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DS.

ABVIL

DON'T FORGET THE PLACE. Two doors west of the Singer sewing machine

The Great Artistic Taller, Lindsay, Oct. 26, 1885. – 64.

The Canadian Yost.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, FEB. 26, 1886.

LAZY PINK.

|Arkansaw Traveler.]

As a wagon drew near, a boy larily simbed over the fence and opened the "Why don't you move faster, you lazy said the man who drove the

"You are always tired."
"Yes, I am; and I wish I could get

"You'll never do it. You are too lazy to get anything. Come on here now and help me take out the horses."

The man was Clarkson Miller; the boy was his son, Pinkney, known throughout the neighborhood as Lazy Pink. Unlike other boys he had never been known to engage in any game that required activity, and his mother often declared that he positively refused to walk until he grew to be so old that he was ashamed of himself. Pink was not handsome. His head was red and his face was freckled; and, worse than all else, he was bow-legged. He cared nothing for books. At school, if not interrupted, he would sit all day with his eyes half-closed, yet no one could accuse him of being sleepy, for at home he was always the last one to go to bed.

When the horses had been fed, and when Mr. Miller and his son returned to the house, the old man asked:

"What have you been doing to-day?"

"Ain't been doin' nothin', fur I was "lidn't I tell you to break up that turnip land?"

") es, sir, believe you did." "Then why didn't you do it?"
"'Cause I was tired."

"Boy, you are goin' to starve to death, just as sure as you live."
"If I live I won't starve to death. If I die I might starve to death."

"liush up your mouth and don't give me none of your sass. Mother, I wouldn't give him a bite of supper."

"I don't care."

"I don't believe you do. You are too "Oh, yes, Clarkson, let the child have something to est. I don't reckon he can

help it because he is always tired. You know I had a brother that was always that way. Yes, and he never amounted to nothin'

"I know that, Clarkson, but Pink may do better after awhile."

"No he won't. He is the triffin'est boy in the state of Arkansas. Them Jackson boys air out every mornin' breakin' colts or doin' something but Pink, plague take him, won't do nothin' but mope roun' under the trees. He has just about wore me out, let me tell you, and if he don't strike a lick putty soon I'll get afoul of him and wear him out. I won't put up with such noaccountness. Pink."

"They air goin to take up another school over at the Forks next week and I reckon you'd better go. You sin't got sense enough to ever make a farmer and I reckon you'd better be a lawyer or some thing of that sort."

"Let him be a preacher, Clarkson," in-terposed Mrs. Miller. *I Preacher the deuce. Wy he'd ruin a congregation. When he'd begin to preach he'd be too lazy to stop. No, better let him talk to the jury, and if he does wear 'em out, the country would be better off. What do you say, Pine?"

"Ain't particular."

"No, fetch take it, you of never per-

"No, fetch take it, you air never particular. If you was you'd get along bet-ter. Did you drive the hogs outen the

"No. sir." "What?"

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profits at given to les apper

"No, sir, I was too tired."

"Wife, give me that rope hangin' up there. I'll wear him to a frazzle."

"Oh, no, don't whip the child."

"Well, let him behave himself then.
I'll bet anything them hogs have ruined that field. I must punish him. Pink, go

The boy arose from a box on which he had been sitting, stretched himself and blowly ascended the stairs. "Ah, Lord," said the old man, "I don't know what is to become of that boy. If he wa'n't quite so lazy I would think that the penitentiary would catch him."

The school had been in operation nearly three weeks when, one day, the teacher, the Rev. Dr. Brooks, called on old man

"Glad to see you, parson; sit down.
How's everything?"
"Slow," Dr. Brooks replied.
"How's Pink gettin' along?"
"Not at all."

"You don't tell me so?"

"Oh, yes, he appears to be smart enough."

"What's the matter, then?"

"He lacks application,"

"Well, I'll give him all the application he wants. I am much obleged to you for tellin' me."

Shortly after Dr. Brooks withdraw, Pink entered the room where his father was sitting. The old man was greatly poubled, but he was determined not to be violent with the boy.

