## ENVY.

WILLIE VISITING IN THE COUNTRY. Where there are hills to climb, And where a boy can slide down like A flash, in winter time; Where they are drifts to tumble in And ponds to skate upon— I wish my Cousin John was me And I was Cousin John !

I'd like to have a colt to ride And lambs 'n' things to pet, With apples in the ceilar, and Drink milk that's steamin' yet; I'd like to live where I could whoop Around with all my might And never have to be afraid A cop would come in sight.

It's jolly sitting in the sled When uncle drives to town, And lets the horses walk up hill And makes them gallop down ! It's jolly getting out behind, Sometimes, and hanging on-I wish my Cousin John was me And I was Cousin John !

OHNNY VISITING IN THE CITY. JOHNNY VIETING IN THE CITY. I wished 'at I lived here, where things Are all set at the door, And where you see so many sights You never saw before ; I'd like to ride in nice, warm cars That whiz along the street, Instead of in a bobsled, where You nearly freeze your feet.

They never have no wood to chop, Nor cows nor sheep to tend; They never have to carry slop To where the pigs are penned; They never carry water from A well that's far away. Nor every night and morning feed The stock a ton of hay.

They never have no cows to milk, Nor other chores to do. And every time they turn around They look at something new; There's always lots that's going on, The streets are never still— I wish that Cousin Will was me, And I was Cousin Will!

# \*\*\*\*\* East-Side Thompson's Petition. A STORY OF THE ALKALI PLAINS. BY MARGUERITE STABLER.

The fellow's name was Thompson, and he could handle a bunch of steers and he could handle a bunch of steers with the best of them, but there was an air of metropolitanism about him that assorted ill with his surroundings. And although he went rougher than any man of them he had never been able man of them he had never been able to live down his nickname of "East-Side" Thompson. Under the influ-ence of rolling prairies, the boundless sweep of cloud and sky, an intimacy with the elements and reliance upon nothing but his own wit and courage, a man grows to be a strong, sagacious, vital creature, so different from our circumscribed ideas of a man that, for a better term, we call him a

"cow-puncher." The Three-X outfit of cow-punchers had been on the trail more than a month, and, according to all precedent and reason, the rains should have set in weeks before, but they had not. The grass that had sprung up with the in weeks first early showers had seared and died before the next rain came to keep it alive. The shallow, sluggish little streams of brackish water that crawled along the bottom of their beds, which the year before had been swollen bethe year before had been swollen be-yond their banks, finally gave out ut-terly. In every direction the white alkali plains glistened away to the meeting line of the sky in an attitude of isolation. The oldest inhabitant in all the country could not recall a wiu-ter that equaled this in dryness. Howbeit, Nevada was then a new state, and the population migratory, Wilson, the boss of the outfit, had hoped to get out of the sagebrush country and strike the California line somewhere above Bodie by the end of

somewhere above Bodie by the end of the first month out, but there was no rain, no water, and the plains lay in open cracks. Day after day the sun arose, smiled down upon the parched little bunch of men and cattle 14 long hut is built of men and cattle 14 long hours as he sailed across a cloudless sky, serenely unconscious of the male-dictions hurled against him, while the bare, burning prairie stared back in unblinking defiance. There were gorgeons ansets every evening — moments when the great fiery ball seemed al-most to stand still to give a long backward glance before dropping out of sight, and with a Midas touch turn all the world to molten gold. But to the played out cow-puncher sunset means nothing but bedtime—bedtime after a hard, parched, hopeless day. There were clear, chaste moonlight nights of wondrous radiance, too, but the moon was seen only in the early morning, when they need to another day more when they rose to another day, more hard, more parched, more hopeless. The cattle-mere anatomical charts by this time-went staggering about in crazy circles, too weak to need watching, the three Xs on their flanks re-ducel to half the original size by the shriveling of the hide, or fell heavily

It was not a pretty story, but it was | and called upon the names of those he It was not a pretry story, but it was and caned upon the names of those ne more. It was fraught with that prim-itive ruggedness one gets an impres-sion of along with cutting prairie winds, bucking broncos, the crack of a revolver, the whiz of a bullet. fervent and eloquent oaths anent the heat, the drought and the delay, and apparently no one heard his cries. Water was the one thing he wanted, Water was the one thing he wanted, and the one thing they could not get, so, after they had put his boots under his head to make him comfortable, they let him alone. Under ordinary circum-stances a Missourian more or less was

of no great consequence to "inkee Bill," but this break in the ranks shattered the last vestige of hope. Whatever may have been done after that in the effort to keep up their spir-its was mere bravado, for each man forecast the and foresaw the end.

