

LOVE'S SEASON.

Love doth a tenant of the spring become;
Of summer hours when skies of brilliant blue
Tempt bees and katydids to gardens new;

A Moccasin Among the Hobbits.

BY RICHARD M. JOHNSTON.

I very well remember Little Joe Hobbit, when I was a child, was one of my father's near neighbors and friends.

He was not so very, very little. They called him so in distinction from a big cousin of the same name.

Every body liked him. Even Maggy Tiller over and over again said that she thought a great deal of Joe.

He went to the wedding, and with the other guests extended congratulations, and partook with reasonable zest of the good things.

Such devotion, in all the circumstances, must have touched any heart, unless it were of stone.

Among venomous reptiles in the Southern States, next to the rattlesnake the one most dreaded is the moccasin.

One morning, having come over to our house on some little matter about the line-fence, as he was ascending the steps of the piazza my father said:

"Good-morning, Joe. Why, hello! what's the matter with your thumb, that you've got it wrapped in that cloth?"

"No, indeed. I've been away from home for a couple of weeks, getting back only last night. It seems you got the worst of it."

"I did for a while; but I come up with him before it was all over."

"Why, Joe," he said, more times than his hearer could recall, "Maggy'll tell you herself that sometimes I have to loose my mule from the plough half an hour before the dinner-horn blows, I want to see him so bad—Look 'ee here, Joe."

women's nor doctors', could cure him; and so he died, leaving Maggy a poor, lonesome widow.

I could not undertake to say exactly how Little Joe felt on the occasion of his cousin's death; but he said and he did what was becoming—no more, no less.

During the summer days of the following year, when Maggy's work took her out of the house she put the baby in his cradle, which she had removed to a nice spot in the shade of a large Mogul plum-tree that stood not far from the dairy.

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At such times Maggy smiled a little scold; but it did no good. He would go on about it, and keep at it, not even stopping at the dinner-table, occasionally getting up and making Little Joe get up, repair to the bed or the cradle whereon that baby was lying, and note how, when he was not crying, he would be trying, just for the fun of it, to ram his fists or the coverlet into his ever-open mouth.

And then sometimes he would crown all by crying to the youngster about thus: "Going to be a big man some day, aren't you?—a heap bigger than Cousin Joe."

Such things he did often, not from any thought of malice towards his cousin, but out of mere exuberance, the consciousness of his superiority to him.

One would think that such as that ought always to come to an end. Sometimes it does, as in this case it did. Early in August, when the baby was only a few weeks old, Big Joe got sick himself.

People said it was from having had too much Fourth of July. Whatever was the cause, so sort of medicine, old

a life-and-d that case; because there wasn't any chance for him to get away into the woods, and I no doubt he saw fight was in me.

"I see," he began, as he entered the office of a plumber, "that some one has invented a cut-off or valve or syphon by which a water pipe is prevented from freezing, no matter how much exposed."

"Yes," softly replied the plumber. "Good thing." "Very likely."

"When it does you plumbers will have to take a back seat, eh?" "No. Takes two pounds of solder just the same, and we get in three hours' extra work."

Tramp to lady of the house—I'm starving to death! Can I die out in the barnyard? Lady of the House (graciously)—Yes; if you won't crawl under the barn.

Although it causes one to sneeze Much more than one is pleased at, The grip is plainly a disease That isn't to be sneezed at.

Your husband borrows a great deal of trouble, it seems to me, Mrs. Blue. "Yes, but he is unselfish with it. He always shares it with me."

I've always heard that you were of a generous disposition, John," said the maiden, as her lover almost hugged the breath out of her; "but I can hardly believe it."

It was 5 o'clock p. m., and George Montgomery had been spending the afternoon with sweet Lillian Luray.

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At 8 this evening, darling. "Oh, George," she wailed, "will it be so long as that? So long, so long?"

"Darling," he whispered, "make it 7.30!" "And it came to pass as he had spoken."

