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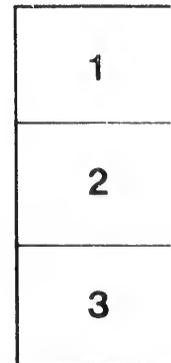


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THE LIFE

—OF—

“DOC.”

STEELEWARD

—OR THE—

Adventures of a Push-cart.

BY TAMEN REYSH.

TORONTO, 1881.

Entered according to Act of Parliament in the year 1881.
In the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.

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JOHNSTON BROTHERS, PRINTERS,
35 LOMBARD ST., TORONTO.

CHAPTER I.



“Hang that theer boy, where kin he be?” queried in excited tones an old man in a pleasant and flourishing village known as Te-wanta, in the southern part of the State of Tennessee, one sun shiny spring afternoon in the month of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and one, and the aged speaker flourished a stick the size of which was a guarantee company liability unlimited in itself—of the absence of the “boy.”

He was not a pleasant old man to look upon, and although he had grey hairs on his little bullet head, his watery wandering blue eyes has a vicious twinkle in them ill according with his otherwise respectable elderly aspect.

Again he squeaked, for his every tone suggested “rats” and presently a small head comically resembling his own popped over the line of the fence just behind him and a small dirty fist the thumb of which touched a nose that had no particular apex, opened and waved its fingers gently and meditatively. Presently his father for there could be no doubt as to the relationship, caught a glimpse of the mocking imp over his shoulder, and straightway in spite of protesting yells “that theer boy” was receiving absolution at a rate that promised considerably to atone for his offences whatever they might be.

“Now you Imp,” he concluded after a liberal supply of hickory “that’ll teach ye to hook off when I set ye weedin them taters.” The boy howling started “weedin” diligently rubbing himself with one hand and indiscriminately pulling potato plants and weeds as they happened to have fraternized with the other. The old man meandered slowly up to the cottage still shaking his stick

and muttering to himself, while the boy spying a cat which from the woodshed had been listening with apparent envy to the boy's squeals, saluted it with a whirlwind of broken bottles and clods. The cat evidently not wishing to become an interested party in the discussion, disappeared with a rapidity that excited admiration in the heart of the projector. His father turned at the noise but seeing every sign of licked repentance in the boy retired into the house.

The licked one following suit, immediately retired to a seat on the fence, and surveyed the situation with a severely critical air. There were more comfortable pieces than that fence and more handy ones, but this didn't seem to occur to the boy, or perhaps he thought the fence wanted keeping down, but at any rate he sat there and the prospect was not a happy one—seven acres of potatoes and weeds, in fact it would be more correct to say of weeds and potatoes, nine billions seven hundred and twenty three millions five thousand and two potato bugs, and three small ones not worth counting, having started a new Syndicate on an opposition native weed. Johnnie, for he had a name other than "the boy," looked at his two hands and then at the broad expanse of acres, and wondered why a small boy was created with *only* two hands and a potato patch forceably brought under his notice.

To introduce Johnnie more particularly it may be stated that he was the son of his father, and was a widower, of sufficient means to support himself and son comfortably, having little more to do than superintending a small but choice orchard, and the potato-patch referred to and by far the heaviest duty endeavouring to keep his son John out of mischief.

Presently a 'Caw' was heard, and Johnnies' face brightened, an answering 'Caw' issued from his lips, and immediately one could have sworn that a rookery existed in the immediate neighbourhood. Caws sounded on every hand and mysteriously a number of small figures appeared in a line on the fence with our hero and an animated discussion on ways and means followed.⁹

The difficulty was explained amid sympathizing caws, and Jonnie insinuated that if the "hull lot would help weed that their patch, he would assist in a raid on the peaches"

appertaining to his fathers orchard. This was agreed to unanimously, and soon the audience was hard at work, Johnnie sitting on the fence with a patronizing air inciting them by suggestions of how big and juicy the fruit was, and how the "dad" was going to send some to the fair.

In a few hours the weeds were banished and the potato bugs had departed to meet those gone before, including the three lonely ones, and an adjournment was made to the limbs of a neighbouring oak tree, where after many 'caws' and flutterings, intended to represent a rookery, the 'crows' roosted down to their satisfaction.

Johnnie suggested that the usual oath should be taken to swear in the *crowd*, and in every variety of squeaks the boys chorussed :

“Thro’ black night or sunshine,
That ’eer fruit will be mine.”

“But will we git it soon,” enquired Tommy Baxter, “To-night to be sure, when I mix the old man’s poison I’ll make it strong enough to lift him into bed. But don’t yer think we kin git at them pears too, I kin hold a fearful lot, an’ Pete Nudel kin tell when that peeler as boards next door to him won’t be round.”

Johnnies’ eyes snapped with delight, but he cautiously waited with a meditative air before answering: “Well if Jim Hanford does the climbin’ we might, I’m not much on the botanize myself.”

A still small voice here proceeded from a good looking little fellow, with the expression of a Spanish Duke, “Look ’ere Cully, ye better not tell ‘Pauky’ Hallam about this ’ere botanizin’ biz, you see that purp *Tallygram* follers him round, and if he gets noise he ’il riz the devil—see Cully? He’s the smartest purp roun’ these ’ere diggins.”

(Loud caws and groans of disgust!).

“Well fellers, be round about ten o’clock to-night and don’t caw too much, and now this meetins’ dissolved with a ‘siney diney’ as the papers say.”

Ten o’clock came, and Macdonald was sleeping the sleep of the unsuspecting and the reverberating thunder of his snoring eddied and stormed through the frail tenement, and in the clear summer night in the orchard adjoining a

cautious and prolonged caw was heard. The cool night breezes were whispering to the fluttering leaves who sighed their answers back while the stars winked and blinked knowingly. A shaking of branches *not* caused by the zephyrs, and a dull sound of falling fruit could be dimly observed while low whispers *not* of the leaves were heard on every hand. The purp was remarkable for its absence and the fruit “dropped” lively, all was “hunky, ye moind now,” as a small voice curiously like Pete Nudel’s cautiously observed.

Suddenly piercing the still night air a shrill squeal broke forth, and a general cry of the “Purp” which animal coming on the scene, unobservedly, had fastened on the *base-works* of Bob Shanly—warning ‘caws’ sounded forth and a disorderly retreat followed.

Meanwhile in the midst of the confusion that prevailed Johnnie with great presence of mind struggled with the animal trying to open his jaws with a stick while Tony Piper coaxed off the small black-an-tan, which had set up a terrible fit of barking that threatened to throw it into convulsions and terminate its small existence. But the mischief had been done, Macdonald was awakened by the noise, and was now heard swearing and howling for Johnnie who kicking off his nether garments as he ran, dived into his bedroom-window and appeared before his irate parent with what he conceived to be an expression of injured innocence on his precocious countenance, namely shutting one eye and opening his mouth in a perfect democratic gape, the combination having in his idea a charming effect.

“You infernal limb what noise was that in my orchard,” howled Macdonald.

“What noise?” (innocently) “You know what noise and by Judas’ money bag, I’ll skin you alive *if ye had.*”

“I don’t know what yer mean, I never had no bag with Judas’ money—yer allers lickin’ me for nothin.”

“Don’t stand talkin’ there, bring that lantern and foller me,” and the old man with a musket that for size would have been invaluable to Esau and enabled him to circumvent Jacob, it being one-half *stock* the other an *unrifled barrel* with no *steel* to it, and Jacob could never have coaxed it to go off.

Johnnie trotted along in the wake of his father gaping and yawning audibly, *too* audibly for he caught a back-handed whack that effectually removed any necessity for disguising his feelings, he yelled, and he yelled so loud that his voice reached through and through the orchard, giving ample warning to any reckless straggler to leave or face the *squall*. Another cuff caused him to subside. They had now arrived at the part where they could hardly move without crushing choice fruit under their feet. The old man's wrath was withering, Johnnies' indignation was hardly less so—assuming it was real—with deep lamentations he felt around the ground, and after reefing in his shirt he filled it with fruit. Meanwhile his father was dancing round poking his gun up at every dark cluster of foilage under the impression that a depredator was concealed therein. Tree after tree was examined while he “cussed” with a vigor that disheartened Johnnie. He could never hope to compete with the pure native talent of his father, and the bad boy surrepticiously swallowed a peach and groaned. Suddenly the gun pointed up to a particularly favourite tree, and Johnnie was called to throw the light of the lantern up, and to his surprise he saw a small figure hidden in the foilage near the top. The reckless man tried to fire his gun, but it missed fire (Johnnie chuckled) but not to be foiled the gun was dropped, and grasping a limb, up he went, when about half way up a twig snapped and down he came on the run. With a very earnest cry of alarm Johnnie dropped the lantern, and *Lallygram* who now had returned grasped the old man in the unceremonious manner he had treated the boy Shanley—and now an extraordinary scene took place—in the darkness the “purp” chewed and tore—Johnnie at a short distance earnestly cawed. The old sinner's yells, howls, and squeaks. The solemn caws. The old man still endeavouring to encircle the tree with his arms while wrestling with the dog. However, a small figure *did* descend and disappear over the fence with a mocking caw. Let us draw the veil of mercy over the scene.

Next day the old man held an investigation and a large number of the boys were examined who duly testified to their own innocence in particular and the iniquity of other boys in general, and the boy Shanley who specially

fell under suspicion, was warned not to bring his small "corporation" around there any more. Shanley was not a bad boy, but he had a wicked temper, never having been licked enough, and he left after lingering around to fire a few stones at the "purp" who followed him to the gate to see him off.

That night Johnnie crawled out of his window after his father had retired, and after a sharp run of ten minutes fetched up at an old dismantled barn on an adjoining farm where he uttered a low caw. Two caws were with mysterious utterance squeaked by a small boy with blackened face and who evidently acted as a tyler of some sort.

The Tyler advanced a step and asked "Are the Crows abroad to-night?" The response came with tragic air, "The Crows are abroad in the broodin' darkness."

"What do they want?"

"*BLOOD.*"

Johnnie was then tapped on the head with a long stick, and he entered the barn where a large number of boys were squatting round.

The reader is now introduced to the community of Crows which had been formed some years before by Johnnie Macdonald for the purpose of protecting its members from persecution and oppression.

The furniture consisted of a large barrel with a number of holes cut around about half way up. There was also an old soap box that did duty as a desk. On the wall just above the box was drawn a large figure of some kind and evidently to make sure that it should not be mistaken for a map of Palestine or a Hammer-head-shark K R O W was chalked underneath.

The meeting was now called to order and Johnnie taking a position in front of the box opened proceedings in solemn form by asking "Mister Tyler is yer door properly tyled."

"It is, Mister Crow in Chief."

"Is ther' any persons which wish to becom members of the hon'able Society of Crows?"

"Two, Mister Crow in Chief, Gus MacNab an' Kool Murphy."

"Then let those two rash mortals toe the ring."

The two rash mortals toed the ring (a chalked line).

Johnnie then commenced a speech in which he recited the ten commandments and with great earnestness impressed their utility upon the candidates. If he did go a little astray on some of them, who would smile: finally he wound up by eulogizing the masterly manner in which the raid was accomplished on the previous evening, apparently without the vaguest idea that it was a material infringement of the commandment "Thou shalt not steal," and in the course of his remarks deliberately exhibited his marks of castigation to the unmoved unsmiling and stolid looking boys. "Now do ye still wish to jine, or are yer stultified?"

An answer, expressive of their determination to join caused the order to issue "Then let the Grand Torturer an 'sistants prepare the candydates fur torture," warning them not to *quite* destroy the candidates as he darkly hinted others had been.

The Grand Torturer and Assistants (comprising the balance of the society) set the barrel on end, and after stripping the two boys set them under the barrel. The lamp was extinguished and in the darkness a dirge-like anthem was slowly sang:

"Be ye thief, or be ye liar,
"Then yer death will be by fire.
"But be ye true brave hearted crow.
"Will ye *die*? Oh no, no, no."

