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The Bedford Inquirer.

A Local and General Newspaper, Devoted to Politics, Education, Literature and Morals.

LUTZ & JORDAN, Editors and Proprietors. BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 13, 1870. VOL. 43, NO. 19.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS, & C. The Inquirer is published every Friday morning for the following rates: One Year, in Advance, \$3.00. Six Months, in Advance, \$1.75. Three Months, in Advance, \$1.00. Single Copies, 5 Cents. If not paid within the year, \$3.50. All papers sent to the county discontinued without notice, at the expiration of the time for which the subscription has been paid. Single copies of the paper furnished, in wrappers at five cents each. Communications on subjects of local or general interest, are respectfully solicited. To ensure attention to them, they must invariably be accompanied by the name of the author, not for publication, but as a guarantee against imposition. All letters pertaining to business, should be addressed to LUTZ & JORDAN, Bedford, Pa.

Inquirer Column.

TO ADVERTISERS:

1. A Postmaster is required to give notice to the publisher (returning a paper does not answer the law) when a subscription does not take his paper out of the office, and state the reason for its not being taken; and a neglect to do so makes the Postmaster responsible to the publisher for the payment. 2. Any person who takes a paper from the Post Office, whether directed to his name or another, or who has subscribed or not is responsible for the paper. 3. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether it is taken from the office or not. The publisher has no legal discount until the payment is made. 4. If the person orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the publisher continues to send, the subscriber is bound to pay for it, if he takes it out of the Post Office. The law respects upon the ground that a man must pay for what he uses. 5. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and having them unsealed for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

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J. M. REYNOLDS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Bedford, Pa. All business entrusted to him will be attended to with great care. Upon notice will appear for parties in suits before the judges of the Peace in any part of the county. Office with J. W. Dickerson, Esq., on Juliana St., next door north of Morgan's.

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Our facilities for doing all kinds of Job Printing are equalled by very few establishments in the country. Orders by mail promptly filled. All letters should be addressed to LUTZ & JORDAN.

ITEMS.

THE cotton crop of last year is estimated at 3,000,000 bales.

LOUISIANA was \$14,000,000. The annual interest on the bonds "nominally outstanding" is stated to be \$944,000.

A CLERGYMAN counseling a young widow on the death of her husband, remarked that she could not find his equal. "I don't know about that," remarked the sobbing fair one; "but I'll try."

THE effect of the Fifteenth Amendment was feebly shown in Holland, Michigan, at the recent municipal election in that place. The town has but two colored voters, yet they were sufficient to change its political complexion and elect the Republican ticket by a majority of one.

A SPECIAL cable dispatch says that the conspiracy discovered in Paris is more serious than was at first supposed. A large supply of bombs had been provided and was seized by the police. The principal ring-leaders have not yet been discovered, and the anxiety of the Government and citizens is intense. The strictest surveillance is everywhere maintained, and the Tuilleries are carefully guarded. Orders have been issued to the police to arrest all speakers who insult the Imperial family or Constitution of France.

FROM ALTOONA TO HARRISBURG WITHOUT STOPPING.—The Pacific Express train, on the Pennsylvania Central railroad, ran yesterday from Altoona to Harrisburg without stopping, and also from Harrisburg to Philadelphia. This is the greatest distance ever traveled in this country by a locomotive without taking fuel or water. Owing to the great competition on the New York roads for the travel to the West, the Pennsylvania railroad has determined not to be behind, and now beats all competitors in time and accommodations. When the train arrived in this city, from Altoona, the locomotive had sufficient water in the tank to run with perfect safety.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

A PUBLIC sale of a lot of images, vases and water-jars, made by the Aztec Indians and imported from Mexico, recently took place in San Francisco. Many of the vases resembled in style and ornamental finish those found in Egypt. The groups of hand-dolls, muleteers, beggars orange girls, drunken men and women, and images of Maximilian, Miramonte and others are said to have been true to the life. All were of fine clay, and were made without the assistance of tools.

