

THE GRAPEVINE SWING.

BY SAMUEL M. PECK.

When I was a boy on the old plantation,
Down by the deep bayou,
The fairest spot of all creation,
Under the arching blue—
When the wind came over the cotton and corn,
To the long slim loop I'd spring,
With brown feet bare and a hat-brim torn,
And swing in the grapevine swing.

Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing—
I dream and sigh
For the days gone by,
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

Out o'er the water lilies bonnie and bright,
Back to the moss-grown trees;
I shouted and laughed with a heart as light
As a wild rose tossed by the breeze,
The mocking-bird joined in my reckless glee,
I longed for no angel's wings;
I was just as near heaven as I wanted to be,
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing—
Oh, to be a boy,
With a heart full of joy,
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

I'm weary at morn. I'm weary at night,
I'm fretted and sore of heart,
And care is sowing my locks with white
As I wend through the covered mart.
I'm tired of the world, with its pride and pomp,
And fame seems a worthless thing;
I'd rather sit all for one day's romp,
And a swing on the grapevine swing.

Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing—
I would I were away
From the world to-day,
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

THE PREACHER'S STORY;

—OR—
The Tale of a Pet Cat.

BY GEORGE WASHINGTON WINTHROP



I AM glad to see you after your vacation." "I trust you enjoyed the holiday recess to the fullest," was the reply.

These salutations passed between college students as they first met at the close of the holiday vacation. The young men, Wilbur Grant and John Collins, were typical students of the period. They were toiling without means at their command to gain a college education, just as thousands are doing in all parts of the land. They would teach for a term or two or work for a while at manual labor until they would accumulate fifty or a hundred dollars, and with this sum they would resume their studies in college. If at the close of the term they found themselves without money, or, indeed, considerably in debt, they were not discouraged. There was only one thing to do. They must go to work and cancel the debt and accumulate another small sum, so as to join their classes again or drop into the one behind. Be it said, to the honor of thousands of young men, that they are not discouraged by the fact that they have no money. They persevere until they acquire an education, even though it costs them the greatest self-denial.

Wilbur Grant was a young man scarcely out of his teens. His companion was one of the oldest men in the college. He had perhaps reached his thirtieth year. He was a teacher and a preacher, and, feeling the need of more preparation for his work, he had entered college at a late day. The two students were not on intimate terms at all, though good friends. A few years before John Collins had taught the winter school in a rural district known as Black Jack. A year or two later Wilbur Grant had taught in the same place. Thus they had many friends in common in that community, and occasionally, as they met, they indulged in reminiscences of their pedagogical days.

"Where have you been this time, Grant?" asked his friend after the salutations mentioned.

"I have been over to Black Jack, eating turkey with some of our old friends," was the reply. "By the way, Collins, you have a good many friends in that district and they always ask about you."

"How is our old friend Higgins?" "He begins to show age," was the reply. "He must be sixty years old, and his wife is not much younger."

"He has lost nothing of his religious zeal, has he?" asked Collins?

"You may be sure that he has not," was the response. "I believe that he is as true a man in all the relations of life as I ever saw. His piety is no sham. It takes hold of his very life, and he shows it in everything he does. He still goes out to the old log meeting-house, and sits on one of those hard planks through the service, wholly oblivious of everything except the worship of God. You know that in his younger days he was a leader of their singing. His voice is cracked now, so that he cannot sing much; but I doubt not his spirit soars aloft and joins the redeemed in singing praises to God."

"I can agree with all you say touching his manly, Christian character," said Collins. "I boarded with him one term and saw him under almost all circumstances. I saw him at church, at home, in the field, in the barnyard, and in the most trying places, and his religion never failed him."

"Did I ever tell you how our morning devotions were once interrupted so far as I was concerned by old Tom?" asked Grant.

"You mean the old cat, I suppose?" was the response. "You never told me about it, but I am somewhat familiar with the animal's pranks. Let us hear it."

"Come on, boys, and listen. Grant is going to tell a cat story. I suppose it will outdo Bret Harte's poem." This remark was made by one of a group of students standing near who had over-

heard some of the previous conversation.

"Now, boys, this is hardly fair. I did not intimate that I had a story to tell to the crowd. Besides, I am not given to painting a story in bright colors. I was only going to relate an incident that happened while I was teaching school in the country."

