

## A PATRIOTIC SCHEME.

JERICHO WAS FOR HAVING A DECORATION DAY PARADE.

**Pap Perkins, Postmaster, Tells How Horatio Sparrow Sprang the Idea on the Town and How Lish Billings Gave It Its Deathblow.**

(Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.)  
It was about a week before last Decoration day that Horatio Sparrow came into the postoffice lootin' as if he had sunthin' on his mind, and as soon as he got the chance he whispered to me:

"Don't say nuthin' to a livin' soul, pap, but I'm comin' around here to-night and shake the town of Jericho from center to circumference."

"In what way?" said I.

"Never you mind, pap. You jest git ready to feel the airth tremble, and tomorrow mornin' you kin put \$200 more value on your house and lot."

Horatio is a man who never gets excited when he wakes up and finds a cow in his garden, and I felt quite sure he had sunthin' big on hand. He must have told about 50 other people what he did me, as there was a big crowd at the postoffice at 7 o'clock in the evenin', and all expected to hear big news. Deacon Spooner took charge of things, as usual, and as the crowd got impatient he said,

"It is understood, feller citizens, that Horatio Sparrow is goin' to launch a thunderbolt here tonight, and it is with



FOREMAN OF THE FIRE COMPANY.

more than ordinary interest that I call the meetin' to order. Stand out, Horatio, and let's hear all about it!"

Horatio stood out. He looked pale, but determined. He'd bin thinkin' fur a week of what he was goin' to say, and he started off as smooth as grease.

"The drums are beatin' a wild alarm. There is a wavin' of flags, a marchin' of men and a wallin' of women and children. War is upon the land. It is an hour when men are called upon to give up their lives for the sake of principle."

"By John, but that's 'owery language!" exclaimed the deacon as Horatio paused. "If Horatio kin keep it up for an hour; I'm fur 'lectin' him to the next legislature."

"The farmer leaves his plow," continued Horatio, "the merchant his store and the mechanic his bench. They march away to find the enemy and fight him and die. Yes; they yield up their lives that we may live on in peace, and if we forget the sacrifice we ought to wither away like a burdock in November."

"Gentleman," said the deacon as the applause had subsided, "up to the present minit Horatio Sparrow has knocked the socks off'n Henry Clay as an orator, and I am proud to know that he is a citizen of Jericho. Anythin' more, Horatio?"

"I just want to call your attention to the fact that Jericho has never had a Decoration day parade," replied the orator. "We hev never paraded and never decorated, and I say it's a burnin' shame and ought to be remedied at once."

"By John, but that's a strong p'int," shouted the deacon. "Hang me if Horatio ain't knockin' things endways! No, sir; we've never had a parade nor decorated any graves, and we ought to be ashamed of ourselves. Is it your suggestion that we celebrate the day this year, Horatio?"

"That's my p'int, deacon."

"And it's as strong as a log chain. Yes, sir; we'll celebrate the day, and in order to make it a howlin' success I'll agree to take charge of the parade."

"But I object to that," said Horatio. "Havin' originated this idea, I think it's fur me to ride on horseback at the head of the procession."

There was a painful pause, and then Abner Jones, who was in fireman's uniform, jumped off the counter and said:

