meadow towards Squire Johnson's cornfield.

He had not gone far before he heard a noise behind him, and looking round he saw his old dog Nero at his heels.

"Go home, you old scoundrel, go home!" exclaimed John fiercely.

Nero looked up into his master's face with an injured expression, then turned round and trotted slowly homeward.

But he did not go far; stopping on a little hillock, he turned round, sat down and gazed after John.

Concluding that there was some misunderstanding, he resolved to try again, and in a few minutes was close at John's heels.

"You old villain! Didn't I tell you to go home?" said John, turning round and making a pass at him with his foot.

Nero was now convinced that his company was not desired, and the sticks and stones that followed him as he moved briskly homeward had a tendency to confirm him in his conclusion.

"The confounded old scamp," muttered John, "would have all the Squire's dogs about me in less than a minute, and then good-by to my plan."

Mary Johnson was the daughter, as we have seen, of Squire Johnson, who lived on the farm adjoining Westlake's.

She was a handsome, intelligent girl, and of course a good housekeeper, as most intelligent country girls are and as all girls ought to be. Mary's several years at school had made some change in her, but John found to his sorrow that she had not lost the habit of early rising.

This morning she arose somewhat earlier than usual and went to the barnyard to do the milking. As she was about to begin she glanced towards the corn-field and saw some one coming.

"Who can that be?" she said. "As sure as the world it's John Westlake! I wonder what he is after! And he's coming right here, and I've nothing on but this thin gown! Oh, dear! what shall I do?"

Her first impulse was to run, but observing that he was coming very cautiously, as if in fear of being seen, and knowing that she was undiscovered, curiosity prompted her to stay; so gliding behind a hay-stack near by, she was in a position to note his actions undiscovered.

Coming to the barn-yard, he ran across it in a half-stooping posture, to the meadow fence. Getting inside, he began to creep along the fence towards the house, much like a savage trying to steal upon his enemy.

"What does he mean?" said Mary, her blue eyes dilating in wonder.

The summer-kitchen was a short distance from the main building and between it and the meadow fence was the spring.

From the spring issued quite a large stream, flowing under the fence and across the meadow.

Where it flowed under the fence, near the summer-kitchen, was a small but dense thicket of alders, briars and wild grapevines.

This was the point for which John was making.

Arriving within a few rods of the house, he ran, stooping, across the little open space of meadow between the fence and stream; then behind the alders that lined its bank he hurried along until he reached the thicket, into which he crawled, and fixed himself so that he could have a view of the window.

Mary's eyes flashed in anger.

"So, John," said she, "you have been reading the Crampton Herald." Well, we'll see how much knowledge you'll obtain for your trouble.

Then, taking a roundabout way, so that he might not see her, Mary entered the house and went up-stairs to her room and sat down near a window that overlooked his riding-place.

"What a splendid place for observation!" said John to himself, as he fixed himself among the bushes.

Just then up went the window and out came a pail of dirty water, thrown by the strong arms of Mrs. Johnson.

"Ugh!" said he, crawling backward, as the dirty shower came dripping down through the leaves; "this is a circumstance for which I made no calculation."

"Belle, where is Mary?" called Mrs. Johnson to one of the girls.

"Up-stairs," said Belle.

"Why, what's she doing there? Why doesn't she come down and do the milking?"

"I don't know," was the reply. "She says she's not coming down for some time; you needn't wait breakfast for her."

"Just as I expected!" said John with a sad countenance. "Those boarding-schools will ruin any girl. I suppose they'll carry her breakfast up to her. I guess I'll go now; I've learned as much as I want to know."

But John did not go just then; something again occurred for which he had made no calculation. The Squire had several dogs, and among them was one ferocious old fellow called Bull. Attracted by the smell of victuals, for breakfast was now cooking, they had gathered about the kitchen door and sitting there with wagging tails were awaiting their morning meal.

