PROGRESS, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17. PROGRESS, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17.

TO A CRICKET.

Piper with the rusty quill Fifing on a windy hill In a dusty coat; Saddened by the fading glow Softer measures seem to flow From thy russet throat.

Perched amid the withered grass, Like a friar singing mass O'er the blossoms dead; Hauntingly a note of woe Echoes from thy tremolo, Mourning beauty fled.

As I listen fancy strays Backward through the summer ways Prankt with nodding flowers; And anon the fragrant night Rich in song and rare delight Opes her musky bowers.

Glowworms glitter, fireflies speed Lighting Puck and Mustard-seed And their pixie crew. Then the darkness flees, and Morn Peeping o'er the poppied corn Becks to pleasures new.

Dimpled daisies, laughing, toss Kisses o'er the dewy moss At my wayward feet; While the lays of bees and birds Sweeter than all caroled words In soft chorus meet.

Rising from the lap of Noon Comes a drowsy breeze to croon Mid the new-mown hay; As thou pipest, thus I fare, Fancy led to visions rare Down the summer day.

When the winds from Arctic waves Wailing o'er the flower-graves Glass each shuddering pool; Minstrel, flee thy frozen nest! I shall wait thee; be my guest On the hearth at Yule!

-Samuel Minturn Peck.



I had never seen her handwriting before; and yet, the instant the letter was brought to me. I knew it was from Paula, whom I had not seen for three long years, in fact, not since she had become the wife of Frederick Wertheim, the brilliant botanist whose researches had won the plaudits of the whole scientific world. Paula and I had been friends from childhood, and I had envelope, despite the hurried, nervous supplication. letters, and I felt instinctively that something was amiss. I broke the seal hurriedly-the sheet bore but two words, "come" and her name, "Paula." Such a request from her was to me an order. I did not hesitate an instant. Paula and her husband lived on a large estate about six miles distant from the city. But my strolls had never led me in that by excessive work. I had been Frederic's direction ; it would have brought up dreams of my childhood that were best forgottenbut there, it does no good to sentimental- hypotheses he launched into when warmed ize in this fashion. It was early autumn, up on one of his favorite topics. Was I and I had to urge my horse through a not a physician, and did I not recognize heavy fog. The chateau in which Paula lived was situated at the extremity of an alley of chestnut trees, whose boughs interlaced to form a long, dark tunnel. As I the power of reason, I went out into the entered this alley, it seemed to me that far in the black circle, which looked like the Night had fallen, and the cave of some terrible beast, I could see the shadowy as mist, which menaced me and that I drew rein and half stopped, leaning forward on my horse's neck to peer into the profound darkness. Then, driving the spurs deep in my horse's flanks, I dashed ish fears. into the unknown. curiously-carved head, a masterpiece of the of the trees, Frederic Wertheim. iron-worker's skill, which accounted for my strange illusion of the moment before. And behind the twisted bars of the gate stood Paula, awaiting me, her rosy baby in her arms. Even in the darkness I could see that she was very pale, and that her face showed signs of suffering. I jumped from the saddle, and in an instant was raising to my lips the hand she extended to Arrived at the porch, she stopped a mo-ment as if listening. She could have heard nothing, for she slowly pushed open the heavy door, which swung silently to dis-close a heavily-carpeted hall. And a moment later we were in a small reception room, lighted by candles, which threw a fitful gleam upon our faces. "Listen."

was he seeking the solution ? What combat had he dared to undertake? He became morbidly silent, and replied to his wife's questions only with haggard looks, as if he begged her not to arouse some distress-ing memory. For days and nights he re-mained shut up in a hot-house which he had constructed at great expense in the park. Weeks passed without his appearing at the chateau. Sometimes, in the night, he would creep silently into his wife's chamber. She had watched him while he believed her to be sleeping. She had seen him seated on a lounge, with fixed eyes, staring at some fearful vision. There was in his contracted face an expression of indescribable horror. His frame shook, and his hands, agitated in a convulsive movement, seemed to repulse some invisible enemy. Then—oh, she had studied him carefully in those brief mo-ments—he had looked up with an imperious, triumphant resolution. Springing suddenly up, he had fled-Paula had flown to the

hannis Manna

window, she had seen him hurry toward the hot-house, where the lights flared always from dusk to dawn like a light-house.

