

SONG OF OUR PRESIDENTS.

First came General Washington, Great man and high, Who kept his little hatchet bright And never let a battle boy, And set our country free, And shouldn't we be glad to get Another such as he!

CHORUS.—Now a cheer for every President, That ever yet has been! And three times three, whosoever he be, For the next that shall be seen. Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! my boys! For the next election day!

John Adams next, then Jefferson, James Madison also, And after them another James, Who rose in the world to fame. Another Adams followed him. And then "Old Hickory" came. Stout Andrew Jackson, stern and grim, Of Democratic fame.

CHORUS.—Now a cheer, etc.

Van Buren next; then Harrison, Who ruled a month and died, When Tyler had to take his place, And Taylor told his brother. Then Folk, he donned his polka, And Taylor told his taylor, And when four years again were gone, 'Twas Fillmore did prevail.

CHORUS.—Now a cheer, etc.

Now some will call the next our Pierce, And some will call him Purce; But either answers well enough. The purpose of my verse, Buchanan, next, after him Our Lincoln, good and great, Who through the racing storms of war Steered safe our ship of state.

CHORUS.—Now a cheer, etc.

But Lincoln's death, by murder foul, Brought Johnson to the fore, And after him came General Grant, The hero of the war. Then Hayes came, and then Garfield, Struck down by traitor's hand. When Arthur took the vacant place, And rules to the land.

CHORUS.—Now a cheer, etc., etc.

—Laura E. Richards, in *Youth's Companion*.

HAL BURTON'S MISTAKE.

BY JENNIE S. JUDSON.

When Hal Burton wrote and mailed these two notes, one morning, he little imagined the trouble he was calling down upon his devoted head. The first one ran:

DEAR OLD FELLOW:
If you really want her, don't let me stand in your way. Go in and win. I thought you understood that I was fooling from the first. Yours in haste, HARRY.

And the other thus:

DEAR MISS MABEL:
Owing to pressing business engagements, I shall have to defer my call for this evening. May I come soon again? Your friend, HARRY BURTON.

The first of these two notes, in a bold chirography to Miss Mabel Benton, was placed in that young lady's hands two hours later, and the flush which overspread her face as she recognized the dashing hand, told a story in itself.

"Dear Old Fellow" were the words which struck her amazed vision as she began its perusal.

"What in the world can Harry mean?" she stopped to say, but as she read on the flush on her cheeks deepened to a redder, angrier hue, and when at its close she raised her eyes they were full of both pride and pain.

This note was intended for Tom Steele, or some young man of that set," she thought, with bitterness, "and has been sent me by mistake. I shall act on this revelation of fate, however, and in future avoid Mr. Burton and the jesting he has enjoyed so much of late."

"Hal is getting dreadful polite," muttered Tom Steele as he threw the note just received and read, among cigar-ends, tapers, etc., which adored his center-table. "May he come soon again? When I've scarcely missed seeing him one night for a week, what does the boy mean?"

"May I have this waltz, Mabel," whispered Hal, as the two met in Mrs. Trenton's ball-room, two days later, his eyes full of undisguised admiration as he looked down at her.

"What hypocrisy!" was Mabel's mental comment, as she caught the expression, and she answered, coldly, "I am sorry, but my ball-book is quite full," handing it indifferently to him as she spoke.

A strange light spread into Harry's eyes as he saw on every other line the name of a handsome young fellow, who had lately come to Morton, and who had already supplanted him as Mabel's escort for the evening.

"It is full," he replied, carelessly, and he returned the book without another word. But he gnawed his mustache fiercely as he walked away.

Mabel's manner lost none of its gayety because he held himself daintily aloof from her for the rest of the evening. She had never been more animated.

"If she can throw me over like that," thought Harry moodily, as in his room that night he went over and over again the events of the evening, "and for the acquaintance of a week, too, she is not the girl for me, and I have no earthly reason to care." He did care, though, as pain at his heart gave proof, but he smothered it down and determined to make no sign.

"In the cast of characters for our play," announced the chairman of the Morton amateur theatrical committee, a week later, "we have assigned the part of 'Norman McGregor' to Harry K. Burton, 'Janet Grey' to Mabel Benton, and 'Edgar Montrose' to John S. Fremont."