Caw! Caw! Caw!
Repeat (pianissimo)

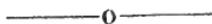
While the solemn warning notes were throbbing and swelling in the darkness a number of torches were suddenly lit. The music ceased as by magic, and the torches were held opposite the holes in the barrel, so that the trembling prisoners could only see a circle of fire surrounding them. Occasionally an old pistol was fired near the barrel with a startling effect, so startling indeed that a squeal issued from the barrel of "Lem'me out?" This was distinctly repudiated however immediately afterwards with an intreaty not to fire the *Cannon* so close. Finally the barrel was drawn up and the two boys stood in naked bewilderment within a

radius of blazing torches. Three solemn Caws! resounded the torches disappeared and all was darkness again. Mysterious hands dressed the embryo members and buttoned their round-about and the lamp was re-lighted.

“Mortals,” continued the Crow in Chief “ye are now members of the fraternity of Crows,—havin’ gone thro’ th’ ordeal of fire—be worthy be true to yer order an’ fork over two cents for *doos* every month, or ye’ll get fired-out.” Some private business followed that is sacred and the meeting dissolved.



CHAPTER II.



Near the cottage of Johnnies father there lived an eccentric old darkey named Shepherd who by a combination of circumstances had arrived at Te-wanta, squatted on a lot near the village, and invested his little all in a Push-cart. This Push-cart was at first an unfathomable mystery to the villagers. In appearance it was a nondescript sort of machine, mounted on two large wheels and reversible, that is it had handles at both ends. As time however marched on with solemn footsteps so did the Push-cart, and with it was developed the wonderful faculty of absorption. Poultry never lingered around that Push-cart. As soon as the procession came in sight, the cart first and the Doctor hoofing along in the rear, cackle, cackle, skedaddled absquatulated vamoosed every winged creature to the temporary seclusion of its roost. Not that the Doctor as he was called (doubtless from his professional instincts) would have touched them. He would have scorned such an action and so would the Push-cart, but out of the corner of his eye a sure nemesis would follow them.

The Doctor's full name was appalling in its grand and awful character DOCTOR RAPHAEL ASSASSINATION POMPEY SHEPHERD, but it was all his own, no one could ever deprive him of one of those noble and expressive names. The Doc's ostensible means of support were derived from what he always explained by "de bone and iron industry," some envious persons said it ought to have been "by *boning* de iron industrys." In appearance the Dr. was a true type of the African race, average height, black as the ace of spades, curly and melodious. The most geographically important feature was undoubtedly his lips, they were so large that it was said the Dr. used on cold days to tie the

nether one round his head to keep his ears warm, however this may have been, the Dr. explained on one occasion when interrogated by a deputation of inquisitive villagers "If dem war large, dar war no fear of trebin' on dem," certainly the Dr. was right, his feet projected so far forward as well as backwards that the lips were safe.

But shortly after the advent of the Push-cart, sin crept into the garden. The trail of the serpent (not the Push-cart) became apparent, and even the Dr. fell under suspicion.

Woe to the man who left his stove-pipes out over night to shake in the morning. Question the Dr. and he would reply scratching his wooly plantation "F'ce de Lor' Massie I neber seed dem." Certain it was however the Dr. knew the LAY of every hen in the country. He only made SEARCHING enquiries for "de sake ob informashun."

These enquiries were diligently prosecuted on dark nights when the Dr. could be occasionally seen in the mystic light of the moon "hoofin" along the road with his Push-cart endeavouring to force his lips to whistle "Sweet bye and bye," which unsuccessful efforts would cause the Dr. to explain to his Push-cart "Dem thiek lips neber *cul* whisle," now whether this air was suggested by the hope of future bliss, or the more immediate one of chicken-pie was a mystery confined to the Dr. and his Push-cart.

On Sunday evening the Dr. attended a prayer-meeting in a little church in the village, and as the earnestness of the meeting pervaded the simple hearted and earnest congregation, and the feelings of the members grew more and more excited the Dr. suddenly started up a hymn or melody unknown to those present—some attempted to stop him, but as the rich full tones rolled off his ungainly lips, the congregation listened in rapt attention, until a brave hearted deacon jumped up and said "Bredren, it's true, sing de chorus—sing wid a will," and a flood a harmony ly lifted the roof off the church.

We give the song :

(Original.)

Gabr'el, blow yer horn fur me,
See me honey in persimman tree,

Send de private kerrige down,
Carry me off to Jordan town.

CHORUS,—Shuffle up de tree honey,
Feel for yer money,
When de angels cum,
I'm goin' hum, goin' hum to glory.

De days are dark and berry long,
Soon de bell 'ill ring ding ding dong,
Git along darkeys you'll be late,
An nebber git in de golden gate.

CHORUS,—

Yu'll heahr de angels sing de Psalm,
An' tings in dar mos' awful calm,
But the voice of the Lord will sound out clar
Don't ye darkies stand out dar.

CHORUS,—

De Push-cart will lie along the wall,
Nebber mind darkies don't ye call,
I'll leab it *out*, and you'll find it dar,
Shoutin' Doc's inside, and I don't care.

CHORUS,—Shuffle up, &c.

The Dr. was ambitious however and his ambition was not satisfied and he started another strange melody "My Grandfathers' Clock." The expectant flock waited a few minutes to see where the *fire* would come in, but as the Dr. meandered farther and farther away from the subject in hand—told them incidentally how his Grandfather came into existence the day a ten foot six inch (guaranteed) twenty-four hour clock was brought in—described how this preposterous old clock had to be accommodated with a seat on the floor as the shelf was too small, or the roof not big

enough, and how for ninety blessed (or the reverse) his grandfather's family never had the enterprise or pluck to get that shelf enlarged. How the old man no matter how much *he* was on the *go* never forgot to wind it up. Then he (the grand'father) got married and when his wife came home the clock got mad and wired out a prophecy of twenty four and the old man swallowed the insinuation and never kicked it over for insulting him and the wife didn't sell it for soap grease, and the Doctor was just going *tick, tick, tick*, for the third time, looking calmly round for approval and expecting that public spirited deacon to wire into his rescue, when suddenly he felt himself lifted, impelled, and actually fired into outer darkness and the door shut. Sadly the Dr. took his Push-cart from the shed and as he felt around for a s ray horserug gently murmured: "It war eber thus in childhood's hour, am I nebber. *hardly* eber to be udderstuded."

One day shortly after the Dr. had been *nunc demitted* from the prayer-meeting, Maedonald who had had a sudden attack of intermittent *mumphys*, sent Johnnie to the Dr's. for a can of herb tea, which was calculated to prevent that insidious disease from spreading to the feet and causing the unhappy sufferer to become light-headed. The Dr's. wife was noted for her skilfulness in concocting this tea, and earnest ond many were the orders to hasten back.

The message might have been accomplished in about ten minutes if Johnnie had gone without delay, but this would have interfered with one of the fundamental rules of the "Crows." Therefore Johnnie tramped about three quarters of a mile in a directly opposite direction cawing in a peculiar manner which was the supreme cry of distress and demand for assistance of the order. Soon a number of resolute crows were at hand, and thus reinforced Johnnie wended his way back towards the Dr's. residence by what was known as Lombard Lane.

When within about half a concession of their destination a strange and powerful odor became strongly perceptible. The boys looked at one another with a meaning look—"Skunks" murmured Johnnie holding his nose. "Let's hide," suggested Panky Hallam. "Oh, yer allers want tew skin out Panky," said Jam Bousted, "yer can't plomatize worth a cent." Tom Baxter had been for a few

minutes apparently trying to stand on one side of the fence and touch the ground with the other, but he now turned a ghastly countenance towards the boys, and groaned as he said in an awful voice, "War's them Skunks, thar's a hull raft of 'em some whar's, Oh! Oh!" and again he looked over the fence. "I believe I see one," yelled Panky, and immediately there was a rush in different directions, and the boys tried to stand on their heads and put their feet in their noses. This violent exercise soon wearied them, and faint and limp they gathered round their Chief.

"Will yer go on to the Doc's." queried Tora Baxter.

"We must, if it busts us."

"Well, there ain't no fears of it bustin' *me*," sighed poor Tom.

"So long as I don't melt my hide down for fence grease, I don't care," said Panky.

"But it's feeble I'm gettin', an' I know it to me cost, do ye moind," groaned in a dolorous tone little Pete Nudel, rubbing his small corporosity with both hands, and winking with his left eye knowingly at Rus' Denison, who winked and rubbed himself, and then they all winked and rubbed themselves. This being satisfactory Johnnie took a reef in his pants, by pulling his waist belt in, and the other boys followed his example poor Tom Baxter groaning painfully as he pulled inch after inch of waste strap. "Forred, March," shouted Russ Denison, and with a tight grip of their noses the procession moved on, Tom Baxter trying to throw spirit into them by singing the chorus of "Old Black Joe."

I'se comin', I'se comin',
An' me head is bendin' low,
I hear ther gentle voices —————

"Oh, *please* stop, I'm comin' *too* fast," howled Jam Bousted, and knew what was on the other side of the fence right off, so did the others, but they didn't dare to look.

"Why don't yer 'plomatize'?" observed Panky, "Yer givin' yer self away fur nothin'."

Silence fell on all, and the song was not renewed. They struggled on, the *scent* getting stronger as they advanced. When they emerged into the open space in front

of the Dr.'s. "lean-to" as that peculiar style of dwelling was called, a strange sight met their gaze, though one not uncommon among the negroes. The unfortunate Doc. was encased in a barrel which was open at both ends. The barrel was mounted on some large stones, a large kettle was under the Doctor, which was just being replenished with boiling water as the boys came up. Numerous horse-rugs and blankets were fastened about his person to retain the steam.

Sarah noticed them just as they perched on the fence, hanging tight with their toe-nails, and exclaimed: "Law sakes, Mas'r John, de Doc's. got mighty bad attack asthma an I'se steamin the critter out." Johnnie remarked that they had *smelt* it, and enquired anxiously whether it was catching.

Sarah could not answer this satisfactorily, but advised them not to swallow too much of it. On receiving this advice they rashly, foolishly let go their noses. They lit about the middle of the field, or pretty near to it. They weren't hurt because the atmosphere was so dense that they fell softly, but they *might* have been hurt—so it was foolish. The boys gathered some soft earth and plugged their noses up, and re-ascended the fence. And now a sad voice ascended from the barrel, and the subdued accents of the Dr. were heard in the land.

The boys took a fresh Grip of the fence and listened.

(Original.)

Glory, Glory, heah de angels sing,
Hark! de angels on de wing,
Heah de music of der harps,
Playin' on der flats and sharps.

CHORUS—Glory, Glory, Glory,
Listen to de story,
Angels cum, carry me hum,
Carry me off to glory.

Glory, glory, soon dem angels cum,
Down to bring dis sinner hum,

Shout der message in me ear,
Cum along darkey don't yer fear.

CHORUS—

Glory, glory, see dis nigger shine,
All dat glory to be mine,
Nebber a pusson cum to trubble,
But him rations will be dubble.

CHORUS—

Glory, glory, dey come rite down,
Lite upon dis nigger's crown,
Put der seal rite on him brow,
Clar de path to glory now.

CHORUS—

And here the Dr.'s. voice died away in low faint tones, and Johnnie fearing he was dying and desirous of saying something appropriate earnestly squeaked.

“Man's a vapor, full of woes,
Cuts a caper, down he goes.”

Here in his excitement he swallowed a quart of the extract of liquid asthma, and was again knocked off.

“Sho' ole man,” observed Sary, “Yer mos' gettin' rid ob de asthma when yer 'gins ter chirp.”

“Ya, Sary, but I'se trubbled, dar ar' many tings in dis yere world Sary, den you hab eber dreamed ob.”

“Sho' ole man, dun let dem trubble yer, it am de steam workin' inside dats worrin' yer gizzard.”

“I ain't trubbled about dat, I'se a lor' of creatshun.”

