J. Nelands.

18 YEARS. 18 YEARS.

Over Eighteen Years' Successful Practice—The Largest Dental Business in the Midland District. Diamond Instruments.

I have at considerable expense secured Diamond Pointed Instruments for preparing teeth for filling. In many cases these are superior to the ordinary steel pointed instruments.

All operations connected with Dental or Oral Surgery skillfully performed. Diseased Gums, Alveolar Abscess, and Facial Neuralgia arising from diseased teeth effectually treated.

LAUGHING GAS,

By Laughing Gas the worst cases of *Broken Teeth and Diseased Roots* extracted without pain, as thousands can testify who have taken it. GAS GIVEN FREE to those getting new teeth. I have made a special study of this gas under Dr Colton of New York, the inventor, who has given it to 100,000 patients, without an accident.

RESTORATION OF SPEECH FROM DEFECTIVE PALATE A SPECIALTY. Professor Norman W. Kingsley of New York said to a gentleman who had lost his speech and had it completely restored by an ingenious arrangement invented by J. Nelands, "I have experimented for years before. I got anything like so perfect an articulation."

BEAUTIFUL ARTIFICIAL TEETH AT VERY LOW RATES. A full upper or lower set of teeth from **$10 to $60**, according to quality of teeth and kind of plate.

Teeth inserted on Rubber, Gold, Silver, White, Red or Pink Rubber, also Celluloid. Mr Nelands has completed an invention for holding teeth firmly in the mouth, and applied to secure a patent. *No extra charge will be made for its use to those getting teeth.*

Children's teeth extracted for half price. The natural teeth preserved a lifetime by filling. Teeth filled with beautiful Contour Gold Fillings, also Silver, Agate, Cement, Artificial bone, Porcelain Fillings, &c.

Parties from a distance will please send postal card a day or two before coming and secure an appointment.

Yours truly
J. Nelands L.D.S

Dental Office, next door to H. Smyth's store, Kent-st., Lindsay

A Christmas Lyric.

[illegible] earth with [illegible] whitened,
[illegible] the frost-king [illegible] gold
[illegible] are frosted and emeralded
[illegible] glittering of brown or gold
[illegible] from the Sierra Highlands
[illegible] water that rush and sigh
[illegible] sons of their native islands
[illegible] smooth of joy to her!

[illegible] which the Centuries hallow!
[illegible] of the ages, spirit calm
[illegible] Welcome gold and fallow,
[illegible] spirit that shall rise in psalm
[illegible] as yon sea-dream chanted
[illegible] the thousand years gone by,
[illegible] the miracle-word wind haunted
[illegible] the pulse of her soul on fire

[illegible] to life the lovely
[illegible] the soul of its grave,
And change into harmonies holy
[illegible] the notes of those departed
A glory of high Evangels,
Of cathedral dome and calms
All hail to the coming of angels
Hallowed over the star-lit palms!

A hymn of Hope to the ages,
[illegible] of deathless Trust,
[illegible] of mortal ages
[illegible] with doubt or dust,
A capture of high Evangels,
[illegible] entranced in sacred calms!
[illegible] till the chorus of angels
[illegible] over the Bethlehem Palms!

[illegible] regalds the May spring tender
[illegible] not on mild or close
[illegible] the moon of its deepening splendor
[illegible] thing like a mystic Rose
[illegible] right are rare superior
[illegible] of love that hath all sufficed
[illegible] whose heart to the grace responsive
[illegible] of the fathomless peace of Christ.

A Christmas Surprise.

'Well, Clara, what will you have for a Christmas present this year?'

Mr Adelon was pulling on his fur gloves in front of the fire as he asked the question, and Clara was putting her little curly-headed spaniel at the breakfast table.

'A Christmas present,' repeated Mrs Adelon, thoughtfully; 'let—me—see. Why Charlie, you've given me so many things already that there's nothing left to wish for. The piano on my birthday, and the set of pearls at Thanksgiving, and the sewing machine last month, and the silver tea set on the anniversary of our wedding day. I am sure I can't think of anything that I've not got already.'

'That's a dreadful state of things,' said Mr Adelon.

