

NOTHING TO DO.

I have shot my arrows and spun my top,
And banded my last new ball;
I trundled my hoop till I had to stop,
And swung till I got a fall;
I tumbled my books all out of the shelves,
And hunted the pictures through;
I have flung them where they may sort
themselves.

And now I have nothing to do,
The tower of Babel I built of blocks
Came down with a crash to the floor;
My train of cars ran over the rocks—
I'll warrant they'll run no more;
I've raced with Grip till I'm out of breath;
My slate is broken in two,
So I can't draw monkeys; I'm tired to death
Because I have nothing to do.

Maria has gone to the woods for flowers,
And Lucy and Rose are away
After berries. I'm sure they've been out
for hours.

I wonder what makes them stay?
Ned wants to saddle Brunette for me,
But riding is nothing new;
"I was thinking you'd relish a canter,"
said he.

"Because you had nothing to do."
I wish I was poor Jim Foster's son,
For he seems so happy and gay,
When his wood is chopped and his work is
all done.

With his little half hour to play;
He neither has books, nor top nor ball,
Yet he's singing the whole day through—
But then he is never tired at all.
Because he has something to do.
—American Homes.

A SUNDAY RACE.

BY PETER STUDLEY.

A cool gray and sweet neatness with-
in, and a world of rampant glory with-
out!

Cordelia Brown had been brought up
a Shakeress, and this was her Califor-
nian home. Everybody was thunder-
struck when Joel Brown proposed to
and was accepted by prim "Sister Cor-
delia," as she was called by everyone.
Though Sister Cordelia had years and
years ago forsaken the community life,
still the early training was much in evi-
dence, even to the quaint and spotless
kerchief.

When the first froth of it had blown
off, everyone agreed that after all it
was not an ill-match. Joel was steady,
Sister Cordelia was the quintessence of
steadiness. Joel Brown was nearer
fifty than forty, and assuredly Sister
Cordelia made no pretense to youth.
Again, their farms adjoined. There-
fore it was all as it should be, when
Cordelia transferred her bits over to
Joel Brown's, his residence being about
twice the size, turning her house into
a drying place. Joel himself had ever
been neat as wax, but now the whole
surroundings shone with a purity that
was immaculate. Joel had a touch of
romance in him; he stroked his silvery
gray chin and said:

"What do you want most that I can
buy you? Something out of the ordi-
nary, you understand."

Cordelia understood—it was to be
the wedding present, since before they
were married she had persistently re-
fused to accept any memento whatso-
ever. After much deliberation she re-
plied:

"Mister Brown, I guess that as ye
feel ye must be extravagant for once in
your life, I'll take the finest sprinkler
and fountain hose ye can find."

So Joel bought a length of hose and a
gilded nozzle that took her breath
away. She had secretly sighed many
years for half such a length, and as she
directed the stream on the golden
fruit until every orange shone like a
golden ball in its setting of deep green,
she murmured: "My! but I hope such a
length of nozzle is not sinful."

However, Cordelia was Cordelia still,
and two things she would not counten-
ance, viz.: the twirling whirling foun-
tain attachment to the wonderful hose
and the other—Joel's colt.

Joel magnanimously changed the
first to a steady triumphant matter-of-
fact spray, which played nightly on the
tiny lawn that was a part of the trim
glory of the place; but the colt—ah,
there was the rub! It was Joel's weak-
ness, his one weakness—he doted on a
bit of good horseflesh, and this colt
was a colt of pedigree. It had a famous
racing sire. Had it been branded on its
silken coat with the word Sin it could
not have been more an object of silent
condemnation to Cordelia. To her it
was the carnal representative of the
pomps and vanities of this wicked
world. Joel was not unmindful of it;
but the colt—was the colt!

Tractable and gentle as a kitten, led by
a little halter it would run by the side of
Joel, as he drove to market. It even
sought with soft whinny to woo Cor-
delia as she passed the paddock in her
clean gray dress and white cap; but
Cordelia never turned her head. Joel
smiled softly to himself, yet respected
Cordelia's notions all the same.

The colt grew apace. The neighbors,
men and women, also respected Corde-
lia's notions—inasmuch that the very
few men friends of Joel would wait
until she had passed on to meeting before
they strolled over to Joel's to "hev a
look at that colt."

It was whilst Cordelia was away that
the colt was first "broke into harness."
Little breaking was required, for by
Joel's methods "Enid" (for such was
the colt's name) seemed to understand
it was a proud promotion and behaved
accordingly.

