

HIS LEGAL ADVICE.

Elkanor Bunker was a lawyer, newly fledged, and as yet without a client. His shingle, with

ELKANOR BUNKER, Counselor and Attorney at Law,

In letters as bright as gold leaf could make them, had gone up the day before, and his library, rather a scant pattern, had just arrived, and Elkanor had spent the last 15 minutes in putting that up, too; after which Elkanor seated himself again in his old arm-chair, and musing, rested.

'Oh, for a good, fat client!' sighed Elkanor, after half an hour's solitary reflection. Sighing doesn't generally secure the object longed for, but in this case the usual order of things seemed likely to be reversed. A heavy step was heard in the passage, a rap at the door, and in stalked a gaunt, bony six footer, with an ox-goad in one hand and an undressed sheepskin in the other. Elkanor knew his customer, an old acquaintance, 'miserably as the day is long when days are the longest.' He coolly pushed out a chair to him, and then busied himself with some books and papers that lay before him, with an appearance of industry decidedly greater than he manifested before his visitor's entrance.

'You seem to be plaguey busy this morning, squire,' said Mr. Tarbox, after a silent session of some 15 minutes.

'Rather busy, sir.'

'Well, then, I guess I won't interrupt you, squire, seein' as you are busy.'

'It is my business, sir, to be interrupted,' remarked Elkanor.

'Yes, I know it is; but you see I didn't exactly call on business. I only wanted to get a little advice; just to find out what your opinion is.'

'Well, sir, state your case,' laconically remarked Elkanor.

'Why, you see, squire, we had a kind of cattle show down at our end of the town, you know, last week a Tuesday. Well, you see, I got into a little bit of a scrape there. You know Bill Walker, I s'pose?'

'I can't say I do,' said Elkanor.

'Don't know Bill Walker! Heavens and earth, squire! Everybody knows Bill Walker. I ruther guess you know him, squire. Jest think a minute.'

'Perhaps so; but go on with your case, if you please, and let Bill Walker go.'

'Yes, but really, now I thought you knew Bill. Why, I swan, squire, you must know him. Bill Walker's the man that wears that old—'

But we will not inflict on our readers Mr. Tarbox's luminous description of Bill Walker's wearing apparel. Suffice it that it did describe the said Walker's apparel in a discourse of about 15 minutes, after which he spent half an hour in telling how he and Bill had had a fight together, and then eked out the rest of the morning by telling what they had fought together for. He was in the midst of this when Elkanor heard the distant dinner bell ring. Elkanor hadn't been in the profession long enough to know that lawyers are generally supposed not to need dinners. So he cut short his client's tale with:—

'The amount of the whole matter, Mr. Tarbox, so far as I can see from your own story, is that you think Bill Walker stole one of your sheep and acknowledge that you have been and taken one of his.'

'That's it, squire; you've hit it 'zactly.'

'But you have no business to take one of Bill Walker's sheep.'

'Why, Bill Walker took one of mine.'

'Perhaps so; but can you prove that fact?'

'Prove it! Thunder and lightning! I should hope so. I can prove that fast enough.'

'Who'll swear to it?'

'Why, anybody will swear to it.'

'And what might anybody's name be?'

'Inquired Elkanor. 'Did you see Bill take the sheep or have anything to do with it?'

'No, I didn't see him.'

'Well, do you know anybody who did?'

'I can't say I do 'zactly; but, thunder and lightning, squire! Bill Walker is just the sort of a fellow to steal sheep, I'll swear to that.'

'Yes, but that won't do. My opinion Mr. Tarbox, is that you had better give Bill Walker his sheep and get yours back whenever you can. It is your shortest way out of the scrape, sir.'

'Do you really think so, squire?'

'I don't think anything about the matter I know so.'

