

OUR LITTLE BOY 'AT'S GONE.

A sight of help he was, our little boy 'at went Puddin' around with little trousers on.

But what was more than all his workin' mean He seemed to be our sunshine. Now he's gone.

He'd take the cattle to the fields at noon. An' seems I hear his tiny whistle now

As I go out on a walk about the barn Or take the team afield an' try to plow.

About the house he kept a sight of noise. Singin' or trampin' at his boyish will.

It did not seem, with health just like my boy's. His voice could hush so quick an' be so still.

But he weren't sick much more'n a week, I believe.

An' kept his little senses during all. An' didn't grumble 'cause he had to leave.

But lay there still, like list'nin' for a call. That evenin' that I never will forget

He lay beside the window an' looked out. I'd sorter hoped 'at God 'ud spare him yet.

An' give us back his noisy stop an' shout. But suddenlike he gazed intent ahead.

While crownin' the kaidyidid just out the door. An'—'Angela, mammy! See 'em, pap!' he said.

An' thou was still an' never said no more.

Now, sometimes, standin' by the meadow bars Waitin' the cows, all lonesome an' forlorn.

The heavens twinklin' with the carous stars. The breeze a-whistlin' in the rustlin' corn.

I wish the rustle was of angels' wings. The stars the guidin' lamps of seraphs come

To waft us after all our sorrowin's Where we'n our joy will be again at home.

—Will T. Hale in Current Literature.

A Belligerent Parson.

In a recent little book by Mr. F. S. Child on "The Colonial Parson of New England" some lively anecdotes are recalled of the patriotic ministers of the Revolutionary period.

many of whom exhorted their flocks to war, while there were a few—a very few—whose ardor was such that they did not stop at exhortation. One of these was Dr. Daggett of New Haven.

who, when the city was burned by the enemy, was observed standing solitary in a little clump of bushes, with his gun, blazing away at the British with all his might.

An officer and a few soldiers were detailed to capture the lone warrior. When they came close upon him, their leader exclaimed disrespectfully:

"What are you doing there, you old fool, firing on his majesty's troops?" "Exercising the rights of war," promptly replied the ministerial sharpshooter.

"If I let you go this time, you rascal," cried the officer, amused, "will you ever fire again upon the troops of his majesty?"

"Nothing more likely," was the grim reply. He was taken prisoner and marched to another part of the town, but was finally allowed to go free.

Perhaps his marksmanship had not been equal to his belligerency, and they thought it quite safe to be magnanimous.

Some Queer Signs.

One may see in the windows of a confectioner in Fourth avenue, New York, "Pies Open All Night."

IN A LITTLE POKER GAME.

Two Hands That Almost Gave a Man Heart Failure.

"There were six in the game," he said, "and we sat down at about 7:30 o'clock. Every one knew every one else, so that there was nothing wrong about the cards, as one who was not present might imagine. It was a 50 cent limit."

"An hour after the game started I was behind something like \$5. At that time there was a big jackpot. The second man to my right was dealing. I passed. The man to my left opened the pot. Every one staid, and as I was a loser I took a chance. I staid up and held the king and jack of hearts, the only thing to do unless I drew five cards."

"Well, I picked up my cards when it got around to me. There was a 50 cent bet and two raises. As I looked at the hand I had palpitation of the heart, for I had drawn the queen, ten and nine of hearts."

"Of course I had to appear as though I were bluffing. Now if there is a time when a man feels as though he owns the earth it's when once in a lifetime he holds a straight flush, but that's just the time when he can't play it as though it were a pair of aces."

"The boys raised me once or twice and then dropped. I got a call all right, but I don't mind saying that I never before knew what it was to be on the verge of nervous prostration. Oh, I got \$6 or \$7 in the pot. I took the hand out of the deck and tore up the remainder of the cards."

"It was about an hour later, however, when another phenomenon occurred. Everybody had got over the first surprise and the game had settled down to a businesslike basis. The man on my left was dealing. I picked up the cards carefully one at a time. They came king, ten, queen, ace—all spades. The last card I dare not pick up. I nervously drew it into my hand, shuffled the five several times, and then, as it was up to me and every one was waiting, I had to look at them. There sure enough was the jack of spades—a royal straight flush!—the first I had ever held, and I've played poker for many a day."

