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shall be glad to have you buy, and if you buy you will be sure of values which cannot be excelled

WILLIAM D. RANDALL, SEES. R. YOE & CO., HOLESALE AND RETAIL

Aug. 31.-tDec. 1,'89.

DEALERS IN STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES. FINE LIQUORS, CHOICE WINES, AND STORES FOR NAVAL VESSELS AT THE OLD STAND.

No. 88 West Baltimore Street, Baltimore. TO THE PUBLIC: The undersigned takes this method to notify the Public and especially the Patrons of the late firm of B. R. YOE & CO., that he has taken the OLD

STAND occupied for so many years by that firm where he proposes to continue the GROCERY BUSINESS. He believes that his long experience in the employment of the late Mr. YOE, has given him a thorough knowledge of the business and made him acquainted with the tastes and wants of his old cusomets, he therefore respectfully solicits a continuance of their patronage and earnestly asks the General Public for a share of their custom. He will keep a full stock of the best STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES CANNED GOODS, FINE LIQUORS CHOICE WINES.

CIGARS AND STORES FOR NAVAL VESSELS and will provide the BEST FACILITIES for sup-

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-WBOLESALE-

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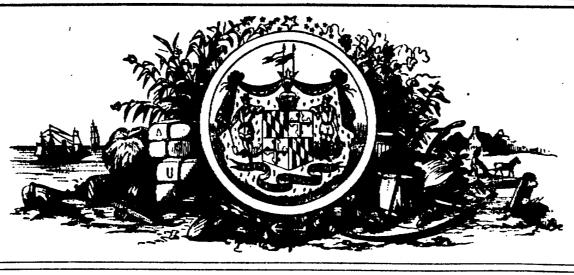
BOOT AND SHOE STORE. WAVERLY, MD.

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AND SELL BOOTS AND SHOES OF ALL KINDS, at a better advantage to the consumer than heretofore, having made addition to my stock on hand, and facilities for making and mending Boots and Shoes according to the Jatest Atyles. AT LOWEST PRICES FOR FIRST-CLASS WORK.

I have just received a lot of FRENCH CALF AND KIPP LEATHER and am now ready for orders for FALL AND WIN-TER BOOTS AND SHOES, and it will pay to order J. H. HARTMAN. 1156 York Road, Waverly, Md.

Margiand



TOWSON, BALTIMORE COUNTY, MD., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1889.

NO. 1301.

Moelig.

LOVE HIPING. Love was playing hide and seek. And we deemed that he was gone. Tears were on my withered cheek For the setting of the sun;

Da: k it was, around, above, But he came again, my love! Chill and drear in wan November, We recall the happy spring, While bewildered we remember When the woods began to sing All alive with leaf and wing.

Leafless lay the silent grove; But he came again, my love! And our melancholy frost Woke to radiance in his rays Who wore the look of one we lost In the far-away dim days;

No prayer, we sighed, the dead may move, Yet he came again, my love! Love went to sleep, but not forever, And we deemed that he was dead, Nay, shall aught avail to sever Hearts who once indeed were wed? Garlands for his grave we wove,

Yet he came again, my love! RODEN NORL "SWEET WIND,"

Wind of the autumn hours, Come with thy tongues of flame; Hasten thy golden showers, Sweet wind-love, still the same

Ripeness, not war, nor blood Breathes in thy crimson glow; Thou hast but cross'd the flood: Sweet wind-love, whisper low,

Nor blush, nor taint, nor breath Of wine upon thy lips, But love and life in death, Unto thy finger-tips;

Clothing the cloudless skies With glory; come again, Sweet wind-love, to our eyes Bring peace, though death, for pain.

Thine is the royal throne; Winter and spring are thine, And summer, fully blown, Sweet, wind-crown'd and divine.

Miscellaneous.

THE PLAIN MISS BARSTOW

"What nonsense it is for me to stand here gazing into the glass in hope of disone calls plain! All me! I wish I could learn to listen without a pang to the many remarks made on my personal appearance. I am a perfect foil to Emily, and people notice my ugliness because my sister is such a beauty. I see her sought after

and admired, while I"dropping her head in her hands, burst into tears. She did not heed the length enveloped her like a veil. In her opinsymmetry of her small hands and feet.— To their beauty she attached no importance, and thought only of the plain face

on which so many of her acquaintances She had passed the evening at a ball, and while dancing a quadrille had heard a gentleman in the next set say: "Isn't the lady in blue and white the

one we heard sing so divinely at Mrs. Springer's?" The reply of his partner came distinctly

to Lucille's ears: "Which young lady? It was the plain Miss Barstow we heard sing. Yes, she

is the same.' How well Lucille remembered every word. She could sing. No one ever denied the sweetness and strength of her voice, and she had sung her best at Mrs. Springer's. No wonder Geoffrey Wayne had remembered it. Few could forget the beauty of that clear voice, but Lucille would have willingly bartered her voice

for a lovely face. At last the weary girl turned off the fore she could find rest in sleep, for she tossed restlessly on her pillow, recalling the many remarks she had heard in dis-

paragement of her face. Breakfast was nearly over when Lucille appeared in the dining-room the next morning. Her grandmother and sister about."

