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SMYTHS' BLOCK

Sis' Ca'line's Enticement

When I got particularly blue, when life becomes a burden and there seem to be more valleys of gloom in the world than sunshiny hilltops, I send for old Wash. In a limited sense, I may as well admit that the old darkey is my partner. He lives in a little cabin on my place and raises turkeys and pigs for me, as he expresses it, "on de sheers." It is true, when the dividing time comes, my part of the turkeys has died of the "limber neck" and my pigs have gone the cholera route to that bourne so often mentioned. But I believe in the old man, and his solemn explanation, when I call for a division, that "dat am de dispensashun ob proveodence, sah, so fur as yo' part am consarned," is, to be sure, very comforting and helpful. Perhaps the truth is, I love the old man for his quaint ways and by-gone days; for his inexhaustible fund of mirth-producing stories and the fact that he is the last leaf upon the tree of a civilization that has passed away forever.

And so the old man and I jog along in this one-sided partnership—this partnership wherein I fall heir to the debit and he to the credit account of the ledger, until death shall come in and wind it up forever.

Perhaps, too, I know that the account is not always against me; for many of his quaint old stories of antebellum days, of chivalrous men and beautiful women, of a civilization as proud, gentle and refined as the world has ever known, linger with me in my working hours and easily offset the losses from the turkey crop and the pig failure.

"Now I want the best you've got," I said to him the other night, "and spin it out as long as you please—for I want to laugh till bed-time."

"To be sho', to be sho'," said the old man, thoughtfully, as he lit his pipe and adjusted the copper wire he always wore around his neck for the rheumatsm. "Did I eber tell you 'bout de enticement ob Sister Ca'line Hunter?"

But I knew the old man's ways, and that I was not expected to answer that question. So I merely lit my cigar, snuffed out the taper against the mantle, before which we sat before a blazing hickory fire, and said nothing.

"Sister Ca'line was a grass widder," went on the old man, "and I tell you right now, dat wheneber a man hooks up wid er grass widder an' den spects ter git off wid sumpin' mor'n a blind bridle on, all I've got ter say is, he's struck er mighty cold wind in de back stretch fur er fast mile.

"It was in de Krismus' times ob forty-fo' an', kordin' to my custom, I had saunt my wife Dinah down inter Giles County ter see her mother. I've been marrid many years, an' I've allers made it a pint ter sen' my wife off at least once a year fur de benefit ob my health," he winked. "Sum say de way fur er man to enjoy puffeck health am ter take callermul in de springtime an' er outin' in de fawl; but de best thing I urver foun' fur my 'tickler con' stertushun am to let my wife, Dinah, take bofe de callermul and de outin', an' kinder leab me free ter circumnavigate de high seas ob matrimonial konsalashun, an' look arter de widders ob de church, es St. Paul enjines us decuns ter do.

"So es soon es I got Dinah off, for de benefit ob my health, es I was sayin', I 'lowed ter give er party fur two, an' ax Sis' Ca'line Hunter; but dat berry night I tuck sick wid whut dey all thort wus yaller fever. But when Bre'er Mixpill Johnson cum an' look at me, he say, black fever, an' you got it mighty bad, an' ef you don't send fur Sis' Ca'line Hunter to nuss you 'twell Sis' Dinah cum home, you gwin'ter die an' die mighty hard!"

"Now, Sis' Ca'line, she wus er mighty 'ligus 'oman—mighty 'ligus. Allers talkin' 'bout bein' 'prepared fur de summons,' an' 'ready to go when de ward was giben,' an' 'wearin' de robe ob white fur de comin' ob de angel,' an' 'listenin' fur de toot ob de horn,' an' all dat. But when she cum in, thinkin' I had yaller fever she jes' did squeeze into de door an' tuck her seat way off in de corner, an' sat dar lookin' at me wid one ob dose fur-erway 'ligus looks, sorter lak she was Moses an' I was de promised land! Lor', but ain't er grass widder outer de gait ob dis wurl? She jes' sat dar sateful lak, an' ax me how I felt, an' ef I was prepared ef de angul called, an' if I felt de 'proach ob eny black shadders, an' all that. But I knowed how ter manage dat, and I sez:

"'Sister Ca'line, de 'proach ob de black shadder is jes' what I'm longin' fur. Can't you move up yur cheer er leetle closer? It strikes me dat fur er 'oman es 'ligus es you is, you certainly am mo' feerd ob death den enybody I eber seed!'

