The Grey Review.

VOL. XVII,—NO. 14. DURHAM, CO. GREY, THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1895. WHOLE NO, 864.

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INSANITY IN ONTARIO.

Increase in the Number of the Insane and Idiotic in the Province of Ontario.

The report of the Ontario Inspector of Prisons and Public Charities contains much that is interesting regarding the class of patients treated in these institutions. The first thing impressed by the carefully arranged statistical tables is the increase in the number of the insane and idiotic in the Province, an increase not warranted by the growth of population. Ever since the mentally afflicted were regarded as invalids rather than culpable victims of demoniac possession methods of treatment have been rapidly improving. Relics of the old superstition are still with us, in the general delicacy shown towards discussing mental diseases and their remedies, and in the peculiar feelings entertained towards those who have undergone treatment for such ailments. The treatment growing out of the old superstition survived the beliefs on which it was instituted, and the final removal of the straight-jacket the chain and the snackles is a comparatively recent event. Yet in spite of the beneficial results of humane and natural treatment, and notwithstanding the increasing proportion of cures, the number of insane patients in the Province and their proportion to the total population are on the increase.

THE AVERAGE DAILY NUMBER

of insane patients residing in Provincial institutions has increased from 3,674 in 1893 to 3,809 during 1894, or an increase of 135 patients for the past year. The number of lunatics and idiots remaining in residence at the close of the year shows an increase of 166 when compared with the previous year, and during the past five years 916, or at the rate of 183 1-5 patients per annum have been added to the asylum population.

It is true that during the past three years there has been a falling off in the yearly admissions, the total admitted during the year ending September 30, 1894, being 781, 39 less than during the previous year. But the inspector attributes this to the limited accommodation in certain districts, there being 104 applications outstanding at the time of compiling the report. According to the last Dominion census the insane and idiotic population of Ontario in 1891 was 5,855, or one to every 361 inhabitants. This number no doubt included a great many harmless patients who will never be treated in any asylum. In this respect Ontario compares favorably with other countries, France with 1 to every 400 and Germany with 1 to every 417 of the population being the only countries showing a more favorable average. It is a matter for regret that 40 per cent. of the Provincial patients are committed on warrants, and are in consequence

TREATED AS CRIMINALS

at a time when scientific treatment would be most effective. The lesson of the report is that, as in other diseases, prevention is better than cure. And the necessarily brief reports transmitted by the eminent specialists at the head of the Provincial institutions contain much valuable advice and many suggestions which should receive a wider measure of attention from the public. Hereditary predisposition has been traced in so many cases of insanity that repressive laws regarding the marriage of those afflicted withsuch an inheritance have been suggested. But while little or no good could be effected by such measures much can be accomplished by the general diffusion of knowledge. One lesson, culled from many, is that the mental faculties are more apt to rust out than to wear out. The remarkably high proportion of farmers' wives, domestic servants, housekeepers and laborers among the insane show that monotony and hard work are the most effective combination of causes which superinduce mental disease.

King Humbert opened the Italian Parliament with a ten-minutes' speech.

DICK'S GREAT RACE

CHAPTER VI.

"A BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT."

When the entries for the Derby open steeplechase were published, the betting on the result got rather spirited Some little curiosity was manifested about this nomination of Dick Colaton. It was rumored that he had picked up a mare in the South with a great reputation as a hunter in those parts, but then Dick Colaton was only known as an unsuccessful horseman; he rode well, that the men of Midlands all admitted, and they were right good judges, too; but still there was no denying it, Dick Colaton never won—it might be the man, it might be the horse, but there was the undoubted fact, Dick Colaton had never got first past the post yet. There was a great flourish of trumpets about Teetotum when her name was first proclaimed, and considering she had never run in a public steeplechase, nobody could say that the handicapper had been lenient to her; still, for all that, it had somehow oozed out that the mare had a great private reputation, and the bookmakers at first were rather cautious in their dealings, but when it speedily transpired that there was very little money behind her, and that those interested were content with the most moderate investments, they became more liberal in their offers, and both Bourton, his friends and Colaton were able to get a very remunerative price in return for the small stake with which they thought proper to entrust Teetotum. Still to the very last she was reputed to be a dangerous outsider, and had she been only the mount of a popular jockey would have figured at a third of the price at which she started.

