

Stray.

No one could say who owned that mule. Small boys had pelted him with liberal hand, and the police had made glorious but unsuccessful efforts to ensnare his wayward steps and turn him over to the poundmasters.

A gray mule, well put together for an animal of the kind. The rotundity of form which distinguishes the well-fed mule was lacking. A bite of grass here and there, an occasional thistle head, a nibble at a passing load of hay, may blunt the edge of hunger, but will not produce plumpness nor good nature. He had wandered from home, his mule started out with a desire, perhaps, of visiting strange towns, meeting with strange adventures, and of seeing the world. His owner had been left one mule less, and mayhap he had searched long and diligently, and been patient and hopeful, trusting that the wheel of time would turn and return the mourned estray.

Down the street—around the corner—the gas-light playing for a moment on his faded coat—and the mule crowded close to the fence and peered over with hungry eyes at the juicy green grass. Thus have we raised the curtain of fact and introduced to orchestra, parquette, boxes, and gallery the leading character, playing not the role of the old man, but the role of the old mule.

In the parlor sat the lovers. She was beautiful—he was worth 500 shares of Lake Shore stock, and was interested in a bridge contract where there was a chance for a splendid grab. He loved, and he trusted that she reciprocated. He had come prepared to announce his love, and she blushed as she read the fact in his eyes.

"My dear Isabella," he commenced, as he tenderly pressed her soft fingers, "I think you—" "Gee-haw! Gee-haw!" roared the wayward mule, rendered melancholy by the sight of the beautiful supper just beyond his nose.

The fair Isabella sprang up in alarm, and it was several minutes before the young man with Lake Shore stock could quiet her.

"It is nothing but a mule," he explained, as he looked from the open window; and he scowled darkly at the wanderer, and made threatening gestures.

She sat down again, and the painful silence was at length broken by his grasping her hand and saying:

"I have to-day been analyzing my feelings toward you, and I find that—" "O-h! how-how, gee-haw—gee-haw!" announced the homeless, houseless mule, as he caught the scent of roses and tulips from the lawn. He saw things as a mule sees them—he hungered as mules hunger.

"It's that beast again!" whispered Lake Shore stock, as the fair Isabella uttered a little shriek of alarm. He went to the window and ordered the gray-haired outcast to move on—to leave that locality without any unnecessary delay, and secure standing room on the common.

They sat down again. He had something of interest to communicate, and she had a curiosity to know what it was. Minutes ticked away before he looked into her lustrous eyes again. He thought he saw the light of love shining brightly, and he stole his arm along the sofa and said: "You must have seen—you must know, that I—" "O-h! gee-gee-ah-h! ah-ha!" came a voice from beneath the window. It was not the voice of a drifting sailor, going down to a dark, deep grave after a gallant struggle for life. It was not the voice of a lost child crying out as it stumbled through the darkness, longing for the strong arms of a father to enfold it. It was the voice of the old gray mule, quavering strangely as hunger brought up recollections of corn cribs and timothy hay.

A smile fitted across her face. The human soul is so constructed that one may smile at a victorious, exultant champion, or at a downcast, discouraged mule. Lake Shore stock approached the window again, and as he brandished his fist in the air, he warned the intruder to dissolve in the dim distance, under penalty of being found dead with a severed jugular.

When a rubber ball is flattened it will spring back to its original shape as soon as the pressure is removed. When a lover's declaration has been three times broken in upon, his thoughts are slow in gathering. They sat there and gazed at the opposite wall as if waiting for a railroad train, but she finally glanced up coyly and lovingly and whispered: "You were about to say something?" "I was," he whispered in return, reaching out for her hand. "The public have acknowledged me as your—your favored suitor for months past, and this fact has emboldened me to—" "Hip—hup—haw—gee—haw—ah!" came a voice on the night breeze—a voice which halted and gasped and hesitated as if the owner had risen from beside the grave of a loved, lost friend. It was not the voice of a troubadour warbling words of anguish set in rhyme. It was not the voice of a lone night bird calling for its lost mate. It was the voice of that same mule calling to the lilac bushes to come a little nearer—to come and get a bite.

