

THE GLEANER

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Poetry.

LITTLE DUTCH GRETCHEN.

Little Dutch Gretchen came over the sea With an aunt in place of her mother.

There's a look, and a tone, and a tender way, A bosom more gentle to lie on.

Hieronymus Pop and the Baby.

'Now, Onymus Pop,' said the mother of that gentle boy, 'you jes take keer o' dis chilo while I'm gone to de hangin'.

Stonewall Jackson's Will.

At the flag room of the war department, a few days since, three men called and one of them asked to see the corpse flag of Gen. Stonewall Jackson.

Not one thought of Tiddiekins in the well bucket.

In due time the Pop family got home, and mother Pop, fanning herself, was indulging in the moral reflections suitable to the occasion.

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remarked Mrs. Goodington, laying down her paper, with no end of trained horses and camels, hypotheses and other delusions of the forest and jungle.

wrath. He trotted it. He sang to it the soothing ditty of—

'Taint never gwine to rain no mo! Sun shines down on rich an' po!'

There was really a little breaking out on the child's body that night account for all its restlessness and squalls.

It happened that the chiefest treasure of the Pop estate was a deep old well that in the hottest days yielded water as refreshing as iced Champagne.

He looked at the wretched, hot, squirming black baby on his lap, then he looked at the well; and, simple, straightforward lad that he was, he put this and that together.

With this quick witted youth to think was to act. Before many minutes, he had stuffed poor little Tiddiekins into the well bucket, though it must be mentioned to his credit that he tied him in securely with his own suspenders.

Warmed up with his exertions, content in this good riddance of such bad rubbish as Tiddiekins, Hieronymus reposed himself on the feather bed, and dropped off into a sweet slumber.

'Hello Hi! I say, Hi Pop! Whar is yer?' 'Here I is,' cried Hi, starting up.

'Tower's dog,' he said in great excitement, 'an daddy's bull-pup is gwine ter have a fight this evenin'.

'I witnessed Hieronymus,' said the elegant Savannah, 'as I wandered from school. He was with a multitude of boys who cheered, without a sign of disparagement, two canine beasts, that tore each other in deadly feud.

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kins appeared, though still they heard him cry.

'Shade of Ole Hickory!' cried the father Pop, 'whar, whar is dat chile?' Then, with a sudden lightning of the eye, 'Unchain de dog,' said he; 'he'll smell him out.'

It happened that a piece of fresh pork hung in the well, and Lord Percy—so was the dog called—was hungry.

'De well!' shrieked Mother Pop, tumbling-down all in a heap and looking somehow like Turner's 'Slave Ship,' as one stumpy leg protruded from the wreck of red flannel and ruffled petticoats.

He began to draw up the well bucket aided by Weekly, who whispered, darkly, 'Dar'l be anudder hangin' in town befo' long, and Hi won't miss dat hangin'.'

Soon appeared a little woolly head, then half a black body; the rest of him being securely wedged in the well bucket.

'He stammered forth his piteous tale,' said Savannah, telling the story the next day to her school mates; 'and Judge Bourbon, and Miss Clara came over to see us resuscitate the infant.'

Then who so valorous and so affectionate as he? Dire were his threats against Hieronymus, deep his lamentations over his child.

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SOME LEADING QUESTIONS.

(Detroit Free Press.) A young man who looked as if he had a heap of things on his mind, but who struggled hard to appear outwardly calm put a five dollar bill on the desk of a leading Detroit lawyer the other day and said,

'I want to ask you a few leading questions.' 'Go ahead,' was the reply, as the money was quickly thrust out of sight.

'If I am engaged to a girl and I go back on her what can she do?' 'See you for breach of promise.'

'But if she goes back on me what can I do?' 'Hunt up another.'

'Um! Suppose I have presented her with a \$2 fan, a parasol, a pair of bracelets and a ring.'

'Then she'll keep dry.' 'And her brother with an accordion?' 'Then he will worry the neighbors.'

'Suppose sir, I had for the sake of making myself solid with the old man, presented him with sixteen dollars worth of watch dog?' 'He'll set him upon you if you have any trouble!'

'Um! I have a no redress?' 'Yes sir, go and lick the prairie ranger who has stolen away your girl's affections.'

'I'll do it!' 'Glad to hear it, I'll defend your case for \$20.'

'Um!' 'Um!' 'Come to think of it he's a bigger man than I am.'

'Then let him lick you, and I'll make it cost him \$50!' 'Um! I'll think of it.'

'Um! Office hours from 8 1/2 a. m. to 6 p. m.'

'And the young man troubled with inward agitation took himself out.'

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Gleanings.

There is nothing so effective in bringing a man up to the scratch as a healthy and high spirited flea.

The man who never smells powder is the fellow who never got his nose close to a woman's cheek.

Those who give not till they die show that they would not then could they keep it any longer.

To the anxious candidate: Pluck the beam from thine own eye ere thou worrest about thy brother's beam.

In this oleomargarine country the New York Commercial is glad to hear that the goats are not defiled as belonging to any of the accepted butters.

The perception of the beautiful is gradual, and not a lightning revelation; it requires not only time, but some study.

Every thought a man expresses is a seed falling on the soil of some heart. It may take root and grow. What shall the harvest be?

Marriages in May are said to be unlucky; but then so are those in June, July, September and in fact all the other months.

A street-car motor to be ramby quicksilver, is being made at Aurora, Ill.; 800 pounds of quicksilver are required.

It is said a coon can be caught by leaving whiskey in its vicinity, but the average hunter would rather drink the whiskey and take his chances on the coon.

One reason why Leesville has no schools is because all the schoolm'ams who go there find husbands between the depot and the hotels, and don't care a cent whether school keeps or not.

'You can't bring decency out of dirt,' says a modern philosopher. Can't eh? Then you never looked at the water in the laundry tub after the clean white clothes were taken out of it did you?

The newspaper owes its origin to the custom which prevailed in Venice in the sixteenth century of reading aloud in the public places a manuscript of the news of the day, prepared by authority.

A young Western lady, who is partly deaf, is in the habit of answering 'Yes' to everything when a young gentleman is talking to her for fear he might propose to her and she not hear it.

A West street lady tried to put a five bee on the head last Tuesday. We will not tell how she ran when the bees have got after her, because everybody knows how a woman stung.

He asked a Connecticut belle if there was much refinement and culture in that city, and she replied, 'You can just bet your boots we're a cultured crowd.'