

Ned Clopper's Little Game.

OF LOVE AND LUCK.

BY C. M. FARMER.

IN TWO PARTS—PART II.

(Continued.)

Sorrow broods in the Clopper household, now minus one of its members and half the contents of the family savings bank. The hay had been harvested and gathered into the barn, but not by the aid of Clopper junior. His chair was empty and the barn yard and pigstye knew him no more. Not because he had carried into execution his late dire resolution to quit the farm summarily on being rejected by his fair enslaver and to resign his passion and his patrimony together. No bloody weapon or empty poison bottle was picked up on the bank of the mill pond, and no new straw hat discovered floating sadly on its surface. No coroner's jury sauntered four abreast through the hayfield, or made a smoking room of the best parlor, and no police detective rendered the usual delicate attention to the mistress of the house by poking his nose into her secret closets and cross examining the cook with her chin between his thumb and finger. Nothing of the kind. And yet sorrow brooded in the household; for young Ned, the future hope and mainstay of the family name and estates, was gone.

"My poor boy!" sighed Mrs. Clopper, "I hope he won't get into bad ways in that dreadful city. I'm told New York is an awful bad place for young men—so many wicked young women and other sinful temptations, as parson Taggart says—and he's seen 'em himself. Poor Ned!"

One time poor Ned, seated one drizzly Sunday morning in his seven by twelve chamber on the third floor of his Bowery boarding house, scanned with profound interest the "want" column of the Herald to find some opening to the speedy fortune he had determined to amass without loss of time. There were plenty of them, and from among them he picked out one that looked the most promising:

"Wanted—A young and active man of good address and neat appearance to take orders in this city and Brooklyn. Ten to twenty dollars a day easily made. Address, A. S. S., box 17,963 Herald office."

"Just the thing for me," said Ned to himself, as he proceeded to answer it. "What a turnip I have been to waste my time the last two years on that precious old farm, instead of coming to New York and pocketing the greenbacks and enjoying myself. Oh, Angelica—if I only had a castle on Murray Hill and money enough to keep it up, how happy we both might be!"

He hadn't quite got over it yet, but pretty nearly. Remembrance of that dimpled face and those brown curls, those bright eyes and cherry lips—would often come over him like a warm perfumed bath, but the prospect, so close at hand, of making lots of money and being recognized a city man—even of throwing Van Dyke Nostrand in the shade, and mayhap supplanting him in the heart of pretty Angelica Bruce, soon over bore all other considerations, and he began to feel as if he had the first installment of fortune already in bank.

Two days afterwards he received a postal card invitation to call on the long eared proprietor of box 17,963 at his office in Park Row, and straight waysought the interview. A lank, sallow-faced man, with blue spectacles on his nose and a scant crop of varied hair on his head, sat at a low desk covered with pamphlets and prospectuses, who greeted our bucolic hero with an inquisitive stare, beginning at his straw hat and ending at his boots, and then asked him through his nose where he hailed from, how old he was, what his father did for a living, how many besides himself were in the family, if he smoked cigars, drank lager, or played poker, and propounded several other pertinent interrogatories touching his qualifications as a young man of business capacity, to all of which Ned returned satisfactory answers.

"See here then," said blue spectacles, selecting a pamphlet from a pile at his elbow and handing it to Ned—"Here's a specimen of my great work on Electro-Biological Longevity, and the Science of Transmutation, illustrating the Evolutionary Progress of the Adipose Tadpole into the Succulent Bullfrog; together with didactic, acrobatic, hydrophobic and sporadic essays on Anthropological and Ethnological subjects. All you've got to do," said blue spectacles, taking breath, "is to get the prospectus by heart and—and take as many orders as you can. Price ten shillings C. O. D., and your commissions ten per cent. payable every Saturday night."

Ned remarked that he'd think of it, and left. The greenback prospect didn't look so bright as it had looked—seemed to fade into an air castle as far as his approach to it was concerned, and Angelica stocks had gone down several points below par. He went back to his room and reflected on the situation. He read the advertising column again and came to the conclusion that humbug was the winning card in life's game. A brilliant thought struck him. He would invest half his capital in printer's ink and call in the patronage of forty millions of the American population. The next Sunday's Herald contained the following tempting morsel:

"Gout in the feet effectually and permanently cured in one hour. Recipe forwarded to any address in the United States and Canada on receipt of ONE DOLLAR. Address Dr. Edward Clopper, New York City."

