

The Colonist.

FRIDAY, OCT. 31, 1892.

THE NEW MINISTER.

T. M. Daly, jr., the new Minister of the Interior, is in the prime of life, being just forty years old; he has a strong constitution and fine physique to back up his mental activity, which give promise of a long life of usefulness to his native land. Mr. Daly commenced his political career nearly twenty-five years ago, when he stepped the county of Perth, in Ontario, for his father in the interests of the Liberal-Conservative party, of which he has ever since been a staunch supporter.

He graduated in his native town of Stratford, after some seven or eight years of professional and political life, and then went to the young Province of Manitoba, where, from the very start, he took a strong and active interest in public affairs, beginning as the first Mayor of the now prosperous city of Brandon, and filling many other important offices. With his long and varied experience as a jurist and politician he was not satisfied with the narrow provincial sphere. He went to Ottawa, in 1887, as the representative for Selkirk, Man., with the idea that he had a great task before him in assisting to further the interests of the large rural constituency, and of the Dominion at large. How his good work has been appreciated is shown by the overwhelming majority by which he defeated the strongest Reform candidate in the province, at the last general election.

Mr. Daly is probably one of the most accomplished campaigners west of Lake Superior; being a splendid organizer, a good speaker, with a fine sense of humor and quick at repartee, and has his facts and figures at his finger ends. Always a close student of parliamentary procedure, and having the advantage of a sound legal training, he will be a valuable acquisition to the Government, both in the House of Commons and in the Department of the Interior. Probably to no other Minister are addressed more enquiries than to the Minister of the Interior, and Mr. Daly will be found prepared to perform the duties of his department in a manner satisfactory to all, for he is so constituted that he will not be merely the political head, but also the working head of his department.

Mr. Daly's career has been marked with energy and public spirit. In assuming the duties of Minister of the Interior he is relinquishing a large and lucrative legal practice in the Province of Manitoba and the adjoining Territories.

The Government have acted judiciously in selecting a man so strongly in sympathy with the settlers of the great Northwest, and one so well qualified to deal with every detail of the important department over which he will preside.

THE CHINESE WAY.

Gambling is against the law in China, but the law is not always enforced. The reason of this is that there are corrupt officials in Chinese cities who, for a consideration, agree to be blind to gambling, even though it is openly carried on, and though the policemen in their rounds can hardly help stumbling into the gambling dens. The toll paid to the Chinese Chief of Police, "Mandarin," as he is called in China, is in the local slang of Hongkong called "squeeze." This squeeze in many cases amounts to a good round sum, and is a very handsome supplement to the Mandarin's official income. It can, therefore, be hardly expected that the Heathen Chinese official would readily sacrifice this unflinching source of revenue to his sense of duty. And he does not.

We see in the Overland China Mail of the 15th ult., instances of how gambling is suppressed in China. There is a place in the Flowery Kingdom, not far from Hongkong, called Kowloon City. The town is characterized by the Mail as the local Monte Carlo. Any amount of mischief is done to both Europeans and Chinese in the halls of Kowloon, and as attempts were made by well-disposed persons to have them permanently closed. They petitioned the Mandarin. Kwangtung, to have the police establishments shut up. Kwangtung received the petitioners very graciously, and spoke to them in the pleasant way imaginable. He admitted that it was a shame to have the gambling dens open, and that many were ruined in them; and in answer to the prayer of the petition he promised to take measures to have them closed immediately. The deputation that waited upon him left his presence in high good humor, believing that they had succeeded, and that there would be no more gambling in Kowloon. But they did not know that man. Kwangtung had no idea of doing without his "squeeze." The gambling houses were closed for a very short time, but they were opened again, and gambling went on in them as briskly as ever. "They are now," the Mail says, "carrying on their business in quite as public a way as before, and if they are not quite so flourishing as they were two or three years ago, it is not because their operations are hampered in any way, but merely because money is less plentiful now than it was then." Kwangtung is, of course, again in the full enjoyment of the squeeze he receives from the keepers of the dens in return for the immunity they enjoy.