"She seed I wus onter her game, an' she laf an' say: 'O, Brer Washington, you so sateful!' But she focht her cheer up all de same, an' I hed jes' got her little han' in mine, an' wus axin' her ef she wouldn't be a sister to me whilst Dinah wus away, when who should walk in but ole Parson Whooploud, an' den an' dar he 'cuse me ob de enticement ob Sister Ca'line Hunter!

"Den Sis' Ca'line she tuck to weepin' an' wailin', an' de parson he 'lowed he gwine bring de whole thing up fo' de church 'sidss sendin' er special messenger arter Dinah. Up to dat time, sah, I don't think I had eny fever; but when I heurn dat news my pulse went up to one hundred and forty in de shade, an' den I seed whar I'd played on a ten-ter-one shot an' lost all 'cept my honor.

"But de naxt day de parson cum 'round an' 'lowed dat he'd bin prayin' ober de thing, an' axin' fur heabenly guidance, an' dat de missionery society wus er leetle short of funds, an' dat ten dollars on my part would he'p oil de machinery ob de church mightily, an' go a long way t'word easin' de conscience ob de saints; an' dat ef it wan't forthcomin' at once, he recon' things 'ud hafter be 'lowed ter take dar course, includin' de speshul messenger fur Dinah.

"Wal, sah, it tuck all my pertater crap, but dat was better'n Dinah gettin' holt ob it an' takin' all my ha'r!

"But it didn't end dar; in erbout a week he cum ober an' dat he dun prayed fur heabenly guidance erg'n, an' hit seem ter be de dispensashun ob providence dat de way ob de transgressor am hard, but bein' as how de fund fur super-numerous preachers wus mightily low it would take erbout five dollars to ease up de conscience ob de church on dat p'int! Dat tuck all my terbacco crop, an' I say ter myse'f, sez I, 'tur ebry ounce of fun er man has in dis wurl, he pays er pound ob penetence!"

"Wal, sah, you think dat ole hypercrite didn't cum ober ergin next week, an' talk erbout de conscience of de church bein' so hurt dat nuff n' but my silver watch would ease it? Den de naixt thing dat went to po' oil on de troubled waters wus de speckled shote, an' den, arter he dun got all he cu'd, an' me so skeered all de time I cu'dn't sleep fur fear it 'ud git out, I hope I may die ef he didn't hab me read out in de church fur de enticement ob Sister Ca'line, ennyhow!

"Wal, I seed the only thing I cu'd do wus to go dar an' make a clean breast ob it. I know'd I hadn't done nuffin' wrong fur Sister Ca'line neether, an' hit gin ter mown on me dat sumtimes de false proffits ob dis wurl hab a way ob playin' on de conscience ob fools in de name ob the church fur de benefit ob dey own pockets. But all dis time I manage ter keep de proceedin's from Dinah by sendin' her wurd ebry day, an' tellin' her ob my undyin' lub, an' how me an' the chillun wus jes pinin' for de sight ob her. Ef you want ter keep yo' wife away all winter," winked the old man, "jes' make her b'leeve you can't git erlong without her, dat de unerverse done stop waggin' sense she left, an' dat what's left ob it am a black an'dismul void. Dar's lots ob human nacher in de best ob winnin' an' dey mighty nigh sho' ter be allers anx'us to gin you jes' whut you don't want.

"So Dinah jes' saunt me back de wurd dat she was habin a mighty good time down dar in a distracted meetin', an' fur me ter take care ob de chillun an' behave myself. An' dat wus one time dat I prayed dat dat distracted meetin' might go over twell July, bringin' in de sheaves ripe onto de harvest. Wal, sah, es I thort, de parson soon let it all out, an' my mizry commenced. I orter made a clean breast ob it at fust, an' faced de music. But I've allers noticed dat a fool allers does in de end whut de wise man do in de beginning. Ef you sow tho'ns you better be keerful ter wear your brogans!

