PLOD. PLOD. PLODI

By AMOS R. WELLS.

When your hands and head are wea And your soul has lost its song; When the road is hot and dreary, And the way seems very long; When you have no heart for action, When you need the spur and rod— There's a world of satisfaction In a plod, plod, plod!

Let the genius leap to glory— Winged feet that spurn the soil; Though I think the truer story. Is that talents always toil. We will make a reputation From a broom, a hoe, a hod; There are fame and fascination In a plod, plod, plod!

There are in this way and no other In a plod, plod, plod:

For in this way and no other Do the seasons come and go, And the great world is a brother To the toller with his hoe;

Near to nature working slowly, we are close to nature's Gold We are close to nature's Gold.

who still neid the plate of cake, with her eye.

"Where the dickens can it be gone to?" he muttered some minutes later, after hunting high and low. "Well, I'm blessed if there isn't Sniper hugging it on his knee; I'll go and interrupt him."

And he went in Sniper's direction. Poor Augustus saw him coming and moved a little closer to Miss Neville, hiding his feet under the edge of her gown, little thinking all this was perceived by Katie. "The wretch," she said to herself, and waen Jack Meding his feet under the edge of her gown, little thinking all this was perceived by Katie. "The wretch," she said to herself, and waen Jack Meding his feet under the edge of her gown, little thinking all this was perceived by Katie. "The wretch," she said to herself, and was planting all this was perceived by Katie. "The wretch," she so kind as to fetch me another cup of tea?"

Poor Augustus!

"Of course, my greatest pleasure is to serve you, Miss Neville, but—er—when that service—en-ecessitates my leaving you—er—being deprived of your society, I cannot fly to accomplish your wish as I would otherwise do—" He had the cup in hand and was balancing it idiotically and he stammeringly sought an excuse for remaining where he was.

Just at this critical moment a friend was balancing it idiotically and he stammeringly sought an excuse for remaining where he was.

Just at this critical moment a friend passed at about the distance of a yard and a half. Here was his chance.

"Thomson, who had long worshiped maggie No far," said Miss Neville says will you get her a cup of tea, please?"

Thomson, who had long worshiped maggie No far," said Miss Neville and of fended tone; "if you did not wish to get my tea I would not have you do it for worlds, but I think you need not put speeches into my mouth."

"My dear Miss Neville—not wish to get my tea I would not have you do it for worlds, but I think you need not put speeches into my mouth."

"The thing was, I knew that fellow wanted to come and Joh usa- and I—er—I—I didn't want him. See?"

Just t

THE SILHOUETTE TARGET.

THE SILHOUETTE TARGET.

Not So Good as the Round Bullseye to the Army.

A number of years ago many expert riflemen arrived at the conclusion that for target practice there was nothing so good and equitable as a round bullseye. Various forms of bullseyes had been tried before reaching this decision. It was with no little regret in 1885 that the announcement was received that the Army would discontinue the use of the round bullseye and thereafter would use an elliptical bullseye. A committee of the National Rife Association visited the Secretary of War and urged that the round bullseye be retained for the Army, but as the elliptical bullseye had been adopted the committee was informed that no change could be made at that time. Following the elliptical bullseye, silhouette figures were introduced for rifle practice in the United States Army. These figures are of undoubted value, but they serve their purpose best in skirmish firing. For the training of the regulars of the Army and the volunteers as expert rifle shots the form of target with the round bullseye is undoubtedly superior to all others. This, we understand, is the opinion of most, regular Army officers and volunteers to-day, and we hear that the hoard of United States Army officers revising the firing regulations for small arms practice will return to the National Rifle Association target with a round bullseye for qualification of the Army.

We regard this as most fortunate.

tional Rife Association target wan around bullseye for qualification of the Army.

We regard this as most fortunate. The new lines of the National Rifle Association now agree with those of the British National Rifle Association, and with the adoption of the same target by the United States Army we are likely to have a higher order of skill developed and a better understanding of the work of riflemen at home and abroad.—Shooting and Fishing.

A ACCIDENT SATURE And is to the case bench houses of that is a constant of the control of the co of the work of rifemen at home and abroad.—Shooting and Fishing.

The Origin of Fig.

The early form of pie was undoubtedly a filing of meat, and meat which needed "the grinding of the teeth," writes Ellen H. Richards in Good Housekeeping. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries meat was not often kept until tender. The result of the hunt was cooked and eaten at once, only a small portion being carried away. When the guest was descried on the neighboring hill, or when the sound of the horn announced his approach; the domesticated animal was killed; to appear on the table only a few hours later. Tender meat was not always possible, hence some form of serving which should remedy this and also which should exe out the oftentimes scanty supply would become a popular one. Another advantage was that the ingredients of a meal were served all together and hot, or, if cold, the "pasty" was still savory. The derivation of the word hears out this view. Gaelic "pighlann," Irish "pighe" or "pithan," defined by the dictionary as "a dish consisting of a 'thin layer of pastry filled with a preparation of meat, fish, fowl, fruit or vegetables, seasoned, generally covered with a thicker layer of pastry and baked." This applies to the earlier forms. An essential dish on Thanksgiving in early New England days was the chicken ple of this description. Pot ple and beefsteak pie of the restaurant survive to remind us of the ancient form.