WHAT BECOMES OF OLD SHOES.—Cosmos answers this question by stating that they are cut up into small pieces, and these are put for a few days in chloride of sulphur which makes the leather very hard and brittle. After this is effected the material is washed with water, dried, ground to powder and mixed with some substance which makes the particles adhere together, as shell-lac, good glue, or thick solution of gum. It is then pressed into moulds, and shaped into combs, buttons, knife handles, and many other articles.

DON'T WHIP A FRIGHTENED HORSE.—Never whip your horse for becoming frightened at any object by the road side; for if he sees a stump, a log or a heap of tan bark in the road, and while he is eyeing it carefully, and about to pass it you strike him with the whip, it will be his misfortune, and the next time he will be more frightened. Give him time to examine and smell of all these objects, and use the war bridle to assist you in bringing him carefully to these objects of fear. Bring all objects, if possible, to his nose, and let him smell of them, and then you can commence to gently use him with them.

TO CLEAN PAINT.—The Coachmakers' Journal recommends house wives to save themselves trouble by adopting the following mode:—Provide a plate with some of the best whitening to be had, and have ready some clean, warm water and a piece of flannel, which dip into the water and squeeze nearly dry, then take as much whitening as will adhere to it, apply it to the painted surface, when a little rubbing will instantly remove any dirt or grease. After which, wash the part well with clean water, rubbing it dry with soft cloths. Paint thus cleaned looks as well as when first laid on, without any injury to the most delicate colors. It is far better than using sand, and does not require more than half the time and labor.

It is considered by many that the best course to pursue will be for the United States to aid a New York company, with Marshall O. Roberts at its head, which has a concession from the Mexican Government for a canal across the Tehuacan route, but it is also a matter of doubt whether the Government would be willing to divide the honors of such an undertaking with a private company.

The great objection to this route has been a sand-bar in front of the outlet into the Gulf of Mexico, on which there was only about thirteen feet of water. It has, however, been ascertained that below the bar is the muddy bottom of the harbor, and experienced navigators, including Admiral Porter, are of opinion that the sand-bar can be removed by digging.

In boring an artesian well at St. Louis, to a depth of 8,843 feet, a curious circumstance in connection with the temperature was noted. The thermometer, which at 3,000 feet registered 106 deg. F., fell when that depth was passed, marking but 105 deg. at 3,800 feet.

THE DEVIL'S HARVEST.—Carefully compiled statistics show that 600,000 lives are annually destroyed by intemperance in the United States.

1,000,000 men and women are yearly sent to prison in consequence of strong drink.

20,000 children are yearly sent to the poor house for the same reason.

300 murders are another of the yearly fruits of intemperance.

400 suicides follow in this fearful catalogue of miseries.

200,000 officers are bequeathed each year to the public and private charity.

\$200,000,000 are yearly expended to produce this shocking amount of crime and misery, and as much more is lost in time wasted from the same cause.

Poetry.

TRUE HEROISM.

BY GRANT F. ROBINSON.

Let others write of battles fought On bloody, ghastly fields, Where honor greets the man who wins, And death the man who yields; But I will write of him who fights And vanquishes his sins, Who struggles on through weary years, Against himself, and wins.

He is a hero staunch and brave, Who fights an unseen foe, And puts at last beneath his feet His passions base and low, And stands erect in manhood's might, Undaunted, undismayed.

The bravest man that drew a sword Is for or in its aid.

It calls for something more than brawn Or muscle or erome An enemy who smothereth not

With banner, plume, and drum— A foe forever lurking nigh.

With silent, stealthy tread, Forerunner near your board by day, At night beside your bed.

All honor, then, to that brave heart, Who though poor or rich he be, Who struggles with his lesser part— Who conquers, and is free.

He may not wear a hero's crown, Or fill a hero's grave; But truth will place his name among The bravest of the brave.

—Phrenological Journal.

NIGHT-FALL.

Slowly, slowly up the wall Steals the sunshine, steals the shade; Evening damps begin to fall, Evening shadows are displayed.

