

THE CHANGE O' THE SEASONS.

BY SQUIRE HOBBS.

When the hen begins to cackle
And the rooster 'gins to crow,
When the duck begins to quackle
And the sun to melt the snow,
Then we know that Spring's a creepin'
In upon us full of cheers,
And the snow begins a weepin'
Of itself away in tears.

When we hear the martins singin'
And a flyin' round the shed,
When we see the peewees wingin'
And the geese begin to wad,
Then we get the boss and wagon
And around the barn we scratch
And manure commence a draggin'
Out upon the tater-patch.

When the buttercups are bloomin'
And the frog is heard to croak,
When the thunder is a boomin'
And the lightning' hugs the oak,
Then we know that Summer's tryin'
For to hustle Spring away,
And the mud begins a dryin'
And the dust begins to play.

When we see the snake a crawlin'
And the crow begin to caw,
And the cat-bird 'gins to squallin'
And the magpie 'gins to jaw,
Then we get the scythe and sickle
And begin to whet and grind,
And the grass commence to tickle
And the wheat to cut and bind.

When the frost begins a nippin'
Of the sweet-potato vine,
When the rambro and the poppin'
Through the leaves begin to shine,
Then we know that Autumn's prowlin'
Round the tail of Summer's blouse,
And the wind begins a howlin'
Round the gables of the house.

When the hickory-nuts are droppin'
And the pawpaw's gettin' soft,
When the bezzard's wings are droppin'
For the south to sail aloft,
Then we gather in the pumpkin
And the fodder 'gin to shock,
And the corn begin a huskin'
In the crib to feed the stock.

When we hear the pigs a squealin'
And the snow-birds 'gin to play,
When we see the rabbit stealin'
In beneath the stack of hay,
Then we know that Winter's squeezein'
In old Autumn's shoes to take,
And the ice begins a freezein'
And the snow begins to flake.

When we hear the trees a sighin'
And their arms are lookin' bare,
When we feel the cold a flyin'
On the sharp and frosty air,
Then the wood 'gin a choppin'
And around the fire we meet,
Then the corn begin a poppin'
And the nuts and apples eat.

A WINTER'S TALE.

BY GORDON STABLES, M. D., R. N.

There was man of the world, or seafarer, written in every line and lineament of his bold brown face. Nothing of the "Jack" about him, however; nothing of the "common sailor." Though dressed from cap to boots in pilot cloth, you could see at a glance he was a gentleman. We met on a cold, snowy winter's forenoon at the corner of King street, Aberdeen. It was a rough meeting, for a gust of northeast wind caught me and flung me against him. I apologized, and was cheerfully forgiven. I had time to cast one glance at the lady who leaned on his arm before they went on. How much out of place she seemed, abroad in such weather! I mentally remarked upon her seeming fragility and—pardon me—her beauty; but her face was very pale, and her dark eyes shone like diamonds. Yet hers was a beauty of another clime. Was she Spanish, Tyrolean, Italian? I could not guess; but how different she looked from the rose-lipped lassies that passed up and down the street, whose fresh complexion biting Boreas seemed but to brighten and purify.

"I shall meet that pair again somewhere in the world," I said to myself as I wrapped my plaid more tightly round my chest and walked on.

I did meet them again, and sooner than I had expected.

Business was taking me to Peterhead the very next day, and I had hardly been seated a minute in my second-class compartment before my friends—for I had really begun to look upon them as such—entered and, with a pleasant nod and smile of recognition, sat down opposite.

At Dyce, where we changed carriages, we again got into a compartment by ourselves. Indeed, there were but few passengers in the train at all. The "storm" was deep in the country. That portion of Aberdeenshire that skirts the German Ocean is flat and bleak at all times, but I had never seen it look so dreary as it did to-day. The snow-laden wind howled across it, and the leaden-blue sky could seldom be seen. It made one shiver to look out through the carriage window, especially when one thought of the storm-tossed sea that lay just beyond the woodland yonder, its foaming waters breaking ceaselessly on the frozen sands. The short afternoon wore to a close, and night was falling dark and swiftly when the train perceptibly slackened speed. The breathing of the sturdy engine became more and more labored, and finally ceased.

