

## ALONG THE ROAD TO PRUE.

How bright the scene and fair—  
What merry music played—  
There's neither grief nor care,  
Nor weary footprints made;  
Life's sweetest roses grow,  
And all the skies are blue,  
And all the rivers pleasant flow  
Along the road to Prue.

My heart is gay and glad,  
My feet how swiftly light  
There are no fountains sad  
To murmur through the night  
No nightingales to sigh,  
No avenues of rue,  
No grewsome tarus to wander by  
Along the road to Prue.

Love rules the heart alone,  
Nor is it swayed in vain,  
A hope that soul doth own  
That cannot think of pain.  
And joy and peace and mirth  
Are dreams outblossomed true;  
'Tis all of heaven and naught of earth  
Along the road to Prue.

And when the journey's o'er  
I see her like the light  
That glows at evening's door  
To beautify the night.  
And in her presence I  
My golden dreams renew,  
And bless the hour that bade me fly  
Along the road to Prue.

## "THE DEAKIN."

A stone's throw out of Paradise grew the only tree in Devil's Basin. As Devil's Basin comprised a stretch of country some twenty miles broad by a hundred long, the reader will readily understand what an object of pride and veneration this tree must have been to the rugged hearts of Paradise.

It was so horribly yearning, so grimly menacing—that noose—that I have shivered many a time as I passed it and looked around fearfully over my shoulder like Tam O'Shanter chased by the Kirk Alloway crew.

A thing that heightened my wonder was this: Whenever I asked an inhabitant of Paradise why that noose was there, his mouth would shut up like a steel trap and a peppery look would settle over his face but never a word would he utter.

One day I begged Jim Littel to go riding with me and Jim, who was always ready for anything not too suggestive of manual labor, immediately placed himself at my command.

When we had driven a short distance from town, I produced a bottle of brown fluid much used in cases of snake-bite (as well as other cases) and invited my friend to take a lift at the National Debt—which he did, not only once but many times. When I considered him sufficiently voluble I halted directly beside the old cottonwood so that the black noose hung above us.

"Jim," said I, interrupting a flow of war reminiscences which were starting, to say the least; "Jim, I want you to tell me about that noose. Come, now. What is it there for?"

He looked up at the rope very earnestly for a moment, then deliberately mounted the carriage-seat and kissed it. Getting down again, he murmured, "It's the honor of Paradise,—I beg yer pardon," and he lifted the bottle to his lips.

"But I want to know all about it," I persisted.

"It's gallin', very gallin' fur to say anythin' 'bout it. It's waitin' for the deakin, y' know, which same deakin of I had 'im here I'd hang him up higher'n a kite, you can bet on that!"

"Who was the deakin? What did he do?"

Jim Littel took the bottle from his lips, drew a deep sigh, wiped away the moisture with his coat-sleeve and looked at me pensively.

"Him? Do? I'll tell ye. He was a long, slim, parson kind of a chap an' he looked so holy when he first came to Paradise that Bill Waller—him as runs the Cowboy's Rest—sez that hain't no common tenderfoot, Jim Littel, that hain't sez he—an' that same Bill was as clever a reader

of human natur' as any one I ever see, an' I've seen a good many of 'em. For instance, old Zenas Blinder.

"Well, Waller," he sez, "That hain't no common tenderfoot, Jim Littel. He's good, he don't lie or steal, or drink, or play cards, or enjoy himself in any way howsumever—mark them words. Let's call 'im the deakin," which we did an' I must say he proved to be a model chap. Good, powerful good, infernal good, altogether to dern good. I beg your pardon."

"Well, what did this abnormally excellent person do?"

"That's it," said Jim Littel bringing the bottle down on his knee with a thump, "what did he do? What did he do? I'll tell you what he done. He moved around in Paradise so soft an' did so many nice things with them little white hands of his'n that he got our confidence, which is to say, the confidence of Paradise, singularly and collectionably, which is to say of every one from Hon'able Jezebel Jimson—d'you know 'im? No? Uster be in congress, Jimson did; powerful bright, pow-er-ful! You've heard how Wash'n'ton was the father of our country? Well, Jimson he's the father of Paradise, he is, made it, sir."

"You were speaking of the deakin," I ventured, in the endeavor to draw my voluble friend back into the rut; "what did he say?"

