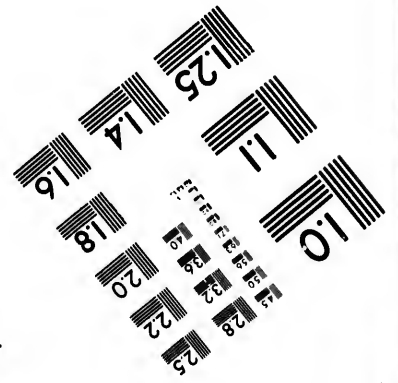
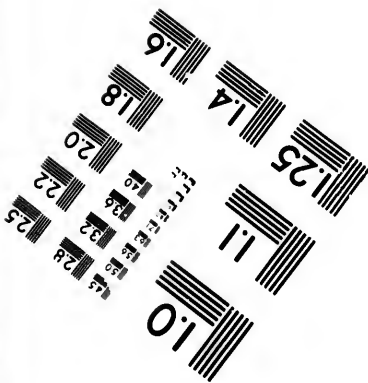
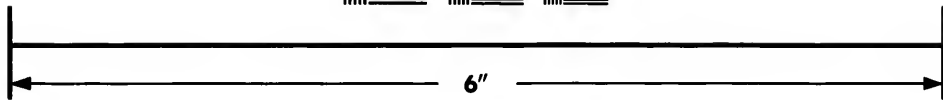
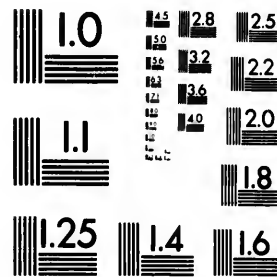


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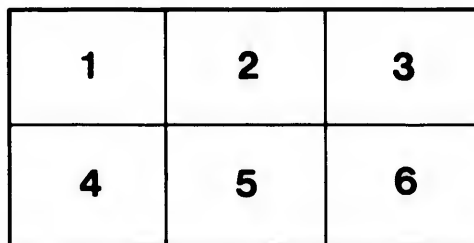
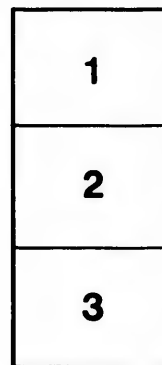
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THE
CRAZY QUILT SERIES.

No. 1. Vol. 1.

A COMPENDIUM OF
WIT, HUMOR AND PATHOS.

BY
"MATTHEW TWAIN."



Toronto :
XMAS, 1888.

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This is published for the sake of preserving many excellent and humorous writings that have appeared in the newspapers, etc., during the last forty years.

As a good dinner is made up of many viands, some for nourishment, and some for the palate, all properly seasoned and prepared, and is adorned with flowers and eaten to the accompaniment of music, so this "Crazy Quilt Series" is designed as a feast for the mind. In it the reader will find history and religion, humour and pathos, curious sayings and peculiar events, set out, while poetry adorns the whole, and mirth is ever present.

It is proposed to publish the series in pamphlet form, at a small price per number, so that the purchasers may keep each number, and have the same bound together, which will form a readable and curious book.

The name is suggestive. Everybody knows what a "crazy quilt" is, and it is only applying the same idea to literature, that took so great a hold on the quilting community.

The "proof of the pudding is in the eating," and it is safe to say that any person that buys this book and

reads it will be more than satisfied that he did not "pay too dear for the whistle."

With the hope that this series may increase the health and prosperity of all Canadians, and improve the robust personal appearance of many Americans,

I remain,

Yours, etc.,

"MATTHEW TWAIN,"

(A brother across the line of "Mark.")

TORONTO, XMAS, 1888.

The Children.

(Found in the desk of Charles Dickens at his death.)

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me
To bid me "good night" and be kissed ;
Oh the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace !
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine and love on my face !

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood too lovely to last ;
Of love that my heart will remember
When it wakes to the pulse of the past :
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin :
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

Oh, my heart grows weak as a woman's,
And the fountains of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths, steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go :
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempests of fate blowing wild ;
Oh there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child.

They are idols of hearts and of households,
They are angels of God in disguise,
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still beams in their eyes :
Oh those truants from earth and from heaven
They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

Seek not a life for the dear ones
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just as much shadow
To temper the flare of the sun ;

I would pray God to guard them from evil,
 But my prayer would bound back to myself.
 Ah ! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
 But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
 I have banished the rule of the rod ;
 I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
 They have taught me the goodness of God.
 My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
 Where I shut them from breaking a rule ;
 My frown is sufficient correction,
 My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn
 To traverse its threshold no more,
 Ah ! how I shall sigh for the dear ones
 That meet me each morn at the door.
 I shall miss the good nights and the kisses,
 And the gush of their innocent glee,
 The group on the green and the flowers
 That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at evening,
 Their song in the school and the street,
 I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
 And the tramp of their delicate feet.
 When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
 And death says the school is dismissed,
 May the little ones gather around me
 To bid me "good night" and be kissed.

—Charles Dickens.

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HISTORY OF BABYLON.

BILL NYE THINKS IT IS FRAUGHT WITH SADNESS.

WHY TOWNS DECAY—BABYLON COMPARED WITH CHEY-
ENNE, MINNEAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, AND OTHER
FLOURISHING TOWNS—HANGING GARDENS.

THE history of Babylon is fraught with sadness. It illustrates only too painfully that the people of a town make or mar its success rather than the natural resources and advantages it may possess on the start.

Thus Babylon, with 3,000 years the start of Minneapolis, is to-day a hole in the ground, while Minneapolis socks her XXXX flour into every corner of the globe, and the price of real estate would make a common dynasty totter on its throne.

Babylon is a good illustration of the decay of a town that does not keep up with the procession. Compare her to-day with Kansas City. While Babylon was the capital of Chaldaea 1,270 years before the birth of Christ, and Kansas City was organized so many years after that advent that many of the people there have forgotten all about it, Kansas City has doubled her population in ten years, while Babylon is simply a gothic hole in the ground.

Why did trade and emigration turn their backs upon Babylon and seek out Minneapolis, St. Paul, Kansas City, Omaha, and Toronto? Was it because they were blest with a bluer sky or a more genial sun? Not by any means. While Babylon lived upon what she had been, and neglected to advertise, other towns, with no history extending back into the mouldy past, whooped with an exceeding great whoop, and tore up the ground and shed

printers' ink and showed marked signs of vitality. That is the reason that Babylon is no more.

This life of ours is one of intense activity. We cannot rest long in idleness without inviting forgetfulness, death, and oblivion. "Babylon was probably the largest and most magnificent city of the ancient world." Isaiah, who lived about 300 years before Herodotus, and whose remarks are unusually free from local or political prejudice, refers to Babylon as "the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldean excellency," and yet while Cheyenne has the electric light and two daily papers, Babylon hasn't got so much as a skating rink.

A city fourteen miles square with a brick wall around it 355 feet high, she has quietly forgotten to advertise, and in turn she is also forgotten.

Babylon was remarkable for the two beautiful palaces, one on each side of the river, and the great temple of Belus. Connected with one of these palaces was a hanging garden, regarded by the Greeks as one of the seven wonders of the world, but that was prior to the erection of the Washington monument and civil service reform, and the Temperance movement.

There was a square of 400 Greek feet on each side. The Greek foot was not so long as the modern foot introduced by Miss Mills of Ohio. This garden was supported on several tiers of open arches, built one over the other, like the walls of a classic theatre, and sustaining at each stage or story a solid platform from which the arches of the next story sprang. This structure was also supported by the common council of Babylon, who came forward with the city funds, and helped to sustain the immense weight.

It is presumed that Nebuchadnezzar erected this garden before his mind became affected. The tower of Belus, supposed by historians with a good memory to have been 600 feet high, as there is still a red chalk mark in the sky where the top came, was a great thing in its way. I am

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glad I was not contiguous to it when it fell, and also that I had omitted being born prior to that time.

"When we turn from this picture of the past," says the historian, Rawlinson, referring to the beauties of Babylon, "to contemplate the present condition of the localities we are at first struck with astonishment with the small traces which remain of so vast and wonderful a metropolis. The broad walls of Babylon are utterly broken down. God has swept it with the besom of destruction."

One cannot help wondering why the use of the besom should have been abandoned. As we gaze upon the former site of Babylon we are forced to admit that the new besom sweeps clean. On its old site, no crumbling arches or broken columns are found to indicate her former beauty. Here and there huge heaps of debris alone indicate that her godless wealth, and wicked, selfish, indolent, enervating, ephemeral pomp, rose and defied the supreme laws to which the bloated, selfish millionaire, and the hardhanded, hungry laborer alike must bow, and they are dust to-day.

Babylon has fallen. I do not say this in a sensational way or to depreciate the value of real estate there, but from actual observation; and after a full investigation I assert without fear of successful contradiction, that Babylon has seen her best days. Her boomlet is busted, and, to use a political phrase, her oriental hide is on the Chaldean fence.

Such is life! We enter upon it reluctantly; we wade through it doubtfully, and die at last timidly. How we Americans do blow about what we can do before breakfast, and yet even in our own brief history how we have demonstrated what a little thing the common two-legged man is. He rises up rapidly to acquire much wealth, and if he delays about going to Canada, he goes to Sing Sing, and we forget about him. There are lots of modern Babylonians in New York city to-day, and if it were my business I would call their attention to it. The assertion that

gold will procure all things has been so popular and so common that too many consider first the bank account and after that honor, religion, humanity, and common decency. Even some of the churches have fallen into the notion that first comes the tall church then the debt and mortgage, the ice cream sociable and the kingdom of Heaven. Cash and Christianity go hand in hand sometimes, but Christianity ought not to confer respectability on anybody who comes into the church to purchase it.

I often think of the closing appeal of the old preacher, who was more earnest than refined perhaps, and in winding up his brief sermon on the Christian life, said; "A man may lose all his wealth and get poor and hungry and still recover; he may lose his health and come down close to the dark stream and still get well again, but when he loses his immortal soul, "it is good-bye John."

BILL NYE.

Hudson, Wisconsin, Nov. 25th.

Mother Shipton's Prophecy.

