Continued from first page

were singing good-night in the tall, dark tree tops close by. It ought to have been delicious—but somehow it wasn't. Miss Nellie Damer was placed alongside me—a young lady with a face like a wax doll, pink cheeks, blue eyes, and little rings of yellow hair lying on her white fore-head—a style of beauty that I don't admire. I could, however, have forgiven her looks if she would only have let me alone. But the creature would talk, which was very aggravating, considering that a most animated by-play was going on between Miss Vandermeyer and that detestable Lacroft, which I could not catch without giving it my closest attention. He seemed to find things very amusing. I took my dinner in silence.

When dinner was over Miss Vandermeyer proposed a row on the river. Every one acquiesed. Lacroft and I took the oars; but it was Lacroft who took Miss Vandermeyer's shawl and wrapped it tenderly about her.

'You can sit there, Margaret,' he said.

Margaret, indeed!

'No,' she answered, with a little, wilful shake of her head. 'I'll sit here!' and she sat down by me.

Then I had my revenge. Lacroft was forced to play the agreeable to Miss Damer. He did it with a very good grace, but I could imagine his feelings. That little hour atoned for my misery. She was beside me her beautiful eyes gazing into mine, her soft voice singing low songs for my pleasure. Then I undertook to teach her to row. Delightful pleasure it was to see her little, white hands trying to manage the clumsy oar.

So, over those silvery waves, we rowed back to the landing, overshadowed by the huge old trees that grew close to the water's edge, and lying in deep gloom. While I held the boat fast to the wharf, Lacroft sprang out to assist the ladies. In an instant I was cursing his awkwardness. For there was a quick frightened cry and Miss Vandermeyer slipped back into the deep black water. It was only a moment's work to throw off my coat and plunge after her.

Ah, how thankful I was when my darling's white face came to the top of the water—a long way off, swept away by the tide, but not beyond my reach after a few swift, strong strokes.

They were wild with joy when I laid her dripping and half-fainting on the turfy shore.

'Oh, my dear fellow, how can we ever be grateful enough to you? If she had been lost, I should never have got over it,' cried Lacroft.

The words froze me? He was her lover then? I walked up to the house with him, mute and miserable. I would have ended away, but I could not go back to the city wet as a merman. 'I must stay all night. So Lacroft said, and so said Mr. Lakeman. Miss Vandermeyer added her persuasion.

'Do you think we could let you go? she said, softly. 'You forget what I owe you.'

'You owe me nothing—anyone would have done the same.'

I think my harsh tone hurt her. I caught the surprised, grieved look in the eyes that met mine before I abruptly turned away. That night lying awake after the household was asleep, I resolved to rise early the next morning, before anyone was stirring, and go to the city, leaving a note to excuse my sudden departure.

So I left Staten Island, in the cool, sweet hush of the early morning, never thought to see it again. Back to my work I must go, and forget that I had ever known Margaret Vandermeyer.

That was a gloomy day. Toward night there came a sunny gleam in the shape of a note from Miss Vandermeyer.

'Do you know, she wrote, that you were very rude to go away as you did this morning? You want to escape our thanks, I suppose. But that does not excuse you. Will you come again to-morrow, and be forgiven.'

There was a deal of consolation in these simple words, but I hardened my heart, and wrote to Miss Vandermeyer that urgent business would prevent me from doing myself the honor, etc.

What a wretched week followed! Who would have thought that one little woman could have thrown my mind into such a tumult? I worried myself ill, and conscious that I was looking haggard and miserable, I would not go out, but worked at my easel all day, day after day.

One afternoon, at the end of that wretched week, I was putting a few last touches upon my picture, which was now completed, when there came a low tap at my door.

I opened it, and to my inexpressable surprise, beheld Miss Vandermeyer. She threw back her veil, put out her little gloved hand doubtfully, and said:

'How do you do, Mr. Delafield? May I come in?'

'Certainly, Miss Vandermeyer—I am very happy,' I stammered.

'You may wait for me at the door, Rosette,' she said, turning to the maid who accompanied her; and then she stepped inside my apartment, looking around with a curious, half timid air.

