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Miscellaneous.

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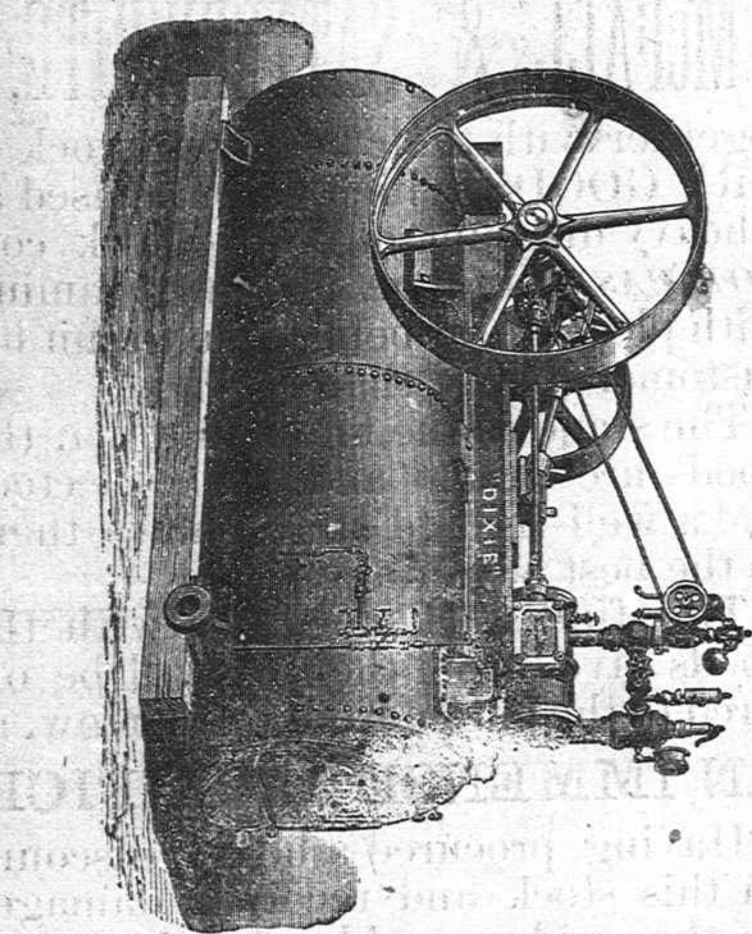

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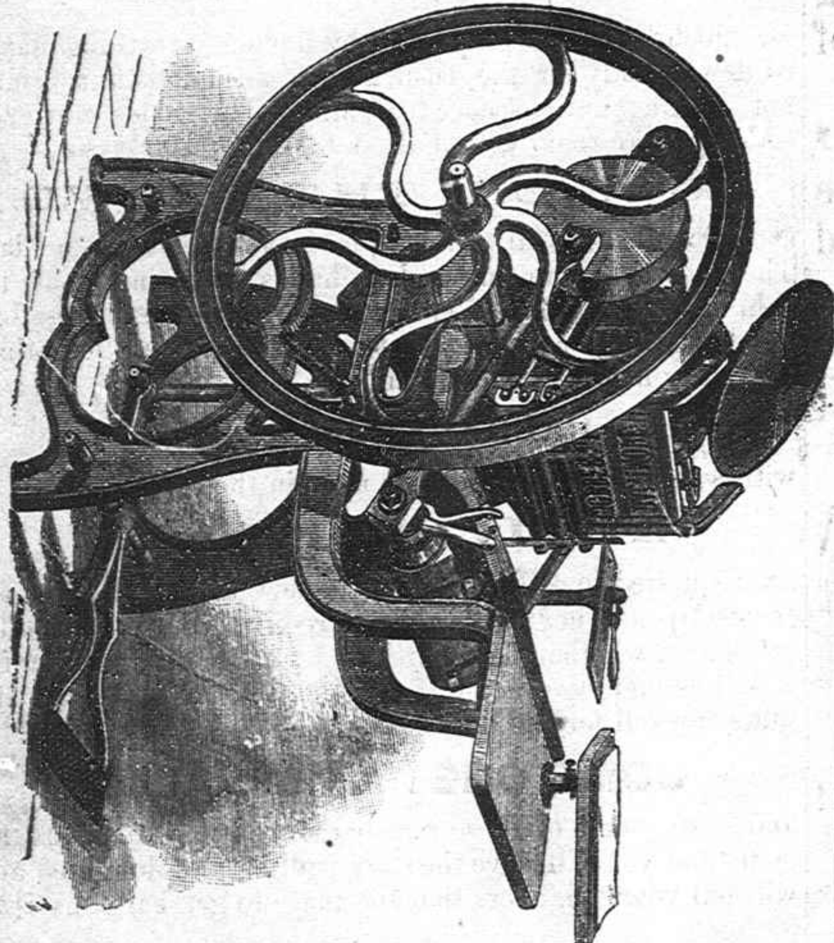

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Poetry.

