

WAITING FOR WINTER.

Winter may come or Winter may wait,
We're ready when he makes his round;
There's a thatch on the roof and a latch on the gate.

OLLIE HEDDER.

BY ALICE M'GOWAN.

When I rode up onto Emory Heights,
Overlooking Harriman, Tenn.,
The early twilight was almost upon me,
But I could see, in softened outline,
The curves of the beautiful Emory winding low me,

When I was there, some two years ago,
The only reason that lit me to the valley
Was the cheerful beam from a single farmhouse,
The Jackson homestead,
Which was afterward my stopping place.

One member of the Jackson household
In whom I had come to feel a warm,
Almost tender interest during my previous visit
Was Ollie Hedder—Ollie for short—a girl of about fifteen, a pleasant,
Round-faced little thing, with big blue eyes
And a sort of confiding, boyish manner,

On the morning after my second arrival
In Harriman I set out for Mrs. Jackson's.
I found the old farm-house upon a broad,
New street, its pastures had mowed down,
And its trees, its vines, its shrubs, its flowers,
Its ancient dignity partly obscured by smart,
New structures.

"Well, I won't tell you, that would be beginning at the wrong end."
"You remember what a time the child had with that shiftless family of hers;
Well, shortly after you were here before,
She saved enough outside of their constant demands
To buy two young cows for them."

"I should show him at leisure
Our crops for his pleasure,
And mother would urge him to stay."
—[Ida W. Benham, in Youth's Companion.]

But, instead of Ollie, they had a very manly and forcible young man to deal with.
He was interested not so much in the property as in Ollie, and he saw to it
Very effectively that she was not robbed or molested.

Two centuries ago there lived at Bremen,
In Germany, a pastor of the Lutheran Church
Named Franz Baring, or Baring.
In those days the ministers of his order
Might be men of great learning,
But their circumstances were at the best moderate.

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"I always had hoped the child might marry well, but I could never have expected anything so good as she has done.
While I don't think him beyond what Ollie deserves, I was really surprised when I saw him.
Though from her own class, he has acquired a good education,
Is in a responsible position and has a manner and bearing that would command your instant respect."

"The Prince de Joinville is said to be the most parsimonious man in Europe.
He is enormously rich and is quite as mean as he is rich.
He has a splendid mansion in Paris, and occasionally he runs into town to give his personal attention to business matters;
at such times he will not have the fires in the kitchen lighted,
because that would involve too much expense;
whenever he gets hungry he sends his servant round the corner for a bowl of soup,
a bit of meat and a crust of bread.
His parsimony is proverbial;
even the gamins chaff the old man about it as he totters along the streets."

St. Paul Man (on railway train)—It just makes me sick to see the cheap wit that's gotten off about St. Paul and Minneapolis,
just as if there was a deadly rivalry between them.
Stranger—Well, isn't there any?
St. Paul Man—Bless your heart, no; not a particle.
Each place is contributory to the other, and we all recognize it.
No feeling on the subject at all, sir—never was.
Couldn't be, of course, among sensible people, you know.
You are on your way to St. Paul, I presume.
Stranger—No, I am going to Minneapolis, to settle there.

"I heard only once from my friend, saying Ollie had a nice place with an invalid here at some little resort.
Mr. James received the remittance for the payment on her piece of land—evidently forwarded by her employer.
The Hedders were completely cowed.
They never said a word or made a sign and were very glad to go and live on the land, which was again Ollie's, the old dandy standing since Mrs. Hedder had died the second one.
"Who she was was more than a year.
I never heard directly from her, though Ollie can read and write quite well.
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When the company sent a man up there and she came home with him improved.
A whole year free from nagging and worry, passed amid refined and pleasant influences, almost as the daughter of the house—for anyone must love Ollie that has her about—had perfectly transformed her.
"Who she was was more than a year.
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THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

A Strong Hint—Ruffled and Yet Amiable—Altogether Too High—His Room Better Than His Company, etc., etc.

They were roasting chestnuts in the fire.
"I am going to call that chestnut by your name,"
"Who?" asked he.
"Because it seems to be cracked and won't pop."

Miss Bilkins—Does your friend, the tenor, ever reach high?
Mr. Basso—Well, yes, occasionally; but when he does, it is such a very high claim, and I thought they were the very typical couple that, here in America, might well reach any station.
—[Norfolk Virginian.]

Miss Giltedge—You seem to be glad, papa, that Mr. Litewate has gone west, and yet you said you liked him much better than all of my other suitors.
Giltedge, pere—You misunderstood me, my dear.
When you asked my opinion I said: "I liked him far and away the best."
I do.—[New York World.]

Young Lady—He is my "popper," sir.
HE WINDY WEATHER.
Windy weather's rough on girls
Who wear artificial curls;
For when breezes rudely blow,
Imitation locks must go.
—[New York Journal.]

