

Market Sketches



'Well, Peter, got all right again have you? I guess you weren't so bad off as they said. Said what? Why, they said you'd got your hands full of burns, and they took you over the bridge so quick you could hardly stick to the sled. 'Why, who on earth told you that story? Oh! I see. Got my hands full of Burns. I guess they were tryin' to fool you a bit; but give us you're ten cents and we call it square. Not much of a sell was it?'—

'I wonder what's the matter with Peter, he acts as though he didn't like any remarks.' 'I'll tell you about it. Peter tried to arrest a fellow by the name of Burns for abusing his horse, and he whipped up the team so that it was all Peter could do to hang on. They say his legs flew round like the arms of a windmill, and he had his hands full of Burns, sure enough.' 'Say, don't you want to sweeten that story with some of this new maple sugar?' 'How much do you want for it?' 'Forty cents a quart.' 'Forty cents! Thunder and turf! That's a price I never heard asked for maple sugar before, and I expect half that is made out of old sugar.' 'No, Sir. This is genuine, and I guess it's the only genuine there is in the market. My sugar place is the earliest in Compton, and we got the first run there's been there this year.' 'Thanks! That just pays for a quart.'—

'How much are the eggs?' 'Thirty cents a dozen.' 'Guess I'll get through Lent on a codfish diet, before I'll pay thirty cents for eggs.' 'Better pay thirty cents for fresh laid ones than twenty-five for packed ones, and that's what they're charging in the stores, but I'll tell you what I'll do. If you'll take four dozen I'll give them to you for a dollar.' 'All right, I'll take them. I've known your father, Frank Johnson for a good many years, and if you're anything like him I think I can depend on the eggs being fresh laid.' 'I'll bet he's sold you on them eggs. I kalkilate he meant that they were fresh laid in the basket after he took 'em outen the salt.'—

'Hallo! Lew! how goes it?' 'Just fair to middlin'. Did you see anythin' of Isidore round here? My wife says she can't keep Lent on salt herrin's, and she's took a fancy she'd like to hev some Key Pond trout. Wall they be nice now, ain't they?' 'Here you be Mister Smith. Was just going down on Mister Presby. Guess av got feesh for ye apl. Ma boy she'll have pooty good luck yesterday. Coteh fifteen big fellow. Got some five' six pound. Take this one Mr. Lew Smith. *Chuy lisses*, five pound. Make him seexty cent. *Merci*. Bigosh here's Pete. Want ten cent piecseu, I sponse. That take one pound' feesh. Got him plenty more all n' same.'—

'Good morning, Mr. Didymus. What the deuce made you get up such a rignmarole statement about Donald Morrison and me for?' 'I didn't get it up. I gave it just as I got it, and I got it in writing, too.' 'Well, there's not a word of truth to it, except that we had two or three drinks together. The way of it was this. I was sitting there at Leonard's, waiting for the stage, and three men came in, each of them currying snowshoes, and when they went up to the bar for a drink, one of them says to me, "Won't you join us, stranger?" and I did so, and he asked all the others up the same way. I suspected who it was, and I asked if it wasn't Donald Morrison, and was informed that it was. Well, after a while I stood trent, and we were chatting away together, when the driver came in and said he was waiting for me, so as I got ready to start, Donald called me up



BEAR UP TREE.

and we had another drink, but as for offering anything to see him so as to arrest him, that's all a pack of lies.' 'Oh! I didn't take much stock in it, for I hadn't heard the report confirmed by any one else.'—

'Whose team's this?' 'That's Joneses.' 'Who's looking after it?' 'Wall, he told me to. He said he got to go down to Martin's hotel to see a man, and he'd be back in a minit. Here he is now.' 'Just in time to pay your ten cents, and save being pulled for having your team standing here. When you want to see a man you ought to put up your horses first.'—

'Peter's gettin' gol darned peckler, ain't he?' 'Taint any his business when I go, s'long as my team's looked after.' 'You see there's a law agin leavin' a team standin' in the market 'thout some-un to look after it, but I guess I'd been able to take care of it of the horses had got rumpious. Now, I wish somebody 'ud take this butter, an' I'd start for hum.' 'How many pun is it? I'll tak

twa rec pun masel' if ye'll no be askin' too much.' 'Take it all, marn. There isn't over five or six pound, an' I'll give it to you for twenty cents a pound.' 'Weel, weel! that's no so bad, but I canna be fashed wi' sa much o't. I'll jost speer roon a bit an' get a body to tak' pairt. Ay, indeed! Mistress Tamson, we'll just be 'deveedin' it atween us.' Ma word, Mistress McLean, but ye got a good bairgin'. I was thinkin' I'd have to pay four or five bawbees the pun mair for t'. Hoo's a' wi' ye? Hoo's the wee bairn? I was just feexing masel' las' nicht ta rin doon and ha' a crack wi' ye, when Nancy Bell dropped in on me, an' we ga'ed ben an' chatted awn' till the clock strikit ten, an' she tell't me about that misfortuit lassie o' hers, and hoo she's detainin'd to wed that no'er-do-weel Tummas Gray. Ma hairt's sair for the puir misguided lass.' Here's yer butter, marn. There's just six pound, an' it's in half pound prints, so you won't have any bother dividin' it.'

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