THE MODERN STYLE OF POETRY.

Western poets of modern schools Now set the style in verse; At twisting lines all out of shape They're getting worse and worse,

Then comes the rig rag style

And then your face your eyes about awhile way this read And umop əpisdn rədəd mox umi uəqL And get your bearings fixed.

Or in the crescent style of verse

You may get the rhythm mixed.

Once more you close the ranks. A patient world will turn one day, And this will come to pass:

The Poet's Corner.

Keep off the grass.

-From the San Francisco Examiner.

HOW MEG LOST THE BABY.

One morning Mrs. Sackett put Julia carefully into her carriage. She tucked her up with rugs, afghans and shawls. Meg often wondered how the baby could breathe; but Julia was fat and hearty, and Meg knew that she grew heavier. So it must have

agreed with her. "Keep where it's pleasant and sunny, and take good care of her," said Mrs. Sackett.

Irs. Sackett.

She said this every day. Meg took stepped boldly up to the talkers.

"Will you please tell me who's found as much care of Julia as any wellmeaning but careless girl of fourteen does a baby. At the crossing she thumped the carriage down into one gutter, and banged it up out of the other. The baby was used to this, and only opened her eyes wide and gasped on arriving on the other side.

Meg was just turning the corner when she heard her mother's voice.

"Me-e-eg!" "Yes'm!"

"Stop at Hurd's and send home three pounds of brown sugar and a half-pound of tea!"

Meg thrust her elbows through the handle of the baby carriage, and crocheted as she walked. Crocheting tidies was Meg's favorite pastime. She always had a tidy under way.

Hurd's was a corner grocery store, with a door opening on each of the two streets. Meg wheeled the car-riage close to the show window, and fastened the wheel with a stone so that it couldn't roll off.

Julia sat still, and gazed with attention at the resplendent advertisements of Jenk's soap and Tompkin's house, and led the way upstairs. to endure so much which they do not understand that it is not surprising that they become philosophers.

Hurd's was crowded, as it always ings; or was in the morning, but Meg did not prudent. object to waiting. She chatted with

Ponsonby, who "resided" in a fourstory brown-stone house on a stylish avenue, while Meg lived in a "third

"Wait for me!" said Katie Allen.

"I've got to go to the butcher's."

"All right," answered Meg.
She waited and when Katie started, she walked with her, talking briskly, down the street almost a block before she suddenly cried: "Oh! I forgot the

"What baby?" asked Katie.
"Why, I had our baby with me and
I've gone and left the carriage outsize the store!"

Shegazed in bewilderment at Katie's

round yes, and then eried: "Oh, I know! I came in at the other door; that't it! She's round on Harrison Street. The girls ran laughingly back, and

turned the corner. There was no baby nor carriage there? They stared at each other, and Katis would have laughed but that

Meg looked so solemn. "Perhaps you didn't bring her."
"Yes, I did! I left her just here. I

know I did?" "Could the carriage have rolled down the street?"

Meg looked up and down the street in vain. No carriage was in sight.

"Perhaps a policeman thought she was lost, and took her to the station-Meg began to cry. Katie's words

Hon home quick, and tell your Meg took Katio's advice. She ran

fast, for she was frightened. Mrs. Sackett heard her story, and gave her a severe scolding for curclesness. must be about the neighborhood. Go

things in a matter-of-fact way.

But when Meg came back to report that no one had seen baby or carriage anywhere, Mrs. Sackett became alarmed. She forgot to scold this time. She put on her bonnet, and searched the street thoroughly. She inquired at all the stores, and even went to the police station.

Coming back from her fruitless expedition, she dropped wearily into a chair by the door. Meg could not bear to see her mother's white face. She picked up her hat and crept down-

An organ man was playing a lively tune, and Lou French's little sisters were dancing to the music. They came up to ask Meg "if the baby was found, and Meg. without looking at them, choked and rushed down the street. She walked on in a breathless state for several blocks, and happened to pause for breath just where there sat, on a doorstep, a boy about twelve years old, with a woebegone

and tear-stained face.

Meg looked at him and asked, abruptly. "What's the matter? Have you lost a baby?"
"Lost a baby!" shouted the boy, indignantly. "You clear out of this!"

He seemed to look as if he thought Meg was glad to "clear." She had only spoken out of the abundance of her thoughts. She walked along, surveying absently the windows she passed. She wondered if all the babies who lived in those houses were safe, or if their parents were hunting for any of them in grocery stores and

police stations. At the next corner she stopped again. Three women stood there talking. Said one of them, a small wo-

"I told her, says I, 'Mrs. Smith, you'd better report it at the station-house. It belongs to somebody that's looking for it, of course! says I."
"She wouldn't take the trouble.

