

### IT MAY NOT BE.

It may not be our lot to wield  
The sickle in the ripened field;  
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,  
The reapers' song among the sheaves.

Yet when our duty's task is wrought  
In unison with God's great thought,  
The near and future blend in one,  
And whatsoever is willed is done.

And ours the grateful service whence  
Comes, day by day, the recompense:  
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,  
The fountain, and the noonday shade.

And were this life the utmost span,  
The only end and aim of man,  
Better the toil of fields like these,  
Than waking dreams and slothful ease.

But life, though falling like our grain,  
Like that, revives and springs again;  
And early called, how blest are they  
Who wait in heaven their harvest day!

—John G. Whittier.

### Laura's Mistake.

Laura had just been making out a bill.  
"Miss Hayden, to Laura Stetson, Dr.,  
satin overskirt, ruffling skirt, belt,  
\$53."

"That's all," said the tired girl, letting  
her pencil drop, and breathing a  
sigh of relief.

"I hope she will pay you to-night,"  
murmured Mrs. Stetson.

"She is well aware of our needs,"  
was the sad reply. "At the same time  
she carries her old habits of saving into  
her new life, for she knows I shall not  
charge one-half the price that a regular  
dressmaker would. She would have to  
pay Mrs. Soliffe \$100 at the least."

"Well, it's a shame," replied her  
mother, "that you can't get the regular  
price when you do your work as well.  
Time was when our father could have  
bought and sold Walter Hayden; and  
now you must work your fingers off for  
his daughter, who has neither your education,  
nor—"

"Oh don't, mamma!" pleaded Laura  
with a little laugh that was partly  
hysterical. You only make it worse for  
me, you see, calling up old times. Just  
say it will all come right in the fall, as  
papa used to, and with the smile still  
on her lips, she turned her troubled eyes  
away.

For poor, proud Laura, earning a  
scanty living for her mother and herself,  
had a memory of the Haydens hidden  
in her heart.

When Bart Hayden had gone away,  
only a year before, she had thought of  
him for months after, nay, even till  
now with quickened pulse and heightened  
color. The Haydens were not  
wealthy then; but within a short time  
they had come into a fortune, and it was  
rumored that young Bart was also growing  
rich through lucky speculation.

It was just nine months since the  
death of Laura's father. He had  
dropped down suddenly while apparently  
in the full enjoyment of health; and  
after the funeral it was found that  
his affairs were in a tangled condition.  
In fact, only a small house was left to  
the widow, through the consideration  
of creditors, and that far from comfortably  
furnished.

Laura, the child of wealth and  
fashion, her father's idol, a delicate,  
thoroughbred, elegant girl who had  
heretofore sunned herself in the warm  
rays of prosperity, and hardly knew  
whether she had a heart or not, proved  
herself a heroine. Whatever she could  
find to do she worked at with all her  
heart. Plain sewing, embroidery, dress-  
making, for which she had a talent, and  
concerning which she had often laugh-  
ingly said that if she had not been rich  
she might have been famous; every-  
thing was undertaken willingly. She  
accepted the situation, though not  
without some struggles with pride and  
many secret tears.

Mrs. Stetson thought of the time  
when a carriage was at the call of her  
beautiful darling.

"Dear, can't I take it?" she asked,  
gazing at her anxiously. You look ill.  
"I am ill—that is, my head aches;  
but the walk will do me good," Laura  
responded, trying to look bright. "Do  
you think I would let you carry home  
my work? No, indeed!" and she bent  
over and kissed her mother's forehead.

Out in the open air she felt better.  
The nervous depression from which she  
suffered gradually left her, and she be-  
came interested in the sights and sounds  
about her. Some of her former ac-  
quaintances passed her, a few with a  
nod of recognition, but most without  
noticing her at all—little stings these  
were, but she held her bundle firmly,  
lifted her head a trifle higher, and  
passed bravely on. Turning a corner  
she came full upon an unexpected table-  
au. A smartly dressed boy, with a  
feather in his cap, kicked and struggled  
with his nurse, who vainly pulled the  
obstinate child till her face was purple.

"Why, Lucy! Why, Benny!" ex-  
claimed Laura, for the girl was nurse  
maid at the Haydens', and Benny the  
youngest hope of the house, "What's  
all this?"

"Deed, Miss, he's awful," said the girl  
nearly crying. "When he makes up his  
mind, it's a tiger he is. Just see him  
now?"

