

Whether Common or Not.



Mamma's Little Lady Now.

I couldn't help feelin' so drefful sad
When sister wus brung t' live wiv us;
I thought they wus all jus' awful bad
A makin' all day such lots o' fuss
About that baby, a-knowin' I
Wus livin' right here so long before.
An' I jus' give up an' had t' cry,
Not bein' th' lit'lest girl no more.
But one day papa said, "I allow
You are mamma's little lady now."

I don't feel sorry when mamma sings
T' baby so she won't cry an' fret;
She can't use none o' my nice playfings
'Cause she's too little an' tiny yet.
But I don't use 'em; I let 'em be
Upstairs behin' th' nursery door,
F'r I'm lots too big to use 'em, see—
I ain't th' littlest girl no more.
I ain't re-al big, but anyhow
I'm my mamma's little lady now.

When papa comes home he plays 'at I'm
As big as him an' I've come t' see
Th' folks an' stay f'r a long, long time,
An' we're as happy as we can be.
But sometimes he will f'rgit an' roll
Wiv me all over th' parlor floor,
An' mamma she'll say, "Why, bless your soul,
She isn't our lit'lest girl no more."
An' papa he'll say, "'At's so, I vow;
She's her mamma's little lady now."

Farmer Martin's Huskin' Bee.

"You can't always tell by the curl of a dog's
tail whether it kin foller a 'coon track," remarked
Uncle Ezra Martin.

The remark came after a long silence in the
little company, and of course we scented a story,
knowing Uncle Ezra. But we did not say a word.
If we had done so Uncle Ezra would have shut up
like a clam. He had to have his head, Uncle Ezra
did. So we just whittled away and said nothing,
and pretty soon Uncle Ezra said:

"Did I ever tell you about Henry Clark?"

We shook our heads negatively and whittled
away.

"Queerest critter I ever saw. Came t' my
house while I was livin' down in Stone county,
Missouri. Said his doctor had told him t' git out
in th' country, an' hearing as how Stone didn't
have no railroads he thought it would be just the
restful kind of a place he wanted. Somethin'
seemed t' be wrong with his breathin' machinery
—brank'll trouble he said. Had plenty o' money t'
pay his board an' spent most of his time walking
through th' timber or fishin' or readin' little books
he brung with him. Said he wus a college man
and a readin' a little t' keep up.

"Wasn't much t' look at; kinder pale an'
peaked, an' he didn't eat enough t' keep a sparrer
lively. But he was good company an' entered into
all th' doin's of th' neighborhood. Staid with us
till after Thanksgivin' time, an' then he left. But
before he left he made hisself solid with th' good
people o' the community.

"We had a mighty tough gang livin' over in a
neighborin' township; drinkin', carousin', fight-
in' fellers that was allus raisin' trouble. Never
went t' town without creatin' a riot. But Clark
he fixed 'em—but that's gittin' ahead o' my story.

"About a week before Thanksgivin' I give a
huskin' bee at my place an' invited all young
folks f'r miles around. But I didn't invite none
o' th' Stevens gang, an' that's what raised th'
trouble.

"We had th' huskin' in my barn, o' course.
Cider, an' apples, an' pop corn—an' o' course every

time a feller found a red ear o' corn he kissed th'
girl sittin' next to him. That's what makes a
huskin' bee so much fun. Well, things was a-goin'
along fine, an' th' pile o' corn was gittin' so low I
knowed it would soon be time t' have supper. All
of a sudden there was a tur'ble ruction outside,
and in a minute in come about a dozen o' th'
Stevens gang, purty well corned up an' fightin'
mad. Tom Stevens was a leadin'.

"Ain't good enough t' git an invite t' yer
huskin' bee, eh?" said Tom. "Well, we jus' come
anyhow, an' we're goin' t' kiss all th' gals an' eat
all th' supper."

"Seein' they was purty drunk an' armed t' th'
teeth, we dassn't say much, an' th' women folks
was scairt purty nigh t' death. I made up my
mind t' wunst that th' best way wus t' take it good
natured like an' let 'em have their way.

"All han's f'r a kissin' bee!" shouted Tom,
startin' t'ward th' young woman that Clark had
bin a-sittin' by.

"Then somethin' happened. Clark ris right up
an' said:

"Wait a moment, please. Gentlemen do not
treat young ladies that way."

"This made Tom laugh fit t' kill. 'It's th' way
we're goin' t' treat 'em, all right,' he said.

"Clark's pale face kind'er flushed up a bit an'
he stepped between th' girl an' Tom. 'Wait a min-
ute, please,' he said. 'You are much bigger'n me
an' have got th' repytation o' bein' a fighter. Now
I'll tell you what I'll do. If you agree t' fight fair
an' make your friends keep their hands off, I'll
fight you. If I whip, you an' your frien's are t' go
'way an' leave us alone. If you whip, we fellers
will stand aside an' let you fellers dance with th'
girls—if they'll dance with you."

"O, they'll dance with us," said Tom. 'It's a
bargain.'

