

## FOREIGN NEWS.

A huge iron reservoir is being built at a remote spot in the outer harbor of Amsterdam for the storage of petroleum. It will be nearly thirty-three feet in diameter and of the same depth, and is calculated to hold 1,740,000 gallons.

A mound near Liverpool was recently opened and several skeletons of very large men were found. The skulls were so large that they would go over an ordinary man's head, covering it to the shoulders. There was also found a small steel anvil, perfect in form, and so hard that a file made little impression on it. Also a set of false teeth, of copper and ivory, large enough for a giant, and of excellent workmanship.

Some of the crew of an English ship were sent ashore near St. Helen, Or., to get a stick to make a spar. They came across a drove of hogs, which they took for wild pigs, and at once began chasing, and before they finished had killed a boat load. The owners of the hogs, which were anything but wild, think it another British outrage.

A short time since youthful innovators of the exquisite order in Paris thought it extremely *pschull* to wear red ties. Then came the hats with flat brims, and last year it was even the fashion among some swells to wear small tufts in their hats, containing brilliants which sparkled from afar. In the latest mode a scarf pin tipped with electric light is the novelty.

A visit to a private view of pretty bad pictures in Piccadilly the other day revealed Oscar Wilde roaming about, and necessitates the telling of a very sad story. Wilde has degenerated altogether. His long locks are no longer curled to look like a Roman emperor's. The face looking through them is chubby. His legs, those which charmed aesthetic Canadian maidenhood, are encased in long trousers, and for good reasons. They won't stand inspection. Avoirdupois insists upon marring the symmetry of ankle and the graceful line which adds beauty to the stockings. In fact, the legs are fat, and so is Wilde. Only his noble height saves him from the appearance of obesity. Marriage has not been good for him. He looks happy, but aesthetic no more.

One of the most interesting of the political exiles who have made England their home is Prince Krapotkin. The Prince lives at Harrow, supporting himself and his wife solely on the proceeds of his writings, for his estates have been confiscated, and his wealth has disappeared as completely as if it had been swallowed upon a quicksand. He is the most gentle, affable, and unassuming of men, bearing his poverty with resignation, and freely displaying his stores of learning and culture for the benefit of his friends. Some time ago his brother, who has taken no part in politics, was condemned to spend the rest of his days on the shores of the Arctic Ocean. He was a man who spoke European languages, and was a retiring scholar of amiable disposition. As soon as his sentence was communicated to him he shot himself. His only crime was that he was a Krapotkin.

An English scientific journal enumerates the following as among the inventions which are specially needed at the present time: Macaroni machinery, good red-lead pencils, type writers that will work on account books and record books, indelible stamp cancelling ink, a practical car starter, a good railway car ventilator, better horse-shoes, locomotive headlights, an instrument for measuring the velocity of wind currents, apparatus for measuring the depth of the sea without sounding by line, piano lid hinge which shall be flush on the outside, good fluid India ink for draughtsmen, a good metallic railway tie, an effective cut-off for locomotives, a method of alloying copper and iron, and a moulding material for iron and brass casting capable of giving a mould than can be used over and over again.

In the report of the London Geographical Society on the deep-sea exploration of the Atlantic bed previous statements concerning its configuration are verified, namely, that the bottom of the North Atlantic is occupied by two valleys, the eastern extending from ten to thirty degrees west longitude, and traceable as far as the equator, with an extreme depth of less than thirteen thousand feet, while the western valley reaches from the thirtieth to the fiftieth degree of west longitude. The two are separated by a ridge in thirty degrees west longitude, along which the average depth is only one thousand fathoms, and which can be traced northward to Iceland and southward to the Azores; it is volcanic in character at both extremities. Its extreme breadth is somewhat less than five hundred miles, the depth of water increasing on both sides of it according to the distance of its axis.

## Steel Ship Building in Canada.

The first steel steamer ever entirely constructed in Canada is being built at Deseronto. She will be of the following dimensions:—250 feet in length, 29 feet beam, 11.6 feet hold, 47.6 over all, and is expected to run 18 knots per hour. The steel hull is constructed by Mr. W. C. White, of the Vulcan Boiler Works, Montreal. The steamer will be built at Deseronto, in the shipyard of the Rathburn Company, during the ensuing winter. The engines are being built in Scotland. The boilers, six in number, will be built in Canada. Mr. White is also building a steel steamer for Capt. Murphy, of Pembroke, and also one for the Muskoka Navigation Company, and is now negotiating for another large steamer, to be built next year.

