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The Stouffville Tribune.

Support Legitimate Home Manufactures and Enterprises.

VOL. VI. NO 37. STOUFFVILLE ONTARIO, THURSDAY, NOV. 2, 1893. WHOLE NUMBER 297

The Tribune
—IS PUBLISHED—
Every Thursday Evening
—AT THE OFFICE—
MAIN STREET, - STOUFFVILLE, ONT

TERMS.
$1.25 Per Year; $1.00 if Paid in Advance.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Space	1 year.	6 year.	1 year.
One column....	$70	$40	$25
Half column....	40	25	15
Quarter column	25	15	10
Eighth column	15	9	6

Transient Advertisements—legal, municipal, &c., 8 cents per line first insertion, and 5 cents per line each subsequent insertion.

Professional Cards one inch and under, $5 per year, $3 for 6 months, including copy of paper.

Transient Advertisements must be sent in not later than Thursday noon. Notice of change of standing advertisements must be given not later than Monday noon, and copy must be sent in not later than 9 a.m. on Wednesday.

Advs. of Farms for Sale, one inch and under, 1 month $1, each subsequent month 75 cents.

Advs. of Stray Animals $1 for 3 insertions.

Advertisements without specific directions will be inserted every issue until forbid, and charged accordingly.

JOB PRINTING.

We have also a first-class Jobbing Department in connection, and are prepared to do business in that line at prices that cannot be beaten.—TERMS CASH.

WM. MALLOY, B. A.,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

BUSINESS CARDS.

LEGAL.

G. SMITH MACDONALD,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
CONVEYANCER, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.,
Has removed to the office in Sanders' block, formerly occupied by the late F. W. Hill.

$100,000 to Loan,
At 6 per cent. on terms to suit borrowers.
Special attention given to commercial collections
STOUFFVILLE, ONT.

JAMES McCULLOUGH, LL. B.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.
Daley's Block,
STOUFFVILLE, - ONT.
Money to Loan.

Kerr, Macdonald, Davidson & Patterson,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS,
NOTARIES PUBLIC, ETC.
OFFICES—Masonic Buildings, Toronto St. Toronto, and Main St., Stouffville.
J. K. KERR, Q.C. W. McDONALD.
W. DAVIDSON. JNO. A. PATTERSON.
R. A. GRANT.

GEO. F DOWNES
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
CONVEYANCER, NOTARY, &C.
Spofford's Block.
STOUFFVILLE, - ONT.
MONEY TO LOAN.

DENTAL.

DR. SMITH,
DENTIST,
STOUFFVILLE, - ONT.,
(L. D. S. of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons Ont., D. D. S. of Toronto University)
Begs to inform the public of Stouffville and vicinity that owing to the increase of his practice, and the solicitation of his many friends he has permanently located here, and his office will be open daily, except Monday, for consultation and practice in Merchants' block, where he has been during the past year. Anæsthetic for painless extraction. Gold and crown work a specialty. Call if possible on Wednesday, Thursday or Friday to make appointment.

PATTERSON & FENTON
DENTISTS.
Spofford's Block, Stouffville.
Office open every Thursday and Friday.

A. ROBINSON,
DENTIST.
Will be at Miller's Hotel, Stouffville on the 1st and 3rd Saturday of each month, Reesman's Hotel, Mt. Albert, on the 14th; Victoria Square, on the 21st. When these dates fall on Sunday the following Monday will be understood.

VETERINARY.

J. T. STOREY,
VETERINARY SURGEON,
GRADUATE IN HONORS of Ontario Veterinary College, and Honorary Fellow of the Veterinary Medical Society. All diseases of domestic animals treated skilfully on the latest scientific methods. Orders by telegraph or mail, night or day, promptly attended to. Charges moderate. Special attention given to Dentistry.
Office and residence—Same as J. G. Clarke's, West End, Stouffville.

AUCTIONEERS.

N. E. SMITH,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
for the counties of York and Ontario. Sales of farm stock, etc., attended to on short notice and reasonable rates. Stouffville, Ont.

JAMES O'BRIEN,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
for the counties of York and Ontario. Orders by mail or telegraph will receive prompt attention. Charges moderate. Stouffville, Ont.

