

THE CIRCUS OF LIFE.

I went to a circus one day, dears,
And the name of the circus was Life
And Fate took the cash at the door,
dears,
For she was the manager's wife;
She gave me a very good seat, dears,
Where I could see all of the show,
And she said her husband named
Death, dears,
Would say when the time was to go.

The wrestlers and tumblers came out,
dears,
And O, they were splendidly dressed—
In purple and scarlet and green, dears,
And spangles and tinsel the best—
They smiled and they bowed and they
waved, dears,
With the loveliest, easiest grace,
And unless you looked hard you could
not, dears,
See the powder and paint on each
face.

Then there was the funniest clown,
dears,
And O, how we laughed at each
joke:—
If back of the scenes he have wept,
dears,
Pray what does it matter good folk?
That tumbler high up in the air, dears,
Flying out in that terrible leap—
You would dine just the same if he
fell, dears,
And lose not a single night's sleep.

When we've been at this circus some
time, dears,
(Some moments or years—all the
same—)
The tinsel grows tarnished and dull,
dears,
The clown's jokes grow silly and
tame,
We are all of us secretly bored, dears,
Still we might as well stay till the
end,
We must at the poorest of shows, dears,
Get the most for the money we
spend.

Beside, what's outside of the tent,
dears?
Death will soon enough tell us to go,
And just what comes after the show,
dears,
Ah, that is the thing we don't know,
So presently laugh at the clown,
dears,
And pretend to your neighbor you're
gay.
Depend on it—back of his smiles, dears,
He is feeling the very same way.

And applaud when the girl walks the
rope, dears,
I know its small pleasure to you—
But its less of a pleasure to her, dears,
See her strain every sinew and then;
And whatever you say or you do,
dears,
Insist that the tinsel is gold,
You've more chance to keep a good
seat, dears,
If you're partially blind, I am told.

Then hey! for the circus of life Life,
dears,
And ho! for the funniest clown;
Were ever such wonderful feats, dears,
So little to jeer at or frown?
We wouldn't go out if we could, dears,
(Though we couldn't go out if we
would.)

The circus was cheap at the price,
dears,
We would come hear 'gain if we
could.

A CIRCUS IN HIMSELF.

A middle-aged man, whose face bore the imprint of that great household virtue, patience, leading a little boy by the hand, elbowed his way through a crowd at a circus.

We'll sit here Jimmie, where we can see everything, said he. Now we are all right.

The boy gazed in astonishment at the vast crowd, remained silent for a few moments then said:

Papa, papa.

Well?

When will the showman come? After a while.

Do them men over there with the horns belong to the show?

Oh, yes.

And, does that man standin' there by that pole own the show?

No; that's a town marshal.

What's a town marshal?

A man that arrests people.

How arrests them?

Puts them in jail.

Will he put you in jail?

O, no.

Why?

Because I haven't done anything.

How done anything?

Why I haven't been bad.

But you could knock him down if he tried to put you in jail, couldn't you?

I suppose so.

And then he'd let you alone, wouldn't he?

I think so.

The band struck up, and the performance began. The boy becom-

ing all eyes for a time lost his tongue.

There's the clown said the father, but the next moment regretted having said anything, for the boy wanted to know what was a clown.

Why, he's the man that makes the people laugh.

Will he make you laugh.

Well I think not.

Why.

Because I have seen him so often Will he make me laugh.

I think so.

Why.

Hush, now, and look at the performance.

What's the performance.

The acting.

What's the acting.

What the actors do in the ring.

What's the ring.

That or—that round place out there. Look at the lady on the horse.

Does mamma ride that way.

Of course not. What do you mean.

Last night when you came home, you told her every time you stayed out late she got on a high horse.

I was joking.

What's joking.

For goodness sake, hush. See, all those people are looking at you.

What for.

O, I don't know.

Why.

Listen now. The clown's going to sing.

What for.

Hush!

Why.

If you don't hush I'll take you home.

