THE DARLINGTON HERALD.

VOL. IV. DARLINGTON, S. C., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1894. NO. 43.

KEEP AGOIN'!

If you strike a thorn or rose,
Keep a-goin'!
If it hails, or if it snows,
Keep a-goin'!
'Tain't no use to sit an' whine
When the fish ain't on your line;
Bait your hook an' keep on tryin'!
Keep a-goin'!

When the weather kills your crop,
Keep a-goin'!
When you tumble from the top,
Keep a-goin'!
S'pose you're out o' every dime?
Gittin' broke ain't any crime:
Tell the world you're feelin' prime!
Keep a-goin'!

When it looks like all is up,
Keep a-goin'!
Drain the sweetness from the cup
Keep a-goin'!
See the wild birds on the wing!
Hear the bells that sweetly ring!
When you feel like sighin'—sing!
Keep a-goin'!

—[Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

Her Celestial Adorer.

She was little, prim and pious. She was so distractingly pretty.

Three of these qualities are an unusual combination. Therefore worthy of note.

She came up to New York to study bookkeeping and shorthand. Her name was Alice Pearson, and she had a mania for converting people.

The house at which she boarded was kept by a stout Irish-American woman—Mrs. Brown. She looked the essence of good nature, but she let the boarders freeze all the winter by never having a fire in the furnace, and she fed them with pork and beans until life became a burden. She had a daughter, Matie, tall, rather well-favored, though running to bone, who was much in love with a man whom I may term the "head boarder." That is, a person who, having a magnificent constitution, had been able to stand the ravages of Mrs. Brown's pork and beans the longest. He was a medical student, and his name was Caldwell. He was very good-looking, by-the-by.

There were sixteen boarders in Mrs. Brown's establishment the first night Miss Pearson came down to dinner. Two weeks afterward there were twenty-one, and within a month Mrs. ——'s limit—thirty—had been ——. The newcomers, it was noticed, were all men; and, curiously enough, men who, in the rush of New York business life, had no time to worry about their souls. The fact was that before the lovely Miss Pearson had been in the house five weeks she had nearly ruined the surrounding boarding houses, and had turned Mrs. Brown's erstwhile peaceful by wicked establishment into three opposing revival meetings rolled into one and let loose.

Fah Chung, laundryman, late of Pekin, subsequently of San Francisco, then of the Bowery, New York, fell as madly and jealously in love with her as if he had been a Christian.

Miss Pearson affected demure little gray frocks, with a wide Eton collar, suggestive of white, and Fah Chung fell, yelping, at her feet. Fah Chung washed and ironed them for her. It was noticed that while no fault could be found with the Chinaman's ordinary work, there was not in the whole of Sixth street linen that could be compared for whiteness and gloss with Miss Pearson's little collars and cuffs.

It has been remarked that Miss Pearson had a mania for converting people. She laid her hand on Millie, the waitress, first; but Mrs. Brown made strong objections to having her servants talked to, so she turned her attention to Fah Chung.

"How do you do, Mr. Chung?" she greeted him with one morning when he came for the laundry work.

"Ni cha," replied the Celestial.

"I guess he means 'Howdy,' Miss Pearson," struck in Millie, who was sweeping the room.

"Ole, Ni cha, Mr. Sing."

The Chinaman did not change a facial muscle. He did not want to look sad, and he could not grin any harder than he was already doing. The left side of the six padded coats gave a great beat outward.

That was getting on.

The loved one could now converse as fluently in his native tongue as he in hers.

That was getting on.

The next time he came he brought one of those little reeds with a bunch of hair fastened in one end, which the Chinese use for pens, and presented it, with his immovable grin. That gentle smile of his was so fixedly wide that Caldwell declared the top of his head to be an island surrounded by mouth. A somewhat exaggerated metaphor. Still it was what one might call a generous smile.

The following week he laid on her shrine a packet of Chinese firecrackers and had learned to count up to five in English. She had eight articles in the washing, but he began over again at "one" when he reached the place where "six" ought to be, so that was all right.

