

## WHEN I LOVE THEE MOST.

When wintry winds howl through the barren trees  
And toss the careless snow-flakes here and there;  
When we can sit before a cheery fire, in ease  
And know not but the present, have no care—  
I think I love thee most.

And when the spring-time comes with all its balm  
To drive the glistening frosts and snows away;  
When chilling winds have given place to calm,  
And bright sunshine is with us every day,  
I think I love thee most.

But, when the flowers are all out in bloom,  
And everywhere the birds are glad in song,  
The air full laden with a sweet perfume—  
I feel that I have always guessed it wrong,  
For then 'tis that I love thee most.

—R. B. FRANKLIN.

## A MASTER MIND.

"What is this?" exclaimed  
Mr. Dismal Dawson, start-  
ing back in horror as Mr.  
Everett Wrest unfolded his  
bundle. "Is this soap I  
see?"

"It are," said Everett. "I  
stole the soap to throw sus-  
picion off of you an' me fer  
liftin' the chickens an' the  
ham."

## OUT.

"Hear me out," he implor-  
ed.

"Certainly," she answered.  
In the struggle that en-  
sued between the youth and  
her old man she did not  
forget her promise.

She listened until she  
distinctly heard her suitor  
strike the sidewalk.

Then she knew he was  
out.



Dolly: Does it pay, painting pictures for a living?

Molly: Not so well as painting for living pictures.

## THE OLD PIANO IN THE FRONT PARLOR.

(After Longfellow.)

Somewhat back from the village street  
Stands the old-fashioned country seat.  
Across its antique portico  
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw.  
And there, throughout the livelong day  
Jemima plays the pi-a-na.

Do, re, mi,  
Mi, re, do.

In the front parlor, there it stands,  
And there Jemima plays her hands  
While her papa, beneath his cloak,  
Mutters and groans: "This is no joke!"  
And swears to himself and sighs, alas!  
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,

"Do, re, mi,  
Mi, re, do!"

Through days of death and days of birth  
She plays as if she owned the earth.  
Through every swift vicissitude  
She drums as if it did her good.

And still she sits from morn till night  
And plunks away with main and might

Do, re, mi,  
Mi, re, do.

In that mansion used to be  
Free hearted hospitality;  
But that was many years before  
Jemima monkeyed with the score.  
When she began her daily plunk,  
Into their graves the neighbors sunk

Do, re, mi,  
Mi, re, do.

To other worlds they've long since fled,  
And thankful that they're safely dead.  
They stood the racket while alive  
Until Jemima rose at five,  
And then they laid their burdens down  
And one and all they skipped the town.

Do, re, mi,  
Mi, re, do.

TOM MASSON.

## INGERSOLLISTIC.

The vicar of Pontefract  
recently preached at a  
cyclist church parade, tak-  
ing for his text "The Spirit  
of the Living Creature is in  
the Wheel." In an East  
Yorkshire church a new  
stove was put in and on the  
following Sunday the text  
given was: "Aha! I am  
Warm; I Have Seen the  
Fire," and when the Squire  
gave scarlet cloaks to a  
dozen old women the  
clergyman selected as his  
text "Solomon in All His  
Glory Was Not Arrayed  
Like One of These."

In a suburban Boston  
pulpit last Sunday morning  
this notice was read: "The  
pastor will preach his last  
sermon this evening, and  
the choir has arranged a  
special praise service for the  
occasion."

## A PROBLEM.

Give you a problem for your midnight toil -  
One you can study till your hair is white  
And never solve and never guess aright,  
Although you burn to dregs your midnight oil,  
O Sage, I give one that will make you moil.  
Just take one weakling little woman's heart,  
Prepare your patience, furbish up your art,  
How now? Did I not see you then recoil?

Tell me how many times it has known pain;  
Tell me what thing will make it feel delight;  
Tell me when it is modest, when 'tis vain;  
Tell me when it is wrong and when 'tis right;  
Can it feel, Sage, the thing that man calls "Love?"

—TOM HALL.

Many people suffer for years from troublesome and repulsive  
sores, boils, and eruptions, without ever testing the marvelous cura-  
tive properties of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The experiment is certainly,  
worth trying. Be sure you get Ayer's Sarsaparilla and no other.