Gambling was suppressed in another village which was a favorite resort of the fast men of Hongkong, simply because the men interested in shutting up the houses in which the games were carried on knew how to work the oracle. This village bears the name Sam-ul-po. For some reason or another the gambling dens of this village were not so profitable to the local officials as were the dens of Kowloon to Kwangtung. The moral reformers went to the Man-

darin, and knowing it was foolish to expect him to give up the money he was in the habit of squeezing out of the gaming-house keepers found out what it amounted to and offered to pay him an equivalent in hard cash if he would bestir himself in earnest to put down gambling in Sam-ul-po. The Mandarin agreed and the security being good the gambling houses in Sam-ul-po were soon shut up.

This is how the laws against gambling are enforced in China. When it is worth the local magistrates while to allow the gambling places to remain open the violation of the law is winked at, and gambling cannot be suppressed; but when the officials are well paid to put the screws on their old friends and paymasters, the gambling-house keepers, the favors of and lang syne are forgotten and the dens are raided with praiseworthy zeal. There may be a moral to this or true tale from the Orient for those who have the discernment to see it and the skill to benefit by it after it is discovered.

HOPES AND EXPECTATIONS.

Attention was some time ago directed by Mr. A. M. Hussey to the impression that prevails in Ireland as to the object and outcome of Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy. A man named Scanlan put up for sale by auction the interest in his farm. It was a small one of 194 acres, having on it only a mud cabin and no improvements. The auctioneer, in his little speech at the opening of the sale, said: "As we will soon have Home Rule, and then no more rent need be paid, the great object will be to get possession of the land." The speech seemed to have a stimulating effect on those who heard it, for the bidding was brisk and the tenant's interest in the 194 acres sold for £190, or a little less than ten pounds, or fifty dollars, an acre. The farm is said to have cost the purchaser £205, or thirteen years' rent, or twenty years' purchase at the Government valuation. This seems a very heavy price to pay for land burdened with a rent of £16. One would suppose that a prudent buyer would hesitate to pay the sum of nearly one thousand dollars for the freehold of the land, and it seems that the purchaser must have believed the auctioneer and considered that he was buying, not the tenant's right, but really the fee simple of the land. To show the value of land in that part of the country Mr. Hussey says that a small estate in the neighborhood was offered by the landlord at thirteen years' purchase and declined.

Mr. Gladstone cannot give these Home Rulers what they so confidently expect. He cannot if he would rob the Irish landlords in order to give their lands to the tenants, and when it is found that he is neither able nor willing to do this, those who, like the auctioneer, believe that when Ireland gets Home Rule no one will have to pay rent, will be as ready to curse Mr. Gladstone as they are now to invoke blessings on his head.

IMMIGRATION.

The Canadian Northwest is beginning to be known and appreciated by our neighbors across the line. They now see that it is a region of great capabilities, and that the industrious settler on its lands will achieve an independence there more quickly than in most other parts of the continent. The following list of land sales made by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company in the Battle River and Saskatchewan districts to settlers from the United States during the week ending October 4, shows that the "exodus" is not all in one direction:

Freeman Talbot (state senator), Dakota.....	180
Thos. Seeger, Okemdale, Washington.....	180
Teleton T. Cox, Elberton, Washington.....	120
H. M. Wadley, Elberton, Washington.....	180
Ed. B. Blake, Moscow, Idaho.....	180
W. G. Bragg, Pullman, Washington.....	180
W. M. Terry, Uniontown, Washington.....	180
W. G. Bragg, Pullman, Washington.....	180
D. H. Sassenberry, Pullman, Washington.....	180
R. D. Ringler, Pullman, Washington.....	180
J. D. Richardson, Pullman, Washington.....	180
C. F. Braden, Page, Holt & Co., Nebraska.....	180
James C. Parr, Pullman, Washington.....	180
W. K. Shields, Battle Creek, Michigan.....	180
Daniel McRae, Fairfield, Washington.....	180
W. McCrimmon, Fairfield, Washington.....	180
John McRae, Fairfield, Washington.....	180
John McGinty, Fairfield, Washington.....	180
John Samis, Rogers, Nebraska.....	180
L. P. Parr, Pullman, Washington.....	180
James C. Parr, Pullman, Washington.....	180
H. J. Webb, Pullman, Washington.....	180

This, we are quite satisfied, is only the beginning of the migration north from the United States. All that surprises us is that American citizens have been so long blind to the advantages of the great wheat growing and cattle raising region of the Canadian Northwest.