"Mercy, sis!" cried Emily, "how swollen your eyes are, and you look like ghost. It doesn't improve your appearance very much to look so woe-begone." "I am not always studying my appearance," answered Lucille, taking a seat at

the table. "Lucille, Geoffrey Wayne spoke to me last night of the excellence of your singing at Mrs. Springer's," said Mrs. Barstow, pouring out a cup of coffee for her grand-daughter.

"Yes, I heard him speak of it," said Lucille, with a bitter smile, for she remembered that she had also heard the answer of his partner in the quadrille. "But den't let his praise cause you to have hopes of fascinating him," laughed

Emily, "for I have entered the lists, and naturally you will have no chance." "Naturally, of course," said Lucille. "Emily, don't fret Lucille this morning. She looks half sick," said Mrs.

Barstow, with a fond look at the beauty "I am wholly sick," said Lucille, pushing away her coffee cup. "I wish there were some place on this earth where I

could go with the certainty of not bearing the changes rung on my ugliness." "I'm afraid there is no such blissful spot," said Emily. "But I must be off to dress, for Geoffrey Wayne is to call

this noon. This is November. 1 will wager a pair of gloves to you, Lucille. that I have a chance of becoming Mrs. Wayne before January." "I don't doubt it, so I won't run the

risk of losing the gloves," said Lucille, leaving the room. Geoffrey Wayne came at the time appointed, and Emily, beautifully dressed,

this tall, golden-haired fellow who was so Amy at once." sought after in society.

"She has a headache. Indeed she is not approve of the plan at all. a perfect martyr to all the petty ills to | "But I can leave the place whenever I But Mrs. Lamotte would not be quieted, which flesh is heir," replied Emily .- please, and I don't intend to tell grandma and wept and mounted until the doctor's was the reply, in a low, almost sad tone. "She cares very little for society, and sel- a word about it. You can forward all her coming sent her from the room. She "She cared not that we were to be mar- left the other to follow at his leisure. dom receives morning calls," she added. letters to me, and I will send all my let- prefessed herself utterly unable to nurse ried this evening. She eloped last night That night Lucille came into her grand- ters to you to post here. She will never her brother. mother's room and knelt beside the low know that I am not with you, and I am chair in which the old lady sat. She did bent on being Mrs. Lamotte's governess, that darkened room," she said. "My handsome fortune. She did not dare, will leave off their war whoops.

not speak, and her face looked worn and

"What is the matter Lulie? Has any-

continual round of balls and parties? It and she was driven rapidly toward Wildbrings no peace, no joy to me, and I am wood Park. me try to be happy in my own way.'

asked the old lady gravely. "You know Amy Winter, my old school-mate, who lives in Barristown?-Let me go there for a few months. She of her traveling wraps. and her mother live very quietly, and I know they would be quite willing to have | heartily, "and it shows to advantage in

cannot forget that he consigned them to homely governess." my care with his dying breath. You will be leaving a luxurious home for a Lamotte requested, and that lady began : golden hair and musical laugh, and he very plain one. Emily seems very happy

here; why cannot you be so also?" plied Lucille. "She thrusts me into the and a comfortable income. My only in face, he had discovered her mind to be background always. Perhaps she does brother is a bachelor, and spends his win-shallow, her one passion to be the leader not mean to be unkind, but the knowle edge of her great beauty and the homage it receives makes her selfish and overbearing. I shall be happier for having a change, even though it will be only to

dull little Barristown.' Lucille wrote to her friend at once. asking if she could have a home with her for a few months, and the answer came by return mail. The Winters were delighted with the idea of her coming, and hoped she would come at once.