"I was somewhat used to holding straight flushes, so the second one did not cause such rapid pulsation of the heart as the first. I looked at the hand carefully, and then opened the pot. To my great relief, the dealer raised it. Every one else dropped out, and I raised the dealer. Then he whooped it up again, and, say, maybe the word cinch wasn't the most prominent thing in my mind! I gave the pot another lift, reluctantly, of course."

"That was too much for my friend, the dealer. He dropped, with the remark, 'I guess you may have it, old man.' "He threw down his hand, and there was a two, four, king, ten and eight of mixed suits."

"He almost collapsed when he learned that he was trying to steal the pot against a royal straight flush. I got about \$7 out of the pot. "The rest of the game was uneventful, except that I quit \$5 out after holding two of the most remarkable hands ever dealt to the same man in one game. I've got both those hands at home in a frame."—New York Sun.

Unnecessary Generosity.

Jose Maria, a Spanish brigand who had received pardon of the government on condition that he renounced his exciting and unlawful profession, used to tell most entertaining stories of his past. On one occasion he said he had robbed an English gentleman and his servant of their horses and everything they possessed save their clothes.

The Englishman was a pleasant, attractive youth and submitted to the robbery with great good humor. This appealed to Jose Maria, and as they were 40 miles from Seville, whither the traveler was going, he determined that he should not walk that distance and gave him back his servant's horse and a doubleton (\$16) out of the 200 he had taken.

The youth thanked the robber warmly and added that he had still a great favor to ask. "Will you not return me my watch?" he said. "It was the parting gift of my dear father."

"Is your father alive," asked Jose Maria, "and does he love you very much?" "Oh, yes!" said the youth. "He lives and loves me."

"Then," said Jose Maria, "I shall keep the watch, for if your father loves you so dearly he is sure to give you another."

Some Church Customs.

An English paper, quoted by The Living Church, says that there is in Paisley, Scotland, a Baptist cathedral with a surpliced choir of both sexes. In a Glasgow Congregational church a liturgy is used, with choral responses, including the Ten Commandments and the chanted Psalms. The lessons are read from a lectern, daily services are held, and over the altar, or communion table, stands a large gilt cross.

HE WAS A HUSTLER.

And Was Determined to Do Europe in Three Weeks.

"Excuse me," said the man with side whiskers as he turned to the passenger on the seat behind him, "but I heard you speaking of Europe awhile ago. You have been there, I take it."

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "And I am on my way to New York to take a steamer to London. Were you in London?"

"Oh, yes!" "How much of London can I see in two days?"

"A mile or two I should say." "A mile or two? That will do first rate," said the side whiskered man as he took out pencil and pocketbook. "How long should you think I ought to stay in Paris?"

"From 8 in the morning to 6 in the evening at least. In that time you can see at least four blocks of Paris."

"Thanks! Four blocks—ten hours—good enough! Is the tomb of the great Napoleon at Paris?"

"Of course not." "Glad of that. If it was, I should feel obliged to go and see it, and it always gives me the headache to look at tombs. I am told that I ought to go to Rome. Anything special to see in Rome?"

"A few ruins, I believe," replied the man who had been there. "Then I shall skip Rome. Half of my town burned up last year, and there's no end of ruins to be seen right at home. I've seen the track of a cyclone, too, and you can't beat that for slivers and splinters and ruins. I'll find Switzerland over there somewhere, I suppose."

"Yes, if you make inquiries." "I've been told to take it in. Most all mountains, I believe. How long had I ought to be doing Switzerland?"

"At least a couple of hours." "I can give it half a day if I find it interesting. I've got it down here to go to Naples and to go from Naples to Vesuvius. Vesuvius is a volcano, isn't it?"

"Yes." "I never saw one and don't know as I care to. We had the biggest spring freshet in the Wabash known since 1848, and a man who has seen seven houses and barns floating down a river all at once can't feel knocked out at sight of a volcano. How's Venice?"

"It was all right when I was there, though most of the people had the grip. You ought to put in a full day in Venice."

"Half a day is all I can spare, and I shall spend most of that in a gondola. Europe, taken altogether, is quite a country, isn't it?"

"Yes, a pretty fair country." "A man who hustles along can see most of it in three weeks, can't he?"

