

CHOPPING WOOD AND COURTING.

BY W. W. STOCKWELL.

It's reported of a fellow
In a certain neighborhood,
When he goes to see his charmer
He is set to chopping wood:
And the task seems done with pleasure,
As if on the road to bliss,
And the goal of aspiration
For the world he would not miss.

In the light of right and reason,
In a friendly world like this,
One has time to task another
When he calls to see a miss?
When a fellow goes "courting"
On a stormy winter night,
Ought not oil and wood be furnished
To supply him warmth and light?

It may be this kind of service
In a moral sense is good,
And will reciprocate the subject;
Fitting for a's after duties
In the best way, as it should,
And the art of fuel-getting
Would be better understood.

Should this task become a burden,
From which one would gain relief,
There'd be consolation thinking
One could make his courtship brief;
One would have a strong incentive
Calls less frequent there to make,
And the greatest question pressing
That a lover has at stake.

To conclude this timely ditty,
As by sympathy we're led,
In the tones of love and pity
Only this need now be said:
Sitting in the glowing firelight,
In a cheerful, chatty mood,
Sparkling must be very pleasant
After one has chopped the wood.

MEAD, IND.

ACTING ON THE IMPULSE

BY JOHN STEPHEN.

Harry Clinton, of New York, prided himself on his Knickerbocker ancestry and on the elegance of his manners. Owing to family reverses he was not a merchant prince, but the commercial traveler for a drug firm. It is a noticeable fact that drug clerks and those connected with the trade are usually nice young men, very precise, and particularly careful as to dress.

No doubt the necessity of handling dainty small packages, making up prescriptions with care, and humorizing the whims of hypochondriac customers, had a corresponding influence on the mind and manners, tending to make one finical and fastidious.

Harry was something of an exquisite and considerable of a ladies' man, though not after the pattern of Henry VIII., who made three of his six wives shorter by a head.

He was traveling for the luxurious firm of Cocaine & Co., and was always well supplied with funds, and he took for his motto in the affairs of the heart that where one is far from the form that he loves he has but to make love to the form that was near. He would have indignantly repudiated the insinuation that he was inconstant. "On the contrary," he would exclaim, laying his hand on his heart, "it's the same old love—only the objects change."

He had put up at a quiet family hotel on Michigan avenue, to which he was recommended by a friend. After a good sleep he emerged from his room and followed a passage that seemed to be divided by a door now open.

He was in a jocular mood, and as he hurried forward hummed a merry tune.

The sound of his voice brought a rosy-looking young girl from one of the rooms, who, with a feather duster in her hand and a silk handkerchief around her head, watched the approaching figure with an air made up of timidity and merriment.

Clinton stopped suddenly before her and inwardly exclaimed:

"By Jove! though the light is dim, this is the daintiest piece of chambermaid femininity I have yet encountered. I want to make her acquaintance. Shall I commence in a languid, sentimental way, or charge the works with a fusillade of fun and carry the citadel with a joke?"

Acting on the latter impulse, he bade her a cheery good-morning, and wanted to know how such a pretty girl found her way into the hotel.

At the word hotel she smiled roguishly.

Thus encouraged, he proceeded to pour compliments, and in a mock sentimental voice trod out that old-time melody: Believe me if all those endearing young charms Which I gaze on so fondly to-day Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms

Like fairy gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment
thou art.

Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

"It's really quite refreshing to meet one of such a sentimental temper in this practical West," she remarked, smilingly, with an air of repose and dignified reserve which rather astonished him.

"Oh, I'm not from the West. I'm from New York, where the chief end of man is to make himself agreeable to the ladies. I should very much like to have the pleasure of your acquaintance, and will feel much pained if you refuse."

This latter remark was made in a very deferential tone, as there was something in the appearance of the interesting girl which forbade all approach to familiarity. "Those lines," she continued, paying no heed to his request, "are some of the prettiest Moore ever wrote, but I am afraid the sentiment in this worldly city of Chicago would not pass current. Here marriage is regarded a failure, and when 'loveliness fades, as it will,' the faded rose is thrown away for a fresher flower."