“Ya ole man yer be.”

“Den no lor' of ob creatshun oughter be steamin' in dis yare ole barr'l. Hab I'se got a white plug, Sary?”

“Sho' yer hab ole man.”

“Den fetch hum out and put hum on dat stump whar' I kin see um, an tink ob de spononus tings dat riz in de rechesses ob de soul.”

An immense white plug was brought out and placed on the stump, and the Dr. became lost to all sublunary matters.

But now Johnnie had a vague remembrance that he had been sent a message, and after some consideration decided that he might as well attend to it. On informing Sarah that he wanted some herb tea, she filled a small tin pail with some of the water the Dr. had done with, and dropped some herbs in and gave it to him. Earnestly discussing the wonder of medical science they had witnessed which Johnnie had an idea of incorporating into the initiation services of the "Crows," the boys retraced their steps, and after about two hours absence Johnnie came in sight of his father's house. After a sharp go-as-you-please, to get out of breath and give his father the impression that he had seriously injured his health by excessive speed, he presented himself before his long suffering father with a wonderful account of how the Doctor was dying, and he had had to wait while family prayers were offered up before he could get the distracted and mourning Sarah to make the tea. His father took the tea in a sweetly dangerous manner, but after drinking it and remarking on the peculiar flavour, told Johnnie to be round after had a nap, as he had some business to do if he felt better.

Johnnie in the secret recesses of his soul, felt uneasy, and hunting up the "hickory" slyly split the business portion of it, filling up the cracks with a grease and earth mixture, and then went off to 'pad' his business department as he expressed it, like a prudent general who having no fears for his van, is desirous of protecting his rear against a flank movement.

If the tea was peculiar in taste, its curative properties must have been immense, for about six o'clock that evening Macdonald came out looking as spry as a modern boarding house at one a.m. and ninety and nine homeless cats holding an experience meeting on the roof. Macdonald took his young hopeful or rather hopeless boy by the ear and led him into what Johnnie called the "licking-loft," and locked him in. That the old man meant biz' Johnnie could see in his eye, and the "v o 'thy Crow in Chief" gazed at the patch of blue sky apparent through a small window

near the roof, with something like the feeling Moses must have had when surveying the promised land from a step ladder on Mount Nebo—not that he wanted to be an angel and with angels stand just then, only if in some indefinite way he could have soared up there with a choice committee of crows, and looked on the old man at a safe distance and riddled him with celestial rotten eggs he would have liked it; as there was no immediate hope of this he took a look round for more terrestrial means of escape. The bed had not in former times proved all that could be desired, neither did an old trunk, though Johnnie opened it and mused on his chances, but with a sigh he concluded it was too thin, and with a moan turned away and in doing so his eye lit on an old wicker-basket about between three and four feet high and two feet in diameter which had at one time been used for receiving soiled linen—one glance was enough and Johnnie was squeezing himself down in the basket and replacing the lid. A few minutes afterwards Macdonald came into the room—hickory in hand. He took a glance round the room, and with a victorious grin commenced carelessly poking round the head with the air of a man who has a hand full of trumps and is sure of his trick. He paused a moment and then gently lifted up the lid of the trunk, and Johnnie snickered. Then the old man got mad at having lost two points, and flung the mattress off the bed and upset the trunk, and shook it and jumped on it and turned it over and looked in again. This was not a sedative exactly, and he talked bigger than the Captain of a Mississippi flat-boat. Then he carefully kneaded the mattress with the stick and kicked the pillows round and finding nothing more than feathers concealed, jumped over them, then on them, and next time through one. Then a thought striking him he run across the room to look between the trunk and the wall, and not finding Johnnie there kicked the trunk with his “head centre” corn, and then he cursed so solemnly and pathetically that Johnnie felt for his hat to cheer him. Then he sat down on the trunk facing the basket and put on his spectacles and pondered. Through a crack of the wicker work Johnnie was earnestly eyeing him and trying to pray for help. Whatever Macdonalds reflections were he evidently was

determined not to be "Boycotted." and left the room locking the door. Johnnie chuckled at this simple dodge and stuck to his basket. About half an hour after the door opened suddenly and Macdonald dodged in. At his evident surprise and disappointment, as well as the rage exhibited in his face, Johnnie gave vent to an involuntary squeak between a snicker and a groan.

This was enough, in a moment the basket was kicked over, and the old man too eager to wait till Johnnie could crawl out, dancing frantically around, clubbing the basket. At every blow Johnnie yelled to create the impression that he was suffering mortal agony. But as he gradually emerged, these yells were more genuine in tone. Macdonald was satisfied of their sincerity, although Johnnie's shape was like an Alderman, with his stomach strapped on in the rear.

For many minutes Macdonald continued tuning Johnnie up, and after extracting every possible variation and combination of variations of heart-rending peals of agony out of him, left the room with nothing but the handle of the formidable weapon he had commenced operations with.

A poor bruised up little wretch was Johnnie, for Macdonald was really brutal in his rage, little remembering or perhaps caring that the natural warm impulsive affection of a boys heart is seared and wounded by such treatment.

Johnnie, too sore to move much, reclined on the floor, with one leg resting on the remains of the basket cogitating on his wrongs. He thought of the time when he would command a whole raft of crows all grown up, and how they would surround the old man's house, and how he would step up to the door and knock, and how the old fellow would angerily want to know: Who was there? and he would say some very aggravating thing that would bring him to the door with a club in his hand, and then how the crows would capture him, without bloodshed if possible, and tie him to a log and how they would remove all superfluous clothing from the old man, and then a tall manly

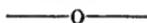
looking "Crow" with a mask on would prance up behind the old man with a long "sweated" hicory, and work up a torrid heat round a portion of the old man, that can only be geographically described as the equator.

This was pleasant, and Johnnie grinned in his heart of hearts with delight. Then different feelings came over him, and noble and magnanimous thoughts induced by the lessons he had learned in the Sabbath School and from the silvery haired superintendent swept into his soul, and he thought how he would drop what was left of the hicory and let down his shirt sleeves and step forward and forgive his father before he asked him, and his father would fall down on his knees and embrace him. This was how he was going to get the 'ternal deadwood on him.

But there were difficulties in the way of accomplishing this that would require *time* to remove, and Johnnie postponed his forgiveness.



CHAPTER III.



That night an informal meeting of Crows was summoned, and Johnnie dilated on the insult and wrong that he the Crow-in-Chief had sustained, and called for the advice and assistance of the brethren.

Tony Piper rose and said "Mister Crow-in-Chief, I am of opinion that this 'ere Syndicate should pass a 'weto' on the old villian, as is yer dad, as lammed our noble chief, and should pass a 'pinion that it had better not happen agin', and that hicory aint the thing to lick with anyhow." (Hear, hear.)

"Taint no use Mister Crow-in-Chief to pass a 'weto'" remarked Chris Fenton, "Cos we don't want tew use no violence and ther culprit, don't scare worth a cent. I am of opinion yer better skip out and come 'ere (hear, hear,) and we 'll keep yer in grub, (hear, hear,) and yer can have my old flute to toot on, (hear, hear,) and I kin hook sister Ann's 'Pianyfore' to sing (uproarious applause) all 'bout Buttercups, Admir'ls, and a Nus' as made a dicker on a Baby, (hear, hear, and increasing interest) but yer musn't sing when I'm around, cos we sings it so much that 'Josey' our black pig gets under the parler windy and squeaks "little buttercups."

This resolution was received with immense applause, Abe Love standing on one leg and 'cawing' in his excess of glee.

Johnnie believing it to be the correct thing wept at the kindness of the 'Crows,' and in a voice broken by emotion, thanked them for the "manifold blessin's and constant steadfastnesses of their hearts," both of which terms were borrowed from Deacon Potts, and distinctly recognized as such by every boy present.

Numerous perloined dainties were then produced and partaken of, consisting of Honey Comb, Ham, Hard-boiled Eggs, Johnny Cake, Jam Fingers, and a small Bottle of Beer, which was drank from out of the bottle, each drink being carefully superintended by a refreshment committee consisting of the whole Society. The only draw back was that Pete Nudel was caught hiding a piece of Johnnie Cake in his hat, for which he was severely reprimanded. The meeting then dissolved with the understanding that Johnnie under the escort of Peleg Cloose and Charley Himerod proceed home, 'bone' all the grub he could and return to the barn or 'headquarters' as they loved to call it.

This was successfully followed out Johnnie as a parting reminiscence tying the knob of the old mans door with a piece of rope which he made fast to the sash of the window opposite the door, so that as he expressed it the old man could pull the window into *see* what was the matter, and hoped it would throw some *light* on the subject. Mat Close thought the subject was a *painful* one. They returned to the barn as the village clock was striking twelve, with a couple of Blankets, a Ham, some Bread and a lot of Sugar, Knife, Fork and Spoon, the old man's Bottle of Whiskey and his Pipe and Tobacco, not that they were going to use the latter, but they were merely "entrees" thrown in gratuitously to specially aggravate his father and bring him to a proper state of repentance.

The committee after disposing of the sugar and what particularly tickled their palates, tucked Johnnie up and departed for their homes.

Next morning Macdonald woke up in a very bad temper and yelled for Johnnie to bring him his morning dram. After waiting a moment, and thinking how he would warm him up when he came in, he fired a boot at the wall which seperated Johnnie's room from his. But no Johnnie appeared trembling in his shirt tail, so the old man arose at last and grasping a stick which was handy, and carefully bending it, to show how limber it was, with a wicked chuckle put for the door, in his hurry barking his shins on a box which stood near the door. Hopelessly calm with wrath he attempted to open the door which resisted his efforts. Then with a Commanche yell he pained and

pulled—door quite indifferent and firm—in his wrath he imagined he could hear Johnnie snickering in the hall, and with a frantic pull the door gave way. There was a sound of broken glass, and as he picked himself up, and pulled a rocking-chair out of his back, the aged sinner could see that he had pulled the sash out of the wall and broken every pane of glass. In a second he was in Johnnies room—which of course was empty. A few minutes investigation made it apparent that Johnnie had sloped, and he meandered down stairs. He reached his hand into the pantry for the bottle, for he could have put his hand on it immediately in the dark, but the bottle was gone, and as Johnnie had remarked its *spirit* had departed. A further search showed that his pipe and ‘bacey’ had disappeared. The old man had nothing equal to the occasion, so he deliberately knelt down and prayed.

On several occasions the Dr. was observed hanging suspiciously round in the neighbourhood of small parties of Crows apparently anxious to over-hear their conversations, and being on friendly terms with Macdonald he was suspected of wanting to *give away* Johnnie. On one occasion several Crows caught him behind a fence listening to their conversation and threw several large rocks for him to catch. The Dr. refused to receive any, and returned them. In the anxiety of both sides to get rid of their surplus mineral wealth, the Dr. received a severe impression of a rock on his head, two Crows went into mourning with their eyes, while the third Crow who had been trying to calm the agitation around him was *laid out* with a sample machine-pressed brick. He didn’t want that brick, but it was sprung on him so suddenly that he gave way. Poor little peacemaker if he had only had time to have pressed the Dr. by the hand and thanked him, and said do it again on the other side—do it all you want to, it would not have been serious he would have got well right off, because when a fellow does a noble deed like that he *can’t* die, it’s just when he trys to kick some gentle innocent looking stranger he gets chawed up and spat into kingdom come. So the Dr. hoofed off without being thanked, and didn’t look mournful either, and the two Crows carried the “little earth angel” to a stream and poured muddy water down his throat until he came to, for fear of being strangled, and got mad and kicked one of them in the shins.

Soon after this occurrence an important addition to the landscape of the place appeared in the shape of hand bills, of which the following is a copy :

“ To Whom it may Concern :

“ WHEREAS, my son John, a boy of fourteen
“ years or thereabout, possessed of a Devil or a
“ score of them, has left my abode and habitation
“ without leave.