Never was a man more sanguine than Dick when he went down to Derby the day before the race. In his opinion Teetotum was as fit as man could make her; he had ridden her constantly during the last three weeks, not only in her gallop, but across country besides, and had conceived the highest opinion of her capabilities in every way. He looked upon her as a grand fencer, as possessed of a great turn of speed, and as for staying, although he had not been able to test her very thoroughly on that point, he would say quietly to his chums: "When she begins to tire, they'll be all pretty sick of it." He was, no doubt, of a sanguine disposition, and had been hopeful before on these occasions, but never had his friends seen Dick so confident as he was this time.

There was a great crowd at Derby to witness the open steeplechase. There were a dozen or fourteen runners, and as something like half of them were fancied more or less, the betting was pretty brisk on the result, and though to the very last moment it was rumored that Teetotum was the dangerous outsider of the lot, the men of the Midlands could not be got to entertain the idea. They knew nothing about the mare, and, still more to the point, they did not fancy the mare; it was only here and there that a real good Judge, who trusted to his own opinion and was struck by Teetotum's easy sweeping action in the "preliminary," was induced to invest a trifle upon her chance, and the consequence was she stood at quite a forlorn price in the betting when the horses mustered under the starter's hands, such an outside price, indeed, that Dick could not resist putting a little more on his mount at the last moment. There are races and races; some are of the most every-day description, and it is merely a case of so many horses starting and one of them winning, but in other quite a thrilling drama is played; it is the last act of a play which the sporting public have been interested in for weeks, perhaps months. The Derby steeplchase unfortunately proved to be nothing of the kind, and may be briefly dismissed in half a dozen lines, hardly worth chronicling. Indeed, except for the curious results which sprang from it. Dick Coalton rode Teetotum as patiently and carefully as man could do, but before they had gone a mile, two or three of his opponents commenced racing with him. The mare got flurried, and upon their reaching a fence with a widish ditch on the far side, took off too soon, turned a complete somersault, deposited Dick in the next field, and landed on her back in the ditch. Dick picked himself up as soon as he could, looked for a moment after his vanishing antagonists, and then muttered: "Well, I'm out of the race, that's certain. I only wish to heaven my mare was out of that ditch." But the extrication of Teetotum was destined to prove a very tedious business. It was a broadish and deepish ditch, and she had somehow rolled into it upon her back; there was no room for her to turn and help herself; she was as helpless as a sheep that is cast; and similarly after struggling violently for a short time, she abandoned her vain efforts and waited to see what Providence in the shape of man might do for her.

But the getting of Teetotum out of her difficulties was no easy matter; ropes had to be fetched, and even then the men seemed puzzled how to use them to any advantage. As for Dick Colaton, he was in despair; the mare had ceased to struggle utterly, and he began to fear that her back was broken, or, at all events, most terribly injured. There were plenty of willing hands to assist and suggestions about what was best to be done were more numerous than practical. At last a gentleman rode up, and in an authoritive manner said: "You'll never get her out in that way. Run away, some of you, and get spades and level down this side of the ditch. You'll be able to get the ropes round her then, and, what's more, she'll be able to help herself a little. It's been a thundering awkward cropper, and, by Jove, Mr. Colaton, it's well for you you knew how to fall, or you might have been under her this minute."

Three or four men had darted off while he was speaking, and speedily returned with spade and pickaxe. A good bit of the bank was dug away, ropes got round her, and with a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, amid a cheer from the crowd, Teetotum struggled to her feet and stood with downcast head and trembling violently, a picture of abject terror.

"She's thoroughly cowed, poor beast," exclaimed Colaton. "I must get her into the nearest stable for a little while till she recovers herself."

"Yes, get her to the farmhouse just below there," replied the gentleman before allowed. "They'll give you a comfortable box ... ere to put her in for a couple of hours. I don't think she is seriously hurt, but she is frightened nearly to death, poor devil."

Dick led his mare ruefully away, and as he did so, strange to say, he thought more of the disappointment the result of the race would be to Kitty Bourton than he did of his own. She and her father had been he knew, so very sanguine, and he had never even got half-way round. He could not blame himself; there was not cause to press Teetotum, and he was riding her as steadily as possible; how she had come to drop her hind legs in that ditch and then roll over he could account for, but could not have prevented. She had got flurried and taken off too soon, hence the catastrophe.

