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JIMMY BUTLER AND THE OWL

Mr. J. A. Smith, of Burford, was a caller at The Advertiser the other day. He has just returned from a visit to Chicago, and looked hale and hearty. Mr. Smith about 20 years ago published a collection of short humorous stories, which won wide popularity. Many of his contributions appeared first in The Advertiser, and will be remembered with pleasure by old subscribers. One of them, "The Lost Irishman, or Jimmy Butler and the Owl," has gone round the world, and is a favorite with readers everywhere. It is well worth reproducing:

"Twas in the summer of '46 that I landed at Hamilton, fresh as a new prairie just dug out from the 'ould sod,' and with a light heart and a heavy bundle I set off for the township of Burford, lifting a taste of a song, as merry a young fellow as I ever took the road. Well, I trudged on and on, past many a pleasant place, pleasant to my mind, and I thought that some day I might have such a place of my own, and a world of chickens and ducks and pigs and children about the door; and along in the afternoon on the second day I got to Burford village. A cousin of my mother's, one Dennis O'Dowd, lived about seven miles from there, and I wanted to make his place that night, so I inquired the way at the tavern, and was lucky to find a man who was going part of the way, and would show me the way to find Dennis. Sure he was very kind indeed, and when I got out of the wagon, he pointed through the wood, and told me to go straight south a mile and a half, and the first house would be Dennis'."

"And you've got no time to lose now," said he, "for the sun is low, and my mind won't get lost in the woods." "Is it lost now?" said I, "that I'd be getting, and me using as great a navigator as I ever steered a ship across the trackless sea? Not a bit of it," says I, "though I'm obliged to yiz for your kind advice, and thank yiz for the ride."

An' wid dat he drove off an' left me all alone. I shouldered me bundle bravely, an' whistlin' a bit of a tune for company like, I started into the bush. Well, I went along over bogs, and turning round among the trees, till I began to think I must be well nigh to Dennis'. But, bad cess to it! all of a sudden I came out of the woods at the very identical spot where I started, which I knew by an old crooked tree that seemed to be standin' on its head an' kickin' up its heels to make diversion of me. By this time I was growin' dark, an' as there was no time to lose, I started in a second time, determined to keep straight south this time, an' no mistake. I got on bravely for awhile, but ooh ooh ooh! I got so dark I couldn't see the trees, and I bumped me nose, and barked me shins, while the mistletoe bit me hands an' face to a blister; an' after tumblin' and stumblin' around till I was fairly bamboozled, I sat down on a log, all of a tremble, to think that I was lost entirely, an' that may be a lion or some other wild creature would devour me before mornin'."

Just then I heard somebody a long way off say "Whip poor Will!" "Bedad," sez I, "I'm glad that it isn't Jamie that's out to get me, though it seems like the morning. But who's he? They're doin' it, or why should they say 'poor Will'?" And sure they can't be Injuns, haythins, or nagurs, for it's plain English that they are after spakin'. Maybe they might help me out of this," so I shouted at the top of my voice, "A lost man!" Thin I listened. Pristinely an answer came:

"Who? Who? Who?"

"Jamie Butler, the walver," sez I as loud as I could roar, an' an' an' an' me bundle an' stick I started in the direction of the voice.

Thin I thought I had got near the place I stopped an' shouted ag'in: "A lost man!"

"Who? Who? Who-ooo!" came a voice right over me head.

Sure, thinks I, it's a mighty queer place for a man to be at this time of night; maybe it's some settler scrapin' sugar off a sugar bush for the childer's breakfast in the mornin'. But who's he? Will an' the rest of them? All this wint through me head like a flash, an' thin I answered his inquiry:

"Jamie Butler, the walver, sur," sez

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I, "an' if it wouldn't inconvenience yer honor, would yez be kind enough to step down an' show me the way to the house of Dennis O'Dowd?"

"Who? Who? Who-ooo?" sez he.

"Dennis O'Dowd!" sez I, civil enough, an' a decent man he is, an' first cousin to me own mother."

"Who! Who! Who-ooo!" sez he ag'in.

"Me mother!" sez I, "an' as fine a woman she is as iver peeled a biled pratie wid her thumb nail, an' her maiden name was Molly McFigglin'."

"Who! Who! Who-ooo!"

"Molly McFigglin'!" sez I, "an' her father's name was Paddy McFigglin'."

"Who! Who! Who-ooo!"

"Paddy McFigglin'!" sez I, "an' yez do hear that? An' he was the tallest man in all the county Tipperary, except Jim Doyle, the blacksmith."

"Who! Who! Who-ooo!"

"Jim Doyle, the blacksmith!" sez I, "ye good for nothin' blaguard nagur, an' if yez don't come down an' show me the way this mornin' I'll climb up there an' break every bone in your skin, ye spalpane, so sure as my name is Jamie Butler!"

"Who! Who! Who-ooo!" sez he, as impudent as iver.

I said niver a word, but layin' down me bundle and takin' me stick in me teeth I began to climb the tree.

I got among the branches I looked around quietly till I saw a pair of big eyes just forinst me.

"Whist!" said I, "an' I'll let him have a taste of an Irish stick," an' wid that I let drive an' lost my balance, and came tumblin' to the ground, nearly breakin' my neck wid the fall. When I came to my senses I had a very sore head wid a lump on it the size of a goose egg, an' one half of my Sunday coat tail torn off intirely. I spoke to the chap in the tree, but

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could niver git an answer at all, at

Sure, thinks I, he must have gone home to rowl up his head, for he the powers, I didn't throw me stick for nothin'."

Wid by this time the moon was up, an' I could see a little, an' I determined to make one more effort to reach Dennis'."

I went on cautiously for awhile, an' thin I heard a bell. "Sure," sez I, "I'm comin' to a settlement now, for I hear the church bell." I kept on toward the sound till I came to an ould cow wid a bell on. She started to run, but I was too quick for her, an' got her by the tail an' hung on, thinkin' that maybe she would take me out of the woods. On we went, like an ould country steepchase, 'till, sure enough, we came out to a clearin' an' a house in sight wid a light in it. So leavin' the bell on, I went in, an' as luck would have it, whose should it be but Dennis'."

He gave me a rail Irish welcome, an' introduced me to his two daughters, as purty pair of girls as iver I see in my life, an' then he told me the story of my adventure in the woods, an' about the fellow who made fun of me, they all laughed, an' roared, an' laughed; and Dennis said it was an owl.

"Why, an owl, a bird," sez he.

"Do you tell me now," sez I. "Sure it's a quare country and a quare bird."

An' thin they all laughed again, till at last I laughed myself that hearty like, and dropped right into a chair, between the two purty girls, an' the ould chap winked at me an' roared again.

Dennis is me father-in-law now, an' he when yet delights to our children about their daddy's adventure with the owl.

Now, I know fat women cannot do this. But women should not be fat. Fat is a disease.

New Glove Cleaners.

The woman who has a proper awe of expensive gloves will appreciate the new glove cleaners made of soft, spongy rubber, mounted with silver. They are ornamental enough to look well on the daintiest dressing-table, and really clean gloves better than do bread crumbs, for example.

Guttering Bauble of Dress.

Dog collars for both high and low-necked gowns are in favor again. Some are made of a succession of silver coins held together with links of silver, and when worn with a belt to match, make a pleasing effect. Gold beads have been kept out of sight for some years past, but now nine women out of every ten have a string of these bright baubles around their bare necks or on the outside of their high-necked gowns, just at the top edge of the collar. Bangles of both silver and gold are again worn.

October Woman's Home Companion.