Of course Emily was much surprised at her sister's desire to leave the city in the height of the gay season; but Lucille would listen to no reasoning or arguments covering one good feature in a face every and the end of the week found her in

At first she was very well contented with the change she had made. She practised all her old music, read every book which came in her way, and did a large amount of worsted work. But after a while time dragged very heavily.— Lucille Barstow stopped speaking, and, The small circulating library was exhausted, and every bureau and mantle in the house was supplied with worsted mats. and luxuriance of the chesnut hair which | The days grew dreary again, and Lucille began to question whether she was makion Emily's hair was far lovelier than her | ing a better use of her life in Barristown own. And she was unconscious of the than she had made in her own home.-During this season of doubt a letter came from Emily containing great news. "Congratulate me, dear Lu," so the

letter ran, "for I have bagged my bird. Yes, I am actually engaged to the goldenhaired Adonis, Geoffrey Wayne, and have a solitaire diamond three times as large as the one Will Gorham gave Mollie Prichard. I was undecided at first between Geof. and Count Lazona-do you reremember him? Oh, such dark, lan guishing eyes and such a thrilling voice! But he is poor, and I am not adapted for love in a cottage. It would not suit me even with the count as worshipper. If is dressed in blue and white, I see. She his old aunt in France would but die conveniently and leave him a fortune! But she won't, of course, and Geof. is richer than she is, anyhow. He is madly in love with me. Won't you like him for a prother-in-law! When I am married, you and grandma can live as humdrum as you please, and you needn't vegetate into the country to void being overshadowed by me. The count told me last night that I had a face like a falling star. Wasn't that pretty? Oh. dear, how I

gas, and went to bed, but it was long be- wish he were rich! Geof, is too dignified to av such things. Send me your congratulations, little plain-face. Your turn may come some time. Love in a cottage might suit you admirably, but for

heaven's sake don't marry one of those Barristown bumpkins Amy used to tell to her if I should become engaged," mured Lucille, allowing the epistle to fall

in her lap. "But then Emily and I are not at all alike.' Then she drew her chair to the centertable, opened her desk and began the congratulatory letter required of her.

When it was finished she took it to the postoffice herself, for she felt the need of a brisk walk. On her way bome she bought a newspaper, and when she teached her own room again threw herself on a comfortable lounge and began to read. Almost the first thing her eye fell upon was an advertisement for a governess.

"Wanted, a governess for two small children. House in the country. Good salary. English branches only required. None but homely women need apply. Park, Queenstown."

that none but foolish women ever inserted | smoking gloomily. such strange productions and wondered what kind of a person Mrs. Lamotte piazza reading one evening when little could be. Was she malicious as well as Maud came running excitedly to her. foolish?

"She must be jealous of her husband homely enough to suit her. I hardly after a doctor. think she would be jealous of "the plain Miss Barstow," and the girl glanced in the long mirror which hung opposite her. situation. I am tired of the dull monot- the parlor. ony of my life here, and yet I can't go back to the old one, only to go through

have the pleasure of hearing her sing," would find the life of a governess very in wild with excitement that he spoke. illuminated by love. Mr. Wayne said when he at last rose to go. | irksome and that her grandmother would | Then he begged her to be quiet, and said

if Mrs. Lamotte will have me. So don't | feelings completely overpower me when | poor Emily, to brave out the breaking of |

having been favorable, she found herself pretty and sly like that horrid Miss Gar-"Everything is wrong grandma. I am a week later on her way to Queenstown. field, and you are the very one who can leading a vain useless life, and I am tired A carriage drawn by a pair of handsome | read to and amuse poor Geoffroy. Promof it. What does it all amount to-this | bays was in waiting for her at the station | ise me you will do so."

sure I bring no joy to any one else. I So anxious was Mrs. Lamotte to see indeed trust her to pay to Emily's finance hear myself spoken of everywhere as 'the | whether the homeliness of her new gover- any little attention he needed, promised plain Miss Barstow.' It is thus that I ness was as pronounced as she wished it to do her best to while away the hours for that I am not dreaming." am distinguished from Emily. Let me to be, that she came herself to the hall the interesting invalid, and began her go somewhere else, dear grandma. Let door when the carriage arrived, and after | work without delay. one glance into Lucille's face gave her a "Where do you wish to go, Lucille?" handsome parlor.

"Do you not admire my home?" she asked, when Lucille had divested herself "I think it beautiful," said Lucille,

me board with them. I could cultivate this fresh springtime, with the green grass my voice, and—here I am not happy. - | springing up everywhere, and the trees I am restless, unsatisfied. I want, I re- putting forth their young leaves and buds." "You are enthusiastic." said Mrs. La-"My highest ambition is to make the motte," and I feel sure I shall like you. orphan children of my poor boy happy," Draw your chair nearer, and I will tell said Mrs. Baretow in a sad tone. "I you in confidence why I advertised for a

ceive by my mourning. My poor Arthur when thrown constantly with her whom "Emily and I are very different," re- died five years ago, and left me this estate he had believed as perfect in character as ters in the city, but his summers with me. expect him here next week. He is wealthy and much sought after, and I have had a terrible time protecting him from the snares set for him by every old maid and young miss in the neighborhood. I had one pretty governess, and I firmly made up my mind that I would never have another. There shall be no more running round the garden moonlight evenings, and culling button-hole bouquets. Do you know, Miss Danvers. I actually caught that sly Miss Garfield in the very act of pinning a rose on my brother's cont! Of course, I paid her a month's salary and sent her off. I am obliged to have a governess for my two poor darlings, but it shall never be said that my only brother was sacrificed on my account to one of those sly, deep, pretty