"Of course he will give nothing but the bare facts," remarked one of the bystanders. "We can allow our imagination to fill out the rest."

"Now, boys, what I am going to tell is strictly true," said Grant. "It is not wonderful, either, but it was a most trying place for me for a few moments. You see, I was boarding with this family that we have been talking about. Besides the old man and his wife there was one son about eighteen years old. I was then only seventeen. I found it necessary to maintain a certain amount of dignity in order to govern this young man in school. For the most part we were good friends, but sometimes he would be inclined to take advantage of me in the school-room. I did not hesitate to rebuke him. I wanted the school to see that I was not partial toward one at my boarding place. A little episode like this would cause considerable coolness between us, but in time it would always disappear. I found it necessary not to be too intimate with him in order to be master of the situation in school hours. Indeed, I went to the school-room every morning with fear and trembling, as I had over sixty names on the roll. Some of the pupils had been soldiers in the army. Many of them were older than I. This has nothing to do with the story, however."

"Well, the house where I boarded had a large fire-place. The old man and his son Jim would make a big log heap in the fire-place, and that carpet-less room was a most cheerful place of an evening. The light from the fire-place was generally the only light we had. I was very much inclined to read every evening, but the old folks retired at 8 o'clock, and they slept in the only room that had fire. There was nothing for Jim and me to do but to go up-stairs to bed at that early hour."

"How about the cat?" interrupted some one.

"Oh! don't confuse me. I am getting to that. I wanted to get my bearings first. As we sat around the big open fire, each one had his place. The old man sat in one corner, next to the window. The old lady sat on the opposite side of the fireplace. Jim and I sat between the two. I usually sat next to the old man. The cat was a great pet. He was a fine, large animal—one that would attract attention anywhere. His regular place was before the fire. Whenever he got tired of lying there he would jump on some one's lap. He was generally a welcome visitor, but I did not encourage him to be specially intimate with me."

"Once, when we were in the midst of the morning devotions and the old man was pouring forth a fervent prayer, Jim gave me a nudge, implying that he wanted me to look at something. I turned my face toward him, and he then pointed toward his father. Inadvertently turned my eyes in that direction. The old man was on his knees praying, as I have said, and the old cat sat on his back as quietly as if it were her accustomed place."

"The whole scene was very amusing to me, but I dared not laugh. I had the utmost respect for the old man's



"SCAT! SCAT, YOU BEAST! BROTHER COLLINS, PRAY!"

religion, and I would not have manifested the least levity for anything in the world. Besides, I was the teacher, one of the important personages of the community, and it became me to be a model of propriety everywhere."

"I got my head down next to the back of my chair and my handkerchief to my mouth and tried to be as devout as circumstances would permit. To all outward appearances I was succeeding fairly well. If nothing else had happened I would have escaped disgrace. Without any warning the old cat made a spring and lighted on my back. This was too much for me. Jim and I exploded simultaneously, and it was impossible to restrain the fit of laughter that took possession of us."

"I felt deeply disgraced, but I could not control myself. The two old persons were not disturbed in the least. I do not think they even smiled. The old man continued his prayer as if nothing had happened."

"Well, that is a fair cat story; but is there no sequel to it?" asked one of the listeners.

"None that I know of," replied Grant. "After that I was always more or less uneasy, and was careful that my back was as nearly perpendicular as possible during the hour of the devotions." "I can't give you a sequel to the story," remarked Collins, "but I can

tell another incident that happened in the younger days of the cat."

"Let us hear it," several cried. "Well, I was teaching in the same district a year or two before this time and was boarding at the same place. I was preaching then occasionally and the old man always insisted that I should lead the devotions at night and he in the morning. This order was observed without variation all winter. It was in the early spring and my school was almost out. The weather was so warm and balmy that we could keep the doors open even in the morning."

"We were in the midst of our devotions one morning, and the old man was praying earnestly. This time the cat came around in front of the old man, who had his eyes closed, as a matter of course, and did not see the festive feline. I cannot tell just what thoughts were passing through the cat's mind. He probably saw the old man's tongue moving, and thought it was a mouse. At all events he made a spring at the old man's face and actually clawed his tongue. There was nothing funny in this, I assure you. The old man knocked the cat clean across the room, and with the blood streaming out of his mouth, he exclaimed:

"Scat! scat! you beast! Brother Collins, pray!"