'Wal, that what's Bill said Squire Ketchum, down at Walkerville, said. But I didn't rasily believe him. Howsomever, if you both say so I s'pose it must be so. It's an all-fired hard case, though. I swan it is.' (Here Mr. Tarbox pulled out his watch.) 'Hul-lo! most two o'clock! I must be goin', that is a fact.' And Mr. Tarbox gathered together his 'fixings' and made for the door.

'Look here, Mr. Tarbox,' said Elkanor, 'you haven't paid me yet. Cash down is my motto.'

'Hav'n't p-a-i-d you! Paid you for what? I don't owe you anything as I know on. Do I?'

'Certainly you do.'

'I should like to know what it's for, then.'

'Very well, I can tell you. It is for professional advice give you this morning.'

'Ha! ha! Well, now, that is a good one! And how much money may your 'professional advice' be wuth?'

'If you follow it, and I'm inclined to think you will, it will be worth to you about ten times what I shall charge you for it. My charge, sir, is one dollar.'

'Oh, git out, squire! You don't mean to say you want me to pay a dollar for an hour or so of sociable talk, do you?'

'Indeed I do, sir.'

'Well, look here, young man. You needn't think you are going to diddle me out of a dollar that way. I'm a little too knowing for that operation. So good morning to you; and as to that dollar, don't you wish you may get it? Good morning. One dollar? Ha! ha.'

'Let those laugh that win. Mr. Tarbox,'

said Elkanor; 'you'll either pay me that dollar now, or before sunset I'll sue you for five. You can take your choice.'

W-h-e-w, now! You are a screamer for a young one. But I'll tell you what I'll do with you, Squire. I'll give you that dollar if you'll give me a receipt for it.'

'I'll give you a dozen if you like,' said Elkanor.

'Very well; here's your dollar, then. Now hand over the receipt, if you please.'

Elkanor sat down and wrote:—

Received of Hiram Tarbox, one dollar in payment for professional advice to him this day given.

ELKANOR BUNKER, Attorney at Law.

Grizzle, September 9, 1892.

'There you have it,' said he, handing it over to Mr. Tarbox.

'Yes, and it's where you'll have it, too, or I'm mighty mistaken. You swindled me, young man, out of a dollar, and here I've got proof of it, in black and white. That will be a dear dollar to you, my good fellow.'

'Perhaps so,' replied Elkanor; 'but if you are through, sir, you needn't wait any longer. There's the door.'

Mr. Tarbox went out. He went out, too, as if he fancied he saw the demonstration on the part of the young lawyer of an intention to put him out. He kept on, too, after he had got out, until he came to the house of Judge Rawson, who lived a few miles away. Here he stopped and rapped. The judge was not in. He had gone over to 'the farm.' So over to the farm after the judge went Mr. Tarbox. It was a long three miles, and by the time he reached the spot he had made up his mind that it would have been as well to have given up the dollar and said nothing further about it. However, he persevered and at last found the judge in the fields with a hoe in his hand hoeing potatoes.

The judge was a man of few words and soon brought Mr. Tarbox to the point.

'Wav, the amount of it is, judge,' said Mr. Tarbox, 'you see this receipt the little rascal has given me. Well, I want you to take it and haul the fellow up for me.'

'Haul him up! Why, the receipt is good enough. What do you want, pray?'

'I don't want anything more from him' But I should like to make him swing for it though, one while.'

'Make him swing! Swing for what?'

'Why, for swindling me out of my money.'

'You stupid old jackass!' said the judge, 'didn't you go to him and ask his opinion?'

'To be sure, I did, but—'

'And didn't he give it to you?'

'Yes, certainly, but—'

'Don't bother me with your 'buts.' If you asked him for his advice, and he gave it to you, I should say that was enough.'

'Yes, but he didn't give it to me. He made me pay one dollar for it. Now, that's what I call swindling.'

'You may call it what you like, but it is no more swindling than for you to charge one dollar for a bushel of corn is swindling.'

'Well, hang it all!' said Mr. Tarbox, rather testily, 'do you mean to say, judge, that this receipt is a good one?'

