

Unhappy Liza Jane.

HER HUSBAND'S MEEK AND LOWLY DODGE WAS HARD TO BEAR.

There was a shanty among the trees, and in response to my hail an old woman appeared in the doorway and cordially exclaimed:

"Howdy, stranger. Climb down an hev a bite!"

I explained that I had lost my way and only desired to be directed to the right road.

After she had set me right she leaned confidentially against my saddle and said:

"Stranger, I wish thet ye would do me a favor. Do ye see thet thar critter over thar?"

I did, although I had previously overlooked him. He was leaning against the trunk of a blue gum, with his hands meekly folded in his lap, and appeared to be gazing into vacancy.

"Stranger, thar is my ole man, an we've been married for over 40 years, an up ter last month we enjoyed all the bliss of married life. We've fit and fout, and fout and fit, and the outcome of them fouts were always in doubt up ter the last minute. But I'll say right yere that when the smoke of them yerbattle cleared away the ole woman wuz always on top. I always reckoned thet I would go ter my grave in a peaceful state of mind, but it looks now as though I wuz goin ter be plum disapp'inted, an jest because thet low down, onery critter pretended to git religion an commenced playin the meek an lowly dodge. If I swat him with the broom handle, he sighs an rolls his eyes an says, 'Now hit me with the axe helve, Liza Jane.' The fact is thet he wuz a lieked man before he pretended to git religion, an he knows it, an this yere religio-racket is only a scheme of his ter git out of takin his medicine like a man. But what is a poor, lone woman goin ter do? If I swat him in the eye, he says, 'Now smack me on the snoot, Liza Jane.' Ye can't hit a man when he's down, an this yere meek an lowly business is breakin me all up.

"Now, what I want yer to do, stranger, is ter lean over an smack me good an hard right on my lips, an maybe thet will rouse thet thar critter up an he will rush up an swat ye on the snoot, an then I will git mad an rush in, an then mebbe he will fergit all about this meek an lowly dodge an we will hev a beautiful fout."

I declined as politely as I could and rode on, but as I reached a bend in the road I glanced back.

The old woman was emptying the contents of a washboiler over the old man, and out of the torrent came a meek voice:

"Now turn the hose on me, Liza Jane."—*New York World.*

Uncle Bill's Hard Climb.

"Yes, ole Bill Blazer was an uncle of mine," said one of the young men who were helping to keep up the run of stories around the big stove at the corner grocery.

"He was about the curi'est critter I ever see. He was allus sorter mule headed, was Uncle Bill, so he left home after he was of age an went as fur west as the Injins would let him. He was fightin them or bears pretty much all the time, an Uncle Bill allus kim out on top because he was so stubborn.

"He kim in here to see us once, but he didn't find any people he knowed. Things wasn't the way he thought they'd be, an it was kinder hard to put in his time.

"One night he waded down here through the snow, an I guess he took on a leetle more tanglefoot than was good for him. Next morning he called me at daylight. He was about the maddest man I ever see, an said he was sorer'n a felon all over. 'Boy,' he says to me, mighty sharp, 'I wants you to tell me who built all them thar fences atwix here an the corners. They hain't more'n three feet apart, an I'm goin to shoot the man as put 'em thar if it's the last ack of my life. I bet I climbed a million of 'em gettin home las' night! When I said he must be mistaken he got mad an said he'd prove it to me by his tracks in the snow.

"And what do you fellers think Uncle Bill had done? When he left here, he struck this end of that rail fence on the township line. You know how it runs V shaped on both sides. Uncle Bill started straight, an durned if he didn't climb every panel of that thar fence for three miles, rippin an swearin all the way an tellin himself how he was goin to kill somebody. He was too blamed stubborn to quit climbin till he got home if it had been forty miles."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Fair Visitor—What a lovely parrot! (To parrot) Polly want a cracker? Polly (cautiously)—Did you make it yourself?

"Was he secretary or treasurer of the company?"

"Well, they supposed he was only secretary until after he had gone."

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