"Well, my little philosopher in petticoats, you seem to have decided views of your own!" he exclaimed, regarding her with increased admiration.

"Yes, most Chicago girls have," she responded, with a merry twinkle. At this interesting juncture steps were heard approaching and a voice called: "Lida."

He hurried down stairs and found himself in what was apparently the side entrance to the hotel, and encountering an elderly lady in the passage, told her to give instructions to "Lida" to "have his room done up immediately, as he had some writing to do."

The woman stared, opened her mouth, but before she could make reply he was out of the door and on the street.

He hurried down town, called on Mr. James Spencer, an old friend of his father, who received him very cordially and invited him to dine and spend the evening at his residence.

The loveliness of the chambermaid, whom he had "gazed on so fondly," had entirely faded from his memory; and meeting some congenial drummers, spent the day in seeing the sights and in inspecting the beauty and loveliness that disports itself after midday on State street.

As the hour for keeping his engagement

approached he returned to his hotel, made an elaborate toilet, and finding from the clerk that Mr. Spencer's residence was in the immediate vicinity, was there punctually at the time appointed.

The residence was comfortable, with a certain air of stateliness. Mrs. Spencer was a kindly, courteous old lady, and their daughter a most charming young lady, whom Clinton fell immediately in love with. In fact, her presence had an awe-inspiring effect, and for once in his life of gallantry he felt modest and embarrassed.

Miss Spencer was most gracious and endeavored to set him at his ease, but Cupid's darts were rankling and he could not play the agreeable rattle, which he had done in so many New York drawing-rooms, make what effort he might.

The girl's grace and stateliness awed him, although there was a certain something of friendliness in the tones of her well-modulated voice which was not altogether unfamiliar to his ear.

When the visit ended he earnestly requested permission to call again, which permission was graciously granted.

He left feeling that he had met his fate.

The next morning, taking the same passage, he met the pretty chambermaid with the silk handkerchief tied around her pretty head.

"These women," he said to himself, "know all the gossip of the neighborhood. I'll find out from this little mix what sort of a person Miss Spencer is." Approaching the figure, he assumed a gallant air, and remarking that he was in a musical mood, sang with much expression and feeling:

"Had I a heart for falsehood framed
I never could injure you;
For though your tongue no promise claimed,
Your charms would keep me true."

She smiled, and when questioned about Miss Spencer, said she knew the young lady, and then adroitly asked:

"What do you think of her, sir?"

"Pretty well for a Western girl; but she is too cold. Now, if you were only in her place—and, by the way, I'm sorry you are not—I'd propose at once."

The girl blushed, but was fortunately relieved from her embarrassment by the approach of the housekeeper, on whom Clinton, as he hurried away, never bestowed a glance.

His second visit to the home of the Spencers was all that cordiality could make it.

Miss Spencer seemed less frigid, and, catching the animated tone of her conversation, he found himself drifting pleasantly into a variety of topics.

Of course Miss Spencer was a proficient musician. Her jeweled hands floated daintily over the ivory and drew forth a concord of sweet sounds.

How he longed to tell her how ardently he adored her, but etiquette and the proprieties of fashionable life forbade such an impetuous proceeding.

As she a rose from the piano she insisted on his sitting down and singing.

"I never sing," he laughed. "The last time I attempted it was at a church meeting, when the choir stopped and looked at me in astonishment. Since then I never sung a note."

"Are you sure that was the last time?"

"Yes, positively."

"I know you sing, and will take no denial. Here is a copy of Moore's melodies; that beautiful song, commencing 'Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,' exactly suits your voice, but perhaps you would prefer that one with the line beginning, 'Had I a heart for falsehood framed.'"