"Ne, sir."
"I'll tell you. You'll land in the penitentiary."
"I don't know, sir."
"Well, I know. It is because you are

"Do you find Blackstone interesting?" "Yes, sir, very."
"Pink, what's that you are reading?"

well, throw it down. Four in never to a good lawyer unless you study."

With a mighty effort, Pink made a pretense of studying. He seemed to have settled upon an entire change of course, but occasionally he would fall back into his old ways. Then he would sit with his eyes half closed. One day he said: "'Lige, do you ever expect to be a great

"Is that what makes you study so "Yes; if it were not for that I wouldn't

study at all Isn't that the season you study, Pink?" "I don't study much, but that ain't the reason. I wouldn't study at all if I didn't have to. When I don't read old Blake makes me tote in wood, and I'd rather

makes me tired."

A stranger coming into the room would have instantly settled upon 'Lige as the coming lawyer. No one would have thought that any possible distinction awaited the lazy, how-legged, red-headed boy. That which passes for discernment is often short-sightedness. Some of our greatest men have been—but the turning point of a story should never be anticipated.

Lige was a quiet how and Sundars he

Lige was a quiet boy, and Sundays he would go to church. Pink spent his Sundays in quite a different way. He would roam along the river, throwing stones at birds. Remonstrance was of no avail. He hated Sunday school and abhorred the church. Occasionally he would come home with a bloody nose, for although he was averse to physical exercise, he hesitated not to engage in combat. People pointed at him, shook their heads and

"That boy will never amount to any-thing." Pink fell in love with a little girl, bright-eyed Mary Pheips, but naturally enough the girl did not love him. She loved Lige. This enraged Pink, and had

Even in a lawyer's office time drags along. Lige was ready to stand an examination. Pink also declared that he was ready. They were examined by the circuit judge. Lige was complimented for his quickness and insight, but Pink failed to answer a sufficient number of questions consequently he was removed. questions, consequently he was remanded back to Blake's office. Realizing that he had wasted time he made an earnest re-

solve to do better. Lige began the practice of his difficult profession. He threw his whole soul into the work and old lawyers said that he would succeed. How short sighted, how

would succeed. How short-sighted, how erroneous are human calculations.

One evening Pink called on bright-eyed Mary. He had determined to ask her to be his wife, for he believed that she had ceased to love 'Lige. Mary cordially received him and his heart beat a hopeful tatoo.

"Miss Mary, I suppose you have heard how hard I am studying."

"Yes, and I also heard that you failed to pass your examination."

"It does with me. " "Mary, I want you to be my wife."
"I can not, I am engaged to Lige
Berry."

There came a day when the wise men thought of the predictions they had made with regard to the two boys. Berry is now a distinguished judge. Pink is in the penitentiary. It will be a shock, no doubt, for some people to learn that a good boy ever amounted to anything and that a bad boy ever failed to succeed in life. Probably those facts should not have been penned; but then the laudable motive which inspired their publication will more than offset the startling revelations which are made in the narration. The good, studious boy has had very little chance in this country. All the high places of honor have been filled by men who were once bad boys. Even ministers of the gospel boast of how they were once bad, oh, yes, so very bad; and with keen delight some of them tell of their adventures on the race-course or at the card table. It is time that a reform should take place. Give the good boy a chance.

diffic. The next moment the sie was him. They jumped up, fired the cans into the basics, shock their fists under his nose, and wanted their money back. He wouldn't give it, and they went for him. He was making a good fight when one of them drew a knife. I had a heavy cane in my hand, and knecked the knife out of the fellow's hand and made the peddler go up the hidder and off the lost. He thanked me and went away talking Chinese, and, as I supposed, cursing the crowd.

got, I never dropped to his racket at all? It was a put-up job He brought on board real cans of tomatoes; he took away tomato cans filled with opium paste. The sailors were in with him, and had put the real ones in their chests, and had replaced them with the smuggled stuff. There must have been thirty-five pounds, which meant a clear profit of \$250. meant a clear profit of \$350.

