

BILL NYE GOES CRABBING.

And James Whitcomb Riley Lifts Up His Melodious Voice.

I went crabbing last week in Pleasure bay and enjoyed it very much. It is different from hunting elephants or pulling a tiger out of his lair by the tail, being safer and less exciting. I have hunted the coon in the south with more or less success, stepped on the trail of the Indian and apologized for it afterward, supplied the regular army for two weeks with buffalo meat slain by these fair hands, snared suckers in Illinois, hunted Anarchists, spent the evening with a vigilance committee, played bean bag with some of our best people, and been arrested on the Bowway by a roundsman with a \$3 Ten Nights in a Barroom breath, but I never enjoyed myself better in my life than I did crabbing on the smooth surface of the bay with a cotton string and a fish head.

James Whitcomb Riley also scabed the cold and pusless features of a dead fish in the calm and crab infested waters. Ever and anon he would burst forth into song. The low refrain would start up kind of easy, like the beginning of an anthem, and then it would swell out in place, and arising to a height of seven or eight feet, it would then safely die away.

Sometimes he would tell me what he had been singing, and I could see by the words of the song that it was so and that he was right about it.

The sweet smell of the hay field came lightly across the water and kissed the delicate lines of our sleeping sail. The low plaint of the cuckoo clock and the gentleman from New York who had been presented with his bill was borne across the dimpled bosom of the tide.

Then James Whitcomb Riley again burst forth into song. He has a good voice. It is rich and full, with notches cut in it so that when he gets up to a high note he can hold on without slipping a cog or flattening. I tried to sing with him, but could not do so successfully at all. Our party said I had more soul than voice, while Mr. Riley seemed to run largely into voice. If I could keep my soul out of my song I would be less apt to give offense to sensitive people. But Mr. Riley's notes rise like those of a lark, mature rapidly and end in a glad blast which shakes the green apples off the trees for miles around. I did not succeed in reaching the altitude which Mr. Riley did but once, and that was when I was trying to explain to a young lady by means of a large ultramarine crab how it was that the animal could catch hold of anything and retain it in his possession for a long time.

Mr. Riley composes rapidly while crabbing, easily inventing, constructing, improvising, correcting and revising as he goes along. He also constructs an accompaniment of music while keeping his eye all the while on his sport. He is certainly a very versatile and ambitious man. I presume he wouldn't care to have me speak of it here, but to show how easily he composes I will say that he arranged for the pianoforte while we were crabbing a sort of roudoun or roudoulette set to the air of "Marching Through Georgia," which made the hot tears well up in my eyes, and they have been so dry that for years they have squeaked in their sockets. I can only recall now a few lines of the song, but they show that the song writer is born, not made. They are as follows:

Scarcely could we be restrained from busting into tears. When we saw those good old crabs we hadn't caught for years. While we went crabbing through Georgia. —Bill Nye in New York World.

The Uttered Savage.

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Would Have Been Forewarned.

A family living in the western part of the city shut up the house the other day and started for the shore to spend the summer. On the eve of departure a 5-year-old member of the family observed that he had shut the cat up in the closet, thinking that it would be a good place for her to stay during their absence. If the little fellow hadn't thought to mention his consideration to the family would have been a good deal more likely to find the cat on their return than they are now. They would have known she was there even before they saw her.—Hartford Courant.



Between Times.

Hopeful Youth—Is Mis De Cash in? Servant—Yis, sir. Hopeful Youth—Is she engaged? Servant—Yis, sir; but he isn't here this evening. Come in.—The Cartoon.

Amicably Adjusted. "I'd like that fellow over there arrested," said a man who halted an officer on Wood ward avenue the other day, and pointed across at a ragged specimen leaning against a lamp post.

"What's the matter?" "He's robbed me."

"What of it?" "Well, I came here from Buffalo a month ago, and have worked up a nice little trade. That galoot jumps in here from Cleveland the other day and begins to tell the very same story I do. In fact, he's gone right to some of my best customers, and the fact of two tramps telling identically the same yarn makes me sooner or later cause suspicion and react of both of us. I have tried to make him see it that way, but he is obstinate and deaf. I now appeal to the strong arm of the law."

The officer went across to the other, who explained: "We both got the story at the same time of a Chicago tramp, and I've as good a right as him, but rather than have any one get off of it and fall back on the old one."

"Is that satisfactory?" asked the officer of number one.

"Perfectly. All I ask is to be treated like a gentleman and allowed my rights. Good-by, officer—good-by, professor."—Detroit Free Press.

A Story About Bartley Campbell.

In these days Campbell came to owe a certain resident of Pittsburgh \$30. The creditor could well afford to lose a hundred times that amount, but he pursued the reckless journalist relentlessly, dunning him day and night.

"Give it to me a cent at a time," he said. "After Bartley scored his great success in New York he betwought himself of this crue and impudent lender, and one day the latter gentleman, while going down Fifth avenue, was very much surprised to see the dramatic step up and place a bulky package wrapped in newspaper, in his hands.

"I have the pleasure," said Campbell grandiloquently, "of returning to you a certain \$30 which you, no doubt, recall. Be hold, sir—here he opened the parcel—the accumulation of months. I have saved the sum, as you suggested, a penny at a time and you hold in your hands \$300 of those small but useful copper coins of our country."

Thus speaking he walked off, leaving the astonished creditor petrified in the middle of the sidewalk, holding mechanically a breaking parcel, from which poured a glittering stream of copper cents. They littered the pavement, rolled into the gutter and drew such a mob of howling gamins that finally in disgust he hurried the balance away and made for his office.—New York Sun.