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CALL AT
THE PARIS TONSORIAL PARLOR
for first-class Hair Dressing and Shaving. Satisfaction guaranteed.
My stock of Shaving Soap, Cosmetique, Magnesia, Lather Brushes, Strops, &c., is complete.
Also first-class Razors for sale and guaranteed.
Razor Honing and Shears Sharpening a specialty.
J. W. SHANKEL, - Proprietor.

P. R. HOOVER & SONS
Choice Lily White Family Flour
ALWAYS ON SALE AT
Mr. M. Yake's, east end, and at Mr. A. G. Brown's Telephone Store, Stouffville.

MISCELLANEOUS.

P. R. HOOVER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES,
GREEN RIVER, ONT.

J. L. BAKER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Residence corner of Main and Albert Sts., west of G. T.
STOUFFVILLE, ONT.

W. P. HARTNEY.
DEALER IN LUMBER,
Lath, Shingles, Salt, Plaster, Coal, Water Lime, Plaster Paris, Coal Tar, Tar Paper, Fire Brick, Fire Clay, &c. &c.
Cash paid for Hides, Wool, Sheepskins, and all kinds of Grain.
Warehouse opposite Railway Station, Stouffville.

Domestic Electric Heating Made Easy.

Some of the London electrical supply firms are taking very sensible and practical steps to enable the public to readily enjoy the advantages of electric-heating. They are not only lending out electric cooking stoves to customers, but are prepared to supply a separate motor and charge half rates for cooking, which they can afford to do, inasmuch as the consumption takes place during the day, when the dynamos must generate electricity, and when there is little demand for lighting purposes. Besides these ovens there are breakfast cookers, in which eggs and bacon may be cooked on the breakfast table; electric plate-warmers, which are being ordered for London clubs, for they can be kept in the dining room without any offensive smell; electric foot-warmers, hot-plates, stewpans, kettles, flatirons, ornamental screens which act as radiators of heat and warm a room, electric curling-iron heaters for ladies and electric shaving-pots for gentlemen.

FINANCIAL.

MILLER, STARK & CO.
BANKERS,
Daley's Block, - - Stouffville.
MONEY TO LOAN
ON GOOD SECURITY.
Sale and Farm Notes Cashed
AND TAKEN FOR COLLECTION.
Drafts Issued on the Imperial Bank and its Branches, and on all points in Canada and the United States.
American Currency Bought and Sold.
SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.
Interest allowed on deposits.
NOTES COLLECTED AT LOWEST RATES.
Office Hours—10 a. m. to 2 p. m. Saturday's 9 a. m. to 2 p. m.
W. J. STARK, Teller.
WALTER MILLER, Manager.

STANDARD BANK
OF CANADA.
HEAD OFFICE, - TORONTO.
CAPITAL PAID UP, - $1,000,000
RESERVE FUND, - $525,000
AGENCIES AT
Bowmanville, Cannington, Harriston,
Bradford, Chatham, Markham,
Brantford, Colborne, Newcastle,
Brighton, Durham, Parkdale,
Brussels, Forest, Picton,
Campbellford, Stouffville.
—ALSO AGENTS AT—
Montreal, New York, London, Eng.,
Winnipeg, Northwest Provinces and British Columbia.
Drafts issued and collections made on all points in Canada at lowest rates. Farmers' notes discounted. Sale notes and good business paper negotiated at current rates of interest. A
SAVINGS BANK
Has been opened in connection with the branch at
STOUFFVILLE
Where deposits of $1 and upwards are received and interest allowed thereon at current rates. Deposits of a special nature, trust funds, &c., received on favorable terms.
Office Hours: From 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Saturday's from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.
For further information apply to
JOHN ELLIOTT - AGENT.

R. J. DALEY,
INSURANCE, REAL ESTATE
—AND—
Financial Broker.
GENERAL AGENT FOR
The Sun Life Insurance Company.
Agent for Leading Fire Insurance Co's.
Money to Loan
On Farm and Village Property.
Farms and Village Property for Sale and to Rent
Office: Daley's Block, Stouffville.