> hension all the time Miss Garfield was here. Another week and the sly thing would have been my brother's wife." "I don't think I shall trouble his peace of mind." said Lucille, languidly, inwardly laughing at Mrs. Lamotte's tribulations. "I am sure we will not wander in the garden and pick roses together." "Oh, I am sure there is no danger with

them. I suffered from nervous appre-

you," said Mrs. Lamotte. And Lucille felt that the lady considcred the plainess of her governess a sufficient guard against the attentions of young and wealthy man.

Several days went quickly by, Lucille being charmed with her new life. She completely won the hearts of her two little pupils and found both interest and amusement in teaching them. She had now regular duties which she was obliged to fulfill, and she found life much more bearable than at Barristown.

One morning when she entered the breakfast room she started back as if she had seen an apparition, for there in an easy chair, his handsome head on his hand, his blue eyes bent on the carpet as if in melancholy dreaming, sat Geoffrey Wayne. He was evidently entirely at home, for hearing a footstep he looked up. saw Lucille, and rising from his chair came forward, saying:

"Miss Danvers, I am sure. I arrived very late last night, and saw my sister but a few moments, yet she found time to tell me of you and the love Maud and done Emily! She raised her face and Willie bear you."

He did not recognize her then. Why should be? She had been in full dress at both places where they had met, and her hair had been dressed with flowers too, Geoffrey Wayne would never think of finding in his sister's governess his finance, whom he bad been told was at

Barristown. governess together. Lucille saw by the an occasion of such importance. way she joked and laughed at Geoffrey about matrimony and the snares spread for him that she knew nothing of his engagement to Emily. Probably Mrs. Lamotte was not the woman such a man

would choose for a confidente. for croquet parties and archery matches. ful mother, even though a silly woman.

Lucille was sitting alone on the front "O Miss Danvers!" she cried, almost

out of breath. "come to Uncle Geoffrey.

Geoffrey was lying on a sofa with his stay it. brows contracted by pain, his handsome that dreary round of pleasure-seeking and face white with suffering. Lucille, tak- "Lucille, my love, my darling, look up flitted down into the parlor and held out dissipation. What an experience it will ing a bottle of cologne from the maptel, and tell me if you really care so much one white dimpled hand in welcome to be to go out as a governess! I will tell drew a chair close to the sofa, and began for me as to weep like this." bathing his head very softly and gently. Of course Lucille met with opposition | He did not open his eyes, however, and | as she saw that it was Geoffrey who spoke, | alone." "Where is your sister? I hoped to from her friends. They thought she it was only when his sister came running Geoffrey who stood before her, his face

"I feel like fainting when I go into barely four days since, leaving him a fashion, it is to be hoped that the Indians

I see him lying there so white and still. her troth with me, so she eloped." Mrs. Winter and Amy at length ceased | Miss Danvers, help me in this. I know thing gone wrong?" asked Mrs. Barstow, to oppose the wishes of their guest, and I can trust you. I am sure I am not kissing the upturned brow of her grand- Mrs. Lamotte's answer to Lucille's letter doing a dangerous thing. You are not

> Lucille, with a bitter pang at her heart as she thought that Mrs. Lamotte could

But Mrs. Lanotte was wrong in thinkcordial greeting, and led the way to a ing it not a dangerous thing to throw these two young people so much together. As Geoffrey felt the touch of the cool, soft hands on his head he learned to admire them. As he listened to the low, sweet voice, which appeared never to weary when reading aloud to him, he learned to love. As he saw the hundred different efforts Lucille made each day to interest | would make love to any girl, no matter if him and render his confinement to one room less irksome, he learned to worship her. He forgot her plain face, and con-

trasted her character only with that of Emily. For he no longer loved the girl to whom he had bound himself. He had Lucille, who had called herself Miss been infatuated with her marvelous beauty, "I am a widow, as of course you per- | believed his infatuation to be love. But | selfish, and had no real love for the man

she had promised to marry. But Geoffrey believed his honor demanded that he should fulfill to the letter the vow he had pledged, and the wedding was to take place in October. He had thrown aside all prudence, listened not to voice of reason, and had asked Emily to marry him after an acquaintance of barely six weeks. Faustus-like he had sold himself to a golden Mephistopheles, and his Marguerite had turned to stone within his embrace.