Clara laughed and shook her bright curls.

'I see how it is,' said Mr. Adelon. 'I must set my brains to work to conjure up something new for a Christmas surprise.'

And he went off down town, thinking how very pretty his wife was, and what a cheerful home she made for him.

Charles Adelon had not married young, in fact, he was something over forty when he lost his heart to the dove eyed girl who sewed for his mother. The world had made a great outcry when the well to do lawyer became engaged to a seamstress, and quoted its usual stock of truisms of marrying below one's station, and the folly of mesalliances, but what cared Charley Adelon?

'I shall marry whom I like,' quoth the sturdy bachelor, on foot. 'I don't know that it's anybody's business but my own, and I'll trouble people to attend to their own affairs.'

So he married the pretty little thing who was four and twenty years younger than himself, and he had never yet seen reason to repent it. Clara's existence, up to the moment she had met Mr. Adelon, had been a struggle with poverty, misfortune and hardship, and it was very easy for the affectionate little creature to love the man who had lifted her out of the atmosphere of toil and privation into a serene and brighter life.

Mr Adelon was yet hesitating between the relative merits of a set of sable furs and a diamond ring when he entered his office.

'Any letters this morning, Morrison?' he asked of his old clerk.

'Yes, sir, several. I put them all on the desk in your private room.'

There was a bright fire burning in the sanctum, and the big leather-cushioned chair was drawn up to the desk. Mr. Adelon sat down and began methodically to break open his letters.

'Hallo!' he ejaculated, as he glanced on the letter and business like contents of the third envelope. 'Hallo! here's an unexpected piece of luck fortuned Clara's poor sister dead at last; well, well, the child will break her little heart.'

The letter contained a succinct notification of the death of Mrs Checkly, Mrs. Adelon's widowed sister, in a western state.

'Two children, aged respectively seven and five, are left totally unprovided for,' went on the brief missive. 'There is a very well managed orphan asylum in Clarksville, or a respectable family in the neighborhood is willing to undertake the boy to himself, with a view to the blacksmithing trade. If you and Mrs Adelon have no other alternative to suggest, perhaps the latter plan will be best, as a safe place will doubtless found for the girl in some family where she will be brought up to earn her own bread.'

'Oh—ah—yes—that, indeed so!' ejaculated Mr. Adelon, as he deliberately folded up the letter and labelled it with due form and method. 'I'll take the matter into consideration, and let the western lawyer know my decision in ample time.'

Five, ten, fifteen minutes Mr. Adelon sat toasting the soles of his boots before the ruddy coal fire. At the end of that time he rose and rang the office bell sharply.

'And now I'll look over those ejectment papers, Morrison,' he said to the old clerk.

Clara was not at the door to meet him according to her wont, when he came home in the snow and tempest of the December night. On the contrary she was crying in the empurpled shadows of the window curtains.

'Why, Clara, puss, what's the matter?'

'It is poor Rachel, Charles, she is dead!'

'Who told you?'

'I had a letter from a neighbor who took care of her when she was dying. Oh, Charles—the only relation I had in the world!'

Mr. Adelon stroked down the glossy curls with a wonderously gentle hand, but made no comment, while Clara softly cried on.

'Charles!'

'Yes!'

'If I could only go there for a day or two to see the poor little lonely children.'

'What! three hundred miles!'

'Only think, Charles, they are all alone in the world—Rachel's little ones!'

'I understand they will be well provided for by the charitable authorities.'

'The charitable authorities!' Clara shuddered and glanced appealingly into her husband's eyes. She met no encouraging expression, however, it the cold, gray gleam.

'I should like so much to go, Charles!'

'And I think any such chimerical idea utterly and entirely out of the question, Clara, so pray don't let me hear any more of it.'

The feverish scarlet on young Mrs. Adelon's cheek suddenly faded away. Charles had never spoken so coldly and abruptly.

'I would not be gone long, Charles,' she pleaded, with a resolve to urge one last entreaty in behalf of the cause that was so dear to her.

'I believe I have already said that it was useless to discuss the matter further,' he answered.

And Clara was silenced effectually.

