

AT THE COUNTY FAIR.

*Settin' in the gran'stand
At the county fair,
Seems as if the whole world
An' all them kids was there.*

*We up on the toy seat
Me and Jessie set—
What I had the candy
An' peanuts that we et!*

*Jennie's right good-lookin';
But she likes to boss;
Dared me to bet money
On Jake Douglas' horse.*

*Like a fool I done it;
Went down to the track.
How'd y' think I found her?
I was climbin' back!*

*There I met her half way,
With another beau;
Stuck a dickybird softy,
That Will Jones, ye know.*

*Let on not to see me;
Went right on a-past,
Spose she thought I'd ast her
Where she's going so fast.*

*Wain't no use tooller,
So I let 'em go.
Funny how things sometimes
All go wrong jes' so.*

*Lost a pile on Jake's horse;
Couldn't ring a cane.
Follow swiped my goldine wash,
Then it poured down rain.*

*Tell ya'll ain't all sunshine
An' all "pleasures rare"
Settin' in the gran' fair
At the county fair.*

—Chicago Record.

THE OLD APPLE TREE

I WAS disappointed in my friend. We had arranged to spend the day on the river. I had not met him for years, not since our Balliol days, until I saw him again after seven years at the varsity sports in the early spring. Then eight or nine of us, all old Balliol men, dined together, and we had a refreshing talk over all that had occurred while I was away in Canada. Six years of it I had there, and when I returned was surprised to find so much alteration in everything and everybody. But dear old Fry was the same as ever, stanch and genuine, a gentleman. When I met him in Lombard street, a fortnight before, it was he who had suggested and settled the details of our trip to the river. It was to be on June 12, and we were to have had a long, healthy, exhilarating day, with plenty of hard exercise and a long chat about old times old chums that we were.

The day came and I was in river-rib at the boathouse agreed upon half an hour earlier than we had mutually fixed. But Fry did not come. The half hour went, and another, and another. I knew of nothing more irritating than to have to hang about for another fellow to turn up when one is alone like that. At last, I got a note by his servant. If he had sent a wire, I should have had his message sooner, but old-fashioned courtesies still characterize Fry. And he sent his groan eleven miles with a long note of explanation and apology.

His excuse for not coming seemed to me a flimsy one. His wife's father had fixed a sudden meeting of family trustees, and afterward he had to see his sister on business of consequence relating to a trust. However, whether it was an excuse or whether it was a reason, he was not coming with me for our projected river trip—that was clear; and now that I knew he was not to join me, I was content. It was annoying, and, as I really loved dear old Fry, it was a disappointment. But I trust I am too philosophic to feel anything deeply that cannot be helped. I countermanded the pair skiff and had out a single canoe.

In five minutes I was "on the bosom of old Father Thames." The hackneyed words, as I thought of them, were in themselves a comfort and as I paddled on I thought how a gay heart wants no friend. Solitude has charms deeper than society can afford. Out of my memory trod troops of friends and they were with me. I called them. They came at my call and vanished as I wished when thought of another suggested. Even Fry himself, with his hearty laugh, his loyal brotherly spirit, communed with me, and was dispelled again as a more recent chum who had tracked many a bear with me in Canada haunted my memory.

I was now in a lovely backwater more beautiful than the Thames itself. The banksides flowers were more abundant and nearer to me—indeed, they hedged me about. The pale blue eyes of immemorable forget-me-nots smiled upon me, the yellow toad-flax grew out of the clay banks, wild roses and brambles bloomed amidst their thorns, the leaves of the osiers whispered everywhere, and weeping willows hung their arching boughs right across the narrow creek which it now pleased me to explore.

The water was clearer, too—wonderfully clear it was. Paddling slowly along between the banks, I looked into the depths of the water, with all its wealth and wonder of plant growth, the waving forest of submarine weed where I could see shoals of minnows. Now and then a school of perch, started by my paddle, darted into the shadow of the weed, and a huge jack, sailing in a deep green pool, made me long for rod and line.

Whilst thus engrossed, bending my head over the side of the canoe, in which I continued to drift slowly along, I failed to notice how narrow the creek became until suddenly I found myself close to a lady lying on a lawn—no, that was I almost touching her. She was quite at the edge of the grass, which sloped to the river. A dozen customs were about her—her book lay open, its leaves kissed, as be fitted the pages of a poem, by the zephyrs. I had never seen so glorious a picture, nor one that burst upon my vision so suddenly. She was in something white and dainty, her hair hanging on a branch, and the old, gnarled tree under whose shade she reclined was covered with apples. Her hair was tangled and golden and her eyes full of light and laughter.

