(Continued from first page.)

offer of marriage as that! There is but one word for it, and that is—idiotic.'

There was a moment's silence, into which there stole a breath of roses from the garden without, and the song of a thrush upon a lilac tree singing to his mate.

'I am waiting for an answer,' said Mrs. Challacombe, with snappishness, feeling this breath of peace no more than a cannon.

'What can I say, mamma? My words only make you angry. I really cannot marry Mr. Davenant, not loving him.'

This speech positively brought a touch of pity into Mrs. Challacombe's heart for her step-daughter, but it was that pity which is allied to contempt. A girl who, on such hopeless grounds, could refuse wealth, position, and honor was past hoping for.

'Well, you have chosen your own fate in life,' she said solemnly, 'and you will have no one but yourself to blame if you find it bitter. You value your beauty, I suppose, very highly, and fancy it is going to bring you something grand. You are mistaken. Beauty does not last long enough to stand back in the market till a prince comes to bid for it, and so you will find to your cost.'

'I have never thought of my beauty,' said Lilian, with some indignation.

'Then you had better think of it, for it is all you have. And it would be sensible to barter it for a good husband and a good home while you have the chance. Withered charms do not get many bidders in the matrimonial market.'

'I think you are talking very coarsely,' said Lilian in quite disgust. 'I never will sell myself in marriage.'

'What you call coarse I look on as common sense,' returned her mother. 'I know in this country it is a woman's business to get herself well married. You may consider that selling yourself if you like, but, if so, it is not a bad bargain for a woman. What can she do with her life if she is not married?'

'I did not say I would never marray,' Lilian answered.

'No, you are simply saying you will not accept the best offer you will ever get. You are positively refusing a splendid home and an excellent position, with carriage and horses, and all that money can give you.'

'I cannot help it,' said Lilian.

'Not help it!' cried Mrs. Challacombe in passionate contempt. 'You can certainly help being a fool if you choose. You can help breaking your father's heart, and destroying his health day by day through your obstinacy. You can help ruining the prospect of your brothers, and being a grief and a drag to your family, instead of a friend and a helper, as you should be. Your poor father is perishing inch by inch with grief. Even your selfish eyes can seen that.'

Wrung to the heart, Lilian with tears threw aside her work, and ran to her room and flung herself down by her bedside to weep in peace.

This was her only resource when the hardness of this cruel contention wearied strength and patience. At such times she thought somewhat bitterly and self-reproachfully of her new love, this strange, fiery, absorbing passion which had thrust itself into her life unasked. Before it came she was drifting on quietly into a sheltered place, a calm haven, into which there seemed to her to be neither joy nor sorrow, but a placid content, and that peace which grows from yielding to the stream. All was smoothness around her then; her father had always a cheery word for her, and even her step mother had a smile. Now she had changed this atmosphere of calm for one of roughness, and she must look for hard unkindness and bitter speech daily. If she had to suffer this now, what would come when the reproach and shame of a seeming fickleness fell upon her—when she had to tell of a love so new, so hasty, and she shrank from owning it even to herself, and her mind—at war with her heart—drew back with a strange fear and foreboding from an unspoken confession of its secret?

Somehow what there was of bitterness in this new love seemed to rest on her alone, not on Joclyn. He was blameless and happy, while she was crushed. He had not trampled on another's love to reach hers. It did not fall to his lot to thrust the pang of a keen disappointment through a parent's heart.

These were deeds left for her weak hands to do, and she felt the task to be hard and cruel. A sudden revulsion of feeling overpowered her; she saw herself as her step-mother drew her, weak, wicked, selfish, sacrificing others blindly to her own happiness. In forlorn sorrow and despair she turned away from the picture. At such a cost she could never take Thurlestone's love; she would give it up. Yielding to this sudden impulse of self-sacrifice born of grief's impatience, she wrote a hasty letter to her lover, entreating him to renounce all hope and suffer patient by the dire necessity that parted them.

CHAPTER XVI.

'The band of the Lancers is playing on the Hoe!' cried Mrs. Challacombe, bursting into Lilian's room, gorgeous in dress and radiant in smiles.

'Well, and what then?' said Lilian, turning a pale tear-stained face towards her step-mother.

