

Well, we got the table drawn up an' a cheer, an' Almiry she'd an old apron tied on to her head, an' she'd a streak of black across her nose, an' a mustache o' the same color—an' she looked tough. Well, she'd just got herself comfortably fixed on the table when the door bell rang. "Oh, my!" says she, "look at my face?" and with that she down of the table, pulls the apron off'n her head, an' washes the black off'n her face in a hurry, an' slicks her hair—an' puttin' on her go-to-meetin' smile she walks to the door. "Have yez nary a pair av owld shoes, or any owld bottles, or any rags or bones ye'd be aither sellin', ma'am?" Well, sir, Almiry was riled at stoppin' her work an' goin' to the trouble of fixin' herself all for an old rag-woman. Still, she said it wasn't near so lonely as the kentry, so she tied the apron on her head again an' got up onto the table, an' blamed if the bell didn't go just then. "Good gracious!" says she, kinder vexed like, but she nigh desleeked her hip jint a jumpin' down in a hurry to have it over. Off cum the apron again, she slicked her hair with her two hands, and opened the door, an' I hears a husky Cockney a sayin' to her, "Hany humbrellas wants mendin', miss? do 'em cheap for you—unt 'em up, now, there's a good lady!" The whiff o' stale beer that cum to Almiry long 'o these remarks turned her kinder squamish like, and she said "No!" an' shet the door sharp. She was mad. She said no more about the kentry bein' lonely an' sich. She just stuck a stick o' wood in the stove, rubbed her hand across her furred, and had just one fut on the cheer and another onto the table when that darned door bell went again. Almiry, she just looked me straight in the face, an' marched off to the door without takin' the apron off'n her head or anything. But when she opened the door this time she started back with a little squeak, for you see she'd got a shock—it wasn't no old rag-woman nor umbrella man this time, it was a smart young dood of a feller, all dressed up to kill, with a small, fancy, black moustache, and smilin' black eyes, and he plumps a pretty little silver clock down on the door step an' starts the alarm off, Jehosaphat! how that durm thing did go! Almiry, she jumped nigh three feet into the air—for you see she'd never seen an alarm before, an' it most killed her. The young feller laffed an' began layin' off: "Just four cents a day, mam, think of it—four cents a day, mam, for that beautiful clock. Twenty-five cents a week! will buy you a clock, mam, worth double the money." Almiry, she explained very humbly as how they had a clock, a very good clock, her grandfather's clock, in fact. But the feller had no end of gall, and said he would allow her seventy-five cents fur it if she'd take one o' his'n at four cents a day. Then I put in my spoke—"Call again!" I yells from the kitchen, and away he went, thinkin' I was the man of the house. Almiry was terrible cut up about bein' caught afore sich a nice lookin' feller with an old apron on her head, so she took it off altogether, an' afore she could tackle them curtains again a cruet agent he cum along. Almiry spoke to him very civil, but told him she'd got one—an' besides she'd got no money to lay out. He told her he didn't want any money—he was only takin' orders, so she said she'd think about it—but she'd an awful time gettin' him away. We was gettin' tired o' visitors by this time. Almiry said if she'd only her curtains up, an' had nothin' to do but answer the door, she wouldn't mind. She got up and began at the curtains again. She'd just filled her mouth full o' tacks an' was gettin' on famous when another ring cum. Almiry, she spit out the tacks. "Well, I'm durned!" says she—she wasn't a woman as swore, generally, but I low she did say that—"Let 'em ring!" says she—an' they did ring, like the old Harry himself. But she held up—an' didn't give in till she'd driven in every

