BILLY AND I.

They say they are going to shoot you, Old Billy, but don't you fret,
For the fellow who dares to meddle with you must reckon with me, you bet;
You're a poor old horse, Old Billy, and you aren't worth much, it is true,
But you've been a faithful friend to me, and I'll see you safely through.

Shoot Old Billy? I guess not, though you may be old and gray,
By the self-same stretch of mercy they'll be shooting me some day;
I haven't much love for the fellows who follow the shooting plan;
If they had more pity for horses and dogs they'd have more love for a man.

That's right, Old Billy, I like it—your muzzle against my face;
We've had rattling times together, and once we won the race—
Do you remember it, Billy, the dude that we downed that day?
And the way he swore that an old farm horse should beat his trotter the way!

Well, Billy, we're both great sinners, for we've both grown old, you know;
And we've only a little further down the road to go;
So we'll fare along together till the Master calls us home
To the happy Home Land stables and our feet forget to roam.

They tell us that horses have no souls, and they all declare it true;
That shows how little they know, Old Boy, and it proves they don't know you;
Well, well, 'tis a mighty question, and quite beyond my ken—
But the more I know of horses the less I brag about men.

You've been a good horse, Old Fellow, steady and brave and true;
You have given us faithful service—done all that a horse could do;
You have earned your keep; you shall have it; so live as long as you can—
For justice is justice, and right is right, whether it's a horse or a man.

—Boston Transcript

John's Mother-in-Law.

BY HELENA DIXON.

"Of course your mother must have a home with us, Carrie. Widowed, and with no child but you, she naturally and rightly wishes to come to you. And only think how nice it will be for us all to have here. No more lonely hours for you while I am cooped up in that gloomy workshop of mine upstairs."

So spoke John Royalton as he rose from the breakfast table and caught up his chubby-faced boy, adding, as he perched his little two-year-old on his shoulder:

"And my little curly-head wants a grandmamma's experienced eye upon him to cut short his mischievous pranks. Don't you, Master Chatterbox?"

And away the little fellow was borne to the little room which John had called his "workshop." Technically speaking it was a studio, for Royalton was a painter, and the domestic little wife was left alone to write a letter inviting her widowed mother to her home.

"How like the dear old times it will seem to have mother with me," murmured Mrs. Royalton, as she folded and sealed her letter. "A woman wants some one to talk to beside such a dignified, methodical person as dear John, and I declare I don't see any one else in an age except now and then when some sour-visaged old maid or simpering miss comes to have her portrait painted."

The Saturday following the posting of Mrs. Royalton's letter brought the expected guest to the Royalton cottage. Mrs. Perring was a very nervous, very lively and very eccentric old lady, who made it her boast that she was never idle a minute between daylight and bedtime.

When she became settled with the Royaltons she applied herself assiduously to "putting things to rights." Every drawer, every chest, every cupboard, was ransacked and the contents of each arranged in accordance with the old lady's ideas of order. Even John's desk was rummaged, and every letter and paper peered into, just to find out in what particular niche one ought to be put.

In about a fortnight Mrs. Perring had the satisfaction of thinking that she had got things about the house in "good running order."

"There's only that outlandish paint shop upstairs—John's studyo, I believe Carrie calls it—but what's had a thorough ventilating, and the very first day John's away from home I'll make a new place of that."

Fortune smiled on Mrs. Perring's plans. John and Carrie and little Eddie were away, and the little old lady prepared herself for the onslaught. She donned her poorest dress, tied a napkin over her head to keep off the dust, rolled her sleeves above her scrawny elbows and went to work.

All day long the furniture in the artist's room flew vigorously around. Many articles denounced as "worthless rubbish" were hurled through the window into the back yard, while others that "might come in play for something, some day," were stowed away in the garret. A portrait, on which the paint was yet wet, was energetically dusted with a coarse towel; paints were mixed incongruously and brushes put through a scouring process till the old lady's back ached with the exercise, and her nose became the medium by which copious streams of perspiration were conducted from her face.

When everything in the room was considered "done," Mrs. Perring made a dash for an adjoining closet, but she found the door securely locked. For a moment the worthy lady was in a quandary. How was she to straighten things in the closet? Do it she must and would, and very quickly Mrs. Perring bethought herself of a bunch of keys which happily she had brought with her. The keys were produced, and in triumph Mrs. Perring unlocked the door.