I gave her my best chair, and stood a little way off, looking at her, hardly daring to speak, lest she should vanish into thin air. My poor studio had never been illuminated before.

'I came to see if you were ill,' she said, presently, looking shyly into my face.

'You are very good. 'No, I am not ill.'

'Why have you been to see us, then? You look ill, I am sure,' she added softly.

'I wrote to tell you that I was very busy.'

She lifted up one little, diamond-ringed hand warningly.

'Now, do tell the truth to me!'

'The truth, Miss Vandermeyer, would I am afraid, give you very little pleasure,' I said, bitterly.

'I don't understand you.'

'I stayed away from you because I thought it best I should,' I said at last, quite desperate.

A rosy flush crept slowly over her sweet face.

'Why,' she asked, after a minute.

'Because, Miss Vandermeyer, I love you?'

The blush faded away to white, and a smile trembled about her lips.

'I thought you did!' in a low, cooing voice.

I drew a long breath.

'Then you must understand me.'

'Then you must understand me. You are going to marry Mr. Lacroft—'

I was interrupted by a quick, musical laugh.

'Why, you silly fellow, don't you know Fred is my cousin, and engaged to Nellie Damer? They're to be married next September.'

I was silent from surprise.

'Is that my consolation?' asked my tormentor, presently. I could not deny that it was.

'But then, that makes no difference, I said, at last.

'No difference!' confounded five hundred thousand dollars of yours!' I said between my teeth.

'Oh, that is it,' with a rippling laugh. 'Yes, that is it!' and hardly knowing what I did, I turned my easel so that my picture faced her.

She started.

'Why, this is it?' she exclaimed, her eyes glowing. 'Did you do it?'

'Yes.'

She went up to the picture and examined it closely.

'You've made it just like me,' she said, in a grateful tone.

'I couldn't help doing so.'

'I'm prettier, too, than any likeness I've ever had,' she added with unconscious self praise.

'Will you sell it?'

'No.'

'Not for five thousand dollars?'

'Not for ten thousand.'

'Not to me?' coaxingly.

'Not even to you.'

She sat down in my arm-chair again, her gloves lying in her lap, her hat in hand, her cheeks crimson, her eyes soft and bright with excitement, I paced the room, fast losing my self-control. I loved her so.

'I wish you would leave off walking, and sit down,' she said, in a moment. 'I want to talk to you.'

I sat down instantly.

'Is this your studio?' she said, glancing around.

'My studio, dining, and reception-room.'

'Why do you live so poorly?'

'To save money.'

'And this is all the home you have?' she said, with an air of tender pity.

'You needn't be sorry for me,' I replied hastily. 'My dinner cost just twenty cents, and some day, I shall live in better style.'

'And yet you wouldn't accept my fortune?' she went on her voice shaking a little.

'Miss Vandermeyer—'

'But suppose,' she interrupted—suppose I should tell you it was never so much as people thought—and that what there is is almost, or quite lost,—she began to cry now—gone to ruin in a broken bank—and that I—oh, Mr. Delafield—expect to have to be a governess, or do something—for my living!—'

She broke down here, and hiding her face in her hands, sobbed aloud. I was at her feet, caressing her shawl, showering kisses upon her bright curls, overwhelming her with tender words.

'Oh, my love—my precious darling—you become a governess? I will work like a galley slave, if you love me? It was only that horrible fortune; but now—will you give yourself to me?'

She put both her hands into mine, smiling through her tears. I don't know what I said then—I know I was raised from a trance of delicious joy by her voice.

'You will think me mercenary—to accept you now when I am poor, and would not when I was rich. But then you never asked me,' with sly malice.

'Dear, I won't think you so. I know you love me; I take that sweet comfort to my heart. My black days are over now. I've seen a good many of them, precious, Margaret.'

She faltered a little, her eyes falling again.

'But you can't support a wife, can you? You are poor you know.'

'Oh, my dear—not so very poor. Besides I am doing better all the time.'

'Rosette—I should never do without her. I don't know how to make my own dresses.'

'I'll find a way, said I, trying mentally to contrive some way to make Rosette pinch myself, and save Mademoiselle Rosette's salary. Just then that personage knocked at the door.

