

THE ONE DOLLAR BILL.

How it did rain that November night. None of your undecided showers with hesitating intervals, as it were, between; none of your mild, persistent patterings on the roof, but a regular tempest, a wild deluge, a rush of arrowy drops and a thunder of opening floods!

Squire Pratlet heard the rattling up against the casements and drew his snug easy chair closer to the fire—a great, open mass of glimmering anthracite, and gazed with a sort of sleepy, reflecting satisfaction at the crimson moor curtains, and a gray cat fast asleep on the hearth, and the canary bird rolled into a drowsy ball of yellow down upon its perch.

"This is snug," quoth the squire; "I'm glad I had the leaky spot in the barn fixed last week. I don't object to a stormy night once in a while when a fellow's under cover, and there is nothing particular to be done."

"Yes," Mrs. Pratlet answered. She was sitting opposite between the kitchen and sitting room with a great blue checkered apron tied about her waist.

"I am nearly ready to come in now." "Well, I wonder," sotto voce, "if that was a knock at the door, or just a little rush of wind."

She went to the door, nevertheless, and a minute or two afterwards she went to her husband's chair.

"Joe, dear, it's Luke Ruddilove," she said apprehensively. The squire never looked up from his reading.

"Tell him he has made a mistake. The tavern is on the second corner beyond."

"But he wants to know if you will lend him a dollar," said Mrs. Pratlet.

"Couldn't you tell him no, without the ceremony of coming to me? Is it likely that I should lend a dollar, or even a cent to Luke Ruddilove? Why I'd a great deal rather throw it among yonder red coals. No—of course not."

Mrs. Pratlet hesitated. "He looks so pinched and cold and wretched, Josiah. He says there is nobody in the world to let him have a cent."

"All the better for him, if he did but know it," sharply enunciated the old squire. "If he had come to that half a dozen years ago perhaps he would not have been the miserable vagabond he now is."

"We used to go to school together," said Mrs. Pratlet, gently. "He was the smartest boy in the class."

"That's probably true enough," said the squire, "but it don't alter the fact. He is a poor drunken wretch now. Send him about his business, Mary, and if his time is of any consequence, just let him know that he had better not waste it coming here after dollars."

And the squire leaned back in his chair, after a positive fashion, as if the whole matter was settled.

Mrs. Pratlet went back to the kitchen where Luke Ruddilove was spreading his poor fingers over the blaze of the fire, his tattered garments steaming as if he was a pillar of vapor.

"Then I've got to starve, like any other dog?" said Luke Ruddilove, turning away, "but, after all, I don't suppose it makes much difference if I shuffle out of this world to-day or to-morrow."

"Oh, Luke, no difference to your wife?"

"She'd be better off without me," he said, down-heartedly.

"But she ought not to be." "Ought and is are two different things Mrs. Pratlet. Good night; I ain't going to the tavern, although I'll wager the squire thought I was."

"And isn't it natural enough that he should think so, Luke?"

"Yes, yes, Mary; I don't say but what it is," murmured Luke in the same dejected tone he used during the interview.

"Stop," Mrs. Pratlet called to him as his hand lay on the door-latch, in a low voice. "Here is a dollar, Luke. Mrs. Pratlet gave it to me for an oil-cloth to go in front of the parlor stove; but I will try and make the old one last a little longer. And Luke, for the sake of old times do try and do better. Won't you?"

Luke Ruddilove looked vacantly at the new bank bill in his hand, and then at the blooming young matron who had placed it there.

"Thank you, Mary. I will. God bless you," he said, and crept out into the wild storm that reigned without. Mrs. Pratlet stood looking into the kitchen fire.

"I dare say I've done a very foolish thing, but, indeed, I could not help it. If he will take it home and not spend it at the tavern I shall not miss my oil-cloth."

And there was a conscious blush on her cheeks as if she had done something wrong when she joined her husband in the sitting room.

"Well," said Squire Pratlet, "has that unfortunate gone at last?"

"Yes."

"To the Stoke's tavern, I suppose?"