The knowledge of Geoffrey's love for her came upon Lucille like a thunderclap. Thinking of him only as her sister's betrothed, she had never imagined that her gentle ministrations to him during his illness had awakened into being governesses. No, I have had enough of the tenderest emotions of his breast. He was nearly well, and was sitting in the twilight one evening when she entered the room, and not perceiving in the gloom a chair directly before her, she stumbled over it and fell to the floor, striking her small center-table.

> With one bound Geoffrey was by her side, and lifting her in his arms, he cried: are not hurt, Speak to me, Lucille, my dearest! tell me you are not hurt." His voice was hoarse with emotion, and hot kisses fell upon the girl's brow, as he pressed her to his breast, forgetting Emily, honor, everything, but that he loved this up. plain little governess of his sister's. "Stop," cried Lucille, when she could

and she freed herself from his embrace. engaged to another?"

sincerity that my hand could follow my | turns, a leader among the Spiritualits and | imperdent scoundul? Ain't you gwine beart." Lucille staggered back against the wall | moment -a vehement Ritualist. and dropped her head in her hands. One instant she stood thus, and in that instant the knowledge came to her that she loved | draw all men with him to find it. But | in de groun'. De creetur rub hisse'f ag'in this man who was to be her sister's husband. Oh, what a cruel wrong she had I his friends avoid him in terror,

fled from the room like a frightened deer. They did not meet again until the next | restless wind. and sprinkled with gold dust. Of course | day, and then both were calm, and avoided | she looked vastly different now in a plain | being left alone together. There was no dress of dark muslin, and her luxuriant | effort made on either side to continue a | The life and usefulness of many a strong.

Emily wrote to Lucille, thinking her still at Barristown, urging her to return home to act as bridesmaid at her wedding: Before Lucille could collect her thoughts | but Lucille wrote that she could not, and sufficiently to reply, Mrs. Lamotte entered | Emily was forced to be satisfied without evidently not at all disturbed at finding any explanation of why it was not possiher handsome brother and her homely ble for her only sister to be with her on

October in all its red and golden beauty came only too soon for Geoffrey, who would willingly have deferred his wodding had it been possible. But it had been arranged to take place on the 10th of the month, and on the 8th he left Wildwood Mr. Geoffrey Wayne had come to pass | Park. unaccompanied by any one, for the summer with his sister as usual, but Mrs. Lamotte, much to her grief, could to the lady's astonishment, he did not not leave home on account of the illness enter with his usual zest into her plans her youngest child. And she was a faith-Address Mrs. Julia Lamotte, Wildwood | Lucille noticed that he was grave almost | She was greatly rejoiced that Geoffrey was to melancholly, and when letters came to marry so well, and talked of nothing Over and over again did Lucille read from Emily would go off to the little arbor but the wedding from morning till night, this singular advertisement. She knew at the foot of the garden and sit for hours until it was almost a relief to Geoffrey when the 8th of the month came, and the

day when he could leave the Park. On the evening of the 10th Lucille went alone to the little arbor at the foot of the garden, and throwing herself upon a seat. leaned her head down on the little and won't throw temptation in his way in A horrid horse kicked him on the leg, rustic table, and gave her mind up to painand it is broken. Peter and Sam carried ful thoughts and memories. As she rethought. "I wonder if I would prove him into the parlor, and Peter has gone called Geoffrey's avowal of love, and pictured the scene in which he was even now idiot ? Lucille hardly waited to hear all the indulging, the wedding display and the child said, for at the first intimation she beauty of the happy bride, her tears fell received that Emily's lover had been hurt fast, and sobs shook her slender frame. "At any rate I mean to try for the she started from her seat and hurried to A tempest of grief and regret was sweeping over her, and could not, cared not to

Lucille started to her feet, bewildered.

"Emily!" she gasped. "Where is his accident would not amount to much. Emily?" "She gave me my freedom, Lucille," with the Count Lazano, whose aunt died "O my sister, my sister!" groaned

Lucille covering her face with her hands. and sobbing more violently than before. "Your sister!" repeated Geoffrey. "You do not mean"-"I mean that I am not the poor governess you thought me, but Lucille Dan-

"What a wonderful tale! quite romantic! But, Lucille, I must kiss you once more to see if you are really before me, A sudden crackling in the bushes about the arbor prevented Geoffrey from carrying out his intention, and Mrs. Lamotte.

vers Barstow."

purple with rage, appeared before the "A second Miss Garfield!" cried the widow, in a shrill voice. "So the homely as well as the pretty governess inveigle my brother into making love to them. I thought better of you, Miss Danvers; and as for you, Geoffrey, I believe you she were as ugly as Hecate. And just paused to refill his pipe. come back from your wedding that was to

be! Oh, I shall"-"Stop, Jannette!" cried Geoffrey. whose indignation had prevented his checking his sister's tirade before. "Stop Janette; you do not know of whom you shall do as you wish, Lucille, but you Danvers (her middle name,) did as Mrs. caught in the coils of her shimmering are speaking. Let me explain to you why Miss Danvers came here, and who