Round me, o'er me, everywhere, All the sky is grand with clouds, And ah! what the evening air, Wheel the swallows home in clouds.

Shafts of sunshine from the west Paint the dusky windows red; Darker shadows, deeper rest, Underneath, and overhead.

Darker, darker, and more wan In my breast the shadows fall; Upward steals the life of man, As the sunshine from the wall.

From the wall into the sky, From the roof along the eave; Ah, the souls of those that die, Are but sunbeams lifted higher.

—Longfellow.

Miscellaneous.

MERELY A MENIAL.

"You are altogether too harsh, Cornelia, in your mode of treating Laura Lyon since she became a member of our family. The poor girl has more than once noticed, I am very certain, your haughty, supercilious behavior."

"Let her notice it, mamma," was Cornelia Stanhope's scornfully-spoken answer, while the young lady's handsome dark eyes flashed indignantly.

"For my part, I find it quite impossible to restrain my dislike for that girl. As for her being a member of our family, I must say, that I decidedly object to her being called anything of the sort. She is dependent upon our kindness—an orphan to whom we have charitably given shelter—nothing more."

"But she is your cousin, Cornelia—the child of your dead father's dead sister."

"Who made a horribly low marriage, by the way," retorted the young lady, "if reports speak correctly. It is useless for you to sulk me, mamma, about my manner of conducting myself toward Laura. Between ourselves, I think it very probable that I shall treat her much worse before I treat her much better. She is an out-and-out nuisance."

"You are shockingly wicked to call her so," exclaimed Mrs. Stanhope, who, though what is termed a weak woman, was now and then given to transitory fits of strong-mindedness in her mode of defending those she loved. "There is nothing which you have asked Laura to do since her arrival in the house that she has refused, or even hesitated."

"Nonsense, mamma; I know what you are going to say!" Miss Stanhope broke in. "Of course, Laura has arranged my hair for the opera and for balls whenever I have asked her. She has also done several other mercenary services. I don't know that I am particularly obliged to her for performing them. She is certainly well-dressed and clothed at the household expense; and she should consider our kindness in thus feeding and clothing her, simple payment for the slight favors which are required at her hands. And now, please, discontinue this argument on the subject of Laura. Apropos of the opera, Lord Ellery has sent word to know whether you and I desired to occupy his box this evening. I immediately wrote an acceptance in reply to the note, feeling sure that you would like to see 'Faust' once again."

"Will he accompany us?"

"Certainly," Laura said, receiving the cloak which her cousin offered.

Miss Stanhope and her cousin had been in the dining room about five minutes, when the former glanced impatiently toward a clock on the mantle, exclaiming, "It certainly is very late! But Lord Ellery doesn't yet appear. His ought undoubtedly to be here by five minutes to eight o'clock; besides, 'Faust' is my favorite opera, and I don't want to miss a note of it. Mamma!—to her mother, who had just entered—'Isn't it strange that Lord Ellery is so late?'"

Just as Cornelia finished speaking a double knock sounded at the front door.

"That is he!" exclaimed the young lady. "I am so glad." Then, after about three minutes had elapsed, and the knock had again sounded. "What is the reason, mamma, that our door is not better attended to? The idea of Lord Ellery being obliged to knock twice! It is perfectly scandalous!"

"I sent Robert on an errand just after dinner," Mrs. Stanhope began, "and—"

"Oh, of course," snapped Miss Cornelia, then, turning sharply toward her cousin, "Laura, go down now."

"But Laura Lyon stood as still as a statue. 'Do you hear me, Laura?'" exclaimed Miss Stanhope.

"Perfectly," was the calm response. "I told you to go to the door."

here very often, and you seldom interfere with my tea-a-lets."

Then Cornelia gave a musical little laugh, that left her mother in doubt as to whether she was serious or in fun, and disappeared very abruptly from the room. But the truth was that she only hoped the viscount would propose; he really had not done so as yet.

