Hark to the axel see the trees fall!

The axe, as it swing, has a song for all!

It sings yeo he! for the bounding ship,
As it hews her stout planks down,
It sings of the wain on the harvest plain,
And the coach for my lord in town;
The festive board with its light and song,
And hey! for the dancing floor,
Where the lovers yow, as they float along,
To love for evermore.

To love for evermore.

Hark to the axe! see the trees fall!
The axe, as it swings, has a song for all!
But a lender tone the axe must keep,
As it shapeth the ted of rest,
Where the maiden sleeps her last long sleep,
With a rose upon her breast.
It seems to speak of the long good-bye,
And the ship that came in vain,
And then a love that will not die
However the years may wane.

Hark to the axe! see the trees fall ! The axe, as it swings, has a song for all!
So the axe toils on, by sun and star,
Under the woodman's hand,

Under the woodman's hand, Plank and rafter and mast and spar Come forth at his command. And the world wags on in peace and strife, With laughter and tears for all, And the song of the axe is the song of Life, And we—are the trees that fall.

Hark to the axe! see how they fall! The axe, as it swings, has a song for all!

-[F. E. Weatherly.

SECURING THE CONTRACT

BY A. H. GIBSON.

A slender girl about twelve years old, with dark hair and eyes, was watering some thirsty morning-glory vines, which she was trying to train up the sides of her dugout home. called a man's weak voice

"Hello, sissy!" was his coarse greeting.

"Hello, sissy!" was his coarse greeting.

He was a tall, stoutly-built, middleaged man, with a burly face and red bristling hair and beard. He was coarsely dressed, and wore immense spurs at tached to the heels of his heavy boots. Altogether the man presented anything but a pleasing appearance, and it was very evident from the expression which flitted across Callie's countenance that the encounter was a disagreeable one to her.

"Good morning, Mr. Simmons," she returned a little coolly, starting her pony around him.
"How's your pap?" he inquired, keeping after her.
"He's having the chills and fever again," she replied, shortly.
"It can't be very healthy on your laim." He very healthy on your daim," She replied, shortly.
"It can't be very healthy on your daim," She replied, shortly.
"It can't be very healthy on your claim. I'd try to persande your pap away, if I was you. You'd better leave the claim anyway." You'd better health when he gets used to the climate, Go on, Bossy!" she said to the cow that had stopped to graze.

Without looking behind her she hurried away toward to graze.

Without looking behind her she hurried any toward toward to graze.

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when he gets used to the climate. On un, Bossy!" she said to the cow that had stopped to graze.

Without looking behind her she hurried away toward the dugout, leaving the man gazing after her with an evil light in his yellowish gray eyes.

"That gal's a smart one, an' will be a hard one to head off, I reckon, for a small one. But her dad's bein' sick gives me a good time to strike, if I can only git Jim Dawkins to help me. I'll go an' see him," and he rode rapidly away in an opposite direction.

Abel Norris and his little daughter Callie, the only remaining member of Callie, the

Abel Aoris and his little daughter Callie, the only remaining member of his family, had come from Iowa that spring. The long journey had been made in a large covered wagon, and they had settled on a claim in Southeastern

This was in 1869, just after the fam-ous Joy land excitement, and parts of the country were entirely new and un-

They had some trouble with Bill Sim-They had some trouble with Bill Simmons, a quarrelsome character who lived on Thunderbolt Creek and was known as one of the worst agitators among the anti-Joy settlers. He asserted a prior claim to the land taken by Mr. Norris. But there was not the slightest evidence of former occupancy, and Simmons being unable to show a title to the land Mr. Norris refused to give up the claim. Unheeding the threats of Simmons, he went to work and constructed a dugout in the bank of a deep ravine.

When Simmons saw that the new set

"No."
"Are you sure, Bill?"
"I've been watching the land office purty clost, an 'I know Norris hain't got a contract yet for this land."
"Why don't you contract for the claim yourself, without askin' my help?" asked Dawkins a little suspiciously.
"Simply because I hain't got money enough to pay for gittin' the contract," replied Simmons. "I have 'bout half enough. I reckon. But you have plenty of spendulix, Jim, an' kin help me if you will. We kin ride over to Fort Scott an' git a contract writ out for this claim begit a contract writ out for this claim be-fore ole Norris kin help himself. He's down with the shakin' ager, his little gal says, so we have the best chance in the world."

mine years, his face was flushed with fever.