MEAT! MEAT!
NEW MEAT MARKET.
The undersigned is pleased to inform the public that he has opened a Butcher Shop in
STOUFFVILLE
On the Corner of Main and Market Streets, next to Daley's Hall, and is prepared to supply the wants of all who may favor him with their orders for
FIRST-CLASS MEATS
Of all kinds, at reasonable prices.
John McDonald.

CHANGE OF BUSINESS.
J. W. TURNER,
LATE OF UXBRIDGE,
Successor to A. VonBuseck; will keep on hand a large and full stock of goods, consisting of first-class
HARNESS
SINGLE AND DOUBLE,
ROBES, BLANKETS,
TRUNKS, VALISES,
BELLS, WHIPS,
CURRYCOMBS,
BRUSHES, &C.
Repairing promptly attended to.
Every effort will be made to give entire satisfaction.

He Won His Bet.

On board a ship that was coming from Dublin to Liverpool were a party of married men, who were discussing which of them made the biggest stir when he got married.

When each of them had told his tale, an Irishman who had been listening, said:

"Sure, and when Oi was marr'd to Bridget Maloone, th' sweetest lass in Oirland, there was more fuss at that, weddin' than ye'll see at any of yer."

"I'll bet you half a crown there was not," remarked a man with a high collar and white waistcoat.

"Done," said Pat.

So a man was appointed to hold the stakes and be judge, and then Pat asked the stylishly-dressed man what they did at his wedding.

"When I was married," began the man, "the shop in which I worked was closed, and the bells of our parish church rang a magnificent marriage peal, and I had as much rice thrown at me as would have made a good-sized pudding."

"That's nothing," replied Pat. "When I was married all the church bells in Dublin rang, and the mills and shops were closed, and Oi had enough cabbages and praties thrown at me as would have kept the children in Dublin workhouse a week.

"Ridiculous," said the Englishman, "fancy him saying all the shops and mills in Dublin were closed, and all the church bells rang. Ridiculous, I say; give me my money back, the man is mad."

"Not so fast, stranger," said Pat, "what I've said is as true as St. Patrick's Day is the best of the year, for I was married on a Sunday." And he won his bet.

A Case of Strategy.

Dick—Yes, you see, I'm in no end of a fix. I would never have proposed if I'd had the least idea that she would accept me, but she did.

Jack—Well, propose again, as if you had forgotten. That ought to make her mad enough to refuse you.

IN THE MIDST OF ALARMS.

BY ROBERT BARR, IN "LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE."

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED.)

Now, it happened that Yates, who had seen nothing of this silent struggle of the eyes, being exceedingly hungry, was making every preparation for the energetic beginning of the meal. He had spent most of his life in hotels and New York boarding-houses, so that if he ever knew the adage "Grace before meals" he had forgotten it. In the midst of his preparations came the devout words, and they came upon him as a stupefying surprise. Although naturally a resourceful man, he was not quick enough this time to cover his confusion. Miss Bartlett's golden head was bowed, but out of the corner of her eye she saw Yates's look of amazed bewilderment and his sudden halt of surprise. When all heads were raised the young girl's still remained where it was, while her plump shoulders quivered. Then she covered her face with her apron, and the silvery ripple of a laugh came like a smothered musical chime trickling through her fingers.

"Why, Kitty!" cried her mother, in astonishment, "what ever is the matter with you?"

The girl could no longer restrain her mirth.

"You'll have to pour out the tea, mother," she exclaimed, as she fled from the room.

"For the land's sake!" cried the astonished mother, rising to take her frivolous daughter's place, "what ails the child? I don't see what there is to laugh at."

Hiram scowled down the table, and was evidently also of the opinion that there was no occasion for mirth. The professor was equally in the dark.

"I am afraid, Mrs. Bartlett," said Yates, "that I am the innocent cause of Miss Kitty's mirth. You see, madam,—it's a pathetic thing to say, but really I have had no home life. Although I attend church regularly, of course, he added, with jaunty mendacity, "I must confess that I haven't heard grace at meals for years and years, and—well, I wasn't just prepared for it. I have no doubt I made an exhibition of myself which your daughter was quick to see."

"It wasn't very polite," said Mrs. Bartlett, with some asperity.