"I hope not, Josiah."

"I am afraid it's past hoping for," said the squire, shrugging his shoulders. But Mrs. Pratlet kept her secret in her own heart.

It was six months afterwards that the squire came into the dining room, where his wife was preserving great red apples into jelly.

"Well, well," cried he, "wonders will never cease. The Ruddiloves have gone away."

"Where?"

"I don't know—out West somewhere with a colony. And they say Luke's not drank a drop of whiskey for six months."

"I am glad of that," said Mrs. P. "It won't last long," he suggested despairingly.

"Why not?"

"Oh, I don't know; I haven't any faith in those sudden reforms."

Mr. Pratlet was silent. He thought thankfully that, after all, Luke had not spent the dollar in liquor.

Six months—six years; the time sped along in days and weeks, almost before busy Mrs. Pratlet knew that it was gone. The Ruddiloves had returned to Sequoia. Luke had made his fortune, so the story went on, far off in Eldorado.

"They do say," said Mrs. Buckingham, "that he has bought that ere lot down opposite the court-house, and he is going to build a house as never was."

"He must have prospered greatly," observed Mrs. P.

"And his wife, she wears a silk gown that will stand alone for richness. I can remember when Ruddilove was nothing but a poor drunken creature."

"All the more credit to him now," said Mrs. Pratlet, emphatically.

"It's to be all of stone, with white mantles and inlaid floors; and he has put a lot of papers and things under the corner stone, like they do in public buildings."

"Well, that is natural enough."

"I know, yet it seems kind o' queer that he should put a dollar bill in with the other things. He must have lots o' money, to throw it away in that manner."

Mrs. Pratlet felt her cheeks flush. Involuntarily she glanced toward the squire. But he never looked around. She met Mr. Ruddilove that afternoon for the first time after his return to Sequoia—Luke himself, save that the demon of intemperance had been completely crushed, and his better nature triumphing at last. He looked her brightly in the face and held out his hand, saying but one word:

"Tramulously she replied: 'I am glad to see you here again.' When Luke had overcome his emotion he continued:

"Do you remember that stormy night when you gave me that one dollar bill and begged me not to go to the tavern?"

"Yes."

"That night was the pivot on which my whole destiny turned. You were kind to me when others gave me naught but the cold shoulder. You trusted me when all other faces were averted. That night I took a vow to myself to prove worthy of your confidence, and I kept it. I treasured it up, and heaven has added mightily to my little store. I have put the bill in the corner stone of my new house, for it arose alone from that dollar bill."

"I won't offer to pay you back, for I am afraid," he said, smilingly, "the luck will go from me with it. But I'll tell you what I will do: I'll give money and words of trust and encouragement to some other poor wretches, as you gave to me."

The next day Mrs. Pratlet received from the deliveryman at her door a bundle which, when she had opened it, revealed to her astonished gaze the most beautiful piece of oil cloth her eyes had ever beheld. This naturally attracted the squire's attention, and when Mrs. P. told him all, he only replied, with some emotion: "You were right, and I was wrong."

Tunisian Proverbs.

"The foot goes where the heart leads."

"Be a lion and eat me; but do not be a wolf to defile me."

"If the ass is invited to the wedding it is only that he may carry the wood."

"Work for thy character until it be renowned, and then it will work for thee."

"Each kind is good for its own kind."

"He has no bread to eat and is looking for a wife" signifies: Be not ambitious when your means are limited.

"The women to whom fortune does not come, says that her husband is bewitched."

"It is the crier himself who has lost his ass," is used in speaking of those who can do no good for themselves what they can do for others.

"What the grasshoppers have left the little birds have eaten," means that misfortunes never come singly.

"He went to the sea and found it dry," means that a cowardly man will always fail in his undertakings.

"His fortune has turned into nails and straw" refers to a prodigal.

"He eats the fruit of the paternal garden, and yet insults his ancestors," refers to ingratitude.

"One horseman does not make the dust cloud." This signifies that the work of one man cannot produce very great results.—[Paris Figaro.]