And the long, long watches of the weary night Clara lay awake, the tears dropping noiselessly on her pillow. Had she been simple Clara Bright she could at least have gone out to the helpless little ones and worked her fingers to the bone to earn an honest livelihood for them now she was fettered hand and foot in the midst of her luxurious home. And worse than this, Charles had spoken sternly to her, and set through the whole evening in silence over his books and papers. She recalled to her memory with a pang the words that some meddlesome Mrs Grundy or other had spoken upon the morning of her wedding day.

There is too great a discrepancy in your social position. Your husband will get tired of you when the first novelty of the thing is worn off mark my words.'

She was pale and spiritless at the breakfast table next morning, but Charles, generally quick to notice, the slightest fading of her bloom or quiver of her voice, made no remark upon her evident indisposition.

'It's beginning to snow again—we are having very seasonable weather,' remarked Mr. Adelon, as he aired the damp newspaper before the fire.

Clara looked out through the plate glass window pane at the white mass of flying flakes, and then rose up before her mind's eye a vision of the tall locust trees tossing their leafless branches in the wintry wind above the snow-thatched roof of the dreary little cottage beside the roar of the great western river, and the lonely grave in the churchyard, from which little feet had gone home, motherless.

She tried to answer, but sobbing tears choked her voice. More unfortunate still Charles would think she was inclined to be sullen.

Mr Adelon came home unusually early from the office that evening.

'I wish you would pack my valise as soon as possible, Clara; I am going out of town for a few days.'

'Going out of town? To leave—leave me?'

'Don't be so foolish, child; a man's time cant always be at his own disposal.'

'Shall you be back soon, Charles?' she questioned meekly.

'I can't tell.'

'Not—not—[illegible]?'

'Pshaw! I think I have said—possibly a week.'

'Oh, Charles!'

He had never spoken to her so before.

'Come, get my things ready, Clara; I must be off in the almighty express in an hour.'

'So soon as that, Charles?'

'Just exactly so soon as that, child, so don't waste any time, that's a good little Clara.'

Fifteen minutes afterwards Clara crept up to him, with the traces of tears still staining her crimson cheeks.

'Your valise is all packed, Charles.'

'That's right.'

But still she lingered.

'Charles, couldn't—couldn't I go with you?'

'Go with me! In such weather as this! I think the child is mad. By no means.'

Clara's lip quivered, but she did not venture to remonstrate against the edict that had been issued.

'I know I am an ignorant little thing,' thought Clara, 'and I was a sewing girl when he married me, and yet, until yesterday, the idea never entered my thoughts that he could ever cease to love me.'

Clara Adelon was very miserable, and not even the tender good-bye kiss that her husband left upon her lips when he parted from her at the hall door had power to reassure her doubting mind.

Christmas Day came at last—bright, cold and clear, with a vividly blue sky and sunshine colder than the frigid gleam of Northern Aurora. Clara had risen very early, and was in the drawing-room, where the fire glowed redly; and the purple velvet carpet deadened her light footsteps, until the very loneliness began to be terrible to her.

'And I was so happy last Christmas Day,' she murmured. 'Oh, will those days ever come back to me again?'

As the half-formed thought flitted across her mind the door-bell pealed noisily.

Clara's pale cheek flushed into scarlet.

'It is Charles,' she gasped—'I know his footsteps.'

It was Charles; and before she could reach the door she was folded in his arms.

'A merry Christmas, little wife!' he exclaimed, cheerily. 'I have travelled night and day to reach you upon this very morning.'

She looked into his eyes, and in the sunshine of their beam she read the realisation of her brightest hopes. He loved her still; he had never ceased to so love her.

'Oh, Charles! Charles! I am so glad you have come back to me!'

'And not a—one, either,' he added, with a face full of merry, loving mischief; 'I have brought you a Christmas present, Clara.'

'I don't care for any Christmas present, now that I have you here, Charles.'

'Oh, but you'll think differently when you see it, Mrs Adelon. I left it down stairs in the breakfast room—come and tell me if you're not pleased.'

Clara went obediently down stairs with her arm through his, more to please him than from any motive of curiosity on her own part.