“ TAKE NOTICE, that any person or per-
“ sons harbouring him will be prosecuted, and I
“ will pay the sum of Twenty Shillings for his
“ apprehension.

(Signed.)

“ Otter-wa.

JOHN MACDONALD.”

Strangely enough one of those Bills was posted on the old barn, and it was the first thing that caught Johnnie's eye when he emerged from the barn.

Johnnie read it carefully through and through, and then stood on his head with his feet resting on the bill, and read it again. This attitude seemed favourable for mental concentration, for he stood in this position for a short time, occasionally squinting cross-eyed at the obnoxious bill. He then advanced his thumb to his nose, and was about to further insult the unconscious poster when he suddenly collapsed and rolled over.

In a few minutes Scouts came hastily in and informed their chief how the Printer had struggled with the old man for an hour endeavouring to make him “let up” on the *Devils*, but in vain, and how the Peeler was on the war-path with a Warrant, which old Squire Henderson had granted.

An informal meeting was immediately formed, but before proceeding to business a difficulty arose. There were only five present, and it took six to constitute a "koram," Johnnie however fixed this to the satisfaction of the meeting, by bringing in the poster, which he stuck on the end of a pole and stood it up in the corner. "The ole man won't make no row, and won't vote neither way," he explained.

Johnnie then in a short speech said: "Feller Crows and Marters in a noble cause, (loud cheers and hear, hear) youre here to-day (hear, hear, but checked). Youre here to-day I say, for to see what's best tew be done about this yere cus' in the corner, (pointing to the poster) as also what we will do 'bout keepin' yer great instewshun, yer own noble chief, (hear, hear) from the risk of bein' pulled, and I calls on yer to sustain me, (bet yer pants we will) and as how I ain't going to take any back water no how. I takes my seat. (Loud applause.)

Piper rose to follow, but was pulled down and squeaked "I ain't goin' to be sot on cully, I'll speak," upon threats of of being "fired out" he subsided.

"Yer worships and Ryall 'ighness," commenced little Tom Berginson, who was a new member, and was making his maiden speech, "I lows with what yer said. But if ye gets copped by the Jedge, ye'll get Pinitintary for life at least, and me'be be hanged besides, and we kint save ye then, no how, (deep gloom) but ye would go heaven, if the devil don't git hanged people, and be happy and know all 'bout how we're gittin' on. (Deeper gloom observed on Johnnie's face.) And then Tommy paused, not knowing how to wind up, and said "Amen."

Groans resounded vigorously in the room, and little Tony Piper moved to tears by this eloquent speech was caught praying, with his eyes directed beseechingly at the Poster. Upon being puiled away, he attempted with some vague idea of comforting Johnnie to sing "Sweet bye and bye." This wouldn't suffice him, "give us a rest," failed, and in his mental grief he took off his hat, and attempted to take up a collection, but the boys getting mad shoved him into the barrel where they could hear him squeaking out:

"Now I'll lay me down to sleep." &c.

The sat round in dead silence, and when suddenly the door opened their faces blanched, and Tony from the barrel squeaked :—

“ Oh, they'll hang ye Cully, Amen.”

It was only a 'Crow' however who had entered, and in revenge for their fright Tony was pulled out by the legs and 'basted' with Johnnie's club of office, the most frightened members putting in the hardest licks.

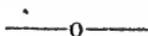
The newly arrived member had nothing of consequence to communicate, and after a short gloomy debate as to the procedure to be followed in such a case, it was resolved to hold a funeral service over their Chief in accordance with their rites, which was done by Johnnie being laid out in a sheet, and then Toney Piper as representing the religious element made a funeral oration : “ Feller Crows, our noble Chief is now dead, (groan from the corpse) dun tew death by ther' laws—of—of—ther' land, you know, (hear, hear.) He died happy from fright (kick in the shin from the corpse). Well, what did yer die of then if yer didn't. (Corpse subsided). I feel tew, like dyin'. Wher ther' angels are look fur our Chief. (Here a grin was observed on the face of the corpse, to represent supreme happiness.) Let's sing our Sunday School Hymn, you know—about “ Fare you well.” The Crows sang (including the corpse).

*“ My dear companions, fare you well,
I cannot go with you to hell !
My journey lies the other way,
Fare you well, fare you well.”

Johnnie then arose, and solemnly shook hands with the members, who promised to look round as often as possible, and left.

*The author remembers a hymn commencing with the above lines, with exception of third line, and frequently heard it sung with great gusto in Sunday School when a boy.

CHAPTER IV.



The soft sweet air mingles with the pleasant fragrance of the pines, which make that indescribable perfume of summer, the gentle lulling murmur of the breezes swaying the tops of the lofty pines, picking up stray leaves with invisible fingers and laying them gently at your feet. The soft kiss of the perfumed wind on your cheek, more delicious than the caress of the fair lips of a beautiful woman. Who has not realized all this and more, and felt that strange mystic yearning after something, you know not what, but something as immeasurably above you as the heavens are above the earth. The heart swells and throbs, the eyes fill with tears.

It is a patch of bush, of about five acres, and on a large rotten trunk of a fallen tree Doc. Sheppard sat communing with himself as follows :

“Dar am tew ways ob doin’ a ting—doin’ it an leabin’ it alon’. When I kint do it de one way, I does it do oder, so I’s e boun’ to seceed in de end—dat’s *logic*. Now I did bof togeder dat time, when I jist walked long behind dat brindle heifer, an she jist walked to whar I wase goin’ myself,—an she didn’t want ter go back no how—dat’s *logic tew*. Sho’ dis ain’t bad country no how. Now dar’s dat ’ere Pusheart, he ain’t no great shakes to look at but him a debil fur bizness—dat ’ere Pusheart kin mos find him way hum his-self on a ’mergency. But I ain’t trubbled ’bout dat, I’s e tinkin’ ’bout air *bank ’count* ob mine. It am just two picayunes mo’ or less, an it am no mo’ certain. Now dar’s dem dar Crisey Bown & Co., dey am crissen gemmen, an I ain’t no how ’bove habin’ dealins wid dem. I will rise an go an trade wid dem decent pussens. And the Dr. gently arose and took hold of his Pusheart and

wended his way toward the village, and arriving there paused in front of a wholesale biscuit factory, where a fire had occurred a few days before and damaged a large amount of stock. The Pusheart was carefully tied to a post, and the Dr. after a loud "Whoa' dæie—stan' dare now!" passed into the factory. Here in a large room were several hundred flour bags, all slightly damaged by smoke or water. The Dr. eyed them, and a smile as gentle as an infant's illuminated his countenance. "Whar's my deah brudder Bown dis fine day, Sah?" he inquired of a clerk who was busily sorting the bags. "He's inside there Sir, in the office, Sir," replied the clerk deeply impressed by the "Deah Brudder."

The Dr. passed in, and bowed lowly to the gentleman busily working in the office, removing his hat as he did so.

"How is my deah brudder Bown to-day, Sah?" queried the Dr.

The gentleman appeared slightly surprised, but replied courteously:

"Very well, I thank you."

"Dis yere berry fine day, Sah," pursued the Dr.

"It is indeed, Sir. May I ask what I can do for you to-day?" and here the gentleman felt in his left hand pants pocket where some coin jingled.

"What you mean, Sah? I's a merchandizer ob dis yere town, an I'se wantin' tew buy dem yer bags out on a speculashun."

"Oh! I really beg your pardon, Sir. I remember—Oh yes, you're a gentleman of means here, I am really ashamed not to have remembered you," hastily answered the gentleman, confused by his mistake. "Your name is?"

"Dr. R. A. P. Sheppard, Sah?"

"Oh yes! *quite familiar* indeed. Well we will take twelve cents a piece for the bags. They are nearly as good as new."

"Yes Sah, I'll gib yer eleben cents and a half, Sah?"

"Well, we won't quarrel over half a cent in the transaction. You may have them at that."

"All rite, Sah. My deah brudder, I will take dem as a crissen gemmen. Rite off, Sah."

"Well, as to the cash, Sir, of course?"

“Oh yes, Sah. I sells dem rite off, and gibs my cheque fur de cash, when I gets the cheque rite off from de pussen dat buys dem frum me—my deah Brudder Bown.”

“Yes, I see, you have a customer already—but you have capital yourself?”

“Ya! my deah brudder, dat’s all rite. I’se got my wealth whar dar aint no fear ob thieves breakin’ in an stealin’, but I’se not got de cheque book wid me, my deah brudder.”

“All right Mr. Sheppard, ask the clerk to superintend the counting and removal of the goods.” And the gentleman resumed his seat and continued his work.

“Good day, my deah Brudder.”

“Good day, Sir.” And as the Dr. left the gentleman exclaimed “Well, that is a simple-minded honest fellow. I would trust him with a thousand dollars. Got wealth too—where thieves don’t break in and steal—quite scriptural really.” And a happy smile stole over *his* face.

In twenty-nine seconds a large express cart was at the door, and the Dr. re-entered the factory, where he addressed the young man:—

“Yung man, I orders yer to help *carry* dem bags out while *I counts* dem, as my deah fren’ brudder Bown tole me.”

The astonished young man looked at the Dr., but he still more imperatively exclaimed “Don’t stan’ dare wastin’ my valleyable time yung man — You’ll nebbber grow wealthy by wastin’ time. *I* nebbber waste time, an look at *me*.” And the Dr. looked so wild that the young man concluded that he would waste his whole life, and eternity, before he would look like *that*. However, he picked up a pile of bags the Dr. hastily threw towards him, and with the expressman’s assistance loaded the waggon.

Off drove the driver to deah Brudder Lumbers, as the Dr. called him. And the ill-used young man started loading the Pushcart. When full, the Dr. posted him off with it, cautioning him to be careful and not let it run away.

Load after load was carried away, till the last one towered up ten feet above the cart,—and the Dr. triumphantly sitting on top holding the Pushcart by the string disappeared in a halo of business and bags to the great and

permanent, as he believed, relief of the young man. Arrived at Mr. Lumbers, the Dr. sent the Expressman back to Messrs Crisey Bown & Co., to collect his charges. And in ten minutes was hoofing back to that identical stump with a cheque for Sixty Dollars in his pocket. While Mr. Bown, who had just discovered that the Dr.'s wealth *was* where thieves do not usually operate, groaned and softly whistled "One more ribber to cross."

The "young man" executed a war-dance of rage that would have made Sitting Bull's heart burst with envy, if that noble old fellow hadn't been buried for 6,000 years, and his heart presumably past careing for war-dances.

As the Dr. meandered along, he was heard to murmur "Yah, deah Brudder Bown, 'it am more blessed to gib' den to receive.' "

In the forest glade once more the Dr. tested a tree as to its soundness, and satisfied that it shewed no immediate disposition to abscond, carefully tied the Pusheart to it. He seated himself on the stump and mused: "Now dis 'ere cheque is rite 'ere in dem hands ob mine. De pussen dat gib it tew me, wud ab liked tew freeze to it, but dey dassen't. My deah Brudder Bown wud ab liked it also, but dey must lern dat riches am fleetin' and bags am risky capital." And the Dr. sighed and whispered softly:

"Oh, lub fur a yere,
Oh, lub fur a day,
But dod rot de lub,
Dat last alway."

"Now dem deah Brudders will cus' a little, kinder, an fling roun', but dey will see dat if dey lay up der treasures on high, dey ken find dem when dey die. Dat's logic, I tinks, but I'se not shur. Now I sole dem bags fur twelæ picayunes by de bag, I tinks dat Massa, I means my *deah Brudder Lumbers* wud mos' take thirteen cents each fur dem, pay'ble when he gets it. I aint no how proud, an I'se agoin' down to trade wid my *deah brudder*. I'se mos sure him a pussen ob de 'ighest specability."

And the Pusheart was again pointing for the village, but this time the Dr. came round by the other end of the

village—the Pusheart wanted to go this way, and he humored it. Arrived at Mr. Lumbers' he gently slid in and found that Mr. Lumbers was out, as also the clerk who had a knowledge of the previous transaction. The clerk he found there was a stranger to him not having been present at the former negotiations. "Yoah don't know whar' my deah Brudder Lumbers is?"

