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THE FARMERSVILLE REPORTER.

A Dangerous Client.

"It was the tightest place I was ever in," said Nathan Twyll. Old Nat, as we called him, had a way of jumping into the middle of a story without a word of warning.

In the court house we youngsters stood in wholesome awe of old Nat. It was a current opinion among us that he had enough law stowed away in that white old head of his to stock half a dozen libraries. And even the judge, whose look of superior wisdom used to make the jurors tremble, would visibly weaken when Mr. Twyll rose to take an exception. But of an evening, on the circuit, old Nat was another man. Then with a gang of "the boys" about him eagerly devouring some stirring reminiscence of his earlier days, one could hardly imagine that the clear gray eyes beaming so genially on the listeners were the same that had looked an equivocating witness through and through in the morning.

"The tightest place you were ever in?—pray tell us all about it Mr. Twyll.

Old Nat asked nothing better. It was with a view, indeed, to inviting just that request that he had piqued our curiosity by the remark already quoted.

"More than forty years ago, when I was a boy about your age," he began, with a glance that took us in collectively, "I went to Florida, and settled in St. Augustine, where I was fortunate enough to secure a partnership with Mr. Mordaunt, an old lawyer of high standing and ability.

His daughter Zillah, a few years younger than myself, was—well, it's hardly my place to say how beautiful she was; and for the matter of that, I must be permitted to say I still think her a fine looking woman.

She and I became acquainted, of course, and equally of course, I fell desperately in love; for I soon found that Miss Mordaunt's charms of person were fully equalled, if not excelled, by her mind and disposition.

Among our clients was one whose business Mr. Mordaunt had long transacted. He was a money-lender of the most merciless and exacting type—one who heeded not the widow's prayer nor the orphan's cry—who to the question, "What do the Scriptures principally teach?" would have answered, "Pay me what thou owest."

At first I only disliked Jubal Gaff, but I fairly hated him after catching him 'making eyes' at Zillah Mordaunt whose di-gust and indignation, I could easily see, was equal to my own.

One day a large sum collected for Mr. Gaff came into our hands, which Mr. Mordaunt, not wishing to be responsible for its safety, requested me to carry at once to our client.

Mr. Gaff was a bachelor, living the life almost of a recluse, in an old-fashioned, somber looking Spanish house, as uninviting as its master.

"I have brought you the money on Mr. Tibbatt's mortgage," I said when admitted to Mr. Gaff's presence.

He bowed coldly, counted over the amount, and handed me a receipt, whereupon I rose to depart.

"Pray remain a moment," he said

"there is a matter I wish to consult you about, but first please excuse me for a minute."

He left the room but returned shortly.

"Be kind enough to step this way," he said, "I desire our consultation to be strictly private."

As there was no one to hear us where we were, I was at a loss to comprehend this unnecessary caution; but as it is the nature of some men to be over prudent, I followed Mr. Gaff without question to a small room in the rear, to which he lead the way.

As I advanced to take the chair to which he motioned me, suddenly as the trap gives way beneath the feet of the scaffold's victim, the part of the floor on which I stood sank beneath me. A fall of at least twenty-five feet landed me on some straw, and the glance I cast upwards was barely in time to see the aperture close through which I had just descended, after which the darkness was complete.

For an instant astonishment took the place of every other feeling. Then the full horror of my situation burst upon me. I was in the power of an unscrupulous, cruel man, moved by jealous hatred; for, doubtless, he suspected my attachment to Zillah, and and looked upon me as a rival. Was it his intention to take my life by torture of starvation? I believed him quite capable of it. The thought was maddening. I ran from side to side but everywhere was met with cold stone walls, at which I tore with my naked hands until they bled. I shouted aloud, but the sound only returned to deafen my own ears.

(Continued in our next.)

That Burrud.

An Irishman dropped into a saloon and was very much taken with a parrot which hung in a cage near the window.

"Phwat is that?" he asked.

"That's a parrot, Pat," replied the vendor of stimulants.

Just here the bird chimed in with—

"Yes, I'm a parrot, and you bet I'm a dandy."

This so delighted Pat that he offered to buy the bird.

"Phat'll ye take for it?" he asked.

"Fifty dollars."

"Howly Moses! that's too much. Have yez any eggs?"

"Yes."

"How'll you sell 'em?"

"Two for \$5."

Pat pulled out his pocket-book and deposited the amount named. The saloon-keeper took it and went into a back room, from whence he soon re-appeared with two large eggs, which Pat pocketed and walked off. Nothing was seen of him for about two months, when one day he came in, and leaning over the counter, whispered to the saloon-keeper—

"I want to speak to yez a minute."

"Well, fire ahead."