Such as the children frolicked round the door a slight cry broke from her lips. Instead of a square packing-box, or a velvet jewel-case, as she had expected, two fair haired little children stood before the fire warming their chilled hands. The boy drew back timidly, but the little girl ran up to Mrs Adelon and hid her rosy face in the soft silken skirts.

'Aunt Clara!'

'They are Rachel's children,' said Mr Adelon, turning a glance full of affection towards his wife. 'Our children henceforward, Clara.'

Clara burst into tears; and then she thought better of it, and began to the floor with the curley spaniel that had hitherto been her only pet.

'Oh, my husband, how shall I ever thank you? And you have taken this long journey in the dead of winter to please me!'

'To please you, Clara—and to bring you a Christmas present. Tell me, are you gratified with it?'

'I am the happiest woman in the world! And may I keep them always?'

'Always.'

He came up to the little room she had fitted up as a nursery that night, and stood beside her, watching the two sweet, sleep-flushed faces on their pillows.

'They are ours now, Clara.'

'Yes, ours! Oh, Charles, this is the most precious Christmas gift I have ever received.'

Mr. Adelon was satisfied with the success of his Crismas surprise.

From a Bottle.

A Christmas Story.

The bottle, filled with water, was hidden behind a picture in the pretty parlor, and in the water was growing a sturdy ivy vine, which had climbed up and caught hold of the cord that held the picture, and, in its joy at reaching so great a height, had thrown out two cheerful, glossy, light green leaves that looked smilingly down on the larger, darker leaves below.

The children had all gone to bed. Their stockings were hanging in a row under the mantel in the dining-room. Four of them. One pink and white, and very short in the leg—that was the two-year-old baby's; one red and black—that was five-year-old Tom's; one ripped with buff and purple—that was seven-year-old Mary's; and one checked in blue and gray—that was nine-year-old Maud's.

The grown people were up stairs dressing the spare room—grandmamma—the dear old lady!—was coming from her cottage in the country to spend holiday week—with Christmas greens.

The parlor was already dressed. Festoons of jolly, cold-defying winter vines dotted with bright red berries hung from the ceiling and encircled the gilt chandelier, brackets, glasses and crosses of autumn leaves bright-ened the gray walls, and bunches of slender dried grasses nodded from quaint, small white pitchers and pretty little vases.

'How lovely the water looks to-night!' cried a delicate voice from one of the room's recesses, as a tall, fair girl bent gracefully forward. 'Laurel,' repeated a bunch of autumn leaves from the opposite corner.

'I am so happy—I should be,' said the girl, 'to think they will help to make you happy. And yet when I was first taken from my quiet village home in last October—I remember I should never come to regard the—ugly, little—bottle—as—a—friend.'

'We have been sheltered from winter's cruel winds and heavy snows, and tended with kindly care and tender love, and I've no doubt, if I remain here during the summer, I shall think it just as pleasant to look at the sweet faces and hear the happy voices of the dear children as to see the gay butterflies and listen to the songs of the birds. But you, Bottle!—looking down at the bottle which held her and the water that gave her life—aren't you rather lonely? Shut in between the back of the pictures and the wall, you can see nothing.'

'I can see you, dear Ivy,' answered the bottle, in a clear, rippling voice, 'and you are a very pleasant thing to look upon; and in the mornings I can see a long sunbeam on the wall, and that is a very pleasant thing to look upon. And as for being lonely—not a bit of it! I'm as happy as I can be. And you would say I ought to be happy if you but knew the life I used to lead before I had the honor and pleasure of supporting you.'

'Tell us all about it—pray do,' begged many little voices.

'Hear! hear! hear!' barked the bronze dog that stood on the top of the marble clock. 'A story from the bottle.'

'A story from the bottle,' repeated the feather duster, as it hopped quickly in, on its one wooden leg, from the hall, where it had been lying on the mat. 'I must hear it too. Clock, couldn't you stop ticking for a little while?'

'Sorry I can't oblige you,' said the clock, in a fairy-bell-like tone; 'but I was wound up this afternoon, and so I must go on for a week; but I'll tick as softly as possible, and you won't notice it as soon as the story begins.'