"I know that," pleaded Yates, with contrition, "But I assure you it was unintentional on my part."

"Bless the man!" cried his hostess. "I don't mean you. I mean Kitty. But th t girl never could keep her face straight. She always favored me more than her father."

This statement was not difficult to believe, for Hiram, at that moment, looked as if he had never smiled in his life. He sat silent throughout the meal, but Mrs. Bartlett talked quite enough for two.

"Well, for my part," she said, "I don't know what farming's coming to. Henry Howard and Margaret drove past here this afternoon as proud as Punch in their new covered buggy. Things is very different from what they was when I was a girl. Then a farmer's daughter had to work. Now Margaret's took her diploma at the ladies' college, and Arthur he's begun at the University, and Henry's sporting round in a new buggy. They have a piano there, with the organ moved out into the back room."

"The whole Howard lot's a stuck-up set," muttered the farmer.

But Mrs. Bartlett wouldn't have that. Any detraction that was necessary she felt competent to supply, without help from the nominal head of the house.

"No, I don't go so far as to say that. Neither would you, Hiram, if you hadn't lost your law-suit about the line fence; and served you right, too, for it wouldn't have been begun if I had been at home at the time. Not but what Margaret's a good house keeper, for she wouldn't be her mother's daughter if she wasn't that, but it does seem to me a queer way to bring up farmers' children, and I only hope they can keep it up. There were no pianos nor French and German in my young days."

"You ought to hear her play! My lands!" cried young Bartlett, who spoke for the first time. His admiration for her accomplishment evidently went beyond his powers of expression.

Bartlett himself did not relish the turn the conversation had taken, and he looked somewhat uneasily at the two young strangers. The professor's countenance was open and frank, and he was listening with respectful interest to Mrs. Bartlett's talk. Yates built over his plate with flushed face, and confined himself strictly to the business in hand.

"I am glad," said the professor innocently to Yates, "that you made the young lady's acquaintance. I must ask you for an introduction."

For once in his life Yates had nothing to say, but he looked at his friend with an expression that was not kindly. The latter, in answer to Mrs. Bartlett's inquiries, told how they had passed Miss Howard on the road, and how Yates, with his usual kindness of heart, had offered the young woman the hospitalities of the hay-rack. Two persons at the table were very relieved when the talk turned to the tent. It was young Hiram who brought about this boon. He was interested in the tent, and he wanted to know. Two things seemed to bother the boy. First, he was anxious to learn what diabolical cause had been at work to induce two apparently sane men to give up the comforts of home and live in this exposed manner, if they were not compelled to do so. Second, he desired to find out why people who had the privilege of living in large cities came of their own accord into the uninteresting country anyhow. Even after explanations were offered the problem seemed still beyond him.

After the meal they all adjourned to the veranda, where the air was cool and the view extensive. Mrs. Bartlett would not hear of the young men pitching the tent that night.

"Goodness knows, you will have enough of it, with the rain and the mosquitoes. We have plenty of room here, and you will have one comfortable night on the Ridge, at any rate. Then in the morning you can find a place in the woods to suit you, and my boy will take an axe and cut stakes for you and help to put up your precious tent. Only remember that when it rains you are to come to the house, or you will catch your deaths with cold and rheumatism. It will be very nice till the novelty wears off; then you are quite welcome to the front rooms up-stairs, and Hiram can take the tent back to Erie the first time he goes to town."

Mrs. Bartlett had a way of taking things for granted. It never seemed to occur to her that any of her rulings might be questioned. Hiram sat gazing silently at the road as if all this was no affair of his.

Yates had refused a chair, and sat on the edge of the veranda, with his back against one of the pillars, in such a position that he might, without turning his head, look through the open door-way into the room where Miss Bartlett was busily but silently clearing away the tea-things. The young man caught fleeting glimpses of her as she moved airily about her work. He drew a cigar from his case, cut off the end with his knife, and lit a match on the sole of his boot, doing this with an easy automatic familiarity that required no attention on his part, all of which aroused the respectful envy of young Hiram, who sat on a wooden chair leaning forward, eagerly watching the man from New York.

"Have a cigar?" said Yates, offering the case to young Hiram.