Laura spoke a few words to the boy in  
a low tone, and he ceased struggling for  
amusement.

"We're all at sixes and sevens," said

the nurse, "and the missus is orful ner-  
vous. Mr. Bart's just returned from  
California, without no warning at all,  
and brought a beautiful young lady  
with him. I do suppose it's his wife,  
from what I heard—and it quite upset  
the missus, and made such a time.  
Now there's that policeman, so you bet-  
ter come."

Laura heard, and for a moment street  
and houses whirled round so that she  
had much to do to keep herself from  
fainting. The words rang in her ears,  
"I do suppose it's his wife." The  
strange and sudden revulsion of feeling  
passed, however, leaving her deadly  
pale. Certainly Bart had a perfect  
right to get married; perfect right to  
forget her—of course he had. Men had  
done such things ever since the flood,  
and would, probably, to the end of  
time.

The blood burnt her face now; but  
as she came in sight of the dwelling it  
receded, leaving her pale and almost  
faint.

She stormed at herself for being so  
supremely foolish; but the tears were  
very near her tired eyes for all that.

Huge trunks blocked up the hall. A  
loud, cheery voice sounded, that struck  
woefully against her heart; and the first  
person she saw was stalwart, handsome  
Bart Hayden, just coming forward as  
he issued his orders to the men who  
were taking the boxes up stairs.

"Laura—my dear Miss Stetson!" ex-  
claimed the young man, hurrying toward  
her.

But Laura's face was like steel. She  
made a cold little bow.

"Welcome home, Mr. Hayden," she  
said, in a set, cold voice. "I came to  
bring some—" she could not say a word  
—"something for your sister. I gener-  
ally go to her room. Is she there?"

He fell back a little. Strange how  
the light went out of his face.

"I—I rather think she may be en-  
gaged," he said in a blundering con-  
fused way, there might have been a little  
anger in the voice, "but—yes, perhaps  
you had better go up," and he turned  
on his heel.

He didn't like to speak of his wife,  
and no wonder, half sobbed Laura to  
herself.

"What in the deuce makes her act so  
coldly?" muttered young Hayden;  
then in a tender voice, "but she might  
have seemed just the least bit glad to  
see me, I think," and then he kicked a  
box out of his path, and went moodily  
to the door.

Anne Hayden was alone.  
"So glad you brought it," she cried;  
"and, oh! doesn't it look beautiful?"  
and she shook out the creamy satin with  
exclamations of delight.

"Sit down, won't you? I've so much  
to tell you. Bart has come home."  
"Yes, I know it; but I can't wait—  
not a moment. It must be getting dusk  
and—and—" She grew desperate with  
the fear that Anne should see the tears,  
and stopping snatched up the bill, and  
placed it in the hand of her patroness.

"Oh, so sorry! Suppose you won't  
mind waiting for the pay till next  
week."

"We are out of coal and wood, said  
Laura, her cheeks crimson; "and in  
fact, we need the money."

"Dear me! Dear me! I was so  
thoughtless as to spend every cent I  
had. But stop—I'll go down and ask  
Bart."

Laura felt as if she could sink through  
the floor.

"Stop! she said, detaining Anne by a  
hold on the arm, her face quite white  
and proud again. "I can wait; never  
mind."

"I'll run around, perhaps. Must you  
go? You don't know how much I've  
to tell you. Well, then, good night."

Laura had not worn her veil. The  
tears were running down her cheeks as  
she hastily descended the steps of the  
house, and Bart Hayden who hap-  
pened to be there, saw them. Oh! the  
humiliation to that proud spirit! She  
threw a half-defiant glance at the pity-  
ing face; then, with a gesture that re-  
pelled him, she almost flew down the  
street, nor hardly drew a breath till she  
was at home.

How dreary and meagre it all looked!  
The few cheap dishes, the scanty table-  
cloth, the half-covered floor, the worn-  
out chintz on chairs and lounge.

"I'm dreadfully tired, mamma; let  
me lie down," she cried, in a suppressed  
voice, and threw herself on the creaking  
old lounge.

"What is the matter, my darling?  
I see—she didn't pay, of course; and  
not a stick of wood in the house. Oh!  
heartlessness, the wickedness of those  
who are rich!"

A loud rap. Laura hid her face. Her  
mother answered the call and in strode  
Bart Hayden, almost defiantly.

At least you will welcome me, Mrs.  
Stetson, he said, the old, fine ring in  
his voice.

