

SHORT STORIES.

Full of Quaint Humor and Rugged Philosophy.

Death of a Poor Old Man—The Bridegroom Didn't Know Where to Sleep—Andy Lucas and the Riddle.

Poor old man Luther Blanton is dead and gone the common way of all human flesh. He was way yonder the richest man in all the regions around Rocky Creek, and yet still I do reckon he was the gone-byest most poorest man that ever breathed the breath of mortal life or planted his footsteps on the broad bosom of God's green earth.

He had three or four big plantations—which for the most part was all swamp lands and just naturally turned to corn and cotton once a year—and made money over and under, wine and a comin. He had cotton piled up in his front yard and down there under the ginhouse which had been there for years and years.

But all at the same time he was forever and eternally hard run and so blasted poor till, to hear him tell it, he didn't know how he would manage to keep out of the poorhouse. He was too poor to wear anything but the plainest clothes and but precious few of them.

What do you reckon made the old man so felonious poor with all of that land and cotton and mules and money? I put that question to Blev Scroggins once upon a time, and Blev he answered it in his own plain, blunt way: "I can tell you what makes old man Luther suffer so from the aches and pains of poverty," says Blev. "He would walk across hell on a rotten rail for two bits."

She Thought He Must Be Drunk. Uncle Josiah Jernigan is one of the men which, owing to the scoundious hot weather and sorry crops and politics, got so melancholic and low down along in durin of the summer.

So Uncle Josiah he goes around to see old Dr. Leathergood, and told him a great long rigamarole about his broke down and long-sufferin condition. After feelin and thumpin around considerable, tryin to find somethin the matter with the sick man, the old doctor had to give it up.

"There aint a blame thing the matter with you, Josiah, exceptin a fearful bad case of the maully-grubs, with a little mixty of pure meanness," says he. "Now you go on back home and eat and sleep and be virtuous and happy. Sing a song or two along the road as you go, and whistle a few tunes—somethin quick and devilish if you can, Josiah. And then, when you git home, look as jolly and cheerful like as you can. Kiss the children all around and then pitch in and hug and kiss your wife two or three times, like you used to some thirty or forty years ago. Play young and well—that's the idea, Josiah. I know you feel worse than the devil, but make out like you feel jest simply bully, and the good feelin will grow on you as natural as dirt. You may not be so very young and well, but you aint too old to play the game that way for a few days anyhow, and that will be better than medicine and doctors for you."

Well, uncle he took the old doctor's advice and went home that evenin in a good humor with everybody and everything in the whole discovered world. He sung songs and whistled tunes along the road as he went—anything from "Amazin Grace" to "Mollie, Put the Kettle On."

And then when he rid up at home he dismounted and got down as quick and nimble as he ever did in his younger and gallin days, when he went a-courtin Matilda Ann Dudley some forty years ago. He kissed the children one and all, and jest naturally loaded em down with sweet crackers and stick candy. Then he paid his double-breasted regards to his good wife, Aunt Matilda Ann, and hugged her and kissed her, and kissed and hugged her over and over three or four times.

Aunt Matilda Ann she caught a long breath and sniffed the air and looked mighty bad puzzled and pestered and surprised.

"I can't smell no whisky, Josiah," says she, "and it aint for me to bring a scandalation on the family, but you do act to me powerful like you ought to be drinkin, if not drunk."

But anyhow, the old doctor's head was as level as it was long. And Uncle Josiah Jernigan has now about recovered from his bad low-down spell.

Where They Do Run Trains.

Billy Trammel, one of the Murder Creek set of Trammel boys, has jest here lately returned from a long trip to the Pan-Handle country of Texas. "You hear people talk about railroads and railroad trains, Rufe, but they never will know a blame thing about it till they take a trip to the Pan Handle," says Billy to me the other day. "There's where they do run railroad trains to a dead hellacious certainty. You see, Rufe, they don't have no creeks and rivers to cross, and no hills and hol-

lows out there like you have got here. They don't have no up grades nor down grades, but everything on a smooth dead level. And when they start a train out on a trip all the engineer has got to do is to pull the darn thing wide open and let her go.

"One Sunday mornin out there in the Pan Handle I went down the road about 50 miles to the next station to see a young lady, which I was tremendous bad gone on about that time. I spent the day with her and that evenin she went to the station to see me on and off. I had got on the cars, you understand, Rufe, and jest as the bell rung and the train started I stuck my head out of the window to kiss the girl good-by. And what do you reckon, Rufe? Durned if I didn't kiss a cow in the mouth two miles up the road. Out there in the Pan Handle, Rufe—that is where they do run railroad trains."

