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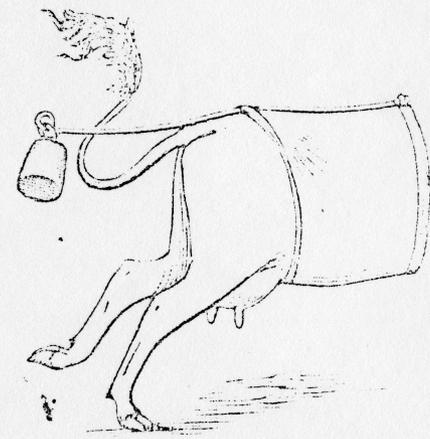
TRY IT! TEST IT! PROVE IT!

K. D. C. CO., New Glasgow.

Mack Dee's Cow,

AND

OTHER TALES.



BLOSS.

Exhibition Souvenir.

NEW GLASGOW.

September 21st, 22nd and 23rd, 1892.

The Modest Man's Cow.

A NEW GLASGOW man is in luck, but his natural modesty and inobtrusiveness of character deters him from reaping the full benefit of his good fortune. He hates anything bordering on notoriety, but by the exercise of a little persuasive eloquence, and by dint of cross-questioning, I wormed the story out of him, which at first blush seems almost incredible.



"THE MODEST MAN."

I am under a strict and distinct promise to suppress his name, and being a man who prides myself on my truthfulness, will stand solemnly by my compact. What is a man's life worth anyway, particularly a poor man like myself, whose veracity is impugned. He becomes a prey to an outraged conscience, and a bye-word to be scoffed at by a giddy world.

Story telling is not my stronghold, but I will endeavor to relate this, holding nothing back except the man's name as for reasons aforesaid.

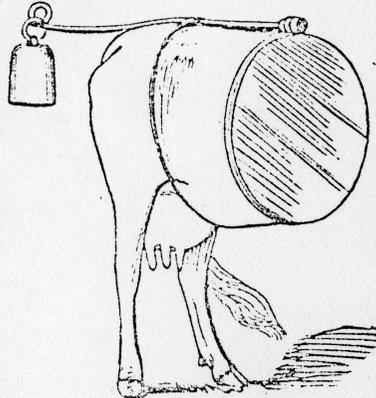
This man, whose name I suppress, was the owner of a very handsome cow of the Alderney tribe. She stood four feet in her stockings at that time, and was a kind and considerate cow and a great milker, and had withal an enquiring turn of mind. One day, in the pursuit of her ordinary vocation, she roamed to the vicinity of the wire factory and stepped through a loop of wire that hung through an open window. When she was exactly half way through the machinery

started, the wire suddenly tightened, and that cow was cleft in twain as clean cut as a hemlock log by a cross-cut saw. The hind end fell backwards and sat there like a piece of bread, butter side up, but the forward half all went to pieces. The owner (whose name I suppress) happened by just then, and grasping the situation, and the head of a puncheon that lay conveniently near, laid it carefully on top of the cut, pulled the skin up nicely, and after tacking it put a hoop around the puncheon head and the butt end of the cow at the same time. Then he buried the front half, and



"THE HIND PART FELL BACKWARD."

when he returned he found that the blood had coagulated, and with a little assistance he managed to get her on her feet, or at least on her two remaining feet. But here a new dilemma arose; her feet were too near one end to preserve a proper equilibrium, but being



"WITH A WEIGHT NICELY ADJUSTED."

