ALL READY.

She was a type daughter fair
He was her lover true.
Said he, "You are the type for me
I'll always stick to you."

"I've had a chum, but now, my one,
My table's cleared, I guess,
And now that love is justified,
Why let us go to press."

The maiden hung her shapely head
And whispered in his ear,
While both her cheeks turned rosy red,
"The form is ready dear."

WHEN IT'S COLD.

When needles are in your fingers and toes;
When icicles hang from the snow man's nose;
When the front on the pane makes angary frosts,
And wagon-wheels over the hard ground wheeze;
When the toughened old farmer flings round his arms
As if he'd throw them across two farms;
When ears are rubbed and noses are red,
And shoats are like ice in the spare-room bed;
When water-pipes burst and wells freeze up,
And the tea isn't hot when it leaves the cup;
When stray dogs coming along the street
Never stand for a second on all four feet;
When little boys cry if they have to be out,
And are heard for a full half mile if they shout;
When the day is as clear as the thoughts that fled
Out in the world from Shakespeare's head;
When the air about seems as still as a rook,
And a sudden noise is a sudden shock.
And the earth seems deserted, lonely, and old—
You are pretty sure that it's pretty cold!

A Fight in the Woods of Maine.

'Do I know him? I assure you I have good reason to know him, and remember him with gratitude. He once saved me from committing murder or being myself murdered.' These words were spoken with emphasis as if the speaker wished us to understand that he felt it no discredit to acknowledge acquaintance with the person who, at the moment, was the casual subject of our conversation. We were a group of gentlemen in the smoking compartment of the night pullman out of Portland for Boston. The speaker, who was the centre of the group, was well known to the rest of us as a gentleman with a hobby. His hobby was woods and wood-craft. He was even then on his return from a periodical trip to the wilds of Maine.

Our conversation had accidentally turned on a certain prize-fight which in the absence of any more sensational subject, was then occupying the public attention. The character of one of the combatants was under discussion and thus it happened that the above remark was made. The curiosity of the rest of the group, was excited; for, although our friend's courage could not be doubted, he was by no means bloody minded. We therefore insisted on his relating the incident which had given the subject of our conversation such a claim on his gratitude.

'I was up in the woods back of Caribou two years ago last winter, he began in reply to our request for the story, 'having a quiet time to myself with old Peol Thomah for companion. We were deer hunting and trapping a little,—at least the Indian was doing some trapping on his own account. Our week's work was over, and our supper of venison steak was eaten, and we were both settling down to a restful Saturday night when a heavy knock sounded on our door! It was one of those knocks which, you instinctively feel, comes from a heavy hand. *My* first thought was of an unwelcome visitor whom I had reason to expect, not indeed that night but next day. The same thought must have lurked in Peol's mind for he looked hard at me before making any movement towards the door.'

'I was about to bid him open it when the knock was repeated, only this time it was not so heavy and was accompanied by a voice asking admittance. I thought I recognized something familiar in the tone, nor was I mistaken; for Peol, having opened the door, admitted a friend of mine, proprietor of a hotel in Caribou. He was accompanied by an unknown whom he introduced as Mr. Boyle.'

'Mr. Boyle had been stopping at the hotel for a few days, but was not satisfied with the hunting near the settlement, so my hotel friend had brought him out to me. The stranger here apologized in a very gentlemanly manner for the liberty he felt he was taking in thus intruding himself upon me, but he understood I was from Boston, and as he was from the same city he felt like asking me to do him the favor of allowing him to remain with us for a few days.'

'I liked his looks and his manner, and so without further ado I bade him welcome, and told him he could make our camp his headquarters as long as he wished. In the meantime Peol had, unbidden,—for hospitality is the rule in the woods—set himself to prepare supper. In a very short while the two comers were seated over an appetizing meal of venison.

