

name at another time, or from another person.

"How did Mr. Inkle make his money at first? I comprehend how it accumulates now, but how did he, a poor weaver, get the foundation of such wide financial operations laid?"

"He was hungry, and without provisions; that was the beginning of his wealth, then he prospered on the improvidence of others. Had there been not one liquor store in Conway, nor in the country, when the conditioned Blanketeers, the unconditioned military settlers, and Eccley borough potwallers came, both Mr. Inkle and I might have had less land. He would have had as much or more money, that he would be sure to accumulate anywhere, anyhow."

"A paradox. How came hunger to be the foundation of his wealth? One would expect poverty, not fortune in finance, as a result of his ever-craving hunger."

"So one would, and so it was for a time. When a weaver in Oldham, people said Tommy defrauded the warp of its dressing, eating it in secret, and so made poor work. When a Blanketeer, on hostile march to London, he consumed the provisions in two days intended to last a week. When allottee on Lot Ten, First Concession of Conway, in the first year of the settlement, the Inkles used up the Government allowance of seed potatoes for food. With two other men who had bartered away their seed for drink and tobacco, and two who, like Tommy, had eaten everything that would eat, stump and rump, he went away through the unknown bush forty miles to obtain fresh supplies on credit, at a store out there in the front. Coming home, each carrying a bag and four pecks, and feeling overloaded, they sat down to rest and dispute about the nearest or safest direction to go."

"They separated. The four taking one way, and again separating in swamps. All abandoning the loads, they one by one reached the Conway town line famishing, except Mr. Inkle. He journeyed onward in the direction judged to be the best. Having axe and billy-knife with him, an implement was made by which, at an open glade in the bush, he dibbled in the eye cuttings of two pecks of his potatoes, eating the other parts. The eyes grew. He came out in the summer and enclosed this forest patch within a fence, gathering a wonderful produce in the fall, which were taken to the store and sold where he had the credit. And that enclosure where no settlers had yet been, became the centre of a freehold of several thousand acres all his own. All his own, because he could eat uncooked roots."

"The two pecks not planted there, Tommy traded in the same way, taking the eyes to Conway to plant, making food of the balance. He reached home after an absence of five days. On the journey a bear attacked him. With axe ready, and with strength, dexterity, courage, for Thomas Inkle is a brave man when put to it, the bear hobbled away, badly wounded."

"The potato eyes became as mind's eyes to Mr. Inkle. The long credit and profits at the store suggested trading as easier work than chopping, log-rolling, and clearing wild land. Within the second year he was a trader. He purchased two unconditioned Lots, four hundred acres of prime land, good timber and water privileges for ten dollars, twenty plugs of tobacco, and a keg of whisky. I paid him a thousand per cent. profit for Lot Eighteen, Renshaw's land, the poor fool, and have it now in highest cultivation, with flouring mills, ten run of stones, saw-mill, and woollen mill, and water power still available for one or two factories."

Such was one item of the Squire's information about the Conway settlement. The Inkles were not yet the highest of the first families, but fast rising. With the Bank and the peculiar Inkle system of lending on mortgage and foreclosing—selling a Yarico to a Bar-adian merchant very often, they were in a position to accumulate to the end of their lives.

"And if the snowball be kept rolling," as husband and wife termed the Bank in cosy confab under the blankets in a cold night of ten, or twenty, or thirty below zero, "if the snowball be kept rolling by our young Tom all his life, and by his Tom when he has one, it will grow and gather and grow to an avalanche."

So said Tilda, and Mr. Inkle rejoined: "They had need stand from under that avalanche, let me tell you, if it fall, or out of its way, roll on or fall."

And thus nicely tucked in, lying on their backs in prosperous peace and composure, the banker and his wife exchanged thoughts for thoughts. Or they turned face to face and talked of Emily's fortune and prospects, never lying back to back, carping and curtain lecturing.

In a shanty outside the town a couple lay in blankets, older and thinner. Not curtain lecturing for they had no curtains. Not carping or quarrelling, for they were of one mind. Their shanty was a home ever open to the wanderer, the lost, or the orphan child. The husband Abel Renshaw already named, came out in the "Fidolia." We have seen how he

parted with Lot Eighteen. His wife, much older than himself, had not then arrived from England.

