

WHEN JAMIE COMES HOME.

The skies of summer were blue and bright
When Jamie sailed out to sea,
But I hated the ship with its sails of white
That took my laddie from me;
And I long for the day
That I'll be gay
As ever a lass can be,
When Jamie comes home
Across the foam—
When Jamie comes home to us.
The lasses out in the gloaming steal
To the lads that they love best;
But all day long I mind my woe
Till the stars shine out in the west.
For never a lad
Can make me glad,
Though a fairy prince were he,
Till Jamie comes home
Across the foam—
Till Jamie comes home to me.
I wept and smiled when his love he told;
I said I would be his bride,
He plighted his heart with a loop of gold,
And gave me a kiss beside;
And they'll make me fair
With blossoms rare,
As a sailor's bride should be,
When Jamie comes home
Across the foam—
When Jamie comes home to me.
—(Samuel Mintum Peck, in Atlanta Constitution.)

A GEORGIA FROLIC.

BY META TELFAIR M'LAWS.

It was in a Savannah home during the month of December. The weather was so balmy that all the windows were raised and two or three days had elapsed since a blaze had been kindled in the grate of any apartment in the Broders house. Pauline, the eldest daughter, was seated near the parlor table absorbed in Howells' "A Fearful Responsibility," when Sarah, just one year her junior, plunged wildly into the room with an open letter in hand.
"Put down your book, Pauline," was her energetic exclamation, "and help us straighten things. Bubber Tom will be home, think in one hour only; a student is coming with him, too! Mamma's gone down to see 'bout supper; Rollin's gone to the office to tell pa, and—here's the letter!"
Herewith Sarah, always lively as a cricket, pushed the voucher for her startling intelligence into the hand of her sister, while she clutched hold of the nearest chair and endeavored to regain her equilibrium.
"It's as little as Tom could have done," added Pauline, as she hurriedly scanned the lines which told her of her brother's coming home from Athens College to spend vacation, "to have notified us in time. First impressions are always lasting; what will this Mr. Adair think of us and our home in this semi-derelict strafe? No time to put things in proper trim for company."
Before Pauline had finished her speech Sarah had managed to disappear. Glancing out in the front garden we presently see her gathering flowers for the vases in Tom's room and the epergne on the tea-table. Pauline also laid aside her reading for more imperative duties, and notwithstanding both the girls and mamma were phenomenally industrious, Tom and his friend appeared on the scene before their attempted preparations were half completed. The only member of the household in readiness to receive them was Sarah, and this was the description given to her sister of the young collegian whom Tom had introduced into their home:
"Why, he looks just like a girl for all the world; broad curly hair, dreamy dark eyes, not the suggestion of a mustache, and teeth—oh, let's don't say like pearls—that's so trite; but as shining and delicate as porcelain. His height and figure are good, and, take him all in all, he's the loveliest-looking chap I ever beheld."
"You are struck, evidently," rejoined Pauline. "What are we going to do with this curly-headed, porcelain-toothed, fanciful sort of creature; dress him in girl's clothes?"
"Couldn't do a better thing," added Sarah, always open to suggestions, "he is graceful, and I know waltzes divinely, and in your pink silk, Pauline, would turn the head of every man in Savannah."
"That's more than the owner of the silk will ever accomplish," returned Pauline, with a smile. "If the pink silk must do all that, now's its opportunity."
"The pink silk must do it," said Sarah, "but we will discuss that later on. Hurry up, or hurry down, I should say. Tom and Mr. Adair must have brushed off the dust by this time, and there is no one to receive them."
Tom, prince of good fellows, as he was, had to be satisfied with the ovation given him by papa and mamma, for Pauline and Sarah had eyes nor ears for anybody except their young guest, and a fine gentleman this Mr. Adair proved to be. In addition to his handsome appearance he had a charming good humor, which never failed to win the regard of those who were brought under its influence. As he was only nineteen, he had not much of a history, but the standing of his family was unquestioned. Their place of residence was Rome, that picturesque little Georgia city which, like its Italian namesake, is situated on seven hills, and those overlook the most beautiful of all streams, the Etowah and Oostanaula. Mr. and Mrs. Adair were now at the Ponce de Leon, in St. Augustine, a pleasure trip; they had taken in honor of their daughter, a debutante, only one year younger than Eugene, the university student. For a day or two would this young gentleman remain in Savannah, whence he would go to Florida to join his parents.
What must be done to add to the pleasure of Mr. Adair during his brief stay at their home was the all important question with the hospitable Broders. He could not go rowing, for his tastes were not of that order; they could not have him to spend a day on the beach at Tybee, for the season at that resort was long since over, and as for a german, an entertainment of that description involved too much preparation for the ho-