We were stuck in a great wreath or bank of snow. Now we could hear the terrible raging of the snow tempest and the sad wail of the wind. We waited and waited a weary time—it seemed quite two hours—before a creature, more like a Greenland bear than anything else, so furred with snow was it, opened the door and peeped in. It was the guard. We were miles from a station, he told us; we could not return and it might be many hours before we were relieved—dug out. The prospect was far from cheering, but the man brought us hot water for our feet, and a lamp. We must keep the lamp warm, he said, or the oil would freeze; so we rolled the top of it up in a spare shawl and put it in a corner. It was a kind of company to us, as the guard had said it would be.

We talked for hours. Then we curled up in corners and tried to sleep. In vain. The window rattled and the snow sifted in. We were obliged to tear up our newspapers and stuff the cracks.

I dozed at last, and awoke, shivering, in the dark. The oil was frozen. Luckily I had my traveling reading-lamp, and I lit that. But how intensely silent it was! The wind had surely gone down, nor was it so cold. The truth was, as we afterward discovered, we were snowed over—indeed, the cutting was filled in which the train had stuck. When we pulled down the window, there was the snow. We could thrust our arms through it, or rather far into it.

We had some tea, which we tried to heat for the gentle lady over the candle of the lamp, and succeeded. I pitied her; but, wrapped in her plaids and rugs, she seemed happy and smiling.

Was it strange that, so situated, this seafarer and I should begin to talk about the sunny shores and blue sparkling seas of the Indian Ocean?

"It was there, on the coast of Africa,"

said the seafarer, "that I wooed and won my wife here. My wooing culminated with a bit of an adventure."

"Do tell me," I said; "and make it as long as you possibly can. Spin it out. Dwell longest on the prettiest parts of it."

He laughed and complied. But I must here make his story shorter.

"Although," he said, "I am by profession a sailor, still I believe I could make my living on land—indeed," he added, glancing affectionately at the pretty face that peeped out from the bundle of plaids and shawls in the corner, "I am not sure that I have not promised to try to do so, at all events. But four years ago I was not a benedict. I was free to rove anywhere in all the world, and rove I did. I had command of a tiny steam ocean yacht, of which I was also half-owner. She was broad in the beam, but of no great draught—precisely the kind of vessel to explore the big rivers of Africa with.

"Ah! sir, there is money to be made by that sort of trade, and pleasure to be had, too. What was my cargo? A very pretty one, I can assure you; it consisted of ivory, lions' and leopards' skins, gum copal, spices of all kinds, and, last but not least, gold-dust."

"In addition to these oddments, I need hardly tell you that we laid in a good store of 'curios' and specimens of all kinds. It was in the collecting of these latter that most of my enjoyment lay. We always filled up, however, with our paying cargo first; then, leaving our yacht at anchor in some cosy reach of the river—almost hidden, perhaps, by the trees that overhung the water—accompanied by one or two of my men, I would journey inland in search of the beautiful. Or we would drop down the river, cross the bar, and, putting out to sea, spend weeks in and about the numerous lovely little lagoon islands that lie everywhere near the coast south of the equator."

Just at this point the seafarer appeared for a time to forget entirely that he had promised a story of adventure. He let himself drift, as it were, hither and thither on the tide of his recollection; he gave Memory the tiller-ropes to hold, and permitted her to steer him wheresoever she pleased.

It was strange to sit there in semi-darkness and silence, buried beneath the snow, on this bitter January night, and listen to the graphic description which this stranger had to give of far-off sunny lands, of crystalline seas slumbering under noonday heat, and reflecting the blues and purples of the skies above them; of coral islands fringed with green, that seemed to float on the liquid horizon; of marine gardens, wide and wild, deep down beneath the translucent waters, where shells of every shade and color, marvelously painted fishes, and creeping things, grotesque and horrible, had their homes amid foliage forever gently waving to and fro as if instinct with a mysterious kind of life; or in groves of sub-oceanic shrubs, whose very stems were opalescent and their branches and fronds radiant with more than rainbow beauty; of the broad-bosomed rivers rolling seaward from the interiors; and of the great forest-lands that stretched like an ocean from horizon to horizon, silent as the grave by day, awakening at night to shriek of wild bird and hungry roar of lion. It was strange, I say, to listen to descriptions of this kind in such a situation—strange, yet pleasant.

