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EVERY HUSBAND SHOULD
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TAKE HOME TO
TAKE HOME TO
TAKE HOME TO

HIS WIFE
HIS WIFE
HIS WIFE

A CRUET STAND.
A CRUET STAND.
A CRUET STAND.

SEE THE STOCK
SEE THE STOCK
SEE THE STOCK

AT GEO. HYNDS'
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## THE HIGHWAY COW.

The hue of her hide was a dusky brown,
Her body was lean and her neck was slim,
One horn turned up and the other down,
She was keen of vision and long of limb,
With a Roman nose and a short stump tail,
And ribs like the hoops on a home-made pail.

Many a mark did her body bear;
She had been a target for all things known,
On many a scar the dusky hair
Would grow no more where it once had grown,
Many a passionate parting shot
Had left upon her a lasting spot.

Many and many a well-aimed stone,
Many a brickbat of goodly size,
And many a cudgel, swiftly thrown,
Had brought the years to her brawny eyes;
Or had bounded off from her bony back,
With a noise like the sound of a rifle crack.

Many a day had she passed in the pound,
Pot helping herself to her neighbor's corn,
Many a cowardly cur and hound
Had been transfixed by her crumpled horn,
Many a tea-pot and old tin pail
Had the farm boys tied to her time-worn tail.

Old Deacon Gray was a pious man,
Though sometimes tempted to be profane
When many a weary mile he ran
To drive her out of his growing grain,
Sharp were the pranks that she used to play
To get her fill and to get away.

She knew when the deacon went to town;
She nicely watched him when he went by;
He never passed her without a frown,
And in evil gleam in each angry eye;
He would crack his whip in a surly way,
And drive along in his "one-hoss chay."

Then at his homestead she loved to call,
Lifting his bars with her crumpled horn;
Nimbly scaling his garden wall,
Helping herself to his standing corn,
Eating his cabbages one by one;
Hurrying home when her work was done.

Often the deacon homeward came,
Humming a hymn from the house of prayer;
His hopeful heart in a tranquil frame,
His soul as calm as the evening air,
His forehead smoother a well worn plow,
To find in his garden that highway cow.

His human passions were quick to rise,
And striding forth with a savage cry,
With fury blazing from both his eyes,
As lightnings flash in a summer sky,
Redder and redder his face would grow,
And after that creature he would go.

Over the garden round and round,
Breaking his pear and apple trees,
Tramping his melons into the ground,
Overturning his hives of bees,
Leaving him angry and badly stung,
Wishing the old cow's neck was wrung.

The months grew on the garden wall;
The years went by with their work and play;
The boys of the village grew strong and tall;
And the gray-haired farmers passed away;
One by one, as the red leaves fall;
But the highway cow outlived them all.

All earthly creatures must have their day
And some must have their months and years;
Some in dying will long delay;
There is a climax to all careers;
And the highway cow at last was slain,
In running a race with a railway train.

All into pieces at once she went,
Just like the savings banks when they fail;
Out of the world she was swiftly sent,
Little was left but her old stump-tail.
The farmer's cornfields, and gardens now
Are haunted no more by the highway cow.—

## TOM'S WIFE.

We had just finished breakfast. Tom laid down an egg-spoon he had been playing with, and looked across at mother.

"Aunt Anne, I think I'll take a wife," he said, exactly as he might have said, "I think I'll take another cup of coffee."

"Take a wife," repeated mother by no means receiving the information as tranquilly as it had been given. "What for?"

"Well, I don't know," answered Tom, thoughtfully. "It's a notion I've got in my head, somehow."

"All nonsense!" said mother sharply.

"Do you think so," said Tom, apparently doubtful, but not in the least put out.

"Think so! I know it. What in the world can you want of a wife? After all these years we have lived so comfortably together, to bring home somebody to turn the house upside down! And, then, what's to become of that poor child?"

The "poor child"—that was I—reddening at being brought into the argument in this way, was about to speak for herself, when Tom interposed, warmly:

"I'm sure May knows I would never have any wife who would make it less a home for her—don't you May?"

"Of course," I said.

"And I'm sure she knows nothing of the sort," persisted mother, "nor you either, Tom Dead. How can you answer for what a wife may take into her head to do, once you get her fixed there? You can't expect her to forget, as you do, that May has no real claim on you."

