IN SEARCH OF ADVENTURE.

"Hands wanted at White's Dairy Farm, Ettingville." We were sitting in the phaeton in front of Lavaud's Hotel at Roseville, when this sign, hung out on the walk, met our eyes.

I looked from it to Baby; Baby, with a little laugh in her blue eyes, returned my gaze. We understood each other.

"Let us go," she said, as we drove off.

"Now?" I asked.

"Nonsense! Of course not; but we can drive home, hunt up some old dresses and old shoes, make a couple of sun-bonnets, and to-morrow morning, when Harry goes away, harness up the box-wagon and try our luck. It will be lots of fun."

Now be it distinctly understood that my audacious friend was "wooed an' married an' a'," while I was a single young woman, accountable only to myself for my misdeeds.

"And Harry?" I asked.

"We will tell him when we come back."

"But," I urged again, "what do you imagine we will have to do? I have only the vaguest notions of farm work. My knowledge has been principally derived from story-books, and I am afraid their suggestions are, to say the least, unpractical. Is it to husk corn, or pare apples, or—or—"

"Pick potatoes, most likely," broke in Baby.

"Never mind what it is; we can steal away and go home if we don't like it."

"Very well," I said, and it was settled.

Harry took the seven o'clock train the next morning, with an unusually dense heart, and his wife and I went home to begin our adventure.

Pitts was ordered to harness up the box-wagon while we dressed. Two straight plain calico skirts were put on and viewed with much complacency. My jacket was a loose one, borrowed from Sarah, the cook; Baby had ripped the ruffling off one of her own. Her sun-bonnet was blue, mine a bright pink. Our hats we plaited in two braids down our backs; our shoes were a miracle of holes. I gave a fleeting thought to Baby's high French heels. Farm women did not usually wear them, I thought, but said nothing.

We laughed till we were exhausted at the figures we made, but decided, thanks to the sun-bonnets, that we were pretty well disguised.

Away we drove in high glee, amid the laughter of the servants, who were by this time pretty well used to our pranks.

"We will be back for the half-past five train," shouted Baby, as we turned out at the gate.

"Baby," I said, when we were on the Anaguia road, "do you know where it is?"

"Which—the farm, or Ettingville?"

"The farm."

"No; but we can ask."

And ask we did, and no little amusement we created, as we drove into the inn yard, put up the horse, and proceeded the rest of the way on foot, a wise suggestion of Baby's. It would not look right, she said, for working women to drive up in their own wagon. Of course I acquiesced.

I wonder did there ever present themselves at any place two such remarkable little figures as turned in at the White Dairy Farm.

We went past one or two fields and met no one; at last we came across a man with a spade on his shoulder.

"Is this White's Dairy Farm?" asked Baby.

"It be," was the answer.

"Where do they want the people to work?" demanded I, ashamed to let Baby do all the talking.

"Oh, you want a job, do you?" Baby's sun-bonnet drooped and quivered. I knew she was speechless.

"Yes," I said; "where do we go?"

"To that red building over there. Just down that path and then to the right."

We thanked him, and ran on till we came to a great red building, a sort of barn, with wide open doors, and within men and women apparently hard at work assorting and packing fruit.

A few turned and stopped their work, looking at us curiously, but the rest kept on, occasionally exchanging a jest with one another.

A young man stood in his shirt-sleeves marvellously white they were, too, with his back towards us, giving orders to a carman who was loading a wagon. In a moment he turned and regarded us with a broad stare of astonishment.

"Sir," said Baby, with her eyes on the ground, "we heard you wanted hands; can you give us any work?"

Alas, alas! Baby was more than half a French woman, and, as the clear, crisp, un-English tones fell on his ear, the look of suspicion on his face became one of certainty.

"Will you come this way?" he asked, leading us out of the opposite doorway. "What can you do?" he added.

"Anything," I said, as confidently as I could.

He showed us a pile of fruit which was to be sorted and put into baskets, and walked away to the first comers.

Baby and I fell too at once. She knew what she was about, and I worked under her directions.

"Oh, Min," she said, in a whisper, "we are in a nice scrape if he finds us out. Harry will be so angry."

"Let us steal away," I whispered back; "we can do it in a little while."

But we kept on, half laughing, half dismayed, for a couple of hours, when our master, as Baby persisted in calling him, came back.

He might have been any age between twenty-five and thirty, tall, straight, and handsome.

I saw him glance at Baby's white, slender fingers, where, horror of horrors, shone a diamond, which from sheer force of habit she had forgotten to remove.

He looked somewhat surprised at the quantity of work we had done.