"I beg yer pardon. Well, this here noose is waitin' fer that good man an' he'll fill it some day, see if he don't. It's been hangin' there waitin' fur him fur these five years an' the honor of Paradise, which is to say of me an' Jimson, an' all the rest is wrapped up in that piece o' rope doin' it's duty."

As he hesitated here and seemed to be fixing himself to ask my pardon again, I laid a restraining hand on his arm and commanded him to tell me faithfully, what the deakin had done.

"To be sure, Y'see we was holdin' high at the Cow Boys Rest one night, playin' cards, an' drinkin' an' whoopin' 'er up generally when, all to once, the door opened an' in come the deakin—S'prised? Well, I should say we was.

Waller's jint was a place the deakin fought mighty shy of an' we couldn't say a word for a minute or two. Then I sez, 'come up an' have one with me, deakin?' an' Buster Blunose—tarnation good feller. Know 'im? No? Well Buster made room for 'im at the poker table an' invited 'im to take a hand, but the deakin sez no. He sez 'I didn't come here to-night fur to drink an' to gamble, heaven knows. I come here to-night,' sez he—the deakin—'on an errand of mercy to my feller-men'—an' them was his very words, 'an errand of mercy to my feller-men. The stage was held up this side of Commonwealth,' sez he, 'an' they was a feller as got shot an' dragged 'imself to my shack over there on the Blackfoot trail, jest riddled with bullets, an' he's dead now—peace to his ashes'—sez he, the deakin, mind ye, which the same deakin sez further, 'an' that ain't the worst of it. They's a little gal with 'im—a little chick of a thing with yeller hair an' big blue eyes—she's near got a fit—them's the deakin's own words—she's near got a fit. 'Oh, boys,' sez he, 'd'you know how that little gal with yeller hair reminds me of—of one I lost a long time ergo. She reminds me of Flossie—my own little daughter as would climb up onto my knee an'—' jest then the deakin caught hold of the bar an' saved 'imself a fall. He took a drink to brace 'im. 'That's the first in years,' sez he, 'but it's done me good.' We was all affected an' blowin' our noses, an' coughin' an' lookin' at somethin' else pertendin' not ter be. Then the deakin breaks out ag'in, chipper like. 'Now, boys, I come down here to see if we couldn't among us chip in a sight fur that little yeller haired gal.' He passed around 'is hat an' we filled 'er up. He thanked us with big tears in his eyes for our liberoality an' lit out. Then

we-er-un—I beg yer pardon."

"What became of the little girl?" I asked.

He kicked the dashboard savagely. "Wan't none. Wan't no robbery, no shootin', no man dyin' up to his shack, no nothin'. He jest come it over us that's what he done an' we're jest waitin' to come it over him, that's what we're doin' an' you can bet, Mr. What's-yer-name, that we'll play square with that onery limb if it takes a hundred years. All Paradise is interested. I beg yer pardon."

After this, as the liquor was out and he had no more pardons to beg, I could get no more out of him so we drove slowly and pensively back to Paradise.—Detroit Free Press.

## REVERSED.

Thus It Now Reads: Go to the Sluggard Thou Ant.

There was a certain woman that was a sluggard. She performed not the duties of her household as a virtuous housewife should; she rose not with the lark, neither with the hen, nor with the early bird that catcheth the worm.

And she toiled not day by day, but worked when it pleased her; and when it pleased her not, she loafed.

And she laid up no treasure of corn, wine and oil, nor of scarlet and fine linen; she neither span nor wove, baked nor brewed.

But she sat still a-dreaming and set traps for sunbeams and lay in wait for bright-winged thoughts and spent her breath in words, mere words, albeit some were written down.

Then came the ant and built her house near by, that the sluggard might come to her as was commanded, and consider her ways and be wise.

Now, the ant was very numerous. She built her house and stored it with food and laid myriad eggs and tended them, and her eyes stood out with virtue.

Also, she knew it and marveled that the sluggard came not to consider her ways and be wise.

But the sluggard stayed at home and minded her own business.

Then arose the ant, armed with a strong sense of duty—for she could wait no longer, knowing the exceeding sluggishness of the sluggard.

And, truly, the ant was far more numerous than the sluggard, but not so big.

And the ant went into the house of the sluggard and exhibited her ways that the sluggard might consider them perforce and be wise.

