

ARIZONA COWBOYS.

FIRST COWBOY.
I'm the bowler from the prairies of the West!
If you want to die with terror look at me!
I'm chain-lightning—if I ain't may I be blessed!
I'm the snorter of the boundless prairie!
Chorus—He's a killer and a hater!
He's the great annihilator!
He's the terror of the boundless prairie!

SECOND COWBOY.
I'm the snoozer from the way-back upper trail!
I'm the reveler in murder and in gore!
I can bust more Pinalman coaches on the rail
Than any man in the country on the job before!
Chorus—He's a snorter and a snoozer!
He's the great trunk-line abuser!
He's the man who puts the sleeper on
the rail!

THIRD COWBOY.
I'm the double-jawed hyena from the East!
I'm the blazing, bloody blizzard of the States!
I'm the celebrated a'gozer! I'm the beast!
I can snatch a man bald-headed while he waits!
Chorus—He's a double-jawed hyena!
He's the snorter of the scene!
He's the snatcher of 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 her 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 barn-yard, 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."

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

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

"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 barn-yard, 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 corn-field.

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-bye 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 barn-yard 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 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, curiously prompted her to stay; so gliding behind a haystack 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 world.

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.

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 pour out, held her for a moment, 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 his feet, but prudence restrained him.

"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! Hist, 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 skirmisher 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, 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 clime 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 today 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 hands, 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 pour out, held her for a moment, and—

kissed her.

"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!"

That afternoon he made a resolution.

"To-morrow evening," said he, "I will go over and tell her frankly how much I love her, and ask her to be mine."

The next evening John drove up to Johnson's door. Mary came out to greet him, and gave him her usual cordial welcome. After talking a little while, she said, somewhat mischievously.

"By the way, John, you walked over last time, did you not?"

"No," replied he, not comprehending "don't you remember, I rode old Charley?"

John could not muster courage to say what he desired until leaving time, and then, as they stood upon the porch, he with his arm about her waist, told his love, and asked her to be his wife.

"John," she said in reply, "let me tell you a story:

"Once upon a time there lived not far from here a gentleman and a lady. The gentleman, who esteemed himself a man of great prudence, was in love with the lady, or at least his attentions led her to believe so.

"But, before making a proposal, he—as a man of prudence should—resolved to satisfy himself in regard to her ability to conduct the affairs of a household; but, instead of trying to obtain this information in an open, manly way, he was foolish enough to try to obtain it in accordance with some foolish advice, the like of which you have seen, doubtless, in your father's newspaper."

"Yes," said John, his mind reverting to the Crampton Herald.

"Well, one morning he awoke very early, left his father's house, crossed a meadow, came to a cornfield." John's arm relaxed, "then through a barn-yard, then came along by the meadow fence, went into some bushes near a summer kitchen—

John's arm slid down by his side.

"Don't Mary," said he. "I confess it all. But how did you find out?"

She told him, and gave her answer.

"Now," said