Bread and Butter. (Transcribed from Brown & Holland's "Sh

What a flaring world we live in.
Oh, such a hub-bub, such a flutter;
What is the matter with the folks? They're scrambling after bread and bu

At early morn the working class. Basket in hand end in a flutter.
Rush to their various shops—what for !
To toil all day for bread and butter.

Next come the clerks, so spruce and spry, To stores and counting rooms they hie, To sell and write for bread and butter.

Then comes the noble "boss" along. The price of stocks he seems to utter What is the long head planning now? He's calculating bread and butter. There rup the children -what a swarm !-

Scran.bling along with fun and flutter; What piles of books! What are they taught

And teachers, with authority. Then comes the strain upon their nerves, To teach dull nates for bread and butter The lawyers see, with books so green

Green as their clients; this don't utter— But listen to their eloquence, While "pleading" for their bread and butter. There's the editors, Oh my! How hard they write with feverish futter

Is it for fame they're striving? No;
"Tis simply for their bread and butter. The politicians spat and fume ; To gain one vote see how they splutter.

What does their "patriotism" mean?
A rich reward of bread and butter. Here come the newsboys-what a sight !

And such a yelling noise they make! They're screeching for their bread

THE OLD BROWN CLOAK.

'I don't know as I've got anything to give,' said Farmer Foxglove, looking dubiously around the kttchen. Widow Waterman gave a little spiff of

mingled depreciation and humility. 'Times are very hard with me, Mr. Foxglove, said she. 'I hain't had no

work since August, and there ain't nothin' to eat in the house.' 'You don't tell me !' said the farmer who was the softest hearted of men.

'Here, give me your basket. Philena will say I'm an old fool ; but I don't

sensation of a schoolboy who robs an orchard for the first time, he went into the buttery and helped himself to half a cold roast fowl, a loaf of rye bread, a goodly wedge of vellow butter out of a covered pie. And then he opened Mrs. Foxhandful of the fragrant dried leaves, which he wrapped up in brown paper and the roast chicken was very good sir, and put beside the other viands. And, that apple pie couldn't be beat.' cloak, originally a bright brown, but now to the mysterious silence of the night. faded in as many streaks as a zebra's hide, which had hung from time immemorial in the back entry.

'There ain't no more use in that old dud.' he thought. 'And it'll keep the cold out, and if Philena makes a fuss I'll give her a new blanket shawl.'

Mrs. Waterman went off rejoicing. Presently Mrs. Foxglove and Seraphina came home from the weekly meeting of the Society for the Helpers of the Heathen, in jubilant spirits. 'George Paterson was there,' said

his aunt but it was my belief that he poor young fellow, who was desparately wanted to walk home with Seraphina.' Seraphina hung down her head and your coldness!' said nothing.

'La, me !' said Mrs. Foxglove from the kitchen. 'What has come to things? Here's the cold chicken and apple pie. gone. And the cover off the butter jar,

'Y-yes,' said the farmer, coughing, 'I-I got a sort o' hungry, so I thought was you.' I'd just take a snack.'

'Where's the bombazine cloak, pa? said Seraphina, after the somewhat frugal supper, as she took the milking pul. 'It's raining a little, and the cows a pitcher of water. haven't come home from pasture yet.'

'If I had a pair of eyes I'd use them,' said Mrs. Foxglove, coming to the rescue and viewing the row of empty pegs with an eagle glance. 'Well, I declare, Nehemiah!' turning to her husband, 'that comes of leaving you to keep house. You must have gone off and left the door to everything. She lived in an awful open, and some tramp has got in and robbed us.'

I did just step out to the woodpile for to an awful school where she had an some more logs,' said the farmer, thank- awtul teacher, who gave her awful lesful for the avenue of escape that was sons out of awfulbooks. Every day she

I wish-old Mrs. Waterman had been

Meanwhile pretty Seraphina, singing to herself, folded an old striped shawl rain there was an awful drought, and around her taper shoulders and went out when the awful drought was over there to the pasture after the truant company was an awful rain. So that this awful

Old Tulip's bell was jingling among everything, I am afraid she will, by-and-the silver stemmed birches on the bleak by, become an awful bore. hill; they were already on the homeward path, but Scraphina loitered vuncces- roots will act as a protection against sarily on the footbridge that spanned a drought, and thus increase the yield in brawling brook. two directions.

All was still and dusk ; a certain frosty weetness was in the autumn air, and the only visible person was a woman farther down the brook who was dipping

Suddenly there was another step strong, swift and full of purpose. Seraphina's eyes brightened; a vivid color rose into her cheeks.

