

INTECH (1984) associates

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THE FARMERSVILLE REPORTER.

MRS. JAY'S PARTY.

Said the rich Mrs. Jay to her partner one day—
"Since we are abundantly able,
I'd like to invite to a party some night,
All the birds we can seat our table.
"First, two places must be left for you and for
me—
You'd better reduce it to writing;
So pray take your quill, and then keep yourself
still
While we make out the list for inviting.
"Let me see—there's the Thrush; no, she's too
apt to gush.
The vain thing, into airs operatic.
There's poor Phoebe Pewitt—now she can't sing
a bit;
But then she is so democratic.
"Jenny Wren isn't vain, but she dresses so plain,
Not hardly with decent propriety.
The Peacocks I'd invite, but she is such a fright
She is really not fit for society.
"I shan't ask Mrs. Cat, for that vile little Chat—
Oh, wouldn't they both be delighted?
Then the Raven and Crow are in mourning you
know,
And, thank goodness! can't come if invited.
"Mr. Owl, he's all eyes, and he thinks he's so
wise,
I declare he's almost to be pitied.
There is pretty Miss Finch, she would do on a
pinch,
But there'll have to be some one omitted.
"I'll leave out Misses Rail, Partridge, Heron and
Quail,
And poor Coot with her one doleful song, too;
And that thing with the ruff, they are well en-
ough,
But I don't like the set they belong to.
"I can't come as low as the barn-yard, you know,
Like the barber we read of in Dickens;
Somewhere 'twixt coarse and fine we must all
draw the line,
And I choose to stop at the chicken's.
"There, I guess that is all who'll pass muster at
all;
We can't have birds of all sorts and sizes.
Our list I suspect, must be pretty select—
Now just look and see what it comprises!"
"Hem! I fear you will say when 'tis done, Mrs.
Jay,
'Twas a pity but somebody'd seen us;
As our list, short and sweet, just includes when
complete
You and I, with the table between us!"
PHOEBE CARY.

MURDER WILL OUT.

(Continued.)

Such was all the information that the police despite their utmost endeavors, were able to collect.
The day after my arrival the inquest was held, and a verdict of "wilful murder against some person or persons unknown," returned; and no one appearing to identify the unfortunate victim, he was quietly buried in the parish churchyard. But, previous to this being done, the precaution was taken of having his face photographed.
After having an account of the measures taken by the police, I proceeded to make a minute inspection of the clothes of the deceased.
Coat, waistcoat and underclothes underwent a most searching examination, but to no purpose. I now took up the trousers, and after exploring and turning out the pockets, I pursued the same course with regard to the trousers themselves. As I did so, something white dropped to the floor.
To pick it up and inspect was the work of an instant.
It was a piece of white calico tied round with a string—was, in fact, neither more nor less than a bandage. It was stained with blood, and had unquestionably dropped from a wounded finger. I unfolded it and found that it had originally formed part of a shirt. This fact was patent, for there, in marking ink, was the name of the person to whom it belonged, viz., "X. X. Noll." Now, none of the deceased's fingers were injured in any way, so I lost no time in inquiring who had had access to the clothes since the tragedy; and finding that no one had touched them but the landlord of the "Rein-

dear," his waiter and two police, I questioned each of them in reference to the matter. Having been assured that the bandage had never belonged to either of them, I no longer doubted that it had fallen from the finger of the murderer, and that I had in it made a most valuable discovery.

But my hopes were soon dashed to the ground.

Notwithstanding that I had prosecuted my search in every possible direction, nowhere could I light upon the mysterious name, "X. X. Noll," nor meet with anyone who had ever heard of a name rejoicing in these strange initials and surname.

Day after day glided by, and finding at last that I was no farther advanced towards unraveling the mystery than at first, I gave up the matter in despair and started back for London.

Now, it was that accident, the merest chance whatever, came in the most signal manner to my rescue.

I had proceeded some forty miles on my return journey, and the train, having stopped some minutes at a large station, was just beginning to move again. I was listlessly gazing out of the carriage window, when my eye was suddenly attracted by something which caused me to hurriedly clutch my carpet-bag and leap like a madman from the train.

Thrusting on one side a porter, who began remonstrating with me on the danger I had just incurred, I hastened to examine that which had caused me to act as I had done.

I found I was not mistaken.

There, straight before my delighted eyes was an advertisement board respecting the "Wolf Inn" at Harleyford. This, I read, was replete with every convenience, etc., and the proprietor was X. X. Noll.

I was very active, rest assured, in ascertaining where Harleyford was located, but it was only through perseverance that I got the desired information. Every person I met was ignorant of its locality, till at last, in despair I studied a railroad map of the United Kingdom, and there, in an obscure corner of an obscure county, the borough of Harleyford was made out.

The train to connect with the road leading thither soon came puffing into the depot, and eight o'clock that evening found me in front of the "Wolf Inn."

The landlord was standing on the steps when I entered, and one glance at his fat, jovial visage was enough to convince me that he was no murderer.

I betook myself to the coffee-room, and, in the course of a short conversation with a waiter, I elicited from him that X. X. Noll, a jolly, thirsty soul, was by no means the commanding officer in the establishment, but that there was a Mrs. X. X. Noll who discharged the duties of the arduous post.