He looked puzzled, and was utterly astonished when, taking a silk handkerchief, she wound it picturesquely around her head, and then Lida, the chambermaid of the hotel, stood before him.

"This is an extraordinary transformation and an extraordinary mystery!" he exclaimed in astonishment.

A silvery laugh greeted him and explanations followed. Their house adjoined the rear of the hotel, and in former times was connected with it, but a door had closed the passage, which could be opened from the Spencer residence. Miss Spencer was very fond of painting, and had a studio fitted up in the upper story for her accommodation. It was a whim to wear a silk handkerchief a la Pharaoh's daughter around her head while at work. Feeling the air close, she had opened the door leading to the hotel on the first occasion, and was much surprised to receive the unexpected visit.

"How come it opened the second time?" he queried with a smile.

She blushed and made no reply.

"The visit was not altogether distasteful, then?"

She bowed her head and was silent.

The opportunity had come. She knew his feeling. They sang the song together, each felt that vows were being plighted, and around each heart they would intertwine and render verdant and fresh, like the ivy, the ruin that destroying age would invariably work.

The Perquisites of an Earl.

We had a very pretty little garden at our lodgings by the gate of Warwick Castle. It was green with holly and shrubs, and in it the yellow jasmine bloomed all the winter through. It was sunny and cosy, being sheltered on two sides by the high outer wall of the castle grounds. Over this wall, the castle peacocks, both blue and white, came daily, lending to our small domain a mediæval air. While to us they were most welcome, to our landlady they brought only disaster, for they foraged on her cauliflowers and in the end destroyed them all.

"Why do you not complain of them?" we replied in answer to her complaints.

"Why do you not demand pay for damages?" Enter complaint against the peacocks of an earl! Demand pay for what they had eaten!

The very thought of so doing overpowered our good landlady. None but a native of that rampant republic, the United States of America, could dream of such a thing! There are drawbacks to the felicity of being an earl's neighbor. Not only must one submit to the depredations of his peacocks, but of his foxes upon the poultry yard. Our landlady said that, in the part of her native Yorkshire where she was born, hundreds of poultry were killed yearly by the foxes preserved for hunting.

The game laws of England are imperious and weigh heavily upon the cottager with his few fowls.—*F. A. H.*

in April Wide Awake.

BILL NYE GOES SHOPPING.

Difficulties Encountered in Making Purchases in New York.

I ALWAYS have my feelings hurt when I shop in New York. In the first place, I am enraged before I get to the store by 987,236

people who knock me over and get on the elevated trains before the passengers can get off. Then I go to a store and wait near a stack of wet umbrellas until several total strangers with a haughty air jostle me against the wall. I next speak to the floor-walker, who

plays that he owns the store and is allowed to draw that instead of a salary. He looks at me askance, as if he feared that I might be Nellie Bly. He goes over to confer with a heavy-set saleswoman to inquire of her, evidently, whether I am there with sinister motives, and while I tremble at the thought that I am about to be searched for said motives, another man, who plays that he owns the store afternoons, comes along and asks me what I want there. I tell him that I am a simple-minded man, more or less picked on both at home and abroad; that I would spend an enormous amount of money in New York if I had a chance; that to-day I had contemplated buying or trading for a full set of two heavy No. 10 English hose with double soles and a striking resemblance to each other. Nobody could be any more explicit than that without being offensive. I just tell a man what I want right at the start, and then if there should be any delay it is his fault.

He looks at me sorrowfully and begins to feel in his pocket for something. I say: "Put up your gold. Get out with your dress. I am not poor or crazed by suffering. I am only waiting to present a letter of introduction to the sock lady if I can obtain an audience with her." He tells me where the office is, and I go there. She waits a long time before I seem to catch her eye. She looks through me, and so on across the store to a given point. She then says:

"Well?"

"Socks!"

"Yes?"

"Yes!"

"What kind, please?"

"English hose, double sole, unbleached, No. 10, two of a kind."

"For yourself?"

"Yes, exclusively for myself."