"No, no; thank you," gasped the boy, aghast at the reckless audacity of the proposal.

"What's that?" cried Mrs. Bartlett. Although she was talking volubly to the professor, her maternal vigilance never even nodded, much less slept. "A cigar? Not likely! I'll say this for my husband and my boy, that, whatever else they may have done, they have never smoked nor touched a drop of liquor since I've known them, and—please God—they never will."

"Oh, I guess it wouldn't hurt them," said Yates, with a lack of tact that was not habitual. He fell several degrees in the estimation of his hostess.

"Hurt'em?" cried Mrs. Bartlett, indignantly. "I guess it won't get a chance to." She turned to the professor, who was a good listener,—respectful and deferential, with little to say for himself. She rocked gently to and fro as she talked.

Her husband sat unbendingly silent, in a sphinx-like attitude that gave no outward indication of his mental uneasiness. He was thinking gloomily that it would be just his luck to meet Mrs. Bartlett unexpectedly on the streets of Fort Erie on one of those rare occasions when he was enjoying the pleasures of sin for a season. He had the most pessimistic forebodings of what the future might have in store for him. Sometimes when neighbors or customers treated often in the village and he felt he had taken all the whiskey that cloves would conceal, he took a five-cent cigar instead of a drink. He did not particularly like the smoking of it, but there was a certain devil-may-care recklessness in going down the street with a lighted cigar in his teeth, which had all the more fascination for him because of its manifest danger. He felt at these times that he was going the pace, and that it is well our women do not know of all the wickedness there is in this world. He did not fear that any neighbor might tell his wife, for there were depths to which no person could convince Mrs. Bartlett he would descend. But he thought with horror of some combination of circumstances that might bring his wife to town unknown to him on a day when he indulged. He pictured with a shudder meeting her unexpectedly on the uncertain plank sidewalk of Fort Erie, he smoking a cigar about with the by of living. When this nightmare presented itself to him he resolved never to touch a cigar again; but he well knew that the best resolutions fade away when a man is excited with two or three glasses of liquor.

When Mrs. Bartlett resumed conversation with the professor, Yates looked up at young Hiram and winked. The boy flushed with pleasure under the comprehensiveness of that wink. It included him in the attractive halo of crime that enveloped the fascinating personality of the man from New York. It seemed to say,—

"That's all right, but we are men of the world. We know."

The tea-dishes having been cleared away, Yates got no more glimpses of the girl through the open door. He rose from his lowly place and strolled towards the gate with his hands in his pockets. He remembered that he had forgotten something, and cudgelled his brains to make out what it was. He gazed down the road at the house of the Howards, which naturally brought to his recollection his meeting with the young girl on the road. There was a company of discontent in this thought, when he remembered the accomplishments attributed to her by Mrs. Bartlett. He recalled his condescending tone to her, and recollected his anxiety about the jug. The jug! That was what he had forgotten. He flashed a glance at old Hiram, and noted that the farmer was looking at him with something like reproach in his eyes. Yates moved his head almost imperceptibly towards the barn, and the farmer's eyes dropped to the floor of the veranda. The young man nonchalantly strolled past the end of the house.

"I guess I'll go back after the horses," said the farmer, rising.

"Here's looking at you," said Yates, strolling into the barn, taking a telescopic metal cup from his pocket and clinking it into receptive shape by a jerk of the hand. He offered the now elongated cup to Hiram who declined with a modern improvement of a dance-hall gesture, and caught Yates just behind the knee, at the same time giving him a slight tap on the breast. Yates was instantly on his back.

"Oh, I say, Renny, that wasn't fair. That was a kick."

"No, it wasn't. It is merely a little French touch. I learned it in Paris. They do kick there, you know, and it is good to know how to use your feet as well as your fists if you are set on by three, as I was one night in the Latin Quarter."

Yates sat up.

"Look here, Renmark: when were you in Paris?"

"Several times."

Yates gazed at him for a few moments, then said,—

"Reany, you improve on acquaintance. I never saw a Bool-var in my life. You must teach me that little kick."