'What then? Why, would you not like to hear it, my dear? Mr. Harwood has come to escort us, and is anxious you should go. It is so good-natured of him! You have made yourself a dreadful fright with crying, I see; but never mind—you must wear a veil.'

Mrs. Challacombe was an angel of sweetness. Young Harwood, gazing pensively on her handsome face, never guessed how dark and forbidding she could make it. As little, too, was he able to guess the influence his own presence possessed to soothe her tyrannical tongue. Where he was concerned all her vanity was roused to make herself appear a charming woman And she succeeded admirably. Even Lilian smiled at her talk, and, as they reached the Hoe, observers would have picked them out as a merry party.

The bright sweep of grass was crowded with the fashionable world of the West, and among them stood Jocelyn and his sister. Lilian felt her heart beat wildly as she caught his glance brightening at sight of her, and yet his eyes were grave and a little mournful. In another instant his voice was in her ear, and all her being thrillied to the old spell of that rich sweet music. One look, one touch of the hand, and the girl's eyes fell and her face grew deadly pale.

(To be continued.)

Miscellaneous.

On Preserving the Eye-Sight.

A remarkable proof of the harmlessness of using glasses, even a single glass, is furnished by watch-makers, who appear to enjoy an enviable immunity from eye diseases. It is uncommon to see a watch-maker in an ophthalmic hospital. The habitual exercise of the eye upon fine work tends to the development and preservation of its powers. This is an analogy to the truth now getting currency that brain-work is necessary to physical health. This idea is developed in this remarkable passage from a book by Robert Brudenell Carter on "Eye-sight, Good and Bad": The man who would preserve the full integrity of his functions to a ripe old age must avoid excesses of every description, and must endeavor to employ the higher faculties of his mind somewhat more energetically than is now always customary. A time comes to every one when the physical powers begin to decay, and then, unless the brain has been kept active and recipient by exercise, there is nothing left to live, and the man perishes. We say that he died of gout, or of overeating; or of heart disease, or of kidney disease, or of the failure of the particular organ which was the first to exhibit symptoms of the approaching end. In reality he has died of stupidity, artificially produced by neglect of the talents with which he was endowed. That which is true of the organism as a whole is true also of its parts; and the eyes, among others, are best treated by an amount of systematic use which preserves the tone of their muscles and the regularity of their blood supply. The acuteness of sight, moreover, is in a great degree dependent upon the mental attention habitually paid to visual impressions; and I have often observed this acuteness to be below the natural average in agricultural laborers who, if able in some sense to read, were not in the habit of reading, and who were not accustomed to look carefully at any small objects. I have even had reason to think that the wives of such men were indebted to their household needlework for the maintenance of a higher standard of vision than that of their husbands; and I have no doubt that idleness of the eyes, if I may use such an expression, is in every way hurtful to them, and that proper and varied employment is eminently conducive to their preservation in beauty and efficiency.—*Boston Transcript.*

A SIGNIFICANT INCIDENT.—In one of the battles of the late war, young Doctor D——, then a volunteer captain in the Union army, led his men up to a hand-to-hand fight with a Confederate regiment.

'I never,' said the captain, 'had killed a man before. It was a mass of men I fought—an idea, the whole South—not the individual.'

'When I found myself, therefore, slashing away at a stout, blue eyed fellow, who might be some woman's husband, and some child's father, I confess my courage gave away. I actually shut my eyes as I hacked desperately at him with my sword. His arm fell helpless, and he dropped from his horse.

'An hour after I saw him in the surgeon's tent. The arm had been amputated, and lay on the floor. As the man was carried away I saw on one of the fingers a ring carved out of cannel coal. It looked to me like a child's work, and I drew it off and followed the wounded soldier, determined to restore it. But in the confusion of the battle-field, I lost sight of him.'

The sequel to this story is as follows. In the summer of 1878, when the yellow fever was raging in the South, Dr. D——was one of the Northern physicians who answered the call for aid.

He went to Memphis and labored for weeks among the sick and dying. Among the patients brought to the hospital was a Colonel C——; a man with but one arm.

Something familiar in the man's honest face troubled our doctor. He gave his constant care to him, and finally saw him recover. The two men became warmly attached.

One evening when the colonel was able to leave his bed, they took supper together. Dr. D——suddenly drew from his pocket a black ring and laid it on the table.