"Well, the men's hose is on second floor, facing the other street."

I then go to a hotel, register, get a room, ring for a messenger, and send him for the hose.

It may be the same old crazy spirit which keeps New York stirred up all the time and makes the average New-Yorker miserable all day if he misses a car, even if the next will be along in half a minute; but whatever it is, it is an evil spirit and makes money for a few people to the discomfort of a great many.

New York shopping, especially at certain seasons and on certain days, is like trying to buy things in Washington during the inauguration. You can pay for them, but you are not permitted to take them away. They may be needed four years from now.

Existing on His Store of Fat.

Here is testimony to the value of fat: On the 14th of December, 1810, a pig was buried in its sty through the fall of part of the cliff under Dover Castle. The sty consisted of a cave in the rock about six feet square, and boarded in front, and when the accident happened, the pig was in good condition, weighing about 160 pounds.

Five months afterward, on the 23d of May, 1811, some workmen who were engaged in clearing away the debris of the fallen cliff mentioned to Dr. Mantell, a well-known geologist of the day, and a Fellow of the Linnean Society, that they were sure they heard the pig whining. He thought the statement incredible, but ordered them to clear away the chalk as fast as they could; and, sure enough, when they got to the sty, the pig was there, weak and emaciated, fallen to only a fourth of his former weight, but alive. In 160 days he had been strictly self-supporting, living on the store of fat he had laid up in more prosperous times. There were, however, evidences of his sufferings in the wood that shut in the sty being nibbled away in places, while he had licked the sides of the cave smooth in the attempt to obtain the moisture exuding from the rock.—*William Williams, in Scribner's.*

Used Tobacco for a Hundred Years.

There lives in Brecknock Township, this county, a colored man who is in all probability the oldest person in the State. His name is Robert Springer. He claims that he is 114 years old. He was born in slavery in Delaware, near New Castle, and was the slave of John Dent. Prior to the war of 1812 he was set free by his master, and shortly afterward was pressed into the Government service. In 1816 he came into Pennsylvania to earn money to purchase his wife's and children's freedom, but while he was trying to do so they were sold farther South and he never heard of them again. He then settled down where he is now, and has lived there for over seventy-five years.

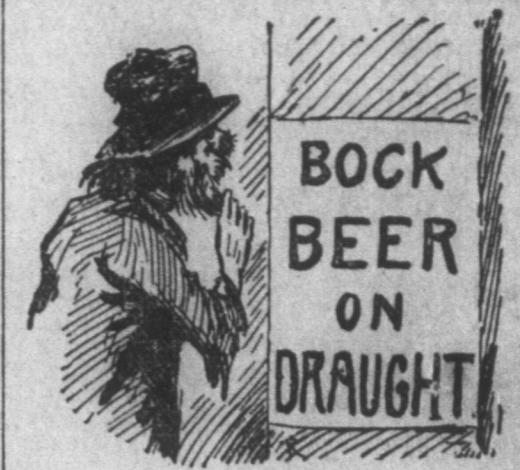
His neighbors, a number of whom are from eighty to ninety years of age, confirm the story of his great age, saying that they knew him as boys, three-

quarters of a century ago when he was a man of considerable age. He is now very feeble physically, although he is bright in conversation and has an excellent memory. He smokes, chews, and takes snuff constantly. He says he has used tobacco continually for about a hundred years.—*Reading (Pa.)*

General Schofield.

A correspondent, writing from Washington about men who draw fat salaries and have easy times, brings in the name of General Schofield. His salary is \$13,000. Although he is the successor of Sheridan, who followed a line of soldiers in the office who were national heroes, and although he is rightfully the incumbent by reason of his services to the country, his career has not been such as to make his name over-familiar to the people generally. His military life has been long and the duties faith-

SIGNS OF SPRING.



Weight Per Bushel of Oats.
Ohio—Average weight 32 pounds per bushel.

Indiana—Average weight, 31½