

lap. However she got off at the next station still chewing.

Now we began to get glimpses as we rushed onward of workmen returning homeward with their dinner pails swinging in their hands, teamsters and their tired horses jogging slowly along. Lights began to twinkle here and there and in one house close to the station at which we stopped the undrawn curtain showed the good mother with a night-gowned child at her knee hearing its evening prayer before she placed it in the white cot which I could see ready to receive it. Then on we whirled with a seeming utter disregard for time and space, on, on, until the deepening twilight blotted out the swiftly flying landscape and as I gazed out into the night I said to myself, "Surely it must be more than sixteen hours since morning" and the first day of my first journey was ended.

I. D. BURTON.

A Tramp's Philosophy.

HARD LUCK IN A BIG CITY—M. QUAD'S INVESTMENT.

It was just after midnight, and the place was at the corner of Broadway and Chambers street, on the City Hall park side. One was a well-dressed man, the other a tough-looking fellow, with his right hand tied up in a rag. He had evidently asked for alms, as the other was saying:—

"How do I know but what you'll go and get drunk?"

"I certainly shouldn't, sir," was the reply.

"That's what they all say. I never saw so many vags and bums and dead-beats as are hanging around here just now. It's nothing but give, give, give, and I've got tired of it. I've give away \$100 this summer, and who is any better off!"

"Please, sir, I—"

"Go on! I have nothing for you!"

Let's look at his figures a bit. The average New Yorker isn't "struck" by a vag to exceed twice a day the year round, and he gives not to exceed a nickel when he gives at all. Call it two vags and 10 cents a day for 365 days. That's only \$36.50 for the year. To be out of pocket that sum he'd have to be "struck" by 730 vags, and we all know that such couldn't be the case. He had probably been "held up" twenty times at the most, and he had given not to exceed \$2. I was mentally figuring this out as I followed the man to Park Row. Over-taking him near the engine-house, I said:—

"Seems to be an off-night with you."

"And I've quit!" he answered, as he looked up.

"Something the matter with the hand?"

"Yes; had it smashed four weeks ago."

"Let's have a look at it."

We took a cut through the park and brought up on a bench near the fountain, and he removed the bandage and exhibited a bad-looking hand. The thumb had been hurt the worst and a new nail was growing.

"Th means that you have been out of work for a m. h?"

"Yes, and something more. I'm a machinist, and came here from Milwaukee. I'd worked

only a day and a half when I hurt this hand. I've had to pawn tools and clothes, and for three nights past I've had no bed."

"No friends in Milwaukee?"

"None able to help me to a dollar."

"You told that man a poor story for one with facts to back it up."

"I suppose so, but to-day I used the last cent I had to get a bowl of soup, and that was my first experience in begging."

"And now what?"

He waited a long minute before replying.

It had grown dark, and the wind was blowing up cold and drear. He looked about in a hopeless way, dropped his chin into his hands, and quietly but bitterly replied:—

"What a fool a man sometimes is about things! He loses his nerve just when he wants it most!"

"Do you want nerve to rob some one?"

"No! I want it to go down to the river and take a header into the drink. That's exactly what a man ought to do who is down and going lower. That would settle everything in short order. It's just what a nerry man would do, but I can't get my sand up yet. Perhaps it'll come to morrow, however."

"You've been fishing?" I asked.

"Yes. What of it?"

"Nothing, except going fishing exhibits one of the curious traits in human character. A man goes and buys an outfit costing, perhaps, \$10, and it costs him \$10 more to get to the fishing place and back, and yet you never hear him complain or figure that he is out a cent, even if he doesn't get a nibble."

"That's so."

"But turn it around. A man invests a dollar on a tramp, and if that dollar doesn't brace the poor devil up and make a great statesman or capitalist out of him in-ide of a month the giver regards it as a dead loss, and shuts his purse to all future calls."

"That's mighty true."

"A well-off, respectable man beats us out of \$500, and we make no kick and never wonder how he is going to use the money. If we give a vag a dime and he spends it for whiskey we feel awfully cut up."

"That's it."

"Hundreds of men in this town are losing from \$1 to \$50 per day on the races. You hear no sighing or complaining. Let one of 'em lose fifty cents on a tramp and he'd go about declaring that he no longer had any confidence in human nature."

"He would for sure."

"Once more. Men are willing and anxious to take chances on lotteries, races, games, the gaming table, and so on. Why not take a chance on a fellow-human being now and then?"

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Just this. In a week your hand will be well enough to enable you to go to work. I'll pay your board for the week, and I'll take your tools and clothes out of pawn. You can pay me so much a week after you get work. You may beat me. If so, I have simply played a horse or bought a lottery ticket and lost."

He looked at me a long time in a puzzled way, and then laughed as he said:—

"I've been wondering,"

"Whether I'm a fool or a philosopher?"

"Yes."

"Well, we'll try it on either one you choose. Come on."

We went to a Bowery hotel and I got him fair board and lodging for \$1 per day. Then I invested 50 cents for a lotion for his sore hand, paid \$5 to get his clothes, and \$4 to get his tools, making a total of \$16 50. This was on a Monday evening. The Monday week he went to work at \$2 25 per day, and when I asked his boss what sort of a workman he was, he replied:—

"He's an A 1 hand. We haven't got a better man in the shop. I'm going to tell him Saturday that he can have steady work all winter."

On the first Saturday night my "experiment" paid me back \$7; on the second, \$5, and last night I gave him a receipt in full and he tried hard to make me take \$2 for interest. The hand was all right, his job was all right, and as we sat down in the park again he said:

"Well, you've simply got your money back."

"Yes; but the man who goes fishing never does as well as that."—M. Quad in N. Y. World.

Carberry.

ITS LOCATION, SURROUNDINGS AND ADVANTAGES.

Carberry is situated on the main line of the C. P. R. 106 miles west of Winnipeg.

Late in March, '79, Mr. John Bailey, a wealthy farmer of Omamee, Ont., arrived on this plain, which was then pretty well entered for, except the section upon which our town is located. This was considered light or inferior and was passed over by every homesteader and speculator until Mr. Bailey arrived, but there being little choice for him, besides being pleased with the country he secured this section for \$510 in half breed scrip. The railroad crossed this in July, '81. On June 27, '82, Mr. Bailey sold this property to the C. P. R. for the enormous sum of \$32,000, having cleared upwards of \$31,000 on this farm. The townsite was blocked out, the station erected and several places of business opened at once. The present firm of Wise & Dalton erected the first building. Help was at that time scarce and the pioneer merchants were seen on the 12th of July with their coats off and shovel in hand, excavating the first cellar. The town has grown steadily since and has now a population of 1,000 inhabitants. It is lighted by electricity with a capacity of nearly 400 lights, and has many telephones. It is governed by a mayor and four councilors who have lately secured the passage of a by-law to raise \$3,000 for fire protection.

Last year 1,000,000 bushels of wheat were exported. The great amount of 300,000 bushels shipped out by the Manitoba Milling & Browning Co. in flour; 140,000 bushels of oats; a quantity of barley; \$7,000 worth of beef; \$3,000 worth of hogs; 13 car loads of potatoes besides a great amount of butter and eggs shipped to the Pacific coast.—Carberry News.