

A COUNTRY FUNERAL.

ONE KIND OF "LAST RITES" DESCRIBED BY A CORRESPONDENT.

House of Sorrows and Not of Joy... The Avenue to Tough Persons When Dead... One feels led—from the reading of "C. S.'s" graphic sketch on marriage...

Nineteen centuries of Christianity do not seem to have—nay, certainly have not—to the majority, robbed death of his reign of terror... Nineteen centuries of Christianity do not seem to have—nay, certainly have not—to the majority, robbed death of his reign of terror...

MR. SIMON JONES' DONATION. The Great Value of the "Annual Register" on the Shelves of the Public Library... Mr. Simeon Jones, commissioner of the St. John free public library, has presented the library with a complete set of the Annual Register from the year 1748 to 1888...

Two or three years ago a well known agent of the Bank of Montreal, at Chatham, conceived the idea of collecting sufficient fox skins to make a sleigh robe; as by selecting them personally he would be sure to get the very best quality...

fails, but they are replenished as of old, though in a different way. The house is full at night. Sleep is impossible and would be profane. Liquor is often plentiful and a row, in which the corpse had been known to participate, has not been infrequent...

At one "wake," a true incident, some "wags" took the body, that of an elderly woman, from its place, and carried it to an easy chair in the best parlor, while they placed the body of a lately killed, stiffened pig in the coffin...

Then comes the funeral. Gripe and black gloves abound. No woman must dare to go to the church or grave lest she lose caste. A black hearse and horse are indispensable. There is a prejudice against flowers as having a tendency to hasten decay...

At the grave the body is lowered by a pair of reins from one of the horses, and a friend, stepping down, removes the coffin plate, which, being necessary for identification to the person while above ground, is no longer necessary, and so is preserved and framed, as a memorial in the best parlor...

Then the bereaved go back to the lonely, rent, larder-swept house, and the friends hasten home with something to talk of for a good time to come. A grim tombstone, in the form of a broken column, or adorned with an inverted torch, telling of a purpose broken off short, and a life gone out forever, completes the ritual of the dead, till the brambles hide all from sight.

The library has lately also been fortunate in having Justin Winsor's Narrative and Critical History of America given to it by Mrs. J. Murray Kaye. This work is some of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s book-making and a beautiful edition it is—great, massive morocco binding with the heaviest and richest of paper and the best of type and presswork...

SOME THINGS THAT MAKE HIS LIFE WORTH LIVING.

Things are awful perniciously these times, and a fellow 'd' it if they keep on 't' goin' to school now and get a new teacher and he's a very fierce one, 'cause the other teacher told him he'd better keep an eye on me and he keeps his, too, on all the time. I guess if he didn't he'd never know'd who fired the chesed-up lickerish root on the blackboard so's to make a eye for the elephant while he drawed; but how'd I know elephants hadn't yeller eyes? He said he's goin' ter present on my hands what they had'n't, but he pressed it on my hands with a big round ruler instead, and it hurt, if I did have roos' on 'em. But I guess he's a little sorry after I pined him and the teacher what he's mashed on together when they're walking home so nice and lovin', you know, and everybody laughed when they bid a partin' adoo and couldn't part, 'cause the teacher's new dress begun to rip up the flounce. I thort I better be sick the next day, so me and Bill made the apple man's cart break down 'cause we couldn't get a chance to git some apples any other way. We got about a peck though, and they're fine big ones.

There's a fellow moved inter the next house what's learn'd to play in the band, and oh! it's terrible. Pa says he's goin' ter move if somethin' don't turn up, but I told the fellow what he's a fine player, and what everybody sit up nights listenin' to him, so now he's blowin' all the time, and it's great fun to hear pa recitin' poetry, just like he used to, only he's got a lot a new pieces what makes ma scared, and what come out, I guess, since the last Sunday-school books was printed. But I guess if the fellow don't stop purty soon I'll have ter make his cornet so's it won't blow, 'cause it's rank when I want'er to sleep.

The old maids across the street and me is great chums now, 'cause me and Bill found her poodle what was lost, and she give us a dollar; fur we knew she would, 'cause that's what we hid it in Bill's barn fur. We's awful surprised when she told us it was lost, and asked us to look fur it, like good little boys. We wouldn't a done it, if we wasn't hard up to buy some torpedoes to fire orf in the grocery fellow's boxes of eggs what was on the sidewalk, 'cause it was sitch a fine chance, fur it was him what dropped a hole lot of flour over us when we're hidin' in his barren from the policeman. Puttin' things on the sidewalk is against the law, anyhow.

Bill Johnson's sisters got a new fellow, and Bill invites me over every Wednesday night. He's a regular la la, he is, and a regular aw, aw kind of a dood. He wears specks, you know, and we painted all the rims with blackin', and when he took 'em off he looked like sumthin what never was seen before. Bill got under the sofer when he's in mashin' and tied his foot to the sofer's leg, and oh! my, didn't he spill when he went to get up, and you'd die laughin' to see him apologizing on his knees. Then me and Bill's other sister come in and congratulated Annie on her goin' to be married, and the fellow said oh! he didn't mean that, and a hole lot more, but we didn't listen to him, and he's seared outer his life. Bill and me met him outside and told 'im what they're going to bring a breach 'n promise suit if he went back on his word, 'cause we'd lots of evidence; and he's gone away to California now. He didn't leave a very big hole, anyhow.

NOT SO VERY FAT.

A Frenchman and a Fox that would Suit any Purchaser. Two or three years ago a well known agent of the Bank of Montreal, at Chatham, conceived the idea of collecting sufficient fox skins to make a sleigh robe; as by selecting them personally he would be sure to get the very best quality...

"Good day! Good day, sir; dey told me you want to buy all de skin fox you can get in dis town. I bring you gran' one today. Magnifique! Dat one was, oh gran' gran'!" "Well, Silvain, I don't know. I want very good fox skins, and I don't think much of that one you have; was the fox it came off a fat one?" "Fat! well, I guess so. My gracious, dat fox; you never saw one dat was so fat like dat one! He was gros fat; de sides of dat fox they jus' hang over dey was so fat!" "Well, I won't take the skin then, Silvain. The skin of a fox that's too fat isn't any good. I don't want it. Good morning."

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