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THE SONG OF THE TEXAS CORN.

I was dry and dusty;
I was weak and weary
Now I'm glad and hearty,
And the earth looks cheery,
Oh, the shining,
Merry morning.
Laughter making noise,
Soft and noisy,
Mild and noisy
Grows my golden grain.

Listen to the laughter
That my leaves are making,
When the wind comes after
Kisses, softly stealing,
Oh, boastfulness,
Breathing, breathing,
Reverse pouting wind
Chase, caress and
Kiss us, bless us,
Then and once again!

Let your hearts be singing
Fill your souls, poetic,
Set the joy bells ringing
In the lofty steeples
Proclaim wonder
To the wonder
Of the present while
Of the years,
The forgotten,
Of the precious relic.

—John P. Schaefer in Galveston News.

A QUEER ADVENTURE.

"No, thanks, old chap; I really can't stop the night. I should like to heartily, but, you see, if I didn't turn up the wife would be in a funk and never go to bed at all, thinking something had gone wrong. Besides, I've got to let Jones have three columns of copy by o'clock tomorrow, and I haven't started yet."

"Well, just as you like, only I wish you'd have said earlier you didn't mean stopping, so we could have telegraphed to say you wouldn't be back. It's after half past 7 now, and our nearest office is five miles away, so it's too late."

It was no use; Jim Carson wouldn't stop, so I had to order the trap to drive him to the station to catch the 8:30 train home.

After seeing him off I went to the station master's office to inquire if some things I was expecting had arrived, and while there I noticed an evening paper lying on the table. It just happened that an intimate friend of mine had a lawsuit on about some copyright business, and the first bearing of the case was to have taken place that day. Thinking the affair, as far as it had proceeded, might be reported, I asked the station master if he would mind my having a look at the paper for a minute.

"Certainly, sir," he said. "You may as well take it back with you, as I have finished with it. There's a piece in it about some fellow as is said to have escaped from Bradley asylum last night, and about killed one of the warder chaps. I expect it's just one of them yarns as gets into evening papers now and again. Well, good night, sir. I'll send up your things as soon as they arrive."

I was a long time going the three miles which lay between the station and my lately acquired domicile. Lighting a cigarette and leaving Tommy to shankin as as best he liked, I started in to think.

Six months ago what was I? Well, what is generally called a literary hack, getting about thirty-five shillings a week—sometimes more, generally less—just become a crusty old uncle on whom I was dependent had seen fit to cheat me out neck and crop for the simple reason that I didn't go to for what he wanted me to do—i. e., the bar.

I was of a literary turn of mind, and thought I should never be a shining light in the profession. I could at least earn my bread and cheese. So in a fit of anger I told the old gentleman I wouldn't be a lawyer, whereupon I was called an ungrateful, impudent puppy, and told to do what I liked.

"No," I thought to myself; "Robert Grant, if you've got to prevaricate, doit indirectly."

So I went in for journalism! And now poor old uncle has gone the way of all flesh, leaving me to be all his estate, real and personal, including Ashworth lodge. Old uncles who quarrel with their willful nephews and disinherit them generally do come around at the last. Mine did at any rate.

Jim Carson, the fellow whom I had seen off, was an old chum of mine in the scribbling days, and had just run down to see my new abode and wish a rich uncle had kicked him out some years ago.

Tommy amused me from my musings by stumbling over something in the road and nearly throwing me off. So I gathered up the reins, and he sent the rest of the journey at a smart pace.

"Benson," I said to the man whom I had engaged as a kind of valet groom until I was properly settled, "when you've put the horse up, just tell Mrs. Howetson she can go home as soon as she likes, as I shan't want anything more tonight."

Mrs. Howetson was the wife of the gardener, who lived about half a mile away, and was looking after the house and cooking for me.

It was too fine a night and too early to turn in, so I settled myself in my old uncle's favorite armchair before the dining room window and commenced to look over the paper I had got from the station master. I looked first for the lawsuit report, but evidently the case had not come on until late, so there was nothing in the paper about it.

"Hello, Old man! he must be what the station master was talking about!

Late last evening a lunatic named James Bradley made good his escape from Bradley asylum under peculiar circumstances, which will probably result in the death of one of the attendants. It appears that last night the usual annual ball took place at the asylum, and several of the lunatics selected from the milder forms of insanity were allowed to be present as ordinary guests, so had been asked as all sane lunatics. Bradley was one of these, and suddenly he was found to be missing from the room, and on a search being made he could not be found. On extending outside he was found on the body of one of the attendants was discovered. It seems that last night the usual annual ball took place at the asylum, and several of the lunatics selected from the milder forms of insanity were allowed to be present as ordinary guests, so had been asked as all sane lunatics. Bradley was one of these, and suddenly he was found to be missing from the room, and on a search being made he could not be found. On extending outside he was found on the body of one of the attendants was discovered. It seems that last night the usual annual ball taken