MORALLY OBUSE.

"Show me your company and I'll tell you what you are," the Times does not believe will hold good when the relations between the Hon. Mr. Mercer and the Hon. Mr. Laurier are observed and commented upon. We do not know what Liberals of the class to which the Times people belong may think, but we are sure that there are Liberals both in Canada and in Great Britain who would no more think of associating with a politician in Mr. Mercer's position than they would of flying. Would Mr. Gladstone show himself in public to be in sympathy with the Times? The Times would, we feel sure, be both surprised and edified if it knew what the greatest of the Canadian Liberals thinks of Mr. Laurier's injudicious act. We are morally sure that Mr. Mercer will give his old friend Count Mercier a very wide berth. It will, we venture to say, be a long time before he by word or sign, shows that he sympathizes with the shrewd politician with whom he took sweet counsel in Quebec and elsewhere. And he will be quite right in showing that he has no sympathy with the political

wrongdoer. The pitch of political iniquity is very black and very sticky, and it is impossible for leading men in active politics to touch it and not be defiled. They, as we have already said, are representative men, and people, both at home and abroad, judge their party by them. They, therefore, cannot afford to have any fellowship with politicians who are known to have pursued "a crooked political course." A regard not only for their own reputation, but for the reputation of their party, should prevent their associating with public men whose characters are known to be embroiled. This is a course dictated, not by peccadilloism, but by common sense and common prudence.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE RING.

FROM AN EYE WITNESS.

The following letter received by a gentleman in Victoria is of interest as giving the experience of an eye witness to the great Sullivan-Corbett contest:

DEAR FRIEND:—I received your enclosing wood cut on my return from New Orleans, La. Well, that was a boss set for all hands of Sullivan's friends. I never was so surprised in my life as in the third round it became evident that Corbett was going to get the best of the big fellow. I am under the impression that if Sullivan had commenced in the first round to murder Corbett he could have done it, but he made no noticeable impression on Sullivan, showing off; that let Corbett get his measure. And as Corbett was by far the most active man of the two, he let John L. hang away and weary himself out while Corbett was ever kept out of reach of J. L.'s fearful right, any one of which terrible blows would have knocked Corbett or a bull out clean. Corbett's blows lacked steam, and he really made no noticeable impression on Sullivan, until about the 16th round. Then his hammering on Sullivan's stomach and heart began to tell. Yet even after that time if Sullivan could have hit Corbett he would have knocked him out, but he could not. Why, Corbett is like a panther. He would jump back 12 feet and slide 6 or 8 feet. He is the most active man I ever saw. Yet he is not a hard hitter. Poor Sullivan, it was a pity to see him when he saw he could not win. Corbett knocked him out by a clean smash on the point of the jaw just in front of the ear. It was a daisy and poor John went to sleep to wake up and find he was no longer in the ring. I wish you had been with me to see the great audience, all handsomely dressed men, well behaved, and very quiet. I sat within 10 feet of the ring and could hear every word that was spoken. Evidently J. L. did not go to Sunday school when he was a lad. It cost me with my ticket and car fare and all expenses about \$25. I bought a \$300 pool on Sullivan to get even and pay my expenses, and so far have not gone to get my ticket cashed. I never saw so much money bet in my life on anything—3 to 5 and in some cases 2 to 5 on Sullivan was the terms. The Sullivan men bet the Corbett crowd to a standstill. The Boston party were heavy losers.

CORBETT'S REPLY.

Boston, Oct. 18.—The following telegram was received this morning, in reply to the dispatch sent Puggist Corbett, conveying the challenge of Peter Jackson:

4. W. Cook, Police News, Boston, Mass.:—My theatrical contacts prevent me fighting for a year. When I am ready I will fight Mr. Jackson in the club on the 15th inst. and for as much money over \$10,000 as he wants on the side, providing he is impossible to beat. I am in the meantime to force Charles Mitchell to fight. I am of the opinion that I can beat him from the Olympic club of New Orleans to fight Mitchell than any other man in the world.