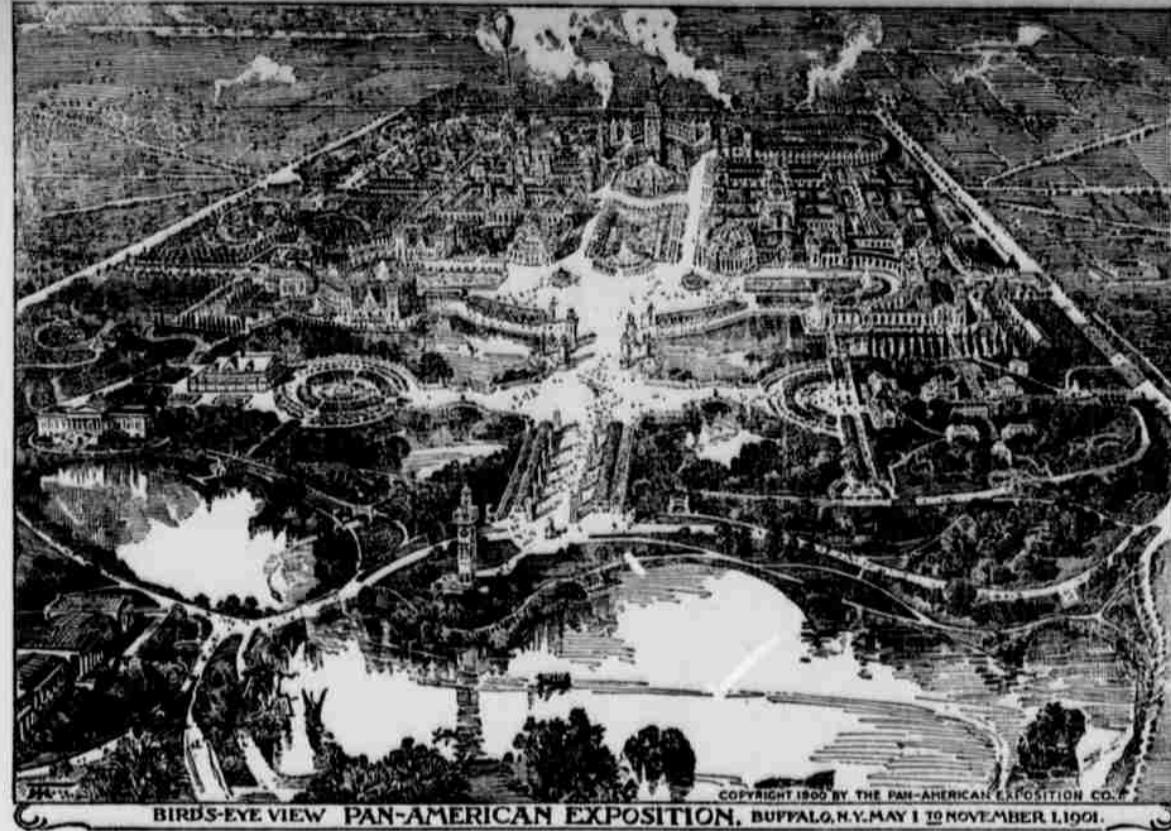
"There shouldn't be no jealousy about this thing. Horatio would look purty fine on his spotted horse, and the deacon would be no slouch in his cocked hat, but if there's to be any feelin' over it I'll take the job off their hands. As I'm foreman of the fire company it comes in my line anyhow."

"I don't propose to give up my rights fur nobody," said Horatio.

"And I'm thinkin' I'm the man to boss things," added the deacon.

"I don't want to charge anybody with havin' too much cheek," said Squar Henshaw, "but it do look a leetle strange to me to see the way certain folks want to crowd to the front on public occasions. If there is a procession, it's got to be headed by a man who knows how to boss things and can't be rattled. I bossed the parade the last time we had a Fourth of July, and you may remember that the newspapers said I managed it better than any we ever had."

"I'll allow that the squar did fairly well," said Enos Williams as he shut up his jackknife and got off the sugar bar'l, "but there are several other folks in this town of Jericho. For instance I'm here myself. When anything has



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION, BUFFALO, N.Y., MAY 1 TO NOVEMBER 1901.

happened durin' the last 20 years, I've bin pushed behind the currant bushes as it was, and some one else has carried off the honors. I'm comin' to th front on this occasion or know the reason why."

"Why, Abnos, you don't purtend tha kin boss a procession, do you? askie? the deacon.

"Of course I kin. Why not?"

"It appears to me," said Silas Lap ham as he stood out and rubbed hi hands together, "that we are not work in complete harmony in this matter. It will be the event of the century. I will be known from Maine to California that Jericho has had a Decoration day, and there will be thousands of inquiries fur real estate. Let us sacrifice any selfish interests as individuals and work to make the affair a ginea-succes."

"That's powerful good advice," said the deacon as he rapped on the stove with his cane—"powerful good. I alius stand ready to sacrifice, and I hope the rest of you do. Any further p'nt Silas?"

"You may call it a p'nt or not," said Silas, "but bein' ther seems to be a controversy here I think it better be settled by selectin' me to boss things. I don't want it because I'm proud and want to show off, but purely in the interest of harmony."