Meanwhile, on the afternoon of this conversation between mother and daughter, pretty blonde-haired Laura Lyon sat in her small, out-of-the-way chamber, on the third floor of Mrs. Stanhope's residence and wondered what special reason Providence had for sending her into the world, and why, since she seemed to have been created to be snubbed and despised, and trampled on, it would not be much better if her thoroughly useless existence came to a close altogether.

These were very wicked thoughts, of course; but then poor Laura, who had known a life far different from her present one, was excusable, perhaps, for thinking them. Her heart, indeed, bore a life of quietude; domestic happiness, until that dark eighteenth year, in which death followed upon death with such fearful suddenness, and she was made an orphan almost before she had comprehended the bitter fact. Then had come the knowledge of her father's insolvent condition and her own utter helplessness.

Silently to herself—while she looked that afternoon upon the snowy pavements of the streets beneath her, and felt the cold of the rapidly-strengthening December wind sweep past the panes, and chill them more and more with every gust—silently to herself, I say, did Laura Lyon recall the handsome, gentle face of one whom she had known and loved four years ago. It was the old story. They had sworn very passionate vows to each other; but the course of true love had run roughly, indeed, and her father, unwilling that Laura should become the wife of a poor man, had forbidden their meetings. And at last the lord had resolved to go and fight the world; and a final stolen meeting had taken place between them, and he went to India, and—so it had all ended. If he had ever written to her, Laura had not received his letters.

Quite lost in her sad thoughts, she let the day slowly darken until it had left her little room completely in shadow. At last a servant knocked at the door, saying, "Dinner is served, Miss Lyon;" and Laura presently descended to the dining room.

Mrs. Stanhope and her daughter were already seated at the table when their relative entered the room. The latter's face, Laura could not help observing, wore a sort of angry scowl. Miss Stanhope soon gave voice to her feelings.

"Laura," she exclaimed, "you have a horrid habit of coming down to dinner. You must always enter the dining-room after supper has been served. Perhaps you would be able to appear more punctually if we rang several peals of a huge bell."

Laura volunteered no response, understanding how useless such a course would prove. She seated herself, and, with the exception of a few words to Mrs. Stanhope to excuse her, received that lady's acquiescence, and left the dining room.

She knew that her calm, patient silence had in no manner shamed or humbled the haughty, supercilious nature of her cousin Cornelia. She knew that nothing could ever change that cousin's contemptuous, cruel treatment—not that, of course, from Mrs. Stanhope's house. It was very hard, poor Laura! and hourly to hear the covert sneers and scoffs of one she felt to be her moral inferior. How a pair of manly blue eyes, that she had once known and loved to gaze upon, would have flashed with indignation, in the old days of courtship, had she told that brave lover of hers any story of injustice and insolence like that which she could now tell.

"Oh, let me bid good-bye to all hopeless longings," the girl at length murmured. "He can not know—he is far, far away—he has, perhaps, forgotten—"

She somehow could not tell herself that she had forgotten her. And so she sat in her little chamber, and dreamed that she loved her little man, very dearly, and that they would one day meet.

Again there came a knock at the door. This time a servant said, "Miss Cornelia wishes, Miss Lyon, that you will please come down stairs and arrange her hair for the opera this evening."

Five minutes later, Laura stood meekly behind her cousin's chair, arranging Cornelia's glossy tresses as somehow only her nimble fingers could arrange them. This work performed, in countless minor details of her toilet Cornelia did not hesitate unblushingly to ask Laura's taste and assistance.

"You really would make a capital maid," Miss Stanhope remarked, as she surveyed her costume in an opposite mirror, being now thoroughly dressed for the opera. "Marie," glancing toward her French *femme de chambre*, "will have to look out for her laurels. Here, Laura, just carry my white merino cloak down stairs, won't you, while I follow! I want you to pull out the folds of my dress when I reach the dining-room, so that these flounces may not look tumbled as I receive Viscount Ellery."

"Certainly," Laura said, receiving the cloak which her cousin offered.

