

and you will have an idea of the sorrow that convulsed the "Smelter City Herald."

The opposition paper opined "He would hardly have retained the confidence of the Valley had he lived;" and the "Independent"—our old friend, the news editor—paid him the straight out from the shoulder compliment, "that he had died as he had lived, an uncompromising game fighter to the end."

What became of Mr. Bat Brydges? Bless you, my friend, do you need to ask? He is shouting for Reform as loudly as his kind always shout when the tide turns. What became of the scandal story? What becomes of any scandal story? What becomes of the skunk's contribution to the gayety of nations?—Buried in the memory of decent folks, long ago and forgotten: in the memory of indecent folk, still hauled forth and repeated and fondled under the tongue.

THE END