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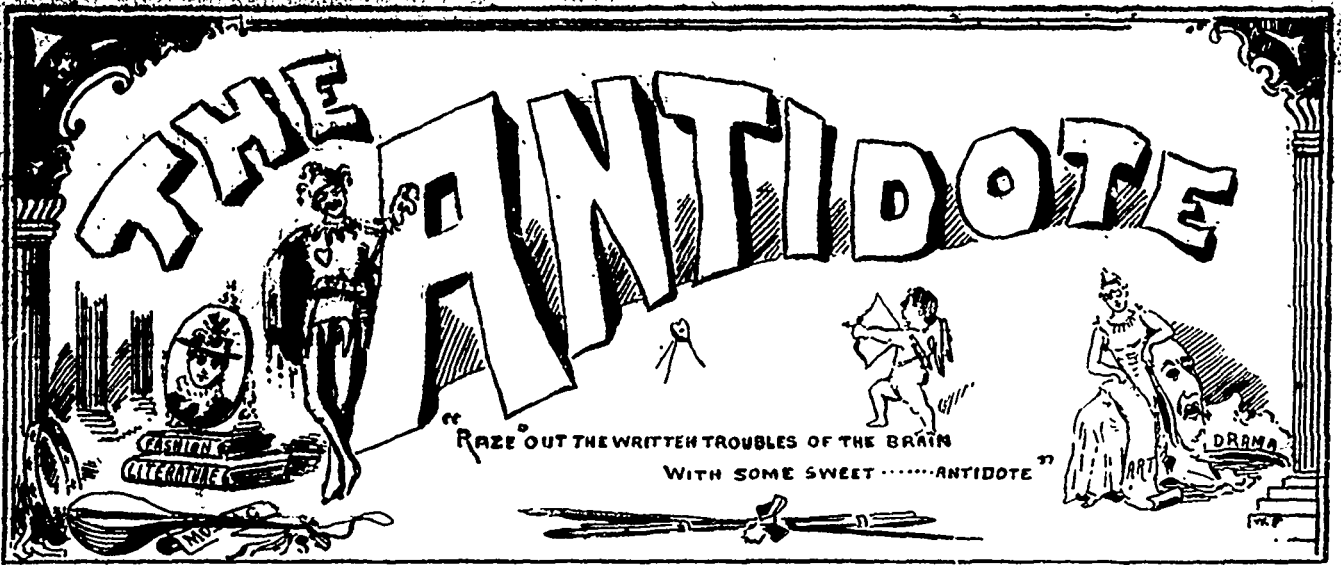
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Vol. I. No. 30.

MONTREAL, JANUARY 7, 1893

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## THE ANTIDOTE

IS Published every Saturday in time for the evening suburban trains. Subscription ONE DOLLAR per annum, single copies FIVE CENTS. May be obtained at all the leading stationers and newsdealers in Montreal, Toronto, Quebec, Hamilton, Ottawa, London, Halifax, St. Johns, Kingston, Winnipeg, Victoria, Vancouver, &c. All communications and remittances should be addressed "THE ANTIDOTE," 172 and 173 St. James Street, Montreal. We do not undertake to return unused MSS. or sketches.

### HOME GOSSIP.

All virtuous persons condemn gossip. We all know that we ought not to pry into other peoples' affairs, and that if the proper study of mankind is man, it is nevertheless not a study to be prosecuted by treating our visiting acquaintances as specimens for the moral microscope, and displaying our powers of diagnosis at the expense of the confiding caller who has talked unwarily, and gone. We know that, although we may not exactly live in a glass house, we do not want our neighbors to amuse themselves with throwing little pebbles at our windows; and our dislike to the possibility of the pastime, with ourselves for its victims, quickens our sense of its ignoble frivolity and its tendency to do mischief. We agree to class gossip as but little less degrading to its practitioners than espionage, and we ridicule it as the theme of the vulgar and the ignorant.

Perhaps we sometimes commit gossip ourselves; but when we do the lapse is accidental and it is our misfortune rather than our fault. It is difficult to distinguish absolutely, where a readiness to hear and even to tell news about private events is a healthy sympathy with our neighbors, and where it is mere intrusive 'tittle-tattle.' We should not be human if we refused to take even a moment's passing interest in the lives of our neighbors; if we stopped our ears to the tidings of Mr. This's promotion and Mr. That's bankruptcy; if we frowned down the relator of the happy engagement between Mr. Smith and Miss Brown; and severely diverted the conversation to the Fishery Question when it began to turn upon the surprises of Mrs. Jones' new drawing-room, or the despair of Bank-Clerk Robinson at being ordered to a small country branch. An amount of reticence which should withhold us, on the ground that they were no business of ours, from commenting or conjecturing on these matters, would be impossible to

any sane mortal—perhaps would not even be desirable.

It must happen at times that even orthodox haters of gossip drift unawares over 'the hazy boundry between neighborly news, and busybody rumor and researches, and become for the nonce as heathen men and gossip-mongers. But these are only passing eclipses of virtue, errors of inadvertance to which the best of us are liable, and their rather frequent occurrence does not disprove the agreement of all good people in the condemnation of gossip, and more especially of that form of it which may be described as analytical and dissectional, which explores motives and infers minute secrets. And no moral doctrine is more distinctly and frequently declared in print and on the tongue, through proverbs and through preachings, through satire, through persuasion, by novelists, by dramatists, by essayists, by clergymen, by governesses, by everybody who talks about gossip, including the gossips themselves, and not forgetting the "Antidote," than the unlawfulness of gossip and its damage to the minds of those who indulge in it.