He then gave a brief explanation

why Lucille had become a governess, and and told her relation to Emily. Mrs. Lamotte would hardly of society. She was vain, exacting, and lears, and almost fainted from surprise. But when Geoffrey had finished his story she no longer upbraided him or opposed his love, but offered her congratulations effusively, "hoping Geoffrey would suc-

> invited her to his wedding." And he did succeed, for six months later cards were out for the marriage with "the plain Miss Barstow," and this time look at it close, but he ain't see no print blow. the bride did not elope.

Flerce and Fickle.

When John Snowden was a boy he al- | no sign er no claws. wavs had a hobby. One winter it was in the spring it was pigeons; he sold all | Bimeby he come in sight er de creetur, his coins, begged and borrowed money en Brer Wolf stop, he did, on look at sparrows. rare breeds for his dove-cotes.

Then he suddenly took a fancy to colto every man or woman of distinction in Brer Wolf watch 'im a right smart while on themselves. head with considerable force against a Europe or America to write their names he act so quare, en dem he 'low:

pursuit lost all interest for him. He wat make he scratch hisse'f dat away? "My darling! my darling! tell me you | bought a printing-press. Now he beseig- | I lay I'll let 'im know who he foolin' cd all his friends for orders-"Bill-heads, l'long wid." labels and cards, executed with neatness and dispatch." Before he had executed | leetle nigher de crecter, en holler out : | the orders, however, the delight of typesetting palled upon him, and he gave it in' yo' scaly hide on my tree en tryin' fer body to believe it. When John grew to be a man he was a

speak from amazement and excitement; he lost all interest in the slaves and be- scratchin' he sides en back. Brer Wolf came an ardent vegeterian, who tormented | holler out : "How dare you speak so to me, Geoffrey all his friends and acquaintances by ap-Wayne, when at this moment you are pealing to them to give up meat and live hatter come dar whar you is!' with him on fruits and vegetables. This "You know of my engagement, then? hobby lasted but a year, when he took up de tree, en ain't make no auswer. Den But it matters not how you have learned | the cause of woman suffrage, and quar- | Brer Wolf hail 'im ag'in en talk like he of it, for it is true. But as Heaven hears | relled with every one who did not agree | mighty mad: me, I love you only, and wish with all with him. Since that he has been, by

> the Theosophists, and is now-for the ter mozey outer my woods en let my tree He is a good, sincere, well-meaning man, anxious to find the truth and to creetur des like he gwine ter squ'sh'im he draws them with such vehemence that | de tree en look like he feel mighty good.

A rational man does not object to be bimeby wen he git sorter close de creetur looked at Geoffrey through her tears, so | pulled by a steam-engine, provided he is | tuck 'n sot up on his behime legs des like | baggard, so wild, that he was startled at | pulled in one direction and that the right | you see squir's do. Den Brer wolf he the chan c in her countenance, and then one. But he will not consent to be jerked l'low, he did: bither and thither as by the vagaries of a

John Snowden's temperament and habit of thought are very common in the world. "What a different letter I should write hair in a simple coil. And, of course, conversation which had been so painful to conscientious man have been paralyzed by ter l'arn you a lesson dat 'll stick by you.' If any of our boy-readers find that they face en mouf en Brer Wolf 'low: are already inclined to mount a hobby and

> ble, perhaps, for them to curb and cool git." their zeal. Let them indulge it, remembering, however, that their brothers and hit de creetur, en denclassmates have a right to hobbies of their own, and should not be forced to mount | all around the room and up at the rafters. behind theirs. When their zeal begins to flag, too, let solemn. them spur it and force it to continue in in the pursuit of one object is successful.

fool among other men. IT WAS RAINING.

Yesterday afternoon while the rain was pouring down a citizen left the post-office to encounter an acquaintance who was also sheltered by an umbrella. "Raining, isn't it?" queried the first.

"Hey?"

"But-but-

"Raining, isn't it?"

the reply. "Come up stairs." The two passed up, traversed the dark hall to its darkest corner, and then No. 2 turned to No. 1 with: "Do you take me for an infernal

"I'd like to see you a moment," was

"Why, no, of course not." "Do you suppose I'm carrying an umbrella around to keep the sun off at this time of year?"

"I'm carrying it to keep the rain off am I not?' "Well, then, it rains. You know rains. Everybody in town knows it rains. Now you go on and let people

knows her business. You just attend to your own affairs and let the weather alone. Good day, sir." And he went clumping down stairs and

"That's all. You let it rain. She

A NEW "UNCLE REMUS" STORY.