"Do you think I prayed? It was the last thing in the world I could have done. I could not say a word. My first impulse was to get out of that room. I did not seem able to get on my feet. I just went out of doors on all fours into the yard before I gained my feet. The whole scene was so intensely ludicrous that I would have laughed if it had killed me."

A peal of laughter greeted the speaker at the close of his story, and one of the bystanders remarked, as he walked away:

"A preacher can tell about as big a story as any one when he applies himself to the task."

"Quite a cat-a-strophe, as I actually heard a preacher once say, in describing the work of a tornado," remarked another listener.

Sharp Criticism.

The Hon. Henry W. Paine, who is one of the most prominent members of the Boston Bar, did not entertain the greatest respect for the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, as it was at one time constituted. His opinion of it may be gathered from some of the sharp remarks attributed to him by the *Green Bag*:

"Once, when asked his opinion of the wisdom of appointing a certain person of acknowledged ability to that bench, he replied, 'It would be like letting a ray of light into a cave of bats.'"

On another occasion, while arguing a case before the court, he made a statement of the law as he understood it to be. He was interrupted by one of the judges with the remark, "Mr. Paine, you know that is not law."

"It was law until your Honor spoke," replied Mr. Paine.

One afternoon, as he was riding in a Cambridge horse-car, reading a book bound in sheep, a friend remarked to him, "Ah, Mr. Paine, I see that you are reading law."

"No, sir," was the reply, "I am not reading law; I am reading the last volume of the 'Massachusetts Reports.'"

He was much annoyed on one occasion, when trying a case in court, by the constant and apparently uncalled-for interruptions of the presiding judge. Finally he stopped short, slowly gathered up his papers, and started to leave the court-room.

"Stop, sir!" cried the judge, angrily. "Are you doing this to show your contempt for the court?"

"No, your Honor!" replied Mr. Paine; "I was retiring in order to conceal my contempt."

The Way to Keep Cool.

"Doctor, give me a suggestion as to the best way to stand this hot weather."

"Well," replied a prominent physician, "there are a few simple things to remember. I'll tell you how I do it. In the first place I get plenty of sleep. I do this by eating a light supper, without coffee and with very little fluid of any sort, and but a mouthful of beef-steak. My day's work ends with the day, and after sunset I just sit around without my coat and vest. About 9 o'clock I slip quietly into my bathroom and soak myself ten or fifteen minutes in a bathtub of cold water. Without drying myself I draw on my sleeping garment and go to bed. My temperature has been reduced, and my pulse has slowed up. This condition is preserved by the evaporation which goes on for half an hour or more, during which I go to sleep. Try it. Now, for the day time, I eat a moderate breakfast, with but little hot coffee or tea. I avoid the butter and anything else very greasy. I eat my fill of bread, toast, tomatoes, cold milk, etc., with a small piece of lean, rare steak. I do not smoke, nor drink anything alcoholic. I occasionally take a glass of some aerated water, like vichy or seltzer. I wear light clothes and but few of them, and I am not ashamed to carry an umbrella. The result is that I suffer as little from the heat as is possible during this sultry weather."—*Louisville Post*.

Clergyman's Vacation.

First clergyman—How long a vacation will you take abroad?

Second clergyman—One month.

One month only? Why, I shall have a vacation of two months."

"That's so; but your salary is twice as much as mine, you know."—*Texas Siftings*.

SWEET SALLY SUCCUMBED.

Simeon Sykes' Story.



IMEON SYKES, silver-seller, strayed slowly southward, steadily seeking satisfactory sales, soberly sauntered, swinging sachel, systematically showing solid silver spoons, sugar shovels, small sized salvers, superior spectacles, scissors, sewing shields. Sombre skies sent soft showers, soaking Simeon's sachel, shoes, stockings, shirt, skin.

Suddenly something seemed softly saying: "Sweet Sally Slater Simeon soon shall see."

So Simeon straightway strode stupendous strides, seeking Sally's sunny shelter.

Simeon soon saw sundry stately sycamores standing sentinel, shading said spinster's spacious shelter; spied Sally, sitting solus, sewing silk stockinet, slyly snuffing sweet-scented Scotch snuff. Sudden surprise seized Sally's soul, seeing Simeon's swift strides; Sally's sanctity soon skedaddled shamefully.