"The first mate of my little craft," continued the seafarer, "was a man whom I had always trusted. Judged physiognomically, none would have said that guile lurked in that handsome, open face of his, with its laughing eyes of blue, and fair soft beard. I know now why this fellow played me false, and all I have to say is that if there be an excuse for such villainy as he was guilty of, Lawson—that was his name—had it.

"Just at the bend of the River Lamoo, some ninety odd miles from the sea, stands a beautiful little Portuguese village and settlement. It has its Governor's house, its few white inhabitants, its fortification, and its small detachment of soldiers. The woods and forests around are constantly scoured by bands of armed Somali Indians, who bear no good-will to either Portuguese or English.

"My welcome to this little village had been a very genuine one. Seated in the hospitable and almost European-like drawing room of my friend, Colonel Lucas, enjoying a quiet game of draughts or an evening of listening to music, his daughter, who now sits beside us—presiding at the piano or accompanying her own song with the sweet, dreamy notes of the guitar, I could seldom get myself to believe that we were indeed in the center of a savage and all but hostile country. It was so, however. You had but to go to the veranda of a night to hear the lions roar. Away over there, in the depth of the gloomy forest, they lived and prowled; and, too, on the plains and hillsides beyond the woods burned the camp-fires of the Somalis—the most treacherous Indians that the earth holds."

"I know them well," I added.

"I came in time to look upon the village of Gil as my African home, and upon Teresa there is something dearer than a sister. When my yacht was laden at last with everything valuable and negotiable in New York, I used to be off, but in six months' time I was sure to be back. For two whole years I never changed one of my officers or men.

"Teresa has told me since that she used to look out for me and count the days and hours that must elapse before the week of my probable return. Well, you know, sir, I used always to bring her little presents of plants and flower-seeds, the last new books, and the latest music out.

"Next to myself—don't think me vain in saying so—Lawson was the most welcome guest at Colonel Lucas' bungalow. I cannot even give Lawson the credit of not knowing the state of my feelings toward Teresa, for, indeed, I had made him my confidant. I treated him almost as a brother, and so too did Teresa. He had a different kind of regard for her, and I dare say he came to look upon me as the only barrier to his hopes and happiness.

"I was much surprised one morning, just before setting out upon a long expedition inland, to hear Lawson express a wish to become one of our party. He was usually more inclined to enjoy the *dolce far niente* than anything approaching to an active life. I was not sorry to take him with me, however. He would be company, and, besides, his servant, or boy, was an excellent guide or bushman, and mine at that time was laid up—ill.

"All went well with us; we bagged many skins; we were well armed, and could defy the Somalis, whether by night or by day. The fifth day had been a very toilsome one, and almost immediately after supper I stretched myself with my feet to the camp-fire, and fell soundly asleep at once.

Treachery! treachery! When I awoke, sir, all was dark; the fire was out; I was alone—deserted. I shouted till hoarse. The only response was the echo of my own voice and the sullen roar of a lion at no great distance from me.

"I passed the night in danger and fear, and was thankful when the stars gave place to the sunlight. I am a fair woodsman, and I now commenced at once to follow the easy trail left by Lawson and the treacherous negroes. I went on and on eastward all day. I had no arms, and had to feed as the monkeys fed, on fruits; and at night took refuge in a tree, where, fastened by my scarf to a bough, I slept, from sheer weariness, an uneasy, dreamful slumber. Next day I was so weak and ill that I could hardly walk, yet I dragged myself along till evening; then laid me down, helpless and fever-struck, beneath a tree.

"Lawson had returned and reported me dead.

"Days went past—I know not how many. I never moved from the spot where I had fallen. I have a dim kind of recollection of lying looking up at the cloud-land of green foliage above me, through which the warm sunlight shone one moment—so it seemed to me—and stars shimmered the next; and I often perceived conscious of terrible shrieks and noises near me, and of strange black shadows leaping and gibbering around. These might have existed only in my fever-dreams; but what I next remember did not. It was a sweet face bending over me, and dark eyes, tear-filled, that looked wistfully into mine. Something was held to my lips, which I swallowed; then I saw white uniforms gliding about in the bush; then I slept, I suppose, for I next opened my eyes in the bungalow.