Missourian had been a quiet The Missourian had been a quiet sort in the camp, and no one had ever heard him talk much, but now he talked incessantly in the soft, thick drawl of the south. And always of home scenes, of the memories of boy-hood that whetted the edge of their torture till it was beyond all endur-ance. Now he was fishing along some stream; now he was in school strug-gling with some problem he could never solve beyond "carry seven." never solve beyond "carry seven." Always coherent enough to call up memories in their own minds of a youth, misspent for the most part. They could not move farther away because they were camped under the only shade in sight. They thought of dragging him off beyond ear shot, but while every one would have been glad to have done it, no man could do it himself. Their horny hands had grown gentle in their ministering touches.

Escape was long since out of the question, for the horses were worse off than the men; not one of them could carry a saddle, much less a rider. Each man had saved a last charge in his semilar, burning that that the the Each man had saved a last charge in his revolver, knowing that that per-haps would be their only deliverance from a death too horrible to name. All but "East-Side," who, when a de-cision had to be made between himself and his horse, had led her out behind a little acclivity and put his last charge through her game little heart. Now he must make his exit in some other way, if he would let his disembodied spirit pass on unincumbered by a sun-parched frame. The knife he carried in his boot was a miserable hack of a in his boot was a miserable hack of a thing, fit only for shaving tobacco or chunking bacon. He felt a momentary regret as he ran his fingers along its agged edges that a man with his record should be obliged to make his end with so mean a weapon. The big Swede in a moment of madness had raised his pistol as if it had been a jug, saying: "Wal, boys, here's to a wetter country!" But he had not shot. The cold iron seemed to cool the rashness of his brain, and the mir-age of hope lured them on a day far-ther.

ther. After the second day the Missouri-an's talk began to grow less, his raving subsided in a weak, incoherent bab-bling; at last it ceased altogether, and into the releatless sky. As they had done every-thing else, they did this silently, stoic-ally. A shallow bed was scooped out and the canvas taken off the wagon for a winding sheet. When the for a winding sheet. When the broken circle closed in around the open grave, the boss cleared his throat and said: "Boys, before we go any and said: "Boys, before we go any farther, some one must make a prayer, sabe? They sabed, but although every man's soul might be consumed with a voiceless cry to some power above himself for the repose of the departed soul and release from a like fate, they were all dumb when confronted by the thought of taking the name of God reverently. Instinctively they turned reverently. In to "East-Side." to "East-Side." "It's your lead, 'East-Side," they said. And "East-Side," groping blindly backward toward the memo-ries of his youth, tried to recall some-thing of religious import. Slowly through his desiccated brain percolated bling from a church brain percolated a line from a church hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," but albor. The clinching of the lips to suppress a groan when one is thirst-mad-dened may require more heroism than facing a cannon with flags flying and drums beating, inasmuch as "he that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." At last one day the Missourian gave out utterly. He was not of the cow-boy build in the first place, but his splendid horsemanship and enthusi-asm had induced Wilson, the boss, or "Yankee Bill," as he was called, to take him on. In his delirinm he lay and cried for water, day and night. He blubbered and begged for water.

the third and fourth generation, was gathered around his table on Thanks-giving day. So, under the burning sun, whose only shadow was cast by the flocks of carrion birds that circled above the remnant of the outfit, they stood over the grave of their dead companion, waiting for a like fate, or death by their own hands, to be torn by coyotes perhaps before the breath was out of their bodies, the six paunt men with bowed, uncovered heads, while "East-Side" pronounced in sol-emn tones: emn tones: "Oh, Lord, for what we are about

to receive make us devoutly thankful. Amen."

Amen." A prayer was a prayer to "East-Side." Anything that began with "Lord" in reverent terms and ended with "amen" was a prayer. His grandfather had been a godly man, and he had said it, therefore it was appro-priate on this occasioa. The effect he had said it, therefore it was appro-priate on this occasioa. The effect was the same upon the others, for the words smacked of the phraseology of the wandering exhorters they had heard.