Frankly and boldly she had questioned him. What was going on down there in the park? Why did he so obstinately refuse to let anyone enter the hot-house? With a shudder he had coldly put her

aside unanswered. Then, brave hypocrite that she was, she had tried to fathom the truth. And she had learned a strange thing. Each day Frederic made the gardener buy many pounds of fresh meat, and himself carried them in the evening to the hot-house. What could he be nourishing there? Was it some dangerous, unknown animal that he was compelled to feed, a creature with which he was resigned to live alone for some scientific purpose? And what was that struggle, to which his rebellions in the silent night bore witness? Was he mad? That thought had pierced

the stricken heart of Paula like a dagger. She dared not question him more, as she saw anguish bring wrinkles to his face; and, too, he avoided her. He came no more, as had been his wont, to chat with her in the intervals of his work. Sometimes, however, she saw him, haggard and bareheaded, striding up and down the path, wringing his hands, and ever and anon casting nervous glances towards the hothouse.

At last-and this was the last tormentone night, while she slept, he had come with his noiseless tread into her chamber. She had felt that he was there, and she had naturally expected to see her handwriting suddenly opened her eyes. Frederic, embellished with all manner of capricious standing there motionless, glared at his little twists and curls; but I knew it was child's cradle with the hungry eyes of a from her as soon as I saw my name on the madman, and his hands contracted as in

In the centre of the room, in the midst of an endless variety of fantastically formed plants, a being, a nightmare, a horror arose before my eyes; a hydra, a polyp—a Thing no man could name.

enner at botton

It had the shape of a colossal gourd, and from its surface innumerable arms reached out, with glaucous bulbs, like eyes, at the end of each. The inner body seemed green, the arms were of reddish purple, and, as they spread out to those ghoulish eyes, the blood-red seemed to blend and mingle to the greenness of a putrescent corpse.

My eyes closed involuntarily, and I felt a terrible griping at my heart; and still I heard that gliding sound, which I divined came from those arms as they reached forth and contracted within themselves again incessantly.

At last, surprised that I had not been seized by this hideous and monstrous thing, I mustered up strength to look at it. Frederick, who was now as pale as death, had taken from the basket a piece of meat, and, with infinite precautions, balancing gingerly on the tips of his toes, as if he feared lest his hand be touched by those horrible tentacles, he placed the raw morsel on the extremity of a cluster of those waving arms. And suddenly, as if they were of elastic, the arms drew in upon themselves, dragging the meat, which was thus brought to the shorter arms, which I now saw composed an inner circle. And all the arms bent toward the centre, till I could no longer see the meat.

Shuddering and sick at heart, I glanced a Frederick. His forehead was covered bole of a bournful birch, with a moan and with perspiration, his teeth chattered-the demonaic brute was motionless now, raven- a soulful sigh; the mellowing mists of the ous over its monstrous deglutition.

"She eats, Titane eats!" he whispered. marsh chirps chirpingly sad in the ghoul-"Titane ?" I repeated after him, stupidly. "You do not know, you cannot under-

stand! Do you not recognize her? Now, look, see, she is tamed —," and all at once I comprehended, I saw that "Titane" was this monstrous beast.

"For nearly an hour she will be this way," said Frederick ; "ah, I know why you have come! They think me mad! But it is not true-mad, I-I, who by a miracle of perseverance, by a master-work of selection, have developed the insectivorous plant Drosera to this formidable size. You will see it, this monster, hold out its tentacles to me in an instant empty-and I must nourish it, I must feed it, or -" He glanced about him apprehensively.