"You are getting along famously," he said, in an amused tone. Then, "Will you be so good as to follow me?"

Men did not generally speak in that way to hired help, but we could, not in prudence refuse, so we followed him to a little garden, where, under some trees that screened them from observation, we found a bench and rude table.

"Will you wait here?" he asked, and touching his hat, went away.

"Well," I cried, "if this don't beat everything! What does it mean?"

"It means that he has found out who we are," said Baby, dejectedly. "I wish we had not come."

"Never mind," I said, consolingly, "it is an adventure, anyhow. A little more than we bargained for—that is all."

Just then back came "our master," carrying a tray which he deposited on the table before us.

Our astonished eyes took in wine, milk, a cold chicken, fresh butter, and slices of home-made bread.

"Mrs. Lester," he said, turning to Baby, "will you forgive me for recognizing you? But it was almost necessary. The men might have been rude, and it is better that you should go home now."

"You are wondering, I dare say, how I came to know you, but I have seen you quite often driving around the country with your friend. My name is Roger Carlyle."

Baby laughed till the tears run down her cheeks.

"Mr. Carlyle," she said, "I am infinitely obliged to you. We saw the sign yesterday at Roseville, and thought we would come for the fun of the thing. But I had no idea we were to have such an adventure. I have an idea that you are masquerading yourself."

"Well, I am," he acknowledged. "I am acting to-day for my uncle, who owns the place. But will you not eat something? You must be hungry."

We were starving, and did full justice to the nice luncheon. While we were eating he went to the inn for the horse and brought him round to us.

"Good-bye," said Baby, as he gave her the reins "and be sure you come and see us. Mr Lester will be glad to thank you."

He laughed and promised.

"Oh, Baby," I said, when we were well on our way, "what a scrape!"

"Pshaw!" returned Baby; "it was plenty of fun. Nevertheless, we will not do it again."

As the half-past five train came in, two irreproachably-dressed young ladies sat in a pony-phaeton waiting for Harry Lester.

We told him all about it after dinner, and, though he scolded, he had to laugh, particularly when we donned our costumes to give him an idea of the affect.

One good thing came out of it all—our friendship with Roger Carlyle.

He came over, as he had promised, and gave Harry a very ludicrous account of our proceedings.

Did it ever lead to more than friendship?

How curious you are! Perhaps.

MARY ANN'S LODGER.

It was a wild, black night in Dummer street, Jackass Flat, Cal., 1852. The wind fairly howled. The rain scourged the roofs, twisting in wet sheets about the chimneys, and pulling them down, as the velvet train of a lady clings to the ankle of the unwary dancer, and upsets him in a minute. There was more water in Dummer street than you would have thought from merely looking at the surface, because, as a rule, you can't see very far into the water, every cubic mile of which holds in solution a small range of mountains and two or three mining towns. The boarding house of Mrs. Hashagen presented, however you might look at it, a very dejected aspect. There was one tallow-candle burning dimly at an upper window, and beside it sat, in anxious expectancy, the landlady's old mother-in-law, plying the busy needle. Her son, the man of the house, who was "having a little game with the boys" behind a dormer-window at Clawhammer Jake's, had promised to return at 10 o'clock if he had "any kind o' luck"—which meant any kind excepting bad or indifferent luck—and it was now 11. There was no knowing either how soon it might be necessary to take to the boats. Presently something bumped against the side of the house, there was a murmur of subdued swearing outside, a scow was pushed up to the window ledge, and Mr. Hashagen stepped into the room.

"How's business, Joseph?" was the laconic welcome from the aged mother.

"Disgustin'!" was the unamiable reply of her son, as he chained his barge to the shutter. "Never held such dern-ed hands in my life. Beat the game, though. Ten or twenty dollars, I should say. But 'tain't no use for me to keep up that kick. Fate's dead agin me—that's how I put it up."

"Quite true, Joseph," replied the old lady mildly; "we done better'n that to home."

"Did, hey?"

There was a long silence, broken only by the pounding and chafing of Mr. Hashagen's galley against the side of the house. The wind had died away, or moaned only at long intervals, like the warning wail of the Banshee. Some solemn and mysterious spell seemed to brood upon that household; a vague but ghostly presentiment was at the heart of Mr. Hashagen—a subtle sense of helplessness and dread of some overshadowing Presence. He rose and looked out upon the moving waters.

"Mary Ann's got a customer, Joseph," said the old lady with an air of forced cheerfulness, as if to dispel the gathering gloom by idle talk.

"What is he?" inquired her son mechanically, not even withdrawing his eyes from the window—"roomer or boarder?"

"Only a bedder at present, Joseph."