"He ought to." "Well, I'm going to give it three weeks, and perhaps an extra day or two, and then scoot back here. And if my going abroad don't knock the other grocers in my town galley west I'll put the price of eggs down to 10 cents a dozen and hold 'em down till I have got to go into bankruptcy! Thanks, sir! I've got it all down here—Europe, Rome, Naples, Venice—three weeks, no tombs—git up and dust and git back home agin! Come into the smoker and have a nickel cigar with me."—Washington Times.

Simplicity Brings Life's Best Pleasures.

"For poor and rich alike the highest pleasure and utility in life will come from simplifying it," writes Droch in The Ladies' Home Journal. "The contentment that can only be had from nerves that are not overstrained is to be found by reducing your daily life to its simplest terms. This applies with equal force to the hard working man or woman with small income, or to the rich who are cumbered with many cares. Poverty has been made just as complex as riches by the many things that ill advised teachers have taught poverty to expect that it ought to accomplish. What both must learn, for the best results in their own lives, is not how little can be had for a great deal of money, but how much of real and permanent value can be secured for a little money. That is the highest economy, and it cannot be taught. It must be learned by experience, and you cannot begin it at a better time than when seeking a vacation."

Delight and Laughter.

Our comedians think there is no delight without laughter, which is very wrong, for, though laughter may come with delight, yet cometh it not of delight, as though delight should be the cause of laughter. But well may one thing breed two together.—Sir Philip Sidney.

Cypress Knees.

In southern swamps the common cypress sends up peculiar growths known as "cypress knees." They are simply huge lumps of wood rising in the swamps from the roots of the trees, and their use in nature or utility in the economy of the plant is absolutely unknown.

MOXSON'S COLD NERVE.

How He Captured Two Noted Outlaws and Afterward Protected Them.

The nerviest man in the north-west was Sheriff Orren T. Moxson, a slightly built man, with a woman's mild blue eyes, who dressed as an ordinary citizen and wore a derby hat. In his day the job of sheriff was not a sinecure, as the twoscore notches on his gun attested. He was never given to boasting of his eventful life, but stories of his wonderful nerve are told today by the old fellows who helped settle the twin Dakotas. The most remarkable feat of his career was the capture, single handed, of "Stub" Shay and Tom Quinn, two notorious horse thieves and all round desperadoes, who made miserable the lives of the settlers who lived near the Cannon Ball in Hettinger and Morton counties.

A series of minor depredations culminated in a bold raid on the "3-7" ranch, in which the outlaws got away with the choicest bunch of horses. Moxson, accompanied by three cow punchers, started in pursuit the following day. The trail followed the north bank of the Cannon Ball, through Hettinger and Morton counties, until it turned abruptly to the northwest at the intersection of the North Fork. It was evident that the outlaws were making for the bottom lands of the Missouri river. Once lost in the maze of cottonwoods, the pursuit would have to be abandoned. Having traveled 125 miles in less than two days, the horses were jaded, but they responded to the promptings of the spurs, and before sunset through Deer pass and halted at the edge of the bottom lands. There was a loud report, and a bullet whizzed above their heads. Not 300 yards away was the outlaws' camp, and in front of the small fire were Shay and Quinn, with winchesters at their shoulders.

Sheriff Moxson did some heavy thinking in the space of a few seconds. It was useless to make a move forward, for they had the "drop" on him, and he did not care to sacrifice his two companions needlessly. Finally he unbuckled his belt and flung it, with his revolver, to the ground. Dismounting, he tossed the bridle to one of his friends.

"Boys," he said, "you remain here, and don't fire until you see me fall."

Then, whistling softly to himself, he sauntered toward the camp, apparently taking no notice of the rifles covering his heart.

"Fifty feet more, sheriff, and you're a dead man!" cried Shay. Moxson hesitated not the fraction of an instant. The 50 feet were covered, and he walked steadily forward.

"For God's sake, Moxson, go back! We don't want to hurt you, but we'll never be taken."

The plucky officer took no notice of the warning. The blue eyes were fixed sternly on Shay's face. Still whistling, he strode straight to the muzzle of the rifles, brushed them aside as if they had been broomsticks, and in much less time than it takes for the telling two of the most desperate men that infested the country were in irons.