In the course of the next twenty days bushels of letters, each containing the required remittance, were poured down at Dr. Clopper's feet. Genius is equal to any emergency. He didn't pocket the greenbacks and depart by steam to a foreign shore as might be supposed. But he again called in the printer's and stationer's aid, hired half a dozen rapid writers at two dollars a week, and every day the outward mails groaned under the loads of closely sealed envelopes containing the following laconic formula in black letter type:

"Gout Cure. Have both feet amputated above the ankle. Get a skillful surgeon to do it."

One day a stylish looking gentleman in blue broadcloth with bright gilt buttons and a military cap with gold lace scroll work on the front, and carrying under his arm a short stout mahogany-colored cane,

walked into Ned's office (he had of course taken an office in an upper loft of a down town building,) and remarked in suave and kindly genteel manner that a certain little game had better be stopped. He didn't like to interfere in a gentleman's business, and far be it from him to dictate, but he thought it would be safer for all parties (without specifying the parties) that the little game be stopped. He was a gentleman of friendly and persuasive accents, and Ned being open to conviction under the argument, it was presently agreed between them that it was perhaps better for all parties to stop the little game.

Ned concluded that he would quit business for a season—take a holiday, and see the sights of the town. He therefore closed his office, discharged his clerks, adorned himself in fashionable attire, and went one evening to the theatre. In one of the boxes close before him sat an old gentleman, a young gentleman, and a young lady. What! Not Squire Bruce, Angelica and the devoted Van Dyke Nostrand? No doubt of it. Ned could not stand it. He did not care any more for the play, and went home, leaving his dollar in the play house treasury and his heart in the proscenium box. Oh, Angelica!

He tried another species of dissipation next morning, and went into a gay looking saloon in the Bowery and called for a brandy smash. The barkeeper, who was reading the morning paper behind the counter, rose to wait on him. What! Not the gay and festive Van Dyke Nostrand with a castle on Murray Hill and a cottage at Long Branch? None other, by all the gods of mythology! Instead of white kids, and dazzling jewellery and generally perfumed operatic case of the previous night, he now wore a calico shirt and checked linen apron.

"I beg your pardon," said Ned, when he had sufficiently recovered from his surprise to speak, "but do I address Mr. Van Dyke Nostrand, the betrothed lover of Angelica Bruce?"

"I—really—well—I don't exactly understand you, sir," stammered the mixer of drinks.

"Now look here, old fellow," said Ned, "you're pretty sharp, I've no doubt. But you're a little too sharp to last. I expect to marry that young lady myself in a few months (he didn't expect anything of the kind) and though I have no castle on Murray Hill and no cottage at Long Branch, I think my claim will be preferred to yours—especially when you write and tell her that circumstances over which you have no control will prevent you seeing her again. Write it at once, and I'll take it to her. I respect your feelings as a gentleman, and while I'm compelled to trip you up in this little game of yours, I'll not expose you to the squire who would cut your throat on sight and hunt you all over the town to do it."

"The infernal scamp! Where is he?" roared Squire Bruce, "I'll murder the vagabond—I'll ruin him!"

"Gone to Salt Lake," quietly answered Ned. "He has seven wives there and they have been rather urgent of late for him to come home and take care of the babies."

"Oh, good gracious me!" cried Angelica sinking back on the sofa in her father's parlor. "To think he should be such a—oh my—the idea!"

"Hold on, cried Ned, stepping forward and grasping the squire's hand, "Hold on. No harm done. I'm your natural born son-in-law. I've saved you from an awful disgrace. Angelica never loved the fellow—she told me so this morning when I brought her his letter. I've no establishment on Murray Hill, but I've got a few dollars in bank and can take care of her in an honest sort of way. What do you say, old man?"

"Ned Clopper," replied the old man in a sudden burst of friendship, "you're a brick! Take her if she's willing, and God bless you both!"

"Angy," said Ned turning to the little beauty and holding out both hands, "will you have me?"

"I don't mind," answered Angelica "you're a good sort of boy, and I always liked you. But goodness gracious me! The idea of being so fooled."

"I've played a little game of Love and Luck," said Ned, "and have won—"

"What?" asked Angelica, looking up into his face with the sweetest of smiles.

"A wife!" said Ned.

THE CUP THAT CHEERS.

A Short Crop and Heavy Speculations.