St. Paul Man—Minneapolis? What do you want to buy yourself in that miserable little hole for?
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ITS MISSION.

Briggs—That exercising machine is really quite an ornament to your room.
Griggs—Yes; that is what I got it for.
—[Puck.]

Count Von Ennion—Your enormously wealthy American aristocracy has, alas, no titles.
Miss Bronson—That's true; but then we can buy what few we need, you know.
—[Life.]

Lord Noodleby at home.
"Your ridiculous games you have for your towns—Conshohocken, Weehawken, Hoboken,—they are perfectly laughable," said Lord Noodleby.
"Your nomenclature is queer," returned Hicks.
"Suppose," he added, "your lordship lives most of the time in London."

Daughter—Pa, you remember you told me to save all the pieces of string from store packages and what them into a ball?
Economic Pa—Yes, my dear. Did you?
Daughter—Every bit, and it makes the cutest little ball you ever saw.
Now I'm going to knit a handy little bag to put it in. I'll give me a dollar and fifty cents for zephyr, please.

Grindstone, were you ever a candidate for office?" asked his friend.
"Y—es," went through a campaign once as a candidate," replied Grindstone, as a look of pain flitted across his face, "but I lived it down, Kiljordan—lived it down."
—[Chicago Tribune.]

Old Doctor—How do you get along with your husband now, Mrs. Maguire?
Mrs. Maguire—Very nicely, thank ye. He's dead.
—[New York Weekly.]

"Is marriage a failure?"
"Will," responded Mrs. X. thoughtfully, "I think husbands are nicer than cats but not so nice as pugs."
—[Epoch.]

"I believe Fanny is making me an afghan," said the youth.
"I was calling there last night and she was working on it, but she wouldn't tell me who or what it was for."

Father—Did you break this vase?
Johnny—Yes, father; I can't lie.
Father—Indeed! When you won't be able to sit either when I am done with you. Come along to the woodshed.
—[New York Herald.]

Hunter—Can it be possible that you are getting deaf?
Wykes—Yes; I proposed to a girl last week.
Hunter—What has that to do with it?
Wykes—She lent me a deaf ear, and I forgot to return it.

"Humph!" sneered the ass as he encountered the zebra.
"Your look like an escaped convict."
"Possibly," retorted the zebra.
"But no one ever would take me for an ass."

"My love is like the red, red rose,"
For others love his music flows.
You see his love had auburn hair.
—[Washington Post.]

Boucault, the late playwright, was so anxious to get as much out of life as possible that during the last four or five years of his career he denied himself proper sleep, going to bed at two and rising at six.
The time passed in slumber he considered wasted.
More rest than this he did not seem to require.
The other day I read of a man in London who never sleeps, as we understand the word.
He is the janitor of a large building to which people resort at all hours of the twenty-four.
This ceberus volunteered for a double salary to do the watching day and night, and so he does, sitting in a chair and opening a gate every time the bell rings.
There is never a longer interval than fifteen minutes, and he never contrives to snatch sufficient sleep to serve him.
His health is good and his happiness apparently complete.
He looks upon himself as fortunate in having this exacting place, which most other men would not accept at any price.
The amount of sleep is to a considerable degree a matter of temperament.
—[Baltimore News.]

Min Pasha.
Emin Bey, or Pasha, is an Austrian, named Eduard Schnitzer, born in 1840.
He was a medical student and received the appointment of surgeon in the Turkish army.
In 1876 he was appointed Surgeon-General of the Egyptian army, and in that capacity was ordered to Khartoum.
In 1878 when General Gordon was appointed Governor of the equatorial provinces of Egypt.
He was known then as Emin Bey, and was afterward promoted to Pasha.
By good financialing there was a surplus in the treasury, instead of a deficit as before.
He proved the grasping slave trader out of his province, and civilized the people.
Every thing was prosperous.
The slave traders declared war on Emin Pasha, who had practically exiled them, and as the surrounding country was ruled by slave traders, the Governor-General was in 1882-83 cut off from the outside world.
Dr. Junker, the Russian explorer, made known this state of affairs to the home authorities, and Stanley was sent to free him.
Emin Pasha in 1887.
—[Detroit Free Press.]

MAN-EATERS.

THE TERRIBLE AND CUNNING TIGERS OF INDIA.

They Abound in the Jungles—The Most Wary of Animals—One Terrorized a Village for Fourteen Years.

