

HEALTH.

AIR YOUR HOUSE.

The air of a sleeping-room should be constantly renewed from without, yet it should not be icy cold. It is amazing to see in otherwise well-informed people the lingering prejudice to night air which makes them willing to breathe vitiated air all right long. Attention to the airing of beds and bedding can not be too great, and it ought to be insisted upon in every house. The hurry to have rooms in order early causes beds to be made before they have been thoroughly permeated by air and sunlight, and gives them that close, stuffy smell, which is a sure index of deficient cleanliness. During the night the body throws off, through the invisible pores of the skin, much impurity, and to make up a bed while the mattress, sheets and blankets are still wetting with animal heat is a thing no neat, intelligent house-keeper should ever do under any pressure of hurry. The rest of the room can be dusted and set to rights, and the bed clothes spread over chairs, with windows open till a late hour, and nobody will be hurt. When a bedroom is the common sitting or sewing apartment of a family, it should be thoroughly aired for half-an-hour before dark, everybody vacating it for the purpose, and again before the occupants retire.

A PLEASANT REMEDY FOR TOOTHACHE.

Dr. T. C. Osborn, in the *Medical Brief*, states that his cook came to him with a swollen cheek, asking for something to relieve the toothache, with which she had been suffering all the night. He was on the point of sending her to a dentist, when it occurred to him that there was in the house a vial of compound tincture of benzoin. "After cleansing the decayed tooth," he says, "I saturated a pledget of cotton lint with the tincture, and packed it well into the cavity, hoping this would suffice for the time, and told her to come back in two or three hours if she was not relieved. I was turning away, when she said it might not be necessary, perhaps, as the pain was already gone. Supposing her faith had a large share in the relief, I would not allow myself to think that the medicine had anything to do with the cure any more than so much hot water would have had. But when I arrived at my office, two other patients were awaiting me with the same affliction, and I determined, by way of experiment, to use the same remedy. To my agreeable surprise both patients declared themselves immediately relieved, and begged a vial of the tincture for future use. During the winter a number of similar cases applied, and were instantly relieved by the same treatment, all expressing much satisfaction with the remedy. In December I told my druggist of the discovery, and recommended him to sell it to any person applying for 'toothache drops.' This, he reports, he has done, and that every one seems delighted with the medicine."

EXERCISE.

The errors that prevail with regard to early morning exercises are simply monstrous. Even the strong and athletic are liable to injure themselves by exercising long and vigorously in the early morning on an empty stomach, while the delicate, the dyspeptic, and the nervous should not allow themselves to indulge in any sustained activity of brain or muscles until the system has been fortified by at least a preliminary breakfast. Farmers sometimes injure themselves by working too hard and too long before breakfast. Moderate exercise, such as walking, lighter forms of gymnastics and easy games, can be taken indiscriminately, just before or after meals, without injury; but the severer tasks—rowing, active games—should usually be reserved for the middle of the forenoon or afternoon, or for the evening. It is not well for us to go to our meals in a condition of exhaustion, either of the brain or of the muscles. It is not well to be over-fatigued about exercising just after meals, for our own feelings will usually guide us right. After a hearty meal we do not care to plunge into the severest work.

HOW THE END IS HASTENED.

The greatest mistakes of all are over eating and eating too often. So long as a person is growing, the system needs extra nourishment to enable nature to build up the framework of the body. But adults have need of food only to supply the materials for new blood to make up for the waste of tissue. This waste of tissue is constantly going on, to be sure, but only in direct ratio to the work we do, whether mental or bodily. If a greater quantity of food is taken into the system than can be used up, it is more deleterious than if we had swallowed so much sand. The food so partaken of leaves the stomach in an undigested form, and never fails to work all kinds of mischief, and, instead of doing good, it does injury and weakens the body that it was intended to strengthen.

How Vaccine is Obtained.

A Greenwich, Conn., despatch says: In a cowhouse at the side of the old turnpike road, in the quaint village of the Coo Cob, two calves can be seen on almost any day strapped to a bench, their feet sticking up in the air and lots of quills protruding from their bodies. Around the room are razors, knives, bundles of quills and ropes. A man is usually in attendance. This is the vaccine factory, one of the first established in this country. The quills remain for a short time in the flesh of the calves. As soon as they become filled with mucus—vaccine, as it is called—they are pulled out, sealed up air tight and in time do duty all over the world, finding their way to Germany and Australia.