'The stranger from Boston appeared to bring a hearty appetite to the viands set before him. In appearance he was tall and stalwart, thickset and heavy about the shoulders, but with an easy swing to his movements that I could not help admiring. His face could scarce be called intellectual, and yet intelligence and vigor were plainly stamped upon it. I was haunted by some recollection of having seen it before, but I could not tell where.'

'After supper, my friend the hotel man, rose to leave. I insisted on his remaining all night, assuring him we could accommodate him with a pretty fair bed, but he said he had to go, as his team was hitched some little distance away on a tote-road that led to a lumber camp. He could not refuse my company, however, and so I went with him and saw him safely started on his return trip to Caribou.'

'When I came back to the camp, I found Peol and our new acquaintance in deep conversation. The old Indian was telling him of the visitor from whose we had reason to apprehend a disagreeable call on the morrow, and the stranger appeared to be quite interested in the story.'

'And here I must digress for a moment,' said our new friend as he puffed his cigar, 'to tell you that some two miles from us was a camp of lumbermen. Among them was a huge darkey over six feet in height, and with in proportion. The darkey was the bully of the camp, and did about as he liked among the other men there. He was from somewhere on the St. John river and had a terrific reputation as an all-round fighter. Whatever his qualities as a bruiser were, he had effectively cowed all the other woodmen in his camp, and, as I have said, could do about as he liked. He was lazy, too, as I afterwards learned, yet the boss thought it well to connive at his laziness. Altogether he appeared to be the special plague and pest of that unfortunate body of woodmen.'

'On the preceding Sunday he had visited our modest habitation, and during my absence had taken certain liberties which I could not afford to let pass unnoticed. Peol had remonstrated with him, only to be forcibly pitched out of the door. I am no fighting man, you know, but I could not stand such treatment as that, so I bade Peol when he next fell in with any of those men on his rounds to have a message conveyed to the darkey that I would thank him to stay at home and not come near us again.'

'As luck would have it, Peol met the darkey himself the very next day and gave him my message. The way that darkey took on, the old Indian said, was dreadful. *He* vowed he would come over the following Sunday and break me and my camp into small pieces. You can understand now who it was that bore of us thought of when that knock came to the door.

'Our new acquaintance, as I have said, appeared to take quite an interest in Peol's story. When I had got fairly settled in the camp on my return, he asked me if I had ever met this darkey. I told him I had not, nor was I personally known to any one among the lumbermen. Their camp was six miles away, and I had no occasion to go near them. He then told me he had a little plan of his own, and if I would kindly consent to allow him to personate me he thought he could settle the matter without much trouble. I demurred very naturally against his running any risk; it was my place to defend the camp and I was prepared to do it. He insisted so strongly, however, on my leaving the matter to him that finally it was arranged that I should lie close when the darkey came next day and allow my new friend to talk to him. This I could easily do, as the camp was partitioned off, on one side where my little bed-room was. All I had to do was to step in there and no one could tell that I was near.

'Next day was Sunday and we spent it very quietly until the afternoon. I was beginning to get better acquainted with my guest and I liked him. His manner was free and open, and his voice was one of those deep sonorous voices that come from good lungs. He discussed several questions of the day with much thought and gave his opinions as if he had worked them out himself. At breakfast he rallied Peol shook his head gravely, from which I understood that the old Indian had his doubts of our guest's ability to grapple with such a formidable adversary.

'I was reclining on my bed after dinner when Peol came rushing in to announce that the darkey, in company with some other men was approaching. The old fellow's tawny skin was almost white, such was his emotion. Our guest, however, was by no means discomposed. He rose, and very deliberately divested himself of his coat, at the same time whispering to me to lie still. I was disposed, now that the danger was at hand, to mix in it myself, but he begged of me to be quiet. His manner was so confident and withal rollicking as if he rather enjoyed the prospect of a fight, that I decided to lie still and see it out.

'Not that I had long to wait. Mr. Boyle had scarcely settled himself in a chair and begun whittling a stick very unconcernedly when the negro, followed by three other men, swaggered into the camp. He hesitated a moment, I imagined, as he looked at my friend in the chair, and then, with an oath he told his companions to be seated.