"Or ?" I repeated. "Listen," said he; "you shall know my prow of a pullful bark ; I wrought a rhyme as I roamed along, in the stream of the secret. You know with what ardor I foling and Darwin in the study of those strange pled day, and above is the rhyme I wrote. lowed the discoveries of Nitschke, Warmplants that are intermediate between the -Louisville Courier Journal. vegetable and animal worlds, which entrap insects, seize them, and feed upon them, slowly absorbing and sucking nourishment from them. I was sure of the results of these strange studies, I did not doubt the That is what Paula told me, and, as she end for an instant, and I said to myself that the Drosera, the Dionæa, the Drosophyllum are-listen to me well, now-the degenerate posterity of monstrous animals, whose terrible forms have remained to us in the legends of the most primitive peoples. Hydras, chimeras, krakens, dragons-all have existed, the human imagination has created nothing. But by climatic adaptations. because of geological transplantation, and through the thousand-and-one modifying forces of nature, these formidable beings, deprived of the nourishment that was necessary to them, have retrograded, by a kind of inverted atavism, into the vegetable form, have become immovable, attached to the soil by roots. They were compelled to seek their chief nourishment directly from the earth itself, and they have become plants again, preserving only the supreme aptitude, sole vestige of their lost life, the faculty of animal nutrition. "I determined to reconstitute this atropic genus; I determined that I would change the plant back into the beast. Ah, how many attempts have failed ! At length chance-all our science is but the child of chance-placed in my hands a Drosera of exceptional size. I have nourished her; and I have developed within her the rem-nants of the animal juices. Little by little she has evolved and grown, until, at last, the acme of deduction, the hydra, the dragon lives again ! Behold my Titane-enormous and sublime ! Behold her, ferocious in the hunger that I can not sate!" And as two tentacles separated themselves from the mass and waved softly in the air, with a hideous, ceaseless motion, he gently laid upon them a fresh piece of flesh. "But you do not know all," he continued, in a low tone; "if Titane should be very hungry-I did not foresee this-in her presofficers to trust holders. ent condition of ferocious power, she would tear herself from the place to which her now enfeebled roots bind her! And then, a terrible and all-powerful brute, she would drag her slimy and enormous bulk out into the world, where there are men and women, and little children-and what has been my triumph would be my crime! "I fear that she may escape some day, and, lest she become hungry, I watch her every hour, night and day. Were I once but a few minutes late, and I know that she would hurl herself upon the world, meancing my wife and child, whom she would first encounter! Let her eat, let her eat, for she must not wish to move from here." meat. And through the fibres of this horrible plant passed purple tides of the contract of the sth Regiment, Body Dragoons of His Majesty. extracted blood. At this moment, as I stood speechless, overwhelmed with the intensity of my re-vulsion, the barred door, which I had not securely shut, swung softly open, and Paula appeared. Her courage had been stronger than her tear. Now that she knew I was there, she had had the boldness to violate the secrecy of this chamber of horrers.



"A BIG OFFER."

effort to rise, to hurl itself at us, perhaps,

and then, powerless, suddenly collapsed

A Nightmare.

In the swailing swirll of the soughful wind,

as the gust goes glooring by, I sit by the

eve are low, and the frog in the dankful

some gloom, in a swivering voice and harsh :

O, where is the swing of the swoonful swish, And the voice of the flim flam fowl? Methinks it moans from the murky mold From the home of the hootful owl.

Now swivel me swift from the surging

pring, I'm weary of wold and wind : the

jimmering to my mind; the feeble song of

the spotsome frog comes solemnwise,

O, where is the swing of the swoonful swish, From the land of the springful sprole? Must the blue mists blur on the tinker's drale, And freight with their fraught my soul?

I dreamed, I dreamed of Amelie Rives,

n the dim of the danksome dark. and me-

thought I rode on a moonful main, in the

starful gloat; I awoke at dawn in the dim-

have killed 'Titane !'

with a flaccid sound like wet linen, and at

STAND P

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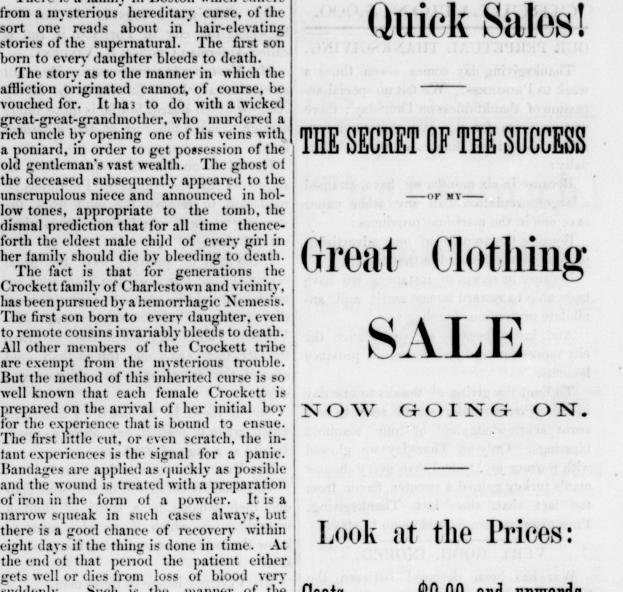
A MYSTERIOUS CURSE.