time allowed. At last, Sarah, resourceful and fun-loving, suggested a plan which, she declared, if carried out successfully, would afford amusement for a life's recollection for her brother's friend and guest. This was to array him in girl's attire, as Pauline had flippantly proposed, and let him, as well as all of them, make the most of the novel situation. Why not call him Miss Adair? They might invite a party of ladies and gentlemen to meet this Miss Adair from the upper part of the State, a young lady whose stay in Savannah would unfortunately be very limited. As their visitor had a smooth face and curly hair it would not necessitate the aid of tongs or razor to give him a feminine look; indeed, on the whole, nature had cast him in a mould eminently well suited for the disguise they intended. All he required was the clothes.
To their brother they proposed to divulge these unique methods and if they met with his approval the suggestion in full would thereupon be communicated to the young gentleman.
Fired with her project, Sarah was up with the lark next morning. Knocking at her brother's door she requested him to make his appearance as quickly as possible down stairs for she wanted to have an early morning interview with him. Now the trouble was that those boys indoors, the day was fair, Savannah a gem of a city, so the temptation for Tom to wander about and introduce Eugene to his friends was strong in the extreme. How to suppress this inclination on his part was Sarah's present purpose. For this cause was a consultation with her brother so earnestly desired.
Into the plan proposed Tom entered with enthusiasm. He thought it was both novel and feasible, and felt sure that Eugene, who was the most amiable, accommodating fellow in the world, would rejoice in the movement. However, he did not agree with Sarah in thinking it advisable to have his friend remain at home all day for fear his real sex would be detected that night. "True it was," said he, "that most of the young men that Eugene would meet that morning he also would meet that night. But then, the female garb would render the disguise so complete; besides, they might mention incidentally to these new acquaintances, if the occasion so demanded, that Eugene would leave on the afternoon train for Florida, while his sister, Miss Adair, in whose honor the entertainment would be given, would prolong her stay for a day or two." Without much discussion these details were entered into and followed out during the first day spent by Eugene Adair at the Broders'.
It was an ideal southern night. The moon beamed with a radiance never to be forgotten, while the electric lights suspended high above the city's avenues shone with a glow of flickering stars planted in mid air. Bull street, the most fashionable thoroughfare of Georgia's seaport, was alive with buoyant promenaders. But among the brilliantly-lighted mansions on this boulevard none could boast of a merrier assemblage than that of Mrs. Broders, whose fourth residence, located near Forsyth Park, on this particular occasion resounded with merry laughter, and the air was redolent with the perfume of sweet flowers. Miss Adair stood near the threshold of the front drawing-room, beside Mrs. Broders and her daughters, receiving the evening's guests. Pauline's pink silk was wonderfully becoming to this dark-haired young man, who was playing his role with as much grace and ease as if it had been his every-day costume.
"What a lovely woman he would make," whispered Sarah to Pauline as their guest walked across the parlor leaning on the arm of one of the finest looking men present.
"Say, what a lovely she he would make; it is laconic, but sounds better."
"Actually, I believe Tom is smitten. See how his eye follows her or him," added Sarah.
"No, Tom is amused at Johnson Slaughter's absorption. Why, he has eyes or ears for no one else. I doubt if he is conscious of another girl's presence."
"With all his handsome looks, Johnson Slaughter is such an unsuspecting sort of rascal. He is one of the young men, too, that met Eugene Adair this morning, and still he does not suspect the deception."
It was, as Sarah had stated, Johnson Slaughter who was undoubtedly impressed with the fascinating stranger, and Johnson Slaughter was not a susceptible young man either. He had passed his majority, consequently was somewhat older than the set with whom he usually associated. But the Slaughter and Broders families had always been so intimate that the few years of disparity between the ages of Tom and Johnson would have held no weight when invitations were issued to an entertainment even as informal as that given in honor of Miss Adair, alias Eugene Adair.
A great source of diversion for the Broders girls during the evening was the interest excited among our young men by the beautiful wearer of Pauline's dress. As many as half a dozen asked to call the next day, and Mr. Broders could see from the sincerity of their manner that not a shadow of suspicion had entered their minds concerning the actual identity of her they professed to admire. Eugene was tremendously amused, but dare not let it be seen for fear of betraying himself, and as for Tom, at times the poor fellow was so overcome that he was compelled to leave the room in order to grant his risibles a free indulgence.
Thus passed the evening which was ever a pleasant memory to all who participated in its pleasures. But "every rose has its thorn," and "what a tangled web we weave when once we practice to deceive." In consequence of the many engagements made with the young men who expressed a desired to call next day, of course Mr. Adair had to again assume the female garb in order to continue the farce already so successfully begun. A source of infinite amusement was all this to the girls, but to the young man, unaccustomed as he was to tight lacing and voluminous skirts, it was not altogether the fine fun it appeared.
The following afternoon Mr. Johnson Slaughter called with his stylish two-in-hand and took Miss Adair driving. Pauline and Sarah had this improvised young lady to rehearse well her part before starting out on the jaunt. They even