A few moments of silence followed. One of the clowns said something, the audience roared and the boy, turning to his father, asked why the people laughed.

Laughing at what the clown said.

What did he say.

I don't know.

What made you laugh, then.

Hush.

Why! What did he say.

Announcing the concert.

What's the concert.

A slow.

This show.

No.

Another show.

Ah, hah.

Where.

Here.

Right now.

No.

When.

My gracious alive if you don't hush I'll take you home. You are worse than the nettle rash!

What's the nettle rash.

It's—it's—oh, I don't know!

What made you say I am worse than it then.

Are you going to hush, glaring at the boy.

Yes, sir.

Well, see that you do, now.

After a short silence he broke out again concerning the man who sold song-books.

What does he want to sell them for.

For money.

To buy candy with.

Ah, hah.

Has he got any boys.

I don't know.

Why.

Great Caesar! Didn't I tell you to hush.

Who is Caesar.

A man. Hush.

Ah, hah, abstractedly.

Could he jump over a horse.

Yes, musically.

Did you know him.

Ah, hah.

Who is he ever see him.

Yes.

Does mamma know him.

Know who, arousing himself.

Canar.

No, no. What are you talking about.

Do you like him.

Come on, now; we are going home.

What for.

The show is over.

Are you going to stay for the concert? some one asked.

Not if I can help it, the father replied.

Shortly afterward a man leading a bang-back boy, might have been seen walking across a lot. The man sighed deeply, and the boy asked:

What made you do that.

A CHANCE FOR THE GIRLS.

It is probable that a good many of the fair, and at least an equal number of the unfair sex, have scarcely but a thought upon the fact that 1888, being evenly ended by four, is a leap year, in which Ladies' Law, as it is called, may prevail.

In three years out of every four man has the privilege of 'popping the question,' and the annoyance of sometimes having a plain-spoken 'No' for the reply. On the fourth year a woman may propose, if it so pleases her.

As the matter is generally understood, a lady has the privilege, in leap year, of suggesting an union by religious rites and with legal sanction between herself and a bachelor acquaintance. In the event of his refusing, the penalty is that the ungallant gentleman shall present the tender damsel with a new silk dress.

There is a reservation, however, that the right to claim the penalty depends on the circumstances that, when she proposed, the damsel was the wearer of a scarlet petticoat, which (or a little of the lower portion of which) she must exhibit to the gentleman, the understood idea being that the silken dress shall cover the petticoat, and thus assuage dire feminine indignation at the rejection of her offered hand.

It is said that in a work entitled 'Courtship, Love and Marriage,' published in 1606, ten years before the death of Shakespeare, is this explanation regarding ladies' privileges in leap year:

'About it is now become a part of the common law, in regard to social relations of life, that as every bachelorette doth return, the ladies have the sole privilege, during the time it continueth, of making love unto the man, which they do, either by words or looks as to them it seemeth proper; and, moreover, no man will be entitled to benefit of clergy who doth in any wise treat her proposal with slight or contempt.'

What do you propose to do about it girls? Will you assert your rights and scoop in a nice young man? Ye blunders, with golden tresses, violet eyes and pearly complexions, ye bristles, in all the glory of your raven tresses, languishing brown orbs and bangs—and ye potent white horse barometer, with your luxuriant auburn tresses, will you go forth in the world this year, freed from honest nature's rules, and gather in your masculine idea? Sav, girls, isn't it time that all this jesting about your leap year privileges should end?

There are hundreds of young men right here in Snyder who would make first rate husbands, and yet they show no symptoms of becoming Benedictees. Perhaps it is because they are too bashful. The bashful young man may be as brave as a lion, but you take all the starch out of him when you put in appearance, and you know it! Now, don't be coquettish and take a feline delight in torturing him, but drop a word in season. It's leap year, you know, and you need not be backward. Don't mind what people may say, but go in for yourself or some other girl may catch him. You have an illustrious to go by. No less a personage than Queen Victoria popped the question when she saw that Albert wanted to but was afraid, so sail in and make things run a little more smoothly this year.