Seizing her broom she rushed into the closet. She came out shortly, however, and closed the door after her with a jerk and a bang.

John Royalton's mother-in-law had made a discovery!

Collecting her utensils she left the studio and went below in grim and dignified silence. She sat quietly knitting in the pleasant sitting room when John and Carrie returned. The steel needles flew out and in very spitefully. The cold, gray eyes looked directly down over the elongated nose, and were never once raised, not even to greet little Eddie.

When bedtime came the old lady rose in solemn silence and retired.

The next morning when John repaired as usual to his studio he uttered vehement sentences not at all in praise of his wife's mother.

While he was engaged in endeavoring so far as lay in his power the mischief she had unconsciously wrought, Mrs. Perring was closeted with Carrie. The young wife's face was colorless, and her eyes were wild with anger and indignation as she listened to her mother's words.

"It's a beautiful face—the handsomest picture of a real person I ever saw. Great, dark eyes, that seem to look you through, hair as black as night and hanging in ringlets all about her face and neck. The skin is just like alabaster, so white and clear, and the lips look like ripe cherries for all the world."

Carrie sank back in a fainting condition, and her mother caught her in her arms.

"Oh, my poor lamb! that I should see you treated in this shameful manner. And John so dignified and proper seeming. The hypocrite! But I've mistrusted that his loving ways were all put on ever since I cleaned his desk and found scraps of poetry about love and such like nonsense."

"Mother, don't; you will kill me by your suspicions. I can't believe it. John cares for no one but me. He is too noble, too—"

"Take my keys, then, and go satisfy yourself. Go look at the siren's portrait in the closet. It isn't finished yet, I could see that, and I wish now I'd had presence of mind enough to give it two or three extra touches with the brush myself. No wonder you found his room locked so many times of late, and had to wait your artist's pleasure before you could enter. And that old woman in the alpaca hood that we've noticed going upstairs so many times of late isn't an old woman at all. I've made up my mind about her. She's the original of that portrait, and no mistake. See, there she goes up the steps now! Mighty careful she is, too, not to show her face. There—did you ever seen an old woman with such feet and ankles? She's the woman!"

When the unknown woman had departed, and the unconscious John was quietly eating his dinner, Carrie left the table under some pretext, and with the rusty key in her hand she ascended the stairs and entered the studio closet and stood before the painted painted form of a woman before whom her own charms sank into insignificance.

What was this beautiful creature to her husband.

Carrie's heart lay like a lump of lead in her bosom as she turned away and sought her mother.

Shortly after John returned to his labors, the two women—the elder, filled with virtuous indignation, the younger too utterly wretched even for tears—left the house, taking little Eddie with them.

Silently the poor wife followed her mother in quest of some quiet retreat wherein to pass the night. On the morrow Mrs. Perring had resolved on taking her charges into the country.

This was Carrie's birthday, and always heretofore, during the few years of their wedded life, John had remembered the day with a suitable gift, but to-day he seemed to have forgotten not only the present, but even that it was her birthday.

"Poor thing!" murmured Mrs. Perring, philosophically, as, in a lonely room, Carrie clasped her boy to her bosom and wept passionately over her wrong.

"Poor thing! it's hard for her to bear at first. She loved him altogether better than he deserved, even were he true to her. It's best she should see him no more. Let her have her cry out and then she will be calm and a different woman entirely; strong to resent the insult and injury which that wretch has heaped upon her."

When the gloomy night was curtaining the earth in darkness, Carrie begged piteously to be permitted to look upon her old home once more. She would not enter the house—she might never again do that—but she could gaze a moment into the dear, familiar room. John might be in the pleasant sitting room as of old. She had left a note for him, and she longed to know how he bore the separation; whether he was rejoiced or sorry that she was gone.

"It's all nonsense," said Mrs. Perring, angrily, "but if you're determined to go I shall go along to keep you from rushing right into the villain's arms."

A cheerful light shone out from the uncurtained windows of the Royalton cottage as the two women stealthily approached near enough to gain a view of the interior of the room, where John, with bowed head, was walking to and fro over the carpet.