"There couldn't have been a more suitable cast, as far as real circumstances are concerned," thought Harry, while reading over the play. "Norman and Edgar are both in love with Janet Grey, Norman desperately jealous, and Edgar successful for the time; happy circumstance for me," he added, with a sigh, "if the real affair could assume the aspect of this at its close, for Norman is successful in the end."

"Why are women so wild always," he cried, giving a savage clutch at a paper-weight sitting near, "about handsome men? I could have sworn she cared for me until Fremont came, and now she scarcely dares a glance in my direction. Heaven knows I wish I could give her up as easily as she has me, but I can't do it, and it costs a desperate effort to wear the indifferent face I do."

As Janet Grey, Mabel was more fascinating than she knew, and Norman McGregor, the unsuccessful suitor, found her constant coldness prompted more by nature, he felt, than by the

requirements of art, a bitter thing to bear, now that he was called upon every night to suffer from it.

Even the relenting, demanded by the plot of the play in the end, was one in which she put so little animation that he drew no comfort from it, and was only withheld by pride from giving up the character which brought him torture every night.

The afternoon of the last rehearsal came, and all final arrangements were being completed.

Mabel, wearing a gossamer over her bewitching Scotch costume, was putting some finishing touches to the stage decorations, while Mr. Fremont prepared evergreens for her, when this conversation carried on in the gentlemen's dressing-room met her interested ears:

"Hallo Tom," exclaimed Hal Burton's familiar voice, as some one entered the room; "glad to see you back; when did you come?"

"To-day, at twelve."

"Sorry you staid so long, my boy; we have missed you woefully in this affair, and I told Hackett last night if I could only lay hands on you, we'd have 'Norman McGregor,' at your service, done up in style. The character is very distasteful to me."

"Pshaw, Hal, my talent doesn't lie in that direction."

"By the way," remarked Hal, suddenly, as if recalling something, "did you get my note before you left?"

"Why, yes, I did; but I must say I don't understand yet the cause of your overwhelming politeness. That little appeal, 'May I come soon again,' was quite beyond my comprehension."

"What are you driving at, Steele?"

"The note of regret you sent the night before I left—"

"My note of regret! Is the boy mad? I wrote you a note in regard to that horse of Brown's; told you I had no intention of standing in your way, and hoped you'd be successful in getting her. Is not that the one you received?"

"No such note has ever reached me," Tom answered, decisively, while Hal, illuminated by a swift idea, broke into a fit of laughter.

"I have it now," he said. "I wrote Miss Mabel Benton a note the same morning, and, in my haste, exchanged the envelopes. How very careless! But my overwhelming politeness, that is rich," and he lapsed into another peal, which in Tom also joined.

"But what can Mabel think of me?" he wondered, next, as he remembered that all allusion to the horse had been made through the pronoun "her."

His eyes flashed as a sudden idea suggested itself to him, but ere he had time to take it out he was called upon the stage.

The play proceeded smoothly to the end; no lack of life characterized Mabel's acting in the last scene as before. The interest she threw into it seemed to spring straight from her heart. Her downcast eyes, the natural flush upon her cheek, the trembling of the little hand which lay within his own, told Hal a glad truth; and when at the last she raised her eyes, it was to find in his a look of exultant gladness.

"You ran away from me this afternoon, Mabel," whispered Harry, as they stood that night in a little entry back of the stage, waiting for their cue. "I wanted an explanation of your late cruel conduct toward me; won't you give it to me now?"

Blushing and trembling, she vainly attempted a reply.

"Was it because of that note I wrote to Tom Steele?" he inquired, with a merry light in his eye.

"Yes, it was, Harry; but I don't think it fair for you to tease," as her eyes drooped beneath the laughing light in his.

"Then you know, Mabel, to what it referred?"

"Yes, I overheard you tell Tom Steele—"

"What reparation do you intend to make for your unmerited treatment of me, Miss Benton?" he next whispered, as clasping one arm about her he drew her close to his side. "I have been very miserable of late; more wretched than you can imagine, and deserve a rich reward for the suffering you have caused—"

"Some one else has suffered, too," she whispered, with a swift glance from her long-lashed eyes.