A man of resources he overcame the difficulty by fastening a rod along her back by girths, and allowing it to project about two feet past the root of her tail, and to this he adjusted a weight which balanced the cow, or what he managed to save of her. A little careful practice learned her to walk, although never so gracefully as with the four feet, being more of a waddle, exactly like a duck. Not until a week or so later did it dawn on him what a treasure he had secured. You see, not having any mouth or stomach, she did not require food, a great desideratum in a poor man's cow; and, after the first shock, the diminution of milk was hardly perceptible. She had no tell-tale horns to give away her age or apprise her of the time she might reasonably be expected to give up all interest in sublunary things and snug things up preparatory to giving us a last adieu, hence she might live for ages and retain perennial youth. Then her tail, that in former times could not knock a fly off her ear, now, in the absence of other members, grew quite important and put on considerable airs, whisked around continually and would not allow a fly to gain even a foothold, and had the cow, or at least what remained intact of her, under complete control. By raising her body erect the end of the rod would touch the ground, and for hours she would stand like a three-legged stool, with the puncheon lid, on which hair had grown, as level as a centre table. For a long time he did not know what use he could make of her when she took those dreamy and abstracted fits, but his wife, the man said whose name I suppress, conceived the idea of setting her bread to raise on it as the temperature was about right.

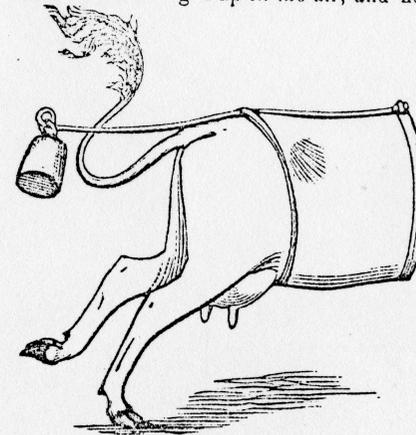
The man said, whose name I suppress, that she was admirably adapted for a poor man's cow, requiring no pasturage. Once she wandered away and walked into a pound, and the keeper came with tears in his eyes and begged him to take her away, and in order to facilitate the matter offered him five dollars if he would get her away quick. The pound man said that his dog was in convulsions in the off corner of the pound, while the entire family were huddled in the cellar awaiting his return. He said that a cow that was so foreshortened as that one was, made him long to die and get out of the immediate reach of such innovations.

He said (the man said, whose name I suppress) that the only difficulty he encountered was that in some of her festive moods she would gambol indis-



"LIKE A THREE-LEGGED STOOL."

criminally around, and trip up and fall on the puncheon lid, while the rod would stick straight up in the air, and her hind feet, in fact the only live feet she had, would fly around like a wind-mill.



"ON THE GAMBOLE."

at parting was a pathetic request to suppress his name.

Of course, he said (the man said whose name I suppress) that having so much time on her hands, or rather on her feet, she was subject to long fits of abstraction and despondency. She would grow moody and thoughtful, and would lean up against the fence and ruminate and wonder if she had not lived in some other sphere, or if she had a better halt what in thunder had ever become of it. Why don't you give her to some dime museum or show people? I asked; but the look of pain that spread over his face, and his evident horror of notoriety, made me sorry that I ever asked the question. His last words as he wrung my hand

A Paralyzed Audience.

LAST WEEK a man who writes humorous articles under the *nom de plume* of "Mac Dee," was billed to lecture at Hopewell, N. S., but owing either to the apathy of the people or the want of advertising, no one attended except a man named John McArthur, whose laugh is set on a hair trigger. When the time arrived McArthur got up in the body of the hall and moved that John McArthur take the chair; this was seconded by the lecturer, put and carried unanimously. The chairman then introduced the lecturer in the most flattering manner, any reference to whom met with applause. When the lecturer mounted the rostrum the chairman took his seat in the body of the hall, intending to act as audience, and in order to encourage and put the speaker at his ease, was prepared to applaud the faintest attempt at wit. At the first appearance of a joke a broad grin spread over the expansive features of the audience, and as the lecture proceeded he broke into hilarious laughter, then he roared until the hall was filled with wild uncontrollable and prolonged cachination, next the audience fell on the floor in a state of utter helplessness, threw his feet on the seat, and waved its hand at the lecturer in a mute appeal to desist; but the lecturer would not stop, he came there to lecture, and lecture he would. At the end of an hour the lecturer closed with a wild and fitful joke, then took his seat at the back of the stage and waited for the usual stereotyped vote of thanks. But the audience was not only unable to move a vote of thanks but was totally unable to move itself.