had her to practice down in the stable yard getting in and from the buggy, fearing, while making that effort in the presence of her escort, a manish awkwardness might assert itself.
Eugene's corse boquet was as elaborate as it was feminine, and Sarah's hat, which she had modified by a change of feathers, was adjusted with a skill deserving of high praise. Thus fully equipped, Miss Adair set out on her evening's pleasure. After driving for some distance through Savannah's shady streets they entered the ever-popular shell road which leads to that picturesque and renowned suburban spot known as Bonaventure. This was the first time that Eugene Adair had visited Bonaventure, and afterward he told Tom Broders that he was as enthusiastic as a girl when first he beheld its beauties. But that afternoon's drive was memorable in more ways than one to the unsexed stranger. When it was at an end he regretted more than ever the deception practiced, for to him it was evident that Johnson Slaughter was deeply infatuated. Indeed, he had been told as much by that young gentleman. Besides, he saw that the enamored youth was totally blind as to the real condition of affairs. However, when he began to revolve the matter over in his mind all qualms of conscience ceased. He thought of the universal susceptibility of the young generally; how susceptible he himself was. He felt sure that Johnson Slaughter's recovery would be complete in less than a week after his departure. Having satisfied himself on this score, he was ready to again assume his disguise, with its accompanying inconveniences, that night when Mr. Slaughter and others called at the Broders'.
The subsequent day before dinner, Eugene Adair departed by steamer for Florida. His visit to Savannah had been most enjoyable, and the new role in which he had appeared had added to its variety. Change of scene and associations soon banished that frolicsome episode from his mind, and by the time St. Augustine was reached he had almost entirely forgotten that he had ever appeared in the garb of a woman, to say nothing of the probably undesirable consequences. Yet only a few days were permitted to elapse before the entire occurrence was recalled to his mind with startling vividness. A letter came to the address of Miss Adair from Savannah, which very naturally was delivered to Eugene's sister, who, upon opening it, was so mystified by its contents that she fled to her brother for an explanation. Of course, the whole story was soon told, Eugene at the same time declaring that he would write and immediately make an honest confession to Johnson Slaughter.
"No, you won't," emphatically added Rosa, "I will take up this matter where you have left off. He has never seen your handwriting, has he?"
"No."
"I will attend to this correspondence; people say I am the image of you, and if Johnson Slaughter is a fine, handsome fellow, why can't I appropriate him?"
"Capital!" ejaculated Eugene. "You have my consent to appropriate him for all time. Independent of his liking me, he is a first-class gentleman—I don't know a better anywhere."
Rosa read the letter again, talked it over, and then made bold to answer it. However, in the latter undertaking, she had to call her brother to her aid, for the Savannah trip and many other little points that she was not in a position to know about and write about had necessarily to be referred to in this epistolary communication. Once written, that unique epistle was signed, sealed and sent on its way rejoicing.
Winter passed and spring and summer soon followed. Meanwhile the correspondence between Rosa and her unseen lover had become quite animated. But it was almost entirely friendly in character, the young man only hinting at the high admiration and regard he entertained for his fair Savannah acquaintance, while Rosa's answers spoke only of home gossip and literary topics. Often would she refer to her brother at college; still not once had she ever sent messages to the Broders girls, and as Mr. Slaughter had neglected to make mention of those young ladies, Rosa happily concluded that he desired their correspondence kept a secret. Besides she was Miss Adair at Rome, and if they were to hear of his writing to a Miss Adair at that place they very naturally would infer that the affair that had its inception under their roof had taken a different turn since last they had heard from it.
The most picturesque portion of Georgia is among the mountains in the northeast portion of the State. Here are the two wildly grand and widely known falls of Tallulah and Teococa and the lovely valley of Nacoochee, with its fertile soil and Indian name, that for so long has been a favored theme with the poet as well as the romancer. Yet this country, which less than a century ago was the haunt of the peace-loving Cherokee, is now penetrated by railroads and the accompanying adjuncts of civilization, Tallulah Falls, with its foaming cataracts, grand chasm, and towering cliffs, is a popular resort during the warm season for the wealth and fashion of the South.
Among the summer residents at Tallulah no family were held in more popular esteem than the Adairs, of Rome, who, as was their custom, were spending the warm months at Tallulah when the correspondence between Rosa and Johnson Slaughter had its continuation. It is unnecessary to state to the reader that Miss Adair had become much interested in the unknown writer of these fascinating letters. Like her brother, upon finding the young man was serious, Rosa's jest lost its charm, and she was seized with qualms of conscience of the most aggravating kind. How could she ever muster sufficient courage to tell this young man, who, she felt, was as superior, that a deception had been practiced? Would his regard not be turned to disgust? She was sure it would, and unwilling as she was to confess it, the mere thought added immeasurably to her discomfort. After leaving Athens Eugene joined his family at Tallulah, and what was his surprise to learn that his sister and Johnson Slaughter still exchanged letters, and he was mystified to the highest degree when Rosa told him that Johnson Slaughter was expected at Tallulah; that he had even gone so far as to boldly declare that his visit was to

