

THAT'S WHO!

Who hypnotized me with her ways
Until my heart was all ablaze
With love, and every nerve appeared
To be like lightning, double geared?
Lucinda.

Who listened to my earnest pleas.
And warmed towards me by degrees
Until she called me Sam and said
I'd sort o' turned her little head?
My sweetheart.

Who let me kiss her one sweet night
Beneath the moon's white metal light,
And said she'd ever cling to me
As clings the bark unto the tree?
My betrothed.

Who left the altar at my side,
Dressed in the trappings of a bride,
And said again and yet again,
I was the king of all the men?
My wife.

And now who often calls me down,
Upon her face a vicious frown,
And to answer her I dare,
Entwines her fingers in my hair?
Same girl.

—Denver Post.

HE GOT HIS DUES.

The editor of the Bullittsville Bugle was dishonest, though he was poor, but as for that matter he was not any more dishonest than the sheriff of the county, who was not nearly so poor. Sheriffs in office are seldom poor, though there are many poor sheriffs in office and quite as many out. Editors in office are usually poor.

But the Bullittsville Bugle man and the sheriff were both poor men and equally dishonest, and their dishonesty had caused them to fall out. The sheriff had been twice a candidate for office and twice elected. Upon the occasion of his first campaign the editor supported him loyally through the Bugle, and was looked upon as one of the new officials' right-hand men. He inserted an editorial announcement of the sheriff's candidacy in the Bugle and ran it for three months straight in the same position, for which the sheriff, at the close of the campaign, paid him \$150. This was the regular rate for such advertising and the matter with this was ended.

But during the first term of the sheriff in office the two drifted apart, and by the second campaign there was a very noticeable estrangement between them, which neither appeared anxious to adjust, and things went on from bad to worse.

However, when the sheriff was a candidate for re-election he inserted his announcement in the Bugle as he did during the previous campaign. It occupied the same position and was run for the same length of time, and when the campaign was ended and the sheriff elected again by a bigger majority, he one day call for his bill at the Bugle office and got it.

"Why, I won't pay no such bill as this," indignantly protested the official; "this is entirely too much; I won't be robbed."

"It's our regular rates," said the editor, scarcely looking up from his desk, at which he pretended to be busy.

"No, it ain't your regular rates, no such thing. I reckon I know what I paid before. You only charged me \$1.50 two years ago, and now this is \$1.75."

"Our circulation has increased, and consequently we have increased our advertising rates in proportion," said the editor.

"Well, I don't care nothin' about your increased circulation; I won't pay no such bill as this. It's robbery, it is."

"It's that or nothing," said the editor, with considerable force.

"It's nothing, then," answered the sheriff, and with this he left the Bugle office a very mad man.

Time went on and the sheriff did not pay his bill with the Bugle, though he was repeatedly asked to do so. He firmly refused to pay more than \$1.50, though he offered repeatedly to do this, which the editor with becoming firmness as often refused to accept.

It was Christmas week, and things about the Bugle office were getting in a bad way, and it looked very much like there would be a suspension of publication soon. The editor had not paid his employees, and they were complaining.

He owed his office boy \$1.75 in full for eight weeks' labor, and for almost two months had failed, neglected, declined and lastly refused to pay. It was Christmas week and the office boy's patience was almost exhausted. Office boys do not usually have much patience during the holidays, and there is danger of overtaking their limited supply.

The editor of the Bullittsville Bugle may not have known this, but for the bearing it would have on this story it is not material. Anyway the office boy thought he was entitled to his wages, and meant to have them by fair means or foul.

And here it is justice to the office boy to explain his official position and relations about the Bullittsville Bugle office, and to say that he was not alone office boy, but was office "devil," a position which entitled him to operate the only job printing press in the establishment and to ink the old-fashioned Washington hand press, on which was printed the regular weekly edition of the Bugle—that is, whenever the weekly edition managed to make its appearance, which, for the few months preceding the date of this story, had been about every other week.

Things were looking pretty blue about the

Bullittsville Bugle office, and the approaching holidays did not have the effect of driving away this noticeable blue tinge.

A cabinet meeting was called for the purpose of devising ways and means for relieving the situation. The meeting had assembled. There were present the office boy, the editor and the printer. They were the heads of the different departments of the institution, and were the only persons officially or unofficially connected with the publication.

The meeting had come to order, and the motion made by the office boy to the effect that all salaries now due must be paid at once, was tabled.