'To be sure I do.'

'And that I can't get my dollar back again?'

'Not a long shot.'

'I should say not, most decidedly.'

'Well, if that's the case,' said Mr. Tarbox, looking rather crestfallen, 'it is high time I was going; and off he started. But his progress was suddenly arrested.

'Just one moment, if you please,' said the judge. 'I believe you haven't paid me yet.'

'P-a-i-d you! Paid you for what, I'd like to know.'

'For professional advice.'

'Why, you don't mean to say, judge, that you are going to make me pay for your telling me that I can't prosecute that fellow, do you? You don't mean that sure-ly.'

'Certainly I do.'

'Well, all I have to say is I'll see you to thunder first? How much do you charge for that, eh?'

'I'll tell you what I charge for it,' said the judge, slowly biting his hoe. 'Either pay me my fee or I'll give you such a mauling as you never had in your life. Take your choice, and be quick about it, too.'

'Well, it I must, I s'pose I must,' said he, at length. 'What is your charge?'

'Two dollars.'

'Two dollars! Thunder and lightning, judge, you are bad! too bad, that's a fact. I thought you didn't charge anything for a law business nowadays.'

'That depends on circumstances. I do this time.'

'But two dollars, judge—isn't that rather high?'

'Not a cent less,' said the judge; 'either that or the hoe handle. Take your choice.'

'Well, blast you! take it then!' said Mr. Tarbox, hauling out of an old dirty pocketbook a dirty five.'

'Very good,' said the judge. 'Phoenix bank, five dollars. All right; here's your change. You may go now.'

And Mr. Tarbox did go. He stopped, though, after going a few steps, for he heard the judge calling after him.

'Well, what's wanting now, I'd like to know?' snarled he.

'Oh, nothing very particular,' replied the judge, 'only I thought perhaps as you let me have the two dollars, that perhaps you might like a receipt.'

Mr. Tarbox ground his teeth audibly, and as he returned away something very much like 'I s-w-a-r!' found its way out.—N. Y. News.

Neuralgia's Persistent Agony.

Has but one source of relief. Nerviline—nerve pain cure—penetrates to the irritated nerves, soothes them into repose, and affords relief almost instantly. The whole range of medicine affords no parallel to Nerviline as a pain reliever.

THE CARPENTER-BEE.

The Manner in Which They Make Their Home.

'Some Common Bees and How They Live' is the title of an article by A. Hyatt Verrill, in St. Nicholas. The writer says:

If you will look carefully along the under side of the ledge on any old board fence, you will probably be rewarded by finding one or more round holes, about half an inch in diameter, and as true and smooth as though bored with an auger. By placing your ear close to the wood you may often hear a low buzzing sound issuing from within. If you are patient, and will watch the hole for a short time or strike the wood in its vicinity a sharp blow a large black and yellow insect will come tumbling forth, and fly buzzing away. 'A bumblebee!' you exclaim. 'What was he doing in there?' But, nevertheless, you are mistaken; for although in general appearance she certainly does resemble our bumblebee friends, yet should you compare the two, you would find them quite different. In our new acquaintance the stripes are pale ochre-yellow instead of the rich golden color of the bumblebee; and the yellow pollen baskets on the hind legs of the latter are replaced by a brush of coarse, stiff hairs.