P. T. Barnum's Own Gift.

Mr. P. T. Barnum, the famous showman, from the fact that his great story "My Plucky Boy Tom" has proved such an immense success in "The New York Family Story Paper," has determined to present to all subscribers to that paper, while his story lasts, a beautiful souvenir in the shape of a Portfolio. This Portfolio contains illustrations of all the wild animals that will appear in his show the coming season. "The New York Family Story Paper" for four months and "Barnum's Portfolio," as this beautiful souvenir is called, will be sent to any address for the small sum of \$1.00, the regular price of paper. This is certainly an opportunity which our readers should take advantage of. Address, Munro's Publishing House, 24 & 26 Vandewater street, New York.

"MAKING UP WITH HER."

We old fellows have all been there, and we can remember all about it. We loved her—guess we did!—and we knew that she loved in return. But one day she gave Sam Tompkins a smile, and she let Tom Watkins walk home with her under her umbrella, or she did some other simple thing, and we got buffy. We loved her all the time, but we sat down and wrote her a letter, dating it midnight, saying we wanted all those letters and that ring, and that photograph back. We hoped she wouldn't return 'em, but we felt a malicious pleasure in publishing her. The letter was sent, or handed to her personally, and we met her with a cold "good morning" as she came to school, but bestowed our best smile on Lavina Wedge, the loveliest girl in school.

Our heart ached when we looked across the desks and saw her slyly reading the letter and trying to keep back the tears; but we went over to the girl in front to borrow a geography, and to the second girl in front to borrow a grammar and we were entirely unconscious of the presence of the girl we loved. We stood beside her in the class as straight as a pole, never letting on we saw her, and the natural agreement that if one missed the other should do the same, in order to keep together was broken. We tried to feel maliciously glad when we went to the head of the class and left her near the foot, but we couldn't do it.

We went on this way for three or four days. Once in a while we caught her looking at us with a sad, sweet smile, as if she was some poor orphan, with no friend in the world; and her note said that she couldn't part with the letters and the keepsakes. We held out bravely until it began to hurt us the most, and then we got ready to "make up." It couldn't be done suddenly, that would be acknowledging our wrong; we waited until noon, and there she was sitting by her desk in her seat, we began looking for a lost book. We thought it was under the seat next to her's, and while we were looking for it she spoke. We heard but pretended not to, and she spoke again. Then we coldly replied, but sat down beside her and asked if "she had those letters with her?" She said no, and we moved nearer. She said it wasn't her fault, and we said it wasn't ours, and somehow our fingers touched.

No one knew what a burden of anxiety was rolled away in five minutes, how much clearer the afternoon sun shone for it. She seemed dearer than ever before, and when the brown eyes cleared the tears away, and the merry dimples came back, we wondered how we could have been such an unfeeling wretch, and yet it was the same thing over in less than six weeks.

Ah, me! Those lovers who have had a smooth path, and married without having quarrels and make-ups and jealousies, will never know what true love is.

The Oldest Scout in the West.

In a humble home on Snake River, near the boundary line between Colorado and Wyoming, lives Jim Baker. He is familiarly known as the Old Man of the Mountains. For over fifty years he has been a hunter, trapper, scout and guide, on the frontier. After half a century of thrilling adventure, both on the plains and in the mountains, his almost iron constitution refuses to yield its strength to changing time. He is now over eighty years of age, and many say older, but he laughs at his years and says he is still young. His eye is keen and quick as an eagle's, even through the burden of four score years is resting upon him. His hair is long and silken and white as the mountain snow. The locks are curly, and flowing far down his shoulders, make him look verily the patriarch of the Rocky mountain country that he is. His is the most characteristic face in all the frontier. It is as rough as the unhewn and rugged rocks, and the sharp, rough features show the strength and nerve that have always characterized him.

