

She Had a Son.

BUT THERE WAS NOTHING IN HIS CON-
DITION TO COMFORT THE TRAMP.

"Madam," began the tramp, as the kitchen door was opened in response to his knock, "have you a son?"

"Yes, sir," replied the woman as she looked him over.

"Is he among strangers, may I ask?"

"He is."

"Ah! You can appreciate my position! Who knows but what your son is a wanderer o'er the face of the earth to-night—hungry, ragged and compelled to beg for his bread. Have you heard from him lately?"

"Yes, sir. My son is no wanderer, and he gets three square meals a day and wears pretty good clothes."

"Then he has a steady job?"

"He has, sir. He'd like to wander, but he can't. He's in the workhouse on a six months' sentence, and has over three months yet to serve. Did you want anything?"

"Why, ma'am—why, considering the circumstances?"

"You won't ask for anything?"

"No, ma'am, I won't. If your son was a wanderer—hungry, ragged and hopeless—I would modestly ask for a bite to eat, but seeing—but seeing"—

"That he can't wander."

"Yes—m—that he can't wander, and has a good job of it, I'll try the next house and let you off. Afternoon, ma'am. Hope your wanderless son will stick right to it and come out as fat as a fall pig."

An Irish Insult.

He had come to put in the coal. The cook lady and her friend came out to watch him do it. He lifted the coal hole cover and dropped it on his foot. "Death and ages!" was his first vociferation. Then followed a torrent of deep and bitter curses that would have wrinkled the tin roof had it been twenty feet nearer the sidewalk.

"The devil fly away wid it!" he finally added, when the pain subsided somewhat. But the expected sympathy was not forthcoming, either from the cook lady or her friend. In fact, the former was red in the face with suppressed indignation.

"How dare ye spake so in the prisence of leddies?" she said; "it's insulted we are!"

Despite the pain, his reply was ready. "Phy, did ye understand phwut Oi wor sayin' in me agony?" he said.

"Faix an' I did, an' but too well!"

"Well, I have only this to say," was his remark; "any female phwut calls herself a leddy, phwut undershtands the sum and substance of me late remarks, is beyond insult." And, before the gasping cook lady could retort, he turned to her lady friend with: "Did you undershtand phwut Oi said?"

"I did not," was the quick reply.

"Then if ye didn't undershtand, how in th' devil cud ye be insulted?"

And he turned to his work in triumph, while the cook lady and her friend retired in dignified haste to the kitchen window, to comment audibly on "tarrier impudence," and add, intentionally, to the upward tendency of their haughty noses when his work turned him toward the window.

A Divided Jury.

A man was on trial in Lake County recently on a charge of grand larceny. He was accused of stealing a hog. An old rancher whose interest in the case was due to the fact that he owned a big drove of hogs, listened attentively to the impaneling of the jury and then left the court room with undisguised disgust.

"What's the matter, Sam?" enquired an attorney.

"That jury's goin' to disagree," he declared emphatically.

"What makes you think so?"

"Think? I don't think nothing about it. I know it."

"Well, then, how do you know it?"

"Why, they've got six hog men that raise hogs and four men that I knows has stole hogs on that jury, an' nobody ever know'd a hog raiser an' a hog thief as would agree on a hog case."

His Little Lamb.

The Rev. Dr. Meredith, a well-known clergyman, tries to cultivate friendly relations with the younger members of his flock. In a recent talk to his Sunday school he urged the children to speak to him whenever they met.

The next day a dirty-faced urchin, smoking a cigarette and having a generally disreputable appearance, accosted him in the street with:

"Hullo, doctor!"

The clergyman stopped and cordially inquired:

"And who are you, sir?"

"I'm one of your little lambs," replied the boy, affably. "Fine day."

And, tilting his hat on his head, he swaggered off, leaving the worthy divine speechless with amazement.

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The Hermit of Moose Island.

