

#### HIS TREASURE.

He carved a casket of rich design  
With Arabesque scrolls on lid and sides,  
And bound it with silver and hammered  
gold,

And set it with precious jewels besides.

He lined it with velvet, crimson and rich,  
From the looms of the far away orient,  
And made for it locks of curious shapes  
Whose secrets, alone he could unpeep.

He guarded it well from the vulgar gaze,  
And never displayed it to mortal soul,  
For in it was hidden all safe and sound  
His winter's supply of priceless coal.

WILLIAM REED DUNROY.

#### HAIRS FROM A BALD HEAD.

The wrinkled corpse and I were eating  
together as the village clock, afar out in  
the frost cold of the bitter night, tolled  
shiveringly the long drawn strokes of  
twelve.

He, though my subject, was yet my guest  
and lay out on the boards, with his arms  
crooked in and his legs crooked up, and  
head thrown back, yawning wide and deep  
at the murky ceiling.

The lamp was flickering low and burning  
dim, conniving at the weird dance of  
ghost shadows along the wall, and over  
the face of the solemn corpse, the sad  
Marys and little infant Jesuses from their  
dust shadowed pictures about the wall,  
stared with an empty stare, while the sombre  
burial robes rustled, murmuring in motion  
sympathetic with the wind that  
howled and growled about outside, and  
screamed the stiffened sign over the dingy  
door. The embalming fluid blubbered on  
the broken lid of the rusted stove, its fumes  
curling smokily up and fading.

I was hungry: I ate from the lunch-basket,  
which conveniently rested in the crook  
of the other's arm, while he, the shriveled  
corpse, grinned at me from his sallow face.  
He looked so thin and hungry with his  
jaw dropped from the supporting bandages  
and lips curled on yellow teeth, as he  
watched me straining from around the do-  
nated pennies of relatives, that half slid  
from his bulging eyes. So jestingly, yet  
with a feeling of pity, I put a loose grape  
into his mouth. It tumbled from side to  
side, and rolling, slipped from sight, and  
with ear close by I heard it gurgling and  
gurgling down, starting and catching, like  
the last hard drawn breath as it groans  
out from the nostrils, till as from the  
depths of the far unseen, I heard it plunk  
coldly into the yawning maw of his stomach.  
I believe he smiled, a half grin, half  
smile, in a gruffed sort of a way, further  
wrinkling the yellow bone-pinchin' flesh,  
as an encouragement to roll more grapes  
down him. Now thoroughly understand-  
ing each other, we continued our meal, I  
joking the while and urged on by the seem-  
ing appreciating of my compulsory guest,  
told gruesome tales for his edification till  
my head muddled by the fumes of the  
cooking brew on the stove, drowsed heavily  
and I sank forward snoring on the  
rigid breast of my vigil companion.

Sammy skinned up into the apple tree,  
in vain endeavor to ascend beyond the no-  
tice of the wrathful owner of the trees, and  
incidentally the man who claimed to own  
the apples thereon.

As Sammy skinned upward, the tree  
skinned Sammy all the way downward,  
while Towser, below, grinned and batted  
his little red eyes, and the man with his  
jack-knife cut down one of the largest  
trees and trimmed it of its boughs, then  
went after the strangely reluctant Sammy,  
brought him down a notch to the earth and  
most ungently skinned him up and down  
the velvety sward of the emerald lawn,  
through the side path, through the wire  
fence and into the road.

Black Sarah, the lusty swinger of the  
kitchen towel, and blacker John, the keeper  
of the barn, sat on a bench in the corner  
of the yard. It was a warm evening in  
midst of summer, so I thought John was  
sitting closer to the bewitching maiden of  
shiny jet, than under the circumstances  
was entirely necessary, but I made no audible  
comment, neither did I rudely inter-  
rupt, for in the dim recesses of my memory  
were recollections though faint, of similar  
circumstances. The shadows like ragged  
village loafers were beginning to lounge  
about the corners so I may have been mis-  
taken when I thought I saw a bare black  
arm circling about Sarah's ample form,  
and it may have been the crackling of the  
twigs or the spat of warring cats that  
popped so clear from out of the dense  
where the shadows were thickest.

