

THE HEROINE OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THIS LITTLE CHIEF.

A pretty little blue-eyed maid,  
Ah, maid,  
Threw back her shoulders, and she said,  
Some unspoken words  
About people who go in hearse,  
When dead!

And when the girl had got all through,  
All through,  
They gave her a ticket painted blue,  
All blue!  
Then she went home and went to bed,  
With throbbing heart and aching head,  
Ah, too!

The Mongol heathen spit and spirt,  
Ah, spirt!  
Upon the Superintendent's shirt,  
Clean shirt!  
That he might cut a heavy swell,  
When he should stand straight up and tell  
How that girl died in doing well,  
Oh, cert!

And the Mongol heathen lives on yet,  
Lives yet,  
And figures the Superintendent's debt,  
Wash debt!  
And so the Superintendent lives,  
And still the Mongol heathen lives,  
While the world is running short of wives,  
You bet!

—Brooklyn Eagle.

THE LAST MAN.

BY A SEAFARER.

A small iron, full-rigged ship was in latitude 10 degrees north of the equator, outward bound for a New Zealand port. The sun would be setting in an hour; already his disk was rayless and of a dark and angry gold, and his reflection lay in a broad and waving dazzle upon the western swell. A pleasant draught of air, blowing softly over the port quarter, had kept the lighter canvas sleeping all the afternoon, but the lower sails hung up and down, and as the ship leaned upon the gentle undulations, the tender swinging of their folds wafted cool currents over the fevered decks, as though some gigantic punkah-wallah, perched aloft, were fanning the ship. The deep blue of the sea, scarcely wrinkled by the breeze, stretched around, and the water-line was like an azure cincture clasped, where the glory of the sun hung, by a plate of gold; but over the side the water was of an exquisite transparent green, in which you could see the metal hull of the vessel wavering till a bend hid it, and it was enough to possess a man, half-blinded with the heat that came off the brassy glare under the sun, with a caldure to look into the glass-like emerald profound, and to think of the coolness and sweetness to be got by a lazy floating in the serene surface of that fathomless depth. All the afternoon it had been blowing a soft air, with now and again a stronger fold that came out of the northeast with a parching taste in it that might have made it pass for the expiring breath of a rush of atmospheric heat from some blast furnace hidden behind the sea; but one felt that the draughts could not long outlast the sinking of the sun, whose ardency was slowly sucking out all life from the air. Already in the south the water-line ruled the deep violet of the sky with a burnished surface, betwixt which and the heavens there was a trembling of heat in which the blue swam to a height of four or five degrees. Just where that tremulous appearance was you saw a shining speck, the topmast sails of a ship disconnected by refractions from the rest of the fabric; they looked through the glass like kites flying in the air; and if there was anything in this world to emphasize the vast expanse of the ocean, it was those tiny points of canvas, when one came to think how small a handful of miles was needful to sink the big vessel out of sight, to render invisible a hull full of people, perhaps, and loaded with a cargo of a value sufficient to render a thousand poor families happy and independent for life ashore. Still the breeze continued blowing softly as the sun sank. There were wrinkles round the stem of the little iron clipper, and the surface of the green clearness over the side was strewn with bubbles that gleamed like emeralds and diamonds and rubies between the shadow of the ship and the light off the sea as they veered slowly astern into the languid, iridescent wake. It was a pretty sight to peer from under the short awning to up aloft, and mark the stunsails spreading further and further as they descended, till the reflection of the great white squares of cloth stretched by the swinging-boom shone like a sheet of silver under the black spars; and when over the ship lifted to the swell, there would come from aloft a sound of pattering reef-points, and the quiet beating of buntlines, and the low clatter of rope against rope, which, with the aid of the brook-like murmur of the rippling water at the bows, might have passed for a stirring of fallen leaves disturbed in their shady place by a sudden passage of winds betwixt the dark trunks of trees and over the cool turf.

