TOWN CLERK NO LONGER.

ACTIVITY AMONG THE LEADING LIGHTS OF PARRSBORO.

How Mr. Taylor's Radiance Decreased, the the Mayor Accepted Another Nomination, and the Man from Diligent River Carries a Marked Copy of "Progress."

The article in a recent issue of PROGRESS headed "The Town Clerk Swore," caused a sensation among the municipal and judicial powers that govern the town of Parrsboro. The town clerk was in a good humor when he read it, and was particularly pleased at the eulogy on his friend Alexander McCullough of Diligent River.

One of the references in the sketch was greatly appreciated by Mr. Taylor. This is the way that it appeared in PROGRESS:

"Even the street Arabs would greet him by the complimentary name of Charity, and would then 'silently stea away.'"

Mr. Taylor, although an active member of the Lodge, which recently gave a "Longfellow evening," is evidently not a close student of the bard. Mr. Taylor's version of the part that pleased him most was as follows: "Even the little boys in the street would yell out Charity, at him, *and then run and hide.*"

But Mr. Taylor is, in some respects, as modest and unassuming as the Lycurgus of Diligent River. He objected to being called "a burning and shining light of 400 candle-power."

The fact is, Mr. Taylor has reason to be modest. During the last few weeks it has been found that Mr. Taylor's single eye, unlike that of the mayor, has not been single to the interests of the town of Parrsboro. And now the deacon has cause to swear, of course, to quote Holmes, "as deacons do."

Mr. Taylor has at last had an extinguisher put on him, but not through the diligence of the Diligent River magistrate. At present the radiance he sheds does not exceed that of a Parrsboro street lamp. He does not now hold the important and remunerative office of town clerk, in which he hoped to end his days. Like Ichabod, his glory is departed; but he still walks the streets of Parrsboro with martial tread, and says that if he had from three to six months to explain matters, all would be well. He attributes his fall to the fact that he put too much confidence in the town council, and the town council put too much confidence in him.

He has lost the friendship of the mayor, which was as that of Jonathan for David, but is still a regular attendant at the Sabbath school. The modern Cyclops does not seem to be half the size he was a few short weeks ago. And all this may be taken as a proof of the theory that "great men have their moments of weakness, even as the common herd."

The mayor of Parrsboro, a Cyclops who has lost nothing in size or importance during the last few weeks, was pleased with the report in PROGRESS, and bought copies to send to friends. This gentleman has had cause for self-congratulation lately. One of his brightest *bon mots* is certain of being handed down to an unoffending posterity. It was not spoken in strict accordance with the laws of Lindley Murray, and was written, to quote the mayor, "word for word, verbatos," but it bristled with quiet humor that has done much to make William Frederick T. Jones, Esq., saw mill man, one of the most popular mayors n America.

The only fault that Mayor Jones had to find with the piece in PROGRESS, was that in the brief report of his opening address, a word was omitted, which certainly detracted much from its rhetorical force. This word was the moditying "perhaps," and the sentence, as amended, would read: "The mayor told the plaintiff and defendant not to ruin their good characters, 'something which *perhaps* none of you probably ever had.'"

PROGRESS has not been the only paper that has pleased the mayor lately. As Mr. McCullough had decided to retire to private life on his ancestral acres at Diligent River, a requisition, signed by many of Parrsboro's citizens, was handed to Mr. Jones, requesting that he allow himself to again be a candidate for the mayorality. And the mayor accepted, saw Dick Whittington and went him one better, being elected mayor of Parrsboro for the fourth time.

There was one man, however, that was not pleased with the article in PROGRESS. That man was "the justice, in fair round belly with good capon lined, with eyes severe, and side-whiskers of formal cut, full of wise saws and modern instances."

He bought a copy, and, to his credit be it said, was not short three cents, but paid the full amount "like a man," and spent a profitable morning in reading and reflection.

