

"Have them spells often?" asked Jim.

"Don't know 's I do," replied Bill. "I just got so interested in that runaway that I swallowed my terbaccer, but I guess I'm all right now. Was Hiram hurt?"

"No, only his temper," continued Ebb. "When we passed him he had just spit on his hands and was pullin' off his boots so he could run faster. He said he had been knocked down, run over, and trod on and somebody was goin' to suffer.

"When I got into sight of the procession again, the sheep had turned into Hiram's yard. Hiram's wife was out there hangin' out the washin', and you know how all-fired fat she be, but I hadn't noticed it so much until this time. Right behind the sheep came old Josh and the steer, and Zeb's mare turned in too, and you never saw such a mixed up mess in your life.

"I don't suppose the sheep ran into Mrs. Martin on purpose, but my land, they couldn't miss her! Down she came, and before she could move, old Josh and the steer came along and ran into the clothes line and down came the clothes with it. The line got around the steer's horns someway and they started to drag the whole mess, but the line got tangled around Mrs. Martin's feet. Old Josh and the steer tried to drag her but the weight was too much for 'em. The best the steer and old Josh could do was to circle around the apple tree, but the rope kept windin' and he soon got to where he had to stop. The old mare followed along until Mrs. Martin went down and then she stopped, and stopped so suddenly that the barrel tipped over and Zeb came a sloppin' out on the ground."



"'Great Gun,' sez he, as soon as he could get his breath, 'Somebody'll pay for this.'"

"'Where's the one that knocked me down, run over me, and trod on me?' shouted Hiram, as he came running into the yard in his sock feet, and spittin' on his hands."

"'There he be,' said Pete, pointin' to the tree where Josh was peerin' at us from one bow of the yoke, and the steer doin' the same from the other."

"When we went to get Josh loose he said, 'Go easy, boys, we are wild critters and liable to start again any minute.'"

HAROLD LAIB.

THE HARDY PINE

Ho! to the pine tree,
Hardy and old,
You rule over me
With fragrance bold.

Winter is coming,
You sigh and moan;
The birds quit humming
Around the cone.

Don't worry, mighty tree,
It won't last long—
Soon joyful Spring will be
Singing her song.

Then the birds and bees
Will seek our zone,
Cold winter will flee
And wrong will atone.

H. GRAETZ.

HER BIRTHDAY VIOLETS

NATURALLY the new boarder had been seated beside the landlady's favorite, Miss Pansy Goldsmith. But, oddly enough, Melissa Williams, whose hair was parted in the middle and who wore her grandmother's old fashioned locket, realized that the beautiful gray eyes of the new boarder rested on her.

At the conclusion of the meal, she climbed three flights of stairs to her hall bedroom and threw her trunk open and from it took a small treasured box of photographs. They were of her father, who had died the year that she was graduated, her mother, who had left her alone to fight the world twelve months before, a couple of aunts, several teachers and three girl chums.

As she slept that night she had a dream. She dreamed that it was her birthday. She was dressed in pale pink tulle. She thought that she would steal into the dining room and light her birthday cake before the "party came in." The match sputtered—in a flash the beautiful dress was in a blaze. She then forgot everything in her fright until she felt someone rolling her over and over on the carpet. And who could this be but "Bill", her old friend.

Bill had gone to live with his grandfather in the far West when Melissa was only twelve. Later he had gone to Mexico. And Bill had big gray eyes just like the new boarder. She awoke with a start, for the maid was tapping at her door and she entered, carrying a huge purple box.

"This here package's for ye, Miss Williams," she said, holding it as if loath to yield it to the owner. "An' bein' it am Sunday mornin' and Miss Lance has gone to church, I'll bring ye a cup of coffee and some toast."

Melissa was opening the box with trembling fingers. Out came a great bunch of California violets. There was an engraved card which met her gaze, with "Mr. Frederick W. Grey," and beneath that was "Birthday Wishes"—and "May I see you soon? I am waiting in the parlor now, if you can come down."

Tucking the lovely flowers into the sash of her dress, she hurried down to the parlor. But, only the new boarder, he of the grey eyes, was there to greet her, and certainly stood at attention as if waiting for her. She held the card in her hand and looked about inquiringly.

"Melissa—'Lis', don't you know me?" demanded the boarder.

"Bill—Billie Grey," she almost sobbed.

It took him a long time to tell her about his wanderings with his grandfather from mining camp to mining camp.

When he had finished they looked around and there stood Mrs. Lance. Mr. Grey had the courage to tell of their intentions and Mrs. Lance went muttering:

"Well, you never can tell what sort of girl will land a man. And her hair as straight as a poker!"

HELEN CATO.

A PRAYER

Now I lay me down to rest,
To study hard I've done my best.
If I should die before I wake,
I'd have no blamed exams to take.

Oh, there was a sweet little girlie,
Whose hair was so terribly curly.
But her beau came too soon,
Just a little 'fore noon,
Found she didn't wear 'em so early.

M. L. M.