

LOVE'S SEASON.

Love doth a tenant of the spring become; Of summer hours when skies of brilliant blue...

A Moccasin Among the Hobbys.

BY RICHARD M. JOHNSTON.

I vary well remember Little Joe Hobby, who, when I was a child, was one of my father's near neighbors and friends.

He went to riding, and with the other guests extended congratulations and partook with reasonable zest of the good things.

Joe—Little Joe, I mean—tried to go along about as he had been doing before his bad luck, as he called it; for he never denied a single thing.

One morning, having come over to our house on some little matter about the line-fence, as he was ascending the steps of the piazza my father said:

"My goodness, man! But I'm very glad it was no worse."

"So an I—thankful to boot. What time it lasted, it was a right serious business, countin' in my skear, and Maggy's too."

"Not in the night, she wasn't, but in the skear she were, worse off than me; fact is, she couldn't help it, bein' of her own body."

"My! my! Tell me about it."

"It was on Thursday three weeks ago. I was over to see Missis Tiller's, I reckon she was about a hour or so, and a half high. Maggy were a-sweepin' the front yard about the gate."

"When I got there, lo and behold, there were a great big full-grown highland moccasin quilled up on the baby's breast all excepting of his head and his neck, which stood high up on his eyes."

"Going to be a big man some day, aren't you?—a heap bigger than Cousin Joe."

Such things he did often, not from any thought of malice towards his cousin, but out of mere exuberance of the consciousness of his superiority to him.

snatched up her baby, who was kicking his level best at the fun; but I told her to lay him down for a minute, take a twine string out of my coat pocket, and tie it round my thumb where I were...

During the summer days of the following year, when Maggy's work took her out of the house she put the baby in his cradle, which she had removed to a nice spot in the shade of a large Mogul plum-tree...

Such devotion, in all the circumstances, must have touched any heart, unless it were of stone. Yet when, towards the beginning of the fall, Little Joe began to plead as usual before he had done so all in vain, Maggy cried and begged him to stop it.

"That's Jim; that's exactly Jim," said my father. "But, Joe Hobby, don't tell me you came away from that house without getting Maggy's word, after what I told you of the importance of being brisker in some of your ways, especially since Jim has become a widower."

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THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Same Thing—He Couldn't Afford To—On One Condition—Two Opinions—And That's a Fact, Etc., Etc.

"I see," he began, as he entered the office of a plumber, "that some one has invented a cut-off or valve or syphon by which a water pipe is prevented from freezing, no matter how much exposed."

"What? Another new drol?" said a married man to his better half, as the parcel was opened.

"Tramp to lady of the house—I'm starving to death! Can I die out in the barnyard?"

"Yes," said the village oracle, as he looked around the grocery store and fixed the power of his eye on the only man present, "it's not the world's best growing worse, and that even in this village there's a deal of evil—that every man in it would thrive if he got a chance—present company excepted, of course."

"I paid the floor in anguish wild, Or sat in deep dejection, I felt extremely sad and tired, I had had my first rejection."

"Your husband borrows a great deal of trouble, it seems to me, Mrs. Blue."

"I've always heard that you were of a generous disposition, John," said the maiden, as her lover hugged her breath out of her; "but I can hardly believe it."

"I was 5 o'clock p. m., and George Montgomery had been spending the afternoon with sweet Lillian Lurray."

"I'm going to be married to Mr. Clipper, of the ribbon counter."

"The Portland Vase." The Portland Vase was found in the Sixteenth century enclosed in a marble sarcophagus, in the sepulchral chamber called Monte del Grano, on the road from Rome to Frascati.

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ABSENT-MINDED.

"You did not attend Blogster's funeral?"

"No," said the absent-minded man, "I was so busy. I'll go to his next one, sure, busy or not."

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ATCHISON GLOBULES.

PEOPLE are always asking advice, and never taking it.

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A Peasant's Appeal to His King.

At Szanad, in Hungary, lives a poor peasant farmer named Pero Batl.

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