A GLOVE TEST WANTED.

Boston, Oct. 18.—Capt. Cooke, of this city, has received a telegram from the London Sportsman stating that the National Club, of London, offers \$4,000 for a glove contest between champion James J. Corbett and Peter Jackson, and guarantees Jackson all the betting and backing that Corbett requires, and will consent to any time for the meeting which the competitors may desire on, although preferring the end of the spring or late in April. Capt. Cooke has wired Corbett.

HALLS IS WILLING.

New York, Oct. 18.—Jim Hall tells Richard K. Fox that he will fight Bob Fitzsimmons for the purse offered by the Olympic Club of New Orleans. Fox has notified President Charles Noel.

A FATAL TOLL.

New York, Oct. 18.—During a glove fight this morning, in the rooms of the Garrison Association, Wm. Neary, aged 26, was knocked out by John McGarry. A doctor was called, but Neary remained unconscious. He was taken home, where he died this afternoon. McGarry has been arrested.

THE GEAR.

GATDAVAD AGREABLE.

TORONTO, Oct. 18.—Wm. O'Connor, the champion, having announced his readiness to row any man in America for any amount, at any place or time, Gandar, ex-champion, expressed his intention of accepting the offer, the race to be for \$1,000 a side and the championship title, and take place in the spring.

A FRIEND TO THE 'GOLISTS.

J. G. Morgan, of Winnipeg, the Manitoba and British Columbia manager for the New York Life Insurance Co., has given \$20 in cash for the opening meeting of the Terminal City 'Cycling Club' next season.

GYMNASTS MARRIED.

New York, Oct. 18.—Prof. George S. Michling and Frances C. Warburton were married here to-day. Judge Ehrlich performed the ceremony. Michling is the instructor in wrestling at the Olympic Athletic Club, San Francisco. The bride is of a family of gymnasts.

ANSON'S NEMESIS.

Edward Stein, the Phenomenal Young Brooklyn Pitcher.

Ed Stein is a name which when mentioned in Captain Anson's presence in these October days gives him a pain second only to one which is supposed to accompany the work of a nurse, alibioided cholera germ. Stein has this season done some phenom-



EDWARD STEIN.

enal pitching for the Brooklyn Baseball club, but none superior to what he has done against the Chicago, whence he was last year released.

Pitcher Stein was born in Detroit Sept. 5, 1890, and began playing with the Coss and Foss (traded) clubs of that place along in the eighties. His first professional engagement was secured in 1889 with the Bay City club. The following year he was a member of the Saginaw and Bay City, and finally went to the Chicago, where he kept him into the season of 1891, after which he let him go. Then the Kansas City took him up, and he played there till Ward signed him for the Brooklyn. Stein is a remarkably good hitter for a pitcher, a most reliable young man and never gives the Brooklyn management trouble. His habits are good and his manners are modest and unassuming. Of course, as his name suggests, Stein is of German parentage, and like all ball players of that nationality, he is frugal and reliable.

A Record Breaker.

Last July a prominent western man who is a great authority on cycling, in speaking of Harry C. Tyler, said:

"If Tyler continues to improve and ride as he has done in the last month there is



DE KURNEL PICKED UP A HALF RIDE WATER-MILLION.

"He has a resolution which declares that he will prize truth above all else. He is a man of no small caliber. He is a man who has many children he had he'd count up as straight as a string, but if he'd count him how many fish he'd caught he'd allus make do number twenty-seven. He prized truth to the same as the rest of us. He is all right when you want to work off half cotton on somebody, an all wrong when somebody wants to work it off on you."

"As to his being a patriot, that's all right. We are all patriots. It doesn't cost a cent nor bring any risk in times of peace. It's our business to be patriots, a nobody gits any particular praise for it.

"These resolutions say that he was generous to a fault. Yes, I reckon he was, but in this day an age such a pusion is referred to as light in the head. Their generosity is also mostly outside of fact; as it's a best quality of a man's heart, and although he was not 'paced' particularly well he pulled the time down to 2m. 8.45s. This was done on a regulation track, from a standing start, and the timing was looked after by men of long experience.

CHECKERS AND CHESS.

Checker Problem No. 186—By Charles F. Barker.