THAT AWFUL COWBOY.

He wore but one suspender,
And with neither coat or vest;
He was on a high old bender
In a peaceful town out West;
His muddy homespun trousers
Were in his boot-legs stuck,
And his yells at times, old rousers,
He said were "just for luck."

He had a big horse-pistol,
And he stated he could smash
A small sized watch's crystal
At a hundred yards, for cash.
He wore no tie or collar,
And his shirt, not over fine,
Cost just one-half a dollar
In the days of "Auld Lang Syne."

He scorned the town officials,
Unmindful of their stars,
And carved uncouth initials
On the village liquor bars,
He seemed to have no money,
And whene'er he took a drink
He called the landlord "sonny,
And paid him with a wink.

With noisy song and whistle
He on a horseblock sat,
And fired his old horse-pistol
At the mayor's bee-gum hat,
He paled the ladies' faces
With his loud, sardonic laugh
And made uncouth grimaces
At the constable and staff.

But a fellow met this cowboy
And caught him by the ear,
And said, quite coolly, "Now, boy,
'Tis time you get from here!"
Then he shook up his digestion
In a way that raised a laugh,
And proved beyond a question
That the cowboy was a calf.
—Exchange.

Selected Story.

THE PICTURE.

ART IN MORALS.

"Shan't go a step farther!"

"Only just a little way—we shall soon be home now, and mother's waiting."

"I don't care. I've made up my mind that I've walked too far already, and I'm just going to sit down and rest; they must wait, and I shall do as I choose."

"But father——"

"Now don't you talk to me about 'buts,' Charlie, because I won't have it, I shall sit down here, and you can go and tell your mother not to wait—not to wait," the man repeated, raising his voice with the stupid anger of intoxication.

Still, in spite of threat and refusal, the child persisted in pleading that his father should go home; but his words only seemed to strengthen the man's obstinacy, and all the boy could do was to get his father to turn aside from the high road into a field close by, where the man threw himself full at length on the grass, somewhat under the shade of the hedge, and in a few minutes he was sleeping heavily, whilst the child sat down at a little distance, with a strange kind of unchildish patience on his features, to wait until his father should wake. Poor little Charlie! he knew too well how useless any attempt on his part would be to rouse his father from that sort of sleep.

Rather more than half an hour had passed in this dreary waiting, and Charlie was beginning to find all his small sources of amusement fail him. He had watched a large bee that kept hovering ever the convolvulus blossoms in the hedge, and wondered if he had not nearly finished his day's work; had placed a snail out of harm's way, and had been tempted to chase a beautiful painted butterfly that flitted past him; but he began at last to lose his interest in bees and butterflies for it was now tea-time, and Charlie was growing terribly hungry. Still he did not think of deserting his post, for no one but the child himself knew how often he had kept his tipsy father off the country road when carts or carriages were coming along, nor how he managed to guide him in safety over the narrow bridge that led across the river to their cottage.

So Charlie sat there quietly, though he was growing more tired and hungry every moment, until the sound of a whistle at a distance attracted his attention, the sound gradually coming nearer and sounding more distinct, until a young man jumped over the stile at the end of the field and approached the child, who then knew him to be a gentleman he had often met during the last few weeks, sometimes sketching, sometimes wandering about with his knapsack on his back and his portfolio under his arm. Indeed a kind of half acquaintance had sprung up between the young artist and Charlie—one attracted by the glimpses he had caught of the pictures contained in the wonderful portfolio, the other by the child's wistful glances and his rustic beauty.

Busy with his own thoughts, and judging from his happy face they were very pleasant ones—perhaps dreams of the time when some wonderful picture of his should hang on the walls of the academy, and by so doing help him on the road to fame and fortune—Eustace Carroll had half crossed the field before he noticed Charlie and his father. Then his quick eyes told him the meaning of the little scene; the quiet, weary-looking child and the sleeping father, with his untidy clothes and collar and necktie unfastened, and his face turned up to the blue sky that looked down upon nothing so debased as this man, whom God had made "a little lower than the angels," and who, by his own vice, had thus degraded himself.

With the quick instinct of childhood, Charlie understood the look of disgust with which the young artist turned to him, saying kindly as he did so:

"You are waiting to take your father home, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," replied the child, whilst a flush of shame spread over his face.