"Dar wan't a nigger on de place wid blue grass in his head an' chicken featherrs in his hair dat wan't too much ob a gentleman ter speak ter me. Ole Sis' Sally Ann, dat I hugged twell she wus too ole ter be huggable, 'fused ter speak ter me. An' Betsy, de yallier gal in de house, dat I kissed from Genesis to Revalashuns, turned up her nose at Sis' Ca'line. Ole Bre'er Peter, dat hed stole all ole marster's hams dat fawl, hilt a special prayer-meetin' fur my conversshun, an' Parson Whooploud cudn't hear my name widout crossin' hisse'f, spittin' twice in a cross-mark in de road, an' sayin' de Lord's prayer backwards to keep off debils. An' all ob 'em sed I wus a walkin' pest-house, en' a pair ob Sodams an' Gomorrers in brogans.

"Dis am a queer ole wurl," soliloquized the old man, "allers ready to gib de glad hand to de sinful wid a spot on his garments. Born a fraud, mankind lubs ter be humbugged. Ef you wanter work 'im you must flatter 'im, an' ef you wanter use 'im, you must fool 'im, an' ef you wanter skin 'im, you must jine his church an' call 'im 'brother.'

"But all dat time I wus sendin' lub messages ter Dinah an' hopin' sumpin' would break de connecshun in de grapevine telegraph 'twixt me an' Giles county.

"Wal, suh, I don't kno' whut I'd done ef Marse Henry hann't cum hum frum college 'bout dat time. He wus erbout sebenteen years old, an' es fuil ob mischief as he cu'd be. Did you urver kno' dat boy, Marse Henry Young?"

"Not the present judge of the Supreme Court?" I asked.

"De same—de same. Allers brainy an' full ob mischeef, an' de best lawyer ter gin advice in a close place I urver seed.

"'Wash,' he say, when I tole 'lm, 'you am an ole fool an' no mistake. But ebrybody learns to shave on a fool's beard, an' it's good for you. All men are divided into two classes, de caught an' de oncaught. Now, you jes' go ober to de church meetin', hold your tongue, look pius an' penertent, an' leab de rest ter me. Befo' I'm through wid 'em you will find out dat a man ain't no wussern his neighbor, arter all.'

"Wal, sah, when de night cum fur de trial ob my deaconship an' de enticement ob Sis' Ca'line, ebrybody wus dar 'cept Dinah, thang de Lord. Sis' Da'line wus dar in mournin' fur her first husband, er man dat hed bin mighty nigh ter me—mighty nigh. She had on her white cap an' kep' er white handkerchief up ter her eyes mighty nigh all de time, an' kerried a bottle ob hartshorn an' bear's ile in her han' ter be handy when she fainted. Two sistern stood on each side ob her ter be ready to hold her when she keeled ober. All de sisterin wus mo' or less round her, fannin' her when she looked faintyfied an' sayin', 'Po', innercent angul!' ebry time she'd weep. But na'ar one ob 'em eber cum nigh me! 'But dat's alright,' sez I ter myse'f, 'dat's one ob de ways ob de wurl; an' wheneber de debil weeps an' say he sorry dar's allers sum fool ready ter wanter lend 'im a pair ob angel's wings!

"Den dey had a long prayer in which Bre'r Whooploud pertisuned de throne ob grace, most sarchin'ly, not ter visit de wrath ob Soduin an' Gomorrer on de whole church an' kommunity bekose ob one reperbate, but to spar him bekose ob de yudder hundred or mo' saints, dat allers walked in de true way an' libbed in de light an' wus so pius an' good dey only need assenshun robes an' er gentle lift ter go right up to glory!

"Den dey all sung:

"'While er light holds out ter burn.
De vilest sinner may return.'"

"Den my mizry commence sho' 'nuff; for while dey sing dis, de way dey piled hit onter me wus scan'lus. Dey formed a ring an' walked all roun' me, singin', an' ebry now an' den sum ole sister wu'd look ober at me an' say: 'Po' sinner, better cum to de cross!' An' ernur'er one would crane her ole neck, an' say: 'Heaben he'p his ole sateful heart!' An' er young black buxum sister 'ud eye me sorty diserp'intedly an' say: 'Mussy me, but I nurver 'spected it wus in 'im!' Den dey would all git roud' Sis' Ca'line an' say: 'Po,' soiled dove, dat flew inter de nest ob de fowler!'

