Succumbed to His Wife.

Worcester *Gazette* :

In southern archipelagos he fought the bloody cannibal;
He'd skinned and tanned the crocodile and found him very tannable;
Not a work of fear he'd uttered, not a word nd not a syllable,
When he killed the Bengal tiger, and he found him very killable.

He claimed his strength was very great, for bears and lions suitable;
He used to boot the grizzly bear, and found him very bootable;
He claimed in killing monstrous snakes that he was very capable,
No boa-constrictor could escape, for he was unescapable.

Just then the wife came in and said, "I'd think it quite commendable
If you'd come and tend the baby; and you'll find him very tendable."
The way she took him by the ear will make this poem readable;
She pulled him out and led him home, and found him very leadable.

The Farmer's Easy Time.

Chicago *Post* :

The bees have left the clover
And the season's work is over,
They're busy playing checkers, are the farmer's hired men.
And the lively yellow-jacket
That in haying raised a racket
Has packed away his stinger till the summer comes again.

'Tis now the honest yeoman
Idly loafs around his home and
Enjoys his three square meals a day in kingliest content,
Or he visits in the city
And awakens people's pity
By telling them how hard he works and can't lay up a cent.

"LAST CENTURY LOVERS";

A Tale of the American Revolution.

From that moment the evening was like a delightful dream to Betty. The music sounded, and her heart and feet kept time to its beat. She began to feel that people were looking at her, that she was admired. Gentlemen crowded around, and her animated face grew beautiful with the simple pleasure of a girl's gratified vanity.

She was taken in to supper by young Mr. Tilghman, who was painfully shy nd made amends for lack of conversation by piling her plate with new supplies, the supper being, in the, old hospitable fashion, of the most substantial order, the sideboard furnished with wines, where the gentlemen resorted frequently during the evening to refresh themselves and discuss politics, the one absorbing topic which entered into all things at this exciting time. Tom Rozier was much in demand, as the last arrival from the Old World, to explain European views on the probable trouble.

Betty caught sight of him once or twice, standing with what she fancied a preoccupied expression, as if he had some secret cause of anxiety. Once he saw her looking, and smiled, when a strange anger filled her that she should have been seen watching him. He did not join the circle of her admirers, but, just before the minuet, came up and begged the favor of being her partner.

"Thank you, I am bespoke," she said, tossing her pretty head; and danced it with Mr. Philip Reed, who was the most violent patriot in the country, a tall, large man, and a noted drinker and high liver. Will Ringgold hovered around her, helping her into the coach when, immediately after dancing the Sir Roger de Coverly, the party dispersed.

The dawn was breaking as, well enveloped in wraps, they descended the steps of the hospitable mansion. Lights streamed from open windows and doors, where the gentlemen had assembled to see the ladies depart in coaches, leaving them to remain and prolong the conviviality until daylight. As the coach rolled down the road they heard the sound of a bacchanalian chorus.

"Those men!" said Miss Stacy, admiringly. "They are going to make a night of it. Well, I protest I've passed the most enjoyable evening. La! Miss Bab, warn't Betty a prodigious belle, making a conquest of all the beaux? What did you think of our new spark, Tom Rozier?

Miss Barbara was too exhausted by her unusual exertions to reply, but sat nodding, the dim light gleaming on her worn face and closed eyelids.

Betty was fresh, and flushed with iumph, humming some bars of the inuet to herself.

"I think," she said, speaking with severity, "that Mr. Thomas Rozier is a prig and Mr. Will Ringgold a coxcomb—a mincing coxcomb and a conceited prig. But, oh, I've had such a lovely time, Anastasia, my darling!"

"They say," said Miss Stacy, confidentially, "that Tom is a Tory. There was a quarrel after supper which may lead to something serious. Some gentlemen were in the dining-room drinking, and Philip Reed called Tom 'a d—— Tory,' and Tom apped him in the face. They drew rapiers, d would have fought it out at once, ut ace was patched up. I'm afraid Tom will ve trouble, though, for Mr. Reed's got a eat deal of influence in the Convention. uch a pity!"

Betty leaned her head on her hand and ed out at the gray morning landscape.

"He's a prig," she repeated, not so decisively, "but handsome enough and manly, I grant."

Then she wondered if this was the cause of his troubled and preoccupied expression, and began to hum the minuet again, vexed at her own wonder.

CHAPTER IV.

After the party came two weeks of Indian-summer weather, when November sighed and remembered June. Through the calm days, when the earth in fulness of matured beauty rested in a golden trance, premonitions of impending change broke into the usual quiet of country life.