"Do you want anything, Papa?" she asked, approaching the couch, and stroking the dark hair away from the hot brow with her cold, damp fingers.

"It's almost time for you to go and drive up Bossy, isn't it?" he asked, looking up tenderly into the child's face.

"Yes, Papa. How are you feeling now?"

"A little easier. The fever is going down slowly. You may give me a sup of water, then go and get Bossy."

She gave him a drink in her own little in cup, the best drinking vessel which their humble habitation afforded, thensher an out back of the dugout to where the horses were lariated on the rank prairie grass.

Slipping the lariat rope off Dolly's neck, Callie put a bridle on the gentle creature's head, led her to the side of a ravine, jumped lightly to a seat on her back, and dashed away across the prairie.

The sun was just setting when she found the cow and started her toward home. As she emerged from a little thicket, fringing a stream, a horseman drew rein before her.

"Hello, sissy!" was his coarse greet-"

"Hello, sissy!" was his coarse greet-"

"How son can you be ready to start for Scott to git the centract? I want to start to Missoury I want to start to Missouri to horseor, git the agent to seat the out attend to our business early, then you with the content of the money you have to the limb out out suincess early, then you are with to missoury. I'll rid back to the Thunderholt an' muster up a gang to help me set ole Norris off of the claim."

"The very thing, Bill I'm with you an' with furnish you all the money you need."

"The yorde away in the darkness, leaving the sharing resolutely, as she returned to the dugout to the dugout to the dugout to where the horses were lariated on the rank prairie grass.

Slipping the lariat rope off Dolly's been going to see the agent about the contract? The very all she had heard.

"He shan't get papa's claim!" she returned to the dugout to the dugout to the dugout she found the cow and started her toward home. As she emerg

She reached the spring and had just filled her bucket with the cold, delicious water when the property of the content of the property of the p

claim away from me an my pennehere."

"You state there are no improvements on the claim," remarked the agent.

"There's no improvements, 'ceptin' a little dagout where me an' Jim here lives," returned Simmons.

"I have been informed differently," replied the agent.

"Whoever has told you different from my account, lies, that's all!" Simmons cried, hoty.

the contract; then I haven't money ounder that rock."

"I'll tell you, papa," she cried, eagerly. "Let me take that to the land agent, the limit he story, and maybe he'll keep the claim for us till you can pay the rest. The let me try, papa. It will do no harm, and I may save your claim. I can start and beat she was only a little girl, and it was fifteen miles to the land office. It seemed a difficult, fruitless undertaking for her to try to outwit two bold, reckless men, who were so obstinately bent on getting the claim away from them.

Callie went over the situation very carefully with her father. At last, see the claim, he gave a reluctant consent to her going.

The moon came up soon after midnight. Its light would relieve her long, lonesome ride.

Taking the \$250 from beneath a large, at rock by her father's bed, she concealed it in the boson of her dress. Then is sixing her father, and bidding him not worry about her, she left the dugut and maddled, waiting to carry her young mist.

She started across the prairie at a brisk try. The moon shed a deep, golden the country described from two species of trees.—Washington Star.

Woods of Great Yalue.

The inexhaustible forests of Brazil abound in woods of great value. Some of the most beautiful and precious of the most beautiful and precious

went to work and constructed a dugout in the bank of a deep ravine.

When Simmons saw that the new settler was not so easily scared off by false statements of former ownership, he had declared that he would organize a gang and set Norris and his child out. But the man from Iowa was a brave one, and paid no attention to the threats.

When Callie returned to the dugout she miked the cow and prepared a little supper. After her simple household duties had been attended to she sat down by her I father's couch and fanned him until he fell asleep.

Then, going to the door of the dugout, she looked out. Night had closed in over the prairies, and a thousand stars from the deep blue vault above her seemed smilling and coquetting with the myriasd of wild flowers all around. A soft wind stirred the morning glory vines by her side, then died away among the wild indigo and rosin weeds down the ravine.

"Poor Papal." she said, pityingly, as she gazed at his thin face, looking so pale and death-like in sleep.

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"Poor Papal." she said, pityingly, as she gazed from the review of the leading streets of the growing town must pass.

"Poor Papal." she said, pityingly thouse the leading streets of the growing town in the particular place in the leading streets of the growing town in the land and the leading streets of the growing town must pass.