### FASHIONABLE WEDDINGS.

Quiet weddings are steadily becoming fashionable among leading people all over the world. One reason for this being that it is impossible to invite a few friends without offending a great many, or to invite a great many without offending the balance of the "four hundred." Another reason is that many brides object to issuing wedding invitations which read "your presence is requested" but mean "your presents are requested." When no wedding invitations are issued nobody needs to give a present, unless it be one of pure friendship. The bride must treasure her wedding gifts more dearly knowing that they have been sent with hearty good will not in return for an invitation.

In any case a travelling costume is much more becoming during our cold winters than an evening gown could possibly be, while the fatigue undergone in dressing and changing gowns must try a bride's patience and endurance.

### NEW MUSIC.

We are favored by Messrs. Robert Cocks & Co., 6 New Burlington street, Regent street, London, with the following new music:

1 "A Woodland Serenade," song, composed by Angelo Mascheroni, the words by Mowbray Marras. This song was sung with great success by Madame Adelina Patti at her last concert at the Albert Hall, November 10th.

2. "Ave Maria," by the same composer. Composed expressly for Madame Adelina Patti, and dedicated to, and will be shortly introduced to the public by her.

3. "A song of Joy and Love" by David Popper, composed for and sung by Mr. Ben Davies on Madame Valleria's recent concert tour.

4. "A Voice from the Past" song by Dr. H. J. Edwards, words by Clifton Bingham, and sung by Miss Marian Mackenzie.

5 "False or True" music by Miss Frances Alltson, words by Clifton Bingham, sung by Mrs. Florence Dyke, and Mr. Chas. Copland.

6. "Warning" by the same composer, words from the German of D'Amers, sung by, and dedicated to Mrs. Helen Trust.

7. "The Vales of Arklow" song, written and composed by Leslie Stuart, sung by Madame Belle Cole.

8. "The Old Piper" song, words by M. Ingle Ball, music by Charles E. Tinney, sung with great success by Mr. Norman Sammond on the "Valleria" tour.

9. "Admiral Tom" song, words by Clifton Bingham, music by Locksley Hastings.

10. "Three Scandinavian Songs," words by Constance Buche, music by Henri Loge.

11. "Largo," and "Quatrieme Gavotte." for Violoncello, by David Popper, played before Her Majesty at Balmoral, by command, also on the "Valleria" tour, by the composer.

12. "O Wondrous Joy" vocal duet, words by Mowbray Marras, music by Lawrence Kellie.

13. Two vocal duets composed by Mary Carmichael, entitled, "It is the Hour" (words by Byron) "Under the Thorntree" (words by E. Nesbit).

14. "Melodie Romantique" for the Violoncello, by Lee Stern, with piano accompaniment.

15. "Roumanian Dance," and "Unter den Linden," both by Gustav Renoch for the piano.

16. "The City of Night," Laurence Kellie's successful song arranged for the organ by Edwin H. Lemare, and played by him at his Recitals.

17. "Pastorale in E," for the organ by Edwin H. Lemare.

18. "British Heroes," quick march, by Arthur E. Godfrey.

19. Songs for Young Friends, (4 Nos.) written and composed by Dr. Westbrook.

We may take occasion later on to refer more particularly to the merits of the various songs and pieces.



*From London Queen.*

### THE FASHIONS.

Roses and violets are put upon all colors and shapes of velvet and felt hats.

Marquis hats are stylishly trimmed with two erect bunches of tips at the back, each starting from a rosette in front and torsade of the velvet around the crown.

Dotted silks of two colors are stylishly made with a gored skirt and round waist; full sleeves, draped collar, fitted belt, skirt folds and yoke of velvet; belt and yoke edged with jet ending in a long fringe. Stole pieces down the front are appearing on the French dresses.

Satin is not going out, far from it. Exquisite satins are in the importers' goods, with shot effects and charming designs, suggesting the loveliest twists and bows. Satin ribbons, therefore, will not be a drug in the market just yet for those who have them on hand.

Strong contrasts are brought out for evening gowns, the electric and gas lights seeming to soften all colors. A yellow crepe theatre waist is trimmed with mauve velvet and worn with a mauve silk or woolen skirt.

Only the true reception gown now boasts

a train, the skirts of walking and dancing dresses clear the ground. The ultra-fashionable Empire skirt, although retaining the belt form, is fuller in effect over the front and sides, being mounted with small plaits or gathers instead of fitted gores, while the back is full and lies in large folds.

While the trained skirt and long waist still have many devotees, yet the Empire styles are so rapidly superseding them that short, round waists and short skirts are no longer a novelty. The width of woman's shoulders increases daily, caused by the addition of immense puffs, one, and sometimes more piled upon the upper part of the sleeves with a descending slope, which threatens an increased length in the shoulder seams.

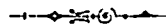
Black silks, in novel weaves and lovely qualities, are notably popular; colored silks are in innumerable designs and every conceivable shade; while the variety in woolen goods, in color, design and texture, has never before been equalled. Bright colors predominate. Some of the plaids are startlingly brilliant, but in all a bizarre effect is avoided.

Our illustrations this week show some dainty evening dresses for children:

No. 1 is a pretty combination of pale blue velvet and white bengaline silk, trimmed with lace.