"W'en you git a little bit older dan w'at wou is, honey," said Uncle Remus to the little boy, "you'll know lots mo" dan you does now.'

The old man had a pile of white oak splits by his side, and these he was weaving into a chair-bottom. He was an expert in the art of "bottoming chairs," and he earned many a silver quarter in this way. The little boy seemed to be much interested in the process.

"Hit's des like I tell you," the old man went on; "I done had do speunce un i l done got so now dat I don't b'lieve w'at I see, much less w'at I year. I got ter The whole truth is so seldom told that be whar I kin put my han' on it en fumble wid it. Folks kin fool deyse'f lots wuss dan yuther folks kin fool um, en ef you don't b'lieve what I'm a tellin' un you you kin des ax Brer Wolf de nex' time you meet 'im in de big road."

mus?" the little boy asked as the old man "Well, honey, 't ain't no great long rigamarole; hit's des one er deze yer tales w'at goes in a gallop twel it gits ter

"What about Brother Wolf, Uncle Re-

de jumpin' off place. "One time Brer Wolf wuz gwine 'long de big road feelin' mighty proud en highstrung. He wuz a mighty high-up man in dem days, Brer Wolf wuz, en mos' all de vuther creeturs wuz feared un 'im. Well, he wuz gwine 'long lickin' his chops en walkin' sort stiff-kneed, w'en he happen ter look down 'pon de groun' en dar he seed a track in de san'. Brer Wolf stop, he did, en look at it, en den he 'low "'Hevo! w'at kind er creetur dish ver? Brer Dog ain't make dat track, en needer is Brer Fox. Hit 's one er deze ver kind er creeturs w'at ain't got no claws. I'll des 'bout foller 'im up, en ef ceed in getting married the next time he

I ketch 'm he 'll sholy be my meat,' "Dat de way Brer Wolf talk. He followed 'long after de track, he did, en he er no claw. Bimeby de track tuck 'i tu'n out de road en go up a dreen whar de rain done wash out. De track wuz plain dar in de wet san'. but Brer Wolf ain't see "He foller en foller. Brer Wolf did

coins, and he daily tormented every shop- | en de track git fresher en fresher, but keeper in the village for odd specimens: still he ain't see no print er no claw. from all of the family to buy fan-tails and | 'im. He stop stock still and look. De creetur wuz mighty quare-lookin', en he wuz cuttin' up some mighty quare capers. lect autographs. The pigeons were ne- He had big head, sharp nose en bob tail: glected, and either died or were stolen. | en he wuz walkin' roun' en roun' a big John was busy in mailing piteous appeals | dog-wood tree, rubbin' his sides ag'in it, "'Shoo! dat creetur done bin in He was succeeding very well when the fight en los' de bes' part er her tail, en

> "Atter 'while Brer Wolf went up a "'Heyo, dar! What you doin' scratch-

ter break hit down ? "De creetur ain't make no answer. violent abolitionist for a few years. Then | He des walk 'roun' en 'roun' de tree

> "De creetur des walk 'roun' en 'roun' "'Ain't you gwine ter min' me, you

"'I lay I'll make you hear me ef I

"Wid dat, Brer Wolf march todes de Brer Wolf keep on gwine todes 'im, en

"'Ah-yi! you beggin', is you? But t ain't gwine ter do you no good. I mout er let you off ef you 'd a-minded me w'en I fus' holler atter you, but I ain't gwine ter let you off now. I'm agwine

"'Oh, you nee'n'ter swell up en cry, ride it rough-shod over other people, let you 'ceitful vilyun. I 'm a-gwine ter gi' them take warning. It will not be possi- | you a frailin' dat I boun' you won't for-"Brer Wolf make like he gwine ter

Here Uncle Remus paused and looked

When he began again his voice was very "Well, suh, dat creetur des fotch one the same path. The man who is ardent swipe dis away, en 'n'er swipe dat away, en most' 'fo' you can wink yo' eye-balls. The man who is zealous in the pursuit of | Brer Wolf hide wuz mighty nigh teeto- | to be wiping her feet. a dozen soon ranks as a feather-headed | tally tor'd off'n 'im. Atter dat de cree-

tur sa'ntered off in de woods, en 'gun ter rub hisse'f on 'n'er tree." "What kind of a creature was it, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy. "Well, honey," replied the old man in a confidential whisper, "hit want nobody | rio for thrashing nineteen dudes. It will

on de top-side er de yeth but ole Brer Wildcat." The Flu Was There.