The statement that the Dominion Government has purchased a foundry and machine shops at Levis, Quebec, for workshops for the Intercolonial railway, is denied.

The Galt Company is now getting out 300 tons of coal per day, and three trains are despatched daily with the product to the Canadian Pacific Railway at Dunmore.

Hyacinthe Loyer, a basket maker of Gatineau Point, Que., 64 years old and in poor circumstances, has inherited a fortune of \$300,000 under the will of an uncle in France, lately deceased.

Sir John Kaye proposes establishing ten model farms of ten thousand acres each at points along the line of the Canadian Pacific railway west of Manitoba. Sir John is at present in Ottawa endeavoring to secure both the railway and the Government sections, so as to have the proposed farms in solid blocks.

## SOME OF DOSE SAYINGS.

BY CARL DUNDER.

I vhas better to do a big peensness in a shmall shstore dan to do a shmall peensness in a big shstore.

Some folks vhas sooch kickers dot dey complains of der shmall size of apple-cores.

Many a coon dot ish kildit oop a tree could haf got avhay all right on der ground.

When he vhas well enough let him alone.

I haf took notis dot dose peoples who borrow der moas' tea and coffee und sugar from deir neighbors, borrow der least troubles for demselves.

Der family who doan' provide for a rainy day will sooner or later see sooch a dry time as nefer vhus.

Sometimes Truth goes out to take a walk and meets Gossip, but de pair nefer comes home together.

I belief dot if I vhas vhort \$10,000,000 I could feel sorry for der troubles of der whole world.

Good Luck vhas somepody who vhill help a fool ash queek as a wise man. Success vhas der reward of hardt vork und perseverance.

Der leedle shildren dot we see around us vvas de rain-drops dot keep der hearts of men from becoming parched und dusty.

One haf der peoples goes up a ladder to look for a prize vhas under der house all der time.

Maybe it was petter for us dot we haf some troubles. If not, things happen vhe become so happy dot vhe melt avhay und der side-vhalk vhas all coast.

Kind vhorods cost nothings; dot's vhy so many of us carry such a shtock of 'em.

Der working man who has good credit mit der grocer und butcher vhill always be a poor man.

People vhill look for oranges in a cabbage field, und because no oranges vhas found, dot some peoples are determined not to appreciate cabbage.

Truth vhas a big thing, but dere vhas sometimes when a big lie vhas vhort two of him to make der family all right. Dot vhas mine experience mit philosophy.

## Forty Miles an Hour.

A new railroad brake has been discovered, which will stop a freight train in fifteen feet when going at the rate of forty miles an hour. We have not the tables at hand for calculating the exact effects of this wonderful discovery, but one thing is certain—unless the brake can be applied also to the brakeman some curious results must follow. No brakeman, moving forty miles an hour, is going to stop in fifteen feet just because the car he was on has stopped. On the contrary, he will shoot through space like a meteor, and the most conspicuous result of suddenly stopping a long train will be a shower of brakemen on beyond, in the region where any philosopher would look for the descent of an object projected through the air at the rate of forty miles an hour. Trains, coming in the opposite direction will be liable to be hit by these eccentric bodies, and the brave fellow who dares to show the danger signal to the freight train will find himself caught out in a novel and striking shower. Manifestly it would not be safe for outsiders; and therefore, probably, wherever this new and valuable invention is applied it will be deemed advisable at the same time to chain the brakeman to his car. This will prevent him falling down and being cut to pieces, which is now reckoned as a part of his duties, but it is better to cut off that branch of his work than to throw the whole man away. The inventor of this new and wonderful brake, we are informed by telegraph, has "been asked if he would sell it for \$75,000." This is a trifle vague.