It was the second dog-watch. No work was doing, and the heat was too great for any kind of diversion. One saw a number of open-breasted, mossy-bosomed seamen overhauling the fore-castle rail, pipe in mouth, with drowsy eyes sleepily looking away into the blue distance, while a low, throaty murmur of voices floated aft from forward, where the black cook, standing in the galley door, was arguing with a Dutch sailor. There was a farm-yard noise, too, of muttering hens, mixed with the rooting, grubbing grunt of a pig or two, and a strange Eastern bird, secured by the leg, was clapping with beak and talons up and down a fathom or two of forestay, while in a hoarse sea-note he'd sing out now and again: "Gail ho! bless my eyes! bear a hand! sail ho!" Right aft on the quarter deck, visible from the weather side of the fore-castle under the lifted clew of the mainsail, stood the helmsman gripping the wheel, and gnawing upon a quid in his cheek, with many a roll of his gleaming eyes aloft and then into the compass-bowl and then upon the sea; the brightness came off the water in a scarlet tremble upon his figure, and often he would tip his Scotch cap on the back of his head to pass the length of his arm from the wrist to the elbow over his streaming brow. The captain, a red-faced man in a straw hat, with a Manilla cheroot in his mouth, paced the deck from the mizen-rigging to the taffrail; the chief mate, who had charge of the watch, walked in the gangway, and the second

mate, seated on the main hatch, was emptying his third and last sooty pipe. Slowly the sun sank, brightening out the heavens to far beyond the zenith into an amazing glory of scarlet and red and orange, melting into a sulphurous tinge that died out into a delicate green sky, which, in its turn deepened into blue and violet and indigo where the ocean met it in the east, with a star or two glistening where the lovely hue was deepest. A tropical evening, indeed; and you saw the silver speck of the hidden ship's sails trembling above the horizon and catching the farewell ray of the setting luminary, whose light went slipping level to it from the brow of one swell to another, until it was like a drop of blood in color, and hung like the red lamp of a distant light-house, though the ashen eastern shadow closed down upon it swiftly, and melted it into thin, gray air, while the loftiest of our own clipper's sails were still on fire with the rich hectic of the west, and the ropes, like gold wire, and the greased top-gallant and royal masts, and whatever else showed a polished surface up aloft, twinkling with ruby stars. Dark-ness swiftly follows the descent of the sun in these parallels; there was no twilight, and the night lay in a dusky, spangled fold in the east ere the sun had fairly trailed the skirts of his golden robe off the low-down western sky. The moon would not rise for another two hours; but the darkness and the coolness were wonderfully sweet after the long spell of roasting daylight. The dew fell till the stars made pearly flakes of it upon the rails and skylights; and the gentle breeze still blew, though with an ever-waning breath. The ripples now ran in lines of fire from the ship's bow, and strange green shadows, like the vapor rising from melted tin, brightened and dimmed in cloudy puffs in the slants of the inky swells, and you saw tendrils and stalks and leaves of phosphoric radiance eddying in the holes of the ship's wake, and glimmering along the lines which marked the breadth of the ebony path she was sailing along. Then, in armies, the stars overran the velvet-black heavens, with planets shining in blues and greens, and dropping points of quicksilver into the dark waters, while above them the glittering dust of countless worlds lay thick as sand, and often a narrow space of the vast dome would flash out in radiance to the bursting of a meteor, whose momentary bright shining would seem to find an echo, so to speak, in a dim violet glare of lightning down in the southeast.