"That I have no real claim on her, I suppose you mean," Tom put in for the second time, just as I was getting thoroughly uncomfortable. "But, for all that, I intend to keep her—that is," added Tom, with one of his short-sighted blinks sideways at me, "as long as she will stay with me—eh, May? And whoever has anything to say against that arrangement will have to go out of my house to say it—not that I'm afraid of any such results in this case—and, on the whole, Aunt Anne, I should like to try the experiment."

Mother smiled grimly, but Tom was so evidently bent on his "experiment," as he called it, that she gave up the argument.

"You can dance, if you are ready to pay the piper," she said, shortly. "And pray, how soon do you mean to be married?"

Tom's face fell a little at this question.

"Well," said he, "I can't exactly say. I suppose we shall have to be engaged first."

"What!" said mother, opening her eyes, "haven't spoken to her yet?"

"Not yet," answered Tom, cheerfully. "Time enough for that you know, after I had spoken to you."

Mother, as a minister's widow, was not much given to the idle mirth that is as the cracking of thorns under a pot, but now she leaned back and laughed till the tears stood in her eyes.

"Well, she said, if it was anybody else, I should say he was cracked; but you never were like other people, and you never will be, Tom Dean. Hey, at least, you have fixed on the lady!"

"Oh, yes, answered Tom; "but, if you will excuse me, Aunt Anne, I would rather not say anything about her just yet; for, if—if anything should happen it would not be pleasant for either party, you know." With which veiled allusion to his possible rejection, Tom took his hat and left the room.

Our household was rather queerly put together. There was no particular reason why I should have been of it at all; for I was not really related to Tom, nor even to "mother," as I called her, though I am sure we were as dear to each other as any mother and daughter could be. She was the second wife of my father, who, like other ministers, had been richer in grace than in goods, and had left us at his death with very little to live on. Then it was that Tom Dean had come forward, and insisted on giving a home to his aunt and to me, whom he had scarcely seen a dozen times in his life before. That was exactly like Tom—"queer Tom Dean," as his friends were fond of saying, "who never did anything like anybody else." I suppose, in spite of his clear head for business, there is no denying that he was whimsical; but I am sure, when I think of his unfailing generosity and delicacy, I can't help wishing there were more such whimsical people in this world. Naturally, at the time, I am speaking, my opinion had not been asked; all I had to do was to go where mother went, and, while she gave her energies to housekeeping, give mine to growing up, which by this time I had pretty well accomplished. But perhaps for that very reason—for one sees with different eyes at twelve and eighteen—my position in the house had already begun to seem unsatisfactory to me; and the morning's word's put it in a clearer light, since it had been used as an argument against Tom's marrying. I knew that mother had spoken honestly, believing that such a step would not be for his happiness; but was not he the best judge of that? I knew him if reflection should bring him round to her opinion, to be perfectly capable of quietly sacrificing his own wishes for my sake, who had not a shadow of a claim on him; so it must be my part to prevent his own kindness being turned against him now. Still, it was not so easy to see how I was to provide for myself, in case I should become advisable. What could I do? Draw and sing and play tolerably; but not in a manner to compete with the hosts that would be in the field against me. Literature? I had read so many stories whose heroines, with a turn of the pen, dashed into wealth and fame. That would be very nice, only—I was not the least little bit literary; I had never even kept a journal, which is saying a great deal for a girl in her teens. The fine arts, then, being out of the question for me, what remained? There was some clerkship, or a place in some family, and—and there was Will Bloomly.

That may seem like going away from the point, but it was not. It was a matter of fact, but I could see well enough what was going on right under my eyes, and I had a pretty clear idea of what was bringing Will to the house so often as he had taken to coming lately. There was a "Situation" then, that would give me the domestic I liked best, and felt myself best suited for, but—would it answer in other respects? I overcast the long seam I was sewing twice over, I was so busy trying to make up my mind whether I liked Will Bloomly well enough to pass my whole life with him; and even then I had not come to any decision, when I was called downstairs to Letty Walters.

Letty was the prettiest, I think, of all my friends, and certainly the liveliest. Tom called her "the tonic," and used to laugh heartily at her bright speeches. I suppose it was this that made mother fix on Letty as his choice. When I came into the sitting room, I found a kind of cross-examination going on. It was quite amusing to everybody in the secret, as I was, to watch mother's artful way of continually bringing the conversation round, as if by change, to bear on what she wanted to know. But it all amounted to nothing, either because Letty was too good a fencer, or because she really had nothing to betray. But, when Tom came home, mother took care to mention that Letty had called.