"Well, I think he is likely to lie there for hours yet. Can't you leave him?"

"No, sir, he might be run over or fall into the river if I left him to come home by himself."

"Oh!" said Eustace, as he glanced toward the sleeping man, and wondered if it would be much loss to any one if he did fall into the river; but he checked the thought, remembering that he with his refined taste, and many kinds of amusement, could form no idea of the temptation which drink might have for this man, with his smaller advantages of fortune and education; and then an idea flashed across his mind, and he determined to act upon it.

"Have you had your tea, boy?" he asked as he unstrapped his knapsack, and took out a small parcel wrapped in paper.

"Mother will be sure to keep it for me until I get home, sir," replied Charlie, too brave to complain to a stranger.

"That's all right," said Eustace, understanding and respecting the feeling that dictated the answer; "meanwhile, I shall give you this piece of cake, just to pass the time away. When I was a small boy, stray pieces of cake never prevented me eating my meals when they came, so your mother's tea will not be wasted. Now you sit still, for I am going to make a picture, and when it is finished I will show it to you."

Very few dainties fell to Charlie's share in those days, and Eustace was highly amused at the manner in which he ate his cake, nibbling it off around the edge so as to make it last as long as possible; and he succeeded so well that the picture was finished almost at the same time as the last currant disappeared.

"Well, was it good?" asked Eustace, as he tied his portfolio.

"Yes; mother does not put currants in her cakes. Sometimes on our birthdays, when father has not been out, we have a cake; but then we have no seeds in it."

"And those are not so nice?"

"Oh, no, sir, of course not!" answered Charlie, surprised that any one should ask such a question.

"Well, I am glad you like it. I am going back to the city in a day or two, but I shall put another piece of cake in my knapsack in case I meet you again before I go. Look here; do you know who this is?"

Charlie glanced at the little picture Eustace held out to him, and then he gave a scream of surprise.

"Why, it's me and father!"

And so it was; and even though Eustace should live to be an old man he will never succeed in making anything more true to nature than that hurried sketch. He had just caught the tired, wistful look on the child's face, and it was all the more striking as it was brought into such contrast with the vacant countenance of the tipsy sleeper, who looked so thoroughly out of place beside the child, and the pleasant green background of the hedge, where the convolvulus blossoms mingled with the wild rose and blackberry flowers. "Wait a moment," said Eustace, and then he wrote at the bottom of the sketch three lines from a poem of Burns:

"O wad some power the gifte gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us,
It wad frae many a trouble free us."

"There," he continued, putting the picture in the child's hands. "You shall have that, and if you like to show it to your father one of these days, do so; it may teach him a lesson." And, before the child could make any reply Eustace was off and away, tramping along the high road.

Five years had passed before the young artist had the time and chance to visit the quiet village again. In those five years he had done good work—had thought, and worked, and painted, until people had begun to believe in him, and talked of him as one of the most promising painters of the day.

Still, in the midst of it all, he often remembered his little sketch, and wondered—without much hope in the wonder, though—whether his idea that it might do good had come to pass; and on the day he traveled down to Mortson, the memory of the scene came clearly before him with the thought of the grand old words—"Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shall fiud it after many days."

"Such a poor little crumb of good though it was," said Eustace to himself, "still I wonder—I wonder—and I'll try to find it out, too."

And as it happened, Eustace did find it more quickly than he expected, for that very evening, as he was returning from a walk in the course of which he had visited some of his old haunts, there passed him on the road a man and a handsome boy of about thirteen.

"My little friend and his father," suddenly thought Eustace whose quick, artist eye seldom forgot a face or figure, and he quickened his pace in order to keep within a short distance of the boy.

So the three went on, past the corner of the field where the sketch had been taken, down the road and across the narrow bridge, till the man and boy reached a little cottage, the small front garden of which was gay with bright-colored, old-fashioned flowers.

"That looks promising," thought Eustace; "no drunkard ever had a garden like that;" and, determined to ascertain the facts of the case, he went up to the door with the intention of asking the nearest way to the next village.

Through the open door he caught a glimpse of the neatly kept cottage kitchen, as Charlie came forward to answer the stranger's question; but before half the right turns had been described, a bright smile broke over the boy's face, and half turning around, he exclaimed:

"Father it's my painter!" and, to his surprise, Eustace found that in that household at least, he was a hero; and the young artist never felt more reverence for his art than he did as he listened to the account of the good his picture had done.