"But wusser misery wus in sto' fur me when Bre'r Whooploud riz ter preach his sermon on my sins. He tuck fur his text: 'An' de debil tempted de profit in de wuldrness, an' de wolf enticed de lamb from de fol.' An' den he let outer me in a way dat 'ud shake de faith ob Moses. De gist oo it all wus dat I wus wussern de debil hisse'f, an' when he got on that subject he sho' did make it not. You'd er thort de debil wus right dar in dat house, an' he preached 'bout 'im so you cud smell de brimstone es fur away es de back benches, whilst he made it so hot it actually singed de hair on de heads ob de niggers in de front pews. He preached an' he preached, an' when he wound up he sez: 'Brudderin', dar ain't but one thing left ter do, an' dat is fur de debil ter cum in an' claim his own!'

"Now, boss, you kno' er nigger jes' nachully bileeves in de debil, an, dat he am er bein', walkin' an' prowlin' round o' nights, seekin' fur bad niggers lak er sheep-killin' dorg fur black sheep. An' dis sermon had 'em worked up to de right pitch fur de thing dat cum next. Dem wurds wa'nt no mor'n outen 'at preacher's mouf befo' dar wus a great kommoshun in de church do', an' er deep voice, lak outer a yearlin' ca'f, sed:

"'Yes, an' I'm a-comin'!' An', fo' dey all know'd it, in walked de debil, sho' 'nuff, lookin' tarrible in de dim light ob de one candle in de church, but fetchin' erlong his pitchfork, an' his horns an' hoof an' forked tail, an' he wus a blowin' smoke frum his eyes an' mouf an' nose. He locked de only do' behind 'im es he cum an' walked right up to de pulpit. Bre'r Whooploud wus in it, but he neber stop to 'spute de qualler-facashuns ob de candidate, nur de p'int ob possesshun, nur ter give 'im de right hand ob fellership. He jus' looked at de debil once, his ole eyes bulged out, an' lit up like er oyster sign in a black night, an' es he jumped fur de winder he yelled: 'Lord sabe me, a miserbul sinner!'

"Boss, you've heurn tell ob de debil breakin' loose in Gworgy, but ef you'd bin dar dat night you'd er seen 'im in Tennessee. Men fainted, wimmen hed fits, an' de chilluns jes' went inter er kommertose state an' stayed dar. Dem dat wan't so badly paralyzed dey cu'd use dey legs, made a rush fur de only winder in de house. But ole Aunt Fat Fereby, 'at weighed fo' hundred an' sixty pounds, who happen to be sott'n' next to it, got dar fust an' started through without calculatin' on de retundity of her corporsity. Of course, she got stuck betwixt de jice an' de winder silll, an' shut off de air an' de exit at de same time. An' dar she stuck wid her legs flyin' lak windmills, an' tryin' ter kick de roof off n de house, go through or bust!

"But de debbil wus mighty quiet lak, 'cept he kept blowin' smoke from his eyes an' mouf an' nose. We cu'dn't see 'im good, es he sat dar in de pulpit in de shadder but he did look nachul, ter be sho', an' I 'lowed ter myself it wan't de fust time he' bin in de pulpit. Den he lifted a voice lak a yearlin' ca'f ergin an' sed:

"'I've cum fur my reckonin'. Enybody dat moves or tells me a lie will die. Render unter me de reckurd ob yo' transgresshun as I p'nt my pitchfork at you.'

"Den he p'inted his pitchfork at Bre'r Whooploud de fus' one, an' looked at 'im wid his tarrible eyes, an' ole Bre'r Whoop loud groveled on de floor, an' cried: 'Marse Debil, hab mussy on me! I'm a chicken thief, a blackmailer an' a hypercrite, an' I've hugged ebry widder in de church!'

"Den he p'inted his pitchfork at Betsy Ann, an' she tole how she'd stole ole Mistis' yaller bowl an' tea-spoons an' ebrything else she cu'd git. Ole Aunt Sally Ann 'fessed up an' sed she wus too mean ter lib, dat she'd run off with ernur'r 'oman's husband frum Ferginy. At dis ole Aunt Polly chimed in an' sed: 'Marse Debil, I ain't nurver dun nothin' much meaner'n stealin' cold vittles frum de white folks, but I'm bound ter 'fess I've bin in sum mighty tight places whar I didn't hab de grace ter git out easy!'