'If you please its getting late; and though I don't mind waiting any reasonable time, yet you know your Uncle—'

'I'm coming, Rosette. You'll go home with me and tell my guardian?'

In an hour we reached Staten Island. Mr. Lakeman was sitting upon the lawn. I saw now that he was a fine looking old gentleman, after all, and that his nose was not at all more rubicund than was becoming. We walked up to him.

'Uncle, Mr. Delafield and I have decided to be married some day. We're in no hurry.'

'Indeed, sir, we are in a hurry.'

'Be quiet! So Uncle, you will please give us your approval,' replied Miss Vandermeyer.

Mr. Lakeman laid down his paper.

'My dear, this is quite unexpected; but I have the highest opinion of Mr. Delafield, and I am sure he will make you a good husband, and know how to manage your fortune. I shall be quite pleased to have the charge of it transferred to other hands. I am sure I congratulate you.'

'But, sir—'

'Come with me,' commanded my tyrant.

She drew me into the library.

'You stupid old darling—did you believe that story?'

'Margaret,' I cried in dismay.

'I only put a case, you know,' purred the little cyprian.

'I was afraid I should have to tell some fibs, but you believed so easily.'

'I was dumb.

'Now you're provoked with me; but you can't have me unless you take the five hundred thousand dollars, too. Do you want to recall your words?'

She put her two dear hands around my neck—and I wasn't enough of a hero to give her up.

I must confess that the fortune has never seriously interfered with my happiness.

☞ The Queen of Madagascar is not well posted in some of the important elements of modern civilization. She has recently passed a law by which liquor dealers are held responsible for what is done by their customers while under the influence of what has been sold to them. The law has acted as something of a check on the liquor traffic. Women of America pursue a different policy. We give the dealer the right to sell, but punish the man who buys and then commits a crime. We encourage him to drink, because that increases our revenue, and when in consequence of drinking, he becomes obstreperous, we fine him $10 for breaking the peace, and so the traffic is made to pay at both ends. The Queen of Madagascar is very far behind the times.

THE CABLE RATES.—We are requested to state, in addition to our former remarks respecting the reduced cable rates, that the Anglo American Telegraph Company transmit the place of address free if they have been previously registered, and in the absence of registry one word is sent. Code words for addresses will be registered by telegraph and porter notified free.—*Chronicle.*

☞ Boston is proud of her public library. It has increased from a single delivery in 1867, of 136,080 volumes, to the present system, embracing the central library, six branches, and two deliveries, the whole comprising 312,000 volumes, increasing at the rate of 30,000 volumes annually. In the same time, the annual circulation has increased from 203,963 to 1,200,000 volumes. It is considered a model establishment, whose methods are copied wherever public libraries are established, and recently has been officially recommended to the city of Paris as one to be imitated there.

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WHITE LANCASHIRE FLANNELS;
WHITE MEDIUM do;
WHITE IMITATION WELSH;
WHITE do do fine;
WHITE ANTI-RHEUMATIC;
WHITE SAXONY UNION all wool;
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WHITE BLANKETS;
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October 1876.

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Will be found the usual variety of

CLOTHS, TWEEDS, COATINGS, &c.,

For Spring and Summer Wear,

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Five Years' Sickness Cured by Four Bottles of Constitutional Catarrh Remedy.

Pain in Shoulders, Back and Lungs, as Droppings in Throat Disappear.

ST. ANDREWS, P. Q., Sept. 12, 1876.

DR. J. BOARDING:

Dear Sir:—Being convinced that others have been something of the merits of your CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH REMEDY, I wish to inform you what it has done for me. I am twenty-one years old, had been out of health for about five years. I had employed three or four different doctors, and tried various medicines, without receiving any permanent benefit, but continued rather to grow worse until last fall, when I had become so bad as to be unable to do an hour's work at a time. Had severe soreness and pain under the shoulder blades and through the shoulders, with very lame back, and a feeling in my right lung as though there was a weight bearing it down, with continual dropping in the throat and down upon the lungs. Such was my condition when I commenced to take your Catarrh Remedy, one bottle of which eased my pains and gave me an improved appetite, and after taking four bottles I was restored to health so as to be able to endure hard and continual labor, such as chopping and clearing land at which I have been engaged the past season. My recovery I attribute solely with God's blessing, to the use of your Catarrh Remedy.