"Is that an odious cow?" she softly inquired. "No—it's a blasted mule!" he exclaimed. "Such language, sir!" she said as she rose up. "Such a mule, madam?" he replied, pointing to the window. "I'll kill the man—the mule—that has dared to come between us!" he shouted, and he rushed from the mansion.

He pelted that age-worn mule with lawn ornaments; he belted him with a picket torn from the fence; he pursued his retreating form and battered it with stones pitched from the street or found alongside the curbstone.

Halting under a lone tree on the dreary common—gazing through the deep shadows of the night to discover why pursuit was at last abandoned, the old gray mule seemed to realize that, even as a mule, it was safe to have an accident insurance ticket in his pocket, and he sighed and gasped and tremulously soiled himself.

"Gee-haw—gee-ah—r-r-raw—gee-haw!" And the shadows grew deeper, the night breeze sighed with renewed loneliness, the stars nestled behind the clouds to sleep, and he felt that he was a mule beloved by none.

A French Tragedy.

The London Times correspondent writes to that journal on May 26:—"A terrible story has just been unfolded at the Assize Court of Nimes. I will tell it as briefly as I can. A Spaniard called Jaime Sancho had for many years lived with his wife at Beaucare. The husband was a chiffonier, and, as the couple were laborious and honest, they enjoyed an excellent reputation and were esteemed by all who knew them. By dint of hard work they managed to save a sum of nearly 8,000 francs, with which they purposed to return to their native place, Tarragona, and there buy back a little property which had formerly belonged to the family. Last October, indeed, they had made a journey with this object, but, not being able to come to terms with the proprietor, they had returned to Beaucare. While waiting for some good investment for their earnings, they hid the money in the house where they lived alone, in the Grand Rue. On the 27th of November, at 9 o'clock in the morning, they received a visit from a fellow countryman, who announced himself as one Jose Vague, and said he was sent by Sancho's brother-in-law, named Praty, to announce his arrival at Marseilles, and to say that his son had been arrested by order of the Spanish consul, as wishing to avoid the conscription. Vague further produced a letter purporting to be from Praty, requesting his brother-in-law to come at once to his assistance at Marseilles, and asking him to receive Vague as a friend. Sancho, therefore, at once departed for Marseilles and left his countryman installed in his house. Vague went out twice during the evening, and ten minutes after his return on the second occasion, at about 8.30, the door-bell rang. Mme. Sancho was going down-stairs to answer it when a thick woolen covering was thrown over her head from behind by Vague, and at the same time the house door was opened and a second man entered. The newcomer at once rushed toward the unfortunate woman, and commenced to beat her about the head and body with a bludgeon, Mme. Sancho, it should be added, being enceinte at the time. The two ruffians next garrotted her and tied her hands together with a rope, and then her keys were taken from her pocket, the new-comer saying to Vague in Spanish, 'Hold her fast; I know where the money is.' What was the poor woman's horror to recognise the voice of her husband's own brother, Francisco Sancho v. Carotta, whom she had left in Spain a month ago, and supposed still to be there. Evidently he knew of her money, and she remembered that he had asked them to lend him 2,000 francs, and had struck her on their refusal. She at once saw her terrible position, and that there was only one chance of escape—viz., to keep perfectly still. This she did with marvellous self-possession while Vague still held her, and Francisco Sancho was rifling the drawer where the money was kept. Not a word, not a groan escaped her lips, though she must have been in terrible pain. At last Francisco Sancho said, 'We have what we want.' The wretch then drew a long Catalonian knife, and stabbed his sister-in-law with it six times successively. Still this really heroic woman played her difficult part. Not a cry did she utter, nor give any sign of life—not even when her brother-in-law put his hand to her heart and said, 'She is dead.' The ruffians then enveloped their victim in all the linen they could find, and hurriedly left the house. By a miracle not one of the knife thrusts was fatal, though they were aimed at the heart. The poor woman, faint and bleeding, managed to free herself from the linen and crawled to the bed, where her screams brought her no assistance for her room did not open on the street. In the morning assistance arrived, the alarm was given, and the assassins were arrested at Montpellier. At the trial Madame Sancho gave her evidence in the clearest way, and described the minute details of the terrible scene she had undergone. M. Millet, a doctor, deposed that she had only escaped by what I have already called it above, a miracle. The jury found both prisoners guilty, with extenuating circumstances in favor of Vague. Vague was therefore condemned to death and Vaque to penal servitude for life. No one who reads these lines will assuredly wish that either of the sentences should be commuted."

