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"ROUGHING IT IN THE BUSH."

CHAPTER XVI.—(CONTINUED).

During the winter of '36, we experienced many privations. The ruffian squatter P——, from Clear Lake, drove from the barn a fine young bull we were rearing, and for several weeks all trace of the animal was lost. We had almost forgotten the existence of poor Whiskey, when a neighbour called and told Moodie that his yearling was at P———'s, and that he would advise him to get it back as soon as possible.

Moodie had to take some wheat to Y———'s mill, and as the squatter lived only a mile further, he called at his house; and there, sure enough, he found the lost animal. With the greatest difficulty he succeeded in regaining his property, but not without many threats of vengeance from the parties who had stolen it. To these he paid no regard; but a few days after, six fat hogs, on which we depended for all our winter store of animal food, were driven into the lake, and destroyed.

The death of these animals deprived us of three barrels of pork, and half starved us through the winter. That winter of '36, how heavily it wore away! The grown flour, frosted potatoes, and scant quantity of animal food rendered us all weak, and the children suffered much from the ague.

One day, just before the snow fell, Moodie had gone to Peterborough for letters; our servant was sick in bed with the ague, and I was nursing my little boy, Dunbar, who was shaking with the cold fit of his miserable fever, when Jacob put his honest, round, rosy face in at the door.

"Give me the master's gun, ma'am; there's a big buck feeding on the rice-bed near the island."

I took down the gun, "Jacob you have no chance; there is but one charge of buck-shot in the house."

"One chance is better nor none," said Jacob, as he commenced loading the gun. "What knows what may happen to oie? Mayhap oie may chance to kill 'un; and you and the measter and the wee bairns may have zummut zavory for zupper yet."

Away walked Jacob with Moodie's "Manton" over his shoulder. A few minutes after, I heard the report of the gun, but never expected to see anything of the game; when Jacob suddenly bounced into the room, half wild with delight.

"Thae beast iz dead az a door-nail Zure how the measter will laugh when he sees the fine buck that oie a'zhat."

"And have you really shot him?"

"Come and zee! 'Tis worth your while to walk down to the landing to look at 'un."

Jacob got a rope, and I followed him to the landing, where, sure enough, lay a fine buck, fastened in tow of the canoe. Jacob soon secured him by the hind legs to the rope he had brought; and, with our united efforts, we at last succeeded in dragging our prize home. All the time he was engaged in taking off the skin, Jacob was anticipating the feast that we were to have; and the good fellow chuckled with delight when he hung the carcass quite close to the kitchen door, that his "measter" might run against it when he came home at night. This actually took place. When Moodie opened the door, he struck his head against the dead deer.

"What have you got here?"

"A fine buck, zur," said Jacob, bringing forward the light, and holding it up in such a manner that all the merits of the prize could be seen at a glance.

"A fine one, indeed! How did we come by it?"

"It was zhot by oie," said Jacob, rubbing his hands in a sort of ecstacy. "Thae beast is the first oie ever zhot in my life. He! he! he!"

"You shot that fine deer, Jacob? and there was only one charge in the gun! Well done; you must have taken a good aim."

"Why, zur, oie took no aim at all. Oie just pointed the gun at the deer, and zhut my oeys and let fly at 'un. 'Twas Providence kill'd 'un, not oie."

"I believe you," said Moodie; "Providence has hitherto watched over us and kept us from actual starvation."

The flesh of the deer, and the good broth that I was able to obtain, from it, greatly assisted in restoring our sick to health; but long before that severe winter terminated we were again out of food. Mrs.———had given to Katie, in the fall, a very pretty little pig, which she had named Spot. The animal was a great favourite with Jacob and the children, and he always received his food from their hands at the door, and followed them all over the place like a dog We had a noble hound called Hector, between whom and the pet pig there existed the most tender friendship. Spot always shared with Hector the hollow log which served him for a kennel, and we often laughed to see Hector lead Spot round the clearing by his ear. After bearing the want of animal food until our souls sickened at the bad potatoes and grown flour bread, we began—that is, the elders of the family—to cast very hungry eyes upon Spot; but no one liked to propose having him killed. At last Jacob spoke his mind upon the subject.

"Oi've heard, zur, that the Jews never eat pork; but we Christians, dooz, and are right glad ov the chance. Now, zur, oi've been thinking that 'tis no manner ov use our keeping that beast Spot. If he wor a cow, now there might be zome zanze in the thing; and we all feel weak for a morzel of meat. S'pose I kill him? He won't make a bad piece of pork."

