

# THE HAYSEEDER.

How to the Line, Let the Chips Hit Who They May.

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## THE OLD BEAR SONG.

AIN'T IT SO?

It was down on the farm in the long ago.  
That we sat with Uncle Sammie by his log cabin door;  
And he told us many tales and he sang many songs,  
As he stopped to light his pipe with the old fire-tongues.

He took us through the meadow and he stood us by the brook,  
While he taught us many lessons from nature's open book;  
He told us of the possum and he talked about the hare,  
But he always reached the climax when he touched upon the bear!

He danced the old cotillion as he talked the watermillion,  
While his gums shined upon us like pine torch race;  
He talked about tobacco and the old Georgia Cracker,  
Then he wept about his mother with the tears upon her face.

But when amid the winter as it pattered down the snow,  
He was sure to take his fiddle and to rousen up the bow;

Then he gathered 'round the children and we lingered with him long,  
As he jarred down on the music of the "Old Bear Song":

On, twas down in the woods of the long pine straw.  
I met an old bear with a very nimble paw;  
He could dance and he could fiddle at the only tune he knew,  
And he nodded and he fiddled, but he never played it through.

Then there came a little boy who could whistle all the time,  
And he whistled and he sang it by the rising of the moon;

And he whistled and he whistled and he sang it o'er and o'er,  
Till Horatio learned the music he had never learned before.

Yes, he learned it all so neatly, and he played it all so sweetly,

That he fell in love completely with the boy without a home.

And he said, "No matter whether it is dark or sunny weather,  
We will travel on, together 'till the cows come home."

Oh, there was a fine man and a mighty fine gun,

And a bear that played the fiddle, and a boy that couldn't run;  
And the boy was named Bosphorus, and Horatio was the bear,  
And they couldn't find a bite for breakfast anywhere.

Now they couldn't buy their breakfast, for their money all was spent,  
So they dropped into a cornfield to collect a little rent;

But they only took a melon and an ear of corn,  
And were going on to eat them where the butter blossoms grow.

But the old man got up early, with a temper rather sury,

And he chased them with his rifle and to catch them he was bound,  
Till he heard the rid-y-riddle of Horatio and his fiddle—

Then he shouted, "Hallelujah, girls, and all hands round!"

So Horatio pulled the triggers, and Bosphorus called the fitters,

And they rushed around the field with a right and left through;

Then there was a mighty laughter as they shook their feet faster,

And they bowed to each other and 'round and round they flew.

They thought the earth was quaking, but day was only breaking.

And the didle-dide-diddle still was echoed from the fiddle;

Then they struck a merry shouting and it ended up in routing

All the whime-whime-whiddle of Horatio and his fiddle.

—Jesse Fry.

## Even With Her Cross-Examiner.

"Now," said the lawyer who was conducting the cross-examination, "will you please state when and where you met this man?"

"I think," said the lady with the sharp nose, "that it was—"

"Never mind what you think," interrupted the lawyer. "We want facts here. We don't care what you think, and we haven't any time to waste in listening to what you think. Now, tell us where and when it was that you first met this man."

The witness made no reply.

"Come, come," urged the lawyer. "I demand an answer to my question."

Still there was no response from the witness.

"Your Honor," said the lawyer, turning to the Court, "I think I am entitled to an answer to the question I have put."

"The witness will please answer the question," said the Court in impressive tones.

"Can't?" said the lady.

"The Court doesn't care to hear what I think, does it?"

"No."

"Then there's no use questioning me any further. I am not a lawyer. I can't talk without thinking."

So they called the next witness.

—*Cleveland Leader.*

## RUTH'S LEGACY.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

When Rodney Dare came home from the war without his strong right arm Ruth Trevor's friends wondered if she would marry him.

"Of course she will," said the friend who knew her best. "Why shouldn't she? He's the same Rodney Dare now that he was when she promised to marry him, isn't he?"

"Yes, but there's a difference," was the reply. "Then he had another arm to fight the battle of life with. Now—well, I suppose it won't make any difference with Ruth. She always was peculiar."

"Thank God for such peculiarity," said her friend. "She wouldn't be the woman I have always believed her to be if she refuses to marry him because he had lost an arm. She will take its place to him. I know Ruth Trevor too well to believe that the idea has ever occurred to her that this loss need make the slightest difference in their plans."

And her friend was right. When, one day, Rodney Dare said to Ruth: "I have come to tell you that, of course, I do not expect to hold you to your promise to me under existing circumstances, if you care to withdraw it," she rose up before him with the idea has ever occurred to her that this loss need make the slightest difference in their plans."

"Let him have it," said Ruth.

"All the wealth in the world wouldn't influence me in the least in this matter."

"You're a Trevor all through," said Aunt Martha, angry, yet admiring the spirit of her niece in spite of herself. "Well, since you've made up your mind, we'll let the matter drop; but if you are not mentioned in my will you needn't be surprised."

"I haven't asked to be remembered in it," said Ruth. "I don't want you to think for a moment, Aunt Martha, that I came for your money. I assure you I have never given it a thought."

"Perhaps not," responded Aunt Martha, "but money comes handy sometimes, and one wants to speak twice before throwing away such a chance as this."

"I would not change my mind if I were to think a thousand times," said Ruth. "I am just old-fashioned enough to believe that there are other things more necessary to one's happiness than money."

"Very well, you'll do as you choose about it, of course," said Aunt Martha, frigidly, "but I think my opinion worth considering, notwithstanding."

One day Ruth said to him: "I'm going away for a month or two. I've had a letter from Aunt Martha, who lives in the prettiest little country village you ever saw, and she wants me to visit her. I shall enjoy a breath of pure air so much! Only, I wish you were going with me, Rodney. I shall think of you back here in the city and feel half ashamed of myself for having such a good time that you cannot share."

"I shall share it thinking how much good it is doing you," he said. "One does not always have to take part in the pleasure of others to be benefitted by them. There's a sort of reflex influence, you know."

"That sounds quite metaphysical," laughed Ruth, "but I think you're a noble, true-hearted little woman," he answered, and kissed her. "I hope you'll never regret giving up your share of your aunt's fortune for a man with but one arm to protect you with. I feel unworthy of such a sacrifice."

"There was no sacrifice about it," said Ruth. "I don't care for the fortune, and I do care for you."

Six months later a telegram came saying that Aunt Martha was dead. Would Ruth come to the funeral?

Ruth went, and after the funeral she and Cousin Hugh sat down in the old-fashioned parlor together, with Aunt Martha's old lawyer and one or two of her intimate friends, to listen to the reading of her will.

"You wonder what sort of a plan I have in my head, I suppose," said her aunt. "I'm not going to say anything more about it now, but Hugh knows."

"I infer that it is a sort of matrimonial plan," said Ruth. "If it is, put it aside at once! I may like my cousin very much—I hope I shall—but I could not marry him."

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