Some people imagine that the calves are killed by the process, or are injured so as to be unfit for use, but it is claimed that they are made more healthy by having these sores, for that is all the harm done to them. They seem to suffer very little, and after a few days frisk about as lively as ever. Calves of two colors are preferred at the factory—white and red—and only strong and healthy ones are selected.

"Oftentimes people come to the factory to be vaccinated," said the attendant to the reporter. "They are so afraid they won't get the right stuff—pure calf vaccine. I am not a doctor, and the doctors don't like it very well. I just take this knife that I cut the calves with; so I cut the arm as I cut the calf. I pull out a quill from the calf and put it in the cut or scratch. They smile, take a look at the calf and go home, sure that it's took."

There is more demand for vaccine at the present time than at any previous period during the five years past.

From the Red to the Bow River.

Regina may be considered one of the most central points of our prairie province, and is at present close to the western limit of the wide belt of Northwestern settlement. From the city westward the settled country takes up but a narrow belt along the C. P. R. main line, and tapers to very limited dimensions before reaching the Saskatchewan. There are, however, some settlements away from this C. P. R. belt, and north of Regina, in the Long Lake country, quite an important one is to be found. A branch railway from Regina is now being rapidly constructed through this district, and a live town or two must spring up, as the partially settled state of the surrounding country will demand such as soon as railway communication is an accomplished fact.

As the belt of settlement tapers off, so the towns along the C. P. R. main line get fewer and further apart. There is therefore no point west of Regina that could be called a village, until the forty-two miles to Moosejaw is travelled. Here we find a town of about 250 population, and nearly twenty business institutions. It is the terminus of a C. P. R. division, and has consequently some railway population, mostly of an unsettled class. There are quite a few settlers on the lands around the town, and there is more business done in it than the visitor would think, while the location is really a pretty one, and quite pleasing to the eye, after leaving Regina with its flat monotonous surroundings. Like Regina it has suffered from booming, but has now reached a state from which it must start on a steady period of healthy growth.

From Moosejaw westward the country is very sparsely settled, and although there are at least a dozen stations stopped at before Swift Current is reached, the traveller does not see at any of them enough evidence of trade or traffic to warrant the stoppages, unless where water has to be taken in by the engine. There is thus one hundred and twelve miles between these two towns, with nothing intervening which could be dignified into a village. Swift Current is the point at which traders leave the railway for the far north settlements of Edmonton and Battleford, and the business done is almost entirely with such traders. The quantity of goods sold, and the stocks carried by the few merchants in this small town of a little over one hundred people, would astonish an eastern business man, as might the fact that the town has trade connections extending over one hundred miles in any direction, and towards the north over two hundred miles. There are no farmers or farms around the town, agriculture in that district being still a thing of the future.

Going westward from Swift Current we strike into the valley of the South Saskatchewan, and proceed to Maple Creek, a distance of nearly ninety miles before any trading point is reached. Here we have another little town which draws trade from long distances around it. The place has about a dozen business institutions, all of which are doing a prosperous business. There are a few circumstances which point to this place having a healthy if not rapid growth. In the first place it is the point of shipment for the lumber mills of the Cypress Hills district, and is also the receiving point of the C. P. R. for the Montana cattle shipping trade, and these two facts add greatly to the trade importance of the place. Besides there are some peculiarities in connection with the soil, the timber dotted state of the surrounding country, and other matters which seem to have allowed this district considerable immunity from the irregularities of climate so peculiar to all unbroken prairie countries. At Maple Creek farming operations have been more successful than at any point for over a hundred and fifty miles east or west of it, and already agricultural settlers are taking advantage of this.

From Maple Creek a ride of sixty-four miles brings us to the crossing of the Saskatchewan at the town of Medicine Hat. Here we have decidedly the most important trading point between Regina and Calgary, and a town which must in time be one of the great cities of the Northwest. It has at present a population of about 500, and has about twenty-five business institutions of all kinds. It is not uncommon for merchants here to carry stocks of \$40,000 to \$50,000 in value, and the trade done with buyers from the surrounding country demands that stocks both heavy and varied be carried. About a hundred miles or so south is the town of Lethbridge, at the Galt coal mines, and from that place and Fort McLeod, the demands of ranchmen and others, swell the trade of Medicine Hat, while away to the north an equally large tract of country is tributary to it. It is the key to the South Saskatchewan, and when the day of competition between Atlantic and Hudson Bay routes comes, there will be an important competing point somewhere near Medicine Hat.