At the first rustle of the leaves as John turned round they pricked up their ears. In a moment, after he had moved again, they were over the fence, jumping and howling and prancing around the thicket as if it contained their greatest enemy.

"Hi, there! Hi, Bull! Go in, Rover! Hurrah, Bob, dogs have got a rabbit!" shouted the boys, running out and bombarding the thicket with a shower of sticks and stones, which made John lie as flat as a skink under the fire of a whole line of concealed enemies.

"Get out there! Get out! What in thunder's all this fuss about?" growled the Squire, coming to the spring to wash and thinking the dogs were after a cat or a bird.

In a few minutes the family went to breakfast, and the dogs left the thicket. The coast seemed clear.

"Now or never," said John, as he began to crawl toward the edge at which he came in.

A low savage growl stopped him; there, right in front, was old Bull, stretched out, with his head between his paws, winking at him and seeming to say: "I've got you now, young fellow."

"Poor old Bull!" said John, coaxingly.

A low growl was his only answer.

"My poor old fellow! Come here, won't you?" said John, patting on his knee.

Another growl, fiercer than ever. Bull was too old to be flattered.

John now was mad.

"Confound you, you old scoundrel!" said John, "if I ever catch you away from this place I'll murder you."

Bull only winked in reply to this abuse.

John now tried to get out at another place, but Bull moved around upon the line of investment and took position in John's front again.

John was not usually profane, but just now he used an expression or two denoting his willingness to see Bull in a warmer climate than this.

Breakfast was now over. The Squire and the boys came out, took their scythes from the apple-tree and began to whet them.

The question that troubled John now was, where are they going to mow? His fears were soon confirmed.

"Where shall we begin?" said one of the boys.

"Right here in the corner, and mow round the thicket," was the squire's reply.

John groaned in spirit.

They climbed the fence and began.

"Come out there, Bull," said the old man, catching sight of the dog.

Bull was slow about moving.

"Jake, take him to the barn and tie him."

Jake led him away, but Bull every now and then looked back as if he expected to John rush out.

John kept very still.

It was impossible to see him from the outside and every round took them farther away, lessening the danger of discovery.

John now began to think it was time

to see or at least hear something of Mary. She, from her window, saw his predicament and was delighted with it.

"He is safe, now, till noon," said she. "He won't come out while father and the boys are in the field. And now I must breakfast and then dress, for to-day Cousin John comes from the city."

After a while John heard a carriage come up the drive and stop at the front door. Then he heard Mary's voice exclaiming:

"Why, John, I am so glad to see you!"

"Kiss me, darling!" said the new-comer in a lusty tone.

"Aha!" said John in the thicket, "she has another John, has she?"

This was the last of Mary for about an hour; then he heard her and the new-comer in the yard chatting and laughing.

They came to the apple-trees, and amused themselves by throwing fruit at each other. Tired of this, they came marching arm in arm to the spring.

John fixed himself so as to get a good view through the leaves.

His heart saddened as he saw what a tall, stylish, good-looking fellow the new John was. A savage feeling took possession of him.

The fellow had his arm around her waist, and was looking into her handsome, glowing face, as she chatted gayly, with something more, as John thought, than mere admiration.

After taking a drink, she proposed that they try which could throw water farthest into the bushes.

"Agreed!" said he, and at it they went.

It seemed to be fun for them, but it was anything but fun for John.

The new John became excited, and to show his superior strength, threw down his tin cup and seized a bucket.

The water came down in torrents.

John in the bushes shivered and gnashed his teeth in rage.

Oh, how he wished that he could turn himself into a cat, gorilla, anything, so that he could rush out unknown across the meadow.

They soon, however, became tired of this, and concluded the exercise by sprinkling water upon each other. Then he arranged her curls, brushed the water from her dress, took her face between his hands, made her lips pout out, held her for a moment, and—shall we tell it?—stooped down and kissed her.

John saw it all. The "green-eyed monster" took full possession of his soul; he felt as blood-thirsty as a tiger, and was on the point of springing from his lair and throttling the fellow at once, but prudence restrained him.