Miss Stanhope and her cousin had been in the dining room about five minutes, when the former glanced impatiently toward a clock on the mantle, exclaiming, "It certainly is very late! But Lord Ellery doesn't yet appear. His ought undoubtedly to be here by five minutes to eight o'clock; besides, 'Faust' is my favorite opera, and I don't want to miss a note of it. Mamma!—to her mother, who had just entered—'Isn't it strange that Lord Ellery is so late?'"

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"But Laura Lyon stood as still as a statue. 'Do you hear me, Laura?'" exclaimed Miss Stanhope.

"Perfectly," was the calm response. "I told you to go to the door."

"I know it."

"You mean to disobey me, I suppose, impudent creature."

"Once again, Laura Lyon, I order you to answer the knock."

"In my position in this house no better, Cornelia, than that of a servant?"

Laura spoke the words in tones which a faint, almost imperceptible, quiver shook; otherwise her demeanor was perfectly calm.

"No," was the unhesitating answer. "You are merely a menial—nothing more."

"Very well; in that case, I will obey orders."

She left the room with a steady step though her wounded heart was beating passionately, rebelliously, in her bosom. With a steady hand, she too, unfurled the hall-door. A gentleman was standing outside. He asked, politely, and his voice made poor Laura's heart beat quicker than ever.

"Excuse me, she could not help murmuring, 'can it be you?'"

"Laura!" the gentleman had caught her hands in both of his, and was gazing eagerly upon her face. "Oh, Laura," he went on, in tremulous tones, "what miracle is this? I have sought for you ever since my return from India, but to no purpose. At the house where you formerly lived I find you know nothing of you. And now to find you here, in Cornelia Stanhope's house! I can scarcely believe my senses!"

"You could not have cared much for me, Ernest Dale," poor Laura said, through her tears, "because—because you have never written me a line since—"

"Written you, Laura? I wrote no less than four times."

"Then the letters miscarried, Ernest, for I never—"

"For heaven's sake, Lord Ellery, what is the meaning of all this? I was not aware that you knew my cousin, Laura Lyon."

Cornelia Stanhope spoke, standing on the threshold of the dining-room door, her face a picture of consternation.

Laura was not a bit awed by her cousin just then, however.

"Ellery!" she exclaimed, turning toward her old lover. "What does this mean, Ernest? Your name is—"

"Dale just the same, darling, as the family name; but Ellery is my title. The recent death of my unmarried uncle suddenly made my father a marquis, and he, consequently, a viscount. Kiches came to us, as usual, unexpectedly at the same time, and by the same accident."

"And so Cornelia's grand Viscount Ellery is all the while my own dear Ernest?"

Laura said, quite oblivious of her cousin's presence.

"Yes, darling," Lord Ellery said; "and I am sure that you cousin Cornelia will congratulate me on having found my long-lost sweet-heart."

Did Cornelia Stanhope congratulate her cousin? She was obliged to do so at Laura and the Viscount's wedding, a month later. But there are various smiles that mean frowns—some blessings that mask curses.

SETTLING PROPERTY ON A WIFE.

When men are prosperous, and are making money, and consider themselves rich, I wonder that it so seldom comes home to them that they are liable to reverse, which will plunge their families into the utmost pecuniary distress. Men know that business is subject to fluctuations, and that nothing is more frequent than that men should in one year have all the comforts and advantages of wealth, and the next year be stripped bare. But a vicious hopelessness prevents them from realizing that they shall ever be subject to this fate which befall others.

Men expect to live; they do not anticipate bankruptcy. When times change, and the pinch comes, it is too late for them to make provision for the family. The wife, the children, the whole household, are suddenly plunged into distress. Indeed, much as the business man suffers for himself, his own pangs are the least part of the suffering.

I have lived long enough to see the overthrow of a great many families, and I am a father, believing that he should live and always keep them in comfortable circumstances, had neglected to make an independent provision for them.