Moodie seconded this; and, in spite of the tears and prayers of Katie, her uncouth pet was sacrificed to the general wants of the family; but there were two members of the house who disdained to eat a morsel of the victim; poor Katie and the dog Hector. At the self-denial of the first I did not at all wonder, for she was a child full of sensibility and warm affections, but the attachment of the brute creature to his old playmate filled us with surprise. Jacob first drew our attention to the strange fact.

"That dog," he said, as we were passing through the kitchen while he was at dinner, "do teach uz Christians a lesson how to treat our friends. Why, zur, he'll not eat a morzel of Spot. Oie have tried and tempted him in all manner ov ways, and he only do zneer and turn up his nose when I hould him a bit to taste." He offered the animal a rib of the fresh pork as he finished speaking and the dog turned away with an expression of aversion, and, on a repetition of the act, walked from the table.

Human affection could scarcely have surpassed the love felt by this poor animal for his playfellow. His attachment to Spot, that could overcome the pangs of hunger—for, like the rest of us, he was half-starved—must have been strong indeed.

Jacob's attachment to us, in its simplicity and fidelity, greatly resembled that of the dog; and sometimes, like the dog, he would push himself in where he was not wanted, and gratuitously give his advice, and make remarks which were not required.

Mr. K———, from Cork, was asking Moodie many questions about the partridges of the country! and, among other things, he wanted to know by what token you were able to discover their favorite haunts. Before Moodie could answer this last query a voice responded, through a large crack in the boarded wall which separated us from the kitchen, "They always bides where they's drum." This announcement was received with a burst of laughter that greatly disconcerted the natural philosopher in the kitchen.

On the 21st of May of this year, my second son, Donald was born. The poor fellow came in hard times. The cows had not calved, and our bill of fare, now minus the deer and Spot, only consisted of bad potatoes and still worse bread. I was rendered so weak by want of proper nourishment that my dear husband, for my sake, overcame his aversion to borrowing, and procured a quarter of mutton from a friend. This, with kindly presents from neighbors—often as badly off as ourselves—a loin of a young bear, and a basket containing a loaf of bread, some tea, some fresh butter, and oatmeal, went far to save my life.

Shortly after my recovery, Jacob—the faithful, good Jacob—was obliged to leave us, for we could no longer afford to pay wages. What was owing to him had to be settled by sacrificing our best cow, and a great many valuable articles of clothing from my husband's wardrobe. Nothing is more distressing than being obliged to part with articles of dress which you know that you cannot replace. Almost all my clothes had been appropriated to the payment of wages, or to obtain garments for the children, excepting my wedding dress, and the beautiful baby-linen which had been made by the hands of dear and affectionate friends for my first-born. These were now exchanged for coarse, warm flannels, to shield her from the cold.

Moodie and Jacob had chopped eight acres during the winter, but these had to be burnt off and logged up before we could put in a crop of wheat for the ensuing fall. Had we been able to retain this industrious, kindly English lad, this would soon have been accomplished; but his wages, at the rate of thirty pounds per annum, were now utterly beyond our means.

Jacob had formed an attachment to my pretty maid, Mary Pine, and before going to the Southern States, to join an uncle who resided in Louisville, an opulent tradesman, who had promised to teach him his business, Jacob thought it as well to declare himself. The declaration took place on a log of wood near the back door, and from my chamber window, I could both hear and see the parties, without being myself observed. Mary was seated very demurely at one end of the log, twisting the string of her checked apron, and the loving Jacob was busy whittling the other extremity of their rustic seat. There was a long silence. Mary stole a look at Jacob, and he heaved a tremendous sigh, something between a yawn and a groan. "Meary," he said, "I must go."

"I know that afore," returned the girl.

"I had zummat to zay to you, Meary. Do you think you will miss oie?" (looking very affectionately, and twitching nearer.)

"What put that into your head, Jacob?" This was said very demurely.

"Oie thowt, may be, Meary, that your feelings might be zummat loike my own. I feel zore about the heart, Meary, and it's all com' of parting with you. Don't you feel queerish, too?"

"Can't say that I do, Jacob. I shall soon see you again," (pulling violently at her apron-string.)

"Meary, oi'm afear'd you don't feel loike oie."