'Bully as he was and swaggerer, I could not but admire his proportions His frame was of herculean build and as he stood there his head seemed to touch the ridge post of the hut. Beside him his companions were pigmies; nor did my guest, though tall and heavy built, appear any match for this giant son of Africa.

'Boyle very coolly continued his whittling, appearing not to notice the rough speech of our visitor. His idea was, as I made it out even then, to allow the darkey to imagine that he should meet with no serious opposition. As for Peol, he had wisely placed himself by the open door. I could see that he had his ax with him, and I knew enough of the old Indian to know that he would not hesitate to use it on the darkey's head if occasion arose. The fighting blood of a hundred chiefs was in the old man's veins and he was no coward.

'The darkey, as if to precipitate the conflict for which he had come prepared, gave the stove a vicious kick which set the whole camp a-shaking. Boyle rose at this, and there was in his eyes such a lurid glare as I never wish to see in man's eyes again. He was quite cool, however, as he demanded of the negro what he meant by coming into another man's cabin and acting in such a manner.

'There was blood in the darkey's eyes as, without saying a word in reply, he sprung with both fists in the air at my friend. I held my breath, for I felt that no living man could withstand the furious onset; but I was mistaken. How it was done I cannot even now tell—and I have often thought it over since—but there was a blow that sounded like the stroke of a butcher when he fells an ox, and that darkey went through the open door-way as if he had been shot out of a catapult. He thought to save himself by catching at the jamb as he went, but he missed it, and stretched his length on the hard snow outside.

'Boyle, with a whoop that would have done justice to any chief of Peol's tribe in its palmiest fighting days, rushed after his antagonist He was followed by the other men, who appeared terrified by the sight they were witnessing. I never saw such a transformation in a man as my guest had undergone in those few portentious moments. As he stood over his prostrate antagonist, waiting for the latter to rise, his countenance reminded me of what I had read in Milton and elsewhere of 'chimeras dire,' so baleful and ominous was its expression.

'Put up your hands, you black devil!' he cried out to the darkey, who had now regained his feet, 'till I hit you again.'

'The look on the latter's face was one of mingled surprise and ferocious rage; never before in his rough and tumble existence had he received such a blow. The tables had been turned on him with a vengeance; and, worst of all, his companions whom he had brought with him to witness an annihilation were now witnesses of his own discomfiture. It was necessary for him therefore to make an effort to recover his laurels; and so with a roar, as of a wild man, he rushed at his antagonist. The latter stepped quickly aside and as the infuriated giant was passing hit him a blow on the neck. It was one of those blows of which Boyle O'Reilly said that there was 800. lbs of muscle and 200 lbs. of flesh in each of them. Down went the negro in a lump as if he had fallen in upon himself. His antagonist walked up and regarded the limp and apparently lifeless body, and then turning round he asked the astonished woodmen whether any of them were disposed to take up the quarrel.

'They each protested their unwillingness and assured him that it was with pleasure they saw the tyrant of their camp thus humbled. He then took a seat on a block of wood and awaited the darkey's recovery.

'All this took less time to occur than I have taken to relate it,' said the speaker, interrupting his story for a moment, to hand his tickets over to the pullman conductor, 'and I, for one, felt almost dazed. When the negro had been so unceremoniously ejected and the scene of conflict was thus transferred to the yard outside, I was left alone in the hut. Peol and the others had followed the combatants out, unwilling to lose one glimpse of what they felt was the sight of a life time. I took advantage of this to place myself under the only window the camp afforded. I could thus witness everything occurring outside without being myself observed.

'After a short while, which appeared an age to me who feared the negro was dead, he began to give signs of returning consciousness. At length he sat up and looked around him in a half dazed stare. Plainly he did not yet know where he was. He rubbed his eyes and neck as if he were awakening from some heavy sleep; then he stood up, staggering all the time like a drunken man. He was indeed a pitiful sight.