## War.

War is a kind of superstition; the parade of arms and badges corrupts the imagination of men. How far more appropriate would be the symbols of an inconsolable grief, muffled drums, and melancholy music and arms reversed, the livery of sorrow. When men mourn at funerals for what do they mourn in comparison with the calamities which they hasten with all the circumstances of festivity to suffer and to inflict? Visit in imagination the scene of a field of battle or a city taken by assault. Collect we into one group the groans and the distortions of the innumerable dying, the inconsolable grief and horror of their sorrowing friends, the hellish exultation and unnatural drunkenness of destructions of the conquerors, the burning of the harvests, and the obliteration of the traces of cultivation. To this in civil war is to be added the sudden disruption of the bonds of social life, and "father against son." If there never had been war there could never have been tyranny in the world. Tyrants take advantage of the mechanical organization of the armies to establish and defend their encroachments. It is thus that the mighty advantages of the French Revolution have been almost compensated by a succession of tyrants; for demagogues, oligarchs, usurpers, and legitimate kings are merely varieties of the same class from Robespierre to Louis XVIII.

The village of Dessau, near Lubeck, Germany, has been totally destroyed by fire.

The London police are on the track of those engaged in the recent mail robbery in Belgium.

All small towns and villages in Russia bearing German names are to be rechristened in Russian.

Preparations are being made in Dublin to give Mr. Michael Davitt and his bride a grand welcome.

The French Government is testing a new mitrailleuse, which weighs only 28 pounds and discharges 600 bullets a minute.

The Belgian Government has expelled an editor who advocated a French annexation of Belgium to counterbalance the loss of Alsace-Lorraine.

Portions of a new comic opera, making fun of Russian officials in general, of Kaulbers in particular, have been suppressed by the authorities at Berlin.

A number of copies of an alleged sporting paper containing illustrated reports of the Campbell divorce case have been seized by the Customs authorities at Ottawa.

Judge Boyd, of Dublin, says he will treat the league's "plan of campaign" with contempt and will know how to deal with both tenants who pay their rents to trustees and with such trustees.

## FULFILMENT OF A DREAM.

The Death of an Englishman That Was Revealed in a Vision.

I was out walking with my friend, Henry Wilson, when, turning suddenly to me, he said:

"Eastes, do you believe in dreams?"

"It depends upon what you mean by believing in dreams," I answered. "I believe that people have dreams, but I don't believe, as some say, that one can tell the future by dreams. Some say that dreams go by contraries, but I don't believe that either. I don't think dreams have anything to do with what is going to happen."

"I hope you are right," he said, earnestly, "for I had a horrible dream, or rather nightmare, last night. I dreamed that I should die to-day."

"Well," I said, "I hope you don't believe that."

And we walked on in silence for some time, but Wilson began again:

"I should not have paid any attention to my dream last night, only I dreamed it three times, and each time the dream was more vivid than before."

"I believe in cause and effect," I answered. "Perhaps you took an indigestible supper last night."

Wilson did not seem to appreciate having supper mentioned as the cause of his bad night, and so did not deign to take any notice of my last remark.

Well, we walked on. Other topics were discussed, and we both seemed to have forgotten all about Wilson's dreams of the night before. After we had walked on for some distance we came to a town, in which lived some people whom I wanted to call on. They were old friends of the family, and quite unknown to Henry Wilson, so I said to him:

"Wilson, I would like to call on some friends in this town; would you like to come with me or would you rather wait for me?"

"Oh how long will you be?" he asked.

"It is some little distance to my friends' house I replied; I don't think I could be back in less than an hour and a half."

"I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll take a boat and go on the river," he said, "and I'll be here again in an hour and a half, and then we can walk back together."

The river flowed through the town, and Wilson proposed rowing away from the town.

"Very well," I returned, and I set off to my friends.

I had seen my friends and I was returning to the place at which we had agreed to meet when I saw that the meeting place was surrounded by a small crowd of people. As I approached I wondered what could be the matter; surely it could not be anything connected with Wilson's dream. I put that thought out of my mind in an instant as being absurd. I thought it was rather a bother that this crowd should have assembled around the particular spot at which we had agreed to meet.

I asked what the matter was. The old man who lets out the boats told me what it meant. He said: "There's a gentleman drowned."

"Where was he drowned?" I asked.

"He was drowned there," he said, pointing to a rather dangerous part of the river. "He was found only ten minutes ago."

"Where is he now?" I inquired.

The man pointed to an old disused bath-house.

"He's lying there," he said.

As I knew that Wilson had gone out boating, and as somebody had been found dead in that part of the river in which he was boating, I could not repress a shudder at the thought of who the poor gentleman lying dead in the bath-house could be. I went into the boat-house and saw the body. It was the body of my friend, Henry Wilson.