Uncle John Cusack, the hermit of Moose Island, has just sold part of his insular domain in Moosehead lake, and, to this extent, has abdicated the long seclusion in which he has dwelt for about 30 years. He retains 200 acres, upon which his house and stable stand. Four hundred acres he has sold to a wealthy woman, said to be a Southerner, for about \$4,000, who will build there her summer residence.

It was near the close of the civil war that John Cusack, now a hale and hearty man of 64 years, came from Reedfield, Me., and pitched his camp upon Moose Island, which subsequently he bought. He was a man of intelligence and some education, who had studied law. Here he worked for various lumber firms that operated about the head waters of Maine's great rivers in the Moosehead Lake region. Energetic, industrious and temperate, he became famous on the west branch of the Penobscot for his wonderful skill in log riding, a proficiency exercised to great advantage in getting the log drives down the broken waters of that swift and turbulent stream.

Not long ago there appeared in print an account of John Cusack's feat in crossing the Piscataquis River at Foxcroft, standing on a 35 pound binding pole. Such a performance is a commonplace one for him. Frequently, on a wager or merely to exhibit his skill, he has crossed the broad reach of West Cove at the foot of Moosehead Lake, on a pole as slender, and even when upheld by nothing more buoying than a lumberman's pike-pole. As for the matter of a boat to take him from his island to the mainland he gives himself little trouble. To leap upon a log, with a slab or sapling for paddle, propel himself across the dividing channel, is as much a matter of course with him as for an urban resident to step upon a horse car.

With such a craft he sometimes has made strange and adventurous voyages. Once as the steamer from Kineo plowed down the lake through a heavy sea, the ship's company were astounded by the sight of a man, in mid-lake, standing breast high in the heaving waters, with which he was battling in seeming pursuit of a small dog that sat in full view above the surface a few feet ahead of him. The steamer, changing her course, slowed down to pick up John Cusack, who was making the fourth mile of a voyage with an old tree root as his craft and his dog as passenger. He stood upon the larger end of the root, thereby lifting the other end above the water, and upon this upraised tip the dog found a safe if not quite dry footing. The sight of Uncle John making similar though less venturesome voyages about the lower part of the lake is not uncommon, and the dog has learned to take his place on the dry end of the stick or root at his master's first word of command.

In his primitive castle on Moose Island, John Cusack lives on terms as patriarchal and friendly with the dumb animals which are his companions as did Robinson Crusoe with his goats. In the summer his sleek oxen, sheep and poultry forage well for themselves over the slopes and fertile meadows of the island. In the winter, should it chance that John Cusack desires to go away for several days, he does not trouble himself to import a man to care for these creatures. He pitches half a ton of hay down into the middle of the barn floor, scatters corn and grain around where the hens can get to it, opens the barn door so that they can go to the spring for water at pleasure, and goes away for an indefinite time with assured confidence that all will be well at home.

Despite his secluded and celibate life—Uncle John is a bachelor—he has no aversion to human society, but, on the contrary, enjoys it, and he is especially gallant and chivalrous to the fair sex. In the solitude of Moose Island he does not find much of a field for conversation, but he makes full amends when he emerges, as he often does, into the settled communities. Then, by the stove of a country store or a hotel office, he can talk a continuous streak, without pause for rest or refreshment, for six hours at a stretch, and then stop when time at last is called as fresh and colloquial as at the beginning.

In person the hermit of Moose Island is short and active of motion, and his hair and full beard are now sprinkled with gray. He dresses neatly, but on his island domain he is prone to discard the use of shoes and stockings as a needless conventionality, and it is a cold day when he takes the trouble to don footwear for an informal trip to Greenville, the nearest base of supplies. —Maine State Press.

Parisian makers can produce fans at 5 1/2 francs per gross, or three centimes, about a third of a penny, each. The Chinese paper fans, however, are sent over from Canton, at the rate of nine francs the thousand, that is 1.30 francs the gross, or a penny a dozen.