"No, I do not. May I ask what you want?" asked the clerk.

The Dr.'s lips moved spasmodically, his eyes rolled, his ears wagged, and his knees shook, as he thought of all he *did* want but soon the usual confiding smile appeared on his face, meandered round his cheeks, absorbed his ears and climbed up the back of his head, and he gently answered

"Yung man, dat qeshion am a sneezer ob de fust water, an a cornundrum ter boot, an I ain't in dat line, but if yer want ter know what I'se heah fur, I'se cum ter buy dem bags."

"Well, what about them?"

"Wall, I wants dem bags at de market price ob dem, rite off. I's in de trade. I'se sufferin' fur want ob dem bags. I cums fur dem rite off. I ain't proud, yu' heah?"

"Well, you can have them for cash?"

"Cash! Sah. Do I eber deal 'cept fur cash. Am I de kin of pussen ter want tew. Look at dat Pusheart tied to dat post dar. Ain't I a pussen ob means. Ain't dat my property. Tell me dat?" And the Dr. fingered the two cents in his pocket ostentatiously, and quietly hugged the cheque.

"Well of course you can have them at the price, thirteen cents apiece."

"Wall Sah, I will take de fust load on de Pusheart." And the Dr. bent down, and grabbed about fifteen in one vast comprehensive spread. But, the door had opened quietly, and a number nine boot gravitated towards him with that peculiar impulsiveness of a walking-beam, and the Dr. was not there. He didn't know where he was for a moment, but just as he was about to alight, he struck against that vast fateful boot again; and in a few minutes when the dust had settled the Dr. was seen two miles away climbing a hill with the Pusheart waltzing ahead.

The Dr's. remarks showed that he had lost faith in that log in the forest, and wasn't going back there for any more inspiration.

The burthen of his remarks as he hoofed along was :

“ I heered de voice thou kint no heah,
A foot thou kint no feel.”

There was great consternation in Tewan-ta a few days after the bag transaction. A Peddler, tired with the heat of the day, had gone to sleep in the shelter of a bush near the village, and when he awoke found his Pack missing. The Pack was valuable, in fact there were several hundred dollars worth of goods in it. The Peddler threatened to sue the Township for damages, and the Township looked round to see where the missing goods had gone to. The Dr. having appeared in public with rather more style than usual, having had some buttons placed in different locations about his apparel where their utility had been previously ignored, with that child like innocence that is supposed to distinguish a native African, immediately fell under suspicion and was arrested.

His Counsel in the law Mr. Bedford Brake was sent for. Mr. Brake was a man of distinguished talents, and had on several occasions been engaged in important diplomatic missions for the Government in which he gained considerable credit.

A description of the learned gentleman might be interesting.

About forty-three years of age, height perhaps five feet eleven—he was well built and of sturdy appearance. But there was more than this, if there was not his description would end here. Mr. Brake always wore a slouch felt hat, that in its vast gloomy over-reachiness cast a pyramidal shadow on the grand but absorbed countenance that looked forth with unseeing stoney gaze from beneath. A pair of spectacles mounted guard on the advanced picket of his nose, while the mouth “spoke volumes” for the determination and will of the owner.

Mr. B. never saw anyone or anything. Erect and silent, with the mildewed hetacombs of learning of the past

ages radiating from him with the cold brilliancy of a winters frost, he moved along with a certain resistless pressure that seemed to *force* aside all rash influences that would obstruct his path. So crushing would be that fateful Presence. So suggestive of a mighty Avalanche, slowly but surely gliding down, bearing inevitable destruction to you that you mistake your stick for an alpanstock and jump half way across the road. But the Presence never strikes anything, but goes gliding by without so much as honouring you with a look, and you draw a long breath and wonder what would happen if you were to crawl up and kick the Presence from the rear. Would IT turn slowly round and fix that Cyclops gaze upon you, and would you slowly congeal and stiffen and become a *thing* with frozen eye-balls and icy form—horrible—you don't think you *will* mind that kick then.

But now Mr. Brake stands in the presence of the Dr. "Well Doc., so you are 'sewed up' again, eh?"

"Ya, I'se impounded by de laws ob an outraged madjesty ob an illegal country. An I'se charged by de 'ditement wid wholesale larceny and vagrancy ob a Pedlers trap, ya, dat's it. An I ain't guilty no how, and de law ain't worth shucks dat I'se impounded on, dar, dats what I tink 'bout *dat*."

"Well Doc., hows the *exchequer*?"

The Dr. jumped about six feet.

"Who tole yu dat, I *ain't got* no *chequer*. Dat's libel."

"I mean hows *spons'* to-day?"

"I don't spon nuffin. I'se wantin' yur 'pinion 'bout dis heah case. I'se agoin tew sue de Gubefment fur \$200,000 fur religious persecutshun, and annoder \$100,000 fur de foolin wid de sacred pussen ob de rites ob de subject."

"But Doc., hows ca——?"

"Ya, I'se got berry stroadinary good case, and de Gubefment am shakin in dare boots, but I'se not gwine tew let dem off one picayune less den dat. I ain't goin to leab dis cell till I gets my rites."

"But Doc., hows your fian——?"

"Ya, I'se got a *fine hand* ob trumps, and de Gubefment *knows* dat, and dey aint got nuffin to shustain der position in dis matter."

“But Doctor R. A. P. Sheppard, hows cash, finances, wealth, spons, retainers, disbursements, fees, gold, dollars, crowns, shillings and pence, with you—ch?”

The Dr.'s hands sank slowly down his pockets—lower and lower they went, till they sank down into his boots; but suddenly springing up with an anxious air he exclaimed “Who stole dat air Portmanshe ob mine, wid \$400 and a postage stamp. Who took dat wealth out ob dat lef han' pocket. Who ware I neah last?” and the Dr. gazed suspiciously around.

“Well Doc. I cannot undertake your defence on the strength of the wealth you have *lost*, and I must wish you a good day.”

“But Massa Brake, I aint goin' ter stick at a few dollars no how. I'll gib yer a *monkey* on de Pushcart, an my note-ob-hand fur collatral skurity.”

“A *monkey*, what in goodness is that?” enquired the Presence.

“A Chattel Morgage, long tail on hum———”

The Dr. was alone.

In the solitude of his cell the Dr. whispered: “Dat Sary's got de money fur dat cheque, an I'll nobber see it again, sure. Dat's de way dat woman lubs yer.”

The Government not having taken “back water” nor made any offer to compromise the Dr.'s claim for \$300,000. in due course the trial came on, and the Dr. was unprovided with funds for his defence. Sarah had refused to risk the money the Dr. had obtained by the bag transaction in the precarious result of the trial. The Dr. was brought into the crowded court room by the Sheriff, and the Judge looked at his indignant bearing with an amused smile.

The Clerk of the Court read the indictment as follows:

“You, Doctor Sheppard, stand indicted by the name of Doctor R. A. P. Sheppard, charged with stealing bening carrying away and sloping with one hundred pocket books, satchels, valises, trunks, sates and packing cases from a lane, field, concession, township, county and state, and appropriating it to your own use interest and behoof, what say you Doctor R. A. P. Sheppard, are you guilty or not guilty?”

“ I aint charged wid stealin’ de whole village, am I ?” queried the Dr.

“ You have heard the indictment, answer to it, are you guilty or not guilty ?” replied the Clerk.

“ Bet yur bald head I aint !”

A verdict of not guilty was recorded. A jury was now impannelled, and the clerk started to swear them one by one.

The Dr. arose in the dock, and as the first man was about to kiss the book, gently remarked “ Don’t want ’um.” The next man was also challenged, and the next, and so on, till all twelve stepped down and out. Another jury met with the same ill-luck, and another, and the clerk was getting fast exhausted, for the Dr. invariably allowed him to proceed till he reached the concluding words of the oath “ so help you——” and the sanguine jurymen would be just kissing the book when “ Don’t want him,” would calmly issue from the Dr’s. lips, and the clerk would inwardly finish the oath with variations and additions not warranted by the statute. The panel was exhausted and so was the court—with laughing. The Judge outwardly calm and apparently inclined to be stern, was seething and boiling with inward laughter. The despairing clerk turned up the statute and found a clause that read: (the Dr. listening carefully.)

“ And whereas in case of a petit Jury being exhausted by either the prisoner or prisoners, or the prosecution having challenged some till exhausted as aforesaid; then and in such case the Sheriff shall and will draft a fresh Panel ad infinitum or so long as a necessity for the same shall exist.”

“ What de meanin ob *infer kiteum* ?” enquired the Dr.

The Judge explained to him very clearly the meaning of the words *ad infinitum*.

And the Dr. warmly congratulated His Lordship on knowing so much, but explained that “ dem tings yer find out axidental,” and further asked His Lordship whether he had a “ white plug,” the Dr. received no satisfactory answer to this.

The Clerk had heard in a dim kind of way that such a section in the Statute *did* exist, but had never any occasion to refer to it before, and when he read the concluding part

and thought he discerned the terrible purpose of the Dr. his heart sank within him. His office had been regarded by some as a sort of sinecure, but at this rate \$50,000 a year wouldn't remunerate him.

The wretched man drew another panel and *outwardly* wired off the oath in the usual plain unornamental style while *within* shades of Hades the cus, cus, cus, towering cussing, ancient and modern architectural cussing, tapering minarets, solemn pyramids, flat mansard roof cussing, temples, mosques, medieval gods and modern jackasses. Whole processions of sable ancestry (not his own) marching before him, having their most sacred feelings lacerated and torn. Whirlwinds, cyclones, tempests and the universe mingled in one grand burst of—not *harmony*—as the second panel was exhausted. A third panel was drawn and the exhausted man tried to continue administering the oath, but his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. For twenty years he had never been able to repeat the oath without the aid of the book, but now he could stand on his head and squeal it through his ears.

The Judge leaned over and whispered to him, and the Dr. immediately asked:

“What's dat deadwood yer tryin' ter get on me?”

He was assured that the Court did not mean anything against him by whispering and he subsided. The Court now picked on a fellow who had a mouth in all respects like a fancy hen house and he cackled away at the oath while the Sheriff and his assistants were away drawing reserve panels all over the Township. But the day passed away and not one Jurymen had yet been selected.

The Dr. was led away murmuring “Many am called but few war chosen.”

The next day the Sheriff had 4000 men ready in a hundred acre field, each with a dollar bill in his fist, and the trial continued. The first twelve men were called, *and sworn*, the Dr. remarking “Dems de twelve decent men dat l'se been waitin' fur.” The Sheriff dismissed his army and waltzed into Court with a shot gun in each hand, and his sword in his teeth, but was prevented with great difficulty from giving the Dr. a Free Pass to the Supreme Court where there is no Appeal.

The Dr. calmly turned to the Court and said "Ain't dat Sheriff an officer ob dis Court ob Law?" Upon being assured that he was, he exclaimed: "Den I reject to dis heah trial on de groun' dat a officer ob dis Court am per-judiced agin me." The Counsel for the Crown Mr. Mervin rose and spoke against the objection, which was over-ruled by the Court, and the first witness was called.

Mitchel McConnel, sworn:—"I am a spiritualist by profession. I am acquainted with the Dr. He called on me to give him a *seance*. I told him I would show him the spirit of his Grandfather, but he insulted me and wanted *bottled spirits*. I felt his head before he left. Yes of course there were bumps there. *I left them there*. Well, I don't know anything against him particularly.

Mrs. Sarah Barncart, sworn:—"I am a music teacher. I met the Dr. by a *little accident*. I gave him music lessons on the Jew's harp. He had a good ear. I know nothing against him.

The Chief of Police was called, and testified to the Dr. having had seven new buttons on his clothes. Here the Dr. cross-examined him.

"Whar dem ob a nater dat dey war ornomental on my pusson?" he enquired.