"A funny thing occurred here other day." said a bacher, as he was putting the finishing touches on a Saturday evening haircut. "A fellow came to be see the sun rise." Jenkins: "No. I can't shaved who was somewhat under the in- say that I ever did. I think I've always fluence of intoxicants. He took his seat | been in bed before that." in the chair and all proceeded well till I had shaved one side of his face, when he stopped me: 'Hold on, I want the thing to plant cucumbers or kill pork?" Or bow can a storm ever "clear off?"

"I asked him what was the matter,

and he replied: 'There's a fly on my

cheek, and you have shaved lather and whiskers off, but the fly didn't move. Now, what's the mazzer with him?' "I told him there was no fly on him, but he pointed to the mirror and said. 'You think I can't see him. I ain't so drunk that I can't see a fly.' "I turned to the glass, and there stood

the fly on the mirror and in such a position that from my oustomer's range of vision it seemed to be on his cheek. He afterward said that he had felt that fly up a pea vine? Well, it's got string tickling him all the time, and wondered how I could shave under it and not cut its legs off."

A speech from the thrown--"Blast

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> IN "JOURNAL" BUILDING. SCRAPS.

The mantle of justice is an appropriate

The athlete makes practice of jumping his spring board. Lightning strikes without the assistance

of a walking delegate. Consider the lilies. They toil not but they are expensive.

A standing army is a big thing when it is on a war footing. When a train is telescoped the passengers are apt to see stars.

when told it seems like a lie. The turns in a politician's road that lose him oftenest are the returns.

The expenses of cigars should be put down as among "losses by fire." An important branch of education in the olden times—the birch switch.

When the barber talks too much his stories are illustrated with cuts. Affection goes into bankruptcy when it marries for money and fails to get it.

The paper-maker is the only man who

can "size it up" without using slang. The Mahdi is moving again. He finds t cheaper than paying rent probably. It was the butcher who remarked that fore quarters were less than the whole.

s most interested in "the coming man." A man without character is always making a fuss about having it vindicated. The trouble with a man covering up his tracks is that he makes new ones in doing it.

It is the wife of the late husband who

It is all right to say blow your own horn, but some men haven't any horn to There are some things a dwarf can't do, but he can catch just as big a cold as

George Washington was a grandfather

A man who does not think as you do

"Virtue is its own reward." The prin-

for a country. In his case the office sought You just bring a couple of little quarrels into your family an' they'll breed like

a giant.

is bound to be a rescal unless you are one One disagreeable thing about postagestamps is that they are apt to get stuck

cipal and interest must amount to a good deal by this time. Every man is "hunting for a girl" until he is married. Then he takes a rest and and his wife begins.

probable enough he can always find some-The near sighted hen that swallowed a bee was not long in concluding that hers

If a man can only make his story im-

better, especially when he sits down to his humble bill of fare. Don't heap coals of fire upon your enemy's head. Remember that coal is 28 per ton. Economy is wealth.

The more imagination a poet has the

Lovers of fair play will be indignant to learn that the sun is now shining day and night at the South Pole. "The tight coat sleeves is now a thing of the past." says a fashion item; but

girls who are pretty all know better.

ing for a catch with baited breath. As the butcher adds his hand to the weight of the steak he piously said to himself. I love to steal, awhile, a weigh.

The man who hides his light under a

bushel is apt to be very extravagant.-

One reason why an expert fisherman is

so silent at his sport is because he is wait-

Usually a pint cup would serve the nur-Eighteen tons of steel disappear daily "Den de creetur sorter wrinkle up he on the single system of the London and Northwestern Railway through wear and

The groat, the value of which was

about eighty cents of our money. was the largest silver coin in England until about Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox says a man should propose with the eyes alone. Yes:

and then the woman in response can use

A hen always begins to wipe her feet when she goes into a newly-made flower bed. At least she seems by her motions

The village debating society will be

called upon at the next meeting to explain how a fire can go out with all the doors and dampers shut. A man was recently arrested in Onta-

be noticed that he was not arrested until

he finished the job.

St. Peter-Hello, there! Why don't you come in? Saintly Shade (running away)-Not much. I just caught sight of my wife in there. Johnson: "By the way, did you ever

Venus has no moon. How in the world do the farmers there know when

Everything comes and goes. To-day in joy, to-morrow in sorrow: we advance. we retreat, we struggle; then, the eternal and profound silence of death. "Marriage," remarked Biggs, "is a sort of brief swoon. When I was first

married I thought Mrs. B. and I were

one; but it wasn't long before we came

The Latest Agricultural News .- Jack (excitedly)-"Mamma, you know that lemen-pip I planted last year that came beans on it!" Flatte-"I see that the English are

buying up all our lager beer breweries .wonder how they will carry the beer across the water ?" Sharp-"O, in moteon ers, I suppose."