

he house set me to work weedin' the garden, I worked about a couple of hours, monstrous to get work now you bet, an' I pulled up my last livin' green thing in that yard. Pulled all the grass, every blade of it. Fact. Pulled a vine with seventy-five dollars that had roots chin 'llar under the cellar and into the cistern, I yanked 'em right up, every fibre of 'em. A man was so heart broke when she came out and the yard just as bare as the floor of a brick ed, that they had to put her to bed. Bible truth, y' d'nt, ma'am; and I had to work for that house ee months for nothin' and find my board to pay damage I done. Just gimme suthin' I kin do, show you what work is; but I wouldn't dare to noolin' around no flowers. You've got a kind rt, ma'am, gimme some work; don't send a pairin' man away hungry for work."

"Well," the lady said, "you can beat my carpets me. They have just been taken up, and you beat them thoroughly, and by the time they done I will have something else ready for

he man made a gesture of despair, and sat n on the ground the picture of abject helplessness and disappointed aspirations.

"Look at me now," he exclaimed. "What is 'o become o' me! Did you ever see a man so n in luck like me? I tell you ma'am you must me somethin' I can do. I wouldn't no more for to tech them than nothin' in the world, ear 'em to pieces. I'm a awful hard hitter, the last time I beat any carpets was for a an out at Creston, and I just welted them et into strings and carpet rags. I couldn't it. I can't hold in my strength. I'm too to get work, that's the trouble with me, m, it's a Bible fact. I'll beat them carpets if ay so, but I won't be responsible for 'em; no in me work for nothing for five or six weeks ay for tearin' 'em into slits, you know. I'll b 'em if you say the word and take the re- sibility, but the fact I'm too hard a worker to polin' around carpets, that's just what I am."

he lady excused the energetic worker from g at the carpets, but was puzzled what to set at. Finally she asked him what there was he d like to do and could do with safety to him- and the work.

"Well, now," he said, "that's considerit in ye. 's real considerit, and I'll take a hold and do ething that'll give ye the wuth of yer money, won't give me no chance to destroy nothin' by kin' too hard at it. If ye'll just kindly fetch me a rockin' chair, I'll set down in the shade and o the cows from liftin' the latch of the front and gettin' into the front yard. An I'll do it and only charge you reasonable for it; fur the is, I'm so deady crazy for work that it isn't ay I want so much as a steady job."

and when he was rejected and sent forth jobless breakfastless, to wander up and down the cold, eling world in search of work, he cast stones he house and said, in dejected tones:

There, now, that's just the way. They call us d lot, and they say we're lazy and thieves, and t work, when a feller is just crazy for work, nobody won't give him nary job that he kin 't. Won't work! Lands alive, they won't give ork; and when we want to, an' try to, they t let us work. There ain't a man in Ameriky d work as hard an' as stiddy as I would, if d gimme a chance.

HOW MR. BUTTERWICK COUNTED HIMSELF TO SLEEP.—Mr. Butterwick, of Roxborough, had a fit of sleeplessness one night, lately, and, after vainly trying to lose himself in slumber, he happened to remember that he once read in an almanac that a man could put himself to sleep by imagining that he saw a flock of sheep jumping over a fence, and by counting them as they jumped. He determined to try the experiment, and, closing his eyes, he fancied the sheep jumping, and began to count. He had reached his 140th sheep, and was beginning to dose off, when Mrs. Butterwick suddenly said:

"Joseph!"

"O, what?"

"I believe that yellow hen of ours want to set."

O, don't bother me with such nonsense as that now. Do keep quiet and go to sleep."

Then Butterwick started his sheep again and commenced to count. He got up to 120, and was feeling as if he would drop off at any moment, when, just as his 121st sheep was to take that fence, one of the twins began to cry.

"Hang that child!" he shouted at Mrs. Butterwick; "why don't you tend to it and put it to leep? Hush up, you little imp, or I'll spank you!"

When Mrs. Butterwick had quieted it, Butterwick, although a little nervous and excited, concluded to try it again. Turning on the imaginary mutton, he began. Only sixty-four sheep had slid over that fence, when Butterwick's mother-in-law knocked at the door and asked if he was awake. When she learned that he was, she said she believed he had forgotten to close the back shutters, and she thought she heard burglars in the yard.

Then Butterwick arose in wrath and went down to see about it. He ascertained that the shutters were closed as usual, and as he returned to bed he resolved that Mrs. Butterwick's mother would leave the house for good in the morning or he would. However, he thought he might as well give the almanac plan another trial, and setting the sheep in motion, he began to count. This time he reached 240, and would probably have got to sleep before the 300th sheep jumped, had not Mix's new dog in the yard become suddenly homesick, and began to express his feelings in a series of prolonged and exasperating howls.

Butterwick was indignant. Neglecting the sheep, he leaped from the bed and began to bombard Mix's new dog with boots, soap-cups, and every loose article he could lay his hands on. He hit the animal at last with a plaster bust of Daniel Webster, and induced the dog to retreat to the stable and think about home in silence.

It seemed almost ridiculous to resume those sheep again, but he determined to give the almanac man one more chance, and so as they began to jump the fence he began to count, and after seeing the 82nd sheep safely over, he was gliding gently in the land of dreams, when Mrs. Butterwick rolled out of bed and fell on the floor with such violence that she waked the twins and started them crying, while Butterwick's mother-in-law came down stairs four steps at a time to ask if they felt that earthquake.

The situation was too awful for words. Butterwick regarded it for a minute with speechless indignation, and then seizing a pillow he went over to the sofa in the back sitting-room and lay down on the lounge.

He fell asleep in ten minutes without the assistance of the almanac, but he dreamed all night that he was being butted round the exeat by a Cotswold ram, and he woke in the morning with a ter-