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A Life of Intense Suffering.

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SOMEBODY'S PORTMANTEAU.

A Life of intense Suffering.

Naam Lord, a resident of Friendship, N. Y., is a man who has undergone more suffering than is usually allotted to man. For several years past Mr. Lord has been a victim of rheumatim, and he has lingered along on the banks of death, with one foot in the grave, for a long time. For about three years he has been blind, deaf and speechless. Before he became speechless he used to mean and plead for death to relieve him from his agony. He is so deformed that the only position which he now rests in, or in fact survives, is a sitting one, with his head between his knees, pearly meeting his feet. It is strange that some people have to endure so ruch suffering, while young men are often cut down and taken from us in their best and apparently healthliest days. loose impedimenta, opened the door, and beat a hasty retreat.

We had been the only occupants of the carriage. It was a cold afternoon in early December, and rapidly growing dark; so, after drawing up the window with a shiver of mingled impatience and discomfort. I wrapped myself in my traveling rug and nodded again. The nod resolved itself into a decided doze; and in happy unconsciousness of things material I arrived at my destination, where the shouting of porters and confusion insidential to the arrival of the express speedily aroused me.

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This was the difficulty. My income was limited, and Bell was rich. I could sog 50 and solicit per friends to sanction my suit without probably drawing on myself the reception of an adventurer, utterly unprovided with even letters of introduction as I was, and from this my reason recorded no less than my pride. "Oh, if she were only fortuneless, my little Bell, only a country maiden, for whom I might sue with the consciousness that no misconesption could attend my wooing! But fate had decreed otherwise, and I could not struggle vainly against her decree. Of course I had told Bell, and equally of course she had scouted the idea of my appearing anything but disinterested and heroic.

One evening my little pet come to me with the intelligence that she had received a letter stating that she could no longer be spared from home, and that same day in the easing week her grandian, whose spoilt darling and nominal housekeeper she was, was coming for her.

We walked silently by the river side, each occupied with bitter thought at the separation which now seemed inevitable. I looked down at my darling and saw she was weeping, and then, with the resolution which all this time had lain dormant in my heart, perhaps unknown to myself, I said—

"Birdie, I will call upon your uncle and tell him all. If he will not listen to me, I shall still have done my best, and we will think of some other plan; but I cannot lose you, Bell—I cannot, dear!"

Bell looked up hopefally, her sweet eyes glancing through their tears like sunshine on a dew drop.

"Oh, I am sure he will listen to you, Beb! He must! He could not be so unjust—so

sure to do so, for he is always guided by him."

So we talked on joyfully, planning unheard of happiness for the future and throwing eare to the winds. However, the best laid schemes of mice and men, et cetera.

Never was the truth of this dreary aphorism proved more completely by any of the luckless sons of men than by myself, Robert Thornton, when I presented myself next day at Elm House. I waited with some trepidation in a pretty drawing room, and felt in no way relieved when the redoutable uncle made his appearance. He was a tail, shrewd looking Scotchman, with keen gray eyes and an unpleasant habit of compressing his thin lips at any important part of my share in the dialogue.

"Mr. Robert Thornton?"

thing to have aboard ship; but it was handy, and I can't think what I can have done with it."

"Anything valuable inside?"

"Nothing much—a letter or two I don't care to lose. But where can it have gone? It must have been taken by somebody; and yet I can't think that either."

"Talking of loss property," said the little fat man, "my brother-in-law has been pretty well ruined by such a loss as yours. Somewhere in England he took some fool's portmantesu by mistate for his own, which contained old diplomatic papers of great value to their owner, my brother's employer. It was a foolish thing to carry papers in that way; but he was going out on a Christman visit, and took his work with him."

"Was his name George Potter?"

"By Jove! Yea, it is George Potter? How on earth do you know. Thornton?"

"I have the papers and value."

"You!" cried Radd, springing up with great excitement and lajing violent hunds on my collar.

"Quietly, friend," I answered, shaking off his grasp; and then I related the story, not forgetting to lay great stress on the fact of my repeatedly advertising.

"I don't understand that at all. George advertised too, but somewhat foolishly, and only for the papers, as they were of the most value. Well, Mr. Thornton, you can stand and deliver when we arrive at Liverpool; he will be there to meet me."

I need hardly say that after that evening our friendship ripened wonderfully. The good little man was cruited and joyful beyond measure in the anticip stem of this Mr. Harry Jenkin's lumber closet at the Wren's Nest, is the first of the host hung even him, for yours, and wond have innisted upon measure to the anticip stem of the Mr. Harry Jenkin's lumber closet at the Wren's Nest, is half recreifyel farwell to the Utile of hobbit.

Institution and loving. Bell was staying with an uncle whose house was the next to the Universal Edel, and therefore I aw my declinate the property of the stay of the theory of the the s me to Bell'y uncle. For worlds I would not a miles of the series of amount of a miles of the series of the

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KINGS IN BUSINESS. rained to the first of a kinguage and the work of being a king as a very serious piece of business. It has pronounced that the first duty of a king is to fight, to learn the trade of war, and to know by rough practical experience the duties of a soldier. His second duty is to know the secreta-of ceonomical administration, to take care of land and money, and to be a decent man of business. The world is looked on in Prussia as a hard place, in which even a king to hold his own must know how to push and save. Partly from the chibition of these qualities, and partly from the lingering traditions of a patriarchal society, the royal family of Prussia has always been extremely popular. In the course of time and from a variety of causes, of which the example of Prussia was not the least powerful, the traditions of the sea of the least powerful, the traditions of the sea of the least powerful, the traditions of the sea of the least powerful, the traditions of the sea of the least powerful, the traditions of the sea of the least powerful, the traditions of the sea of the least powerful, the traditions of the sea of the least powerful, the traditions of the sea of the least powerful, the traditions of the sea of the least powerful, the traditions of the sea of the least powerful, the traditions of the sea of the least powerful, the traditions of the sea of the least powerful, the traditions of the sea of the least powerful, the traditions of the sea of the least powerful, the traditions of the sea of the least powerful, the traditions of the sea of the least powerful, the traditions of the sea of the least powerful, the traditions of the sea of the least powerful the traditions of the sea of the least powerful the traditions of the sea of the least powerful the traditions of the sea of the least powerful the least po