There is a large speculation in Japan tea in progress, and within a few days the transaction at the Importers' and Grocers' Board of Trade, in New York, have involved 4,250,000 pounds. A short time ago the sale of 50,000 pounds was considered quite a large business. Now the speculation is so brisk that 1,800,000 pounds are sold in a single day. The trading in black tea is not so large, yet 585,000 pounds have been sold within three days. Prices have been advancing steadily, owing to the speculative excitement, and are now three to four cents a pound higher than recently. Besides the business on the Exchange, fully 30,000 chests of oolong have been sold to speculators within a short time.

"An advance of three cents a pound in tea," says a broker, "means a rise of \$125 a chest, and if a speculator has 10,000 or 20,000 chests on hand it is an important matter. The advance is not due to fears of prolonged trouble between France and China, whereby the great tea ports of Shanghai, Amoy and Foochow might be closed by blockade. The season is over there, and there is no tea to export. It is due solely to a marked decrease in the crop. Last year the exports of black tea to this country from China were 22,129,992 pounds; but while we received 80,000 chests of Amoy oolong, only 40,000 chests will be sent here this year. There will also be some decrease in the supply of Japan, of which 34,314,000 pounds were sent here last year. Some think the quantity will be 2,000,000 pounds less. But it is in green that the largest decrease is expected. Last year we received 18,000,000 pounds: this year only 12,000,000 pounds are expected. Less green tea is being raised in China, partly because of the exclusion of the Pingsuey tea that excited so much complaint here last year, and principally because of the extreme cheapness of tea in this country. Chinese planters say there is too little money in tea at the present prices.

FUNNIGRAMS.

A night owl—The cats.
By the way—Milestones.
Haunted houses—Gin palaces.
A tough morsel—The crust of the earth.
"I back up what I have to say," says the cat.

"Force" meat—Cold mutton and rabbit pie.
The ship that everybody likes—Good fellowshipship.
Somnambulism is believed to be an unconscious tranceaction.

Five letters of the alphabet will always continue faithful unto "death."

The French declare they cannot hope for a piece till they have broken China.

Britannia and the pedagogue: one rules the waves, and the other waves the rules.

Beauty is only skin deep, and sometimes it is only as deep as the powder and paint.

Some of the men who carry the most expensive watches never know what time to go home.

There is one good thing about leap year, and that is that that leap year jokes can only be used once in four years.

Tennyson didn't get a peerage until he stopped writing poetry. This should serve as a hint to other poets.

The boy who bit into a green apple remarked, with a wry face, "Twas ever thus in childhood—sour."

An advertisement to invest in certain new line is with awkward honesty headed, "Purchase of railway snares."

Signs of the times.—Knotches in the carving knife betoken that spring chicken has been one of the luxuries of the festive season.

When Hamlet said, "But I have that within which passeth show," it is believed that he had in his pocket a complimentary ticket for a circus.

The English alphabet is tolerably virtuous. Twenty of the letters have never been in prison. Yes, but look what a lot of them are now in penitentiary.

One of George III's first acts was to knight a gentleman named Day. "Now," said he, "I know that I am king, because I have turned Day into knight."

An Irishman hearing of a friend having a stone coffin made for himself, exclaimed, "By my soul, and that's a good idea! Sure, an' a stone one 'ud last a man a lifetime!"

A lazy fellow once declared in public company that he couldn't find bread for his family. "Nor I," replied an industrious mechanic; "I am obliged to work for it."

An awkward fellow planted his foot square on a lady's train the other day. "Oh, you great train wrecker!" said the lady angrily. "Beg your pardon, street sweeper!" was the arch reply.

"Hae ye got the Catechism, Jenny?" said a female visitor to a little yellow haired girl "I dinna ken, but," turning to her mother, "Mither, had I ever the Catechism?" She thought it was a new trouble.

A pleasant slip of the tongue is recorded by a French parapsychist. A lady was enjoying the society of her lover when the bell rung, and the servant announced "the doctor." "Tell him I am ill, and cannot come," was madame's reply.

A traveller who had just read on the guide-post—"Dublin, two miles," thought to make game of a passing Irishman by asking—"If it's two miles to Dublin, Pat, how long will it take to get there?" "Faith," returned Pat, "and if yer heels be as slow as yer wit, ye'll get there about Christmas."