At the man's death the estate proves either insolvent or reduced to a minimum. The wife, not trained to business, is obliged to settle the estate by agents. What with unskillful management, carelessness or even sometimes deliberate fraud, the residuum melts in her hands, and the widow, with three or six young children to be fed, clothed and educated, finds herself alone and penniless. Habits cannot be changed in a day. She has not been trained to business. She may have been a good book-keeper, but now she must *earn money*, which is a very different thing from ordering a household skillfully. Some, utterly unacquainted with the under the trial, and the children are scattered, like young partridges, whose mother the hawk has devoured.

I believe it to be the duty of every man who is prosperous, out of debt, and making money, to settle upon his wife a certain amount of property, which shall not be affected by either his bankruptcy or his death. This may be done by a life insurance—especially if it be policy which is not forfeited by neglect of payment. But a still better way is to settle upon a wife a good house and the furniture. Then, if misfortune comes, the man will still have a home. He will be secure at the root, and may begin again with some hope. If death takes away all the man's means, the children will not need to be scattered.

Some persons have questioned whether a scrupulous honesty would allow one to hold back from creditors any part of a husband's property. A settlement of property on his wife for the just maintenance of herself and children, his after debts have no more claim upon that property than if he had sold and transferred it to a neighbor instead of to his own wife. No man has a right to leave a family whom he has accustomed to affluence liable to sudden and wasting poverty. A provision made before, in property, for the safety of his family in the case of death or bankruptcy, may be accepted and employed, by the most sensitive conscience. I write strongly on this subject, because I have seen so much distress arising from the want of this precaution.—Heavy Word Bocher.

A FISHERMAN'S STORY.

ANGLING FOR A DOG.

We were traveling on ground we had no right on. The only excuse was like that of a military necessity—it was far better fishing through the farms where the trout had been preserved, than in open lots where all could fish.

It was early in the morning. We had risen at three, ridden ten miles and struck the creek as the trout were ready for breakfast. Looking carefully for a sheltered place to hitch our horse, we aly crept on behind fences, etc., till we reached the part of the stream not generally fished. A farm house stood not a quarter of a mile away. We saw the morning smoke curling lightly from a stove-pipe; saw a man and two boys come out to do chores; saw a woman busy at the door, and a ferocious bull-dog wandering about the yard.

If we were fished close it was then. Not a whisper to disturb the birds or the owners of the lead. "We crawled through the grass and dodged behind dumps of alders, lifting large speckled beauties out of the water until our baskets were full.

This was the time to have gone; but the trout were so large and his so readily that we decided to string and hide what we had, and take another haul. So it was that we went. No sooner would the book touch the water than it had a trout. We forgot the house, the man, the boys and the dog. Suddenly there was a rushing through an out-field as if a mad bull was coming. We looked toward the house, and saw the farmer and his two boys on a fence, the woman in the door, and the dog bounding toward us. We saw it all—we had been discovered! The well trained dog had been sent to hunt us out, and, as the matter appeared, it was safe to bet that he was doing that thing right lively.

To outrun the dog was not to be thought of. There was no time to lose. He closed a fence and came for us just as we reached a tree, and by great activity took a front seat on a limb above his reach. Here was a precious dog! A vicious bull-dog under the tree, and the farmer and two big boys ready to move down upon our works. It was fight, foot race, or fangs.

The farmer yelled to his dog, "Watch him, Tige!"

"I've proposed to do that little thing, and keeping his eyes upon us, seated himself under the tree.

Then spoke this ugly farmer man: "Just hold on that, stranger, till we get breakfast; then we will come and see you! If you are in a hurry, however, you can go now! Watch him, Tige!"

We surmised trouble; quite too much, for thrice had that bold man of bull dogs and agriculture elegantly walloped innocent tourists for being seen on his suburban premises. His reputation as a peace man was not good and there arose a large heart toward our throat.

"Tige is the essence of contracts, and the saying 'virtuousness of those to trouble' we had a stout line in our pocket, and a large hook intended for rock bass, if we failed to take trout. And as good luck would have it we had got a nice sandwich and a piece of boiled corn beef in our other pocket.

We called the dog pet names, but he wasn't on it! Then we tried to move down, when he moved up. At last we trod our bass line, fastened the limerick to it,