For a while I sat staring at her in bewilderment. Then I stammered: "Where am I?"

Her answer was perfectly calm, but it was not chill; no, her voice was soft, soft that the simplest words she uttered were a melody.

"You are in my father's garden," she said.

"And I—I—" "You are a trespasser."

But she smiled as she said it, a smile that showed two rows of pearl, sparkling in the sunlight that dappled her hair.

"And you?" I said. I know not what I said, but say I asked her name, and she told me it was Eve.

"And this is Paradise," I answered, looking through the leaves of the old

apple tree at all the beauties of the garden.

Then we talked. Of what? Of everything. Of solitude, of friendship, of books; I fear, of Canada—and of love.

"Then she bade me go, and I could not. Nor would I if I could; and when at length I obeyed her and was about to go, she bade me stay.

So I stayed. A soon had moored my canoe and stood upon her lawn. I can not tell how I of all men—modest almost to bashfulness—could have done so, but I did.

Of the flowers that grew wild there by the water's edge I made her a crown, and this I put upon her tangled golden hair. She was my queen there and thenceforth forever; and so I told her the poet aiding me.

Two roses that I had not seen before bloomed on her face, and she ran away light-footed and lithesome of limb, over the lawn into her father's house.

But I could not leave; I could not. I looked for her, but she did not come. Once, I saw the curtains of a window drawn aside and her face peering out upon me, but she would not come again.

Well, I stayed—that was all. How I had the impudence to do so I cannot tell—but I could not go.

She was a long while indoors. I heard her at the piano. I knew it was her touch, though I had never heard her before, but I was confident it was she. Besides, now and then the piano stopped suddenly, and I saw by the movement of the window curtain that she was peeping to see whether I had gone.

At last I grew ashamed of my intrusion, and, stooping from under the fruit-covered branches of the old apple tree, I went to my canoe, unfastened its moorings, and was about to withdraw.

"Order in the court!" cried the judge, with admirable presence of mind, and while the farmer's friends restored peace sentence was pronounced and the curtain fell.

GOOD ACTING.

Farmer Carried Away by the Realism of the Scene.

One of the leading lawyers of the midwest is William John Hahn of Minneapolis, for many years attorney-general of Minnesota, says the Philadelphia Post. In his younger days Mr. Hahn was as good an amateur actor as he is a lawyer, which in high praise. He was the leading man in a company headed by Mayor James Richardson, now of Connecticut, and "Mat" Stroup, now of Aberdeen, N. D.

It was twenty years ago that this locally famous aggregation gave an English drama. Mr. Hahn played the part of an idle vagabond—the ne'er-do-well son of a "squire," who had through villainy been accused of a crime. The last act was a court scene in which his prisoner was convicted and sentenced to penal servitude for life. Mayor Richardson was the judge and Mr. Stroup was counsel for the defense.

The house was crowded, and as was usual, the near-by country had sent in a fair delegation of farmers and their families. The lawyer made a stirring speech for mercy, which visibly excited the audience.

"A good lad, your honor," he pleaded, "and honest, too; good to his parents and a friend of his neighbors, and—"

A Glasgow town farmer, carried away by the realism of the scene, had risen.

"Sure!" he called out, "and you don't want to forget, 'Mat' Stroup, that Johnny Hahn never charged a poor man a dollar and he never lost a case in his life. He ain't guilty no more than I am."

"Order in the court!" cried the judge, with admirable presence of mind, and while the farmer's friends restored peace sentence was pronounced and the curtain fell.

BROUGHT HIM TO THE POINT.

Young Woman's Trick Brought a Legend Lover to a Proposal.

A certain young man in Washington society was very fond of discussing social and moral questions, and once started in this hobby could scarcely be headed in any other direction. He had been quite devoted in his attention to one young woman for as much as six months, but she had been unable to bring him to his senses, though she was willing to confess that she had tried repeatedly to do so. Of course she had done it in the delicate ways women have in those matters, but what she needed was a club.

"May I?" I faltered.

She did not reply. But her silence was a better answer than words.

"When?"

She looked so pretty when she said that I was about to dare yet more, that I had the temerity to formulate the idea that I would take her in my arms and steal from her lips a kiss when I heard a shout.

She looked down and blushed.

"What?"

She did not reply. But her silence was a better answer than words.

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