



THE IDEA HAS OCCURRED TO MY VIGOROUS MIND  
That it's time my rare talents were known.  
You must know that I've talents of every kind  
But my forte is the mellow trombone.  
Some musicians there are who insist that the flute  
Will produce the most ravishing tone,  
But for me, I will never prefer a foot-toot  
To the sound of my mellow trombone.

THE LITTLE? Ah! well! let another man dote  
On the squeak & the shriek & the groan  
Of that instrument; I will abide by the note  
Of my favorite, the mellow trombone.

THE PIANO IS ALL VERY WELL IN ITS WAY  
Or duetted or played "All Alone",  
But it sinks into sheer insignificance, nay  
It is naught to my mellow trombone.

SUCH ANOTHER AS I 'TIS UNLIKELY YOU'LL SEE  
But this fact I have yet to bemoan,  
That no one will ever blow trumpet for me,  
So I'll blow my own mellow trombone.  
All my own  
Yes! I'll blow my own mellow trombone

# IN THE LONESOME OCTOBER.

"Stovepipes cleaned, missus?"  
"Well, I do want ours cleaned, of course.  
How much do you charge?"  
"Fifty cents a stove."  
Oh! Well—no, I think not, not to-day,"  
and Mrs. John shut the door on the retreating  
form of the sooty applicant, and returned to  
her rocking-chair. "Fifty cents, indeed! I  
should think not!" she reflected, going on  
darning John's socks. "John can do it as  
well as anybody, if he only wouldn't swear so!  
We did have a pretty awful time last year, I  
know, and he vowed then he'd never touch a  
stovepipe again if he lived to be a thousand  
years old. But fifty cents for carrying a few  
pipes down to the yard and shaking a little soot  
out of them! Nonsense! it's outrageous. Wait,  
I'll get round John! I'll watch my chance!"  
An opportunity seemed to present itself  
that very evening when John, having exhaust-  
ed the papers, and put his meerschaum care-

fully away in its case, thrust his hands into  
his trouser-pockets, looked about him, and  
shivered. "Going to light that hall-stove this  
fall, Mary? I thought we left it up this sum-  
mer so it would be all ready for the cold season."  
"Oh, that reminds me, dear: I've been  
waiting till some evening you'd have time to  
examine the pipes and see if they needed  
cleaning—"  
"You don't mean to say you haven't had  
those stovepipes cleaned yet?"  
"Well, I don't suppose they're really very  
dirty," said Mrs. John. "I thought we'd just  
look at them some evening before we risked  
lighting the stove. A fire would be pleasant  
to-night, wouldn't it? It's turned real chilly!"  
"Chilly? It's as cold as blazes!" said  
John, getting up and sauntering into the hall.  
Mrs. John stepped lightly after. John took  
one hand out of his pocket and tapped care-  
lessly on the pipes within reach. He was  
humming a tune.

"We could make a fire at once," said Mrs.  
John, listening to the soot rattling ominously  
down. "What do you think, dear? They  
don't seem to need cleaning, do they?"  
"Let me see," said John, looking musingly  
along the line of pipe. I believe I swore last  
October I'd never take those confounded  
things down again!"  
"Did you, John? Why, I believe you did,  
and I'd hate to have you! How could you  
look, you poor dear! You had better go back  
to the sitting-room, and I'll just take this first  
length out myself, and then I'll be satisfied.  
Why, perhaps they don't need cleaning at all,  
and we can have a lovely fire immediately!"  
"You! Here, keep away from here! I  
suppose you've made up your mind to look  
at the confounded inside of a stovepipe  
to-night or die! Get me a cloth or some-  
thing, can't you?"  
In a twinkling she had handed him a cloth  
and an old pair of gloves, spread an old car-  
pet at his feet, and placed a pail beside him.  
These preparations John seemed not to ob-  
serve, as he gloomily began that tentative  
series of operations that connect themselves  
with the detaching of stovepipes from each  
other. But his song was silent now.  
"Why, there's very little soot after all,"  
exclaimed Mrs. John, briskly, as pipe number  
one yielded to his treatment. "Just shake it  
out into this pail, while I take a peep up the  
next one."  
"I don't know what you call a 'little,'" said  
John, sulkily. "It's choke full, by Jove!  
that's what it is!"  
"Why, how extraordinary!" said Mrs.  
John, in accents of deep surprise, and hopped  
up on a chair. "And, dear me! I believe  
the pipes are coming apart up here, four  
lengths up. Why, John, it's coming right  
down in my hand! Oh, take it, take it, or  
I'll drop it! There. How lovely it must be  
to be as strong as you are! Goodness,  
wouldn't it have been awful if I had dropped  
it? But now that it is down, you had better  
carry it right out and empty it in the barrel  
in the yard."  
And John did so, and when he came  
back he found the step-ladder placed invit-  
ingly ready, more old carpets spread, and his  
wife looking enthusiastically up.  
"I can show you exactly the next place  
where they'll come apart most easily," she  
said, with animation. "I declare, we're  
almost half-done already. I never knew any-  
one work so quickly as you do, dear! How  
good the fire will feel, won't it? I believe it  
will be zero before morning, don't you. Oh,  
dear—"  
"Get me a hammer, can't you?"  
"Here is one, dear, and the screw-driver."  
"What the deuce do I want a screw-driver  
for?"  
"Of course not, only—"  
"Hand me that screw-driver, will you?  
Any time to-night!"  
At a quarter past nine John was carrying  
the last of these pipes in from the yard. His  
countenance was sad. His coat was off.  
Streaks of stove-polish were on his high, white  
brow, and various smuts upon his nose. At a  
quarter past ten he was still struggling to get  
the darned things back into position. He  
pushed and hammered and tugged and coaxed  
and thundered and swore at them, as men  
will, and when he had got them all right at  
one end, they dropped apart again at the  
other, or in the middle, or at the elbow, or  
came bouncing down to the floor, rolling and  
rebounding, as their frolicsome way is.  
Mrs. John's spirits never once flagged, and  
when towards midnight they had got the fire  
kindled, and she stood warming her hands,  
she smiled brightly and remarked:  
"And we've saved fifty cents!"  
"Fifty—blazes!" shouted John. "Do you  
mean to tell me?—!"