Ghost's Sanguinary Prediction to Wicked Woman.

the same time I pulled the unfortunate Frederick loose from the relaxed tentacles. There is a family in Boston which suffers Paula caught him in her arms. He from a mysterious hereditary curse, of the sort one reads about in hair-elevating stories of the supernatural. The first son born to every daughter bleeds to death. opened his eves, and, in a last spasm, fixed them on me as he said : "Assassin ! you And he fell back dead .- The Argonaut.

The story as to the manner in which the affliction originated cannot, of course, be vouched for. It has to do with a wicked great-great-grandmother, who murdered a rich uncle by opening one of his veins with a poniard, in order to get possession of the old gentleman's vast wealth. The ghost of the deceased subsequently appeared to the unscrupulous niece and announced in hollow tones, appropriate to the tomb, the dismal prediction that for all time thenceforth the eldest male child of every girl in her family should die by bleeding to death. The fact is that for generations the

Crockett family of Charlestown and vicinity, has been pursued by a hemorrhagic Nemesis. grewsome graik of the jabberwock comes The first son born to every daughter, even to remote cousins invariably bleeds to death. All other members of the Crockett tribe soughing slow, and again I hear by the bournful birch the wail of his wimpled woe: are exempt from the mysterious trouble. But the method of this inherited curse is so well known that each female Crockett is for the experience that is bound to ensue. The first little cut, or even scratch, the intant experiences is the signal for a panic. Bandages are applied as quickly as possible and the wound is treated with a preparation of iron in the form of a powder. It is a narrow squeak in such cases always, but there is a good chance of recovery within eight days if the thing is done in time. At the end of that period the patient either



They were the first words she had pronounced, and the sad tones of the voice told

me she had suffered deeply. "I have summoned you," she went on; "you are the friend of my childhood. The bond between us has been strained, but it is not broken. Three years ago I became Frederick's wife. As a child I had thought of him, whom they already called professor, as a being whom none might disobey; he won me with a word, his glance held me, and I telt myself conquered by his will. My weakness leaned upon his strength, I was proud to bow before this will that seemed to dominate all things. I speak of these matters because it is necessary that you should understand all, for I have sore need of your help."

"Why, what is the matter? Does Frederick dare____

"Frederick is goodness itself, he loves me-but, I am afraid, I fear-I fear him above all things. Why? Oh, if I could chance-" tell you, if I could but know myself! But | He did not complete the sentence. But,

"Frederic, Frederic! What are you doing here at this hour ?" He had muttered a brutal imprecation, and again had fled!

PRAME CALL

spoke, I felt a reassuring sense of relief descend upon my heart. What was it, after all-a mere state of morbidness brought on pupil and friend for years, and I had often listened with wonder at the boldness of the the madness of fever when I was brought face to face with it? So thinking, I reasoned with myself, and, sure of my eloquence and

Night had fallen, and the pathways were but dimly lighted by the stars. Presently vague features of a horrid, grinning mask, I saw the hot-house of which Paula had spoken. It was large and well built, surdared me to come on. The sinister im-pression of this hallucination was so strong lights inside were not yet lit, but the stars glinted brightly on the curved glass panes. So therein lay the mystery. I almost laughed aloud as I thought of Paula's child-

As I stood taking in the details of the I was almost thrown by the abruptness structure, a hurried step grated on the with which the horse stopped, for just be-fore me was an iron gate, surmounted by a saw, or rather divined, in the deep shadow

"Frederic," said I, boldly, "do you not recognize me?"

He stopped abruptly. "Frederic," 1 continued, "it is I," and held out my hand, surprised not to feel his own.

Then guided, as it seemed to me, rather by the sound of my voice than by his eyes, he leaned forward, and, in a harsh, cracked voice, which sounded like the cracking of a branch, he said :

"You! What do you want? Leave me!" "What! Is this the way you receive me after so long a separation? Have you for-

gotten our old friendship?" He was undecided, wavering where he stood. I noticed, for the first time, that he carried on his arm a basket, which seemed to be quite heavy.