I have simply stated the facts. I do not say that Wilson's dream was a foreshadowing of the death which was to meet him during the day, but I do say that if his dreams did not foretell his death, it is the most extraordinary coincidence that has ever come within my experience.

## Paul Bert's Scientific Courage.

A striking anecdote of M. Bert's intrepidity as a savant is related by one who, owing to his connection with the hospital at the time, is in a position to vouch for its authenticity in every particular. Some years ago he visited Havre while a severe epidemic of smallpox was raging in that port. Noticing on his return to Paris that the mortality was daily on the increase he began to entertain doubts as to the efficacy of vaccination as a prophylactic, and resolved to solve the problem by his own satisfaction by experiments on his own person. He accordingly got himself vaccinated, and, going a fortnight afterward to the Charite Hospital, he courageously had himself inoculated with the virus of a man who was dying of the smallpox. No ill effects having resulted from this terrible experiment M. Paul Bert was completely won over to the cause of vaccination, which throughout the remainder of his life had no warmer supporter. It is characteristic of the savant that he never breathed a word about this to any one, evidently regarding the trial to which he had subjected himself, and the fearful risk which he had run as a commonplace episode in the career of a votary of science.

## Women Can Afford to Remain Single.

The common talk is among young men that they cannot afford marriage because wives are such an expensive luxury, and altogether such an impediment that no one can afford to have one unless he is very rich, or is willing to remain very poor. This kind of twaddle is so much in vogue that it will probably seem heresy to take any other view of the case, but bearing in mind the innumerable stories of beating and mutilation, and even murder, inflicted upon women by drunk and ugly husbands, it seems to be about time to start a crusade to bring about a resolve on the part of women not to get married. They run about twenty times as much risk in such an operation as the man does, and if the latter cannot "afford" to take unto himself a wife the majority of women can well afford on their part to remain single. Within twenty years we predict that clubs for women, and an increased independence in earning a livelihood, and a generally better status for unmarried women will result in a serious diminution of the marriage rate. And when women are not to be got for the asking, men will be more careful of them. A little "corner" in the marriage market would not be a bad thing.

## ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

BY W. H. WITHROW, D. D.

No one can have an adequate conception of the vast extent and varied resources of "this Canada of Ours" unless he has made the trip from ocean to ocean. I have had to reconstruct my opinions in a good many respects in consequence of a recent visit to the Pacific coast. I found that mere tables of distances give no conception of extent of country comparable with that received by riding westward day after day for a full week. The section of road from Montreal to Winnipeg is, with the exception of the passes of the Rockies, that offering the fewest inducements to immigrants. Yet even here in the Valley of the Ottawa and on the upper waters of the Spanish River is much excellent alluvial land; and at Sudbury and elsewhere are valuable mineral deposits. The beauty and fertility of much of what was till recently known as "the disputed territory," with its numerous picturesque lakes and splendid timber—will be a surprise to most travellers.

It seems like a dream that the city of Winnipeg, with its wide, well-paved streets, its splendid public buildings and private residences, was only fifteen years ago a little hamlet grouped around an isolated Hudson Bay fort. I know nothing in Ontario of the same sort finer than its new City Hall, its Cauchon Block and Hudson Bay stores. The real elements of its prosperity, however, are seen in the vast fertile prairie stretching far and wide around it on every side. The deep black loam, the vast unfenced fields, the mile-long furrows stretching in an unbroken line, the huge stacks of grain—I counted twenty at one view near Brandon—these are the guarantee of the future prosperity of the Prairie Province that no collapsed boom can destroy.

For nearly nine hundred miles this rich prairie region extends, to the foot-hills of the Rockies, reaching six hundred miles north to the valley of the Peace River—the largest and best wheat-growing region of the world. There are, it is true, sections rendered comparatively infertile by the presence of alkali in the soil and by the absence of a sufficiency of water; but making all abatements, no nation under heaven has such a magnificent inheritance as ours.

I was agreeably surprised at the amount of timber, chiefly poplar and aspen, occurring in clumps, or "bluffs" as they are called, along the margin of the streams,—an item of vast importance to the comfort and convenience of the future settlers. Neither is the prairie the dead level that I expected. Vast undulations of the surface, like the ground swell of the ocean, frequently relieve the monotony of the scene. Those seems to be more than enough competition for the produce of the soil to secure the settler the best prices. At many of the stations of the C. P. R. are three or four capacious steam elevators—representing rival purchasing companies. The ubiquitous presence of the mounted police seems, so far as I could learn, to secure the almost entire suppression, at least in its public manifestations, of the liquor traffic.