From the Saskatchewan crossing to Calgary, a distance of 178 miles, there is no trade point of note, and at this town we have crossed the Bow and Elbow Rivers, and are under the shadow of the peaks of the Rockies. The town itself is in the middle of a natural amphitheatre scooped out in bygone centuries by the wash of the two rivers mentioned. The bluffs around it rise like walls, and for a background we have the distant peaks of the great mountains. It is a lovely spot, and made by nature for a town location. Calgary has now nearly one thousand of a population, and has over sixty places of business, many of which are large mercantile concerns carrying huge stocks of general merchandise, such as could not be found in eastern towns of 5,000 population. The town must ever remain the key to the whole surrounding mountain country, and as the cattle trade, mining industries and other resources of this great upland district develop, Calgary must increase in commercial importance. That it must rapidly develop into an important trade centre cannot be doubted, as it seems impossible to locate a town which would be in a position to compete with it, for this mountain country trade. It is in reality the last point on this side of the Rockies where a city can be built and is, in short, the gateway of ingress and egress to and from the Mountains and the Pacific Slope beyond.—*Winnipeg Commercial*.

It is well ascertained fact that bees become irritable and excitable on the approach of thunder-storms, and Emmerig, a German scientist, claims that their conduct may be taken as a reliable indication of fair weather or the reverse.

THE INDIAN MURDERERS.

Trial of the Slayers of Tremont and Payne.

The Saskatchewan Herald gives the following account of the trial of Man-Without-Blood, and Ikta, for the murder of Bernard Tremont and James Payne, Indian Lutrator:—Asked what he had to say, Man-Without-Blood said:—I met the white man [Tremont] on the road near his house; the Man with the Black Blanket told me to kill him; I said I would; saw him leaning on a wagon; two Indians were coming towards him; was going to white man's house; there were four Indians standing there; I walked up beside him and the Indians asked who that white man was; said I did not know; did not listen to what they said; one of my brothers had a bow and arrow and the other had gun; my brother asked, why don't you go and kill him? I got his gun and loaded it and

WALKED OVER AND KILLED THE WHITE MAN.

Ikta said—I asked Payne for some shot and flour; he would not give me any; my son wanted to go shooting; then my heart got bad and Payne got vexed and I told him not to get vexed; he said he would not give me flour for ten days; I went away and got my gun and came back; then the instructor took hold of my arms, and I said he had better lose me or I would kill him; I got my arms free and shot Payne.

The Court—You have both confessed to have committed the most grievous crime man can commit, namely, that of taking another man's life. The law makes no distinction as to color or tribes. You, Ikta, have confessed to having killed a connection of your own, the late farming instructor on your reserve. If the instructor had done you any wrong, you could have come to me and I would have given you redress, I am here for that purpose. You had

NO RIGHT TO TAKE THE LAW INTO YOUR OWN HANDS.

The other prisoner killed a most harmless, inoffensive man, merely because another man told him to do it. Perhaps he thought he could do it with impunity; but this was a mistake—the law has a long arm and will reach far. You were foolish enough to rebel against the Government—foolish, because the Government could send soldiers here until they were as numerous as mosquitoes. My duty is to pass sentence upon you, and that sentence is, that you be taken back to jail till 27th of November, and then hanged.

Oopinawaywin and Massinas, charged with treason felony were next put on trial. P. C. Pambrun, sworn—Examined by Mr. Sharp—About the end of March the Indians broke out around Battleford; I was not aware that the Indians wished to break out at that time; they said they wished to see the Indian Agent to make certain demands on him, and asked me to request him to come over and speak with them; I saw Oopinawaywin (Cut Lip) amongst the Indians when I overtook them; there was

A LARGE NUMBER OF ARMED INDIANS;

left the Indians and waited at the river for Mr. Rae to come; when I saw he would not come I left the Indians and went home; the Indians were then scattered amongst the houses, but as yet had done no damage; when I came to the barracks next day I found that the stores and houses south of Battle River had been already pillaged during the night; did not see Massinas there.

The Earth Old Woman, affirmed—Knew the prisoners by sight; was at Battleford when the stores were plundered; do not remember seeing the prisoners amongst the Indians.