"Yes, I was a great desperado in my day," said the reformed train robber, shaking his head sadly and with much humility.

May—Now, wouldn't you call Professor Panderoff's music heavenly? Frank—Possibly; it's certainly quite unearthly.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Same Thing—He Couldn't Afford To—On One Condition—Two Opinions—And That's a Fact, Etc., Etc.

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ABSENT-MINDED.

"You did not attend Bogster's funeral?" "No," said the absent-minded man. "I was so busy. I'll go to his next one, sure, busy or not."

THE FLOWERS OF THE FAMILY. The youth was most prudent and careful in making a choice of a wife. So he married "The Flower of the Family" And she is the thorn of his life.

Charles Lamb made some famous puns, and his mantle seems to have fallen upon his namesake, Charles Lamb Kenney. The popular journalist was dining at the house of a friend, and by chance swallowed a bit of cork with his wine, which gave him a severe coughing fit.

Employer (impulsively)—Miss De Pinkie, Clara, will you marry me? Pretty Typewriter—What? And give up my \$30 a week salary? Not much.

Pebbleye—Of all the fool beggars I ever saw that blind man is the worst. Timbretto—What has he done? Pebbleye—About every day I have to call him down for wearing spectacles.

"What? Another new dress?" said a married man to his better half, as the parcel was opened. "Don't distress yourself," she replied. "I paid for this out of my own pocket."

Old Friend—Did you have much of a garden this year? Mr. Scripp (of Scrippville)—No; it didn't amount to much. In the spring I gave a grand garden digging tournament, the young men who dug the most to have the pick of the girls for the evening, and it worked well, but it cost me most two dollars for refreshments.

"Chicago won't be satisfied with traction cars during the celebration of '33," remarked the Snake Editor. "Won't eh? Hadn't heard of that," replied the Horse Editor.

I paced the floor in anguish wild, Or sat in deep dejection; I felt extremely sad and riled, I had had my first rejection.

Salesgirl—I wish to resign my place. I'm going to be married to Mr. Clipper, of the ribbon counter. Manager—My dear child, that is no reason for stopping work. Keep your place.

New Boarder (shivering)—The house seems very cold, madam. Mrs. Slimdick—Does it? Why, I'm as hot as fire.

Mr. De Fashion—The paper says sealers are disappointed at the low prices obtained for skins in London this season. Mrs. De Fashion—That's splendid! You know I need a new—

She—Has papa asked you about your income? He—Yes. She—And you told him that little fib about the large salary? He—Yes. She—I'm so glad.

A translation into German of the Egyptian medical manuscript acquired about twenty years ago by George Ebers, the eminent Egyptologist and novelist, has just been completed.

Old Moneybags, his whole life through, Worked—stormy days and sunny; And now his hair is working, too, To spend the old man's money.

Observation ste, ladders are used by the Belgian army.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

Little Miss Chrysanthemum stood in a window, As proud as proud can be; She had frills on her apron and frills on her skirt.

Along came a lady all feathers and fuss And said, "I'll take one of these." And the florist nipped off Miss Chrysanthemum's head.

One morning a hen strayed out of the chicken yard and was quietly picking up her breakfast, when Poll marched up to her and called out, "Shoo!"

Big newspaper space is daily taken up with accurate throwing and catching and hitting of balls, the aim of the human eye, the speed of the human foot, the accuracy and dexterity of the human hand, and the young people who play base-ball and tennis enjoy this reading matter.

Twenty-three times I watched them rise in air so high as to be out of sight, then come sailing down, one behind the other, and each time giving the poor cat a peck apiece on the back, although she was speeding hither and thither bewildered, seeking to hide under cars, under trees, here and there; they never missed her once, though they never slowed their swift flight to do it, never paused for the peck, but swiftly gave it to her as they skimmed down over her, rising on the same point of curve, to descend again presently.

For about two weeks they were seen to fly out and repeat this punishment whenever the cat appeared on the green near the barn.

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