'Why, this is mine!' exclaimed the colonel. 'My boy Dick cut that for me thirteen years ago.'

'Then it was I who cut off your arm,' said D——. The men rose and faced each other silently a moment, and then their hands met in a hasty clasp. The strife was over, and the true men were true brothers again.

Golden Moments.

How sorry one would be for a man who, starting out upon a journey, had his pockets full of golden coin, which, one by one, had slipped through some unmended hole or rent, so that when he came to the end of his trip he had not one left, but lay down upon his bed a beggar! How strictly we would look to our own pockets after hearing the tale, and make very sure that what coin we had should be well spent, or hoarded carefully, and not scattered on the roadside dust! Yet we start upon our lives, each one of us, with a store of golden moments of which we keep little account. Rapidly they slip through the rents of sloth and ignorance. Many a one, rich in all the golden moments of seventy years, lies down at last, scarcely able to remember how he has frittered and scattered them, knowing only that he has no more—that all are gone, and that he cannot say that he has purchased anything of use to himself or another with what might have bought so much.

Charles Dickens says that 'the first external revelation of the dry rot in men is a tendency to lurke and lounge; to be at street corners without intelligible reason; to be going anywhere when met; to be about many places rather than any; to do nothing tangible but to have an intention of performing a number of tangible duties to-morrow or the day after.'

The answers which truth gives to a man depend very much upon the questions which he puts to truth. The manner in which he puts his questions depends very much upon the principles which rule his life.

The fumes of brimstone match will remove berry stains from a book, paper or engraving.

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MEN'S CLOTHES, of all kinds, CLEANSED or RE-DYED and Pressed, equal to new LACE CURTAINS, BLANKETS, CARPETS, &c., Cleaned by a NEW PROCESS, every week day. SILKS, IRISH POPLINS, DRESS MATERIALS OF ALL KINDS DYED. FEATHERS, KID GLOVES, TIES, &c., &c., CLEANED OR DYED.

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Your Clothes.

A Perfect Fit Guaranteed.

Just Received from Montreal: A large Lot of

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Bridgetown, July 6, '79.

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ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE.

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Monuments & Gravestones

Of ITALIAN and AMERICAN Marble.

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$66 A WEEK in your own town, and our capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. $5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & CO., July 30 y Portland, Maine.

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35 PER CENT!

AS 35 per cent is now the duty imposed on American Furniture, the Subscriber wishes to inform the public generally that

HE DOES NOT INTEND

raising the prices of his FURNITURE, as may be seen in his list below; but intends making

Still further Reduction,

as he hopes his Sales will increase under the New Tariff. He has his FACTORY fitted up with the MOST IMPROVED MACHINERY, and is running full time. He also intends adding to his now large STOCK, and can offer better inducements to Customers.

PARLOR FURNITURE, in Suits, from $60.00 to $120.00.
BEDROOM SUITS, in Pine, from $25.00 to $40.00. A good suit for $28.00.
SOFAS, $19.00 to $24.00.
WALNUT CHAIRS, $3.50 to $6.00.
CENTRE TABLES, in solid Walnut, $8.00 to $10.00.
CENTRE TABLES, in Marble Tops, $14.00 to $16.00.
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Please call and examine my STOCK, and you will find as good an assortment as is generally kept in large Cities, and as times are hard I will sell at Prices that will DEFY COMPETITION.

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Bridgetown, April 2nd, 1879. 50tf

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A SMALL PLACE CONTAINING FOUR ACRES OF LAND, with comfortable

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So universally known for many years at 101 Granville Street, has taken a move to the upper and shady side of the same street. Remember, nearly opposite the old stand.

BUCKLEY & ALLEN, 124 Granville St., Halifax, N. S.

July 17th, 1878. n13 y

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EACH PLUG OF THE

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NONE OTHER GENUINE.

$1500 TO $6000 A YEAR, or $5 to $20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Anyone can do the work. You can make from 50cts. to $2 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth $5 also free; you can then make up your mind for yourself. Address GEORGE STINSON & CO., July 30 y Portland, Maine.

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A FRESH LOT of Summonses and Executions just printed and for sale at this office.

Bill Heads in all sizes and styles executed at this office at reasonable rates.

