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GRANTED WISHES.

Two little girls let loose from school
Queried what each should be.
One said, "I'd be a queen and rule,"
And one, "The world I'd see."

The years went on. Again they met
And queried what had been.
"A poor man's wife am I, and yet,"
Said one, "I am a queen."

"My realm a happy household is,
My King a husband true;
I rule by loving services.
How has it been with you?'

One answered, "Still the great world lies
Beyond me as it laid;
O'er love's and duty's boundaries
My feet have never strayed.

"Faint murmurs of the wild world come
Unheeded to my ear;
My widowed mother's sick bed-room
Sufficeth for my sphere."

They clasped each other's hands with tears
Of solemn joy they cried,
"God gave the wish of our young years
And we are satisfied."

—*John G. Whittier, in Youth's Companion.*

MRS. SYMINGTON'S BARGAIN.

BY LUCY RANDALL COMFORT.

All women, who are told, have their weakness, and Mrs. Stanhope Symington was a china maniac, as are most people to some degree in this æsthetic nineteenth century of the world. But Mrs. Symington excelled in the matter. She would prowl in second-hand stores, penetrate into the cavernous recesses of tenement homes, drive long distances into the country of old homesteads where she had heard vague rumors concerning "flaring blue," "old green glaze," "butterfly yellow," and "genuine old India wares." She would remorselessly turn the choicest pieces of modern bric-a-brac from her tables to make way for spoutless tea-pots, cracked bowls, and noseless jugs. She crowded her drawing-room with bracelets, shelves and cabinets for the accommodation of ancient plates, which she called "plaques," and pitchers, which she rechristened "vases."

Mr. Symington, a meek little man with limp yellow-white hair, a flat nose and colorless eyes like dim glass marbles, began to find it no slight task to make his way through his own house without breakage or misfortune.

"I wish there was no such thing as old china in the world," he lamented, upon one particular occasion, after he had knocked a handless cup from a tripod draped in olive velvet.

"Stanhope," reproved his wife, not without severity, "would you retard the progress of civilization? This cup, fragile as it may seem, represents an era in decorative history."

"Well, it won't represent it much longer," observed Mr. Symington, as he gathered up the fragments, with something very like vindictiveness in his faded eyes.

"But, Stanhope," cried his wife, "what are you going to do with those pieces?"

"Throw 'em into the ash-barrel, of course," said Mr. Stanhope, spiritlessly.

But Mrs. Symington rescued them from his grasp, with a shriek of apprehension.

"Are you mad, my dear?" she ejaculated. "I can mend them with a little cement, and a great deal of time; and even then I wouldn't take twenty dollars for this exquisite cup. And I have been thinking, Stanhope—"

"Well, my dear," said the luckless iconoclast, looking dolefully at his finger, which had been cut with one of the pieces of broken crockery, "what have you been thinking?"

"That I should like to go up into Maine next week," said the lady, insinuatingly.

"Into Maine? In midwinter?" echoed her amazed spouse, opening the dim eyes wide indeed.

"To see Aunt Grizzell," explained Mrs. Symington—"my aunt Grizzle Grumpton, you know, at Wild River."

"Humph!" remarked Mr. Symington, bandaging his finger with his pocket-handkerchief. "I didn't know that you cared so very particularly about your Aunt Grizzel."

"My dear," said Mrs. Symington, merging her speech into a mysterious weisper. "I've just remembered—all of a sudden, as it were—that she has a set of very old flaring blue china. She must have it. It belonged to her mother before her; and how I've forgotten it all these years I'm sure I can't imagine. Even now I shouldn't have recalled it to my memory, I suppose, if I hadn't chanced to see, at Mrs. Hepburn's afternoon tea yesterday, the darlingest little egg-shell cups, with bridges and pagodas and willow-trees all over 'em, exactly such as Aunt Grizzy's mother used to have. And then it came to me like a flash of lightning—Aunt Grizzel's china!"

"Probably it's all broken by this time," gloomily suggested her husband.

