

Your observations are wholly incomprehensible to me. Cannot you simplify them in some way? At first I thought I understood you, but I grope now. Would it not expedite matters if you restricted yourself to categorical statements of fact, unencumbered with obstructing accumulations of metaphor and allegory?

Another pause, and more reflection. Then said Scotty: "I'll have to pass, I judge."

"How?"

"You've raised me out, pard."

"I still fail to catch your meaning."

"Why, that last lead of yours is too many for me—that's the idea. I can't neither trump nor follow suit."

The clergyman sank back in his chair perplexed. Scotty leaned his head on his hand and gave himself up to thought. Presently his face came up, sorrowful but confident.

"I've got it now, so's you can savvy," he said. "What we want is a gospel-sharp. See?"

"A what?"

"Gospel-sharp. Parson."

"Oh: Why did you not say so before? I am a clergyman—a parson."

"Now you talk! You see my blind and straddle it like a man. Put it there!"—extending a brawny paw, which closed over the minister's small hand, and gave it a shake indicative of fraternal sympathy and fervent gratification.

"Now we're all right, pard. Let's start afresh. Don't you mind my snuffling a little—because we're in a power of trouble. You see, one of the boys has gone up the flume—"

"Gone where?"

"Up the flume—threw up the sponge, you understand."

"Threw up the sponge?"

"Yes; kicked the bucket—"

"Ah! has departed to that mysterious country from whose bourne no traveller returns."

"Return! I reckon not. Why, pard, he's dead!"

"Yes; I understand."

"Oh, you do? Well, I thought maybe you might be getting tangled some more. Yes, you see, he's dead again—"

"Again! Why, has he ever been dead before?"

"Dead before? No! Do you reckon a man has got as many lives as a cat? But you bet you he's awful dead now, poor old boy, and I wish I'd never seen this day; I don't want no better friend than Buck Fanshaw. I knowed him by the back; and when I know a man and like him, I freeze to him—you hear me. Take him all round, pard, there never was a bullier man in the mines. No man ever knowed Buck Fanshaw to go back on a friend. But it's all up, you know, it's all up. It ain't no use. They've scooped him."

"Scooped him?"

"Yes; death has. Well, well, well, we've got to give him up. Yes, indeed. It's a kind of a hard world, after all, ain't it?"

"But, pard, he was a rustler! You ought to see him get started once. He was a bully boy with a glass eye! Just spit in his face, and give him room according to his strength, and it was just beautiful to see him peel and go in. He was the worst son of a thief that ever drew breath. Pard, he was on it! He was on it bigger than an Injun!"

"On it! On what?"

"On the shoot. On the shoulder. On the fight, you understand. He didn't give a continental for anybody. Beg your pardon, friend, for coming so near saying a cuss-word; but, you see, I'm on an awful strain in this palaver, on account of having to cram down and draw everything so mild. But we've got to give him up. There ain't any getting around that, I don't reckon. Now, if we can get you to help plant him—"

"Preach the funeral discourse! Assist at the obsequies!"

"Obsequies is good. Yes, that's it; that's our little game. We are going to get the thing up regardless, you know. He was always nifty himself, and you bet his funeral ain't going to be no slouch—solid silver door-plate on his coffin, six plumes on the hearse, and a nigger on the box in a billed shirt and a plug hat—how's that for high? And we'll take care of you, pard. We'll fix you all right. There'll be a kerriage for you; and whatever you want you just scape out, and we'll tend to it. We've got a shebang fixed up for you to stand behind in No. 1's house, and don't you be afraid. Just go in and toot your horn, if you don't sell a clam. Put Buck through as bully as you can, pard, for anybody that knowed him will tell you that he was one of the whitest men that was ever in the mines. You can't draw it too strong. He never could stand it to see things going wrong. He's done more to make this town quiet and peaceable than any man in it. I've seen him lick four Greasers in eleven minutes, myself. If a thing wanted regulating, he wasn't a man to go browsing around after somebody to do it, but he would prance in and regulate it himself. He wasn't a Catholic. Scasely. He was down on 'em. His word was, 'No Irish need apply.' But it didn't make no difference about that, when it came down to what a man's right was—and so, when some roughs jumped the Catholic bone-yard and started in to stake town lots in it, he went for 'em! And he cleaned 'em, too! I was there, pard, and I seen it myself."