There he comes now! she murmured.
There comes George!
To her surprise and dismay, however, the cavalier did not come up the hill, but stayed his steps beside the other

neck, thought the indignant Seraphina. 'He is-yes, he is actually kissing her Are men absolutely without truth or faithfulness in this age of the world? But I don't care! Why should I care! I'm sure it don't matter to me!

Seraphina hurried the cows home finished the milking in less time than it had ever taken her before. She was just carrying in the foaming pail when a tall figure approached.

'Seraphina!' 'Pray don't trouble yourself to speak o me, sir, said Seraphina, with a toss oi the head. 'Or, if you do, please call me

And Seraphina vanished through the kitchen door. 'What's the matter, Phiny?' said her

mother, noticing the girl's quick movements and heightered color 'Nothing, ma,' said Seraphina

It was getting towards 9 o'clock when there came a knock at the door. Mrs. Foxglove opened it. There stood the Widow Waterman.

I hope I'm not intruding, said Mis. Warerman. 'but here's the brown bombazine cloak, Mr. Foxglove, and, humbly thanking you all the same, I'd rather not

'Eh!' said Mr. Foxglove, in amaze

'It was very kind of you to give it to ne,' went on Mrs. Waterman, to the utter discomfiture of the poor farmer, but there a some things as human flesh crushed sugar put two pints of water and blood can't bear, and to have Deacon Pullaby's son asking if he could see me home when I came out of the store, and rind are boiled and skimmed till and Ferdinand Pluff saying was I to be at the dance at Melinda Edwards' on Tuesday night, and right he call for me to be strained till the syrup is done; when Tuesday night, and right he call for me to be the fire, strain and bottle it. This quantities at'8 o'clock well, it's rather upsetting. tity makes two quart bottles full, bring-But the worst of it all was when I went ing the cost to from twenty to thirty to get a little water in the brook, a young cents each. - [Mary Stuart Smith's Virfellow seized hold of me and was going to kiss me. I believe it's the brown cloak has done it all,' with a meaning glance at Seraphina Foxglove. 'So if jar, and three quarters of a juicy apple cloak has done it all,' with a meaning glove's especial tea caddy and filched a you please take it back, I'll try and get

There was a moment's direful silence, was, he took down an old bombazine the room, and betook herself once more

> nalfway between laughing and crying. The farmer feebly rubbed his hands. 'I think I'll go to bed,' said he.

And he went. Seraphina running out for a pitcher of water, the last thing before shutting the house for the night, nearly stumbled against poor George

'Goodness me, what are you doing here?' said Seraphina.

'I can't go home and sleep, Seraphina, Mrs. Foxglove. 'He said he came after while you are angry with me,' said the in love. 'What have I done to deserve

'Nothing,' she answered, 'except-except that you can't blame me for being jealous when I see you hugging and kissing the Widow Waterman.

'It was the cloak, Seraphina - the brown cloak-that misled me,' pleaded George. 'I thought of course, that it

Seraphina. Mrs. Foxglove thought Seraphina had never before been so long in bringing in

'Oh, it's all very well to talk ' said

To George Paterson, however, the moments seemed winged, but nevertheless he went home rejoicing-Seraphina had forgiven him.

An Awful Story.

There was once an awful little girl who had an awful way of saying "awful village, which was an awful distance from every other awful place. She went opened to him. But I wasn't gone long.

The farmer wriggled uneasily in his cushioned rocking chair.

Sons out of awtulcooks. Every day she was so awful hungry that she ate an awful amount of food, so that she looked awful healthy. Her hat was awful small, and her feet were awful large. She went to an awful church, and her minister was an awful preacher. When she took an awful walk she climbed awful

in Jericho before she came here, he said nills, and when she got awful tired she sat down under an awful tree to rest. In summer she found it awful hot, and in winter awful cold. When it didn't girl was always in an awful state, and if she don't get over saying "awful"

A shovelfull of manure over hop vine

The public roads of Ireland are absol-

utely perfect. Go where you will through the rural districts, and the roads are thoroughly turnpiked, thoroughly drained and as level as a loard. The drained and as level as a loard. bridges over the creeks and rivers are all of stone. Every road has a sidewalk for foot-passengers clevated about aix inches above the main road, and from four to six feet wide. The fences on either side are of solid stone masonry, to the heighe of from four to six fee upon the top of which are growing and wall flowers. The walls inclosing the roads are festooned with ivy and wild flowers, producing a charming effect. Every country-seat is thus "hedged in" from the outside world. There is no getting over the barrier, and access can only be had through the lodge gates, which are in charge of the lodgekeeper, generally a woman, who admits only a favored few. The constabulary are always on hand to arrest trespassers. "Tramps" have a poor show in Ireland. They must keep to the roads, or go to