After the passing of the Missourian there was even less to do; the men were more taciturn with each other, but there was noticeably less profanity among them, possibly because they harbored their strength more jealously and the exertion was unnecessary, or because their mouths were too dry to articulate many words. It was now six weeks since they had set out across the "sink," expecting to get the cattle off their hands and have a little "time" in the city before starting back to the camp, but the wild-eyed, sorry-looking things seemed unpromising enough now even for a glue factory As "East Side" lay on the ground looking up through the holes in his bet attention during the holes in his

hat-they stood upright and walked no more than was absolutely necessary, for that required an expenditure of strength-lazily watching the flocks of birds that swooped and poised in the air above him, he discovered, or thought he did, that they cast a shadow thought he did, that they cast a shadow against the sky—a tiny gray shadow that he watched for the utter lack of anything else to watch. When the birds flew lower, the shadow seemed to grow larger, but when finally they flew away there was still the shadow, larger and darker. With a wild whoop he sprang to his feet, forgetting the value of harboring his strength as he value of harboring his strength as he grasped the import of that shadow. It was a cloud! Every man sprang up at that tiny speek and went to work with white face and unsteady hands. The speek grew larger, and the men workel harder; every hole or trough that led to the basin was cleared for action so that not one precious drop might be lost. Their words were few but kindly as they scraped away, with but kindly as they scraped away, with one eye on the ground and the other on the cloud slowly but unmistakably growing larger and coming their way. During the night those sun-scorched dreamers dreamed of moist winds, and real of the second of the second of the second seco

dreamed that—dreamed it when their parched tongues hung out of their months and cracked for dryness. By this time they had grown wary; even in their sleep they were on their guard and not to be beguiled into believing. When at last in the early morning the rain did come, with the first pat-tering drops every man forgot every-thing in the world but the all-consum-ing passion to slake his burning thirst in the world of a slake his burning thirst; until their hats bad caught enough to drain, they sucked their shirt sleeves. Then, because his own need for that hat charge was no longer imperative, the outfit boss drew a bead on the likelist animal in the hard and on the likeliest animal in the herd, and they feasted royally, joyously, uproar-iously on steak and wate. And in the exuberance of their glee no one no ticed that for convenience they had chosen the mound that covered the

Missourian for their table. After the feast every man lay down in his trench, which was now filled with water, and soaked, soaked through to the marrow, rousing himself only to drain his hat, then falling back and soaking more. And when, after 24 hours of soaking they got up out of their trenches, each water-logged man was a firm believer in the efficacy of prayer.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The New Dialect. "Anything new, Scratchard?" in-

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## THE GREAT DESTROYER.

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Man Who Tipped and Tippled Harm is Done by the Moderate Drink-ers-They Set the Worst Examples-Influences That Drag Men Down. He tipped the man who took his hat, The man who took his cane, The chambermaid, the bell-boy and The porter on the train.

He tipped his hat to all the girls, And tipped to all the men; He tipped the beam at two fifteen, Till tippin' made him thin.

He gave a friend a "dead-sure tip," And when that lost the race, His friend let fly another tip Which found a stopping place.

And then he took to tippling, Was tipsy night and day; He tippled right and left until His money passed away.

And now he drives an ash-cart, And when he makes a trip, He empties out the load so as To give the cart at ip. —W. B. Dunlevy, in the Criterion.

### Sermon to Moderate Drinkers

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Liquor Drinking a Cause of Poverty.

Liquor Drinking a Cause of Poverty. Liquor drinking as a cause of poverty was the subject discussed by the Rev. Mad-sion C. Peters at the special services held in the Ninth Regiment Armory, New York (ity, recently. Dr. Peters said that the temperance question, not as a moral, so-question, would at some time become the barning question of the day. He quoted statistics to show that the money spent for the maintenance of the National Gov-eroposed labor legislation would not im-proposed labor legislation would not fur-proposed labor legislation would not do as much in abolishing poverty as closed sa-soons. It had been stated by the inte Jo-seph Medill, who had closely studied the question, that had the money spent by the hording classes during the last ten years for drink been expended for railroad stock the wage-carners of the country would on the thad been invested in buildings er of his own house.