be a pleasure trip, but it was for the pleasure of seeing her.
"Now, what must be done!" exclaimed Rosa in almost a frenzy of despair. "I want to meet him, but then it is not a meeting that has been brought about by authorized methods."
Eugene replied with peals of laughter. The recollection of that Savannah masquerade brought forth all the humor in his nature. "Why, were they not authorized methods?" Eugene immediately rejoined. "I met him; met him several times; was introduced in due form—that is in the form of a female. It is I he is coming to visit, not you."
"Yes; still it is hard for me to view it in that light, after so many months of correspondence and feigned acquaintanceship. What was undertaken in jest has commenced to assume very serious aspects. Oh! Eugene," interpolated Rosa, with marked agitation. "I am absolutely wretched!"
It often happens that the affairs of this life work out a way for themselves that prove superior to any brought about by a previously prepared line of action. Thus was it the case in this dilemma of Rosa Adair.
Six days passed. Meanwhile nothing had been heard of Johnson Slaughter and his proposed visit to Tallulah. One bright Saturday morning Rosa was invited by a party of ladies and gentlemen, who had recently arrived at Tallulah and wanted to see the sights, to descend to the brink of the cataracts.
What is known as the Falls of Tallulah is considered one of the grandest freaks of nature to be found in the Southern country. They consist of a series of cataracts bearing the euphonious names, Lodore, Tempesta, Hurricane, and Oceana, which are formed by a small river that works its channel through the bottom of a stupendous gorge cleft in the Tallulah Mountains. In its rapid downward plunge over a rocky bed this streamlet produces a succession of foaming cascades and eddying pools, which excite the wonder and admiration of every visitor to Northeast Georgia.
On the banks of this river, with its turbulent waters at their feet, stood Rosa and her friends when they espied a couple of gentlemen coming toward them down one of the steep pathways that led to the verge of the cataracts. One of these gentlemen, a Mr. Yates, from Savannah, had been at Tallulah some days and was known to Rosa; the other she had never seen before. Gaining a nearer approach Mr. Yates greeted the party. Turning to Rosa he introduced his friend, Mr. Slaughter, who immediately advanced and shook hands with Miss Adair most cordially, at the same time remarking that he and Miss Adair had met before.
Rosa was amazed, overwhelmed. It was very evident that he thought she was her brother. He did not recognize the difference! Could what the world had always said be true, that the likeness they bore each other was marvellous and striking? Forthwith Rosa determined that, notwithstanding Johnson Slaughter was completely in the dark, she would, as soon as the opportunity was favorable, tell him the whole story; with her the jest was at an end.
Three days passed before an opportunity presented itself for the coveted private interview with Mr. Slaughter, and then it was the young gentleman who had to have his say before a minute of time was granted Rosa to make her conscientious avowal. With utmost trepidation he told Rosa of how he loved her since first they had met in Savannah; how anxiously he had anticipated the reception of each of her letters, and how blighted his life would be if she refused to return his affection.
With gratification most intense Rosa listened to this appeal, and when it was all over she told her tale with its double signification.
"A higher power has done this," said he, putting his arm around her, "let the end justify the means!"
In the autumn Rome was the scene of a large fashionable wedding, and I know my readers will appreciate the motive when I tell them that the bridesmaids appeared in pink and the decorations were in the same delicate hue. Mr. Slaughter declared that Pauline's silk had colored his whole life, so why should not its color prevail at his nuptials?
No novel that was ever published in book form awakened more interest than did the romantic love affair of Johnson Slaughter and Rosa Adair. Everybody talked about it, and all concurred in declaring it to be one recorded instance where a man played the part of a woman and some good came from it.