DENTAL NOTICE

Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist,

WOULD respectfully informs his friends in Annapolis County, that he has just returned from Kings County, and will be at his office in

BRIDGETOWN

for a few weeks. FRIENDS, PLEASE NOT DELAY.

Nov. 19th, 1879. n31tf

L. H. S.

THE HIGH SCHOOL, at Lawrencetown, opened for THIRD YEARS' work

OCTOBER 8th, 1879,

—WITH A—

FULLY EQUIPPED STAFF OF TEACHERS.

Liberal Courses of Study.

SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO TEACHERS' COURSE.

Room, Board, Fire, Light, and Plain Washing, $2.00 per week.

For particulars, address for Circular, C. F. HALL, Principal, or C. S. PHINNEY, Associate Principal.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

IN order to meet the demands of our numerous customers, we beg to announce that, we have added to our extensive

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the necessary Machinery for the Manufacture of

Men's, Women's, Misses', & Children's

BOOTS AND SHOES

in all the leading styles.

By continuing, as in the past, to use first quality of material, we hope to merit a liberal share of public patronage in our new branch of business, as well as a continuance of public favor in our old business.

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CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Tenders for Rolling Stock.

TENDERS are invited for furnishing the Rolling Stock required to be delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, within the next four years, comprising the delivery in each year of about the following, viz:—

20 Locomotive Engines,
16 First-class Cars (a proportion being sleepers),
20 Second-class Cars, do
3 Express and Baggage Cars,
3 Postal and Smoking Cars,
240 Box Freight Cars,
100 Flat Cars,
2 Wing Ploughs,
2 Snow Ploughs,
2 Flangers,
40 Hand Cars.

THE WHOLE TO BE MANUFACTURED IN THE DOMINION OF CANADA and delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, at Fort William, or in the Province of Manitoba.

Drawings, specifications and other information may be had on application at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, on and after the 15th day of MARCH next.

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to noon of THURSDAY, the 1st day of JULY next.

By Order. F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS, Ottawa, 7th February, 1880. 19it12

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50,000 Superior pressed Brick,
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BUFFALO ROBES, &c.

JUST RECEIVED from Montreal, a large and well assorted stock of

Ready Made Clothing & Buffalo Robes.

consisting of

Men's Ulsters, Youths' Ulsters, Men's Over Coats, Reefers.

All a

Splendid Assortment of

FALL SUITS

Pants and Vests. Also,

1 Doz. Very Fine Buffalo Robes.

Horse Blankets.

All the above will be sold very

LOW FOR CASH.

BEALES & DODGE.

Middleton, Nov., '78

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

A DEVON LANE.—Who that has ever walked through a genuine English lane forgets its charm? About our moorland village we found every variety, and studied the Devonshire verdure and blossom in many aspects. The road ways are generally narrow; a firm foot and wagon path, with close hedge rows diversified by bramble, holly, woodbine, honeysuckle, and clematis. Sometimes the tangle of greenery hangs above a rugged stone wall or earthen embankment; sometimes tall trees break the line, and sway across the road with feathery branches through which the sunshine filters slowly; sometimes the banks are all delicately fringed with maiden hair and ferns, the long fern and the broad-leafed growing in rich profusion, with here and there the color of some dainty wild flower. In the spring-time we saw these hedges starred with primroses, and the lower edges plentifully colored with lenten lilies and crocuses and the bold 'daffadowndillies' which flourish like gay maidens in the heart of the west of England country. In the later summer, when we went down to the moors, all the bold glory had vanished; but there were still rich blossoms—foxglove with stems of purple bells, blue flowers, narcissus that lays its pure pale blossoms so softly against the ferns, the gleam of sweet-robin here and there, dandelions, and a tiny white flower that rests on the bosom of the hedges, and even of the moors, in spite of all the fierce winds that sweep across the furze and heather, and finally, best of all, the intense glow of the scarlet poppy in fields and road-side, blazing like live coals in the deep, cool verdure.

Behind all this, far back against the horizon, lay the rich dark coloring of the moor, which can not be written down, or even, I think, done justice to in painting; it formed the background for our little village, its varied shades toning the perspective with so rich and dark a beauty that all paler bloom seemed faded and lustreless in comparison.—*Harper's Magazine.*

There and Here.

