

Market Sketches.

"Ah, Good morning, Mr. Fletcher, just back, I suppose. You find some difference between this and Florida weather, don't you?" "Well, yes. I should think so; none of this slush down there; but there's one thing you have, that I couldn't get there, and that's new maple sugar, and I see you've got it, Mr. Mitchell. I guess you must make it all the year round." "No, but I believe I made it earlier than most folks; but there's another thing we've got that I'll bet you didn't see, that's ice." "Ice! thunder! any quantity, they keep it to cool their lemonade, and they just got a fresh supply after that New York blizzard, didn't have to come up here for ice this year." "Come, Mr. Fletcher, you know I mean't it didn't grow there." "No, you're right, it didn't. How much is that?" "One, sixty, thanks, I'll leave it as I go up town. I've got to go to the brewery anyway. Oh, you needn't smile at that. I don't smile, but I want to see how me, and hops and Hopkins will agree this morning. I've got some nice hops to sell, if I can get my price." "I'll tell you how to fix that, Mr. Mitchell. You just get Hopkins to sit down on a bale of your hops, and if he's well bread you'll get a rise out of him, that way." "Oh! Shaw, you g'long, here Peter! Show Mr. Fletcher, where he can get some Texas beef, that'll take the rise out of him." "Bif! bif! me tek's 'is bif, Pierre, me, tek's 'is bif, a' son maison, chez lui, good bif, bon beef Monsieur, me buy 'im at Misser Hive' one goot steer. Out, Misser Hive' she'll 'ave planty steer. She'll tole me planty gen'lemens buy steer, she'll solo 'im some a' Monsieur Tuck, a' Monsieur Lomas a la Banque; she'll keep 'im way c'f far, big ferme, call him ranche belle place. Out, me'll sell 'im goot bif, "Bigosh, Pierre, me tink M'seer Flesher she'll don't want no bif, now, c'est v'rat." "Bejapers, Pather, whin ye've done talkin' to that Frenchman and be the same token, ye're a Frenchman yerself, and know how they does be talkin' all the time,—ye'll oblige me by changin' this quarther and takin' out tin cents for yer own thrubble and the permit to sell me shuff, what have I got, is it? Faith thim, there's butther, that Johanna herself med, an' eggs, an' be me sowl, Pather, it's meself has some of as elegant praties as a man ever put in his gob, raal Irish murphies, that 'ud mek yer mouth wather intirely, to see thim shmlin in their shkins at you; an' now Pather, whin yer cookin' a pratie and want it to crack open wid the fulness that's in it, put a lock of coorse salt in the wather. How much are they, is it? Sixty cints, an' the sorra a cint less I'd take if ye tuk tin bushels. As sure as me name's Murphy, an' that I may niver sin, if there's the likes of thim, betune here and Anthony Biron's in Stoke Pond, beyant. The Lord be praised, Pather, but there's no shtarvin, where they can raise praties like thim, and if ye's ud buy a bit of land in Stoke and make some of the poor divils that's beggin' the streets earn their livin' it ud be a good thing for the lot of ye's." "Well, I think you're right, Murphy, but don't talk about a Frenchman talking, he'd have enough to do to beat an Irishman, if they're all like you." "Bedad Pather, put in agood word for the praties anyway." "How much are your eggs Mr. Murphy?" "Twinty cints, Missus." "Are you sure there's no chicken's in them?" "Faith I am, just as sure as that you're not a chicken yerself, an' that I'll shwear to, thank ye, I'll give ye a dollar apound for all the feathers ye'll find in thim eggs, barrin the pin feathers." "By gosh Hiram, ef it takes as much jawin' as that Irishman gets off to sell a bushel of per-taters and a dozen eggs, I'm derned glad 'at I din't bring nothin' but oats, and that I've got rid of them." "Oh that's jest like them fellers they're got to blarney folks, and they think ef they didn't talk they wouldn't say anythin'; and I gear that's so. They're mighty quick gettin' off anythin' too. Ther wuz an Irish-woman a beggin', an' she see a feller put

his hand in his pocket to gin her suthin' as she thought, and she sez, sez she "May the blessin' of God follow ye all the days of yer life" and when he took his hand out of his pocket with nothin' in it, "an never overtake ye" sez she. That's what I call pooty dern cute, for an Irish woman." "Camaraashadoo Mister Fred hoo are ye the noo, she'll jist be goin' to see ye for puy ticket, Shon Boston'll sent her an'll tell her go ta Mister Dale for puy sheep." "Buy sheep?" Why Murdo John Boston was fooling you, I don't sell sheep!" "No No! Shoz 'll say she'll not pay so much, she'll want to go to Quebec ta see Mister Colin' at ta Croon Land, she'll want ta patent for ta lot at Lake Megantic, and Mister Nagle give it ta paper ta show ta twenty-five acre clear, an' Somepody 'll send word 'at Murdo no pe live on right lot, an' Mister Colin' 'll pe goot fren ta poor Scotchman, an' she'll pe put on ta right lot, an' Mister Farwell 'll say ta same, and more ofer forepy ta interest, she'll no pe ax ta pay and she'll want ta ticket ta go an' ta cam pack." "All right, Murdo, come up to my office in ten minutes and I'll make it right." "Say, Couture, what's that they're puttin' up over there next grist mill." "That's the Electric Light." "Electric light! what's that for?" "To let customers see when you fellows give light weight." "Well, one thing certain it won't make light weight of you. Say Peter! what'll you take and snowshoe a track through our sugar place?" "Ah, that started him, Bill! I wish I had one of them Climax Camera's that D. Thomas & Co., advertise, just to take a photograph of him. He's walkin' against Time now."

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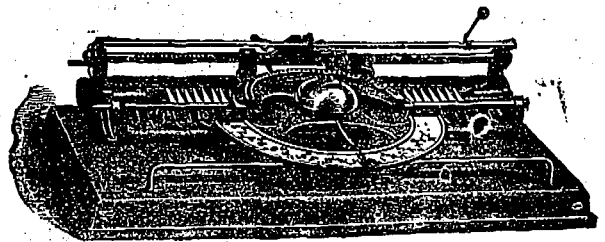
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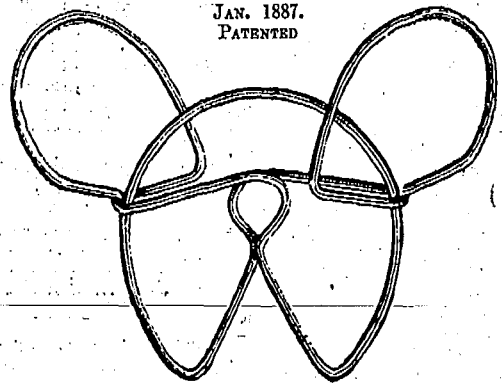
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