The Pleasures of Dying.

Euthanasia is not an old word as applied to medical science, writes Dr. Atkinson in the Yankee Blade, but it has a meaning which of late has come to be of great importance to every one. Death was formerly considered a great struggle, and vivid, almost shocking, descriptions of the phenomena of dying were given in such exaggerated forms that none ceased to think of the eventful moments when death should come to them. Euthanasia, or the pleasures of dying, takes the very opposite view, and proclaims death to be easy and painless. Those who have watched at hundreds of deathbeds have noted that death was easy, and officers in battle have testified that the last moments of dying soldiers were painless ones. People who have been in the jaws of wild beasts in India, and have been rescued at the last moment, testify that a numbing calmness was experienced after the first sharp painful soap of the teeth upon them. In fact, the approach of every creature's fate brings with it a kindly preparation when life is blissful and full of pleasures. The last sensation in the world is then one of joy, and not exasperating pain.
When Machinery is in Order.
Engineers judge of the condition of their machinery by the tone it gives out while running. Every engine, whether stationary or locomotive, has a particular tone of its own; the engineer becomes accustomed to that, and any departure from it at once excites a suspicion that all is not right. The engineer may not know what is the matter, he may have no ear for music, but the change in tone of his machine will be instantly perceptible, will be instantly recognized, and will start him on an immediate investigation.—(St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

In Matrimonial Waters—Method in It—True Love—A Fashionable Miss—Beyond His Reach, etc., etc.

IN MATRIMONIAL WATERS.
Effe—There are as fine fish in the sea as ever were caught.
Blanche—Yes; but they don't do anything but watch the little ones nibble.—[Kate Field's Washington.]

