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## Poetry.

### FATHER

When through with me, Frank sat Jim,  
Then mother turns her mind to him;

"An' she has the buttons sewed,"  
All the time he's a good son,

"An' she's got the oil and 'eed,"  
It's much as ever was.

"He gets it done for him; because  
That's what she wants him to do."

"An' mother's busy every day;  
For she don't have time to play;

"But when she kisses us good night,  
She puts out the candle-light;

"She's got the time to sit and knit;  
That she has got each little boy;

"An' she sits close in her throat;  
An' goes to meet poor father's coat;

"An' father reads the news to her,  
And she sits close in her throat;

"But father says, at any rate,  
He's got the time to sit and knit;

"He's got the time to sit and knit;  
That's what she wants him to do."

"I'd like to know what you could have  
Bettler than cutting off a finger?" asked Pat.

"Pulling a tooth."

"I should think that was easy sailing  
Compared with the other," said Pat.

"Well, it wasn't. I'd rather pull a load,  
Than pull another tooth like that.

"It's a corker of a tooth, with a hole as big  
As my fist—that's what she wants him to do."

"The man had a toothache of as big  
As my fist, as he could hold. It ached un-

mercifully, so we had to take the ache and the fog;  
He had about all he could stand.

"It never let up, night or day, and all the  
Painfulness in the skin wouldn't stop it."

"I reckoned that the right course was for it to  
Come out, but the man wan't set on having  
It come out, and I wan't set on doing it.

"I was getting killer sick of the medical  
profession."

"At last he couldn't stand it any longer.  
Neither could the rest, and I said I'd get

"I'd get it somehow. All the tools I had that  
I thought appropriate was a small monkey-

wrench and a jack-knife, but I thought that  
With them there was—I was mighty strong  
In those days—the tooth wouldn't stand much of a chance."

"It was a concerned long time bringing  
That man to the point. He'd take in as  
Much as I'd ever take up that wrench,  
But after jilting and hauling and tacking and  
Hitting, he finally dropped anchor, opened his mouth, and said, 'Let her go!'

"The Rock of Gibraltar ain't set firmer's  
That tooth was. I screwed on the monkey-

wrench as tight as I could get her, and it was  
All that it was worth."

"It's a corker of a tooth, like that," he hollered.

"I remembered that the right kind of  
Anchor teeth to, got a little anchor and the  
Jack-knife. Then I took a turn with the wrench.  
After a time I jerked the thing loose in its mooring, and out she

came with one big hiss. Hoot! I never  
Saw so tired in my life."

"It couldn't have been much fun for the  
Other fellow," remarked Pat. "But I don't  
See how it was worse for you than  
Cutting off a finger."

Captain Holcombe thrust his hands deep into his pockets and looked up at the sky.

"It's still," he said. "I'd like to know what  
That's got to do with it?" inquired Pat.

The captain rose stiffly. "My bones feel  
As though we're going to have a spell of weather," he remarked.

"About the tooth—well, it made a heap of difference."

"It's had to pull a tooth, and it's got to have one pulled,  
But when both jobs are put on the same man  
At the same time, that's a little more'n  
Human nature can stand. You see, that's what  
That happened to me."

"We'll walk away and silence  
Follows the little noise. We'll walk away and silence  
Discontent boy of a horse. Inside the  
Stillness. Little Abner wound up his  
Fiddle and leisurely played the symphony."

Nate and Pete sauntered up to the village store, and the wharf was left deserted in the soft, golden twilight.

## LOOKING OUT FOR HER RIGHTS

In Washington some years ago there was  
A colored woman who was a colored woman all that  
She could be.

"I'm not in any place," she said.

"Well, I'm not in any place," she said.

"I'm not in any place," she said.

"