In British Columbia the very reverse of this is the case. Here there seems to be almost free trade in liquor. At Roger's Pass, a rude construction-camp of about twenty houses, fully three-fourths of them are drinking saloons.

To the tourist in search of the picturesque, the Rocky Mountain section surpasses in interest all the rest of the journey. Near Calgary the serrated outline of the mountains comes into view. Higher and ever higher they rise against the sky—old earth waking from the tranquil repose of the plain to the fierce energy of the mountain range. Ever new surprises greet the eye as the panting engine climbs to the summit of the Kicking Horse Pass, and then descends by a steep grade the wild valley of the Kicking Horse River. The mighty mountains gather round, as though defying the invasion of their ancient solitary domain. But human enterprise and energy have forced a pathway for civilization through these inaccessible wilds—often burrowing beneath the mountains, heaving out a ledge upon their mighty slopes, or boldly leaping across their deep ravines. Mount Stephen is the highest in the range, and Mount Donald dominates for many a mile over the rest of the Titan brotherhood. But we think the grandeur culminates at the Hermits, Carroll Mountain and Syndicate Peak. The first of these rise in bare and splintered pinnacles, like the famous "Needles" of Chamouny, so steep that not even the snow can find lodgment on their almost perpendicular slopes. Mount Carroll seems almost to impend above the track, although a deep ravine separates it from the railway. I had to stand upon the lowest step of the car to prevent the roof from obstructing the view. I think the angle of sight to the summit must have been about 80 degrees. Not in crossing either Alps or Appennine have I seen such a tremendous, awe-inspiring cliff.

At Glacier Station, in this immediate vicinity, I stayed off a day to do some climbing among the mountains. This is a wild, beautiful spot. The railway company is here erecting a hotel and cutting roads through the tangled forest and debris of avalanches which have cumbered the valley with vast rock masses and shattered trunks of trees, swept from their places like grass before a scythe. The hotel was not yet open but I had the good fortune to meet a fellow townsman, the well known artist, Mr. Forbes, of Toronto, who, with Mr. O'Brien and others of the artist brotherhood, had been painting all summer among the mountains. He hospitably placed a tent at my disposal, and not soon shall I forget the glorious camp fire around which we gathered at night beneath the shadows of the surrounding mountains.

I found Mr. Forbes at work on a magnificent painting of Syndicate Peak, an isolated pyramidal crag piercing the very sky wonderfully like the Matterhorn in Switzerland. This painting and a companion piece of the Hermits we may expect to see at the Toronto art exhibition next May. I scrambled over the glacier, I penetrated its translucent caves, I climbed over the huge lateral moraine I tried to climb the steep wall of the deep valley over which this deep slow-moving ice river flowed. This spot will become one of the greatest attractions of the mountains. Within five days of Toronto one may study mountain scenery and glacier action, as well as in the heart of Switzerland. The tints of the ice—a transparent blue, like sapphire, were exquisite loveliness.

In this immediate vicinity great works are going on in the construction of miles on miles of snow sheds—not slight sheds to keep the snow off the track as I supposed,

but, tremendous structures with timbers 12 by 15 inches, designed to throw off the avalanches of rock, ice and snow from the over-hanging mountains.

But the space at my command will not suffice to describe the wonderful scenery of the Ottertail, the Beaver river, the Illecillewaet, the Albert Canyon, Twin Buttes, Eagle Pass, Griffin Lake, and many other magnificent specimens of mountain grandeur and mountain gloom. Many Canadians will before long see them for themselves. This is destined to become one of the great tourist routes of the world. Old travellers, who have crossed the other transcontinental routes say that the Canadian Pacific Railway surpasses them all in the magnificence of its scenery.

