

INGERSOLL'S SYSTEM.

A Fond Father Tests the Colonel's Theory of Training Up a Child.

(Albany Evening Journal.)

Col. Ingersoll says he keeps a pocket-book in an open drawer, and his children go and help themselves to money whenever they want it. "They eat when they want to; they may sleep all day if they choose, and sit up all night if they desire. I don't try to coerce them, I never punish; never scold. They buy their own clothes, and are masters of themselves."

A gentleman living on State street, who has a boy that is full as kitteny as his father, read the article and pondered deeply. He knew that Col. Ingersoll was a success at raising children in the way they should go, and he thought he would try it. The boy had caused him considerable annoyance, and he made up his mind that he had not treated the boy right, so he called the boy from the street, where he was putting soft soap on a lamp-post in order to see the lamp-lighter climb it, and said to him:

"My son, I have decided to adopt a different course with you. Heretofore I have been careful about giving you money, and have wanted to know where every cent went to, and my supervision has no doubt been annoying to you. Now, I am going to leave my pocket-book in the bureau drawer, with plenty of money in it, and you are at liberty to use all you want without asking me. I want you to buy anything you desire, buy your own clothes, and to feel as though the money was yours, and that you had not got to account for it. Just make yourself at home now, and try and have a good time."

The boy looked at the old gentleman, put his hand on his head, as though he had "got 'em sore," and went out to see the lamp-lighter climb that soft soap. The next day the stern parent went out into the country shooting, and returned on the midnight train three days later. He opened the door with a latch-key, and a strange yellow dog grabbed him by the elbow of his pants, and took him, he said, "like the agur."

The dog barked and chewed until the son came down in his night-shirt and called him off. He told his father he had bought that dog of a firman for \$11, and it was probably the best dog bargain that had been made this season. He said the firman told him he could find a man that wanted that kind of a dog.

The parent took off his pants, that the dog had not removed, and in the hall he stumbled over a birch-bark canoe the boy bought of an Indian for \$9, and an army musket with an iron ramrod fell down from the corner. The boy had paid \$3 for that. He had also bought himself an overcoat with a seal-skin collar and cuffs, and complete outfit of calico shirts and silk stockings.

In his room the parents found the marble top of a soda fountain, a wheel-barrow and shelf filled with all kinds of canned meat, preserves and crackers, and a barrel of apples. A whill tent and six pairs of blankets were rolled up ready for camping out, and a buckskin shirt and a pair of corduroy pants lay on the bed ready for pulling on. Six fish-poles and a basketful of fish-lines were ready for business, and an oyster-can full of grub-worms for bait were squirming on the wash-stand. The old gentleman looked the lay-out over, looked at his pocket-book in the bureau drawer, as empty as a contribution box, and said:

"Young man, the times have been too flush. We will now return to a specie basis. When you want money come to me and I will give you a nickel, and you will tell me what you intend to buy with it, or I'll warn you. You hear me!"

And now that man stands around from the effects of the encounter with the yellow dog, and asks every man where a letter will reach Bob Ingersoll. He says he will kill Ingersoll, if it is the last noble act he ever accomplishes.

Ah, How Bitter!

"'Tis sweet to love,
But ah how bitter,
To love a girl
And then not git her."

As evidence of the above, think of young Mr. M., of this city, who has loved to desperation all summer a pretty Chestnut-street girl; think of the many lines of love-burdened lore he poured into her willing ear; think of the theater tickets he has invested in; think of the buggy rides, the flowers, the photographs, the ice-cream treats, the rings, the lockets, etc., *ad infinitum*, that have been hers at his cost; and then meditate upon his disappointment when, a few days since, the fair creature informed him, in a sublimely innocent manner, that her wedding would shortly take place with Mr. S., of Kalamazoo. Did young Mr. M. drown himself? Did he snap a pistol at his lacerated heart? Did he take laudanum, arsenic, or lock himself up with a charcoal furnace? No! But he acted like a philosopher. He referred to his diary. He procured two sheets of commercial paper. He made out an itemized account of the money he had spent upon the "gal who flung him," and sent it to the old man. The young lady pronounced it all "O. K.," and yesterday young Mr. M. received a check for the amount (\$30 33) upon a prominent bank, upon which he obtained the money, and is now bitterly happy.

KATIE LEE AND WILLIE GREY.

BY W. L. F.

Two brown heads with tossing curls,
Red lips shutting over pearls
Bare feet white and wet with dew,
Two eyes black and two eyes blue;
Little boy and girl were they—
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They were standing where a brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Flashed its silver, and thick ranks
Of green willow fringed its banks,
Half in thought and half in play,
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They had cheeks like roses red—
He was taller, most a head;
She, with arms like wreaths of snow,
Swung a basket to and fro,
As she loitered half in play,
Chattering to Willie Grey.

"Pretty Katie," Willie said,
And there came a dash of red
Through the brownness of his cheek,
"Boys are strong and girls are weak,
And I'll carry, so I will,
Katie's basket up the hill.

Katie answered, with a laugh,
"You shall only carry half,"
And then, tossing back her curls,
"Boys are weak as well as girls."
Do you think that Katie guessed
Half the wisdom she expressed?