Sir Samuel W. Baker, in his recent book, "Wild Beasts and their Ways," says that if the tiger has been born in jungles abounding in wild pigs he is apt to have a well-fed and comfortable appearance, very different from the tiger of the Zoological Gardens, which "is a long, lithe creature, with little flesh, and from the lack of exercise the muscles are badly developed.
Such a specimen affords a poor example of the grand animal in its native jungles, whose muscles are almost ponderous in their development.
The continued exertion of its nightly rambles over long distances and in mortal struggles when wrestling with its prey.
A well-fed tiger is by no means a slim figure, but, on the contrary, it is exceedingly bulky, broad in the shoulders, back and loins, with an extraordinary girth of limbs, especially in the forearm and wrist.
The muscles are tough and hard, and there are two peculiar bones unattached to the skeleton frame; these are situated in the flesh of either shoulder, apparently to afford extra cohesion of the parts, resulting in additional strength when striking a blow or wrestling with a heavy animal."

He has something very clear and definite to say about the man-eater: "A professed man-eater is the most wily of animals and is very difficult to kill, not because it is superior in strength, but through its extreme caution and cunning, which renders its discovery a work of long labor and patient search.
An average native does not form a very hearty meal.
The man-eater will seize an unsuspecting person by the neck and will drag the body to some remote place, which it can devour in its prey in undisturbed security.
Having consumed the more fleshy portions, it will probably leave the body, and will never return again to the carcass; but will seek a fresh victim, perhaps, at some miles distance, in the neighborhood of another village.
Their cautious habits render it almost impossible to destroy a cunning man-eater, and the means of its detection.
In this peculiarity the ordinary man-eating tiger differs from all others, as the cattle-killer is almost certain to return on the following night to the body which it only partially devoured after the first attack."

But the "man-eater" is not the only scourge.
There are tigers which never touch men, but are terrible robbers of cattle.
Sir Samuel gives an account of one of these: "Although the tiger as a 'man-eater' is a terrible scourge, and frequently inflicts incredible loss upon the population of a district, there are tigers in existence which would never attack a human being, although they exist upon the cattle of the villages and have every opportunity of doing so.
In their immediate neighborhood.
About nine years ago there was a well-known animal of this character at a place called Bhundra, in the Jubbulpur district, which was supposed to have killed upward of 500 of the natives' cattle.
This was a peculiarly large tiger, but so harmless to man that he was regarded merely in the light of a pest.
A woman and a woman's child dressed its appearance.
The natives assured me that during fourteen years it had been the common object of pursuit, both by officers, civilians and by their own shikaris, but as the tiger was possessed by the devil, it was quite impossible to destroy it.
This possession by an evil spirit is a common belief in India, and in this instance the people spoke of it as a matter of course that admitted of no argument; they assured me that the tiger was frequently met by the natives, and that it invariably passed them in a friendly manner without the slightest demonstration of hostility, but that it took away a cow or bullock in the most regular manner, and, as a result, varied its attentions and having killed a few head of cattle belonging to one village it would change the locality for a week or two, and take toll from those within a radius of four or five miles, always returning to the same haunts and occupying or laying up in the same jungle.
The great peculiarity of this particular tiger consisted in its posed itself contented without exception when driven by a line of beaters, and when shot at it simply escaped, only to reappear upon the following day.
I was informed that everybody that had gone after it had obtained a shot, but bullets were of no use against a devil, therefore it was always missed."

The account of his killing of this animal is as follows: "At this moment I raised my eyes from the nullans in which he was expected, and I saw, through the intervening leafless mass of bushes upon the opposite slope, a dim outline of an enormous tiger, so indistinct that the figure resembled the fading appearance of a dissolving view.
Slowly and stealthily the shadowy form advanced along the face of the slope, exactly crossing my line of sight.
This was the 'possessed of the devil' I had escaped during so many years, and I could not help thinking that many persons would risk the shot in its present position, when the bullet must cut through a hundred twigs before it could reach the mark, and thus would probably be deflected.
The tiger was about forty yards distant, and although the bushes were all leafless, there was one exception, which lay in the direct path the tiger was taking, a little upon my right; this was a very dense and large green bush called karonda.
Exactly to the right, upon the edge of this opaque screen, there was an open space about nine or ten feet wide, where a large rotten tree had been blown down, and should the tiger continue its present course it would pass the karonda bush and cross over the clear opening.
I resolved to wait; therefore, resting my left elbow upon my knee, I covered the shoulder of the unconscious tiger, and followed it with the .577 rifle carefully, resolved to exercise the devil that had for so long terrorized me.
"His shouts of the beaters were now heard distinctly, and the loud tom-tom sounded cheerfully as the line approached.
Several times the tiger stopped and turned its head to listen, then it disappeared from view behind the dense screen of the karonda bush.
"Lowered the rifle to rest my arm for a moment.
So long a time elapsed that this was afraid the tiger had turned straight up the hill in a direct line with the bush, and thus lost to sight.
I had almost come to this sad conclusion, when a magnificent head projected from the dark green bush into the bright light of the open space.
For quite fifteen seconds the animal thus stood with only head exposed to view, turned half way around to listen.
I felt quite sure that I could have put a bullet through its brain, but I waited.
Presently it emerged, a splendid

A THRILLING RIDE.