Why Persons Snore.

It may not be generally known that it is the vibration of the velum pendulum palati which causes snoring, but it is no less a matter of interest to a great many people who either snore themselves or are annoyed by snorers.

Dr. Lewis H. Sayre, of Fifth avenue was asked why people snore.

"Because they don't shut their mouths," he said.

"What is snoring?"

"Well, it's common enough," said Dr. Sayre; and in an offhand fashion he explained that snoring is a noise made in the posterior part of the mouth and nasal fossae during the moments of inspiration.

It is due to a relaxation of the levator palati molis and the circumflexus palati in sleep, by which the velum pendulum palati is left free to vibrate or flap in the two currents of the air which enter the nostrils and the mouth. Besides the vibration of the velum pendulum palati or soft palate, there is also a vibration of the column of air itself. Thus is produced the rasping, snoring noise so well known and so unpleasant to everyone within earshot of the placid snorer himself.

Dr. Sayre was asked what caused snoring.

"When a man is fatigued," he said, "and his self-control is unusually relaxed in sleep, he is apt to let his lower jaw drop down. No man was ever seen or heard to snore with his mouth shut. The moral is obvious. The soft palate flaps like a sheet in the wind, and the neighbors of the snoring sleeper are correspondingly disturbed. Now, the Indians never snore. They think it a disgrace. An Indian believes that if he snores when is young he will grow up to be even less handsome at maturity than nature originally intended. His vanity, therefore, is enough to make a savage sleep in a proper position."

A well known physician up town, whose practice has been largely in cases of affection of the respiratory system, was asked whether snoring is a disease.

"Not so much a disease as a bad habit," he said; "but I am frequently called upon to prescribe for its cure."

"Can it be cured?"

"Easily."

"Why do elderly or corpulent people commonly snore?"

"Because their systems are generally more relaxed in sleep, and their mouths then fall open. Any one will be likely to snore if he sleeps with his mouth open, and no one will if he shuts it."

"How can the habit be cured?"

"First, you must give a person a chance to breathe through the nose, and then make him do so. If there is any obstruction in the nasal passage, that must be removed by treatment. Then if a snorer can't keep his mouth shut by force of will, his jaw must be tied up. A harness for the lower jaw is sometimes employed in bad cases of snoring. A skull cap worn upon the head serves to hold a system of straps under the chin, and keep the mouth shut until the patient can form a habit of sleeping on his side, or with his head sufficiently elevated to hold his jaw."

"It is an easy matter to hold one's jaw when asleep?"

"Hardly more so than when awake."

"Why is snoring, then, so common if it is so easily cured?"

"Because catarrhal troubles are so common, which prevent free inspiration through the nostrils. In sleeping cars and in hotels one frequently hears the resonant snore, because people in those places usually go to sleep tired out. An old doctor used to advocate sleeping on the face to guard against the possibility of snoring."

Parting of Married Females.

Did you ever hear two married women take leave of each other at the gate on a mild evening? This is how they do it:

"Good by!"

"Good by! Come down and see us."

"I will. Good-by!"

"Good by! Don't forget to come soon."

"No, I won't. Don't you forget to come up."

"I won't. Be sure and bring Sarah Jane with you next time."

"I will. I'd have brought her up this time, but she wasn't very well. She wanted to come awfully."

"Did she now? That was too bad? Be sure and bring her next time."

"I will; and you be sure and bring the baby."

"I will. I forgot to tell you that he's cut another tooth."

"You don't say so! How many has he now?"

"Five. It makes him awfully cross."

"I dare say it does this hot weather. Well, good by! Don't you forget to come down."

"No, I won't. Don't you forget to come up. Good by!"

And they separate.

The Peculiar King of Abyssinia.