### A Great Writer's Warning

A Great Writer's Warning. The heartrending cry of Charles Lamb, one of the most brilliant writers of his day, should ring in every young man's ears as a warning against the first glass of any in-toxicant. He wrote: "The waters have gone over me, but out of the black depths, could I be heard, I

to the earth to rise again, after many seasons of sun and shower, as prairie flowers and salt grass. Their bellow-ing was reduced to a moan almost human in its misery, for the one voice common to all created things, animal or human, is the voice of suffering. The Missourian, a great, hulking young fellow, was first of the men to show signs of weakening. That is the most terrible moment in all like experi-ences, when the men who have held on grimly and endured together see one of their number losing his grip. This had been an ill-assorted outfit when they started out with the cattle across to the earth to rise again, after many

they started out with the cattle across they started out with the cattle across the plains, but standing together, shoulder to shoulder, defying death against fearful odds knits a man deep-ly into the life of his fellow. Among these men there was no spoken sym-pathy, no overt act of kindness, but in their very sullenness was that grim-mest of all sacrifices, each man endur-ing in stoic silence in order that he mest of all sacrifices, each man endur-ing in stoic silence in order that he might not intrude his own sufferings upon his already overcrowded neigh-bor. The clinching of the lips to sup-press a groan when one is thirst-mad-dened may require more heroism than facing a cannon with flags flying and drums beating, inasmuch as 'he that ruleth his own spirit is greater than

ired the publisher, as he toy with

quired the publisher, as he toyed with his diamond studied seal. "Yes," said the author, eagerly, as he drew a balky wad of manuscript fron a much soiled newspaper. "I've got an original story here that is sim-

ply great." "What's great about it?" "What's great about it?" "The dialect. It's all Boer." The publisher slightly started. "That seems like a good thing," id. "Let's hear a little of it."

said The author moistened his lips, un-

The author moistened his hps, un-folded the manuscript, and began: "The bronzed young Uitlander paused beside the spruit, which was now little more than a dusty sluit. He had come through the krantz, and over the koise and stright across the level the nek, and along the poort, and past the kopie, and straight across the level veldt, and he was tired. Raising his bottle of dop to his lips he was disap-pointed to find it was empty. He filled the flask at the fontein, in the kloof, close to the drift, and, moustening a little biltong, ate eagerly. "I wish I had some mealies," he muttered, "but I can't expect it until I reach the next kraal. Even then I doubt the wisdom of showing myself. I feel preity sure that the zarps we ep nt on my track as soon as the voorlooper recognized me.""

haud.

"Splendid!" he cried. "That's just what we've been looking for. We'll have it on the bookstands in ten just days. Can you fill a sequel with some more of the same rot?"

And the happy author said he thought he could. -Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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Note: Teach to be the whole book read at one sliting. Abbreviation is not depreciation. On the platform of this new institution this spectacular, under the care of the very best men and women in the spectacular, under the care of the very best men and women in the spectacular, under the care of the very best men and women in the spectacular, under the care of the very best men and women in the spectacular, under the care of the very best men and women in the spectacular, under the care of the very best men and women in the spectacular spectra and the very spectra of the very best is not fit to be seen or heard by live people become fit to be seen or heard by live people become fit to be seen or heard by live people become fit to be seen or heard by live all the scenes of the drama will be as chaste as was ever a lecture by Edward Everett or a sermon by F. W. Robertson. On that platform there shall be no carouser, no inebriate, an or oprian, no foe of good morals, masculine or feminine.

of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have not set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth to whom the flavor of the flast wine is as delicious as the opening scenes of life, or the entering upon some newly discov-ered paradise, look into my desolation and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when he shall feel hinself going down a precipice with open eyes and pas-sive will-to see all godiness emptied out of him, and yet not be able to forget the time it was otherwise-to hear about the pitcous spectacle of his own ruin; could he see my feverish eye, feverish with last for to-night's drinking, and feverish looking for to-night's repetition of the folly; could he but feel the body of death out of which I ery hourly with feebler outcry to be de-livered, it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth, in all the pride of its manting temptation."

Cat-o'-Nine Tails For Drunkards.

Cat-c'-Nine Tails For Drunkards. South Carolina having abolished the sa-loon and substituted the dispensary, she now proposes to establish hospitals for drunkards, where thirst will be treated as a disease. If along with bromides and tonice the oat-to-inhe tails should be pre-scribed for inebriates who neglect or abust their wives and children, the innovatiot would work wonderful cures. The one danger of dealing with drunkenness as a disease is that it may be forgotten that drunkenness is also a vice.-Philadelphie North American.

The Crusade in Brief. South Carolina has ordered its illegal "beer dispensaries" closed. Taking a drop and taking a tumble are not synonymous, but one may lead to the other.

other. For several years forty-seven per cent, of the prison committals in Ireland cou-sisted of drunkards. There are 2750 juvenile temperance so-cleties in the primary schools of Belgium, more than half of all these schools in the country containing such societies. "From my native town soventeen men went to Maulia; one came home a corpse and sizteen came home drunkards," This is the statement of an Illinois man.

London's Crystal Palace is to have a ne