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Symington, briskly. "Aunt Grizzy never broke anything in her life. She is carefulness itself; and up there in Maine, you know, they don't have clumsy waitresses to fling things about. No, no; you may depend that she has it all safe and sound in one of these odd little three-cornered cupboards of hers. A treasure, Stanhope, a perfect treasure. Money wouldn't buy such a set as that; a hundred years old, if it's a day. So, if you don't mind, my dear, I'll just run up to Maine and see about it."

"Do as you please, Arabella," said Mr. Symington, resignedly. He knew that Mrs. Symington generally did as she pleased, and he saw no especial anvantage in debating the question.

"Thanks, dear; so kind of you!" uttered Mrs Symington. "And of course I can't go to the polar regions entirely unprotected, so I'd order one fo those comfortable seal dolmans that everybody is wearing now, and a new plush hat with a cluster of ostrich tips. One must go dressed like other people; and if you can't give me twenty-five or thirty dollars, I dare say Aunt Grizzy will let me have the set for that (she don't know the value of old china, poor thing!), and the journey won't be more than thirty dollars both ways, if I go by sea, including a state-room."

"It appears to me," said Mr. Symington, discouragingly, "that this is a good deal of a wild-goose chase, going up to the northern boundaries of Maine at this time of year for an old set of trumpery china, which probably didn't cost ten dollars to start with."

"Oh, Stanhope, it *did!*" cried the lady, indignantly. "It was *real* India ware, imported without paying a dollar of duty, by an old sea captain in India trade; expressly for my grandmother Grumpon. And, besides, you are so dreadfully groveling and prosaic in your ideas. As if the original cost of a thing of this nature signified! It's the æsthetic value we look at, don't you see?"

"Ah!" said Mr. Symington. "Well, if you must go, you must go, I suppose; and of course I shall have to give you a check for what money you are likely to want."

And Mr. Symington sighed deeply, and went up stairs to get a piece of court plaster for his cut finger.

Mrs. Symington went to Wild River, in the northern boundaries of Maine, where the pine forests were thatched with snow, and the icicles tinkled in the wooods of a moonlight night like so many castanets gone mad. She made the greater part of the voyage by sea, and was consequently very sea sick, for the water was rough and the gales tempestuous.

"I will come back by land," she said to herself, as she sat in the little hotel at Portland, and viewed her green and yellow complexion with a shudder. "Money would't induce me to risk my life again in that horrid steamer, where one is buffetted and seesawed about on waves that are as high as a house. The palace-car fare will be something of an extra expense, and I shall lose my return ticket by steamer, but I'm sure Mr. Syminrton won't grudge it to me when he hears how I've been pitched and tumbled about on the ocean in peril of my life."

And she put on her brocaded silk, her new plumed hat, and the seal dolman, and took a northward-bound train, resolved to present an imposing appearance to Aunt Grizzy Grumpton when she should reach Wild River.

It was very cold—a dull, bitter, leaden cold—with the ground frozen like a rock, the streams bound in ice, the sky gray and bitter, with an ineffable gloom. Aunt Grizzel Grumpton lived in a little one-storied house on the top of an uncompromising hill, where a solitary cedar tree was twisted around like a corkscrew with the force of the east wind, and the few lean sheep huddled behind the rocks in shivering groups, picturesque, but far from comfortable. And even after they had come in sight of the old building whose one coat of red paint had long ago been worn away by the suns and rains of well-nigh a century, Mrs. Symington had serious doubts whether the one-horse sleigh in which she was jerked and jolted up the incline would not be blown sheer away by the rush of the tempest before they could reach their destination.

However it wasn't. And once in Aunt Grizzy's cottage, things were very comfortable. There was no wide-throated chimney, filled with moss-fringed logs, such as the fancy of city dwellers is apt to depict in the solitary farm-house. People in Maine knew better than that. But there was an immense cook-stove, which heated the room to an atmosphere of eighty odd degrees; the cracks in the window sashes were pasted over with brown paper, and sand bags were laid on top ledges, while a double rag carpet covered the floor, and a wood-box, heaped to the very top, stood in the angle of the chimney-piece. Aunt Grizzy's dress was of blue homespun flannel, and she wore a worsted hood pulled over her ears, and a little plaid shawl folded across her breast, and she was addicted to the use of snuff, and said "Hey?" whenever any one addressed a casual remark to her.