The lecturer then got a team and had the audience transferred to his house, and procured medical assistance. The doctor after diagnosing the case prescribed a dose of bromide of potassium, and ordered him as a sort of counter irritant to read daily the proceedings of the Nova Scotia legislative council. The patient said he thought it was death in any case, and begged for less drastic treatment and the doctor compromised by allowing him as a sort of relaxation to go to the graveyard and read the inscriptions on the tombstones.

A Great Clerical Runner.

'SPEAKING of long-winded men,' remarked the conductor of the Pictou accommodation, 'day before yesterday I pulled out of New Glasgow station ten minutes behind time, and as I was rounding the curve near the coal chutes I came out and saw a man, wearing a long black overcoat and a wide felt hat, running up the station platform towards us, waving his umbrella to stop the train. I was sorry to leave him, but the rules of the road don't allow us to pick up passengers on the fly, or to back down to the station after leaving, for if we did we would never get off, as there's always a fellow a few minutes late. Our next station was Stellarton. We had considerable freight to take on and were all working with a will to make up time. When ready I gave the signal to start, and as the train swept out of the yard I swung myself on the rear platform, and looking down the line, there, to my astonishment, was the chap we left at New Glasgow, hat in one hand, umbrella in the other, and his coat tails flying in the wind straight out behind him. I just got one sight of him as we rounded the curve above Stellarton. We ran pretty sharp to Hopewell, discharged freight and took on some small packages.

"As we went through the cut above Hopewell, one of the brakemen said, pointing down the track, "there's a fellow missed his train." I looked out, and sure enough there he came again, frantically waving his hat and coming at a regular all day pace, the breath coming out of both nostrils on the frosty air like a regular old snorter. That was the last we saw as we disappeared round the "cut." We had to take on a few cars of lumber at Glengarry, and before I gave the word to start I looked down the line but saw nothing of our man. Somehow we went out of the yard very slowly, and I stood on the rear platform waiting. I thought he was done for sure, but as the tail end of our train disappeared in the woods he appeared away down the line. The momentary glimpse of the train seemed to impart new life to him, for he put on a fresh spurt, and I grew alarmed lest he would run into us, and telegraph the train. But we gradually drew away and left him again.

"At West River I had trouble with lumber that was coming loose, and I almost forgot my man, but we got away without losing much time, and as we drew out of the station yard I kept looking down the line. Could it be possible! Yes, there he came up the line like an old charger, touching only about every third sleeper. He had his coat on his arm, a scarf tied around his waist and the hat still waving wildly as he sighted us. I tried to pull the bell cord but the sight of him almost paralyzed me, and before I collected my wits we were again out of sight. We ran into Riverdale just fifteen minutes late, not having made up any time. As I stepped on the platform, Aleck, the station master, said 'Well, anything fresh from New Glasgow?' 'Not yet,' I replied 'but there soon will be; he's coming on the dead jump right behind us and for heaven sake track him or get him to slow down long enough to stick a red flag on him.' I think every man on the train was a little excited, because you see it was so unusual, besides it was like challenging us for a race.

"There was nothing further to bid but every man seemed to go desperately to work to get the train off. 'All aboard,' I shouted. Clang went the bell, the engine coughed and spluttered, and away we went. When I swung myself out on the rear platform I found it crowded. Not a word was said but every eye was strained down the track. I had out my watch to note the time when one

of the brakemen who was a little taller than the others, screamed 'there he comes! there he comes!' And sure enough there he did come and before we got steam up was well in sight and the old felt hat fairly hissed as he drew it rapidly through the air in his frantic endeavor to stop us. We were on the down grade and were trying to make up for lost time and going probably thirty miles an hour not counting stoppages. He kept well in sight for a short time but we worked away from him and were soon out of sight.

"He was a sort of Nemesis, we ventured to remark. 'I don't know what name was his,' continued the conductor, 'it might have been Walker for all I know.' I kept a sharp look out as we slowed up before arriving at Union, where I found, much to my annoyance, we would be detained for four or five minutes by a hot box. On coming back to the platform my attention was attracted to the station agent who had just sighted our 'man' and stood gazing down the track like a frozen pirate watching him, as, putting on a tremendous burst of speed, which fairly made the air hiss in front of him, leapt lightly on the platform of the rear car. I was dumb with astonishment, but he was perfectly collected and said, as he took out his pipe and scratched a match on his pant leg.

