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Col., Canada. Consultation days,
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HURRAH! HURRAH!

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THREE WORDS.

One morn I knelt at a low white rail,
At a beautiful rail of love,
And I breathed a prayer that angels
bore
To the golden shores above,
And heard the words they seemed to
weave:
"You've asked, loved child, so now re-
ceive."

One eve I knelt at a portal sweet,
In the hush of twilight grey,
My lips moved not, and prayers alone
Ascended the heavenly way.
And a gentle voice of wondrous kind
Then whispered: "You've sought and
now shall find."

I've spanned the years of life's long span,
I've followed the thorny road,
I've felt my burden heavy, too,
And my cross a weighty load;
But now I see a silver star,
And I know that the golden gate's ajar.

His eye, and stars so brightly shine,
As I rap at a mighty door,
An angel guide stands closely by,
My friendly help once more;
Then comes a voice that bids me hope:
"My child, you've knocked, and now
I'll open!"

OUR SUFFERS WITH AGENTS.

We done pretty well this year;
The crops come in first-rate,
And the folks had four or five head
of cattle to turn off, and he pro-
posed I should have a sewing
machine. Though we don't look at
each other as much as some, my
partner, Josiah, is attached to me
with a firm and almost east-iron
devotionness.

But says I to him:
"Josiah, I wonder rather Tirzah
Ann would have an organ, because
fish's ever going to learn to play
no is the time. And I have got
a couple of sewing machines that
have run pretty well for upwards
of—well, it haint no matter how
many years, but quite a number
anyhow."

But Josiah hung on to that
machine; and Tirzah Ann seemed
set into her organ, and finally
Josiah ups and says he, "I will
get both on 'em." And Tirzah
Ann and me thought we would let
him have his head in the matter.

So it got out that we was going
to buy a sewing machine and a
organ. Well, we made up our
minds Friday, pretty late in the
afternoon, and on Monday forenoon
I was a washin', when I heard a
knock at the front door, and I
wring my hands out of the water
and went and opened it.

A slick knockin' fellow stood
there, and I invited him in and
set him a chair.

"I hear you are talkin' of buyin'
a musical instrument for your
daughter," says he.

"No," says I, "we are goin' to
buy a organ."

"Wall," says he, "I want to
advise you, not that I have any
interest in it at all, only I don't
want to see you imposed on. It
fittin' makes me need to see a
Methodist imposed on. I lean to-
wards that persuasion myself. Or-
gans are liable to fall to pieces
at any minute. There haint no
dependence on 'em at all; the in-
sides of 'em are liable to break out
any minute. If you have any re-
gard for your own welfare and
safety, buy a piano. Not that I
have any interest in advising you,
only my stern devotion to the
cause of right. Pianos never wear
out."

"Where should we go to get
one?" says I, for I didn't want
Josiah to throw away his guess.

"Wall," says he, "I guess I
have got one put in the wagon.
I believe I threw one into the
bottom of the wagon this mornin' as
I was comin' down here on busi-
ness. I'm glad now that I did,
for it always makes me feel ugly
to see a Methodist imposed on."

Josiah came into the house in a
few minutes, and I told him about
it; and says I, "How lucky it is,
Josiah, that we found out about
organs before it was too late."

But Josiah asked the price and
said he wuzent goin' to pay out
200 dollars, for he wuzn't able.
But the man asked if he was will-
in' to have it brought into the
home, and Josiah said he wuzn't
had a mind to about buyin' it; and
of course, we couldn't refuse, so
Josiah, almost broke his back, a
liftin' it in. And they set it up
in the parlor, and after dinner the
man went away.

"I had just got back to my wash-
in' again, I had put it away to get
dinner when I heard a knockin'
again to the front door, and I put
down my wash, dress, sleeves, and
went, and opened it, and there
stood a tall fellow, and the kitchen
being cluttered up, I opened the
parlor door and asked him in there.
And the fellow, he just lifted up both
hands, and says he:

"You ain't got one of them
here?"