"With pleasure," said Renmark, sitting down, while the other sprawled at full length. "Teaching is my business, and I shall be glad to exercise any talents I may have in that line. In endeavoring to instruct a New York man, the first step is to convince him he doesn't know everything. That is the difficult point. Afterwards everything is easy."

"Mr. Stillson Renmark, you are pleased to be severe. Know that you are forgiven. This delicious self-abasement does not lend itself to acrimonious dispute, or, in plain English, quarreling. Let dogs delight if they want to: I refuse to be goaded by your querulous nature into giving anything but the soft answer. Now to business. Nothing is so conducive to friendship, when two people are camping out, as a definition of the duties of each at the beginning. Do you follow me?"

"Perfectly. What do you propose?"

"I propose that you do the cooking and I wash the dishes. We will forage for food alternate days."

"Very well. I agree to that."

Richard Yates sat suddenly upright, looking at his friend with reproach in his eyes. See here, Renmark. Are you resolved to force on an international complication the very first day? That's no fair show to give a man."

"What isn't?"

"Why, agreeing with him. There are depths of meanness in your character, Renny, that I never suspected. You know that people who camp out always object to the part assigned them by their fellow-campers. I counted on that. I'll do anything but wash dishes."

"Then why didn't you say so?"

"Because any sane man would have said 'no' when I suggested cooking, merely because I suggested it. There's no diplomacy about you, Renmark. A man doesn't know I'm a baby enough, quite as wealthy as the professor here, and every one will admit that I'm wiser than he is, yet I never go to bed until after two o'clock, and rarely wake before noon."

Kitty laughed at this, and young Hiram looked admiringly at the New-Yorker wishing he was as clever.

"For the land's sake!" cried Mrs. Bartlett, with true feminine profanity. "What do you do up so late as that?"

"Writing, writing," said Yates, airily,—"articles that make dynasties tremble next morning, and which call forth apologies or libel suits afterwards, as the case may be."

"Mr. Bartlett has been good enough," said the professor, changing the subject, "to say we may camp in the woods at the back of the farm. I have been out there this morning, and it certainly is a lovely spot."

"We're awfully obliged, Mr. Bartlett," said Yates. "Of course Renmark went out there merely to show the difference between the ant and the butterfly. You'll find out what a humbug he is by and by, Mrs. Bartlett. He looks honest; but you wait."

"I know just the spot for the tent," cried young Hiram,—"down in the hollow by the creek. Then you won't need to haul water."

"Yes, and catch their deaths of fever and ague," said Mrs. Bartlett. Malaria had not then been invented. "Take my advice, and put your tent—if you will put it up at all—on the highest ground you can find. Hauling water won't hurt you."

"I agree with you, Mrs. Bartlett. "It shall be so. My friend uses no water,—you ought to have seen his bill at the Buffalo hotel; I have it somewhere, and am going to pin it up on the outside of the tent as a warning to the youth of this neighborhood,—and what water I need I can easily carry up from the creek."

The professor did not defend himself, and Mrs. Bartlett evidently took a large discount from all that Yates said. She was a shrewd woman.

After breakfast the men went out to the barn. The horses were hitched to the wagon, which still contained the tent and fittings. Young Hiram threw an axe and a spade among the canvas folds, mounted to his place, and drove up the lane leading to the forest, followed by Yates and Renmark on foot, leaving the farmer in his barnyard with a cheery good by which he did not see fit to return.

Young Hiram knew the locality well, and drove direct to an ideal place for camping. Yates was enchanted.

When the tent was put up he gazed in enthusiastic rapture around him and upbraided Renmark because he took the sylvan situation so coolly.

"Where are your eyes, Renny?" he cried, "that you don't grow wild when you look around you? See the dappled sunlight filtering through the leaves; listen to the murmur of the wind in the branches; hear the trickle of the brook down there; notice the smooth bark of the beech and the rugged covering of the oak; smell the wholesome woodland scents. Renmark, you have no soul, or you would not be so unmoved. It is like Paradise. It is—Say, Renny, by Jove, I've forgotten that jug at the barn!"

"The jug will be left there,"

"Will it? Oh, well, if you say so.'

"I do say so. I looked around for it this morning to smash it, but couldn't find it."

"Why didn't you ask old Bartlett?"

"I did, but he didn't know where it was."