Laura sat up, calm and cold again.  
"Anne sent this by me," he said, and  
laid a sealed envelope on the table.

When did you get home? asked Mrs.  
Stetson as soon as she had recovered  
from her surprise.

"Only a few hours ago," was Bart's  
reply. I brought cousin Jack's wife

with me; she was ordered home for her  
health, and Jack couldn't leave so I took  
Mattie in charge. Poor girl, I am afraid  
home is not going to help her much, or  
indeed, anything else.

Laura made an almost imperceptible  
movement. She was far from cold now;  
her very temples burned.

"Well, good night," he said, stealing  
a glance at Laura as he rose, after an-  
swering Mrs. Stetson's inquiries, "I've  
done my errand; and Mrs. Stetson, you  
at least, will let me come sometimes and  
talk with you, won't you, for the sake of  
old times?"

"To be sure, was the quick answer,  
"if you will come to so humble a place.  
You see how the wheel has gone round  
with us. Poor Mr. Stetson—"

"Yes, I heard," he said pityingly, "long  
ago Anne wrote me. But I am not  
one of the fickle kind, Mrs. Stetson."

This with a reproachful glance at  
Laura.

"Good night!" he said the next minute,  
and bowed to both women.

He had reached the door, when a faint  
voice called:  
"Bart!"

He came back with half-suppressed  
eagerness in his manner; and glance  
wary, but anxious.

"I was just a little rude to-night,"  
she said, in looking dangerously beau-  
tiful in her humility. "Please forget it."

"Indeed I will," and he seized her  
pretty hands, his eyes radiant. "I un-  
derstand—you were always such a sensi-  
tive little creature! So you forgive me,  
eh?" he blundered.

"It was you who were to forgive me,  
I believe," said Laura, demurely, her  
lips quivering, ready to cry and to laugh,  
too.

"Mrs. Stetson, will you allow me to  
whisper?" asked straightforward Bart.

"Certainly," said the old lady, her  
heart beating quicker. What was going  
to happen? Had poverty done its  
worst for them? Was there indeed  
bright hope for the future?

Bart put his full shining beard close  
to Laura's ear, and the second time said  
the mystic words that had so long lingered  
in her memory.

Laura did not repulse him. He felt  
that her heart belonged to him, that  
had never gone out to any other.

### What is a Cardinal?

Very vague is the idea which many  
have of the Roman institution called the  
Propaganda. With others the word  
stands for something definite enough,  
but that something is merely a college  
where missionary priests are educated.  
What, then, is the Propaganda? We  
shall devote a series of short articles to  
answering this question, but we cannot  
do so without first answering another  
question: What is a Cardinal?

When the Christian religion gained  
a firm footing in Rome, the city was  
divided into parishes, each of which  
was presided over by a priest. The whole  
city was also divided into districts, in  
each of which was an institution which  
we shall call a hospital, but which was  
not very like a hospital of our day, since  
the poor as well as the infirm belonging  
to the district received aid therefrom.  
Over each hospital was placed a deacon.  
The parish priests and deacons in charge  
of the hospitals, besides attending to  
their respective duties as such, were  
also immediate advisers of the Pope in  
the government of the whole Church.  
They were called Cardinals, a title at  
that time applied to all ecclesiastics per-  
manently in charge of churches.

Originally, therefore, the Cardinals of  
the Roman Church were priests and  
deacons; but in the course of time the  
Bishops of the Dioceses in the vicini-  
ty of Rome, seven in number who were  
accustomed to assist at the services  
in the Cathedral of Rome the church of  
St. John Lateran were also numbered  
with the priests and deacons as the  
Pope's immediate counsellors or advisers.  
There are, consequently, three orders of  
Cardinals: Cardinal bishops, Cardinal  
priests, and Cardinal deacons.

The duties of the priests and deacons  
as counsellors soon became too impor-  
tant to allow of their continuing in ac-  
tive charge in any other capacity, and  
soon, too, the name of Cardinal was ap-  
plied to them as it is to-day, in no other  
sense than that of Papal adviser. They  
still, however, retain jurisdiction over  
their churches in Rome. Cardinal  
McCloskey for instance, who is a Cardinal  
priest, became, as such, a titular parish  
priest of Rome. He is sometimes called  
a Cardinal Archbishop, not because this  
expression represents a title, as Cardinal  
Bishop does, but because he happens to be  
a Cardinal and an Archbishop.