Two bells—9 o'clock—were struck; one heard the ringing chiming hollowly thrown downward out of the sails. A dead calm had fallen, the ship lay in a deep slumber upon the gently breathing bosom of the ocean, and nothing seemed awake but the throbbing stars. Not above four miles had been measured since the darkness came down, and now that the night was breathless, with a threat of cat-paw—on no account to be neglected—on either bow and all around, the captain gave instructions for the sternsails to be taken in and stowed away out of the road of such boxhauling of the yards as might be necessary. This made the ship lively for awhile with the running about and the racing aloft of naked-footed mariners; but presently all was silence again, the captain below taking a glass of grog, the second mate pacing the deck aft, the watch coiled up anywhere for a snooze, a single figure erect on the fore-castle, and the sea like a mirror full of starlight, yet so dark that it was like looking through a haze at the luminaries over the water-line. Three bells were struck, and scarcely had the last vibration died when the second mate hailed the fore-castle: "Forward there! is there anybody singing below?" "Nobody singing here, sir," came back the answer promptly. "None, sense, man! There's some one singing somewhere below forward, I tell you. Put your head into the scuttle and listen." There was a pause, and presently back came the reply: "All's still in this part of the ship." The second mate walked up to the fellow at the wheel: "Did you hear a man's voice singing just now, before the bell was struck?" "Yes, sir." "Didn't the sound come from forward?" "It seemed like it," answered the helmsman. "Hush! there it is again," cried the second mate, raising his hand and stretching his head forward, with his ear bent toward the fore-castle. The sound was distinct enough—it was that of a husky voice singing—but at a distance that made the notes as thin and vibratory as the twanging of a jew's-harp heard from afar. It ceased, and was followed by a faint, unearthly laugh, that died out at the moment, when a sudden shivering flap of the canvas up in the darkness seemed like a shudder passing through the ship. "There's some one singing and laughing away out ahead here, sir!" shouted the man on the fore-castle, in a voice that made one suspect he felt his loneliness at that moment. "What the dickens can it be, and where does it come from?" exclaimed the second mate, stepping to the rail and looking over. He peered and peered, but the night lay dark upon the water, spite of the starlight, and no deeper shadow stood anywhere upon the gloomy surface to indicate the presence of a vessel in the neighborhood. "Forward there!" he shouted; "do you see anything?" "Nothing, sir." The watch on deck, aroused by this halloo, and gathering its import, clambered on the bulwarks to look around, and the captain, hearing the second mate's voice, came up from the cabin. "What's the matter?" he asked. "There's been a sound of singing and a kind of laughing following—coming from somewhere ahead, sir," responded the second mate. The captain went to the side and took a long look. "Pooh! pooh!" he exclaimed, "it must have been your fancy, sir. Singing and laughing? Why, were any vessel near enough for us to hear such noise, we should be bound to see her." He was walking over to the compass. "There, sir, you have it now!" cried the second mate. Once again the same thin, wailing, singing, borrowing a supernatural character from the darkness, came faint but clear to the ship, followed as before, by the same reedy, croaking laugh. "By heaven, Mr. Burton, it's

no fancy!" exclaimed the captain, wheeling swiftly around. "But it is a human voice, think you? If so, where in mercy's name can it come from? I say, my lads," calling to the men staring over the bulwarks, "d'ye see anything?" "Nothing at all, sir, though the sounds plain enough," was the answer, delivered in a tone of awe. Suddenly a dim, luminous gray haze floated up into the eastern sky; it brightened into yellow and then into a kind of a sullen red; and in a few moments the upper limb of the moon jutted up, a pale crimson, with a light that made an indigo line of the horizon under her, and as she soared one saw the wake she left trembling in dull gold along the withering ebony of the swell, till, shooting clear of the deep, with a broadening luster around her that quenched the stars there, she shot her level crimson beam at the ship, whose sails took the tinge of feverish radiance, and stood out in phantasmal spaces of mystical light against the darkness and the stars. But speedily transmuting her copper into silver, the luminary threw out a fairy radiance that, flowing to the westernmost sea-line, showed the circle dark and clear all round, and scarcely was her bland and beautiful illumination fairly kindled when a dozen voices shouted: "There's a boat out there on the starboard bow!" "Hush!" cried the captain; and amid the silence there stole down yet again to the awed and astonished listeners the wild, mysterious singing of a man's voice, followed by a peal of laughter. "Well, whatever it may prove, it must be overhauled," said the captain. "Mr. Burton, call some hands aft to lower away one of the quarter boats, and go you and see who it is that is singing and laughing away out here in the middle of the ocean." In a few minutes the boat was pulling away for the dark object to the left of the moon's reflection.