No. 2 is a pink crepon, trimmed with lace and baby ribbon.

No. 3 can be made in any shade of china silk, trimmed with lace and ribbon.



### ONE EXCEPTION.

"Now, a man is as old as he feels"—"Not on his 21st birthday.

Restaurant keeper (in reference to some very unattractive looking cheese)—"Have some of this fromage de Brie?" Diner—"No thanks. There seems to be more debris than fromage about it."

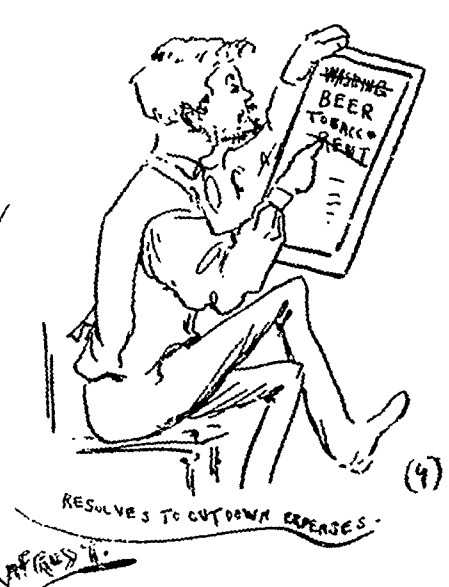
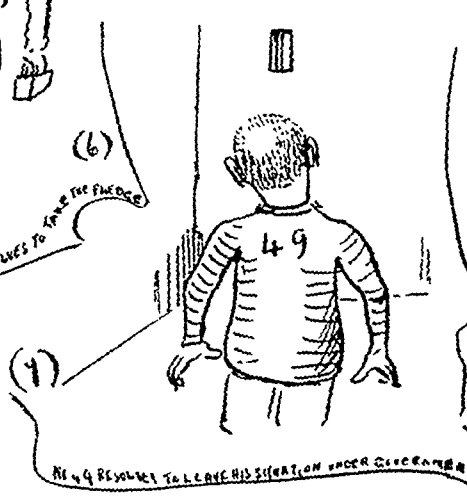
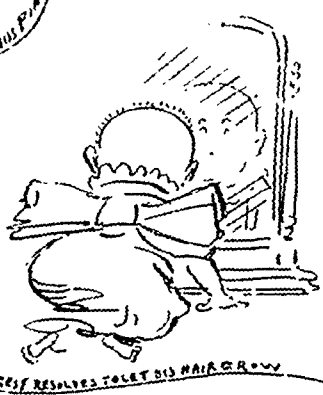
Compromise—He (irritably)—"What sort of supper are we going to have to-night, good or bad?" She—"Both. Devilled ham and angel cake.—Truth.

Of all the hose hung up for Christmas the fireman's is the longest.

Mistress—"Do you call this sponge cake? Why, it's as hard as can be."

New cook—"Yes, mum; that's the way a sponge is before it's wet. Soak it in your tea, mum."

# SOME GOOD RESOLVES



The Set of Emeralds.

We were standing in the Carrera do Sna Geronimo, and were reading the title of one of Mery's books at Duran's. As my attention was attracted by the singular title, and I mentioned it to my friend, he replied, as he leaned lightly on my arm:

"It is a beautiful day, so let us take a tura around the Fuen Castellana, and I will tell you a story in which I enact the chief part. After you have heard it, you will have no difficulty in understanding the title, but will consider it the most natural thing in the world."

I had plenty to do, but as I am always glad of some excuse for idleness, I accepted his proposal, and he went on as follows:

"Some time ago, as I was roaming aimlessly around the city one evening, I stopped before Samper's showcase. I had examined all the collections of photographs and stamps in different shops, and had chosen in my mind the bronzes with which I would adorn my dwelling, if I should ever have one.

"I had been there some time and had amused myself by conferring, in my imagination, this or that jewel on some handsome woman I knew, when I found myself unable to decide who might be worthy of a magnificent set of emeralds, as costly as elegant, which especially attracted my attention among the others by their beauty and clearness of its stones. Just at that moment, I heard a soft sweet voice which aroused me from my reverie as it said: 'How beautiful those emeralds are!'

"I turned my head in the direction of the voice. It must, I thought, belong to a beautiful woman. I was not disappointed, for she was charming. Although I saw her for only a short time, her beauty made a profound impression on me.

"There was a carriage standing at the door of the jewelry establishment. The fair one was accompanied by an elderly lady, who seemed to be her mother. They both entered the carriage and drove off, while I was left stupidly gazing after them until they were lost to sight.

"How beautiful those emeralds are!' she had exclaimed. Did she long for them? and if so, why, I asked myself, does she not get them? She must be wealthy, for she has a stylish equipage, and I believe I saw a crest of nobility on the carriage-door. Undoubtedly there is some mystery in this woman's life. Such were the thoughts that occupied my mind until she was lost to sight. And although her life seemed so enviable, so peaceful, I was quite sure that there was some mys-



Winter Fare.—MARK FISHER.

tery there, I shall not tell you how, but I finally became acquainted with it.

"She had been married at an early age to a dissipated man who, after squandering his own fortune, had sought for other means in a brilliant match. His bride proved to be an exemplary wife and mother, and sacrificed everything in order to save some of her estate for her daughter, and to retain the place in society which belonged to her by right, though her wicked husband had deserted her and fled to a foreign country.