A person becomes a Cardinal Bishop  
by being appointed to one of the  
Sees mentioned above in the vicinity  
of Rome, at present six in number.

We are told in Scripture (Numbers  
xl. 16) that God gave Moses seventy  
assistants and bestowed upon them  
special graces to enable them to assist  
in the government of the Jewish people,  
and in 1586 Pope Sixtus V. decreed that  
the Cardinals should be in like manner  
seventy, six Cardinal Bishops, fifty Car-  
dinal priests, and fourteen Cardinal  
deacons.—*Antiquish Assure.*

### For Our Youth.

RESTITUTION.—A very pleasant in-  
cident occurred in one of our public  
schools not long since. It seems that  
the boys attending the school, most of  
whom are at the age of from seven to  
eight, had, in their play of bat and ball,  
broken one of the window panes in a  
neighboring house. No clue could be  
obtained to the boy who had broken it,  
as he would not confess his act, nor  
would any of his associates expose him.

The case troubled the teacher. The  
next day a gentleman called to see the  
teacher, who knew how to talk to chil-  
dren. After telling him of the break-  
ing of the glass and her inability to as-  
certain which of the boys had broken it,  
she asked him to make some remarks  
to the school and to speak of the wrong  
the boys were doing in not acknowledg-  
ing the act.

The address to the school, therefore,  
was upon the conduct of boys in the  
streets and at their sports. He told  
them in simple words that honesty,  
truthfulness and kindness should gov-  
ern their conduct everywhere, even  
when they were alone and no one but  
themselves and God knew what they  
were doing. The scholars seemed in-  
terested and somewhat impressed by the  
remarks of the speaker.

A very short time after he had left  
the school, a little boy rose in his seat  
and said:

"Miss Lane, I batted the ball that  
broke Mr. Dash's window. Another  
boy threw the ball, but I batted it, and  
it struck the window. I am willing to  
pay for it."

There was almost death-like stillness  
in the room as the little fellow was  
speaking, and it continued for a full  
minute after he sat down.

"I don't think it would be right for  
Charley Darke to pay the whole for the  
glass," said another boy, rising in his  
seat. "All of us who played ball then  
should pay something, because we were  
all playing the same as he was. I'll  
pay my part."

"And I."

A thrill of pleasure seemed to run  
through the whole school at this display  
of honesty and right feeling among the  
boys. The money was brought the  
next day, and the lesson will not be for-  
gotten by either teacher or pupils.

THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF ROBIN  
HOOD.—Up rose Robin, one bright  
morning, and said to his merry men  
all: "For fourteen days have I seen  
no sport, so abroad will I go; but if ye  
hear me blow my horn, come quickly,  
for I will need your aid." So saying,  
he strode away until he had come out  
from the forest.

Now he met a gallant knight, now a  
pannier-laden ass, now a merry whist-  
ling page, now a couple of buxom lasses,  
and now a fair lady on an ambling palfrey,  
but adventure found he never a one.

At last he took a road that led to a  
broad stream, spanned by a narrow log  
of wood. As he drew nigh, a tall  
stranger approached from the other  
side; thereupon he quickened his pace,  
seeking to cross first.

"Now stand back," quoth Robin,  
"and let the better man pass."

"Then stand back thyself," answered  
the stranger, "for the better man am I."

"That, we will see," quoth Robin;  
"meantime stand thou still, or I will  
show thee good Nottingham play with  
a shaft betwixt thy ribs."

"Now," quoth the stranger, "I'll tan  
thy hide if thou dost touch a finger to  
that bowstring."

"Thou pratest like a fool," said  
Robin, "for I could send this arrow  
through thy heart before thou couldst  
wink."

"And thou pratest like a coward, to  
shoot at one who hath but a hawthorne  
staff to meet thee with."

"Now," quoth Robin, "coward's  
name have I never had; and if thou  
darest abide my coming, I will go out  
me a staff to meet thee with."

"Ay, gladly will I abide thy com-  
ing," answered the stranger, and he  
leaned right sturdily upon his staff.

Then Robin stepped quickly to the  
coverside, and cut a good staff of  
ground-oak, straight, without flaw,  
and six feet long; then presently came  
back, trimming away the twigs and  
branches.

Tall and stout was Robin, but taller  
and stouter was the stranger, for the  
old songs say he was a good seven feet  
high.

"Nevertheless," said Robin to him-  
self, "I trust I can baste him quite  
merrily." Then, he said aloud: "Lo!  
here is my staff; now meet me if thou  
darest," and straightway stepped upon  
the bridge.