The watch below had turned out and a crowd of seamen awaited with burning curiosity the issue of this singular encounter. "It'll be no man's voice as raised that there chanty," said one of the oldest, and presumably one of the most ignorant among them, as they overhung the rail. "If I'd been in the old man's place y'e might ha' turned to and boded me afore y'e'd ha' got me to send a boat to it." "Why, what d'ye think it is, Bill?" inquired another. "Think! I don't think at all. Taint my business to think. But d'ye s'pose," replied the old man, "that any mortal being with bintellies inside him, such as you and me's got, 'nd ran to and sing songs—and I dessey comic songs, for what should set him larin'—in a open boat at this here hour of the night, 2,000 or 3,000 miles away from land? You bet old Bill knows what he's a talkin' about when he says that if what's come across in that there boat turns out mortal he'll swallow the biggest pair o' sea-boots that's knockin' about the fore-castle." Awed by the old sailor's prophetic croaking, to which years of rum and hard weather had communicated a forbidding, sepulchral note, the others fell into deep silence, straining their eyes in the direction of the boats. A half-hour passed before they approached the ship, during which the seamen had been startled by many hoarse and dreadful cries proceeding from the advancing boats, intermixed with shrill and savage laughter, and wild shouts delivered in accents the mariners could not make head or tail of. "Well," cried the captain, when the boats were within hail, "what is it you have come across, Mr. Burton?" "A raving lunatic, sir," answered the mate. He's a Spaniard, I think. There's a dead boy in the bottom of his boat that I reckon to be his son. He's been shipwrecked apparently, and there's nothing to eat or drink along with him that we can find. It was now seen that two of the crew were on the madman's boat holding him. As they drew alongside the wretched maniac began to rave fearfully, sometimes breaking off to sing some weird, tuneless song, then bursting into accents full of heart-breaking entreaty, and afterward wrestling furiously with the two men who had hold of him, making the boat sway to her gunwales, and uttering shriek after shriek. It was as terrible a scene as ever the moon shone down upon. They had to bind him turn up on turn with ropes in order to drag him aboard, and mad as he was, yet it was evident he knew he was to be separated from the dead boy under the thwart of his boat, for his struggles were frantic when he saw what they meant to do, every posture was a passionate, delirious yearning toward the corpse, and when finally he was lifted over the rails, his screams and ravings in Spanish sent the hardest among those who had no hand in getting him aboard recoiling with horror. He was little more than a skeleton. When they brought a lantern and examined him, they found the remains of what had clearly been a tall, handsome man, but famine had done its work—famine and thirst. A boy might have lifted the emaciated frame, though madness furnished it yet with a horrible vitality, and a degree of life, fearful to behold in so shrunken a conformation, blazed in his dark eyes, cruelly sunk, and showing like flames in the hollows, whose shocking depth was accentuated by his bushy brows. The corpse of the lad was reverently dropped over the side, and the boat sent adrift, after the ship's name she carried painted on her stern had been duly noted. There was no doctor on board, but what the kindness of English sailors could do for the poor Spaniard was done. He died on the following afternoon, having ceased his raving and fallen into a pathetic silence soon after he had been taken aboard. It could not certainly be known that the boy had been his son. "But I don't think there could be a doubt of it," said the captain and Mr. Burton, as they stood looking at the dead man, "for, mere skeleton as the poor fellow is, there seems to me by the appearance of his face that there was more of a broken heart in his death than the want of food and water." The man's clothes and belongings, besides the vessel's name, served to identify him. He was master of a Spanish ship that had sailed from Cartagena three months previous to the discovery of the boat by the English iron clipper. With him

had gone his only son. The vessel was never heard of after having been spoken in twenty degrees north latitude, and there could be no doubt that of the numerous crew who were in her, the poor captain, when encountered raving in an open boat amid the frightful solitude of the great Atlantic, was the last man.—London Telegraph.

