

A RAGEDY MAN.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Oh, the Raggedy Man! He works for me; An' he's the greatest man I ever saw! He comes to our house every day, An' waters the horses an' feeds 'em hay; An' he cures the sick an' we all let laugh When he cures our little old wobbly calf! An' one of our little old dogs he cures, An' he makes the cow for Elizabeth Ann. An' he's a awful good Raggedy Man! Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

WINNING A WIDOW.

"Jotham!" quoth Mr. Wiggleton, to his chief farm hand. "Well, what's wantin'?" lazily responded Jotham Hardcastle, with a half-masticated straw between his teeth, as he looked up from the bit of harness he was mending. "The Widow Plamleaf has taken the cottage at the foot of the lane." "Tell me something I didn't know afore," said Jotham, with more freedom than was his wonted manner. "And if she sends up to borrow the rake, or the hoe, or the spade—" "Well, what then?" "Toll her she can't have 'em. Women are always borrowing. I knew Hobart Plamleaf when he was alive; he was a chronic borrower. I don't want anything to do with his widow." "All right," observed Jotham, philosophically, and his master resumed the perusal of his newspaper once more. "Jotham?" said Mr. Wiggleton, about ten days afterward, as he came in heated and out of breath from a walk. (Mr. Wiggleton wasn't as spry as he had been before his five-and-fortieth birthday and the Locust Hill was a pretty steep ascent.) "Well, what now?" "I wonder if that was the Widow Plamleaf I saw gathering blackberries into a basket by the south wall of the cottage garden?" "Kind of slim and tall?" "Yes." "Blue eyes, and hair as shiny as satin?" "Yes." "And a little white parasol, lined with pink?" "Yes." "Reckon likely it was," said Jotham, "but," persisted the puzzled landowner, "she doesn't look at all like a widow." "There's as much difference in widows as there is in other folks," observed Jotham, dryly. Mr. Wiggleton was silent for a minute or two. "Jotham!" he finally said. "Well?" "Has she sent to borrow anything?" "Sent yesterday forenoon—asked if we had a screw-driver to lend—the hinge was comin' loose on the garden gate." "And what did you tell her?" "Said my order was contrary wise to lendin' or borrowin'." "And when, you are a fool." "Tain't the first time you've said so, and tain't the first time you've been wrong," said Jotham, with a calmness of demeanor that was beautiful to behold. "Hard words is considered in the wages, and I ain't the man to find fault. I only did as you told me." "Yes, but Jotham, never mind, the next time she sends, let her have whatever she wants." "Said somethin' about wantin' a man to come and hoe her early potatoes. Be it?" "Certainly—of course. Neighbors should not like neighbors, especially in the country." And Mr. Wiggleton sighed and wished that he was not too corpulent and unused to labor to hoe the Widow Plamleaf's early potatoes himself. "But he did the next best thing; he went over to look at the field after Jotham had hoed it, and gave the widow good advice concerning a certain rocky up-hill bit of sheep pasture that belonged to the cottage." "I'd lay that down in winter rye, if I were you, ma'am," said Mr. Wiggleton. "I am so much obliged to you," said the widow, sweetly. "Since poor, dear Hobart was taken away I have no one to advise me on these subjects." And Mr. Wiggleton thought how soft and pretty her blue eyes looked as she spoke. "Oh, please!" said Jotham, leaning on the handle of his hoe, "winter rye ain't the sort o' crop for that spot. Spring wheat's the only thing to grow there." "Hold your tongue, Jotham!" cried his employer, testily. "Yes, sir, I will," said Jotham, with a broad grin over Mr. Wiggleton's shining bald head. "And about these hyacinth beds, ma'am," said the latter, recovering his equanimity, "I'll come over this evening, if you will allow me—" "I shall be delighted," interrupted the widow, with a smile that showed a set of teeth as white and regular as pearls. "This evening, ma'am," repeated Mr. Wiggleton, with a bow, and he sketched out a diagram. Hyacinths have to be humored, Mrs. Plamleaf. "So I have always heard," said the widow. That evening, after Mr. Wiggleton had returned from discussing the momentous question of sandy soil, bulbous roots and crocuses and circles, he found Jotham on the front porch, contentedly breathing the flower-scented air.

FRESH AND FUNNY,

AND VERY GOOD ASSORTMENT OF IT.

Some Smart Sayings That Will Make You Smile While You Are Passing Away the Long Winter Evenings at Home.

A Hopeless Case. Mr. Humble's sister was seriously sick, and the attending physician advised a consultation. Dr. Gruff, an eminent practitioner, was called in, and after examining the patient, said very curtly: "It is a hopeless case. The patient cannot recover." The patient did recover, however, but during the interval, Mr. Humble received from the specialist a bill for \$75, and without a very brief time, two subsequent calls from a man to collect the amount. Mr. Humble, a mechanic without property, called on Dr. Gruff with the intention of stating his thorough willingness to pay the bill as well as his reasons for asking delay, but so brusque was the doctor's treatment of him, and so haughty his bearing, that the amazed mechanic replied, with justifiable spirits: "I will say to you as you said of my sister—the case is a hopeless one; you cannot recover." Up to snuff.