[Long Branch Cor. Chicago Tribune.] she airs herself on the piazza, and ac companies her to entertainments. It was at the big ball that I stumbled across him, in all the possible glory of perfect evening dress. He kept close to his lady, who was blazing with diamonds, but he never presumed to speak to her. A fine gem sparkled on his own chest. His lady had lent it to him, he explained, to complete

ployer to her apartments, and received into his care the \$50,000 worth of gems with which she had been dazzling the company. He kept the jewels saie by wearing them in a leather belt round his waist, and they never leave his body exeept to go upon the person of his gracious boss. He goes heavily armed always, seldom leaves the hotel day or night except upon journeys, and never allows himself to touch intoxicants. He has so far this summer been in the White mountains, at Richfield Springs, and Narra gansett Pier. Farly in August he expects to go to Saratoga, and from there to Bar Harbor. Altogether his lot is not an un-

[Longman's M gazine.] congregated to do honor to the occasion by rendering volunteer aid in cutting, binding, and stacking the corn.

preparing food and accommodation for

plentiful supply of broth and boiled mutton, with accompanying vegetables from the kitchen garden, is provided. Tea is generally partaken of on the field—a sort of overgrown private picnic. The work of the day is generally over by 5 or 6 o'clock, and a final visit is paid to the farm-house to partake of the immense platefuls of boiled rice which invariably constitutes the harvest support.

Origin of the Rat.

[London Newn.]

The origin of the rat. like the birth of Jeames I ellowplush, is wrapped up in mystery. The ancients, according to a learned writer by M. Eugene Rolland in his "Faune Sauvage," knew not the rat. Their condition was more gracious. But it is hard to be certain about the fauna of the ancients. When they use a word meaning mouse they may have had field mouse or common mouse or perhaps even the rat in their minds. Herodotus tells, on Egyptian authority, the same tale of an army defeated by mice who gnawed their bowstrings as the Creek Indians tell of rats in their cosmogonic legend. This legend was fairly written in red, on a skin, and was kept during the last century in the Georgia office. Where is it now?

The Chinese have precisely the same story, only they, like the Creek Indians, assign the victory to rats, not to the mice of the old Halicarnassian. Perhaps Herodotus meant rats, he knew nothing of cats till he went to Egypt, and about rats he may have been equally in the dark. Rats are not uncommon in Shakespeare, but Buckland says Genner (1587) first mentions the black rat. This, though older than the brown rat, is not apparently aboriginal. The Weish name for rat means "French mouse," and perhaps the rat came over with the Conqueror. An accomplished author on micromamologie thinks the rat was brought to Europe (involuntarily, no doubt) by the cruanders. The brown or so-called "Norway rats," devour the black ones, and are later comers.

If a well known character was really Origin of the Rat. [London News.]

officers.

If a well known character was really
"a rat in Pythagorup' time, " the organisest
agilists the bring known to the medicate
falls to the ground, and Shakespace ortakly thought that rate wave quantum is
the target up of Dammak. But in the

pitied. We all know the dephant of the fable. She one day tool unwittingly on a partridge, and killed it. Soon afterward she found the nestlings of the partridge. "Poor little things!" said the elephant; "I, too, have a mother;" and, with the kindest intentions, she set down on the nest. In the same way the rhinoceros, never dreaming of harm, lies down on rate in his house, and compresses them quite flat. Such is their doom—an example, as far as it goes, of the ruthless laws of nature, and the survival of the fittest. The instinct of rate teaches them to shun a falling house, but not, alas! to avoid a sleepy rhinoceros.

Batavia Cor. Cincinnati Times-Star.]

"It has never been told," said Judge Ashburn, who married Grant's cousin, "that Grant might have gone through the war in a more humble capacity, When the rebellion opened he was poor and had given up farming to clerk in his father's store in Gelena. He came to Bethel, Ohio, to see one of his cousins to urge him to go in partnership to supply bread for Camp Dennison. The cousin did not care to engage in business with him, and the matter fell through. At this time he hardly knew what to do, and while here he received a dispatch from Governor Yates asking him to take charge of a state instruction camp.