He Didn't Know Where to Sleep. Talkin about Billy Trammel—that puts me in mind of another wanderer returned back home. Squire Riley Norton got back one day last week from his long summer trip to some big sulphur spring somewheres over there in the mountains of Georgy and Tennessee.

When the squire left home he was a poor lonesome widower and wearin of the weeds to beat six bits. But it would seem like he met up with a gray and gorgeous widder over there at the big spring, and both of them bein more than willin, it didn't take very long for them to work out the little sum where-in you add up two together and only git one for the answer.

To be short and plain about it, the squire and the widder they pitched in, they did, and went and got married. And then the most strangest part of the business comes in. Dabblin it, they didn't stay married. The very next day the squire put in his papers for a general divorce and soon got the knot untied on the grounds of domestic incompatibility and false pretenses, or words to that extent.

"I reckon I ought as well own up to it, Rufe," says the squire, "that widder was one too many for me. For why? Well, she was false, Rufe—the most falsest woman I have ever saw. I knowed she had false teeth, but that wasn't nothin. When I retired to the bridal departments that night, I reckon maybe the widder had went to bed. I couldn't say for certain about that. But there was a full set of false teeth, a thunderin big role of false hair, a cork leg and one glass eye layin there on the table. I reckon maybe I acted like a durn fool. I know I felt like one. I didn't know for certain where to sleep—whether to go to bed or git on the table. Consequentially I didn't go to sleep anywheres that night, and the next day I put in my papers for divorcement. All the facts and the evidence was on my side, and I soon put the widder away on the general charge of false pretenses."

A Simple Explanation. The politicians have been oratin and speechifyin so frequent and promiscuous among the boys here lately till blamed if the ground aint wore smooth and slick for miles around. Gold or silver, which? is still the mainest question.

The general confusionment in regards to gold and silver puts me in mind of the riddle which Andy Lucas give Blev Scroggins once upon a time. All three of us was nothin more than chunks of boys then, and gain to school together over at the cross roads. Andy and Blev they had got into a mighty way of sayin riddles to one another. It was nip and tuck as to which could turn the other down with a new riddle. Comin along home from school one evenin Andy hit Blev with a new one, and it was a stunner.

"There is a lady over to our house," says Andy, "which she is my mother's sister, but she ain't my aunt. How is that, Blev?"

Well, Blev he couldn't cut through and had to give it up, though Andy give him till next mornin to work the sum if he could.

So Blev he went home and told his father, old man Jerry Scroggins, about it and called for help. Naturally, of course, the old man couldn't see through the riddle and it pestered him powerful. He scratched his head and racked and ransacked his brain till bed time, but he couldn't git the answer. And then when he went to bed he couldn't go to sleep for thinkin about Andy Lucas and the riddle. He rolled and he tumbled till way along towards midnight without a lick of sleep and he couldn't stand it no longer. He riz up and went out and saddled his horse and rid over to old man Hiram Lucas—which Andy at that time was a half orphan and him and his mother was livin there with his grandfather—and hollered him up and called him out to the front gate.

Old man Hiram he come out snortin and cussin about his neighbors callin him at such a "hellacious" late hour, and consequentially Jerry Scroggins went on to the mainest question.

"That boy Andy give my boy Blev a riddle this evenin which he can't work it and I can't work it," says he. "And what is more I couldn't sleep for thinkin about it and so I have come over here to git the facts. Andy told Blev that there was a lady here which was his own mother's sister, but she wasn't his aunt. Now I want to know how to explain that?"

"Why, Jerry, that's as clear as glass and easy as fallin off a wet log," says old man Hiram. "Any simlin-headed idiot ought to see through that."

"Tell me how it is then," says Jerry. "So I can go on back home and rest in peace and go to sleep."

"Well, Jerry," says old man Hiram, "you see that boy Andy jest simply told your boy Blev a dadblame lie."

ARP ON THE ORPHANS.

Bartow's Sage Visits the Decatur Asylum for Fatherless Ones.

Good People Should Give Money Needed to Carry on the Good Work—Founder Jesse Boring Started Years Ago.

