

IN HER CRINKEY, PINKEY GOWN.

The city gal may look right pert
To the fellers up in town,
When she's dressed in silks and satins,
An' with ribbons up an down;
But for me I like their rustic,
Smilin maiden, dark and brown,
When she's dressed, not in her faces,
But her crinkey, pinkey gown.

While she may not be so party
Yer educated eye,
An be up in high toned music,
Readin novels with a sigh;
For a feller in their country,
Where the hills am mountains frown,
She's the gal ter take out ridin,
In her crinkey, pinkey gown.

An white ridin in a buggy
It may be yer hit a stone,
She won't quarrel at yer drivin
Nor even make a groan;
But will smuggle ter ye closer,
As yer arm will steal aroun
An give a surprise pressin
To her crinkey, pinkey gown.

For, yer see, wile she's no dimon's,
An her coat's not tailor made,
An her bangs not white an pearl,
Nor her ribbons ther right shade,
When there's work ter do aroun,
An yer way will cheer an soften,
In her crinkey, pinkey gown.
—Brooklyn Eagle.

Too Hasty.

Jumping at conclusions often results in embarrassment to all concerned. Perhaps nobody knows this better than a certain clerk in a Court street law office. He was sitting at his desk, writing busily, the other afternoon, when the door opened and an old negro put in his head.

"Say, cap'n, don't you want yon washed? Dey looks kinder like dey needs it."

"No, not today, they were washed only last week."

"Bettah lemme touch 'em up a leetle, cap'n."

"No, no," replied the clerk, going on with his work; "come around in a couple of weeks."

With another intimation that the windows were susceptible of considerable improvement, the ancient cleaner withdrew.

But window washers were evidently out in full force that day; for five minutes had not elapsed when the door opened again and another sable hand popped in.

"Good afternoon, boss."

"Good afternoon."

"Want yoh windows cleaned?"

"No, not today."

"Do it cheap, boss; bettah lemme clean 'em."

"No; just engag'd a man."

Three minutes later the door opened again and a dark face surmounted by a rather rusty hat peeped in.

"Well?" asked the clerk, looking hastily up, "I suppose you want to wash windows, too, don't you?"

It was difficult to tell whose surprise was the greater, the newcomer's or the clerk's, when the senior member of the firm hastened forward from his room, and grasping the stranger affectionately by the hand, exclaimed, "Why, my dear old father, this is the most delightful surprise of my life!" — Youth's Companion.

Another Version.

WE PRESS THE BUTTON OFF—



Bingo—I have made a firm resolve. After the first of the year I am going to get up every morning at 6 o'clock.
Mrs. Bingo—What are you going to do then?

Bingo—I am going to pull down those confounded blinds so the light won't disturb me.

Points About January.

Dianus, or Janus Bifrons, was the old party for whom the Romans named this month. He was originally the janitor of the gods, and opened the doors of the morning for Rosyfinger, or Dawn, after whom came the Sun in his chariot; but later he was put at the head of the war office while Mars was the acting god of war. The old party was represented with two faces looking in opposite directions, to indicate the uncertainties of war, whence he was named Janus Bifrons, which may be freely translated Holy Two-front. This just suits Janufuy, which opens the year, looks both ways in time and is as uncertain in weather as war is in results. The most confident Wiggins seldom claims foreknowledge of January's weather, while the goose bone and the corn husk are equally at fault.

A Logical Outcome.

Dashaway (after the New Year's reception, to hat boy)—This isn't my hat.
Hat Boy—I know it, sir. Another fellow grabbed yours and went off with it. And this is his.
Dashaway—But it doesn't fit me.
Hat Boy—Well, your hat didn't fit the other fellow.

YOU DO THE BEST. —Life.**She Wouldn't Listen.**

"Madam," said a man on a Trumbull avenue car to the mother of a crying baby, "did you ever give the little one a drop of gin?"

"No, sir. I never did. And more than that I never will! And I don't thank anybody for advising me to give my baby gin," snapped the mother.

"You're in too much of a hurry, madam," persisted the man. "I was only going to suggest that a little hot gin!"

"And I am surprised, sir," interrupted the woman, "that a man of respectable appearance like yourself should want an innocent child to begin drinking gin!"

"Will you allow me to finish what I wanted to say, madam. Why, I give my own daughter gin!"

"Well, you can't give it to mine. Conductor, let me out! This man insists upon advising me to give my child gin!"