For some time Charlie had kept the sketch, and had been afraid to show it to his father, but the man found it by chance, one day, and "It was more than I could stand, sir," he said, addressing Eustace. "I did not need any one to tell me what it meant, but although I wondered where it came from, I was ashamed to ask. Somehow I could not get the picture out of my head. I even used to dream of it at night until it fairly worried me, so that I gave up the drink; and I had the picture hung up there, that I might not have a chance of forgetting what I dragged myself down to once."

So the story ended; and in his heart Eustace Carroll is prouder of that little sketch, hanging in a common black frame over the mantelpiece of the country cottage, than he would be if he should paint a picture that would make his name famous throughout his life.

Miscellaneous.

A BOY WHO WAS THROUGH.

A young New Englander, whose knowledge was more showy than deep, went many years ago to teach a district school in Virginia.

Among his pupils was a small, rather dull and insignificant looking boy, who annoyed him by his questions. No matter what the subject under discussion, this lad apparently never could get near enough to the bottom of it to be content.

One warm August morning, the teacher, with no little vanity in a knowledge universal in those days, began to lecture to the boys on the habits and characteristics of a fish which one of them had caught during recess. He finished, and was about to dismiss the school, when his inquisitive pupil asked about their gills and their use.

The question answered, others followed, concerning the scales, skin, flesh. The poor teacher struggled to reply with all the information at his command. But that was small, and the day grew warmer, and the Saturday afternoon's holiday was rapidly slipping away.

"The school will now be dismissed," he said, at last.

"But the bones! You have told us nothing about the bones!" said the anxious boy.

Mr. Dash smothered his annoyance, and gave all the information he could command on the shape, structure and use of the bones.

"And now the school"—he began.

"What is inside of the bones?" stolidly came from the corner where the quiet boy was sitting.

Mr. Dash never remembered what answer he gave, but the question and his despair fixed themselves in his memory. Thirty-five years afterward he visited Washington and entered the room where the Justices of the Supreme Court were sitting.

The Chief-Justice, the most learned and venerated man of his day, was a man like St. Paul, whose bodily presence was contemptible.

The stranger regarded him at first with awe, then with amazement.

"It is the boy who went inside of the fish's bones!" he exclaimed.

It is the boy who penetrates to the heart of the matter who is the successful scholar and afterwards lawyer, physician, philosopher or statesman.

It is the man whose ax is laid to the root, not the outer branches, whose religion is a solid foundation for his life here and beyond.

[*Baptist Weekly.*

A BOY'S ECONOMY.—A boy seven or eight years old was passing along Elizabeth street yesterday with a dime in his fingers, when another boy accosted him with:

"What ye going to buy?"

"Camphor."

"What for?"

"To keep moths away."

"Say," said the second boy, as he came nearer, "I'll tell you what I'll do. If you'll spend five cents o' that for candy I'll lend you my dog all one day to hunt down the moths, and if he don't catch 'em all I'll lend you the bossest rat-trap in this city! You can just as well save five cents as not."—*Detroit Free Press.*

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.—How many donkeys have you in Austin, my little man?" asked a passenger on the South bound train, protruding his head through the car window at the depot.

"O, we've got some few donkeys here in Austin, but most of them keep right on through to San Antonio."

The stranger bumped the back of his head on the window and sank back in his seat.—*Siftings.*

A FUNNY MAN WHO WAS NOT AT ALL FUNNY.

"Is the man that gets up the fun ny column here?" asked a smirking little chap as he poked a bulbous little nose into the room.

"O, yes," said a bald-headed man with a disordered necktie, grizzled beard and face like that of an undertaker at an expensive funeral. "Walk right in;" and he caught the little man viciously by the collar.

"Want to see the funny man, don't you?" and he butted the little fellow's head through a seventy-five cent looking-glass.

"Like to look at the 'comic,' wouldn't you?" and he tore the intruder's coat down the back and took a fresh grip on his shirt.

"Come down from the country to see the 'old clown,' haven't you? Like to see him stick his head through a paper balloon, say 'Hey, diddle diddle, the fool's in the middle,' and get cut around the legs by the ring-master, I suppose," and a No. 12 boot collided with the seat of the little wretch's trousers with a shock like that of a dynamite bomb.

"The 'buffoon' ain't in; he is training a new jackass. Come right in. Children half price. Just going to begin. Sit down;" and he jammed the terrified little visitor into a keg of printer's ink.

"The 'queen's jester' will be along 'pretty soon. Wait for the great show!" he yelled, as the little man madly tried to escape through two closet doors, and finally rolled down stairs, accompanied by the water cooler, two ink jugs and the paste pot.

