

His Story.

THERE WAS ONE LITTLE EPISODE IN IT, WHICH UNLUCKILY SPOILED EVERYTHING.

"Before you turn me away from your door, sir," began the battered specimen of mankind on the back porch, "I ask as a favor that you hear my story."

"Is it a long story?" asked the man of the house.

"To narrate it in detail would require something like an hour and a half, but I can give the principal points of it in a few minutes."

"You may give it to me in its abbreviated form."

"I was born in Ohio—"

"How old are you now?"

"Forty-three."

"Please skip about forty-two years and eleven months."

Across the face of the rickety-looking tourist flashed a spasm of pain, but he resolutely brought his narrative down to modern times.

"Inserting a row of stairs," he said, "to represent that portion of my history which may be described as my childhood, growth, maturity"

"And decay," suggested the listener.

"And decay," assented the electromany wanderer. "I will come to the events that have shaped my career for the last few days."

"If you find that the recital of facts agitates you too much," said the master of the house, feelingly, "you can lean up against the side of the porch."

"I replied the man drawing himself up with dignity. "I am accustomed to all kinds of treatment. Your sarcasm is not lost upon me, sir, but I am inured to hardships of this description. Shafts of satire do not penetrate, if I may so express myself, the armor—the—"

"The incrustation," said the other, coming to his relief.

"The moral coat-of-mail that protects my inner self from hurt and injury," proceeded the traveler, ignoring the suggestion. "They do not pierce it. It may interest you, and it may not, to learn that I am a refugee."

"From Russia?"

"No, sir, from Mississippi. I am a flood sufferer."

"So soon?"

"The refugee coughed a deprecating cough."

"I could easily explain the celerity of my movements," he replied, "but at your request I have drawn a veil over my history almost up to the present moment. Suffice it to say I was a flood sufferer; a few days ago I was a happy contented dweller in Mississippi. To-day I am a homeless wanderer. Unprepared for disaster, not dreaming of the horrors to come, I walked about my little plantation in the valley of the Oklahochee."

"It was Tombigbee, wasn't it?"

"You are right. It was Tombigbee. Life was a dreamy idyl. Careless I roamed the woodland, the meadow, the cultivated field, possessed of sufficient means to enjoy life without the depressing necessity of engaging in manual labor. It was too bright to last! The enchanting dream was followed by a swift awakening! The rains descended, the floods came and the lovely Tallahatchee—Tombigbee became a roaring flood. It swept away the accumulations of years. It reduced me to penury in a moment. Yet I did not abandon my home until driven to the last extremity. As the roaring waters mounted I climbed to the roof of my house. I remained there until the topmost brick in highest chimney was submerged, and then I fearlessly committed my self to the water. I swam—"

"Hold on! You fearlessly committed yourself to the water, did you?"

"I did, sir. I swam until—"

"That will do, my friend. I have listened patiently to your story. I have accepted without argument statements concerning your former prosperity and present adversity. I have been much interested in the abbreviated history of your life and sufferings. I have thrilled with sympathy for you, my friend. My generous impulses have been stirred to their utmost depths, and I have felt the tears of compassion welling up from their hidden source, but if you don't climb down off this porch and take yourself out of these premises in less than no time you lazy, dirty, lying, worthless, run-nosed vagabond, I'll kick you clean up through your greasy old hat! Get out!"

"The next time I work off that story," muttered the grimy tourist to himself after he had got safely outside the gate and started down the street, "I'll omit the swimming bath. It didn't seem to wash."

A Lesson in Manners.

UNCLE THEODORE HAS AN ENCOUNTER WITH FARMER TUMBLEDOWN.

At one of the farmers' institutes, Theodore Louis, the veteran teacher of hology, had been relating to an interested audience of farmers how he bred, fed and marketed his hogs, giving minute details of the work, tending brood sows, cooking squashes, cleaning out the pens, supplying bedding and everything pertaining to the business. As he came down from the platform a farmer with unkempt hair and beard, a slouched hat, greasy frock and overalls, the latter tucked into a pair of dirty, coarse boots, met him and said:

"Mr. Louis, do you pretend to say you feed your own hogs?"