Mr. McCullough is certainly a very modest man. He doeth his good deeds secretly—very secretly, to tell the truth. He does not pine for notoriety—he did not even apply for the office of Town Clerk. He did not care to have the noble actions of a noble life placed before sixty thousand readers. The love and respect of the people that knew him best were enough for Alexander. Unlike his Grecian namesake, he did not want to conquer the world. He is content to conquer the hearts of the residents of the Parrsboro shore.

And that is the reason that the breast of the man who keeps his temper under such excellent control is filled with righteous wrath. A copiously marked copy of the paper containing the piece which records his charitableness is carried about in his overcoat pocket, presumably to show that he had bought one. His charity towards PROGRESS goes no further, however. "For," says the student of Coke and Judge story, "the piece is a clear lie bill."

Did PROGRESS in the first issue, follow the beaten path, and announce that it had come to stay? If so, it was a vain boast. For Alexander the Great is plotting its utter annihilation

But do not judge him too harshly. Although he is overwhelmed with grief because

> The town clerk that swore
> Is town clerk no more,

he yet has an insatiable love for the law. PROGRESS has "bothered" him. And it is his intention to "bother" PROGRESS.

The editor of the paper is respectfully informed that if he sees a man with a coonskin cap, and blood in his eye, entering the sanctum, a volume of Blackstone in one hand and a bludgeon of justice in the other, not to be alarmed, but to console himself with the reflection that his visitor is the famous Squire, come to reduce PROGRESS and its staff to a state of most absolute chaos. X.

Parrsboro, N. S., Feb. 23.

THE TAILOR PURSUED HIM.

The Father of Base Ball in a North Shore Town Disappears.

A North Shore town was a little excited recently over the sudden departure of one of its citizens. The gentleman in question arrived there over three years ago and started in business, principally of a refreshing nature. He first became known as the father of baseball in that vicinity, and at the organization of a club was elected president. But his ambition was not yet appeased. He soon became treasurer also, by whose authority none can tell. However, the club was not troubled with reports from the financial department telling of the balances on hand Time rolled on, and with it this gentleman rolled into the confidence of many. Lately there came rumors that he was going to change his place of residence. None of his friends were alarmed except a tailor, whose faith was so shaken that he proceeded at once and put the law in motion to prevent his departure until he paid the tailor's bill. Just as the law was ready to clasp him in its arms, he disappeared like a meteor, and in broad daylight, to where few at the time could say. After the shadows of evening gathered he was seen to leave his place of refuge and drive rapidly away. When this fact reached the tailor he started in pursuit with several constables, but it was a fruitless hunt. The absconding debtor had made good his escape and the tailor, after following him from place to place for two days, returned home to join the mourning procession, which includes a well-known shipping firm, a railway manager, a tonsorial artist, a furniture dealer, a shoe dealer, a grocer and a telegraph operator.

A Bit of Western Justice.

A western court of justice is often a scene of wild and picturesque excitement, not to say disorder. Such a scene occurred at a justice's court room at Silver city, A. T., during the past fall. The case was the trial of an Indian arrested for stealing a horse from three brothers, ranchmen.

The prisoner was a tall, well-limbed Apache youth, not over 19. His face was the hue of burnished copper, the bright, warm color of a one-cent piece fresh from the mint. His long black hair was brushed straight back from the low, sloping forehead, and formed a loop, that stood up like a pompon, caught on the top of his head with a piece of red ribbon, while long heavy braids hung down over his shoulders, falling across his broad chest, and tied with silk floss of a dozen different bright colors. A long Navajo blanket that hung in graceful folds from his shoulders completed an attractive picture of a perfect type of the fast vanishing race.

When the constable entered the court room with the prisoner, one of the accusers, with an oath, bawled out that he would lynch the red devil. At this the other two took up the strain and started in to run the court.

Here the justice, though an old man, showed his spirit, and jumping on to the table remarked that he was "a western man and a fightin' man," and that he'd have order in that court or held have blood.

Then things cooled down for a while, or until the brothers began taunting the lawyer appointed by the court to defend the prisoner.

That gentleman, taking the law into his own hands, started in to whip the brothers three, and after two had measured their lengths on the dirty floor the constable jumped in with clubbed revolver and restored order. After this the trial proceeded without interruption.—*Ex.*

Fifteen O'Clock.

