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THE DESERET WEEKLY.

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ECHOES FROM THE OLD FARM.

When the crop is on the market and the cash is in your sack,
And you hear the click and jingle of the key turned in the lock,
And the clatter of the "premier" and the rinsing of the "bus,"
And the grocery man is paid up and no more his bill he sees to
O, it's then's the time a fellow is a-feelin' at his best,
When he view from hindsight, then downward pulls his vest,
And he ponders his trip to conclave and then goes and winds the clock,
When the crop is on the market and the cash is in his sock.

There's something kind o' cheerful like about the farmer's eye
When he knows the summer's over and he doesn't have to die
About the time the daylight's a-peepin' through the gloom,
And sort until the mom's up 'fore the grain thinks all is broke;
For instead he never cyclonizes he'll hook his off "Buck" and "Jim"
To his corner in the stable, and put on his Sunday clothes,
Then an acoustic! blast, with his apron and new frock,
When the crop is on the market and the cash is in his sock.

Oh, the lookin' and the spittin' here—the winter's kindness fire,
The respite of the fellow when the chanin' is begun;
The jingle of the sleigh bells, your best gal in the sled;
The kissin' and the huggin' when the old fellow isn't in bed;
The rosetta of the cherrietts, the sofa'ness grappin' in
The cards of the square, drinkin' cider from a tin;
Oh, it sets my heart a-pounin', like a mustitia turkey cock,
When the crop is on the market and the cash is in the sock.

—Boston Transcript.

TIMMY'S RALLY.

Little Timmy Mulligan was very sick. Some of his chums said in an awed whisper, "He is dyin' dis time, sure pop."

No more would his 9-year-old war whoop round around the corner. No more would the lake front know Timmy, he have feet, and his stone bruises. Never again would he occupy the pitcher's box and captain the "Hard Hots, de champeens av all de 9-year-olds on de west side"—a nine which, through Capt. Timmy's masterly tactics, had attained great pre-eminence. Never again would Timmy refresh his jaded spirits by throwing rocks at the Italian on the corner, who had incurred his enmity by once refusing him a banana.

Timmy was as sturdy a youngster as ever the west side turned out; he was as manly and self reliant as the average Chicago 9-year-old. He was the cock of the walk among all his companions—the best swimmer, the best fighter and the best pitcher in the ward. The neighborhood was lonesome without Timmy. People could not imagine "what was on the boy," once so hearty and vigorous, to keep to his bed.

The little invalid lay stretched out on his couch as flat and pallid as a pancake, in the front room away up in Sylvester Mulligan's ten story flat building. The neighbors were coming in droves to cheer up the ailing youngster.

"You're not goin to leave me, yer poor cold mither, are ye, Timmy asthore?" wailed his mother, rocking from side to side in her frenzy of grief, like a ship in a storm, her voice choked with grief, her eyes drowned in tears.

"Ye were allus a dutiful child to me, Timmy alanna, and ye wud not be arther lavin' yer poor old mither to fight the world alone, now wud ye? You're the only boy I have left, Timmy, and yeh just love me now arther runin' yer as long as I have. Speake to him, Father Murphy; plase do, yer rivirence—he'll mind you. He was allus a good hearted boy, though a trifle wild. Jaysus wid him, father. The fayver has racked his brain, and he turns his face to the wall from me. He won't speake to me. Oh, it's heart crakked I am."

"What's this I hear, Timmy, about your talking of dying?" cheerfully sang out the good Father Murphy, approaching the bedside of the little sufferer and taking the boy's wasted hand in his own.

"Why, you're worth a dozen dead men yet. I could never spare you in the world. Who should I get in your place as monitor in the school? Who else could I get to run my errands and to bring me my Evening News, eh? Why, Timmy, my boy, you are indispensable to the parish—you're a living pillar of the church—all by yourself. You're only pretending to be sick—you who were always so strong and hearty, with the ruddiest cheeks and the brightest eye of all the lads for square around. Come up, and leave all thoughts of dying to old folk like your mother and myself. Do you hear, Tim?"

Tim did hear, nodding his head feebly upon his chamois pillow. His eyes turned with an unnatural fire. They had the appealing glance of a wounded deer; it would melt your heart but to look at them.

The little invalid moved uneasily upon the bed his coming hair, damp with perspiration and pain, strayed uneasily o'er the pillow; his thin hands beat the coverlid with the petulance of a sturdy youngster unused to such close confinement. Yet he spoke not a word.

"Haven't you a word for your old teacher, Tim, my boy?" asked Father Murphy, softly.

