

UNAWARES.

Once there was a man without no hairs, An 'is head was shiny an' smooth, Jes' like an egg that had wash from the layers, An' his mouth on'y had one tooth; An' some wicked, wicked boys met this poor ol' man, An' they telled him to 'go up, bald head,' But they didn't see the hairs Comin' on 'em unawares, So now the bad boys is dead.

HELMWEH.

Huntingford unadvised his horse and led him to the little wooden trough near the house for water before turning him out to graze for the night. He watched with languid interest as the animal drew "a long draught with a sipping sound, wondering idly about the horses in general. His eyes felt heavy and his back ached, so that he was glad when the horse slipped away quietly to browse on any dry grass it could find, and he could sit down on the steps of his two-roomed shanty and rest.

rose, stretched his tired legs, and moved down by his master, whom he sniffed over very carefully, and at last, finding an ear, licked it lovingly. When there was no response given he sat down upon his haunches, and raising his pointed nose to the sky, gave one long, mournful howl. At noon the following day Cowpuncher Dick hove in sight. He was whistling right merrily, and made a fine appearance in his loose gray trousers, high boots, and large sombre coat—a scarlet tie finishing the effect. "The boys" had called after him as he rode away. "Goin' to pay attention somewhars? You look so slick."

Huntingford had been twelve months in his shanty on the prairies. His youth, clear blue eyes, and a certain open-heartedness had won their way among the cow-boys. They admired his grit in trying to live down his homesickness, and not giving way. At first they had pooh-poohed his notion of "Sarvice reg'lar on Sunday," which had been propounded modestly to Dick, always his staunchest admirer. Dick had gone the first Sunday, taking back to the others glowing accounts. He loved, must and was considered quite an expert in camp, where he sang love-lorn ballads in a bass voice like a young bull's, and he found Huntingford sang like an angel. "The sarvice" had consisted of morning prayer, and as many hymns as they chose, after which there had been dinner for Dick and himself and the two hounds. Such was the fame Huntingford won through Dick that the following Sunday eight horsemen appeared to hear "the parson" sing. They looked rather like sheepish bandits when, after dismounting and tying their horses in the shade, Dick marched them up to shake hands with his friend. "Guess I ain't shook hands for the Lord knows how long," one of them mumbled. There were only two chairs in the shanty, but by pulling a trunk and a kerosene box into the front room every one was provided with a seat. "The boys" fidgeted, they felt self-conscious and out of place, and broke into nervous giggles when Dick presented them with two hymnals, and told them to be "d— quick and find the number."

had not fathomed the reason for it, he hunted up the bottle he knew "the parson" kept, and bathed his head with it until it was all used up. The fever was horrible. Huntingford's rambling excited talk worse. It was sometimes about a meadow with a pond near it, when he begged invisible people to be quiet a moment and let him listen to the frogs, saying, with a break in his voice: "It is so long since I have heard them. It could only be quiet just one moment." Then he would break in with a moan, and "Oh! if the cattle would only not look at me so! To think that it was I who kept the rain away! O Lord, I did not mean't." He had caught the idea that the drought was a punishment for him, and that the cattle knew and reproached him with it.

He knew it was only a mirage. He turned at a little sound from the corner, and listening, leaning on one elbow, and listening. Dick saw that the fever had returned, and gave up the fight. As he looked at him "the parson" turned to him with a radiant smile. "That's rain, old fellow. Hear it?" he said. "And the frogs, too, trilling until they are hoarse. The wetter the better, the wetter the better—that's what they say." His cheeks were flaming, and his eyes bright. He sat listening for a few moments, breathing heavily in the hot, dry atmosphere. Dick turned to the window again. He could not stand the sight of Huntingford; even the devil's dance of the atmosphere was better. Presently Huntingford began in a low voice: "There it is, just the same old gray chuck, as though I hadn't been away a day. Come along, old Dick, they are at the procession, and as sure as I'm alive they're singing my hymn." His voice rose with excitement. "For all the saints who from their labor rest" was one of the first hymns he had taught "the boys."

The Korean Uprising.

The Meaning of the Trouble in the Little Peninsula Which Involves Three Nations. Japan has come forward with entirely new demands. She says she is tired of sending armies into Korea for the purpose of protecting her large interests there. What are her interests? Her people engaged there in trade far outnumber all the other foreigners put together. They have absorbed nearly the entire export trade of the country. They control the Mint, though it does not appear that they have done much to improve Korea's circulating medium. They have established a banking business at the capital and the amiable King in a large borrower. Very likely he has forgotten the time when he and his government were free from financial obligations to Japanese money-lenders. With all their active and prominent participation in the business of the country, the Japanese are most unpopular. They treat the Koreans as their inferiors and are cordially hated for their supercilious and arrogant air. But it cannot be denied that though China collects the customs, is recognized by King Li Hsi as his suzerain, receives the tribute that annually winds its way from Seoul to Peking, maintains a resident at the capital whose word is practically law, and always responds with soldiers to Korea's appeals for aid, Japan has valid and important interests in the country and nobody can blame her for trying to safeguard them.

For and About Women.

Here lies a poor woman who was always tired. For she lived in a house where help was not hired. Her very last words were: "My friends, I am going. To a place where there's nothing of washing or sewing. Oh, everything there will be just to my wishes. For whers they don't eat, there's no washing of dishes! The courts with sweet anthers are constantly ringing. But having no voice I shall get of singing. She smiled her hands with her latest endeavor. And whispered: "Oh, nothing, sweet nothing, forever."

There are now three women physicians on the sanitary corps of the New York board of health—Mrs. Alice Mitchell, Helen Knight and Frances G. Deane. They are under the same rules and are required to do the same amount of hard work as their masculine associates. The very latest word—in fashions, there never was a last one—is simplicity. Simplicity of skirt at any rate. It is inadmissible to be full and bewitching light and cheap materials, but things of worth must be displayed in masses nearly unbroken. In bodies the wildest extravagance of cut and color are permissible. This severity of cut in the skirt tends to encourage brocades, sprigged and striped goods, which show a pattern in the material. But one doesn't hear so much about more. "I want to say," said a woman of spirit plus sense, "that the very next person who shakes hands with me after the new style of handshake will never live to make a fool of himself or me again. I shan't kill him because I really want to, but just because I have to. Constant drooping may not really wear away stone, but constant trial of our nerves will wear away reason. I shall go mad just as surely as you stand there the next time an idiot palms off society's latest wrinkle upon me."