Dreadful was the dismay when the telegram reached Lowood, and to his utter consternation Joe Bourton found that his mare was not even placed. True, that was explained by the two pithy words at the end of the message, "Teetotum fell;" but how came it that what he thought the most perfect fencer he had ever seen should have fallen? Of course he knew, none better, that the most faultless jumper may be upset at times. Perhaps she had been cannoned against, perhaps she had been ridden at, for in his pride and jealously Joe Bourton pictured to himself all sorts of people interested in preventing Teetotum from winning. It would have been useless to point out to him that the mare was backed for so little money it could have been worth nobody's while to plot foul play concerning her. Her victory would have been very profitable for the bookmakers, and her reputation as a smart hunter with the Tedworth was not sufficient to have led any one of her opponents to compass her destruction. Even when he got the first few lines from Dick Colaton explaining how the accident happened, he simply said:

"Don't tell me, it was done a'purpose; flurried, yes, that was their craftiness, they rushed her, they meant to flurry her and I don't want to say a word against Mr. Colaton, Kitty, but he was that green he allowed them to do it; never mind, my lass, we'll have her back, and the next time she starts—well, Mr. Colaton won't be up."

As for Kitty, she took the thing very seriously; her disappointment was great, she had set her heart on her favorite's winning with Dick Colaton on her back, and though she shrank from admitting it, in the shadowy background fluttered the idea that when Dick Colaton won on Teetotum, Teetotum's mistress would win the heart of Teetotum's rider, and of late this idea had somehow mixed itself up very considerably in the girl's speculations.

But if the Bourtons had been dreadfully disappointed at the intelligence of Teetotum's defeat, they were still more dismayed by the next intelligence that came from Tatterton. Dick Colaton wrote in utter despair about his charge.

"I am awfully sorry," he said, "but I regret to say that since the race we can do nothing with Teetotum. I have got her home, and she has had nothing but quiet and gentle exercise; when she is sent out 'schooling' there is no doing anything with her; show her a fence and she simply stops and shivers; as for inducing her to near it, it is hopeless; not a lad in my stable, my stud groom or myself can get her ever to look at one. At the present moment I don't think she could be induced to jump a gutter. There is no mystery about it, her accident at Derby has so utterly unnerved her that I'm afraid she will never be persuaded to jump again. She has been treated with the greatest patience and tenderness, but we can do nothing with her. It's a thousand pities, for I was never was on the back of a finer natural fencer, but unless we can find some means to restore her confidence, she will be simply useless for cross-country purposes. I have set her going again and she gallops freely as ever, but unless in the course of the next two or three weeks I can induce her to jump, I don't see what I can do with her. I know this will be a dreadful disappointment to you and Miss Kitty, as it is to myself, but it's the plain fact, and it's no use disguising it any longer."

"I's a bad business, a very bad business, and what to do about it I don't know. They've just messed that mare about and ruined her. I reckoned she was honestly worth what I put upon her when she left here, and now I don't suppose any one would give me a 20 pun' note for her."

"I'll tell you what to do, father," replied Kitty, "send for her back; she has got thoroughly frightened; let me have her to ride again; I'll engage I coax her into jumping again before long."

"I think you're right, lass" replied Bourton; "at all events, it's the only chance, as far as I can see. I'll write for her back at once."

Joe Bourton was quite right in one surmise, and that was that his friends in the neighborhood would make much fun of the defeat of this wonderful mare of his. They did, and not the less because some of them had believed in Teetotum ,and lost their money accordingly. Mr. Hanway in particular made himself rather unpleasant with the "I told you so" style of argument.

"Flew too high, Mr. Bourton—a little overrated your mare. I always said you'd better pick up one of the local steeplechases in your own county instead of putting her in among a pack of first-class cross-country horses." To all of which Joe Bourton replied with imperturbable good temper and in a sanguine fashion that he was very far from feeling.

"No," he said, "we were unlucky at Derby, there's no denying it, but don't you believe that the company was too good for her. Our day will come, Mr. Hanway, and you'll see then whether I overrated my mare."

It was all very well for Joe Bourton to brazen it out in this way, but he could not get Colaton's letter out of his mind, and knew in his heart it was very probable Teetotum would turn out perfectly worthless.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FIELD MARSHAL GRANT.

Death of the Oldest Army Officer in the British Army—His Military Career.

