THE NOMAD'S RETURN.

How glad to rage that hang in tags around his door
The tramp made tracks toward neighboring woods for shelter from the storm.
Like a quivering sap, his shivering shape he hid beneath the leaf
And there he slept till morning crept well on to mid of day.
Then up he rose and shook his clothes and waited about the farm:
While one old wife, who used quite shrill, the crows few in alarm.
He met a tramp, of dismal stamp, about his clothes and feet
And said to him: "You're looking slim, good sir, how do you do?"
That sparrow grassed as through him passed a chilly northern breeze;
Then half-enraged, and scoffing, sparred the tramp who's at his knees.
He gave his fists here, and with'd sport the dummy disarranged;
It fit for to—a cop for a hat, and other clothes exchanged.
Then in new bosses went to the house and repaid upon the door;
A woman came called him by name and then fell upon the floor.
He knelt to—Eliz—little cot, it was his mother's loose;
Her greatest joy lies in her boy, and every night she sits
And watches him, now neat and trim, between whiles at his victuals.
The sparrow's clothes, like a lover's rose, to—a look-leaves neatly pressed
Are tossed out smooth, and in a groove 'neath the eaves of the attic rest.
Each floating cloud in which he has gone about the farm to stray,
His mother goes to see those clothes, and o'er them weep and pray.
In accents mild says that her child he made of forlorn hope;
That he may stay with her alway, nevermore to go astray.
Up the golden stair that mother's prayer most surely rises,
And God will give her while she'll live content most through His word.

—BURT ARNOLD.

She Caught On.

I wooed her long in lovers do
With sigh and verse and billet,
But what I said to crack it,
Without her love to fill it.
I told her how my throbbing heart
Was aching to be one with hers,
She tittered when I pressed her hand,
And fried: "Please mind the pockets!"

I took her out to eat ice cream
I fed her tons of candy,
And that'd at last I'd touched her heart,
I "Would be dandy!"
But when I tried to speak of love,
How I was dying,
She gaily slapped me with her glove,
And warbled: "You're dying."

I changed my tactics then, and told
Of how in need my father rolled,
With servants at command.
I told her she should be a queen,
And move among the ton.
Her head went in silly toss in my breast,
She fainted. "Fool!" I—

IT WAS DEW "PIZEN."

Sam's Experience with Champagne—A Story with a Moral.

COLONEL BILL ROBINS, the planter, had just returned from New Orleans. He was sitting on his porch when an old nigger in Sam's employ came up.

"W'y, law me, Col'n, whuss is all dem bottles wid gol' necks."

"Champagne, sir," the Colonel replied.

"What is it ter do wid?"

"Drink."

"Looks like it mout be sweet," Sam said, as he took up one of the bottles.

A gleam of mischief shown in the Colonel's eye. "It is sweet, replied, "it is the best stuff you ever tasted. Suppose we open a bottle?"

"Pse will you. Tell you dat right now."

The Colonel filled a goblet. Sam took a liberal swallow, smacked his mouth, shook his head backward and forward, wiped his shirt, rubbed it round and round, drained the goblet, smacked his mouth again and then said:

"If dis ain't de juice o' de ole bell cow I dean know what is. If de dog wood blossom didn't have its mouth in de fust mouf w'y de lilac fell in dar an' couldn' git out."

"Try some more."

"I tes will you. Tell you dat now."

The Colonel filled old Sam's glass. He sat down on the steps, drank the wine, wrinkled a brow, rubbed his head, looked at the top of his head with it, and, slowly moving his shoulders, remarked: "If er angel should git in de water I 'spect dat ar juice o' de'n would yeast I eber seed. He in' his golden slippers in dar, sho. Col'n, how many suits o' wool it 'tater spit you fer yo' ter let me satisfy my aperite wid dat juice?"

"About two thousand."