He thought it over, and hesitated. He had been out of the service for a number of years, and was not certain of his abil-ity to drill raw recruits. He got a big pine board and a lot of objects for pine board and a lot of objects for dummy soldiers and commenced applying military rules to see if he could form a company. He set up his men over and over again, but he gave up in despair. He could not do it. He had forgotten his former power and could not accept the position offered by Governor Yates. But he went to Illinois, visited the camp, saw the actual men in motion, and like a flash his eld lessens came back to him, and he accepted." It is for the reader to speculate on Gen. Grant's career had he become a commissary at Carry Dentity

become a commissary at Camp Dennison, or had he declined the offer of Governor Dick Yates.

[Boston Beacon.] "The whole force of conversation. some one says, "depends on how much you can take for granted." The good listener may contribute to that force by intelligent nodding. We once introduced two friends who were going in the same car en an all-day journey. One of them was an inveterate talker; the other, also a good talker, could keep still when necessary. Meeting the latter a few months after, we inquired how they enjoyed the day together. "The doctor enjoyed it first rate," said the quiet man. "He began talking when the train started and never talking when the train started, and never stopped until it pulled into Jersey City, encouraged by only intermittent nods and smiles from me. Parting as we left the train, the doctor remarked effusively. 'We have had a good day; I don't know when I have enjoyed a conversation so

> "Milord Anglaise" Abroad. [Chicago Journal.]

A story is going the round of the French papers to illustrate the ways of the English abroad A "couple" staying the English abroad. A "couple" staying at Schaffhausen ordered, a few nights ago, an illumination of the Rhine for their own special benefit, and the work was put in hand accordingly. The villagers got wind of the matter, and assembled to see the sight; whereupon "milord Anglaise," remarking that he had paid for himself and not for the public, countermanded the illumination and gave orders that none of the lamps ar gave orders that none of the lamps or fireworks should be lighted. Presently, however, one of the heavy thunder-storms which white districts and less than the lamb of the heavy thunder storms. broke off over the falls, and an electric spark set the fireworks off. The English 'milord," it seems, was as furious as the storm. A great many morals are possible to this story.

[Pittsburg Dispatch.] Call it magnetism or what you will, there is a something about some preachers that makes them more agreeable, more entertaining and more popular than others. even if they do not know half as much

Begonia leaves are the most killing bait for shad, according to a Georgia fisher-

Boston Transcript: When Sirius rules, to study is not a part of the duty of man. A Pernicious Practice-Americans to

Blame-Two Prices. [Paris Cor. Texas Siftings.]

One of the pernicious institutions of Paris is the pourboire—the "for to drink" tip. You don't grudge giving certain men who have done you a service a little something in addition to their exact wage—you do it willingly, spontaneously—but when it is looked for, asked for, exacted as a just due,

mostly come over here on unlimited allowances of money, with the single purpose in view of having a good time. They succeed in having it—always; and true to the national temperament, they "never mind the expense." What does a free, untrammeled American care for francs, much less for centimes! He gives his garcon a gold piece in payment of his dinner—I have seen him do it, and this is perfectly proper—but when that lynx eyed worthy returns, bearing a silver plate, or silver-plated plate, covered with large copper coins and small silver pieces, our free-countryman sniffs the air and disdains to touch such a mess.

What is the consequence? Why,

not pay for their aprons, they east all their pourboires into a common box, and divide at the end of the day, first settling from the fund for breakages with the proprietor. In short, the re-

with the proprietor. In short, the result of my observations has been that waiters, cabmen and shopkeepers alike are all on the constant lookout for the unwary or indifferent foreigner, and especially for the prodigal American.

There are two prices—the honest one, for the man who speaks French, and double the amount for the wretched heathen who does not or can't. And, surely, there can be nothing easier than to separate these two classes. When the bland garcon inquires with ferret eye of the stupid foreigner, "Parley vous Francaise, monsieur?" and is answered in distorted miom, "A little shert," or asks, "Will you have some sonp, sir?" and is calmly told "Yes, I will not have some," he can classify his man with perfect case, and fleece him accordingly.

