BE NOT WEARY.

Oh, weary housewife, struggling on,
Beneath a weight of toil and care,
With aching feet, and anxious brow,
Thy burden seems so hard to bear.
Tired of the oft-recurring task,
And never-ceasing daily round,
Dost sometimes wonder if sweet rest
On hither side the grave were found?

Have heart of patience, weary one,
Lest thou may'st "pass beneath the rod."
And all the loved thou laborest for,
Like mine, beneath the silent sod,
Shall sleep in God's Green Acre; where
Nor loving words, nor bitter tears,
May call them to thy side again,
Through the long vista of the years.

For if I might resume my load—
(And ah! it seemed so heavy then)
How eagerly I'd lift it up,
And now, content, go on again.
What though with busy hand and brain,
And weary, aching feet the while,
Methinks I could toil on and on,
With joyous heart and cheery smile.

Yea, I have leisure now, for now
Is the last loving service done.
But ah, my heart! a weary round
I still pursue from sun to sun.
My soul grieves for the loved and lost
That dwell upon the spirit shore;
My cup of joy I thrust aside,
And I shall quaff its sweets no more.

Deem not thy life ill spent: for God
Counts homely task and trifling deed,
If they be done for love of Him;
And surely thou'lt receive the meed
Of praise and righteous just reward,
When He shall say to thee: "Well done,
Come dwell with me forevermore;
Receive the crown, thou faithful one."

Then bravely lift thy drooping head,
And show the world a smiling face;
And thou shalt conquer all; for God
To those who ask Him giveth grace.
And if thou make a happy home,
Where sweet content shall reign supreme,
Thy work shall more enduring be
Than sculptor's skill, or poet's dream.
—Ingar Ingram, in Housekeeper.

HARMONY AT BOOMOPOLIS.

By William M. Tisdale.

CAP'N JENKINS wa'n't no dude, but he wuz mighty fine lookin' all the same, 'specially when he wore his velvet coat, his Mexican sombrero with the silver braid, his buckskin ridin' breeches, an' his gilt spurs. On them 'casions Mrs. Jenkins use to foller him 'roun' till satisfied thet he wus safe 'mongst us boys an' 'way frum the ladies. None of us hed ever seen 'nother velvet coat like that one within a hundred mile of Boomopolis. So, when Mr. C'l'b Perkins, hailin' straight frum Boston, as claimed ter be an artist a-huntin' "local color" fer his sketches, dropped inter Doc Morey's place with 'nother velvet coat an' a sombrero, an' him Jenkins' size to an inch—why us boys all fairly gasped fer breath an' Mr. Perkins found jest what he wuz a-lookin' fer.

'Twuz th' evenin' of the day when the Chinese bunkhouse at the Golden Wedge mine wus blowed up with dynamite. Who blowed her up nobody knew, but we all sespicioned Baldy Bowers—big man, bad man. Never havin' did a lick of work in his life, it naturally guv Baldy a pain ter see a Chinaman a-workin', so quiet an' patient-like, same's a burro, never sayin' nothin', 'cept a leetle gee-hawin' oncet in awhile 'mongst his own kind, an' never standin' treat. Baldy probably lit the fuse to thet charge of dynamite out of pure, all-'roun' cussedness, jest to make a row an' hurt somebody. But in this last he wuz disapp'inted, fer, barrin' a broken leg or two, the Chinamen go off alive. Seems like a Chinaman hez ez many lives ez a cat, anyway.

We wuz all discussin' this event that evenin' in Doc Morey's place an' Cap'n Jenkins remarked that 'twuz a low-down, cowardly trick. He wuz no friend of th' imported Chinese hirelin', but he b'lieved in fair play. He w'dn't shoot a dog with a rope 'roun' its neck or murder a cat in its sleep. The man thet hed done this thing wuz no gentleman, an' if the cap'n only knew fer certain who 'twuz, he'd take pleasure in lickin' him within an inch of his wuthless life. We c'd see Baldy Bowers' eyes flame up, like a coal when you blow it to light your pipe, but he didn't say nothin'—not in words. By an' by the boys cummenced to deal fer seven-up an' Baldy invited the cap'n to play a game of cribbage. 'Twas a queer invite at sech a time, but the cap'n consented, an' they sot down at a table by themselves, ordered drinks fer the crowd, an' commenced to play.