Miss Pearson never got beyond "Ni cha" in her study of the Chinese tongue, but Fah Chung applied himself with ardor to the mastery of English, and went about his laundry practicing—"One collie, one collie, two cuff, two cuff, one collie, two cuff." When he got so that he could say, "Alleelightee, washee soon, done Slatteday," Miss Pearson thought it time to begin her spiritual administrations. Accordingly she took him down to the boarding house drawing room one Saturday, sat him on a stiff horse hair chair, just where he got the draughts between the fireless grate and the door, beautifully, and discoursed to him.

The girl was sincerely in earnest, and it was something of a shock when he turned toward her that unchangeable smile and affably remarked:

"Me likee Melican gal."

Fah Chung slept in a tiny box of a room at the back of his laundry. Presently he took to bunking on his iron table and let the box to a lodger. Fah Chung seemed to desire a larger income. He began "wasting his substance on riotous" green-jade boxes and Chinese hairpins, which he presented to his spiritual sponsor when he took her washing home. The recipient thought he was setting up as an Oriental dealer, and gave him a half dollar for one of the pins. When he laid the money on the table and would have none of it, she took it that it was below his price, so returned the pin, and pocketed the money herself. Finally it dawned on her that he was making her a present. She promptly declined the gift, but the next week it turned up again. At last she became so tired of seeing the much-refused article "boh up serenely" every Saturday that she took it to get rid of it, and Fah Chung grinned harder, worked later, and ate less. The fever of the New World had seized him. He longed to amass riches.

With all her primness, Miss Pearson was of a somewhat adventurous nature. The great town to her country mind, was full of wonders; and leading, as a woman, even a young and very pretty woman can, if she choose, in New York, as independent a life as if she were her own brother, she indulged her passion for exploring frequently. Her studies usually occupied the day, but on those evenings when she was not engaged in setting the boarding house by the ears by catechising one or another fortunate young masculine sinner, she donned a trim little gray bonnet and cloak and wandered out into the bewitching, brilliant night world.

She was not sure just why, but she found that she felt a little uncomfortable in walking by herself up Broadway, Fifth avenue or Madison square in the evening, but the good-natured crowds in the less fashionable parts of the town never annoyed or frightened her.

What more blissful than to walk down Sixth avenue, with its cheap restaurants filled with noisy, merry people?

After a stroll part way down the avenue, it was very pleasant to cut through into dark, deserted Thompson street, and wander about a little while before taking Bond street or one of the other turnings leading into the upper part of the Bowery.

Good little Miss Pearson might not have ventured down that street alone had she known what was going on its basements.

It was a long time before any one at the boarding house dreamed that she had gone anywhere except perhaps to church or to do a bit of shopping, and then it was Caldwell who found it out. He—good fellow that he was—simply followed at a distance and kept guard.

Now it happened that a certain pair of narrow, slanting black eyes had been keener than Caldwell's big round brown ones. Their owner peeled his "washee-up shop's" reputation for promptness by lingering about the boarding house every night for an hour after dinner to learn what his divinity's movements were to be. If she went exploring, so did Fah Chung, and kept an eye on her. It grew more complicated when Caldwell took to shadowing her too. That gentleman never noticed the Chinaman, but Fah Chung did not grin so hard when he looked at Mr. Caldwell, particularly after he had seen Miss Pearson fasten a rose in his button hole.

There are some things that change not neither in America nor in China, and the heart of the lover is one. Fah Chung might take the Fourth of July, with fire-crackers and illuminations, to be a kind of American "Feast of the Lanterns"—a great religious festival, in fact. There he mistook. Decidedly.

But Fah Chung was right when he guessed that the object of his passion regarded him no more in the light of a lover than she would some old woman who chose to wear a pigtail and unusual shoes.

The change in dress shadowed upon Miss Pearson's mind the fact that her laundryman was a man, and her manner toward him became somewhat reserved. That was good for a beginning. He wrote her a letter—she took it for a laundry list, by the bye—in his native tongue, of course—in which he declared his passion. He knew she could not read it, but it was an outlet for his feelings.

He got his lodger to address the envelope. As it stood she could read the outside, and he the inside, so that made it even.

It was rather a pity that Fah Chung could not have learned a little more of the customs of his adopted country earlier. The knowledge might have saved him from making two great mistakes.