Unselfish Reasons.—Edwin (laughingly)—I feel as if I could sit here forever, so long as you were with me, Angelina.—And so could I, love, if those nasty, odious people wouldn't get in the way and prevent us seeing the race. Their selfish ways quite annoy me! Besides, if I don't bet gloves, I shall have to buy some, as I'm right out of them—so come along.

A doctor went out West to practice his profession. An old friend met him on the street one day, and asked him how he was succeeding in his business. "First-rate," he replied, "I've had one bad case." "Well—what was that?" "It was a birth!" said the doctor. "How did you succeed with that?" "Well, the old woman died, and the child died. But, by the grace of God, I'll save the old man yet!"

Miscellaneous Items.

The late John Harper left an estate of \$4,000,000.

A book is advertised entitled "How to Grow Roses Out of Doors." It may safely be conjectured that the doors in question should be made of rose-wood.

A young man in California began to read a paragraph about a mine to his sweetheart, commencing: "Yuba Mine" when she interrupted him with: "I don't care if I do, John."

"Ah!" said a teacher, "ah, Caroline Jones, what do you think you would have been without your good father and pious mother?" "I suppose, mum," said Caroline, who was very much struck with the soft appeal, "I suppose, mum, as I should ha' been a orphan."

An editor in Oregon recently announced that "all those who are in arrears for the paper, by calling and settling the same can have the marks and brands of their hogs published gratuitously, otherwise they will be placed upon the black list, and their names published."

A Norwich business man riding on the cars to Utica, deeply absorbed in schemes of accumulation, after eating an apple, opened the car window, threw out his knife and stuck the core in his pocket. He did not discover his error until he tried to cut his finger nails with the apple stem.

"I want it nice, and strong, and snug like," said the widow, examining a fresh pocket handkerchief, and controlling her sobs with difficulty. "Oh! that's all right, ma'm, that's all right," returned the undertaker, tapping the coffin merrily; "he couldn't get out of it, ma'm, if he had a mind to."

Julia—"Oh, Carrie, I've got a new feller; perfectly splendid! The other was too miserable for anything." Bings overhears this extraordinary language of his beloved Julia, and thinks it is all over with him, and that the world is hollow. Poor "feller" how was he to know that the dear girl is only talking about the sewing machine?

A census enumerator in Albany asked an old maid her age: "Thirty-one," she replied. "Oh!" ejaculated the questioner, incredulously, "are you married?" "No, sir," she said. "Alia!" was his second exclamation, accompanied by a knowing leer. The aged maiden glanced over his shoulder into the book, saw that he had put her down as fifty-one, and an instant later he had more scratches and less hair than when he entered.

A French traveller, who is shortly to start for Africa in charge of an exploring party, is said to have conceived a novel way to improve the barbaric mind. He carries an electric battery in his pocket communicating with two rings on his hand, and with other apparatus scattered about his person. When he shakes hands with a savage chief that chief will be very much astonished, for an electric shock will run up his arm, and he will see lightning playing about the head of his visitor.