I deemed it advisable, then to ignore X. X., and to send and ask his good lady for a private interview. This was at once granted, and then, mentioning my name and business, I showed her the piece of calico, and inquired if she knew anything about it. Fortunately, for the interests of justice, she did know a great deal about it. And she imparted the following information:

"One evening towards the end of May, a merry party of travelers were

assembled at the "Wolf." Champagne flowed freely and the proceedings were of a most uproarious character. Just before twelve Mr. Edward Brandard, of the great firm of Duffman & Co., London, had the misfortune to severely cut one of his fingers with a broken glass. He at once made his way to Mrs. Noll and asked her help in the matter. Not being able in the hurry of the moment to find material for a suitable bandage, and as the blood was flowing copiously, she hurriedly tore a piece from an old worn-out shirt of her husband's, and with this bound up the wound."

Finding that the shirt in question was not yet cut up, I asked to inspect it, and on applying the portion I had brought with me, it was at once seen to be the identical piece that had been torn away.

Armed with this most vital piece of evidence, I lost as little time as possible in quitting the good town of Harleyford; but previous to doing so I gleaned all the particulars I could respecting Mr. Edward Brandard, and I ascertained that he was a young man of about eight and twenty, and in receipt of a goodly salary from his employers.

This last intelligence materially strengthened a lazy suspicion which had existed in my mind from the outset, viz., that some other motive than mere robbery had actuated the murderer. The evidence of the Byfield waiter had made a great impression on me, and I could not believe that the murdered man's evident fright and sudden departure from the town had been caused by a rencounter with some enemy.

(To be continued.)

Brother Gardner Preaches a Sermon.

"I has bin wonderin' if our orthodox religion am not a leetle queer," observed Brother Gardner as the triangle sounded and the meeting settled down to business. "As I understand it religion am founded upon de word of God. Religion binds us to respect his commandments. It obliges us to believe de Bible. It teaches us to uphold de laws of man."

"Let a brudder of de church steal a hoss an' he am cast out as unworthy."

"Let a sister tell lies an' she am cast out as unfit."

"Let a deacon put de colleection in his pocket an' he am looked upon as trabblin de swift road to perdition."

"De odder day dar was a hangin' across de ribber. A man who had nebbber darkened a church door as any one knew of—a man who had followed a low down bizness all his life—a man who had eber sot a bad example to de youth of de land, was hung fur murder. It was one of de coolest an' most blood-thirsty crimes of de aige. De murderer was tried by an honest jury, given ebery show for defence, an' de verdict was guilty. De sentence of de law was carried out, an' our orthodox religion took a hand in. It sent preachers to de murderer's cell to coax him into a change of heart. It sent men dar to sing de hymns dedicated to God. It sent women dar to tell him dat he war gwine straight from de scaffold to glory."

"When dat man walked out to die

he believed hisself a martyr. He talked about de support which de Lawd was givin' him. His voice jined in singin' 'Nearer, My God to Thee.' His life had been one unbroken career of sin. De climax was a foul murder. An' yit he was made to believe dat religion would sail him straight to Heaven's pearly gates.

"My fren's, if religion takes a murderer to de same Heaven dat it does de man who has lived upright all his days, I doan' want it!"

"If de Divine Bein' was jokin' when he said: 'Thou shalt not kill,' I want to know it!"

"If repentance arter de gallus has bin erected am time 'nuff, I doan' propose to pay pew rent any longer."

"If de commands of God an' de laws of man am to be made odious an' sot at defiance by de Y. M. C. A. of this kentry, I ze gwine to frow my bible ober de fence an' steal my pork an' taters fur next winter!"

"I speak to you in de most solemn earnestness when I tell you dat de horrible burlesque—dis absurd mockery—dis farce played by lunatics around a murderer on de gallus am sufficient to bring our religion into vile contempt, an' to make sinners doubt dat it am anything beyond a vagary."—Detroit Free Press.

Ladies' Department.

Bread, biscuit, roll and the crust of pies are all greatly improved in flavor and color if they are lightly brushed over with milk just before they are put into the oven. A little sugar dissolved in the milk is an addition also.

Excellent soft gingerbread is made of one cup of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of sour cream, one cup of New Orleans molasses, four cups of sifted flour, one tablespoonful of soda dissolved in a little hot water, one tablespoonful of ginger, three well-beaten eggs, the rind grated of one lemon. Raisins may be added if you please.

To use pieces of cold boiled ham that are too small for the table, chop them fine, line a salad dish with lettuce leaves, season the chopped ham with pepper, a little mustard, and then make a tomato dressing: Take one pint of tomato juice, strain it, thicken it by adding one tablespoonful of arrowroot, mixed with a little of the cold juice; then stir it into the other and let it boil for two or three minutes; add a little butter and pepper, and pour over the ham. Serve hot or cold.

There are people who dislike the taste of milk, and yet are directed to take it. It will be made more palatable by sprinkling it well with salt.

If you cut the back legs of your chair two inches shorter than the front ones the fatigue of sitting will be greatly relieved and the spine placed in a better position.

Antique lace may be washed in borax water, and after soaking awhile in it and then left for an hour or more in warm suds, the water should be squeezed out, and it should be pinned in shape on a clean board to dry. Do not iron nor blue it.