The first lay in the fact that he had not curtained his laundry window.

Strolling down the Bowery one bright afternoon and enjoying to the full the rush and roar of life in that Broadway of the lower class "Gothamites," Miss Pearson was amusing herself by counting the different nationalities represented in the slops and scow. At the last corner she came upon Fah Chung's laundry. She stopped at the window to admire the scrupulous cleanliness and to watch its owner at work.

Now the ways of American laundrywomen are not as the ways of Chinese laundrymen.

The former sprinkles the rough dried clothes by dipping her hand into a basin of water and flicking the drops from her finger tips. Then she rolls the garment up tightly and lays it away for an hour or two to absorb the moisture evenly.

Not so the Chinaman. He fills his mouth with water and deftly ejects a tiny spray over the garment in hand at the same time as he is ironing it.

Fah Chung lovingly pulling out the dainty ruffles of a little white apron with his slender yellow fingers, and ironing with ardor, was probably never so thunderstruck in his life as when it was snatched from his hands and a lovely little face as red as a rose with anger and disgust disclosed to him Miss Pearson's indignant brown eyes. The rest of her things lay on a shelf near, and, scolding as fast as her tongue could wag, she gathered them up, thrust them into a piece of paper, threw a half dollar upon the table, and marched away, the amazed Chung in the meantime standing in helpless bewilderment, his cheeks puffed out with his mouth full of water, and his black eyes staring.

After that Miss Pearson sent her things to an Irishwoman, who scrubbed them to pieces within a month, and the laundry of Fah Chung knew them no more. Alas!

His second mistake—a fatal one—sprang from a national difference of views regarding death and all things appertaining thereto which exists between the extreme East and the West.

He sent her a most gorgeous and comfortable coffin—life size—for a Christmas present.

Any one in China would have been flattered no end by such a splendid gift. Miss Pearson did not seem to like it.

In fact she took it as an intimation on the Celestial's part that the "wooden overcoat"—as they are facetiously termed in the States—would presently have a wearer, whom he, in remembrance of the scene in the laundry, would gladly provide.

It is probable that Fah Chung would have been kicked farther down the street than he was, but that Caldwell, who was in the drawing room when the gift was presented, had to leave him just then.

Miss Pearson in her agitation seemed to require some one to hold her in his arms and call her his darling, and assure her that just as soon as he had time he would go and finish that Chinaman." She would not let any of the other fellows do it—Matie did not offer to go—so Caldwell sacrificed himself. Good, old fellow! Matie glanced at them, and looked rather as if she could have found a use for that coffin if they had not been in such haste to pitch it into the street after its heart-broken owner.

The little Chinaman crept miserably away, wondering at the uncivilized manners of those "Western barbarians." But even then "'is 'art was true"—not to Poll, but to Pearson.

Caldwell married Miss Pearson. He got his diploma as M. D. and settled in her old home.

Matie has transferred her affections to her mother's present "head boarder." She is no longer young. She would not mind marrying.

Fah Chung? Ah, yes. Fah Chung.

Well, he got killed one night near the Bowery.

Caldwell, at that time accepted lover to Miss Pearson, had told her that she must on no account venture into any of the streets between lower Broadway and the Bowery alone. So, one evening, when he was at the hospital, she felt it her imperative duty to do so. She wandered about Mulberry street for a while, and Baxter street, unconscious of two figures that had been following her for the last half hour.

From the top of Baxter street there is a short, very narrow, very dark turning leading into the brilliantly lighted Bowery.

This turning is very quiet. It is filled with Chinese gambling dens and opium joints. The police rather avoid the place. It rejoices in the descriptive and suggestive name of Dead Man's Alley.

As Miss Pearson was about to enter it she was stopped by a Chinaman, who motioned her not to come that way. Recognizing Fah Chung, she indignantly brushed past him, and with great stateliness proceeded on.

Half way between Baxter street and the Bowery a stealthy figure stole close behind her—another figure quickly and quietly ran between them, there was a muttered oath, a slight struggle, and something gleamed in the hand of the taller man. Just then Miss Pearson reached the Bowery, and in Dead Man's Alley one man was running swiftly and silently toward the sheltering crowds in Baxter street, and the other, a little Chinaman, lay on the ground bleeding to death. When Miss Pearson, on reaching home, found that her purse was gone, she exclaimed:

"There! I knew that a creature who sprinkled clothes in the disgusting way he did wasn't honest!"—L. Hereward in To-day.

