After the soft snowfall the grip of winter tightened with sharper, weather, and it was a mipping night when Lisha's friends, the creaking of whose coming footsteps he heard twenty rods away, again entered the shop Each as he came in made his way quickly to the ruddy, rearing stove, and hardly one failed to shrug his shoulders with a shivering "booh" rub his hands, stamp his feet, and proclaim in some form or words that the night was cold, as if that was some thing which needed every man's testimony to establish as a fact.

Joseph Hill remarked, as he rubbed

Joseph Hill remarked, as he rubbed his ears, that "the skeeters bit." The inquirer stared at him and asked, "Bit

inquirer stared at him and asked, "Bit who?" and said he hadn't "seen no skeeters sen September."

Another said, "Tell ye what, it's preity cold," as if he was the original discoverer of this condition of the atmosphere.

Pelatish asked Sam Lovel, "'s this col nough for ye, Samwel?" and Sam answered as he fanned himself with his fur cap, "Cold 'nough to freeze the blaze of a match tew a nipe. I'm most melted, 'n' wish 't I

nough to freeze the blaze of a match tew a pipe. I'm most melted, 'n' wish 't I could set top o' Tater Hill 'n hour er tew 'n' cool off." Pelatiah said "Sho l' and "guesséd he was a jokin'." Solon Brigg's opinion was that it was "congealous, and that the muckery would prayberbly condescend to twenty four below jehu, I wou' say, below zeno, afore mornin'." Anti Antoine, hugging himself, ideclared that it was "bien froid," which, after Cannek fashion; he' proself, ideclared that it was "bien froid," which, after Canuck fashion, he pronounced "ban fret," and then translated, "Col' lak a dev, bah gosh; more he was Canada, yas, sah." And so encouraging one another, they became firmly settled in the belief that the night was indeed a cold one and Liebs up he overned the

one another, they became firmly settled in the belief that the night was indeed a cold one, and Lisha, as, he opened the stove door, using the corner of his apron for a holder, and fed the little demon a bellyful of white birch, gave it as his opinion, that "if the wind riz it would be a reglar rip snorter;" I would be a confidentially espected 'at yew made at sour prevarious meetin', it is confidentially espected 'at yew will perceed to dilate your narrowtyve." I would be you goin' fill up you promise, don't it, One' Lasha, hein?" was, 'Antoine "urged, you goin' fill up you promise, don't it, One' Lasha, hein?" wal, boys, 'f I must I must, I s'pose," said Lisha, pulling hard at his pipe between words, "but I hain't no gret at tellid' stories. Ye see"—atter some silent back tracking of memory—"'twas 'baout Noer Chase; he was the fust one in teawn't hade a pleasure wergin. 'n' lent back tracking of memory—"'twas baout Noer Chase; he was the fust one in taown 't hed a pleasure waggin, 'n' they uster call it Noer's Ark. He'd ben sellick man three fo' years, 'n' sot in the leegislatur' onte—cousin t' Jerushy, tew —'n' orter ben in better business.'n' goin' crustin', but he went, 'n' more 'n onct. So one March the' was the alfiredest crust 'n' he hedn't fnothin' to' dew much, 'n' s'.he, 'f guess I'll hassome 'fun, 's' he.' So he got him a club, an' put on his snowshees an' put 'er fer a basin up in the maountain where he knowed the' was some deer a yardin'. I know the ezact snowsness an' put'er fer a nash up in the maountain where he knowed the' was some deer a yardin'. I know the exact spot, an' so do you, Samwill: Right up where the east branch o' Stunny brooks heads: He got' Amos Jones to go long with him, 'n' they got there an' faound the deer, wenty on 'em or more, a yard' in' raound in the little spruces, 'n' all poorer 'n' wood. Wal, they scattered 'em aout an' went at 'em. Amos he seen Noer knock down ten on 'em and cut the' thruts, 'n' then he telled 'im for to slop, f', that was 'nough. But Noer he laughed 'n' said he was jis' beginnin' to hassoine fun'; 'n' then he put arter, a doe that was heavy with fa'n; 'n' as he 'ruin up 'longside on her, she stumbled in the crust, her laigs all a bleedin', an' molled up 'er eyes, turrible, pitiful, tow-wards him, an' gin a beseechin', kind of a blaat. An' Amos he hollered aout to Noer t' let