"People talk of women's great sacrifices, but I believe that there are none, in view of their peculiar organization, comparable to the sacrifice they make of an ardent desire in which vanity and coquetry have a share. From the time I became aware of the secret of this woman's existence, through the eccentricity of my disposition, my chief desire was to obtain that set of emeralds and give it to her, in such a way that she could neither refuse it nor know whence it came.

"Among the many difficulties before me in accomplishing this ambition was the fact that I lacked funds. But I did not give up my idea. 'How shall I get the money?' I said to myself, and I thought of the marvels of the Arabian Nights, of those magical words, to the sound of which the earth gaped open and displayed its hidden treasures; of the magic wands that were so wonderful that when one touched a rock a stream would issue from it, not of water, but of rubies, topazes, pearls, and diamonds.

"Finally I resolved to write a book and sell it. To draw money from a stony editor was a hard task, but I succeeded. I wrote an original work which did not please the popular fancy, for only one person could understand

it, and it was an enigma to all the rest. I called the book 'The Set of Emeralds,' and signed only my initials to it.

"As I am no Victor Hugo, but only a simple writer, I assure you that I did not reap as much money as the author of 'Notre Dame de Paris' obtained for his last work. However, I had enough to begin to carry out my plan. The set of emeralds was valued at fourteen thousand dollars, and as I had only about six thousand, I had recourse to the lottery. By good luck, I won all that I needed.

"On the following day I went to Samper's. But as I threw on the counter the roll of bills which might have paid for a pleasure-trip through Italy, and afforded me a life of enjoyment for some years at least, I hesitated, you will say. No, indeed, I cast them down with the ease, the same satisfaction, that Buckingham experienced when he broke a string of costly pearls and scattered them at his lady-love's feet.

"I bought the gems and took them home with me. You cannot imagine anything more beautiful than those jewels. I do not wonder that women heave a sigh as they look at the dazzling display in shop windows, or that Mephistopheles chose a pearl necklace in order to tempt Marguerite. Although I am a man, I would have liked to live in the East and be one of those fabulous monarchs who encircle their forms with gold and precious stones, so that I might have adorned myself with those sparkling gems.

"As soon as I had purchased the gems, I began to think how I should send them to her. At the end of a few days, thanks to the money I had left, I succeeded in bribing one of her maids to place them among her jewels without her knowledge, and I bribed

her to silence by giving her a thousand reals, and making her promise to go off to Barcelona as soon as she had fulfilled her task—and she did so.

"You can imagine the surprise of this woman whom I adored from afar when, suspecting that her maid had stolen from her, on account of her hasty flight, she found those magnificent jewels in her desk. 'Who could have divined my desire?' she cried. Who, indeed, could have suspected that she still thought of those gems with a faint sigh of regret?"

"Time passed on. I knew that she had kept my gift, and that she had endeavored to discover whence it had come, but she never wore them. Did she despise my offering? Ah, I reflected, if she only knew the sacrifice it had cost me! If she knew that I was almost equal to that lover who pawned his winter overcoat to buy a bouquet of flowers for his lady-love! Does she think that it has been sent by some high-born love, who will present himself some day to claim his reward? What a mistake she has made! Even though she were free to love another than her odious husband, I was much too far below her in station to think of claiming her hand!

"One evening, when she attended a ball, I stood outside of the palace, to watch for her, and I saw her as she alighted from her carriage, radiant with beauty, while a murmur of admiration burst from the crowd as she passed by. The women gazed at her with envious eyes, the men admiringly, while an involuntary cry of astonishment burst from my lips. She had on my emerald necklace. That night I went to bed without any supper, for I was so agitated I could not eat, but I felt happy. During my sleep I imagined that I could hear the music from the ball, and see her pass before me, and I dreamed that I danced with her.

"The affair of the emeralds had leaked out, and was the theme of conversation among some high-born ladies. After they had seen the stones there was no doubt that the occurrence had taken place, and the idle gossips began to comment upon it. My idol enjoyed an unblemished reputation. In spite of her husband's dissipation and his indifference toward her, calumny had never been able to attack her, but now the venticillo Don Basilio sings of in the opera began to make itself audible. One day, while I was chatting with a number of young men, they spoke of the emeralds, and a simpleton finally made a sneering remark about the woman.

"The idiot's words aroused my ire,

especially because the rest agreed to them. But I restrained myself. What right had I to defend that woman? But before a quarter of an hour had elapsed I found occasion to pick a quarrel with him, and I contradicted him so flatly, and was so aggressive, that a duel was the upshot of the affair.

"My friends were astonished that I had sought a duel for such a simple cause, as well as that I would not listen to any explanation. I fought, but I cannot say whether successfully or not, for though I saw my opponent fall, yet I felt at the same moment that my own eyes were dazed. My ears buzzed, and I also felt dangerously wounded in the breast. They carried me to my humble dwelling, where I was seized with a raging fever. I do not know all the time I spent in bed, calling wildly for her. I should have had fortitude to suffer all my life, just to obtain a grateful look from her, on the brink of the grave.

"But it was sad to die without a single word from her. These thoughts troubled my brain, and one night, while I was tossing restlessly about on my couch, burning up with fever, the portieres were drawn back, and I saw a woman standing at the threshold. I thought I was dreaming, but no, for she drew near my bed, where I was tossing about in distress, and as she raised her veil, I saw a tear gleaming on her cheek. It was she!

"I raised myself up with staring eyes, and—just at that moment arrived at Duran's jewelry establishment."