'But the unrelenting Boyle had not yet done with him. Taking a stride or two from where he had been sitting, he stood before the now thoroughly cowed negro. I could see the men hold their breath, not knowing what was coming next'

'Well, my bruiser, have you had enough? I could hear Boyle say, or will I give you another touch or two No? You don't want any more, you cowardly brute. You'll come over again, will you, to break me and my camp into small pieces? Get down there on your knees and ask that old man's pardon whom you treated so brutally last Sunday. Come here, Peol, and he beckoned to Peol, with a look that brought the old Indian to his side. 'Now,' he continued turning to the negro, who was the picture of abjection on his knees, 'repeat after me what I say,' and there and then, he made that huge blackman beg pardon of the old Indian. This was, to the hitherto swaggering negro, the very acme and climax of disgrace and discomfiture; but his conqueror was inexorable.

'When this significant ceremony was over' he gave the darkey a parting kick, and told him to be off. Furthermore he gave him till noon of the next day to leave those woods altogether. If he was not gone by that time, Boyle assured him of another thrashing worse than this first. The darkey slunk away into the woods crestfallen in the direction of his camp.'

'When we were again by ourselves I thanked my guest very warmly for invaluable assistance. I could not tell what the outcome would have been if I had been left to cope with that negro alone. Most likely I would have had to shoot him.

'He modestly declined any thanks, begged of me not to mention it; said it was only fun for him, and apologized for that extraordinary whoop he had made.

'As for Peol, he spent most of the next few hours in repeatedly shaking hands with the victorious Boyle. I never saw the old man so pleased over anything. Indians are ordinarily stolid and unimpressionable, but Peol forgot the traditions of his race in his treatment of our guest that evening.

'Boyle remained with us that day and the next. It was well he did, for deputations were continually coming in from the lumber camp to see and thank the man who had whipped 'darkey Tupper.' Of course, he had to officiate for me in these interviews, while I amused myself with watching through a cranny in my bed-room wall the varying shades of surprise, wonder and admiration that flitted over the countenances of the worthy woodmen. The negro, they said, had left the camp in high dudgeon the morning after the fight, and had not since returned.'

'Boyle and I did some deer hunting together. For a heavy man as he was he was remarkably nimble on snowshoes; and his wind was unimpeachable. I was sorry when he left us.'

'Have you ever seen him since?' inquired one of our group.

'When I returned to Boston,' concluded our friend, I found a fine rifle of the latest design, awaiting me at my address. Accompanying it was a note, in which the writer apologized for having had to remain incog. in Maine, and begged me to accept the rifle as a token of his appreciation of my hospitality.'

'What name was signed to the note?' inquired one of his auditors.

'John L. Sullivan,' replied the speaker, as he threw away the stump of his cigar, and rose to retire for the night.

WM. C. GAYNOR.

Botanists say that there are upward of 60,000 varieties of plants.

There are in British India 16,147 shops licensed for the sale of opium.

Ahead Her Knowledge.

She was a Vassar graduate and didn't know a little bit about housekeeping when she married her last beau and settled down to domestic life.

Her first order at the grocer's was a crusher, but that good man was used to all sorts of people and could interpret Vassar as easily as plain English.

'I want ten pounds of paralyzed sugar,' she said with a business air.

'Yes'm. Anything else.'

'Two cans condemned milk.'

'Yes'm.' He set down 'pulverized sug.' 'condensed milk.'

'Anything more, ma'am.'

'A bag of fresh salt—be sure that it is fresh.'

'Yes'm. What next?'

'A pound of desecrated codfish.'

'Yes'm.' He wrote glibly 'desicated cod.'

'Nothing more ma'am? Here's some nice horseradish just in.'

'No,' she said with a sad wabble to her flexible voice, 'it would be of no use, as we don't keep a horse.'