Every now and then, for these four hundred years and more, some one has brought to light the prophecy and memory of Mother Shipton. As event follows event in mechanical progress, her doggerel verses fall in so pat that they must needs be quoted. One of the predictions thereof—"Fire and Water shall wonders do" has come to pass time and again, and the latest fulfilment is in the Keely Motor. This Mother Shipton was one that would have taken high rank as a medium in our day; in hers, the fifteenth century, she was said to have been begotten, like the wizard Merlin, of the phantasm of Apollo, or some aerial demon under that guise, and a beautiful orphan Yorkshire girl named Agatha. She had the weird, lonely girlhood that the child of shame is apt to have, avoided or persecuted by those who should have been her

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mates. She was christened Ursula by the Abbot of Beverley, and grew up so eccentric and unnaturally shrewd that bye-and-bye this tradition, in those superstitious days, grew about her birth. She prophesied as she grew older, and even, "persons of quality" consulted her. She told the great Wolsey that he should never come to York, and, indeed, when within eight miles of it he was arrested by Northumberland at King Henry's orders, and brought to Leicester, where he died. Also, she is said to have foretold the great fire of London, the execution of Charles I., and many notable events of the Reformation and the reigns of Elizabeth and James. At the age of seventy-three she foretold her death, and at the hour predicted she died. Her name is a popular tradition in Yorkshire, even till this day, and the tradition is founded in part upon facts. Her famous prophecy is said to have been published in her lifetime, and again two hundred years ago; it was certainly published forty years ago, for it was seen in a book of that time by parties well known, and it was said to have been copied from an older book. Though most of the items are vague enough, some show a marked coincidence with remarkable events, such as the invention of steam, railway locomotives, tunnels, the telegraphs, ironclads, and the admission of Jews into Parliament (in 1858). Without further preface, these are the elegant lines:—

Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe,
Around the world thought shall fly,
In the twinkling of an eye,
Water shall yet more wonders do,
Now strange, but yet they shall be true ;
The world upside down shall be,
And gold be found at the root of a tree ;
Through the hills man shall ride,
And horse nor ass be at his side ;
Under water men shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk ;
In the air shall men be seen
In white, in blue, in green ;

Iron in the water shall float
 As easy as a wooden boat,
 Gold shall be found and shown
 In land that's now not known ;
 Fire and water shall wonders do ;
 England shall at last admit a Jew ;
 The end of the world shall come
 In eighteen hundred and ninety-one.

"A Hummer on Chickens,"

AND THE MAN WHO WAS LOOKING FOR A "CINSUNNATER"
 PAPER.

He was looking for a "Cinsunnater" paper. Several lay on the table right under his eyes, but he seemed unable to see them. He scattered five hundred exchanges upon the floor in hopeless confusion, but he never touched a "Cinsunner" paper. I was busy. A correspondent wanted to know if the inhabitants of the Land of Nod could properly be called Noddors, and I was searching some records of Adamite days hoping to find the desired information. I might have pointed out the "Cinsunnate" paper, but I didn't, because I was vexed by the fellow's persistent scratching among the exchanges. Just as I was about to call the janitor to put him out, he picked up a copy of a pamphlet sent out by the Georgia Poultry and Pet Stock Union. He scanned at its pages five minutes, I in the meantime reconsidering my intention to call the janitor.

"D' you ever know a fellow by the name o' Smith?" he suddenly inquired, with his right forefinger on the picture of a Shanghai rooster. "Absolum Smith was his full entitlements, but ev'rybody called him Ab for short. He lived down here in sou' west Georgy. He was a hummer on chickens. He had a chicken farm, biggest thing o' kind in Georgy. He never made much money, though,

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'cause the cholery had a way o' whackin' the life out o' his chickens just 'fore they way ripe for market. He beat the world on 'speriments, an' some o' 'em had the most 'sprisin' result ever you heard of."

In the expressive language of the feminine novelists, I was "as silent as the grave." The inhabitants of the Land of Nod were still holding my close attention.

"Ab had a notion," continued the fellow, that he could git up some sort o' new fangled fowles by setting a hen on a duck egg. He tried it, but it was a pow'ful long time 'fore the hen got done settin'. I disremember 'zactly how long 'twas, but it was nigh on to four months. When she did git done, there came out o' the egg a fowl that was chicken on one side an' duck on t'other."

"What became of the montrosity?" I asked, exhibiting feeble interest.

"Why," he replied, "when the fowel was three weeks old the duck part was bigger than the chicken part. One day the two parts had a fight. The duck part wanted to go an' swim in a pond o' water an' tuk the chicken part into the pond an' drowneded it. I do't know what become o' the duck part.

I returned to the inhabitants of the Land of Nod.

"There was another 'speriment tried by Ab," said the fellow, taking a fresh start," an' it was a success. He took a hen and stripped all the feathers off o' her. Then he set her on the biggest egg he could find. In 'zactly three weeks. an' three days she hatched out a chicken that didn't have a sign o' feathers on it, an' what's more it never has had. When the weather gits cold he wraps the chicken up in red flannel rags."

The inhabitants of the Land of Nod ceased to interest me. I turned around and listened.

"Ab had a common Georgy rooster," continued the fellow, "that was a curoosity. It had three legs. Ab 'lowed he'd try a 'speriment with it. He got a dozen eggs, put 'em in a nest, an' tied the rooster down over 'em. In-

about four weeks the twelve eggs were twelve roosters, an' I'll be everlastin'ly besmoodled if they didn't ev'ry one o' 'em have three legs. They was the most cur'ous fowles ever I saw."

"Did Ab try any other experiments?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "he beat the world on 'speriments. He had an old hen that was always wantin' to set on sweet potatoes. She'd leave a nest of eggs any day in the week to set on sweet potatoes. Ab got tired o' puttin' up with her foolishness, an' so one day in Jan'ry he put her to settin' on two dozen sweet potatoes. Long about the middle o' May Ab went an' looked at her. She was up in the air, about a foot an' a half from the ground. She'd hatched a tremenjous lot o' vines o' the sweet potatoes, an' they'd pushed her up. They wasn't such very big vines, sort o' slips you know. Ab give 'em away to his neighbors, 'cause he was 'fraid if he planted 'em hisself, they'd come up chickens."

The fellow put down the pamphlet of the Georgia Poultry and Pet stock Union, and began again to search among the exchanges in search of the "Cinsunnater" paper.

"Say, my friend I inquired, "From what part of the world are you?"

"I'm from down here in Sou'west Georgia," he replied.

"Are there many more there like you?"

"A right smart considerable lot of 'em."

"Are they acquainted with Ab?"

"Say," he said, not replying to the question, "th one o' Ab's 'speriments I was about to forgit. There was a feller up here in Atlanta, a railroad feller, that had a chicken farm. He heard o' Ab, an' sent him an egg he said come from China. Ab put a hen to sittin' on it, but she couldn't hatch it. But then he tried another, an' another, an' another, until he tried all the hens he had but one. That last hen was forty years old. She'd passed through the war, an' had been hunted 'round by nearly

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every soldier in Sherman's army. She was tough. She was accidently shot in the head with a musket once, but it didn't phase her. I disremember 'zactly, but it seems to me I heard she was in a barn, once, that was burned down. She come out just a little bit scorched. Oh, she was tougher'n a light'ood knot. When she saw that egg she shook her head and reffled her feathers. She meant business. She set herself down on it an' got ready to stay. There's no tellin' how much earnestness she put into that settin'. She did her duty an' don't you forgit it. She set on that egg six months an' then she got up an' cackled. She'd hatched out a lock an' key."

"What!" I exclaimed, "She hatched out a lock and key.?"

"Course she did, he replied, "she'd been sittin' on a white door knob, an' what else but a lock an' key could she hatch out?"

It is needless to add that I gave the fellow the "Cin-sunnater" paper for which he was looking, and then immediately conducted him to the elevator.

A Human Soul Exists.

At Least a Nebraska Man Claims that he Can Show it Scientifically.

He Asserts that Nature's Secret Has Been Laid Bare, and Tells How it was Done.

A STORY WHICH SOUNDS LIKE THE IMAGINATION OF A HASHEESH PARTAKER.

LINCOLN, Neb., Aug. 26.—[Special.]—A most remarkable discovery has recently developed in this city. It is of such an astounding nature that the correspondent hesitates to give the circumstances to the public on account

of being barred at present from giving names, although there is no good reason why it should not be done. However, the gentleman who has made the discovery requests it. This disclosure consists in proving beyond the possibility of a doubt, by scientific means, the existence of the human soul, laying bare the greatest secret of Nature, and proving the doctrine of eternal faith, "that the soul of man doth live," the disclosures and proofs of which will shortly startle and astonish the entire world.

For the sake of convenience the gentleman alluded to will be called Mr. Holland, a man of small stature, a mild eye, and thoughtful countenance, a devout Christian, possessing a peculiar belief that the soul of a man is a counterpart of the body itself; and in this theory of the dual man he sought the key of life and death. He reasoned that within this body of bone and sinew was yet another body existing in vapory form which death alone should free, and that by a simple microscopic device the dull sight of human eyes might penetrate the minutest particles of the air we breathe, and see the soul take form and flight to the boundaries of another world.

EUREKA!

His attention was first attracted to this, he says, by a man laying upon a sofa suffering with a pain in his foot, and yet there was no foot there to suffer, the leg having been amputated nearly to the hip. "For years," says Mr. Holland, "this incident ran through my mind, until at last I resolved upon an experiment. I procured the most powerful lenses I could find and completed an invention of my own, and when I had my light arranged perfectly so I could examine the microbes of the air, I called upon a friend who had lost his arm and explained that I wanted him to put his imaginary hand where I directed. He laughingly accompanied me to my rooms and did as I desired. The moment I adjusted the glass a world of revelation broke upon me. The dual hand lay beneath my glass! I asked him to make letters with

his imaginary finger. He did so, and to his wonder and astonishment I spelled out the sentences he wrote. That was conclusive evidence to me," continued Mr. Holland, "and you know the rest."

WATCHING FOR A SOUL.

The second experiment was one of the greatest difficulty—that of watching the soul itself take flight. The friends of dying men would not allow experiments, and, indeed, it would have been a delicate matter to ask it. Hospitals afforded opportunities, but physicians and attendants had no faith in the experiments of the quiet gentleman, whom they no doubt alluded to as "crank," so for nearly a year he was waiting and watching for a man ready to die.

The opportunity came at last; a consumptive wanderer from the East sought relief in the Western air. He fell penniless, and was about to be taken by the authorities to the county poor-house when Mr. Holland interposed and had him removed to his own home, to nurse and watch him die. Through many long hours of the night Mr. Holland sat by the bedside of his charge, fanning the spark of life lest it should go out in the night, when all efforts at the experiment would be lost, and leaving orders by day with his wife to call him the moment the patient seemed to be sinking.

THE WAY IT IS DONE.

The fated moment came about 10 o'clock yesterday morning. Stretched upon a low bedstead, with the death-rattle sounding in his throat, lay a young man of perhaps 23 years of age. Mr. Holland quietly motioned the correspondent to a seat and continued watching the features of the dying man with silent interest. Presently he arose and adjusted the curtains of the window so that a flood of light fell aslant the dying man. He wheeled from a corner of the room what looked like a photographer's camera, arranged the lenses to a focus, and then pro-

duced a large lens of some twelve inches in diameter and placed it in grooves made to fit behind the apparatus. The back part was then covered with a black cloth so as to obscure the light, and from time to time as the breathing of the man grew heavier Mr. Holland made inspections of the instrument.