It was a marvelous exhibition of pure nerve as well as an illustration of the potency of the law. As was expected in those days, an effort was made to lynch the outlaws. Nearly twoscore men from neighboring ranges surrounded the one story frame building that did double duty as a jail and a residence. They made so much noise that it interrupted the poker game between Moxson and his prisoners. With two revolvers in his hands he made his appearance at the door and gave them 60 seconds to disperse. Then he went back to his game and was interrupted no more that night.

Moxson died some years ago, not with his "boots on," but as peacefully as if his life had been spent in a Quaker settlement. Shay and Quinn are serving out their sentence in the penitentiary.—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Bishop's Answer.

The Atlanta Constitution says that a Methodist bishop was preaching a sermon on the vanity of dress and incidentally alluded to people who wore velvet and gold ornaments. After the sermon a distinguished member of his conference approached him and said: "Now, bishop, I know you were striking at me, for I have a velvet vest and a heavy watch chain!" The bishop smiled, passed his hand over the vest, touched the chain and then said, with a merry twinkle in his eye: "No, really, Brother B., for the vest you wear is only cotton velvet, and I am half persuaded that your watch chain is brass!"

His Best Joke.

Blobbe—Is it so that Neverpny has gone in for humorous writing? Slobbe—Well, I saw a man take his I O U in a poker game last night.—Philadelphia Record.

JENNIE KNEW RUTH'S HAT.

Saw It Unexpectedly In A Swiss Inn and Recognized It.

Had they been men they would not have met, but as they were girls they did meet and had a just too lovely time, hugging, kissing and telling each other what they had seen since they parted, tearfully yet joyfully, in America.

Ruth sailed from New York for Antwerp on the Westernland, and Jennie went out for Liverpool on a Cunarder. Ruth went with a party whose itinerary was fixed, and Jennie with relatives who had no definite plans. So it was doubtful when and where they would encounter each other in Europe, or whether they would meet there at all. Ruth and Jennie had formed a friendship while at school in Northampton, which seemed to grow stronger as time passed and which, it is pleasant to relate, never was firmer than it is today. As Ruth was not coming home that year, and, as fear whispered to her mother's sad heart, might come home never, the girls vowed that they just would meet somewhere on the other side.

Some months passed, and Ruth's party had "done" the Rhine, Berlin, Vienna, Rome and intermediate points of interest and was going to Paris and London by way of Switzerland. It was late at night when the party reached a little inn in view of the Matterhorn, the objective point of their next day's efforts. Its members were tired, but they were even more hungry than weary. So they ordered supper, and Ruth, removing her hat upon entering the dining room, placed it upon a receptacle near the door and gave her attention to what the bustling Swiss landlady had hastily provided upon the table. Little dreamed she what that simple act of removing her hat was soon to mean!

The wearied travelers, prosaically discussing their meal, were startled by a shriek of incredulous delight from the hallway, and into the dining room door rushed the apparition of Jennie, her face alight with the wonder and delight of it all. Ruth's answering cry of joy was instantly smothered in kisses. The two girls for the nonce forgot place, circumstance and conventionality. It is doubtful if ever since this world began were there poured forth in so short a time so many "Did you ever!" and "No, I never!" which one considers the number of interruptions for the indispensable hugs and kisses.

When reason had resumed her calm sway and the girls and their mothers were together in the privacy of their rooms, Jennie told how she, becoming thirsty, had taken a pitcher and sallied forth in search of water. From the hallway she had seen Ruth's hat and instantly recognized it, for she was with Ruth in New York when it was chosen, and the two had taken counsel together as to its trimming, and then the fact came out that it had been the intention of Jennie and her friends to leave the inn early the next morning, long before Ruth and her party would have arisen. But for that blessed hat the girls would have spent the night under the same roof, unconscious of their proximity, and each with her heart longing for the other's presence.

Had they been men, you see, they would not have met, for what man under like circumstances would have known another man's hat!—New York Times.

Spoiled the Scene.

There is a good story of Charles Warner, who was depicting on the boards a powerfully pathetic part. He was made up marvelously to look starved to skin and bone, tottering on the verge of death from starvation, gasping for breath and weak from emaciation. Still he had on his finger a flashing diamond ring, and the sarcastic gallery reproved him for it one night. At the crucial moment the hero faltered out in agony to the gallery: "Good heavens, if this fails, what shall I do?" The answer floated down unexpectedly from the top seats: "Pawn yer ring, Chawlie!" It spoiled the scene.—Pearson's Weekly.