tack an' finished them curtains, when she cum down and went to the door an' looked out, an' there was the grocery wagon, with the groceries she wanted so bad, drivin' away down street. Wasn't she mad! She called, an' I whistled, but it was no go, or rather, all go—too much go in fact—just then. Poor Almiry, I felt for her—she'd a headache and wanted that tea so bad, and when she was a lamentin' her hard luck, there cum a ring that made her jump right off'n her cheer. "That's the grocery boy cum back—he heard us a-callin'," says she, glad, like—an' runnin' to the door—but it wasn't—not much—it was two men this time—one of 'em wanted to know if she'd a sewing-machine, an' 't'other was an agent for a new improved patent clothes wringer—just sold fifteen of 'em down street, he said. Almiry said "No!" to both on 'em, an' told me she wished she'd a patent for wringin' their necks. Her head ached so, she sot down and cried. Then there cum a man peddlin' fish, an' another coal ile—I smelt 'em both through the door, an' yelled through the keyhole as how the missis wasn't in. After that there cum a sweet little ring an' I thought I might as well see who it was. So I opened the door an' there was a smart little woman with specs on—blamed if I could tell whether she was young or old—her face was old but her hat was young, an' she spotted Almiry at once—she was takin' orders for a patent petticoat-supportin', back-comfortin' adjustable corset, with new bustle attachment—an' she talked the ear of Almiry—an' didn't leave the house nuther, till she'd got an' order fur a pair. We didn't get the door shet, hardly, when a book agent, a female one, cum, an' I sot my teeth hard. But she got round me by whisperin' that she wished to see the missis privately, so coorse I scooted, wishin' her an' her books at Jericho. When she'd gone, "Almiry," says I, "it's no use, I'm goin' to lock that door—this ain't the kentry." "No," says she, kind o' faint like—she was delicate, was Almiry—kind o' nervous. "An' so's you'll get peace to settle down I'm goin' to nail a smallpox card on to that door." "Oh my, no! Cousin Zeke," says she, "we'd all be carted off to the hospital. You go an' split me a bit o' wood, and I'll mind the door now, maybe they'll slacken off a little by'nby." Well, I went to the woodshed, but I hadn't got two sticks bucked when I'd a kind of presentment like that suthin' was up—an' I went in—an' there was Cousin Almiry in a fit o' high-strikes, an' four agents fur spring mattresses a-squablin' an' cussin' an' fightin' in the hall—about which was the best patent spring, an' who had the first right to the order. Well, sir, when they saw me with a cordwood stick—the way they skipped was a caution, an' I locked the door an' put the key in my pocket an' went out the back way fur a doctor, but it was too late, they'd killed her—it was too much for her nervous system—the doctor said she'd died from a plethora of agents.

AN ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARY.

The publishers of the *Current* announce that, by a recent sale, this leading western weekly becomes the property of George W. Wiggs, Esq., a Chicago capitalist, and that its entire management will be entrusted to Alva E. Davis, Esq., a publisher of experience and wide acquaintance and interests. The editorial direction will remain in the hands of Gustavus C. Matthews, formerly of the *Louisville Courier-Journal* and the *Indianapolis News* (who has been an associate-editor from the founding of the paper in 1883), and of John McGovern, late of the *Chicago Tribune*, who assumed the duties of an associate-editor of the *Current* in July 1884.

There is a difference between loose and lucid writing.

GRIP'S COMIC ALMANAC.—This publication for 1886 is to hand. It is full of amusement, containing—besides its other attractions—a double-page cartoon, "Ancient Nursery Rhymes for Modern Politicians." For sale by all booksellers; only ten cents. One characteristic of the GRIP is the entire absence of all that is low and obscene. His jokes are ever on the side of temperance and purity.—*Canadian Independent for Dec.*

Compositor—"Clean sheets, a proof of good work."

Insurance Agent—"Lives taken here, walk in."

"Undertaker"—"Orders filled with pleasure."

REGULARITY is the main spring of life, and regularity of the bowels is one of the most essential laws of health. Burdock Blood Bitters regulates the bowels in a natural manner, curing constipation and preventing serious disease.

"What is your circulation?" asked an inquisitive individual of an editor. "Blood, principally," was the sanguinary answer.—*Goodall's Chicago Sun.*

Before deciding on your new suit go into R. WALKER & SONS' Ordered Clothing Dept., and see their beautiful Scotch tweed suitings at \$18, and winter overcoatings from \$16.

FEMININE LOGIC.

Customer (indignantly).—"See here, you've swindled me! You said that chicken was young, and it's tough as leather!"

Young Woman (pertly).—"Can you guess how old I am?"

Customer (bewildered).—"Eh—what? Well—I should say 16."

Young Woman (triumphantly).—"Just 16! You wouldn't call me old, would you? Well, I raised that chicken myself, and I know that it isn't half as old as I am!"—*Philadelphia Call.*

LUXURY ON WHEELS.

The new Pullman Buffet Sleepers now running on the Grand Trunk Railway are becoming very popular with the travelling public. Choice berths can be secured at the city offices of the company, corner of King and Yonge Streets, and 20 York Street.

Which is the best kind of milk? The udder kind.

"The autumn winds do blow,
And we shall soon have snow."

Father, hadn't you better get me a pair of Wm. West & Co.'s lace boots? They have some beauties of their own make, just fit every boy that goes, and they're all going."

Reseat for makin' punkum pie.—Firs, choose youah patch, an' den wen de light am just 'fishent to tell diff'nce 'tween a ripe punkum and a green squash, retiah to de afosaid retreat foh meditashun. Don't take too much meditashun, but be shuah to take de punkum. Den *git*. De princerpel bizness foh youh am de *gitting*, de ole woman will look after de pies.

Imperial Cough Drops. Best in the world for the throat and chest. For the voice unequalled. Try them.