Veni, Vidi, Vici, are memorable words equally applicable to the now justly celebrated "Wanzer F" sewing machine, upon being thoroughly examined by any practical and competent judge, as he is at once struck with its extreme simplicity, utility, and practicality, equally serviceable in the workshop as in the family, and possessing so many valuable points that it is now being eagerly sought after in preference to the older American systems offered for sale in Canada. Apply to the manufacturers, Messrs. R. M. Wanzer & Co., Hamilton, Ont., for a prospectus.

The following conversation was overheard the other day among a lot of school-girls, who congregated in front of a house. Each one in turn appeared to be holding up the domestic skeleton which afflicted their several homes. One told how her little brother had broken his leg; another about how sick her mother was, and still another about how drunk her father would come home every night. In short, they all appeared to have some grief to hold up—but one little beauty, who seemed only unhappy to think there was nothing that she could tell to excite the envy or sympathy of all the rest. She listened to the recital of all these troubles as long as she could, and finally she expressed herself in this way: "Well, girls, we all have our troubles. Some have sick brothers and drunken fathers and ugly mothers. Some of us have got the measles and small-pox and scrofula. We've got something awful in our family." "What is it?" asked several. "My little brother Benny is left-handed."

A negro revivalist named Andrew Coen is said to be as effective with his own race, in Mississippi, as Moody and Sankey are with white people. He is a powerful fellow, physically and vocally, and the scenes that attend his fervid exhortations are described as being the acme of religious excitement. A correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial attended one of his meetings. After a harrowing sermon, that wrought the impressive hearers to intense feeling, he made the following admonition and appeal: "Now, brethren and sisters, we want mounahs held to-night. No foolin'. Ef you can't mounah for your sins, don't come foolin' round dis ahilaf. I knows ye. You's tryin' mighty hard to be converted 'thout bein' hurt. The Lord 'spikes mockery. Sometimes you simnals comes fo'rd an' holds your head too high a comin'. You come foah your's ready. You starts too soon. You don't repent; you's no mounah. You's foolin' wid de Lord. You come struttin' up to de alah; you flops down on your knees, an' you peeps fron your fingahs, dis way, an' you corks up your eahs to see who's makin' de best pray'r. You's tired too peart for penitent's. You's no mounahs. Ef you comes head to fool, you bettah stay away. Bettah go to hell fron de paw asleepin', or fron your cabin a swearin', dan fron the mounah's bench a foolin'."

Fancy Stock.

What it costs to produce a first-rate beefsteak is not fully appreciated by the ordinary meat-consuming Englishman until he has attended a sale of pure-bred shortorns from a famous herd. Works of high art on four legs are rising in price almost as rapidly as those gems of oil painting whose sale has lately called forth the cheers of loungers and connoisseurs at Christie and Manson's. Happily they are most easily reproduced or improved upon. There is very little cheering, however, at a shortorn sale in a grazing county. Those who drive fat oxen, if not themselves necessarily fat, are at any rate somewhat stolid, and not even that which seems to an outsider an astounding bid draws more than an appreciative hum from the ring of spectators, which includes all ranks from the owner of an unsurpassed herd to the common drover. 1,050 guineas for a single heifer, Fifth Belle of Oxford, exposed to more than the ordinary ills that afflict his heir to; 900 guineas for a others, Cherry Duchess 22nd and Cherry Duchess 24th, and 318 guineas as an average for the twenty-two cows sold, are prices which give a fair idea of the pitch to which shortorn breeding is carried in these days of general high living. These were some of the figures at Lord Penrhyn's sale at Wickem on Tuesday; and, as the highest-priced animal was bought by a breeder who grants that the prices given were not extreme as times go. Even cattle-plague is forgotten in the quiet enthusiasm of the moment, but the risks are not trifling; Lord Penrhyn himself having lost not less than a cow which he had given 950 guineas for only a fortnight before. The enormous improvement which has taken place in the last few years in all classes of beasts, notwithstanding the competition of breeders from all parts of the world, certainly justifies the determination to leave the breeding of horses to the same influence of patriotism or free trade. We may yet find it advisable to buy back trotting stallions from America, as we have already repurchased more than one high-class bull. But of all such transactions the private individual is the best judge in the long run. At any rate, whoever has tried to puzzle through the intricacies of the herd-book without previous knowledge is quite ready to allow that the breeding of first-rate bulls may have become a "science."—Pall Mall Gazette.