"Can't say they were," replied the witness.

"Den dey ware necess'ry tew de decent observashum of my pusson?"

"I think they were decidedly."

"Dat's all rite. Y'u may leab de box."

The Pedler was called, but could not identify the buttons, and the Dr. refused to cross-examine him.

The Counsel for the prosecution then addressed the Court at some length, violently abusing the Dr., attacking his profession and casting serious reflections on the Pushcart. On the conclusion of the learned Counsel the Dr. gently rose up and wiped a tear from his eye and in a voice broken with emotion addressed the Jury:

"Y'ur Lordship and y'ur Worships, Gem'men ob de Jury, I kin hardly find de words tew 'xplain de ferroneous 'pinion dat de pusson hab giben yer as just sot down. I aint a man ob words, but ob deeds. Does *I look* like a man as wud steal. What does de 'ditement say—dat I stole

moah truck dan war eber in dis yer cussed village. *Cud I do it? Cud de Pusheart do it? Dat pint I leab to yer. But dat Sheriff, aint he perjudiced t-w agin me? What fur? Cos' he am jealous ob my interlect and character. I seed it in his eye. I'se a poor black man ob color wid only two pore hands, and a Pusheart. But I'se got a character, an h's jealous ob it. I wudn't be a Sheriff wid a Pusheart thrown in ter boot. I aint infallerable, nor perfect, but I prays dat I nebber be 'pointed a Sheriff. I'se pore Gem'man ob de Jury, but I'se honest an dats my consolashun in de red sea ob de trubbles dat oberflow me. I'se frum de Town ob *Hotelgreene* and *Pentangishen* or some oder seaport town. I'se taken my golden rule frum de *twelve* commandments in de book ob Golerashuns or some order part ob de works ob de same author as say: "When yere perseeded in one place free to anoder. An I freed and freed and my wings am gettin' tired and dey droop berry low. De plumage am gettin' soiled an dirty an I'se afraid *I'll be left*. Soon dis pore sufferin' niggarr will be whar de wicked am no trouble, and de weary gone ter roost. Far from hum de wind ob perversity carry me, and I'se mos loosin' sight ob de shinin' walls. Ebery tear yer shed Gem'men ob de Jury will be a pearl in de robe ob charity dat will shine so brite dat yer sins won't be seen.*

But here great confusion was observed in the back of the Court room, and a small squirming figure was led forward by the ear. *Johnnie* with his face blackened was in the clutches of his father.

The Dr. paused and his eyes rolled in great perplexity as he waited to see what was in the wind. The Judge asked sternly what the interruption meant.

Mr. Macdonald explained that his son knew something about the case.

The Judge ordered him to be sworn. The Crown Counsel examined him.

"What's your name?"

"Crow in Chief."

"You young Scallawag," yelled his father.

"Order!" shouted the Clerk.

"Well, you look something like one," observed the Counsel, "But what are you called?"

"Sometimes yer Lordship and Sometimes yer R'yall Highness," replied Johnnie looking round with an air of calm superiority.

"Oh, so you are an important individual?" continued the learned gentleman in a playful tone.

"Well kinder," replied Johnnie.

"Well, you're a modest young man. Now, what do you know about this case?"

"I saw a fellar running away with the Pack that fellar had," replied Johnnie pointing towards the Pedler.

"How do you know it was the same Pack?"

"Well, I was kinder foolin' roun' ther '*Temple of ther Sun*.'"

"The *what*?" exclaimed the amazed lawyer.

"I mean the Barn, and the Grand Torturer had——"

"Great powers what *are* you driving at?"

"I mean a fellar had just slid off, an the Chief Priest of the Ordeal of Fire of the Temple of the Sun, and ther Grand Torturer, and the Chief Priest of the Ordeal of Fire——"

"*What next*?" howled the lawyer.

"Nothin'" replied Johnnie, "I was just going to say that the *Lighter of the 'Ternal Fire*, and ther Grand Pile Driver——"

"Go on!" yelled the lawyer in despairing tones.

"Had just gone with the Grand Torturer, an I was foolin' roun' with ther Grand Tyler, when we saw the Pedler go by with his Pack, an we just hi!, an about some time after a fellar came runnin' by with the Pack the Pedler had, an he wasn't Doc. either."

"You're quite sure of this?"

"Ask ther Grand Tyler if he didn't see it, and if ther Grand Torturer, an ther *Lighter of the Ternal*——"

"*Oh! Please Stop!*" groaned the Counsel.

"Well, all right. I thought yer asked me," replied Johnnie in an injured tone, turning round with an appealing look to the Judge.

He was told he could go, but seemed to be in no hurry. Presently he turned to the Judge and asked him to order his father not to wallop him if he went home with him. The Judge drew the state of facts out of him and severely reprimanded Macdonald telling him that if the boy should

receive any further cruelty at his hands, steps would be taken to enquire into the matter. This was satisfactory, and Johnnie meandered home with his father.

The Dr. was discharged immediately, and left the dock with his face illuminated with a smile of subdued triumph, remarking as he swung out :

“ Dar am no terror Cassus in yer threats,
Fur I’s e armed so strong in honesty,
Dat dey pass me by as de idle wind,
Which I don’t care ’bout.”

The unexpected appearance of Johnnie at the trial is owing to the fact that he had determined to see how the Dr. fared, and disguising himself as far as possible by blackening his face and hands, and tearing his clothes so as to make himself look as disreputable hoping thereby to escape attention. He took a position in the crowd at the back of the court room and might have escaped had he not made a remark to another ‘Crow’ who was with him the tenor of which showed that he knew something about the true facts of the case. There was several who overheard the remark, among them his father, who had entered after Johnnie had arrived, and was standing immediately behind him at that very moment wondering where his son was. Judge of his surprise when he recognized Johnnie’s voice in connection with the villanious looking little sweep immediately in front of him. For the life of him he couldn’t help it, and Johnnie was across his knee and whacked almost before he was conscious of it. Johnnie gave him a hint as to his knowledge of the matter with the result above stated.

Johnnie accompanied his father home in close companionship, *very* close for the old man *feelingly* took hold of Johnnie’s left ear with a lingering pressure that pained Johnnie, for he saw more grey hairs on his fathers head than were there before, and his father never *used* to linger any. He used to bring on all his pressure at once and concentrate it in one spot, and he hadn’t had even the

benefit of the old saying 'That lightning never strikes twice in the same spot.' It used to strike him any number of times and *very* often in the same spot. This proves that those old sayings are not infallible. There's another one you can't depend on 'It's a wise child knows its own father.' This is very misleading, because the wiser a child is the less likely it would be to express any doubts especially in its father's presence. A father is as a rule very thin-skinned as to any calculations of the kind in which he does not figure as the principal factor.

No, there never was a child with any sense that placed any confidence in this saying in an emergency.

Johnnie was soon home, and his father placed him in a chair and extracted a confession from him as to the adventures he had had while away.

The old man seemed very much subdued and as Johnnie warmed up and told him how he had never retired to rest without thinking of him and wishing he had forgiven him, and how bad he felt at having run away and put him to the expense of that Poster, the old man became quite affected. Then Johnnie told him how he had prayed for him and sang nice little hymns, and passed resolutions of condolence, and the old man became quieter and more subdued. Then Johnnie began to become affected himself and the tears gathered in his eyes, as he told the old man how he sat shivering on the fence all one wet night just to get a glimpse of his dear dear father. And then the old man suddenly fetched Johnnie a cuff that knocked him sprawling on the floor. But the old man didn't mean it. He only meant for Johnnie to let up, and not harrow his feelings up in that way. His feelings as a father should be respected no matter how gifted his son might be or how brilliant an imagination he might have. The pair were on affable terms for the rest of the day, and several Crows who had come round to attend the inquest as they expected remained to congratulate.

CHAPTER V.

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“COFFINS TRADED FOR CORDWOOD.

“MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

“BABIES CHRISTENED FOR 25c. APIECE.

“REDUCTIONS MADE FOR FAMILIES.

“APPLICATIONS FOR LIFE INSURANCE RECEIVED
AND POLICIES ISSUED ON APPROVAL.”

This notice was stuck up prominently on a corner store on the outskirts of the village, and the Doctor stood earnestly eyeing it one afternoon a few days after his discharge from custody. The Pusheart was tied to a telegraph pole a few paces off.

The Dr. was evidently contemplating business, for he was talking earnestly to himself, and listening to his own remarks with intense interest. This peculiar habit the Doctor had in a great degree of perfection. But he grew more earnest “*Coffins traded fur Cordwood!*” Well, dats mean tew want ’er dead-man ter swop his firewood fur a coffin, dats an insult ter de sufferin’ family ter say dat a man’s gwine ter be so warm dat he nebber want no firewood. No Sah, I don’t trade on dat.”

“*Marriage Licenses Issued.*” “Whar foah do aey issue. I’s e got spriced on a honory lishuns fur tew dollars an a half, an none ob y’ur new fangled *issue* on it at all. De peoples seems fur tew want moah style den I did when I got spriced.”

“*Babies Christened for 25c. Apiece.*” “Now I tole Sary dat dey made lowance fur families ob moah den one. an she tole me fur to ‘go long.’ Now dat proves it. I makes a note ob dat.” And the Dr. made a note in his pocket diary.

“*Applications for Life Insurance Received, and Policies Issued on Approval.*” “What’s dat. .Dat mus be sullivan’ good. Dare’s money in dat. I’ll gird up mine loins an go an see what dat mean,” and the Dr. yanked his waist strap a little tighter and entered the store.

“What dem ’surance fur?” he enquired of a clerk in the store.

The Clerk explained that on payment of a small amount per month he could get a Policy for or from \$1,000 to \$100,000.

“Den der’s no way dat I’se be fooled on de money?” again inquired the Dr.

“Oh no,” replied the Clerk, “The security’s given to Government for the payment of the Policy.”

“I hab no faith in de Guberment. But yer look like a decent yung man, an I take yer word fur it,” replied the Dr., “but yer takes s’kurity fur de ting?”

“Oh yes. You can give your Notes, and we would take security if you like for the payment of the premiums.”

“I’ll gib yer me Notes ob hand fur de s’kurity,” replied the Dr. promptly.

“Very well, you must be examined by the Doctor. How much would you like to insure for?” enquired the Clerk smelling an easy victory.

“Fur de \$100,000 ob corse, yer don’t tinks dat I do tings one-horse do yer? An what fur do I want ter be zammin’d by de Doctor—I’se a Doctor myself.”

“Oh, you see, it’s a mere formality.”

“I don’t want no formeralitics. I want dat \$100,000 in cash, dat’s what I want. I’se satisfied ’bout dat.”

“But, of course, you must go through it as a matter of form, and your family will get the benefit of it when you die.”

“*See heah*, I want’s dat money paid ter me, yer heah *dit*. I ain’t gwine ter hab it paid to Sarey. She lubs me but by golly she don’t lub me a \$100,000 worth. No, by

golly she don't, an I ain't gwine ter die till I get dat money an I'se gwine ter pay ebery one ob dem Notes out ob it, like an honest injun. Swar I will (to himself—in de mornin' by de bright light I will.)"

"But, my dear sir, it is not *paid* till you die. It's for the benefit of your poor family, when they are cast upon the cold charity of an unfeeling world, you see."

"*Not paid till I die!* What yer 'sinervate, dat I'se not a proper pussen to get dat myself. What I got ter do wid Sarey when I die, ain't dat de fellars look out dat marries she. I wants dat money paid ter me, ter me. Y'u heah, *ter me*," yelled the excited Dr.

"But it's the principle you see. The money is *never* paid till after death. *You* can't get it anyway."

"Den I won't gib dem Notes. Dat's a fraud. I knowed dat Guberment wanted fur to put a job up on me. I sees fru' dat. Dat no speculashun no how. Gib my Notes fur tew get de \$100,000 when I dies. I ain't dat kin' ob pussen. Don't blieve in layin' up treasures dat way no how. Y'u wouldn't lend me five dollars out ob it. wud y'u?"