People Who Live on the Railroads.

There is a distinct railroad population that is constantly growing. It is composed of commercial travelers, lecturers, show agents, actors, and actresses. They eat more meals in hotel cars and railroad meal stations than they do at home or in hotels. They spend more nights in sleeping-car bunks than in beds. To a person who travels only occasionally it is interesting to note how thoroughly equipped these professional journeyers are. Upon entering a sleeping-car early in the evening, for instance, they remove their shoes and put on slippers, hang their hat up and don silk traveling caps, take off their coats and put on short sack coats or smoking jackets.

In the morning, when the occasional traveler, obliged to wear the only clothing he has brought, goes to the toilet compartment in his coat and vest, and thus struggles in an effort to cleanse his skin without soaping his sleeves or his coat collar, these professionals again excite his envy. They come along all smiles, having slept well, and feeling perfectly at home. They hang up their smoking jackets and display snowy white robes, ornamented with colored binding and braid, and capable of being thrown open at the neck and rolled up above the elbows. From a pocket in the suspender jacket one produces an ivory-backed brush and costly comb, a tooth-brush, and perhaps a nickel-plated soap box. Another opens out a prettily embroidered receptacle, composed of many folds, each one a pocket and each one labeled. In these lockets are a comb, a brush, a tooth-brush, shaving-brush, soap box, pair of razor cases, nail-brush, whisk broom, hand glass, and cologne bottle.

Their familiarity with their surroundings is as noticeable a part of their equipment. A glance out of the car window is almost certain to reveal to them their whereabouts when they arise, or when they are waked up, or are about to go to bed. They carry their time-tables in their heads, and give good advice as to which station has the best caterer. They are sociable and democratic.—Philadelphia Record.

My First Antelope.

We scurried over the desert plains south of Laramie, Wyoming, skirted Sheep Mountain, entered North Park, and after a fifty-five mile drive, camped at Pinkham's Ranch. All day long we had kept up a fusillade at antelope in the distance but without effect. At daybreak I swung my Sharps carbine over my shoulder, mounted my horse, and started for a group of antelope a mile or more away. When within a thousand yards I dismounted, and for three hundred yards crawled cautiously through the long grass. They appeared to be a buck and two does. Reclining at full length, and, taking long and deliberate aim at the larger of the three, I was highly elated to see the supposed buck spring in the air and fall to the ground. Returning, and remounting my horse, I rode rapidly toward the wounded animal, elated at the prize I should be able to show my comrades at Pinkham's when they rose for breakfast. Judge of my chagrin and remorse when, upon drawing near to the dying animal, I discovered that I had shot a doe. Instead of scampering rapidly away, as they naturally would have done, the fawns remained close to their mother in her death struggles. With their beautiful gazelle eyes they cast such piteous reproving looks at me, as one could never forget; it was a scene to move a heart of stone. For days afterward on driving from point to point in North Park, we encountered large droves of these antelopes. Frequently they remained, just like so many calves in the barn-yard, until we had ridden fairly on to them. But I could never persuade myself to kill another of these beautiful animals except as needed for food. Sportsmen who delight in shooting the graceful creatures one after another, are nothing less than inhuman butchers.—David W. Judd, in American Agriculturist.

Caleb Cushing.