"What do you mean?" I interrupted as my friend diverged in this manner from his story. "Were you not wounded, and lying on your back in bed?"

"In bed! What nonsense! I had forgotten to tell you that this was what I had been imagining from Samper's, where I really saw the set of emeralds, and heard the exclamation I have told you of, to the Carrera of San Geronimo, where a porter jostled against me, and aroused me from my reverie, as I was gazing in Duran's shop windows at a book by Mery with the title: 'The History of What Has Never Happened.' Do you understand it now?"

As I heard the "denouement," I could not help laughing. In fact, I do not know what Mery's work refers to, but I am sure that many books might be written under that title.—From the Spanish of Gustavo Becquer.

#### A TOOTHsome PARADOX.

Each careful artist in his way

A reputation gains:

But with the dentist, strange to say,

The patient takes the pains.

#### CITY ITEMS.

The usual New Year's ball at Ravenscrag was held on Monday night. As usual there was a good deal of grumbling among the mothers who were not asked and young ladies whose parents believe in chaperones were in some cases unable to attend.

Mr. Thos. Coristine, who has been suffering from a bad attack of pneumonia, is recovering.

Mrs. Binmore and Miss Binmore have gone on a visit to Ottawa.

Mr. Frank Fisher, of Toronto, has been in town on a visit to Mr. Edward Neild, Hutchison street.

Mrs. George Drummond, who died at the residence of her son—Mr. George Drummond Manager of the Bank of Montreal at Toronto, was the mother of Mrs. Hague Sims.

Madame (Judge) Mathieu, her daughter Madame Bruneau and Madame Desjardins will hold a large reception in the St Lawrence Hall on Monday evening from nine till twelve.

Mrs. (Mayor) McShane had an afternoon reception for ladies on Tuesday. About two hundred ladies attended.

On Wednesday Mrs. McShane had a children's party in honor of little Kathleen's seventh birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. George McKinnon of Pointe Claire have taken rooms at the Windsor for the winter.

#### A SPRINKLING OF SPICE.

##### A GENIAL GLOW.

Rogers—"What makes your nose so red Mr. Reilly?"

Reilly—"It glows with pride, sir, at not putting itself in other people's business."

##### HUGO'S MIXED METAPHOR.

Victor Hugo wrote to a "fraternal banquet" of workmen that he could not be present, but sent them a shake of the hand from the bottom of his hear.—London Million.

##### A DRY SUIT.

Dashaway—"What do you think of my new pepper-and-salt suit?"

Jagway—"It makes me thirsty to look at it.—Roselaf.

Many a man has made a goose of himself with a single quill.

##### TENNYSON AND SOPHOCLES.

Carlyle once begged Tennyson to translate Sophocles. "He is a wonderful man for dovetailing words together," he said afterwards in speaking regretfully of this entreaty, "but Alfred wouldn't bite."



### Recipes.

**Biscuit Glaces.**—Cook one pound of sugar and a pint of water together for five minutes, then add a tablespoonful of vanilla sugar and the well-beaten yolks of six eggs, whisk over the fire for a moment and strain in an earthen or china bowl. Beat until stiff and cold, then, if you use it, add four tablespoonfuls of brandy. Whip one pint of cream, stir it into the mixture, then fill it into paper cases or small biscuit molds. If in molds, pack in rough ice and salt and freeze for about one and a half or two hours. If in paper cases, place them in a freezing cave for two and a half or three hours.

**French Cake.**—Three eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, two cups of sugar, three of flour, one of sweet milk, one half cup of butter, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar and one of soda. Flavor with lemon, nutmeg or vanilla, cream the butter and sugar, then add yolks of eggs, then the milk and flour, with the soda and cream of tartar sifted into the latter dry. Add the whites of eggs last.

**Crab Sandwich.**—Put half a pound of boiled crab meat into a marble mortar and pound to a smooth paste with the juice of a half lemon. Season with pepper, salt and a little grated nutmeg. Mix this paste well with six ounces of best butter; cut your bread in thin slices, cut off the crust and spread the crab paste.

**Shrimp sandwiches** will be relished for lunch. Melt one ounce of butter in a sautépan, and add to it a cupful of shrimps and half a teaspoonful of finely minced parsley, seasoning with a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce and a little cayenne pepper. Let the mixture heat for five minutes, stirring constantly, spread the sandwiches with the mixture or serve on toast.

### The Winds of Fate.

"It would be delightful to set my heart upon things as do most girls of my age; to thoroughly enjoy them when I obtain them, and to cry about them when I do not."

"I wish you could be persuaded to set your heart upon me," he said. "Because—because I love you!"

"I do not believe you care for me at all" she answered, in her indifferent voice. "And yet," more thoughtfully, "it may be you do, for you are the only man who has discovered that I have no heart."

"I do, indeed," he persisted, "while you give me scarcely a thought."

She regarded him for a moment with her cool, speculative gaze. He was blushing hotly.

"Jack," she announced, "I like you. I find you most companionable. But love you—no, I do not."

"Could you not marry me, Lenore? Is



TWO WEEKS IN THE FOREST, OR  
EVOLUTION DOWNWARDS.

there any other man whom you could marry?"

"There is no other man on earth with whom I wish to wed; and I do not think I could accept even you."

"I was afraid there might be some one else," he said more hopefully.

"Have you ever observed upon my part a tendency to hang about the neck of any of my acquaintances?"