"Pay in advance?"

"No, Joseph."

"Any traps?"

"Not even a carpet-bag."

"Know him?"

"We never none of us ever seen him afore."

There was another pause. The conversation had recalled Mr. Hashagen's faculties to the cares of the lodging house business, and he was turning something over in his mind, but did not seem to get it right side up. Presently he spoke:

"Hang me of I savvy! He didn't jungle, he ain't got no kit; and nobody don't know him! Now it's my opinion he's a dead beat—that's how I put him up! He lays out to get away with us—to play roots on the shebang. But I'll get the drop on him; I'll ring in a cold deck on him, or I'm a Chinaman; you just put dat that down—that's me."

But all this time there was a chill fear creeping about Joseph's heart. He talked very bravely, but he felt, somehow, that it didn't help him! He didn't exactly connect this feeling with his mysterious lodger, but he thought he would rather have taken in some person he knew. The old lady made no further attempt to put him at his ease, but sat placidly sewing, with a face as impassive as that of the Sphynx.

"I say, mother, has he turned in?"

"Yes, Joseph, I believe he retired some hours ago."

"Then bust my cruet of I don't go for his duds!"

And seizing the candle this provident manager strode into the hall, marched resolutely to the proper door, laid hold of the knob, and then, as he afterward described it, "you could have knocked him down with a $1 bill." However, he pushed open the door and entered.

And there, stretched out upon a bed, and decently sheeted from sight, lay the motionless form of Mary Ann's lodger, and, drawing off the covering, exposed the whole figure, which was about ten inches long, and rosy as a summer sunset. The new bedder was as much as three hours of age, and quite hearty.—

Uncle Remus and the Hyena.

"You all gentermens nee'n'ter ax me ow I is," said Uncle Remus as he came in yesterday—"yer nee'n'ter ax me, kase I'm po'ly en mighty po'ly at dat." Uncle Remus's manner of anticipating the usual cordial inquiries after his health attracted attention, but no one said anything. Every member of the editorial staff appeared to be deeply absorbed in his work. Uncle Remus waited a moment and then advanced to the grate and proceeded to warm his hands.

"Look lak de mo' I try ter git 'long de wuss off I is," the old man continued after a while. "Fus yer come de McComic en sot over agin de mornin' star, den de elements tuck'n turn deyself loose, en den de cole wedder crope up on me, en now, bless gracious, yer come 'long folks en say de woods is full of dese yer hyennus creeturs, er some yuther kinder varment wa't I ain't kotch de name un. Whar Mars Ivins Howell?"

The old man was told that he was in the editorial dressing-room, just across the hall. Uncle Remus sighed but did not enter the boudoir.

"Dey tells me," he continued, "dat dat ar varment got out dar in Mars Ivins' back-yard en chawd up a beef leg des like folks chaws uper sody cracker, en den he tuck en fan out dat' ar great big Inglish masty, des same ez if she'd bin one er deze yer tarrier dogs. Now den, of Mars Ivins 'll des up and tell me ont'n his own mouf dat dat ar creetur is servigous 'nuff fer ter han'le that ar big masty dog, den I'm gwine back home en fling my doin's in a dray en leaf out fum dar, kase Wes' Een ain't no place for old cripple nigger like me.

"His done got ter dat pass whar sumpin' n'er got ter be done, en dat mighty quick. Miss Sally, she say she speck hit's des one er dem ar Klu-Kluckers, but Miss Sally seeh er cuse w'ite 'oman dat dey ain't no tellin' w'en she's runnin' a rig on you, en mo'n dat, wat de name or goodness make de Klu-Klucker run round on he all fours en paw up de groun' in Mars Ivins' back-yard? Dat w'at I wanter know."

"Why don't you take a gun and go out and kill it?" some one asked.

"Who? Me?" exclaimed Uncle Remus in a tone of mingled derision and astonishment, "Bless yo' soul, chile, of dat creetur 'll des lemme 'lone much ez I do hit, dey won't be no kinder 'spute 'twixt us. Too much room in dese Nuninety States fer ole Remus fer ter be elbowin' up 'gin dat creetur.

"Sis Tempy say she seed it, Sis Ferraby say she seed it; en den yer come Brer Rastus en say he seed it, en Brer Plato say he seed it. En fum de time Sis Tempy seed it twel de time dat Brer Plato seed it, hit done grow'd lev'n foot. Dat w'at make I so skeerd. Dey all does mighty funny," continued Uncle Remus, shifting his weight from one leg to the other. "Dey meets it in de bushes, en dey looks at it, en den dey goes off en tells folks 'bout it. I boun' you of I meets dat creetur, I'll wake up de neighborhoods. I'll des take en fetch a squall dat'll make de chickens crow in Chattynoogy.