How to Silence Critics.

A poet desirous of the laureateship was bitterly complaining to a friend in a London club of the conspiracy of silence that was waged by critics against his effusions. "How ought I to meet this conspiracy?" he asked. "Join it," replied the friend.—[London Truth.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Taken Up Instanter—The Realist and Idealist—Heartless—A Home Product—Etc., Etc.

TAKEN UP INSTANTER.

Mub—What was the first thing that came into your mind when Frank proposed?

Bess—The word "Yes."—[Boston Courier.

THE REALIST AND IDEALIST.

Farmer Wayback—Well, of all the idiots that artist fellow takes the cake.

Mrs. Wayback—What's he doin'?

Farmer Wayback—He's down yonder paintin' a picture of that old tumble down barn, and there's a brand new barn right behind him.—[Tid-Bits.

HEARTLESS.

Its Mother—Oh, John! John! What shall we do? Baby has swallowed his rattle!

Its Father—Do? Nothing. Now he'll have it with him all the time, and we won't have to be forever hunting it up when he cries.—[Chicago Record.

A HOME PRODUCT.

Friend—That villain in your new play is a masterpiece. Where did you get the character?

Dramatist—I imagined a man possessed of all the varieties of wickedness which my wife ascribes to me when she gets mad.—[Hartford Courant.

WIFELY UTILITY.

"When I marry," said Jillson, meditatively, "my wife must be divinely tall."

"Yes," said Gilson, practically, "it will save you a lot of trouble when she wants to have the gas lighted or get something off the highest pantry shelf."—[Somerville Journal.

WHEN THE LEG IS PULLED.

"Well, now you can give me gas, doctor."

Dentist—The tooth is out, my little man.

Little Man—Yes; but givin' you the fifty cents is what hurts.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

NOT SELF-SUPPORTING.

He—Does your father seem pleased with our engagement?

She—I guess so. He has been telling all around that he has had an addition to the family.

LEGIBILITY PREDICTED.

Patient (complainingly)—I can't make out a word of this prescription, doctor!

Physician (grimly)—Never mind. You'll find my handwriting perfectly legible, I'll warrant, when I send in my bill.—[Somerville Journal.

WOULD MEET HIM HALF WAY.

Mr. Roby—I am afraid, love, you will fall me rather exacting at times, and I am afraid, too, that I am a little inclined to find fault without cause.

Mrs. Roby—Oh, don't worry, dear! I'll see that you always have cause.—[Tid-Bits.

CLEARLY LIBELOUS.

Lawyer—Did he call you a liar in so many words?

Client—Well, he called me a weather report.

Lawyer—That is sufficient: you are sure to get damages.

TRICK OF THE TRADE.

Tookin—You will have to take back these trousers. You said they were pretty near all wool, and there isn't a stitch of wool in them.

Salesman—I didn't say there was any wool in them; I said they were pretty near all wool, and so they were, for there was a pile of it close by.—[Buffalo Courier.

FRIGID ENGAGEMENT.

"Did you notice that impertinent Mr. Yardstick? I think he expected me to speak."

Edith—Are you acquainted with him?

[illegible] engaged during the summer.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

TOOK HIS LIBERTY.

Haughty Lady (who had just purchased a stamp)—Must I put it on my self?

Postoffice Assistant (very politely)—Not necessarily, madam; it will probably accomplish more if you put it on the letter.—[Newark Ledger.

TIRED OF YET OFF.

Bicycle Teacher—You all you need is confidence, don't you see?

The Student of the Wheel—Oh, yes; I tumble.—[Philadelphia Record.

A HAPPY ESCAPE.

She (haughtily)—I beg your pardon, sir. You have the advantage of me.

He (jauntily)—I should say I had. I am the fellow you jilted ten years ago.—[Boston Transcript.

NECESSARY SPECIFICATION.

"I wish you would mark down that lot of ladies' shoes," said the merchant.

