

No Use

What's the use of kickin'
When the air is soft an' warm,
An' the sky is blue above you
Without a hint o' storm?
When the water is softly singin'
As they sparkle in the light;
What's the use of kickin'
'Cause the fish
don't
bite?

The fun of goin' fishin'
Is to find a good excuse
To sit and watch the ripples
When the line is hangin' loose.
To feel the breezes blowin'
An' feel such calm delight
That you never think of kickin'
'Cause the fish
don't
bite.

There's many an ambition
Which is but a fruitless quest.
But this world is full of sunshine
An' of beauty an' o' rest.
An' we've had the fun of livin',
Though we ain't successful quite,
An' there ain't no use o' kickin'
'Cause the fish
don't
bite.

—Washington Star.

Concerning a Black Coat

"Sandy," said Captain Pole, as he shifted his tiller so as to pass a barge towing down the bay, "you'd better ask Kate Haggerty to have you when we get to port."

"There's na hurry," replied Sandy McDougal, mate of the schooner Ajax, enjoying his pipe.

"Go ahead," retorted the skipper, pettishly, "you'll wake up some morning and see another chap living off Kate's money."

"She's no got it yet," expostulated Mr. McDougal.

"But she'll have it when her uncle dies, and he's old as the hills."

"Hoos! only seventy, and men are living longer than they did," said McDougal. "It's little surprised I'd be if he lived to be ninety."

"Well," remarked the skipper, "if you don't want a wife with ten thousand dollars, all right."

"There's na hurry," insisted McDougal. "If I'd marry her now I'd have to support her, mebbe, for ten years before her uncle dies."

Dennis Haggerty, stevedore, was worth at least \$10,000, and his only relative was Kate Haggerty. There was no scarcity of women in the world forty years back, but Dennis and his brother Michael must, perforce, fall in love with the same girl and she chose Michael. Dennis never forgave them and carried his resentment to the second generation, never noticing their daughter Kate, not even when, her parents dying very poor, she started out to make her living. Kate, 30 years old, plain as to face, and expert in sordid economy, only knew she had an uncle because people told her so. She gave no heed to the news when she did hear it, and went on earning a very scant living with very hard work.

Now, Captain Pole knew something. He and Fergus McNeal were winners to Dennis Haggerty's will, which left all he possessed to Kate Haggerty. McNeal had immediately sailed on a voyage to Australia and the skipper practically was the sole possessor of the secret. He knew Kate, and liked her, so he did some thinking.

"Kate's getting old," he mused, "and in looking she's more like a barge than a racing yacht; but there'll be plenty of good-for-nothing fellows to marry her when they know she'll have \$10,000. They'll spend every cent of it for her."

Then he apprised Sandy McDougal, his mate, of the secret and introduced him to Kate.

"He's too stingy to ever spend her money," soliloquized the skipper, "and he'll make her a good husband."

Sandy courted cautiously. Kate, worth a dowry of \$10,000, was very attractive but his characteristic stinginess made him hesitate about incurring the expenses of a wife until the dowry was possessed. As to Kate, who had never had a beau, she dreamed dreams and watched for Sandy's coming eagerly.

The inexpensive courtship, for Sandy never spent a copper on Kate, dragged on like a voyage through the calm belt, and Captain Pole chafed.

McDougal was overlooking the tarring down of the schooner's rigging when the skipper came aboard much excited.

"Oh Haggerty's sick," he whispered to Sandy. "He's pneumonia and he's too old a man to get well. Now's your time, Sandy."

For a moment Sandy wavered, then he said: "He may get well; there's na hurry."

Captain Pole coupled Mr. McDougal's name with an adjective and went gloomily below.

Captain Pole's watch was a massive machine to which he lay great store, and when it became out of order there was only one watchmaker in the city who was permitted to repair it. After his abortive effort to excite Mr. McDougal to action he glanced at his watch and found it stopped.

"I'll take it to Smoot," he said, and he left the schooner, scowling at the immovable McDougal, who was still working on the rigging.

The skipper had left his watch with Mr. Smoot and was about to depart when he remembered that Dennis Haggerty lived directly opposite the watchmaker. He glanced across at the house and then he rubbed his eyes and stared.

It was not the evidence that Mr. Haggerty was having some repairs done to his front steps that had caused him to stare, but, attached to the bell-pull, was a streamer of crape.

He hastened back to the schooner.

"He's dead," he gasped. "Ye na mean it?" exclaimed McDougal.

"There's crape on the door. That's a landsman's flag at half mast. Get your best rigging on and come; there's not a minute to be lost."

Mr. McDougal was soon attired in his best black suit of clothes and the two set out for Miss Haggerty's boarding house.

"Now," said the skipper, "if she says yes, you ask for an early wedding day. When this here news gets out there'll be a lot after her," and he added with unnecessary candor, "most anybody can beat you in looks."

Miss Haggerty was at home and would see Mr. McDougal in the parlor. Captain Pole chose to await on the street the result of his mate's suit, and walked up and down in front of the house. Presently McDougal came to the door and beckoned to the skipper.

"Well," said that gentleman, as he reached McDougal, "is it all right?"

"I have na asked her yet," replied McDougal, nervously. "Are you sure you did na make a mistake in the house?"

"No," roared the skipper, "it was Dennis Haggerty's house. Hurry up, man, or you'll lose the chance."

In half an hour's time McDougal came out.

"We'll be married in a week," he said. "The landlady is a witness of the engagement. I hope ye're na wrong in the house."

Captain Pole was aroused early in the morning by Mr. McDougal, whose countenance showed great mental perturbation.

"Ye've ruined me," said he, shaking his fist at the skipper.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed the captain.

"It was na crape on the door," howled McDougal. "The man who was fixing the steps hung his black alpaca coat on the bell pull."

The skipper whistled.

"I'll na marry her," shrieked McDougal. "I'm sweetened!"

"Then," retorted the skipper, with difficulty repressing a roar of laughter, "she'll sue you for breach of promise. The landlady is a witness, you know."

The next week Mr. McDougal and Miss Haggerty were married in the most expensive style, and five years later Captain Pole, witnessing a parade of the United Irishmen, marked with surprise how sturdily old Dennis Haggerty bore the banner.

As Good as Golf

It was an old farmer on a visit to town, and he saw two young fellows playing chess. The game was long, and he ventured at length to interrupt it.

"Excuse me," he said, "but the object of both of you is to get them wooden objects from where they are over to where they ain't?"

"That partly expresses it," replied one of the players.

"And you have to be continually on the lookout for surprises and difficulties?"

"Constantly."

"And if you ain't mighty careful, you're going to lose some of 'em?"

"An' then there's that other game that I see some of you dress up odd for, and play with long sticks an' a little ball?"

"You mean golf?"

"That's what I mean. Is that game amusin'?"

"It's interesting, and the exercise is better'n anything I know about it."

"Well, I think it's a mighty good joke."

"To what do you refer?"

"The way I've been havin' fun without knowin' anything about it. If you young gentlemen want to really enjoy yourselves you come over to my farm an' get me to let you drive pigs. You'll get all the walkin' you want, and the way you have to watch for surprises, an' slip about so's not to lose 'em, would tickle you most to death."

When It's Lightning

The "Scientific American" says if you are afraid of lightning, here is a very simple safeguard to remember. Simply put on your gum shoes or rubbers, then stand up so that your clothes won't touch anything. Whether you are in or out of doors, you are perfectly safe, for rubber is a non-conductor, as you are perfectly insulated. This is worth remembering.