"Need I say, sir, who my rescuer had been, or who nursed me back to life? But Lawson, sir, took French leave of me and my yacht, and I have never seen him again."

Curled up in my corner, as soon as the seafarer ceased to speak I fell asleep and dreamt that I myself was back among the coral isles of the Indian Ocean.

My waking was a very matter-of-fact one. We had got clear of the snow-bank, and the train was going: puff—puff—puffing slowly on its way to Peterhead.

Reform in Shoes.

"We find," says the fashionable shoemaker recently, as he twisted a porpoise shoe-string around his forefinger, "that w men have virtually discarded fashions in shoes, and I believe it is chiefly due to the newspapers. You remember four or five years ago, when high-heeled shoes were the thing? Well, everybody wore them, even the old women. I knew one little lady over eighty years old who wore high-heeled shoes and slippers until she died. In order to make a woman's foot look small the high heel was set forward until it was under the ball of the foot. There is no doubt but that such shoes were injurious, and that more than one woman has ruined her feet by wearing them. The newspapers made an outcry against the fashion, and the people came to their senses.

"Do not Philadelphia women wear stylish shoes?"

"Yes, and they wear very expensive ones, too. But everything is changed now. There is really no set fashion in shoes. Women here are very sensible about their feet. As a rule they have small feet, and can afford to look to comfort combined with style. We rarely put a high French heel on a shoe now, except in the case of some one very short who is anxious to look tall. It is more the proper thing here than anywhere I know to wear low broad heels, set in the proper place on the shoe, and I don't know of any street in any city where you see more stylish girls, feet and all, than you do on Chestnut street. But low heels are not all the improvements. Everybody must wear square-toed shoes now; in fact the fashionable thing to do is to wear the most thoroughly comfortable shoe. Men are coming around to the same idea. Not even the dude thinks of cramping his feet now. They have come to the conclusion that women like men best who look as though they had something to stand on.—Philadelphia Press.

The Liquor Traffic.

Some statistics as to the retail liquor trade of the United States are interesting and instructive. There are in all the States 201,435 persons selling ardent spirits at retail under United States licenses. The proportion of saloons to inhabitants in some of the States forms a curious study. In California there is a saloon to each 70 inhabitants, or to each 17 voters. In Illinois there is a saloon to each 280 persons, or about 1 to each 60 voters. In New York the proportion is 1 to 150, in Ohio 1 to 204, in Pennsylvania 1 to 205. The prohibition States show the following results:

States.	Saloons.	Inhabitants.	Voters.
Maine.....	1	585	108
Iowa.....	1	406	83
Kansas.....	1	448	96

Illinois stands ahead in whisky production, with 26,488,338 gallons of ardent spirits annually. Its annual malt liquor product is 37,339,273 gallons. In whisky, Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio follow next after Illinois. New York is the Empire State in beer as in other things, except whisky, with the enormous production of 200,000,000 gallons a year.

The revenue derived by the Government from the manufacture of spirits and malt liquors is \$85,742,052 a year, of which about 78 per cent. is from spirits and 22 per cent. from malt liquors. Illinois pays one quarter of this total tax.—Chicago Evening Journal.

Judge and Jury.

The Trial Justice in a South Carolina county was called on to decide a case between two citizens of equal respectability. The evidence was about equally balanced. After argument by the attorneys the Trial Justice said: "I sit here both as judge and jury. As jury I fail to agree. As judge I grant a new trial, and it is so ordered."

The Patent Contribution Box.

Like a phantom of the past he glided silently into the sanctuary, and settled down on a chair opposite us and smiled wice. One of his eyes looked directly at the fall of the Roman Republic, and the other peered steadily forward to the time when the just man shall be made perfect, which is a long way off.

"I have got something," he said, after he had allowed us to admire him about three minutes, "which will either revolutionize christianity or create a panic a church."

"What do you refer to?"