"What, the tonic!" said Tom. "Too bad I missed her."

"But for your choice being already made," said mother, with a covert scrutiny of his face, "I dare say you might have as much of the tonic as you liked."

"But I go on the homœopathic principle you know," answered Tom, with a twinkle in his eye.

After that mother's guilelessness wavered. Her suspicions were transferred from one to another of our acquaintances, but always with the same unsatisfactory result.

"It passes my comprehension," she said to me despairingly one day. "I am positive I could tell the right one by Tom's face in a minute, and yet I have mentioned everybody we know."

"Perhaps its somebody we don't know," I suggested; some friend of his we have never seen."

"What! a perfect stranger!" said mother, sharply. "Never talk to me, child; Tom's not capable of that."

I was silent, for I did not want to worship her, but that was my opinion all the same.

The same evening—it was rather more than a week since Tom hurled that thunder bolt of his at us—mother began about it openly.

"When are you going to introduce your wife to us, Tom? I suppose you have come to an understanding by this time?"

"Oh, there's no hurry," Tom said, as he had said before; but this time he did not speak quite so cheerfully. "The fact is," he continued with a little hesitation, "there—there—there's a rival in the case."

"A rival!" repeated mother, with unfeeling briskness.

"Yes, a young fellow—younger by a good deal than I am" and Tom assumed an absurdly doleful look. "He is always there now. I confess I don't see my way clear; I'm waiting for her to make up her mind."

"And she's waiting, most like, for you to make up yours," said mother, forgetting in her propensity to right matters that she was playing the enemy's game.

"There's something in that that never occurred to me," said Tom, his face brightening. Mother saw her mistake, and made a counter-move at once.

*(Concluded next week.)*

## A Timely Hint.

A boot-black in turning into Woodward avenue from Congress Street yesterday on a run, bumped against a woman, who at once grabbed for his hair. Failing to secure a grip, she halted and gave him to understand that if she had the bringing up of him he would have galloping consumption in less than six weeks. He took it patiently for a time, but after having enough he quietly observed:

"I hope you won't never die, ma'am."

"Why?" she sullenly inquired.

"'Cause the body-snatchers will dig you up, sure!"

Eh! What's that?

"The doctors of town would have that jaw of yours if they had to fight the hull p'leece force!" he softly exclaimed as he backed away.

She couldn't help feeling her chin as she passed on.—*Detroit Free Press.*

## Converting the Heathen.

The old man was oiling the hinges of the stove door and carelessly singing one of Beethoven's best, when a middle aged woman entered the station and began:

"Mr. Joy, are you a good man?"

"Wool, tolerable—tolerable," he replied. "I never dropped a bad nickle into the street car box, and don't go fishing on Sunday."

"Mr. Joy, I am canvassing for money to buy Bibles and so forth for the African heathen," she continued, as she displayed a pass book.

"Hare, eh! Does he seem to want a Bible?"

"He does. He sits on the sands of his native shore, and looks longingly this way."

"Does he? Sitting right there, this morning, I s'pose?"

"He is. How much will you subscribe, Mr. Joy?"

"Madam, I've got to lift a mortgage before noon to-day, and——"

"You will certainly give something," she interrupted.

"And I've got to meet fire and life insurance, pew rent, taxes, gas, and——"

"Put down what your noble heart dictates," she said as she handed him the book.

He reflected for a moment and then asked:

"Will $5 convert a heathen—a great big, two fisted heathen, with a stiff knee?"

"I—I think so."

He figured with a pencil on the bottom of a chair and said:

"Five dollars to one hundred pounds of heathen if forty pound for a dollar. That is, less see,—um—ten pounds for twenty-five cents, and none to carry. Divide the dividend by the divisor, cut off the cube root, carry nothing, and madam you take this quarter and convert ten pounds of heathen for me. That's all I can spare—no use talking—ten pounds—here comes his Honor."

She went away, puzzled and amused at his figures, and Bijah looked after her and mused:

"I ought to have taken a mortgage on my share in that heathen, but I'm just that careless in business affairs."