TRUE LOVE.
"I love you. Will you be my wife?"
"Will you promise to snub that odious Niss Van Astor all this week?"
"I will."
"Well then—yes."

METHOD IN IT.
"Why do you irritate mamma so, George?"
"Because, my dear, I hope some day to make her speechless with indignation."

A FASHIONABLE MISS.
Mamma—What under the sun are you doing with little Dot's clothes on?
Little Dick—(despondently)—Well, Dot said she wanted to be in the fashion, and she's gone off with all of mine.—[Good News.]

BEYOND HIS REACH.
She—You don't mean to say you are too poor to be married?
He—Oh no! but I'm altogether too poor to be engaged.

A LIVELY PLACE.
Featherly—I suppose you found things rather quiet out West?
Westwind—Not much; it was a regular gale a day.—[Chicago Inter Ocean.]

A CAUSE FOR WORRY.
"Mercy!" exclaimed Mrs. Homespun, when she read in the paper that Jay Gould made 10 cents every time the clock ticked. "I should think he would be worried to death for fear that the clock would run down."—[Boston Transcript.]

IT CAN'T BE DONE.
"Tis all very well to be patient while your affairs are going awry, but 'tis very hard to laugh or smile as you slap at a summer fly."

A HOPELESS CASE.
"Do you think you could learn to love me?" he asked, looking at her wistfully.
"I'm sure I couldn't," she answered decidedly. "I'm a perfect dunce. When I was at school I never could learn anything."—[New York Press.]

SHE WANTED HIM TO KNOW.
She was from Boston, and was waiting on the platform at a railway station when her foot caught in something and she fell upon the track.
A train was coming in at the moment. It was almost upon her. There was no time for any one to jump to her assistance, but a man on the platform had presence of mind enough to yell:
"Lay flat on the track."
"You mean lie," replied she, as she obeyed the injunction, ungrammatical though it was, and escaped unhurt.—[Jersey City Town Talk.]

HE FOUND IT WAS THERE.
Judge (to prisoner)—You are charged with having seriously injured your wife by inclosing her in a folding bed. "What have you to say for yourself?"
Prisoner—Your Honor, I wished to see if it was possible to shut her up.—[Detroit Free Press.]

SHE WAS TOO LITERAL.
"Oh, sweetest," he said, "I could sit beside you forever."
"But you can't," she said, "the fact is you've sat too long now; it's 11:30."
Then he arose and departed, declaring to himself that some girls have no more sentiment in them than a woodchuck.—[New York Press.]

A LASTING EXCUSE.
"I want to get off this afternoon," said Jacky Horner to his employer. "My grandmother's dead."
"Look here," said the employer severely, "didn't I give you an afternoon off a month ago because your grandmother was dead?"
"Yes, sir," replied the unabashed youth. "She is still dead, sir."—[Brooklyn Life.]

OPPORTUNITY FOR A CAREER.
"Huh," sneered Willie. "You're nothin' but a girl. You can't never be President."
"No, but I can be the President's wife," retorted Sukey, prudly, "and tell people how to make apple dumplings."—[Truth.]

WHAT WORRIED HER.
"Mabel, this question of marriage is a serious one that I hope you have considered well."
Mabel—Oh, dear, yes, auntie, I have worried myself sick already about my trousseau.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

IF YOU HIT THEM.
Housekeeper—Has any way been discovered to kill the pests that destroy carpets?
Great Scientist—Yes, madam. Take up the carpets, hang them on a line and beat them with a heavy stick.
"Will that kill the insects?"
"Yes, madam, if you hit them."—[New York Weekly.]

A CLEAR CASE.
Superintendent of Lunatic Asylum—That, ladies, is a summer hotel clerk recently thrown out of employment.
The Ladies—Why was he brought here?
Superintendent—He got to thinking he was no better than the guests of the hotel.—[Life.]

NOT CRYING.
Freddy had fallen down and hurt himself. He was trying manfully to suppress his feelings, but his uncle, who happened to be near, said:
"What's the matter? Crying?"
"N—no; I—I ain't crying. I guess maybe my eyes are perspiring."—[Washington Star.]