"No," he answered. "But, though it might be a bore to have a wife who expected a constant rain of pet names and kisses whatever might be the weather, I would give the world to be sure you love me as fervently as I love you." His voice broke a little, and Lenore watched him in deep surprise. "I may seem a conceited fool to say it, but I cannot help feeling I could compel your love. Lenore, if I take the risk, will you marry me?"

"If you will take the risk, Jack, I'll marry you."—Beebe Crocker, in *January California*.

### BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

"Is she not a myth?" Did the incident ever occur? These two queries have been asked thousands of times concerning a woman patriot of the nineteenth century, who lived and died without knowing that she had become famous, and yet whose name, embalmed in the hearts of her kindred, as well as in the immortal amber of Whittier's verse, will ever be hallowed.

The following extract from a letter written to the author of this article by John G. Whittier will, undoubtedly, set at rest all speculations—so far as the poet is concerned—in regard to the origin of his matchless poem:

Oak Knoll, Danvers (Mass.)  
10 Mo., 19, '80.

My Dear Friend:—I had a portrait of the good Lady Barbara, from the saintly hand of Dorothea Dix, whose life is spent in works of love and duty, and a cane made of wood from Barbara's cottage, sent me by Dr. Steiner of the Maryland Senate.

Whether she did all that my poem ascribed to her or not, she was a brave and true woman.

I followed the account given me in a private letter and in the papers of the time. I am very truly thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Barbara Hauer was born in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, Dec. 3, 1766, and every drop of ancestral blood in her baby body, had been inherited from the founders and preservers of the then youthful Union.

In childhood, she removed to the antebellum and beautiful, mountain-girdled town of Frederick, Maryland, where she lived and died. When forty years old, May 6, 1806, she wedded John Casper Fritchie, and having no children of her own, devoted herself to the training of numerous nieces and nephews; for next to her instinct of love of country in her broad and intensely loyal nature, was that of maternity and love of domestic life. Frederick, situated midway between Baltimore and Washington, D. C., was then and is still, essentially a city of homes. Around it cluster more associations with our colonial life as a nation than about any other town in the old State of Maryland, except Annapolis, its capital.—Nellie Blessing Eyster, in *January California*.

### UNDESIRABLE.

They met beneath the mistletoe,  
And yet no kiss was taken then.  
The reason you would like to know?  
It was because they both were men!  
—Judge.

"Swiggs is awfully out of luck, isn't he?"

Guzzler—I should say so. Why he isn't able to pay for the cloves on his breath.

This is the time of the year when any one who will furnish the buckwheat can take the cake.

Reporter—Describe your costume please.  
Mrs. Raktovinski—Diamond ear-rings, pearl necklace, diamond tiara, diamond and turquoise rings, and—oh, yes, yellow satin dress trimmed mit lace.

"Have you noticed the great predilection Snodgrass has for gems?" asked Knowles.

"Not particularly. Has he?" responded Bowles.

"Well he has a carbuncle on his neck, and his face has a constant sardonian grin."

"And, being a king of topas, he has quite a ruby nose," further said Bowles.

In the dining car—is the fare pretty good on this road?

Passenger—I don't know. I always travel on a pass.

A poker player is perfectly willing to be reduced to straights.

One half of the world doesn't let his better half know how he lives.

The Pawky Peddler.



A Wedding by FRANZINI D'ISFONCOURT.

MCINTYRE--SMALL.

On New Year's eve a very quiet wedding united two of our leading families. Miss Small and Mr. Duncan McIntyre, senior, were married in St. Paul's Church at five o'clock. There were no invited guests, only the members of the two families being present. The bride wore a most becoming Parisian travelling costume trimmed with mink with net to match. Miss McIntyre and Miss Edith Small wore Parisian gowns of fawn cloth trimmed with fur. Mrs. Duncan McIntyre and Mrs. E. A. Small were richly dressed in velvets and furs. Indeed a prettier winter wedding group could not be imagined. Mr. Wm. C. McIntyre was best man, and we need hardly add there was but one "best" man, a contemporary to the contrary notwithstanding. The reporter probably saw double, which perhaps was excusable on New Year's eve. The bride was given away by her father, and the whole party drove to the train to see the young couple off. Flowers, rice and white satin slippers were liberally distributed, despite the remonstrances of the happy pair. Mr. Duncan McIntyre seemed very proud of his lovely young daughter-in-law, and heartily agreed in the remark of a friend that a handsomer pair could not be found. In the evening the large warehouses of Messrs. McIntyre, Sons & Co. and those of the Messrs. E. A. Small & Co. were lit up throughout in honor of the event. The bride has already received a number of costly wedding gifts, among them being

presentations from the employees of Messrs. McIntyre, Sons & Co.—a magnificent banquet lamp on a silver mounted Onyx table—and those of Messrs. E. A. Small & Co.—a set of dessert silver in an oak case and a set of silver mounted carvers. The gifts from private friends are simply magnificent, but no list could be obtained. A house in Kensington Block, Sherbrooke street, has been taken for the young couple who are expected home shortly.

SNAP SHOPS.