Then came the stranger twirling his  
staff, and met Robin midway over the  
stream.

Never did knights of Arthur's round  
table meet in stouter fight than did  
those two. For one good hour they  
fought with stroke and parry, the blows  
rattling like hail on pent-house shed until  
here and there were sore bones and  
bumps; yet neither gave way a single  
foot. Now and then they stopped to

rest, panting; and each thought in this  
heart that never had he met so stout a  
youth in his life before. At last Robin  
gave the stranger a blow that made his  
jacket smoke, and nearly tumbled him  
off the bridge. But the youth quickly  
regained himself, and gave Robin a  
crack on the crown that fetched the  
blood, and then ere he could regain  
himself, gave him another that fairly  
tumbled him heels over head into the  
water.

"And where art thou now, my good  
lad?" shouted the stranger, roaring  
with laughter.

"Oh, in the flood, and floating adown  
with the tide," cried Robin, laughing at  
his own sorry plight. Then regaining  
his feet, he waded, splashing to the  
bank.

"Give me thy hand," cried he, when  
he stood on dry land. "I must own  
thou art a stout man with the cudgel.  
Marry, my head hummeth like a hive of  
bees." Then he clasped a bugle to his  
lips and blew a blast both loud and  
clear, and after a space the thickets  
swayed and rustled with the coming of  
men, and presently Will Stutely and a  
score of yeomen burst from out the  
cover.

"Good master," cried Will, "how  
is this?—thou art all wet from head to  
foot."

"Why," quoth Robin, "yonder stout  
fellow hath tumbled me into the water,  
and beaten me into the bargain."

"Then shall he not go without duck-  
ing or drubbing himself," said Will.

"At him, lads!" Thereat they all  
leaped upon the stranger; but he  
struck right and left, so that though he  
went down with press of numbers,  
many rubbed cracked crowns thereat.

"Nay, forbear," cried Robin, laugh-  
ing until his sore bones ached. "He is  
a good man and true. Say, merry lads,  
wilt thou join us? Three suits of Lin-  
coln green shalt thou have each year,  
and share and share alike with us.  
Thou shalt be my own good right hand  
man, for never did I see thy like in a  
merry bout at cudgels."

"Why should I join ye?" said the  
stranger, surlily. "Who be ye that  
fall a score upon one man?"

"I am Robin Hood," said the out-  
law, "and these are some of my merry  
men."

"Ha!" cried the stranger, "art thou  
Robin Hood, indeed? Marry, had I  
known that, I would not so have  
thawed thy ribs. Truly, I will join  
you gladly."

"Well said," cried Robin Hood.  
"And what is thy name?"

"Men do call me John Little."

Then up spake Will Stutely: "I like  
thy name, good fellow, and yet I like it  
not. John Little hast thou been called,  
Little John shalt thou be called hence-  
forth."

Then all shouted and laughed and  
clapped their hands, and Little John  
was called forever afterwards.

Then they all entered the forest,  
through which they traveled until they  
came to the great oak tree beneath  
which the band slept through all the  
mellow summer nights. And there  
they held a great feast, which Will  
Stutely called the christening feast.

And thus it was that Robin Hood  
gained his good right hand man the  
famous Little John.—*Howard Pyle.*

### The Cuisine.

To make an excellent soft icing, take  
the whites of two eggs and beat to a  
stiff froth; add, a little at a time, half  
a pound of pulverized sugar and beat  
thoroughly for half an hour; flavor with  
lemon.

For appetizing egg sandwiches take  
some eggs, beat them thoroughly and  
fry them in batter as a pancake, and  
when cold cut in small, square pieces  
and put between slices of buttered  
brown bread.

To make old bread as good as new,  
dip thick slices or square pieces of old  
bread quickly into cold water, put them  
in a hot oven, and thoroughly heat  
through. Cold gems and cold biscuit  
should not be wet. A quick and thor-  
ough warming with a drying makes the  
old bread very tender and fresh.

A hot sauce for meats that is very  
nice is made of one can of tomatoes,  
two finely chopped onions, a teaspoonful  
of cayenne pepper, cinnamon, cloves,  
salt and nutmeg to suit the taste; boil  
for ten minutes, then take from the  
fire and add a large cupful of strong  
vinegar.

