

three days he went through a tragic pantomime: he raged, tore his skin, and bellowed imprecations at "voodoo Polton," rolling his eyes in contemptible misery.

It was while in the heat of his wrath that the climax came!

Rastus, hearing the awful volley of curses ran into the kitchen, shouting:

"Oh, mistah Polton, mistah Polton,—I done fear de hoodoo am got po ol Bowers. Jus' len me dat clock ob youah's, will you, till I go an' set him right? Po ol Bowers! Po ol Bowers."

Thus wailing, Rastus seized the clock before Polton could recover from his amazement, and, ran into the tent and held it before the astonished eyes of Bowers.

"Take it away! Take it away!" shrieked Bowers, the sight of this devilish trinket arousing him anew.

"Jes' keep yo' eye on dat big han' and when it gets round to heah you done hab no mo' debil. You been cured, suah, suah, suah!"

Bowers made a smash at the clock

with his clenched fist, but Rastus dodged it and stood at a safe distance holding it in line with the eyes of the prone man. A streak of light peeping through a slit in the canvas fell upon the clock accentuating the sheen, and the bulging eyes of Bowers were fascinated by the glare. Yellow foam oozed from his jaws, choking speech, and his attention was further forced by the repeated incantation of the darkey, "you been cured, suah, suah, suah." He lay limp upon his cot and stared—stared till calmness stole over his vexed body and he dropped off to sleep.

Rastus returned the clock, telling Polton what he had done. "I says," he repeated, "yo' look at dis heah han' till it comes round to heah—"

The pause amused Polton.

"Well, what is it, Rastus?"

"Say, mistah Polton wha's the matter wid dat clock? Dat dere hand aint moved one bit—no 'taint!"

"It needs winding up, Rastus, that's all," smiled Polton.

## The Remittance Man.

W. Everard Edmonds.

**N**EXT! said the Knight of the Shears, as he gazed meaningly in my direction. A tall, striking-looking man stepped out of the plush-bound chair, and adjusted his tie before the mirror on the opposite wall. This done he turned to the barber, "Well, Jones, I'll say good-bye," he said with an unmistakably English accent. "We start for home this afternoon and I can't say when I shall see you again—not before Christmas at any rate; let me give you a little present for the sake of old times," and he handed him two crisp bank notes with a double figure on each. "Thank you, sir, my lord, I mean," said Jones. "I trust you and her lady-

ship may have a pleasant trip and that the voyage won't affect the little one. Good-bye, my lord," and the hands of the two men met in a hearty grip.

The door closed and for a few minutes nothing was heard but the click, click, of the scissors; the operator maintained an absolute silence. I found this somewhat strange in Jones, for his fame as a raconteur more than atoned for his many short-comings as a "tonsorial artist." I had patronized his little shop ever since coming to Medicine Hat, and had always been amply rewarded, so that his silence now filled me with vague alarm. I resolved to draw him out even if I had to