Pommery and Boozle were on their way home one night from a convival party, and as the toasts which they had drunk had been numerous, their heads were not in a perpendicular position. In fact, their course was an extremely zigzag and uncertain one. As they staggered onward, the bell of a neighboring church started to peal the hour of midnight.

Pommery stopped and caught hold of a lamp-post.

"Hol' on, ole fel'," he said to his companion; "le' 's see what time 'tis. It mus' be twelve."

Boozle also embraced the lamp-post, and they both counted the strokes of the deep-toned bell.

"*One—two—three—*"

At this point the clock of another church, just down a diverging street, slightly behind the time of its neighbor, commenced to strike; and so nearly did its notes harmonize and time in with the other that the obfuscated senses of our two adventurers did not catch the double strokes.

They counted on, loudly and in unison—"*eleven—twelve,*"—and without break of time or rhymthm the belated clock kept on to finish its work, and the convivial knights kept on counting:

"*Thirteen!—fourteen!—fifteen!*"

"Fifteen o'clock!" cried Pommery, transferring his hold from the lamp-post to the shoulders of his companion. "I say, Boozle, I can remember when forty cents made a dol'r in my las' 'signment, but, bless me, 'I ever before knew fifteen to make twelve!"

Islands of the Sea.

Some mathematician of leisure has been estimating the number of islands in the world, and has succeeded in counting some hundreds of thousands. He says there are over 1000 islands under the flag of Japan. Strangely enough he makes no reference to the Thousands Islands of the St. Lawrence, or to the thousands in our own Georgian bay, some of which are of considerable size. It was among these beautiful wooded little islands that the Huron Indians took refuge when they were assailed in 1649 by their implacable foes the Iroquois. Among the labyrinthian channels the Iroquois could not successfully pursue them, and those who escaped to the islands saved themselves from the extermination which befell their friends.—*Toronto Truth.*

LEAP YEAR IN NEW YORK

A BALL WHERE THE "CHAPPIES" WERE WALL FLOWERS.

What Society is Talking About in the Way of Sensations and Such Things—Ward McAllister and the Women who "Made" Him, And Now Regret the Job.

NEW YORK, Feb. 23.—That cheerful form of entertainment, the leap year party, has been greatly in vogue this season. Thanks to the scope it gives for jokes and jollity, society has been enjoying itself in an unusually hilarious fashion. One in particular that led all the rest for fun of the fast and furious kind was a series of jokes. It took place at one of the smartest houses in upper-tendom, and the belles and beaux who participated in it were of the first water. The former "started the racket" by sending bouquets to the young men who were bidden, and instead of ransacking the florists shops for dainty blossoms, they despatched to their respective swains, cute little bunches of "garden sass," sprigs of lettuce, the feathery tops of young carrots, and the tender shoots of juvenile onions were greatly in demand for these vegetable offerings.

The gentlemen waved enormous fans and flourished microscopic lace handkerchiefs with a more or less successful affectation of shyness and coquetry. One sportive youth wore a large white satin bow between his shoulder blades from which two long white streamers floated gracefully to his heels. This touch contributed greatly to his popularity and he had partners galore.

The girls acquitted themselves with great spirit and the fine opportunities offered by the occasion to pay off old scores were in some cases used with effect. Young men who were accustomed to confine their attentions to two or three specially desirable partners wished they had distributed them more liberally as they sat out dance after dance, while their less exclusive brethren whirled continuously. Until supper time the belles had very much the best of it; then the "chappies" had their revenge. Each dear fellow developed the appetite of a boa-constrictor, and the unfortunate fair one who escorted him in to supper had to hustle. The belle of the evening was a dudish young man from Boston. The girls hung round him in clusters and fairly fought to inscribe their names on his programme. This was the bitterest pill the native swells had to swallow, and was administered deliberately, because it was a dose they were greatly addicted to pressing on the dosers.