A despatch from London says:—Field Marshal Sir Patrick Grant, Governor of Chelsea hospital, and the oldest army officer in the British service, is dead. He was the son of Major John Grant, of Auchterblair, Inverness, and was born in 1804. He entered the army in 1820. He rose rapidly, and in 1843-4 served as D. A. G with the Gwalior army, and was mentioned in the despatches. In the Sutlej campaign, 1845-6, he was twice dangerously wounded, was repeatedly mentioned in despatches, and was given a medal and three clasps. He also fought in the Punjaub campaign, 1848-9, and in the expedition to Kohat against the Afghan Hill tribes. He was Commander-in-Chief at Madras in 1856-7, of the Bengal army in 1857, and of the Madras army in 1857-61. He was Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Malta 1867-72, and appointed Governor of Chelsea hospital in 1874. He was knighted in 1861.

THE WAR WILL GO ON.

Japan Will Prosecute the War with China to the Bitter End.

The news that the commander of the Japanese army—who has already proved himself to be an Eastern Moltke—has taken up his quarters at Port Arthur is followed by the expression by war correspondents of their doubts as to any negotiations for peace between China and Japan proving successful. We are told that the army is the dominant party in Japan, and that the leaders of it are bent upon continuing the campaign, and, further, that in the House of Representatives notice has been given of a motion declaring that the time for peace negotiation has not arrived. These indications that the war is going to continue, that the opening season is going to bring more

BLOODSHED AND STRUGGLE,

cannot be disregarded by anybody who is interested in the history of the human race and its development in Asia. The humane must naturally will befilled with regret that the horrors of war are to continue, with perhaps a repetition of such massacres as that of Port Arthur. To the political student however, the scene of Eastern conflict presents possibilities that may well be regarded with disquietude. Japan has made tremendous strides, she appears to be well on the way to obtaining enormous treasure from China's hoard of golden millions, and she evidently possesses a military and naval discipline which very nearly match that of Europe. The Japanese exhibited at Wei-Hai-Wei not only the foresight which we now expect of them, but the kind of soldier-like resolution and fidelity to duty which have hitherto been supposed to be attributes only of European armies. Japan has in her the potentiality of becoming

A FORMIDABLE SEA POWER.

She is, in fact, a power which if not absolutely first-class is first-class in its power of action. She has a great power of planning operations far in advance, and she is apparently unscrupulous in regulating them solely by considerations of self-interest. The question as to how long the war will be carried on and what the issues of it will be is evidently one that cannot long be disregarded by Great Britain and the other powers. It is understood that the British Government has arranged with Pekin, in the event of certain contingencies, for the occupation of Unusan. It is not unlikely, therefore, that the coming months will see some interference in the Eastern embroglio by one or other of the European powers. Meanwhile it cannot be doubted that this Eastern war is developing features which have brought a new anxiety to diplomatists and Governments. In a year a new power has risen and proved its right to a very important place on the map of the world.

ABOUT THE GREAT WEST.

A Talk With Mr. W. R. Scarth, of Winnipeg, on Live Topics.

Mr. W. B. Scarth, of Winnipeg, Man. was in Montreal the other day.

"What are the business prospects in the North-West?" he was asked.

"I think that for a new country Manitoba and the North-West are not so badly off," was the reply. "The depression has been the means of inculcating ideas of economy and prudence into every class in the community, and as far as Manitoba is concerned I think we are on the eve of better times."

Mr. Scarth also had an encouraging word to say regarding the setting up of the country. Alberta, he said, had received a very large number of new comers and the Canadian Pacific were in constant receipt of hundreds of enquiries from the state of New York to Washington, all along the line of border states, and the number of people who will make their homes in the Canadian West will certainly be enormous.

An effort is also being made to settle some of the unoccupied land in the vicinity of Winnipeg, and Mr. Scarth detailed the steps that have been taken in this direction by a committee composed of members of the Winnipeg Board of Trade as well as other leading citizens. He also explained that a good deal of drainage would have to be done before a certain portion of the land would be suitable for successful cultivation. The local Government would, however, be approached in this connection and, no doubt, something would come out of it.

Mr. Scarth declared that the farmers of Manitoba had not lost heart on account of the low price of wheat, and he believed the total acreage sown this year would be greater than last, when the yield was about 17,000,000 bushels.

"How much wheat is there yet in the country?"