Why don't some rich man give an endowment to the orphans' home at Decatur—why don't somebody leave it a good lot of money in his will, and then die soon after? And there is the orphanage at Clinton, S. C., that right now is on a strain to provide food and clothing for the winter. I am satisfied that if our good people could visit these institutions and see the children and realize their condition, they would help them. It is all right, of course, for the millionaire to give millions to the universities and colleges, and so provide cheap education for the poor; but there is a class of helpless, friendless children scattered over the land who will never get to college, and who would be grateful for bread and clothes and shelter. The Scriptures make no mention of schools or colleges, but the fatherless are mentioned over and over again, and woe and curses are threatened those who neglect or oppress them.

I have long believed that good people would give more to charity if they were face to face with those who suffer. It is not a pleasant business to hunt up the poor and look upon want and rags and pale faces, but it ought to be done sometimes, even by the rich and the busy people. The good St. James said that true religion was to visit the widow and the fatherless—yes, to visit them. It will not do to sit in the parlor or the countingroom and wait till somebody calls for charity. Little orphans can't come; they don't know the way. Their father is dead or their mother is, or perhaps one or the other is in the asylum or down with a chronic sickness. It is a pitiful story, and every case is different, but all pitiful. They are all children of misery baptized in tears. I have been ruminating about this, and must write about it, though to most people it is an unwelcome subject. A few days ago I rode out to the orphans' home near Decatur just to see how the children were getting on. My good friend, Robert Hemphill, went with me. He is the business man of that busy paper, the Constitution, but next to his family his heart's affections are absorbed in the orphans' home. He is the president of the board, and ought to be. He goes there every few days, and the children smile when he comes. On the way he never talked politics—not a word—it was all orphans and the home. The farm wagon met us at Decatur and took us out a mile in the country. I didn't mind the rough riding, for it did me good to have my corporosity tumbled up a little; but I did mind getting in and out of that high-swinged wagon that had no steps. I tried to show my activity, but I couldn't, and almost fell down before I got up. For aged orphans like me they ought to have a comfortable carryall, but Mr. Hemphill says they haven't got the money to buy it. Where is the carriage man, that he don't send one right away? Mr. Brumby, of Marietta, sent six dozen good strong chairs for the boys' building, that has just been completed. Now, where is the big-hearted carriage man? It is a beautiful building, and will be dedicated soon; and I've a notion of taking my wife down with me if the carryall is there; she can't ride in a road wagon any more. But that building and the girls' building need water—plenty of water. There is a little lake of clear spring water not far away, and Mr. Hemphill says there is fall enough for a water run, but it will cost about \$500 to fix everything and put water in the upper stories—but the money is all out. It has taken all to complete the new building.

"Where are you going to get the \$500?" I asked.

"I have no idea," he said, and he looked distressed; "but I reckon it will come. Three men have given us \$500 each within the last 12 months, and I reckon there is one more somewhere. I know that there are several if they knew how badly we needed it."

Then he told me about what George Muse, Mr. Er. Lawshe and Mr. G. V. Gress and others had done for the home. For about three hours I went about the premises and mingled with the orphans. Some of the boys were digging and wheeling dirt to stop a leak in the dam at the lake. Two had to go after the cows. Half a dozen came trotting down to the barn with their milk buckets. The milk cows marched to their stalls and the stanchions closed upon them, while the boys sat upon their stools and talked merrily as they drew down the milk from their udders. The eldest of these milkers was not more than twelve and the youngest about eight. Near the house, in the back yard, there were two boys swinging at the ends of a large rocking churn, and in 20 minutes they had gathered several pounds of nice yellow butter. I saw the girls washing and ironing in the laundry, and others preparing the evening meal, of which I was invited to partake. There were no idle hands, save, perhaps, the two youngest, one of whom was an infant in arms and only three years old. All had some duty to perform, and were doing it willingly, and all were comfortably clothed.