Unco thin—After auld Jenny A—was removed to the poorhouse, the Rev. Mr. Home, then stationed at Penicuik, one day visited her and asked how she was keeping. "Oh, rale weel, sir, extraordinary weel. I think Providence is here, for when I took a spinful oot o' my parritch bicker this mornin', the hole filled up again."

Food and Brain Work.

An organism which is doing brain work as well as muscular work requires higher food than an organism in which the brain is comparatively idle and only the lower centres and the muscles do the work. Undoubtedly the effect of brain work is to strengthen the brain and render it less likely to become abnormal in its structure or disorderly in its activity than if it were idle. Such exercise as the brain receives in education, properly so-called—that is, development of the faculties—stimulates nutrition, and in so doing increases the need for food. Excessive activity with anxiety is not good at all, and ought to have no place in the educational process. Worry is fatal to good work, and to worry the growing brain of a child with work is to maim and cripples its organization, doing irreparable, because structural, mischief, the effects of which must be life-long. "Tension" in work is not a proof of strength, but of weakness. A well developed and healthy grown brain works without tension of any kind. The knit brows, straining eyes, and fixed attention of the scholar are not tokens of power, but of effort. The true athlete does not strain and pant when he puts forth his strength. The intellectual man with a strong mind does his brain work easily. Tension is friction, and the moment the toil of a growing brain becomes laborious it should cease. We are, unfortunately, so accustomed to see brain work done with effort, and to regard "tension" as something tolerable, if not natural. As a matter of fact no man should knit his brow as he thinks or in any way evince effort as he works. The best brain work is done easily, with a calm spirit, an equable temper, and in jaunty mood. All else is the toil of a weak or ill-developed brain straining to accomplish a task which is relatively too great for it.

HYDROPHOBIA FROM SKUNK'S BITE.—Several New Jersey farmers have lately lost a number of cattle and hogs, hydrophobia showing itself in an unmistakable manner, and their conclusion is, that the bite of a skunk was the origin in some cases.

Balwer's Gambling.

Early one morning Balwer, the novelist, returned to his hotel from a gambling-house, where he had been passing the last hours of the night. For the first time in his life he had played high; and, with the insidious good fortune so frequently attendant on the first steps along what would otherwise be the shortest and least attractive pathway to perdition, he had gained largely. The day was dawning when he reached his own rooms. His writing-desk stood upon a console in front of a mirror; and pausing over it to look up his winnings, he was startled and shocked by the reflection of his face in the glass behind it. The expression of the countenance was not only haggard, it was sinister. He had risked far more than he could afford to lose; his luck had been extraordinary and his gains were great. But the ignoble emotions of the night had left their lingering traces in his face, and as he caught sight of his own features still working and gleaming with the fever of a violent excitement, he, for the first time, despised himself. It was then he formed a resolution that, be the circumstances what they might, no inducement, whether of need or greed, should again tempt him to become a gambler.

Dr. Moffat's Ammoniohphone.

A remarkable discovery is reported on the authority of a fellow of the Royal Meteorological Society, to which the attention both of the faculty, and of the society, can not be too speedily directed. Dr. Carter Moffat, cousin of the late Dr. Robert Moffat, claims to have invented, after nine years' study, an instrument known as the ammoniohphone, which contains an absorbent material saturated with peroxide of hydrogen combined with condensed ammonia and other ingredients, through which a current of air is drawn into the lungs. This is said to be in reality a highly concentrated artificial Italianized air, in an extremely portable condition. Dr. Carter Moffat's voice was originally very weak, harsh, and destitute of intonation. By the use of the ammoniohphone it has now become a pure tone of extraordinary range. He noticed that after experimenting on himself for only fourteen days an expansion of the chest took place to the extent of over half an inch, with a feeling of increased lung space and power of voice, which has since been maintained. Experiments have been made upon choirists in Scotland with extraordinary success. As there are a good many choirists in England, to say nothing of the opera companies, which stand in great need of improvement, the ammoniohphone is certain to be in great demand.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

An Inconstant Moon.

An account of the halting, for pecuniary reasons, of two stage-coaches in Texas says that a passenger named Moon levelled a pistol at one of the three robbers "but desisted from firing upon discovering a Winchester pressed against his own ribs by a highwayman." The passenger's reason for changing his mind seems to have been so ample that any observations as to the inconstant Moon would be out of place.

Beware of that Cough! It may kill you; cure it at once with Dr. Carson's Pulmonary Cough Drops. It never fails. Large Bottles at 50 cents. For sale everywhere.