"I think about two million bushels, a part of which is yet in the hands of the farmers and the rest in the elevators along the line of the Canadian Pacific."

Mr. Scarth, in referring particularly to the condition of the Manitoba farmers, said that apart from the mortgages they were not more indebted than the same class of people in the province of Ontario.

"What do you hear as to the payment of interest?"

"I hear that the loan companies have little to complain of on that score," was Mr. Scarth's ready reply.

PECULIAR LAW POINT.

Damages Secured by an English Lord Under a Strange Law.

Lord William Neville, the shrewd son of Lord Abergavenny, popularly known as "Old Rhuebarb," has just given another indication of his remarkable business sagacity by making use of the preposterous English libel law to obtain from an insurance company, with which he had been connected as agent, a few hundred pounds in the shape of damages. The offence that could be imputed to the company was that it had seen fit to sever its connection with Lord William on the ground of his excessive demands for commissions, and that it had thereupon issued a circular notifying its subagents and customers that Lord William's agency had been rescinded by order of the Directors. That is all, and there is no reasons given and no comments.

To ordinary business men this circular can hardly have appeared as libelous, since it was manifestly necessary that the company should notify its clients that Lord William was no longer connected with the concern, and the circular accomplished this in the least offensive manner possible. The jury, however, gave a verdict in his favor, and thus the unfortunate insurance company now stands mulcted not only in damages, but also in costs.

The whole affair is likely to make business people and joint stock companies very chary in future about employing men with handles to their names, since, according to the decision just given, it will be open to any one of these young aristocrats who loses his place on the ground of incompetency, neglect, or even dishonesty, to immediately sue his employers for libel, no matter how gently they may have let him down.

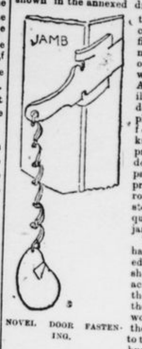
Lord William may be said to be one of the pioneers of the aristocratic trading movement. He first of all embarked in the wine business, touting for orders among his club friends and acquaintances. Then he joined Murietta's bank and married one of the Murietta girls, his father-in-law, however, failing shortly afterward, much to his dismay. At the present moment he is a sort of general agent and makes a special business of "discovering" new millionaires of Australian, South African or American origin, and of helping to launch them socially.

SOME LATE INVENTIONS.

A FEW OF THE LATEST AND MOST USEFUL CONTRIVANCES.

A Novel Door Fastening—A Quick Cup of Tea—Supporting Belt—Useful in the Kitchen—An Artistic Fence Stay.

As an adjunct to the ordinary door fastenings in hotels and elsewhere the appliance shown in the annexed drawing merits attention. It is compact, easily fixed up, and cannot be forced without breaking the woodwork away. As seen from the illustration the device consists of a plate of metal, formed with knives or claws for pressing into the door jamb. One part is intended to project into the room, while bent stops almost or quite touch the jamb.



NOVEL DOOR FASTENING.

The knife edges having been pressed into the wood a short distance, the action of closing the door drives them well into the woodwork. When the piece attached to the chain is then hung over the neck of the metal plate the door will be effectually fastened against any one trying to enter. The appliance is small in size, and has been especially designed for travelers to carry about with them.

A QUICK CUP OF TEA.

Here is an exceedingly novel and useful household article, fresh from Paris, and what a boon such a device should be to the tea drinker! There is no pot to be hunted up, nor a strainer to catch the finer particles of the tea leaves. When it is desired to have a single cup of that greatest of nerve soothers, the tea is placed in the one half of the perforated spoon, the other part closed, and boiling water poured upon the

A NOVEL SPOON.

spoon as it rests in the cup. The spoon is allowed to remain in the water until the desired strength of the infusion is obtained.

SUPPORTING BELT.

Many men who are partial to the wearing of belts in summer find the ordinary belt far from satisfactory. If worn loose the trousers are always dragging the ground, whereas to firmly support the trousers completely fastening of a belt so tight as to be uncomfortable in many cases. In order

A SUPPORTING BELT.

to meet these objections the belt shown in the annexed cut has been devised. It carries along its inner surface and throughout entire length longitudinal strips whereby the belt may lie against the waistband and receive the heads of all buttons and support the trousers.