After the road strikes the Thompson and Fraser rivers the engineering difficulties become still greater. It makes one's flesh creep to look down on the swirling current of the rapid Fraser, from the train which creeps along a ledge cut in the mountain side, in some places by workmen let down by ropes from above. On the opposite side of this deep, narrow canyon is the old Cariboo road, climbing the cliff in places, as at Jackass Mountain, 2000 feet above the river. It is in some parts built out from the wall of rock by wooden crib-work, fastened, one knows not how, to the almost perpendicular precipice. This road from Yale to Cariboo, built by the isolated Province of British Columbia a score of years ago, seems a greater achievement than the construction of the C. P. R. by this great Dominion. Since the opening of the railway it has fallen partly into disrepair. Yet within a few months the Rev. Coverdale Watson, late of this city, and soon to return to it again, has travelled over a great part of it on horseback, in a carriage and on foot. He confessed, however, that some of the most dangerous places almost frightened the life out of him. On our train was Mr. W. M. Prunty, M. P. for Lennox, who recounted his exploits in tramping with a load on his back over the Indian trail to Cariboo before this road was made.

About Yale, the head of navigation on the Fraser, the scenery culminates in interest. I have seen few things that will compare with the grandeur of the mountain background of the little town, and with the gloom of the deep canyon of the Fraser, deepening in purple shades into the distance.

The lower reaches of the Fraser abound in fertile valleys enriched by the alluvium brought down from ages by the river. Everywhere Chinaman swarms, and on many a bar, abandoned by white men, are patiently washing out a small quantity of gold. But no space is left for the discussion of the Chinese question—that problem of deepest import on the Pacific coast—nor to refer to the position and prospects of the rival cities of New Westminster, Vancouver and Victoria. To this subject I may return at some future time.

TORONTO, ONT.

## SEASONABLE JOKES.

"This beats me," as the egg remarked when it saw the spoon.

A scientist says that a man who has been s ruck by lightning cannot swim. He might have added that he never tries to.

There is a divinity that doth hedge a king, but four kings together don't need a hedge. Generally they can take care of themselves.

"A rolling stone gathers no moss," but when it is a grindstone it can just break the heart of the farmer's boy who wants to go a-fishing.

Kate Field says she is tired of the world, and "would like to live apart from the fashionable bustle." Why don't you take it off, then, Kate and give it to the hired girl?

"Did you carry that prescription to old Mrs. Smith last night?" said a doctor to the office boy. "Yessir." "Did she take it?" "Yessir." "How do you know?" "Crape on the door this morning."

"Arter you've ate that mince pie an them hard-biled eggs," asked the generous woman, "will yu carry in some wood for me?" "Certainly, madam," gratefully replied the tramp; "that is," he added, "if I live."

"I'm glad Bill had the sense to marry a settled old maid," said Grandma Winkun at the wedding; "gals is hittyty, and widders are kinder overulin' and upsettin', but old maids are kinder thankful and willin' to please."

"I've been on this road ten years," said the conductor on a Southern railroad to a passenger who complained of the slow time, "an' I know what I'm talking about." "Ten years, eh?" said the passenger, "what station did you get on at?"

"Madame, allow me to present you to one of my neighbors, a worthy tiller of the soil. He is not, I assure you, nearly as stupid as he looks." "Madame," retorted the countryman, "that is exactly the difference between my friend and myself."

"You say you were in Germany six months and in all that time you did not see a drunken man?" "Not one." "That is remarkable. In what part of Germany were you all this time?" "In jail, pard, in jail. Say, stake a fellow for breakfast, can't you?"

"You don't say so?" exclaimed Mrs. Goodform when she was told of the demise of Miss Gimp, the dressmaker. "How fortunate! She finished my garment only day before yesterday; now I am certain that she can make none like it for anybody else."

"Boy!" she called from a side window, "you get off'n that fence!" "Do you rent or own?" he inquired. "We own this place and you get off." "Mortgage on it?" "No, there's no mortgage on it." "Then I'll hitch over the line to the next fence. That woman dasn't drive me off, for she's two months behind in her rent."

Sarcasticus and his wife don't agree very well. The other morning he discovered that she had appropriated his only necktie. Sarcasticus—"What in thunder are you wearing my cravat for?" Mrs. B.—"Because I haven't any of my own." Sarcasticus (gloomily)—"Oh, I see! It is the only tie there is between us."

Fulfillment of Prophecy—"Look here, Deacon Snafflebit," said the horse dealer, "I want a plain word with you. Last Saturday you traded me a mare that isn't worth \$50 for that gray colt I'd just put \$200 into." "So I did; so I did," groaned the Deacon, regretting that he hadn't insisted on something to boot; "so sayeth the proverb of Solomon the wise, 'the wealth of the sinner is laid up for the just.'"