"Ah, Mabel!" he cried, impulsively, "if such is the case, promise to take what I give you, and give what I ask in return—"

"What do you demand?"

"Your heart for mine," was the quick response; "are you willing to make the exchange?"

"Oh, Harry," she said, "I must go. They need me in the dressing-room."

"Little witch! do you think I'll release you till the promise is made? One little word is all I ask, and sweet-heart, that is 'Yes.'"

"Some one is coming. I have no time to promise. Please, let me go!"

"The whole world may come," he answered, with decision; "but you shall not leave until you say what I desire to hear."

"Well, then," with a pout, "since you compel me, I will say 'no'" darting swiftly from his hold with a mocking little laugh."

A moment later, however, when on the stage he sang to her:

"You tangled my life in your hair, Janet; Twas a golden and silken snare, my pet; But so gentle the bondage my soul did implore, The right to continue thy slave evermore,

her eyes spoke so plain and glad a "yes" that he scarcely needed the confirmation given by gentle lips, as, after the play was over, they walked slowly and happily home.

Changed His Mind About Her.

"I shall never call on Mrs. Smith again," said Mrs. Jones. "I never want to see her any more."

"You women are very foolish to quarrel over trifles," said Mr. Jones. "Mrs. Smith is a very pleasant person; a little talkative, perhaps, but on the whole a very estimable woman. You shouldn't attach any importance to what she says. What was the trouble?"

"She said you weren't very prompt in paying your debts."

"Well, by thunder!" shouted Jones, jumping to his feet, "I would give \$25 if she were a man for just ten minutes." —*New York Star.*

HUMOR.

LOVE may laugh at locksmiths, but he smiles very complacently on coachmen.

AFTER a man has led a fast life for a while the fast life begins to lead him.

THE exultant exclamation of the chiropodist: "I came, I saw, I conquered." —*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

VARIETY may be the spice of life, but judicious and systematic advertising is the pepper and salt of a newspaper, and the butter of the advertiser. The customer, however, gets the best of the cream. —*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

A GERMAN newspaper contains the following advertisement: "If Charles Frankenberger will either call or write to Karl Schmidt on the Kaiser strasse, No. 26, he will hear something to his advantage. His wife is dead."

"WHEN I married Paul," said the old lady, "he was made to say, 'With my worldly goods I thee endow.' Paul was keeping a dry goods store then, and I thought the goods belonged to me; but I soon found out the words meant only one calico dress a year."

DID you give your mother that nice clabber I gave you for her yesterday?" asked a man in a country wagon, of a small boy on one of the streets of Austin. "Naw," replied Johnny; "I thought it was too sour for her, so I put lots of sugar in it, and ate it myself." —*Texas Siftings.*

TWO FRIENDS who had not communicated for some time now met under circumstances not suggestive of gloom, and after effusive greetings: First Gent (loq.)—"And the good wife?" Second Gent (with due solemnity) "In heaven—two years." First Gent—"My dear fellow, I'm shocked to hear it."

HE was reading a patent-medicine almanac. Suddenly he jumped up and shouted to his wife: "Somebody run for the doctor; I'm sick. I'm the sickest man on the footstool. There ain't a disease known to medical science that I haven't got pronounced symptoms of. I have reached the advanced stage of everything. Somebody run for the doctor quick!" —*Detroit Post.*

WHILE returning from school one muddy day Tommy fell into the gutter, with the result that it was difficult to decide which was mud and which was Tommy. When he arrived home the following dialogue occurred: Tommy— "B-o-o-o-o! I've fallen down!" Mabel— "You bad boy! In those new knickerbockers too!" Tommy (never at a loss for an excuse)—"B-o-o-o-o! I hadn't time to take them off when I felt myself going."

THE biggest bore on earth is the man who has just had a tooth drawn. He wants to tell the whole story, from the time the tooth first began to ache to the heroic manner in which he allowed it to be extracted. We have an old and valued friend in the office at this moment who is relating to us all the harrowing details of his dental experiences, notwithstanding that he knows we are ever head and ears in work, and going to press to-night. When he reads this paragraph we trust the awful extent of his guilt will appear before him in all its enormity.