When asked why she had previously said so, she replied that she said she saw Peacy-cho there.

One That Sits Still, affirmed—I was here when the Indians pillaged the stores; knew Massinas; did not see him at Battleford the day

THE STORES WERE PILLAGED;

saw him start with other Indians from Sweet Grass reserve to go to Battleford; the Indians did go to Battleford.

Robert Jefferson, sworn—I was farming instructor on Poundmaker's reserve at the time of the outbreak; towards the end of March the Indians left that reserve; about the 1st of April I was taken prisoner in the camp; at one time, about the 10th of April, Cut Lip superintended the digging of a grave; saw the prisoners in the camp; saw most of the Indians armed; as the young men go armed always, but the older men only occasionally, and I can't say I saw the prisoners armed; both prisoners were in the camp both before and after the battle of Cut Knife; Cut Lip went away once during the whole time of the outbreak, but I have no doubt that with that exception

BOTH PRISONERS ACCOMPANIED THE REBELS;

Cut Lip wished his brother to join him there, and expected to find him a day's travel from the camp, and he went there and brought him to camp; his object was to have Peeling-through-the-ice, as he would join with Poundmaker and his brother Yellow-Mud in giving advice to the rebels. Shown a letter from Poundmaker to Riel, witness said: I know that letter; it is in my hand-writing; an Indian named Peachawis came to me; I was wanted; went with him to a tent in the middle of the camp; there were six or eight men in the tent, amongst them the prisoners and Peacycho; when I went in Poundmaker said he wanted me to write a letter; they got a pencil and a piece of paper and began to dictate; they dictated in turns, a piece each; Cut Lip dictated the principal part of it, and Massinas also took part; the letter is the joint composition of the men whose names are signed to it; as to the signatures attached, I said some one had better sign this letter; Cut Lip said to put Poundmaker's name and his.

Queen Victoria has not passed a night in London for fifteen months, and in the exceedingly depressed state of trade in the metropolis her absence excites unusually indignant comment. A Tory paper, the *City Press*, lately urged that the Trade Depression Commission should make a special representation on the subject to the Queen, but they would not dare to do so.

Whether designed to do so or not, the marriage of Prince Waldemar of Denmark and Princess Marie of Schleswig, with the attendant concourse of crowned heads and princes, produced, though taking place in a corner of France, a great impression on Frenchmen. The Count of Paris has avowed himself a Republican in sentiment, but, ready to take a throne if the people of France called him to it.

FARM.

GLEANINGS.

There are 2,400 stables of cows in New York, the milk of which is sold in the city; and these cows from the time they enter the stable until no longer able to give milk never see grass.

At the present price of potatoes in Rochester, seventy five cents per bushel from farmer's wagon, the half crop which remains will sell for as much as, or more than, the whole would have if not injured, and the crop everywhere had borne out its promise two months ago.

Take pasteboard boxes of any shape and put in a layer of cotton, then a layer of grapes, and so on, ending with cotton on top. Put on the cover and paste a strip of paper on the joining of cover and box. Keep in a cool place; not a cellar, but where there is a free circulation of air. I know they will keep nicely by this method until February.

Wheat makes our bread and pays our taxes; therefore every farmer grows some. But it is the most uncertain, the most liable to accidents and vicissitudes, the most exposed to perils during its long life of ten months, of all our cereal crops. Hence it is the trust, the most delicate thermometer by which to test the farmer's skill.

Ten thousand barrels of apples shipped from New York recently were sold in Liverpool last week. King of Tompkins County apples brought 16s. a barrel, Baldwins 14s., and Greenings 12s. In many parts of this State, as in Pennsylvania and New England, the apple crop is so enormous this year that barrels are practically worth more empty than they are filled with the fruit.

Don't make all the small, unsalable apples into cider; just store a liberal supply away somewhere where they will not freeze, and feed them to your hens next winter. Baked apples, mixed with bran and shorts enough to make a stiff dough, and seasoned with salt and pepper, make a capital breakfast for laying hens; apples are cheap feed, too.

For the winter protection of many half tender garden plants, leaves from the woods prove valuable, and it is well therefore to secure a good supply in time. For covering tender prostrated grape-vines or raspberry canes, they are less liable to produce rotting than an entire covering with earth. A little brush, or sprinkling of soil, will hold them in position. They are less suitable for covering strawberries, as they exclude air, and evergreen branches are better.