'Now, bottle,' barked the small bronze dog, 'we're all ready.'

'Yes, go ahead,' called the drummer boy from the lid of the match-safe.

'Well, if you insist upon it, and it really will give you pleasure,' said the bottle, modestly, 'although I had no intention of telling a story when I spoke of my past life, I will go ahead. I'll begin with the time just after I left the manufactory.'

'Manufactory!' said the ivy.

'Manufactory,' explained the bottle—'a place where they make bottles.'

'Oh!' said the ivy. 'You see, I didn't know, 'cause there's no place where they make ivies. Ivies grow.'

'I left the manufactory,' continued the bottle,' with a number of other bottles enough like me to have been my brothers and sisters.'

'Perhaps they were,' barked the bronze dog.

'Very likely,' said the bottle. 'And we were all carried down into a dismal place called a cellar, and filled with some dark-looking stuff that both tasted and smelled very—'

'Unpleasantly,' hinted the ivy.

'Unpleasantly, yes; thank you, that's the word,' said the bottle. 'Then corks were forced into our mouths, and we were taken to a large store, where we were ranged around on shelves in company with hundreds of all shapes and sizes. Of course we couldn't speak to each other; but for all that, we didn't lead a quiet life, for the store was always full of men from morning until night, and often far into the night too. Such a thirsty crowd as they were! always wanting something to drink, and getting noisier and thirstier all the time. Well, one evening a bright-looking young man came in. 'A bottle of your very best whiskey,' said he. 'It's my birthday, and I have some friends coming to spend the evening; and I must make a bowl of punch.' The man behind the counter took me down from the shelf ('Oho!' thought I, 'it's whiskey I hold, is it? I wonder what that's good for?), wrapped me in white paper, and handed me to the pleasant-faced young man, who put me in his overcoat pocket and hurried home. That was the begining of it.'

'Ah, indeed,' said the feather duster; 'so that was the begining of it? Bye-the-bye, may I ask, the beginning of what?'

'The misery and unhappiness in this house,' answered the bottle.

'In this house!' echoed the many little voices.

'Yes,' said the bottle. 'I wasn't a welcome visitor, I assure you, for as John—our master, you know—took me from his pocket and set me upon the table, Agnes—our mistress, you know—said, 'Oh, John, John, I wouldn't.' But he only kissed her and baby Lou—'

'Bless her little heart!' barked the bronze dog.

'—And said, 'Nonsense, my dear. And John's friends came, and the punch was made, and that was the beginning of it; and I beg to find out that very night, not what whiskey was good for, but what it was bad for.'

'What?' asked the ivy.

'For men's heads and hearts,' answered the bottle, solemnly. 'It makes them silly and crazy and unkind and selfish. It brings poverty, tears, and disgrace to the happiest home, takes all the sunshine out of little children's lives, and clouds over the blessed Christmas-day. After that night I was scarcely ever empty. John drank every day more and more, and our dear mistress began to look pale and shabby, and the children could n't go to school, their clothes were so patched and their shoes were so broken. As for the baby—'

'Bless her golden curls!' barked the bronze dog.

'—She pattered about the house in her tiny bare feet, because she had no shoes at all, and every thing grew dark and forlorn, and at last there was scarcely money enough to buy bread. Christmas-eve came. Agnes—our dear mistress—sat before the small fire in the grate, holding baby Lou—'

'Blue her blue eyes!' barked the bronze dog.

'—Upon her knee, and the other children were gathered around her. John was lying on the lounge asleep. 'Mamma,' said May, 'in old times we used to hang up our stockings on Christmas-eve.' 'Did we?' asked Tom, 'don't remember. What for?' 'Why, Santa Claus used to come and fill them with nice things,' answered May. 'Oh, Santa Claus,' said Tom; 'the boy that lives up the river? John was talking to me about him yesterday. Don't he come here to-night? We have been good children, and mamma is the honeyest mamma in the world.' May made no reply, but stood, gazing up where I rested on my mantel, and, in a whisper, 'I guess he doesn't come where there's a drunk.'