She's too elegant!" remarked a stout woman, sarcastically. "That's so," replied the last speak-er. "She said, "Let them that's lost it look for it. Jimmie brought it home, and he'll have to amuse it till the mother comes, says she. It serves Jimmie, right, though," the stout woman added, decidedly. "A pretty trick, to wheel home the wrong baby!"

Meg felt faint. She leaned against the railing. Whose baby were they talking about?

"Where was his own?" asked the third woman, who don't seem to understand the circumstances "Why, you know he left it beside

store while he played marbles, and his mothercame along, and took it home to frighten him!"
"Ha! ha! ha!" "You may depend she was mad, though, when he brought home a

strange baby!" "Ha! ha! ha!" Could two babies be lost in one day? Meg stood in doubt a few minutes; while the two women discussed the story. She remembered the little boy

a baby?" she asked. eyes and tongues of all three

were directed to her at once.
"Why!" "Well-have you lost one?" "Mercy on us! do you know whose it Mex colored, but stood her ground.

"Somebody wheeled our baby away while I went into a store of an errand," she explained. "We've been looking for her all the morning!" The three women were delighted. They all insisted on escorting Meg down the street and into the right

house. The mournful little boy sat on the front steps, his attitude showing his thorough disgust with life. "You'd better go up and take care of your twins, Jimmie!" laughed the

sarcastic woman. Jimmie looked at her, his countenance expressing unutterable things. "Come, Jimmie, come," cried the sharp little woman; "take us upstairs,

we want to see your mother!' "This young lady has lost her baby Jimmie," said the tall woman, kindly Perhaps it's the one you've found.' Jimmie's face brightened. He stole a glance at Meg, remembering she had spoken to him. He turned into the

ginger, although she must have known these placards by heart. Babies have baby!" he announced, gruffly. He threw the door open, and immediately got behind it, rom whence he could easily observe the proceedings; or escape, if he should find it

"I thought somebody would come," Katie Allen and Lou French, and exclaimed a drawling voice. I knew even drew out her tidy and did two the child would be called for. Sheevi-

rows before the salesman had time to attend to her.

Then she ordered sugar and tea with as grand an air as that worn by Mrs.

Ponsonby, who "resided" in a four-lay an embroidered title at which as a management of the child would be called for. Sheevidently belonged to nice people!"

The speaker rocked herself in a low chair. Her hair was in papers, and she wore a pink wrapper. In her lap lay an embroidered title at which at lay an embroidered tidy, at which she took languid stitches. It may be re-corded here that Meg gave up tidies from that day.

She did not stop to examine the

lady, however, but snatched up one of the two babies who crawled about the floor, and kissed and hugged Julia more lovingly than she had ever done

"Jimmie, behind the door, was start-led. He wondered if he should feel the same affection for Lauretta, if she were lost for three hours.

The three women all talked together. The lady in the rocking-chair listened "There wasn't any baby at the door when we came out," replied Kate.
"Sure enough," said Mez, "there she allowed the strange haby to creep complacently, convinced that she had on her carpet until called for.

"I told Jimmie," she laughed, "he'd have two bables to take care of, instead of one!" Jimmie had disappeared into the

"I think I'll take the baby home to mamma, she's fretting about her,

said Meg, holding the baby tight. "We're very much obliged to you, ma'am, for keeping her here."

Mrs. Smith bowed politely. She indicated with her foreinger where Meg.

would find the baby's clothes and Meg dressed her and carried her carefully downstairs, followed by a cheerful "Good morning!" from Mrs. Smith. With a light heart she tucked Julia once more into her carriage.

Jimmio stood watching for from the "Say" be called. Are you really glad to get that kid back?" Meg laughed out of her gladness "Why, of course!"

"Did you feel awful had when you

found she was gone?"
"Of course," said Meg, again, "What

and look!" she ordered. She was a bring her home!" He lowered his voice. hard-working woman, and treated "I was playing with Bob Price, and I sent another fellow, and he didn't

know her, you see!' looking at Jimmie with horror. But Jimmie was bursting with his

"Perhaps you think you had the hardest time of it, but if you had to amuse an extra baby three hours, you'd know finding a baby was wors," than losing one!" Meg was so impressed with his air cf

conviction that she said not a word. -Youth's Companion.

AN INVOLUNTARY CHASE.