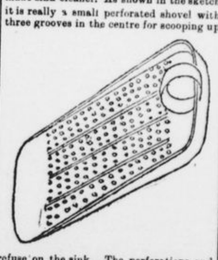
AN ARTISTIC FENCE STAY.

A novel and inexpensive form of wire fence stay which not only forms a firm joint for the crossing wires, but at the same time produces an artistic effect when employed in inclosing yards, gardens and the like, has recently been introduced. The essential features of the arrangement are shown in the annexed cut. The hooked arms are clamped upon the two wires, the latter being crimped into the concave face of the stay.

ARTISTIC FENCE STAY.

USEFUL IN THE KITCHEN.

A handy little article for the kitchen that will be much appreciated by housewives has just been introduced by an English hardware concern, in the shape of a machine-made sink cleaner. As shown in the sketch it is really a small perforated shovel with three grooves in the centre for scooping up



refuse on the sink. The perforations and grooves allow the water to drain off rapidly before the refuse is thrown into the fire or dustpan. This contrivance should remove all risk of potato parings or other vegetable matter, or scraps from the dinner table, being washed down the drain pipe. When desired the cleaner can be placed over the sink pipe to intercept solid matter. The article is made of tin, and is got up in art colors.

The Doctor Prescribes.

Jimson—Doctor, I am getting too stout for comfort, and I want your advice.

Doctor—Nothing reduces flesh like worry. Spend two hours a day thinking of the unpaid bill you owe me.

American Inventors.

Little Boy—Papa, what is an inventor?

Papa—He is a man who invents something that everybody else manufactures, and then spends all his money trying to stop them.

A Juvenile View.

First Boy—How did your sled get broke?

Second Boy—Don't know. Papa and mamma went out on the hill with it after I got to bed last night, an' they broke it somehow.

Your papa and mamma?

Yes.

They went out sledding?

Yes.

Well, I swan! Seems to me folks that's married an' has childrens ought to be thinkin' 'bout what to put on thur grave-

MRS. GALLUP'S WOES.

Supper being over, Mr. Gallup went out to see that the barn doors were secure, the gate latched and the hens all on the roost, and when he came in he had a bushel basket of corn in the ear. And he sat down and began to shell it into the dishpan to make chicken feed Mrs. Gallup lighted a candle and went up stairs to the old blue chest to look for something which might be cut into carpet rags. In a dim, uncertain way Mr. Gallup realized that she went upstairs. In that same dim, uncertain way he realized that she was singing "The Orphan's Lament" as she went. He had shelled two ears of corn and was holding up a third and wondering why corn did not grow in pods instead of on cobs when he heard a shriek and something came rushing downstairs.

That something was Mrs. Gallup, and her eyes were hanging out, and her face was as white as snow. As she sank into a chair and pressed both hands to her heart Mr. Gallup rose with a grunt and went slowly upstairs. In the storeroom he found the blue chest open, garments scattered over the floor and the candle sitting on a broken chair. He picked up the candle, made his way down to the kitchen, and after blowing out the light with a hearty "p-e-w!" he snuffed the wick with his fingers and set the candlestick on the shelf over the sink. He had resumed his seat and picked up an ear of corn before Mrs. Gallup said:—

"Samuel, please help me in on the bed and git my shoes off and then go fur Dr. James and git three or four of the nayburs to cum in?"

Mr. Gallup began shelling his third ear of corn. If he was aware that Mrs. Gallup sat there on his right, he gave no sign. He had shelled about half the ear when she tearfully said:—

"But you needn't mind, however! As long as I've got to die I might as well die here as anywhere. Folks die while sittin' on hard-bottomed cheers as well

SOMETHING CAME RUSHING DOWN STAIRS.

as while lyin' on hair mattresses costin $40, and I expect they go to Heaven jist the same. Samuel, do you know what happened upstairs?"

Mr. Gallup didn't, and he didn't appear to have the slightest curiosity to ascertain. Mrs. Gallup had brought down with her the tails of an old black coat, with the hind buttons still attached, and before proceeding further she wiped her eyes and blew her nose.

"I was singin to myself and over haulin the chist," she finally said, "when I felt sunthin like a clammy hand laid on my cheek. I jumped up and looked around, and I saw—yes, Samuel Gallup, I saw as plain as day, and it's no use to dispute me—the figger of Aunt Mary Gregory standin in the door! You remember Aunt Mary Samuel. She was killed by lightnin while under a cherry tree, you know. I saw her jist as plain as I see you, and she had on that same dotted kaliker dress and held her snuffbox in her left hand. When I shrieked out, she smiled and beckoned to me and disappeared. Samuel, you know what that means, don't you?"