But there were two master spirits about the place—Mr. Taylor and his wife had plenty to do. The out doors and farmwork and the cattle and getting wood and keeping the boys employed in their working hours took all his time. But Mrs. Taylor has the greatest responsibility and she meets it. She looks after the needs of all, both boys and girls—their food and clothes and health and conduct. She has one of those large, benevolent faces that a child could not help loving. Her

tender care of the little ones and their affection for her was plainly visible. The little boy of 16 months was in her arms as she walked around with us and called up the turkeys and chickens. "I don't believe I can ever give up this one," she said. "These orphans are coming and going all the time. As fast as they get old enough the Lord seems to find places for them, and it always grieves me to see them go, but I am going to keep this one and adopt it as my own. We have no children, and this one will be a comfort to me when I get old and have to leave the home." He was a pretty boy—the youngest of four that came there from one family. Their mother was dead, and the father was the same, as dead; but they are better off now, and all of them seemed contented and happy. Everyone there has a sad history, but they do not realize it now. Several hundred have come and gone within 25 years, and nearly all of them have done well. Many revisit the spot in after years; many write affectionate, grateful letters, and some send tokens of their kind remembrance. One young man who has prospered and receives good wages sends \$5 monthly out of his earnings to help maintain some other orphan. That is about what it takes—\$250 to \$300 a month for the 60 who are there. At twilight there was a curfew bell and the children gathered in the parlor and we had music. The girls and boys sang some sweet songs to the lead of the piano, a gift from Mr. M. R. Derry, and then the supper bell rang. The elder persons and the visitors were seated at one table and the children at three others, and at a signal from Mrs. Taylor there was silence, and there was reverence, too, for she made one of the busiest and most motherly prayers I ever heard. It was brief, but it was beautiful. Then came the feast—not a display of good things, but good bread, good butter, good coffee, and at our table a good fat, well-roasted turkey, that the girls had cooked for Mr. Hemphill, and he let me have some—yes, I got plenty. That was the second turkey. Mrs. Taylor said, and she had many more that she had raised—about one a piece for each child. Good gracious! Feeding orphans on turkey! Well, why not, once or twice in awhile? I never saw an orphan who didn't like turkey. There are lots of good things about there. While down in the field I found some ripe maypops, and I have not passed liking them yet, and black haws and red haws were in sight, and these boys knew every tree and where the chestnuts and chinquapins grew.

But the home needs money, and its wants must be kept before the public. It is a blessed charity to give to it, a charity that is full of promises in the Scriptures. It should be enlarged and more orphans sent there, for I believe that it is the best training school in the state, and its inmates will all make good citizens. Old Father Jesse Boring founded it, and if there is a Heaven he is in it. He was a pioneer in good works. That's the kind of paternalism I believe in—being a father to the fatherless. My good mother lost her parents when she was a little child. The pestilence swept them into one grave and she was sent to an orphanage in Savannah. They were very good to her there, and she used to tell us the sad story, and we would stand by her side and listen, and our hearts get full and our eyes overflow. But one day a lady came and chose her from among the children and took her away. It is the same way at this orphanage now. They come and they go, and are scattered from Georgia to Texas.

Good people, this is the noblest and sweetest kind of charity. Let us help it.—Bill Arrp, in Atlanta Constitution.

THE NEED OF SLEEP.

It Is Necessary to Preserve Mental Vigor.

By far the most important compensation for all effects of fatigue is sleep. Everybody, even the man mentally most inert, develops when awake a mass of mental effort which he cannot afford continuously without suffering. We need, therefore, regularly recurring periods in which the consumption of mental force shall be slower than the continuous replacement. The lower the degree to which the activity of the brain sinks, then, the more rapid and more complete the recovery.

The mental vigor of most men is usually maintained at a certain height for the longest time in the forenoon. The evidences of fatigue come on later at this time of day than in the evening, when the store of force in our brain has been already considerably drawn upon by the whole day's work. If no recovery by sleep is enjoyed, or it is imperfect, the consequences will invariably make themselves evident the next day in a depression of mental vigor as well as in a rise in the personal susceptibility to fatigue. The rapidity with which one of the persons I experimented upon could perform his tasks in addition sank about a third after a night journey by railway with insufficient sleep. Another experimenter could detect the effects of keeping himself awake all night in a gradual decrease of vigor lasting through four days. This observation was all the more surprising, because the subject was not conscious of the long duration of the disturbance, and was first made aware of it incidentally by the results of continued measurements on the causes of the manifestations of fatigue.—Dr. Emil Kraepelin, in Appleton's Popular Science Monthly.

A Tragical Joke.

Some medical students traveling on the train between Seville and Cordova, Spain, stuck a skull on the head of a cane and held it up to the window of the next compartment, accompanying the performance with groans. A woman opened the door and tried to jump out when the train was stopped, and it was found that one old lady had died of fright, another had fainted, and an old man had lost his reason.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

COMPARISONS ARE ODISIOUS.

Public Men of To-Day Placed Beside Those Famous in History.