Now, I don't know nothin' 'bout cribbage, or old maid, or any of them ladies' games with keerds, but we all saw thet there wuz the makin' of a good-sized row in thet 'ere game. It run 'long kinder monoternous fer awhile, "fifteen-two, fifteen-four, fifteen-six—go," an' all the rest of the childish lingo. The cap'n played very slow and keerless, reachin' fer the cards with that leetle, white, wiry hand of his, softly an' quietly ez if he wuz half asleep, an' Baldy kep' a-bangin' the keerds down onto the table, an' a-rippin' out a lot of big Greaser cuss-words, an' a-countin' in a voice like a bass drum, an' then, of course, they quarreled 'bout the countin'. That wuz what the game wuz for.

Cap'n Jenkins insisted 'twuz fair to count one way, an' Baldy swore the rule wuz t'other way. I don't know which wuz right an' I don't care. But pretty soon Baldy ses: "Cap'n Jenkins, you're a-countin' wrong ag'n; you're a-tryin' to cheat ag'n."

"You're a liar," sed the cap'n, turnin' a shade or two whiter, like he wuz gettin' hot.

Then Baldy made a leetle play thet hed often took the starch out of bigger men than Jenkins. He riz up to his six feet two, an' throwed off his coat, an' rolled up his shirtsleeves, showin' the muscles on his arm, 'bout ez big ez a keg of beer, an' he ses: "Cap'n Jenkins, you leetle whiffet, I'm a-goin' to lick you right now."

"You're a liar," sed the cap'n, an' he slowly riz up onto his feet.

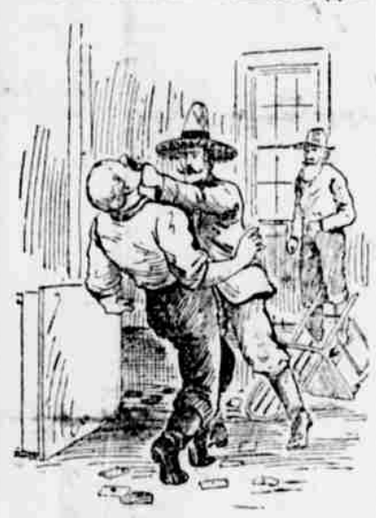
Nobody rightly knowed jest how it happened, but when Baldy drew his big, sledge-hammer fist back, the leetle table that they'd been a-playin' on flew up between 'em, an' Baldy's fist came smash a'gin' it. As it tumbled to the floor with a clatter, Cap'n Jenkins sorter riz up in th' air an' brung his left ish like a streak of lightnin' a'gin' the pint of Baldy's chin. The big feller jest clapsed. His whole body stiffened. He gripped the floor a second or two with his heels an' then he went smash, full length onto his back, with a jar thet shook the buildin'. 'Twuz full five minits by the watch afore he moved a muscle.

Ez soon's Baldy c'd stan' up an' take a glass of whisky he went out of the back door an' Cap'n Jenkins went out of the front door. We all knowed thet the nex' thing to come 'long w'd be a leetle gun play, an' whilst the two principals wuz gone fer their tools we all took a drink—an' three or four as wuz sensitive to the sight of gore slipped out an' spread the news of what wuz a-comin'.

That wuz how C'l'b Perkins happened t' 'pear on the scene. Havin' come to town arter dark he wuz eatin' his supper at the Transcontinental when he heered the news, an' he rushed over to Morey's thinkin' he might swipe a sketch off'n th' incident. You c'd hev knocked us fellers down with a feather when he sprung inter the room, like he wuz shot out of a gun, an' looked 'roun' sorter dazed by the lights an' the queer look on our faces. Skeered a little, too, I reckon, for his voice sorter trembled as he sed: "Gentlemen, will you hev a drink with me?"

Perkins poured out 'bout a finger of whisky in a glass an' wuz jest a-raisin' it to his lips when the back door flung open—t'ords which Perkins' back wuz turned—an' a big gun come in, follered by Baldy Powers. 'Thout waitin' a second he pulled the trigger, aimin' right at the center of that velvet coat—the back of it. But Tony Moore, the barkeep, wuz too quick for him all the same. He knocked the muzzle of the gun down with an empty bottle, an' the bullet nipped the heel off of Perkins' boot, an' the blood ran out onto the floor. Of course Perkins' wuz s'prized. He catched up the heel in his hand an' stood an' hollered. Jest then the sheriff, who'd been a-waitin' outside till arter the shootin', t' arrest the survivor, if any, came in an' nabbed Baldy.