"I'll never surrender my rights!" said Horatio Sparrow.

"Nor me!" added Deacon Spooner.

"Nor me!" yelled Abner Jones and Squar Henshaw in chorus.

It was evident that the meetin' was on the p'nt of breakin' up in a row when Lish Billings come saunterin' in as calm as could be. The deacon seen him and called out:

"Feller patriots, before this meetin' breaks up in a row that will send the price of Jericho real estate down to 50 per cent and put our civilization back 50 years let's hear what Lish Billings has to say about it."

"What's the question?" asked Lish. "About Decoration day. Shall we decorate?"

"Decorate what?"

"Why, the soldiers' graves."

"I don't see how you are goin' to do it," said Lish as he scratched his ear. "So far as I know or hev bin able to find out, nobody from Jericho ever went to war. It tharforo follers that no Jericho man was ever killed. It follers, ag'in, that you might look the graveyard over fur a month and not find a soldier's grave to decorate. 'Pearls to me that you'd better git yer fustock to."

"Two minute later Lish was the only man left in the postoffice. It was as he had said—that was nuthin' to decorate, and all the blowin' had bin fur nuthin."

M. QUAD.

A Two Edged Joke.

Sometimes a joke reacts, as the Banner (Mo.) Commercial proceeds to prove by relating that a young man in Auburn, to play a joke on a barber, paid him 35 old fashioned cents. Later, when he found that the barber had sold one of the coins for \$35, he did not feel so well satisfied with his joke or at least thought it had become misplaced.

Feed on Arsenic.

The practice of taking arsenic in minute doses is very prevalent among the peasantry of the mountainous districts of Austria-Hungary and France. They declare that the poison enables them to ascend with ease heights which they could not otherwise climb. The women have a great deal to say about the necessity of a young married woman "beginning right with her husband," as if she ought to go at him like a horse trainer goes at a young colt.—Athlone Globe.

The Inexperience of Youth.

"Look here, sir!" exclaimed the maid-lady. "I want you to take back that parrot you sold me. I find that it swears very badly."

"Well, madam," replied the dealer, "it's a very young bird. It'll learn to swear more perfect when it's a bit older."—Philadelphia Press.

Rubens received for his painting of the grand ceiling at the banqueting house, Whitehall, the sum of \$20,000. The space covered by this painting is about 400 yards, so that he was paid nearly \$50 a yard.

Babarus, India, was an ancient capital before Babylon or Nineveh was founded.

### No Joke In That.

"You Americans," said the London young man as he stopped sucking his cane, "are always insinuating that we Englishmen don't know what a real joke is. Now, just hold your sides while I go over this one which I read in a home paper a week ago:

"The Countess—M'lord, you were at the grand dinner last night, were you not? Just awhile ago I heard one of those vulgar Americans make the remark that this morning you had a big head."

"The Duke—But, m'lady, there's nothing in it."

The American looked as sober as a criminal court judge.

"Well?" he asked.

"Don't you see," explained the disgusted Britisher, poking the other in the ribs with his cane, "the countess says some one accused her companion (ha) of having a big head (ha, ha), and he declares (pah, ha) there's nothing in it!"

"Yes, but—"

"Blarsted idiocty, but what?"

"Her companion was a duke."

"Yes."

"And not any different from the rest of the English nobility?"

"No. But the joke, the joke! It is so adroittly put. In apparent inadvertence (desperately) the duke admits there is nothing in his head! Now, do you see?"

"Well, it's a little strange that the duke could make such a frank and candid admission, but—where does the joke come in?"—Brooklyn Life.

### Anecdotes of Events.

One summer when William M. Evarts was at his country home in Windsor, Vt., a farmer who had followed his political career in the newspapers for many years was extremely anxious to see him in the flesh and drove 18 miles into town in order to catch a glimpse of his idol.

Senator Evarts at that time was being entertained constantly, dining out almost every night, and as he drove out of his grounds to an appointment one evening the farmer was lying in wait for him in the road. The latter, seeing the pale, ascetic face and meager form of the famous statesman, was disappointed.

"Well, I declare," he exclaimed, "looks as if he'd always boarded!"