He looked so horrified that he
scart me, and says I, in almost
trembling tones:

"What is the matter with 'em?'
I added, in a more cheerful
tone, "We haint bought it."

He looked more cheerful, too, as
I said it, and says he, "You may
be thankful enough that you haint'
There haint no music in 'em at all.
Hear that, says he, goin' up and
strikin' the top note. It did sound
flat enough.

Says I, "There must be more
music in it than that, though I
haint no judge at all."

"Wall, hear that, then," and he
went and struck the very bottom
note.

"You see how it is from top to
bottom. But it haint its total lack
of music that makes me despise
pianos so, it is because they are so
dangerous."

"Dangerous!" says I.

"Yes, in thunderstorms, you
see," says he, liftin' up the cover.
"Here it is, all wire, enough for
fifty lightnin' rods—draw the light-
nin' right into the room. Awful
dangerous. No money would tempt
me to have one in my house, with
my wife and daughter. I shouldn't
sleep a wink thinkin' I had ex-
posed them to such danger."

"Good Heavens!" says I, "I
never thought of it before."

"Wall, now you have thought of
it. You see plainly that an organ
is just what you need. They are
full of music, safe, healthy, and
don't cost half so much."

Says I, "An organ was what we
had set our minds on at first."

"Wall, I have got one out here
and I will bring it in."

"That is the price," says I.

"There won't be no need of
bringin' it in at that price," says I,
"for I have heard Josiah says he
wouldn't give a cent over one hun-
dred and fifty dollars for one."

"Wall," says the fellow, "I'll
tell you what I'll do. Your counten-
ance looks kinder natural to me,
and I like the look of the country
here so well that if your mind is
made up on the price you want to
pay I won't let a trifle of fifty dol-
lars part us. You can have it for
one hundred and fifty dollars."

"Well, the price of it was, he
brings it in, and it is up in the
parlor and drove off. And
when Josiah came in from his work
and the children came home from
school they liked it first-rate.

But the very next day a new
agent came in, and he looked
when he looked at Josiah, and
said, "What a beautiful sight of
an organ, and awful mad and judg-
in'!"

"That villian haint been tryin'
to get-off one of them organs into
you?" says he.

"What is the trouble with 'em'?"
says I, in a awe-stricken tone, for
he looked bad.

"What?" says he, "there is a
heavy mortgage on every one of his
organs. If you bought one of his
and paid him for it it would be
liable to be took away from you
any minute, when you was right in
the middle of a tune, leavin' you sit-
tin' on the stool, and you would be
liable to lose every cent of your
money."

"Good gracious!" says I, for it
skart me to think what a narrow
chance I had run. Well, finally,
he hung in one of his'n and set it
up in the kitchen, the parlor being
full of 'em.

"I hear you drive off, and he had a
mortgage on 'em, one a seven'n
machine man and the other a organ;
so they were friendly to each other,
and set together."

As I stood there the organ man
spoke up:

"They must be to home pretty
soon and I guess that piano feller
will find that I can stick it out as
long as he can," says he.

"Yes," says the other fellow,
"and I guess that other fellow
will find that he can't tucker me
out if he should stay here all
night."

Thinks I, mebbe I can slip out
the back way and fill the teakettle,
but I heinged if one didn't set
there on the back stoop, lookin'
down the road that led to Jones-
ville, as close as a cat would sniff
a rat hole.

I went back to my room again,
worn out and depressed, and I wish
that Josiah would come. I peeked
out of the window towards the
barn, to see if I could see him, and
happening to cast my eyes down
towards the ground, I seed one of
his boots sticking out a little ways
from under the barn, then I see
that he had got as far as the barn
before he got 'em, and they he
had hid. I knew there would be
no gettin' him into the house, till
the enemy had disappeared, but
yet it was satisfaction to know that
my companion was as near im-
prisoned as he could get.

em, but after a while he got tired
out, and when he would see one
comin' he would start on the run to
the barn and hide, and I would
stand the brunt of it alone. One
feller seed Josiah a runnin' for the
barn, and he followed him in, and
Josiah dove under the barn, as I
found out afterwards. I happened
to see him a crawlin' out after the
fellow drove off. Josiah came in a
shakin' himself, for he was all cov-
ered with straw and feathers, and
says he:

"I will buy a gun the first hard
work I do."