Another hour passed. The sun's rays began to fall vertically through the leaves, and the mowers, making large circles a long way off, had done, as he thought, a good half-day's work. Would dinner-time never come? A regular Joshua's day, thought John, as he waited and longed for the ringing of the bell.

Soon it rang, and a few minutes after the Squire and his boys were at the spring washing, preparatory to eating.

"Who was that in the field talking to you?" said Mrs. Johnson to the Squire.

"Little Tommy Westlake," was the reply.

"What did he want?"

"Why, he wanted to know if we'd seen John to-day. He says John got up very early this morning and went away, leaving his work undone, and they have not seen him since."

"Strange," said Mrs. Johnson.

"Moll, Moll! Hurrah, Moll!" shouted one of the boys.

"What!" said Mary, coming to the door.

"John Westlake has found another Moll and ran off with her."

"All right," was the reply, "let him go. I can get another John."

"She has got another one already," muttered John.

They were all now at dinner; everything was quiet.

"Give me liberty or give me death!" said John, as he crawled out.

Now, like a savage fleeing from his enemies, he ran, stooping, along the fence and past the barn to the cornfield. As he sprang over the corn-field fence the dogs caught a sight of him and started in pursuit, yelping and howling, while old Bull, from the barn, with loud-mouthed bays, indicated his desire to join in the chase.

"What in the world is the matter?" exclaimed the Squire, as he quit carving to listen to the uproar.

"Hurrah!" said the boys, jumping up and running to the door.

"What's there?" said the squire.

"Something in the corn-field," was the reply.

"Jones' cattle again. Go over, Tom, and put them out."

Tom, when he started, saw something twisting about in the middle of the field, but when he got there he saw nothing, though he met the dogs howling and apparently badly frightened—John, when he found them about to overtake him, had stopped by a stone pile and had given them a reception which they could not stand.

Tom went back and reported: "Nothing in the field," but it was a mystery which he could not explain, why the dogs seemed so badly scared.

John when he reached home went round by the barn, through the garden, and into the house the back way.

Going up-stairs quietly to his room, he put on a suit of clean clothes; then going down as quietly as he came up, he reached the barn by the roundabout course he had taken when coming in.

Now from the barn he started and marched boldly up through the yard toward the house.

The family were at dinner. Walking in he hung up his hat, pulled out his handkerchief, wiped his face and said:

"In time yet, I see."

"We're glad to see you back, John," said his mother; "but we'd like to know where you've been."

"Yes, give an account of yourself," said his sister Julia. "We had about concluded that you and Mary had gone to Gretta Green, or some similar place."

"Well, I'll tell you," said John. "You know I told you a few days ago that some of the academy boys were on an excursion to the city this morning and

wished me to go with them. I did not intend to, but thought I would go over this morning and see them off."

"You know the train starts very early, and I expected to be back in time for breakfast; but when I got on they held me, coaxed me to go with them, until the train was going too rapidly for me to get out, and of course I was carried to town and had to wait there until the return train, which, you know, does not come out until near noon."

This explanation was satisfactory to all except John—it was a lie which he had been working up all the forenoon for this occasion. He felt bad over it, yet it seemed a fitting conclusion for the blunders of the day—how else could he conceal what for the world he would not have any one but himself know?

That afternoon he was in anything but a good humor. In the hay-field he worked by himself as much as possible.

He seemed to have a special ill-feeling toward his dogs; if one of them came up to him, no matter how friendly, he was sure to get a rap over the back with the hay-fork that sent him away howling. The relationship that existed between Mary and the other John was a question that now troubled him.

Yesterday he was of the opinion that he could have her for the asking, and now it seemed evident that she already belonged to some one. The loss, or the danger of losing her, made him realize how much he loved her, and like many another man under like circumstances, he was willing to overlook defects.