Then the printer moved the the assets of the Bugle be made known to the cabinet. This was also tabled, and the editor, for the first time, made a motion, which was to the effect that in the interest of all concerned and for the purpose of enabling the Bugle to continue publication, all indebtedness for salaries then existing be cancelled without payment, by the consent of the employees, but before any one else could speak the office boy was on his feet.

"Now, I guess I got some objections to that," he interposed, and the printer, in the same spirit, moved to table the motion, which was done by a vote of two to one.

Then there was silence. A deep, long silence. It was as deep as it was long, and the length of it was undisputed. It was likewise painful—and the kind of silence so commonly used in novels and popular love fiction. Anyway it was the kind of silence most appropriate to the occasion. A silence so profound that the peaceful breathing of the office cat asleep on a pile of exchanges in the corner could be plainly heard. This fact is merely mentioned for the purpose of adding life and interest to the story, and then it is justice to the office cat to be mentioned somewhere in the narration, for there never was a country newspaper office in America without the proverbial office cat so familiar to the average reader, particularly the average reader of the Bullittsville Bugle.

Then came the printer's turn to talk. He talked to the point, and pointedly, though he was not an orator, and did not trifle with "well-chosen sentences," for in the nature of his business he had become accustomed to others choosing his sentences for him, but upon this occasion he chose his own sentences and for the purpose intended there was no objection interposed as to their strength or forcefulness.

He said that things had not been going right about the office for more than a month, and that for five long week he had not received 1 cent of compensation, and therefore there was then due him the sum of \$17.50.

"To my certain knowledge three subscriptions have been paid up in full during this time, and I have set up six jobs, every one of which at a low figure would have averaged \$2.25 each."

The office boy glanced scornfully at the editor, and the printer went on:

It had also come to the knowledge of the printer that two local merchants within the past five weeks had inserted "local readers" and "display advertising" which, at the regular rate of 5 cents a line and 18 cents a square, would have come to at least \$4.50. Therefore the office must have taken in at least \$21, and not a cent had gone to the employees.

The printer sat down with an air of triumph upon his face. The office boy remained silent and the editor spoke. It appeared to be a relief to him to talk now, for he was going to surprise his audience.

"How much have you got from Bill Ballinger?" he asked.

"Less'n three gallons," answered the printer.

"He's got me charged with three and a half for you."

"It's too much; didn't get quite three," protested the printer, with some emphasis. "Taint my fault, though; I'd got more, but he wouldn't let me have it on your account."

"What! Bill Ballinger won't credit me?"

"That's what he won't."

"I'll see about that," shouted the editor, springing to his feet. "I've blowed up that durned old distillery o' his'n ever since the Bugle started, and always said the 'Fighting Creek Sour Mash' was the finest whiskey in Kentucky."

"Says this is what's killed his business," said the printer.

"I'll see him at once!" and the editor was off without so much as adjourning the meeting or asking the others to excuse him or saying when he would be back. Indeed, he did not know at that moment whether or not he would ever be back.

But he was gone, and the Bullittsville Bugle crew knew that this meant trouble, for the editor was a bad man, and old Bill Ballinger had never met his match. One or the other, or both in all probability, would be killed. The editor's feelings, to say nothing of his honor, had been wounded, and old Bill Ballinger was not the man to apologize for anything he did.

The probability of Ballinger or the editor being killed did not noticeably worry the office "devil," but the printer was troubled. He began to pace up and down the floor before the editor had been gone five minutes.

He recognized that the probabilities were that the spilling of blood would not end with the editor and the distiller, and that it might involve him. What he had said to the editor about Ballinger was purely imaginary, though he had not thought that it would terminate so seriously. What should he do? The office boy remained unmoved from his seat on the pine box where he always sat during the occasion of cabinet meetings, and it was evident that he was giving serious thought to something of moment. The printer kept pacing restlessly up and down the floor, and presently the office "devil" saw the printer go quietly to a drawer and take out his other shirt and carefully bundle it up in an old newspaper, hesitate a moment and then in a broken voice:

"Good by, k'd, I'm off."

"Ain't goin' for good."

"I'm done with these parts."

"Watcher leavin' for?"

"They'll be a man less in this vicinity 'fore sundown, maybe two of 'em," and the door closed behind him.