"P'r'aps not—women can't feel like men. I'm sorry that you are going, Jacob, for you have been very kind and obliging, and I wish you well."

"Meary," cried Jacob, growing desperate at her coyness, and getting quite close up to her, "will you marry oie? Say yeez or noa?"

This was coming close to the point. Mary drew farther from him, and turned her head away.

"Meary," said Jacob, seizing upon the hand that held the apron-string. "Do you think you can better yoursel'? If not—why, oi'm your man. Now, do just turn about your head and answer oie."

The girl turned round, and gave him a quick, shy glance, then burst out into a simpering laugh.

"Meary, will you take oie?" (jogging her elbow.)

"I will," cried the girl, jumping up from the log and running into the house.

"Well, that bargain's made," said the lover, rubbing his hands; "and now, oie'll go and bid measter and missus good-by!"

The poor fellow's eyes were full of tears, for the children, who loved him very much, clung, crying, about his knees. "God bless yees all," sobbed the kind-hearted creature. "Doan't forget Jacob, for he'll never forget you. Good-by!"

Then turning to Mary, he threw his arms round her neck, and bestowed upon her fair cheek the most audible kiss I ever heard.

"And doan't you forget me, Meary. In two years oie will be back to marry you; and may be oie may come back a rich man.'

Mary, who was an exceedingly pretty girl, shed some tears at the parting; but in a few days she was as gay as ever, and listening with great attention to the praises bestowed upon her beauty by an old bachelor, who was her senior by five and twenty years. But then he had a good farm, a saddle mare, and plenty of stock, and was reputed to have saved money. The saddle mare seemed to have great weight in old Ralph T——h's wooing; and I used laughingly to remind Mary of her absent lover, and beg her not to marry Ralph T——h's mare.

THE CANADIAN HUNTER'S SONG.

The northern lights are flashing,
On the rapids' restless flow;
And o'er the wild waves dashing,
Swift darts the light canoe.
The merry hunters come.
"What cheer?—what cheer?"—
"We've slain the deer!"
"Hurrah!—You're welcome home!"

The blithsome horn is sounding,
And the woodman's loud halloo;
And joyous steps are bounding
To meet the birch canoe.
"Hurrah!—The hunters come."
And the woods ring out
To their merry shout
As they drag the dun deer home!

The hearth is brightly burning,
The rustic board is spread;
To greet the sire returning.
The children leave their bed.
With laugh and shout they come—
That merry band—
To grasp his hand,
And bid him welcome home!

CHAPTER XVII.

THE LITTLE STUMPY MAN.

There was a little man—
I'll sketch him if I can,
For he clung to mine and me
Like the old man of the sea;
And in spite of taunt and scoff
We could not pitch him off,
For the cross-grained, waspish elf
Cared for no one but himself.

Before I dismiss for ever the troubles and sorrows of 1836, I would fain introduce to the notice of my readers some of the odd characters with whom we became acquainted during that period. The first that starts vividly to my recollection is the picture of a short, stumpy, thickset man—a British sailor, too—who came to stay one night under our roof, and took quiet possession of his quarters for nine months, and whom we were obliged to tolerate, from the simple fact that we could not get rid of him.

During the fall, Moodie had met this individual (whom I will call Mr. Malcolm) in the mail-coach, going up to Toronto. Amused with his eccentric and blunt manners and finding him a shrewd, clever fellow in conversation, Moodie told him that if ever he came into his part of the world he should be glad to renew their acquaintance. And so they parted, with mutual good-will, as men often part who have travelled a long journey in good fellowship together, without thinking it probable they should ever meet again.

The sugar season had just commenced with the spring thaw; Jacob had tapped a few trees in order to obtain sap to make molasses for the children, when his plans were frustrated by the illness of my husband, who was again attacked with the ague. Towards the close of a wet, sloppy day, while Jacob was in the wood, chopping, and our servant gone to my sister, who was ill, to help to wash, as I was busy baking bread for tea, my attention was aroused by a violent knocking at the door, and the furious barking of our dog, Hector. I ran to open it, when I found Hector's teeth clenched in the trousers of a little dark, thickset man, who said, in a gruff voice.

"Call off your dog. What the devil do you keep such an infernal brute about the house for? Is it to bite people who come to see you?"

Hector was the best-behaved, best-tempered animal in the world; he might have been called a gentlemanly dog. So little was there of the unmannerly puppy in his behavior, that I was perfectly astonished at his ungracious conduct. I caught him by the collar, and, not without some difficulty, succeeded in dragging him off.