Meeting Squire Steelyard one day, and the conversation turning on personal affairs, Renshaw said, bitterly:

"Happy event for me it had been if Tommy's tattoos had choked him as he ate raw, cutting out the eyes to plant, and live and grow rich out of the price of my land you paid him, and which he got from me for a sup of whisky and pipe of tobacco, when I were not in my senses, and had not my old woman to take care of me, God bless her! And you, Steelyard, had always an open eye, too, for a good bargain."

"Yes, Abel, but I had not an open mouth for the enemy to enter and steal away my brains."

"And so, by shutting thy mouth thou got to be member of parliament. See here, Squire: Thy mouth seems shut in the House of Assembly. 'You do nought, you say nought. Duncton you think somat ought to be done for 'working man? You propose nothing for the poor man, Radical and Blanketeer, though thou once were like the rest of us. Why not open thy mouth in parliament? Were I a member I'd talk to them all night and all day, but they should hear me and do something for the working man.'"

"Renshaw, had some high authority closed the shanties of Conway, where drink and tobacco were sold and bartered, when the Blanketeers and military men came here, you might have owned Lot Eighteen now, the water privileges and the mills, and been Justice of Peace and M.P.P. instead of me."

"May be, Squire. But mayhap I've have an estate yet. I think I shall."

"Abel, if you choose to accept easy work, a good cottage and garden rent free for life, and during her life, come to me, the sooner the better. Your wages will be double the pay of any other hand, for the sake of old times. I will not call you a hired hand, but friend."

"You are a kind-hearted man, Squire Steelyard. But you see I would not like to work for a gentleman who was once as poor as myself, and in sight of my own land as it were. I and the old woman be too proud for that. Good bye, Squire."

It was at Conway, and driving about the country among the gentry of estate—the poor weavers, soldiers, potwallers of former years—that Tobias and Emily discovered they liked to be together. They were left a while ago on brow of the mountain above Hamilton, and having said all the sweet things their foolish heads can think of, they are now ready to descend to the city. It is nearly time for the lady to go to Ancaster. To-morrow there is to be a sale of unclaimed luggage and goods at the Railway Depot. Says Emily:

"Will you attend the sale, Tobias?"

"Yes, unless I be invited to Ancaster to meet you, and enjoy another day of delight, making birds and bees and butterflies all happy in that township as we have done in this. Will you come to the sale if I drive out in the morning?"

"Perhaps I may, if you urge it and get old aunt's consent. Should like to buy something at blind hazard, a valise, trunk or portmanteau, some fellow's valise, some young lady's lost trunk, and be excited with expectation of fortune when opening the lock, reading the letters, the legal documents, inspecting the treasures, the fine clothes, gold watches, jewellery, or old rags. Come for me, Tobias; we may have a fine time with the unclaimed luggage."

(To be continued.)

JIM WOLF AND THE TOM CATS.

BY MARK TWAIN.

I knew by the sympathetic glow upon his bald head—I knew by the thoughtful look upon his face—I knew by the emotional flush upon the strawberry on the end of the old free-liver's nose, that Simon Wheeler's memory was busy with the olden times. And so I prepared to leave, because all these were symptoms of a reminiscence—signs that he was going to be delivered of another tiresome personal experience; but I was too slow, he got the start of me. As nearly as I can recollect, the infliction was couched in the following language:—

We were all boys then and didn't care for nothing, and didn't worry about nothing only to shirk school and keep up a revivin' state of devilment all the time. This yah Jim Wolf I was talking about was the 'prentice, and he was the best hearted feller, he was, and the most forgiven' and unselfish I ever saw—well, there couldn't have been a bullier boy than he was, take him how you would, and sorry enough I was when I saw him for the last time.

Me and Henry was always pestering him and plastering boss bills on his back, and putting bumble bees in his bed, and so on, and sometimes we'd crowd in and bunk with him, notwithstanding his growling, and we'd let on to get mad and fight across him, so as to keep him stirred up like. He was 19; he was long and lank, and bashful; and we 15 and 18, tolerably worthless and lazy.

So that night, you know, that my sister Mary gave a candy-pullin', they started us off

to bed early, so as the company could have full swing, and we run into Jim to have some fun.