"Where's Corkey O'Neill?" pulled out Timmy suddenly, heedless of the worthy priest's entreaty. "I want to see Corkey; bring 'im up 'wo lumeejine."

Corkey was instantly produced, shuffling shamefacedly across the room to the bedside of his stricken comrade. Tim's brow was knitted in meditation. His fingers played a tattoo on the blanket. He had a load on his mind he wanted to dump. Turning restlessly, he unburdened himself thus:

"I done yo up two weeks ter day, Corkey."

Corkey admitted the "doing up."

"But I fear yo fair, Corkey. I didn't use brass knuckles!"

Corkey was forced to declare that brass knuckles took no active part in the youthful encounter.

"Yo and I was a 'mule,' Corkey, didn't yer?"

It appeared that Corkey had said so.

"I P'umped yo pretty hard. I blacked both o' yer eyes—or was it only one?"

It was "copy one," for Corkey still bore the stripe of it on his tinted left optic.

"Well, and I wanter say, Corkey, I'm sorry I hanged you up so bad. I don't believe I could whip you the way I am here, but I'd wait until I feel fluked yo can take it out o' me now—if you bear entry hard feelings."

"I wouldn't let a dying kid, nor for de hell west side," cried out Corkey, sobbing as if his heart would break; "yo only guy we won I deserved, Timmy. I had no right mouthin' you de way I did."

"Who dat the Red Hots play a game day?"

"We was a goan to play de Hard Times, Timmy, but now did you ever see an' can't pitch we've declared the match off; we'd get skunked."

"Wot did ye do dat for?" savagely exclaimed Timmy. "I've a good mind to black yer other eye for ye."

"Well, we'd made up we wouldn't play till ye got well, Tim; it's no use going out on de diamond unless you're pitchin'."

Mr. Mulligan appeared in the nick of the proper light.

"Well, I guess you're about right, Corkey," he was moved to admit. "I guess I'll have ter get well. I wonter skunk dat crew of Hard Times said the mobsots and me new snake curre that I've been studying out here the last two weeks while I've been restlin' wid de blankets. Wot dey do yang say about me, Corkey, lyin' here in me bed on the flat o' me back, like an old granny—me who was never sick before?"

"Say, Tim, dey're awful sorry; they'd come up here themselves to see yo, only yer ole 'mother wouldn't let 'em."

"Hitch yer bed out on de windy and yell for 'em to come up," commanded the prostrate pitcher.

Corkey thrust his Bulwer Lytton brow out of the window, emitting a yell that caused all the members of the Red Hots to flit into the room on tiptoe, wiping their mouths with their coat sleeves, and hanging their heads.

"Hello, fellers!"

"Hello, Tim!"

"Wot's de matter wid ye, Philly Burke? Wot are ye sniveltin' for? Didn't ye ever see a sick kid before? An' you, too, Patsy Carroll—why, I nivir see sick weakness av yer kids before in all me life. You're a nice gang to let yourself be bluffed by them Hard Times crowd. Ye have no more sand in yer craw than a chicken. I'm a good notion to sick me pooble on de hull gang o' ye. Cum up yere, Dangerr!"

The little black and tan that had retreated under the bureau, where he kept up growling and showing his teeth at the crowd of strange visitors, jumped up on the bed and began licking his youthful master's hand. Then, turning round, he glared fiercely at the resentful sympathizers, his tail lashing the bed, his little black nose uplifted defiantly. He showed his teeth in a subdued and dangerous manner, as if looking out for the skins of the undertaker. All through little Tim's sickness the dog had hung around his master's room in a subdued and listless manner. When a sound squalling on the sick boy's pillow, licking Tim's hot and feverish hand and vigilantly guarding his restless slumber, the dog would slink away under the bed, as if the boy's illness had affected him also, and had cowed his honest back and native pluck into a cowardly snarling and showing of his vicious teeth.

"If that dhog of a doctor comes a-monkeying around here onny more a-pinning me with the medicine he makes me swallow, we'll give him hydrophoby—won't we, Dangerr?"

Danger showed his red gums in fierce assent.

"Where's me cold woman?"

"Here I am, Timmy asthore; what is it?"

"Shud out the kittle for a quart o' beer. I wonter do the right thing and treat de gang as has called on me. I guess it'll be about square. When yo go over with the growler to Danny Shay's, Corkey, mind yo scoop in all the five inch yo can crib. I guess I could go a little cheese sandwich mysel. Be sure yo tell Danny Shay to pack the growler as tight as he can, Corkey," was the latter part of the languid yet hospitable injunction of the stricken Timmy, as he turned over on his side for a refreshing slumber, the vigilant Danger snugly perched on his fifth rib.

