

THE MOUNTAIN.

Behind the mountain the sun creeps down,
Yet a band of his golden, misty light,
Like the mountain's grand, aerial crown,
He casts athwart of the purple height.
Where the great pine forests are rich and
And the rocks are blue on the scarry steep.

O mountain, sweet is the slow farewell
Of the summer day with its trailing beam!
From the huge old trees where the fairies dwell
To lower, savage rocks the gleam;
While the dark blue shadow, serene and cold,
Ascends thy breast with its mantling fold.

By her green, dim curtains of dusk and
Away from the warm and festive light,
Earth bears thee back in the solemn night
To the realm of her old, aerial height:
She bears thee, O mountain, ever penive child,
Through loneliness across her undisturbed!

And the tones of thy rivers are praying
God,
They murmur their chants of the deep
And sweet are the ferns of thy mossy side
As when they sprang to the heat sub-
And thy brow is red by the rising stars
As when it glared from the glacial bars.

The golden light from thy outmost pines
Is gathered home to immensity,
And thy calm, unwearied, eternal lines
Are darkly drawn on the rose-dusted sky.
While forever past, and forever more,
With one deep longing thou dost adore!

—Irene Putnam, in Youth's Companion.

The Cloverburg Comedy.

NEAR Cloverburg, Ky., lived two very respectable old gentlemen. They owned contiguous bluegrass farms, each of generous acreage. Both men were descended from good old Kentucky stock, and both were extremely proud of their unstained and honorable lineage.

Esquire Israel Longacre, who got his title from having been at one time a country magistrate, was about 66 years of age, of rotund figure and strong constitution.

He carried his years well, and although possessed of a naturally kind heart, was at times subject to violent attacks of cholera, during which periods of temporary insanity he would neither reason himself nor listen to the reasoning of others.

He married, late in life, a very estimable lady, and had one daughter—a beautiful and accomplished girl—who, at the time of which I write, was just budding into womanhood.

The squire's wife had died four years previous, and since that time his household affairs had been managed by his only unmarried sister, a lady of cheerful age, spare figure and vinegary temper.

The squire—albeit all people and all things were usually subservient to his will—had a mortal dread of his spinster sister, and a wholesome respect for her sharp tongue.

She had absolute control of household matters, and as the squire never interfered with her arrangements, the pair got along very nicely together.

Both loved the beautiful girl who had grown up to womanhood under their eyes, and the heart of the old squire could always be approached through Nellie, who was the image of her dead mother.

The daughter and her aunt—who rejoiced in the name of Dorothea Longacre—never quarreled, and taken together the Longacre household machine moved smoothly.

The Longacres' nearest neighbor was Col. Anson Shortrood, who at one period of his life rode at the head of a valiant regiment of militia.

The colonel was a widower of long standing, his excellent spouse having departed this life several years ago, leaving to him, as a legacy, a boy, now grown into a manhood, who was named Anson, junior, after his father, and who was a model of industry and sobriety.

The colonel's household goddess was a boxom widow, Mrs. Abigail Sloan, who was related to the head of the household by marriage, being the only sister of his late consort.

The colonel was 55 or thereabouts, was tall, angular and bony, and displayed no unrelenting and unyielding in opposition.

The colonel and the squire had lived neighbors for 20 years, and up to about six months previous to the occurrence I am about to describe, were warm friends.

They fell out over a trifling matter. The colonel owned a fine flock of merino sheep, of which he was very proud. The squire was the possessor of a large mastiff dog, of whose intelligence and good qualities he was always boasting.

One of his animals, supposed to be a sheep-killing dog, broke into the colonel's fold, killed a valuable buck and mangled several ewes.

When the doughty military chieftain discovered his loss he was furious, and stormed in true soldierly style.

"What dog could have done it?" inquired the son, who had been attracted to the spot by his father's storm of words.

"Why, that cur of Squire Longacre's," bawled his father. "He shall pay me heavy damages, or I'll have the law on him."

"I don't think—" began the son.

"That's plain to be seen," sniffed the widow. "But what, in goodness, has brought it on?"

"A dog broke into the fold last night, killed a fine buck, and crippled several ewes."

"For pity's sake! Well, I never!

That's enough to make a man mad! Whose dog was it?"

"He thinks it was Squire Longacre's."

"Not Bruno?"

"I believe he has only one dog."