"My cheeny?" said Aunt Grizzy. "Well, I'm free to own that I think a great deal of that cheeny. But I don't know, Niece Arabella, how you came to hear of it."

"It is an heirloom in our family, Aunt Grizzy," said Mrs. Symington, exerting herself to speak loudly.

"Hey?" said Aunt Grizzy, with her hand placed sounding-board fashion behind the ear.

"Every one must have heard of it," said Mrs Symington, at the risk of breaking a blood-vessel in her throat.

Aunt Grizzy's wrinkled face faintly beamed.

"Well, I calculate it ain't absolutely ugly," she said. "But still, if you've really set your heart on it, Niece Arabella—— But it ain't unpacked. I always put it away this time o' year when there ain't no tea parties given"

"Oh, never mind that!" said Mrs. Symington, her heart leaping within her at this easy conquest of the fort. "It will be all the more convenient for me to carry it. People always keep such treasures put away in secret places."

"Hey?" said Aunt Grizzy, and Mrs. Symington repeated her words.

"Oh, there ain't no secret about it!" said Aunt Grizzy, as she turned the hissing sausage in the pan. "Only I hain't had time to overhaul it since you have been here."

"Naturally?" interrupted Mrs. Symington. "But I suppose it is all in good condition?"

"Sartinly, sartinly," said Aunt Grizzy. "You can look at it yourself if you like, Niece Arabella"

"Oh, that is not at all necessary," said Mrs. Symington. "But now as to the price, Aunt Grizzy?"

"I ain't one to haggle with my relations," said Aunt Grizzy, giving the frying-pan a shake over the blazing stick. "Set your own price, Arabella, and if I don't like it I'll make bold to say so."

"Do you think, Aunt Grizzy," hesitated the city lady, "that twenty-five dollars would be a reasonable compensation for it?"

"Well, yes," said Aunt Grizzy. "It never cost me that, because—"

"No, of ccurse not," hurriedly interposed Mrs. Symington, and she produced the twenty-five dollars all gold half-eagles, with the exultant feeling of one who has picked a precious diamond out of the dust. "But I should wish you to feel that I had dealt fairly with you in a matter like this."

"Well, I hain't no reason to complain," said Aunt Grizzy. "Some folks fancies cheeny. I don't. A plate's a plate to me, and a cup's a cup, and you're kindly welcome to my set if you've took a notion to it."

Mrs. Symington went home the next day, through a whirlwind of snow, having been fed upon pork and sausages, sausages and pork, at every meal since her arrival, and retaining a vivid recollection of the Maine winds and tempests.

"I don't think I'd go back there again even for a set of old china," said Mrs. Symington, as she seated herself on the velvet cushion of the palace car, and shrank shivering inside of her seal dolman and fleecy-lined fur gloves. "Aunt Grizzel will never die a natural death; she'll be blown away, like Mother Hubbard."

But all these pretty tribulations were forgotten as a thing out of mind on the brilliant January morning on which, in front of the sea-coal fire in her own cozy drawing-rooom, she unpacked the coarse wooden box wherein were concealed the priceless treasures of Aunt Grizzy Grumpton's china.

"Don't touch them, Stanhope," said she, with a small shriek of dismay. "Men are so dreadfully careless. Oh, here they are on top all wrapped in separate pieces of paper."

"Eh?" said Mr. Symington, standing by, with a hammer and screw-driver drandished in either hand. "Are these—antiques?"

"Good gracious me?" grasped Mrs. Symington. "What can this mean?"

For the china which she unwrapped from its coverings of coarse brown paper was a cheap and common style, such as is associated in the mind with tea chromos, gaudy litho graphs, and salesmen of the Hebraic persuasion—white, with a band of imitation gold around each piece, and a coarse flower sprawling below, and if it had been laid on with a miniature whitewash-brush.