"'Dat's me—dat's me, now!' shouted ole Aunt Fat Fereby, 'es her legs flew 'round an' 'round dat winder-sill. Eben Sis' Ca'line 'fessed up an' sed she'd cum ober ter my house dat night to entice me, but I'd got dar fust.

"Wal, suh, when he made 'em all 'fess up but me, he shook his pitchfork 'round his head, slashed his tail, an' sed: 'But fur one godly, innercent man in dis here den ob sinners, I'd take you all wid me ternight. Bre'r Washington,' he say, 'stan' up an' show 'em de face ob er hones' man!'

"Den es I riz de debil walked out jes' lak he cum in, an' when he was gone. I tell you, boss, dey cum mighty nigh settin' me up an' worshippin' me, es dey did de golden ca'f ob ole. Dey 'lected me Pas' Gran' Marster ob Righteousness, Keeper ob de Seal ob Faith, an' Holder ob all de Excheckers Widders dat cum inter de church.

"An' dar wan't a chicken missin' on dat plantashun fur er year!

"De next day me an' Marse Henry went fishin' an' when our boat wus way up de lake I la'f an' say ter him:

"'Marse Henry, jes' tell me how in de wurl you done it!

"'Marse Henry la'f an' say: 'Easy ernuff,' sez he; 'dem horns an' hoof an' tail you'll fin' up in de tan-house lof' on de raw-hide ob de red yellin' calf. An' all dat smoke wus jes' er good cigar I wus smokin' under dat ole dough-face. No,' sez he, 'all mankind am divided into two classes—de caught an' de oncaught. De next time don't you git caught,' and he flung out his line an' pulled in a speckled trout. Arter a while he sez:

"'But, Wash, did you see ole Whooploud's eyes? An' den we bofe laugned 'twell dat boat lakter turned over in dat lake.'"

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GOOD BULLS.

Experiments Showing the Importance of Superior Sires.

One of our Kansas creamery patrons, says Professor D. H. Otis, had two heifer calves in succession from an old red cow, one by a Holstein and the other by a Shorthorn. In a seven days' test the Holstein heifer with her third calf produced 2.3 pounds of butter per day, and for the same time the Shorthorn with her second calf produced 1.2 pounds of butter per day, the Holstein giving milk 11 months of the year and the Shorthorn only five months. This speaks very emphatically as to the value of a good sire in raising dairy cows. Out of 82 patrons of the Meriden creamery, from which we have reports for 1897, there were only 19, or 23 per cent, that were using pure blood sires, and two of these had Herefords and one an Aberdeen-Angus, animals that as a breed are unfit for profitable production of milk. This leaves 77 per cent that bred to grades or common bulls of no particular breed. Some of those bred to any kind of a bull they could find to get fresh cows. One man bred to a Red Polled because he was working for red color. Another man did not know what kind of a bull he had last year, but said he had a fine one this year. When asked the breed, he replied: "Don't know. Guess he is a Red Polled." Right here lies the secret of many of the low yields of our Kansas cows. Our farmers little realize how extravagant they are in using a common or ordinary bull. Their shortsighted policy leads them to believe that because a good animal costs $100 it would be money thrown away to invest, when in reality it would be money in their pockets. A dairyman can much better afford to pay $100 for a good bull than to accept a poor one as a gift.

Breeding For Twins.

Mr. Lewis Bidwell, a farmer in Sydney Centre, Delaware county, N. Y., has the opportunity to develop a herd of cows which will pretty nearly uniformly bear twins and, other things being equal, would be more valuable than ordinary cattle. Three years ago one of his young cows bore twins and has done so each year since. Its first calves were heifers, and one of these has been bred and has borne twins. Probably in these last the twin bearing tendency will be so well developed that it will become hereditary. Or, if we follow the old story, how the patriarch Jacob developed ring streaked and speckled calves from cows of solid color by placing striped willow wands before the watering places of the cattle, it may be possible to secure occasional pairs of twins among cattle that have not been bred to the practice of twin bearing. When the cows are mating, let one of his cows that has just mated with the bull see another cow with twin calves by her side. When a few cows with twins are thus developed, it will be easy to increase their number. The cow has much imagination and it is particularly active at mating time. But to secure twins the cow should be in vigorous health, so that she will pass two receptacles from her ovaries when she is in heat. It is only the cows that do this that can bear twin calves. There are germs enough in the speematozoa of the bull to create 100 calves at each impregnation provided there are eggs enough in the womb to be fertilized. But this double breeding will not exhaust the cow if she is well fed and cared for, nor will it shorten her breeding period, for that is made shorter rather in cows that are not allowed to breed at all.—Boston Cultivator.