"Certainly not."

"Den *I* won't gib yer my Notes-ob-Hand fur skurity." exclaimed the Dr. as he hoofed out, and grasping his Pushcart, hurriedly moved down the street, yelling back:

"Let Sary gib her own Notes-ob-Hand, I ain't gwine ter leab dat \$100,000 ter nobody."

For some days after the failure of the Insurance scheme the Dr. was very unhappy. Even the Pusheart had a kind of dispondent droop about it, and the Dr. remarked it when he addressed it "Sho ole Pusheart, you'ah no makin' yer *keep*."

Again the Dr. is seated on that log in the forest, and again he lifts up his voice and moralizes: "Dar war a epoch in de annels ob de histery ob my life when I war a dusky Thief in my own lan', an de brodder ob Setawayo. I used tew wink de left eyelid an a tousand slaves war free. I frow'd an a tousand chawed de dust,—or terbaccy dey chawed, anyhow—but I ain't trubbled 'bout dat. Den trouble an tribilashun cum an I got in a mailstrum an I seed all dat I lubbed an held deah leab me, bit by bit

leabin' me all forlorn like de *Louise*. Fust I traded dem thirty seben Barshutah wifes away to de traders fur a bar'l ob forty rod whiskey, 'fernal suck-in dat war, an a shot-gun an I potted all my muder'um laws—den, den I traded de *fetish* fur a bottle ob pain-killer, an gib'd dat tew de trader—he didn't want 'um, but I gib'd it tew 'um all at once—an nearly gib'd 'um de bottle tew, but 'um got his cheques marked fust, an de bottle was sabed frum de burnin'. Den I emmigrated and jined dat Pineyfoah Cumpany, an played de Little Buttercup. Den I mislaid my complexshun, and I got tired an left dat Cumpany just tew seconds in frunt ob de man'gers golosh. I perberred my own boots fur trabblin', so I left dar in a hurry. Den I trabbled liten' rods, an de fust rod I put up dat heifer got de end in 'um mouf an chawed an chawed till 'um got 'um all masticated, an de litenin' struk dat heifer an blew 'um in de air clare away, an de farmer mourned dat heifer an took stock ob my ranche, an de funny part of 'um war dat de heifer war dar *stock*-still and stark wid 'um throat cut, it got blown dar I speets by de liten'. Den I retired frum dat biz, and took ter preachin' line, an dat *payed* fur a while till I took de loan ob dat collexshun frum de deah brudders by mistake, an dey got der mad up and caused me ter lose faith in der tempers, an I resigned frum dat.

“De bone an iron industy aint what dey war. I tinks I'se most out libed my usefulness dar, an I'se left on dat. Wharfoah kin de honest man turn de sweat ob 'um brow ter now. Now dars de pervision line, Sassages am berry skaree, an cats air as dedust on de hous' top an de fence. De huntin' instinks ob my foahfathers am berry rash in me, so dat I'll gwine inter de Sassag industy,—de nice fresh *meow meow* Sassages. An de Pusheart am useful in dat, hold 'um pile.” And the Dr. arose and took his Pusheart and hoofed off singing :

“ Man mus' work and woman mus' weep,
 I'll kill some cats afoah I sleep,
 Tho' de Thomas cat be moanin'.”

That night there was war and rumours of war among the felines, and great lamentation arose among the female relations of those that were not.

Seventy-three nocturnal singers found a temporary resting place in the Pushcart. The Dr's. heart was light as he hoofed home merrily singing :

“ Sweet warblur when de radshunt moonlite falls,
In meller splendor on de banted shed,
Oft hab I listened to yer plaintiff wauls,
An cussed thee fur my snooze deserted bed,
How hab I wept to heah yer long drawn shout,
Moria ! Oh-ho, Ma-ri-ah comin' ou-out !”

Why dost yer rage cussed cat, when sabel-nite
Wid dewy freshnuss fills de air.
Fur why yer clumb de roof ter yell and fight,
An rip an spit an snort an claw an swar.
Dus yer not blush, sweet cat, when rosy dawn
Sees haf yer fur clawed out an one eye gon.”

The Dr. was soon fairly launched in a flourishing business. Every morning the Pushcart would poke sharply round the corner with the Dr. on the run trying to keep up with it. He rang a large dinner bell from time to time, and Sausages at ten cents a pound went off lively. The usual quantity disposed of during the morning would be fifty or sixty pounds. But people wondered at the strange manner in which a stray cat would act when the Pushcart approach. One look of frozen horror at the machine, and then there would be a mottled streak of lightening and that cat would fire itself over a church and land on the shady side of a telegraph pole a quarter of a mile away, and the Dr. would wonder “What de matter wid dat foolish cat anyhow?” Wealth flowed in and the Dr. invested in a brass watcham, a shirt and a saratoga trunk and rejoiced. Many a boarder in his boarding house also rejoiced in the disappearance of the household cat, and discussed its possible whereabouts while determined to get his \$5 worth, modestly asking for “Just a few more of them Sausages, please mem?” little dreaming that he was taking that hated feline into the privacy and sacred threshold of his stomach. Many a mourning spinster took the lost one back, and welcomed it in the frying pan, but knew it not,

and as it climbed into her sweet lips no sorrowful *meow* warned her, no 'feelin' hinted that her sweet Thomas while it would never again swear on the house top would *curse* (course) in every *rein* through her being. It was a sight to make angels cry and seraphs weep over, but not one returned from the shades of the feline *Hades* to warn.

But even cats are not eternal though infernal, and the sausage supply got smaller by degrees and beautifully less, and the household poodle and terrier soon became introduced to the interior economy of the pusheart, but still the supply grew less, and the Dr. remembered the thirty-eight *barsutah* wives, and that dead trader and those prime mealy mother-in laws and mourned and wept and sat down by the beautiful banks of the Classic Don, and hung his *Jews* harp on a peg, and was very very sad.

But a storm cloud was gathering over his devoted head that he little recked of. A breath of suspicion in a large boarding house and the Dr. was a ruined man. A committee was hurriedly appointed, and the next day the rejoicing and unsuspecting Dr. sold his entire stock out to the committee, who straightway departed to a lonely and awful spot and dissected every one. With pale faces, compressed lips, eyes starting (but never going) It will protest those unhappy young men gathered positive and irrefutable evidence of the Dr's. guilt and departed to report that worse had been revealed than they had ever dreamed of. Then a voice arose in the land and lamentation and wailing was heard on every hand. Young men reclined on clothes lines and hung out of five storey windows with pack thread fastened securely round their diminished waists, while one notoriously greedy sausage grabber twisted his shadow round his neck to hang himself with but couldn't do it without tying a flat iron to his feet, which his stoney hearted boarding mistress refused to lend him, because she wanted them all for her friends. The Undertaker of the town sent to the adjoining State for a complete staff of assistants. The Churches were draped in mourning and the surviving felines travelled round in broad day light with cambric handkerchiefs held to their eyes. But when one appeared it had the street to itself, for even the whole fire-brigade

refused to a man to approach the fire until the mourning feline thoughtfully climbed a fence and disappeared.

Next day the Pusheart, clearly defined in the golden sunlight, approached the village casting merry and grotesque shadows at every move. There was a 'hum' of business in the Dr's. manner and he pushed on lively.

But is there no pitying voice to warn him not to approach the village to-day? Is there no kind hearted being to hold up a finger in protest—none—and the soft murmuring breezes gently whisper "none!"

And now the Pusheart draws nearer—it is at the corner—the bell rings. An awful hush falls on the place but still the Dr. reck not of harm. *Ding dong, ding dong. Great Heavens!* he is in the middle of the village. And suddenly there is a murmur and rush in the air—a gush out of five hundred windows. The street is filled with wild avenging fiends, and the Dr. and the Pusheart are hidden in a cloud of dust. Five hundred left legs rise as one. Five hundred feet furiously kick a hidden *something*, and millions of splinters are floating in the air—and the Pusheart is dissolved—matter is extinguished and annihilated. And a figure, like earth's first man, is tottering and tumbling out of that place crammed with thirty pounds of sausages. Heavens *what* a fate. The Dr. with not even a pound of strung feline to clothe himself with, climbs a hill and stops where a sweet cascade of water dances and jumps from rock to rock. He gazes earnestly into the water—and what a gaze—does he see ten thousand shadowy fiends with cat tails beckoning him to take a mad leap and cause a fearful *catastrophe*. No one can tell—but he *didn't* leap. And now his whole being writhes and wriggles—convulsive upheavings of his system come and—a dusky streak of shadow approaches Sarah, and as she screams out thinking a ghost in dishabille is drawing nigh, the Dr's. voice is faintly heard:

"De Angler Saxon an turned agin de African, an war am declared tew de hatchet. De Pusheart am in de hands ob de enemy. De Sausages ab gon tew de fishes, an nuffin is dat war. I'se a sample ob de policy ob de war. Dey hab carried de war inter Africa, an a tousand hab bit de dust. Git ready fur war Sarah!

The frightened Sarah after the manner of females of all races immediately prepared for war by donning a bright petticoat and a formidable chignon while the Dr. tied himself together with a clothes line, and got inside of a spare pair of pants.

Then he went out with his borrowed axe and chopped that fallen trunk in the bush all to splinters, and insulted it in Ashantee, Aztec, Basuta, Zulu and English, each dialect helping on the weak points of the other and filling in the cracks as it were. And he took that "white plug" that fetish—whose very look used to command repetition, reverence and awe, and placed it on the ground in front of him and addressed it "Yer darned liber culered contaminated dogsraped machun welded tobac'er spit, debbel haunted sun ob a Queen Ann musket take dat—*Hi—hi—hi. O—O—Oh—Lord—its busted—O—Oh—my pore pore fut, Yum—yum—dats de las straw on dis cambells back. Hi—hi—hi.*" And the Dr. who had missed the hat and 'busted' his foot on a stone strongly attached to the ground, rept aloud as he hopped round holding his foot in his mouth while the large tears rolled down his sable cheeks. He got a large clothes prop, not that he ever used any, but he always had a large and varied assortment lying round which had come in the way of business, and he mashed that white plug till the atmosphere got violently agitated and Sarah came out and asked if it was going to rain as she saw *lightening*, and told him to come in or he might get *struck*.

The Dr. desisted muttering "Allah is Allah, an Mahumet am his profit."

Then the Dr. went into the house and barred his door and nailed his windows, and wrote on the door in white chalk letters :

BEWAR OB YELLER FEVER,

LEAB YER PERVISHUNS ON DE DOAHSTEP.

Lay yer treasures up on high. Amen.

And many who came to scoff, remained to pay—and mercifully left toll on the doorstep.

CHAPTER VI.

—o—

Weeks passed away, and early one morning a farm laborer crossing a field a few miles from the village discovered the Dr. lying motionless on the ground. The laborer timidly approached to within a few feet of the silent figure, and poked it with a long handled rake he had. There was no response and as the body was damp with night-dews and apparently quite stiff the man hurriedly returned to the village and stopped at the 'Model Lodging House Inn,' kept by one Mary McMurray. Here he renewed his nerves with a strong horn of brandy, and described to a number of people congregated there how he had smelt a strange and awful smell, and guided by his nose had discovered the lifeless body of the Dr. lying in a hayfield, and how he had felt his pulse and looked at his tongue (not with a rake) and found there could be no doubt about his being lifeless.

The only coroner of the place was a gentleman of the name of Felahokey who was afflicted with a slight impediment in his speech. Word was immediately sent to him and in a few minutes he was seen streaking down the street, his long coat-tails streaking behind, and his hands describing strange mesmeric passes, designed probably to clear his path. Soon a motly crew gathered in the rear of him. Men dropped their tools and joined the throng, women shoved their babies into coat-scuttles, and in their haste stuck a bunch of matches or a poker or something equally appropriate into their mouths, and ran. Children joined hands and skipped along. Carts, waggons, carriages and even a hearse joined in the strange procession, while a goat of the Billy persuasion amused himself by testing the theory of materialism in the matter supplied by the backs of the hurrying crown.