'er lone; but Noer he on'y laughed 'n'
said haow 't he was goin' ter killt tew to
one faot, 'n' he gin er a lick on the head
with bis club fore 'Amos co'ld git tew
him."
"Damn 'im!" growled Sam.
"Amos didn't hardly never cuss, but I
s'pose he ripped aout then 'n' gin it to
Noer hot 'n' heevy, 'n' said he was a good
min' to sarve him's he'd sarved the doe;
n' is then he happened to see that Noer

min' to sarve him 's he'd sarved the doe;
'n' jis then he happened to see that Noer
was standin' 'long side o' the doe, right
onderneath an onlucky tree, 'n' then' he
jasid he knowed suthin' 'ould happen tew.
'him, 'n' tol' 'im 'so. But Noer' on'
lavghed at 'im, 'n' called 'im a sup'stitious ohioken hearted ole granny, 'an'
took aout his knife to cut the doe's thrut.
'Amos couldn't 'stan' it' to see no more
seech murderin'. 'n' so he cleared aout took aout his kuife to cut the doe's thrut. Amos couldn't stan' it to see no more sech murderin', 'n' so he cleared aout and went hum. Wal, Noer finished the doe, n' then took arter a yullin' buck next. The buck started daown the maountin', 'n' bein' putty light he skinned it 'long putty good jog, so 's'! Noer couldn't ketch up with 'im 's' easy 's he hed with t'other ones.' So Noor 'gin to git mad 'n' doubled his jumps, 'n' went tearin' daown hill lickerty split, 'n' hed mos' ketched up to the deer, when the toe of his snowshoe ketched int' the limb of a blowed doawn tree, an' he fell, kerlumnux! 'n' struck his laig on another limb on 't an' broke his laig."

"Good!" cried Sam.

"His laig pained him onmassyfully, 'n' like 'nough he hurt' his head 'tew, tor he went inter a swound, I s'pose," continued Lisha, after nodding to Sam, "an' he lay quite a spell 'lore he come tew, 'n' 'twas mos' night. Fust thing, he tried to get up; but he couldn't make it aout till he got holt of a saplin' an' pulled hisselt up. 'n' then he couldn't take a step. Am while he stood there a couniderin', that 'ere doe appeared right afore him, lookin' at him jest as she did when he run her daown! He'said, 'Shoo!' but' she didn't stir a mite, and then he'reached daown an' picked up his olub an' hove it at 'er,