Didn't Find It.

At 11 o'clock the other night a boy appeared on Michigan avenue, near Third street, with a lantern and began to search the pavement. Several men at once accosted him and asked the object of his search, but he fought shy of a reply. In ten minutes fifteen men were searching. In fifteen minutes there were four lanterns flashing around. When the crowd had increased to thirty the boy extinguished his light and slid off up Third street and entered a house. The others continued to search until an officer came along and asked what they were looking for. No one could tell, and just then it seemed to strike everybody that April fools sometimes blow somed in August, and the entire crowd stamped like a drove of steers.—Detroit Free Press.

An Appreciative Listener.

Miss Holcomb (who is not a thorough musician)—What a beautiful piece the orchestra is playing now! Professor Schneider—Vy, dot vas "Chomny, getcher goon!" Miss Holcomb—I think those old German melodies are perfectly entrancing.—Time.

Satisfactory to the Prosecution.

Prosecuting Attorney (selecting a jury)—Isn't the prisoner a relative of yours? Juror—No, sir, he is a relative of my wife's. Prosecuting Attorney—Your honor, the prosecution accepts this gentleman.—New York Sun.

Booming the Paper.

Citizen (to office boy in counting room)—Your durned paper had an outrageous back on me this morning, and— Office Boy (briskly)—Yessir. How many copies will you have?—Life.

Sound Advice.

"You are an authority on manners and etiquette"— "I have written books on the subject." "What should a person do at the table?" "Eat."—Lincoln Journal.

Not Much.

There is always one fish story we resolutely decline to believe in. That is the annual report of the failure of the Pacific salmon catch.—New York Evening Sun.

A Child's Hunger for Love.

Delays are always dangerous, but even so irredeemably so in the case of loving words or deeds. It always proves impossible to speak tomorrow exactly the cordial or affectionate word which today demanded of us.

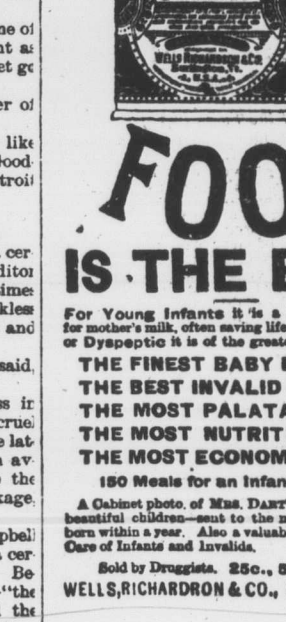
A mother whose child had died and died was so entirely prostrated with grief that some of the two officious friends asked her to consider if her sufferings were greater than those of others who had lost friends.

"Oh, it is not the same, it is not the same!" she cried. "My little girl was different from other children; she was so loving! She used to come to me and beg me to kiss her, or take her in my lap for a minute, and sometimes I was busy and told her to run away and play."

"I hurt her little heart. I made it shut up its little leaves when it ought to have been opened by the sunshine. I shall never forgive myself."

She never did forgive herself, and though she was almost pathetically loving to the children who were left, no lapse of time could ever erase from her mind the memory of that little girl who was hungry for love.—Youth's Companion.

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BREAD made of this Yeast took 1st Prize at Ontario Fall Shows in 1887. Over 100000 loaves have been written to say that it surpasses any yeast ever used by them. It makes the lightest, whitest, sweetest bread, rolls, buns and bucket-bread pan-cakes. Bakers in nearly every town in Canada are using it.

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SALE OF LANDS FOR TAXES.

By virtue of a warrant under the hand of the Warden of the Corporation of the County of Huron, dated the Sixteenth day of July, 1888, Commanding me to Levy upon the lands hereinafter described for the arrears of taxes respectively due thereon, together with the costs, Notice is hereby given that unless such Taxes and Costs are sooner paid, I shall in Compliance with a Resolutions of the Board of Assessors of the County of Huron, proceed to sell by public Auction, the said lands, or so much thereof as may be necessary to discharge the same, at the COURT HOUSE, in the TOWN of GODERICH, on TUESDAY, the TWENTIETH day of NOVEMBER, 1888, at one o'clock in the afternoon.

Table with columns: DESCRIPTION, LOT or PART STREET OR CON-ACRES OF LOT, TAXES CTRs, Tot'l, UNPAID, CTRs, CTRs. Rows include Township of Ashfield, Township of Howick, Village of Fordwich in Howick, Village of Gorrie in Howick, Village of Manchester in Hullett, Township of Morris, Township of McKillop, Township of Stanley, Village of Wingham in Turnberry, Village of Bayfield, Township of Elyth, Village of Bruseela, Village of Wrooketter.

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The Leading Undertaker and Furniture Dealer,

Has removed next door to his old stand on Hamilton Street, where he will be pleased to meet all his old customers and many new ones. The public should remember that he keeps the LARGEST AND BEST assortment of Furniture in the County.

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FLOUR! FLOUR!

The new full Roller Mills at Port Albert using the LATEST & BEST MACHINERY will be running about the 28th of February. Farmers are daily invited to give them a trial.

CHOPPING DONE EVERY DAY.

JAMES MAHAFFY, Proprietor.

Vertical text on the left edge of the page, including words like 'store', 'Kay', 'ES.', 'G.', 'PRICE.', 'ods', 'BERS', 'white', 'RING.', 'ER', 'T.', 'FURNISHED', 'Barber Chairs', 'Rochester', 'Children's', 'Goderich', '213'.