## Mixed Babies.

Some time ago there was a dancing party given in a certain neighborhood in Texas, and most of the ladies present had their little babies, whose noisy perversity required too much attention to enjoy the dance. A number of gallant young men volunteered to mind the young ones while the parents indulged in a little breakdown. No sooner had the women left the babies in charge of the mischievous devils than they stripped the babies, changed clothes giving the apparel of one to another. The dance over, it was time to go home, and the mothers hurriedly took each a baby in the dress of her own and started, some to their homes ten or fifteen miles off, and were far on their way before daylight. But the day following there was a tremendous row in the settlement; mothers discovered that a single night had changed the sex of their babies, observation disclosed physical phenomena, and then commenced the tallest female pedestrianism; living miles apart it required two or three days to unmix the babies, and as many months to restore the women to their natural sweet dispositions. To this day it is unsafe for any of the baby owners to venture into the neighborhood.—*Waco (Tex.) Register.*

## Things not so Generally Known as They Ought to be.

That the evening song of the nightingale is nice, but that the morning lay of the barn yard fowl is nicer.

That the end of the longest wall is always blubber.

That ships are frequently put up to pays, but they only wear barnacles when they go to sea.

That some lovers' quarrels begin and that many end, with a smack.

That although one swallow may not make a summer, yet an inverted tin tack on a chair will make one spring.

That cold mutton makes a really excellent dinner—when you can't get anything better.

That the real and only correct system of book keeping is—not to end them.

That it is very difficult to keep your own peace of mind if the wife of your bosom will insist on frequently giving you a piece of her's.

That although it is quite true "poets are born, not made," a goodish lot of other folk, not poets, have to undergo the same process at least once in their lives.

That the proper bird for your baby is a crow.

## A Good Story.

The following anecdote is related of Mr. Sheaf, a grocer, in Portsmouth, N. H.:—It appears that a man had purchased some wool of him, which had been weighed and paid for, and Mr. Sheaf had gone to the desk to get change for a note. Happening to turn his head while there, he saw in a glass which swung so as to reflect the shop, a stout arm reach up and take from the shelf a heavy white oak cheese. Instead of appearing suddenly and rebuking him for the theft, as another would, and thereby losing his custom forever, the crafty old gentleman gave the thief his change as if nothing had happened, and then under the pretence of lifting the bag to lay it on his horse for him took hold of it, and exclaimed:

"Why bless me, I must have reckoned the weight wrong."

"Oh, no," said the other, "you may be sure you have not, for I counted with you."

"Well, well, we won't dispute the matter, it is easily tried," said Mr. S., putting the bag into the scales again. "There," said he, "I told you so—I knew I was right—I made a mistake of nearly twenty pounds; however, if you don't want the whole you needn't have it—I'll take part of it out."

"No, no!" said the other staying the hands of Mr. S. on their way to the strings of the bag, "I guess I'll take the whole;" and this he did, paying for his honesty by receiving the skim milk cheese at the rate of forty-four cents a pound, the price of the wool.

## Editing a Paper.

Editing a paper is the very nicest thing a man can engage in. He has all sorts of people to please, and it is an old saying that in pleasing every one, you please no one; and a truer maxim man never gave utterance to.

If we publish jokes, people will say we are trying to be funny, and don't know how; and if we omit jokes they say we are old fossils, and our paper is stale as bread in dog days. If we write poetry they say we are getting spoony on some girls, and if we fail to publish poetry the girls say "How awful, why don't he?" If we publish household receipts of merit the matron says, "Just as much as he knows about it," and if we don't publish them, they say, "He ought to give them," when if we did they would not use them. If we give a person a complimentary notice the rest say we are partial, and if we don't compliment a person they say, "He is a hog, a cur dog," and other pet names not very complimentary to us. If we wear poor clothes, folks say, "He is poor and not to be trusted," and if we wear good ones they say "He stole them, or has been to a fire, or they are not paid for." If we send in bills that are overdue from subscribers, they send it along with a request to stop their paper, and that we are a "humbug"; but if we let it run without paying, year in and year out, and fail by the means, they say "He ought to have collected closer, for his paper is a good one and ought to have gone along."—*Exchange.*

## A Story of a Trail.

She was a tall, stout individual, and sprang out of the waggon as lightly as a spring chicken after a grasshopper. He was a little withered, dried up weazel, and followed slowly, bringing a basket of eggs with him. They entered one of our stores, and she asked, "What are you givin' for eggs?"

"Eight cents," was the reply of the counter jumper.

