

THE LILT OF THE LOGGING BOSS.

(February Success.)

With a peavy-stick, a peavy-stick, we boost the sun with a peavy-stick—
Gettin' a prop on Tumble Dick,
And all so bright in the mornin',
Then its hup-oh, and up ye go!
Mornin', all, and cook, hullo!
Grab for a hundred men in a row;
If a biskit's shy, take warnin'.

Oh, it's larrigans tied and the leggin's tight,
Cap pulled down and your pipe alight,
Breakfast tucked where it ought to be,
Fresh-ground ax and a hemlock tree!
Then, lick-lock, hock-chock,
Chips and trimmin's till 12 o'clock!
Chips and choppin's totter and crash,
Oh, where's your cookee with the noontime hash?
The world may wig and wag outside;
Somebody's born and somebody's died,
Somebody's high and somebody's low,
But we don't care, 'cause we don't know,
It's noon by the sun a-top o' that tree—
Where's that swayback, durned cookee?

With coffee hot and grub a lot and dry-eye snap-
pin' beneath the pot,
And hungry enough to chew a knot,
A hundred men and a noomin'!
Beans a plenty, and biskits, too;
Doughnuts with holes a-cull jump through,
Ginger cookies and wagon stew,
And a sooflin' chorus spoonin'.

Oh, it's cuff the snow from a cradle-knoll,
And squat and eat with a thankful soul—
Your table cloth a township wide,
And winter in laundress ever dried,
Plenty to eat and an appetite
'Twould make raw hedgehog taste all right.
Tossin' hemlocks there with spice,
Winter ready to pass the ice,
If the wind crawl down to tickle your backs,
Up and hustle with saw and ax!
So, lick-lock, hock-chock,
Till sun sets cover at 4 o'clock!
Then down the windin' tote road we
Follow the trail of our cookee.

On the deacon seat in the leapin' heat, and the
cornucopia drawin' all complete,
And timin' the fiddle with tunkin' feet,
A hundred men in a chorus!
"Rouie, roulant, ma boule roulant"
Lift it up, then, good and strong,
For a cosy night's before us.

Oh, the snow goes slish on the shakin' glass,
And the hemlocks groan as the big winds pass,
And the snow-cloud spooks their wheel and spin,
But Tip-toe Tim's as brisk within,
And he doesn't jig to jest keep warm,
Like the ghost out there in the frost and storm.
Good for walls and a snow-banked house;
Double blankets and springy brows!
We don't need drugs, we don't count sheep,
It's into our bunks, and fast asleep!
Storms may rave and squall and fuss,
But they can't get in and they can't wake us.
We'll sleep till the 4 o'clock whoo-ee,
Of that red-haired, swayback, durned cookee.

ON THE TRIAL OF A MALTESE.

It was the kitten who began it, the Maltese kitten whose name was Dot, though it was usually called by any endearing epithet which came handy. It ought not to have tired of the paper ball provided for it, nor gone on a tour of exploration into the hall, nor then into Graham's studio. But the last was Graham's fault, because he had neglected to close the studio door when he went out.

Of course Miss Mabel Hastings had to get her pet, and of course, as the kitten would not come at her call, the only way was to go into the studio after it.

She found it after a considerable search, sitting serenely beneath the big chair under the long studio window. With the kitten safe in her arms, she should have gone back to her interrupted work. She did not, however. She listened to the voice of the tempter, who told her that her opportunity was come at last, that having seen so much it was no harm to see a little more, and that no one would know. She had wanted for a long while to know what Graham's studio was like, if it suited with him, and a number of other things.

It is the first step that counts. From a general survey Miss Hastings descended to particular examination. She tiptoed across the room, glanced at the books, and inspected the Japanese ivories in a cabinet on the wall. Then, having imbrued one finger, as it were, and nothing having happened, there seemed to be no reason why she should not dip in her whole hand. Besides, if Graham should come, she had the kitten for excuse. It was to the kitten she talked as she wandered about.