"Yes—ginger tea for the colic," shrieked the man getting in the last word as the woman plunged out of the car.—Detroit Free Press.

Not So Very Little.

Mr. Chugwater (while the congregation is passing out)—Never mind it, Josiah. You make such a tremendous fuss about little things!

Mr. Chugwater (still clawing about under the seat for Mrs. Chugwater's overshoes and getting madder every second)—Do you call anything you wear on your feet little things, madam?—Chicago Tribune.

One Better.

Penslope—Do you see that handsome fellow by the piano? I rejected him once.
Perdita—That's nothing. I rejected him twice.—Life.

LEAP YEAR AND ITS OBSERVANCES.

Leap year we all know to be that one which has 366 rather than 365 days in the year; this was arranged so that the perfect system of time might work itself out, and the 29th day of February is said to be the one upon which the sun turns because somebody has to do an extra day's work. If according to some scientists "de sun do move," it is probably old Sol himself who has an extra hard time of it. This year is the one in four during which lovely woman has the privilege of asking her sweetheart to be her very own. When this custom first came into use nobody knows, but if the legends are to be trusted it was leap year when Eve made her appearance in the Garden of Eden and suggested matrimony to Adam, but about this no man is certain.

Among the Roman maidens leap year was ushered in with great festivity, and gay parties assembled at the various houses, where a special kind of spiced cake was cut, in which was a ring, and the young woman fortunate enough to get the ring was the one who would take her choice from the group of handsome Roman men and ask him to be hers. In Scotland a less dignified procedure obtained—the maidens who were anxious for husbands were required to jump a broomstick, and the one who leaped the highest had the credit of being the most desirable bride. As we have a fancy nowadays for tracing everything back to antiquity, may it not be possible that the skirt dancing is only an out come of the broomstick leaping? In any case, the maiden who proposes in leap year does not suffer, for the man brave enough to say no to her has to give her the sweetest of kisses and a silk gown.

It would seem as if prefacing a kiss with a refusal would not add to its sweetness, and there are stories of high tempered women who nearly bit the lips off of young men who dared to deny them their wish. If, however, the swain is agreeable, then the duties of the bride elect began at once. She must give him "a faire gold ring" and a linen shirt made by her own fingers to show that not only is she capable of loving him truly and well, but that she also knows how to care for his comfort. The maiden of today would have no trouble to get the ring, but how many of them could put the many neat stitches required to make a fine shirt?

And yet, after all, there are more ways of asking a man to marry you than putting the straight question to him. Women can look love in their eyes, can speak it with their lips and yet be silent, and can tell it in a touch of the hand without ever using a pen. She is indeed an ignorant woman who cannot make a bashful wooper understand that she is ready and willing to listen to the story of his love and to tell him how much she loves him in return. This is a lesson that one seldom needs to teach. Folly may lie in women's eyes, but after all a deal of wisdom is also found there.

The patron saint of the 29th day of February is St. Oswald, an old Saxon one, who was a great believer in the desirability of marriage, who tied true lover's knots into the holy bonds of matrimony and was joyful thereof. So if you want to suggest to a shy admirer whom he ought to do, ask him to read about St. Oswald and to discover how good and holy are his ideas and practices. If this doesn't suggest matrimony to him, he is predestined to be a bachelier forever. And a sorry lot he'll have. — ISABEL A. MALLON.

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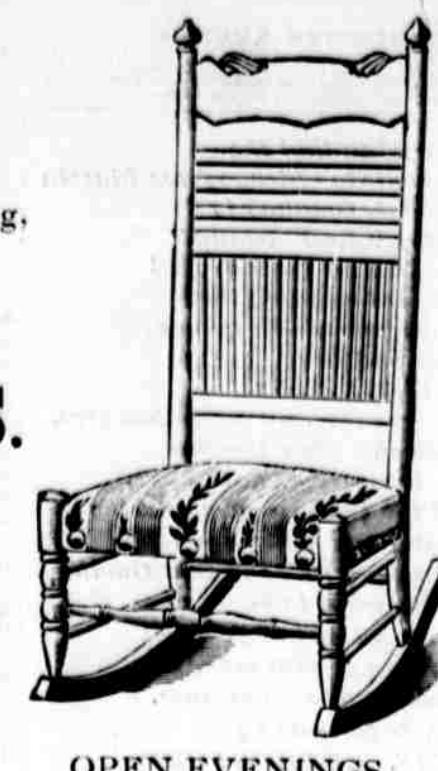
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