"I'm wid you. Wy, de way I feels now I res split dat many in er halfter day. Yave, twist de ole cow's tail I could eat it in de juice out. Dat's it. De billi' spring is at work. Jake, yare; take yare, chillun. I 'spect dat know'll die mish 'fore er smart man lis. Wy, sah, wen I git through spliskin' den rails you know what I'm gwine do! Yes gwine ter walk in de courthouse an' say ter de judge, I is, 'jes hol' my garment till I talk some o' de jedge's fool. Den wen I han's my garment ter de judge I's gwine turn loose, I is, an' 'stonish folks

"'IS WID YOU, Y—LL YOU DAT RIGHT NOW."

putty nigh ter Coath. Fill up dis glass. Thanker, sah. Ah, sin't losin its tane or mis'ppin. Didn't know dat I'se or rich map, did you, Col'n?"

"No, I had never heard that you possess any wealth."

"But I does, sah; I kes tell you dat right now. I owns all dis lan' down b'low yare, an' lemme tell you, I'se gwine up ter de Lesislatur."

"You can't read, can you, Sam?"

"Wha's dat read, sah? Dat's one dem books hivered wid luther. Wy, I has read er book or big as dat stump out dar. Wy, I kes read dat big glossy picture. Is you fool yo'se'f 'bout my readin'. Want me ter sing you or little song! Oh, I'se de finest singer you ever hearn. Sing! why, I'se for me de wouldn't bab no music in our church. Well, lemme see what mus' I sing. But mus' choke out some dat fus' hen-p-water. Ah, it doan jolt or man like licker. Lemme see."

"Oh, de ole gray goose gunter chase de grasshopper."

(Gittin' mos' time fur de good Lawd ter come.)

An' de ole skeer dat feed her in de barn ter stop her.

(Gittin' mos' time fur de good Lawd ter come.)

But de goose kicked de cook an' made her fairly holler.

(Gittin' mos' time fur de good Lawd ter come.)

An' de grasshopper laughed till he slobbered on his collar.

(Gittin' mos' time fur de good Lawd ter come.)

"Well, dat's er nuff singin.' Pse two smart'er man for ter foolin' way my time. Sell de wool. Look yare, De 'pare dere sorter lookin' like licker. I'll drink er nother bottle nohow. Ah, taste mighty fur goose," he said, when he had drained the goblet. "Well, I got ter go ober yander on de Tate plan'ation an' wrop up man. He whomped me mos' ter death de closet door. M. J. G.

WITHOUT HIS CONSENT.

The Story of Toot's Elopement—It Was, After All, Romantic.

THE highway that leads across the township of Pendleton in the Southern Michigan county of Lenawee, is bordered on both sides by rich farms, cozy woods of second-growth timber and rich green stretches of meadow land. On a small piece of ground at one side of the turnpike is the humble home of William Jackson, who would be known as Bill Jackson, were it not for the fact that in early life he was converted and joined the Methodist circuit, and hence, is awarded the title of "Mr." Jackson by all his country neighbors. By a marriage late in life to a woman much his junior, Mr. Jackson had a daughter who has been, since the lamented death of her mother, the pride of the household. Here on this little spot of ground the superannuated minister and his tender daughter had been able to supplement his slender pension from the church treasury by growing a few necessaries, in which process the several children had regularly performed their young men in the neighborhood.

To one young man in particular had Lucy the girl assumed a very tender neighborly sexton turned to love, but, unfortunately, Albert Wells was not a favorite of her optimonial relations, and what was making were, seemed to be to the principals in it, very slow progress.

One morning Al was cultivating for the first time his corn in a field adjoining the land belonging to the Jacksons, and as the parties kept crossing and recrossing the brown field, made up a pretty checker-board by the fresh green lines of growing corn, the stalwart young farmer had little to do on each round but cast love glances at his shoulders, the cultivator needing little care in the soft earth, and the gentle old man the turn. All the morning his thoughts had been on his unwon bride, and, with sudden determination he halted his horse at the next turn, and thoughtfully shewing a blade of grass, made across the lot of the preacher.

The old man sat in the shade of the cabin door, his feeble body drinking in the warm sunshine, which is life to frames of flesh as well as fiber.

"Morning, Mr. Jackson," saluted Al, as he walked up the path.

"Mornin,' Al," answered the old man. "This sun's good for corn alist it!"