"Yes, sir," replied the experienced clerk. "In price or size?"—[Washington Star.

DISCONTENT.

"I won't stand it any longer," said the blacksmith's anvil.

"What's the matter?" inquired the sledge.

"I get all the hard knocks while the bellows do nothing but put on airs."

THOSE MUSICALES.

"She is the occasion of lots of talk wherever she goes."

"Indeed."

"She always plays the piano, you know."—[Detroit Tribune.

DOMESTIC STRATEGY.

"My wife is taking up all of her time in these advancement of women movements," complained the man with the hay tint vest.

"Mine ain't," chuckled the red nosed man. "I manage to keep her too busy looking after me."—[Indianapolis Journal.

CAUTIOUS.

She—Oh, I forgot to tell you! Pa keeps a dog now. Do you want to see him?

He—I do, decidedly—that is, if we must meet. I should prefer to see him before he sees me. If I cannot perhaps it would be as well that I don't see him at all.—[Boston Transcript.

TRANSLATED.

Mrs. Robinson—Miss Brown is quite a pleasing conversationalist.

Robinson—Good listener, eh?—[Puck.

THE RULING PASSION.

"Did you learn anything worth trying to remember at your reading club?"

She—Well, I should say so. I sat right behind Mrs. Highflt, and found out exactly how she does up her hair in a lovely new way.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

THE HEART'S DESIRE.

Miss Bleecker, of New York, (rapturously)—Yes, and papa says he will give us a house in Brooklyn. Isn't that grand?

Madison Squeers (enthusiastically)—Well, I should say so! Why, we can rent it for enough to hire a suit of rooms uptown.—[Puck.

A CONFESSION.

He—Of course, my prospects are not the brightest. We shall have a great deal to contend against.

She—Dearest, we shall have each other.—[Pick-Me-Up.

OUT FOR BLOOD.

Bronco Pete—I've got to go to the dance to-night down at Deadman's Gulch.

Five-Fingered Jake—What for?

Bronco Pete—Editor of the Mountain Echo asked me to get him a list of the killed and injured.—[Puck.

A DEFINITION.

Kitty (scornfully)—An unmarried man doesn't know what home means.

Tom (mildly)—He knows, it is something his married friends seem to consider a desirable place to get away from.

DELICATE FLATTERY.

Shop Girl—Really, madame, that white feather in your hat makes you look ten years younger.

Old Maid—Is that so? Then give me another.—[Fliegende Blaetter.

THE RAGE WAS MATTER O' FAT.

The stately steamer plowed its way through the blue waves of Lake Michigan: "Oh, Horace!" moaned the young bride, who a moment before had paced the deck with a smiling face and a love-lit eye, the happiest of the happy, "I feel so queer! Let me lean on your shoulder."

"No, dearest, don't do that!" exclaimed Horace, hastily; "lean over the side of the steamer."—[Chicago Tribune.

A BUSINESS WOMAN.

The teller waits upon her beck,
The while his mirth endures.
Till she adds a postscript to her check,
And signs it, "Fondly yours."
—[Roe L. Hendrick.

ADVICE.

Politician.—What would you do about those charges?

Friend—Well, considering the evil depo[illegible] I think this is a case for scornful silence!—[Puck.

AMENITIES.

Servant (delivering message)—Mr. Triplett sends his compliments to Mr. Gazzam, with the request that he shoot his dog, which is a nuisance in the neighborhood.

Gazzam—Give Mr. Gazzam's compliments to Mr. Triplett, and ask him kindly to poison his daughter or burn up her piano.—[Boston Home Journal.

NOT STAYERS.

Hashaway—Does Mrs. Oliphant keep a good many boarders now?

Dashaway—Yes, she does; generally for about two days or a week.—[Chicago Record.

VICTORIOUS DEFEATS.

Knowet Alle—Newriche is still determined to enter English society.

E. D. Seckle—What method will he try this time?

Knowet Alle—He is going to take a canal-boat over and try yacht-racing.—[Puck.

WAY OF THE WORLD.

"Did you ever notice that when a man gets a little start up the ladder of life the people below him try to pull him down?

"They do pull his leg that's a fact."—[Cincinnati Tribune.