When the evening came on, after the
day's work was over, Cordelia, like a
picture of placid rectitude, sat on the
porch, the spray sprinkling the grass;
and then would Joel harness the little
colt and drive away for an hour, return-
ing to devote himself to Cordelia and
his reading. By his suppressed jubila-
nce Cordelia knew the horse was act-
ing magnificently and realizing all
Joel's dreams of a colt with such a pedi-
gree.

"Land's sake, Mis' Brown," said Miss
Field, a neighbor with a lisp and a sniff,
"they do say as Deacon Morrow's horse
as he gave one hundred and fifty dollars
gold coin for, ain't no livelier than your
colt, an' if it comes to a trade, yourn
might be the better in the long run."

She awaited Cordelia's answer with
her usual sniff.

Cordelia crossed her hands and said
slowly:

"Miss Field, I don't hold to colts, no-
how."

"To be sure—to be sure—to be sure,"
said the Miss Field, as if pacifying on a
subject upon which Cordelia was rabid.
Yet, all the same, the next week Miss
Field took occasion to remark:

"Mis' Morrow seems to look down on
all others as small potatoes, now her
husband lets her drive a blooded hoss
to meeting—not that you want to hear
of hosses, anyhow. Do you 'low as
your colt is as speedy as Deacon Mor-
row's?"

"It is Joel's colt, not mine."

"To be sure—to be sure. Well, you'll
be at the camp meeting next Sunday?"

This was prime cruelty, and Cordelia
knew it as such; for Cordelia must
either ask Joel to drive her there (Joel
never went to church or meeting), or
else she must ask a ride behind Deacon
Morrow's blood horse. Cordelia was
still Cordelia; but more, Cordelia was a
woman.

"Yes, I'll be there. Mr. Brown will
be for driving me, I guess."

"To be sure—to be sure. I hope it
will be profitable to Mister Brown. He
has my prayers. Some people do say
as how they don't see for the life of
them how you came to marry an un-
converted man, anyhow."

"There are conversions through the
heart, Miss Field, and there be only
conversions through the tongue, Miss
Field."

Miss Field hastened to inform her
friends that Cordelia, to her mind,
"was back-sliding for one of Cordelia's
pretensions, seeing how as she even
dressed different, to show different, as it
might be."

"Mister Brown—Joel, I should like
you to drive me to camp meeting next
Sunday."

Cordelia had closed the spray; Joel
had laid down his book—he was dream-
ing. Mother earth was cool and sweet;
the scent of orange blossom was in the
air; an orange fell on the ground with a
happy little thud of content. A whinny
from Enid completed the calm peace of
the place.

Joel was sensible that it was a grave
request.

"Yes, I will drive you there, of course
—but—but Cordelia, I think that old
Betsy's lame; anyhow, if you kin bring
your mind to it, I will drove powerful
slow—with Enid."

Enid heard her name and took a high-
stepping little flourish round the pad-
dock. Cordelia sighed gently and was
silent for a few minutes.

"Joel, I am minding if it does not hurt
you to drive her, it will not hurt me to
be driven."

This was the nearest to a love speech
that Cordelia had ever made to Joel. The
barometer of Joel's humor rose corre-
spondingly—in fact, Cordelia had to
say aloud to preserve her own cool equi-
librium: "Men are that foolish, they
be no better than a boy with a bag of
nuts and a new pocketknife, if any-
thing happens to please them."

Having made up her mind to it, on the
Sunday she dressed with more than
usual precision, as if to make up in
neatness and spotless attire for what-
ever of the vanities she might thus be
countenancing. Joel Brown was true to
his word, and as Deacon Morrow passed
them with his high-stepper, Cordelia
felt quite comfortably sedate. Miss
Field was enjoying the back seat of the
deacon's rig, and gave a friendly, pat-
ronizing little nod to Cordelia.

Enid behaved like the lady of high
pedigree she was, and beyond a shake of
the mane as the deacon went by, also a
suspicion of impatience at the slow
pace, she went to the camp meeting
most becomingly.