Caleb Cushing's personal habits were peculiar. Although a most charming companion, an agreeable conversationalist, and fond of the table, where he was always delightful, he was a solitary man. His wife was a daughter of Judge Wilde, a bright and remarkable woman, who entered into her husband's interests in a way somewhat unusual. Old politicians remember the savage assaults made on him in Massachusetts on the charge that an affidavit in his favor was, in fact, made to his wife, although her name was studiously concealed under the designation of "a person." She died young, and he never married again, and always seemed to lead a wandering life, for, although he had a home in Newburyport, no one was sure of finding him there or of being able to ascertain where he was. When he entered a railway car next to some person he did not know—an Irishman seemed preferable—apparently in order to avoid conversation. Not a singular trait, by the by, in eminent men. They see enough of their compeers by necessity, and often prefer inferior persons as companions. Lord Eldon's favorite guest at dinner was a stuffy old master in chancery, and able near home notoriously enjoyed careless talk with persons where they can lay the harness off and feel entirely unrestrained. Mr. Choate, in his frequent long walks in Boston, always sought the lanes and by-ways where he was not likely to meet anybody he knew.—Boston Every Other Saturday.

GENIUS, like the sun upon the dial, is ever indicating to the human understanding the application of shadow and light.

THE PATENT OFFICE.

Some of Its Peculiarities and Curiosities.

No bureau of the Government, says a Washington paper, exceeds in importance the United States Patent Office. From the start, it has been self-sustaining, and now has an unexpended balance to its credit of about \$2,500,000. This money is the result of fees paid by inventors to secure the patents which protect their inventions. The pressure of work and the diminished force has brought the work behindhand. In some divisions, of course, it is further in arrears than in others, for the inventive genius seems to follow the public need or public interest. For instance, when the new standard of time was agitated, there was at once a large number of applications filed for improved watch and clock dials.

The troubles with the grip on the Brooklyn bridge are already bearing fruit in the Patent Office records. Every week brings forth one or more patent grips, and the backwoods are not yet heard from. Should the winter prove severe enough to suspend outdoor labor in the rural districts, the spring will usher in an array of patent grips that will leave car-couplers, electric lamps, and check-rows entirely in the background. When anything happens to keep a portion of our population inside doors, its effects are immediately apparent in the Patent Office records.

One would hardly think where every thing is so thoroughly matter of fact as the Patent Office, that there could be anything that would excite a smile extracted from its records. The inventor is a sober, thoughtful man, and he brings his applications and models to the office, where they are received and investigated by a steady and critical examiner; and one might almost as soon expect to get a comic song out of an oyster as to look for funny things from the cranks and cogs of the models. An examination of the applications, however, reveals some curiosities in the way of names and the patents applied for that are quite amusing. Marc Antony applies for a patent fruit can; T. Allwood, for a barrel platform; J. Brown, for a refuse objector; J. Barnhill, for a planter; J. Christ, for a torpedo; Isaac Cook, for a cook stove; Crofut & Knapp, for felt hats; and Car Carpenter, for a car-heater. One Preserved Fish has invented a mast for vessels, and Lazarus Fried has a patent for toy watches. F. F. Foot has appropriately applied for a patent for boots and shoes; H. Goodenough, for a horse-shoe; C. J. Glover, of Gloversville, N. Y., for a glove fastener; T. January, for a fluting machine; C. Lightsinger, for a harmonica, and W. Legg, for a boot upper. F. Million has patented a gas engine; Modest Merke, a fly-trap; J. D. Miracle, a valve; D. A. Moon, a grain measure; Manlove & Green, a corn harvester; E. B. Meatyard, an ox-bow; J. E. Mustard, a pepper cruet; A. North, a refrigerator; Perry Prettyman, of Paradise, Spring Farm, Oregon, a lamp-burner; J. D. Peck, a measure—probably a peck measure; D. T. Trueblood, a medicine spoon; E. B. Turnipseed, a bee-hive; J. Whitecar, an oyster dredger; and Wall Work, a car signal.