Then the grocer sat down on a kit of mackeral and fanned himself with a patent washboard. Vassar had taken the cake.—Detroit Herald.

A Hint to Hotel Keepers.

The gentleman from the West pulled himself up to the hotel table, tucked his napkin under his chin, picked up the bill of fare and began to study it intently. Everything was in restaurant French and he didn't like it.

'Here, waiter' he said, sternly, 'There's nothing on this I want.'

'Ain't there nothin' else you would like for dinner, sir' inquired the waiter politely.

'*Have* you got any sine qua non?'

The waiter gasped.

'No sir,' he replied.

'Got any semper idem?'

'No, sir, we hain't.'

'Got any tempus fugit?'

'I reckon not, sir'

'Got any soiree dansants?'

'No, sir.'

The waiter was edging off.

'Got any sine die?'

'We hain't, sir.'

The waiter's face showed some signs of intelligence.

'Seems like I heerd ob dat, sir.' and he rushed to the kitchen only to return empty handed.

'We ain't got none, sir he said in a tone of disappointment.

'Got any mal de mer?'

'N-no, sir.'

The waiter was going to pieces fast

'Well, may be you've got some bacon and cabbage and a corn dodger?'

'Deed we has, sir,' exclaimed the waiter in a tone of the utmost relief and he fairly flew to the kitchen

He Had a Level Head.

AND KNEW HOW TO KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE.

'Then you accept me, Ethelinda? Oh, what happiness!'

'Yer, but you must see father and mother, George.'

'As regards your father and mother, Ethelinda,' said George, who had been frequently snubbed by both during his courtship, 'as regards your father and mother,' and he curled his lip and threw out his chest.

'Speak low, George,' she said, 'I think they are both listening.'

'As regards your father and mother,' continued the wily lover, raising his voice, 'I think your father is one of the most gentlemenly men I have ever met, and as for your mother, she is one of the loveliest of women. I am not surprised that you are so good, so beautiful, so sweet, when I remember you are the offspring of such a pair."

'George," said the father bustling into the room, "she is yours."

"And you have our blessing," said the mother.

And George, as he adjusted his collar, thought to himself that an ounce of timely compliment is worth a pound of argument.

Death in a Cigar.

Lawyer James C. Brady of New York, is a smoker who used to think that the fag end of a cigar was its most enjoyable part. His belief was shaken last Friday. Lawyer Brady lives in One Hundred and Sixty-ninth street, and he stepped into a cigar store near-by on Saturday morning and bought and lighted a long and rather fat cigar. He put it out when he reached the elevated railway station and put it in his pocket, intending to smoke the fag end in his office at 156 Broadway. He lighted it again and stood in the doorway between his two offices, and took the cigar out of his mouth to talk to the office boy.

Just as he uttered the first word there was an explosion, and Mr. Brady's cigar was blown into tobacco dust. Blood spurted from a cut on the top of his middle finger.

Mr. Brady hunted around to find out what had made his cigar blow up. He discovered a flattened 32-calibre bullet in the wall and the copper cylinder of a pistol cartridge on the floor near the doorway in which he had been standing. The cartridge had been packed in the middle of the cigar with the bullet pointed toward the lighting end.

The cigar dealer said that the cigars were made in Baltimore for a well-known grocery firm in the city. Lawyer Brady complained to the manager of the firm, and he promised to make a thorough investigation at the factory in Baltimore.

B. B. B. CURES SICK HEADACHE.

Gentlemen,—Having suffered for a number of years with sick headache I concluded to try B. B. B., and by the time I had used two bottles I was cured, and have not had any symptoms of it since. I can safely recommend B. B. B for sick headache.

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J. H. Mills,
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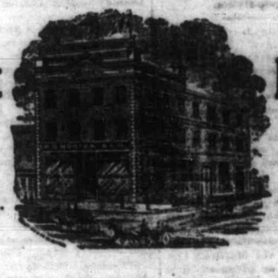

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