Is This a Day of Small Men?—The Politician Now Leads the Procession—Gold Put Above God.

Is this a day of small men? is a question frequently asked, and sometimes the statement is put in the declarative. It is said that distance lends enchantment to the view. George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Calhoun, Clay, Webster, etc., may look larger to us and greater to us than they did to the eyes of men who were co-temporary with them. The great writers, the great poets, the great philosophers seem to have passed away. This is an age of financiers and mechanics, an age of materialism. There were never greater financiers in the history of the world than we have at the present time; there were never greater discoverers and authors in mechanics than we have with us this day.

Unto whatever an age lends its energies and expends its genius upon that age shows itself in the energies and forces thus displayed. Epicureanism—eat, drink and be merry—was the ideal life in one age. War, martial array, heroism, generalship, was the fad in more than one age. Peter the Great, Napoleon Bonaparte and others were the climaxes in their ages. Another age produced its athletes. I reckon Samson would have headed that procession. Another age produced its orators, Cicero, Demosthenes, Pitt, Fox, Erskine, Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Prentiss, Marshall, Beecher. Other ages have produced their authors, the men who did their work with their pen.

When we look about us to-day humanity seems mixed, addled and largely aimless, except to keep up with the procession. This is an age of politicians. To-day the politicians seem to head the procession. Statesmanship has been at a premium, but politicians hold sway now. Gladstone is in his dotage; Bismarck played out; Disraeli is dead and buried. Who is the statesman of Europe to-day? They have none in the east. Li Hung Chang, the brightest man in all China, talked and acted like a ten-months-old boy in America. If he made while over here a philosophical statement or observation I have not heard of it. He was inquisitive. He asked our women how old they were and how many children they had, and why they did not have more children, or words to that effect; and if he had not been worth \$600,000 and America had not been looking for some of it to fall this way, he would have been treated like any other pig-tail in America. This is a day of politicians, not of statesmen. The greatest living statesman to-day in the United States is the most despised and most discounted man in America. He has once been the most popular. Ten years ago he was the idol of America. Four years ago he was the most popular man in America. He now holds the same views, advocates the same principles and maintains the same integrity and heroism that he always has as president, and yet he has lost with his own party until the reaction is so great that he himself will not affiliate with or approve the principles or candidates of his own party.

It looks funny to see the democratic candidate touring this country speaking to tens of thousands everywhere, and the republican candidate remaining at home and the fools gathering from everywhere making their pilgrimage to Canton, O. Of course, some smart men go to Canton. I approve of and endorse the sound money principles of McKinley, and yet if I were to join a crowd going from Georgia to Canton my wife would telegraph for my arrest on the way and detention until she could get her husband and bring him home, and it would be a long time before I could convince my wife that I had sense enough to go off by myself, much less with the crowd. McKinley and Bryan are good men, but the strength of character, the courage, the heroism, the brains of these two men do not make them the greatest men in American history. David B. Hill, perhaps the most astute politician in the United States, said: "I am a democrat." I see the newspapers now are calling him a "democrat." Tom Reed, perhaps the strongest man in the republican party, was passed by and his own party took a smaller man because they thought he would run better. We are not hunting our biggest and brainiest men to-day. We are hunting our most popular men. In other words, each party wants a candidate that will get there, and they take his measure after they get him elected. If there is a towering man to-day the governor of any state in this union, I do not recall him at this moment. The supreme court of the United States does not rank as it once did. When we measure the supreme court of the United States of to-day by the supreme court of the United States of 50 years ago, the comparison seems odious. The supreme courts of our several states do not measure up as they once did. Great lawyers are not as plentiful now, it seems. This is an age not only of push and pull for political office, but it is a push and pull for wealth and a push and drive for health. Hence we have the most colossal fortunes in the world's history; hence we have more broken down nervous systems that any age ever produced; and one profession perhaps holds its own with the march of any age, and that is the profession of medicine. We have as great or greater doctors to-day than the world ever had. The practice of medicine and the science of surgery have almost reached their acme in the last few decades. The past has never excelled Kouch. America may boast of the finest surgeons in the world. I have been told that one of the finest surgeons in Europe said to a patient who came to him

for a critical operation: "Why do come to me when Dr. Kelley, of Baltimore, is a better surgeon than I am?"