The Lady's Mistake.

Female suffrage may be a very de-

The Lady's Mistake.

Female suffrage may be a very desirable reform, but it may also lend to some embarrassing mistakes. A candidate at a recent election in one of the States of the commonwealth where the ladies have votes tells a story in this connection. The constituency was a seaport town and one of the burning issues before the electors was the question of berthage rates. A lady voter came to him and asked whether he was in favor of imposing these berthage rates, because if he was she would take good care that neither her husband nor herself would vote for him. A little discussion of the matter revealed the fact that the lady was under the impression that the question of berthage rates related to a poll-tax on babies. That candidate now doubts whether the average female voter is not under a delusion—or, perhaps, we should say a spell.—London Chronicle.

Why Not Name County Roads?

Why Not Name County Koads?

The naming of the roads, says the Grand Rapids Herald, is something that should have been attended to long ago. Every main road and every cross road in the country ought to have its official title, just as do the streets and avenues in the city. The roads are all laid out on the map, but they are unnamed, and to attempt to address a farmer at his home residence, except, perhaps, in the most general way, is impossible. The Board of Supervisors might well appoint a committee or commission to name the roads in the county, and in selecting names it would be well to honor the sturdy pioneers who settled in the neighborhood through which the road passes. With the roads named, a farmer could be as easily addressed by his street and number as can those who dwell in cities.

A tiger captured a monkey. The monkey begged to be released on the score of his insignificance, and promised to show the tiger where he might find a more valuable prey. The tiger compiled, and the monkey conducted him to a hillside where an ass was feeding—an animal which the tiger had never seen before. "My good brother," said the ass to the monkey, "hitherto you have always brought me two brought me only one to-day?" The tiger fied for his life. Thus a ready wit wards off danger.—New York Press.



THE LITTLE ONE AT THE DOOR.

A baby kisses him at the door,
And sweetly says good-bye—
He hurries away to strive all day.
Where the money-maddened vis.
Time was when he showed no merey there,
The was when he showed no merey there,
But his ways have changed and his words
are fair.
He is pitiless no more.

All day through the city's easeless roar
He hears a happy song
That a little one sings as the evening brings
The twinkling stars along;
There is love deep down in his bosom,
where
Greed only had room before,
And he thinks of the care that others bear
For little ones at the door.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.



Out on the western range the ranchers have to contend with thieving tramps just as we do in the East, but the tramps of the range are four-legged fellows, very wise and very hard to detect in their nefarious work. In deed, so cunning have these "hobos of the prairie" become that it is now almost impossible to capture them, because they are ever on the alert. Experienced hunters say that these skullength the proper name, coyotes—know when a same time grasp his left and at the same time grasp his left.

chicken or goose or turkey r which is always close to the fart house, he approaches the prize ag the wind, so that the dogs will scent his approach. There's sche for you. If he succeeds in react the roost safely Mr. Coyote will off enough meat to last him a time. He will not take his boot, the way home, but just far enaway to be safe, after which he return again, carry out more so

the way home, but just far enough away to be safe, after which he will return again, carry out more so long as the conditions are favorable, and when he has piled up a goodly supply, or has been frightened by some noise, he retreats to the spot where he has hidden his loot and leisurely bears it away to his quarters in quantities that he can easily carry.

For several days after a successful raid the thief keeps out of sight, and it is a sure thing that when no coyotes are to be seen sheaking about in the distance a successful steal has been carried out. Just like our city thieves, he knows that he must lay low and that somebody is watching for a shot at him or evidence which will reveal his hiding place.—Chicago Records Harrd TO, Find ONE'S NOSE.

PUZZLE OF THE MISSING MEN.



Find two other men in this picture

traveler has a gun better than does a human being, and cases are recalled where men have driven across the country with rifles lidden beneath hay in the bottoms of their wagons without ever spying a coyote. However, should the same journeys be undertaken without the rifles the range tramps when hungry will actually attack the travelers' dogs at the very wagonside.

As a last resort ranchers have tried poison on the pests, but again the subtle instinct of the animals serves to insure their safety, for whenever a coyote comes across a nice piece of meat anywhere about a ranch he refuses to eat it. He knows that to secure his meals he has to run the risk of getting shot, and that food dying about unguarded is dangerous.