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Attached to the large Parisian dry goods store known as the Bon Marche, there is a pleasant refreshment room, handsomely frescoed, and without money or price one may have a simple lunch for the asking. This arrangement was suggested, we were told, by certain American ladies, who expected, of course, that a fee would be charged for the lunch; but Mr. Bourcault, perceiving that his foreign customers were often compelled, through fatigue, to step out for a lunch, and then did not always reappear, concluded to make them comfortable at his own expense, reaping his profit by the increase of sales, and he is fully satisfied of the wisdom of the experiment. He then conceived the project of a reading-room close at hand for gentlemen, that they might be kept in a peaceful state of mind while their wives and daughters were judiciously expending money for the comfort of the whole family. This also ought to be a success, for it is a most inviting room, filled not only with newspapers and conveniences for writing, but with books of most admirable photographs, which might attract the most fastidious, and should reconcile the grumpiest husband to his matrimonial fate. Certain American ladies, not being permitted to pay for their lunch, nor even to remunerate the waiters, have put up a poor-box, which I heard of afterward but did not happen to see, and its contents are faithfully administered I have no doubt.

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BEAUTIFUL BRICK RESIDENCE FOR SALE. TWO STORIES, CONTAINING SEVENTEEN large apartments, large cellar, hard and soft water, and all modern conveniences. There are 2 acres of land attached, also a good supply of choice fruit. Situated in the thriving town of Port Dover, (the terminus of the P. D. & L. H. R.) on that beautiful hill overlooking Silver Lake, (for fine scenery this is unsurpassed.) Also:

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CERTAIN AND POSITIVE. AS PROOF NOTICE THE RESULTS. MESSRS. DEVINS & BIZORS, Chemists, Montreal. I will certify to the relief and perfect cure afforded me, contrary to my expectations, of a severe attack of Rheumatism, by the use of the Diamond Rheumatic Cure. Suffering with it for years, and with increasing severity in each successive year, I gladly availed myself of the use of the Diamond Remedy, with the result as above stated. I have consequently recommended it with equal success to several of my friends who have been similarly attacked with Rheumatism. JAMES GROVES, Sexton, Parish Church of Notre Dame.

Proof After Proof. (From the Maritime Section). Amherst, Nova Scotia, Jan. 28, 1874. We would call the attention of our readers to the Diamond Rheumatic Cure, advertised in another column. Being slightly rheumatic in the neck, I purchased a bottle of the Cure for a friend of mine, who was much troubled with the rheumatism in his hands. Hardly three months had elapsed after using a single bottle, and she has not had a recurrence of rheumatic attack, although previously she suffered with it almost constantly.

HUNDREDS DAILY BEAR EVIDENCE. SYDNEY, CANA BUREAU, January, 20, 1875. MESSRS. FORSTH & Co., Halifax. Please send, on receipt of this two bottles Diamond Rheumatic Cure. I have had two bottles and am very much relieved. Enclosed find Two Dollars for the above. Yours respectfully, CHAPMAN SWAINE.

RHEUMATISM. Is a disease of the blood, and no antacid relief can be afforded without cleansing the blood from the fibrin substance which obstruct circulation, causing inflammation and pain. The great success of the DIAMOND RHEUMATIC CURE in curing this disease is owing to its power of converting the blood from its diseased condition to a healthy circulation. It also regulates the bowels, which is very essential in this disease, and no cure can be effected without it. Read the following statement, from a well-known Dartmouth gentleman, with more interest and pleasure than those physicians who have a real desire to benefit their suffering patients: DARTMOUTH, N. S. Sept. 14, 1874.