Chicken patties, which are a delight  
to the eyes and stomachs of the chil-  
dren, are made by picking the meat  
from a cold chicken and cutting it in  
small pieces. Put it in a sauce pan  
with a little water or milk, butter,  
pepper and salt. Thicken with a little  
flour and with the yolk of one egg.  
Line some patty pans with crust, no  
rich and yet tough, rub them over with  
the white of an egg, and bake. When  
done, fill with the chicken, and send to  
the table hot.

Bar's some fac's in de wul' dat don't  
shide 'long on de telegraph-wir.—*J. A.  
Macon, in The Century* "Brie-a-Brac."

### Mysterious Wells.

In the neighborhood of Shiraz, on a  
hill, an hour's ride to the northeast, the  
traveler comes upon some wells which  
would seem to date back to the days of  
the Great King, for the labor involved  
in their construction certainly points to  
a dynasty more magnificent in its un-  
dertakings for the royal pleasure than  
either the Parthian, the Sassanian or  
the Arab. Near the top of this very  
precipitous hill, with no trace of  
masonry to mark the site of fort or  
palace, there yawns an opening, per-  
fectly rectangular, about eight yards by  
six, which is the mouth of a well going  
straight down into the bowels of the  
mountain. The shaft is cut in the live  
rock, the sides are as perpendicular as  
the plumb line could make them, and  
the depth, as ascertained by the time  
of a falling stone, something under 400  
feet, the bottom at present being dry.  
Within a distance of fifty yards on the  
same hill are two other similar wells;  
and local tradition asserts that there is  
underground communication between  
the three. This theory finds support in  
the fact that when a pistol is fired at  
the mouth of one of these wells with a  
view of disturbing the siesta of the pigeons  
which flock thither at the noontide  
heats, the noise made by their wings, at  
first very loud, gets gradually fainter,  
as though the birds were escaping  
through some lateral galleries. They  
certainly betake themselves in some  
manner away from the perpendicular  
shaft without coming out at the upper  
mouth, though there is no evidence to  
prove that their exit takes place through  
either of the other two wells. The  
labor expended on the boring of these  
wells must have been enormous. If the  
object was merely to secure the water  
supply for some fort which originally  
crowned these heights one cannot see  
why a shaft twenty-four feet by eight-  
teen, and so accurately cut, should have  
been required. Were they indeed wells,  
or were they intended as passages for  
the sudden exit of troops from some  
fortress built here to hold the plain in  
awe? In the latter case some sort of a  
spiral staircase would necessarily have  
been attached to the walls of the shaft,  
of which at the present day no trace  
remains. Unfortunately for science,  
no traveler has yet visited Shiraz suf-  
ficiently enterprising to go down the 400  
feet of perpendicular side with rope or  
ladder. Curious relics of bygone times  
might certainly be found at the bottom  
but without a proper windlass and  
better ropes than those now made in  
Persia the risk of a broken neck would  
cool the ardor of the most venturesome  
antiquary; and so, up to the present,  
the pigeons alone enjoy the sight of the  
secret treasures which possibly lie at  
the bottom of these astounding shafts.  
As we have said before there is now no  
vestige of building left on the hill to  
indicate in any way the date of their  
construction, nor is there any inscrip-  
tion apparent on the sides of any of the  
wells to aid us in our investigations.  
Tradition, as usual in Persia in the case  
of anything out of the common, ascribes  
the work to Suleiman ibn Daub and his  
Lions.

### Aphorisms from the Quarters.

Mr. Colored man sleep warm of his  
head kivered up.

Norf winds show you de cracks in  
de house.

When you make de jail too nice, you  
better strenkin' de hog-pen.

Mule don't kick 'cording to no rule.  
Black sheep hide mighty easy in de  
dark.

Sun trable slow 'cross de new groun'.  
Better keep de rockin' cheer in de  
cabin lof tell Sunday.

You can't coax de mornin'-glory to  
clam de wrong way 'round de cornstalk.

Sat'day night he'p de roomatiz pow-  
ful.

High-arn't colored men ain't much  
service at de log-rollin'.

Blind bridle can't hide be fodder-  
stack fun de lean horse.

Corn-cob stopper don't hu't de lasses  
in de jug.

Hot sun makes de blades dull in de  
harves'-fiel'.

Mule don't understand de wheel-bar-  
rer.

Smart rabbit go home to de snow  
dead fallin'.

Dead limb on de tree show itsef  
when de buds come out.

De new groun' is de bes' yanistick  
to medjer a strange man by.