Joel Brown also behaved most be-
comingly when there, and allowed him-
self to be alluded to as "a brand from
the burning," without the usual twinkle
at the corners of his mouth. Cordelia
felt she had passed through a crisis sat-
isfactorily, and no doubt would have
been her own placid self had not Miss
Field, with her little lisp and sniff, re-
marked, as Cordelia was stepping into
the buggy, that of course she would
want to be getting off, so as to get in
before dark; Deacon Morrow had no
call to hurry, as the horse was that swift
—no doubt the deacon would pass them
on the road, so they need not say good
night, etc.

The air was sweet and refreshing; the
first evening breeze wafted over them
like a benediction; for the day had been
a hot one and the exhortations fervid.
Womanlike, with the grateful breeze
came a relaxation of her nerves, and
Cordelia gave vent to a remark most
"techy" for her after a camp meeting.

"Miss Field can act as aggravating as
a spoiled cat."

With that she was relieved. And as
Joel tucked in her dress from the dust
and after awhile asked her if she didn't
think she had better have her shawl on,
Cordelia was at peace with herself and
the beautiful world again. A wide good
road opened up before them for a long
stretch. Enid seemed to scent the Pa-
cific breeze, her delicate nostrils ex-
panded, she seemed to be dancing on air
for a minute or two.

"Easy, Enid, easy! She smells the
sea and wants a little run to ease off a
bit," Joel remarked in explanation to
Cordelia, but without allowing Enid to
break a step. "Whoa, Enid, steady,
slow, now—slow now, that's it, that's
it. She's pining for a run, you see."

"Well—then—let her run a—bit,"
Cordelia added the latter as a saving
grace to her conscience—and no one
was in sight.

"Well, jest a breath then," said Joel.
"We'll slow up again after. All right,
then, Enid—ah! so—gee up, then, ah!
my beauty, that's it. Gee up—so, there's
a pace—there's a step—there's grace."

Cordelia, after her first fright was
over, was experiencing the most en-
chanting exhilaration. The trees ap-
peared to fly past. It was delightful,
especially as no one was a witness.

"Nay, Enid, nay, nay, now, that's
enough."

But Enid was pricking up her ears and
Joel turned round:

"She's as sharp as a needle—she
heard them that's behind sooner than I
did. Steady, now, no, no, you've had
your little go. You'll keep quiet now."

"Who's that behind?"

"It's Deacon Morrow. Slow, steady,
Enid! She hates to let anyone pass her,
especially that hoss of the deacon's.
Nay, Enid, you'll act pretty now. There
that's a beauty—slower—slower!
She hates it like poison!"

Joel drew to one side. With a mighty
flourish, and Miss Field calmly triumphant,
Deacon Morrow flashed past them.

Enid trembled and shook again, with
repressed ambition, as the deacon's
equipage receded in the distance.

"She do want to go!" said Joel apolo-
getically.

"Well, I guess we're going slower
than we've any need to," said Cordelia.

"But if I let her go she'll want to
pass them, and she will be wuss if she
don't and they are pretty far off."

"Then let her pass them, it cannot
hurt, for once anyhow."

"All right, Cordelia. Let 'em have it,
says I. All right, Enid—up! There,
ah! my girl, go it, ah! so—so up there,
up—there."

She flew like the wind, nearer, nearer
to the deacon's rig. Cordelia tried to
preserve her wonted calm, but instead
had to hold on to her shawl tightly.

"Gosh! you sprung on me, Joel!"
shouted the burly deacon as they passed.

"Couldn't hold her in," yelled Joel
back.

Now that they had distanced the
other horse, Enid seemed more content
to take things easier. Cordelia was ex-
cited, but did not know it. She felt the
thrill of that swift rush past the enemy.

When again she heard the other behind
her, Cordelia this time turned to see.

"They'll pass us," she ejaculated,
nervously.

"We'll let them," said Joel, thinking
to please her.

Nearer and nearer: the deacon was
putting his horse to its pace.

It passed.

"Good night," blandly called Miss
Field in triumph.

But Enid was not to be put on one side
like that—she could not understand such
folly, and the Lord knows what would
have happened if Cordelia had not ex-
claimed:

"Let her go!"

"Let her go, Gallagher!" replied
Joel ecstatically: for it had taken all
the repression in him to hold Enid
back.

Nearer, nearer! The deacon looked
back and urged his horse, and thus
urged its speed on ahead. Enid needed
no urging. She was mad with joy at
the chance of a race—quasi or genuine.
Gradually they gained on the deacon.

"We'll pass them yet," said Cordelia un-
der her breath, and Joel, stupid owl,
began to apologize for his inability to
check Enid under the circumstances.