Creameries Without Cows.

One of the common mistakes in investment of capital is the building of creameries in general farming sections that have few cows, the idea being that the farmers will become dairymen as soon as a good market for milk or cream is afforded them. The promoters may know that dairying should pay in the section or they may merely be interested in selling an outfit to farmers, but the fact is not taken into consideration that most men who have not had a dairy training do not like the care of cows and will not burden themselves with it. Their tastes run along other lines because trained that way, while the true dairyman enjoys his work, or at least the profit his skill in that line brings him. He understands his business and makes money, but the grain farmer or the general stockman neither understands nor likes it, and the creamery usually fails to change permanently and successfully his natural lines of farming.—National Stockman.

Dairy Exports.

The trade in American farm products is growing in the China seas. Scientific inquiry into the principles that underlie the making of fine dairy products is preparing our people to furnish butter in condition to be exported in airtight packages, so that it will remain sweet for long periods in tropical countries. In order that markets may be opened up in Japan, China and other countries of the Pacific ocean, an agent is now in that region establishing agencies to which the department will make trial shipments with a view to ascertaining all the facts for the benefit of the dairymen.—Report of Secretary of Agriculture.

How the Dutch Do.

Dutch dairymen steam the clover hay until it swells up like noodles, boil their beets, turnips, potatoes, corn, oats, rye and other grains, and a Dutchman would be hooted out of his country if he had such scrubby things as many American farmers have.

Breeding and Dairying.

Breeding and dairying go hand in hand, each largely dependent upon the other. It is very easy for the average dairyman to raise more young stock than he needs for active dairy purposes, and this surplus stock should bring him a handsome income.

Too Playful.

Young Algy Vervain had gone to call on Miss Edyth St. Clare and had found her out, but her mother was at home and Algy was asked to wait, as Miss Edyth was expected at any moment. Suddenly footsteps were heard in the hall, and Algy, who was of a playful disposition, said gleefully:—

"I'll just stoop down behind the big easy chair and appear suddenly and surprise Miss Edyth."

"Oh, that will be a dear little joke!" said Edyth's playful mamma.

Edyth was the only one of the trio disinclined to be playful. Something had occurred to disturb her self-poise and she was "out of sorts."

"Anyone been here while I was out?" she asked.

"Why do you ask?" inquired her smiling mamma.

"Because that insufferably tiresome Algy Vervain—"

"My dear! My dear!"

"—said he was going to come poking up here, and—"

"Edyth! Edyth!"

"And I'm so glad he didn't, for I—"

"Edyth—my daughter!"

"—abominate the sight of him! He's so stupid and conceited, and—"

"Edyth, I beg of you!"

"Now, mamma, you've said so yourself many a time, and—"

"O, Edyth, I'm sure I—"

"Why, indeed, you have, mamma. You said the other day that he reminded you of that Italian organ grinder's monkey, and—"

"Edyth!"

"—I think so, too!"

"Edyth St. Clare! Will you keep still?"

Edyth's girlish shriek rang throughout the house when Algy rose to his feet, and instead of uttering a playful "boo" said stiffly:—

"I bid you good night, Miss St. Clare," and he departed to return no more.

Value of Athletics.

The true test of the value of any field or track event is that of common sense. For instance, it is well to learn to run 100 or 200 yards at great speed, because there are frequent occasions when it is necessary to cover these distances in quick time. It is well to train for quarter-mile and half-mile running, because if one wants to go to any place distant a half mile or so, the quickest way to get there unaided is to run. It is the same way with the mile or three-mile run. If you come to a brook, you use your knowledge of the running broad jump. If you want to clear a fence (to escape a bull, for instance) you try the running high jump—not the standing high jump. If it is a high wall, and you have any knowledge of the pole vault, you likewise, have an advantage. Hurdle-racing teaches you to get across country fields and fences, and both the hammer and the shot events on the card give good training for emergencies that may rise.—Harper's Round Table.