'In a short time their pops awoke and went out into the street. Mamma looked sadly after him, and then the little ones knelt by her side and said their prayers, every prayer ending with 'Get bless dear papa! and bade her good night. If bottles had hearts, mine would have ached, I am sure, when I saw that sad, lonely woman bury her face in her hands and cry—oh, so bitterly!—as soon as the children were gone, and heard her sob out, 'Oh, save him, save him, dear God, and bring back the light of happiness to my dear children, for the sake of the Christ-Child born on the holy Christmas-day!' And as she sobbed and prayed the door of the room opened, and John came in, sober, and with a tender look in his face and a bright light in his eyes. Down on his knees he fell before the sweet mamma, and held out his arms to her, while he cried, in a broken voice, with tears running down his cheeks, 'Never again, my good, patient wife—never, never, never again.'

'Oh dear!' said the bronze dog, 'I wish I could move my tail far enough around to wipe my eyes with it.'

'And the small stockings,' continued the bottle, 'were hung up after all, and and a few toys and candies put in them; and John, who hadn't been asleep on the lounge—'

'I knew it!' screamed the feather duster, jumping straight up and down in its glee.

'—But wide-awake, and listening to what his children said, and kept his word, and never, never—'

'I'd like to drum,' interrupted the drummer-boy on top of the match safe, 'but my arms are so stiff, holding them in one position so long, I can't.'

'And, said the bottle, looking up at the ivy, 'you were brought here with the autumn leaves and grasses, and from that Christmas to this the parlor has grown prettier and prettier, and the little home happier and happier, and the baby has the cunningest blue shoes—'

'Bless her dimpled cheeks!' barked the bronze dog.

'—And May and Maud go to school again, and are getting to be fine scholars, and Tom is a jolly little fellow.'

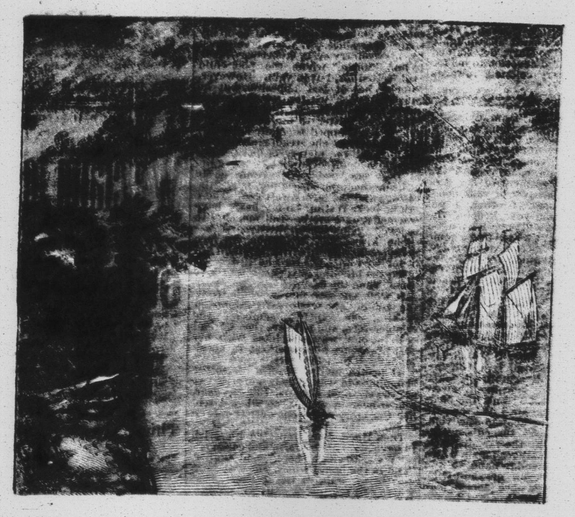
'But there's a bottle in the house yet,' said the feather duster, slyly.

'That's true,' said the bottle, 'but it has joined the temperance society, and that makes all the difference in the world; and in consequence of its taking to water, to-morrow will be—'

'Stop a moment,' said the clock. 'To-morrow is here—I'm going to strike twelve;' and it struck with a sweet, silvery sound.

'Three cheers!' cried the feather duster, waving its feathers about so wildly that little bits of them flew all over the room.

'—A merry Christmas!' chimed in all the other little voices; and then silence reigned in the parlor once more.



Mark Twain's Cat Story.

I knew by the sympathic glow upon his bald head—I knew by the thoughtful look upon his face—I knew by the emotional flush upon the strawberry end of the old treeliver's nose that Simon Wheel r's memory was busy with the olden time. And so I prepared to leave, for all these were symptoms of a reminiscence—signs that he was going to be delivered of another of his tiresome personal experiences—but I was too slow; he got the start of me. As nearly as I can recollect, the infliction was couched in the following language:—

"We were all boys then, and didn't care for nothing, and didn't have any trouble, and didn't worry about nothing only to shirk school and keep up a revivin' state of devilment all the time. This yah Jim Wolf I was talkin about was the prentice, and he was the best hearted feller; he was, an' the most forgivin' and onselfish I ever see. Well, there could not be a more bullier boy than he was, take him how you would; and sorry enough was I when I see him for the last time.