A OFFICIOURING

"Have you a father and mother?" was
the next question.

"Nobody, yer honor, but myself."

"Which would you prefer to do,
Johnny," the gentleman next inquired,
"go into business or go to school?"

"Well, I would rather go to school,
ten to one," said Johnny, "but there
ain't any show for that."

"We will see," said the contleman.

"We will see," said the gentleman.
"Will you come into my office, Johnny,
until I see what is best to be done?"

"Yes, sir," Johany replied, the tears starting to his eyes.
"I shall want you to go home with me in an hour or two, and give my wife her diamonds, and see what she hinks of you." "All right," said Johnny, brushing away the tears. "Anything to do now,

The following Sunday Johnny went to the mission school for the last time, and in such clothes that Miss Lee

hardly knew him. The grateful boy told his teacher all that had happened, and concluded as follows: "I am going away to school to-morrow, and if I've got the learning stuff in me I can go to college; but Miss Lee, if it had not been for you and God, I should have been a offscouring all the days of my life.

Small Arms and Cartridges.

[Saturday Review.] When attention was first directed to the importance of obtaining increased rapidity of fire from small arms, one of the most obvious expedients was to get rid of the trouble and delay of measuring the powder for each discharge. Hence the proper weight was made up in a little paper packet, and the soldier or sportsman went forth provided with a number of such primitive cartridges instead of with a quantity of powder in bulk. They had, of course, to be torn open and their contents poured down the barrel of the gun, the empty paper serving as a wad.

The next step was to combine the powder and ball in one cartridge, made to fit the barrel and properly lubricated in order to admit of being rammed home from the muzzle. It was still necessary, however, for the soldier to tear open the bottom of the cartridge with his teeth in order that the flame of the percussion cap might reach the powder. It will be remembered how great a part was played in India by the violence done to caste prejudices by compelling the Sepoys thus to put to their lips a lubricating material which possibly might have been the fat of a sacred animal or of an unclean one. Had they based their objections upon the inherent nastiness of stale and rancid grease they would have commanded the sympathy of all but the least fastidious of Christians.

The cartridge of those days was in loaders changed all the conditions of the case. Henceforth, instead of being made to fit the barrel loosely, the cartridge could be made slightly larger than the bore, and the base, instead of being torn open before loading, became the most solid part of the structure, and was made to subserve several important ends.

The Americans are usually credited cartridge as we now know it. Priority s always difficult to fix with accuracy when, as in this case, the ingenuity of great many men in different countries is employed in perfecting a mechanical idea. The Americans were the first to make and use the solid drawn cartridges on any large scale, but it seems probable that the actual inventor was a Frenchman named Cazalet.

[Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.] Mr. Crowther, of Manchester, England, has invented a contrivance for the

production of stereoscopic effects by means of the magic lantern. Two lanterns are used, each of which projects one of the two corresponding stereoptic transparencies, so that one picture is superimposed upon the other upon the screen. The light thrown from the lanterns is not white, but consists of complementary colors, as red and green, The observers wear spectacles colored of corresponding tints with those used in the lanterns, and each eye perceives only its appropriate view, the mind com-bining the two pictures into a repre-sentation possessing strong stereoscopic relief, and some peculiar properties of

Inster By a slight alteration in the adjustment the image can be made to advance and retreat, appearing suspended in mid-air between the spectator and the screen, somewhat after the manner of the well known illusions produced by concave mirrors. The inconvenience of supplying colored spectacles to a company of observers can be overcome, it is thought, by paralyzing each eye, as required, by alternately exhibiting a strong light of the complementary tint required.

[New Orleans Times-Democrat.] A bushel of corn, when compacted into lard, or cheese, or butter, can find its market anywhere in the world where the cost of sending the corn itself would make a market for it impossible. sides this, in the making of the lard or butter a manurial residue is left on the land, instead of being carried away to fertilize foreign fields. This is the kernel of the argument for mixed farming, instead of grain farming.