"Well, I caught on."

"I said 'yes, but for heaven's sake, who are you?'"

"Hush!" said he, 'no profanity, please. I'm a disappointed applicant for a vacant congregation in New Glasgow, for I wasn't long-winded enough, and got left. I'm heading for Folly Village and if the name of the place is any indication of the character of the people I'll be solid with them inside a week.'

New Glasgow Notes.

A STRANGER entered a New Glasgow church last Sunday, and as soon as the preacher announced his text the stranger lifted his left leg and held his foot suspended in the air. He made several frantic attempts to down it, but it persisted in hanging about a foot from the floor. Seeing that he was drawing the attention of those in his vicinity he laid some bibles, an overcoat and the pew stool on his knee and pressed it down, but when the preacher struck "fifthly" his leg flew up and scattered the weights in every direction, and remained suspended until the sermon was over, when it dropped to the floor and gave the owner no further trouble. When the meeting was dismissed a man who noticed the strange phenomenon approached the stranger and asked him how it was that his foot seemed to be doing business on its own account, and if he was the president of a joint stock company why didn't he try and control the other members, or if he did not to what extent did he consider himself liable for their actions. He explained to the stranger that he wanted to know for personal reasons as he did not consider it overly safe to sit in a pew with a man whose feet were apparently beyond his control and liable at any time to commence business on their own account. The stranger, who was a bland and guileless looking man, took the matter kindly, and replied that he was sorry to have alarmed anybody, although no doubt he had acted in a strange, in fact a belligerent manner, but the truth was he was a good christian man, he hoped, and had gone regularly to the same church to hear the same preacher for twenty years. He was not a brilliant preacher; in fact he was prosy, and in order to keep himself awake he had adopted the plan of lifting one foot and holding it in the air. Others noting the success of the plan had also adopted it, and eventually whenever the sermon commenced the entire congregation lifted its leg and kept it suspended in the air to come down with a flop at the close that could be heard two blocks away, and scared the swallows in clouds out of the belfry. It was a capital plan, but like all other habits it grows on a man, and

now it don't matter where I am, the minute the text is announced up goes my leg and hangs dangling in the air until its completion. I would advise you, continued the stranger, as a man having considerable experience, if ever you notice any of your people attempting this thing to lash both their feet to the floor with a clothes line, and have a man sit behind him with a club, because there's nothing like nipping questionable habits in the bud. Then they bade each other an affectionate good bye and took their several ways.

Something Uncanny.

What ails you, "Farmer John? that troubled mien
Bespeaks of trouble that you've felt or seen."
John mused a while, then curtly answered "Yes,
What I have seen is strange, I must confess;
Something uncommon, and well worth relating,
And I will tell it straight, without inflating.
"This morn," said John, "I walked up by the park,
It was not hardly day, nor yet was't dark;
Was pondering o'er the farmer's bitter fate,
Thinking how he could better his estate
By sending farmers to the House of Commons,
To keep in check those bitter party demons.
I had climbed the hill and left the dusty street,
And on a hemlock stump I took my seat.
The town lay sleeping in the vale below;
'Twas long before its fires began to glow.
The farms attract me most, and farmers' troubles,
The Towns may sleep they are not worth a bubble.
Close by me on the "track" a dozen horses
Were trotting for imaginary purses,
Without a driver, wheel, or strap of leather.
They wheeled in line and got off well together.
The pole was taken by Farmer Ross' "Grey,"
Who, trotting squarely, kept the rest at bay.
Friend Johnny Johnstone's horse with weights of dough
Came second,—with five pounds on either toe,
While Connelly's "Norman" fighting for third place,
Came thundering down the track a mighty pace.
And galloping behind a motley lot
Came Churel's "Boston", Johnny Wilson's "Dot,"
McLellan's mare and foal, and Jones' "Bay,"
Adam's big Clydesdale, and Scott Frazier's "Grey."
Under the wire as quick I looked askance,
Three horses stood, their heads across the fence.
The "Starter" was that chestnut horse of Brook's,
The "Timer" was that sorrel mare of Cook's,
The third was,—Great guns! I almost fainted,
For quick I saw the villian's face was painted.
First quarter trotted was in forty four,
The second in a half a second more,
The third was gamely won in forty two.
When Johnstone's horse, his five pound dough weights threw.
Down the home stretch, they trotted like the de'il,
When Norman's standard blood began to tell,
Forged by the mare, now neck and neck they go,