"Well, here are three dozen," said the fat party, "and I'll take it in calico."

"But I want some yarn to mend my socks," put in the old man.

"The weather is warm," replied the fat party, "and you can go without socks."

"But my boots hurt my feet," insisted the old man.

"Go barefooted," said she rather sharply. Then turning to the clerk she changed her tune and remarked "Young man, please count me out the eggs, and give me four yards of calico to match this one dress."

"But——" the old man was going to continue, when she raised her huge index finger and said, "Henry Winter Davis Spriggins, them 'are eggs are mine; their hens what laid 'em are mine; the corn what fed 'em was mine, and I'se going to have a trial as long as Betsy Gowsey if every toe on your feet turn into gunbiles. Now shut. And you youngster, yank off four yards of that 'are calico, or you will hear a humble bee a buzzing."

The old man shut, and the clerk yanked.

Mexican outlaws are committing depredations near Campo, Cal.

The Emperor of Morocco is suffering from illness caused by poison.

The socialists of Russia, Germany, and France are believed to be acting in concert.

O'Leary has accomplished the feat of walking four hundred miles in one hundred and twenty-two hours.

The English, French, and German ambassadors have insisted that the Porte carry out the provisions of the Treaty of Berlin.

Great damage has been done in the neighborhood of St. John, N. B., and also in Iowa, by almost unprecedented heavy rains.

An American who undertook to walk from Boulogne to Folkestone in canoe-shaped boots failed after accomplishing eleven miles.

The Servian Minister of Finance is negotiating with Paris bankers for a loan of 24,000,000 francs to redeem the principality's war debts.

The value of property in the city of Toronto to day is $30,107,920. The increase during the last five years has been $7,000,000, despite the hard times.

The banks in Chili have suspended specie payment, having been depleted of gold by the Government in anticipation of war with the Argentine Republic.

It is proposed to erect a residence in Montreal to the use of the Governor General of Canada, the Corporation giving the site and the citizens defraying the cost of building.

The Queen, desiring to form an estimate of the value of one of the latest accessions to her empire, has commissioned a photographer to obtain for her a series of views of the island of Cyprus.

The Grand Lodge of the I. O. O. F. of the United States have changed the place of their next annual session from Austin, Texas, to Baltimore, Maryland. This action is taken on account of the prevalence of yellow fever in the south.

O'Donovan Rossa is in St. Peter's Hospital, Brooklyn, slowly recovering from paralysis of the legs, the result, it is said, of his leap from a train in Toronto, on the 17th of March last. He has resigned the presidency of the Fenian Brotherhood.

Mr. William Abbott, of Gladstone, township of North Dorchester, states that he cropped ten acres of fall wheat, of the "Scott" variety which produced 420 bushels, or equal to 42 bushels per acre. It was threshed out last week, and proved of good quality. Who says farming is not profitable?

Lord Beaconsfield's hotel bill at Berlin was 40,000 marks, or £2,000. His lordship and suite had sixty-three rooms. Lord Beaconsfield's bill was only £1,400; and besides "attendance" charged in the bill, he tipped the Kellners and Hausmadchens, &c., £50 into the bargain. Those Kellners are praying hard for another Congress soon.

There is a likelihood of the United States government taking the transportation of gold and silver coin out of the hands of the express companies, and putting it carried by the ordinary postal facilities, which, in the opinion of post office authorities, are adequate to the work of moving all the gold coin at least, without extra cost. The express companies, which have made a great deal of money out of this business, are of course averse to losing it, and some of them have offered to reduce their charges materially. Although arrangements are not yet made for a change the Post Master General thinks one might be made at any time.

THE MANITOULIN MURDER.—A year ago last June, a murder was committed at Manitoulin Island, an account of which was published in these columns at the time. The victim was Chas. Liban, and the perpetrators George and Liban Amer. At the District of Algoma Assizes, in October they were tried and found guilty. Sentence was, however, deferred, the prisoners endeavoring to quash the conviction on the grounds that the Court was not properly constituted, and had not the jurisdiction required to try them for the offence of which they were charged. The protest was carried to the Court of Queen's Bench and Supreme Court, but proved of no avail. On July 23th the Court of Assize for Algoma met in special session, when sentence of death was passed upon the prisoners—they to be hanged on the 12th of September. The sentence has since been commuted to ten years penal servitude in each case.