At precisely 11:30 o'clock a sudden tremor passed through the body and he had ceased to breathe. Mr. Holland arose from the bedside and said in a whisper:

"Now is the time!"

Together Mr. Holland and the correspondent passed their heads under the black cloth and bent their eyes intently upon the glass. Particles of dust in the air were magnified several thousand times, and for a time their motion kept a perfect dazzle upon the glass.

THE SPIRIT FORM APPEARS.

Then as the vapor gathers into clouds, so an object appeared to be forming a foot above the body upon the bed. Particle seemed to seek particle, as by some molecular attraction, until an object was clearly distinguishable. It seemed the vapory form of a man rapidly assuming a more perfect shape, pure and colorless as the most delicate crystal. There was a moment of awful stillness, and a feeling came over me which I can never describe. We bent our eyes intently upon the glass until, particle by particle, the shapely form of a man had formed and lay floating a foot above, moored to the body by a slender cord of its own formation. The face took the shape of the dead man, but was beautiful in expression; the eyes were closed and the new formed being seemed as if it were asleep.

THE SILVER CORD BROKEN.

Presently the cord that held it to the clay parted, and a gentle tremor passed through the beautiful form—beautiful, indeed, for every limb was of the most perfect mold, such as earth has never beheld. The eyes of the spirit

opened and a ray of intelligence and of unspeakable joy passed over its face. It arose to a standing position and cast one sorrowful look at the tenantless clay that lay so still.

I stepped from behind the darkened apparatus and looked toward the spot where I knew the form was standing, but I beheld nothing. The earth reeled beneath me, I cried aloud, and fell fainting to the floor. When I again became conscious, Mr. Holland was bending over me; his face was of an ashen paleness.

"I mistook your strength," he said: "perhaps I should not have called you here. We have seen natural causes and effects. Death is but the beginning of life. Be careful, though, to whom you tell the story of this day; the world is incredulous, and to that is mainly due its ignorance."

The Hudson Bay Route.

DATES OF THE OPENING AND CLOSING OF NAVIGATION AT
YORK FACTORY, HUDSON'S BAY, FOR THE PAST FIFTY-
TWO YEARS.

The superintendent of the Meteorological Observatory here has received from Mr. W. Woods, the observer at York Factory, at the mouth of the Hayes river, on the west coast of Hudson's Bay, a register of the opening and closing of navigation there for the past fifty-two years. The information is important as bearing upon the question of the navigation of the Bay. The register was secured by the observer from various sources, and is stated by him to be accurate and reliable. From 1828 to 1838 the information comes from a private scientific journal. From 1838 to 1842 there was a blank, but the native residents supplied it either from memory or from private

records. From 1842 until 1874 private journals and records were relied on, and from 1874 until last year Mr. Woods' own register supplied the necessary information. The record is as follows:—

Year.	Date of Opening.	Date of Closing.
1828	June 1st.	Nov. 15th.
1829	May 10th.	Nov. 11th.
1830	" 17th.	Dec. 2nd.
1831	" 22nd.	Nov. 28th.
1832	" 25th.	" 26th.
1833	" 13th.	" 22nd.
1834	" 27th.	" 20th.
1835	" 24th.	" 18th.
1836	" 16th.	" 29th.
1837	" 11th.	" 25th.
1838	" 23rd.	" 22nd.
1839	" 22nd.	" 19th.
1840	" 12th.	" 16th.
1841	" 10th.	" 13th.
1842	" 17th.	" 11th.
1843	" 29th.	" 16th.
1844	" 13th to 20th	" 26th.
1845	" 22nd	" 24th.
1846	" 7th or 9th	" 25th.
1847	" 9th	" 15th.
1848	" 21st	" 28th.
1849	" 18th to 24th	" 27th.
1850	" 31st	" 28th.
1851	" 31st	Dec. 9th.
1852	" 16th.	Nov. 8th.
1853	" 26th to 30th.	" 9th.
1854	" 23rd.	" 16th.
1855	" 21st to 25th.	" 24th.
1856	" 20th to 22nd	" 19th.
1857	" 14th to 19th.	" 17th.
1858	" 24th	" 24th.
1859	" 13th.	" 16th.
1860	" 18th.	" 19th.
1861	" 22nd to 28th	" 16th.
1862	" 24th to 29th	" 24th.
1863	" 22nd.	" 30th.
1864	" 19th.	" 26th.

Year.	Date of Opening.	Date of Closing.
1865	May 16th.	Nov. 20th.
1866	" 14th.	" 28th.
1867	" 23rd to 28th.	" 24th.
1868	" 24th to 31st.	" 29th.
1869	" 25th	" 6th.
1870	" 11th.	" 27th.
1871	" 12th.	" 23rd.
1872	" 16th.	" 20th.
1873	" 14th.	" 18th.
1874	" 16th.	" 20th.
1875	" 19th.	" 15th.
1876	" 10th.	" 24th.
1877	" 20th.	" 15th to 20th.
1878	" 15th.	" 3rd.
1879	" 11th.	" 23rd.
1880	" 26th.	" 20th.

In many of these years note was taken of the first appearance of wild geese flying northward on the approach of spring, and they were seen always from eleven to twenty-five days ahead of the breaking up of the ice, as a rule about twenty days ahead.

The average date, according to the above, of the opening of navigation was May 20th. The extremes were May 9th and June 1st. The average date of closing was November 22nd; the extremes November 3rd and December 9th. It is proved, therefore, that there are six months of the year available for navigation in Hudson's Bay.

The Presidential Election of Tilden and Hayes, 1876:

HOW IT APPEARS FROM A DEMOCRATIC POINT OF VIEW
TO A SMART WOMAN.

I never until this Fall realized the debt we owe the press, and I never appreciated the advantages of living in a country that elects its own rulers. My husband is a Democrat, and my father, who boards with us, is a Re-

publican. On the 7th of November I took down my last winter's cloak, and I couldn't keep back the tears. That cloak cost \$25, but it was short, and of course I couldn't wear it this season. It didn't seem as if I could wear my double Paisley shawl all winter, but I thought of the sufferings of the poor, our heavy church debt, and of the many obligations William had to meet the 1st of January, and I concluded I wouldn't say a word about it. I might be a dowdy, but I would go calmly forward—up the church aisle—supported by the smiles of an approving conscience.

When William came home that night he said New York had gone for Tilden, and there was a glow upon his brow and a light within his eye I hadn't seen there for years. The biscuits were light as a feather, and said I: "William, what do you think I had better do about a cloak this winter? You know they don't wear short cloaks. I suppose you don't feel as if you could afford a new one?"

"See about it," said William, scraping the last drop of peach juice from his preserve plate. That's a dreadfully vulgar habit, and I've told William so over and over again, and I do wonder, that being a genuine, elegant Democrat, he will persist in it.

The next morning, when I passed through the sitting-room, William sat shivering over a closed registrar in his stocking-feet, his hair uncombed, but he cried out from the top of his paper, "Democratic victories everywhere?" "The country gone *en masse* for Tilden!" "Intense excitement and rejoicing!" We had waffles and maple molasses for breakfast, and I made the coffee myself. William had made one earnest dab at his head with the hair-brush, but had evidently missed. Father called for toast, and said he had neuralgic pains streaking all down the left side of his face. William read aloud soothing morsels from the Democratic paper, such as, "Indiana gives Tilden 10,000 majority."

"What do you think this morning about my having a new cloak, William?"

"Of course you can have a new cloak, if you need one. 'Full returns not yet received from Oregon, Nevada, Florida, and Louisiana, but they are undoubtedly ours?'"

"Um!" said father.

I felt a good deal of anxiety about family prayers. William isn't a professor. Father leads devotions, and I was afraid he would be too supplicatory; but he prayed mostly for the heathen, Jews, and such like, but didn't refer to the Democrats, and only once—just after the heathen—alluded to our suffering country.

When William came up to dinner he said returns of Democratic majorities were pouring in from all quarters, and said I:—"William, I've been thinking the matter over, and I do believe it would be the best economy to buy a fur cloak. Everybody is wearing fur. It might cost more at first, but it would be cheapest in the end; fur is so durable."

"How much will it cost?"

"Mrs. Col. Tucker's sealskin sacque was \$200 last winter, but I don't feel as if, in our circumstances, we can afford that. Furs are cheaper than last fall, and I think I could get a good, desirable article, not so rich as some, but still good enough for people in our circumstances, for \$150."

"Um!" said father.

William had taken out a blank cheque, and was reflecting, when in whisked the President of the Democratic Club, and said Florida and South Carolina had gone for Tilden, and William was wanted down to the club room to see about the illumination. He filled out the cheque, and I immediately went down street and selected the cloak.

That evening a shade of anxiety—a scarcely perceptible tinge of melancholy—had settled on William's countenance, while father's neuralgia was better. William

asked if I had done anything about my cloak, and, if I hadn't, he should suggest waiting awhile; furs might be cheaper. He said, when I asked him about it, the illumination had been postponed.

The next morning I heard the boys in the street screaming that Hayes was elected, and when I went down father was sitting on the front stairs coatless, and with his vest on one shoulder, while William balanced himself on the edge of the hat-stand. Both patriots were stocking-footed. They had just taken in the morning papers. Very little conversation was made at the breakfast-table, but father was extremely polite to William, and said he did not know when he had eaten buckwheat cakes that tasted so much as they did when he was a boy.

At noon William didn't stay to dessert, but father, having eaten his own pudding, drew William's untasted plate to himself.

The tears were welling to my eyes, and father kindly inquired why I wept.

"I've been thinking my old hat fixed over won't look at all suitable with my new cloak, but William is so blue I can't bear to ask him for more money."

"Mercy on me!" said father, "don't cry over a bonnet. Go down and get what you want and bring the bill to me."

My hat was to be of seal brown. "Two feathers or three?" asked the milliner. I thought of the hundreds out of employment, of the destitution and want the winter would behold, of the vanity and pride of dress, but while I hesitated a newsboy, just out with the afternoon papers, yelled: "Florida and Louisiana both sure for Hayes!" I knew how father would feel, and said: "O, three, certainly."

For two or three days there was a look, not so much of pure melancholy as of gloom, wrath, and vengeance commingled in William's countenance, and he sprinkled pepper on his beefsteak fearfully. Father said that he await-

ed the action of the Louisiana Returning Bureau with confidence in their integrity, and sipped his tea with a spoon. I never knew father to sip his tea before with a spoon in my life.

By and by it was reported that election names had been omitted from Republican votes in Louisiana and father said there was a chill in these November days that struck to the very marrow, and William said he intended to arrange his business so that he could spend two or three weeks of winter in some Southern clime, say in Georgia or Louisiana. That afternoon I went shopping, and at tea time laid on the cloth four or five samples of seal-brown merino.

"William," said I, "which of those do you call the best piece of goods?"

His opinion coincided with mine. I held two bits off at a distance. "Ever so many women that I know have dresses off that piece," said I. I laid the bits down and sighed. Then I held them off again and said, "How dreadful it is to be poor!"

