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THE COWBOY IN THE EAST.

The Indians he slashed and gashed and stabbed and slew and slaughtered; He'd looted and looted the howling Ute, who snuffed and reeled and tottered; He'd bang and whang at every gang of robber and marauder; The horse thief strong on the limb he hung, and thus kept law and order.

In every fight big buck he struck, and never met disaster; In gles and den, 'mid brutes and men, he never found a master; No gash or slash could ever dash against his front terrific; No foe could stand his red right hand that slugged so scientific.

When'er he crossed the street his feet with wheels and things were tangled; His frame became a bloody shame, all binned and mangled; He'd fall and sprawl right thro' it all, his bones all dislocated; With most of his face stuck on the wrong place, and both of his feet mislaid.

And soon it came to pass the gas the big gas house exploded— And he—ah me!—was hit, you see, he didn't know it was loaded; Oh, my! in the sky he shot as high as war contractor's bounties; And his scattered frame was found, they claim, in nineteen different counties! —S. W. Foss in Yankee Blade.

He Knew. A teacher was telling her little boys about temptation, and showing how it sometimes came in the most attractive attire. She used as an illustration the paw of a cat. "Now," said she, "you have all seen the paw of a cat. It is as soft as velvet, isn't it?" "Yesem," from the class. "And you have seen the paw of a dog?" "Yesem."

"Well, although the cat's paw seems like velvet, there is, nevertheless, concealed in it something that hurts. What is it?" "No answer. "The dog bites," said the teacher, "when he is in anger; but what does the cat do?" "Scratches," replied the boy.

"Correct," said the teacher, nodding her head approvingly. "Now, what has the cat got that the dog hasn't?" "Whiskers," said a boy on the back seat; and the titter that ran around the class brought the lesson to an end.—Young Catholic.

A Cautious Man. A man who had been hurt by a fall out Fort street, the other day, had an ambulance summoned, but by the time it arrived he had regained much of his nerve, and before he would permit them to lift him in, he inquired: "What will the charge be?" "Nothing," he was assured. "What! is it free?" "It is."

"Well, that's fair enough, but look here, don't fool with me! If you expect to make me buy a dollar's worth of church fair tickets at the other end of the route you'll get badly left!"—Detroit Free Press.

A Bad Drawing. "How much is canal coal, Mr. Littleton?" "I think it's eighteen dollars. Just wait a minute." He goes over to the bookkeeper. "Has Elkins paid his bill yet?" "No, sir."

"Ah, Mr. Elkins, I find canal coal has gone up to twenty-four dollars."—Harper's Bazar.

No Effect on the Family. Easonice—Poozyboy, what do you think of young Sheek? Poozyboy—Not much. His father was in soap, you know. Easonice—Indeed! I should never have thought it, from the appearance of the family.—Burlington Free Press.

Took Her by Surprise. "I have sometimes thought," began Mr. Porridge, whereat Miss Rashly gave an exclamation of amazement, and then remarked apologetically: "It may be. Of course I have no knowledge of what you may have done before I became acquainted with you."—Richmond Dispatch.

Nothing to Fear. Lady—Little boy, isn't that your mother calling you? Little Boy—Yes'm. "Why don't you answer her, then?" "Pop's away."—New York Weekly.

A Dark Night. You kin harp about yer moonlight As much as ev'ry ye please, 'Bout it's shimmer 'n' its shadders A-playin' 'mongst the trees. But jes' give me a pitch dark night, With black clouds in the sky; What! ye want to know my reason? Well—I kin give the why.

It was jes' on such an evenin' I member, well the weather, We's cooin' home from singin' school— A lot of us together. An' somebody was next to me, But you needn't ask me who, And in the dark—he held my hand, An' kep' on holdin' too.

ALFRED PARSONS.

A Painter Who is a Lover of His Native English Flowers. Mr. Alfred Parsons, who is still comparatively young, awakened to his first visit of pleasure material in the comprehensive county of Somerset—a capital center of impression for a painter of the bucolic. He has been to America, he has even reproduced with remarkable discrimination and truth some of the wayside objects in that country, not making them look in the least like their English equivalents, if equivalents they may be said to have.

Was it there that Mr. Parsons, in England, to appear? I ask this life question simply because the England of his pencil, and not less of his brush of his eminent brush, there would be much to say, in exactly the England that the American imagination, restricted to itself, constructs from the poets, the novelists, from all the delightful testimony it inherits. It was scarcely to have been supposed possible that the native point of view would embrace and observe so many of the things that the more or less finished outsider is, in vulgar parlance, "after," in our words (though it appears to be the English paradox, the danger might have been that Mr. Parsons knew his subject too well to feel it—to feel it, I mean, I mean, I mean. He is as tender of it as if he were vague about it, and as certain as if he were wise.