Besides the ranchers' guns there are policemen on every far western farm. These policemen are, like the tramps, four-legged, being no more or less than the ranchers' dogs, and the coyote



ows that if he cannot whip one of see policemen the fight will bring a my with his trusty rifle; so the range imp does not care to clash with the filter." When the coyote is very larger and has picked out a nice last census.

ear with his right hand.

Tell him to repeat this operate several times, and the more often does it the more amusement he furnish for the company, since he find it ever more and more diffued grasp his nose and ear, and will sp



CANNOT FIND HIS OWN NOSE

considerable time searching for them n places where they cannot possible

THE PLACARD GAME.

"Who am I?" That is the que each player of the placard game we to have answered. She knows the her back she bears a paper insec with the name of some woman we musical or dramatic author, paint explorer, and they she meet find. musical or dramatic author, painter sculptor, and that she must find our quickly as possible her hidden ident She is allowed to go from one person another that will solve the myste but to those questions only "Yes" "No" may be answered. Directly has discovered she is Miss Ellen Te or Mrs. Humphry Ward, or whom ever else's name she has got on back, she has her placard changed, the more times she guesses who she the better chance she has of gaining prize.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Just to see the task before you And forget the distant goal; Just to bid renown ignore you, And to bear a humble soul; Just to trudge along contented

my chance would be clean gone directly. It's only the other day I heard her say to Jack McDonald that she thought a man who did not wear patent leathers was not fit to be spoken to, and a patch was perfectly inadmissible in a lady's drawing-room. And if she were to see these! Oh, it makes me all of a flutter to think of it. Now, I must be cool. What shall I do to calm myself? I know, I'll read that book she lent me; it will do to open the conversation with." So he sat down in his easiest chair and began to read.

The book, however, was very exciting, and he never noticed the time till the clock struck 4, the hour he should have been at his adored one's house. So, with an exclamation which one couldn't exactly say to a Sunday-school class without having difficulties with the superinendent, he hastily glanced at himself in the glass, picked up his carefully brushed hat and hurrically left the house. Fortunately his destination, the house of Dr. Gunn, was not far off, and in six minutes he was standing on the door-step waiting for the door to be opened that he might be ushered into the presence of his Katle, to whom he meant that very afternoon to offer his hand, his heart, and—his boots.

He heard the welcome footsteps of the housemaid, and his heart was beating high with expectation when—looking downward—he saw he had forgotten to change his boots.

There was no time to retreat, already the door was open, and, before he could collect his thoughts, he found himself in the drawing-room in the presence of his divinity and several other visitors of both sexes.

"Oh, I am so glad you have come, Mr. Sniper," said Katle, a pretty girl with sparkling eyes and a neat figure, as she hurried to meet him at the door. Then she lowered her voice to say: "Such a nuisance, those people coming."

"Er—er—not at all—er—I assure you—I—" he stammered convulsively, to wait the convergence.

He heard the welcome footsteps of the housemaid, and his heart was beating high with expectation when-looking downward—he saw he had for gotten to change his boots.

There was no time to retreat, already the door was open, and, before he could collect his thoughts, he found himself in the drawing-room in the presence of his divinity and several other visitors of both sexes.

"Oh, I am so glad you have come, Mr. Sniper," said Katie, a pretty girl with sparkling eyes and a neat figure, as she hurried to meet him at the door. Then she lowered her voice to say:

"Such a nuisance, those people coming."

"Er-er—not at all—er—I assure you —I—" he stammered convulsively, too much unnerved by the discovery of the state of his feet to have the slightest idea of what she was saying, beyond a vague idea that she was apologizing for something.

Katie gave him one look of contemptuous anger and turned away without another word. When a pretty girl tells a man she is glad to see him of the contemptuous anger and turned away without another word. When a pretty girl tells a man she is glad to see him of the contemptuous anger and turned away without another word. When a pretty girl tells a man she is glad to see him of the contemptuous anger and turned away without another word. When a pretty girl tells a man she is glad to see him of the contemptuous anger and turned away without another word. When a pretty girl tells a man she is glad to see him of the contemptuous anger and turned away without another word. When a pretty girl tells a man she is glad to see him of the contemptuous anger and turned away without another word. When a pretty girl tells a man she is glad to see him of the contemptuous anger and turned away without another word. When a pretty girl tells a man she is glad to see him of the contemptuous anger and turned away without another word. When a pretty girl tells a man she is glad to see him of the contemptuous anger and turned away without another word. When a pretty girl tells a man she is glad to see him of

to stand such treatment. He had not once looked at her, and now to see him filtring with that minx Maggie Neville was more than flesh and blood could put up with.

"Here is your tea," said young Me-bonald at this moment; "can I fetch you anything to eat, Miss Gunn?"

"Yes, please; I should like some cake," she answered, fixing Augustus, who still held the plate of cake, with her eye.