

# INTECH (1984) associates

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## THE FARMERSVILLE REPORTER.

### NOT FIT TO BE KISSED.

"What ails papa's mouf?" said a sweet little girl. Her bright laugh revealing her teeth white as pearl.  
"I love him and kiss him and sit on his knee. But the kisses don't smell good when he kisses me."  
"But mamma"—her eyes opened wide as she spoke—  
"Do you like nasty kisses of 'bacco and smoke? They might do for the boys, but for ladies and girls I don't think them nice;" and she tossed her bright curls.  
"Don't nobody's papa have moufs nice and clean?  
With kisses like yours, Mamma, that's what I mean.  
I want to kiss papa. I love him so well. But kisses don't taste good that have such a smell."  
"It's nasty to smoke, and eat 'bacco and spit. And the kisses ain't good and ain't sweet—not a bit!"  
And her blossom-like face wore a look of disgust.  
As she gave out her verdict so earnest and just.  
"Yes, yes, little darling! your wisdom has seen That kisses for daughters and wives should be clean;  
For kisses lose something of nectar and bliss From mouths that are stained and unfit for a kiss."

### THE MILL AND THE TAVERN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.  
(Continued.)

There was no little confidences between them—no concessions on his part to her wishes and comforts, but a silent self-assertion that left her wholly out of his business affairs, while in all that concerned her personally he seemed to feel little or no interest.

No, Katy was not happy. Far from it. And as the years went past the desires of her heart were less and less satisfied.

Richard Cragan took possession of his mill and began refitting, improving and setting things in order. All the light of his life seemed for awhile to have gone out. But his work kept him up. There were not many in the neighborhood who did not call him a fool. But, in his own mind, he never doubted or repented.

"Better so," he would often say to himself, "than bear the responsibility of all that"—meaning the tavern. "I take no man's money without giving him what is good in return. My work will not come back to curse me in after years. No father or mother can ever say to me, 'Where is my boy?—ny poor, lost boy, that was led astray in your bar room?' No—no—no! I will give the people bread, and not poison to consume body and soul!"

The years went on. Jacob Cragan grew rich; but, alas! how many became poor and miserable that he might abound in wealth.

Richard had no ambition beyond his mill, and the thirty or forty acres of land attached thereto. His first work had been to put it in good order, and year after year he made one improvement after another, until he had the finest mill in all that region, and as much custom as he could possibly attend to.

The miller did not marry. Katy had been his first and only love; his heart never opened to another. Year after year he grew better off; but not with the rapid increase that marked the fortunes of his brother.

But there came a time when things began to change—when the owner of the "Red Lion" grew less attentive to business and more given to sporting and the company of sporting men. A good customer at his own bar, the evil of his work cursed him as well as

others. His feet drew near to the pit he had dugged for other men, and the edge was crumbling away from them.

"The 'Red Lion' is not what it used to be," said one to another.

"Jacob is going to the dogs, I'm afraid," was heard now and then, half confidentially.

One day, more than twelve years after Richard and Katy parted company, the former, while standing at his mill door, was surprised to see his brother's wife coming down the road. She was alone.

"Why, Katy!" he said, going out to meet her, "what has brought you way down here?"

As he looked in her face he saw it was full of trouble. "Is anything wrong?" he added.

"Yes, everything is wrong," she replied, her voice choking with the sentence, "and I want to talk to you."

Richard's bachelor home stood close to the mill, and he went in with Katy. "What is it?" he asked, with kindly interest.

"Oh, Richard?" She choked and sobbed, and then, controlling herself, went on: "Oh, Richard! I am almost broken hearted. Things are going to rack and ruin; and if there isn't some change, we'll not have a house over our heads in a year."

"Which may be the best thing that can happen," replied Richard. A tavern is a curse to all who have anything to do with it, and the sooner you and your children are out of it, the better."

Katy covered her face, sobbing and crying in a weak, despairing way.

"I wish you would talk to Jacob," she said, after a few moments, looking at Richard with tearful, pleading eyes.

"I have talked to him again and again, but he only gets angry."

"Yes—yes—that's just it. I can't say a word without his flaring up, and—and—cursing me! Oh, Richard! It's dreadful how he goes on sometimes!"

"I know, tavern-keeping has been his ruin, and I wish he were out of it—if it isn't too late."

"Too late!" The words sent a chill through Katy's heart.

"It isn't too late for your boys, if it is for their father," Richard added, in a soft voice.

"But what else can Jacob do?" asked Katy. "If we give up the tavern, we must starve."

"Not so bad as that," said Richard.

"He'll never turn his head to anything else, you may be sure," replied Katy.

"Necessity drives men to do a great many things."

"It may drive him to do worse than he is doing now," answered Katy. "He's in with a dreadful bad set of men—horse jockeys, and—and gamblers, I'm afraid. Oh, dear! and I'm getting worried about Jimmy. He had trouble with the teacher and has been home from school now for three weeks; and his father won't make him go back; says the teacher is a cross old hunk, and not fit for his place. And now he goes idling about, spending his time in the bar-room or with the stable boys. He'll go to ruin if something isn't done."