Mr. Mulligan, I am pleased to state, recovered in time to give the Hard Times the worst skunking they ever got.

In that match, digging his toenails in the pitcher's box, his cap cocked rakishly over his left eye, and Danger coaching "on de side" and howling like a demon when his master struck out any of the opposing batsmen, Timmy lathed out to the demoralized Hard Times those justly celebrated curses of his, reinforced with the famous snake shoot which he had acquired while toeing oranges as a feverish boy.

Timmy was carried home to the Nineteenth ward in triumph. Danger bringing up the rear, leaving in his trail the vibrating air churned to a white heat by his wagging tail.—James E. Kanolla in Chicago News.

Insanity and Deafness.

Dr. Sanborn, of the State Insane asylum at Augusta, has a wide sympathy and feels deeply for his charges at the asylum.

We were making a tour of the hospital with him the other day, when he stopped to speak to a young man who seemed very sad. "You are better to-day, Samuel," said he, patting him upon the back. "You are much better, and I am glad to see it. Good-by."

"When that man came here three days ago," said Dr. Sanborn, "he could hear with great acuteness. He was at this time very violent and had to be kept secure. At his mania passed he became deaf. He has been here before—comes here periodically—and each time I notice the peculiarity in his hearing. It was curious case. When strong action of the brain is it that is temporarily awakens his sense of hearing? In his mania his hearing is exceedingly acute; in his sanity it is exceedingly dull. The brain is a wonderful word."—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

STRANGERS YET.

Domestic Meeting of a Timid Chicago Girl with a Volunteer Chaperon.

I never pun Carroll across but I think of the pretty little story told to a group of friends one evening by one of our charming south side matrons. I was a country school teacher in Vermont, receiving a salary of $25 a month, when I made up my mind to come to Chicago and learn stenography. I had a sister married and living in a suburb of the city. She promised to help me all she could, and I resolved that if she could look for a boarding place on the west side. I searched the papers diligently and found the desired haven on Carroll avenue.

At first I found it very comfortable and easy, and enjoyed coming home after a long day's work and settling myself with a book or needlework. But as the days grew shorter, and the nights set in earlier, I felt myself becoming afraid to walk the two blocks that lay between the street car corner and my room; and this fear was not diminished my after a spin had stopped no one evening and I had reached into the house frightened and breathless from running. It may be very silly to one who has never been afraid, but I suffered really as the car neared my corner, and several nights I could not find the courage to get off, and remained on the car, riding several blocks past, and of course only prolonged the distance of the walk.

One fearfully dark and stormy evening the car was literally packed, and I stood holding on to a strap in the extreme front, when the loneliness of my position, my timidity and thoughts of an employer out of house all day combined to overcome me and I began to cry.

It seemed as if I could not leave the car and step into the darkness and storm. Presently I felt a hand touch me, and a voice said:

"What is the matter?"

"I am afraid to go home," I said. I was 19 years old, but I felt like a baby.

"Where do you get off?" asked the voice.

"At St. John's place," I replied, and just then the conductor called out the street, and I pushed my way to the rear platform and stepped off. As I did so the young man who had spoken to me stepped off also, and said:

"I live up this way, and if you will allow me, I shall see you home."

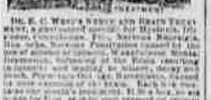
And all that winter, except the few nights when he did not change to be on my car, for which I think he must have watched, he saw me home all days.

I never learned his name or where he lived, nor do I think he knew my name. He never stepped at the door to talk, nor presumed upon his kindness in any way, and when the long days came again he disappeared entirely, and I, soon after leaving the west side, have never seen or heard of him since.

I often think of the incident, though, and as I grow older it shows up to me in a very beautiful light, as compared with so many darker colors that go to make up the annals of evening life in a large city.—Chicago Letter.

Barber Wisdom.

Barbers are not partial to seeing ladies coming into the shop to get their hair cut, for, no matter how pretty the door creatures look after having their hair cut, they never look as well as they did before, and their first look in the glass makes the first opponent to them, and they invariably blame the barber for it—claim it was not cut as they directed. It is a fact that about nine out of ten bald headed men are all the time looking for something to make the hair grow, but you never heard of a barber inventing a cure for that purpose, and another thing that is just a notion and just as senseless as to suppose that the haircut is reduced to a bald head without the use of a wig, and that is that bay rum is beneficial to the face. If you want a good face dressing after shaving use lard soft water. Nothing else is as good.—Interview in Lincoln Journal.

St. Jacobs Oil cures Backaches, Headache, Toothache, and all Aches Promptly

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