"That was very well, indeed—at least the impulse was—whether the act was strictly defensible or not. Had deceased any religious convictions? That is to say, did he feel a dependence upon or acknowledge allegiance to a higher power?"

"More reflection."

"I reckon you've stumped me again, pard. Could you say it over once more, and say it slow?"

"Well, to simplify it somewhat, was he, or rather had he ever been, connected with any organization sequestered from secular concerns and devoted to self-sacrifice in the interests of mortality?"

"All down but mine; set 'em upon the other alley, pard."

"What did I understand you to say?"

"Why, you're most too many for me, you know. When you get in with your left I hunt grass every time. Every time you draw, you fill; but I don't seem to have any luck. Let's have a new deal."

"How? Begin again?"

"That's it."

"Very well. Was he a good man, and—"

"There—I see that! Don't put up another chip till I look at my hand. A good man, says you? Pard, it ain't no name for it. He was the best man that ever —. Pard, you would have doted on that man. He could lam any galoot of his inches in America. It was him that put down the riot last election before it got a start; and every body said he was the only man that could have done it. He waltzed in with a spanner in one hand and a trumpet in the other, and sent fourteen men home on a shuffling feet in less than three minutes. He had that riot all broke up and prevented anybody ever getting a chance to strike a blow. He was always for peace, and would have peace he could not stand disturbances. Pard, he was a great loss to this town. He was the bulkiest man in the mountains, pard! He could run faster, jump higher, hit harder, and hold more tangle-foot whiskey without spilling it than any man in seventeen counties. Put that in, pard; it'll please the boys more than anything you could say. And you can say, pard, that he never shook his mother."

"Never shook his mother?"

"That's it; any of the boys will tell you so."

"Well, but why should he shake her?"

"That's what I say, but some people does."

"Not people of any repute?"

"Well, some that averages pretty so-so."

"In my opinion the man that would offer personal violence to his own mother ought to —"

"Cheese it, pard; you've banked your ball clean outside the string. What I was a-drivin' at was that he never throwed off his mother, don't you see? No, indeed. He gave her a house to live in, and town lots, and plenty of money; and he looked after her and took care of her all the time; and when she was down with the small-pox, he set up nights and nursed her himself! You've treated me like a gentleman, pard. I like you, and I'll lick any man that don't. I'll lick him till he can't tell himself from a last year's corpse! Put it there! [Another fraternal hand-shake, and exit.] Mark Train.

## MINNIE MAY'S DEPARTMENT.

### About Draperies.

The draperies of a room should be in perfect harmony with the wall-paper and the general effect; and, if well chosen and tastefully arranged, they add greatly to the beauty of the apartment. A simple room with effective drapery will present a much more luxurious appearance than a much richer one with ill-chosen but expensive curtains, badly draped, and out of harmony with the surroundings. Drapery has become quite a disease; and like most evils, the fault is not in the use, but in the abuse. One has heard a great deal of artistic draping, and the extent to which it is carried in some houses is quite pitiable to see, the lack of artistic perception being only too palpable—legs of tables, arms of chairs, and every stand and flower-pot are tied up with bits of silk. Do not drape for the sake of draping, but when a suitable place can be found—for instance, a window or door, or an archway between two rooms—then will the draping enhance and not detract from the general appearance. There is plenty of scope for originality of design in the way of hangings; but do not seek out-of-the-way subjects. Some of the "scarfs" and "tidies" are very untidy-looking and often a positive nuisance.

### Fashion Notes.

A stylish circular cape has triple capes which fall in graceful folds about the shoulders. Fur is put upon everything from cloaks to boots; even the fancy hats are bound with it. As a rule, all the edges worn are narrow width, and they look warm, without a suggestion of weight which broad fur trimming is so apt to give.

Black and white seems to be the favorite contrast on head gear, and some of the chapelaux are dreams of daintiness. A very fancy shape has a lining of white satin, the shape is a black felt or



beaver, and large loops of black and white satin very much widened around the front, while an aigrette of jet surmounts the whole. Soft white feathers, mingled with black tips, make a lovely finish for velvet bonnets. These head pieces are quite small, and such a little scrap will make one that any lady with taste could fashion her own, for they are no



shape in particular, just a little high bunch, with ties under the chin of the same color as the trimming. Heavy, serviceable goods are to be worn in dress goods; they have a warm-looking, woolly surface, and make into stylish costumes. Many varieties of cloth appear suitable for skirtings, the silk favorite being laid aside for the time.

