

END OF THE JUDGE'S CASK.

EFFECTS OF THE LAST OF SOME VERY FINE WHISKEY.

Dodgers Puzzled to Know How he got into a Barrel and His Friends Wondering How he got out of the Lake—The Judge Safe in the Arms of a Hat Rack.

No other house in all Loneside could boast of such a brand of whiskey as Judge Herringbone kept in his cellar. Only on special occasions was that particular brand sampled, and those who were favored with it smacked approving lips and wagged appreciative heads for days afterward whenever memory returned upon it. Few and far between as were these occasions the inspiring beverage dwindled with saddening rapidity, and the time came when the Judge plainly perceived that there was accompaniment for only one more feast in the barrel. So he bade to a farewell dinner his friends, Dodgers of Wall street, Dr. Serven and young Callman, of good-fame as a rising architect and ill-fame as the possessor of an alleged tenor voice with which he frequently afflicted those who, under more favorable circumstances, called themselves his friends. Epicures all, were these three, and of an exuberant avidity in judgment upon good whiskey.

It is, or should be, an axiom that the bottom of a barrel always holds more than it is supposed to hold. This was the case with the Judge's whiskey barrel. However, the guests were there to help empty that barrel and empty it they did, the effect upon themselves being of the inverse ratio order. When the last drop was drained they crowned the receptacle with chaplets, carried it about the dining room on their shoulders, and finally put it out on the lawn to cool off, shouting: "Le roi est mort: Vive le roi!" which the Judge freely translated: "The barrel is empty; bring on the bottle."

Accordingly the bottle was brought on and another bottle and still others, and at one a. m. the four gentlemen sallied forth upon the Herringbone porch, clinging affectionately together, and basked in the rays of the moon, which shimmered in long sparkles of light on the little lake at the bottom of the hill.

"Dishgr'ful moon!" said Dodgers, severely. "Full, very full! Luna, ol—hic—lady; ought to be 'shamed yourself."

"The influence of the lunar radiance," said the doctor, who was prone to didactic speeches upon such occasions, "was well understood by the ancients in its peculiar effect upon mankind."

"Forget the blame' ancients,—hic—Doc," interrupted Callman. "I pine to pour out my soul in song," and he uplifted an ex-cruciating tenor wail. "Fair moo-oo-oon, to thee I sing."

"Oh, waow! wur-raow-wow-wow!" mocked a bewhiskered cat upon an adjacent fence. "Infl'ence of lunar rad-yance—hic—pon ancient pussy," observed Dodgers. "The mo—hoping cat doth to the—hic—moon complain. Rather hear her complain than you—hic—Callman. Nemmind Gumme rock."

"And rye?" inquired the Judge feelingly, clingy firmly to his own door post as one who knows that if he forsakes it he'll never get back unaided.

"Rye afterward," said Dodgers. "Cire killed a cat. I'a Care. Gimme a rock.

He shot down the steps, and after circling around a selected spot several times sank gently upon the ground and prepared to sleep. The other two guests went after him.

"Night, boys," said the Judge carefully locating the door knob and pouncing on it before it had time to elude him. "Time to turn in. Tell Dodgers make himself perfly at home anywhere on the lawn. 'F m'wife was at home 'd she send him out a blanket. 'Night, boys; pleasant dreams."

Balancing himself for a moment he plang'ed headforemost within the door which he didn't take the trouble to close after him. From the interior came the sound of thumps and bumps; then what seemed to be solemn denunciations in the Judge's voice of maliciously obstructive furniture died away in the distance.

"Is this your vaunted hospitality?" cried the doctor, pointing a denunciatory hand toward the vanished Judge, to leave your helpless friend to the dark spirits of shrouded Nox?"

"Wurraow-w-w-w! Whur-r-raow! Wah-whoop-wa-a-a-a-ow!" shrieked the dark spirit of shrouded Nox rampant on the fence.

Dodgers turned over, got on all fours and began to grub around the premises like a hen after a worm, muttering schemes of vengeance. His two friends endeavored to dissuade him by the coat tails, but he doggedly crawled on. Presently he found a rock, clutched it, got painfully to his feet, and flung the missile, presumably at the cat. There was a

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thudding impact and the tall hat of Callman sprang from his head and fell upon the grass some ten feet away, a misshapen mass. The rock continued on its course and brought up against the porch about fifty feet distant from the target, which gave a wild whoop of disdain and performed insulting signals in the clear light of the moon. With the effort of the throw, Dodgers had plunged fiercely backward and alighted upon the base of his brain. He lay moaning softly, indifferent alike to the song of the cat and the bitter curses of the hatless Callman. The Doctor bent anxiously over his prostrate form.

"Are you injured, Dodger?" he asked. "I am killed," replied Dodgers, in hushed tones. "I am the victim of hic-thugs. My medulla oblongata," he added with a sob, "is sticking through the hic-crown of my hat. The as—hic—assas—hic the assas—hic"—and the observation merged gently into a snore as Dodgers sank into oblivion.