Carrie could not catch the expression of his face, but she saw that ever and anon he turned his gaze upon a painting on the wall—one which had never before hung there.

The young wife's face turned ghastly pale as, peeping close to the window she saw that the painting was the one she had seen in the studio closet.

Carrie was ready to faint, still she would not, could not, leave the window.

At length John paused before the portrait and spoke aloud.

Carrie heard his words and stood still a moment to gather in their meaning, then, heedless of her mother's remonstrance, she rushed with Eddie into the house.

Mrs. Perring, who had not heard a word of what had transformed Carrie from a breathing statue into her old joyous self, was too thoroughly provoked at what she considered her daughter's lack of spirit and self-respect to follow her immediately. When, however, she did so, she found husband and wife—the former with one arm supporting Eddie and the other encircling Carrie's waist—standing before the painting which, through Mrs. Perring's romantic suspicions, had wrought so much, though happily not irreparable, mischief.

A few words neatly written and pasted under the portrait—which, after all, was not a portrait, but purely the work of the artist's imagination—convinced Mrs. Perring that she was altogether wrong in her surmises, and that, after all, the woman in the alpaca hood might be as venerable as her appearance indicated.

"A Birthday Gift to My Wife."

These were the words which Mrs. Perring read, and then she managed to slip unobserved from the room, and ever thereafter John Royalton's mother-in-law was a model one.—New York Weekly.

Epigrams.

There is no necessity for saying it all. You say more by saying less.

Everything that is most beautiful in life and art owes its existence to impulse—not to intention.

Women should not make laws. Instead, they should bring up their children in a way that would make laws unnecessary.

Science is religion. It teaches us to know nature. And nature is the visible half of God. Whether he will or not—every scientist is a high priest.

As well as search the air for the souls of all our dead—we might search the earth for all their bodies.

To strive is more than to succeed.

A straight lie is always better than a distorted truth.

Who gives most, asks most.

The look has more power than the eye—the smile is more victorious than the mouth—the movement more seductive than the form—taste and grace triumphant over beauty—what you are, forever overruling what you may appear.

A child should not be disciplined to obey without questioning—but instead to question, and seek the reason for, everything it does and undertakes.—Helen Woljeska, in Life.

An Almost Faultless Climate.

For the climate of the Everglades is almost faultless. It is singularly equable, showing no extremes of heat and cold, and not subject to sudden change. Even a "norther," coming out of the region of ice and snow, is soon softened to milder temperature; and the heat of summer is made genial, though the mercury may be well up in the eighties, by the ozonized air which is everywhere in the Glades. The year is divided into the dry and rainy seasons. The latter may be roughly spoken of as including June and September, although, well in the Glades, sudden light showers in limited areas are likely at any season, and in the autumn a high degree of humidity is constant. A lifetime might be spent in the region and no sign of malaria ever be discovered. Pure air, that moves in gentle breezes over a vast expanse of pure water, is the perfect assurance of health, as evinced in the fine physique, splendid coloring and athletic vigor of the Seminole, who has a monopoly of as fine a climate as there is on earth.—Century.

A Water Observation Boat.

Captain J. Larsen, a sailor on the Great Lakes, has just received patents on a new form of pleasure boat. The boat is supplied with a glass bottom, and under the bottom is an electric light, which will illuminate the water and the bed of the stream for some distance around. A hooded reflector makes it possible to sit comfortably in the boat and witness the curious things in the water below with great ease, and pictures may be taken also by means of a mirror. The captain has in his possession a number of photographs which were taken by this means, and these are said to be quite satisfactory, although they were made when the water was clouded with dirt washed down into it.—American Inventor.

Color of the Stamp is Important.

As demonstrating the prejudice of busy men against the green stamp, a lot of mail was sent out recently, one-half of it bearing two-cent stamps and the remainder bearing two one-cent stamps on each letter—all went as first-class mail. The 500 letters bearing red stamps brought nearly three times the number of replies received from the 500 others—I suppose it just happened that way, but in numerous test cases I have noticed that it always happens that way. It takes red stamps to reach a busy man; if you want your letters read you must have your stamp red.—Franklyn Hobbs, Chicago.

DROLL STORIES OF THE PASSING MOMENT.

HOW IT WAS DONE.