G. E. T.

#### A FRENCH POSTER.

The poor artist sat, his emaciated elbows  
pressing the bare table, his head buried in  
his hands. The door opened and his wife  
softly entered.

"Francois," she exclaimed. "Behold,  
Francois. We will not yet starve. I  
prayed to our lady of the golden tresses,  
and see, Francois, I found a beautiful  
white frane piece. Look up,—see what I  
have brought for you."

The artist slowly raised his hollow eyes,  
"What is it that it is?" he demanded in  
French.

She unwrapped the bundle. "See, Francois,  
a beautiful pie made from the black-  
berries of the slopes of Dubree. Eat, and  
say not that—"

With a cry of rage he sprang to his feet,  
"Sacre bleu!" he screamed. "I hunger for  
bread, and you have brought me that ac-

cursed pie. Takest me for a dog, that I  
would eat such? Go, give it to the beg-  
gars on the boulevard." In his anger he  
seized the pie and hurled it at her head.  
It missed and struck the wall, a shapeless,  
spattered mass.

He gazed stupefied, his eyes staring from  
their sockets. "Mon Dieu!" he cried. "See  
there, on the wall! Am I mad? Sancia  
Maria, my fortune is made!"

In a week the Parisian shop-windows  
were filled with the latest successful poster  
which the critics said outshone anything  
ever before attempted. The poor artist  
rides today in his carriage, and on the door  
is emblazoned his coat of arms, a cluster  
of blackberries from the slopes of Dubree.

L. H. R.

The sultan waved his sword violently.  
"I always was—"

Two of his wives, anxious to escape,  
threw themselves from the window, while  
three more crawled under the bed.

"I always was a harem-scare'em sort of  
a chap."

And the grand vizier forever forfeited  
the favors of the sultana by laughing.

L.H.R.

"ANY OLD THING."  
They talk and trifle the live-long day,  
Some good they might do if they staidaway.

—Sentimentofthesunnywindowcorner.

Visitor to guide in the library—Are the  
shops close by?

Guide—Oh, no, that pounding you hear  
is only the librarian rapping on her desk.

Zeke had his own views on political  
economy. He declared that if every man  
in the world spent every cent he earned,  
that the laborer would always have work.

So he indulged in luxuries, often, going  
really further than his limited means  
would permit—but always consulting him-  
self with the fact, that his expenditure  
had aided someone—and that if there were

more men like himself, there would not  
be so many men begging for work. His  
altruistic spirit predominated in his nature  
one night last week. He had some  
friends in his room, and they had played  
whist for some time. Suddenly they were  
interrupted by the cry "Red hot!" Every  
man remembered that he was hungry.

Zeke leaned out of the window and invited  
the tamale man to come up. He was soon  
before them, with his tin basket, and  
char-coal stove—some sputtering "wien-  
nies" in a pan on top. With a broad smile  
he waited on them—explaining that he  
was on his way home, after a fairly busy  
night. Before he left not a bun remained  
in his tin basket, or a wiener in his  
sputtering sauce-pan. Zeke handed him  
over every cent he had, sixty cents.

"He must make a pretty good thing of  
that," ventured one of the number.

"Looks like a good deserving darky,"  
chimed in another.

"Yes," answered Zeke. "I suppose he  
needs all he can make, and this will help  
him out a little."

Zeke seemed satisfied. He was glad his  
money had not been wasted. But he has  
not made many heavy investments in lux-  
uries since, because he read in the Jour-  
nal a day later the following paragraph.

"Bill Johnston, the colored hot tamale  
man was run in yesterday. He was run-  
ning up O street flourishing a revolver, and  
beastly drunk. He has already served a  
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