From the village came the sounds of drum and fife; mysterious strangers came and went, who were said to be spies of either party. Every shop was a debating society and pandemonium, where every man had a right to exercise the prerogative of a free man, and to declaim for his own pleasure, for or against resistance to England. The Tories became less and less confident and bold. Many who had been loudest in their avowed allegiance to the old and now powerless government left their homes and sailed for England, while others, whom Mr. Rozier was one, by their assumed neutrality, became objects of suspicion for what was deemed their interested cowardice.

As was natural under such agitating circumstances, there were few gayeties to follow the assembly at Lord's Gift.

After that unwonted excitement, life, for Betty, settled into a routine of which she had never felt the lack of interest before. True, Mr. Will Ringgold came to see her several times, poured into her ear his polyglot compliments, and prezented her with verses: "To my Charming Fair," where "ardent swain" rhymed wish "pleasure s train,' and Miss Stacy kept them informed of the affairs of the neighbohood—how Mrs. Paca had boxed the jaws of a strapping negro wench just from Africa, and Miss Ramsay had gone riding with Tom Rozier, making an elegant appearance, on a white horse, clad in a mulberry-colored riding-habit with a scarlet cocked hat; but something was lacking which Betty could hardly define.

She grew very restless during the long mornings when she and Miss Bab sat opposite each other on the two horse-hair sofas in the lower hall, each busily engaged in sewing up the seams of homespun trousers for the field-hands. Never, thought Betty, did men have such long limbs; they had the tallest negroes in the neighborhood—sons of Anak. Her weariness would gain the upper hand sometimes, and she would follow her longing gaze out of the open door to the garden and stand on the hill, looking over the placid water and the russet meadow promontories to the melting blue of the horizon.

Returning, one noon from such an expedition, when the sun had kissed her cheek to a deeper glow, and the soft breeze had blown her hair into little tendrils and curls around her cap, she found that Bab had disappeared from the sofa, the trousers bundled under a cushion, and heard the sound of a man's voice from the parlor, which she entered with some trepidation as to her long, white apron and unruly hair, that increased as she heard Miss Clem mention Tom Rozier's name, and saw his tall form rise between her and the window.

He laid his hand on his heart, and she made a step backward on the polished floor, It was but an instant, but, in that time, her quick eyes took the never-to-be-forgotten impression of sunshine on a bowl full of yellow chrysanthemums on the window-sill, and against the blue sky, a keen, dark face, earnest and strong, the face, not of "a conceited prig," but of a brave, honest gentleman, as she felt him to be.

Then, because of the fair day and the flowers, a bird somewhere near began to sing. Tom raised his powdered head, and Betty seated herself in a prim, upright chair, where a stray sunbeam touched her throat and cheek.

Another sunbeam pierced the shadowed room, brightening some of its accessories—oblong mirrors with carved, gilt frames, three-cornered mahogany tables supporting grotesque china ornaments, and straight chairs reflected on the shining floor.

"Well," said Miss Clem, contemptuously overlooking the interruption, "I do not doubt but that the classics are necessary to a gentleman s education, by giving an idea of the letters and the polite arts of the Greek and Roman civilizations; but, prithee, why not have a tutor at home? *I* never went to Oxford, but, under the direction of my father, at the age of ten I had mastered Cornelius Nepos——"

"Yes; but, Miss Clem, we do not all possess your natural advantages," said Tom, with a courtly bow; "I am sure that I have learned something by having travelled."

"And there is Will Ringgold," said Betty, speaking for the first time, "is he not a shining example of foreign training and polish?'

"A fair case of showing

'How much a fool that hath been sent to roam
Exceeds a fool that has been kept at home.'"

laughed Tom. "But he is not a bad fellow, Will, only his trip to France, and his introduction and acquaintance among the *beau monde* there, hath somewhat turned his not over strong wits."

"Indeed, he seemed to me very pleasant charactered and of a most polite address," charitably interposed Miss Bab, who was almost obscured by the harpsichord.

"But such a coxcomb," said Betty," h his *ma foi's* and grimaces!"

"There is some good in him: but, i'faith, I can't like a fellow that's not enough of a man to enjoy a run after the hounds, but must sit at home and cap verses like a mincing French abbe!"