Uncle Si Hawk (of Wayback Junction, his first city visit)—Wal-a, now, Mister Landlord, yer just wasted that 'ere sign on me. I've read the newspapers about blowin' out the gas, 'b'gosh!—an' I come prepared.—Puck.

On the Platform. We had an hour to wait at a railroad junction in Louisiana, and four or five of us sat down in the shade on the edge of the platform and hung our legs over. It was very comfortable, and we were smoking and talking, when a man with a rope in his hand, evidently looking for a stray mule, came out of the bushes opposite us and stood looking up and down the track. By and by he directed his gaze towards our feet, but we didn't mind him until he drawled out: "You all there?" "Well?" queried one. "We waitin' yer feet?"

Overheard at Peekskill. "You all there?" "Well?" queried one. "We waitin' yer feet?" "We waitin' without waiting to ask why, and then looked over to see a rattlesnake about seven feet long just coiling himself for a strike after having crawled out from under the platform. A handy grindstone was dropped down on him, and when some one thanked the native, he called back: "Some men who he lost a mule and hunted for him three days would hev been onery about it, but thar's nothin' dog-gone mean about me."—Detroit Free Press.

A Gross Imposition. "How do you get paid for your articles?" was asked of a so-much-per-thousand words writer. "By the word." "Well, ain't some words more valuable than others?" "Not a bit." "Well, that don't seem fair. 'Pears to me that these all-fired long words ought to pay three or four times as much as these little bits of fellers. Leastways, seems so to me. Darned if I'd want to be a writer, gettin' paid by the piece and makin' no more out of a big un than a little un."—Sittings.

At the Montok. Member (at the Chinese dinner)—What is this dish? Wah Shin—Oonga-thonga-weelou-cheel-sungli-boolah! Member—What's that in English? Interpreter—Singed cricket lungs garnished with cold, boiled mosquito eyes and grated beetle tongues.—Arkansas Traveler.



A Practical Maiden. He—Marry me and your life shall be one long dream of blissful content. She—How many hired girls does that mean?—Munsey's Weekly. He Was Indolent. "See that man in the fur cap?" a friend asked me as we sat together in an elevated car. "He once did me the greatest favor I ever experienced, and yet from that time to this we have never spoken." "What was it?" I asked. "Went off with the girl I was just going to marry," was the answer; "and ever since he has had to support his mother, his brother and her sister."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Thoroughly Posted.

Cigar Dealer—Yes, I want a boy here. Have you had any experience? Youthful Applicant—Lots. "Suppose I should mix up the price marks in these boxes, could you tell the good cigars from the bad ones?" "Easy 'nough." "How?" "The worst cigars is in the boxes wot's got the purtiest pictur's." Where, indeed!



Very Rude Boy—Say, you beginners ought to have a noun for yerselfs. Where'd yer be if one of us skaters wunn'd enter yer?—Life.

No Place Like Home. A man with a motley and vari-colored visage was meandering along Edmond street, the other day, remarking from time to time, in a voice like a foghorn with cramps, that "there's no place like home."

A policeman went up to him and wanted him to stop it. "Can't a man vent his feelings?" "No so loud as that." "Do I have to keep still about the solemn truth? Must I suppress the facts?" "What facts?" "That my wife told me I was drunk, threw two chairs, one plate and a fork at me, pulled out my last lock of hair and threw me out of my own home. Must I suppress this? No. Truth will prevail." And he went on singing "There's no place like home."—St. Joseph News.

In a Very Bad Way. People who go to apothecaries to have their diseases prescribed for occasionally get very strange diagnoses. In one case a man wearing a long countenance is said to have entered an apothecary's shop and remarked: "I seem to have something queer in my stomach, and I want you to give me something for it."

"What are your symptoms?" the apothecary asked. "Every little while something seems to rise up and then settles back again, and by and by it rises up again." The apothecary put his chin in the palm of his hand and meditated awhile. "Look here," he said gravely, "you haven't gone and swallowed an elevator have you?"—Chicago News.



Polite Conductor—Shall I help you to alight, madam? Aunt Mindy—Much obleeged, young man, but I don't smoke. You ain't got any real old Scotch snuff 'bout ye, hev ye?—Judge.

Hard Lines. "Do you own that dog at the door?" demanded a citizen in hot temper as he entered a butcher shop on Gratiot avenue. "Yes, dot vhas my dog," was the reply. "Well, he has bitten me!" "You doan' say so?" "Yes, I do, and I want to know what you are going to do about it!" "How you mean?" "Why I want damages." "I sh dot possible!" "I want \$10 or I'll sue you for a hundred."

"Good graces!" but shtop a leedle. I keep dot dog one year. Estaforybody laughs at me and says he vhas too lazy to bite somebody, und dot I shall sell him for ten cents. Now, he turns himself around und bites you, und you shump on me und say I shall pay \$10! Shust imagine my position und vhas I can do about it?—Free Press.