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Many hundred recommendations similar in character to the one given below have been received, and give proof of the great value of POLSON'S NERVINE as a pain remedy. Try it. ATHOL, Feb. 20.—We hereby certify that we have used Nervine in our families, and have found it a most reliable remedy for cramps; in the stomach, also for headache, and externally for rheumatic pains. No house should be without this invaluable remedy.—LUKE COLE, ELISHA COLE, J. P. Buy a 10 cent sample bottle at any drug store. Large bottle at 25 cents, by all druggists.

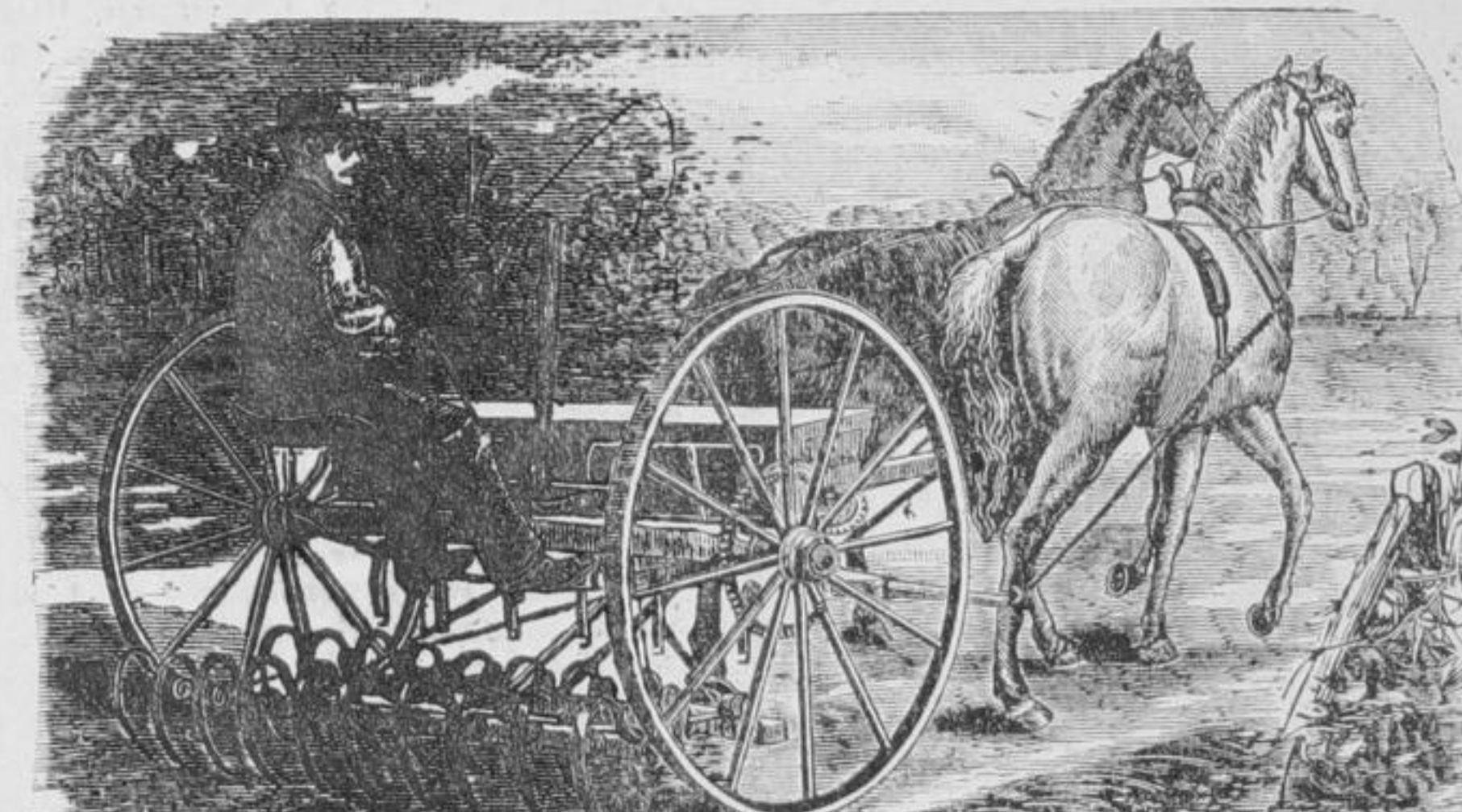
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