"Enough, enough," was the fiat of Miss Clem, listening frowningly. "I vow I do not know what to make of you young people nowadays, with your talk about character, and this quality, and how people feel. No doubt, a hundred years from now they will be writing books about the symptoms of the mind, and what the hero and heroine *think!* All fiddle-faddle! Take a man for granted, and 'let well enough alone.'"

"A saying, my dear madam, which is often urged as an excuse for negligence and sluggishness," interrupted Dr. Wells, who had entered the room behind her. The reverend gentleman was, at first sight, far from conveying the impression which his learning and goodness inspired in those who knew him better. As is often the case, the precious soul was encased and hidden in a defective casket. Short and fat, with a broad face, hooked nose, and little eyes, he looked even swarthier and more untidy than was natural by the contrast of the snowy powder of his bob wig, traceable on his upper lip, and falling over his shabby, black clothes.

"Humph!" said he, "Tom Rozier here! Quite opportune. Sir, I wish to enter a formal protest and complaint against that white, bound, serving-man of yours—Peregrine, I think they call the varlet." The little doctor was quite excited, dancing up and down, his eye flashing fire, and speaking in a high, pompous squeak.

"I hope, sir," said Tom, respectfully, "that the fellow, who is a pernicious wag and bubbling over with pranks, has not dared to molest you?"

"Molest! I do not know what you call it, then. Why, look you. As I was walking here, ruminating on the beauty of the day, the glory of God, and many such kindred subjects, here comes along this fellow of yours on a sorry nag——"

"Confound him!" cried Tom. "He must have stolen it. I've got no such nag in my stables, and he's wont to be a good judge of horseflesh."

"That is neither here nor there. This varlet rides in front of me, pulls off his cap, and speaks very respectfully, so I stop. 'Sir,' said he, 'I have long had a matter of conscience which only you can heal, a religious point that, for my peace of mind, I must have settled. I am aware of the disadvantage and publicity of our present meeting, but, if you will give me the benefit of a few minutes' explanation, you may make me a reformed man.' The rascal spoke so engagingly that I feared he might have some crime on his conscience, so I halted, for it little behooves one of my cloth to refuse ghostly aid. 'Speak,' said I, 'my son.' 'Well, doctor, the point is this: Can a man marry his widow's sister-in-law?' 'Certainly not, certainly not.' said I. 'If there is one point upon which the canons of the church and of civil law are explicit, it is this.' Then I proceeded to give him certain authorities and judgments of various tribunals and councils, deduced from a long course of reading; until I began to see the absurdity of my standing in the road arguing a knotty ecclesiastical point with a groom, by the fellow's eyes beginning to twinkle, and, by the soul of me, had I not been a clergyman and he on horseback, I'd have punished him for his impudence, and applied my cudgel to his pate!—I animadverted upon him with great severity. But the fellow reasons well and is a cunning rogue. I can't help smiling at his waggery."

The doctor was in a broad grin, which burst into a good-natured laugh, in which he was joined by Tom and Betty.

"I'll charge him with it, sir," said Tom, "and he shall apologize; but the fellow means no harm. He has lived from hand to mouth in most of the countries of Europe, been in many services, and picked up a deal of the odds and ends of learning."

"We will appeal to the doctor," said Miss Clem, reverting to the argument which she dearly loved, especially when she was pitted against the masculine intellect. "Doctor, I hold that the education of young men here should be conducted in the country where they are to live, and that education in England serves to unfit them for their own home."

"But, Miss Clem," urged Tom, "England *is* my mother-country, my home. Surely we, here in the provinces, should feel that, and wish to know more of our parent."

"A parent who is at best but a step-mother," declared Miss Clem. "No mother ever burdened her offspring with a tax so disproportioned to their strength as England has laid upon us."

"But we owe her allegiance," said Tom. "I will always feel that. No doubt the law will be repealed; if not, we can take measures to lighten this tax, which I, with you, think unreasonable, by cutting off superfluous luxuries and by encouraging home manufactures."

"'No plan of non-importation will prove available. We will be driven to extreme measures, even to resistance. The policy of England has ever been, with us, that of extortion, and the result will be final alienation."

"Say the policy of the Ministry," interposed Dr. Wells, pacing restlessly to and fro, scattering snuff with zealous enthusiasm. "Now, Tom," he continued, "which are you, patriot or Tory; for your country, or for supporting the action of the Ministry."

"Sir, answered young Mr. Rozier, with a proud gesture of his handsome, well-set head, "I cannot conceive that there will ever be but one course open to his Majesty's subjects; allegiance to their oath of fealty. As troubled as matters look at present, they will, no doubt, be satisfactorily adjusted; and, if not, why, as loyal subjects, we must submit to the right of taxation."