Yours truly HENRY SNIDER.

Price $1 per bottle; For sale by all Druggists.

Consumption Cured!

An old physician, retired from active practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India Missionary the formula of a Vegetable Remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, and all throat and Lung Affections: also a Positive and Radical Cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having thoroughly tested this wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, feels it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a conscientious desire to relieve human suffering, he will send FREE OF CHARGE, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and successfully using. Sent by return mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper.

DR. C. STEVENS,

Box 86, BUCKSVILLE, C.

NOTICE.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of *GEORGE BALLENTINE*, late of Wilmot, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested within six months from this date and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

GEO. N. BALLENTINE,

or GEORGE NEILY,

Administrators

Wilmot, Nov. 15th, 1876. 6m

CO-PARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE Subscribers have this day Entered in partnership under the style and firm of

WATTS & TURNER,

and intend carrying on the WHOLESALE and RETAIL

DRY GOODS BUSINESS

at the old stand, No. 59 Prince William Street.

The firm assume all the liabilities of the late business of E. D. WATTS.

E. D. WATTS,

ROBERT TURNER.

St. John, Jan. 16th, 1877. m41 tf

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Cyclopedia of Education.

The only work of its kind published in the English language will shortly be issued from the press of Mr. E. Steiger, New York.

It fills a positive and long felt want, and will hold a place in every household, where culture and intellectual growth are appreciated.

A prospectus and specimen pages will be supplied and orders received by

JOHN HICKS, Bridgetown.

m41 tf

NOTICE!

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has been appointed administrator on the estate of NATHANIEL LANGLEY, late of Bridgetown, Annapolis, deceased. All persons, therefore, having any demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement, and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

JOHN L. ERVIN,

Administrator.

Bridgetown, Nov. 1st, 1876. 6m

BILL HEADS, NOTE HEADS, WEDDING and BUSINESS CARDS, &c., &c., neatly and promptly printed at this office. Call and inspect samples of work.

New Goods! New Goods!

MRS. L. C. WHEELOCK has just opened a fresh assortment of

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BOOTS & SHOES

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Having removed to the Store under the MONITOR OFFICE, and fitted the same up in Good Style, and put in a New Lot of

Watches Clocks and Jewelry,

at Lower Prices than they could be obtained for some years past. We invite our old, and many new customers who may want such articles, to call and inspect our Stock and Prices, which we are determined to sell far below CITY PRICES, and invite all to call and see them. They consist of

WATCHES, CLOCKS,

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Rings, Brooches, Earrings,

SLEEVE BUTTONS,

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GOLD & PLATED CHAINS,

SPOONS, FORKS,

Spectacles, Purses, Charms, &c.

N. B.—Our WATCH DEPARTMENT we make a specality, and parties will do well to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. REPAIRING done at short notice and warranted to give satisfaction.

J. E. SANCTON.

Bridgetown, Nov. 1st, '76. y

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ANNAPOLIS AGENCY.

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THOMAS WHITMAN,

Agent.

6m

Agricultural.

☞ Raise your calves from only your best cows; and above all use a bull from the best strain attainable. If butter is your object, select your bull with care from one of the best strains of the universally acknowledged butter breeds, the Jersey, and do not be misled by the large milk records of the milking breed.—*Exchange.*

☞ The New England "Farmer" says:—"One great drawback to the profits of farming in our latitude, is the long, cold winter, when we are obliged to consume the stores laid up in the summer, but if we would take a little more pains in preparing for cold weather and in protecting ourselves and our cattle, our profits would be increased more than we might, at first, suppose. Our barns are too cold, and it will pay to make them warmer. Boards are cheaper than hay.

STABLE FLOORS.

The Scientific "Farmer" says of stable floors that it is common to pitch them back from once to four inches for purposes of drainage. This is all wrong. Any inclination to the rear is injurious, for the reason that the toes of the animals are thereby turned up, and the back sinews, especially of the fore-legs, kept in a sort of unnatural tension. If there is any pitch at all in the floor it should be in the front instead of the back.