Her Simple Little Sister.

Little 5-year-old Jennie's mother had gone to church, leaving her and her baby sister with their grandmother. After awhile grandma got weary and put the baby to bed. Then she suggested that it would be nice if Jennie also would retire. "I don't want to yet, grandma," said the little girl. "But see how nicely little sister has gone to sleep," grandma urged. "Oh, well," replied Miss Jennie, "she ain't old enough yet to realize that it's not dark!"—Cleveland Leader.

Putting Off.

How mankind defers from day to day the best it can do and the most beautiful things it can enjoy without thinking that every day may be the last one and that last time is lost eternally!—New York Ledger.

INDIANS AT SCHOOL.

They Are Natural Musicians, Fond of English Names and Good Clothes.

A recent visit to the Phoenix Indian school, California, was a revelation in some respects. The writer has known the Pima Indians on their reservation as a fierce, sullen, obstinate and cruel lot of savages with a record second to not even the Apaches for horrible butcheries of white settlers and unspeakable barbarities upon their enemies in warfare. It was therefore a surprise to see over 150 of the boys and girls of these desert savages come marching into the chapel with military precision, dressed in handsome, neat fitting garments, wearing linen shirts and with their hair brushed with as much nicety as that of a city dude.

But the surprise did not end there. When the opening hymn was announced, one of the Apache Indian girls, who ten months before was running wild on the desert south of the Gila, readily turned to the number, and, handing the writer the book, asked in good English if he would not take part with them. Some of them sing splendidly, and Professor Hall, the superintendent of the school, says they are natural musicians. Several of the younger ones have learned to play the organ, and with the French harp they will make an average city gamine ashamed of himself. Hugh Patton, one of the monitors, plays the piano very well, having picked the accomplishment up without any instruction. This Indian is a peculiarity in Indian life. Some years ago he had learned the English language and acted as an interpreter from that time till the opening of the school, which he entered, where he has since remained. He discarded his Indian name and assumed an English one, and in the three years has acquired a good English education. He is of medium size, rather dark, but with the appearance of a student. He has done much to induce his people to adopt civilization and is of course a warm friend of the school.

An advantage here is that the boys and girls are in close proximity to their relatives and friends and are allowed to visit back and forth, which could not be the case in a foreign school. This is of double advantage, for the educated children, visiting their parents, brothers and sisters, tend to raise them in the plane of civilization, and the change on the reservation during the last year is marked. The boys are allowed to go home two weeks in the summer, and several are allowed to go and assist in planting the crops. When they leave the school, they are given their Indian clothes, but they never fail to return wearing better or at least more expensive clothing than the school furnishes them.

At times the Indian boys are allowed to work on the fruit farms adjoining the school, and they are given their wages to spend as they please. They usually invest them in clothing, and some of them have expensive suits. They do their work well, and their labor is preferred to that of the Mexicans. When they are out working this way, they not only earn the wages, but they learn to depend upon themselves.

This idea of the industrial branch of the school is the conception of Professor Rich. His theory is that it is impossible to take a savage and so educate him in letters and science that he will be able to successfully take hold of any of the higher branches in life, or, in other words, that it is impossible to make a Greek professor out of a half naked savage, but he does argue that they can be made good citizens, able to read and write, and, more than all, to support themselves by tilling the soil. After this point is reached they will rise higher themselves and of their own inclination until the last instinct of the savage will have disappeared.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Effect of Injuries to Plants.

According to an English authority, when a plant is bruised or injured in any way a condition arises which exactly corresponds to what we term fever. The rate of respiration increases, and the temperature of the parts affected is considerably raised. The disturbance has its period of increase, reaches a climax and subsides as does ordinary fever. Indeed the increase in temperature is quite as great as if not greater than in animals. This opens a wide field for investigation and discussion, and one which will be followed up by lovers of nature and its very interesting phenomena.—New York Ledger.

The Largest Workhouse.

To the city of Liverpool must be awarded the somewhat doubtful distinction of having the biggest workhouse in the world. This huge institution has ample accommodation for 5,000 inmates, which, happily, is scarcely ever needed at one time.