"Tut! my boy, you are wilfully blind not to see whither matters are tending, that no active man can idly withdraw his support from what he thinks right; or will you emulate the stupid clown of whom I read the other day? When the Royalist and Parliamentary troops were encamped just before the decisive battle of Marston Moor, when the civil war had been waging for five years, a horseman, galloping over the country, came across a countryman at work. 'Well,' cried the Cavalier,' for which side are you, King or Parliament?' 'Why,' gaped the bumpkin, staring stupidly,' is them two fell out.'"

"Ay, sir, and at that very battle my ancestor fell fighting for the king, and his great-grandson went into exile following the fortunes of Charles Edward."

All parties were becoming excited, and the air was rife with one of the disturbing political debates imminent at all times and in all places.

"The time is coming, Thomas Rozier," said Miss Clem, solemnly," for you to make your final choice and abide by it. Will you be a tame coward, submitting to all that these scornful masters over seas may choose to impose upon you, or will you, like another Brutus, be handed down to a glorious posterity as one of those patriots who, against overwhelming odds, chose to suffer odium as a traitor—death, maybe—drawing your sword in defence of your liberty as a man and freedom from galling slavery?"

The moment was electric with excitement. Tom had risen, his head thrown back, facing the earnest little group to whose opinions he was antagonistic.

"If," he said, quietly," it comes to the choice of determining between my estates, comfort, and a happy future, such as I have always anticipated, and exile in poverty; and if the former is to be gained by treachery and disloyalty to my king, by subverting all laws of peace and order, I will choose exile, death even, before such dishonor God grant that I will never be in such a predicament; but if it comes I shall not stain the roll and record of my ancestors, who have fought and died for their king—loyal gentlemen, a line never soiled by treachery or sedition!"

His eyes were glowing. As he paused they rested on Betty, who felt the nobility of his words, and as though another sunbeam had entered the room. There was an awkward moment. Tom made a low bow, to leave the room.

"Hem!" coughed the doctor, nervously, "I fancied you were thus affected—one of those who believe in the 'divine right of kings to govern wrong.' Not that I myself doubt the right of kings, and that they derive their prerogative direct from divine power, for the Church holds —"

"Hark ye, Tom Rozier," cried Miss Clem, "I like you none the less for saying what you think, like a man. You have a right to your opinion, only be out with it, and don't be a neutral, a nonentity. Come again when you choose. You've got sense, and there are too many fools in this neighborhood for the sensible ones to quarrel, be they Tories or patriots."

"Betty," said Miss Bab, who was much discomposed, and wished to make the visitor feel at ease," put on your hat and walk down with Tom to the landing, and as you pass by the store-room, stop and get some cookies."

At this reminder of their youthful days and the panacea which Miss Bab had administered to their every woe, Tom smiled, and seeing that Betty hesitated, said; "Will you not come?" with the desired effect, for Betty arose and left the room with him.

CHAPTER V.

When they were a few steps on the sunny lawn, Miss Clem put her long face out of a window and called after them: "Tom Rozier, remember to come again, and we can discuss the matter more logically."

On a shady bench by the kitchen wall sat Uncle Mose, his corn-cob pipe in his mouth, and several lank hounds capering around him. He rose and shuffled toward them with a bow-legged, shambling gait, peculiar to himself.

"Lord A'mighty! Mars Tom, yer sut'nly hez growed. An' wuz'nt you a mischievous boy? I minds me er de time Jed's baby died, an' dey couldn't find de coffin no whar, no whar, an' I come down ter de crick, an' dar war de coffin an' you a paddlin' 'round in it jes' as happy. He! he! I 'spec Mars Rozier dun guv yer sech anodder wallopin' "—looking sadly sympathetic, and ending in a chuckle of delight. "He! he! but yer wuz a lim' er Satan." At the mention of his supernatural enemy, the sable Pharisee heaved a deep sigh.

"Uncle Mose has a trying time with the devil," explained Betty.

"'Deed I has, Mars Tom, a mighty close fight wid him. Sometimes I gets him under my feet, an' den I jes' stamps on him."

"Stamp on the devil!" exclaimed Tom, with an air of horrified surprise. "Don't do that, old man. Think how strong he is. Better make friends with him, and not make him angry."

"Dat de truf, massa; dat's de truf."