"I can not stop," he said ; "let me pass." "Why, certainly you can pass," I replied ; 'but you will not prevent me, I suppose, from following you. I want to have an oldtime chat with you."

He chuckled in an uncanny fashion.

"You would follow me? Bah!"

"On my soul, professor, this palace must conceal some treasure of which you are very jealous."

With his free hand he seized my arm, and, as I kept silent, he leaned forward as one who listens. I seemed to make out some faint, singular sound, something like the gliding of a reptile through the grass. "She is waiting for me!" he cried in a tone in which I could detect an ill-suppressed terror ; "I must go!"

"Well, if you must, let us go in together." He seemed to hesitate still. Then, with

"Frederic!" she cried.

"Nadjy" to Her Admirers.

"They (her admirers) are so numerous that it is hard to remember them. I had nearly 4,000 letters in my book before I appeared in Nadjy at the New York asino. In that I wore ballet skirts, all in black, and so many letters came to the stage door that I had to take two typeriter girls to the theatre to answer them.'

"Do you always reply?" "Generally, unless the letters are deands for an indorsement of toilet cream r quack medicines. I do so pity a dude. He is usually harmless, you know."

"What form do your answers take?"

"I have an invariable form. It runs thus:

"Miss Fannie Rice begs to thank Mr. [here in-sert name] for his courteous note and kind present of [here insert flowers, fruit, earrings, necklace], and regrets that the ungovernable temper of her dog Carl, who weighs 180 pounds and has already killed a large number of fashionable young gentlemen, pre-vents her from asking Mr. [here insert name] to call and receive her nersonal acknowledgements" call and receive her personal acknowledgments."-Chicago Tribune.

Identification Cards.

The latest whim in New York is the dentification card. Its aim is to enable a person in a strange place to establish his identity without the aid of any other means. It consists of a double card, which is carried in a neat leather case. On one side are blanks to be filled in with the name of the bearer, his occupation, birthplace, date of birth, residence and personal description. On the other side is pasted his photograph with his own signature beneath. Then follows the certificate of a notary public that the photograph is known to him to be that of the man whose signature is written upon it, and that the signature was affixed in his presence. The manufacturers urge that the cards will enable persons to cash checks without further identification, and do all manner of business. Lawyers laugh, saying the card is too easily forged, notary public's name and all, to induce bank

Now, Girls!

The following letter, written in excellent German, reached the New York Bureau of

Vital Statistics the other day: Kowno, Sept. 28, 1888. As I desire to enter into matrimony I take the liberty of applying to your honorable bureau. I am an Imperial Russian Cavalry officer of the Dragoons of His Majesty's Body Guard. Of my future wife I

expect-1.—That she is not to be over 25. 2.—A capital of 150,000 rubles, spot cash. 3.—That she shall know the German and Russian

languages. 4.—Good society manners. 5.—Good looks. On my part, I offer her one of the oldest titles in Russia, introduction into the best society in Russia, &c. Respectfully, CARL VON JURGENSSEN, Kowno, Russia,

The Drama in Kentucky.

Two Newport men went over to see Booth and Barrett in "Othello" a few nights ago. When the show let out neither of them said anything of consequence until they got down to the ferry, where, while waiting in the float, one who never says anything unless he says it, said :

"Ben, d-d if that nigger didn't hold up his end about as well as any of 'em."-

gets well or dies from loss of blood very suddenly. Such is the manner of the bleeder's complaint. He is sure to be attacked in precisely the same way every time during his after life that his skin is seriously abraded. On occasions of the sort he must adopt immediate measures remedial or die. By exercising the most extraordinary precautions he may reach a comfortable age, but sooner or later he is sure to perish by an untoward accident, causing a flow of blood which no physician's art can stop.

So far not a single one of the destined victims has escaped the penalty. The oldest one now living is Mr. Surratt, of Melrose, who has been accustomed, when he wants a tooth pulled, to revise his will, visit his relatives and bid them all good-bye, as though it were likely to be forever. Life is an extra-hazardous risk when you are a bleeder. Thus it happens that eldest sons of the Crockett family, direct and collateral on the maternal side, are found to be engaged in digging and other harmless avocations which are not likely to occasion incidental hurts.