"An invention of mine, sir. A contribution box that no one will be able to escape in a satisfactory manner. The box has a handle to it that closes up and slides out like a telescope. Underneath the box is fixed an electric bell, which is connected with a small battery concealed in the end of the handle. All that you have to do is to touch a spring and you turn on the bell. The purpose of the bell is to prevent idlers from dodging the duty they owe to their church. Have you ever seen baldheaded church members with ed speckled noses crouch up in the far corner of the pew, and snore like fury and pretend to be asleep when the deacon came around to take up the collection?"

"Yes."

"Well, their day has passed. They have either got to ante up the ducats or roost somewhere else. With my new contribution box, the deacon walks in the middle of the aisle, and when he catches one of the old duffers trying to beat the missionary fund, he quietly slides the box under the ear of the lumberer and sends in an alarm that gallops through him like a rip-saw. I have seen that box bring sinners face to face with their duty so quick that it broke their suspenders. It was tested on a Methodist congregation last Sunday, and the net receipts were 50 per cent. more than they had been for a period of seven years. The minister of the church immediately invested in four of the boxes, and the board of stewards presented me with a written testimonial of their regard. I have received letters from very near every preacher in the country, making anxious inquiries concerning my invention. I am egotistical enough to say that it is going to prove the balm of Gilead to the pious reaper in the country vineyard, and if it does not pay at least 100 per cent. on the investment, I am perfectly willing for him to walk into town and kick me on the ear. No matter how tough the church members are, the box is going to jolt money out of them, or dance with them until they imagine they have fallen in with the Philistines and not a jaw-bone in sight. My contribution box is either going to cast a beautiful halo about religion, or else cause infidelity to flourish like a cockle-burr patch. It is going to pluck the tares from the wheat. In other words it will be the means of compelling those who have been furnished with religion on credit to pay up or get out. The chances are, it will cause a number of people to adopt Bob Ingersoll or join the Mormons, but what of that—a few shall be lost that many shall be saved. I tell you, sir, that Tupper's Tithe Taker is sure to prove a powerful agent for good. It going to feed the missionary, soothe the orphan, and put a broadcloth suit and a plug hat on the country preacher who right now is riding a long-eared mule on a forty mile circuit, and building up an appetite for chicken. After all this talk, I will say, sir, that my object in visiting you was to call your attention to the novelty of my invention, with the hope that it might merit a notice at your hands, and with a gracious smile and awkward bow he departed. Hence this article.—St. Louis Whip.

A Wise Decision.

Several years ago, while the people of West Tennessee were alarmed at the approach of yellow fever, Judge F. convened court at Bolivar. Court had been but a few days in session when the reports from Memphis caused additional excitement. There were many witnesses attendant upon court, and, very naturally, they importuned the Judge to permit them to go home. The business part of the community, willing to run any risk for the sake of trade, declared that the scare was unnecessary, and that the disease was not yellow fever. A number of physicians, with, it soon appeared, more learning than judgment, repaired to the court room and assured the Judge that no danger of an epidemic was to be apprehended.

"The disease," said one of the medical gentlemen, "is not yellow fever, but is zipporastory."

"You are wrong, Doctor," said another physician, "for investigation proves it to be posurentistcait."

"No," said another doctor, "you are both wrong. I admit that it is not yellow fever and that it can never become an epidemic, but it is nothing more or less than an exaggerated type of costinetordipil."

Then there arose a heated discussion in which the Judge was unable to take a part. He waited patiently until the discussion cooled down, then, turning to the doctors, said:

"I have been much entertained and greatly instructed by the discussion which you gentlemen have so ably conducted. I do not pretend to say what the disease is, for I am not versed in such sciences. It may be acute jeihossiphat, exaggerated pollywog, inflammatory jim crow, or a mild type of pluribus unum, but there's one thing I do know. It's d-d-ketchin', and I'm going to adjourn this court."—Arkansas Traveler.

The man who never makes any blunders seldom makes any good hits.

HUMOR.

PAPER ware—bustles.

MOURNING glory—widows' weeds.

FEELICITY—the successful attorney.

PILLAGE—the reward of a druggist.

PACIFIC male—a native son of the golden West.

ADVERSITY has a good effect on some people. Like eggs, they never come out of their shells till they're broke.—St. Paul Herald.