Yes, Mr. Gallup did, but he was too busy with his fifth ear of corn to reply. In wiping away her tears Mrs. Gallup skinned her nose on one of the coattail buttons, but unmindful of the accident she continued:

"It means, Samuel, that I am called to spread my wings and play on a golden harp, and that tomorrer you'll be snooken around arter a second wife. At least seven people that we know o' feel that clarmy hand and seen that speerit figger, and every one of 'em died within 12 hours. Yes, I'm sent fer, and there kin be no mistake about it this time. I was thinkin to-day that I'd like to live long nuff to git my rag carpet done and make another crazy quilt, but if the time has cum to go its not for me to complain. Samuel, are you goin to let your second wife buy a wire clothesline and use granulated sugar instead of brown?"

Mr. Gallup held an ear of corn in his hands and looked thoughtfully, but it was impossible to say whether he was thoughtful over the corn or Mrs. Gallup's question. She sobbed seven large and distinct sobs, made use of a coattail to wipe either eye, and when she could control herself she said:

"Yes, I s'pose you will, and she'll ask you to buy a pump for the well, fix the cellar stairs and paint the front fence. I've been askin you to do them things for the last 23 years, but they hain't done yit. When old Mr. Parmalee took his second wife, he went and had handles put on all the knives and forks the very fust thing, and they had only his married two weeks when he painted the hogpen and brang home a new dishpan. Samuel, what undertaker will you hev?"

Mr. Gallup would probably have answered this question, but just at that moment he was thinking that he ought to have melted up some lampblack and tallow and given his dry boots a good greasing instead of shelling the corn.

"I guess you'd better hev Mr. Tyler," said Mrs. Gallup as she held the coattails at a distance and regarded them. "He is never in a hurry about his bill, and he also sings bass with the choir. I want you to hev 'em sing 'Sweet Hour of Prayer' fur one of the hymns, and he sings that bewitchfully. I was thinkin the other day that my body might be stolen after burial. I've had consumpshun, rhumatiz, lung fever, liver complaint and biles and felons and the doctors will want to know what I really died of. Do you think they will steal me, Samuel? And if they do will you prosecute 'em?"

Mr. Gallup didn't say whether he would or wouldn't. He was looking very fiercely at a red ear of corn he had found and didn't seem to hear her question.

"You orter prosecute 'em, Samuel!" sobbed Mrs. Gallup, suddenly breaking down again, "but if it's goin to be any great trouble let it go. You'll be snookin around and fallen in luv and feelin like a young calf agin, and 'tain't likely you'll keer whether my body is stole or not. I hev heard of dead wives cumin back in the shape of ghosts and kickin second wives all over the kitchin and outdoors, but you needn't be afeared of me doin it. I'm a Fuller, and the Fullers never lower themselves. What time d'ye think I'll die Samuel?"

Mr. Gallup paused in his corn shelling and seemed to give the question full consideration, but as he had made no reply at the end of three minutes Mrs. Gallup blew her nose with a loud snort, gave a last wipe to her eyes, and getting off her chair said:

"Very well. Samuel Gallup, [illegible] hev it over with and let you begin lookin fur No. 2?"

She passed into the sitting room and from there to the family bedroom, and three-quarters of an hour later, when Mr. Gallup had finished the corn, shut up the stove, bolted the kitchen door and was ready for bed, he found her asleep with a very red nose and a tear oozing out from each closed eye.

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TIME TABLE.

	GOING SOUTH.	
Durham	7.45 a. m.	6.40 p. m
Holstein,	7.59 "	7.10 "
Mt. Forest,	7.55	7.35 "
Palmerston	8.20 "	8.10 "
Guelph,	10.23 "	"
Toronto,	12.20	"
London	11.45 a. m.	
	GOING NORTH.	
Durham	3.45 p. m.	10.00 p. m
Holstein	3.15 "	9.34 "
Mt. Forest,	2.55 "	9.2 "
Palmerston,	2.15 "	8.55 "
Guelph,	10.31 "	5.34
Toronto	8.20 a. m.	4.25 "
London,	7.25 "	5.55 "

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