at him jest as and when he in the dadn't stir a mite, and then the reached daown an' picked up his club an! hove it at 'er, 'n' he said it, went through her jes' 's if she'd ben a puff o', smoke, an' went a scootin' over the crust twenty rods daown the hill, 'n' she never stirred! He tried to walk agin, but he couldn't step a step, an' then he goddaown on all fours an crawled 's well 's he could towwards the clearin's, an' that ere doe kep, allers jes' so fur ahead on him, allers lookin' at him jest as she did afore he knocked her in the head. An' when it begin to grow duskish the was a wolt set 'up a yowlin behind him as he sailed along a groanin' an' a sweatin', like a man a mowin', an' not goin' more n a rod in five minutes, 'n' then tew more wolves jined in a yowlan', not goin' more'n a rod in five minutes, 'n' then tew more wolves jined in a yowlin' in' so clus tew him' this toes tickled, an' when he looked over his shoulder he could see the dum'd critters a 'shoolin' 'long arter him like black shadders, 'n' every now, 'n' then sittin', up, on 'their rumps an', yowlin' for more, to jine 'em, An' all the time' that 'ere doe kep' jes so fur ahead on him, allers a 'lookin' at him les' so mournful. Bimelve arter dark. ies' so mournful. Bimebye arter dark, he got to the clearin' 'n' he couldn't go no furder, so he sot his back agin a tree 'n' sot there an' hollerd with his club in no turder, so he sot int back agin a tree "n' sot there an' hollierd with his club in his hand, for he'd picked it up, in his crawlin', an' there he sot, 'n' there, the wolves sot, an' right betwixt 'em stood the doe, which the wolves never took no more notice on her 'n' of a hadder. Arter a while—seemed 's 'ough 't was a week t' Noer, somebody hearn the rumpus, wolves a yowlin' an man a hollerin', an 'Aar'n Gove an' Moses 'Hanson' 'n' mongst 'em; rallied aout an' went up an' isound him an' tetched him hum. 'They got a darkter an' sot his laig, but he was slok for three months, 'n' many a time, 'they said, he seen that 'ere doe a lookin' in 't the winder 'n' hearn 'the wolves a yowlin' raound the haouse, but the' could none o' the rest on em see her non hear the wolves. Bimebye he got better, an' so's 't he could git aout raound. 'An' then his son, the on'y one 't he had, went so is the could git sout radual. An't then his son, the on'y one't he had, wen't off it the fur. West a trapin an'a tradia' for furs an'skins, an' got killed by Injins an' then his oldest darter run away with a nigger, an' wus yit, his other darter is

married an' Irishmun, an' wust of all so' Noer said, Amos Jones come up' to see, him, an' said, 'll tole yer so!' Then Noer got wus an' run int' the consumption, 'n' arter lingerin'an' lingerin', he died."

"All of which, 's aid Sam Lovel, 'sarved him right, and,' lifting to his lips, the broken handled pitcher of stale water, that stood on a shelt in the corner, sell dom replenished but never quite empty, 'here's a hopesin' that all crusters may forever meet the same fate. Amen!"

"Haow long,' put in the inquirer, 'haow, long did Noer, Chase hey, the consumption?"

"l'en year," Lisha replied.

sumption?"
"I'en year," Lisha replied.
"Was that all?" said the inquirer. "I'd,"
"I don't b'lieve," said Pelatiah, wiping
his nose with his right hand mitten, "at
ever I'll crust hunt a deer.'s long 's I live-

ever I'll crust hunt a deer 's long 's I live and breathe."

"I don't, b'll ve ye will, nuther," said Sam, "not in these parts, for ye won't hev the chance. But I wanter tell ye one thing, Peltier, the nex' wust thing to crus 'in' deer is sagarin' partridges! | sone da 'in the fall Is was huntin' up' through yer father's woods, an' I come acrost a leetle low brush fence with snares sot in the gaps. I tore it all daown, an' one gret cock patridge 't I facund a hangin', by the neck I have off int' the woods for the foxes. I' eat. You sot them snares. gret cock patridge 't I facund a hangin', by the neck I have off int' the woods for the foxes, t' eat. You led them sanies, Pentier, 'n' you hadn't out t' done' it. Every time I find any sech contraption, I'll' spile it, 'no matter who sot, it. 'Xceptin' ugly and mischevious critters 'at won't let yo huint 'en no way decent, give all God's, creeturs, a fair chance. Roller 'em up au snoot em ef ye can in the time a't they'd ort to be shot, but not no other times. Not no pestin' good birds nor breedin' an' sucklin' beasts that 's wuth a savin'. (Thent when ye die) 'f you've ben honest an', decent to folks, you've ben honest an', decent to folks, you've ben, honest an', decent to folks, you've liever and e no' more patridges, or less ye'll havi an' tole heu pairidge a lookin', at ye jest as that 'ere; doe' du at Noer Chase."