"Well, I for one, don't think Bruno will kill sheep. I know he will not, and the squire is too neighborly and too wise a man to quarrel with, just on a suspicion like that."

"They'll quarrel, though," said young Anson. "Father has gone over there, mad, and the first word he utters will start the squire."

"It's a great pity," commented Mrs. Sloan.

"That's what I say," assented Anson.

And he walked through the kitchen and sought his own room.

He seated himself at a desk which stood in one corner, and drew to "Well, don't think, then!" bellowed his father. "I'll do the thinking."

"But—"

"Shut up!" roared the colonel, frothing at the mouth.

And young Anson was silent.

The colonel hurried back to the house for his cane, and in a few minutes was striding across the field in the direction of Squire Longacre's mansion.

"What's the matter with your father?" asked buxom Mrs. Sloan, as young Anson entered the kitchen, where she was at work, shortly after the departure of his sire.

"He's got one of his mad spells on," was the answer.

ward his pen and paper. After a few minutes' hesitation, he dashed off a few lines, read what he had written carefully, and placed the sheet in an envelope.

After directing it, he affixed a stamp, and putting the letter in an inner pocket, left the house by a rear door, and walked across the field toward the village.

He dropped the letter in the box at the post office, and returned directly home. When he reached there, he met his father.

"Anson," said the colonel sharply, "that scoundrel, Longacre, refuses to pay for the sheep his dog killed, and I'm going to bring suit against him."

"Yes, sir."

"I've noticed lately that you've been paying that girl of his a good deal of attention. I want that stopped."

"Yes, sir."

"If I hear of you being together again, I'll disinherit you. She's as bad as her father, and he's no better than a thief. His sister, Miss Dorothea, is a very clever woman, and the only really decent person about the house."

Mrs. Abigail Sloan, who usually spoke of Miss Dorothea Longacre as that "blue-faced old maid," told young Anson that night that she for one did not believe in these neighborly quarrels, and she meant to tell Squire Longacre that she had no hand in the matter, and did not believe his dog killed sheep, the first time she saw him.

At about the same time Squire Longacre was standing on the porch of his house, angrily confronting his daughter, Nellie, who had just returned from the village.

"Nellie," he said, "that old rascal, Shortrood, has been here, and I expect we'll have a lawsuit. He says my dog, Bruno, killed his sheep last night, and I told him flatly that if he said my dog killed his sheep, he was a liar!"

"Oh, papa!" protested Nellie.

"Well, he's an unreasonable old wretch, and I'll give him all the law he wants. His son's no better. And hark ye, girl, if I ever catch you and that young puppy together again I'll break my cane over his back and put you in a madhouse! Do you hear?"

"Yes, papa."

"Well, heed, then!" cried the squire, warningly; and walked in to supper.

Nellie retired to her room, took a letter from her bosom, and read the contents eagerly.

"Dear fellow!" she said, and kissed the sheet which had been penned only a few hours before by young Anson.

Then she went down to supper. But little was said during the meal. The squire was cross and sulky, and Miss Dorothea was evidently in one of her worst moods.

After the evening meal she put on her bonnet and threw a light shawl over her bony shoulders.

"Where are you going, Dor?" asked her brother.

"None of your business!" was the sharp answer.

"You needn't be so snappish about it!"

"Snappish!" cried the ancient maid, and she tossed her head. "I should say snappish! A man as unreasonable as you are, talk about people being snappish! Quarreled with one of the nicest men in the county."

"He's a scoundrel!" snarled the squire.

"He's a Christian gentleman!" contradicted Miss Dorothea, "and you ought to go down on your knees to him and ask his pardon."

"I'll see myself! If there's any going down on the knees, let him go down to me. He insulted me in my own house."

"I suppose you'd go down on 'em fast enough if that maneuvering old widow would ask you!"

"She's a lady," cried the squire. "You'd better go tell her so. It'll be news to her, I reckon."

"Perhaps I shall."

"Well, you'd better. A lady! Well, heaven save the mark."

And, with this spiteful reflection, Miss Dorothea flounced out of the room.

She directed her steps toward a grove of maple trees, which marked the boundary line between the farms of the two belligerents.

By a curious coincidence, Col. Shortrood strolled in the same direction about the same time.

The angular soldier and the thin lady met. They spoke, and finally walked toward an unfrequented part of the grove, arm in arm.