"He wouldn't care at my looking at his pictures, Kitty," she confided, as she rummaged in a stack of canvases, "and anyway, if he doesn't want them looked at, why does he put them with their faces to the wall? He ought to know that that would make any one—anyone desire to see them. I wonder if they are rejected pictures, and if he hates to see them as I do that pile of rejected stories of mine? Perhaps that is why he leaves them wrong side out. Hum! 'Spring Scene'—rather good, I should say. 'Italian Peasant Girl'—I don't think much of her. Old man with pipe, moonlight, or sunrise, or something. It's pretty but I can't make it out. Just look at the dust behind them, too. It's all over my skirt. It would be a give-away if he should come—only I'd say I got it hunting for you. Did you ever see anything like this table, Dot? I wish I dared straighten it up. He needs someone to keep things in order. Bachelors are so untidy, which shows that they were never intended by heaven to remain bachelors, for order's heaven's first law. It must be nice though to feel above obeying it."

She moved about the room as she talked, studying the sketches on the wall, testing the softness of the divan, feeling the texture of the tapestries, running her fingers along the mantelshelf and looking at it with mock horror.

"It's just the kind of a studio I thought he'd have, Dotlets. It's just like him—big and sunny, and not too many books, nor too many curios, nor cluttered up with furniture. I don't like a finicky man, nor a booky man, and he isn't either. I knew he wasn't. Is that the model's throne over there, I wonder—that platform? It doesn't seem to have been much used, and yet he's been painting this morning. I'm going to see what it is. It's covered by a curtain, but a peep won't hurt anyone."

The easel stood in a corner by a table littered with half-squeezed tubes, brushes, palettes and paint rags, as if the painter had thrown them down in a sudden heat of exasperation over the inadequacy of his art.

Mabel drew the curtain from the picture, and then sat down hastily on the painting stool. It was her own picture she was looking at. Her own and still not her own. Not the everyday, story-writing, money-worried Mabel Hastings whom her looking glass reflected, but a girl clad in soft, exquisite clinging Eastern fabric, reclining gracefully in a deep chair of inlaid ebony. There were jewels gleaming in the meshes of her coiled hair, and row upon row of pearls clasped the delicately curved throat. Her hands were playing with the roses in her lap, her eyes were dreamy.

"Now, how did he know, Katina, that I cared for roses?" said Mabel, when, after the first moments of surprise she settled herself in critical delight, chin in hand, before the picture. "And such roses!—dream roses! just opening to the June air. How did he know—if it is me. I suppose it isn't me really, but I like to think it is—and indeed it looks like me, or as I might look if I had beautiful things and dwelt in a fairy palace. Only I'm afraid, Kit, that I'm not half as pretty as that girl. She hasn't any bother about making her purse fit her necessities, nor trying to make stories end nicely. I don't think she writes at all, that girl—there's no ink on her fingers. And yet I just know it is, and I'm rather glad, only of course, its horribly impertinent."

"And the pearls? Did he put them round my neck for effect, or to show how well he could paint them? Maybe—maybe he wanted just to give them to me. I'm sure he can't afford them, and of course I can't accept them. I'll have to say I'm greatly obliged, but I could not think of accepting them—only I'd like to."

"Then, too, there's nothing I could give him in return—at least nothing he'd want. I can't make him any nicer than he is, and so in our stories I put him in just as I see him—only sometimes he's rich and sometimes poor, and sometimes a soldier and sometimes an artist. I don't know why he will insist on getting into my stories, but he does. That's all I can do for him, Fuzzilinks, and that isn't much—for they often reject him. The editors, homely old bachelors, are probably jealous. If I were an editor, Katinka, and he should come for my acceptance, I don't think I'd reject him—only I'm not an editor, and so he'll never know."