"If you want a dress so badly, get it, Mary Ann," said William.

"I really don't know, as in our circumstances I ought, William."

"If there's anything I hate to see it is a shabbily dressed woman—get it." So, in order to satisfy William, I had to get the merino.

Since that time Hayes has been sometimes elected and sometimes Tilden. Disguises have fallen off in our family, and though my father and William treat each other with forced politeness, such words as "corruption," "nigger," "bull-dozed," have become familiar language in what I once hoped would be a refined Christian household.

"William," said I, as I rung for more baked potatoes one morning, "I never allowed myself to read the Beecher scandal—much as I wanted to—and if it was worse than this I'm glad I didn't."

One day, when Louisiana went for Hayes, father promised me a new parlor carpet. If the question isn't settled soon I think I can easily get the house refurnished, and perhaps have a new China set and a silver dessert service. I am so sorry the Centennial is closed, for I know I could just as well spend another fortnight in Philadelphia, and I do believe I could have that lovely pink coral set I wanted so badly.

I don't understand politics, but I am so glad I live under a Republican form of Government, and I do feel sure, if any one makes good resolutions and tries to be economical, and really means to be a good wife and daughter, a way will open out of difficulties.

King Faro.

(This is written for Sunday School Teachers and for Inspector Archibald.)

A teacher in the Sunday School
Had taught her scholars few
The truths which scholars ought to know
Who read the Bible through.

But on the day herein set down
A new one had come in—
A little lad with keen bright eyes,
And innocent of sin.

The teacher asked them all around
Such questions as she thought
Would fit their minds, and bring about
The object that she sought.

They knew of Adam and his sin,
Of Paul and Peter, too ;
Of Jacob, Joseph, David, Saul,
And him his brother slew.

And then the teacher asked her class
If all one could tell
Who Pharaoh was. "Of course, she said,
"You know that very well."

But strange to say, no hand arose,
And silence, with a blow,
Had struck the class, and not a one
The answer seemed to know.

At last the new boy's hand went up—
"Well, who was Pharaoh, lad?"
The teacher smiled—the new boy said:
"Twas him that busted dad."

Ghostly Wedding.

TWO SPOOKS CALL ON A MAGISTRATE AT MIDNIGHT AND
INSIST ON HIS UNITING THEM IN MARRIAGE THERE
AND THEN.

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—How remarkably the evidences
of the existence of a Spiritual sphere about us accumu-
late! Still they come, these spectral messengers, to teach
us that there are more truths under the sun than science
takes cognizance of. Here is another:

The village of Farmingdale, Queen's County, L. I., is a
suburb of the rapidly growing City of Brooklyn. Its
people are of the most conservative nature, mostly de-
scendants from the old Puritan fathers, who came here
before the revolution, and Presbyterians almost to a man.
All are very much excited at present over the occurrence
of a remarkable Spiritual manifestation that came to light
without the presence in their midst of a medium. Three
days ago a Cincinnati correspondent received a letter from
his aunt who lives in the village mentioned, requesting him
to come down and hear the remarkable ghost story. On

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arriving at Farmingdale the following is the story which he heard, and which is authenticated by the persons before whose eyes the strange event occurred :

John J. Powel, Esq., is Civil Magistrate for the village, or rather he is Justice of the Peace. He is a member in high standing of the church, and is every way reliable. He is a married man and has several grown children. He lives in a large old-fashioned house surrounded by tall spruce and elm trees, with a high stone wall around the lawn. Last week, one night, he had retired to bed and got into a doze. Mrs. Powel was sleeping soundly. There was no light in the room, but the moon, half-way up the sky was sending a broad beam of ghostly light into the east window. Everything was as still as a country town usually is, but a slight moaning wind that tossed about the leafy spruce tree boughs. Suddenly Mr. Powel awoke with a start from his doze. He had heard a door open. What could it be that made that noise? He thought of thieves, and quickly arose, and was pulling on his clothing when he heard a light tread of feet to his door. He stopped breathing in his anxiety, for he thought he was about to be robbed. On came the tread to his door, which was quickly thrown open, and in an instant almost was closed again. Did anyone enter? Mr. Powell asked himself, for he could see no one; but his doubt was soon settled in the affirmative. Something at least, did enter, for he still heard the light tread of footsteps on the carpet approaching him, but could see nothing. Did his eyes belie him, or did he see two feet without body approaching? His hair he says bristled up and his spine verily crept—a nameless horror seized him. Ghosts, thought he, is it possible there are such things? Suddenly, the tread passed into the broad moonbeams from the window. Now was the marvel revealed? The greenish moonlight lit up the outlines of two persons—shadows that were perfectly transparent, and seemed to reveal a ghostly gleam only on their outlines,—a man and

a woman—both young, both handsome—and as their spectral forms became more materialized on passing out of the moonlight Mr. Powel thought he could recognize both their faces. Soon he was sure of it and in a moment more they both confronted him, no longer looking like ghosts, however, and no one seeing them then would have believed that they were not entirely human, in fact, dwellers upon earth. In spite of what he had already seen, Mr. Powel began to think that he was being played a trick upon, but, on looking again, after rubbing he saw that they could not be human, as both to his knowledge had been dead nearly a year. This only increased his horror, but he gathered strength to speak to them, which somehow he remembered was the proper thing to do on such an occasion.

"What—do—you want?" stammered he.

"We want to be married!" was the answer, which the more greatly horrified the Squire. "Married!" he echoed.

"Yes, married, and quickly, in the most binding form known to the law. We haven't any time to lose, either."

"But you must have at least one witness," said the Squire, hoping he had found a good idea.

"Well, then, take Mrs. Powel," said the would-be ghostly bridegroom; and not waiting for the Squire to do so, he approached the bed and shook Mrs. Powel's arm quite sharply. She at once awoke, and on seeing so strange a sight, gave a piercing shriek. "Be still," said the ghost. "You will not be hurt, you are needed for a few minutes." By this time she had awakened, and was looking at her husband. He returned her gaze, as he says, "without flinching," and simply said, "My dear, those people want to be married, and you are needed as a witness."

"What! Katie Baylis and John Van Sise here, and want to be married? La! I thought they had died more than a year ago." "Well, however, they are here now, and I'm going to hitch them as soon as I can, dead

or alive," said the Squire, growing desperate. "Shall I light the lamp?" "No! no!" said the ghosts, "for you cannot see us if you do; but proceed at once with the marriage."

Squire Powel told the ghosts to join hands and stand before him. Then he proceeded with the usual formula until it came to until death do us part, which was left out as unnecessary. Then the groom produced a blank marriage certificate, which all present signed, and which the bride put into her bosom.

"Is that all there is to it?" said the groom. "Yes," answered the Squire; except the magistrate usually kisses the bride," added he, forgetting the ghostly character of the contracting parties, and remembering, perhaps, occasions in which he had availed himself of this privilege. "Then the bride must be kissed," said the groom. This at once brought the Squire to his senses, and made his hair raise again. "Kiss the bride!" he echoed. The bride stepped forward at this, evidently thinking it an invitation. She brought her face to his, and with a desperate endeavor he gave her a proper kiss. As his lips met hers, he says, a terrible coldness seemed poured into him. He felt as though he was dying, but almost at once recovered himself. "Is there anything else?" asked the groom. "Nothing," answered the Squire, faintly. "And now I suppose you would both like to know what this is for. There is no reason why you should not. You already know the story of our guilty intercourse while we were alive on earth, and that it resulted in our deaths. We are now in the Spirit World, which is far more like the earth than is usually supposed, only we have greater privileges and powers, but the man who does not marry when on earth cannot marry in the spirit form, and must live apart from all the married, who inhabit a higher sphere, and will in the end inherit greater powers than the unmarried, but I can't explain this, as it is not to be revealed. However, when we

died we left a son, born to shame, and, without our marriage, which you have solemnized, to be a bastard for ever. As we are now for the time being in material form we are able to contract marriage by the laws of mortals, and this marriage will be recorded as perfectly lawful."

By the time he had finished this long speech he had perceptibly grown less material, and in a few minutes both bride and groom had faded away.

Such is the story which Mrs. Powel told on the next day, and her husband confirmed it in every particular.

The story of the lives of John Van Sise and Katie Baylis is quite romantic. John Van Sise was the son of a poor farmer in the neighborhood. Katie was the daughter of a well-to-do country gentleman, a retired merchant. They fell in love. Their parents were dead against their marriage, and it was the old story that followed. Love was too strong for parents or any other bonds. They met constantly. At last Katie gave birth to an illegitimate child, still alive. She died in childbirth. John died soon after of what was called by the neighbors hasty consumption, but his friends knew it was of a broken heart.

"M. Quad's" Vagabond.

"I used to try and figure on how much longer he could hold out," writes M. Quad in the *Detroit Free Press*. "He was a man of fifty when I first knew him, and drink and exposure had then made a wreck of him. It's singular about these tramps and vagabonds. Once in a while there's something in one of them which will make you take to him in spite of his rags and vice and drunkenness. Old Jack was uncouth, red-faced and ragged, but he came in with his hat in his hand, and made every effort to keep his legs under him as he said:

"In case you can overlook my present condition, I should like to be given a show."

He got it. Thereafter he attached himself to me. I became his banker. The feeling gradually grew upon him that, no matter how luck went with him, he had a reserve to fall back upon. It put him above other vagabonds in point of independence. He invariably used the same words and sentence in addressing me, and I never replied with a word. For the first five or six weeks he went over the whole sentence as I have given it above. Then, as he felt that formality could be dispensed with, he abbreviated to:

"Overlook my condish and lend me a dime."

It meant the same thing and saved time. He had three regular days in the week for coming, and many a time I have stopped at the post office to get change so that he should not be disappointed. The police got hold of him one night and ran him in, and he was sent up for thirty days as a vag. I saved out his dimes at regular intervals, piling them up in a pigeon-hole, and on the day he came out he came to see me. There had been a break in our arrangements, and he felt that an explanation was due me. He began clearing his throat to make it, but I handed over the money. He slowly counted it over, found the sum correct, and went out with the observation:

"We does business on a reg'lar system, we does."

As time went by and he felt himself more solid, he abbreviated his "opening address" still farther. He came in, steadied himself on the corner of the desk and said:

"Present condish—10 cents."

He acted as if he expected a kick or a protest on my part, but there was none. I don't think he ever satisfied himself as to my motive in giving. For a long while he must have argued that I was baiting a trap for him, and would some day read him a lecture on temperance and industry, but as the days went by and nothing of the sort occurred he felt more at ease. On several occasions he

waited a minute, as if anxious to have me ask why he didn't brace up and become a different and a better man, but I didn't do it.

Old Jack finally became jealous of me. That is, he was jealous of his income. One day there was a wrangle in the hallway. A strange vagabond had come up to hit somebody for a dime, and old Jack had followed after to say to him:

"Who yer going to strike, because I've got rights up here?"

