

Reflections.

BY WILL S. LOUSON.

INWARD, as well as outward, conscious or unconscious, every life has its reflections. How often we hear people remark, "this is a queer world," and how true it is, that many things and circumstances seem to be paradoxes.

Sitting near an open fire place my thoughts run back several years ago, to a circumstance in my travels. A gentleman approached me on the train and asked me if I was a commercial traveller and if so what kind of a life it was. I remarked that a man had it in his power to make it a good life or a very bad one. The stranger told me he had decided to be a traveller, and we happened to be going to the same place together. I encouraged him all I could, and told him never to be disheartened.

The first merchant this traveller called upon was not pleased with the goods he had been getting from the house represented by my acquaintance, and wanted him to take the goods back. Other merchants were not open to buy from him at that time, and the new traveller did not have very much success in his first day's canvassing. About noon he bought a revolver, shook hands with the hotel proprietor, and went to his room.

A pistol report was heard, accompanied by a heavy fall. The proprietor came rushing into my sample room, saying that the young man who came in with me had shot himself dead. We all went up to the room. Two drops of blood were on the white marble oilcloth, on the bureau underneath the looking-glass. The bullet had gone through the centre of