"Do you suppose he painted me because he wanted to—because he liked me and wanted me to have beautiful things, or just to make a picture that would sell? He needs me to sit for him, though. That mouth is not quite right—and the eyes—"

"That's what's bothering me, the eyes," said a voice. "I knew they were not right; but I've had so little chance to observe—"

Mabel jumped and felt the blood surging up into her face. Graham was standing by the easel, smiling down at her.

"I—I came after my cat," she said, confusedly. "It came in here, and I had to get it. You left your door open, you know, and—"

Miss Hastings rallied her forces for a defensive attack—"and then I saw this picture—a picture of me."

"I thought I left it covered," said Graham. She deigned no answer. "Isn't it usual to ask the sitter's permission before painting them?" she said coldly.

"How did you know it is you?"
"Why—anyone can see it is. It's hardly brave of you to try to get out of it that way. It's just like me."

"It is a beautiful face."
"I didn't mean that," she cried hotly, "and if it is, you had no right to make me beautiful, nor to give me those things—or to paint me at all."

"I suppose I hadn't," Graham reached about for a palette knife and found it.

"What are you going to do?" asked Mabel faintly.

"Destroy it—or rather let you, for I can't. You see my whole heart and skill have gone into it. All my dreams and hopes, and ideals—and I can't." He handed the knife to her. She took it but did not use it. "I don't know how," she said, "and I don't think I want to. Can't I have it? It's my picture."

"The mouth is wrong, you said, and the eyes. I couldn't let anything wrong go out."

"You might correct it."
"It would take a lifetime."
"I don't think I'd mind so very much if it did," whispered Miss Mabel Hastings, "not even if it took forever."
It was some moments later that Mabel thought to look for the Maltese kitten, which had somehow tumbled to the floor. "When you retouch the picture. Ned—Ned, dear," she said, "couldn't you put Dot in somewhere. I think Dotlets deserves a reward, don't you?" And Graham agreed.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., MARCH 16, 1904.



The case of Miss Frankie Orser, of Boston, Mass., is interesting to all women.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I suffered misery for several years. My back ached and I had bearing-down pains, and frequent headaches. I would often wake from a restless sleep in such pain and misery that it would be hours before I could close my eyes again. I dreaded the long nights and weary days. I could do no work. I consulted different physicians hoping to get relief, but, finding that their medicines did not cure me, I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as it was highly recommended to me. I am glad that I did so, for I soon found that it was the medicine for my case. Very soon I was rid of every ache and pain and restored to perfect health. I feel splendid, have a fine appetite, and have gained in weight a lot."—MISS FRANKIE ORSER, 14 Warrenton St., Boston, Mass. — \$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

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An Oriental Jest.

The Sahebzada Nasir Ali Khan is a graduate of the University of Oxford, and at a supper party given recently in his honor the talk turned upon the subject of cheating and deception, and thereupon the young man said: "I suppose that our old Rampur story of the cheating sweetmeat vendor is new here? It is a story with a good moral, and therefore I will tell it to you."

"There lived in Rampur a vendor of sweetmeats named Bahram, whose wife had weak eyes. One day this man went to see a friend at the bazaar, and he left his stall in the woman's charge. 'Be careful, mind you, about the change,' he said to her. But nevertheless, when he returned home, he found that that she had taken in a bad rupee piece. He could hardly sleep that night for rage and sorrow. In the morning he arose early, and determined to get rid of the bad rupee, he set out through the town. Soon he met a boy.

"'Boy,' he said, 'do you know the sweetmeat shop of Ali? (Ali was a rival vendor.) Well take this rupee, go to Ali's shop, and spend a piece for sweetmeats there. The sweetmeats you may keep—I want the change.'

"The boy departed merrily, and in a little while returned with his mouth full.

"So you got the change without trouble, eh?" said the man, as he counted it. "And did Ali make no examination of the rupee?"
"Oh said," said the boy, "I didn't go as far as Ali's. I got the sweetmeats at Bahram's shop."

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Feb. 10, 1904.

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