An impromptu riddle is attributed to him here at his country place. One day in presiding at table with a swarm of grandchildren about him he was asked, "What is the difference between this goose before dinner and me after?"

After much futile guessing he said in quiet glee:

"Now the goose is stuffed with sage, and then the sage," pointing to himself, "will be stuffed with goose."—Home Journal.

Must Have Had Experience.

When Dr. Thompson, a distinguished Scotch clergyman, was minister of Mardin, he happened to preach from the text, "Look not upon the wine when it is red in the cup," from which he made a most eloquent and impressive discourse against drunkenness, stating its evil effects on the heart, head and purse. Several of his observations were leveled at two cronies with whom he was well acquainted who frequently poured out libations to the rosy god. At the dismissal of the congregation the two friends met, the doctor being close behind them.

"Did you hear, Johnnie?" quoth one.

"Did I hear? Wha' didna hear? I ne'er winked an e'e the haill sermon."

"Aweel, an what thought ye o'er?"

"Adeed, Davie, I think he has been a lad in his day, or he couldna see well about it. Ah, he's been a sleek hand, the moonster."—Kansas City Independent.

Different Breaths.

Down in southern Georgia two widows were condoling with each other over their troubles. In telling of the last sickness and death of their husbands, one said:

"My man, poor feller, jee' suffered and suffered and suffered, and then jee' died for the want of breath."

The other replied:

"Waal, mine didn't. He drawed his breath to the very last."—Argonaut.

In proportion to population, North Berwick is said to be the wealthiest town in Scotland. It has an annual value of real property per inhabitant of about \$200.

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### HAS A VARIED CLIMATE.

**CURIOS METEOROLOGICAL CONDITIONS OF THE ISLAND OF SAGHALIEN.**

Saghalien, off the eastern coast of Siberia, presents a very curious anomaly of climate. The island is bathed by two cold ocean currents, and in winter nothing protects it against the icy northwest winds coming from Siberia. At the sea level the snow falls continually and stays on the ground till the end of May, and the sensible is very cold. Farther inland, however, especially as we go higher up, the climate is modified—just the opposite to what is observed elsewhere. It has often been observed in Siberia and in central Europe that in winter the cold is greater in the plains and the valleys and that the highlands have a sensibly milder temperature; it is as if the denser cold air accumulated in the low-lands.

The cold air accumulates in the low regions of the island, and on the coast the higher regions have a more elevated temperature. So it happens that the lower parts have an arctic vegetation, while the intermediate elevations have the vegetation of a temperate zone, sometimes subtropical. The birch, the pine, the fir, abound in the low regions and form often impenetrable forests, but toward the center of the island appear bamboo, hydrangeas, azaleas and other plants that one is greatly surprised to meet, and whose presence can be explained only by the altogether abnormal climatic conditions of the island.—Newcastle (Eng.) Chronicle.

A Lincoln Story.

The Rev. Mr. Alcott of Elgin, Ills., one of Abraham Lincoln's Springfield acquaintances tells of seeing him coming away from church unusually early one Sunday morning. "The sermon could not have been more than half way through," says Mr. Alcott. "His son, 'Tad,' was slung across his left arm like a pair of saddlebags, and Lincoln was striding along with long and deliberate steps toward home.

"On one of the street corners he encountered a group of his fellow townsmen. Lincoln anticipated the question which was about to be put by the group, and, taking his figure of speech from practices with which they were only too familiar, said, 'Gentlemen, I entered this colt, but he kicked around so I had to withdraw him.'

"Well, I declare," he exclaimed, "looks as if he'd always boarded!"

An impromptu riddle is attributed to him here at his country place. One day in presiding at table with a swarm of grandchildren about him he was asked, "What is the difference between this goose before dinner and me after?"

"Now, Mr. Breef, we will not defend," replied Mr. Breef.

"But that is an enormous alimony."

"That's all right, but I am for peace at any price."—Detroit Free Press.

The Signed Petition.

"What was that petition he was circulating?" asked the inquisitive man.

"I don't know," replied the extremely polite man.

"Why, you signed it when he asked you to."

"Of course I signed it, but he didn't ask me to read it, you know."—Philadelphia Record.

Many actions of European royalty held military commissions before they are old enough to walk.

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