QUITE A DIFFERENCE.

Lord Tuffnut—You have nothing to grumble at; you were a rich American girl, I an impoverished English nobleman with a proud title. You bought me with your wealth. I was what you would call in shopping, a bargain!

Lady Tuffnut—Pardon me! Not a bargain—a remnant.

GERMANY is now the best educated nation on the continent.

SOME BIG SALARIES.

Pay of Representatives and Rulers All Over the World.

The United States pays its Senators and Representatives alike, $5,000 a year each; and to the presiding officers of the two Houses it pays $8,000 a year each. Canada pays $1,000 to one class of legislators; $10,000 to another, and $8,000 each to the presiding officers. England pays nothing to the members of the house of lords or the house of commons, but the speaker of the commons has a salary equivalent to $25,000, and a house; while the lord chancellor draws a salary of $50,000—equal to that of President Cleveland—of which $20,000 is his salary as speaker of the house of lords, and $30,000 is his salary as a judge, and the retiring pension of the lord chancellor is $25,000 a year.

Other English salaries are equally amazing compared with those which are paid to similar officials under this government. There is the chief justice of the supreme court, for example. In England he has $40,000 a year. Chief Justice Fuller of our Supreme Court has a salary of $10,500 a year. The judges of the higher court of justice in England receive $25,000 each; the associate justices of our Supreme Court receive $10,000 each. The attorney general of England has $35,000 a year, and his fees sometimes amount to $25,000 a year more. The first lord of the treasury receives $25,000 a year; the first lord of the admiralty, $22,500 a year. Attorney General Olney, Secretary Carlisle and Secretary Herbert have to get along with $8,000 a year each, and a horse and carriage.

Our President does not draw the smallest salary paid to the head of a nation, but he comes within a very few of doing so. The president of Switzerland receives $3,000 a year and the president of the Argentine Republic only $30,000. President Cleveland draws $50,000 a year; and, as I have said, probably saves half of that sum. The salary of the president of the French republic is $240,000 a year. Napoleon III received $5,000,000 a year, but he had to bear many of the expenses of government, such as the maintenance of palaces, subsidizing theaters, &c. The present head of the French republic has none of these expenses, and he can leave office a rich man if he serves a term or two. Our President has a house given him, and all of the "official" expenses of that house are paid for him, but the distinctly household expenses come out of his own pocket.

The Queen of England receives $300,000 for the privy purse, besides a civil allowance nearly six times as great. The Prince of Wales has an income of $500,000 a year, the princess $50,000, and each of the children of the Prince of Wales $180,000 a year.

The Emperor Francis Joseph receives $1,800,000 a year from Austria, and $1,600,000 a year from Hungary. He is obliged to maintain out of this a number of libraries, museums, parks, &c., and to pay the subsidies of several theatres.

King Humbert of Italy has an allowance of $3,000,000 a year, out of which he too, has to keep up palaces in different parts of the nation—in cities formerly capitals of independent states.

The Emperor of Japan has an annual allowance of more than two and a quarter millions of dollars. The Prince of Montenegro has only $20,500 a year, but Russia allows him $25,000 more.

The Shah of Persia has the income from a private fortune of $27,000,000, accumulated by his family in office.

The King of Sweden and Norway receives nearly $600,000 a year from his people.

The King of Greece has an allowance from his country of $200,000 a year, and a further allowance of $20,000 from Great Britain, France and Russia.

The King of Belgium has an allowance of about $850,000 a year.

The King of Servia receives $240,000 a year. The infant King of Spain and his family have an allowance of $2,000,000 a year. The Emperor William gets 1,225,000 from Prussia alone, and his grandfather is said to have saved $12,000,000 out of his allowance from the state.

The Czar of Russia is credited with receiving more than $12,000,000 from his government.—[Washington Star.

A Railway Cushion Car Cleaner.