"O, go on!" said Cordelia excitedly,
and Joel went on.

They came even with the deacon. It
was no occasion now for salutations and
ceremonies—Miss Field was engaged in
holding on. It was neck and neck. Only
those who have experienced it can un-
derstand the tingle of it all.

The deacon yelled, his horse an-
swered with a grand sweep that left
Enid yards behind. Then Enid showed
all that was in her and sped over the
ground like some swift fabled creature.

It was for the palm of victory, both
horses knew it, as well as their mas-
ters.

Enid was gaining again, oh, so slowly
to Cordelia, who could see Miss Field
while she was the slightest degree in
front of them.

Gaining, gaining! Cordelia felt her
heart thumping as it had never thumped
before. Nose to nose!—Enid was first.
The deacon, by a shout, urged his animal
to its utmost. For one moment Corde-
lia thought it would overtake and win.

"Joel Brown!" she cried, "ef ye can-
not win—give me the reins and I will
win myself!"

And Enid won.
After they had run down their own

little stretch of lane, and had drawn up
in front of their own house, Joel helped
her to alight, saying, grimly:

"Cordelia Brown, it's uncommonly
like horse racing you've got to answer
for."

"I'll answer for it," she responded
promptly. "I'm just going to give her
the biggest apple there is in my bin.
There, Enid!"

As she stepped over the neatly coiled
hose she said, dryly:

"Joel, ye may have to fetch that
twirlagig fountain back, yet."

And Joel grinned.
Thus passed into the annals Sister
Cordelia's Sunday race—with sequels
and sequels.—Overland Monthly.

A CLOSE CALL.

The Almost Fatal Error of a West-
ern Miner.

"The narrowest escape I ever had in
my life," said Mayor Macready, of Little
Rock, "was out near Yuba, where I was
helping to work an old claim with a
number of other Forty-niners. One
day, expecting some important mail
from home, I asked a new man on the
diggings for a mule to ride over to the
post office.

"All right," said my friend; 'take
the lop-eared fellow with burrs in his
tail, grazing up there on the hillside.'

"I found an animal answering this de-
scription, and was soon on my way to
the post office, when I heard a great
clatter of hoofs behind me, and a few
minutes later I found myself surround-
ed by half a dozen Greasers, who were
excitedly talking in a language I could
not understand. Before I could say a
word they had a lasso over a limb and
my head as a target for their guns, while
they led me forward and adjusted the
noose.

"My thoughts came like a whirlwind
in this extremity. I meant to fight, but
could not, for the noose was getting
tighter around my neck. Just before
I felt myself sinking into oblivion I
heard another clatter of hoofs, two or
three guns were fired, a lot of talk went
on I could not understand, and then
I felt some whisky poured down my
throat. When I came to I learned that
I had taken a mule belonging to some
Mexicans who camped near by, and they
were going to visit Judge Lynch's jus-
tice upon me in double-quick order.
Some of the miners noticed their hasty
departure, and surmising the cause, a
rescuing party took after them. The
pard who directed me to a mule with
his tail full of burrs hadn't yet learned
that in that part of the country a mule
without burrs in his tail would be as
strange as a hen with teeth in civilized
lands.—St. Louis Republic.

HE MEANT TO SETTLE.

Showing the Efficacy of a Little Ju-
dicious Flattery.

Judge Murphy was trying a case in
San Rafael once. It was a murder case,
and bitterly contested. It had not pro-
ceeded very far before the attorneys got
to loggerheads. The attorney for the
defense did his best to imitate the attor-
ney for the prosecution, and the prose-
cuting attorney retaliated with all his
might. Finally matters got to such a
pitch that the attorney for the prose-
cution turned upon his opponent and
called him down in open court. Judge
Murphy interrupted, saying:

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, this won't
do. This sort of thing is very disre-
spectful to the court. This is no place
for such exhibitions. If you gentle-
men have any differences to settle, set-
tle them out of court."

The attorney for the defense imme-
diately rose and said: "We have no dif-
ference, if your honor please."

"If your honor please," said the prose-
cuting attorney, "I wish to say that we
have differences. And I wish to give no-
tice that when court adjourns I intend
to crack that man's head over there!"

Judge Murphy exploded: "How dare
you, sir? How dare you? This is the
grossest contempt of court! How dare
you come here and attempt to terrify
counsel? I fine you \$50, sir; \$50."