"Hic jacet Dodgers," said the doctor, "and he's liable to continue to jacet—hic—until rosy-fingered Aurora with her—"

"Oh forgetrosy-fingered—hic—rorora, Doc!" cried Callman angrily waving his mutilated hat. "I want to ki—hic that rosy-nosed yap until he promises to buy me a new top."

"Misguided wretch," said the doctor. "Would you take advantage of his helplessness? The brotherhood or Bacchus—"

"Oh, forget Bacchus!" snorted the other.

"I shall endeavor to to-morrow," returned Serven, in sad, prophetic tones, "with the aid of wet towels. In the meantime permit me to inform you that our friend is suffering from a lapse of personality consequent upon the reaction following superindulgence in alcoholic stimulants."

"Meaning that he's got a—hic—of a jag."

"Your diagnosis, while substantially correct, is couched in terms that would disgrace a pillmixer" said the doctor with great dignity.

Callman leaned over to examine the destroyer of his hat. He might better not have done that. Leaning over after dinner causes the blood to rush to the head. Callman sank gently to his knees and apparently tried to nibble the grass, though a goat would have disdained the shrivelled matting that coated the Judge's front yard. With the aid of several well-plucked kicks from the kindly doctor he contrived to get to his feet again. He clung to his friend's shoulders, overcome with grief at the condition of Dodger.

"How could he—hic—do it?" he wept. "My old pal—hic—Dodgers. Drunk—hic—drunk, intox—hic—and dis—hic—orderly in the front yard of—hic—justice."

"If you fall down again, Callman" the doctor warned him, "you will sleep this night with Dodgers in a wayside ditch. The best I could do for both of you would be to roll you there and cover you with leaves."

"Birds in the—hic—woods," suggested Callman. "No; bebes in the woods. Nemmind, prefer m'own—hic—nest, thanks."

"The question is, how are we going to get Dodgers home."

"You've heard the question" said Callman gravely. "Allintavorsay—hic."

"Hic," said Dodgers between a snort and a snore.

"Settles it" said Callman. "Carried un—hic—unan—hic—nemmind's carried, anyway."

His roving eye fell upon the empty whiskey barrel. Its head was loose. Callman removed it after a struggle.

"We'll chuck him in—hic—here," said he.

"Excellent," approved Serven. "Restore to the barre! its own again. Render unto Caesar that which—"

"Oh, forget Caesar," cried the architect in a tenor shriek. "Get him by th—hic—heels and we'll jam him in."

Some indetermined expressions of opposition by Dodger were passed over as unworthy of notice. He was firmly thrust in, and Callman kicked the cover into place.

"Inspiration of genius," chuckled the doctor. "Regular Regulus without the spikes."

"Oh, will you forget those—hic—dead one?" besought Callman. "Now we'll convey—hic—him down the hill to his hic—I mean happy home."

Merrily on he'll roll, he'll roll,

Rolly-y, roll; roly-roll;

Merrily on he'll roll, he'll—

"Start her up," shouted the doctor, and began to push.

A barrel is an ill thing for two gentlemen to navigate when the barrel is empty and the gentlemen aren't. It bucked and backed and did everything except rear, but they finally got it started and it did not rest itself. No sooner was it fairly under way than they fell upon each others neck, in the exuberance of their joy and chortled until the cat that had been an interested spectator fled in alarm. Meantime the barrel, aided perhaps by some internal motion, gathered headway, swerved into the roadway and was presently swiftly on the path to the lake. The doctor was the

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first to scent danger.

"Look at that!" he yelled. "Facilis deccusus Averno."

"Forget Averno!" shouted Callman. "Facilis deccusus hell-o. Talk about mi—hic—mixed drinks. Maybe his won't be mixed before—hic—he gets to the bottom!"

"Great Jupiter, the lake!" cried Serven, suddenly bethinking himself.

"The force'll stop him. Wassa—hic—fence for if it won't?"

The fence is broken. He'll go through it like a ten-inch shell."

For a moment the two looked at each other then locking arms they planged forward. One minute later they were sprawling and splashing in the wayside gutter while the barrel went bounding merrily down the road emitting muffled wails from its bunghole. If anyone had chanced to encounter it Lonely, side would now have a ghost-tale that would make it everlasting reputation. A haunted barrel, speeding along moonlit highways howling dismally would be something new in the haunt-market.

Now an ordinary barrel if set rolling will speedily turn to one side or the other and bring up short. But a barrel full of drunken man is another proposition. Straight as flies the bee that cask sped down the road, went through the fence, and with a mighty crash lit upon a sharp stump. With the impact the head was broken in and Dodgers, dizzy, scared, and exceeding sick, but much sobered nevertheless, clawed out and clung to a tree while the stars whirled around him in mad riot. His vehicle resumed its progress, plunged over the embankment and a moment later with a great splash floated peacefully on the rippling water. As soon as the universe ceased to perform like a merry-go-round Dodgers trotted home and told his wife that he had been in a trolly accident. In the midst of her comments on this proposition, given in a spirit of skepticism calculated to be painful to a sensitive nature, he fell asleep. His last waking thought was a dim but wholesouled wonder as to how he ever got into that barrel.