Of other peculiar names there are W. B. Argue, William Alchin, and Gallup & Hurry, who are attorneys; Candy John, A. Colderhead, T. Curbsetter, S. Cornfield, O. Drinkwater, Ludovic Charles Adam Joseph Guyot, D'Arincourt, A. Doll, Cook Darling, V. C. A. P. D. G. Comte de Ayarruck, Leo Louis, Aime Elie, Picot de la Peyrouse, P. T. Earlywine, D. Goodwillie, F. W. Gossling, W. H. Goodchild, Sampson Goliath, J. C. Holyland, C. X. Harmony, Jackson Martin Van Buren Ignifritz, E. Kiss, M. J. Laughter, E. S. Laughinghouse, Mustapha Mustapha, of Zagazig, Egypt; Return Jonathan May, Church & Chaplin, Rob Roy McGregor, A. Morningstar, Return Jonathan Meggs Only, C. E. Plingge, L. Soarback, B. Sloppy, J. R. Scattergood, W. S. Sharpneck, C. Shortleeve, Liberty Walkup, Pleasant Witt, and Twentyman Wood.

The Murderer's Secret.

A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, everything, every circumstance connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds dwell on the scene, shedding all their light and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meanwhile the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself, or rather it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself; it labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment which it dares not acknowledge to God or man. A culture is devouring it, and it can ask neither heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whither it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising in his throat, demanding disclosure; he thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master, it betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicion from without began to embarrass him, and the net of circumstances to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, it will be confessed; there is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession.—Daniel Webster.

A Great Man.

Blinks—He's lo, Minks! How did you enjoy your visit to Washington? Minks—First rate. Had a good time, and saw all the sights. "Notice anything peculiar?" "Well, no; nothing very remarkable, except that there is only one Senator who wears a swallow-tail coat during the sessions." "Some great man, I suppose?" "Well, yes; he looks so—from behind."

JINGLES.

INTERVIEWED BY HORNETS.

His nose was nobby, yet it seemed  
With a cheerfulness he was not blest  
Nose smile adorned his dimpled face—  
His nose had seen a hornet's nest.  
—J. O'Neill.

HOW TO GET ONE.

A nobby proboots you wish, young man;  
To tell you the best way I'll try, if I can:  
Get one of your toes  
To give two good blows  
Right in the middle of your nose, nose, nose;  
Then you're snobby.  
If your nose ain't a knobby,  
I haven't told the right way, I suppose.  
—Fugitist.

DISTINCTION AND DIFFERENCE.

But yesterday I spoke of Jones.  
Poor Tom! His luck was always hard!  
"Oh, yes!" said Brown, in careless tones,  
"He's an unlucky dog, old pard!"  
"Just so!" said I, "suppose that we  
Ship in and give the lad a lift."  
"Guess not," said Brown; "don't count on me;  
I think you'd better let him shift."  
To-day again I mentioned Jones,  
And said he hadn't been around.  
"Yes, yes!" said Brown, in eager tones,  
"I wonder where he can be found?  
I wish he'd happen now this way!  
He's just the man I want to meet!  
You haven't heard? Why, yesterday  
He made a rousing pile on wheat!"  
—Chicago News.

A FAN SONG.

Fan me to rest, for sleep-time sweet is coming,  
And oh! so tired I, and oh! so restless.  
The grateful opiate of thy seasonal smiling  
Only can charm me into thoughts distressless.  
Fan me, love, fan me, love, daylight is dead,  
Love,  
Dead its dark sorrow, dead its wild jest,  
Into the land of old bygones 'tis fled, love,  
Fan me to rest!

Love, do you hear the last lone bird-born solo  
Drifting this way-ward from the grim great  
beeches?  
Render it o'er to me, and sing it low—low—  
Low as a lip of wind o'er dark wood reaches.  
Fan me, love, fan me, love, gone is the day's  
Love,  
Gone its weird hatreds—yet I'm distressed!  
To-morrow I've got fifteen dollars to raise,  
Love:  
F—fan me to rest!

HOW HE GOT IT.