The office "devil" still sat mutely on the pine box with his head buried in his hands. The fire in the roughly constructed fireplace had about gone out and the last black log had disappeared. The two cords of wood with which Farmer Pumpkins paid his subscription was almost used up. There was little around the office which had not been used up, the "devil" was thinking, when the front door opened and the sheriff entered.

"Where's the editor?" he growled.

"Gone to Ballinger's."

"Been too much o' this here goin' to Ballinger's o' late. That's what fetches me here now."

"Whatcher want?"

"Want? I'm goin' to close this business up. Ain't paid his paper bills. Sorry to close 'im up like this, but got to, that's all. Whose got the keys?"

"Ain't no keys; we jes' bar the door," said the office "devil," rising for the first time since the sheriff's arrival.

"Give me a hammer and some nails and I'll put a notice on the door."

"Ain't got no hammer."

"Git the nails. I can drive 'em with this here thing," said the sheriff as he picked up the printer's mallet.

"Ain't got no nails nuther."

"Got to put this notice up some way. Guess I'll make some wooden pegs," said the sheriff half to himself as the office boy approached him with an oyster can half full of corn meal paste and a brush. Together they put up the notice, and the sheriff complimented the boy's clever idea of utilizing the paste in an emergency.

The sheriff went away and the "devil" sat on the front steps thinking of the events of the day and how he could get his \$1.75. The local minister passed presently and left a narrow strip of paper saying the subject of his next Sunday sermon would be, "Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it many days thereafter."

"I have been casting my bread upon the waters for seven weeks, and have not found it yet," said the boy to himself as he read the announcement over a second time. He heard the clatter of horses' hoofs and looked up. It was the sheriff riding in his direction. The officer pulled up in front of the steps and said breathlessly:

"The editor's dead."

"And old Ballinger?" asked the boy anxiously.

"He's dead, too."

"I'm out \$1.75," said the boy half to himself.

"How did you know that Ballinger was in it?" anxiously asked the sheriff.

"I knowed it."

"But how?" persisted the official.

"I ain't ready to tell yet."

"But you can help clear up this mystery."

"What mystery is there?" asked the "devil."

"Why, I was riding down to the distillery just now, and as I came in sight I saw Ballinger and the editor in front. Before I was in speaking distance they began to shoot. Nobody saw this but me. I rushed up to part them, but as I got to them both fell dead. Just then Sol Skidmore came round the corner, and he says I done killed both of them. Me an' Sol have been at outs for nigh on to five years, and he wants to get even with me; besides you know that me an' the editor, nor Ballinger, as for that, have not been very friendly since the last election."

"I'm out a \$1.75," said the boy again, as the sheriff paused for breath, but the officer was so anxious to get himself straight that he did not hear the "devil" and continued:

"Sol Skidmore passed here just as I came out a while ago, and he thinks that I was looking for the editor."

"Well, you was," said the boy.

"But not to kill."

"Who knows that?"

"You do; you'll tell the truth about the matter. I know you will not let an innocent man be punished for the crime of another."

"Mr. Sheriff, you have a little bill in here which is not paid," as though he had not heard the official.

"How much is it?"

"One dollar and seventy-five cents."

"Lord, I didn't know that, or I'd paid it long ago."

"Would you mind settling it now?"

"No; here is \$2.75."