Noer Chase,"
"As trub 's I live, Samwill, I won't
never again,"
"Ez for Noer Chase, which I remember him well as a consumptuous invalidge in the days of my youthful indolescense," Solon Briggs remarked; "it, is my o pin-ion that his fate was a just contribution

ion that his fate was a just contribution for his predatorious ornightiousness."

"Wal, ssh," said Antoine, who had, long been waiting to put in a word, "dem Anglish officy in Canada" when he go, huntid long wid in a keel moose most same like Noel; fin! -m. in, yard, run it, daown, shoot it, carree off, horn, litly, bit mest, skin, maybe, leave. It rest of it for wolf. Show horn, 'liorrah! Ah keel it moose!' Ah come porty near keel one of dat officy tam Papineau war, me wish ah have, bah gosh!"

"I've hear'd on it, Ann Twine. He chased ye an' you run, an' he follered till'

chased ye an' you run, an' he follered till he putty night broke his wind. He "run a narrer chance of his life; sartin."

"Ah, Onc, Lasha, who tole it you dat

"Ah, Onc' Lasha, who tole it you dat lies, hein?"

"I dunno 's I know, Uncle Lisher; seems 'ogh I did tew, but guess 't I don't," said Joseph Hilli "jes lezakly what an 'onlucky tree' is. Dunno but I did know onct, but I've kinder forgot."

"Wal," said Lisha, "what some calls an onlucky tree an' thinks is, is a scale kind of a tree, half way "twith a cat spruce an' a pitch pine. The leaves is longer 'n a spruce 'n' shorter 'n a pine, an' the branches grows soraggider 'n any apruce. They haint no size never seen one more'n ten inches 't the butt. "They an' the branches are not as a pruce. They haint no size—never seen one more'n ten inches't the butt. They haint no good, 'n' I. d' know, 's they, be any hurt, but some folks thinks they be, an' you couldn't git 'en to go a nigh one for nuthin'. Think if they dew the 'll suthin' drefful happen to dem or some of their folks. I p'sume the haint nothin' of it. 'N' naow I guess d's bacut time, to shet up shop—an' maouths."

Parties answering any advertisement contained herein, will greatly oblige by mentioning this jour-

"Thy will be done." The broken words fell slow.

For I was weary of the harrowing strife—
My bledding heart lay quivering from the And "All was lost except a little life"—

As suddenly, at orimson setting sun,

I bowed—and, panting, sobbed, "Thy will
be done!"

Once more, the Reaper walked amid the (The yellow bending grain of hope grown

strong!)
And reaped my life's joys with the soythe
tof pain,
While I sat by and wept! The hours were But, ere the last pink cloud had westward flown, I meekly knelt, and sighed, "Thy will be

done!

Hocame once niore | But I had slowly | Labried & The God-love that must smite—if it would

save; And though the tears fell, and the spirit yearned, Usat'and'smiled, beside iny dead hope's

And looked away from earth up to God's!

And looked away from earth-up to docks through the control of the

If I went out to Spider Lakes I'm sure

if I went out to Spider. Lakes I'm sured in y inchanism;
Would get combletely out of genr and death would end the strife.
Layer slopts blessed wink for eight and forty, hours, sofising of 1 and 1 and in legs are full of racking pains, that it is nearly drive me wild.
Thaven't any appetite and I feel my vital of powers of 132 1 1520 1712 V.
Are falling fast, and soon I'll bed as helpes less as a child."
"Now what's the use of talking rot, you'll

"Now what's the use of talking rot, you'll come with me to morrow,

A bottle of that remedy, will fix you up

all right,
For Barber's Instantaneous Cure will drive
1 graway all sorrow, 199 67 20

Be sure you take ten doses, er'e you go
to bed to night and it is it is in a large of the sure you. That I had rheumatics worse than you, they is nearly drove me oracy.
Thought it hardly possible duch misery.

endure. Until friend Barber came along and to my

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