While the processionists are on their way to the Inn, the reader will kindly allow the author to make a few remarks on the nature of that remarkable animal the goat.

Goats are essentially curious animals gifted with great penetration and with a perfectly headstrong love of investigation. They love to frequent lonely and secluded spots where there are natural facilities for climbing with the aid of their horns. And a man will sometimes realize this habit so forceably that he will sit down even in a crowd and count how many people noticed this remarkable trait in the animal. And he won't call it an animal either—any other name will do for the occasion. And even the most serious reflections on the ancestry of the Goat won't hurt its feelings any—in fact they seem to enjoy them. They don't make good pets—no matter how much you lavish the warm affection of a naturally loving disposition on the goat, it will go back on you and take a mean advantage of you behind your back, and you won't contest the point. You will let it go and order a new pair of pants and command the tailor to leave out lonely and secluded spots, and threaten to assassinate him if he makes them with any natural facilities for climbing. The goat has no feelings of honor, and will hit below the belt in fact seems to prefer doing so, but is plucky and comes up to the scratch every time.

It is strange that Noah saved a pair in the Ark, but doubtless his strict conscientiousness induced him to do so in spite of his private forebodings. It may have been conscientious, but there have been moments in my life when I doubted the wisdom of the thing, and then my consolation was that Noah found it out pretty soon. But why didn't he fire them overboard even then. That is what I never could make out. Instead of sending the Dove out why didn't he tie the goats legs round their necks and hitch them on to a spare sheet-anchor and say "Go ye forth, and if ye return not I'll know you're gone somewhere anyhow." But he didn't, he kept them on, and allowed them to upset the harmony of the whole menagerie. Even when he sought the seclusion of the garret to make up his log and take an observation, or a glass or something, he would suddenly get jerked against the ceiling and come

down with his eyes full of plaster thinking that the ark had run on a rock, and just as he started off to stop the leak—whack—would come the ark against that rock again and that ungrateful and malicious Billy would whisk down stairs to the kitchen to see if Mrs. Noah wanted him for anything. And Noah, dear old Noah didn't *tip* the Elephant to sit on them and charge it to damage to stock caused by storms and contrary winds. Doubtless Mrs. Noah often slyly scalded them and flung flat irons at them, but she never managed to kill one. I don't feel hard towards her though, because I know they can't be killed that way. I don't keep one, and don't encourage my neighbours to do so. I keep a cannon twenty feet long in front of my door and hire small boys by the day to kneel down and pretend to be looking in the cannon for something, then the goat comes along and trys to look in too—through the bow—then I pull a string and the goat is sent there—it isn't any where. And I fork over the tariff price for a goat sixty cents and render a bill for cleaning the fence \$4. This makes me happy. I never kill more than one goat a day because the Orphan's Home where I get my boys limit me to one per diem.

But to return to the subject in hand. In front of the Inn the street is blocked up, and inside the Coroner hastily swore in twelve men, and sent another batch off for the "body."

The Rev. Mr. Rainsfall came in now and addressing the Coroner said :

"These are very mournful tidings Dr., and calculated to teach us the shortness of human life?"

"In—in—deed," replied the Dr.

"A *very* sudden snapping of the vital thread Dr.?"

"Qui— qui— quite a—a—snap" replied the Dr.

But now a sudden hush fell on all present as the Dr's body was borne in on a shutter one arm hanging stiffly down. Women commenced to wipe their eyes and sobs became painfully frequent, while the Goat trotted in and playfully started butting at the rear man holding the shutter. He was promptly retired.

The body was gently laid on a table in an inner room, and the Reverend gentleman with a flourish of his cambric

handkerchief, and after gently adjusting his eye-glass at a correct angle with his mustache addressed those present :

“ Friends it is an awful thing to stand in the presence of the illustrious and awful, ahem (the Dr. coughed) the honoured, ahem, the respectable dead. Our departed brother was one of those humble and unostentatious workers who silently through life and without praise, and may I say often without even respect, performed those humble duties which we are often too proud to do for ourselves. How often have I wished that I could cast aside my loftier pursuits and assisted and encouraged him in the humble path which he filled with such discretion.

“ Take heed then brethren and be more like the brother who lies so silent in the next room, and be not proud of your different stations in life.

“ Let us now sing that beautiful hymn so appropriate to our deceased brother :

“ From Greenlands icy mountains——

But here the Coroner who had been impatiently listening, rose and in a very impatient tone said “ Are you—you—you—going to—allow the in—in—quest on this (we will drop the stammer) dead niggard to proceed, or do you want to hold a funeral service over him first.” (Groans.)

In no way disconcerted the Reverend gentleman gently observed “ We will have an opportunity after the inquest to continue our remarks, in the meantime let us remain and profit by what takes place.

The Coroner hereupon took the jury in to view the body, who to a man placed their backs to the wall farthest from the body, and held their noses while the Coroner gently took the Dr. by the nose and turned his head on one side. The rustics looked on horror bound—half expecting to see the Coroner bite the nose off. But he didn't and they returned to the other room where the man with the longest nose was appointed foreman. The Coroner then addressed the Jury.

“ Gentlemen, you have examined the body (first lie) and you have to enquire how and by what means the deceased came to his death. Evidence will be called to show you the possibilities of the case, and we will hope a

post mortem will not be necessary (second lie) and you will give a true verdict according to the evidence, so help you—— ahem. (the reverend gentleman coughed) who knows anything about the Dr.?"

Constable Healy stepped forward and being sworn deposed "I knew the Dr. he was a darned——"

"Order," yelled the Coroner, while the reverend gentleman frowned.

"Well, I take that back. He was a pusher of a Pushcart. He used to go about the village a good deal, and had an interest in railway iron and rolling stock generally carried on in connection with his Pushcart. Yes, he thought I had a spite against him because I stopped him when he was trying to get a loaded freight-train on his Pushcart. He had a general permission to take scrap iron but not to take anything he could not lift. That's all I know about him.

Constable Rayborn, sworn—"I knew the deceased. I saw him last week, he appeared *depressed*. I was clubbing him at the time to make him drop a car wheel he was trying to throw at me."

Dan DeWan, sworn—"I knew the Dr. I saw him about two weeks ago. I helped him up *botimize hill* with his Pushcart. I didn't hook a water melon out of his cart. He had something hidden in a bag in the Pushcart. I asked him what it was. He said it was the "debbel." No I didn't believe him because it *crowed*."

Here the Coroner incited by the last evidence suggested searching the body.

The Foreman cautiously put his hand in one of the coat pockets of the deceased, and pulled out a handkerchief marked *Rainsfall*.

Here the Reverend gentleman hastily left.

"*Humble duties in life filled with discretion*," muttered the Coroner.

Next a brass Jewsharp, a hymn book, "golden crown" a clothes line.

"*Too proud to do for ourselves*."

In his vest pocket was a locomotive, and shoved up the leg of his pants and resting in his immense boots was half a mile of railway track and a switch-off.

“*Silent worker.* Hi! where’s Mr. Rainsfall. Let’s sing ‘*Tey fountains,*” chuckled the Coroner. “*Gione, eh,* and left this *unostentatious worker* unwept and unsung.”

“Now, where’s the next witness?”

Susannah Brown, sworn—“I knew the Dr. I saw him looking very sad (sobs) he had a look of hopeless sorer in his eyes (deeper sobs) as though—as though he was not long for this life, he was eating a sugar melon. He—he—wasn’t more than half a concession away. (retired sobbing bitterly.)

Mary Smith, sworn—“I saw the Dr. I was quite near him—I saw a dumb look of pain in his eyes, (sobs). He looked kinder hunted like (sobs). He was chewing gum (sobs). He had a bag on his shoulder, and it was full of things jumping around (sobs). I think they were hens. He was running—when was it? Oh, *last year.*”

This witness retired quite hysterical. This closed the evidence and the Coroner addressed the Jury: “Gentlemen of the Jury. The evidence goes strongly to show that the deceased *defunctus* died, and died by something that had the effect of shortening his life. And you see the state of his body *corporam niger*, no mistake *non falso proponere* about the condition of it. If you think it necessary gentlemen you will desire a post mortem in your verdict *desiderium inquisitorem*, and whatever my private feelings may be I will sacrifice them to my feelings of duty *du—du dutiorem*, ahem. If you find a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown you might suggest a liberal reward by the Township of which you are ratepayers for their apprehension. You may retire.”

The Jury retired, and retired and returned in a few minutes with a written verdict as follows:—“The Gentlemen of the Jury find that the Dr. died by becoming deceased by some ways or means unknown to the gentlemen of the Jury, and return a verdict of murder with malice aforethought against some person or persons unknown, and being ratepayers and being of opinion that this kind of thing ought to be discouraged hereby offer a liberal reward of \$2.50 for the arrest and conviction of all those interested in the said foul and brutal murder.”

The Jury then adjourned to the Bar-room and condescendingly commenced to accept some three hundred and ten drinks apiece waiting for them, which had been ordered by the admiring crowd. Thrilling accounts were given of the awful appearance of the body. One man a showman by profession, made an offer for the "Dr." He wanted him embalmed to represent the missing link. But a Bystander present, Professor Bolwin Smythe suggested that he would better represent the future of man, and suggested having him stuffed for the local museum.

A committee was immediately formed who were instituted to advertise for tenders for stuffing materials. At this stage of proceedings a groan was heard.

The committee immediately adjourned. They came back however, and after listening at the door of the room where the body was, concluded they had been mistaken.

Meantime the crowd gradually dwindled away until only the usual state of things was observable.

That night a lonely poultry raiser saw a vision. He saw what appeared to be the spirit of the 'Dr.' with a devil on his back spitting fire and smoke as he rushed across a field. He declared that strange internal music was wafted to him, of which the words were distinguished:—"Dem Golden Slippers."

Soon the village was aroused. Lights flickered through the streets, dogs barked, the fire bell rang, and great excitement prevailed. A crowd congregated in front of the Model Lodging Inn and steadfastly remained there till morning when it rapidly swelled in numbers, till the seething tumultuous crowd beat back and forth like the angry waves on the sea shore. As the golden rays of the sun began to creep here and there lighting every tinsel or gleaming object with a golden lustre the Coroner and the Rev. Mr. Rainsfall appeared, and the Innkeeper tremblingly handed over the key of the *dead room*. The door was unlocked and a hasty rush into the room of a portion of the crowd followed. *It was empty*. The Dr. had departed and with him was missing a red table cloth, a lamp, case of

instruments, a sheet, and part of a stove. There was a yell of rage, and the crowd became extremely excited. The Revd. Gentleman reproved them severely, and with coat-tails clasped in his hands, and his eyes earnestly bent on his watch-chain departed.

Who can tell the sorrowful thoughts that prevailed in him as he departed. Had he said too *little* and not aroused them to a sense of their misdeeds, or on the other hand had he said too *much* and wounded their gentle susceptibilities, and how, oh how would it effect next sabbath days collections, and many other sabbath days collections.

But the day passed away and nothing was heard of the "Dr." although an advertisement appeared in a local sheet as follows:—

"\$100 reward is offered for the whereabouts of Dr. R. A. P. Sheppard, who is believed to be a relic of the pre-Adamite race, closely allied to the race of men who walked under the sea, and referred to by Jeremiah the Prophet while residing in Ireland on a visit to St. Patrick. (Signed.) Revd. John Vera Wyld."

Years afterwards a stranger calling at the village stated that he had heard of a man answering the description of the "Dr." who had been elected Governor of the State of *Yahfoolem*. But this was not generally believed. Till we hear further we leave Dr. R. A. P. Sheppard and his eventful life.

NOTE.—Since writing the above a despatch has been received that the Right Honourable Gentleman at Otter-wa has squared the circle of his difficulties by appointing the subject of this sketch to the Office of Collector of Customs for the Port of Muddy York.



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