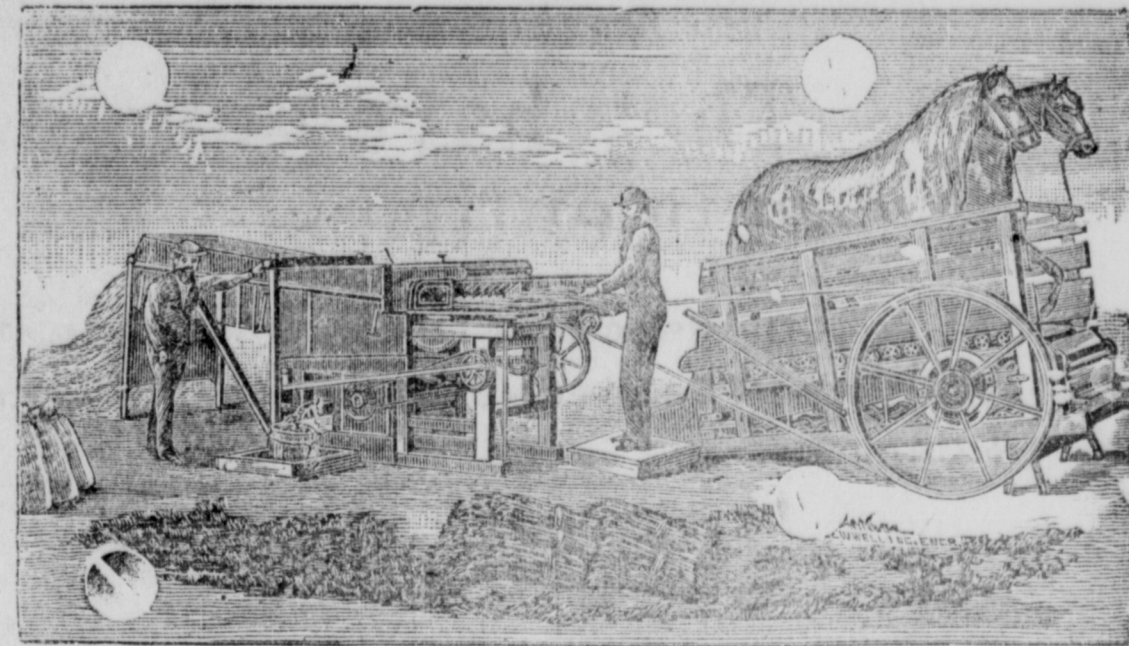
"No, \$1.75 is all that's comin' to me."

And this is how the "devil" got his dues.

—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Mrs. S. T. Hawkins, Chattanooga, Tenn., says, "Shook's Fitalizer 'SAVED MY LIFE.' I consider it the best remedy for a debilitated system I ever used." For Dyspepsia, Liver or Kidney trouble it excels. Price 75cts. For Sale by Garden Bros.

What the People Say.



Maetaquacy, York Co., N.B., April 29, 1895.
Messrs. Small & Fisher, Woodstock:

Gentlemen,—Having used one of your Threshing Machines for a number of years, I can say that it did the work to my entire satisfaction. It is not only easy on horses, but does not waste any grain and cleans well, and always took the lead wherever I worked. I threshed 10,000 a year for 4 years and it did not cost me fifty cents for repairs.

Yours truly, WM. GRAHAM.

Scotch Settlement.

Tracey's Mills, N. B.

Small & Fisher, Woodstock:
Dear Sirs,—I think that the Little Giant Thresher and Sawing Machine is the best that is put out. I had a share in one in 1894 and earned about \$500 with her.

Yours truly, G. W. STILES.

Whitney, Northesk, N. B. Mar. 1, 1895.
Small & Fisher, Woodstock:

DEAR SIRS,—I have been using your Thresher for six years, and it has given perfect satisfaction. I consider your Machine the best in the Maritime Provinces, as it is so easy on the horses, cleans well and feeds very easily. I can recommend it to the public as being first class.

Yours truly, DAVID WHITNEY.

North Tay, N. B., March 11th, 1896.

Small & Fisher, Woodstock:
Sirs,—We have run one of your Threshers for the past five years, and it gives good satisfaction both in threshing and cleaning, and in that time have not lost an hour for breakage. We are also well satisfied with the Wood Cutter.

Yours respectfully,

DAVID DELUCRY.

For Prices and Terms call on or write to

SMALL & FISHER CO. Lt'd,
Woodstock, N. B.

PUNGS,
SLEIGHS,
ROBES.

Well Made, Well Trimmed, Well Painted,
Well Finished Throughout.

FULLY WARRANTED.

Our line is for sale by

A. D. CLARK, Florenceville,
M. A. SMITH, Bath,
J. F. TWEEDALE, Perth,
D. B. HOPKINS, Aroostook Junction,
GEO. H. WEST, Grand Falls.

BALMAIN BROS.,
Woodstock, N. B.

Nov. 25, '96.

We have on hand constantly, a full line of

GENERAL HARDWARE.

Just now we call attention to our stock of

Peavies, Peevy Bands,
Peevy Stocks, Cable Chains,
Sled Shoe Steel, and other
Lumbermen's Supplies.

SHAW & DIBBLEE,
HARTLAND HARDWARE STORE.

Books and Fancy Goods
At Everett's Bookstore!

Books, Bibles, Annuals, Toy Books, Toys, Dolls, Ornaments,
Cups and Saucers, Pocket Books, Card Cases, Work Boxes, Jew-
ell Boxes. Come and see what you can get for little cash.

W. H. EVERETT.