Not Websterian. Business Man (looking over zis little son's letter to grandma)—See here. In referring to the cold you caught from exposure to draughts in a theater you spell draughts d-r-a-f-t-s. That ain't right. Little Son—Why, pa. I asked you if d-r-a-f-t-s spelled the kind of drafts that made cold chills run down your back and you said "yes." Business Man—Um—I was thinking of sight drafts.—Street & Smith's Good News.

Looking Ahead. Governess—Of course you must take your writing lesson. How in the world will you ever become a business man like your papa if you can't write? Little Dick—Oh, I've dot that all fixed with Birdie De Pretty. We've talked it all over. "What has little Birdie De Pretty to do with it, I should like to know?" "Why, she's doin' to be my typewriter."—Street & Smith's Good News.

HAVOC BY HIGH WATER.

JOHNSTOWN, PA., IS AGAIN FLOODED.

Suffering and Devastation Caused by the Swollen Rivers—General Suspension of Business and Travel.

Concerning the rising flood, a Johnstown, Pa. special says: Stony Creek began to overflow its banks and soon the water came pouring steadily into the streets and flooded the business district of Johnstown. Both the Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers are rising rapidly and feeding the flood. Thieves took advantage of the excitement and began plundering right and left. By orders of the Mayor armed men were detailed in all parts of the city to remove property to places of safety and to show no mercy to anybody who was seen to steal anything. A mounted patrol was established and worked in connection with the volunteers in the rousing of sleepers and the moving of property. The railroad people sent a crew of men who worked all night at the stone bridge keeping the arches clear. Seven men imprisoned in the town jail were liberated because the authorities found that they might be drowned like rats in a cage, as did actually occur at the time of the great flood. Many bridges have gone down.

All over the city business men hastily rigged pumps and are laboring to get the water out of their cellars, but with discouraging results. Both the rivers are swelling from hour to hour. The marks show a depth of twenty-five feet. This is past the danger point, and both rivers and all their tributaries are growing larger. A light of thirty-three feet at least is looked for, and the greatest efforts are being made to meet this emergency. Should the water go higher



LOWER ALLEGHENY CITY.

no effort can avert enormous loss of life and property. Word comes from the lower part of Allegheny that a house has been swept away and all its occupants drowned, but no names or particulars can be obtained at present. All the large stores on Pennsylvania are not considered safe, and at Temperville, a suburb of this city, the Chartier Creek covers half the town and is spreading. Hundreds are homeless, and since all the trains are tied up they can only seek the higher ground and take with them what few belongings they can carry in their hands.

A message from Bradford tells that both branches of the Turva Creek have become roaring rivers, and Davies, Florence, Foreman and Ann streets are inundated. The water has come into the Lebario and Seifangs mammoth iron works and all the fires are out. At Pitsburg, the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers continue to rise and have reached the highest stage since the flood of 1884, the marks in both rivers registering 27 feet. The river men and those in possession of reliable information are not at all discouraged, and expect the waters to reach the thirty-foot mark. In this event all of the First Ward of Allegheny and a large part of that city known as Manchester will be submerged. Every person in both cities owning property in places liable to be affected by the flood, preparing for the worst. Already many of the mills, glasshouses and factories along both river banks have closed down, while scores of residences between Sharpshur and lower Allegheny City are surrounded by water. In some instances reaching to the second floors. Traffic on the Pitsburg and Western Railway has been entirely suspended between Sharpshur and the depot at Union Bridge. Water covers the track from four to six feet almost the entire distance.

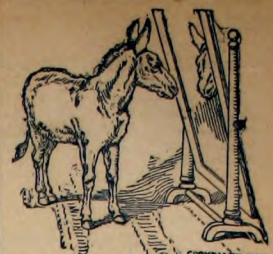
On the lower Mississippi the continual rise of the river, says a Helena (Ark.) dispatch, is causing much anxiety. In the neighborhood of the Williamson plantation the levee is quite bad and considered dangerous. A large body of men have been sent to work to construct an "around" in that locality, which is 300 yards in length. It is hoped that this will prevent an incursion of the water, which is barely two feet from the danger line.

At a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences at the Hotel Monaco read a paper demonstrating the possibility of shipwrecked people, who have taken to the boats and are without provision, being able to sustain life with what they could catch in a drag net trailing overboard over night.

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The following surnames appear in old English records: Duck, Duckrell, Drake, Sheldrake, Wildrake, Wildgoose, Mallard, Duckwater, Peter le Goose, and Walter le Gows.

Now is always the very best time if we will only make it so.



"WHAT AN ASS AM I!"

The ass thought himself as fine looking as his neighbor, the horse, until he, one day, saw himself in the looking-glass, when he said "What an ass am I!" Are there not scores of people who cannot see themselves as others see them? They have bad blood, pimples, blotches, eruptions, and other kindred disfigurements. All these annoying things could be entirely eradicated, and the skin restored to "illy whiteness," if that world-famed remedy, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, were given a fair trial.

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