But after having wished that his country should be just so, we proceed to discover that it is in fact not a bit different. Between these phases of our consciousness he is an unflinching messenger. The reader will remember how often he has accompanied with pictures the text of some amiable paper describing a natural region—Worcestershire or Surrey, Devonshire or the Thames. He will remember his exquisite designs for certain of Wordsworth's sonnets. A sonnet of Wordsworth is a difficult thing to illustrate, but Mr. Parsons' ripe taste has shown him the way. Then there are lovely morsels from his hand associated with the drawings of his friend Mr. Abbey—head pieces, tail pieces, vignettes, charming combinations of flower and foliage, decorative clusters of all sorts of pleasant rural emblems. If he has an inexhaustible feeling for the country in general, his love of the mystic English flowers is perhaps the fondest part of it. He draws them with rare perfection, and always—little, definite, delicate, tremulous things as they are—with a certain nobleness. This latter quality, indeed, I am prone to find in all his work, and I should insist on it still more if I might refer to his important paintings. So composite are the parts of which any distinguished talent is made up that we have to feel our way as we enumerate them, and yet that very ambiguity is a challenge to analysis and to characterization. This nobleness on Mr. Parsons' part is the element of style—something large of the mystic English flowers is perhaps the fondest part of it.

His good strong mouth: He wields it well! He works it just for all it's worth; Not Sanson's jawbone famed could tell Such mighty deeds upon the earth. He pulls the throttle open wide, And works her hard on either side.

Up hill and down, through swamp and sand, It never stirs, it never balks; Through air and sky, o'er sea and land, He talks, and talks, and talks, and talks, And talks, and talks, and talks, and talks.

Good Lord, from evils fierce and dire, Save us each day—from fear and woe; From wreck and flood, from storm and fire, From sudden death, from secret foe; From blighting rain and burning drought— And from the man who plays his mouth.

A Snake Swallows a Blanket. Snakes have been known to swallow live dogs and rabbits, says The Cleveland Plain Dealer, but the narrator of snake stories has never yet had the hardihood to unblushingly make the assertion that snakes can feed and thrive on blankets. But future snake historians may include that story among the snake's accomplishments, for without stretching the facts a particle, the twenty-five foot snake now being petted and caressed by Mrs. William Doris in the dime museum got away for a light lunch with a double woolen blanket. The snake had not tasted food for some time, and Mrs. Doris left him crawling about on the soft, white blanket, and when she returned the blanket was gone, but his snakeship's figure was not quite as pretty as it used to be. He was all bones, knots and boils, and had evidently grown much stouter, when the truth dawned upon Mrs. Doris that the reptile had swallowed her \$5 blanket. Medical aid was summoned, and he was given a keg of beer with which to wash the blanket down, and at last accounts he was as chipper and frisky as a 2-year-old. The doctors claim that it will be just as easy for the snake to digest the blanket as the live chickens and rabbits, feathers, fur, bones and all, on which he lives. A new blanket was furnished him, but this time it was nailed down to the floor of the cage. The blanket has been working its way down the snake's body, and late last night it was in a fair way of getting near his tail. It is proposed to consult a surgeon with a view of cutting a hole near the snake's tail and pulling the blanket out rather than wait for the natural process of digestion.

A New Start in Sugar. The sugar industry of this country has taken an entirely new start, owing to the employment of new methods in manufacturing. The methods now in use greatly lessen the cost of production, and an ordinary crop can be worked up and sold for five cents per pound, leaving a handsome profit for the producer. The new process of manufacture is attracting the attention of agriculturists in the northern and central states, as well as those of the southern portion of the country. By the new method of evaporating the cane raised in the northern states can be made a profitable crop, although it contains less saccharine matter than that raised in the south. Southern sugar cane, under the present process, will yield about 300 pounds of sugar to the ton, while the northern yields about 150 pounds to the ton. Three sugar manufacturers are now being erected in Kansas, with every prospect of success for their projectors, and the industry will doubtless extend to other states as soon as the success of these factories is demonstrated.—Interview in Globe-Democrat.

His Bald Head Won Him a Wife. In the book of Mrs. Ludli Willis, the Samoan woman, whose husband, a contractor, left Alameda several days ago and has since been missing, occurs the following quaint story of how she fell in love with her husband: "The first thing I saw when we went along side the ship was a white man with a bald head. That looked very funny to me, as I had never seen a bald headed man before. He was real fat and nice looking, but he did not have any hair on his head; and I got my brother, who could talk English, to ask him, just as soon as he got aboard, where was all the hair that belonged on his head. And the white man told him that he lived in California, and they did not have any cold weather there, but had what they called a glorious climate; and the 'climate' had taken all the hair off his head. We got very well acquainted, and I liked him, because when another white man kept talking to me this one with the bald head quarreled with him and knocked him down so he should not bother me."—Oakland (Cal.) Tribune.

A queer but true story comes from Nesquehanna, east of Sharon, Pa., where lived an old lady 82, who wanted to go to Iowa, but was afraid to because she had never traveled by railroad. She remarked to a friend at the station that it would be her first and perhaps last ride on the cars. Several days ago friends in Iowa received word that she had actually died on the train. The noise and excitement had been too much for her.