Shortly after Miss Dorothea left the house the squire stole out the back way, and walked rapidly across a wheat field toward a certain big willow tree which stood on the edge of a pond.

By a singular coincidence, Mrs. Abigail Sloan, in the course of her serpentine ramble, reached this same pond.

Seated on a fallen log, she and the representative of county judicial honors were soon engaged in an animated conversation.

While these little scenes were being enacted, pretty Nellie Longacre, in the seclusion of her chamber, wrote the following note, which young Anson Shortrood got out of the post office the next morning:

Dearest An—You know best. We will all attend the Lexington fair, and I'll be ready then. As papa has forbidden me to see you, we must manage our correspondence and interviews very secretly. Will be at the old place promptly Sunday night. Your loving little Nellie.

The Kentucky State Fair that year came off at Lexington in October. The colonel, young Anson and the Widow Sloan were there; the squire, his maiden sister and pretty Nellie also attended.

On the evening of the second day of the fair, at three separate places in the blue-grass city, there were three separate couples, under cover of the night, drove out of the city by three separate roads, which all, however, headed toward the Ohio river.

Everybody has heard of Aberdeen, O., which is of a verity, the American "Greenland," and most everybody has heard of Squire Massie Bessley, the presiding genius of the little village.

Late on the morning of the night I speak of, a man and woman were ferried across the river from Maysville, and proceeded directly to the squire's house.

A few lusty raps on the door roused his sleepy assistant, who rejoiced in the name of Vulcan—probably because he has assisted in welding so many pairs of hearts together, and he opened the door and admitted them.

There was no light, and he ushered them into a big room which opened directly off the hall.

He was just going for a light when another knock summoned him to the door, and he admitted another couple.

Again he started for the light, and a third knock sounded. He admitted a third couple, and leaving them all in the big room, he hastened upstairs to arouse the squire.

"Buzniz ez boomiz," he said, when the Great American Matrimonializer jumped on—"Free love!"

"Three!" repeated the magistrate, making a hasty toilet. "Take that lamp down. I'll be there directly."

Vulcan obeyed the order, and when he opened the door of the big room, and the rays of the lamp he carried flooded the apartment, the six people therein contained, gave utterance to six quick cries of astonishment.

It was the denouement of the Cloverburg comedy!

Standing in one corner of the room was Colonel Shortrood, on whose arm hung Miss Dorothea Longacre. Facing the military chieftain was Esquire Israel Longacre, whose arm was twined about the waist of buxom Abigail Sloan. In the middle of the apartment stood young Anson Shortrood, holding to his breast pretty Nellie Longacre.

After the first cries of astonishment there was a moment's silence, then a tremendous roar of laughter; and then followed such handshaking and kissing, and pledges of eternal love and friendship as probably were never heard or seen before.

Squire Massie Bessley married the three couples, and they went back to Cloverburg together. The lawsuit was dropped, and all parties thereafter lived together in peace and amity.—Saturday Night.

A MAGICAL WORD.

It was during the late Spanish-American war, a wealthy merchant, who had left his business to offer his services to his country, was pacing up and down on picket duty one dark night. Suddenly he detected sounds of approaching footsteps and quickly bringing his gun into position, commanded, in a sonorous voice:

"Give the countersign!"

The person challenged proved to be an enlisted dry goods clerk formerly employed by the merchant before the war broke out. As their eyes met a smile played around the corners of the clerk's mouth and he answered in a low whisper:

"Cash!"

Then the merchant, bringing his piece to a right shoulder, let him pass and resumed his pacing.—Lippincott's.

AN INSOLUBLE MYSTERY.

Once upon a Time there were two Intelligent Parents who Gibbered to their beloved Offspring about going Bye-Bye on the Choo-Choo Cars.

And behold when the Youth was Grown the Intelligent Parents Wondered Much and Were Sore on the Educational System because their offspring took eagerly to slang and other Things instead of Clinging to Pure English.—Baltimore American.

RECKLESS.

Gladys—So he proposed in his auto after a week's acquaintance? What did you tell him?

Dolly—Told him he was exceeding the speed limit.—Puck.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. *E. H. Brown*
Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. Cures Grip in Two Days on every box. 25c.