Yates threw himself down on the moss and laughed, flinging his arms and legs about with the joy of living.

"Say, Culture, have you got any old disreputable clothes with you? Well then, go into the tent and put them on, then come out and lie on your back and look up at the leaves. You're a good fellow, Renny, but decent clothes spoil you. You won't know yourself when you get ancient duds on your back. Old clothes mean freedom, liberty, all that our ancestors fought for. When you come out we'll settle who's to cook and who to wash dishes. I've settled it already in my own mind, but I am not so selfish as to refuse to discuss the matter with you."

When the professor came out of the tent Yates roared. Renmark himself smiled: he knew the effect would appeal to Yates.

"By Jove, old man, I ought to have included a mirror in the outfit. The look of learned respectability set off with the garments of a disreputable tramp makes a combination that is simply killing. Well, you can't spoil that suit, anyhow. Now sprawl.

"I'm very comfortable standing up, thank you."

"Get down on your back. You hear me?"

"Put me there."

"You mean it?" asked Yates, sitting up.

"Certainly."

"Say, Renny, beware: I don't want to hurt you."

"I'll forgive you for once."

"On your head be it."

"On my back, you mean."

"That's not bad, Renny," cried Yates, springing to his feet. "Now, it will hurt: you have fair warning. I have spoken."

The young men took sparring attitudes. Yates tried to do it coolly at first, but, finding it could not touch his opponent, struck out more earnestly, again giving a friendly warning. This went on ineffectually for some time, when the professor, with a quick movement, swung around his foot with the airy grace of a dancing master, and caught Yates just behind the knee, at the same time giving him a slight tap on the breast. Yates was instantly on his back.

"Oh, I say, Renny, that wasn't fair. That was a kick."

"No, it wasn't. It is merely a little French touch. I learned it in Paris. They do kick there, you know, and it is good to know how to use your feet as well as your fists if you are set on by three, as I was one night in the Latin Quarter."

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Richard Yates sat suddenly upright, looking at his friend with reproach in his eyes. See here, Renmark. Are you resolved to force on an international complication the very first day? That's no fair show to give a man."

"What isn't?"

"Why, agreeing with him. There are depths of meanness in your character, Renny, that I never suspected. You know that people who camp out always object to the part assigned them by their fellow-campers. I counted on that. I'll do anything but wash dishes."

"Then why didn't you say so?"

"Because any sane man would have said 'no' when I suggested cooking, merely because I suggested it. There's no diplomacy about you, Renmark. A man doesn't know I'm a baby enough, quite as wealthy as the professor here, and every one will admit that I'm wiser than he is, yet I never go to bed until after two o'clock, and rarely wake before noon."

Kitty laughed at this, and young Hiram looked admiringly at the New-Yorker wishing he was as clever.

"For the land's sake!" cried Mrs. Bartlett, with true feminine profanity. "What do you do up so late as that?"

"Writing, writing," said Yates, airily,—"articles that make dynasties tremble next morning, and which call forth apologies or libel suits afterwards, as the case may be."

"Mr. Bartlett has been good enough," said the professor, changing the subject, "to say we may camp in the woods at the back of the farm. I have been out there this morning, and it certainly is a lovely spot."

"We're awfully obliged, Mr. Bartlett," said Yates. "Of course Renmark went out there merely to show the difference between the ant and the butterfly. You'll find out what a humbug he is by and by, Mrs. Bartlett. He looks honest; but you wait."

"I know just the spot for the tent," cried young Hiram,—"down in the hollow by the creek. Then you won't need to haul water."

"Yes, and catch their deaths of fever and ague," said Mrs. Bartlett. Malaria had not then been invented. "Take my advice, and put your tent—if you will put it up at all—on the highest ground you can find. Hauling water won't hurt you."

"I agree with you, Mrs. Bartlett. "It shall be so. My friend uses no water,—you ought to have seen his bill at the Buffalo hotel; I have it somewhere, and am going to pin it up on the outside of the tent as a warning to the youth of this neighborhood,—and what water I need I can easily carry up from the creek."

The professor did not defend himself, and Mrs. Bartlett evidently took a large discount from all that Yates said. She was a shrewd woman.