"Want one more paragraph, Mr. Graves," said a voice through the speaking tube, and the solemn man wound a wet towel around his head, sat down at the desk, and wearily wrote:

"Is a man getting up stares when he buys an eye-glass?"

[*Boston Bulletin.*

FLINT-STONE SOUP.

A good story is told of two soldiers, one of whom went without broth, while the other made it of excellent quality of a flint-stone. The first begged at every door of a whole village which they had just entered for all the materials of simple broth; but the villagers told him he asked too much, and shut their doors in his face.

His comrade, however, picked up a stone, knocked at the nearest door, and asked if they would be so good as to oblige him with a pot in which to boil the stone. Even a miser would have granted so modest a request. They lent him the pot, and soon the wily soldier was boiling a large stone under the curious eyes of half a dozen bystanders.

"Could one of you give me a little salt?" the cook asked. The salt was given.

A minute later, he observed, "A few herbs make a pleasant seasoning for stone soup, but I must manage for once to relish without a perfect flavor." In a trice, one of the spectators threw a bundle of herbs in the pot, saying, "so clever a fellow should have soup to his taste, when he shows us how to make it of a stone."

A few minutes later, the adventurer remarked, "Stone broth is good, but there is no question that a scrap of beef or bacon brings out the flavor of the flint." Another kind spectator at once supplied him with a piece of bacon. Half an hour had not passed since his arrival in the village when the soldier was enjoying an excellent and substantial repast made of the material for the "improvement" of his broth.

SPARE LEGS.—A little girl was standing at the depot to see her father and a gentleman friend off, when she suddenly observed to her father, referring to his friend, who was tall and lank, "If the cars run off the track and any legs must be broke, I hope they'll be Mr. H's." "What's that for?" said the startled H. "Because," she added, artlessly, "Aunt Mary says you have a pair of spare legs." The "All aboard!" of the conductor prevented any explanation.

KNOWLEDGE IN A NUTSHELL.

A cubit is two feet.
A space is three feet.
A fathom is six feet.
A palm is three inches.
A league is three miles.
There are 2750 languages.
A great cubit is eleven feet.
Two persons die every second.
Bran, twenty pounds per bushel.
Sound moves 743 miles per hour.
A square mile contains 640 acres.
A barrel of ice contains 600 pounds.
Slow rivers flow five miles per hour.
A barrel of pork weighs 200 pounds.
A barrel of flour weighs 196 pounds.
An acre contains 4840 square yards.
Oats, thirty-three pounds per bushel.
Barley, forty-eight pounds per bushel.
A firkin of butter weighs 56 pounds.
A hand (horse measure) is four inches.
A span is ten and seven-eighth inches.
A rifle ball moves 1000 miles per hour.
A storm blows thirty-six miles per hour.
A rapid river flows seven miles per hour.
Buckwheat, fifty-two pounds per bushel.
Electricity moves 228,000 miles per hour.
A hurricane moves eighty miles per hour.
Coarse salt, eighty-five pounds per bushel.
A tub of butter weighs eighty-four pounds.
The average human life is thirty-one years.
Timothy seed, forty-five pounds per bushel.
The first steamboat plied the Hudson in 1807.
The first horse railroad was built in 1826-'27.
A day's journey is thirty three and one-eihgth miles.

HIS ONLY CHANCE.

A passenger on a small steamer running along the American shore of Lake Huron hunted out the captain and said:

"Captain, the mate is drunk."

"Yes, I presume so," was the reply. "That's his greatest fault—he will get drunk."

Pretty soon the passenger returned with further news. He had found that the chief engineer had been accidentally left behind.

"Oh, well," replied the captain, "some of the firemen will put her through all right."

In the course of half an hour the passenger discovered that the boat was overloaded, short-handed and leaking, and he returned to the captain and reported, and added:

"I expect nothing less than to be blown up before we reach Lexington."

"My friend," said the captain in a fatherly way, "that's your only chance. We won't have a storm, the mate is sobering up, the boys have gone down to stop the leaks, and if we can't blow you up and settle with your widow for about $250, I'm afraid you'll live for several years yet. I'll go down and see if there is any chance for an explosion!"

THE NOTE WAS PAID.—When Jackson was President a boarding-house keeper in Washington called on him to complain that a certain department clerk had not paid his bill for months. Jackson looked at her mildly and said: "Get his note for what he owes you and bring it to me." A few days after she came back with the note. The President wrote on the back of it, "Andrew Jackson," and said: "Take it to the bank and they will give you the money—and that note will be paid." He was right. It was paid when the clerk found out who indorsed it.

You can give your horse and cow too much salt. Some people put rock salt where the animals can lick at it all the time. We feed a little twice a week.