"Who be you as talks so big? Do you own this foundry?"

"I say I've got rights as no bundle of bones must interfere with! You skip!"

"I won't!"

"Then I'll make you!"

And the strange tramp was hustled down stairs in a manner to damage every square inch of his anatomy. On another occasion, when I was conversing with an old vag on the market, my friend happened to pass. He didn't proceed to violence, but he gave me such a look of reproach that I felt it for a week. There was that in the look which accused me of an intention to swap vags and secure a cheaper one, but after a week or two old Jack evidently realized that it was only a chance meeting, and that I was not to blame.

One regular pay day I again missed him. He was always on time to the minute, and when he did not show up I was somewhat alarmed. Had the police run him in again? Had the end finally come? I was waiting and wondering when a bit of a bootblack appeared and handed me a piece of brown wrapping paper on which was scrawled:

"Condish—ten."

Thereafter, every pay day for the next three weeks, the boy came for the money. Neither of us asked a question, but I suspected old Jack was laid up somewhere

with sickness. After the third week the boy ceased to come, nor could I hear of the old man. His salary was regularly laid aside for him for six weeks, and then I started one day to hunt him up. After a long search I found him in a river-side hovel. He had been wild and delirious for many days, and had come out of it only to die. He lay on a bed of rags, his face pinched and drawn and pale, and as I bent over him, I was hardly sure of his identity. He knew me at once, and as I took his hand, he whispered :

"Condish—ten !"

I put his salary into his palm, and he died grasping it. And now I wonder if he did not say at Heaven's gate :

"In case you can overlook my present condition, I should like to be given a show."

Are There Any Like Them in Toronto?

The *New York Journal of Commerce* published the following in answer to a correspondent's query :

The epigram asked for is not as ancient as our correspondent supposes. It first appeared in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for August, 1784, where it read as follows :

"To cheat the public two contractors come,
One deals in corn, the other deals in rum ;
The greater rogue 'tis hard to ascertain,
The rogue in spirit, or the rogue in grain."

It was signed T. W., afterwards ascertained to stand for Thomas Warton, a well-known wit and writer of that day. It was written upon two brothers named Atkinson, one of whom (Christopher) was afterwards fined \$2,000 and condemned to stand in the pillory near the Corn Exchange for his misconduct in grain. This warning might be repeated for the benefit of some dealers in our day.

At The Telephone.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, standing before the telephone and preparing to explain its mysteries and advantages to his wife—"now, my dear, this is going to prove the most convenient thing we ever had in the house. When I want to talk to any one, I just turn this crank and say, 'Hello, hello,' and the girl at the central says, 'Hello, hello!' and I tell her who I want, and she calls him up. Now, I'll ask for Mr. Specklewottle." And Mr. Spoopendyke turned the crank, utterly forgetting to press the button that makes the connection.

"What does he say?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, cocking her head to one side, as a woman always does when her husband is trying to listen.

"He don't say anything yet," growled Mr. Spoopendyke. "He ain't like you. He waits until he has got something important on his mind, and then he says it. Hello, hello!" roared Mr. Spoopendyke, giving the crank a vicious twist and glaring into the enunciator with a vindictive look. "Now you keep that mouth of yours tied up, or you're liable to lose it some day!" with which doleful prognostication, Mr. Spoopendyke rattled away at the crank, and awaited some sign of life at the other end.

"I suppose it is really that girl's fault," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, sniffing at the instrument as though she smelled the young lady from afar, and found her no better than she ought to be. "I don't suppose she's there at all. More likely she's gagging around somewhere."

"What'd ye want to talk just then for?" howled Mr. Spoopendyke. "What's your measly object in breaking out with the conversational small-pox at that critical juncture? Don't you know she was just beginning to talk, and you made me lose her? I tell you one thing," added Mr. Spoopendyke, with impressive solemnity, "if

you don't shut your mouth once in a while, the moths will get in there and make you trouble."

"If she'd only just commenced to talk, you haven't lost her," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke, wrinkling her nose. "You'll have no trouble with her if she's got started."

"Hello, hello! call up Mr. Specklewottle!" bawled Mr. Spoopendyke apparently convinced by his wife's manner or his own experience. "There, she's gone. No use for me to try anything when you're around. Another time I want to talk through a telephone I'll take it over in a vacant lot! Do you know of anything that will keep you quiet for a moment?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke, his wrath rising as he contemplated his ill usage. "Never mind the expense. Just name the article! Why didn't you tell me, when you referred me to your measly old dad, that I was proposing marriage to a dod gasted steam dictionary?"

"Say, dear, can I talk through it?" cooed Mrs. Spoopendyke, anxious to disarm her husband.

"Is there anything you can't talk through?" squealed Mr. Spoopendyke, beginning to realize that there was something about the telephone that he did not thoroughly understand. "When I get a telephone for you, the diaphragm will be of doubled and twisted wrought steel with railroad tracks for wires, and I don't believe that will last more'n an hour and a half! Hello, hello-o-o! wake up and call up Specklewottle, dod gast ye!" and Mr. Spoopendyke rattled away at the crank until his arm ached.

"Be patient, dear. You said she'd gone, and it's a long way around to Mr. Specklewottle's house. Perhaps he isn't home and she's waiting for him."

"That's the way it works, eh!" shrieked Mr. Spoopendyke, glaring at his wife. "It took you to get hold of it! When I call that girl she goes home to dinner, and along in the evening she goes around to Specklewottle's house and brings him here in a hack! That your idea of it?"

Or p'raps you've got some sort of a notion that she runs the wire through Specklewottle, turns on the current and slams him right up here through the side of the house! That your idea? Well, she don't, and she don't break her back trying to make a dod gasted idiot of herself, like some women!"

"I think I understand how it works," faltered Mrs. Spoopendyke. "You say, 'Yellow, yellow—!'"

"There's the combination!" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke. "You got your work in that time! Why didn't you tell me I was bringing this thing home to the inventor? What'd you want to let me stand up here and explain this thing to the only comprehensive brain that ever tackled it for? You've got it! With what you know now and what you've got to find out, you only need a wig and a law-suit to be the whole science of electricity. I tell ye this is the way it works!" and Mr. Spoopendyke brought the box a kick that splintered it. "See it work?" he demanded, pulling at the wires until they cut his hands. "Watch it, while I convey your regards to the other lunatics!" and he danced on the remnants of the instrument and smashed the fragments against the wall.

"Never mind, dear," remonstrated Mrs. Spoopendyke, puttering around after him and trying to soothe him. "When we want Mr. Specklewottle again, we'll just send a servant around after him. That'll be much nicer than trusting to a nasty wire, and I know there was a draught through that box, for I could feel it as soon as it come in the room."

"Oh, you could feel it!" roared Mr. Spoopendyke, rather wondering how he was going to account to the Company for the destruction of his box. "If I had your sensitiveness and an onion, I'd hire out as a dod gasted orchid!" and with this culminating sarcasm, Mr. Spoopendyke crushed his hat over his ears and rushed around to Mr. Specklewottle's to see what had better be done about the matter.

"I don't care," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she flopped down on the floor to pick up the pieces of the wrecked telephone box; "he'll not have any opportunity for standing up here and talking to that girl until his legs are tired," and with this sage expression of her satisfaction over the result of the experiment, Mrs. Spoopendyke broke off the ends of the bent wires and laid them away to crimp her hair on.

High Steeples.

THE following are the heights in feet of a few of the tallest steeples :—

Washington Monument	555
Cologne Cathedral	511
St. Nicholas, Hamburg	473
Strasburg Cathedral	468
Notre Dame, Rouen	465
St. Peter's, Rome	455
Pyramid of Cheops, Cairo (original height 480)	450
St. Stephen's, Vienna	449
Pyramid of Chefren, Cairo	447
St. Martin's, Landshut	435
St. Michael's, Hamburg	428
Amiens Cathedral	422
Salisbury Cathedral	410
Antwerp Cathedral	402
Lubeck Cathedral	395
Hotel de Ville, Brussels	370
St. Paul's, London	365
Milan Cathedral	355
Florence Cathedral	352
Utrecht Cathedral (formerly 354)	338

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St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York (to be when completed)	330
Campanile, Venice	322
St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, Ont.	316
The Capitol, Washington	307
Lincoln Cathedral	300
Campanile, or Giotto's Tower, Florence	292
Trinity Church, New York	284
Minaret of Mosque of Sultan Hassan (highest Mohammedan minaret in the world), Cairo	282
Leaning Tower, Bologna	272
Notre Dame, Paris	224
English Cathedral, Montreal	224
Bunker Hill Monument, Boston	221
Notre Dame Cathedral, Montreal	220
Washington Monument, Baltimore	210
Leaning Tower, Pisa	179

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Rehearsing for Private Theatricals.

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"Now, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, opening the book and assuming the correct dramatic scowl—"now my dear, we'll rehearse our parts for Specklewottle's theatricals. I'm to be Hamlet and you're to be the Queen, and we want this thing to go off about right. The hardest part we have to play together is where I accuse you of poisoning my father, and we'd better try that until we get it perfect. I'll commence:

"'Now, mother, what's the matter?'"

"Well, I was thinking whether I had better wear my black silk or my maroon suit," returned Mrs. Spoopendyke, sticking her finger into her mouth reflectively. "Do queens wear—"

"Will you be kind enough to tell me what pack of cards you got that idea of a queen from?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke, fixing his wife's eye with a glare. "Do you suppose that queen sent for Hamlet to get his opinion about bargains in dry goods? When I say that you must say,

"'Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended!'"

"Oh, I understand," pleaded Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I thought you asked me what I was thinking about. I didn't know you had commenced to play. Try it again."

"Well, you be careful this time," recommended Mr. Spoopendyke, in a tone of solemn warning. "This is a play, this is. Think you know the difference between a play and a bankrupt sale? Know the distinction between a play and a millinery-shop opening? Now, I'll begin again and you try to do it decently."

"Now, mother, what's the matter!'"

"There's nothing the matter now," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke, straightening up and preparing to be queen as soon as her turn came. "Go on, dear. I understand it now."

"Say it, can't ye!" thundered Mr. Spoopendyke. "Haven't ye studied this business? Don't ye know your dod gasted part?"

"What shall I say, dear?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, looking at her husband with a dazed expression.

"Say!" roared Mr. Spoopendyke. "Sing a hymn! If you don't know your part, get off a psalm! Didn't I tell you what to say? Look here," and Mr. Spoopendyke lowered his voice to the intense pitch. "Have you ever read this play? Have you conceived any kind of a notion of what it's all about?"

"Why, yes," faltered Mrs. Spoopendyke. "You come in and stab Mr. Specklewottle behind the ears and I scream. Isn't that right, dear?"