"Speaking of natural born fools," observed the man in the mackintosh, "reminds me"——

"Is this going to be a bit of personal experience?" interrupted the man who had his feet on the table.

"Reminds me of old Lickladder, who used to drive the stage between Ripley and Mount Sterling away back in the 50s. Somebody once told him that when you make apple butter you can make it back into apples again if it isn't good, provided you go at it right."

"I seem to have heard that story before," said the man who was smoking the rank cigar.

"Yes, but you never heard of old Lickladder. The peculiar thing about him is that he believed it. He lived by himself in a little old log cabin down on the banks of Crooked Creek. Did all his own cooking. I happened in on him once when he was"——

"Say, how old were you then?" queried the man with the white spot in his mustache.

"Doesn't make any difference how old I was then or how old I am now. I'm talking about old Lickladder. I dropped in once, as I was saying, and found him stirring something in a big brass kettle. I asked him what he was doing. He said he had made a lot of apple butter, but it didn't suit him and he was making it back into apples."

"Yes, that's the same story," said the man with the green goggles. "My grandfather used to tell me he read it in the Prairie Telegraph when he was a boy."

"Your grandfather never read anything in the Prairie Telegraph about old Lickladder. Permit me to mention the fact again, gentlemen, that this chapter of history refers principally to him. I said:

"'You gullible old fool, haven't you sense enough to know you can't do that?'

"He stopped stirring and he says to me:

"'Look here, I don't want you to talk that way to me. You're disturbin' the count.'

"'What count?' I said.

"Then he took the kettle off the fire for a minute or two and he says:

"'You reckon I don't know what I'm doin', but I do. When you make apple butter the right way is to stir it from right to left all the time an' count the number of times you stir it till you git it all done. You mustn't make any mistake about it, either. When it's done you stop stirrin' and take it off the fire. Then you taste it. If you don't like it, you put it back on the fire, stir it from left to right jist the exac' number of times you stirred it from right to left and it's apples agin.'

"'And you believe that?' I said.

"'That's right,' he said.

"People didn't say 'that's right' in those days," objected the man with the frazzled trousers.

"Old Lickladder did. He put that kettle back on the fire and began stirring and counting again. I sat down and watched him. He kept it up for three-quarters of an hour, and you may believe me or not, gentlemen, but with my own eyes I saw that apple butter turn back into apples again, all nicely quartered, and they were swimming around in two gallons of sweet cider he had put in that brass kettle to boil 'em in."

The man in the mackintosh ceased talking.

Profound silence reigned in the group for the next five minutes.

Then the man who had his feet on the table slowly took them down. All he said was that if there was any creature on earth he hated it was a blamed liar, and he started for the door, followed by the rest of the auditors, leaving the man in the mackintosh alone with his story.—Chicago Tribune.

JACKSON AND HIS BACON.

In a recent issue of Harper's Weekly appeared an interesting account of Andrew Jackson's duel with Colonel Avery. A correspondent of the Weekly, writing in the last issue adds this to the story:

It was Jackson's habit to carry in his saddle-bags when he attended court a copy of "Bacon's Abridgement," and to make frequent appeals to it in his cases. This precious book was always carefully done up in coarse brown paper, and the unwrapping of the volume was a very solemn function as performed by Jackson, who was then only twenty-one years old. Avery, during the trial which preceded the duel, procured a piece of bacon the size of the book, and while Jackson was addressing the court he slipped out the volume from its wrapping and substituted the bit of pork.

At length Jackson had occasion to appeal to Lord Bacon. While still talking he raised the bearskin flap of his saddle-bags, drew out the brown-paper package, carefully untied the string, unfolded the paper with decorous gravity, and then, without looking at what he held in his hand, exclaimed triumphantly, "We will now see what Bacon says!"

What wonder that the fiery young lawyer blazed with anger, while the court room rang with laughter at his expense!

NOT POSTED ON BIBLE.

"It happened this way," said James Carter to-day to Justice Caverly in court. "I was reading the Bible to my little son Jimmy, about Cain and Abel. 'Cain killed his brother and Cain was a murderer,' I said. Just then Mike Kane here rushed in and yelled, 'Who is a murderer?' I was not thinking of him, and said, 'Cain is a murderer.'

