MRS. DOLBY'S

The Deacon Looks Over the Family Almanac and Says Nothing

EACON DOLBY had pulled off his boots, with a grunt of sat-isfaction as each boot came off and taken a seat in the big rocking chair and begun to feel that there was no place like home, when Mrs. Dolby suspended her sewing for a moment to look up and ask:

"Deacon Dolby, what do you think of a man fifty years old and supposed to be a good man who will swear?

The deacon felt a chill go up his back, and he picked up a family almanac lying on the table and pretended to, be much interested in its contents while wondering if he could be the guilty

"It was last fall," continued Mrs. Dolby, "and I only heard of it the other day, but it's just the same as if it happened this forenoon. You was sitting on the fence by the barn when a tin peddler came along the road and tin peddier came along the road and stopped to talk with you. I don't know what sort of story he told you, but all at once you started to laugh, you threw up your arms and your feet to haw, haw, haw, and you went over back-ward into the barnyard. As soon as you found that your neck wasn't broken you got up and used language. It was awful language. It was such language that the Widow Skinner shivered as she heard it, and the tin peddler whipped up his horse and drove on. I want to know what you've got to say about it. Some wives would have left the house without asking a ques-tion, but I'm willing to hear your ex

The deacon didn't have any. He re membered that October morning perfectly well. The tin peddler had stopped to tell him the latest joke, and it was so funny that a fall backward had been the result. Just what he said after getting up was not so clear, but he believed that he had done justice to the occasion. Mrs. Dolby waited two minutes for his answer, but she waited in vain. There was an increase of sewerity in her tones as she continued:
"One night four weeks ago you came

in from the barn all doubled up and said you had colic. I thought it very queer that anybody should have colic in winter, but I gave you pepper sass and other things and put you to bed, and you got over it. I let it go at colic, and you never told me different, but I have the truth at last. I just got it to day from Mr. Simpkins' hired man. Deacon Dolby, you deceived your wife! You went behind the cow and twisted her tail to make her move up, and she her tan to make her have up, and she kicked you in the stomach with both feet to once. Why didn't you say so when you came into the house? I know why, because, as you lay on the stable floor, you yelled for the hired



"YOU WENT BEHIND THE COW AND TWIST HER TAIL TO MAKE HER MOVE UP." man to get the pitchfork and knock the cow's head off, and your language drove the man out of the barn on the

Mrs. Dolby had slightly exaggerated, Mrs. Dolby had slightly exaggerated, but the deacon set his jaw as he re-membered the occasion. He also in-dulged in a grim smile as he recalled a little performance in the stable next day, but he didn't think it best to enter into any wordy explanations. He simply increased his interest in the alma-nac and tried to forget that he was not

"It wasn't over two weeks ago," re sumed Mrs. Dolby, "that you went over to the sawmill to see about some lum-ber. When you came home, I spoke about the way you was wearing your hat, but you didn't say nothing. That night I found a bump on your head as big as a hen's egg. No wonder you had to cock your hat over on one ear. I've watted and waited for you to explain how you got that bump, but you haven't done so. I know how it was—heard all about it yesterday, and I can heard all about it yesterday, and 1 can tell you that some wives wouldn't stand it a minute. When you went to the mill, you found a lot of folks skat-ing on the pond. Old as you are, with your knees as stiff as gate hinges, you borrowed a pair of skates and went on the ice to show off. You hadn't skated a rod before your feet went up, and you struck on your head. I ain't saying

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clear as to what happened after he got the skates on. Mrs. Dolby kept her eyes on the back of his head while the old clock ticked a hundred times, and there were tears in her eyes as she shook her head and mused:
"I knew that no saw log had rolled

over him and made that bump. And last week, only last Tuesday, he came home with his clothes almost torn off him and his face all scratched up and hinted around that one of Mr. Jacobs' steers had chased him through the woods. He was so lame that I milked the cow and brought in the wood myself that night, and I kept asking him if I shouldn't make him tea and toast. He never hinted that it was anything else but a steer, but Mrs. Barber was here this afternoon and told me all about it. He tried to slide down Golden hill on a board, and he run into a lot of blackberry bushes and a treetop. It was ten minutes before he could say anything, and then—and then"—
The deacon waited, with his heart

beating at its normal rate.

"And then he got up and whooped and hollered and jumped up and down

and-and"-There was a long minute of silence, and then the deacon slowly looked around and found Mrs. Dolby nodding in sleep. He turned to his almanac and read on for five minutes and then got up and laid his hand on her shoulder

and said: "Wake up. It's time to go to bed." "Wh-what did he do after he whooped and hollered?" she sleepily queried.

"But there was more of it. Mrs. Barer said he-he"-

But the deacon led her to the bedroom door and then turned to wind up the clock and see the cat was put out doors. There was a grin on his face and he felt that he had got off easy. M. QUAD.