One runs onto many bits of nature in a downtown retail store. With a little close observation in the busy throng you can have more in ten minutes about human nature than in a decade in some other places. Men and women are alike unconscious of themselves and of the impression they make on others when shopping. They have been doing a good deal of shopping lately. During the Christmas and New Year's rush they have struggled and haggled over goods and prices. Women have thought nothing of squandering two hours to save a quarter, nor of bringing the wrath of the salesman down on their defenceless heads by their indecisious and their blocking the way. At one store a woman was buying some books. She seemed to have choice governed by handsome bindings. She picked up Charles and Mary Lamb's "Tales of Shakespeare." She opened it and in a minute turned to her companion and said: "See here! We'll get our teeth cheated out of our heads next. This book says 'Shakespeare' on the outside, and on the inside it says: 'Written by Lamb.'" She would have none of it. She would not even listen to the salesman's explanation.

It is curious to contemplate the various modes by which people attempt to obtain triumphs over each other in this bad world. Some conceive that the very best way is to punish their enemies; some, again, take the Christian doctrine of holding up "the other cheek;" and some are of opinion that there is no such thing at all as the luxury of a real, bona fide, lasting, and unqualified triumph to be had by one man over another. Let us see. We think that the case of simple Walter Wylie, who was for a long time so well known in the town of Inverkeithing for his peculiar manner of bringing out his sage philosophy of life after the pawky form of some packmen, who, when they are satisfied they have a real good article to show, affect a simplicity and scarcity of words of laudation, the very opposite of the verbose and stately declamation by which they endeavor to dispose of their general stock. The quality of Walter's moral and political commodities was clearly indicated by the quantum of simple naivete infused into his speech and countenance while in the act of narration—his effort at the more pure degrees of simplicity being in exact proportion to the estimate (never a wrong one) which he himself made of the excellence of the communication his peculiar inspiration enabled him to produce. His shop in the high-street of Inverkeithing, in which he sold a variety of those commodities which are necessary for the sustenance of the human corporation, brought him more clearly into public notice. Directly opposite to honest Walter (as he was styled by the people) both in manners and locality was William Harrison, who carried on the same style of business in a shop on the other side of the street. The ordinary rivalry existed between them, and they took their different modes of recommending themselves to their customers—the one, Harrison, by a most verbose and figurative signboard and a most loquacious speech, and the other by his peculiar simplicity of enunciation and publication of the qualities of his wares. The former was both a philosophical and a practical rogue. The latter, again, was as honest as steel; and his honesty and simple humor combined made him beloved by all that knew him, while his rival, who bore to his simple friend a most inveterate spite, was mortally hated for his roguery throughout the whole burgh.

Now, it happened that Harrison, with a view to two objects—first, the grati-

flection of his never-sleeping spirit of roguery; and, secondly, the ruin, or at least the inconvenience, of simple Walter—bought up from a neighboring rogue a debt alleged to be due by Walter, but which the latter had truly paid, though he had neglected to get it cancelled or discharged by a probative receipt. It amounted to about £100; and Harrison paid for it only about £5, with a condition of paying the cedent £5 more in the event of the entire sum being wrung out of the simple Walter by the wrenching-wheel of a horning. As soon as Walter heard that his rival and enemy Harrison had bought up the false debt, he knew, by an instinct which had nothing wonderful about it, that he was committed, for a tough fight, but he retained his equanimity, and even his simple navete hung about his mouth and small twinkling eyes in the same manner as if no horning or any such thunderbolt of Jove had been in the act of being forged against him. One day his enemy came into his shop.

"Mr. Wylie," said he, with a most pert loquacity, and holding up the horning in his hand, "I have a piece of paper here, on which there is the name of Walter Wylie as debtor to me in the sum of £100. I think you had better pay me at present, for I do not wish to let the debt lie and ruin you by allowing a larger sum of interest to run up against you."

"I thank ye," replied simple Walter, with an obsequious bow, and then proceeded with the business in which he was engaged. Harrison waited, expecting his debt; but Walter continued his operations. "I wanna tak' the present o' your interest," again said Walter; "ye needna wait. And as for your horning, it wadna row up three pund o' my sugar. You are as welcome to it as to the interest."

This answer produced a laugh among the customers against Harrison, who, swearing he would have a caption and apprehend Walter the next day, walked out to instruct his agent to put his threat into execution. He had scarcely gone, when several of his (Harrison's) creditors—for he himself was great as a debtor—arrested in Walter's hand the false debt due to Harrison, so as to secure it to themselves. The simple Walter was astonished at all this parade about a debt that he had already paid; but he never lost his simple navete or his temper, and was determined to go to jail as meekly as a lamb. Meanwhile, the inhabitants heard of the expected incarceration of their favorite, and insisted upon his defeating the schemes of his enemy by resisting according to law his unjust

demands; but Walter, with a good-natured smile, said that he trusted all to the ways of Providence.

Next morning, Walter, altogether unconcerned about his apprehension, went forth to take his walk in the green fields, according to his custom, although it might be to take his breakfast in the old Tolbooth, which frowned upon him as he passed. He had wandered a little way in the country, when he thought he observed two men slipping along behind a thorn hedge, as if they wished to escape detection; and, impelled by curiosity, he slipped along the other side of the same hedge upon his hands and his feet, and, having seen the men deposit something in the side of a neighboring dyke, squatted down as if he had been shot dead, and lay there as still as death until the men went away. Up then rose Walter, and going cautiously, looking around him again and again as he crept along, he came to the hole in the dyke, and having examined it, found lying there a large bundle of banknotes, amounting to no less than £500. Putting the money into his pocket, he, by one leap, got to the middle of the road, when, having folded his hands behind his back and struck up a very merry tune, he continued his walk, with a slow and comfortable composure which was pleasant to see. Several people passed him; and, as he was never heard to whistle before, they wondered mightily that simple Walter should whistle so merry a tune, and more so, on the morning of that day when he was to be put into prison. When he went a little farther still whistling and sauntering, with a very easy and pleasant carelessness, whom does he meet? Why, no other than William Harrison, flying along the road like a madman, calling out if any one had seen two blackguard-looking men on the way; for that his shop had been robbed during the night, and all the money he had in the world taken out of it and carried away.