A *cause celebre*, which in sustained interest bids fair to distance the Deacon tragedy, near Paris, will be the application of Coleman Drayton for a divorce from his wife, *nee* Eleanor Astor, eldest daughter of Mrs. Wm. Astor, who for more than a dozen years has been easily first amongst the social leaders of this city. The co-respondent named will be Herbert Borrowe, son of the Vice-President of the Equitable Life Assurance Society.

Mrs. Drayton and her children were packed off to England as soon as the scandal commenced to assume threatening proportions, and they will probably remain there for some time to come. Wm. Waldort Astor, her cousin, who expatriated himself almost two years ago on account of a grudge he bore society, and who it is said has vowed never to return to America, also resides in England. The Baroness de Stuers who tried to force her husband into the divorce court by eloping with Elliot Zabriskie of this city is another cousin of Mrs. Drayton's. To crown all this domestic infelicity Mrs. Astor was lately relegated by a distinguished authority to fourth place among Metropolitan hostesses, and her cup of bitterness probably slopped over when she read in a society paper the morning after her recent ball, apropos of the supper, that "the terrapin was cold and greasy, the canvas-back tough and tasteless as leather shoe-strings and the decent wines, if there were any, must have been drank by the waiters as the guests got none." Truly the Astors seem to have fallen upon evil times.

Society seems to be getting into a topsy-turvey condition anyhow, and the great Humpty-Dumpty who has been posing so long on its inmost bastions has met with a tumble, three of its most prominent hostesses having scratched his name off their dinner lists in revenge for indiscreet allusions to their ancestry. As the three belong to the very small coterie of ball and dinner givers who dominate society through their ability to entertain it, this is a very serious matter for The MacAllister. A large proportion of the "400" have always scouted the idea that he ever was a social leader, except in the brain of a clever newspaper writer, who crowned him with a gilt paper crown for the sake of exploiting a new sensation.

The real social leaders comprise a dozen or so of young matrons who are mistresses of real palaces especially designed for lavish hospitality. Behind them stand husbands with purses as wide and deep as the pouch of Fortunatus into which they can dip their hands up to their elbows at their own sweet will, and this they are constantly doing for the edification of the chosen few whom they acknowledge as "society." "Society" recognizes its obligations, and when they say "thumbs up" society responds with all possible celerity, and when they ejaculate "thumbs down" society is no less lively in executing the movement.

Amongst these society-makers are Mrs. Bradley-Martin, who when she invites her friends to an afternoon tea employs prima-donnas to sing a song or two for them at $1,000 per song; Mrs. Wm. Astor who makes a specialty of flowers and always scatters a couple of thousand dollars worth about her parlors when she is expecting callers, Mrs. W. C. Whitney, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and about eight others who cheerfully pay the piper whenever society wants to dance, only stipulating that they shall name the dancers, which is fair enough in all conscience. These are the women who made McAllister, because he was such a handy man to have round at their balls and receptions, and so "willin'," and who are now threatening to unmake him. After they had succeeded in boiling his "400" down to 150 he earned their ill-will by denouncing them as "internally exclusive;" and by calling public attention to the fact that Mrs. Paran Stevens was once a factory girl in the thriving town of Lowell, he is thought to have signed his social death warrant, so good-bye McAllister. We will talk no more, we will write no more about McAllister.

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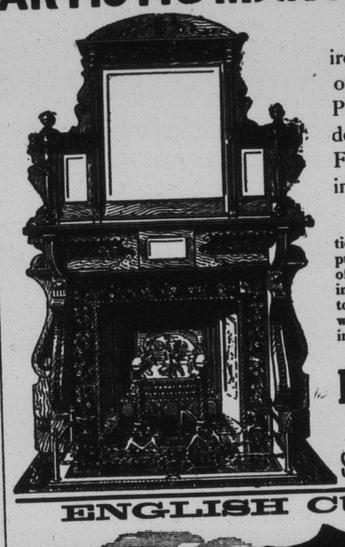

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(Signed) JOHN CLARK, Ph.D., F.I.C., F.C.S., *Lecturer on Chemistry at the Royal Infirmary and Medical School of Medicine, and Public Analyst for the City of Glasgow, etc.*

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