She, somewhat sensitive, suspiciously started, suddenly spilled some snuff, soiled stockinet, stammered, stuttered, said: "S-s-seat, s-sir."

Simeon shivered, shook, said: "Smart shower."

Sally said: "Slightly so."

Simeon's shins seemed sore; so Sally sought some soothing salve (Sawyer's), supplied some soft-soled slippers.

Square-shouldered, slab-sided, spindle-shanked Simeon seemed satisfied.

Sally said: "Sold some silver since Sunday, Simeon?"

Simeon scolded savagely.

Sally suggested supper.

"Sartin, Sally," said Simeon, "something sufficiently strengthening. Some strong stimulant."

So Sally sent some sausage, sirloin steak, savory stew, some soothing sangaree.

Simeon's stomach seemed satisfied; so Simeon smoked several "Spanish segars," sat stupefied, soon slept, snored sonorously.

Sally, sitting, solemnly stitching stockinet, suddenly sneezed! Simeon started—seemed scared—suspiciously surveyed surrounding space, shutters, shades; seemed secure.

Sally stopped sewing, said she saw someone slyly sneaking, stealing Simeon's silver.

Simeon, slightly susceptible, seemed suddenly smitten, sought Sally's side, sacrilegiously surrounded sanctimonious Sally Slater's smooth symmetry. She, somewhat suspicious, said, "Soft sickish!" Simeon stared significantly, said, "Sweetest, surely such solitary souls should sympathize."

Sally stopped Simeon.

Simeon seemed subdued.

She seemed sorry, showed some softening symptoms, supinely sought Simeon's sturdy shoulder, sh! sh! Sim smacked Sally! So straightway surrendering, she smacked Sim!

Simeon said: "Set some suitable season." Sally said: "September." Simeon, shrugging Sim's shoulder, said: "Sooner! Surely Scripture sanctions such strong sympathy; say Sunday."

So Sally succumbed.

Seven supernal seasons softly, silently slipped somewhere. Seven small scions sprung, successively shedding sunshine, singing, shouting, seldom sick, squalling sometimes, still sweetening Sally's solitude. So, succeeding summers serenely spent, Simeon's seven stalwart sons seized soldiers' swords—successively subdued Southern Secessionists—subsequently settled South.

Simeon still sells silver, supplying substantial subsistence.—*Detroit Free Press*.

The Crisis at Waterloo.

All at once came the tragedy. To the left of the English and on our right the head of the column of cuirassiers reared with a fearful clamor. Arrived on the ridge, wild, furious and running to the annihilation of the squares and cannon, the cuirassiers saw between them and the English a ditch—a grave. It was the sunken road of Obain. It was a frightful moment. There was the ravine, unlooked for, gaping before their very horses' feet, two fathoms deep between its banks. The second rank pushed in the first and the third pushed in the second. The horses reared, fell backward, struggled with their feet in the air, heaping up and overturning their riders. There was no power to retreat; the whole column was but a projectile; the momentum gathered to crush the English crushed the French. The pitiless ravine still gaped till it was filled. Riders, horses, rolled in together pell-mell, mangling each other, making common flesh in this gulf, and when the grave was full of living men the rest rode over them and passed on. Almost a third of Dubois' brigade plunged into this abyss.—*World of Adventure*.

BLESSINGS are like birds which hop about us with their wings folded, and we do not see the beauty of their plumage; but when they spread their pinions for flight then we see all the brilliancy of their color and the ungracefulness of their form.

GRAY hairs are honorable, no doubt, but there are many old men with nothing honorable about them except their hair.

FLASHES OF FUN.

A TRAIN of thought—George Francis. It is no sign that a hen meditates harm to her owner because she lays for him.

A BOOTLESS attempt—To get upstairs without being heard by your wife.

He stood not on the burning deck. No flames around him spread, But his case was lurid, just the same, For the hair of his girl was red.

THE mother of the modern girl says her daughter is like a piece of cheap calico: she won't wash.

"TAKE back the heart thou gavest me," as the man said when he drew one when he wanted a club to fill.

