

toot-toot!" came from a bird in the nearest hickory, a solemn-looking bird with a brown back and a voice like a wooden whistle. Mr. Middlerib paused and glanced toward the tree, while the benign smile which made his face look like a lamaged photograph of one of the early Christian martyrs, faded away like a summer twilight. He resumed:

"A cloud lay era—"

"Too-toot too doodle toot-te-doot! Whee-tle de deetle, tweet tweet tweetle tweet, twee twee whoot de doot too too, chippity-wippity, cheep-cheep-cheep, whoot, squack squack!" went off the whole chorus, cages and trees, supplemented by a visiting party of cat-birds, all aroused into indignant and jealous protest by the obtrusive solo of the wooden-whistle bird, who appeared to be an object of general dislike. Mr. Middlerib, thinking he would read down opposition, went right on:

"—died near the setting sun,
A gleam of crim—"

"K-r-r-r-r-r-r!"

A woodpecker tapped his merry roundelay on the roof of the porch, and Mrs. Middlerib sprang from her chair with, "Mercy on us! what is that?" Mr. Middlerib made a cutting remark about people who had no appreciation of the beautiful in nature or art, and remarked:

"A gleam of crimson tinged its —"

"Twee-ee, twee, deedle-ee-dle-odde twiddle twiddle, tweet, too too tweedle oot! Teedle idle eedle odde, twee twee, twee! Pe weet, pe weet! Whootle ootle tootle too, squack squack!"

Mr. Middlerib elevated his voice to about ninety degrees in the shade and roared:

"—tinged its braided snow,
Long had I wat—"

"Caw, caw, caw! Ca-a-a-aw!" came from the pensive crow, startled from its quiet retreat in the old dead cottonwood, and Miss Middlerib giggled. But Mr. M. inflated his lungs and roared on:

"—of the glory moving on,
O'er the still radiance—"

"Tweetle de twootle, caw, caw, tweetle doodle tweet tweet! K-r-r-r-r-r-krk, krk! twee doodle-odde tweet! teedle, idle, whoot, toot, twoot! who! squack, squack, k-r-r-r—"

Shut up, ye nasty, squawking, yallipin' howlin' little bewists! Shoo! Light out o' this or I'll stone ye from here to Halifax! Seat with yer noise! Oh!" exclaimed the exasperated worshipper of nature as he hurled his book into the nearest tree and went off the porch to look for some stones. "If there is anything in this world I hate more than another, it's a lot of nasty, flittering, fidgety,

yowping, howling birds! Ugh!" And he threw his shoulder nearly out of joint, and sprained his arm, in a herculean but futile effort to hit a blackbird a mile and a half away, with a rock as big as a straw hat. He has dropped the sulphur baths for the present and taken to arnica.

Buying a Tin Cup.

The town was dozing in the drowsy sunlight of a dull August afternoon, when a dejected looking man, with the appearance of one who was making desperate efforts to appear unconcerned, stepped into a prominent and fashionable dry-goods establishment up on Jefferson-street. Scorning the proffered stool, he braced himself firmly against the counter, and, looking the polite and attentive clerk fixedly in the eye, broke the impressive silence by abruptly demanding:

"Gimme tinkup!"

"We do not keep them, sir," smilingly replied the affable clerk, and the glare of suspicion with which that man regarded him was sufficient to chill the blood of a snake.

"Denkeep tinkups?" he asked, quickly and distrustfully.

"No, sir," replied the clerk, "we have no tin-cups. This is a dry-goods store. You will find the tin store farther up the street."

"Few denkeep notinkups—watchkeep?" demanded the man, imperiously.

"We have grenadines, calicoes, bareges, gros grain ribbons, tarlatan, velvets, moire, antique, empress cloth, pongee and Japanese silks—"

Shut her off!" ejaculated the man, "Puttit up! Puttit up!"

He turned away with a dignified gesture, and walked away with stately, though uncertain strides, and dived into the Plunder store, where he startled the proprietor by the same urgent demand for the "tinkup," and he was finally piloted into Kaut & Kriechbaum's, where he bought his "tinkup," which he fell down on before he got to the Barret House corner, mashing it as flat as a pie pan. He was helped into his wagon, and, as he drove away, the last the citizens saw of him he was holding the flattened tin cup before him, exclaiming ruefully:

"Devlofa—lookin—tinkupthatis!"

One of the Legion.

A citizen of South Hill,

His visage bathed in tears,

His raiment streaked with rust and dust,

His mind distraught with fears,

Was leaning up by the shattered gate,

And his sad eyes gazed around

Where reckless a ruin here and there

With fragments strewn the ground.

But a drayman stood beside him

To hear what he might say,

As he stretched him out his good right arm

And waited for his pay.

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