Timely attention will quite often bring a horse safely and comparatively comfortably through his autumn shedding, which, if neglected, will have quite a miserable time of it, and really be quite unfit for work. Every change of the temperature should be carefully watched, and the blanket and ventilation systematically attended to. The food should be of the strongest nature possible. Anything which will give warmth to the whole system should be fed in quantity consistent with good judgment.

Moss is one of the best materials in which to pack garden vegetables for winter, being easy to handle and remove, and preserving the moisture and freshness of the roots, and preventing wilting. There are many places where it may be easily procured, from damp woods, from rotting logs or the roots of trees, and in other places from swamps. If in large flakes these are to be torn to pieces, so as to make fine packing. Placed in alternate layers with such roots as beets, parsnips, turnips or carrots, it preserves their freshness, and it may be used for packing cabbage heads or celery.

STONES IN ROADS.

To improve most of the roads in this country it is first necessary to remove every stone larger than an orange. Every fist stone, large or small, should be taken out and the hole filled with earth precisely like that which is on both sides of it, and the earth well rammed down, so that a mudhole shall not be formed. A mudhole should never be filled with stones, or anything else. First remove the water by a ditch, or some other means, and all thin mud, and then let it dry. If the hole be caused by a spring place, dig a ditch; if by falling water, prevent the water from collecting there, and put in the hollow the same kind of earth that there is on each side of it. Ram it down solid from the very bottom. Where the road has been "turnpiked up" for years, and finally worn down in the centre and holds the water, do not plough in the ditches and throw in turf or softer material, but plough off the shoulders and throw them in the ditches. Make it convex by subtraction, not by addition.

Do not draw stones into the road promiscuously. If you have a surplus in the fields to dispose of, take a certain portion of the road and macadamize it in a proper manner. Remove the earth a foot deep and eight feet wide, draw the stones and deposit them by the side of the road, where you can break them as you desire, none larger than an inch and a half in its largest diameter, and then shovel them into the trench.

A neighbor made twenty rods of road like this in 1837, and it is a good, hard, dry, smooth road to this day. Another neighbor made about twenty-five rods of road in 1840, by drawing stones from a field, picked up promiscuously, and tumbled on top of an old roadbed. The top of these were broken with hammers. I helped to do this myself. This last piece is a solid, dry road, but is always rough, because the large stones are continually coming to the surface. It wears unequally, and constantly needs repair. The first road spoken of has not had a day's labor expended on it in more than forty years.

A white man from away down South in the Okeechobee Lake region came up to Gainesville, Fla., last week, on business at the United States Land Office. While here he saw the first ice he had ever seen. He manifested great interest in the frigid substance, and put a half-pound lump in his pants pocket to take home to his family. He soon took it out of his pocket, however, and as he did so said: "I am afeared it will spill my turkerker."

"No sir," declared S., positively, "I don't take any stock in all this talk about mind-reading. It is all booh, every bit of it. I'll defy any man living to read my mind. It's an absolute impossibility, sir; an absolute impossibility." "But, dear," gently interrupted Mrs. S., "you ought not to be so positive. Science has been making wonderful strides, you know, in the last few years. Why, I was reading once the other day of a wonderful microscope which would show over 112,000 lines drawn in the space of an inch wide."

THE PLEASURES OF HANGING.

A Description of the Agreeable Sensations Experienced.

The following account of the sensations of hanging is sent to the Pall Mall Gazette by a correspondent who is a member of a kind of suicide club, and was actually, he says, partly hung the other day in the presence of several friends.

"A good stout rope had been obtained. This was securely fastened to the rafters of the barn roof. I pulled at the rope with my hands to make sure that it would not break. Then I permitted myself to be blindfolded and mounted on a chair. For the moment, I admit, I was weak enough to turn pale and tremble. I soon, however, recovered my presence of mind. Putting my hand through the noose, I gave the signal. I felt the chair drawn from under me. There was a great jerk and I felt a violent pain in my neck, as though my scarf had all of a sudden become too tight. Now comes the most curious part of my experience.