After breakfast the men went out to the barn. The horses were hitched to the wagon, which still contained the tent and fittings. Young Hiram threw an axe and a spade among the canvas folds, mounted to his place, and drove up the lane leading to the forest, followed by Yates and Renmark on foot, leaving the farmer in his barnyard with a cheery good by which he did not see fit to return.

Young Hiram knew the locality well, and drove direct to an ideal place for camping. Yates was enchanted.

When the tent was put up he gazed in enthusiastic rapture around him and upbraided Renmark because he took the sylvan situation so coolly.

"Where are your eyes, Renny?" he cried, "that you don't grow wild when you look around you? See the dappled sunlight filtering through the leaves; listen to the murmur of the wind in the branches; hear the trickle of the brook down there; notice the smooth bark of the beech and the rugged covering of the oak; smell the wholesome woodland scents. Renmark, you have no soul, or you would not be so unmoved. It is like Paradise. It is—Say, Renny, by Jove, I've forgotten that jug at the barn!"

"The jug will be left there,"

"Will it? Oh, well, if you say so.'

"I do say so. I looked around for it this morning to smash it, but couldn't find it."

"Why didn't you ask old Bartlett?"

"I did, but he didn't know where it was."

Yates threw himself down on the moss and laughed, flinging his arms and legs about with the joy of living.

"Say, Culture, have you got any old disreputable clothes with you? Well then, go into the tent and put them on, then come out and lie on your back and look up at the leaves. You're a good fellow, Renny, but decent clothes spoil you. You won't know yourself when you get ancient duds on your back. Old clothes mean freedom, liberty, all that our ancestors fought for. When you come out we'll settle who's to cook and who to wash dishes. I've settled it already in my own mind, but I am not so selfish as to refuse to discuss the matter with you."

When the professor came out of the tent Yates roared. Renmark himself smiled: he knew the effect would appeal to Yates.

"By Jove, old man, I ought to have included a mirror in the outfit. The look of learned respectability set off with the garments of a disreputable tramp makes a combination that is simply killing. Well, you can't spoil that suit, anyhow. Now sprawl.

"I'm very comfortable standing up, thank you."

"Get down on your back. You hear me?"

"Put me there."

"You mean it?" asked Yates, sitting up.

"Certainly."

"Say, Renny, beware: I don't want to hurt you."

"I'll forgive you for once."

"On your head be it."

"On my back, you mean."

"That's not bad, Renny," cried Yates, springing to his feet. "Now, it will hurt: you have fair warning. I have spoken."

The young men took sparring attitudes. Yates tried to do it coolly at first, but, finding it could not touch his opponent, struck out more earnestly, again giving a friendly warning. This went on ineffectually for some time, when the professor, with a quick movement, swung around his foot with the airy grace of a dancing master, and caught Yates just behind the knee, at the same time giving him a slight tap on the breast. Yates was instantly on his back.

"Oh, I say, Renny, that wasn't fair. That was a kick."

"No, it wasn't. It is merely a little French touch. I learned it in Paris. They do kick there, you know, and it is good to know how to use your feet as well as your fists if you are set on by three, as I was one night in the Latin Quarter."

Yates sat up.

"Look here, Renmark: when were you in Paris?"

"Several times."

Yates gazed at him for a few moments, then said,—

"Reany, you improve on acquaintance. I never saw a Bool-var in my life. You must teach me that little kick."

"With pleasure," said Renmark, sitting down, while the other sprawled at full length. "Teaching is my business, and I shall be glad to exercise any talents I may have in that line. In endeavoring to instruct a New York man, the first step is to convince him he doesn't know everything. That is the difficult point. Afterwards everything is easy."

"Mr. Stillson Renmark, you are pleased to be severe. Know that you are forgiven. This delicious self-abasement does not lend itself to acrimonious dispute, or, in plain English, quarreling. Let dogs delight if they want to: I refuse to be goaded by your querulous nature into giving anything but the soft answer. Now to business. Nothing is so conducive to friendship, when two people are camping out, as a definition of the duties of each at the beginning. Do you follow me?"

"Perfectly. What do you propose?"

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"Very well. I agree to that."

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