"Domestic abilities!" said he. "What do I care about her domestic abilities? I will have Mary Johnson if she doesn't know enough to bake a loaf of bread!"

## HOSPITABLE ROMANCES.

At one time we had 1,700 patients in the hospitals. A train came in late one evening with a great number of painfully-wounded men. The following morning, in my early round, I was attracted by one of the new arrivals, whose right leg had been amputated above the knee. He seemed in a profound sleep, although even in repose his face wore the impression of the suffering he had endured. His features, faultless to the finest line, were like chiseled marble in their bloodless pallor. I sat down by the cot ready to administer the prescribed medicine. His unbroken sleep continued and I reluctantly left him to look after the other patients in the ward. Hour after hour passed away and my interest increased as I frequently turned to his bed, hoping to find him awake. Still he slept on. Towards night I went out again and found him awake, apparently conscious and free from pain. His eyes were turned toward the setting sun, upon which he calmly looked. More slowly came the faint breath as his strength declined with the declining sun. Just as it sank below the horizon his soul followed in the glorious pathway and he was known no more on earth. The nurse told me he had uttered no word and there was no clew to identify him. Afterward he showed me a locket which was suspended from his neck by a slender chain. It contained a plain gold ring and the picture of a lovely girl's face. It was a repetition of the old story of a faithful woman's heart somewhere throbbing with love and longing for the return of its idol.

One day when a lad from Central New York was near his death the visitor of the ward carried a bunch of sweet fresh roses and laid them on his pillow. As he inhaled the fragrance his breast heaved with emotion; the icy torpor and reserve was broken and he burst into a passionate agony of tears. Then, and not till then, he told the intense and bitter longing he had for home and friends. He was too manly to complain or confess his homesickness. If he had spoken before he might have been furloughed while yet strong enough to be sent there. His father was telegraphed for and every effort made to arouse his strength, but, alas, too late. The storm of weeping so prostrated the frail body that he never rallied from the exhaustion, and far away from his beloved ones he went down alone to the brink of the river whose dark tide bore him to the home eternal, where sickness and sorrow are unknown and where there are no more partings.

A dramatic incident was related to me by a Chaplain from City Point. As he was moving through a long line of sufferers he approached one severely wounded, whose march was nearly ended. Death was waiting at the goal. When asked if he was ready to go he motioned for a pencil, and with blue, cold fingers wrote: "I am prepared. My trust in Christ is perfect. Tell the boys to sing 'Come Rally Round the Flag.'" The minister of consolation read the message aloud. As the last word fell from his lips a soldier who had lost a hand sprang up on his bed, and, waving the mutilated stump, burst forth into a glorious song. A thousand voices swelled the chorus. The walls of that mournful place of suffering rocked with melody. With a wrapt smile on his glorified face the dying brave fought his last fight and conquered his last enemy.—Mrs. Judge Fisher, in the Philadelphia Times.

## THE WAY TO MAKE MONEY.

Commodore Vanderbilt was credited with saying: "There's no secret about amassing wealth; all you have to do is to attend to business and go ahead, except one thing, and that is never tell what you are going to do until you have done it."

All the force that this latter bump of the old Commodore could transmit seems to have concentrated in William H. He knows how to keep a still tongue. Some of his followers know that he knows it, too. And he knows that they know that he knows it. This brings him once in a while to good natured help them out after they've got "scorched."

Stewart used to say, "Honesty and truth are the greatest aids in gaining wealth." That may have done for dry goods, but we know some men who have kept mighty short of these two stocks, and yet have gained what they call "wealth." We cling to the old-fashioned idea, though, that it "won't stick."

John Jacob Astor was of the opinion that "with a start of \$1,000,000 it requires but little effort to get rich." That's what our Baptist friend, Jay Gould, held to when he made his first deposit in the Dime Saving bank out of his little salary as President of the Erie; then he "got started," but he didn't "get left."