Leaving them to determine Uncle Mose's future relations with the powers of darkness, Betty ran into the house for a moment and returned under the shade of a big straw hat, for the autumn sun was hot. The air was balmy, laden with the out-of-door murmurs which sound like summer, the clatter of the kitchen yard, clucking of fowls, noise of children's voices, and all the indescribable hum of the country lying low and level and golden under the deep sky.

"Fur de Lord's sake, massa," pleaded the old man, "gimme some terbacker fur my pipe. I ain't got none in de world."

"I haven't any in this coat, Uncle, but, I'll send you over a pound."

"Bless yer, massa, de Lord will shorely bless yer. I ain't got a bit in de World."

"That is a way the old man has of salving his conscience," said Betty, as they walked along. "He has a pocket which he calls 'the World,' and when there no tobacco in it he fancies he is telling the truth."

"The old rascal," laughed Tom," I have a mind to give him two pounds for his shrewdness."

Tom was rather moody and silent as they went along the path through the field. He looked very fine, Betty thought, in his coat of deep-claret color, buckskin breeches, and high-topped boots, which he restlessly hit with a switch. His brows were ent, and his eyes fixed on the ground.

"I regret," he said," that such isousion should have arisen, but, under the circumstances, no man of honor could withhold his view; and, by heaven! I cannot conceive how any man of honor can hold but one view of the subject. Had I, before leaving England, imagined that affairs here were in such a crisis, nothing would have induced me to return; but"—looking around—"it is a lovely and a peaceful land, and I am glad to be home. Betty, you have not fulfilled your aunt's bequest. Where are my cookies?"

"I have them here," said Betty, diving into the depths of a capacious pocket and extracting several; at which they both laughed, and Cassius, rejoicing in the possession of one, tore on wildly down the path.

Betty had felt rather constrained with him before, and awed by the travelled young gentleman's polish and courtliness, but this demand put them on their old, familiar footing. War might be imminent, but it was hidden in that future which is full of delightful possibilities to youth, and they laughed and were happy for no better reason than that they were young.

Cassius turned his attention to chasing the shadow of a buzzard sailing with perfect poise over the fields, yellow with stubble and stacked corn. Betty looked up at it, and her lips moved as she repeated something to herself.

"What is that you are saying Tom, curiously.

"Only a silly charm: 'Hail, lonely buzzard, hail! Who shall I see between now and this time to-morrow night?' Then you make a wish, and don't look at the buzzard again, and you will see whom you wish for."

"'Pon honor, that's a pretty easy way of seeing one's sweetheart. And you wished for—whom?"

"Oh, I can't tell you. It wouldn't come true."

They had reached the landing, two wooden steps to the water, where a row-boat lay. Tom leaned against the scarred trunk of a weather-beaten pine-tree, while Betty seated herself on a stone in the sunlight, Cassius resting his head on her knee, seemingly satisfied by this communion with a higher nature.

(To be Continued.)

He Was Very Quiet.

Buffalo *News* : Old Doctor—How do you get along with your husband no , Maguire?

Mrs. Maguire—Very nicely—Very nicely, thank ye. He's dead.

"Canadian Minister" is Good.

New York *Press* : Sir Henry Tyler, a Canadian minister, said in a recent speech that reciprocity in coal between Canada and this country is under negotiation.

A novel expedient has been adopted by Sir Frederick Roberts to improve the shooting of the men under his command in India. For every bull's eye made by a soldier in his regulation practice at the butts a sum of money is given him from the public funds, the amount being payable at the close of the shooting.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

How a Woodstock Boy Was Lost and Found in More Ways Than One.