I write in haste, but I will sum up my impression of Abyssinia. The King is rapidly growing mad. He cuts off the noses of those who take snuff, and the lips of those who smoke. The other day a man went to salute Ras Aloula. In saluting him his tobacco-box dropped out. Ras Aloula struck him with his sword, and his people finished him. The King is hated more than Theodore was. Cruel to a degree, he does not, however, take life. He cuts off the feet, and hands of people who offend him. He puts out their eyes by pouring hot tallow into their ears. Several came to tell me this. I remonstrated with the King against his edict forcing men to become Christian from Mussulman. He said they wished it. I also remonstrated about the tobacco edict, but it was of no use. No one can travel without the King's order if he is a foreigner. You can buy nothing without the King's order, no one will shelter you without his order—in fact, no more complete despotism could exist. It cannot last; for the King will go on from one madness to another.

Orders were given that no one was to approach me; nor was I to speak to any. The officer who conducted me to the King, the second in command to Aloula, met his uncle and cousin in chains and must not ask why they were chained. The King is a man of some forty-five years, a sour, ill-favored looking being. He never looks you in the face, but when you look away he glares at you like a tiger. He never smiles; his look, always changing, is one of thorough suspicion. Hated and hated all. I can imagine no more unhappy man. Avaricious above all his people, who do not lack this quality, his idea of a free port is that fleets of steamers will arrive from the Powers of Europe with presents for him, to which he will reply by sending a letter with the Lion seal, saying, "You are my brother, my mother, etc. How are you?" Johannis is delighted with her Majesty, because she called him her son. He carries with him all his great prisoners—the poor Goobasie, with his eyes out, and the rest. At the great feast, on September 27, he had one bullock killed for some hundreds of persons.

Two old inhabitants Give Their Views.

"Some folks seem to think this warm weather," observed old Daddy Wotherspoon to old Uncle Linkinbotham, as the two old inhabitants stood before a thermometer that registered 91 in the shade. "Pears to me 'twas worse than this in the May of twenty-eight, wasn't it?"

"A heap worse," assented old Uncle Linkinbotham, but that wasn't as bad as the May of twenty-two. You remember how the tin roofs melted and run off the houses, and we had to carry wrought steel umbrellas through the streets?"

"Deed I do," rejoined old Daddy Wotherspoon, mopping his visage with some anxiety. "I was out hunting that spring, and we had to carry our powder in buckets of water to keep it from going off prematurely. Wasn't that the spring the hams fried in live hogs and the bills melted on the snowbirds?"

"The same spring," said old Uncle Linkinbotham. "I know I was off fishing in Long Island Sound, and the heat generated the water into steam so as to flow our boat clear over into the woods. The month was pretty warm, for I recollect how the forest out back of East New York melted down, and I had a stream of liquid kindlings running right through my farm. One of my boys took a swig of it one day by mistake, and when he died in the fall we found him choke full of splinters. Killed him."

"Yes, yes," murmured old Daddy Wotherspoon, streaming at every pore. "We used to hang meat and vegetables down my well, and they were cooked in 10 minutes by the watch," and the ancient gentleman regarded his antagonist with some triumph.

"We tried that," said old Uncle Linkinbotham, "but the heat melted the wires the grub was hung on, and the works of the clock run all over the floor, so we couldn't tell how long it did take to cook."

Who is petted to death by ladies with marriageable daughters? The Bachelor.

Who is invited to tea and evening parties, and told to drop in just when it is convenient? The Bachelor.

Who lives in clover all his days, and when he dies has flowers strewn on his grave by the girls that could not entrap him? The Bachelor.

Who goes to bed early because the time drags heavily with him? The married man.

Who has wood to split and the marring to do, the young ones to wash, and the lazy servants to look after? The married man.

Who gets a scolding for picking out the softest part of the bed, and for waking up the baby in the morning? The married man.

Who is taken up for whipping his wife? The married man.

Who gets divorces? The married man.

Good.

The following judicious rules have been issued by several Philadelphia dry goods establishments, and they are equally applicable to other trades and to other countries. We publish them, notwithstanding the facts being so well understood here as not to be necessary, still there can be no harm in impressing such rules on the minds of young persons just entering on the business.