Was ever turfman's heart delighted so.
"Won by a neck," I heard them whinney low.
Fool that I was, I could not hold my tongue
But shouted "Bravo," and my hat up flung.
Down went each horse's head, up went each tail,
Some galloped through the gate, some cleared the rail,
And as they dissappeared, I heard a neigh,
Saying, "All bets off, we'll meet some other day."
John lowered his voice and whispered in my ear,
"They have their races three times in the year,
And oft they come to practice in the night,
When none are "bared," except his coat is white.
Farmers, oft wonder why their horses tire
But seldom take the trouble to enquire,
Yet patting hoofs, and neighs and whinneys low,
Tell dwellers round the track why it is so."
"The Jerseys now," said John, "my 'tention claim,
I'll tell a story some day about them."

Petrify the Corpse.

YESTERDAY a big man with light whiskers, hailing from the 'Ponds' walked into the office of a tin store on Provost street, and after attempting to stuff his mitts into the cuspidore and take seat on the letter press, he unbosomed himself as follows:

'I come in,' said he addressing the junior partner, 'to unfurl a scheme that'll knock the everlasting stuffing out of the cremation business an' lessen the expense of burial well on to a hundred per cent.'

'That's a big reduction,' said the J. P., in a soft credulous tone.

'Yes, said the country man, 'it is a big reduction, but my lad, this a big scheme. Now you look all over the country; what do you see? Why grave yards! acres and acres of grave yards, with sticks, stones, slabs, cairns, shafts, columns, monuments, and sich things, all a pointing upwards in memory of the deceased. Costs money! Heaps of money sunk in grave stones, an I tell you lad—'

'Yes, yes, I know,—broke in the junior partner.

'Hold up,' said the man from the Ponds, 'but you don't know half,—at least ye don't realize. I tell you we need all the money in the country for the live man, more too my boy, an what I want is to stop this everlasting waste. Now you see counting coffins and plates, and grave cloths, and doctors bills, and a lot, and a gravestone its a very big tax—'

'My dear sir,' interrupted the J. P., 'this is a very grave subject.'

'I guess it is graver than you had the faintest idea, leastways till I brought it up before you in a strictly business like manner. I tell you my lad, you people in town are too busy to take time to think; but in the country we have the long fore nights to be contriven in on, and this time I've struck it rich—no more coffins, no more shrouds,—no more hearses with old slow black horses. Now here's a pint: suppose a man was a lover of horse flesh, and after he died and you toted him to the graveyard behind an old lazy black horse and his taste ran for light bays that could strick a fifty clip, don't you think now that there a doin' injury to that man's feelings? Of course they are. But as I said afore, your too busy in town to think about these nice pints and we in the country are just fools enough to do as you do. Now my lad, there's the moral aspect of the thing. May be it's not fur me to judge but I believe there's lies on gravestones, of course there are: haven't I seen them in my own experience, regular whop-

pers on gravestones. Now what do you do. Soon as a man dies, off goes the best cow on the farm to buy a gravestone, that is if we can get it on tick, an across the face of it is written quite bold like.

'Blessed are the dead that dies in the Lord,' as much as to say that 'he,' lived and died that way, when the whole settlement knows that he neither lived nor died that way. I tell you Heck, its bad enough fur us fellows to lie when we're livin' for a purpose without sticking a lie in our mouths after we're dead, when you're not in a position to rectify the thing. Now its too all-fired bad is'nt it, my lad?

'Well yes,' said the J. P., it is, but couldn't you stop it in your case by having you're headstone all ready to put the date on before you die?'

