

stopped his to a sitting a fence and s Mr. Forbes mechanically his coat and mly grinning came to his f a far away d rising and th a dreamy, he bell was county, and ltzing along and miles a

ler in Bur- f magnificent king around, est Hill, be- locality, and lusion. It is , and all of cows. And with an in- family, each ell of a differ- the others, in e cow of his district. So d with music pe, and the but cow to tly the tone each corres- the night are im, but they understands for Mr. Jos- a if he had nder until he t would have st sweet mo- n by a sol-

ow Barbery's on the street d his knowl- Ka-lum-pu- intervals as gate as she earances are shut a front ghly deceive hatch unfast- is called up serenade of ankle-inkle, kink, kink!" ung brindle

is in Throstlewaite's garden, and that Throstlewaite is sailing around after her in a pair of slippers and a few clothes. And by sitting up in bed Mr. Joskins can hear the things that Mr. Throstlewaite is throwing strike against the side of the house and the woodshed, thud, spat, bang, and the character of the noises tells him whether the missile was a clod, a piece of board, or a brick. And when the wind down the street is fair it brings with it faint echoes of Mr. Throstlewaite's remarks, which bring into Mr. Joskins' bedroom the odour of bad grammatical construction and wicked wishes and very ill-applied epithets. Then when the final crash and tinkle announce that the cow has bulged through the front fence and got away, and Mr. Joskins' turns over to try and get a little sleep, he is not surprised, although he is annoyed, to be aroused by a sepulchral

"Klank, klank, klank!"

Like the chains on the old-fashioned ghost of a murdered man, for he knows it is Throstlewaite's old duck-legged brown cow, going down to the vacant lot on the corner to fight anything that gives milk. And he waits and listens to the "klank, klank, klank," until it reaches the corner, and a terrific din and medley of all the cow bells on the street tell him all the skirmishers have been driven in and the action has become general. And from that on till morning, Mr. Joskins hears the "tinkle-tankle" of the little red cow going down the alley to prospect among the garbage heaps, and the "rankle-tankle, rankle-tankle" of the short-tailed black and white cow skirmishing down the street ahead of an escort of badly assorted dogs, and the "tringle-de-ding, tringle-de-ding, ding, ding," of the muley cow that goes along on the sidewalk, browsing on the lower limbs of the shade trees, and the "klank, klank, klank," of the fighting cow, whose bell is cracked in three places, and incessant "moo-o-oo-ah-ah" of the big black cow that has lost the clapper out of her bell and has ever since kept up an unintermittent bellowing to supply its loss. And Mr. Joskins knows all these cows by their bells, and he knows what they are doing and where they are going. And although it has murdered his dreams of a quiet home, yet it has given him an opportunity to cultivate habits of intelligent observation, and it has induced him to register a vow that if he is ever rich enough he will keep nine cows, trained to sleep all day so as to be ready for duty at night, and he will live in the heart of the city with them, and make them wear four bells apiece just for the pleasure of his neighbours.

The Demand for Light Labour.

One morning, just as the rush of house cleaning days was beginning to abate, a robust tramp called at a house on Barnes-street, and besought the inmates to give him something to eat, averring that he had not tasted food for nine days.

"Why don't you go to work?" asked the lady to whom he preferred his petition.

"Work!" he ejaculated. "Work! And what have I been doing ever since the middle of May but hunting work? Who will give me work? When did I ever refuse work?"

"Well," said the woman, "I guess I can give you some employment. What can you do?"

"Anything!" he shouted, in a kind of delirious joy. "Anything that any man can do. I'm sick for something to fly at. Why, only yesterday I worked all day, carrying water in an old sieve from Flint River and emptying it into the Mississippi, just because I was so tired of having nothing to do, that I had to work at something or I would have gone ravin' crazy. I'll do anything, from cleaning house to building a steamboat. Jest give me work, ma'am, an' you'll never hear me ask for bread agin."

The lady was pleased at the willingness and anxiety of this industrious man to do something, and she led him to the wood pile.

"Here," she said, "you can saw and split this wood, and if you are a good, industrious worker, I will find work for you to do, nearly all winter."

"Well, now," said the tramp, while a look of disappointment stole over his face, "that's just my luck. Only three days ago I was pullin' a blind cow out of a well for a poor widow woman who had nothin' in the world but that cow to support her, an' I sprain't my right wrist till I hain't been able to lift a pound with it sinst. You kin jest put your hand on it now and feel it throb, it's so painful and inflamed. I could jest cry of disappointment, but it's a Bible fact, ma'am, that I couldn't lift that axe above my head if I died for it, and I'd jest as lief let you pull my arm out by the roots as to try to pull that saw through a lath. Jest set me at something I kin do, though, if you want to see the dust fly."

"Very well," said the lady, "then you can take these flower beds, which have been very much neglected, and weed them very carefully for me. You can do that with your well hand, but I want you to be very particular with them, and get them very clean, and not injure any of the plants, for they are very choice and I am very proud of them."

The look of disappointment that had been