Richard looked very grave. There was so little in common between him

and his brother that they had been for a long time getting farther and farther apart, and now rarely met.

"The sooner this tavern-keeping is broken up the better," he said, after a long silence. "I can't help you now, Katy. But when things come to the worst I'll do the best I can for you. If I had Jimmy all to myself, in the mill, I am sure I could make something out of him. But as things are, there's no use talking about that, Jacob wouldn't give his consent."

Poor Katy went home but little comforted, and Richard had a weight of concern laid on his heart that was not to be shaken off.

Later in the day Richard was surprised again. This time by a visit from his brother, who had not been at the mill for over two years. Jacob wanted him to go on his note for three hundred dollars.

(To be concluded in our next.)

### How a Girl Climbs a Fence.

[From Puck.]

Did you ever see a girl try to climb a fence? It is more of a show than a circus with a whitewashed elephant. This is the way she does it:

First she looks around to find out whether anybody is in sight. Then, if the coast is clear, she puts one foot on the second rail of the fence, and looks around again. Then she gives a little hop and gets her other foot up on the second rail. Here she stops to rest and straighten her hat.

The next manoeuvre is the critical one—to get one foot up over the top rail. She steadies herself for a moment, then gives a quick little upward kick, that does not quite reach the mark, but causes her to jump down on the ground again with a tiny scream and tuck her clothes in all around her. Again she surveys the surrounding country, and again hops up on the second rail.

This time she is bolder, and throws her foot clear to the top of the fence, where it catches by the heel on the top rail. It is now or never with her then—something must be done instant. Grasping the top rail with all her might she pulls herself up until she sits straddle of the fence, with the landscape spread out beneath her like a map. If anybody appear in sight, she just drops off the fence as if she had been shot, and gathers herself up when she gets there.

If the coast continues clear, she proceeds in a very leisurely manner to get down on the other side of the fence. First she turns around, facing the way she came, and feels backward with the foot which is already over the fence for a good, reliable rail. Having found such a rail, she plants herself upon it and sets to work to get the other foot over the fence.

This is a very difficult and embarrassing piece of strategy, and a good many girls will sit on top of a fence half a day before they will attempt it. Some even stay there until a horrid man comes along and lifts them off. Not so the truly courageous girl—she who is no more afraid to climb a fence than to sit in the same room with a mouse-trap. She will never give up the fort till she gets off that fence in the ancient and honorable manner of her sex.

She grasps the top rail and leans as

far back as her arms will allow, and then tries to coax the refractory limbs over after her. Alas; it is too long, and so she jumps back a-straddle, with a little laugh and tucks her skirts around her again.

After a brief rest she tries another wrinkle. She lies flat down on her face on the top rail and tries to slide off sideways, as she has often seen her little brother do.

This would all be well enough, and would place her on terra firma again, if she only had the courage to carry out her intention. But just as she is about to slip off pallid fear seizes her. She screams, rights up and straddles the fence once more.

This sort of a thing continues for five or ten minutes. Then the fair acrobat begins to get wrathful. She looks at the ground, only three or four feet away, and makes up her mind she will reach it some way or die. Die she will have to some time, anyway.

So she settles her hat on her head with a determined look, steps back on the reliable rail, and with a mighty effort draws back her foot to the very edge of the top rail, like an archer drawing an arrow to the head.

Oh, if it were not for that French heel she would be free. But, alas! it holds her with the dull persistency of fate. A look of terror and despair comes over her countenance; her eyes stick out like buttons. She gives a quick, backward leap and lets go.

What surprise, what delight! She finds herself alighting right side up with care on the soft turf, without so much as a feather jostled in her hat. She can't imagine how it happened so. She fully expected to be picked up a complete wreck and carried home to die among her sorrowing friends.

But now that she is really safe and sound upon the dear old earth again, she looks up with unspeakable gratitude to the clear blue sky; then, brushing her skirts and beating them out so that they will hang straight, she vows that should she ever have occasion to cross lots again she will either go in a balloon, or else have a young man along to pull down the fences.

### The Language of Parasols.

Opening the parasol quickly with the point upward—You interest me.

Closing in the same manner—I am not favorably impressed with you.

Opening with the point downward—Acquaintance would not be disagreeable to me.

Closing similarly—An advance would be repelled.

Closed and carried over the right shoulder—We are watched.

Closed over the left shoulder—We are watched.

Revolved slowly while open—I like you.

Revolved rapidly—I love you.

Used as a cane—You may walk with me.

Laid across the lap—You may sit by me.

Carried under the right arm—Yes.

Under the left—No.

Swung point down in front—Kindly salutation.

Moved perpendicularly while held open over the head—Good-bye.

Revolved open behind the back—You may follow me.