"Sis Tempy 'low dat it look so thin in de flank en so keen in de quarters dat she speck hit's a sperrit. Oh, you kin laugh," exclaimed Uncle Remus, as one of the staff hastened to hide his face behind a paper; "yon kin laugh, but of dey's any laughin' in dis kinder bizness, I,d er done foun' it out endurin' er de seventy year w'at I bin a scuffin' long in dese low groun's. Sis Tempy, she 'low dat she speck it's a sperrit, en' Brer Rastus, he 'low dat it mount be a witch. You go out ter Wes' Een', en you kin see de entrenches yit whar folks got kilt. Des es sho's youer settin' dar deys-quare gwines on under de canopies after folks is gone ter bed."

"What do you propose to do if it is a witch?" the statistical editor asked.

"I done druv a hoss-shoe nail in de bedpos', en I burns salt in de fier, en sez my pra'rs out loud eve'y night er de worl'," replied Uncle Remus seriously, "but seem lak de creetur ain't a keerin; en now I'm gwineter change my program, I'm gwine in dat place dar, en I'm a gwineter ax Mars Ivins Howell 'bout it, en if dat creetur is bin a cuttin' up in his back-yard, den I'm a gwinter go home en load up my ole muskit plum to de mouf, en of I des year a stick crack, I'm a gwineter open de do' en shet my eyes an lam slooee, en I lay of dat creetur is made out'n flesh en blood I'll make 'im show up. Des put dat in de paper, kase of any niggur gits hurted close by my house, I wants ter git de law en de s'vertisin' on my side."

Whereupon Uncle Remus marched triumphantly into the editorial boudoir.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A Blunt Client.

Ethan Allen, the hero of Ticonderoga, was one of the most blunt and honest of men. An incident illustrates the characteristics and also his prejudice against legal technicalities. He owed a citizen of Boston sixty pounds, for which he gave a promissory note. It was sent to Vermont for collection. It was inconvenient for Allen to pay the note when it became due, and it was put in suit.

Allen employed a lawyer to attend the court and have the judgment postponed. As the readiest way to postpone the matter his lawyer determined to deny the genuineness of the signature, in which case a witness in Boston would have to be sent for, and so the matter would be delayed.

Allen happened to be in a remote part of the court room when the case was called, and with astonishment and indignation he heard his lawyer gravely deny the signature to the note.

With long and fierce strides Allen rushed through the crowd, and, confronting his attorney, he said, in a voice that was heard from beyond the court-room.

"Mr. ——, I did not hire you to come here and lie. That's a true note; I signed it—I'll swear to it—and I'll pay it. I want no shuffling. I want time. What I employed you for was to get this business put over to the next court, not to come here and lie and juggle about it."

The postponement of the claim was amicably settled.

PETERBORO.

Correspondence of The Warder.

The low price of grain is rather a damper on the fall business. Still Peterborough keeps alive, and goes on increasing and improving. It is the general opinion of commercial men that Peterborough is to-day the most thriving town in the province, and as every prospect of becoming second only to Toronto.

A Foot ball match was played on Saturday, between the town club and Toronto. It would be difficult to pick a finer team than the Torontos, and they were well practised together. In the running the town boys did well, in the scrimmaging Toronto was much too strong. Toronto won, and considerable money was dropped on the boys.

The architectural taste displayed in our buildings and residences is one of the features noted by strangers. The churches are catching the go-ahead infection, and are being remodelled and enlarged. St. Peter's, the Catholic cathedral, will be a grand edifice when completed. The improvements will cost about $25,000. The Presbyterian church is also being enlarged, and will present a very handsome appearance.

The Pacific railway, or the O. & Q., is a great convenience, particularly as its through trains run on Sunday. Freights have been much lowered. In fact, Peterborough is as favorably situated for freight as Toronto.

It will not be very long before we get incorporated as a city. The foot parade, on George street between eight and nine o'clock on Saturday evenings is quite equal to any city. Two continual streams on each side. And it is interesting to watch them. Very few of the walkers speak, they drift along like supernumeries in a play. Every one carries something. The men useful articles such as a bunch of celery or a shoulder of mutton, Ninety per cent. of the girls carry little black bags with side pockets. The dressing with a few exceptions, is quiet and becoming.

BOBCAYGEON.

Potatoes.—A potato is on exhibition at the Forest house, weighing three and a half pounds.

Artistic.—Some visitors the other evening came to the village for a little vacation. They did not exactly paint the town red, just kalsomined the village a sweet soft pink, and had a glorious time.