"Pretty growin' time now, Mr. Jackson," said Al, the subject of matrimony in his mind being far removed from the subject of conversation.

"Broke down, Al! Want to borry the wrench!"

"No, aint broke nuthin, Mr. Jackson. Yes, I'm drivin' along an' I thought you on special business. Y'know Toot 'n I've been goin together fur sum time, 'n we've 'bout made up our minds we'd got to care for, Al, and s'long she'll stay with the old man he won't let her go. Sorry can't 'commodate yer, Al, but spare Toot I cannot, sir!"

"All right, Mr. Jackson," said Al, with a little determination in his voice and manner, which a younger lover might have mistaken for anger, "I could deal rather you'd let me have her willingly," and without further ado the young man passed around the house to his return to his work.

Lucy was coming, with eggs in her apron, from the tumble-down structure which served the homeless couple as a barn, when Al met her and briefly told her of his failure again to win her father's consent. A long and fully-understood talk with the details of method of procedure which had been before suggested, but which had been held as a last

"MORNING, MR. JACKSON," SALUTED AL.

resort, were agreed to, and that night determined upon for a quiet flight to the village minister who would perform the wedding ceremony.

With beating and guilty heart Lucy went into the barn, hung up her gathered eggs carefully away and then joined her aged father, still sunning himself, with that farseeing look in his eyes.

"D'you remember your mother, Lucy?" asked the old man for the hundredth time, apparently.

"Yes, pa."

"You're the perfect image of her, Lucy. She faded away one fall when the leaves took the leaves from the elm trees out yonder, and I laid her in the buryin' ground down to the Center. Recollect the place, don't you?"

"Yes, pa," said Lucy, with her lips biting hard for fear of the tears.

"There's plenty o' room 'long side her grave for mine, Lucy, and seems if sometimes I'm 'bout long 'nuf I wanted to go there."

"Oh! no, no, pa!"

"Yes, Lucy, what is to be is to be, girl. But say, Lucy, do you feel right toward Al?"

"Yes, I love him, pa."

"An' you want to marry him?"

"Yes, pa."

"Well, I jest told Al he couldn't have you now, Lucy, cause I couldn't spare you, but when I'm layin' down at the Center you may marry Al, or any other feller you like, Lucy, my daughter. He's a good fellow, steady an' industrious, an' a heap nowadays."

Lucy kissed the old man and the place easier, pa, if I had Al to help me, don't you think?"

"Don't know but you might, Toot; don't know's you could get along."

"An' Al would take us both to his house, pa, perhaps—that is if you wanted to go."

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"An' Al would take us both to his house, pa, perhaps—that is if you wanted to go."

"Well, I jest told Al he couldn't have you now, Lucy, cause I couldn't spare you, but might want to go, might want to go. I'll see, Lucy, I'll see."

With a lighter heart Lucy went to her work, believing that in the morning it would not be a very hard task to secure the old man's consent, and that night, when it should have been accomplished.

The day passed with Lucy and Al in a fever of excitement, the household duties of the one and the labors of the other were performed with nervous haste, and at last the time for the elopement arrived.

Lucy had packed her few articles of clothing in a small valise, and, with a heart beating with excitement, was waiting for Al to appear with the horse and buggy, when the old man, who had been sitting in the door, arose and entered the house.

"Lucy, I'll take my leave of you now, for I'm goin' to bed early, as I've got to start for the Center at daybreak in the morning. Good night, Toot; don't forget your prayers, child."

"Good night, pa," said Lucy, with a choking sensation in her throat.

"Good night, Toot," said the old man, as he turned to leave the room. "Good night, child, and God bless you!"

Up to the "asking."

Out of the glare and heat,
Where the sun's fierce rays beat
Trapped the sinning foot
Of the gay cricket.

Quit, I'll do my fair
Partner, so debonair,
Told her the whole affair
Waited her answer.