George Law said: "There's nothing easier than making money, when you have money to make it with; the only thing is to see the crisis, and take it at the flood." That is the creed of our friend Cyrus W. Field, only he didn't call it a "crisis," but an elevated railroad, and he didn't "take it at the flood," but he flooded it after he took it.

One of the elder Harpers laid down three rules for his business guidance: First, fear God; second, pay cash; third, keep your bowels open.

And so we might multiply the financial creeds of these monetary bishops. The world is full of men who get into the whirl and excitement of business, risk all they have on gigantic ventures, lift themselves and their families to a high plane of living, and when they go down suddenly, as lots of them do, there isn't enough ready money left to keep their families in a Second Avenue boarding-house for a fortnight.—New York Stockholder.

Mr. SPURGEON says the Salvation army is trying to turn Christianity into a game of toy-soldiers, with jump-jacks for commanders, and he thinks it is time the riot act was read and the pretenders dispersed.

True merit, like charity, bloweth not its own cornet.

## HUMOR.

A HOUSEHOLD pet—A car-pet. THE hire class—All sorts of laborers. THE man who offers you counterfeit coppers shows bad cents.

THE Brooklyn bridge caused a good deal of "wire-pulling" in New York.

THE leather dealer does not insist upon harmony of opinion among his customers. He likes to have them take sides.

"God was gif a mans a coubles eyes," says Carl Pretzel, "and one tongue, on akound He wants you to look a couple of times out before you speaks once."

"Is that dog mad?" he asked the boy as the animal dashed by. "I reckon he is!" replied the boy; "I just see a butcher take a piece o' meat away from him and kick him six feet into the air. Wouldn't you be mad if that was done to you?"—Boston Post.

THE high-school girl explained to her particular friend that "He kicked the bucket" was slang, and that the polite expression was "He propelled his pedal extremities with violence against a familiar utensil used for the transportation of water and other fluids."—Old City Derrick.

FROM the French: Young B. carried a piece to Gondinet, and asked him to note with a cross the scenes that appeared to him to be defective. Some days afterward Gondinet returned the manuscript. "Not a single cross, dear master!" "No; your comedy would look like a cemetery."

"Did you see that big meteoric display last night?" asked Gus De Smith of Gilhooly. "When did it come off?" "About 9 o'clock. Didn't you see it?" "No, of course I didn't. I live out in the suburbs, and never get a chance to see anything that is going on after dark in the business portion of the city."—Texas Siftings.

A MILWAUKEE lawyer has been disbarred because, in order to induce a man to become his client, he made a ridiculous promise to secure a big verdict of damages, when in fact he knew there was no possibility of recovering a dollar. Should this become epidemic what are we to do for lawyers to law for us?—Chicago Check.

"CHARLIE is a brave fellow," remarked Brown. "Few men would care to go about at night as he does, unarmed. I should think that he would be afraid that somebody would take his life." "Nonsense!" exclaimed Fogg; "robbers never take anything that is utterly worthless. They might take his money, but his life, never."

THE latest anecdote about the old lady who thinks that she "knows everything" is about how she went to a church social, and as she entered the room the young ladies said: "Good evening, auntie, we are glad you came; we are going to have tableaux this evening." "Yes, I know, I know," was the reply; "I smelt 'em when I first came in."

ONCE, when Judge Story was called upon to defend a woman accused of murdering her husband, he adduced as one of the proofs of her innocence the fact of her having attended him on his death-bed, and said to him, when he was dying: "Good-by, George." The counsel for the plaintiff declared this ought rather to be taken as a proof of her guilt, and that the words she had used were: "Good-by, George."

JONES AND GRACE.  
A witch.  
And a saw devil:  
A dash.  
A crash.  
O, why did he leave her?  
A groan.  
A moan.  
And an exclamation:  
Once more.  
Fresh gore.  
With reiteration.  
She cries,  
He flies.  
For she's getting balky,  
Good-by.  
Dude fly.  
Sinner from Milwaukee.

—New York Morning Journal.

He wanted to be a humor