The country man put his head down, and a little to one side, fumbled in his pocket a minute and then with the air of a man that had satisfactorily settled a very difficult problem, continued:—'That wouldn't stop it, because in the first place I wouldn't trust them to put on the date correctly, and besides some men are used to lyin'—of course we wouldn't,—but you know some men are so used to lyin' that would even diserate their own graves with a overdrawn inscription, and there wouldn't be virtues enough in the calender nor room enough on both sides of the slab to put half the lies they'd tell. Now my scheme shows a man just as he lived.'

'That might be desirable in all cases,' broke in the senior partner, from a stool in the corner.

'You, you speak for yourself, don't speak fur me' said the countryman. Then going closer to the J. P. and speaking in a hoarse whisper, he continued. 'I've got a spring on my farm at the Ponds that petrifies everything that goes into it. First I tried pieces of wood, then cats, next dogs and in less than a week they came out solid stone. Now suppose you take your corpes, sit or stand him in a natural position, if he's a minister put a bible in one hand, tother in his pocket: if a doctor give him fistful of pills; if a merchant give him a yardstick a trifle short, an so on, then put him in the spring an in one week he'll be petrified through an through. Next you make a socket of stone, and stand him right up over his own grave. Then you have him as natural as life. No need of a headstone to perform that duty, he does it for himself an the hull family could be stood up in a row. Mighty interesting thing to go through a grave-yard under those circumstances an study physiognomy an see what sort of hairpins we had for ancestors. I tell you the men who will live along about 50 or a 100 years from now don't know the priveleges they'll enjoy, and continued he lowering his voice and speaking slowly and reverently, 'at the last day they'll be no bustling around an tearing up the ground. We'll be peacefully waiting fur Gabriel an a pair o wings.'

'Here the senior partner made a dash for the door, with his fingers in both ears, while the countryman corralled the J. P. and producing a paper remarked:

'I heard you was pretty interprising, my lad, an I want to get up a stock company to put my invention on the market. Better put yourself down for a few hundred shares? You don't feel inclined to, well, my boy, fortune never knocks but once at any man's door an I rayther guess this is your opportunity. But this thing don't need to go begging however. If you have a friend that wants fixing up in that way just send him along as a sample, an in less than a week I'll make him look like an Egyptian mummy that had got run through a sand blast.'

Exercising on a Full Stomach.

THE sage who writes the Y. M. C. A. notes for the *Truro Guardian* rises to remark, "Never exercise on a full stomach." This is reasonable and just, because we must on the threshold of the subject, first consider who the full stomach belongs to, and second what particular kind of exercise you might be

prompted to indulge in. To use a full stomach as a toboggan slide or a football would be rough on the stomach, besides not being fraught with the best results to the exercisists. Nor would it be a good place on which to flirt and play at croquet or lawn tennis. It is too brief. As a skating rink it would have its little drawbacks; better one on the dead level of mediocrity, as the ordinary full stomach, although often all-inclusive, is not comprehensive enough to be entirely satisfactory. Besides, it would first be necessary to obtain the consent of the owner of the full stomach, who would require pretty convincing arguments to allow his stomach to be used with impunity. However ready a man is to voluntarily engage his stomach in cold blooded, anxious worrying and questionable exercises, he might forcibly resent coercion on the matter for the purpose of allowing outsiders, who are not even shareholders, to take violent exercise thereon. True one might stand on a full stomach or two and go through Indian club exercise, providing we got the owners down and had the clubs well in hand, but even then we can conceive of disagreeable results from long continued habits of this kind. Years ago I undertook to exercise vigorously in that direction. The stomach was not my own, it belonged to another man, and for weeks the most casual observer would have noticed that my face wore a green and yellow melancholy and stripes of court plaster. An after-dinner speech is the only safe exercise I know of, and even then at times the man who is taking the exercise is only saved from a violent death by the exercise of patience and a sense of fuiness in the region of our stomachs.

Our Express Wagon.