"I saw the blackguards," replied Walter. "They're awa' down by Gibson's Loan yonder, as fast as if a messenger wi' a hornin' and caption was at their heels."

And he again whistled his tune—a circumstance that struck Harrison, who had never heard him whistle before, with as much surprise as his announcement; but he had no time to wonder or reply, and away he shot like a pursuing messenger, while Walter walked into the town and opened his shop, wherein he deposited the £500, and proceeded to serve his customers with as much simplicity and good humor as ever.

The news of the loss sustained by Harrison went like wildfire through the burgh, and every one wondered that a man who owed so much money should have had so large a sum as £500 in the house at one time, and it was suspected that he intended to fly the country with the money as soon as he could wring the false debt out of simple Watty. Every inquiry was made after the robbers, but they could not be traced; and now Harrison, made savage by his loss and the allusion made by Watty about the messenger, got his caption from Edinburgh by a special messenger, and sent to apprehend Walter for the false debt.

"I have a caption against you, Mr. Wylie," said the messenger as he entered. "Will you pay the debt or go with me?"

"If you'll wait," replied Watty, with the greatest simplicity, "till I weigh this pund o' sugar to Jenny Gilchrist, I'll tak' a step wi' ye as far as the jail."

And, proceeding to serve his customer, he indulged in some of his dry jokes in the very same way he used to do; and, when he had finished, called up his wife to serve the shop, and walked with great composure away with the messenger to that place of squalor and squalid misery. He was in due form entered in the jailer's books, and deposited in the old black building as a jail-bird, where, if he chose, he might whistle as gaily as he did in the morning when he went out to hear the larks singing in the clouds, to which celestial residence he had so unexpectedly accompanied them. The news soon spread far and wide that Walter Wylie was in prison, and many efforts were made to get him to pay the debt at once and gain his liberty; but Walter knew himself what he was about, and, having thus ascertained how far Harrison would go, he sent for a writer, and, having given him instructions and a part of the £500 to pay his expenses, got out in a few days on what the honest men of the law call a suspension and liberation.

Some time afterward, Harrison himself, having lost all his money, was put into jail at the instance of one of his creditors, who was enraged at the scheme he had resorted to for defrauding them; and there he lay in the very same room in which Watty had been deposited. Harrison's creditor was a good and godly man, and, like Walter, was an elder of the church, and the people pitied him greatly for the loss he was likely to sustain through the rogue who had thus cheated so many poor people. His debt was £50, and, to the wonder and amazement of all

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the inhabitants, he got full payment from Walter Wylie, whereupon Harrison was immediately let out of prison.

No sooner was it known that Walter had paid one debt of Harrison than another creditor apprehended the rogue, and lodged him again in jail. He was allowed to lie there for a considerable time, when Watty again came forward and paid this debt also, whereupon he was again allowed to escape. A third creditor followed the example of the two others, and the rogue was again committed to durance; but this time Watty allowed him to remain for a longer time, and then paid the debt, that he might deal out his punishment in due proportion. A fourth time the rogue was apprehended, and a fifth and a sixth time, and upon each of these occasions he was allowed to remain for as long a time as Watty thought might produce as much pain as it was his intention to inflict. Altogether Harrison had thus lain about eight months in prison. His debts were now all paid, and the whole sum of £500 exhausted—having been honestly di-

vided among those creditors whose debts were just, and who required them for the support of their wives and children. No part of the £500 was kept to answer the false debt claimed against Watty, because he had secured himself against that demand by getting assignations to the debts he paid, whereby he might plead compensation against his persecutor. Thus had he, in his own quiet way, saved himself, punished a rogue, and brought peace and comfort to the homes of a number of deserving men, whose debts otherwise would never have been paid.

The wonder produced by this extraordinary proceeding on the part of Watty was unparalleled; and what nobody could comprehend, they were surely entitled to wonder at. Some thought the simple creature mad, and his friends tried to interfere to prevent so reckless a squandering of his means.

"I am surprised, Mr. Wylie," said his clergyman to him one day in the presence of a number of people who were collected in the shop—"I am surprised at this proceeding of yours, which has

spread far and wide throughout the country. If your motive be a secret, I will not ask it from thee; but, if it is a fair and legitimate question, I would make bold to put it to thee, as one of my flock and an elder of our church."

"There is no secret about it, sir," replied Watty, with his accustomed simplicity. "We are told to do good to them who hate us, and pay for them who spitefully persecute us." And he leered a grotesque look of simple enjology in the face of the golly man.

"I fear thou misquotest the Holy Book, Mr. Wylie," replied the minister. "We are asked to pray for our enemies, not to pay for them."

"Ay! ay!" ejaculated Watty in surprise. "Is it possible that that single letter 'R' should have cost a pair, simple body £500?"

The minister stared, and the people wondered; but, up to this day, none ever knew why simple Walter Wylie paid the debts of his enemy Harrison. —From the Glasgow Citizen.

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