Men are only boys grown tall,
Hearts don't change much after all;
And when, long years after that day,
Katie Lee and Willie Grey
Stood again beside the brook
Bending like a shepherd's crook,

Is it strange that Willie said,
While again a dash of red
Crossed the brownness of his cheek,
"I am strong but you are weak,
Life is but a slippery steep
Hung with shadows cold and deep."

"Will you trust me, Katie dear—
Walk beside me without fear?
May I carry, if I will,
All your burdens up the hill?"
And she answered with a laugh,
"No; but you may carry half."

Close beside the little brook
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Washing with his sunny hands
Late and early, stands,
Is a cottage where to-day
Katie lives with Willie Grey.

Janette's Hair.

This well-known poem appeared in the Christmas number of Frank Leslie's Newspaper, credited to Joaquin Miller. The real author, Charles G. Halpin (Miles O'Reilly), died some years ago. Col. Bolting, of this city, recites it admirably:

"Oh, loosen the snood that you wear, Janette,
Let me tangle a hand in your hair, my pet,
For the world to me had no dantier sight,
Than the brown hair vailing your shoulder white,
As I laughed a hand in your hair, my pet.

It was brown, with a golden gloss, Janette,
It was finer than silk of the floss, my pet,
'Twas a beautiful mist falling down to your wrist,
'Twas a thing to be braided, and jewelled, and
kissed—
'Twas the loveliest hair in the world, my pet.

My arm was the arm of a clown, Janette,
It was sinewy, bristled and brown, my pet,
But yearning and softly it loved to caress
Your round white neck and your wealth of tress,
Your beautiful plenty of hair, my pet.

Your eyes had a swimming glory, Janette,
Revealing the old, dear story, my pet,
They were gray with that crumpled fringe of the sky
When the trout leaps quickest to snap the fly,
And they matched with your golden hair, my pet.

Your lips—but I have no words, Janette—
They were fresh as the twitter of birds, my pet,
When the spring is young, and the roses are wet
With the dew-drops in each red bosom set,
And they suited your gold brown hair, my pet.

Oh, you tangled my life in your hair, Janette,
'Twas a silken and golden snare, my pet,
But, so gentle the bondage, my soul did implora
The right to continue your slave evermore,
With my fingers enmeshed in your hair, my pet.

Thus ever I dream what you were, Janette,
With your lips and your eyes and your hair, my pet,
In the darkness of desolate years I moan,
And my tears fall bitterly over the stone
That covers your golden hair, my pet.

HALF-WAY DOIN'S.

Belubbed fellow trabblers—In holdin' forth
to-day,
I doesn't quote no special verse for what
I has to say.
De sermon will be berry short, and dis here
am de tex';
Dat half-way doin's ain't no 'count for dis
worl' or de next

Dis worl' dat we's a libin' in is like a cot-
ton row,
Whar ebry enlud gentleman has got his
line to hoe;
And ebry time a lazy nigger stops to take
a nap,
De grass keeps on a-growin' to smudder
up his crap.

When Moses led de Jews acrost de waters
ob de sea,
Dey had to keep a-goin', jes' as fas', as fas'
could be;
Do you s'spose dat they could ebber hab
succeeded in deir wish
And reached de Promised Land at last—if
dey had stopped to fish?

My frien's, dar was a garden once, whar
Adam libbed wid Eve,
Wid no one 'round to bodder dem, no
neighbors for to thieve,
And ebry day was Christmas, and dey got
dar rations free,
And ebry ting belonged to dem except an
apple-tree.

You all know 'bout de story—how de snake
come snootin' 'roun',—
A stump-fall rusty moccasin, a crawlin' on
de groun'—
How Eve and Adam ate de fruit, and went
and hid deir face,
'Till de angel e-erseer come and drove
'em off de place.

Now, s'pose dat man and ooman hadn't
'tempted for to shirk,
But had gone about deir gardenin', and
tended to deir work,
Dey wouldn't hab been loafin' whar dey
had no business to,
And de debbil nebbber'd got a chance to tell
'em w'at to do.

No half-way doin', bredren! It'll nebbber
do, I say!
Go to your task and finish it, and den's de
time to play—
For eben if de crap is good de rain'll spille
de bolls,
Unless you keeps a-pieken' in de garden ob
your souls.

Keep a-plowin' and a hoin', and a scrapin'
ob de rows,
And when de ginnin's ober you can pay up
what you owes;
But if you quits a-workin' ebry time de
sun is hot,
De sheriff's gwine to lebbby upon ebry ting
you's got.

Whatever 'tis you's drabin' at be shore and
drabe it through,
And dont let nuffin' stop you, but do what
you's gwine to do;
For when you sees a nigger foolin', den, as
shore's your'e-born,
You's gwine to see him comin' out de small
end ob de horn.

I thanks you for de 'tention you has gib dis
afternoon—
Sister Williams will oblige us by a raisin ob
a tune—
I see dat Brudder Johnson's bout to pass
'round de hat,
And dont let's hab no half-way doin's
when it comes to dat!

WHAT I HATE.

(ORIGINAL.)

I hate long stories and short ears of corn,
A costly farm-house and a shabby barn;
More curs than pigs, no books, but many
guns,
Corned toes, tight boots, old debts and pa-
per duns.
I hate tight-lacing and loose conversation,
An abundance of gab with little informa-
tion;
The fool who sings in bed and snores in
meeting,
Who laughs while talking and talks while
eating.