Our window looked out into the roof of the ell, and about ten o'clock a couple of old tom-cats got to ranglin' and chargin' about it, and carrying on like sin. There was four inches of snow on the roof, and it was frozen so that there was a right smart crust of ice on it, and the moon was shining bright, and we could see them cats like daylight. First, they'd stand off and e-yow pow-wow, just the same as if they were a cussin' one another, you know, and bow up their backs and push up their tails, and swell around and spit, and then all of a sudden the gray cat he'd snatch a handful of fur out the yaller cat's ham, and spin him around like the button on a barn door, but yaller cat was game, and he'd come and clinch, and the way they'd gouge, and bite, and howl, and the way they'd make the fur fly was powerful.

Well, Jim, he got disgusted with this row, and 'lowed he'd climb out there and shake 'em off'n the roof. He hadn't reely no notion of doin' it, but we everlastin'ly dogged him, and bullyragged him, and 'lowed he'd always bragged how he would not take a dare, and so on, till bimbeby he histed up the winder, and low and behold you, he went—went exactly as he was; nothing on but a shirt, and it was short. But you ought to see him cre-e-pin over the ice, and diggin' his toe nails in to keep from slippin'; and above all, you ought to see that shirt-tail flappin' in the wind, and them long, ridiculous shanks of his glistening in the moonlight.

Them company folks was down there under the eaves, the squad of 'em, under that ornery shed of old Washinton Bower vines—all settin' round about two dozen sassers of hot candy, which they'd sot in the snow to cool. And they was laughin' and takin' lively; but bless you, they didn't know nothin' about the panorama that was goin' on over their heads. Well, Jim he went a sneakin' unbeknown to them tomcats—they was a swishin' their tails, and yow-yowin'—and threatenin' to clinch—you know, and not payin' any attention—he went a sneakin' right to the comb of the roof, till he was within a foot and a half of 'em, and then all of a sudden he made a grab for the yaller cat! But, by gosh, he missed fire and slipped, his heels flew up, and he flopped on his back, and he went off'n that roof like a dart—went a slashin' and a smashin' and a crashin' down through them old rusty vines, and landed in the centre of them company people—sat down like a yarthquake in them two dozen sassers of red hot candy, and let off a howl which was hark from the tomb! Them gals, well they looked, you know. They see he wasn't dressed for company, and so they left. All done in a second. It was just one little war-hoop and a whisk of their dresses, and blame the wretch of 'em was in sight anywhere.

Jim, he was a sight. He was gormed with that blin' hot molasses candy clean down to his heels, and had more busted sassers hangin' to him than if he was an Injun princess—and he came a prancin' up stairs, just a boopin' and a cussin', and every jump he made he shed some china, and every squirm he fetched he dropped some candy!

And blistered! Why, bless your soul, that poor creature couldn't really sit down for as much as four weeks.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

HOW I WAS GUILLOTINED.

BY K.

All Paris was excited. Vergier, the priest, the cold-blooded assassin of the Archbishop of Paris, was to be executed in front of the Roquette. The crime was premeditated and cruel. The assassin, a shiftless character, was a native of the same place as Monsignor Sibour, and had some acquaintance with him. Having been suspended from his clerical functions for some grave cause, not well ascertained, he proceeded to Paris to make capital out of his compatriot, the Metropolitan. The latter was a kind-hearted and considerate man. He did not stop to consider the reputation of Vergier, but his need, and at once sent him money. How often, or how much, no one knew exactly, but the prelate and his pensioner. In the pocket of the assassin was found a very kind letter from his benefactor, containing a hundred francs.

On the 6th January, the festival of the Epiphany, the Archbishop assisted at the services at Ste. Genevieve. A procession was passing through the nave, consisting of the clergy, choristers, girls of the Confraternity of the Daughters of Mary, and others, with cross, and banner and chant. At the end of the procession came the Archbishop in his violet robes, attended by his Vicar-General and his chaplains. The cope of his Grace was, as is customary, held back in front by the attendant deacon and subdeacon, showing the Episcopal rochet and stole. The hymn swelled through the church, and the Archbishop dispensed his benediction to the spectators. Suddenly, a man in a closely-buttoned black