HER FEAR WAS PROBABLY GROUNDFLESS.
"I got an awful fright last night," said Jennie.
"You did?"
"Yes; when George was going away he took my hand to bid me good night."
"And you thought he was going to kiss you?"
"No, I thought he wasn't going to kiss me."—[New York Press.]

TEMPTATION.
He—Congratulate me. I have just resisted a temptation.
She—What was the temptation?
He—To propose to you.

THE LOSS.
Gildersleeve—There was a disastrous fire at our place to-day.
Tillinghast—What was the loss?
Gildersleeve—My situation.—[Harlem Life.]

A DISTINCT REVELATION.
She—When did you first learn that you loved me?
He—It came like a glad surprise—just after Penelope Peachblow and Dora Tulliver had refused me.

MAKING SURE.
She—Then you'll take me for a drive on Thursday?
He—Yes, but suppose it rains.
She—Come the day before, then.—[Jersey City Town Talk.]

THAT STUPID MAN.
She (on the piazza)—It is growing cold. I wish I had something around my neck.
He—Shall I get you a shawl?

BY WAY OF A HINT.
Ethel—George, you are like an hour-glass.
George—In what respect?
Ethel—The more time given you, the less sand you seem to have.—[Truth.]

SLIGHT SETBACK.
He (trying to make an impression)—Do you know I think that your father is an awfully jolly old fellow?
She—Yes, to every one he knows I wouldn't marry.

SHE TOOK SOME.
Young lady (in candy store)—I don't like this candy. It has begun to melt already.
Confectioner—No wonder, young lady, with those liquid eyes of yours over it! "S' poulds, please."—[Truth.]

EASILY TRACKED.
She (reading)—Joe, this paper says that out in Oregon they have just discovered footprints three feet long, supposed to belong to a lost race.
He—I don't see how a race of people that made footprints three feet long could ever get lost.—[Truth.]

SHE KNEW BETTER.
"Did you ever refuse a proposal, Miss Mature?" asked Miss Gusher.
"Do I look like a woman who would fly in the face of Providence?"
There was no more said.—[New York Press.]

LIKE A BAD NEGATIVE, SHE DIDN'T TAKE.
"What do you take me for, anyhow?" queried Chappie, when Ethel asked him to swim out in the surf and get her parasol, which had blown away.
"I don't take you for anything," said she, "and wouldn't it if you proposed a million times."—[Harper's Bazar.]

WHAT SHE DOESN'T DO.
She wears a yachting suit of white, and garbed in this, like Neptune's daughter, she talks of "yacht" from morn till night, but doesn't go too near the water.

ONLY A FIGURE OF SPEECH.
"Your beau stays quite a while when he calls?"
"Yes."
"I should think you would find the time go slowly."
"Oh, we manage to squeeze through it."

Longfellow's First Poem.
When our great poet was nine years old his master wanted him to write a "composition." Little Henry, like all children, shrank from the undertaking. His master said:
"You can write words, can you not?"
"Yes," was the reply.
"Then you can put words together?"
"Yes, sir," said the master, "you can take your slate and go out behind the schoolhouse, and there you can find something to write about, and then you can tell what it is, what it is for, and what it is to be done with it, and that will be a composition."
Henry took his slate and went out. He went behind Mr. Finney's barn, which chanced to be near by, and seeing a fine turnip growing up, he thought he knew what that was, what it was for, and what would be done with it.

MR. FINNEY'S TURNIP.
Mr. Finney had a turnip, and it grew, and it grew; and it grew behind the barn, and the turnip did no harm.

And it grew, and it grew, till it could grow no taller; then Mr. Finney took it up, and put it in the cellar.

There it lay, there it lay, till it began to rot; when his daughter Susie washed it, and she put it in the pot.

Then she boiled it, and boiled it, as long as she was able; then his daughter Lizzie took it, and she put it on the table.

Mr. Finney and his wife, both sat down to sup; and they ate, and they ate, till they ate the turnip up!

More than \$150,000 was received by Maine shoe-peg factories last year for goods.