The attorney replied: "That is rather
hard on me, if your honor please. Your
honor distinctly suggested that I should
settle my differences with this gentle-
man out of court, and I gave notice of
my intention to do so. That was all.
I have the highest respect and appreci-
ation of your honor's judgment in
such matters, and I felt proud to accept
your honor's advice."

Judge Murphy was not proof against
such subtle flattery, and the fine was
promptly remitted.—San Francisco
Bulletin.

Aphorisms.

When a man claims that he under-
stands women you may be tolerably
sure that he has had experience with
one woman whom he found he didn't
understand. Experience is not always
a good teacher. The man who has once
taken a sham for a reality is apt ever
afterward to take all reality for shams.
An unhappy woman turns for distraction
to "things;" but with a man the
memory of love can be affected only by
a new love. Hence devotion, intense and
sincere as far as it goes, to a fascinating
woman is often only his surprised tri-
bute, though genuine in its way, to her
ability in helping him to forget an-
other woman who, at all hazards, must
not be remembered. Demand does not
always regulate supply; a lover may ask
for letters at the post office for a
year without getting any.—Alice W.
Rollins, in Century.

THAT SPLENDID COFFEE.

Mr. Goodman, Williams County, Ill.,
writes us: "From one package Salzer's
German Coffee Berry I grew 300 pounds
of better coffee than I can buy in stores
at 30 cents a pound."

A package of this and big seed cata-
logue is sent you by the John A. Salzer
Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., upon receipt
of 15 cents stamps and this notice. [x]

Following—"And did the groom kiss the
bride?" "Oh, yes." "Before everybody?"
"No, after everybody except the sexton and
the organist."—Detroit Journal.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac
regulate or remove your desire for tobacco?
Saves money, makes health and manhood.
Cure guaranteed, 50c and \$1.00, all druggists.

Deserted Wife (in conversation with sym-
pathetic grocer)—"And I trusted him so!"
Grocer—"Confound it! so did I."—Tit-
Bits.

Like Oil Upon Troubled Waters is Hale's
Honey of Horehound and Tar upon a cold.
Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

He—"I see that in making champagne the
grapes are squeezed six times or more."
She—"Isn't that nice?"—Yonkers States-
man.

All sorts of aches and pains—nothing
better than St. Jacobs Oil. It cures.

He—"Why are you so sad, darling?" She—
"I was just thinking, dearest, that this is
the last evening we can be together till to-
morrow."—Comic Cuts.

A lot of bootblacks sitting on a curbstone
may not be India-rubber boys, though they
are gutter perchers.

The giants who frighten us most, often
turn out to be common-sized men on stilts.
—Ram's Horn.

A man is usually bald four or five years
before he knows it.

Not a Well Day

Did She See Her Months—Can Now
Sleep Well, Eat Well, and Pains
Have Disappeared.

"For several months my health had
been failing, and I did not have a well
day in this time. I had severe pains
in my back, my limbs ached and I was
restless at night. I suffered with loss
of appetite and severe nervous head-
aches. A friend advised me to try
Hood's Sarsaparilla. After taking this
medicine for a while I found I was
gaining in health rapidly. I now have
a good appetite, can sleep well, and the
pains with which I suffered have al-
most entirely disappeared. I am gain-
ing in flesh. I am still taking Hood's
Sarsaparilla and I recommend it wher-
ever I go." MISS SARAH SMITH, 311
North Park Street, Chillicothe, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Best—In fact the One True Blood Purifier.
All druggists. \$1, six for \$5. Get only Hood's.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with
Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Who opened that bottle of HIRES Rootbeer?

The popping of a cork from a bottle of Hires is a signal of good health and pleasure. A sound the old folks can hear—the children can't resist it.

HIRES Rootbeer

is composed of the very ingredients the system requires. Aiding the digestion, soothing the nerves, purifying the blood. A temperance drink for temperance people.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Phila. A package makes 6 gallons. Sold every where.

The Waverley Bicycle

\$100 \$60

The Waverley Bicycle for 1897 is the acme of bicycle construction. New and expensive principles of construction involved make the cost of building enormous. Hence the price is \$100.

The only bicycle with true bearings

Last year the Waverley was as good as any wheel in the market—better than most. Because new machinery was not needed for its continued construction, the price of the improved 1896 model has been reduced to \$60—a saving of \$25 to you. Catalogue Free.

Indiana Bicycle Co., Indianapolis, Ind.