ABOUT that time the purchase of an Express Wagon became an absolute necessity, and as I was then only an amateur in vehiculture I took council of a friend who owned several. He said, "it's all nonsense for you to purchase a new wagon, you can pick up a second-hand wagon that will be almost as good as new, and get it at your own price." Acting upon his advice I interviewed a carriage maker who informed me in a guileless manner that he had just the sort of wagon I was looking for. It was the underpart and wheels of an old family carriage, upon which he had put the body of an old express wagon. He said I need have no scruples about it, as it once belonged to highly respectable people, and would do no discredit. This last decided me. I am fond of relics, and have paid ten dollars for an old musket because the owner told me it once belonged to Queen Anne.

A few days after the carriage-maker came up with the wagon, and said that it cost five dollars more than he expected, and as he had a note to meet that day would be glad if I could pay him. Then I took the family out to the yard to admire it, and at the same time tried to impress them with my business tact and ability. Harnessing up I went to the River Bridge, opposite Stellarton, for a pancheon of soft water. On my return I noticed that the wheels were acting queer, the lower part spread all over the road, while the top of them rubbed against the side of the box. I wanted him to explain the workings. He said the axles were too weak, and I had better get new ones put in, they would cost but a couple of dollars, and would make a complete job.

I agreed, and the wagon and bill were sent later.

Next day I went again for water, and the wheels behaved pretty well, but when I took the water off, the springs would not rise up, they had lost their elasticity, and I reposed quietly at full length on the top of the axle.

I again interviewed the carriage-maker, I described the symptoms. He said the springs wanted to be 'set up' and another ply put on them, the cost would only be a mere bagatelle. Say \$1.50 or so, and he looked so wistful and

anxious at the wagon that I told him to go ahead and perform the necessary operation.

Next day everything went well, and I was again beginning to congratulate myself on my purchase. When just as I was turning into the yard one of the fore wheels broke down, every one of the spokes coming out of the hub. One corner of the wagon and I came suddenly to the ground, the puncheon upset, and I was deluged with the contents. I felt discouraged, still I was cool. I was not only cool, but I was wet. In this condition I called again on my friend the carriage-maker, I told him that the wagon had another bad turn, and that one of the wheels was entirely demoralized. He gazed thoughtfully at it for a moment, turned the hub round, shoved a chisel into it an inch or two here and there, shook his head sadly and said, "that wheel is not worth repairing, but," and his eye brightened, "I have an old one I can sell you," and he calmly went towards the yard, turning occasionally and measuring the wheel with his eye. He tried it on, it fitted first-rate, only it was about six inches higher than the other fore wheel, and painted a bright red, while the others were black, but he said it was immaterial, and merely a matter of taste, and would work like a charm if I was not too hard to please. I did not want so unenviable a reputation, so I paid three dollars, crushed down any slight misgivings I had, and went home.

For a day or two its general health was good, and I grew reckless and attempted to trot the horse, when the off hind wheel took cramp, or something, and broke down entirely, the puncheon upset backwards, the entire contents going over an old Indian who happened to be passing, he gave a wild, blood curdling whoop as the water took him, which so frightened the horse that it dashed off at a mad gallop, one end of the axle trailing on the ground. As soon as I could stop the procession, I went again to the carriage maker and demanded to know whether or not he knew the wagon was subject to fits when he sold it to me. I told him I did not mind a wagon taking fits if I could only tell when they were coming on. I asked him to show me its pulse so that I could be prepared, it was the fearful suddenness of the thing that paralyzed me. He said he would enquire of the man who owned it before, and let me know. In the mean time I had better have another wheel put on. This wheel was four inches lower than the other hind wheel, and painted yellow, but the carriage-maker told me that he often had people order their wheels that way, and further, he thought it might tone down its youthful exuberance. I failed to see where the last named quality came in, but I didn't like to display my ignorance, so I paid another assessment and went home.