"Is Captain Moodie within?" said the stranger.

"He is, sir. But he is ill in bed—too ill to be seen."

"Tell him a friend" (he laid a strong stress upon the last word), a particular friend must speak to him."

I now turned my eyes to the face of the speaker with some curiosity. I had taken him for a mechanic, from his dirty, slovenly appearance; and his physiognomy was so unpleasant, that I did not credit his assertion that he was a friend of my husband, for I was certain that no man who possessed such a forbidding aspect could be regarded by Moodie as a friend. I was about to deliver his message, but the moment I let go Hector's collar, the dog was at him again.

"Don't strike him with your stick," I cried, throwing my arms over the faithful creature. "He is a powerful animal, and if you provoke him, he will kill you."

I at last succeeded in coaxing Hector into the girl's room where I shut him up, while the stranger came into the kitchen, and walked to the fire to dry his wet clothes.

I immediately went into the parlour, where Moodie was lying upon a bed near the stove, to deliver the stranger's message; but before I could say a word, he dashed in after me, and, going up to the bed, held out his broad, coarse hand, with, "How are you, Mr. Moodie? You see I have accepted your kind invitation sooner than either you or I expected. If you will give me house room for the night, I shall be obliged to you."

This was said in a low, mysterious voice; and Moodie, who was struggling with the hot fit of his disorder, and whose senses were not a little confused, stared at him with a look of vague bewilderment. The countenance of the stranger grew dark.

"You cannot have forgotten me—my name is Malcolm."

"Yes, yes; I remember you now," said the invalid holding out his burning, feverish hand. "To my home, such as it is, you are welcome."

I stood by in wondering astonishment, looking from one to the other, as I had no recollection of ever hearing my husband mention the name of the stranger; but as he had invited him to share our hospitality, I did my best to make him welcome, though in what manner he was to be accommodated puzzled me not a little. I placed the arm chair by the fire, and told him that I would prepare tea for him as soon I could.

"It may be as well to tell you, Mrs. Moodie," said he, sulkily, for he was evidently displeased by my husband's want of recognition on his entrance, "that I have had no dinner."

I sighed to myself, for I well knew that our larder boasted of no dainties: and, from the animal expression of our guest's face I rightly judged that he was fond of good living.

By the time I had fried a rasher of salt pork, and made a pot of dandelion coffee, the bread I had been preparing was baked; but grown flour will not make light bread, and it was unusually heavy. For the first time I felt heartily ashamed of our humble fare. I was sure that he for whom it was provided was not one to pass it over in benevolent silence. "He might be a gentleman," I thought, "but he does not look like one;" and a confused idea of who he was, and where Moodie had met with him, began to float through my mind. I did not like the appearance of the man, but I consoled myself that he was only to stay for one night, and I could give up my bed for that one night and sleep on a bed on the floor by my sick husband. When I re-entered the parlor to cover the table, I found Moodie fallen asleep, and Mr. Malcolm reading. As I placed the tea-things on the table, he raised his head, and regarded me with a gloomy stare. He was a strange-looking creature; his features were tolerably regular, his complexion dark, with a good colour, his very broad and round head was covered with a perfect mass of close, black, curling hair, which, in growth, texture, and hue, resembled the wiry, curly hide of a water-dog. His eyes and mouth were both well-shaped, but gave, by their sinister expression, an odious and doubtful meaning to the whole of his physiognomy. The eyes were cold, insolent and cruel, and as green as the eyes of a cat. The mouth bespoke a sullen, determined, and sneering disposition, as if it belonged to one brutally obstinate, one who could not by any gentle means be persuaded from his purpose. Such a man, in a passion, would have been a terrible wild beast; but the current of his feelings seemed to flow in a deep, sluggish channel, rather than in a violent or impetuous one; and, like William Penn, when he reconnoitred his unwelcome visitors through the keyhole of the door, I looked at my strange guest, and liked him not. Perhaps my distance and constrained manner made him painfully aware of the fact, for I am certain that, from that first hour of our acquaintance, a deep-rooted antipathy existed between us, which time seemed rather to strengthen than diminish.

He ate of his meal sparingly, and with evident disgust; the only remarks that dropped from him were:

"You make bad bread in the bush. Strange that you can't keep your potatoes from the frost! I should have thought that you would have bad things more comfortable in the woods."