ADVICE to chronic grumblers—Who hath woe, who hath sorrow? Those who tarry long at the whine.—Merchant Traveler.

WHEN a cold wave strikes St. Louis the girls wear ear muffs. This caused a stranger to ask one cold morning when the balloon ascension took place.—Maverick.

JOHNSON says the crying need of this country is not a non-explosive steam boiler, but a non-explosive esteemed wife. Johnson is a bald-headed wretch.—Merchant Traveler.

"PAPA, what is a savage?" "A savage, my son, is a man who occupies two whole seats in a railway car while some poor woman with a sick baby has to stand up."—Chicago Ledger.

A nod of the head
Oft meaneth: "Nuff sed;"
And a sly little wink
Will bring forth the drink.

—Goodall's Sam.

AN exchange says: "In Detroit a newspaper portrait has led to the discovery of a murderer." We were confident the public would not stand this sort of business long. What was the name of the artist who was captured?—Buffalo World.

WITH the view of putting our brother paragraphs on their guard so that they may be careful in examining their change when making purchases of stocks, bonds, etc., we would say that counterfeit \$1,000 bills are in circulation.—Boston Courier.

AN Iowa man has discovered a remedy for rheumatism, consisting of maple sugar dissolved in apple brandy. In less than a week after he made the discovery the whole neighborhood was limping around with the rheumatism.—Newman Independent.

AN Indiana man is trying to invent an air brake. It consists of a piece of adhesive plaster pasted over his wife's mouth. Keep your seats, gentlemen; keep your seats! If the thing works, you shall know all about it in our next issue. Besides, you can't all have an agency for it.—California Maverick.

THE same woman who calls her husband a brute for whipping his bird-dog to make him mind, will call him another if he refuses to buy her three stuffed birds to wear on her hat, all of which suffered the agonies of death to satisfy the demands of fashion. Tenderheartedness, like beauty, seems to be only skin deep, and hardly that.—Dansville Breeze.

THE petrified skeleton of a whale, over thirty feet long, has been found on a range of mountains in Monterey, Colo., over 3,300 feet above sea level. Local scientists are undecided whether the big fish, when alive, fell out of a balloon and landed on the mountains, or crawled up there and died of mortification after hearing a fish story told by a California fisherman. Both theories are plausible enough.—Norristown Herald.

IN England, according to the census of 1881, the number of women physicians was twenty-five; from 1880 to 1884 eight had been placed in a lunatic asylum, and at the end of last year three were under treatment. Women with less brains might have made crazy quilts containing 11,000 pieces each without becoming mentally unbalanced. Prescribing pills for overworked dudes is what exhausts the woman physician.—Norristown Herald.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL POEM.
Like a plant beside its blossom,
Or the moon beside its star,
Sat a mother with her darling
Boy, whose eyes were black as tar.
Said she: "James, you ask how differ
Soul and body. What I here
Touch is body. But this something
Still within—what is it, dear?"
His eyes luminous with the dawning
Of deep intellect, the pert
Child exultingly replied:
"Why, ma, that's my flannel shirt."
—California Maverick.

"WHY is it, Hodson, that you will use such extravagant comparisons? Don't you know that it gives feebleness to your meaning?" "What's the matter now?" "Well, take the expression you have just used, for instance—'sadder than death.' Now, don't you know that nothing could be sadder than death?" "Hold on, Timmons, I don't know so well about that. Suppose you come over to tea, try my wife's biscuit, and judge for yourself."—Chicago Ledger.

Still Here.

"Yes, we had a row, your Honor," she said in the Police Court the other day.

"What caused it?"

"She said my husband had run away from me, and I gave her a slap."

"You shouldn't have cared for what she said."

"But I couldn't help it, your Honor. When my husband has been sent to the Work House for three months he hasn't run away, and I'll not stand by and hear any one traduce his loving character!"—Detroit Free Press.

The Other Fellow.

There is a story told of Bishop Macrorie. He (the Bishop) was sitting next a Yankee navy captain, who said to him: "You have in your province two rival Bishops, C— and another fellow. To which of them do you incline?"

"I am the other fellow," said Bishop Macrorie.—The Living Church.