Cap'n Jenkins wuz the ca'mest man of the lot in the confusion thet follered. Sech a shout as went up when he 'peared on the scene. He hed a six-shooter in each han' when he stepped



"AG'IN' THE PINT OF BALDY'S CHIN."

inter the front door, but he dropped one inter each pocket of his velvet coat an' stood smilin', first at C'l'b Perkins, artist, still a-howlin' with pain, an' then at Baldy Powers, who wuz a-sulkin' in the grasp of the law. Then he shed his sombrero, an' made a bow all 'roun', an' sed, in that soft an' courtly voice of his, an' allers the happy thing at the right time:

"Tony, set out the Bourbon, an' ev'rybody take a drink with me."

Nex' day the sheriff tried to git somebody to swear out a c'mplaint ag'in' Baldy. But the cap'n sed he wuz satisfied an' hadn't no c'mplaint to make. Baldy hed insulted him an' he hed licked him good—that wuz all right. An' Perkins' sore head didn't hurt him none—no fault at all to find with that. He b'lieved in brethren a-dwellin' together in unity, an' in peace an' hormony an' good-will. He wuz willin' to fergive Baldy Powers fer bein' licked, an' didn't want to see him sent up to the county jail. No, he wa'n't afeard thet Baldy 'd tackle him ag'in. Some friend of Baldy's guv Perkins a new $12 pair of boots an' persuaded him thet a leetle thinnin' of his blood wuz good fer his health in sech a dry climate. So he w'dn't make no complaint, an' Bowers wuz turned loose. But he left town same day an' we never see him ag'in.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Pathetic Incident.

An exchange prints a pretty and pathetic story said to have been related by Prof. Gallaudet, the well-known instructor of deaf mutes. The professor has a favorite pupil—a little deaf mute boy, exceptionally bright. Mr. Gallaudet asked him if he knew the story of George Washington and the cherry tree. With his nimble fingers the little one said he did, and proceeded to repeat it. The noiseless gestulations continued until the boy had informed the professor of the elder Washington's discovery of the mutilated tree and of his quest for the mutilator. "When George's father asked him who hacked his favorite cherry tree," signalled the voiceless child, "George put his hatchet in his left hand—" "Stop," interrupted the professor. "Where do you get your authority for saying he took the hatchet in his left hand?" "Why," responded the boy, "he needed his right hand to tell his father that he cut the tree."—Youth's Companion.

Utilizing Niagara's Power.

The first use of Niagara's power was made in 1725, a primitive sawmill being operated. Nothing more was done until 1842, when Augustus Porter conceived the plan of hydraulic canals, and in 1861 one of them was completed.

It Rocked.

Gobang—What sort of a trip did you have coming from Europe?

Ukerdek—Awful. Sick all the time. There must have been at least a dozen of the fools who rock a boat on board.—Town Topics.

Lost Forever.

"You say you lost a son last year. What did he die of?"

"Oh, he isn't dead. He married a hawk-billed widow who runs a select boarding house and has never been noticed since."—N. Y. Journal.

Needs of Cooperation.

"The meek, you know, are to inherit the earth."

"That's all right, but they will have to get the cheeky to collect it for them."—Chicago Record.

A Belated Discovery.

"Was he secretary or treasurer of the company?"

"Well, they supposed he was only secretary until after he had gone."—Chicago Journal.

Left in Bad Shape.

"I see your son has turned out an artist, Mr. Gibbs. How did that happen?"

"I dunno, sor, his mother thinks he was left that way by the measles."—N. Y. Truth.

Practical Piety.

"What is a devotional attitude, grandpa?"

"Getting down into your trousers pockets for a dollar to send to the heathen."—Brooklyn Life.

Years ago, when one of the now bursted Wichita banks was running, its officials cause a certain money borrower to insure his life and transfer the policy to the bank as security. Year after year the bank paid the premium and kept the policy alive. The other day the man died and the receiver of the bankrupt institution collected $7,500 from the insurance. It turned out to be the best investment the bank had ever made.

Gov. Bushnell, of Ohio, gave a pardon to Ralph Wintersgill, a life prisoner, on Christmas day, which was promptly refused. Wintersgill is now 70 years old and has served 20 years. In declining the pardon he said the state had unfitted him for life and that he did not care to go back in his old age to a world that had forgotten him and preferred that the state should continue to care for him to the end.

A chopper of wood in Milo, Me., was found at work recently with a huge cowbell attached to his back in such a manner that every motion of his body caused a clangor likely to drive away timid wildcats and shatter the stillness of the forest. When asked why he persisted in creating such a disturbance, he remarked: "No fool shoots me for a deer." They must have some more green hunters up in Maine.