"We have been very unfortunate," I said, "since we came to the woods. I am sorry that you should be obliged to share the poverty of the land. It would have given me much pleasure could I have set before you a more comfortable meal."

"Oh, don't mention it. So that I get good pork and potatoes I shall be contented."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Ants and Butterflies.

In a recent number of the "Journal" of the Bombay Natural History Society, Mr. Lionel de Niceville describes the manner in which the larvæ of a species of butterfly (*Taurcus theophrastus*, Fabricius) are cultivated and protected by the large common black ants of Indian gardens and houses. As a rule ants are the most deadly and inveterate enemies of butterflies, and ruthlessly destroy and eat them whenever they get the chance; but in the present case the larvæ exude a sweet liquid of some sort, of which the ants are inordinately fond, and which they obtain by stroking the larvæ gently with their antennæ. Hence the great care which is taken of them. The larvæ feed on a small thorny bush of the jungle, the *Zizyphus Jujuba*, and at the foot of this the ants construct a temporary nest. About the middle of June, just before the rains set in, great activity is observable on the tree. The ants are busy all day running along the branches and leaves in search of the larvæ, and guiding and driving them down the stem of the tree towards the nest. Each prisoner is guarded until he is got safely into his place, when he falls off into a doze and undergoes his transformation into a pupa. If the loose earth at the foot of the tree is scraped away hundreds of larvæ and pupæ in all stages of development, arranged in a broad, even band all round the trunk, will be seen. The ants object to uncovering them, and immediately set to work to put the earth back again; if this is taken away again, they will remove all the chrysalids and bury them lower down. When the butterfly is ready to emerge in about a week it is tenderly assisted to disengage itself from its shell, and, should it be strong and healthy, is left undisturbed to spread its wings and fly away. For some time after they have gained strength they remain hovering over their old home. In one case a butterfly fell to the ground before its opening wings had dried, and a soldier-ant tried to rescue it. He carried it back to the tree with the utmost care, and made several attempts to assist the butterfly to hold on again, but finding his efforts unavailing he left the cripple to recover himself. On his return, seeing no improvement, he appeared to lose all patience, and, rushing in, bit off both wings and carried the body into the nest. But high handed proceedings of this kind are very unusual. It is said to be a curious sight to watch the fragile and delicate butterflies wandering about, all feeble and helpless, among the busy crowd of coarse black ants, and rubbing shoulders in perfect safety with the ordinary fierce, big-headed soldiers. A larva of another species thrown down among them as an experiment was immediately set upon and torn to pieces by the ants.

Green Hair and Whiskers.

The "Territorial Enterprise" says: A contract has been let on the Martin White mine at Ward, Nevada, and work is to be resumed forthwith. A queer phenomenon is connected with the working of the Martin White ore. The ore is very base, and it is necessary to roast the whole of it. During the roasting process no disagreeable or deleterious fumes are observable, yet the hair and beards of all the men engaged about the works are soon dyed a bright and permanent green. Even the eyebrows of the workmen are as green as grass. In scores of Nevada mines ores of various kinds are smelted and roasted, but at none of them is either the hair or beards of the workmen changed from their natural hue. It is said that there is less arsenic in the ore of the Martin White than in that of many other mines. Old smelters say arsenic has no such effect on the hair, and all declare that the emerald hue imparted to the hair is due to the presence of some unknown and mysterious metal or mineral. White, light, and sandy beards and hair take a grass green, whereas black or dark brown hair is dyed a deep bottle green. The hair is not injured by its change of color. It retains its original softness and strength.

Warm Weather in Australia.