"Hear her!" moaned Mr. Spoopendyke, frothing at the mouth. "Stab Specklewottle behind the ears! That's

all right; now you scream! Scream, why don't you? You know so much about your measly part, why don't you play it?"

"We-e-e-e!" squealed Mrs. Spoopendyke, faithfully following instructions. I knew I could do it right as soon as you showed me how. Will that do?"

"Oh, that was queenly!" snorted Mr. Spoopendyke, flopping into a chair and regarding his wife with rolling eyes. Just do that again! Four of those dramatic efforts will make this play the greatest of modern entertainments! Do it once more!"

"It hurts my throat," complained Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Can't we make it do with one scream, dear?"

"Mrs. Spoopendyke," said her husband with unnatural calmness, "there's been some mistake made in this thing. You should have been cast for Ophelia. That was the part intended for you."

"I would just as soon play it," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, who failed to see the drift of her husband's remark. "What does he do?"

"He was an idiot from his birth and afterwards went crazy," explained Mr. Spoopendyke. "That was the part for you."

"Then I'd rather be Queen," retorted Mrs. Spoopendyke, bridling a little. "Now, dear, let's commence all over and I'll do it right this time."

"You can't do it worse," growled Mr. Spoopendyke. "I'll try it once more, just to see what kind of foolishness you can work off."

"Now, mother, what's the matter?"

"We-e-e-e," giggled Mrs. Spoopendyke, satisfied that she was perfect this time. "Hamlet, oh, Hamlet! we-e-e-e-e-e!"

"Turn it off!" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke, springing from his chair and capering around the room as though a snake had bitten him. "Be quick and break off the end! What's the matter?"

"We-e-e-e!" squealed Mrs. Spoopendyke, profoundly impressed with the idea that the play was still in progress, and that she had at last mastered the intricacies of her part.

"What's the matter with you, anyway?" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, slamming the book across the room and dancing up to his wife.

"We-e-e-e!" continued Mrs. Spoopendyke, flattered with her success and glancing admiringly at her husband. "My dear, you are just splendid as Hamlet. You should have been an actor."

"Will ye ever shut up?" gasped Mr. Spoopendyke, madder than ever to think his wrath was mistaken for acting. Who ever told ye to yell like that? Don't ye know anything at all scarcely? Think Hamlet's a lunatic asylum? Got some kind of a notion that the Queen's a fog horn? Where'd ye get your idea of this thing, anyway?"

"I did just as you told me dear," argued Mrs. Spoopendyke, completely taken aback by her husband's criticism. "You said I was to scream when you asked me what the matter was. Didn't I do it right?"

"Oh, that was right!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke. "You struck the key-note of high art both times! With tha yell and your knowledge of the text all you want now i a fire and a free list to be a dod gasted theatre with a restaurant attachment! The first time a show comes around this way I'm going to fit you out with a hair trunk and a pair of hoofs and start you for a menagerie! Such talent as that can't be wasted on any cheap Shakespeare plays while I've got the money and influence to get you a job in the legitimate circus!" and Mr. Spoopendyke kicked the book through the window, peeled himself like a potato and drove into bed with a flop like a whale.

"I don't care," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, cutting some paper into little squares to paste over her montagues. "I don't think they would let me wear my lace bonnet as a queen, anyway, and if I don't play I can sit

in the audience with it on, and that's a great deal better than being a queen and squealing like a pig every time any one asks me what is the matter. I'd go round and get Mrs. Specklewottle to be queen, but she owes me a call, and I'm afraid they'll have to get along with Mr. Specklewottle and Hamlet," and having disposed of the theatricals to her satisfaction, Mrs. Spoopendyke rustled into bed and dreamed all night that she was playing queen somewhere in her bed-gown, while Mrs. Specklewottle sat in the audience with a new hat and dress and applauded Mr. Spoopendyke for the masterly manner in which he stabbed Mr. Specklewottle "behind the ears."

How to Calculate Interest, and What it Will Do.

THE following rules are so simple and so true, according to all business usages, that every banker, broker, merchant or clerk, should post them up for reference. There being no such thing as a fraction in it, there is scarcely any liability to error or mistake :—

SIX PER CENT.—Multiply any given number of days of interest desired by the principal; separate the right hand figure and divide by six; the result is the true interest, in cents, on such sum for such number of days at six per cent.

EIGHT PER CENT.—Multiply any given amount for the number of days upon which it is desired to ascertain the interest, and divide by forty-five, and the result will be the interest on such sum for the time required, at eight per cent.

TEN PER CENT.—Multiply the same as above and divide by thirty-six, and the result will be the amount of interest on such sum for the time required, at ten per cent.

WHAT IT WILL DO.—If a mechanic or clerk save only two and three-quarter cents per day from the time he is twenty-one until he is three-score, the aggregate, with interest, will amount to \$2,900, and a daily saving of 27½ cents reaches the important sum of \$29,000. A sixpence saved daily will provide a fund of \$7,000, sufficient to buy a farm. Every person should provide for old age, and the man in business who can lay by a dollar a day will eventually find himself possessed of over \$100,000.

"Be Jingo."

A POEM WRITTEN ON THE RIEL REBELLION OF 1885.

In March, 1885, the country was startled by the electric flash which told Canada that rebellion headed by Riel had broken out on the South Saskatchewan. The Canadian Pacific Railway was not finished, there being a break on the North Shore of Lake Huron. Batoche and Duck Lake were nearly 200 miles from the main line of the Canadian Pacific. There were about 30,000 Indians in the country, and the Half Breeds in rebellion were closely allied to them.

Of the regiments that went to the front, the Grenadiers and Queen's Own of Toronto considered themselves as good if not better than any, and between the regiments themselves there was a good deal of friendly rivalry. It will not be necessary to detail the history of the struggle, to tell how the Grenadiers were ordered to Duck Lake and Batoche, while the Queen's Own had another section of country in which was Cut Knife Hill, and how the only real battle was at Batoche. Suffice it to say, they all did nobly, and when they came back the demonstration that Toronto gave them showed how they were esteemed,

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The following humorous verses were written by the "Khan," and published in the "*Telegram*":

"Be Jingo."

I like to see the Grenadiers,
The boys I mean that swept the west,
Stand up and tell of scenes of war,
With kindling eye and martial crest,
Of fearful scenes that they've gone through ;
Of things they did and didn't do.

Be Jingo, we were at Batoche,
And "fit" at Fish Creek too, By Gosh !

I like the flush of honest pride,
I like to mark their martial air,
I like the broad and swelling breast—
The forage cap set on a hair.
You talk to them of Cut Knife Hill,
The answer thro' your soul would thrill ;

Be Jingo, we were at Batoche,
And "fit" at Fish Creek too, By Gosh !

And when they climb the Golden Stairs,
And meet the men of Waterloo,
When those begin again to tell
How they made Bonaparte look blue,
The boys will simply wait awhile,
Then answer with a withering smile :

Be Jingo, we were at Batoche,
And "fit" at Fish Creek too, By Gosh !

A Child in the Storm.

"Won't you come home now, father, please?" she said.
Her voice was low and childish, and the sweet, upturned
face was pale and quivering with some hardly suppressed
emotion — but the man toward whom the appeal and
agony were directed took little notice of either,

"Why do you bother me?" he said, impatiently, "Go home. I'll come when I'm ready," and regaining with an effort his uncertain balance, he left her.

"The girl looked after him wistfully, then, as his form was lost to her view in the crowded room, with a deep despairing sigh she turned and left the place. Outside the electric lights streamed full upon her slender figure as she hesitated a moment before descending the step. The night was cold and stormy. An icy sleet was falling, driven in every direction by the capricious and fitful wind gusts, and the few pedestrians who were abroad hurried on their way anxious to gain shelter. The girl alone appeared unconscious of the discomforts of the weather.

"So late," she murmured. "Oh! I cannot go home without him;" and now she turned swiftly and retraced her steps. She paused not a moment on the threshold; evidently she feared her own resolution. The doors yielded instantly to her touch, and once more she looked over the scene whose light and warmth and comfort were as little to her as the wind and rain outside. Her searching glance soon found out her father; for the moment he was standing alone, and his daughter felt that she had one more chance. Rapidly she gained his side.

"Father, dear father," she began, speaking low but passionately, "I cannot leave you here. I cannot face mamma without you; she has waited so many nights for your home-coming, and the hours are so weary without you. Oh, father," the child went on, gathering up all her energies as she saw that her listener was half heeding her words, "break away from this wretched place, come back to your home and mamma and me; we love you so dearly we cannot live without you, and oh! it is all so different now from what it used to be." The childish voice was breaking. "Such a little time ago we were all so happy." Here a sob almost choked her. She slipped her clinging fingers into the unresenting hand of the man who staggered at her side. "Come back to us father; come home

with me now," and the tears, no longer within the power to restrain, coursed down her pale cheeks as she lifted her face to him, holding his gaze with her wistful, pleading eyes.

The man's features worked convulsively; he looked about him once half desperately; then some better feeling swept over him, and, straightening himself up, he said brokenly, "I will go with you, Jennie," and clasping close the hand of his little daughter, as if that frail guide were his chief support, the two together went out from the light and glare and dazzle of the roller skating rink forever.

A Bull.

A bull is a gentleman cow, with a sensitive and excitable temperament, which renders him an uncongenial companion when the prevailing style of dress fails to receive his approbation. I have known a bull intimately for six years without a single jar in the harmony of our relations, and then, as I sauntered home one dreamy spring morning, through the nodding buttercups, listening to the cheery pipe of the partridge, or the mellow coo of the ring-dove, with my whole being *en rapport* with nature, and my wife's shawl on my arm, I have been rudely, almost hastily, roused from my reverie and impressed with the improved aspect of nature on the other side of the fence.

This may have been a momentary weakness on the part of my friend. I hope it was, but since that time I have mildly but firmly insisted upon my wife sending her shawl home by one of her relations. The bull is equally fastidious in his criticisms of feminine attire, and brusque in the expression of his opinion thereon. A city young lady who, along with two hundred and twenty-six other young ladies, had been my wife's dearest friend at school, was paying us a visit last summer, and after clapping her

hands in innocent glee when she found that butter didn't grow in buttercups, nor goosberries on geese, started one day across my ancestral acres, carrying a real sweet parasol with red stripes, fringed with guipure, and ornamented a la Turque, which she told my wife was chic and quite a la mode.

She tripped along with just trip enough to display her embroidered ankles, without endangering the set of her dolman, and seeing my thoroughbred Holstein standing ankle-deep in clover (all aristocratic bovines in paintings and on paper stand ankle-deep in something), she artlessly prattled: "Oh, what a pretty cow! Where is its darling little baby calvie?" Then the Holstein seemed to get offended at the ungentlemanly aspersion of his character, or else disapproved of the chicness and la modity of her parasol, for he uttered an ominous bellow, indicative of a desire on his part to change the fashion there and then or die in the attempt. My previous acquaintance with these symptoms made the fence seem dimly far away. I am a brave man, but Wellington himself never knew what it was to stand by an unsuspecting female with a red striped parasol and listen to the unqualified remarks of a Holstein bull with fastidious tastes. I said, with great presence of mind, "let you and I run a foot race to the fence, and the loser pays a pound of gum-drops. Go!"