This insect is the 'large carpenter bee, and well named she is, too, for no human carpenter could bore neater holes, or chisel out the wood to form a dry and cozy home better than does this little creature with no tools save those Nature furnished in the form of sharp, horny mandibles or jaws. After boring the hole to the depth of about an inch, the carpenter bee turns at right angles to the entrance, and patiently cuts a long tunnel, a foot or more in length parallel to the surface of the wood. The completion of this long, dry chamber necessitates hard, unceasing labor for several weeks, and the little carpenter combines business with pleasure by taking frequent excursions to sunny fields and gardens, to gather honey and pollen from the flowers' store. From the nectar thus obtained she forms a paste which is packed closely in the end of her newly built house, and on it lay a single egg. Next, small chips, made in boring the hole, are brought, and mixing them with a secretion from her mouth, she fastens them on the sides of the tunnel, working round and round in a spiral, each turn of which reaches nearer the centre; until finally, a thin wooden partition is formed, walling off the egg and its little store of honey-paste. Against this wall more honey is packed, another egg laid, a partition built, and the operation repeated until the chamber is completely filled. The first egg laid is the first to hatch, and the tiny white grub comes forth and at once commences to feast upon the food so providentially placed within his little chamber. Finally he goes to sleep and while he slumbers his skin grows hard and brown while ridges and protuberances appear upon its surface. At last the little pupa bursts open, and a perfect bee comes forth, with his shining black head close to the dainty wall his mother built. This, all unmindful of her toil, he immediately tears down, only to find his way to freedom checked by his next younger brother or sister, still asleep in its pupa case. After waiting patiently the pupa which bars his progress hatches out into another bee, who tears down the wall to his own cell, to find another pupa barring his way, when both are compelled to remain by the pupa beyond. Finally the last bee is hatched, and breaking down the barrier which hides the world of flowers and freedom from his view, the whole brood swarms forth to try their restless, gauzy wings in the bright sunshine.

DELICATE MAINSPRINGS.

Very Quick to Feel the Effects of Heat and Cold.

'Mainsprings are very much like people,' remarked a New York watch maker recently to a writer for the Washington Star. 'They are as susceptible to extremes of heat and cold as human beings. When the thermometer is hovering around the freezing point or dancing away up in the 90s the sensitive little mainspring will succumb just as easily to freezing or sunstroke as man.'

'During the hot weather of the past month I have received over 400 watches which needed similar repairs. You see, this uncertain piece of mechanism is supposed to be adjusted to meet the various degrees of temperature, but when the changes are great and come suddenly there is nothing that can prevent them from snapping. Many are made in Switzerland of the very finest quality of steel, absolutely flawless. Very often the watchmaker can detect a bad spring before putting it in a watch either by its color or the softness of its spring. These have been too tightly tempered in making, and instead of being subject merely to a red heat the fire has been brought to white heat, thus weakening the strength of the metal.'

'The finest watches that are handled by reliable dealers in the United States are put through a 'cooking and freezing' process before they are sold, for the purpose of testing their reliability in all temperatures. The watch is first placed in a little metal box which is made air tight. Then a strong gas flame is turned on the under surface of the box, and is kept there for one or two hours, so that the watch is so hot at the end of that time that it could not be touched with the bare hands.'

'From this it is immediately taken and put into another metallic box, which is buried in a vessel containing ice. There the costly watch is allowed to freeze for an equal length of time, when its treatment ceases and the examination is made. If during this excessive test the watch has ticked merrily on without deviating a fractional part of a second, it is put back in the case and marked 'guaranteed for two years. The mainspring is the first piece of mechanism that succumbs to the test. If it survives nothing need be feared.'

'Mainsprings are, however, about the only part of a watch that a jeweler cannot successfully diagnose. They can guarantee any of the numberless little wheels or pivots or balances that go to make up the anatomy of the watch, but the mainspring has as yet baffled the most skillful makers of watches of all countries. It is not so much the severe extremes of the weather that prove fatal to the spring as it is the process of changing from heat to cold or vice versa.'

'Many people who have been the possessors of new watches but a short time often come to me much annoyed, declaring that they have paid a large price for their timepieces, and the mainspring has broken after only a week's use.'

'That is nothing,' I tell them 'We jewelers have them snap in our cases before the watch has even been shown for sale.' Others imagine that they might have wound their watches too tight, but this does not harm it. It is rather the jerky hurried winding that will eventually tell on the temper of the metal. Besides, every good stemwinder has a stop placed in the stem which prevents the winding of a watch too tight.'