"Me and Henry was always pestering him, and plastering horse-bills on his back, and putting bumble bees in his bed, and so on, and sometimes we'd crowd in and bunk with him, notwithstanding his growling, and then we'd let on to get mad and fight across him, so as to keep him stirred up like. He was nineteen, he was, and long, and lank, and bashful; and he was fifteen and sixteen, and tolerably lazy and worthless.

"So that night, you know, that my sister Mary gave a candy pullin', they started us to bed early, so as the company would have full swing, and we run in on Jim to have some fun.

"Our winder looked out into the roof of an ell, and about ten o'clock a couple of old Tom cats got to roamin' and chargin' around it, and carrying on like sin. There was four inches of snow on the roof, and it was frozen so that there was a right smart crust of ice on it, and the moon was shining bright, and we could see them cats like daylight. First they would stand off and o-yow, yow, yow, just the same as they was a cusin' one another, you know, and bow up their backs and push up their tails, and swell around and spit, then all of a sudden the gray cat he'd snatch a handful of fur out of the yaller cat's ham, and spin around him like the button on a barn door. But the yaller cat was game, and he'd come and clinch, and the way they'd gouge, and bite, and yowl, and the way they'd make the fur fly was powerful.

"Well, Jim, he got disgusted with the row, and 'owed he'd climb out there and shake 'em off'n that roof. He hadn't resly no notion of doin' it, likely, but we everlastin'ly dogged him, and bullyragged him, so d 'lowed he'd always branged how he would not take a dare, and so on, and lo, and behold you, he went—went exactly as he was—nothin' on but a shirt, and that was short. But you ought to see him. You ought to see him creepin' over that ice, and diggin' his toe-nails and finger-nails in to keep him from slippin', and, 'bove all, you ought to have seen that shirt tail a-flappin' in the wind, and them long ridiculous shanks of his a-glimmin' in the moonlight.

"Them company folks was down there under the awnin', the whole squad of them under the critter chair of old Washington Lover vine, and satin round about two dozen quarts of hot candy, which they'd set in the snow to cool. And they was laughin' and talkin' lively; but bless you, they didn't know nothin' about the panorama that was goin' on over their heads. Well, Jim he went a-sneakin' up unbeknown to them cats—they was a-swishin' their tails and yow-yowin' and threatenin' to clinch, you know and not payin' any attention—he went a sneakin' right up to the comb of the roof, till he was within a foot and a half of 'em and then, all of a sudden, he made a grasp for the yaller cat! But, by gosh, he missed fire and slipped his hold, and his heels flew up and he flopped on his back, and shot off'n that roof like a darte—went a-slashin' and a-crashin' down through them old rusty vines, and landed right in the dead centre of those company people! —set down like a peck-of-quake in them two dozen assers of red-hot candy, and let off a howl that was hark from the tomb! Them gals—well, they looked, you know. They see he wasn't dressed for company, and so they left. All done in a second. It was just one little war-hoop and a whisk of their dresses, and blame the wench of 'em was in sight anywhere.

"Jim, he was a sight. He was gormed with that blin' hot molasses candy clean down to his heels, and had more busted assers hangin' to him than if he was an Injun princess—an' he come a-prancin' upstairs just a-whoopin' and cursin' and every jump he gave shed some china, and every squirm he fetched he dropped some candy!

"And blustered! Why, bless your soul, that poor cretur couldn't reely set down comfortable, for as much as four weeks."

The Spoopendykes Preparing to Enjoy themselves.

'Now we haven't got much time to get ready, my dear,' suggested Mr. Spoopendyke, cheerily, 'and I won't be late at a dinner party. I want you to fix up so as to be the best looking woman at the table. You can get ready in an hour, can't you?'

'I think I can,' replied Mrs. Spoopendyke, with a titter. 'Oh, yes, I can dress in that time, and I hope you won't be disappointed in me;' and the little woman began to take down her back hair.

'You might get my shaving tackle for me,' said Mr. Spoopendyke, appropriating the only mirror. 'And now I think of it,' he continued, after a pause, 'my dress coat needs a button. Sew it on, wont you?'

Mrs. Spoopendyke lugged out the coat and hunted through the broken down old bag after a button that would do.