Sweet was the flowers' perfume
Where the cricket entombed,
Sweet the gay, lighted room,
Sweet strains came floating.
Turning, she smiled and blushed,
Murmured surprise, and hushed.
Then, in the silence,
Answered me quaintly,

Doubtless you think she said,
That when she raised her head,
That when she answered,
"She'd be my sister?"
That's a mistake, you've made a guess
Wrong, as you must confess:
For she said, softly: "Yes!"
Yes! and I kissed her!

—*Frank Roe Batchelder, in Life.*

"I WENT YOU VANTEN COME SOUN' TAKE FUN."

o'ous down flat o' de backs. Whoop! Git outten my way, sapliins, fur I'll tread you in de yeath. Whoop! Look out what ye' growin' on, Mr. Cricket. Whoop! I rattles like er wagin runnin' down hill!"

He fell down flat on the floor, and the Colonel lay back and laughed until the clinging vines shook in response.

One afternoon, three days later, as the Colonel was walking over his plantation, he decided, upon approaching old Sam's cabin that he would see what the "wild nigger" was doing on the floor. His arm was in a sling and he had an old checked shirt wound about his head.

"Why, hello, Sam!"

The old fellow raised himself up, leaned back against the wall, looked at the Colonel, and said:

"What you wanter come round yare fur! Wants fer ter git me ter sleep out o' doo's an' blame dew pizen? Go on, now, fur I doan wanter look at you. Drunk yo ole Sam an' den 'pizen' 'em! Look at me, white man an' got tore all ter pieces an' den woke up natchel mawnin' wid my head an' jaw like er blame load frawg. Huh, talkin' 'bout bein' sick, w'y, de cholera an' yaller feber an' all sich ain't nothin' but chillun's play compared ter de agulated fit yo' blame stuff let me wid. Pur three days I has been wallerin' so close ter de grave dat I could hyar de dirt in. Doan look at me, an' I swar dat of you say or word ter me 'bout spillin' rails dat I 'gwine stop you, fur you has got ter undes de law. Git erway fum yare an' lemme die! Come walkin' me drink yo' ole dew pizen."

—BRET HARTE.

WASHINGTON'S STATUE.

Historical Points Concerning Greenough's Statue.

Librarian Spofford thinks that the statue of Washington which stands in front of the Capitol should be removed, as the exposure to the wind and rain is seriously damaging to marble. There are other reasons, probably, why the statue should be removed, after carefully remarks a Washington correspondent. Vandalism has no respect for him who was "first in the hearts of his countrymen." Not long ago, some juvenile artists penciled the eyes to give their statesman effect; in other words, disfiguring the hero in marble as much as in life he made havoc with the cherry tree. For the first forty years the people have laughed at the cold air and naked form of George Washington. The statue which was designed by Greenough has been the butt of all the jokes of Senators, Representatives, strangers and guides. Even admiral Allen G. Thurman is said to have aided in the ridiculing.

"The outstretched hand of George," remarked the Ohio statesman one day, "seems to me to say: 'Here's my sword, my clothes are in the Patent Office.'"

Another wag commenting on the statue of Columbus on the front steps of the Capitol, balancing the world in his right hand, remarked:

"George Washington is playing ball with Columbus and saying: 'Quit your fooling and play ball.'"

Still the statue has a longer history than any other at the Capitol, probably. It was begun at the end of Andrew Jackson's first term, and Horatio Greenough, the sculptor, was employed by Congress to make it. He did the work in Florence, Italy, and made the statue in a sitting posture, because he was not sure that the act of Congress commanded. It was designed to stand in the center of the rotunda while the dome of the Capitol was under way in 1860. The next question was how to get it from Italy to America. Congress haggled over it for some time, and finally voted the man-of-war to bring it from Genoa to Washington. In the meanwhile Mr. Greenough had started for Genoa, and, behind the vessel, and took twenty-two yoke of oxen to haul it. As it went on its way through Italy the peasants would fall on their knees before the saint, and here and there they kneeled and crossed their breasts as it went by. When it got to Genoa it was found that it was so large it could not be gotten through the hatchway of the man-of-war which was to carry it to Washington, and a merchant vessel had to be chartered.