Says I, "I would be ashamed of
myself, Josiah Allen. I guess it
ain't no harder for you than it is
for me."

"Well, I was a calculatin' to
make it easier for you. What do
you suppose I was a goin' to shoot-
in 'em for? It would help you
as it would me to thin' 'em off a
little."

Says I, "Josiah, to say nothing
of the awkwardness of it, it wouldn't
do no good. Don't you remember
the fox in the brambles? Let the
old swarn remain, for if you drive
'em off a hungry set would come,
and then I should be utterly de-
voured."

Wall, this took place about noon.
I had an awful headache, and I
told Josiah, says I, "I don't
know how I got to be so tired, but
how am I goin' to tussel with
them agents this afternoon, I don't
know, enjoyin' such poor health
as I do to-day."

When I felt well I could get
along with 'em better, but it didn't
seem to me as if I could argue with
'em all the afternoon, feelin' as I
did, and Josiah had got to go in
the woods to work.

Says Josiah, "I'll fix 'em. I'll
set a trap just outside the gate and
catch 'em in it."

Says I, "That wouldn't do no
good, Josiah, I should only have to
take care of it, and if you should
take one in the rest could get
over the fence."

Says Josiah, "Can't I fix the
clothes line so it would trip them
up?"

"Not in the day time," says I,
depressedly.

"Take that old pop-gun of
Thomas Jefferson's and load it with
beet juice and shoot 'em with it,
and make them think you have
drawn blood."

"There ain't no beet juice,
and I don't know how to shoot
if there was how could I take aim
with my head as it is to-day?"

"Wall," says Josiah, "I have
got to go anyway. You look up
the house and go to bed, and mebbe
you can keep 'em out."

I let down the curtains and locked
the doors, and laid down. I heard
knockin' to the door a good many
times, and a considerable noise,
I never stirred until it was time
for Josiah to come home, and then
I roused up to hang on the tea-
kettle. Wall, I just listed up a
little corner of the window curtain,
and I could just see a pair of white
lin' boots in front of the parlor
door. I went to the other window
and there I could see the hull of
him—it was the everlastin' piano
feller. I went into the kitchen just
as still as I could and heard a
talkin' on the piazza. Peepin'
through a hole in the curtain, I
seed two of 'em, one a seven'n
machine man and the other a organ;
so they were friendly to each other,
and set together.

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"Not in the day time," says I,
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It's a runnin' you down, and I'm
spillin' my clothes a crawlin' under
the barn so much, to say nothing
of fillin' my mouth and hair with
dirt, straw, and feathers." He
helped himself again to the cherry
pie, and says, with a gloomy ex-
pression onto his face: "There has
got to be a change."

"How is there goin' to be a
change?" says I.

"I'll tell you," says he in a
whisper, for some one of them
was prowling round the house yet.
"We'll get up before light to mor-
row morning, and go to Jonesville
and buy an organ right out."

I fell in with the idea and we
started for Jonesville the next
morning. We got there just after
the break of day, and bought it of
the man at the breakfast table.
Says Josiah to me afterwards, as
we were going down into the vil-
lage:

"Let's keep dark about buyin'
one, and see how many of the
creepers will be a bestin' on us
to-day."

Says I, "You must love to be
a, haunted by 'em better than I
do."

Says he, "I love to fool 'em."

Says I, "It's just about such
foolin' as the little boy that let his
father whip him through mistake,
just to fool his father." But seein'
that my companion looked disap-