A member of the staff of a leading New York daily, writing to a friend here says:—

I sometimes meet St. John people and they tell me that business is dull, but improving; but despite all that is said and written, some of which I know to be very misleading, I feel that before another twelve months they will change their minds about New Brunswick, and get over the mania for coming to the States, and mark my words, you will soon see a sharp re-action on this point. You need not be alarmed about the so called exodus, unless the *returning* wave alarms you, for now, except in some rare instances, wages and salaries here are very low, and the expense of leaving very high. Like England trade is in the hands of old established firms, and to get a foothold is extremely difficult.

The United States is no longer a Bonanza country to live in, except to those who have secured their lay long ago. To my personal knowledge many St. John young men are wandering about in absolute distress, and others are employed at salaries they would not look at in St. John.

We have similar reports from Boston. A young man who had $600 a year here, and scouted at it, is now glad to work there for $3 a week. A few others have been a little more fortunate, but we have not heard of any one getting as much as he received here. A journeyman tailor who had steady employment in St. John at $12 a week, is now working there at $9, and if here now, he could get steady employment at $15 a week, and live, with his large family, on one half that it costs him there. He spent all his little savings moving to Boston, and has nothing now to bring his family back. We hear like reports from painters, shoemakers, iron workers, and weavers.—*St John Sun.*

Smut in Wheat.

Mr. Cyrus, a Tennessee farmer, claims he has found a cause of smut in wheat, and has proved by experiments that the popular remedies long used are effectual. He asserts that the smut is caused by hollow grains. The remedy which he claims to have discovered deserves careful consideration from the great importance of the subject and the results of his experiments. His wheat was badly damaged by smut five years ago. Testing the grains by putting them in water, he found that the medium-sized grains sank immediately; the large ones sank after floating a few minutes, and the small ones remained floating. Upon cutting the floaters open he found that in every instance they were hollow. By way of experiment he sowed a portion of this hollow wheat and raised a large crop of smut and chess. Further experiments were made. Selecting four lots of seed, he soaked one of them twelve hours in salt water, another lot twenty-four hours, in blue-stone water, and another thirty-six hours in clear water, and sowed separately. He says the next harvest he had no smut in his wheat; he found no difference in the crop, except that the lot soaked in lime water seemed to be more thrifty. This may lead our readers to institute experiments to test this matter.

For the Ladies.

Byzantine lace has come up again for ties. Wisteria blooms are used for mantel decorations. Flowers for bonnets, feathers for round hats is the rule now. Great clusters of sun flowers are set on some of the coaching hats. The bright plaitings around dark dresses should be very short. Camel's hair scarfs are embroided in colors for summer wear. Almost every color is blended in the bead embroideries which trim costly gowns. Very little mantles with long ends are cut from plaited silk and worn in the street. The Chinese bell is substituted for the common European bell in bridal decorations. Squares of Brussels net with the hem embroidered in pale colored dots are worn around the neck. Scarfs of plaid zephyr let into the flounces are used to brighten hunting dresses. The fashion of having every article worn on a suit to match it is carried out with great punctiliousness this season. With purple suits even the stockings are purple. Close fitting jackets are preferred to those which are loose, and are worn with short dresses instead of the pelerine mantle, which should always be accompanied by a half-long skirt.

An extraordinary find of Roman coins has just been made by some boys at Filton, a few miles from Bristol, G. B. While removing a primrose root from a brook, they unearthed a large urn, which was found to contain thousands of coins of the Emperors Domitian and Constantine, many of them in excellent preservation.

Oiled sawdust acted upon by the rays of the sun will soon burst forth into flame.

Joker's Corner.

A Man who found some Money.

The other day a common looking man, dressed in very common clothes, entered a saloon on Woodward avenue at a moment when the proprietor was alone and asked him to lock the door for a moment, and count the contents of a pocketbood which he had just picked up on the street. The door was locked and as a fat looking wallet was handed out the stranger said:

'I can't read nor write nor tell figgers, but I know you won't cheat me.'

The money counted up just $100. There were two $20 bills, and the rest were of smaller denominations. The stranger said he would hand the wallet over to the police and thanked the saloonist and departed. In about a quarter of an hour he returned and confidentially said:

'I gave up all the money but a ten-dollar bill, which I'm going to keep for my honesty. Let's drink.'