Casting the Squid.

[New York Times.]

Standing upright in his boat, the expert bass itsherman grasps his rod firmly below the reel, which must be one that runs with the least possible friction, and holds 300 or 400 feet of line, and whirls holds 300 or 400 feet of line, and whirls it with the squid and several yards of line free. When the whirling squid is brought to a certain velocity, which the feeling and instinct of the angler must judge to a nicety, he thrusts the rod forward quickly with a graceful movement that can only be understood on being seen.

The whirling sould instantly remarks

be understood on being seen.

The whirling squid instantly responds to the movement. It shoots out with amazing velocity as straight as a bullet's light. The whizzing reel pays out the unresisting line, and if the cast has been made by an expert 150 feet of line will have left the reel before the squid drops into the water just at the spat it was have left the reel before the squid drops into the water just at the spet it was launched to reach. It will not be long before some monster of a bass will show his appreciation of the skill with which the cast was made, by swooping upon the attractive lure, and then will come a struggle that may last an hour, and perhaps two, before one or the other of the combatants conquers—the longer the struggle the more favorable its result to the angles. J. Wetherup.

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S.R.—I have been wearing the glasses pro-cured from you, and have great pleasure in testifying to the accuracy with which you adapted the lenses to each eye. I was aston-ished at the readiness with which you discov-ered the difference in my eyes, the right being much stronger than the left.

I have not hitherto been able te get glasses that I could use with any satisfaction. I am, your ob'dt servant,

H. GLADMAN.

A. Higinbotham, Esq.

DEAR SIR.—The "Laurance" Eye-glasses procured from you this morning give me great satisfaction. I have never worn any to equal them for comfort in reading either print or writing without the slighteststrain on the eyes. I have no doubt the spectacles I got from you for night reading will also prove satisfactory. In a dimly lighted room I find I can with ease read the smallest print—whilst not magnifying, the print seems clear and easily read. Yours truly, TOHS. MATCHETT.

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S. Perrin.



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"You don't tell me so?"

"Yes, I am sorry to say."

"What 'peers to be the matter?"

"He won't study."

"(an't you whip him into it?"

"I have tried, but it does no good."

"Ah, Lord; I don't know what's to become of him. Do you think he will ever amount to anything, parson?"

"No, I do not." "Would you advise me to take him away from school? "Yes."
"No hope for him?"

"None. "lio you reckon he's got any sense at

"Yes, sir."
"Dr. Brooks tells me that it's no use to

"Oh, you struck it, dad blast you; oh, yes, you struck it. Do you know where you will land?"

'Lige Berry was the good boy of the neighborhood. He steed first in his classes at school and every one predicted that he would enter upon an honored

career.
"Pink, wouldn't you like to be

lawyer?"
"I sin't particular."
"Well, I am. I want to put you at the triffingest business I know of an' I recken it would suit you to be a lawyer. I'll go over and see Judge Blake to-morrow. He'll either make you study or chepwood all the time. Wouldn't you like to get up and make speeches?"

wood all the time. Wouldn't you like to get up and make speeches?"

"Ain't particular."

When Pink arrived at Judge Blake's effice, he found that the good boy, 'Lige Berry, had been installed as a student. 'Lige did not appear to be pleased when he discovered that Pink was to be his colleague, for, between the two boys there had never been anything in common. The good boy merely looked up when Pink entered, then, with a frown, he bent him-

entered, then, with a frown, he bent himself to the work of devouring Blackstone. Pink sat down, in obedience to the command of the judge.

"Young gentlemen, as business is woefully dull at present, you won't have anything to do but to read. 'Lige, you are getting along very well, are you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you find Blackstone interesting?"

"Readin' 'bout some Inguns,"
"Well, throw it down. You'll never be

lawyer?"
"Of course I da."

read than to tote wood. Totin' wood makes me tired."

an opportunity presented itself he would have chastised his fellow-student.

house at midday. to pass your examination."
"()h, that makes no difference."

chance.