BURDETTE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE WORKINGS OF THE INFANT MIND. Thomas Jefferson, when about 4 years old, was playing with his blocks one day, when the sound of an infant sister came drifting in from the distant nursery. "It seems to me," remarked the infant statesman, pausing in his childish labor, "or, rather, it strikes me, that Anna Maria has taken her base on bawls." "But," interposes the hypercritical reader, "Thomas Jefferson had no sister Anna Maria, and baseball and its slang were unknown in his time." Yes, all that I know; but I agree with Mr. Howells that in a novel dealing with modern life "a plot of close texture is not only unnecessary, but is an anachronism." "But," you say, "the infancy of Thomas Jefferson is not a feature of modern life." No, goosey, but baseball is. Go; get thee to a kindergarten, and learn the staple canons of criticism.

THIS KIND HAS SOME TRUTH IN IT. "What have you there?" demanded the editor, with smoldering fire in his eye, "an article on the late war?" "No, indeed," replied the distinguished contributor, for it was he, "it is an article on the next war." "I will gladly accept it," replied the editor, "because that is something which you probably know something about, and the people will be glad to get hold of bottom facts which cannot be denied or disproved by all the rest of the participants. Here is a check for \$500 a page; count the pages, add up the check, and get the cash on it yourself. Nay, do not thank me." Adding in a strained, hoarse voice, as the distinguished contributor goes down the winding stair, "You will not, when you go to cash the check."

THAT KEEPS HIM QUIET. A correspondent was some hints on how to train a dog. Well, about as good a way as any is to train him as you do a morning glory vine—with a tight cord to a high hook. He will never bark if you train him this way. O, yes, and be sure you bury him deep enough so that drought will not affect him. Then he can't help being a good dog. Dog gone good.

MOUTH AND THE MAN I SING. I love the man who knows it all, From east to west, from north to south; Who knows all things, both great and small, And tells it with his tireless mouth; Who holds a listening world in awe, The while he works his iron jaw.

Offtimes in evening's holy calm, When twilight softens light and sound, And zephyr breathes a peaceful psalm, This fellow brings his mouth around, With its long gash that can tire The eight-day clock's impatient ire.

His good strong mouth: He wields it well! He works it just for all it's worth; Not Sanson's jawbone famed could tell Such mighty deeds upon the earth. He pulls the throttle open wide, And works her hard on either side.

Up hill and down, through swamp and sand, It never stirs, it never balks; Through air and sky, o'er sea and land, He talks, and talks, and talks, and talks, And talks, and talks, and talks, and talks.

Good Lord, from evils fierce and dire, Save us each day—from fear and woe; From wreck and flood, from storm and fire, From sudden death, from secret foe; From blighting rain and burning drought— And from the man who plays his mouth.

SUGGESTIONS BY A LUNATIC. A forlorn imbecile, who had been expelled from the asylum for frivolity, came to suggest that on Arbor day the planting of trees be observed with some regard to what the poor creature called, with a hoarse chestnut chuckle, the external fitness of things. For instance, he said, we should plant before the saloons the hick of rye; at the kitchen door, young ashes; in the zoological garden, the fur; at the home of the married man, the yoke; in the school yards, the yellen, and in— At this point, however, a bolt of vengeance as large as a boot fell upon the offender like a yoke of bananas from a cloudless sky and carried him away as with a thud. Not the child, sickening kind, but one of the long drawn, such as usually heard in the dead of night, when wearied people yawn and the patient evening caller waits to hear the ever welcome breakfast bell.

RIGHT IN THE SWIM. "Do you call on the Triplepleats, Mr. Commoner?" "No; that is, I have never called. I hear my husband say that he calls there quite frequently, two or three times a week." "Why, I don't." "You see, he's out of employment just now, and is collecting hard bills for Grab & Grozer." "Oh!" "Yes, oh."

A Difficulty About Witnesses. "Mr. Smith," said the electric light manager to his foreman, "we want some men to testify to the absolute harmlessness of the electric light current as used by us. You might send Roberts?" "Foreman—He was killed while fixing a wire last night, sir." "Well, Jackson will do, then." "He accidentally grounded a wrong wire last week, and is scarcely expected to live, sir."

Such awkwardness. Send Williams. "Sorry, sir, but he was paralyzed while fixing an electric lamp on Thursday." "Really! It's most annoying. Employ some new men at once, and send them to testify to the committee before they have time to get themselves killed."—New York Herald.

A Disagreeable Feature. Friend to theatrical acquaintance—No doubt there are a great many disagreeable things connected with the theatrical profession. Actor—Yes, indeed. Friend—What do you find to be most disagreeable? Actor—The way in which the railroad ties are made. They are either too far apart or too near together for comfortable pedestrianism.—Yankee Blade.

Brief. Koopoon—By the way, Bonds, what caused the decline in your bank shares today—dividend off? Bonds (laconically)—No, cashier.—Life.

A Natural Question. "The captain was as cool as a cucumber when the vessel struck the iceberg." "How was the iceberg?"—Harper's Bazar.

An Easy Fit. "Now, Duffy, do it seem to fit?" "Yes, um; it seem to fit splendid. I kin jes wabble my foot all 'round in it."—Harper's Bazar.

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