"HOW CAN I get ahead?" asked a dull farmer boy of a pessimist. "By raising cabbages," was the consoling reply.

"HOW DID you like the sermon today?" "Well, it was such a nod discourse that I slept through the whole of it."

EXASPERATED gardener—I wonder who tore up my garden in this style? Gardener's little boy—The old hen did it, with her little scratch it."

A YOUNG man who gets the opportunity to go see his best girl only on the evening of the first day of the week is strongly opposed to the prohibition of the Sunday press.

McCORKLE—It's queer that none of these railway robbers are women. Mrs. McCorkle (indignant)—Indeed! And why? "Because they know so well how to hold up a train."

"How do you like my new necktie?" asked George of Mabel. "Oh, very well." "Don't you think it's becoming?" "Yes, George; it is becoming soiled very rapidly."

THE pastor's wife—Dr. Talkwell exchanges with my husband next Sunday. Thoughtless parishioner—Indeed! Perhaps I can persuade my husband to come to church.

BOSTON heiress—I am afraid it is not for me, but my money, that you come here so often. Ardent wooer—You are cruel to say so. How can I get your money without getting you?

THE young man who stands on the sidewalk in front of his sweetheart's residence late at night, singing "My Soul's at the Gate," will find her pa's sole at the gate if he doesn't watch out.

MRS. JEPSON—What a poor-spirited creature you are, Jehiel. I wish you would be either a man or a mouse. Mr. Jepson—I wish I was a mouse. I'd make you climb the bedpost in a holy minute.

BEEJONES—Well, wife, Sam, our prodigal son, is coming home. Shall we kill the fatted calf? Mrs. B. (reflecting)—No. Perhaps it would be less expensive in the long run to kill the prodigal.

BUFFALO BILL is greatly angered because the authorities of Paris insisted upon vaccinating all the members of his Wild West Show. Col. Cody regards the matter as a very scabby proceeding.

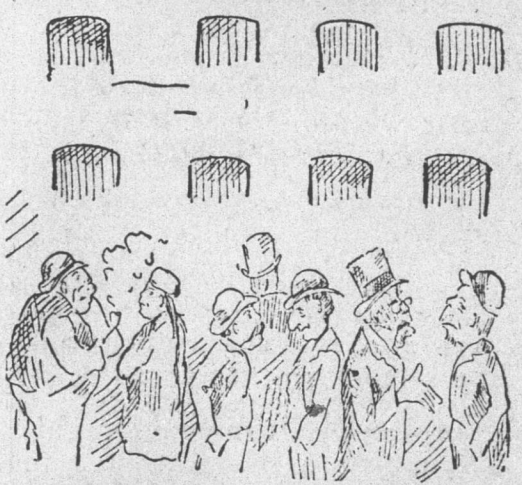
THE advantage of the pedagogue: Merritt—If you keep on, Johnnie, you will soon know as much as your teacher. Little Johnnie—I'd know as much now if I had the book before me like she does.

It is the fellow whose wife obliges him to stay at home and do the churning when he wants to go to the circus, who inveighs the most bitterly against the one-man power. He prefers dog power on the churn.

TRAVELER on Mississippi steamer—What makes you have the bar in the center? Why don't you have it on the side, out of the way? Bookkeeper—Well, we would, but you see it won't do to have too many passengers on one side of the boat.

MINNIE—What do you think? Mr. Goodcatch's watch stopped while he was calling on me last Sunday evening, and he staid until after 12. Mamie—I heard him say yesterday that your face would stop a clock, but I never dreamed he had any grounds for making such a remark.

The Modern Babel.



By standing near one of the skyscraping buildings going up in Chicago, and listening to the people talking about it, one can obtain a fair idea of Babel after the confusion of tongues.—*Chicago Ledger*.

A Child's Remedy for a Mother's Grief.

Not many days ago a gentleman had taken affectionate leave of his wife and daughter for a three months' trip abroad. The child, a lovely little girl of two and a half years, stood by a chair with her thumb in her mouth—a favorite pastime, and, to her, a panacea for all her childish ills. She watched her mother for a few moments, saw the tears filling the lovely eyes and dropping one by one from her cheeks, then went to her side, and with a comforting tone, looking pityingly up to her face, said: "Mamma, suck 'oo fum!" As if nothing could so much comfort her.