Further cause for indignation among the cult that is for getting back to nature and old-fashioned ideals as fast as possible will be supplied by the newly invented machine of a Swiss mechanic. It is an automatic nurse for babies, and is attached to the cradle. If the baby cries, the air waves cause specially arranged wires to operate a phonograph, which croons a lullaby, while clockwork released simultaneously causes the cradle to rock. How the heart will be stirred at the sight of the motherly brass phonograph bending over the grieving pink and white mite in the cradle, "crooning" a lullaby, exclaims the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Did you ever hear a phonograph croon? It croons in a sad, low tone, like an X-ray machine and a tom cat singing a duet. It ought to cultivate a taste for music in the infant mind that might materially affect the voice quality. Pains would have to be taken to prevent mischievous little Willie, baby's elder brother, from substituting "When Johnnie Comes Marching Home" for the lullaby. Perhaps a spanking machine might be set in motion by baby's squalling to spank little Willie; it ought not to require all the power merely to do the crooning and cradle rocking. This patent nursing machine may find favor in the social and domestic circles that are up to date. It would allow still more time to devote to the important work of regenerating the race after it is grown up. Though it may be very hard to shake the convictions of a considerable number of people who cling to the custom of raising children by hand.

Complex Human Nature.
The complexity of human nature is evident when we reflect how little we learn of any one's character from the epithets that are used to describe his qualities. We say that a certain person is generous, but we need to know much more about him than that, even for a partial understanding of that single trait. Since no quality acts in isolation, we need to know how it is geared to other qualities. Some men, says the Boston Budget, are generous under the impulse of domestic love, and it takes that to open their pocket-books; others are generous when working under the motive of emulating their fellows; others when their ambition is touched, and still others from the loftiest considerations of Christian duty and privilege.

There are many men who will spend their money freely from good fellowship with other men who begrudge every cent they give to wife or daughters. There are others who will give lavishly to charities or religion who will be hardly decent in meeting the legitimate social demands of their friends. Any one seeing such men in one phase of their activity would pronounce them liberal and free-hearted, but he would find that he was dealing with a different person if he saw him in other moods. Men and women who admire each other's qualities enthusiastically, are often amazed, after marriage, at the change constant association brings. The fact is that they have simply had opportunity to observe how the qualities they admire are geared to the activities of the soul.

The Winter Solstice.
Al. Manack—The days are pretty short now, aren't they?
Willie Everleigh—I should say so! Seems as if the ink doesn't have time to get dry on a 30-day note before it's due.—Brooklyn Life.

Thoughtfulness.
Jerry—Don't forget the widows and orphans.
Tom—That's right; I'm courting a pretty widow, and she's an orphan, too.—Detroit Free Press.

A Ditty of Content.
Sing a song of happiness,
To delight the soul—
Beef upon the table and
A cellar full of coal.
—Washington Star.

THE BEST OF HIM.
Little Girl—A pound of steak, please, and cut it tough, will yer?
Butcher (amazed)—Why?
Little Girl—'Cause, if it's tender, father eats it all!—Phil May's Journal.

A Dental Comment.
The wild wind blew over the Klondike vale,
Biting and blustering, fierce and cold.
The dentist smiled as he viewed the gale—
"The teeth of the storm have been filled with gold."
—Judge.

Suspicious Symptoms.
Tiffington—I'm getting old.
Widdleton—Oh, no.
Tiffington—Yes, I am. I've begun to think that I look young for my years.
—Brooklyn Life.

But It Did.
Tommy—Did paw say it hurt him worse than it did you?
Johnny—Nope; but it did, cuz while he wuz whalin' me I stepped on his corn.—Indianapolis Sun.

True Blue.
Customer—This milk looks rather blue.
Milkman—Blue! You ought to have seen it before the boss put the chalk in.—N. Y. Journal.

The Easiest Way.
Hewitt—How do you spell?
Jewett—I don't spell it; I just dictate it to my stenographer.—Brooklyn Life.

What We're Coming To.
Lakeside—Why are Mr. and Mrs. Wedagain holding a reception?
Porker—They're celebrating their silver divorce.—N. Y. Herald.

ONE OF PHIL MAY'S JOKES.

Little Girl—A pound of steak, please, and cut it tough, will yer?
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A Genuine Gossip.
Betty—Mr. Cynique is too polished for words, isn't he?
Peggy—Oh, dear, yes. Everything he says reflects on someone.—Town Topics.

A Strange Truth.
The birds will sing in gentle spring;
The flowers will grace the garden spot;
And we'll complain—oh, wondrous thing!
Because the weather is too hot.
—Washington Star.

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