After the first feeling of torture, which I admit was decidedly severe, I lost consciousness. I seemed to be transported into a new world, more beautiful than anything imagined by the poets. I was swimming, methought, in a sea of oil. The feeling was exquisitely delicious. As I swam easily and without effort through the liquid mass I noticed afar off an island of the most glorious emerald green color. This it was my wish to reach. I swam lazily and contentedly on. The sea kept every instant changing its hue, though it remained the same substance throughout. At one instant it was a mass of gold, as though the sun were shining brilliantly on it. The next moment it was a vivid blood red; but there was nothing terrible or disgusting in this new color. It kept changing, in fact, to all the hues of the rainbow, yellow and red being the predominant tints. I got nearer and nearer to the isle. As I approached it there sprang out suddenly from the ground a number of people strangely transfigured, whose faces seemed to be known to me. I at last reached the land. A magnificent chorus of voices, human and those of birds burst forth. I closed my eyes in ecstacy. I floated calmly on to the shore, and lay as a child in its cradle, slightly weakened from, as I supposed, the enervating effect of the oily matter in which I had been swimming. At last I opened my eyes, the magic charm was at once dispelled. The divine harmony ceased. The faces were still peering at me with an expression of eager curiosity, but I perceived that they belonged to the members of our society. The pain in my neck was great. I was now in entire possession of my senses. My friends had fortunately cut me down in time. I was still weak—to weak to at once relieve my friends' curiosity. When I was able to speak I told them my experience. Though I drew a charming picture of the bliss which I had felt, not one of them would consent to try my experiment. They all considered my conduct heroic, but absolutely refused to emulate me. They said I looked so ghastly!"

SHILLINGS.

When the livery man was asked why he painted "Excelsior" over the door of his stable, he explained that "Hire" was his motto.

An agricultural paper says: "Smilax won't start from slips." If this is reliable, no one need ever mistake smilax for a ferry-boat.

An enterprising reporter, writing of a wreck at sea, stated that no less than fourteen of the unfortunate crew and passengers bit the dust.

Ladies who mail their letters in their husband's pockets will continue to lament the slowness of the mails, notwithstanding the immediate delivery system.

An exchange says that a folded newspaper, placed under the coat, in the small of the back, is an excellent substitute for an overcoat. Now is the time to subscribe.

Sidney Smith said to his vestry, in reference to a block pavement proposed to be built around St. Paul's: "All you have to do, gentlemen, is to put your heads together and the thing is done."

A new guide-book mentions that "the city proper is surrounded by the suburbs." Guide-books occasionally stumble on a great truth; but we must insist on having the news broken gently. A sudden shock like this may be dangerous.

"Dear me, it is raining, Mrs. Randall. You can't go out in the wet. Won't you stay to tea?" "No, thanks; I must be getting home." "Well, anyway, you must wear my rubbers." "No, thank you, Mrs. Hopkins; it isn't raining much, and besides I haven't any strings to tie them on with." After the door was closed Mrs. Hopkins said she wished the mean old thing would catch her death of cold.

It is now asserted that the dictionaries are all wrong as to the derivation of the word pioneer. The word is said to have originated in this way: In the mining camps in California, in '49 the miners ate from tin plates which were fastened to the table. Sometimes, when one of these plates became empty, a miner would call out: "Pie on here!" From this the miners came to be known as pie on heres or pioneers.

"Gentlemen," said a tattered tramp, as he approached a settee in the park, which was entirely occupied, "I am very tired. Will one of you be kind enough to get up and give me a seat?" "No one moved; but all gazed at the impudent nomad with a stony stare. "Gentlemen," pleaded the vagrant, "you have no idea how tired I am. I left Montreal"—Suddenly the seven men on the settee with one accord jumped up and fled, without looking around. "Yes," said the tramp, as he stretched himself out at full length on the bench, "I left Montreal when I was a boy."

A joke is a mystery to some people. In a certain court in Ontario, on a time, the proceedings were delayed by the failure of a witness named Sarah Momy to arrive. After waiting a long time for Sarah the court concluded to wait no longer, and, wishing to orack his little joke, remarked, "This court will adjourn without Sarah Momy." Everybody laughed, except one man, who sat in solemn meditation for five minutes, and then burst into a hearty guffaw, exclaiming: "I see it! I see it!" When he went home he tried to tell the joke to his wife. "There was a witness named Mary Momy who didn't come," said he, "and so the court said: 'We'll adjourn without Mary Momy.' 'I don't see any point to that,'" said his wife. "I know it," said he. "I didn't at first; but you will in about five minutes."