A TOAD-EATING FLY!

Nature, among those occasional odd freaks wherein she seems to overturn her own laws, often reverses in the strangest manner the conditions of destroyer and prey. Toads, it is well known, live on insects, and for this reason are valuable aids to gardeners and farmers in protecting their crops. Lately there has been discovered an insect which lives on toads, and which afflicts those reptiles in a way that suggests the concentrated revenge of the whole insect class. It deposits eggs on the eyes of the toads; and the larvæ, in the form of minute white worms, devour not only those organs, but the nose and jaws of the unfortunate batrachin. Curiously enough, the toads do not seem to suffer, but continue their usual habits, apparently undisturbed. The name *lucilia hufonivora* has been given the fly.

DISEASED POULTRY.

Half a century of experience in breeding poultry convinces me that it does not pay!! to spend a great deal of time in "doctoring" them. The following states the case clearly:—"The diseases of fowls are so numerous, and their origin so various, that doctoring them is worse than useless. This being the case, the best thing that can be done is to put all sick fowls in a roomy box, placed in a cold spot if the weather be warm. They should be fed just what they relish most, and plenty of good, pure water should be kept supplied. If the disease is curable, nature will do the work; if not curable, which is often the case, the bird will die and the rest of the flock will not be endangered. Sick fowls should always be removed from the flock as soon as possible. Promptness, in this respect, may be the means of saving the entire flock from contagion."

GRANDEUR OF FARMING.

No more grand or sublime an occupation is to be found than that of "tilling the soil." No man may more justly feel proud of his toil than the farmer. The reason for these thoughts, (which in my own mind, are facts) is evident.

Agriculture is the very foundation of all business and all the enterprise of the world. In short, it is the evidence of true civilization, and the cause of all activity upon the globe. Viewing it in this light, has not the farmer as just a source of pride, as any other man? Is he not the very instrument that holds up the world and sustains all life upon the globe? The farmer is one of Nature's best and most essential instruments in renewing vegetation, and as such he commands the respect and admiration of the world, and under the present aspect, he is bound to get it, too.

It is, therefore, the duty of all good citizens to respect and promote as much as possible agriculture and its interests. Any man who opposes farming, as an occupation goes directly against his own interests. Let no man despise agriculture, nor think it not an honorable occupation, in as much as it is one of the most honorable of employments, and when it is enjoying prosperity, all other industries are prosparing in proportion.

A. P. R.

DOMESTIC ITEMS.

PICKLED ONIONS.—Boil small onions after they are peeled until they are half cooked in salted water, then while hot, drop them into jars or bottles of spiced vinegar.

BREAD HASH.—Chop any kind of cold meat quite fine. Scald twice as much dry bread as there is meat. When soft drain dry, and mix with meat; add pepper, salt, a little butter and sufficient good cream to make it sufficiently soft. Mix it thoroughly, and warm. Send to the table hot.

OYSTER FRITTERS.—A pint and a half of sweet milk, 1 pound and a ½ of flour, 4 eggs. The yolks of the eggs must be beaten very thick, to which add the milk and flour; stir the whole well together, then beat the whites to a stiff froth and stir them gradually into the batter. Take a spoonful of the mixture, drop an oyster into it, and fry it in hot lard. Let them be a light brown on both sides.

BOILED PICKLED CABBAGE.—Wash the cabbage thoroughly, cut the heads into quarters, boil in salted water until tender; stick whole cloves scattering over each quarter, then put them down in a jar or tub, add a few red pepper pods, cover with good cider vinegar. The boiling before pickling is a decided improvement upon the usual way of pickling raw cabbage, at least, so says a friend, who ate of my table many years ago.

Jokers' Corner.

THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

There was a church festival held in our hall recently, and when it broke up at midnight a severe snow storm was raging, and the wind was blowing the snow so that one could hardly see his way along. One of the party had some little distance to go, and had several articles to carry, but possessing a good deal of determination he considered himself equal to the occasion. Bidding his wife follow in his tracks, he stepped out on the walk and sank into the snow up to his knees. The wind was blowing like a Life Insurance prospectus. In one hand he carried a couple of milk cans, and in the other a cake basket, while under his arm he had one of the largest sized platters. On his head he wore a tall hat, and required it considerable ingenuity on his part to hold his head so that the wind would not blow his hat off. He struggled through the drifts, till, on turning a corner, his wife stepped off the walk and disappeared from sight. As he turned to help her, a gust of wind caught his hat and away it went rolling away over the top of the snow. As his hat parted company with him, he made a grab for it, and in so doing let slip the cans, which went rolling away in the opposite direction, and in trying to save them he dropped the cake-basket and as he wildly clutched for that he fell over himself, and the platter slipped from under his arm and striking edgewise, disappeared under the snow, leaving no word as to which way it went. Having lost his whole cargo, deck-load and all, he organised himself into a wrecking party and started in search of his wife. After rescuing her, he next made for his hat, which looked like a black cat playing hop scotch in the snow. He found it full of snow, and emptying out what he could, he jammed his head up into it and returned for the cake basket. That being tied up in a white napkin, he did not find it till he stepped on it. The milk cans next claimed his attention, and after a time he obtained an interview with them. He then proceeded home and deposited his cargo, and taking a shovel and lantern he returned for the platter. After digging over about a quarter of an acre he found the platter and started for home. Being bundled up considerably and exceeding mad besides, together with the exercise of shovelling and walking, the snow in his hat had melted, and the water was running in little streams down his neck. His boot legs were also full of snow which was trying to prove an alibi, by resolving itself into water and drowning his feet so they could not testify against it. On arriving home, as he set the platter and lantern down on the table his eyes lighted on a book entitled "Beautiful Snow." He did not make any remarks, but he took that book and opened the stove door, and when that door closed again two dollars' worth of literature was going up the chimney, and he says that if he is ever interviewed to buy another copy some one will hear the brittle thread of life snap in that vicinity, and another book agent will have dropped out of the binding.—*Our George, in Belfast Journal.*

A BUTCHER'S MASQUERADE.

WHAT BEFEL A WIFE BEATER IN THE DUSK OF EVENTIDE.

Detroit Free Press.]

James Robbins, of National avenue, has been missing for three days, but there is no anxiety around his house to learn his fate. His wife knows what caused him to disappear, and she is willing to let him get a good ready to come back. Robbins married a lone widow about four months ago, and they had not been wedded two weeks before he gave her a beating. She overlooked it then, thinking he would soon tone down; but in a week or more he blackened her eyes. In brief, Robbins turned out to be a brute of a husband, and the ex widow had the sympathy of all her neighbors. She is said to meek and humble in spirit, and Robbins had no excuse of his brutality. Four or five days ago he knocked her down and started off up town, and his wife crawled over to a butcher's to see about having Robbins arrested. The butcher, who weighs 190 pounds, and has a fist like a maul, knew a better way than going to the police, and he unfolded a plan.

When Robbins reached home that evening the house was dark, and the butcher dressed in woman's clothes, and with his jaws tied up, sat in the rocking chair.

"Why in blazes isn't supper ready?" howled Robbins as he stood in the door.

The butcher groaned.

"Grunting about again are you?" shouted Robbins as he stood in the door.

The butcher groaned again.

"You feel too high toned to answer me, do you?" growled the wife beater.

"Well, we'll see about that. Just take this, will you."

He struck out, but the disguised butcher caught his wrist, sprang up, and there was fun in the cottage. He choked Robbins almost to death, tied him up in hard knots, and untied him, drew him around by the heels and hair, and finally picked him up and tossed him over the fence into the mud. The wife beater had kept up a steady yelling from the first attack, and as he arose from the mud and sped down the street he seemed to think that Sitting Bull's whole fighting force were after him. At eleven o'clock that night he entered a Michigan saloon and told a story about six men robbing him, and half an hour later, as he was prowling around a shed to find a place to sleep, a policeman heard him saying:—

"Nose smashed, eyes bunged up, sore throat, bruised all over, and awful sleepy! What a deceiving person a widow woman is!"

"Will you take a pinch?" asked an acquaintance, offering his snuff box to a fish-monger.—"No, I thank you, replied the latter, "I have just had one from a lobster."