Black—2, 14, 30.

White—8, 10, 22, 32.

White to play and win. Chess Problem No. 186—By Dr. S. Gold.

Black.

White.

White to play and mate in two moves. SOLUTIONS.

Checker Problem No. 185.

White.

Black.

M. QUAD'S HUMOR.

Brother Gardner Delivers an Oration on the Death of Kurnel Cabiff.

The Arizona Kicker Again—Several Funny Sketches—How Sully Was Consolated.

(Copyright, 1892 by Charles B. Lewis.)

BROTHER GARDNER ON THE DEATH OF KURNEL CABIFF.

"I hold heath in my hand," said Brother Gardner at the last regular meeting of the Linnekin club, "some resolutions presented by Shindig Watkins on the death of Brudder Kurnel Cabiff, which took place one week ago. Dar am fo'teen 'whereases' an sebasteen 'resolves,' as I would like to save it from criticism.

"My friends, we all knowed de kurnel from top to bottom. It was foolish, as I am written heath. He had about de average stock of integrity, but no mo'. He paid his debts; he worked off his lead nickels on de street kyar conductor, same as de rest of us. He returned borrowed money, but he took his time 'bout it, an nebbber said a word 'bout interest. If left alone in a grocery while de man went out for change he wouldn't pocket anything, but if he found a dollar bill on de floor of dis hall he didn't go round axin who had de lost money. If he agreed to put two cents of white wash on a fence he'd do it, but he'd be co'se de last cent was mighty thin. If he sold a dawg he got all he could fur him. If he bought a maw he beat de price down to de lowest notch. While he wouldn't break into yo'r hen coop an steal chickens, if one of yo'r hens got into his yard it nebbber returned.

Joseph was waiting for a jim dandy to come along, and when it appeared he started in to win the wager. There was a smile of confidence on his face, and the expression in his eyes went to show that he considered he had struck a soft snap. Thirty seconds after his first move he was sitting on the ground covered by his own game, and the expression in his eyes had changed to surprise and alarm. He spent his Sunday in the lockup, and Monday morning paid ten dollars fine and had his guns confiscated for the benefit of the road fund. He had nothing whatever to say, except that he wanted to go off somewhere for a week or two and think it over and try and make out just how it all happened. Our esteemed contemporary is out in a column article this week headed, 'The Mayor Attempts to Assassinate a Stranger,' but that was to be expected. We have given the facts in the case as scores of our citizens know them.

A CANARD.—We notice that a Salt Lake paper has an item to the effect that the postmaster at this place for the fifth time last week, and that he is not expected to survive. The item is a canard. The present official was appointed two years ago. During this interval, in order to expedite the mail service and secure fair play for The Kicker, we have been compelled to shoot him on three different occasions and in three different portions of his anatomy. On his part he has wounded us twice. We seem to have come to a satisfactory and mutual understanding, and there is no call for further shooting.

THERE NINTH MAN.

There were nine of us in the smoking car, and when we came to compare notes we discovered that the entire crowd were to get off at Buttsville. It was only a village and there was only one hotel. Four or five of the boys had been there before, and when some one asked about the hotel he was answered:

"You might as well prepare to camp out. The man who owns and runs the house is the champion jockass of America. He's got about fifty of the most absurd rules and regulations any one ever heard of, and you've got to abide by 'em or you can't stay."

"But is he personally disagreeable?" "Is a hyena personally disagreeable? The minute you set eyes on him you want to knock him down!"

"Why don't the people get rid of him?" "They have been trying for the last ten years, but he is staying for spite. There ought to be a law by which such old idiots could be bounced."

We all agreed to that—all but the ninth man, who sat in a seat by himself and didn't enter into the conversation. Each of us expressed our personal opinion of the landlord and denounced the trials and tribulations awaiting us, but it was understood that we should have to stop at the hotel and put up with his meanness as here'thoroughly understood his failing and made allowances. He shouldn't have attempted to play with a stranger at all, as he never carried a gun, but it seems that he sat down to a game with a man

from Salt Lake, and had worked three out of the four aces up his sleeve when suddenly called from earth away. The Salt Lake man didn't know of his failing of course, and the coroner's jury will doubtless return a verdict of "justifiable homicide. The deceased was charitable, kind hearted and a loyal friend, wherever he gave his friendship. He leaves a wife who was devoted to him, although his sudden taking off was no surprise to her. She knew that he must either quit fooling with the aces or it was inevitable that he would some day run up against a stranger full of business.