G.T.R. LOCAL TIME-TABLE

DEPARTURES.

Belleville Mixed	5 50 a.m
Port Hope Mixed via Bethany	6 15 a.m
Toronto Mixed via Whitby and Port Perry	5 50 a.m
Toronto Express	8 55 a.m
Port Hope Mail via Peterboro	11 03 a.m
Toronto Mixed via Lorneville	12 10 p.m
Haliburton Mixed	3 00 p.m
Toronto Mail	6 20 p.m
Coboconk Mixed	6 30 p.m
Port Hope Express via Peterboro	8 05 p.m

ARRIVALS.

Haliburton Mixed	8 40 a.m
Toronto Express from Port Hope	8 50 a.m
Port Hope Mail from Toronto	11 00 a.m
Coboconk Mixed	10 10 a.m
Port Hope Mixed from Port Hope	2 05 p.m
Toronto Mail from Port Hope	6 20 p.m
Port Hope Express from Toronto	7 53 p.m
Whitby Mixed	8 00 p.m
Belleville Mixed	10 20 p.m

The 11.03 mail for Port Hope closes at the P. O. at 10.45 a. m.

The 8.55 mail for Toronto closes at 8.30.

The 11.00 mail going north connects with the I. B. & O. R.

The 3.00 p. m. north train carries no mail.

I. B. & O. RAILWAY.

G. T. R. SERVICE.

Leave Lindsay	11 20 a.m
Leave Junction	2 30 p.m
Arrive at I. B. & O. Junction	2 00 p m
Arrive at Lindsay	5 20 p.m

I. B. & O. SERVICE.

Leave Bancroft	11 00 a.m.
Leave Junction	2 20 p.m.
Arrive at Junction	1 45 p.m.
Arrive at Bancroft	5 15 p.m.

LINDSAY MARBLE WORKS
ROBERT CHAMBERS
prepared to furnish the people of Lindsay and surrounding country with MONUMENTS and HEADSTONES, both Marble and Granite.
Estimates promptly given on all kinds of cemetery work.
Marble Table Tops, Wash Tops, Mantel Pieces, etc specialty.
Being a practical workman, all should see his designs and compare prices before purchasing elsewhere.
WORKS,—In the rear of the Market on Cambridge st., opposite Matthews' packing house.
ROBT CHAMBERS

G.T.R. System.
Are you going West this spring?
Consult your own interests and see or write me.
Through Tickets to all points via your choice of routes at the very lowest rates.
GEO. WILDER,
Express Office, Lindsay, Ont.

NEW MILL.
Davidson's Mill, near Little Britain, is refitted and in good running order.
Chopping done every day.
Come early and take your GRIST HOME WITH YOU.
tf. D. CHRISTIE & CO

Music Lessons!
MISS R. ROBINSON,
for several years past teacher of Music at Brooklyn, N.Y., has opened classes in Lindsay at 86 William-st., north, and will receive a limited number of pupils. Terms made known on application.—52-6m.

BINGHAM'S
FURTHER ADVANCE!
About a month ago HARDWARE, STOVES and TINWARE took a tremendous advance; especially in the Stove Line. Again last week it stepped 15 per cent. higher.
Now as our Spring Shipments will be coming in shortly we desire to clear space for them, so for the next NEXT THIRTY DAYS we will offer our customers the special advantage of having one of our Grand COAL OR WOOD STOVES at the lowest market price.
Thus since there is likely to be a steady advance in these goods it is worth while considering the matter and consulting us.
W. BINGHAM,
57 Kent Street.

NOW IS THE TIME
—TO BUY—
Furniture!
We have the largest stock ever brought to Lindsay. Prices away down, values away up
A Choice of
—25 Different Bedroom Setts,
—50 Different Fancy Tables,
—30 Different Lounges.
SEE OUR
Bedroom Setts from $10 to $35
Sideboards $5 to $30
Lounges $4.50 to $10
Fancy Rockers 75c to $16
Pictures 25c to $16
Hall Racks $4 to 16
Parlor Setts $23 to $60
Easels 45c to $2
Centre Tables 65c to $8
ANDERSON, NUGENT & CO.
UNDERTAKING in all its Branches.