And, verily, the sluggard did consider the ways of the ant—how she ran up and down, continually doing the same thing; how she took a hundred to consult over one crumb; how she had no soul above her victuals and her indistinguishable eggs, which were no improvement on their indistinguishable mothers, and how she abounded in the meal and the flour and the sugar and the molasses.

And the sluggard arose and gave thanks for the wisdom that had come of considering the ways of the ant.

And she took of insect powder one talent and laid it broadcast in the ways of the ant as she considered them, and the ant went from the house of the sluggard in a dust-pan.—Wasp.

## Give the Boys a Show.

It is noticeable on visiting St. Louis after an interval of a few years how very much more the young men of the city are occupying important positions. If the change continues at the present rate St. Louis will soon begin to compete with Denver for the honor of being called the young men's town. Denver has that position now and boasts of probably the youngest national bank cashier in the country. This is the cashier of the German National, who graduated from the Denver high school not more than four years ago. His promotion has been very rapid, but not sufficiently so as to excite any comment, especially as the cashiers at all the other

banks, with but one or two exceptions, are very young men. It is a characteristic of the West to have young men at the helm but in no city has the proverb "You can't put old heads on young shoulders" been so conclusively disapproved as in Denver, and, as I said before, St. Louis is making a decided move in precisely the same direction.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## A Christian and Devil Meeting.

The struggles of childhood with words are often as pathetic as they are droll, but it is the funny side which is apt to impress their elders.

A lady went not long since to call upon a neighbor in the country and found the 5-year-old son of the house playing upon the lawn.

"How do you do, Georgie?" she said. "Is your mamma at home?"

"No, Mrs. Gray," he answered, with the most approved politeness.

"I am sorry for that," the caller said. "Will she be gone long?"

"I don't know," the little fellow answered doubtfully. "She's gone to a Christian and devil meeting."

"Gone to what?" the lady exclaimed in astonishment.

"To a Christian and devil meeting in the vestry," was the reply.

And it suddenly flashed across the caller's remembrance that for that afternoon had been appointed at the vestry of the church a meeting of the Society of Christian Endeavor.—Baptist Recorder.

## INDUSTRY AND INVENTION.

Southern Pacific locomotives will soon use for fuel bricks made of coal dust and asphaltum.

There are 4,514 paper mills in the world, of which Germany, the greatest paper maker, has 1,443.

An English woman has patented a device by which a skirt may be elevated neatly and evenly all around by a simple tug at a band.

Eskimo women are boot and shoe makers as well as tailors and seamstresses. Boots are made of sealskin throughout, or else the legs of sealskin and the soles of walrus skin.

The first large quantity of American sponges ever sent to European markets was recently shipped from Philadelphia. The lot comprised 6,000 pounds each of two kinds of sponges from the Florida coast.

A weighing machine has been invented which weighs cars at the rate of six per minute, the cars being moved along the track. A device automatically records weights on a piece of tape similar to that used on a ticker machine.

There is something about the cedar logs that are now being exhumed in Cape May county, New Jersey, and that are said to have been buried for more than 2,000 years, that imparts a soft and melodious tone to a violin, and the logs are being cut up for the making of such instruments.

Gutta percha is the gum of the percha tree, which grows in the Malayan islands and that locality. The price of this article has more than doubled within two years, chiefly because of the wastefulness of the natives in collecting the gum by felling the trees and the increased demand for it in insulating electric wires.

The statistics of the average size of families in the various countries of Europe are as follows: France, 3.03 members; Denmark, 3.61; Hungary, 3.70; Switzerland, 3.94; Austria and Belgium, 4.05; England, 4.08; Germany, 4.10; Sweden, 4.12; Holland, 4.23; Scotland, 4.46; Italy, 4.56; Spain, 4.65; Russia, 4.88; Ireland, 5.20.

Telegraph operators and electricians are greatly interested in the experiments of two enterprising New Englanders, who are said to have invented a new system of telegraphy. Vibrations of the air are to be used instead of electricity. If the new system be successful, the expensive methods of insulation now used by the telegraph companies will no longer be necessary.

Until recently the royal palace at Berlin has been lighted only by candles. Both the father and the grandfather of the present kaiser were opposed to gas, and would not allow it to be introduced into the palace. Emperor William has had gas put in and is now arranging for electric lights. The palace lacks all the modern improvements in the plumber's art and is devoid of bath-rooms, hot and cold water and steam or furnace heat.