The most remarkable feature of the Australian climate is the hot wind. The flat, sandy interior of the continent resembles the deserts of North Africa and Arabia, and the winds, therefore are very similar. Immense quantities of sand are drifted about by the wind and carried beyond the coast a considerable distance out to sea. On Jan. 21, 1845, Capt. Start's thermometer rose to 151 degrees in the shade; the mean temperature of December was 101 degrees, for January 104 degrees, and for February 101 degrees. So parched was the ground that there were great cracks in it from eight to ten feet deep. At Cooper's Creek on Nov. 11, 1845, he experienced one of these hot-air currents, and thus describes it: "The wind which had been blowing all morning from northeast, increased to a gale, and I shall never forget its withering effects. I sought shelter behind a large gum tree, but the blasts of heat were so terrific that I wondered the very grass did not take fire; everything, both animate and inanimate, gave way before it; the horses stood with their backs to the wind and their noses to the ground, the birds were mute, and the leaves of the trees fell like a shower around us. At noon I took out my thermometer, graduated to 127 degrees, and put it in the fork of a tree, and an hour afterward, when I went to examine it, the tube was full of mercury and the bulb had burst; about sunset the wind had shifted to west, and a thunder-cloud passed over us, but only a few drops of rain fell." The bursting of the instrument shows that the temperature was much higher than 127 degrees, the glass being unable to resist the expansion of the mercury. Vegetation suffers greatly from the parching character of this wind. Plants droop, leaves shrivel as if frost-bitten, and wheat crops have been destroyed. Its intense dryness is shown by the relative humidity falling to zero, and evaporation amounting to an inch of water a day. High up in the mountains to the east and southeast, in the midst of a frosty morning, occasional hot blasts are felt from the interior, and they cause a peculiar irritation of the nostrils and throat. Although disagreeable as heated air and fatal to vegetation, this dry wind, like that of India, is healthy. The dry climate is practically free from miasmatic diseases.

Prof. Huxley's Honour.

The council of the Royal Society, in selecting Prof. Huxley to be the recipient of the Copley medal for this year, have worthily acquitted themselves of the annual trust with which they have to deal. What may be considered a crowning honour has thus been conferred upon one illustrious among biologists, and illustrious during the years of a busy life as an exponent to the people of scientific aims. Last year the medal was given to Sir Joseph Hooker, who was as the "Life and Letters" testify, intimately connected with Darwin's projects and work, and it is appropriate that the succeeding award has been made to Prof. Huxley, if only on the score of his having taken so large a part in what he himself has termed "the reception of the 'Origin of Species'" The Copley medal, by common consent, is reserved for distinguished savants, who necessarily form the select few. Certainly Prof. Huxley is one of them. What is peculiar to him is the literary gift that he adds to his scientific attainments. No one was more alive to this than Darwin himself, "People complain," he wrote to Prof. Huxley 20 years ago, "of the unequal distribution of wealth; but it is a much greater shame and injustice that anyone should have the power to write so many brilliant essays as you have lately done. There is no one who writes like yon."

Fillmore and the Hen.

In the first quarter of this century a party of travellers was journeying down the Missouri in a flat boat. The river was covered with floating ice, and provisions were scarce, but the men were young, possessed of much more wit than money, and able to extract plenty of fun out of the danger and privation.

One evening two of them, a school teacher and a Frenchman, went ashore to buy provisions at a farm house. The teacher offered half a dollar to the farmer's wife for a motherly old hen that was scratching about the yard. She refused with a torrent of abuse.

His comrade, who was lounging over the gate, whispered, "Offer another bit."

"Five bits!" said the teacher.

The woman hesitated, then, to her amazement, the hen squeaked out:

"I'm not worth it. I'm four years old! I'm not worth it!"

The teacher started back in dismay; the farmer's wife, regaining her courage, chased the hen, and caught it up in her arms.

"Take two bits! It's all I'm worth!" it said, flapping wildly in her arms.

She ran, pale with terror, to the Frenchman and put it in his hands, screaming out:—"Take it away! It's bewitched!"

The young man threw the money back to her, and carried off the hen.

Many years afterwards, among the crowd in the East room of the White house which attended one of the receptions of President Fillmore, was the kindly old Signor Blitz, well-known to all the children of the Eastern States as a ventriloquist. When he was introduced to the President the two men looked at each other a moment and then burst into a laugh.

"You never thought to see me here," said Mr. Fillmore. "Now for the first time I understand the mystery of the old hen!"—[Chicago Herald.

The Man of Many Passes.

Life with the general passenger agent of a railroad is one continued round of pleasure. He is about the only official connected with the management of a railroad who can travel around the country without money and without price. His fat pocketbook contains the magical open sesame to all lines of road in the country, and he also possesses the privileges of the sleeping cars and the dining cars. When the general freight agent travels he has his annual railroad passes, but he is obliged to produce to the representatives of the sleeping car companies and pay the usual tariff for his meals in the dining cars. A general passenger agent can start for New York with only his collection of annuals and the price of two cocktails and return home with the entire outfit, as some one will certainly turn up to purchase his cocktails for him. To paraphrase the old time chestnut, the general passenger agent could go around the world with a paper collar and a $2 bill and change only the collar.