"With that he knocked me across the room and then jumped on me and choked me until I was nearly dead. 'Take it back,' he said. 'Take what back?' I asked. 'That I am a murderer and killed my brother,' he said. 'I take it back,' I said, 'I meant the Cain in the Bible.'

"'You're a liar,' he said. 'The Kanes in the Bible are all right, aren't they?' Then he choked me some more. 'Yes,' I said, 'they're all right.'"

"Ten dollars for you, Mike Kane," said the Judge. "The Cains in the Bible are not all right. Go and read it."—Kansas City Journal.

HOGS WANT NO HOLIDAYS.

A professor in an agricultural college had a hobby. He believed and preached on all occasions that the food of animals should be cooked, just like that of human beings. One day, while out driving in the country, he passed a farm, the owner of which was standing in a pen near the road feeding to a drove of swine generous quantities of corn in the ear. This caused the learned theorist to stop and forthwith hail the violator of his theory: "My friend, don't you know it is wrong to give those hogs feed that has not been cooked? Don't you know that if you would cook that grain before issuing it they would digest it in just one-half the time it takes them as it is now eaten?" "Wall, stranger, suppose they would; I'd like to know what in the —— time is to a hog!"—New York Tribune.

RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION.

A minister of the Kirk of Scotland once discovered his wife asleep in the midst of his homily on the Sabbath, so, pausing in the steady and possibly somewhat monotonous flow of his oratory, he broke forth with this personal address, sharp and clear, but very deliberate:

"Susan!"

Susan woke up with a start and rubbed her eyes, as did all the other dreamers in the edifice, whether asleep or awake.

"Susan," continued her clerical spouse, "I didna marry ye for yer wealth, sin' ye had none. And, I didna marry ye for yer beauty; that the hall congregation can see. And if ye hae not grace, I had made but a sair bargain wi' ye!"—London Tit-Bits.

A WITTY DIPLOMAT.

Hon. Joseph H. Choate, our Ambassador to Great Britain, was one of the over-Sunday guests at a certain great country house, and found next to him at breakfast a very young, very inexperienced, but also very pretty, daughter of his native land. The English custom of serving boiled eggs in tiny cups, from which one eats out of the egg itself, troubled this little traveler immensely, and at last, with a gasp of dismay, she turned to the diplomat with:

"Oh, Mr. Choate, whatever shall I do? I've dropped an egg!"

"Cackle, my dear, cackle," came the answer.

A RECOMPENSE.

Young Edward, aged six, was quite tired of staying in the house. His mother was ill, and had tried to keep him in the room with her because her room was warmer than his playroom, but his toys were all in the playroom, and he became restless to go to them.

"Good-by, mamma," he said; "I will come back in a thousand years."

"I will be dead and buried by that time, son."

The little fellow stopped a moment with his hand upon the door, and, thinking of the Creed, he replied:

"Never mind, mamma; you will rose again."—Lippincott's Magazine.

HOW HE INDORSED IT.

Bishop Potter tells of a young and inexperienced clergyman who had just been called to a city charge. At the end of the first month his salary was paid by a check, and he took it to the bank and passed it in at the paying teller's window. The official looked at it and then passed it back. "It's perfectly good," he said, "but I will have to ask you to indorse it." The young clergyman took his pen and wrote across the face of the check: "I respectfully subscribe to the sentiments herein expressed."—Argonaut.

PICKING A QUARREL.

A New York Irishman, who began his career in this country at street work, and who became a rich contractor, died recently. The widow—who, since her rise to wealth, had put on society airs and cast off many of her old friends—came into the room in which the coffin lay. It was full of flowers and mourners. A prominent floral piece was an anchor. The widow gazed upon it. The idea that some of her cast-off friends were trying to call up memories of former days came to her mind. Turning to the assembled company she haughtily demanded: "Who th' divil sint that pick?"

A GLUTTON'S REGRET.

A glutton once made a bet that he could eat ten apple dumplings at one sitting. After the ninth dumpling, however, he declared himself beaten. Sadly he regarded the tenth dumpling, which still reposed on his plate. Shaking his finger at it he said: "Ah! If I'd known you'd be left over I'd have eaten you first."

WASHINGTON AND THE SHAD.

A Story of the Father of His Country Which is Not a Myth.