"Oh, yes! When I am at home,"

"And clean out the manure?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Louis, with a smile.

"Well," said farmer Tumbledown, with a sneer, when a man with a stiff hat, a black suit of clothes, a gold chain and shiny shoes tells me he feeds hogs and cleans out the pen, I don't believe him."

This rather nettled the good-natured champion of improved 'swine husbandry,' and he said:

"My friend, did you learn anything new from me, to-day?"

"Oh, yes," said Tumbledown, "all you said about breeding and feeding was good, but I don't believe a man

who dresses like you ever feeds

There was an interested group of listeners gathered by this time, and, with a twinkle in his eyes, Uncle Theodore said:

"Now, my friend, let me teach you something else. If you want me to respect you and your calling, you must show some respect for yourself. You ought to have enough ambition and self-respect so that when you go to town or to attend an institute you would black your boots, put on a decent suit of clothes and clean yourself up."

The crowd seemed to appreciate the situation, and Tumbledown had business somewhere else.

It is not the farming but it is farmers like Tumbledown that cause some people to speak lightly of farmers. There is nothing in the business of farming that needs to make a boor of a man. The day is passed when dirty hands, greasy clothes and muddy boots are to be accepted as an index of occupation.

—Coleman's Rural World.

General News and Notes.

Baird's Balaam of Horsehood. Established over 50 years.

There is talk of an election in July for the Prince Edward Island Legislature.

A Wonderful Fish Producer.

This is the title given to Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil by many thousands who have taken it. It not only gives flesh and strength by virtue of its own nutritious properties, but creates an appetite for food. Use it and try your weight. Scott's Emulsion is perfectly palatable. Sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and \$1.00.

A number of people were killed and many seriously injured by a cyclone in De Kalb County, Montana, last week.

Turn the Bascals out.

We refer to such rascals as dyspepsia, bad blood, biliousness, constipation, sick headache, etc., infesting the human system. Turn them out and keep them out by using Burdock Blood Bitters, the natural food to displace which invigorates, tones and strengthens the entire system.

The Spanish Cabinet has decided in favor of a law providing for the trial of dynamiters without a jury.

An Waterprising Hotel Man.

It is stated that a hotel man in Toronto has posted a notice stating that all diners at his place who use Burdock Blood Bitters to tone up their appetite and strength, will be charged 20 per cent. extra. We do not know how true this is, but B. B. R. undoubtedly does the work and does it quickly and well.

Dr. T. H. Rand was last week appointed chancellor of McMaster University at a meeting of the senate.

Not many physicians make great therapeutic discoveries. For the most part they content themselves with administering judiciously what is prescribed in the books. To Dr. J. C. Ayer, however, is due the credit of discovering that greatest of blood-purifiers—Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The Berlin Tagblatt publishes a report from Arab sources that Emin Pasha is dead.

Bessie H. Bedlow, Burlington, Vt., had a disease of the scalp, causing her hair to become very harsh and dry, and to fall so freely that she scarcely dared to comb it. Ayer's Hair Vigor gave her a healthy scalp, removed the dandruff, and made the hair thick and glossy.

Twenty more men have been discharged from the G. T. R. car shops in London, Ont.

No More Bother.

GENTLEMEN,—I have used Hagyard's Yellow Oil for my chilblains and it cured them. I have never been bothered with them since.

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General Business.

ALMSHOUSE TENDERS.

Applications for the positions of Keeper and Matron of the County Alms-house, from persons without family, who are recommended by the Secretary of the Alms-house Commissioners until May 10th, 1892.

Applicants to state names and address for the positions of Keeper and Matron, and to be prepared to enter upon their duties June 1st, next. The Keeper and Matron must be single, and pay an assistant, bond and lodging for the latter will be provided free by the County. The house or any tender must be necessarily accepted, and any applicant at made will be subject to examination and of three months' trial. The parties present available for the positions. There are eight or ten children at present in the Alms-house, and the Commissioners are desirous of having order to responsible persons who may be able to educate or maintain any of them.

R. R. CALL, Chairman. D. MACLEACHAN, Secretary.

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