At last it arrived at the Washington navy yard, and Congress was horrified to see what the statue, which they expected was to stand upright, was sitting in a chair, and that it was nude to the waist. Henry A. Wise, then said:

"The man does not live, and never did live, who saw Washington without his shirt." And the country applauded the sentiment.

But the navy yard is not the Capitol, and it was decided that the statue must come to it in the rotunda. When it reached the Capitol doors it was found that the statue, like the painting of the Van der Waerdahl's family, was too large to go through, and the masonry had to be cut away and the door enlarged. When it was finally in place, it is said that the floor began to sink, and a pedestal had to be built to support it. It was soon found that the rotunda was no place for it. Some people thought that it was too large and out of proportion with its surroundings, and others, hurrying from the Senate over to the House, found it an obstacle in their path; still others insisted that it lacked artistic merit. But whatever the reason, the statute, after a number of removals, was taken to where it now stands in the bitter, cold, bleak air of the Capitol plateau, where the winds howl and the Washington's agony as they go tearing by, and where his nakedness "has the soundless arch of the sky for its roof." Originally it was to cost $5,000; it has already cost $44,000, and this sum has considerably increased as every removal.

BED-ROOM CLOSETS.

Some Sensible Hints for Utilizing Them to the Best Advantage.

It is much more tasteful and neat to have the bed-room closets with doors left off, or, if large enough for a dress-room, place a rug on the floor, and when cleansed have the floor and shelves painted a pretty shade with weak lime water, which will keep away moths, roaches and crickets.

Besides a long, deep, hat-and-cloth-bag and the laundry bag which each closet should contain and which may be fastened on the inner side of the door, the most handy convenience is an umbrella-holder. Nothing is so much out of place and completely in the way as an umbrella when not in use. It will not go into a drawer or stand in the corner or lie on the shelf comfortably so as to be "convenient," and the family soon learn to allow any four corners above, and by stitching on the machine the division between the smallops, you have the pockets for four umbrellas.

Bind with worsted braid, and throw a design in contrasting color on each of the four cases. Bind below all around, and sew tapes to each of the backs of the four compartments, sewing the tape to the top, and by stitching through the center. By cutting a slit in each of the two squares thus formed, you have eight loops which are securely, and hang on the wall by loops, it will be found to be just right for good-sized umbrellas. If a pocket for convenience, shoe bag and catch-all bag should be made and hung on the closet door. M. J. G.

EATERS OF HUMAN FLESH.

The Cannibalism of the South Sea Islands and Their Peculiar Ways.

During the period throughout which Europeans have been in contact with the South Islanders, no characteristic has been more generally noted than the habit of cannibalism, says the *Westminster Review*. When the Spaniards first discovered these islands they found the habit of the natives to be an entirely settled one. On the occasion of the arrival of the ships at the island, which Dr. Discoverer named St. Isabel, the chief of the natives had what they came into contact with sent the general (Mendana) a present of a quarter of a boy, including the arm and head, together with some yams, which he had requested him to accept.

This custom of sending a supply of vegetables along with the human flesh as a present was practiced along the islands of the Fiji group. Mariner, in his interesting work on the Tonga Islands, published in 1812, describes how when he arrived in his canoe at an outlying island of that group, he found on the shore a large crate of vegetables with a girl tied up in it, and ascertained that the girl were about to be presented as the material of a feast to the king of the Fiji Islands. The unfortunate girl by his rescued the girl from her impending fate.

Referring to the natives of the island, which Gallego named La Florida, he says: "They are fond of human flesh," and proceeds to relate that "the steward with four soldiers and five negroes were sent ashore for water; but they had not been long ashore before they were joined strife attacked by the natives, to his surprise, the steward saw that they "did not leave a single soul except a negress with a young child in her arms. They were captured, and in one of them "was found the leg of a Spaniard, which, as the head cook, master of the schooner Franz, who visited Makira, on the south side of St. Christoval, in 1873, since that he had a cook supply of the present day are fond of a composition of sago, cocoanut, and human brains. In 1708, the ships of Roggeveen visited the group that were at Choiseul bay, one were attacked by the natives, and in this manner two persons