The strictness of Washington's household economy is well known. He valued money, not in the cheese-paring spirit of Franklin, but as a man who had had the management of a great estate, and who had seen an entire brigade of regular troops in open revolt because of their arrears of pay. While serving his second term as President and living in the Morris house in Philadelphia, Washington had a steward named Hyde, whom he thought inclined to extravagance. Hyde's wages were $200 a year—as much as Secretary Lear's "salary." The President inspected the domestic accounts weekly. Though the household was conducted on a wide scale, he exacted economy in detail, and Hyde well understood that expenditures must be reasonable.

The President was ready, even at personal sacrifice, to enforce his own orders.

The steward set before him one day a dish of fish, appetizingly hot, daintily dressed. Washington especially liked fish.

"What fish is this?" he asked.

"A shad, sir; a very fine Delaware shad," answered the steward, congratulating himself on having pleased the President

"What was the price, Hyde?"

"Three—three—three dol-lars, sir," gasped the steward, his confidence suddenly giving way as he watched the changing expression of the great man's face.

There was lightning in the President's stern gray-blue eyes.

"Take it away, Hyde; take the fish away," he ordered. "It shall never be said that my table sets such an example of luxury and extravagance."

The crestfallen servant took the shad away. It was eaten in the servants' hall

Why should not this shad be substituted for the little hatchet as one of our national emblems? It is more symbolic in itself, and the anecdote carries a far better moral with it than that of the cherry tree. In a time of luxury and ostentatious extravagance like that in which we are living, the story should come home to many hearts, and have its influence in the domestic economy of many a household.

Prof. Wendell's Success in Paris.

Mr. Barrett Wendell's lectures at the Sorbonne have become one of the social events of the season. On the days when he lectures the carriages stretch for half a mile before the doors of Lutetia's ancient seat of learning. The authorities have now given him the largest hall which the university buildings boast, and on every Thursday and Saturday it is as hard to penetrate therein as we are told it is for a rich man to enter the realms of the blessed. It is not quite easy to account for this overwhelming popularity, save on the assumption that the larger number of the French audience are there to improve their knowledge of English. Mr. Wendell, though a man of great personal charm and culture, is not an ideal lecturer, especially compared with the French professors, who, by long training and tradition, have become masters of the art of easy and graceful delivery. Nor is his course particularly attractive, being solely concerned with the literature of a new people, through which he endeavors to show the growth of the national spirit. But his success is undoubted, and partly, at all events, is to be attributed to the transatlantic influence in Paris. Or, at least, so I read it.—Pall Mall Gazette.

She Turned Vegetarian.

The Countess of Essex, who has many American friends, recently became a vegetarian. The other day, in a letter to New York, she accounted for her abandonment of flesh.

"By chance," she wrote, "I happened to see the preparations in a slaughter house for the killing of a great herd of sheep.

"I can't tell you how unpleasant these preparations were — how everything was stained with blood — how there arose from the drenched, dark floors the peculiar odor of blood.

"As I was hurrying away three beautiful lambs were led in by a man with a long, shining knife. Filled with pity and indignation, I said:

"'How can you be so cruel as to put these innocent little lambs to death?'

"'Why, madam,' said the man, 'you wouldn't eat them alive, would you?'"

Always Precise.

Del Valentine tells of a Kansas clergyman he once knew who prided himself on his precise and scrupulous use of words. One Sunday this good man was praying for elevating grace and renewed working force. "Oh, Lord," he pleaded, "waken Thy cause in the hearts of this congregation and give them new eyes to see and impulse to do. Send down Thy lev-er or leev-er according to Webster's or Worcester's Dictionary, whichever you use, and pry them into activity." This lawyer and some of his friends who happened to be there snorted just a little and the "Amen" followed quickly and with a jerk.—Kansas City Star.

Parkman's Deed of Justice.

A story is told about Francis Parkman, the historian, which shows that in spite of impaired eyesight he was not blind to injustice. A friend met him walking along the street, holding two street boys by their coat collars. In reply to his friend's request for an explanation Parkman said: "I found this boy had eaten an apple without dividing with his little brother. Now I'm going to buy one for the little boy, and make the big one look on while he eats it."

After reading this incident, we should expect fairness of treatment in Parkman's histories.—St. Nicholas.