I think I must have got a little the start of the young lady, or else city girls can't run, for I came in first by about ten yards, with the bull a good third, his head down, and an expression in his eye which said, "give me red parasol or give me death." As I scrambled upon the fence without regard to my usual dignity of deportment. I heard a scream—the city young lady rose in the air—the hand-embroidered ankles became distinctly visible, the parasol fell on the bull's horns, and I clutched a very demoralized dolman with a hysterical female inside of it, and held them in safety on the top rail. While the Holstein devoted his attention to exterminating the offensive

sunshade, I assisted the city young lady to get to the ground on the other side.

After an examination, cursory on my part, and more minute on hers, she was found to be unhurt, and I asked her how she managed to get on the fence so quickly. She blushed and stammered: "I—I—the nasty old cow—hooked his—hookers—under my tournure—and helped me."

"Thanks," said I, "awfully."

A Curious Number.

HERE is something to scratch your head over. A very curious number is 142,857, which, multiplied by 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6, gives the same figure in the same order, beginning at a different point, but, if multiplied by 7, gives all nines:—

$$142,857 \times 1 = 142,857$$

$$142,857 \times 2 = 285,714$$

$$142,857 \times 3 = 428,571$$

$$142,857 \times 4 = 571,428$$

$$142,857 \times 5 = 714,285$$

$$142,857 \times 6 = 857,142$$

$$142,857 \times 7 = 999,999$$

Multiply 142,857 by 8 and you have 1,142,856. Then add the first figure to the last and you have 142,857, the original number, with figures exactly the same as at the start.

A Fable.

Once on a time a burglar who had counted himself into a gentleman's house in the night time, was met by the owner of the mansion with little in the way of dress, but a good deal in the way of revolver. "If you are a law-

abiding citizen," said the burglar, "you will not imbrue your hands in blood and alarm this quiet neighborhood." "Your abstract proposition," responded the proprietor, calmly, "can be better argued hereafter," and he put four bullets in various parts of the burglar's person, and then continued: "My friend, your premises were not well taken, because they were my premises; therefore your argument, like your body, falls to the ground."

MORAL.—Before breaking into a house be certain that it is not the residence of a journalist; otherwise you run the risk of getting more bullets than booty, and being insulted while dying, with puns.

A Bitter Disappointment.

"SAY, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, as he hurried in, hot and breathless, late from his business, "did you get me a fancy dress for the masquerade to-night?"

"It's all ready," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke, beaming. "You go as—let me see— I go as a Spanish guitar-girl, and you go as—as—its either Louis Sixteenth or Oliver Cromwell or Sir Robert Burns, I've forgotten which the man called it."

"I do, do I?" said Mr. Spoopendyke, glaring around. "I go as one of 'em, do I? As they are all dead, and as I will do for all three, p'raps you got a coffin. Show me the coffin. Fetch out the interconvertible catafalque and help me on with it. Has it got sleeves?"

"It isn't a coffin," explained Mrs. Spoopendyke. "It is a doublet, and—"

"It's a doublet, is it? Well, that relieves me of one of 'em. I thought from the way you spoke, Mrs. Spoopendyke, it was a triplet. Is there a trousers with it? Got a shirt? I told you to get me a bandit suit, didn't I?"

Fetch out this Cromwell business! Show me this man Burns! Any sword go with it?"

Mrs. Spoopendyke brought forth a worn red velvet jacket trimmed with tarnished braid, and a pair of yellow velvet knee-breeches, slashed up the side. This she supplemented with a felt hat, and a pair of jack-boots armed with spurs.

"Maybe it is a bandit's suit, after all," she suggested.

"Which is the Louis Sixteenth end of this thing?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. "Where does the Oliver Cromwell part begin? Show me the Burns element on this schedule! If I'm going to get into this thing chronologically I must begin with the measly king and wind off with the dod gasted poet. Which is the king part?" and Mr. Spoopendyke shot out of his business trousers and drew on the velvet trousers. "Where's the rest of 'em?" he demanded, surveying an expanse of unclothed limb. "This whole thing is only one leg. Where's the pair for the other leg? Give me some more trousers;" and Mr. Spoopendyke scowled about him.

"Don't the boots come up to meet them?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, in some trepidation.

Mr. Spoopendyke pulled on the boots, but still there was an exposed space of nearly a foot.

"I s'pose this bare-legged arrangement is the Burns part," grinned Mr. Spoopendyke. "He was a Highlander, and this much of me is Burns. Show me the Cromwell part now. Is that hat it?" and Mr. Spoopendyke put on the hat and breathed hard. "Where's the rest of me? My head and legs are all right; bring out my back and stomach!"

Mrs. Spoopendyke handed him the jacket and he plunged into it with a jerk.

"That's what you wanted?" he howled. "Couldn't you make more'n three epochs of me? Didn't the man have but three historical dates? Pull that jacket down a couple of centuries, can't ye? Don't you see the bottom,

of the dod gasted thing is two hundred years from reaching the waistband of the Burns breeches?" and Mr. Spoopendyke tugged at the abbreviated coat and snorted with wrath.

"Maybe that was the way it was meant to go." argued Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I saw—"

"You sawed off the coat and pants, now s'pose you saw off a rod of this hat and patch 'em out again! When did Cromwell wear that hat? What kind of a bet did he win that on? Say, where's the scaffold that goes with these measly politicians? Fetch out the headsman!" and Mr. Spoopendyke danced into the closet and out again. "Where's the louse that goes with the Burns part? Bring me Charles I. to hide my legs! Praise God from whom all blessings flow, for man was made to mourn because his head was chopped off!" shrieked Mr. Spoopendyke, combining the historical ideas he represented in one grand yell. "Fetch me the three suppers for one dod gasted old idiot that trusted his wife to find a suit for him!" and Mr. Spoopendyke thrust his arm to the shoulder through the Covenanter's hat, and split the coat of the lamented Louis from tail to collar-band. "Look out for some Scotch romance!" and he ripped off the pants and fired them into the grate. "Here comes another page in the annals of crime!" and the boots went out of the window.

"And we—can't go—go to the—mas—masquerade at all!" sobbed Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Write an epitaph on the back of my neck, and I'll go as a tombstone!" yawped Mr. Spoopendyke. "Put three bells in my side and a torn stair-carpet up my back, and I'll go as a French flat! Discharge the hired girl and get a cold dinner, and I'll go as a boarding-house! But if you think I'm going to any measly masquerade in bare legs like a baby, and bare-backed like a circus, just to advertise a hymn-book, a gin-mill, and a broadaxe factory, you're left, Mrs. Spoopendyke. You hear me? You're left!" and Mr. Spoopendyke drew on his night-shirt.

"It's too awfully mean for anything," mused Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she laid away the Spanish guitar-girl's costume, and warmed up her crimping-pins. "I tried to get something that would suit him, and he don't appear pleased with it. Another time I'll get him a sheet and a pair of socks, so he can be a Roman senator, and if he is disappointed and tears 'em up it won't cost so much." With much profound reflection Mrs. Spoopendyke said her prayers, and planting her cold feet in Mr. Spoopendyke's stomach sank gently to rest.

Easter Decorations.

"Now, my dear," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, gathering up her skirts and making for the door—"now my dear, we are all ready, aren't we? You take those pots of plants and I carry the cut flowers."

"How'm I to take thirteen pots of measly plants in two hands?" growled Mr. Spoopendyke, surveying the job, with dissatisfaction in his eye. "What is there about me that seems to give you the impression that I am a freight train? What d'ye call these things, anyway? What's this ghost standing up here with a candle in his hand? What particular interest has he got in the Easter business? How'm I going to carry these things? That's what I want to know!"

"That's a calla lily, dear," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke, laying down her flowers and turning to help her husband. "Now you can take these pots in your arms by letting the edge of one pot rest on the edge of another. Let me show you," and Mrs. Spoopendyke arranged the pots, neatly folded in clean white paper, in her husband's arms. "That's the way to carry them," she chirped, opening the door for him. "Now you are all right!"

"Expect me to put on my hat with my leg, don't you?" inquired Mr. Spoopendyke, trying to reach around so that he might see out from his burden. "P'raps you think I don't need any decoration while I'm carrying these dod gasted shrubs! May be you think I'd present a more tropical appearance without any hat.

"Ill put on your hat, dear," fluttered Mrs. Spoopendyke, and she carefully put it on hind side before and flattened it down until the "back breadth," as she called it, rested on his shoulders. "Now you're all right, dear; be careful of the flowers!"

Mr. Spoopendyke followed his wife to the street and gave the burden a sort of hitch to relieve himself.

"Here! look here!" he cried to his wife, "you didn't load me straight! These things are slipping! Fix 'em, can't ye?"

"We haven't far to go," pleaded Mrs. Spoopendyke, who couldn't see that anything was wrong. "Can't you hold them, dear, till we get to the church?"

"Oh, I can't hold 'em!" squealed Mr. Spoopendyke. "Get out of my eye! Can't ye take this dod gasted yaller lily out of my eye? Look out for my hat! Don't you see it's slipping off? If you don't make some better arrangement about these things the neighbors will be startled presently by the sound of cracking crockery!"

"I hope you won't break any of them," sighed Mrs. Spoopendyke. Then she pulled his hat over his eyes and took him by the elbow to lead him along.

"Look out!" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke, as he felt a pot going. "Here's a decoration in danger! Catch it, if ye don't want to lose a big slice of this resurrection! Catch it, quick!"

But Mrs. Spoopendyke was too late. The pot dropped with a crash on Mr. Spoopendyke's instep and rolled into the gutter.

"Oh, dear!" moaned Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"There you are!" roared Mr. Spoopendyke, hopping

with pain, and dropping another pot. "Satisfied now? Know anybody you want to back against me for a measly Garden of Eden? Got any more horticultural societies you want knocked out? Here goes another!" and the third of the series smashed on the sidewalk. "A charge I have to keep, omitting the fourth stanza," and down came the largest pot of the lot with a prodigious noise.

"Don't," squealed Mrs. Spoopendyke, watching the fate of her decorations with dismay.

"I ain't!" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke, letting go two more in the effort to keep his hat on. "Who is? Get hold of that off representative of the day we celebrate," and Mr. Spoopendyke clutched wildly at a sliding pot, not that he cared for the flower particularly, but he had felt four drop on his foot and he felt some fears. "Dod gast the pot!" he squeaked, as it eluded him and landed on his best corn.

"My dear, how can you talk so?" remonstrated Mrs. Spoopendyke, horrified by the whole spectacle.