We have a dearth in my profession. Great preachers are not as thick to-day as the stars of the heavens are at night. Georgia has not a Bishop Pierce. New York has not a Beecher; Boston has not a Phillips Brooks; England has not a Whitfield; Scotland has not a John Knox. We have many more in quantity, but we lack in quality. In my perambulations over this country I find an almost constant inquiry by some of the leading churches: "Where can we get a man, towering and strong, for our pulpit?" Preachers may be as big to-day as they were 50 or 100 years ago, but they don't seem so large. If the peer of St. Paul, of Wesley, of Whitfield or Charles G. Finney lives to-day, I have not met him. I see some very small preachers filling very large pulpits. It seems to be a very small doughnut in a very large box. Usually where this is the case, the church is not much fuller than the pulpit. A man must fill the pulpit or the people won't fill the church. If we had more preachers of power we would certainly have more people in the church every Sunday morning and night. But we develop in the lines we pursue. Greed for gold has developed us into the shrewdest traders, the most monumental manipulators the world ever saw. And this push for the dollar has created a demand for skill in the treatment of the nerves, skill in the use of the knife, skill in the use of pills and powders, and to make over again the man who has unmade himself in his race for success. We have great lawyers when men love their profession better than they love the income derived from their profession. We have great statesmen when men love their country better than they love political office. We have great preachers when men love God and the kingdom of Christ above place and position. We have great orators when head and heart are both full of thought and emotion sublime. We have great riches when we put gold above God, and great men when we put manhood above Mammon. The correlated and aggregated energies of a man will make him great in whichever direction he may go—upward or downward. When this world shall see that goodness is greatness and greatness is goodness, and that would be greatest of all must first be the servant of all; that it is more blessed to give than to receive; that we are made perfect through suffering; that there is no crown where there is no cross; that the richest man in the world is the man who has done most for his fellow-man, rich in good works; and that the poorest man in the world is the man who was a millionaire on earth, but who has not money enough in hell to buy a drop of water; but the richest man in eternity is the man who sacrifices most here and gains more in the world of eternal light.

SAM P. JONES.

TROUBLE IN HEAVEN.

If Ephrum Siggers Got There Before Ho Did.

Not very long ago I was traveling through the south with a clergyman friend, and one day the latter was called to the bedside of a dying colored man. After the clergyman had administered a prayer and words of comfort he was about to take his departure, when the sick man asked him to remain a few minutes longer, as he had a very important matter to talk about.

The clergyman seated himself on the edge of the bed and looked solemnly at the patient.

"Pahson," began the latter, in a feeble but earnest voice, "is I got to die?"

"Yes, my friend," kindly answered the clergyman; "I'm afraid you are not long for this world."

The sick man hesitated a few moments and then continued:

"Pahson, does you know Ephrum Siggers, dat low-down onery cuss?"

"Yes, I know Ephrum," answered the clergyman, surprised.

"Is Ephrum sicker dan I is, pahson?"

"Ephrum is a very sick man, and his life is ebbing as fast as yours."

"Pahson," answered the colored man, excitedly, "I want to die befo' dat niggah dies."

The clergyman was now thoroughly astonished, and, taking the colored man's hand in his own, he said:

"You must not talk so, my friend. Why do you wish to die before Ephrum?"

"Pahson," replied the patient, earnestly, "dat Ephrum Siggers is a bad niggah, a mighty bad niggah, an' I want to git to Heaven first an' tell de Lawd to look out for him when he comes up dar."

A broad smile came across the clergyman's face as he replied:

"My dear brother, the Lord knows all about Ephrum."

"Huh," said the sick man, "de Lawd don't know dat niggah like I know him, an' when I git to Heaven I kin give de Lawd some pointab about dat niggah dat'll surprise Him."

"Come, my friend," the clergyman responded, solemnly, "this is idle talk."

"No, it ain't, pahson. I can't help thinkin' how de Lawd is goin' to git fooled wit Ephrum Siggers. If he gets dar dey's goin' to be trouble in Heaven, 'cause dat niggah won't be in Heaven no four minutes befo' he'll be scrapperin' wif de angels."—N. Y. World.

A Narrow Escape.

"I never loved before—" he began.

"Excuse me," she interrupted, coldly, "I am not looking for a boy to raise. Call around when you've had more experience."

"You misunderstood me!" he declared, reproachfully. "I said I never loved but four. It's true there were five or six others that I dated on mightily, but I can't say I ever really loved but four."

"My darling," she cried, falling into his arms, "you are a man after my own heart!"

(He was, and he got it.)—Kansas City World.