Then going the fall the provided from the reverse thi

friend.

Employer—You can vouch for his ability, I presume.

Applicant—His ability is A1.

Employer—Tell him to come to work in the morning.

Applicant—All right, sir; I'll be on hand ready to work in the morning. Good day, sir.—|Yankee Blade.

IT DEPENDS.
Willie—Papa, how much does a roc

measure?

Mr. Billus (retrospectively and some what bitterly)—If you sign the contrac without looking at it closely, my son, is measures when you come to pay for about 869 feet, and as a protection against lightning it isn't worth a—it isn worth. worth—run out now and play, my son. [Chicago Tribune.

THE WINTER GIRI Now the dainty winter girl Sets my brain once more a whirl; Smiling from her mass of fur— What has earth to equal her?

ONE KIND OF A MAN. ONE KIND OF A MAX.

He cringes and bends to the men who employ him,
And meekly takes insults and slights,
And never finds fault with the things that annoy him,
Or stands like a man for his rights.

But he can be arrogant, too, when he

chooses
To people life's chances have placed
In his power, and his meek little wife he abuses
When the cooking is not to his taste.

—[New York Press.

AS THEY MEET ON THE STREET.

Augustus—Ah, Cholly, what an old pirrte Carlotta's father is! Cholly (still suffering)—Yes—a regu-lar freebooter.—[The Ledger. GOOD AS A SELF-WINDER.

Stranger-Have you any self-winding Strange-vatches?

Jeweler—Self-winding?

"Yes, something that will wind itself, you know. My wife has been pestering me for a new watch, but I know she'll never remember to wind it after the first new that will rust out, just like the

night, and it will rust out, just have led oid one."

"I have nothing of that kind; but I have a patent plonographic watch which shouts 'Wind me,' at the proper time every night."

"That won't do. My wife'll just say 'In a minute,' and then forget all about it. I'll tell you what we want. You fix it so that when it needs winding it will start up and whistle 'Conrades' until she attends to it."—[New York Weekly.

THEY WERE INTELLIGENT.

"Well, how do you like our village?" asked a native of a rural hamlet, addressing a gentleman who had recently taken up his residence in the community. "I haven't had much time to form an opinion yet," was the rather evasive realy.

opinion yet, was sure reply.

"Do you find our people intelligent—quick of perception?"

"Intelligent—quick of perception! I should say they are. They already know more about my affairs than I do myself."

—[New York Press.

HE PLAYED HIS PART.

Front Rank-I had to laugh at Quickstep in the sham battle.
Rightwheel—Why?
Front Rank—When he was killed he said, "O, death, where is thy sting?"

ONE ON HICKS. "It isn't square," said Mawson, pet-

ulantly.
"What isn't?" queried Hicks.
"A circle," replied Mawson, his petulance disappearing.

NAMING A FAST HORSE. "A fast horse, is he?"
"Trot's like a streak of greased light-

School-book Publisher—Hooray! I have found it! Send a printer here! Start the presses! We'll get out a new and revised set of school-books! Hoopla!

la!
Superintendent — What have you found, sir?
Publisher — A new way to pronounce an old word. — Street's Good News.
NO ATTRACTION FOR THE POLICEMAN.

NO ATTRACTION FOR THE POLICEMAN.

First Burglar—I think we might give old Bullion, the banker's place, a trial to-night. He has discharged his female cook and hired a man in her place. His house should be a safe one to crack now. Second Burglar—Why is it safer now than when he had a female cook?

First Burglar—Because there ain't likely to be any policeman hanging around the house now.—[New York Press.]

TRANSFERRED.

The garden gate has ceased of late A load of love to bear,
But double weight is now the fate of many a parlor chair.

GIVING HER A LESSON.

GIVISG HER A LESSON.

Cora—John, can't you take me to the heatre to-night?

John (crabbedly)—No, I can't, and you T; don't ask me.

Cora (astonished)—What do you mean,

won T; don't ask me.

Cora (astonished)—What do you mean,
sir. speaking to me that way?

John—You said you'd be a sister to
me, and I'm treating you as if you were.

[New York Herald.

WOMAN'S ANCESTOR.

Alice-Do you believe man sprung from the ape?

Jumbo—No; but I believe woman sprung from a mouse; in fact, I've seen her do it. HELD THE LIGHT.