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The deavon's hand instinctively went up to the spot where the bump had done business for ten days, but he made no reply. Had he started out to do so he would simply have mixed sleep on account of the itching and burn-ing. He had been under the care of six different doctors, but they failed to do him

Race of Savage Swamp Dwellers Found

The Acting Administrator of New Guinea, Sir Francis P. Winter, in a report to the Governor-General of the Australian Commonwealth, describes a curious people who live in the swamps in New Guinea.

They are called the Ahgaiambo, and have lived in swamps for a period which goes back beyond native tradition. They dwell in houses raised on piles about 12 feet above the surface of the water, which they traverse in cances dug out of logs. These they propel standing up with a pole.

These they propel standing up with a pole.

In addition, they are expert swimmers, gliding through beds of reeds or over masses of floating vegetable matter with ease. They never leave the morass, and their mode of life has reacted upon their physical character, with the result that they are not able to walk properly on hard ground, their feet bleeding if they try to do so.

Sir Francis Winter describes two of the tribe—a man and a woman—as

follows:

"The man would have been a fairsized native, had his body from the
hips downward been proportionate to
the upper part of his frame. He had
a good chest, and, for a native, a
thick neck, and his arms matched
his truth his trunk.

his trunk.

'Tis feet were short and broad, and very thin and flat, with—for a native—weak-looking toes. This last feature was still more noticeable in the stock toes were long. native—weak-looking toes. This last feature was still more noticeable in the woman, whose toes were long and slight, and stood out rigidly from the foot, as though they possessed no joints. The feet of both the man and the woman seemed to rest on the ground something like wooden feet would do. The skin above the knees of the man was in loose folds, and the sinews and muscles around the knee were not well-developed. The muscles of the shin were much better developed than those of the calf.

"In the ordinary native the skin on the loins is smooth and tight, and the anatomy of the body is clearly discernible; but the Ahgaiambo man had several folds of thick skin or muscle across the loins which concealed the outline of his frame. On placing one of our natives of the same height alongside the marsh man, we noticed that our native was about 3 inches higher at the hips.

"I had a good view of the man

the hips.
"I had a good view of the man "I had a good view of the man while he was standing sideways towards me, and in figure and carriage he looked to me more apelike than any human being that I have seen. The woman, who was of middle age, was much more slightly formed than the man, but her legs were short and slender in proportion to her figure, which, from the waist to the knee, was clothed in a wrppaer of native cloth,"

Adventures of Old Books.

The vicissitudes of second-hand books is a fascinating study. It has often been written upon, but new instances of the ups and downs of old often been written upon, but new his stances of the ups and downs of old volumes are continually turning up, says The Leisure Hour. There are many stories of old and rare volumes, and Mr. Salkfield of Cadham road tells some which will bear repeating. Some years ago this bookseller was commissioned by an Austrian library to purchase a book bearing upon the family history of the Emperor of Austria, which was to be sold by auction. They put a limit of £50, which they subsequently raised to £100, and just before the sale they bade him buy it at any price. The day of the sale came, the lot was put up, Mr. Salkeld made a bid of one shilling, and for a shilling it was knocked down to him! "How was this?" I asked. There had been a dispute about the lot before, two bidders both claimed to have bought it; and it was while almost all the it; and it was while almost all the tongues were wagging over this lit-tle episode that this valuable book tle episode that this valuable book was sold be public auction for twelve pence. "You did not get much commission out of that," I said, tentatively. He smiled, and intimated that the purchasers made it well worth his while. The risks that books run may be seen by the folbooks run may be seen by the fol-lowing examples: A valuable vol-ume—first edition of Sir J. Elliott's "The Governor"—a small octave book, had been brought out for a customer to inspect. Though con-taining the autograph of Lord Cetaining the autograph of Lord Cecil o, Elizabethan fame, it was not sold. Some days afterwards Mr. Salkeld was looking over the boxes of old books outside his shop, when lo! in a sixpenny box he espied the precious volume. For some days it had been picked up and put down again, and all the while the handlers of the same unwittingly missed the opportunity of getting for 24 farthings what afterwards went for £4. It had probably been carelessly laid on a sixpenny heap, and so was taken out with the lot.

An O'Connell Token.

T. H. Squire, Mount Brydges, Ontario, recently wrote to The Globe, regarding the proposed sale of the Hill of Tara, and the statement that the last important gathering on the Hill was in 1843, when at a gigantic meeting Daniel O'Connell urged the repeal of the union. "I have a coin in my possession," he says, "that bears what I and others always believed to be the image of

coin in my possession, he says, "that bears what I and others always believed to be the image of O'Connell and his harp. On one side is his head only, and on the other his harp and the date 1820. Now if this coin was struck by Daniel O'Connell, I fail to understand how the big gath he you mention took place, for I always understood that O'Connell was only at the head for a very short time."

The token, for that is a better word than coin, might well have been issued to mark the accession of O'Connell to the leadership of the Catholic emancipation party. Grattan died in 1820, and from that time until his death in May, 1847. O'Connell was the greatest force in Ireland. At the Tara meeting it was estimated that close upon a million people were present, or one in nine of the population of Ireland.



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