'The cost of a new mainspring is small. It is putting them in the labor expended that costs. It costs from \$12 to \$15 to put a mainspring in the finest watch, while in a cheap American make it costs only 50 cents to \$1.'

'A gentleman purchased a \$250 watch from me about a year ago, and shortly after he left New York on a tour around



SEE THAT LINE

It's the wash, out early, done quickly, cleanly, white.

Pure Soap did it SURPRISE SOAP with power to clean without too hard rubbing, without injury to fabrics.

SURPRISE is the name, don't forget it.

ing car and a number of others that were standing on the side track. The brakeman watched his opportunity, and a fraction of a second before the coming together of the cars he jumped into the air, and when he came down the collision was over. He escaped a good shaking up.

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'A gentleman purchased a \$250 watch from me about a year ago, and shortly after he left New York on a tour around

the world. He returned about three weeks ago, brought his watch back to me and paid me this compliment: 'Here's a watch,' said he, 'that I paid you \$250 for a year ago, and while I was travelling around it lost three minutes. You guaranteed it and I want you to make it good.' The watch was placed in my window with this card beside it:

'This watch lost only three minutes in a year in a tour around the world. Price, \$275.'

'Did you sell it?'

'Yes, within two days.'

CONVINCED THE SCEPTIC.

The Merits of the Great South American Nerve Withstand All the Assaults of the Credulous and Sceptical—When They are Converted to its Use in Their Personal Affairs They Become Its Best Friend—For It Never Fails Them.

Mr. Dinwoodie of Campbellford, Ont., says: 'I recommend South American Nerve to everybody. I consider it would be true to the best interests of humanity were I not to do so. In one instance I convinced an avowed sceptic to all remedies of its curative powers; he procured a bottle, and it has been of such benefit to him that he continues to purchase and use it, and has proved its great worth as a stomach and nerve tonic. It has done wonders for me and I keep it constantly in my house. An occasional dose acts as a preventive and keeps me well and strong. It is wonderful medicine.'

In a New Part.

The following good city missionary story—and city missionaries could tell many good stories if they would—is borrowed from Harper's Bazar.

A lady who is a city missionary became very much interested in a very poor but apparently respectable Irish named Curran living on the top floor of a tenement-house in the slum district.

Every time she visited the Currans, the missionary was annoyed by the staring and the whispering of the other women living in the building. One day she said to Mrs. Curran.

'Your neighbors seem very curious to know who and what I am, and the nature of my business with you.'

'They do so,' acquiesced Mrs. Curran.

'Do they ask you about it?'

'Indeed they do, ma'am.'

'And do you tell them?'

'Faith, thin, an' Oi do not.'

'What do you tell them?'

'Oi just tell them you are me dressmaker, an' let it go at that.'

The Universal Answer.

What Dyes are always guaranteed, And in our country take the lead?

The Diamond Dyes!

What Dyes are strong, and bright and fast, And always dye to live ad last?

The Diamond Dyes!

What Dyes bring profit, pleasure, peace, And by their work a great increase?

The Diamond Dyes!

What Dyes should every woman try? Hark! Listen to that mighty cry—

The Diamond Dyes!

A 'Fly' Tradesman.

'I want a suit I can fly around in,' said the woman who just came in.

'Here's something gnaty,' said the pale tradesman, who was not above being funny when he was in no danger of being found out.



FOR THE BLOOD

In Spring Time get Pure Blood by using B.B.B.

No other remedy possesses such perfect cleansing, healing and purifying properties as Burdock Blood Bitters. It not only cleanses internally, but it heals, when applied externally, all sores, ulcers, abscesses, scrofulous sores, blotches, eruptions, etc., leaving the skin clean and pure as a babe's. Taken internally it removes all morbid effete or waste matter from the system, and thoroughly regulates all the organs of the body, restoring the stomach, liver, bowels and blood to healthy action.