"Mr. Lightemup, you said you once officiated in a pulpit. Do you mean by that that you preached?"
"No, your Honor; I held the light for the man what did."
"Ah! "The Court planting and the said of th

Ah! The Court understood you differently. It supposed that the discourse came from you."

"No, sir; I only throw'd a little light on it."—[New York Press.

DOUBLY DEFINED.

DOUBLY DEFINED.

Tommy—What is a "running account?" Pa says it's an account merchants have to keep of their customers that are in the habit of running away from paying their bills.

Uncle—That's one definition of it.

Tommy—Is there another?

Uncle—Yes. A running account is, in some instances, an account that gets tired out running after a while, and then it becomes a standing obligation.—[Boston Courier.

"How's that black and tan dog of

yours?"
"Dead."
"Dead."
"Yes. Swallowed a bunch of watch keys and they wound him up."—(Brook-lyn Life.

ONLY HER BROTHER

He—I think I have a right to an explanation. You permitted a young man to kiss you at the party last evening. She—It was only my brother. He—Your brother? She—Yes; young Smith. He proposed to me once, and I promised to be a sister to him.—[New York Press.

A LITTLE DRAWBACK. "Dick Skinner says marriage is a fail-

"A failure? I thought he married a "Yes—but the girl that went with it has suspended payment."

LEAVING WELL ENOUGH ALONE. "You admire Miss Sweete very much, "You admire miss owen."

"I do."

"I suppose you will try to get to be better acquainted with her now?"

"No. I probably shouldn't admire her if I were better acquainted with her."

REVERSING IT. Mrs. Bloombumper—There is an American in England who claims to be able to make gold.

Bloombumper—That's odd. Generally do that.

THE TELL TALE EVIDENCE. Mother-I think our John is courting

Mother—Lunin on John Some girl.
Father—Hey? Is he beginning to ave vaseline on his hair?
Mother—No; he is beginning to have ton his shirt bosom.—[New York Press.

BELIEVED HIM. Cora—Didn't you think he was trying o flatter you when he said you were beau-iful as an angel? Dora—No.

"Why?"
"Because I thought so myself."

The Crazy Ball.

Street pedlers have a new catchpenny device on their trucks that is quite an amusing thing for old as well as young folks. They call it the "crazy ball," and it is well named. For ten cents you can buy one of these things and see the laws of gravity defied. It looks like an ordinary wooden ball, about the size of a tennis ball, but you can't roll it in a straight line to save you. Of course the secret of the thing's queer actions lie in the fact that it is loaded on one side. This makes every movement of the ball straight the to save you. Of course the secret of the thing's queer actions lie in the fact that it is loaded on one side. This makes every movement of the ball eccentric. It will roll up hill of its own accord, and it will refuse to roll down hill. If you try to roll it from you it will perhaps start out all right and then turn around and roll back, or maybe it will go off sidewise and describe a wobbly circle around you. All its movements are jerky and spasmodic. Give it to a kitten to play with and the chances are that the kitten will go mad, while a baby will cry with vexation over its eccurificities. A grown person who is not up in spherical geometry will assure you that it is wonderful. It is not. It is only some sharp fellow's way of gathering in the dines. Nevertheless ere long the city will be flooded with these "crazy balls."—[New York Herald.

A Life of Magnificence.

The foreigners in the far East live in a magnificence hardly known to the Western world. The dwellings of the members of the various silk and tea firms are real palaces in themselves, and as servant hire costs almost nothing, the "Trot's like a streak of greased lighting."

"Well, that's fast enough. What do on call him?"

"What Ma Says."

"What Ma Says! That's a strange lame. Why do you call him that?"

"Because what ma says goes."

SCHOOL-BOOK PROGRESS.

The Hennepin Canal.

The Hennepin Canal.

It is reported that active steps are taking to push the condemnation suits begun to acquire for the Government title to the land necessary for the building of the Hennepin Canal, which is projected to connect the Illinois River at Peoria with the Mississippi at the mouth of Rock River. The route of the canal is ninety miles long, and the Government has already secured possession of a considerable portion of the right of way. There is \$500,000 now available for the work of building the canal, and it will begin as soon as the right of way is secure. The canal is to be eighty feet wide and thirteen feet deep, and will admit the largest river steamboats to Peoria.—[Picayune.

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