A LAWYER took in a new boy, and as he had suffered to some extent from the depredations of the former one, he determined to try the new lad's honesty at once. He therefore placed a 5¢ note under a weight on his desk, and walked out without a word. Upon his return, half an hour later, the note was gone, and half-a-crown in silver had taken its place. "Boy! when I went out I left 5¢ under this weight." "Yes, sir; but, you see, you hadn't been gone five minutes when a man came in with a bill against you for £4 17s 6d. I guess the change is correct." "You paid a bill?" "Yes, sir; there it is, all received. The man said it had slipped your mind for the last four years, and so—" He didn't get any further before he was rushed for the stairs, and he isn't in the law business anymore.

SONNET ON THE STEW.

Softly the evening star Was shining in the west, And Luna from her golden car Shed gracious peace and rest. A maiden starry-eyed, Looked up with lashes wet; Her lower whispered—"Stewed or fried?" She faltered, "Stewed, you bet!" —*Burlington Free Press.*

HOW HE SAW HIM.

She raised her arms, soft shining links of love, And wound them round him; then, as rose sprays rear.

Their buds of morn, she raised her lips above Unto responsive lips that beat an ear.

"What is the matter, sweet, my own?" she sobbed.

And for to answer her but softly sighed— Sad voice to her when she sobbed.

The anxious heart of a half-frightened friend.

"My pet, I saw Tom Robinson last night."

She wondered, gazed upon him. "And does he always cause you such woe?" He crushed a blush.

And raised her. "When I saw him, dear, you see, I had four queens against his straight club-toss!" —*Washington Hatchet.*

Certainly, of Course.

Said the fat street-car passenger: "I know conductor on this very line who worked industriously at his post for ten years. His honest ways attracted attention, he was promoted, and now, gentlemen, he is one of the most trusted clerks in the company's employ. You needn't tell me that honesty doesn't have its own reward." "Very, true, very true," responded the slim passenger. "I happened to know a shrewd fellow on this line several years ago who let no chance slip to put every car fare, he could into his own pocket. He kept up his stealing for two years and then stopped. Poor fellow!" —"The same old story," interrupted the fat passenger, "the same old story. Kicked off; now out of work and loafing; on the edge of a drunkard's grave." "Oh, no; not by a large majority." He was now a member of the Onida Community.

APRIL.

John J. Cisco, a well-known New York banker, formerly Assistant Treasurer of the United States, Head of Hurlbut, of Cleveland, a prominent railroad man. Hon. Henry G. Land, a leading citizen of Cincinnati. Francois Mignet, French historian.

James Hamilton, of Bath County, Kentucky, the largest short-horn cattle-dealer in the world. Editor Danielson, of the Providence (R. I.) *Journal*. Absalom Watkins, of Chattanooga, Tenn., one of the oldest and best-known editors in the South. Mrs. Kate Duggett, of Chicago, a prominent advocate of female suffrage and President of the Woman's Congress for several terms. Attorney Schell, a veteran banker and Democratic politician of New York. Matt H. Finch, a prominent lawyer of Milwaukee. Mrs. Stratton, of New Haven, Conn., mother of the late Tom Thumb. Judge Granger of Boston. George Cragin, of Utica, N. Y., one of the founders of the Oneida Community, in 1848.

JULY.

At Chicago, Ill., Allan Pinkerton, head of the detective agency, aged 64. Gen. Francis Edward Toldeben, the Russian engineer, aged 66. At Swissdale, Pa., Jane Gray Swisshelm, aged 68. In Syracuse, N. Y., ex-Attorney General Daniel Pratt, aged 78. In Princeton, N. J., Rev. Admiral George Emmons, aged 75. In Boston, N. J., ex-Congressman John Hill, aged 63. At Concord, N. H., ex-Gov. Walter Harriman, aged 67. In New York, Royal Phelps, merchant, aged 75. In New Haven, Conn., Richard H. Lowe, English poet and essayist. Henry M. Scully, of New York, a leading Irish Nationalist.