A Vessel's Many Disasters.

Perhaps the most unlucky ship that was ever launched from an American shipyard was the Harvey Mills, which closed her ten years' career of disaster by sinking off Cape Flattery on the last day of December, 1886. She was launched on a Friday, and was baptized in blood, killing a workman when gliding into the sea. Once in the service she met so many mishaps that the under-writers actually classed her as an extra hazardous risk. On her first voyage she was all but lost, and twice she narrowly escaped foundering. She was on fire once. while transporting cotton from Port Royal to Liverpool, and was transformed into a floating furnace.

Her hatches were closed down, enabling her to reach New York before the flames cut through the dcck. Later she rode down and sunk a bark in the English Channel, and none of the bark's crew escaped to tell their side of the story. On her next voyage she was dismasted by a hurricane. Twice she was given up for lost, and when at last she battled unsuccessfully with the frightful gales off Cape Flattery, twenty-one of the twenty-four unfortunates on board were engulfed so quickly when she sank that they could not even grasp a spar.

A Comedy of Errors.

Morris E. Ward, of Chicago, is charitable, gallant and absent-minded. He has a poor relative in the country to whom he sends all his old clothes. There are ladies in the city to whom he sends invitations to the theatre. The other day he wrote to his poor relation :

I send you my last pair of pants but one; they may be a triffe small, but you can let them out from the waistband If they are too long you can turn 'em up. Don't mind the patch.

Since you were kind enough to accept my invita-tion to the theatre, leaving it to me to select the play and evening, permit me to say the Columbia, this evening.

In an hour Mr. Ward received the tollowing from his lady acquaintance :

Coats,	•		\$2.00	and upwar
Pants,	•	-	75	"
Vests,	•	•	50	"
Snits,	•	•	3.00	"
Reefers,	•	-	2.50	"
Overcoa	ts,	1	2.75	"
Ulsters,			4.50	"
Snits, Reefers, Overcoa	ts,		3.00 2.50 2.75	"

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The same day he wrote to a lady:

every night still more, is the more poignant	as his hand glided over mine, I felt that it was cold as ice.	responded. In his surprise at her sudden	How About Pa?	As you did not send the pants by the messenger who delivered the note, I am, of course, unable to do anything to them. However, this need not in- terfere with our engagement for the theatre.	Pugsley's Building, Rooms 14, 15 and 16 Cor. Prince William and Princess streets.
"Bah! Terror, fear-these are mere words," said I, lightly, though I was far	He led me now. We arrived before the door of the hot-house. He drew a key from his pocket, and turned it in the lock;	his hand the monster's tentacles. With	was your sixth birthday, was it, Bobby ?"	Mr. Ward went to the theatre, but he was very uneasy.—Exchange.	MANUFACTURERS OF
"Words which sound in our brains, nevertheless, which are intelligible to our		the wrist, the fore-arm! Oh, horror ! I saw	Minister-"You seem to be proud about it, Bobby."	He Couldn't Chew in Their Pulpit.	Cut Nails and Cut Spikes, Tacks, Brads Finishing Nails, Shoe and Hungarian
do you smile? Do you not know that	"On your life," he whispered, "do not	I seized him about the body, straining	me on the street cars nowwere fork		Naile ata
In spite of much in mite of mu mich to	unreasoning dread seize upon me. Again	of the terrible litane—but the brute was stronger than I.	An Important Invention.	field, N. J., Sunday night. During the sermon, one of the women arose and pro- tested excitedly against the continuance of the armon until the procedure took a guid	HODSE BLANKENS
ted her in a gentler tone. This is what she	sound, such as is made by a paper slipping	"The trunk ! the trunk !" I cried to	are complaining just because you have to	of tobacco out of his mouth. Others joined	For Fall and Winter.
since the birth of her child, Frederick, who until then had held his head high like a	caused a glaring, blinding light to illuminate the bot-bouse, and—horrified, my hair rising	the axe and swung its shining blade and		with their request, but he said after the service that he felt insulted, and would	ROBB'S HARNESS SHOP,
^{once} grown nervous. Of what problem	upon my head, I fell back against the door, my hands clutching its iron bars !	struck one blow that cut through the very roots of the plant. It seemed to make an	brooms."—New York Sun.	souls.	204 Union Street.