"Course we expected t' see Clark git awfully
licked, but it seemed th' only way out o' the trou-
ble. We formed a ring an' they went at it. Tom
give a rush an' expected t' grab Clark an' fall on
him like a ton o' coal. But Clark stepped t' one
side an' as Tom lumbered by he took him one at
the butt o' th' ear that sent him t' th' barn floor
in a heap. He got up kind'er dazed like an' tried
it again, but he hit th' floor so hard it loosened th'
shingles on th' roof. That made him careful an'
he sparred aroun' f'r an openin'. But he couldn't
seem t' find it. Every time he'd strike out his
fist would glance off'n Clark's arm, an' then
Clark would smash him on the nose. Made him
look like a slaughter house in about five minutes.
Tom an' his friends was fair, though, and when
Tom went down an' couldn't git up he admitted
he was licked an' he an' his friends lit out.

"Course we made a hero out'n Clark. He
said it wasn't nothin'. Kinder made him home-
sick f'r college. Then he told us that he was
looked on as about th' best boxer in the gymson-
ium, or whatever he called it.

"Tom Stevens came over a couple o' days later
an' he an' Clark had a long talk out by th' style
block. Then Clark went over t' Tom's an' staid a
day or two. He never would tell me about it, but
I allus opined he give Tom a few lessons in boxin'
an' good manners. Tom was allus kind'er decent
after that.

"What become o' Clark? Blamed if I know.
He came down t' see us a couple o' years later,
lookin' tip-top. I never saw him after that, but I
heard tell that he went t' congress 'r t' th' legisla-
ture. Kind'er surprised me, too. Tol' me he was
studyin' f'r th' bar, though I couldn't see why it
should take any studyin' t' tend bar.

"Meant that he was studyin' t' be a lawyer?
Shucks! It beats me how a man that could put up
a fight like Henry Clark did should fritter away
his time practicin' law. He'd a-made a rattlin'
good town marshal

—Will M. Maupin.

Points About People.



M. Delcasse, the French minister of foreign
affairs, is a journalist.

Before leaving Paris the czar of Russia left a
purse of \$20,000 for the poor of the city.

Admiral Dewey denies the report that he was
once a prisoner during the civil war.

The richest English baronet is Sir John Ram-
den. His income is estimated at \$840,000 a year.

William Waldorf Astor has donated \$50,000 to
the London Society for the prevention of cruelty
to children.

President Charles Kendall Adams of the Uni-
versity of Wisconsin has resigned on account of
ill health.

Edward N. Dingley of Kalamazoo has nearly
completed a biography of his father, the late Con-
gressman Dingley.

Governor Van Sant of Minnesota recently at-
tended the seventieth wedding anniversary of his
father and mother.

Hon. Arthur James Balfour entered parliament
at twenty-five, was a cabinet minister at thirty-
eight and led the house at forty-three.

Ambassador Choate and family are visiting in
the United States. The ambassador expects to re-
turn to Great Britain early in January.

Great Britain is the home of the two greatest
gun inventors in the world, Hiram Maxim and Dr.
Gatling. Both were born in America.

When John Redmond visits America for the
purpose of raising funds for the nationalist cause
he will be accompanied by P. A. McHugh, M. P.

William Cook, the sergeant major who drilled
King Edward in 1861, when he was serving in the
First Grenadier Guards, is just retiring from active
work.

Andrew D. White, ambassador to Germany,
denies that he will resign his post. He is now in
New York, but expects to return to Berlin at an
early date.

Marcus A. Hanna of Ohio and Marcus A. Han-
na of Maine met recently in Bath, Me. The Ohio
Marcus is a senator and the Maine Marcus is a
newspaper man.

Major Lynde Catlin, who died at Saranac
Lake, N. Y., recently, was a lineal descendent of
Peter Stuyvesant. He was in the regular army for
nearly forty years.

Oliver Stevens of Boston has been county dis-
trict attorney for twenty-seven years. He is a
democrat, but the voters have long since ceased to
consider politics in his case.

Of the vice presidents who succeeded to the
presidency Tyler served the longest, three years
and eleven months. Johnson came next with three
years, ten months and twenty days.

Miss Helen Gould has given \$12,000 for the
perpetual endowment of two scholarships at New
York university. They are for graduates of the
Irvington and Tarrytown high schools.

"Harrison Day" will be observed by the schools
of Indiana. Each teacher is asked to contribute 10
cents and each pupil 5 cents, the money to be used
to erect a monument in memory of the late Presi-
dent Harrison.

The Philadelphia Public Ledger was estab-
lished in 1836, and William H. Elder of Elkton,
Md., proudly informs the Ledger that he has read
every issue from the first to the last. He has a
copy of the first issue which he prizes highly.

The four sons of Charles Darwin have made
their marks in the world. George Darwin is a
famous mathematician, Horace Darwin is an au-
thority on physics, Francis Darwin is a noted bo-
tanist and Leonard Darwin is honorary secretary
of the Royal Geographical society.