

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

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 flowers, its smart,
New dignities pertly elbowing by smart,
New dignities pertly elbowing by smart,

"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.]

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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.

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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,"
"Why?" 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.

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.

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.

Windy weather's rough on girls
Who wear artificial curls;
For when breezes rudely blow,
Imitation locks must go.

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.

St. Paul Man—Minneapolis? What do you want to buy yourself in that miserable little hole for?—[New York Weekly.]

Dashaway—Do you mind tobacco smoke, Mrs. Bingo?
Mrs. Bingo—Oh, not at all. I am not like some other women. There was old Mrs. Summit; a whiff of tobacco smoke would drive her out of the room quick as a wink.

Mr. N.—Ah, yes; a flat pudding. Very good, indeed. Quite appropriate.

Mr. N. (tearfully)—I meant a c-c-cottage pudding.—[New York Herald.]

Two professional blind beggars.
"I say, Bill, what makes me that disgraced with this biz I could chuck it up any day, if that bein' supposed to have the use of our eyes we can't kick when some bloke goes and drops a ho-ho-gus coin into the 'at and then prances off lookin' virtuous, like as if he'd gone an' done a hact of charity."—[Judge.]

The picnic—That memory of days that are gone—
How dear were the pleasures it gave us!
Though whenever we went we regretted the fun.

He laughs, but he doesn't feel funny.
The orange-peel stricken supinely is laid;
One misses the car he's pursuing.

Writers on the strawberry assume that its name is derived from the use of straw about the plants, to keep the earth from soiling the berries.

"Why, dear me, I never got any," said she; then, looking a little sheepish, "I never went to the postoffice at all. I was afraid paw, or some of them, would be getting somebody to write me a lot of letters to come home, and 'twould make me so miserable, I just had Mr. James send them some money every month, and never went to the postoffice at all."

"Why do you bark at the moon?" asked the Tomcat.
"Foot thing," answered the watchdog as he jingled his chain; "haven't you ever heard that the moon exerts an influence on the tides?"

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.]

"What ridiculous games you have for your towns—Conshohocken, Pechawken, Hoboken,—they are perfectly laughable," said Lord Noodleby.

Daughter—Pa, you remember you told me to save all the pieces of string from store packages and what them into a ball?

"Grindstone, were you ever a candidate for office?" asked his friend.

Old Docter—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.

"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.

Miner Pasha.
Emin Bey, or Pasha, is an Austrian, named Eduard Schnitzer, born in 1840.

"How do you tell when there is any gold in this funny-looking stone?" asked the dear girl who was being shown around the mine by an official.

"Why do you bark at the moon?" asked the Tomcat.
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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."

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A THRILLING RIDE.

A 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.

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.

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