Repairs.—Mr. Wm. Kennedy, foreman of the Trent works, is taking advantage of the low water to make several much needed repairs in the breast works and glance piers. The work will be a convenience for next season's navigation.

School Board.—At a recent meeting of the school board the teachers were engaged for next year. Mr. Armour and Miss Kennedy retain their commissions in the main school, at salaries of $550 and $275 respectively. For the Rokeby school Miss Devitt is engaged at a salary of $300.

Music.—The Fenelon Falls brass band paid a friendly visit to our village on Monday evening and serenaded Mr. Boyd and the three hotels. They played several pieces with considerable taste. The music was quite a treat and was much appreciated. Mr. Jackson Reid, an old Bobcaygeonite, came with the party and showed the boys around.

Partridges.—These birds are wonderfully numerous, and are as tame as chickens. Mr J. Thompson, who resides near the park, went to his back door on Tuesday morning and found two fine partridges picking up the crumbs in the woodshed. Mr. Thompson got his gun and shot the two out of a tree in the park. When shooting the second one a squirrel sat on his haunches nibbling a piece of bark he held in his paws, and was as pert as possible, apparently indifferent to everybody and everything. Suddenly the gun went off. Well, you'd have died to see him flop down to the ground and scurry through the dead leaves. Mr. George Eastland went over to Buckley's island on Monday and shot five partridges. He was not away from home more than 20 minutes.

Sad.—Yes, it is sad, awfully sad. Mr. Sam Fletcher has had a nice brood of white chickens in fall training for the stew pot. He had got them into fine condition and felt proud of them. The other morning he heard a noise amongst the poultry and went out to investigate. He took his gun along to investigate with. On nearing the stable he found that something had killed four of his chickens, and noticing the pesky something retiring under the stable sill he sent a charge of duck shot investigating. The head of the animal got under all right, but that was not so much the point in consideration. At the moment the gun fired every man, woman and child looked suspiciously at their neighbor. Then with a preparatory sniff, the universal exclamation arose of great heavens! You can talk of the cholera making a place lonesome and sad, but you can fetch on your cholera at your earliest convenience, if you will but remove that skunk.—*Independent.*

The signs of worms are well known, but the remedy is not always so well determined. Worm Powders will destroy them.

Another effort has been made at Montreal to get De Wolfe, the New York runaway, into a lunatic asylum.

Good the year round.—National pills are a good blood purifier, liver regulator, and mild purgative for all seasons.

Furred tongue and impure breath are two concommitants of biliousness remedied by Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. Heartburn, which harasses the dyspeptic after meals, and all the perplexing and changeful symptoms of established indigestion, are dispersed by this salutary corrective tonic and blood purifier.

A Great Discovery.

Mr. Wm. Thomas, of Newton, Ia., says "My wife has been seriously affected with a cough for twenty-five years, and this spring more severely than ever before. She had used many remedies without relief and being urged to try Dr. King's New Discovery, did so, with most gratifying results. The first bottle relieved her very much, and the second bottle has absolutely cured her. She has not had so good health for thirty years." Trial Bottle Free at S. Perrin Drug Store. Large sizes $1.00 (6)

BAXTER'S MANDRAKE BITTERS

THE ONLY VEGETABLE CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA,

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Price, 25c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

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JOHN WELSH

Apple Dealer, is now prepared to furnish parties desiring first-class apples with from

100 to 500 Barrels of Fall and Winter Apples

To suit purchaser.

Apply at residence, Lindsay street, or if by mail Lindsay post-office.

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Lindsay, Se 18th, 1884.—85.

Burdock Blood Bitters.

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BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INLIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN

and every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH BOWELS OR BLOOD,

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Just received, one car load of the only American Waterlime in the county. Will be sold at a figure to suit purchasers,

THE NEW VICTORY

Coal Oil Stove

Beats them all, with patented sliding top, has holes for wash boiler, oven and pots, and thus all the work of a family washing and ironing, roasting, boiling, baking and broiling, can be done as well as on an ordinary cooking stove.

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Cures Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Affections of the Liver and Kidneys, Pimples, Blotches, Boils, Humors, Salt Rheum, Scrofula, Erysipelas, and all diseases arising from Impure Blood, Deranged Stomach, or irregular action of the Bowels.

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I will guarantee a far superior article than can be turned out by machinery, either in stock, shape, finish, or ease of running, etc.

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Lindsay, March 11th, 1884.

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A large assortment of All Kinds of Furniture on hand, and for Sale at Lowest Prices.

Lindsay, November 10th, 1882. JOHN ANDERSON

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