Five years ago last summer, says the Owen Sound *Advertiser*, two Woodstock boys whose heads had been turned by a course of dime novels ran away from home equipped with a revolver and a stock of remarkable ideas about the world. One of these lads was Fred W. Bale, the son of a well-to-do contractor in Woodstock, and about 15 years old. On leaving home he changed his name to Wood. The pair walked some twenty miles from home, and then took the train to Port Elgin, thus escaping detection. From Port Elgin young "Wood" came over here, and was engaged by M. Forhan to work on his place, where he stayed a year and a half. He then drove cattle for Mr. Kennedy and other buyers for a year or so. On the 1st of December, three years ago, he engaged with Mr. C. A. Fleming as janitor of the Business College. Finding good metal in the youth Mr. Fleming the following July apprenticed him in the College printing department, where he readily acquired the business, and bids fair to be an excellent printer. He has all along been a trusted and valued member of his employer's household. Whatever longings the youth may have felt for home and friends have been combated in his mind by a settled conviction that his relatives could no longer care for him. No one here knew that the name of Wood was an assumed one, though he made no secret of having run away from home when a boy. Two weeks ago, however, in attending the special services in the Disciples Church young Bale experienced that marvellous change which always sets the wanderer back into right relationships, human and divine. The secret could no longer be kept but the poor fellow, still doubting his welcome, wrote to his mother over the name of G. Wood, asking if she would like to, hear news of her runaway son. Any mother who reads this can imagine what sort of an answer the first return mail brought. The eager mother and family could not await a response, and closely following the letter came young Mr. Bale to learn what news he might regarding his lost brother. He canvassed the different families of Wood or Woods in town, and was finally set right by Archie Trout, of the post-office, who went over with him to the Business College. We will leave our readers to imagine the surprise with which he greeted his brother and the genuine pleasure of the meeting to both. That was a week ago Saturday. The following Monday Fred went home with his brother, and, after a week of happy re-union with his relatives returned last night. Mr. Bale had been out on the Pacific coast executing railway bridge contracts for the past three years, and was not expected home at present, but when the brothers reached Woodstock they found the father there before them. Fred deserves credit for the bravery with which he has "roughed it," and the good use he has made of his later opportunities.

Clergymen's Big Pay.

The following information regarding the salaries of some of the clergymen of New York and Brooklyn is believed to be authentic: Dr. Morgan Dix, of Old Trinity, has $15,000 a year, and his assistant $6,000; Dr. Huntington, rector of Grace Church, has $15,000 and a house the rental of which is worth $5,000 more; Dr. Greer, of St. Bartholomew's, receives $19,000, and being wealthy retains nothing of it for himself; Dr. Brown, of St. Thomas', has $15,000; Dr. Rainsford, of St. George's, has $10,000, and like Dr. Greer gives it all away. A dozen episcopal parishes pay from $4,000 to $8,000, and the bishop receives $15,000. Among the Presbyterians Dr. Hall draws $13,500; Dr. Paxton, $12,500; Dr. Parkhurst, $8,000; Dr. Taylor, $15,000; Rev. Robert Collyer, Unitarian, has $10,000. Dr. Talmage receives $12,000 from his congregation and doubles this income in literature and the lecture field. Dr. Abbott is paid $8,000. The pastor of the largest Methodist Church has $5,000 and rent of an elegant parsonage; and the Methodist bishop receives $5,000.

LIVERPOOL, England, is said to have the best paved streets in the world. The American consul there notes that the laying of the impervious pavement which was adopted in 1872 for the carriageways of the city has been continued without intermission, and is still in progress, resulting in nearly 1,750,000 yards superficial of impervious carriageway pavements and a saving by the execution of this class of work unprecedented in municipal experience. Among the regulations are these:

1. Permission is never given to private companies or persons to cut through the pavement in any street for any purpose. When such work is necessary the city corporation will do it in its own thorough way, and the interested parties must pay the entire cost.

2. All the street railway tracks (tramways) are laid and owned and kept in condition by the corporation, and the company leasing them for traffic pays an annual rental of 10 per cent. on their cost. The manner in which these rails are placed is fully shown in an illustrated report of the former City Engineer, who says: "The Liverpool city lines as now laid are conclusive proof that when tramways are well designed and properly constructed they do not form the slightest impediment, even to the narrowest wheeled vehicles."

The streets are divided into three classes, the pavement designated as first class being usually laid down in the main streets in the central parts of the city where the traffic is heavy. The principal material is granite, both for roadways and footways.

LEARNED IT BACKWARD.

"V stands for Voter," the schoolboy remarked,
As he stood squarely toeing the line,
And he thought of the freeman with ballot in hand,
A power that was semi-divine.

The boy grew in years and he found out at last
How wrong one's first lessons may be;
An hour at the polls gave him plenty of proof
That the voter oft stands for a V.

—*Columbus Dispatch.*

Beggar (to gentleman)—Can't you give a poor man a dime? Gentleman—Haven't any change now. Will be back this way soon. Beggar—Ah, sir, it's giving credit to men like you that keeps me poor.

The C. P. R. Telegraph Company are arranging to lay in the spring a three-wire cable in the gulf of Georgia from Victoria, B. C., to the mainland. The cable between Victoria and Dungeness will also be kept in repair, and other measures taken to insure transmission of messages promptly. A fourth wire is also to be put on between Donald and Winnipeg.