Matters went on smoothly for some days, and I had got to placing a good deal of reliance on the vehicle, and jumping in and out with considerable freedom, when one day I put my foot on the shaft, and it broke like a pipe stem. The horse suddenly shied, and the other one snapped off. I paid a truckman fifty cents to take it down to the carriage-maker, and went and asked him to prescribe for it. He said the shafts were the only things about the wagon he had any doubt about, but what the shafts lacked in strength, the bottom of the wagon had, and to prove it, got up and commenced to surge on it. He didn't surge to any very great extent, in fact the first surge he attempted he went through, and in attempting to save himself caught hold of the fender, which gave way, and he was buried in the wreck. By some of the stray and vigorous expressions that he dropped, I understood that he wanted to be alone with the patient, so I adjourned, and next day the wagon was sent down with a bill of five dollars for repairs, and seventy-five cents for arnica and court plaster.

I paid the bill with alacrity, as I thought all the time this was the proper treatment.

For a while it enjoyed pretty good general health, and displayed no very alarming symptoms. Occasionally the tires would come off, go rolling down the bank, and try and hide, but I invariably hunted them up again. I was delicate about troubling the carriage-maker on every little occasion. I hated

to monopolize the man. So I tied them on with wire, and if they didn't just stay on, they couldn't go very far.

One day a party came from Truro and wanted to be driven to Black Point, and the lively horses all being out they asked me to drive them down. So I went over to the carriage maker and bought another seat, then harnessed up and started, they paying me two dollars in advance. I noticed they were particularly interested in the physiognomy of the wagon. I felt proud of this, and inwardly hoped it would try and conduct itself in a becoming manner. When we arrived near Stewart the millers, they said they would wait the remainder of the way. They said a walk would settle their nerves. But I was bound to fulfill my contract, and when I insisted, they offered me two dollars more if I would go home. They said the wagon might suit some people, but it was entirely too eccentric for them. Passing the carriage maker's on my way home he hailed me and asked me if I was in the passenger business now, and when I answered in the affirmative, he said that in order to be successful I must buy a pole. I told him I never thought seriously of purchasing a pole as I only had one horse, and didn't know enough about the business to be able to utilize it. He said he would give it to me at a bargain. I never let a bargain pass me, so I bought the pole for five dollars, and put it up in the hay loft with other relics.

I have never been able to obtain another consignment of passengers, and now the wagon is for sale, and the only stipulation I want to make with the purchaser is that he will be kind to it.

Noah Heard From.

YESTERDAY afternoon as a New Glasgow hotel man was lying back in his smoking chair, in an easy, languid and adolescent sort of way, dreaming day dreams of breaking the record for three-year-olds and wishing that he had been born an oriental prince instead of a horny-handed son of the toil, when his reverie was rudely broken in on by the telephone bell and a querulous voice asked:

"Is Abraham at thine house?"

"Wait a moment, please; Mr. Abraham--Mr. Abraham," he said, and, running his fingers down the register; "no, no person here by that name."

"Does Isaac tarry with thee?"

"No, but there's a telegram here for John McIsaac."

"No, no, not him," said the querulous voice, sadly; "does Jacob tarry within thine walls?"

"What is his other name?"

"Jacob, only Jacob; he had no other name."

"Single barrelled sort of a gent," said the hotel man, musingly; "never heard of him, What house house he represent?"

"The house of Israel," said the shaky voice, with an evident sigh.

"No, no—not here; don't know the firm at all."

"Do any of the other boys lodge with thee?"

"Eh! What boys?" asked the hotel man, getting interested.

"O, Moses, or Lot, or Joshua, or any of the other fellows?"

"Great Scott, no; do you think I run a synagogue?"

"Dost thou not entertain strangers?"

"You bet we do; who are you anyway?"

"Noah."

"Do any of you gentleman know a Mr. Noah?" asked the hotel man, turning round to his guests. No one seemed to be acquainted with the gentleman;

MACK DEE'S COW, AND OTHER TALES.

but it was suggested that he be asked where he hailed from. "Ah! Mr. Noah, where are you — where do you belong?"

"In the ark on Mount Arrarat," said the querulous old voice; "isn't that New Glasgow?"

"Great Scott!" said the hotel man, as he dropped the receiver, "this telephone business beats all. Here's a man talking to us from a place called the ark on Mount Arrarat, and I can hear him just as plain as if he was in the back office."