O h  
d o  
you  
see  
this great big boo  
belonging to an ugly  
brute? It weighs a  
ton or more, I guess;  
it's a fine one part-  
ing car. I loved  
a daniel; she was  
fair as sunshine in  
the autumn air. One  
evening I did gladly  
whirl into the do-  
main of my girl. We  
talked six lines in-  
tense, of love, I  
called her dove; we  
went down to the  
gate to spoon, be-  
neath the gleam of  
harvest moon. I  
pressed a kiss upon her  
Hips. It was so sweet I gave  
another sip. Oh! then he  
came, the owner of this boot  
the same. I felt a pressure  
sore and quick, so sudden that  
it made me sick. Ten feet into  
the air I flew, and dropped into the  
horse pond too. I swore with all my might  
and main I never would make love, no, never  
again, unto a maid whose pa he  
wore—it isn't  
shut—  
almost a ton.

—H. S. Keller, in Whitehall Times.

A LITERARY LAMENT.

I want to be an author  
Who's able to condense  
A brainful of first-rate ideas  
Into six lines intense,  
To satisfy those editors  
Who think they "do it brown"  
When shouting at their writers  
"Oh, pray do boil it down!"

I want to be an author  
Who never will get bored  
When editors growl at me,  
"Your style's diffuse and bad;  
This article is far too long—"  
And then, with a word of praise,  
"It never can be published  
Until you boil it down!"

I want to be an author  
So perfect in my way  
That editors shall quarrel o'er  
The right to print—and pay.  
I will not rest until my work  
This compliment shall crown:  
"Let it alone—it would spoil it quite  
To try to boil it down!"

PHILOSOPHY.

In summer time, under blazing sun,  
When men mop their brows, and, one by one,  
Take a drink,  
If asked the reason they calmly say  
They're always dry on so warm a day.  
So they think.

In winter chill when at bars they stand,  
Talking gayly with companions bland,  
And smile,  
The inquisitive man is promptly told  
They're trying now to shut out the cold.  
The while.

People who give the matter a thought  
Must see that when the weather is hot,  
In summer,  
A man must drink to keep himself cool,  
Nothing in this proclaims him a fool,  
Or dummer.

So in winter when the winds blow cold,  
If he fill himself with champagne old,  
And smile,  
There seems to be no cause for alarm.  
His object is to keep himself warm,  
And frisky.  
—Chicago Herald.

DE MEFODIS MULE.

I've got on de back of de Mefodis mule,  
Sinner, don't ye stan' dar lookin' like a fool,  
De bridle bit an' silber, de saddle an' gold,  
An' I've boun' fur to go to Abernath's fold,  
An' I'll ride,  
Yes, I will—  
An' I'll ride right on to glory!

I've sunk my sins in de savin' pool,  
An' got on de back of de Mefodis mule;  
An' here I sit like a big black leech,  
Till de ole mule stomp on de golden street!  
An' I'll ride,  
Yes, I will—  
An' I'll ride right on to glory!

Oh! come from de oh' an' de Sunday school,  
An' see me ridin' on de Mefodis mule,  
Dem Baptists sin't got no sort ob show,  
An' I'll make dem Pistoole hosses blow!  
An' I'll ride,  
Yes, I will—  
An' I'll ride right on to glory!

—Detroit Free Press.

Necessarily True.

"No one would suppose for a moment  
that you had made an assignment," said  
a gentleman to a friend whose estab-  
lishment had just been closed by the  
sheriff.  
"And why, pray?"  
"You waltz so erect, with no percepti-  
ble care-worn traces in your face."  
"A man in straitened circumstances  
should of necessity hold up his head  
and walk erect," replied the bankrupt.  
—Carl Fretzel's Weekly.

He Saved the Pieces.

A Pittsburg dorky was struck a ter-  
rible blow upon the head with a whole  
brick. The stricken one didn't say a  
word until he had gathered into his hat  
every fragment of the unfortunate  
brick, when he calmly remarked to his  
assailant: "Dese yer fragments is each  
wuf a day for ye in de workhouse.  
You can't sult my feelin's wid infumity,  
I can tell yer, boss."—Pittsburgh  
Chronicle-Telegraph.

It costs \$8,000,000 a year to support  
the churches in New York City.