LOST HIS MULE.—Among the freighters who arrived here Friday afternoon was a fellow named Lightning Joe. When some of the boys told him that the mayor of this town (who is ourself) not only attended church on Sunday, but led the choir, passed the contribution box and assisted in a general way to run things, and aside from that wore a plug hat, a boiled shirt, a pair of yellow kid



THIRTY SECONDS AFTER.

and had his pants made in Denver, with regular creases in the hind part of the legs, Joseph decided that the wave of civilization must be checked. After cleaning up his guns and buying fifty extra cartridges he bet his mule against ten dollars that he could shoot the hat off his honor's head and get away without a scratch. The trial was made Sunday afternoon within a block of the church edifice.

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down and a lone man was sitting on the steps. All recognized him as our ninth man.

"What's the matter here?" asked one of the crowd, as he tried the door and found it locked.

The lone man pointed to a written notice just tacked up on a column, and we pressed forward to read:

THIS HOTEL CLOSED FOR THREE DAYS BY ORDER OF THE CHAMPION JACKASS OF AMERICA.

The ninth man of our crowd was the owner and landlord of the hotel and had heard every word said against him! We did not plead with him nor attempt to palliate our offense. It would have been breath thrown away. We simply went across the street and leased a coooper shop for two days and bought cheese and crackers at the grocery.

OFF HIS MIND.

There were five or six of us on the hotel veranda when a queer looking old fellow came up the steps and said his name was Thompson and that he was the village coooper. Then he explained:

"Gentlemen, I want to ask a question, and I hope you will answer me truthfully. I was there was such a man. You don't see if all agree or disagree?"

Then he walked each one of us in turn down the veranda a few feet and whisperingly inquired:

"Do you believe that any such man as General Washington actually lived and was the father of this country?"

"Why, certainly."

"You can't possibly be mistaken about it?"

"Of course not."

"Willing to bet your life?"

"Yes, sir."

When he had finished with the last man he said:

"Gentlemen, I'm sorry to have troubled you, but for the last thirty-five years I've argued and contended that there was no such man. This morning I determined to get the blamed thing off my mind one way or another. It is finally off. I believe there was such a man. You don't know what a relief I feel, and I will now go and get drunk and celebrate his birthday."

It was September, but he got drunk and whooped for the 22nd of February, Thanksgiving, Christmas and Fourth of July all rolled into one, and was in the lockup that evening when we left town.

EAST LESSONS IN ARITHMETIC.

A, who is a young girl, is seated at one end of a fifty foot veranda with her mother, while B, who is a palpitating young man, is seated at the other end all alone. The mother is taken with headache and vertigo. The young folks are attracted toward each other at the rate of a foot and a half for every forty-two seconds. How long will it take them to bump together?

A tin peddler cheats a farmer's wife out of eleven cents on her paper bags and seventeen cents on a calfskin, while she works off two dozen bad eggs on him at fourteen cents per dozen, and stuffs a pound and a half of hens' feathers into the sack of goose feathers she sells at forty cents per pound. How much is the tin peddler ahead? And why does he smile over it?

A preacher on a salary of \$300 per year and a steady job buys a grogshop set for two dollars and invites one of the church trustees to play a game with him. How much would the salary of the preacher have amounted to in three years, seven months and thirteen days had he staid on instead of having "come" within four weeks after beating the trustee?

A dry goods clerk on a salary of fifteen dollars a week, and having a cash capital of \$1,000 in the bank, begins to court a girl. His intended father-in-law borrows of him at the rate of thirty-two dollars per week, and he saves seven dollars per week out of his salary. What will be the state of his finances at the end of one year?

SALLY WAS CONSOLATED.

After I had bunked down on the floor of the squatter's cabin and had been given about a quarter of an hour to go to sleep, I heard the woman ask her husband across the fireplace:

"Jim, when he gits up in the mawnin will him ask fur soap?"