"You'd better be after watchin that burrud of yours."

"Why, Pat?"

"Well, from experience wid them eggs, I believe the craythur's been associating wid a duck."

Wyoming papers say that the supply of brides is not equal to the fall and winter demand.

Man.

Man that is born of woman is small potatoes and few in the hill.

He riseth up to-day and flourisheth like a rag-weed, and to-morrow or the day after the undertaker has him in the ice box.

He goeth forth in the morning warbling like a lark, and is knocked out in one round and two seconds.

In the midst of life he is in debt, and the tax collector pursueth him wher-ever he goeth.

The banister of life is full of splinters, and he slideth down it with considerable rapidity.

He walketh forth in the bright sunlight to absorb ozone, and meeteth the bank teller with a sight draft for \$350.

He cometh home at eventide and meeteth the wheel-barrow in his path, and the wheel-barrow riseth up and smiteth him to the earth and falleth upon him and runneth one of its legs into his ear.

In the gentle spring time he putteth on his summer clothes, and a blizzard striketh him far away from home, and filleth him with woe and rheumatism.

He layeth up treasure in the bank, and the president peccateth in margins, and then goeth to the States for his health.

In the autumn he putteth on his winter trousers, and a wasp that abideth in them filleth him full of intense excitement.

He sitteth up all night to get the returns from Leeds and Grenville, and in the end learneth that the other fellows have carried it.

He buyeth a watch dog, and when he cometh home late from lodge the watch-dog treeth him and sitteth beneath him until rosy morn.

He goeth to the horse trot and betteth his money on the brown mare, and the bay gelding with the blaze face winneth.

He marrieth a red-haired heiress with a wart on her nose, and the next day her parental ancestor goeth under with few assets and great liabilities and cometh home to live with his beloved son-in-law.—[Puck.

The lactometer has been declared useless by an English authority.

As celery is known to be beneficial for nervousness, it is now claimed by those professing a fair trial that cran-berries assist in curing dyspepsia.

Michigan has a law which declares that no man shall be employed as engineer, train-dispatcher, fireman, brakeman or other railroad servant, unless he is a total abstainer. And any railway company that violates the law is liable to a fine of \$500 for each offense. If other states would follow Michigan's good example, there would be fewer railway accidents, and much less loss of life.

Advices from Stoco, Hastings Co., indicate that smallpox is spreading. The deaths so far number 31, and at the present there are in the hospital 23 cases. Two more nuns have been sent to Stoco, and the Rev. Father Fleming is said to be dangerously ill. One of the local physicians is advertising for another nurse and a sanitary policeman.

The bogus butter men in New York are coming to grief. The dairy commissioners have commenced a series of prosecutions against the vendors of the vile stuff, and are resolved not to relax until oleo. is gone. It is said that oleomargarine and butterine are sold, to the retail dealers at 13 to 15 cents a pound, and retailed as butter at 20 to 25 cents. The retailers are attempting to evade the prosecutors by peddling direct to the customers without passing the goods through their shops.

The season is now about over and the dairymen have every reason to feel satisfied with the returns from cheese, which is now justly regarded as a very important branch of Canadian industries. When it is remembered that over 1,000,000 boxes of cheese have been shipped via Montreal this season, we think our readers will agree with us in saying that cheese-making is assuming a very important factor of our productions. A few figures will show anyone the money this amount of cheese brings into the country. The fact is that for those who have the taste and help there is no better paying business in the country than dairying and stockraising. There is less serious fluctuations in these products than in anything else.

The presentment of the Grand Jury of the General Sessions of the Peace for the United Counties of Leeds and Grenville, made on Friday last, contained the following paragraph: "We further desire to call attention to the number of prisoners confined in our gaol on a charge of vagrancy. While it occasionally happens through want of industrious habits and care in husbanding earnings while in health, persons will at last find their way to the gaol, then to depend on the country for support. We also know that the great evil of drunkenness is the prolific source of vagrancy, and demand for support of this class is becoming a large tax on this thrifty portion of the community, we desire to express the hope and belief that the effort to suppress the sale of intoxicating liquor by the adoption of the Scott Act may be the source of much good and the prevention of much crime in our country." In reply the judge said:—"As to that portion of your presentment which refers to the prisoners who are confined as vagrants, and as to the source or cause of vagrancy, I have to say that I am convinced that the liquor traffic is responsible for a large proportion of offences against law and order which are committed in our Dominion, and in my opinion all classes of the community should use any and every proper and lawful means which will prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and believing as I do that the Canada Temperance Act of 1878, commonly called the Scott Act, were it adopted and properly enforced, is a valuable means of attaining that desirable end, and I think all true friends of temperance ought to accord it their support and give it a fair trial.