coat rushed out of the throng. A large, long-bladed knife gleamed in the air, and a voice exclaimed, "Down with the Goddess!" The next instant, before any one had recovered from his surprise at this interruption, the man had pushed through the procession, and plunged his knife in the heart of the Archbishop! He waved his bloody weapon in the air, and was about to rush away, when he was seized and retained. The blow had been a sure one. The illustrious victim uttered two words, "O Jesus!" and then expired in the arms of the Vicar-General. The scene was one of indescribable consternation. The people huddled together in terror-stricken silence! The hastily-summoned physician pronounced life extinct, and the clergy, chanting the *De Profundis*, bore the body of the prelate to the sacristy. It was well for the murderer that the police held him securely, or he would have been torn to pieces by the indignant people.

On the trial it appeared that the man was not quite sane. But there was method in his madness. The cry, "down with the Goddess!" was raised to give a Protestant air to the transaction, and to mark Vergier as an opponent of devotions to the Virgin. But what religion the man had was Romish. For days previous he had brought the knife, and sharpened it to the acuteness of a razor. It is even believed that he had practised the blow, for none without such experience could have struck so clean an aim. The weapon passed right through the heart of the prelate.

Vergier was condemned to death, and the Emperor Napoleon refused to commute his sentence. The death-penalty is rarely carried out in France. But everyone concurred in desiring the execution of this ruffian. The whole case was discussed in every variety of way, and not a soul that went to see the Archbishop lying in state, but seemed filled with a personal revenge against Vergier.

As usual, the subject of death by decapitation was ventilated in the newspapers. It is one in which I have always felt peculiar interest, for it seems to furnish a most unanswerable argument against capital punishment. It is impossible to state what are the sensations of a violent death. And society, while decreeing that the earth ought to be rid of certain desperate criminals, as unfit to enjoy the privilege of living, yet is decidedly averse to the infliction of unnecessary torture. The famous Dr. Guillotine declared that his machine was only productive of "a cool sensation about the neck!" Probably the actual agony is not so intense as its anticipation. At least this is the case with most sufferings. However, it is an impenetrable mystery. But its darkest side is, the uncertainty as to the duration of sensation. Is it suddenly terminated by the severance of the spinal column? Or, is there sufficient left to communicate to the brain all the horrors of the situation, and to the body all the acute anguish connected with it? Many persons are of opinion that its cessation is gradual. This opens up a field for terrible conjecture.

I had read a great deal on this subject at this time. Drelincourt has preserved a good deal of material to assist such ghastly contemplations. Frankenstein, and several such novels, had helped to fix the impression that animation remained latent in the body suddenly killed, sufficiently strong to realize to itself all the horrors of death, without being dead. A certain young lady, about sixteen, died suddenly in Rome in 1864. She was very lovely, and the parents arrayed the body in virgin white, crowned it with flowers, and laid it on the bier. The weather being very warm, it was removed to a vault in the Cemetery of San Lorenzo, where candles were lighted around it, and it lay in state. Two *beccchini*, the hired bearers of the dead, were paid to watch it, but these shirked their duty, and only came early each morning, to trim the lights, and make it appear that they had earned their money. The body had lain there three days, all the acquaintances going to see it, and carrying offerings of lights and flowers. On the fourth night the girl awoke! I heard her own description of the how and wherefore. Unlike other cataleptics, she had not been conscious of her awful position. She awoke with an extreme sensation of chill, and cramp in the limbs. She rubbed her eyes, and strove to collect her faculties. Then she sat up. Her glance rested on the vault, where five corpses awaiting burial lay in ghastly nudity, their eyes staring wide, uncared for, unknown. These were poor persons who had died that day. Then the vault itself arrested her attention. It is composed of skulls and other portions of the human body. Vertebrae are worked into the roof in strange arabesque devices; columns made of skulls, and capitals of thigh-bones, adorn it, and chandeliers of arm-bones hang from the ceiling. The intense darkness was only relieved by the fitful glare of two yellow tapers at her feet, and a small glimpse of moonlight that peered through the iron grating made for ventilation. This lent a strange vividness to the scene. The skulls seemed instinct with life. A movement in the distance, occasioned by rats scampering over the floor, seemed like the furtive creeping of ghosts. The girl's idea was not that she lived in this world, but had awoke after death, in the next. That her body was slowly yielding to the corruption of the grave.