Towards customers be more than reasonably obliging; be invariably polite and attentive, whether they are agreeable or disagreeable, fair or unfair, considerate or exacting, without any regard to their class or condition, unless, indeed, you be more obliging and serviceable to the humble and ignorant.

The more self forgetting you are, and the more acceptable you are to whomsoever your customer may be, the better you are as a salesman; it is your highest duty to be agreeable to all.

Cultivate the habit of doing everything rapidly, do thoroughly what you undertake, and do not undertake more than you can do well.

Serve buyers strictly in their turn. If you can serve two at once, very well; but do not let the first wait for a second.

In your first minutes with a customer you give an impression, not of yourself, but of the house, which is likely to determine not whether the customer buys of you, but whether he becomes a buyer of the house or talker against it.

If you are indifferent, he will detect it before you see him, and the first impression is made before you have uttered a word.

At the outset, you have to guess what grade of goods he wants—high priced or low priced. If you do not guess correctly, be quick to discover your error and right yourself instantly.

(It is impertinent to insist on showing goods not wanted); it is delicately polite to get exactly what is wanted adroitly and on the slightest hint.

Do not try to change a buyer's choice except to this extent: Always use your knowledge of goods to his advantage, if he wavers or indicates a desire for your advice.

(The worst blunder you can make is to intimate in a supercilious manner, that we keep better goods than he asked for.)

Show goods freely to all comers; be as serviceable as you can to all, whether buyer or not.

Sell nothing on a misunderstanding; make no promises that you have any doubt about the fulfillment of; and, having made a promise, do more than your share towards its fulfillment; see that the next after you does his share, if you can.

THE LAW COURTS.

Fall Assizes.

The following are the dates of the sittings of the fall assizes in western Ontario for the fall of 1881:

WESTERN CIRCUIT.

The Hon. Mr. Justice Burton. London—Monday, September 19th. Goderich—Monday, October 10th. St. Thomas—Wednesday, September 28th.

Sarnia—Tuesday, October 11th. Sandwich—Tuesday, October 18th. Chatham—Tuesday, October 25th.

BROCK CIRCUIT.

Orangeville—Tuesday, September 20th. Owen Sound—Monday, September 26th.

Walkerton—Monday, October 3rd. Woodstock—Monday, October 10th. Goderich—Monday, October 17th. Stratford—Tuesday, October 25th.

NAGARA CIRCUIT.

The Hon. Mr. Justice Morrison. Milton—Tuesday, September 10th. Hamilton—Tuesday, September 27th. St. Catharines—Tuesday, October 11th.

Welland—Friday, October 18th. Cayuga—Tuesday, October 25th.

WATERBURY CIRCUIT.

The Hon. Mr. Justice Galt. Barrie—Monday, September 12th. Guelph—Monday, September 20th. Brantford—Monday, October 10th. Berlin—Monday, October 17th. Simcoe—Monday, October 24th.

CHANCERY AUTUMN CIRCUIT.

WEST CIRCUIT.

The Hon. Vice-Chancellor Proudfoot. Stratford—Monday, September 12th. Goderich—Thursday, September 15th. Sandwich—Tuesday, September 20th. Chatham—Friday, September 23rd. Woodstock—Thursday, September 29th.

Walkerton—Friday, October 21st. Sarnia—Tuesday, October 25th. London—Thursday, October 27th.

HOME CIRCUIT.

The Hon. Vice-Chancellor Ferguson. Guelph—Tuesday, September 6th. Brantford—Tuesday, September 13th. Simcoe—Friday, September 16th. St. Catharines—Wednesday, September 21st.

Barrie—Tuesday, October 4th. Owen Sound—Tuesday, October 11th. Whitby—Tuesday, October 18th. Hamilton—Friday, October 21st.

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It is more Christ-like to succor a sufferer by granting shelter and food, than to weep bucketful of tears over the miseries of the past.

PAY UP.

TRYING now out of business on account of D the fire, it is necessary that all debts owed me should be settled early. I take this opportunity of leaving all concerned to pay up at once. 1778-2m GEORGE CATTLE.

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