Planter Had All the Fun He Wanted with a 'Gator.

David Yarborough owns an orange grove and an alligator farm on the St. John's river in Florida, where he spends his winters.
When Yarborough bought this place, five years ago, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, he issued orders along the river which bounded one side of the farm alligators were found in abundance and shooting them was the favorite sport of the party.
One day Yarborough and his friends were out on the river in a small boat to try their luck fishing.
They were very successful, and about sundown started home.
As they approached the boat landing a huge gator was seen lying on the bank.
Three shots were fired but none of them reached a vital spot, and the alligator made a dash for the water, going straight toward the boat.
The boat was within ten feet of the bank and the water was shallow.
The big saurian, in his mad dash for deep water, ran under the boat and overturned it.
All the occupants were thrown out on the side next the bank and scrambled ashore, except Yarborough.
He fell the other way and struck the water right by the side of the alligator's tail.
Involuntarily he grasped the tail of the saurian, and before he fully realized what he was holding to was drawn out into deep water.

The gator did not go to the bottom, but seemed to be making for the opposite bank of the river.
Feeling something on his tail he began to lash the water into foam, throwing Yarborough around as if he had been a piece of cork.
Realizing that he was now in deep water and being a poor swimmer, Yarborough held on for dear life and shouted to his companions on the bank to come to his rescue.
He was thrown astride the alligator's tail and leaning forward clutched it with both arms as a drowning man would grasp at a life-preserver.
The alligator increased his exertions to rid himself of the heavy incumbrance, and about the middle of the river Yarborough was thrown off, and at the same time received a heavy blow on the head which almost knocked him senseless.
His friends on the bank at once righted the boat as quickly as possible and were pulling to his rescue with all their might.
He managed to keep afloat until they reached him, when he was dragged into the boat more frightened than hurt.
Next day Yarborough instructed his tenants to allow any one to shoot alligators who wanted to.
He had had all the fun with them he wanted.

Facts About the Pecan.

The pecan is a nut of the future, and the Southern planters who are setting out great orchards of pecan trees will now reap big fortunes a few years hence.
There is one man in Florida who has a grove of 4,000 pecan trees of five varieties, nearly all of them grafted, six years old and seven to eight feet high.
When they get to bearing he will have a big thing.
A grown pecan tree will produce two barrels of nuts yearly, and those nuts will sell at \$15 a barrel wholesale.
This means a mean income for the proprietor of the grove I refer to of considerable more than \$100,000 a year.
Seedling pecans may turn out very well, but the only sure way is to graft.
Plantations of pecans are being started numerous in Georgia, Alabama, Texas, Louisiana and Mississippi.
In California they are just beginning to be cultivated in orchards of from 100 to 200 acres.
There are about fifty different varieties of pecans that I know of.
The finest specimens now produced come from the neighborhood of Ocean Springs, Miss.
Of course, you know that the pecan is purely an American nut; it only grows on this continent.
In the West Indies, however, they are trying to introduce it.
Before very long we shall doubtless export large quantities of pecans.

Hickory nuts are beginning to be cultivated also.
Some of the wild shagbark are very big and fine, and starting with them, crops of excellent quality ought to be obtained.
We have received reports of hickory nuts that used to grow in a certain region of the West, which are six inches in diameter, but the trees that bore them were a few years hence.
I believe this to be an exaggeration.
Possibly the nuts described by myself have been seen as much as two and a half inches.
It is in the Wabash valley of Indiana that the biggest hickory nut grows.
—[Washington Star.]

A Visit to a Coal Mine.

A visit to a coal mine is a decided novelty.
The darkness and dirt, together with the dripping water and the ever present dangers, are calculated to deter timid people from entering the shaft.
I have, however, made the journey through the various passages of a mine, and have witnessed the modus operandi therein, consider themselves repaid for all the discomforts experienced on the trip.
The deepest shaft in Pennsylvania is a mine near Pottsville, 1,710 feet.
Some of the mine galleries run horizontally underground from the shaft, following the veins for a mile and a half.
The coal is found in veins of various thickness between layers of rough slate, the top layer being known among miners as the roof, and the bottom as the floor.
The mines are kept in shape by timbers, of which large quantities are used, and were it not for these supports the galleries would collapse.
In most of the mines pure air is blown in constantly by fans which sometimes produce a perfect gale through the galleries.
This is the only preventive of gas.
—[Commercial Advertiser.]

The Best Food for a Dog.

Too much meat produces disease of the bones in a dog.
As a regular food, corn meal, boiled into thick mush, with broth made of meat scraps with small bones, and then cooled into a nearly solid mass, seasoned with salt moderately, and pure water for drink, will be found the most conducive to health.
This is about the composition of dog biscuits.
—[New York Times.]