Ten minutes or so after Dodgers had terminated his wild ride Callman and the doctor painfully limped down the bank. They beheld the barrel bobbing on the rapids. The head was turned towards them; they could see that interior was empty.

"Gone!" said the doctor in hollow tones. "Drowned!"

"Maybe he swam ashore," gulped Callman.

"Couldn't climb the embankment if he did. Requiescat in—"

"Forget it," cried Callman. "I'll swat you if you do it again. If it wasn't—hic—for your dam—hic—Regulus game poor Dodgers'd be—hic—waiting on his own stoop now for somebody to come in the—hic—morning and open him up."

"It is our melancholy duty to inform the widow," said Serven.

"Be—hic—dam'f I will, then," replied Callman.

(Concluded on Second Page.)

"I'd rather be dead than suffer again the tortures of insomnia, palpitation and nervous twitching of my muscles induced by simple neglect of a little indigestion." These are the forceful and warning words of a lady who proclaims that her cure by South American Nerveine when everything else had failed was a modern miracle. A few doses gives relief.—92 Sold by Garden Bros.

NOTICE OF SALE.

To Kate C. Watson, of the Town of Woodstock, in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, and Samuel A. Watson, of the same place, watch maker, and all others whom it may concern:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that under and by virtue of the Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the First day of September in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight, made between the said Kate C. Watson and Samuel A. Watson, her husband, of the first part, and the undersigned George Inch of the second part, duly registered in Carleton County Records in Book Y. 3, pages 741, 742 and 743, on the first day of September A. D., 1898, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the money secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage, default having been made in payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction in front of the post office in the Town of Woodstock in the said County of Carleton, on SATURDAY, the SECOND day of FEBRUARY next at twelve o'clock noon, the lands and premises mentioned and described in the said Indenture of Mortgage as follows: "All that piece of land situate in said town of Woodstock on Main street, bounded as follows: On the north by land owned by Lewis P. Fisher, on the west and south by land owned by the heirs of the late George H. Connell, more fully described in a deed from G. Fred. Watson to said Kate C. Watson as on the west side of Grover and Main streets bounded as follows: Commencing at the south east angle of land now owned and occupied by Lewis P. Fisher, thence running westerly along the southerly side line of Lewis P. Fisher's and a distance of one hundred and sixty-seven feet; thence at right angles running southerly a distance of eighty-eight feet six inches; thence easterly parallel with the southerly side line of said Lewis P. Fisher's land a distance of one hundred and forty-three feet or till it strikes Grover street; thence north east along the west side of Grover and Main streets to the south east angle of Lewis P. Fisher's land aforesaid, and place of beginning, being lot number nineteen in a plan by Abram G. Stone, Deputy Land Surveyor in 1891, and being part of a tract of land conveyed by Isabel M. Allan, M. Louise Allan and Mary M. Allan to Isabel C. A. Connell and Heber B. Connell, surviving administratrix and administrator of the late George Connell on the 28th day of February A. D. 1896, together with all and singular the buildings and improvements thereon and the privileges and appurtenances to the same belonging or in any manner appertaining.

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7.00 A. M.	MIXED—Week days, (at Freight Yard) from McAdam Junction.
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EQUITY SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction, in front of the Post Office in the Town of Woodstock, in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, on SATURDAY the NINTH DAY of MARCH next, at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, pursuant to the directions of a Decretal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on Tuesday the eighteenth day of December A. D. 1900, in a certain cause therein pending, between Eliza J. Tibbits, Plaintiff, and Allen W. Tibbits and Fanny Tibbits his wife and George W. Boyer, Defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity, duly nominated and selected by the Clerk in Equity as the Referee under the said Decretal Order, the lands and premises mentioned and directed to be sold by the said Decretal Order, and therein described as follows:—

All that certain tract of land situate in the Parish of Peel in the County of Carleton, and bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at a post standing at the north-western angle of lot number two hundred and fifty one purchased by David N. Ravmond in Block A. west of Coldstream, thence running by the magnet of the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, south eighty-six degrees and forty-five minutes east one hundred chains to a post, thence north eighteen degrees east ten chains and forty-two links to another post, thence north eighty-six degrees and forty-five minutes west one hundred and four chains to another post and thence south three degrees and fifteen minutes west ten chains to the place of beginning, containing one hundred acres more or less, and distinguished as lot number two hundred and fifty-two in the rear of granted lands fronting on Coldstream, and being the same land granted by the Crown to one Charles Tibbits on the eighteenth day of January A. D. 1869.

Dated the twenty-ninth day of December A. D. 1900.

STEPHEN B. APPELBY, D. McLEOD VINCE, Referee in Equity, Plaintiff's Solicitor.

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