He threw down one of the $20 bills and drank his beer. It was remembered that he had said he couldn't tell the figures on the bills and was given change for $10.

'Was that a five or a ten?' he asked, as the twenty was put away.

'Oh that's a ten,' was the reply.

The man drank once more, and then took his leave. In the course of an hour a detective was looking for him on a charge of passing a counterfeit bill, but he could not be found. Maybe that saloonist made $10 out of him, and maybe he didn't.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Worst old Pelicans in the Deck.

One of the most remarkable things noticeable in social life is the unanimity with which people shake their relatives. Recently a gentleman arrived in Carson with a letter of introduction to one of our leading citizen's uncle. After the Carsonite read the letter he remarked:

'Glad to see you sir. Glad to see anybody who knows my uncle in Cleveland. How are all the folks?'

'Splendid, I spent six weeks there last fall, and I really think I ever met with such a fine family of genial hospitable and cultivated people.'

'Yes?'

'Yes, indeed—I never spent a pleasanter time in my life. Your relatives are, indeed, the—,

'Well, young man, if my relatives are such fine people they must have changed like thunder since I lived with them. I lived there a year and I think they are about the worst pelicans in the deck. I wouldn't spend a month with the crowd for the whole town of Cleveland.'

'Indeed,' said the other. 'Well since you have bren so candid about it, I might as well remark right here that your uncle and his whole family are the toughest collection of old fossils I have ever had the misfortune to be steered against.'

'Put it there young man—you show good sense. Let's go out and take something.'

In a few minutes more the two men were pledging perdiction to the Cleveland relatives over a foaming schooner of Carson beer.

A Disappointed Coroner.

Several days ago, says an Arkansas paper, an unsteady man was noticed walking along the street in Texarkana. A man simply unsteady would not have been noticed particularly, for Texarkana, like Little Rock, is the scene of a great many unsteady men. But the man looked sick, and when he reached a street corner he sank down and lay motionless. A crowd of people gathered around, and when a physician arrived and examined the man he remarked:

'Gentlemen the poor fellow is dead.'

The man was placed upon a bench, and the coroner, who had been noticed, summoned a jury and held an inquest.

'Well, gentleman,' said the coroner, after the consultation, 'what is your opinion as to the case of death.'

Just then the corpse arose, thrust his hands into his pockets and exclaimed:

'I don't know what your opinion is, but I'd like to know who has got my pocket-book.'

The man started off, but was stopped by the coroner, who informed him that he would have to pay the expenses.

'Indeed! You talk like an undertaker who has conducted a funeral!'

'I have held an inquest over your body, sir, and as you have behaved ridiculously the county won't allow me anything, and of course you'll have to pay me!'

'I didn't send for you. I didn't tell you to hold an inquest. I was getting along first rate.'

'Neither does any dead man send for me.'

'But I wasn't dead.'

'It wasn't my fault.'

'Nor mine either.'

'You are a hypocrite, sir you are deceitful. You should not be recognized in this community. And I want you to understand this: When you do die don't send for me, for I wouldn't hold an inquest over you to save your life.'

He was bald-headed, he had colossal feet, his ulster was apart, and there was a hazy look, like a mackerel sky, in his blue eye. He was braced up in a corner of the saloon and he regarded everyone who come in with an imbecile smile.

'S-say,' he gasped, catching at a lead pencil speculator who was vending pencils at two for five cents, 'why'm I melancholy?'

The riddle was too much for the lead-pencil speculator's narrow mind. He gasped for breath. 'Because,' continued the conundrum propounder, as he placed his knife rakishly in his mouth and tried to light it with a tooth-pick, 'because I'm mor'n full!'

'Gem'len,' said the old man as he got his legs under him, 'a pusson who labors under de ideah dat he am foolin' de world will sooner or later git de grand laff. A pusson can deceive de public for a few days or a few week, but as soon as de fraud am exposed he am a gone coon. You may stand yer hats ober on yer ears, hang out yer brass watch chains, an' puff away at yer cheap cigars, but de majority of men will see right frew you like a buzz saw chappin' up cheese. What we am we am, an' let us b'ar in mind de solemn fact dat while skim milk has its value an' its uses, it won't make ice cream nor deceive de babies.'—*Detroit Free Press.*