Few old cows will repay much expense for feeding unless a a part of the time while fattening they give enough milk to pay a part of their grain ration. Cow beef never sells high, and just now is

An unparalled sensation is being creat unequalled in which Neuralgia, Tooth-ache, Rheumatism, Backache, Headache. is removed by but one application of Fluid Lightning. No offensive, disgusting drugs need be taken for days. It is an instant cure. Try a 25c. bottle from G. Rhynas, druggist.

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you please take it back, I'll try and get along with my shawl a spell longer. And the roast chicken was very good sir, and the troat chicken was very good sir, and that ample pic couldn't be beat! chancing to notice how thin and inadequate the poor old woman's shawl

There was a moment's direful silence, system. Phosphatine is not a Medecine, and then Mrs. Waterman sidled out of but a Nutriment, because it contains no Vegetable or Mineral Poisons, Opiates the mysterious silence of the night.

'Well, I declare,' said Mrs. Foxglove.

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I suffered with attacks of sick headache."
Neuralgia, female trouble, for years in

No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure until I used Hop Bitters.
'The first bottle

Nearly cured me ;' The second made me as well and strong when a child.

'And I have been so to this day.'

My husband was an invalid for twenty years with a serious 'Kidney, liver and urinary complaint, 'Pronounced by Boston's best physi-

ians—
'Incurable!' Seven bottles of your bitters cured him, and I know of the

'Lives of eight persons'
In my neighborhood that have been saved by your bitters, And many more are using them with great benefit.

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Saltford Dec. 4, 1884. 197

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CHOLERA INFANTUM DIARRHŒA, ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

over good. I only mee
my presence or in the
other minister of Ges
awear. I know no ge
or, I should say, no
I have overheard me
noticing my presence,
beg my pardon. 'Por
answered such, 'you'd
ter be on your knees be
don, not mine.'
There are the charge There are two characters one of whom is a Methodist, for I never any other denomination rebuse Methodists, and

me as busy as I want to ter.) I's all I can find t my own Methodist (Laughter.)
Well, of those two of speaking a out one is a prays in his family, po and goes to prayer meet I'd better be like the big ous, manly sinner,' you would I. And on the keep out of the church, fool, and be exactly like ters? [(Laughter.) As come into the church and is due Him, then I'll pay dues. If I rob anybody, —it won't be God—and of the church who hasn't God is robbing God of all er wants. (Amen. Amen er wants. (Amen. Amen

de

for such a man is in the Christ, and trying to do r
I was called 'good' mys
the church. O, yes, I wa
goodness on wheels. (La
I know a merchant by his store to buy a plough, whether the blade was hat wasn't he a strange merchim why he hadn't told perhaps it wasn't hard one thing of that art, but he lie. I should suppose a that kind would feel lone

(Laughter.) shut is the biggest sort of ter.) I have known men cheating conductors out then the conductors, cate case, steal from the roads. think they have done as the conductor overlooks th get a free ride. Before I a thing as that I'd hant from the 'smoker' to the then chase him down withounds. (Laughter.)
It's ten thousand time

just than generous. It is to give a poor woman a dol it comes to following a stra ing just in all things—just in all things—just in all things—just it is a different thing. So never just to their wives their crock 85 very willing. night, but when the leconomical, paiustaking w little money Monday the br We are too often unit dren, exacting of them the

tongues when they don't what we want. And then mean to say ten words to rethem happy. O, how unju-wives, husbands, children. have happier homes. Do y anywhere with your wife aming her up when you ought has not only to dress het children besides, while you to do but set ready. "Hur up; I don't wast to be too don't hurry I'll go on y'm after a while she tells you husband; I'm afraid I can in time for you I don't wast

in time for you; I don't wa I've done just that way. (yards down the road, and and think. I'd say : 'Sam you are the meanest man liv then out us two—(lat ghter Wile, I'm as me in as dog am, and I want you to forg she forgives me and we get it

(Laughter.) The Lord have mercy on t just we are to our wives,

our brothers and sisters; and There are men in the cer meet a neighber's wife on the sweet and renderly. madam?' and then go home