[New York Sun.]

"Of all smugglers," remarked the custom house inspector, "recommend me to the ('hinks and Japs. They've get more brains and originality than any other smugglers four times over. A few months ago a tea packet came in and I was assigned to it. Well, a friend of mine—a 'fiend,' as they call 'em—gave me a tip that there was opium paste on board, which the sailors were going to smuggle ashore. You see opium paste pays a duty of \$10 a pound. I was on the boat the moment she touched the pier, and examined every sailor that went off. I hadn't been aboard a very long time when a Chinese greer peddler came down to the wharf. He had a big open basket on his arm, in which there was green stuff and cans of tomatoes and such like.

I didn't suspect him, but to be doubly sure I walked with him to the forecastle, where he commenced to peddle off his truck. He sold the wastables and counted the money carefully he gut for them. Then he sold the caus of tomatoes for a quarter spices. I thought he was rubbing it in, so I twid one of 'our on the

bost. He thanked me and went away talking Chinese, and, as I supposed, cursing the crowd.

"A little while after the sailors came up and wanted to go ashere. I searched every one of them and found nothing. They hadn't been gone more than half an hour when the peddler came back. His eyes were black, and his nose and mouth bloody and swollen. He said: "Policeman, dam lebbie stealee foh, fifve can tomatee. You helpe gettie back and takee bad man to station house." I felt sorry for the poor devil, and told him we'd go and search the forecastle for his property. We looked around five or ten minutes, and were about to give it up as a bad job. and were about to give it up as a bad job, when he found them hidden away behind some old sail cloth. He popped them in his basket, shock hands, and thanked me a dozen times, gave me a handful of good cigars, and then went away. Do you knew, on account of the licking he had goot I never dropped to his weeket at all.

The fashion of lugging round so many splendid dresses and valuable jewels has given rise to a new species of servant—the family detective. There are three detectives now living in the same hotel, each engaged in the service of a woman of wealth and show. One of them I happen to know. He had a good business in New York, but he tells me that the wages offered him by his present employer was sufficient to warrant him abandoning it for the summer and looking after her and her possessions. He receives \$200 a month, and besides has his expenses paid. He always stays at the best hotels, for it is necessary that he should be close to his charge, and besides he would not permit himself to be treated as a menial. He follows her like a discreet shadow—granting that a shadow could be discreet hangs round a neighboring post when

is appearance.

After the ball he accompanied his em

It is on the occasion of wheat-cutting —the nearest approach in Wales to the English "harvest home"—that the feudality of the modern Welsh peasant is manifested. Every person, male and female, of every age from the 8-year-old urchin to the octogenarian, who has during the past year received, or expects in the future to receive, any favor from the farmer's hands, attends at the "Fedel Wenith," or "wheat reaping;" it is no unusual thing to see on a farm of from 100 to 150 acres as many as fifty, eighty, or even 100 persons

Not only must the laborers, with their wives and children all attend, but the village blacksmith, carpenter, mason, cobbler, tailor, and shop-keeper are expected to be present, and even the village schoolmaster, preacher and parson do not deem it derogatory to their dignity to take personal and active part in the work during at least a portion of the day. The day's work begins after breakfast, and the resources of the farm-wife are strained to the utmost

the little army which will invade the The dinner hour having arrived and the house having overflowed, rough temporary tables and benches are raised in the close or farmyard, and a plentiful supply of broth and boiled mutter with accompanying vegetables.

not as a favor, then the custom assumes a repulsive aspect; it destroys your character as a free agent, and if you have the faintest spark of Puritan manliness in your soul, you make a miniature declaration of independence. I fear, however, that Americans themselves have contributed largely to aggravate this practice. Comparatively few of them can speak French, and they mostly come over here on unlimited al-

What is the consequence? Why, there are some garcons in Paris who pay as high as 20 francs a day for the privilege of wearing an apron in certain of the fashionable cafes frequented by Americans and English nobility. Where the waiters are on salary, and do not now for their areas as they cast all