### Rest.

Let her rest. The weary night.  
Never brought her dreams like this.  
Let her sleep. The morning light.  
Shall not wake her from her bliss.  
Glad was she to end the fight.  
Death had conquered with a kiss.  
Tired eyes need watch no more.  
Flagging feet, the race is run.  
Hands that heavy burdens bore.  
Set them down; the day is done.  
Heart, be still—through anguish sore,  
Everlasting peace is won.  
—Mary Macleod, in Chambers' Journal.

### Our Library Table.

The Magazine of Art; \$3.50 per annum., N. Y.—This magazine is full of works of art, and gives what is best of its kind in reading matter as well.

The Silver Cross; \$1.00.—The official organ of the International Order of the King's Daughters and Sons is published monthly, by the Central Council, New York. Its pages are filled with bright helpfulness, and will be read with interest by all who are in sympathy with the work of the Order.

### November Work.

The cold weather so near at hand necessitates many a preparation for our comfort during the winter. So, armed with warm hood, jacket and gloves, we will begin by pulling down all the dead vines that made our porch, verandah and windows so picturesque and cool a few short weeks ago; they accumulate snow and cause an ugly drip in sunny days, often forming ice and endangering life and limb. These should be burned at once while dry. A look into our fowl-house shows that all is not as comfortable as it might be; the broken glass must be replaced in the windows and all the openings that make the place cold must be pasted with strong paper, roosts at least three inches in diameter should be provided and wrapped with old woollen cloth to keep the toes from freezing; a load of sods piled compactly in one corner; all the old straw and dust should be whisked from the nests and clean put in—burn the old as soon as taken out, and begin the regular feeding and watering every day. Give warm water always, and if possible boil the scraps every day and place in a lump on an old barrel head; the greediness with which they will devour it will be proof enough of its excellence.

Our garden, that afforded us so much pleasure, must be the next object of our attention. Rake all the dead stems and leaves together and place over roses and bulbs, covering this with short pieces of board; pull down old climbers, gather up all tools, watering-pots, flower pots, and trowels, store these in a dry place for next year; it is poor management to leave your tools out during the winter.

After glazing all broken glass and removing any rubbish from the cellar windows, they should be filled with leaves and covered with boards to secure them from frost, then lay two or three boards before the kitchen door to prevent mud from being carried into the kitchen in soft weather.

Now for the inside of our home, where all should be made as bright and cheerful as possible in contrast to the dreariness without. Wash windows and blinds, wipe wall paper, polish stoves and pipes, having the latter securely wired in place, see that there is enough of light wood split and stored, with a woodshed hanging near it on the wall of the workshop; prepare a place for ashes and put them there, under cover if possible—wood ashes are an acknowledged fertilizer and should not be wasted. Look over garments, and all that can be cut over you can rip up and whisk clean, press out and sponge if you cannot turn them. Because they are not new is no reason why pains should not be taken to make them up again as neatly as possible; it will have a good result both in their appearance and on the feelings of the children who wear them, for our wee lads and lassies love well-made clothes as well as their elders. No question should be raised regarding woman's work in these small jobs, so necessary before cold weather. What we can do we should, for home is generally what a woman makes it.

### Receipts.

#### CHRISTMAS CAKE (EXCELLENT).

8 lbs. stoned raisins; 2 lbs. currants; 3 lbs. almonds (blanched); 3½ lbs. butter; 3½ lbs. sugar; 3 doz. eggs; 2 lbs. mixed peel; ½ pint of black molasses; 1 cup whiskey; 1 cup sour cream; 1 dessert-spoon of soda; 2 tablespoons mixed spice, and flour to stiffen.

#### ANGEL FOOD.

6 eggs; ½ package gelatine; 6 tablespoons sugar; 1 teaspoon vanilla; 1 quart milk. Put the milk on to boil; add the yolks, sugar, vanilla and gelatine, which has been previously soaked in a cup of cold milk for half an hour; when just about to boil, pour over all the whipped whites, and set to cool in a small crock. When cold, dip your crock in warm water for a minute, when the contents will turn out like a beautiful jelly; then whip some cream, sweeten and flavor with vanilla, and place in spoonfuls around your angel food; set in a good, large fruit-dish.

#### LEMON CHEESE—FOR SMALL TARTS.

½ lb. butter; 1 lb. sugar; 6 eggs; 6 lemons. Eggs beaten separately. Boil gently until of the consistency of honey.