How a Maine Soldier Got a Dinner of Roast Goose

A man who was caught in the acc of skinning a neighbor's sheep covered his embarrassment by declaring that no sheep could bite him and liva. The logic of this, says the Youth's Companion is equaled by that of the Yankee soldier, who once had a narrow escape from an enraged gander. The man of a certain Maine regiment, which was in the enemy's country in hardship. One afternoon about dusk a soldier was seen beating a rapid re-treat from the rear of a farm-house near by, closely pursued by a gander, with wings outspread, whose feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground, and from whose beak issued a succession of angry screams. The fugitive was not reassured by the cries of the gander's owner, "Hold on, man, hold

on! He won't hurt you!"
"Call off your gander! Call him off!"
shouted the fleeing soldier. Neither man nor gander stopped until inside the camp lines, when the soldier's friends relieved him of his fierce pursuer with the aid of the butt

of a musket. "Did that gander think he could chase me like that and live?" the solline attached, which might have thrown light on the unfortunate gander's strange actions.

This is the way a Japanese belle takes a bath, according to a travel-

The pretty little maiden lit the stove under the bath, got down her best kimono and her new obi. By Winning - Point this time the water was boiling, or nearly so, in the cedar tub, she took away the stove, threw some of the handling all lengths water over her, sat on the floor beside the bath, scrubbed herself with bran, deluged herself with water again, and then for two minutes in she went, scattering the drops all over her with her wooden dipper.

But there was no time to waste even over the delights of the bath; her hair had to be redone, and this took some time, for our musumi was a Kyoto girl, and Kyoto girls are not only the prettiest but the best turned out girls in all Japan, so she was not satisfied with her tire-woman until her black locks shone like silk and her coiffure a la Fujisan was as stiff as camellia oil could make it.

And, after her hair was done, it took her some time to arrange her obi-it would not come right: first it insisted on tying itself into a crooked knot instead of a beautiful butterfly bow; when the knot had been smooth ed out and by chance it sat straight

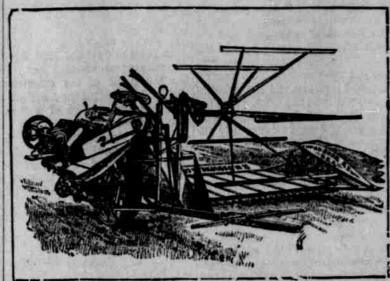
it was too flat and not stiff enough. However, a Japanese girl does not know how to lose her temper, not even over her most irritating obi, and last, coaxed with showers of laughter and suptle hands, it sets as it should; her breakfast does not take long, and then she runs over the mats. slips the cord of her sandals between her big toe and number two, and clatters down the street.

New Varieties of Oranges. It seems strange sometimes to meet people who believe that the world has reached its highest state of development. The trouble with such people is that they are not capable of comprehending anything greater. The Riverside Phoenix seems to stand in this light regarding the orange industry when it advises its readers not to experiment with new varieties of oranges, claiming that the varieties now grown will be hard to improve upon and that they had better leave well enough alone. Such advice a hundred years ago might have been more excusable, but in this age when horticulture is making such gigantic strides, it borders upon the absurd. Even while the article referred to was being written, a new variety of orange came to the surface, the "Joppa," which bids fair to soon supplant some of our standard sorts. In ten years nearly all of our orchards may be rebudded to more delicious and profitable sorts and the time will probably come when we will have oranges ripening every month in the year. True horticul-turists believe in the possibilities of a kindly nature, place no limit upon the future excellence of varieties of fruit. In planting orange-groves or deciduous orchards, a few standard sorts should be chosen, but at the same time a little not so well known. Horticulture is a progressive science, and to stand still is practically to take a backward step.-California Fruit

Flowers.

Flowers seem intended for the solace of ordinary humanity; children love them; quiet, tender, contented ordinary people love them as they grow; luxurious and disorderly people rejoice in them gathered. They are the cottager's treasure; and in the erowded town, mark as with a little broken fragment of rainbow, the windows of the worker in whose heart rests the curement of place. Passionate or refond, forerish intensity; the affection is seen severely calm in the works of many religious painters, and mixed with more open and true country sentiments in those of our own pre Rathe peasant and the manufacturing r a severe scolding for curriosaness.
"Some boy took it to scare you. It ust be about the neighborhood. Go
"Oh," he said grinning, "I didn't precious always. John Ruskin.

oking at Jimmie with horror. Osborne Junior Harvester and No. 4 Mower of the state of the state





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