The French have brought carpet cleaning machinery to a high state of efficiency. One of their latest machines not only beats the carpets of railway cars, but also brushes the cushions while drawing off the dust. With this machine, operated by one man, 350 carpets or cushions can be cleansed in an ordinary working day. The machine consists essentially of a strong frame containing an endless band, beaters, revolving brushes, exhaust fans and suction pipes. The carpets are attached to the endless band, the revolution of which brings them under the influence of the beaters. These consist of ten stout leather straps fixed on the iron arm of a horizontal revolving drum. Meanwhile the cushion is being cleaned by the backward motion of the table on which it is placed while in contact with cylindrical brushes. The dust raised by the beaters and brushes is drawn by the fans into the galvanized iron pipes and discharged by the current of air outside the building.—[New York Telegram.

There is no historic authority for the statement that little George Washington cut down the cherry tree.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THE CUNNING FISH.

Johnny Mann went out to catch
Fishes from the sea,
Singing: "Prithee little fish,
Darling little fish, stay,
Prithee, do not swim away!"

"Dearest Mr. Mann!"
Thus the fish replied,
"Business calls and I must go
Out upon the tide!
That's because I chance to be
A fish, and not a goose, you see!"

A LITTLE FIDDLER.

"Guess what I have in my hand," said Lucy, as she held her fat little fist close to Minnie's ear.

"Hear it!" she cried; and Minnie listened intently.

"Isn't that pretty?"

"Oh, very," said Minnie. "What can it be?"

"Guess!" cried Lucy again, laughing heartily.

It was of no use. Minnie guessed and guessed, and listened over and over to the sweet, fine little song that went higher and lower as Lucy slighily clasped and unclasped her hand.

It was such a queer, merry little tune, like nothing she had ever heard before.

"I give it up," said Minnie. "Do tell me what it is!"

Lucy opened her hand and showed Minnie a long, narrow, scarlet insect with black spots.

"It is a fiddler," she said, "and you only find them on milkweed plants; one fiddler plays very well, but two do better, let us get some more."

So the little girls ran away to some milkweed plants near by, and were soon enjoying fine concerts from their odd little fiddlers.

They were very careful not to squeeze the little players too tightly or hurt them in any way, and after a few tunes would let them fly away, getting fresh fiddlers when they wanted more music.—Youth's Companion.

ANNIE FRAZER, HEROINE.

Tiny Annie Frazer, who saved her father's life at the risk of her own last month, has shown that heroism is not a matter of years.

Samuel Frazer is a miner. His home is in the little village called Hell Gate, not far from Wilkesbarre, Penn. He drew his month's wages on Friday, July 6th. Times had been hard at the coal mines, and when Frazer found that he had earned twenty days' pay he was very happy. It was more money than he had seen at one time in years. He could not stand prosperity. He drank too much whiskey, and wandered away from home early next morning. Mrs. Frazer and their only child, Annie, who is only eight years old, set out to look for him. They walked in opposite directions along the Lehigh Valley Railroad.

The child found her father fast asleep on the track. She tried to arouse him but the fumes of liquor deadened his senses, and he lay almost unconscious. Annie knelt beside the man and begged him to get up. The rails began to vibrate. A train was coming. The man lay near a curve in a deep cut whose high embankments hid him from view.

"Wake up, papa!" cried Annie. "The cars are coming! Wake up!"

But the drowsy man only mumbled incoherently. Annie sobbed as she tried with all her strength to lift her father out of danger. She could do nothing.

How could she stop the train? The end of a red bandanna handkerchief drooping from her father's pocket gave Annie a hint. She quickly drew out the handkerchief and ran down the railroad track. The roar of the approaching train could now be distinctly heard. The little girl fell twice, and bruised herself on the rough road-bed. But she struggled on to the end of the cut. There she stood, waving the red handkerchief and crying. The engineer saw the signal, and he stopped the train so suddenly that many passengers were thrown from their seats. The child stood between the rails when the locomotive was halted in front of her.

Two brakemen shook Frazer, and told him how his daughter had saved his life by putting her own in peril. The shock sobered the miner. He broke down and wept.

The passengers cheered Annie as her father carried her away, and he has promised his wife that he will never drink liquor again.—Harpers' Young People.

Necessity Knows No Law.

She—I hope you didn't leave your heart behind you at the seashore.

He—No; something far more important.

She—What is that?

He—My trunk.—Puck.

THIS PAGE CONTAINS FLAWS AND OTHER DEFECTS WHICH MAY APPEAR ON THE FILM.