TREBLE'S Dominion Shirt Factory! No. 8 King St. East, HAMILTON, ONT. DIRECTION FOR SELF-MEASUREMENT: Size around Neck; size around Chest; size around Waist; size around Wrist; From centre of Back to Front; for Studs, Eyeslets or Buttons in Collar; Front, or 3 or 5 Plaits; when wanted 'price' plain Front, or 3 or 5 Plaits; when wanted 'price' plain Front, or 3 or 5 Plaits. S. G. Treble's Mammoth Furnishing House, Hamilton, Ont.

A. DAVIS Medical Office, 30 COLBOURNE ST., TORONTO—UP STAIRS. Entrance on Exchange Lane.

THE GOLDEN FEMALE PILLS. Can be consulted at all hours, day and evening on all chronic diseases, Diseases of Women and Children, Migraines, etc., together with those of a private nature. The GOLDEN FEMALE PILLS. Can be had at his office. Sent by mail to any part of the world, \$1 per box and two postage stamps. Young men, take particular notice—you can be restored to health by applying (either in person or by letter). All female complaints skillfully treated. All letters must be addressed to A. Davis, Box, 1030, Toronto, Ontario. We the undersigned, have been cured by Dr. A. Davis, Toronto, Ont.: J. H. Williamson, P. H. Muller, C. D. Preston, Anthony Kenessee, Henry Thorne, L. Britton, Pat. F. Carr, Chas. G. Otis, Jas. H. Pismann and six hundred others have been cured.

A POPULAR SUCCESS! DEPEW'S Medical Victory. A GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER AND Health Regulator. NO MEDICINE EQUALS IT. DON'T FAIL TO PURCHASE IT. Possessing most Astonishing Curative Properties hitherto unknown, and only obtainable in the Medical Victory. Its Properties are such as to rapidly insure Sound Health and Long Life. The best scientifically prepared medicine in America. Pleasant to the taste, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex. Read the certificates of wonderful cures given in Dr. Depew's Treatise accompanying each bottle, or see those containing appearing in the newspaper press of the Dominion. DR. DEPEW, OF PARIS, FRANCE, an eminent physician, is the discoverer of this Great Blood Purifier—a Purely Vegetable Compound—of acting as a new and more effective Medical Victory, that cures every kind of unhealthy Humor, and every disease (that depends on Impurity of the Blood, where the Lungs, Liver, and Kidneys, and other vital organs, are not wasted beyond the hope of repair. For the cure of Scrofula, Erysipelas, Salt-rheum, Eczema, Scald-head, Scaly Eruption of the Skin, Itches, and Fever Sores of all kinds, Boils, Ulcers in the Mouth and Stomach, and Erysipelas, Eruption on the Head, and Pimples or Blisters on the face, it stands pre-eminently at the head of all other Remedies. In the cure of Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, and diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder, its effects are surprising to all. For Regulating the Bowels, and curing Biliousness, Headache, Sick-Headache, Neuralgia, Female Weakness, Nervousness, Pains in the Side, Loins and Back, and general Weakness and Debility, its curative powers are remarkable. It is a Gentle Regulating Purgative, as well as a Tonic, &c. Possessing also the special merit of acting as a powerful agent in relieving Congestion, and Chronic Inflammation of the Liver and all the Visceral Organs. For Female Complaints, whether in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or at the turn of life, the Medical Victory has no equal. A Perfect Renovator and Invigorator will convince the most incredulous of its curative properties. One Bottle of Depew's Medical Victory will convince the most incredulous of its curative properties. Sold by Druggists and Dealers. SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLET. ADDRESS: SILLS & Co., BATH, ONTARIO. DR. ANDREW'S PRIVATE Medical Dispensary

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