"What d'ye expect me to say?" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke, as another started for the ground. "P'raps you think this is the place where the Litany comes in! 'From lightning and tempest; from plague, pestilence and famine; from battle and murder, and from sudden death, good Lord, deliver these pots!' That what you want? Think I can keep any tighter grip on these measly pots, if I surround myself with the consolation of religion? Look out! The veil of the temple is going to burst!" and as he spoke the rest of the flowers came to the ground in a hideous wreck. Think that looks any more like Easter than it does like a nor'-wester? Got through decorating, or do you want some more help?"

"I think you're real mean!" sobbed Mrs. Spoopendyke, surveying the wreck with streaming eyes.

"You do, do you?" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, who felt as badly as his wife did now that it was all over. "P'raps you had some kind of a notion that those pots

would fall when I let go of 'em! Why didn't you put 'em in a bag so a man could carry 'em without spilling 'em? What do you want of decorations anyway?"

"Because to-morrow's Easter, and I wanted to help make the church look pretty," and with this explanation Mrs. Spoopendyke broke down completely and wept bitterly.

"Well, ain't it just as much Easter outdoors as it is in the church?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. "And haven't you decorated as much as any other woman? What'd you expect? Think people are going to take you for a cathedral just because you take a few shrubs to church once a year? Now you go in the house and don't let me hear any more whimpering. With your notions about duty and your desire to get the best of the other women in the church, you only want a bell in your mouth and a black collar to your night-shirt to be a whole dod gasted guild?"

And with this benediction Mr. Spoopendyke started off to see Specklewottle, and make some arrangement with him for going fishing as soon as the trout ponds should show signs of breaking up.

A Spell of Sickness.

"THAT'S better," groaned Mr. Spoopendyke, as his wife arranged the cool pillows under his head; "now I can die looking out upon the trees and the sky;" and Mr. Spoopendyke assumed a resigned expression of visage, and gazed out of the corner of one eye upon a bare alianthus tree and a half a dozen telegraph wires.

"Oh, you won't die," said Mrs. Spoopendyke cheerfully. "You're only a little sick, and you'll get over it."

"That's all you know about it," snarled Mr. Spoopendyke. "To hear you talk one would think you only had

to be fitted up with little beds and a bad smell to be a government hospital. I'm down sick, I tell ye, and I don't want any fooling about it."

"Well, well," cooed Mrs. Spoopendyke, "don't excite yourself. Keep quiet and you'll get well."

"Much you'd care," muttered Mr. Spoopendyke, turning on his side and resting his cheek on his hand, an attitude generally assumed by martyred spirits on the approach of dissolution.

"Will you take your drops again, dear?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke. "It's time for them."

"No, I won't. They're nasty. I haven't had anything but drops for a week. From the way you administer drops one would think you was the trap-door of a hanging machine. Gimme some figs."

"But there ain't any figs, dear. I'll go and get you some," said Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"That's it," growled her husband. "You only want an excuse to leave me to die alone. Why haven't ye got some figs? You might know I'd want figs. Got any citron?"

"No, I haven't any citron, but I won't be more than a minute away, and I'll get you any fruit you want."

"Oh, yes. You'd get it, I've no doubt. What you want is a rail fence around you and a gate off the hinges to be a dod gasted orchard. Fetch me some strawberries."

"Why, strawberries are out of season. There ain't any in the market now."

"I supposed you'd say that," moaned Mr. Spoopendyke. "You've always got some excuse. If I should die you'd have an apology ready. Gimme something to take this taste out of my mouth."

"What would you like, dear?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Soap, dod gast it! gimme soap, if ye can't think of anything else," demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. "Mebbe

you ain't got any soap. At least you wouldn't have if I wanted it. Got any cherries?"

"No. They are out of season too. There are some grapes in the closet."

"Don't want any measly grapes. If I can't have what I want I don't want it. Where's those drops? Why don't you give me my medicine? Going to let me die for want of a little attention? Want the life insurance don't ye? Going to gimme those drops before the next election?"

Mrs. Spoopendyke ladled out the dose, half of which went down Mr. Spoopendyke's gullet and half over the front of his night-shirt.

"That's it," he howled. "Spill 'em. They're for external application. Put 'em anywhere. Pour 'em up the chimney," and Mr. Spoopendyke fired the spoon across the room.

"Have a piece of orange to take the taste away?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, pleasantly.

"No, I won't," objected her spouse. "Gimme a piece of muskmelon."

"I don't believe they have muskmelons in November," sighed Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Of course they don't," reasoned Mr. Spoopendyke. "They don't have anything when I'm sick. It's a wonder they have houses. It's a miracle that they have beds. I'm astonished to think they have doctors and drug stores. I've got to hurry up and die, or they won't have any undertakers, or coffins, or graves. Gimme a piece of orange, will ye? S'pose I'm going to lie here and chaw on the taste of those drops for a month?"

"You'd like these grapes," suggested his wife.

"No I wouldn't either. What do you want me to eat 'em for? Got any interest in the grape trade? Get any commission on these grapes? Anybody pay ye to make me eat 'em? One would think you only wanted an iron arbor and four small boys climbing over you to be a grapevine! Where's my pill?"

"You took your pill, dear," replied his patient wife. "Oh, of course! A pill is out of season now. Can't even have a pill when I feel like it;" and Mr. Spoopendyke groaned in spirit and looked dismal. "Now sit down and don't move. I want to sleep. Don't you make a bit of noise if you want me to live."

And Mrs. Spoopendyke held her breath and never rustled a feather while her husband lay and glared out of the window for an hour and a half.

A Trial of Endurance.

"My dear," queried Mr. Spoopendyke, "did you put those oysters on the cellar floor with the round shells down, as I told you to?"

"I did most of 'em," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Some of 'em wouldn't stay that way. They turned right over."

"Must have been extraordinary intelligent oysters," muttered Mr. Spoopendyke, eying her with suspicion. "Didn't any of 'em stand up on end and ask for the morning paper, did they?"

"You know what I mean," fluttered Mrs. Spoopendyke. "They tipped over sideways, and so I laid them on the flat shell."

"That's right," grunted Mr. Spoopendyke. "You want to give an oyster his own way, or you'll hurt his feelings. Suppose you bring up some of those gifted oysters and an oyster knife, and we'll eat 'em."

Mrs. Spoopendyke hurried away and pattered back with the feast duly set out on a tea-waiter, which she placed before Mr. Spoopendyke with a flourish.

"Now," said she, drawing up her sewing-chair, and resting her elbows on her knees and her chin on her hands, "when you get all you want you may open me some."

Mr. Spoopendyke whirled the knife around his head and brought it down with a sharp crack. Then he clipped away at the end for a moment, and jabbed away at what he supposed was the opening. The knife slipped and ploughed the bark off his thumb.

"Won't come open, won't ye?" he snorted, fetching it another lick, and jabbing away again. "Haven't completed your census of who's out here working at ye, have ye?" and he brought it another whack. "P'raps ye think I haven't fully made up my mind to inquire within, don't ye?" and he rammed the point of the knife at it, knocking the skin off his knuckle.

"That isn't the way to open an oyster," suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Look here," roared Mr. Spoopendyke, turning fiercely on his wife. "Have you got any private understanding with this oyster? Has the oyster confided in you the particular way in which he wants to be opened?"

"No-o!" stammered Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Only I thought—"

"This is no time for thought!" shouted Mr. Spoopendyke, banging away at the edge of the shell. "This is the moment for battle, and if I've happened to catch this oyster during office hours, he's going to enter into relations with the undersigned. Come out, will ye?" he yelled, as the knife flew up his sleeve. "Maybe ye don't recognize the voice of Spoopendyke! Come out, ye dod gasted coward, before ye make an enemy of me for life!" and he belted away at the shell with the handle of the knife, and spattered mud like a dredging machine.

"Let me get you a hammer to crack him with," recommended Mrs. Spoopendyke, hovering over her husband in great perturbation.

"Don't want any hammer!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, slamming around with his knife. "S'pose I'm going to use brute force on a dod gasted fish that I could swallow alive if I could only get him out of his house? Open

your measly premises!" raved Mr. Spoopendyke, stabbing at the oyster vindictively, and slicing his shirt sleeve clear to the elbow. "Come forth and enjoy the society of Spoopendyke!" and the worthy gentleman foamed at the mouth as he sunk back in his chair and contemplated his stubborn foe with glaring eyes.

"I'll tell you what to do!" exclaimed Mrs. Spoopendyke, radiant with a profound idea. "Crack him in the door!"

"That's the scheme!" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke, with horrible contortions of visage. "Fetch me the door. Set that door right before me on a plate. This oyster is going to stay here. If you think this oyster is going to enjoy any change of climate until he strikes the tropics of Spoopendyke, you don't know the domestic habits of shell fish. Loose your hold!" squealed Mr. Spoopendyke, returning to the charge, and fetching the bivalve a prodigious whack. "Come into the outer world, where all is gay and beautiful. Come out and let me introduce you to my wife;" and Mr. Spoopendyke laid the oyster on the arm of his chair, and slugged him remorselessly.

"Wait!" squealed Mrs. Spoopendyke, "here's one with his mouth open!" and she pointed cautiously at a gaping oyster who had evidently taken down the shutters to see what the row was about.

"Don't care a dod gasted nickel with a hole in it!" protested Mr. Spoopendyke, thoroughly impatient.

"Here's one that's going to open his mouth, or the resurrection will find him still wrastling with the ostensible head of this family. Ow!" and Mr. Spoopendyke, having rammed the knife into the palm of his hand, slammed the oyster against the chimney-piece, where it was shattered, and danced around the room wriggling with wrath and agony.

"Never mind the oysters, dear," cried Mrs. Spoopendyke, following him around and trying to disengage his wounded hand from his armpit.

"Who's minding 'em?" roared Mr. Spoopendyke, standing on one leg and bending up doubled. "I tell ye that when I start to inflict discipline on a narrow-minded oyster that won't either accept an invitation or send regrets, he's going to mind me! Where's the oyster? Show me the oyster! Arraign the oyster!"

"Upon my word, you've opened him," giggled Mrs. Spoopendyke, picking the smashed bivalve between the tips of her thumb and forefinger.

"Won't have him!" sniffed Mr. Spoopendyke, eyeing the broken shell and firing his defeated enemy into the grate. "If I can't go in the front door of an oyster, I'm not going down the scuttle! That all comes of laying 'em on the flat shell," he continued, suddenly recollecting that his wife was to blame for the whole business. Now you take the rest of 'em down and lay 'em as I told you to."

"Dear, dear."

"And another time you want any oysters, you sit around in the cellar, and when they open their mouth you put sticks in. You hear?"

"Yes, dear."

And Mrs. Spoopendyke took the bivalves back, resolving that the next time they were in demand they would crawl out of their shells and walk upstairs arm in arm, before she would have any hand in the mutilation of her poor dear suffering husband by bringing them up herself.

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