When Jim Baker, with only his rifle for a companion, left Independence, Mo., in 1836, which was then the border line of civilization, all of the vast region west of Missouri

River was almost an unknown and unexplored country—a wilderness.

lots which adventurous spirits were eager to enter. Only here and there in this great expanse of country did he find a hunter and trapper, but commonwealths have sprung up since then, and nearly eight million people now live between the Missouri River and the Golden Gate.

There is no longer a frontier in its old time meaning. The trails from the Columbia to the Rio Grand and from the great plains east of the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Coast he has traversed hundreds of times. There is not a mountain range or stream in all the West that he has not crossed, and before even the first streaks of civilization came with a new light, he hunted and trapped for the old fur dealers on the Columbia. He was with Fremont and Gilpin when they first placed a trail across the great continent divided to the Pacific. He was a scout with Doniphan's men on their famous march to Mexico, being with Gilpin's detachment. He was a guide for Albert Snyder Johnson on his unfortunate expedition against the Mormons, and was a scout with Henry in his great battle with the Indians at Ash Hollow. There has hardly been an Indian war in the West in which he has not participated, and especially those with the Indians on the plains. His last work as a scout was at the time of the Meeker massacre, when the Utes made their outbreak. For many years he was a Government scout and was the oldtime friend of Kit Carson and next to him acknowledged to be the best rifle shot in the West, for let it always be remembered that Kit Carson never was excelled by any as a marksman. Kit Carson and Jim Baker for years were boon companions and tried and trusty friends. Together they fought many a battle with the Indians and went through hundreds of adventures and hair-breadth escapes. Hence Kit Carson spoke from experience when he said: "I have never met a man in all the Rocky Mountain country who had a nerve like Jim Baker's." They both married squaws and lived happily with them. Baker fell in love with a Shoshone Indian maid, courted her and won her, after the style of her tribe, and by her has raised a family of half-breeds well known in the West. Some say that Baker and Carson married sisters, but that cannot be stated as fact.—New York World.

A Dead Dog Wins a Fight.

A somewhat remarkable story is going the rounds of Long Island City says, the New York Sun. It is about the result of a dog-fight between Ben, a brindle and Spot, a white and black spaniel. The brutes fought two hours and eighteen minutes, the honors being about even. They were so exhausted that they were separated for a moment. The dog Ben died in his handler's custody. The death was not quickly noticed by the spectators. Time was called by the referee and the handlers held up the dead dog in such a position that he appeared alive and ready to renew the fight. The handler of Spot also appeared on the other side of the pit with his dog. The latter released the animal, which instead of grappling with his antagonist, turned tail. The referee at once declared Ben victorious.

A Cincinnati man, whose favorite driving mare fell sick, turned her out to pasture among a lot of mules. While she lay, too feeble to care what was going on, they ate her mane and tail off as thoroughly as a barber could have cut them. The mare can still trot in 2:30, but she looks queer.

A QUESTION ABOUT Brown's Iron Bitters ANSWERED.

The question has probably been asked thousands of times: "How can I cure my rheumatism?" Well, it doesn't. But it does cure any disease which is a result of a deficient supply of iron in the blood. The iron in the blood is the life-giving element, and it is the most important factor in successful medical practice. It is, however, a fact that the iron in the blood is constantly being consumed, and it is necessary to replenish it. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is the best and most reliable preparation of iron that is known. It is a pure and healthful tonic, and it is the only one that is guaranteed to cure the disease. It is the only one that is guaranteed to cure the disease. It is the only one that is guaranteed to cure the disease.

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for Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is recommended as a superior to any prescription known to man. It is a safe and reliable medicine, and it is the only one that is guaranteed to cure the disease.

For complete information, see the following: Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is recommended as a superior to any prescription known to man. It is a safe and reliable medicine, and it is the only one that is guaranteed to cure the disease.

HAVE YOU RHEUMATISM?

A remedy that has been in successful use for many years in Europe, and was only lately introduced in this country.

RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE

This Remedy has an endorsement of Continental Physicians and Government Sanitary Commissions, as well as the thousands of cures to whom it has brought relief. It has saved others—all who have tried it.

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From further agony, if you will only give it a chance.

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