'Got that button sewed on yet?' enquired Mr. Spoopendyke, lathering away comfortably.

'In a minute, my dear' responded the wife.

'Well, hurry up; I want you to put these studs and sleeve buttons into my clean shirt.'

Mrs Spoopendyke gradually got around to those offices and laid out the habiliments in readiness for her lord.

'Did you take those stitches in my gloves?' enquired Mr. Spoopendyke.

'Oh! yes, certainly,' replied Mrs. Spoopendyke, going right to work at it.

'Well, then, you can brush my vest and pantaloons, and by that time I'll be ready to have you tie my cravat.'

A few moments more found Mr. Spoopendyke arrayed completely.

'Come, you ready?' he demanded after having assured himself that his wife had not accomplished a single step toward her toilet.

'Not quite, dear,' responded the lady, with one-half her hair in her mouth, and the other half crackling under the brush.

'What's the matter with you,' he asked. 'Didn't you say you could be ready in an hour? Didn't you hear me tell you when I came in that we only had an hour to dress in? Why can't you go as you are? You look well enough.'

'I was busy fixing your things,' faltered Mrs. Spoopendyke, 'and I could not do two things at once.'

'Oh, no! You can't do anything at once. Why didn't you have my things fixed this morning? Why didn't you keep house somehow? That dress you've got on is good enough. Why don't you go in in a dress? If you've got to put on all the frills you won't be ready to next fall. Ain't you most ready now? Think I'm going to stand around here like a jug of mineral water.'

Mrs. Spoopendyke twisted up her hair and jumped in the pins. Then she put out her hand and twisted it up behind and gave push it forward, and then caught hold of it and pulled it down.

'Well, if you're ready, let us start,' growled Mr. Spoopendyke. 'You've been long enough now for a telegraph wire. Come on.'

'Oh! I haven't got my dress on yet, pleaded Mrs. Spoopendyke. I'll be there in a minute.'

'Bother that dress,' ejaculated Mrs. Spoopendyke. 'Where's my paper. Give me my paper and I'll read for a month or two. You won't be ready till spring. Where's my paper?'

'Take a book, dear,' recommended Mrs. Spoopendyke, blushing deeply and looking round nervously.

'I don't want any book,' returned Mrs. Spoopendyke. 'I want the morning paper. Find that paper the first thing you do, and then you can get ready in four seconds.'

'I think you'll find the paper behind—the book case,' said Mrs. Spoopendyke, as red as a brick, and she hustled into her skirt, and began to claw at it behind in an effort to hook it up straight. 'I'm almost ready,' she giggled hysterically, as she drew on her waist and butt-ned it up nervously. 'I'll be ready before you could turn the paper inside out, and she snatched a ribbon from the drawer, tied it in a bow, pinned it at her throat and backed away from the glass to see how it looked.

'I want to know whether you are going to find that paper for me,' thundered Mr. Spoopendyke.

'I'm all ready except my cloak,' jerked out Mrs. Spoopendyke. If you'll hand me my cloak we'll start right away. It's in the closet there.' And Mrs. Spoopendyke flopped down on the floor and began putting on her shoes.

'S'pose I'm going to hunt around for your cloak?' howled Mr. Spoopendyke. 'Can't you get your things for yourself? I want my paper and I want it now.'

'I can tell you what was in it,' said Mrs. Spoopendyke. 'I can tell you all about it while I dress,' and she looked up at him piteously, with her face all flushed.

'No doubt,' retorted Mr. Spoopendyke. 'You know all about it. All you want is a can of oil and ten men swearing at you all day to be a printing press. Where are you going you—?'

'Now I'm all ready, dear,' smiled Mrs. Spoopendyke, who wasn't anything of the sort. 'you won't need to wait now for we're going.'

They started off arm-in-arm, Mr. Spoopendyke growling, and his wife hitching at her various garments as they went along.

'Another time we're going out to dinner, you be ready the day before, you hear?' demanded Mr. Spoopendyke.

'Yes dear,' responded his wife; and then she thought to herself, 'I'm very glad he didn't insist on looking for the paper.'

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