

Nature.

Eliza Jane, two lovers had,
The one was Nature, th'other Art,
They were so very near alike,
She couldn't tell the two apart.

At last, to test their qualities,
And give to one the vantage place,
She proffered each a photograph
Of her ethereal, tempting face.

Art snatched the pretty, paper prize,
And pressed it to his heart, and then
He put it to his marble lips,
And kissed it o'er and o'er again.

But nature pushed the painted gift
Aside with haughty, proud disdain,
And grappling her with strong embrace,
He kissed that plump, Eliza Jane.

"Begone, O Art!" the maiden cried,
"Let critics hymn your praise sublime,
But men are men and girls are girls,
And I'll take Nature every time."

The Spartan Way.

He was driving out of Plainfield, the other day, with such a satisfied look on his face that an acquaintance hailed him with:

"Well, Uncle Bill, what's happened?"

"You know them five sons of mine?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, they are allus buying and selling and speculating, and not a day passes that some one of 'em does not ask me to endorse his note."

"And of course you do?"

"No. Them boys are rather shaky, you know. But I'm going to after this. Hang it, I'm their own father, you see, and it looks kinder mean to refuse 'em. I've been down here and deeded the farm to the old woman, put a chattel mortgage on the stock and sold off most of the tools, and now if the boys want my name on their notes I can sit down and give it to 'em like a Spartan father."—*Wall Street News.*

A Bald Sea Story.

"We had captured a one-hundred barrel whale, and after the head was split open I was detailed to dip out the oil. It's just like going into a big bath-tub, and a man stands almost up to his armpits in oil. I was wading about in the monster's head, when I was suddenly startled by seeing the surface of the oil burst into a blaze, caused, as I afterwards learned, by one of the crew accidentally dropping a box of burning matches. The only thing to do was to dive under the burning oil, and I did it, with my sheath-knife in my teeth. I turned my head after I got underneath, and made a desperate effort to dig my way out with the knife. I managed to dig a hole large enough to thrust my head through, and then, by a mighty effort, escaped into the sea. It was a pretty tight squeeze, I can tell you, and my body was so warm that it made the water hiss all around me. The captain of the vessel thought that I had been burned to death, and when I swam to the side of the vessel he was so frightened that he told me there was only one thing that prevented him from turning grey in a single night."

"What was that?" asked the listener.

"He was bald-headed," said the nautical "Cop."

Doing a Smart Thing.

A few days ago an eminent citizen of Detroit, or at least one eminent enough to own a \$7 umbrella, left the article in a store on Gratiot street and some one gobbled it. Eminent citizen was thoroughly indignant, and he went to a detective to see what could be done. As there was no clew to pick up and follow to success, the detective could do nothing. All of a sudden a bright thought occurred to the loser, and next day an advertisement appeared as follows:

"The man who took that silk umbrella from a store on Gratiot street last Thursday will save himself trouble by returning it, as he is known."

Eminent citizen was chuckling over his smartness when a man dressed like a laborer and having an umbrella carefully tied up in paper entered the office and said:

"So you knew me, eh?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Somebody must have seen me take it and told you?"

"Yes, that was the way."

"What would you have done if I hadn't shown up?"

"Secured a warrant and made it hot for you."

"Well, give me a receipt and I'll leave it and never try to get away with another man's umbrella."

A receipt was written and passed over, and the man seemed so contrite that he was handed a-half a dollar besides. It was a full half day before the parcel was unwrapped for a look at the umbrella, and then eminent citizen kicked up a row to alarm the whole building. The umbrella was old, faded, rib-broken and worthless, and it was evidently a put up job to take the smartness out of a man who thought he had hit it.—*Free Press.*

A Street Joke.

Telling a joke on the street, says the Cincinnati Saturday Night, has its disadvantages. You can never be quite sure of your man. He may have every outward appearance of being a most appreciative audience, and not hear a word you say. He may even get the laugh in at the right moment, and go away wondering what it was all about.

For example, the other day two gentlemen stood at the corner of Fourth and Vine Streets, one talking very earnestly and enthusiastically, the other with attention divided apparently between the speaker and an approaching street-car.

"I see my car is coming," interjected the latter.

"Yes," said the other; and he proceeded with his narrative more rapidly.

The car reached the pair, and the speaker, in his desire to finish, grasped the listener's coat.

"Good! Splendid! Best I ever heard!" suddenly ejaculated the visitor, as he broke away and boarded his car.

"Confound the idiot! How does he know whether it's good or not? I hadn't half finished," muttered the one.

"If I had let that infernal fool keep me a minute longer, I'd have had to run two blocks for the car, or missed the train," soliloquized the other.

Perhaps you may think this a fancy sketch, but it isn't. It's the sort of thing that is happening every day all over the country.

A New Jersey boy, who was engaged in ploughing, saw an enormous black snake stretched on the ground near by. Frightened by the reptile, the boy dropped the lines and ran for the house. Re-enforced by several members of the family, he went back, when one of the horses was found lying on the ground with the snake tightly coiled about his neck. The snake was killed, but the horse had been choked to death.