"This is never my grandmother Grumpton's old china," said Mrs. Symington, bursting into tears, and pushing the hidous atrocities away with a force which cracked two plates. "I'll write to Aunt Grizzy at once, and this misunderstanding shall be cleared up."

In the course of time an answer came from Wild River, stiffly written in pale ink, and conveying in its *tout ensemble* the general impression that Aunt Grizzy had wrestled with it as if had been a fit of the Asiatic cholera.

"DEAR NIECE" (it said)—"With Love and duty I take up my Pen to inform You that the China is all right, Bo't from Snefley & Pipkin, in Boston, last November, at Eight ($8) Dollars the Set, to be transported at my own Dammage. As for my Mother's old Set, witch Captain Babcock bro't from Calcutta in the Year 1796, I gave it to his Niece Helen Hosmer two Years ago for a Pare of Gold Spectacles and a Fur Muff, being so Cracked and Old-fashioned that it wasn't worth no more. Bus I am told that she puts it on Ebbonny Shelves in her Best Parlor. But Helen never was more than Half-Witted, and your Set you took home with you is worth a Deal the most Monney. So you have the Best Bargain. With love, I remain, Your Aunt to Command.

"GRIZZEL GRUMPTON."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Symington, who had been listening intently to the contents of this much blotted and besmeared piece of manuscript, sealed with Aunt Grizzy's thimble top, and still retaining a subtle odor of fried sausages and griddle-cakes. "A seal dolman at three hundred dollar, a thirteen-dollar hat, a pair of fifteen-dollar fur gloves, a fifty dollar journey, and a twenty-five-dollar investment, all for a set of china which you can buy anywhere on the Bowery or Grand street for ten dollars. How does that look, my dear, as viewed in the light of political economy?"

And Mrs. Symington answered only by tears.

"There, there, Bella, don't fret," said her husband kindly. "Let the thing go for what it is worth. Forget it."

But I can't help ff-fretting," sobbed Mrs. Symington. "One thing is quite certain, however—I never will be such a fool again. I will not spend another cent for ceramics until I have economized enough to pay for this outrageous swindle.

"Gently, my dear, gently," said her husband. "Now you are going too far. Aunt Grizzel was honest enough. You said you wanted her china, and she sold you her china at your own terms."

"But I didn't mean this china" said Mrs. Symington.

"How was she to know what you meant?" said Mr. Symington. "China is china, and to me one piece is as good as another."

And Mrs. Symington was too broken down and spiritless even to argue with him.

One Experience From Many.

I had been sick and miserable so long and had caused my husband much trouble and expense, no one seems to know what ailed me, that I was completely disheartened and discouraged. In this frame of mind I got a bottle of Hop Bitters and used them unknown to my family. I soon began to improve and gained so fast that my husband and family thought it strange and unnatural, and when I told them what had helped him, they said, "Hurrah for Hop Bitters! long may they prosper, for they have made mother well and us happy."—*The Mother.*

He that is master of himself will soon be master of others.

Told by a Horse Trader.

"I was tradin' with a fellow one day," the wiry man with the keen eyes remarked, "and a young fellow lipped in and spoiled the trade. He wanted the hose I was tradin' himself. So I traded with him. 'Now,' says I, after we made the trade, 'if this hyar hoss of yourn don't suit me I want to come back in the mornin' and pay you ten dollars and get my hoss back.' 'All right,' he says, 'and I want the same privilege.' 'It's yours,' I tells him, an' he rode away. Well, sir, next mornin,' just as I was puttin' on the saddle to go an' pay ten dollars an' git my hoss, he rode into the barn and paid me ten dollars to get his'n. That was a good hoss to trade. I only paid ten dollars for him in the first place, an' I made twenty-eight on him by them forfeit trades in less'n six weeks.

"I had a powerful big cream hoss that was a stavin' good hoss to trade. One day a couple of fellows met me in town, grocers they were, and they was drivin' a right smart four-year-old colt for a delivery hoss. They stopped me and says:

"How'll you swap that big cream hoss of yourn for this colt?"

"Oh," says I, "I never trade hosses."

"Well," they said, "give us a trade on this colt, anyhow, can't ye?"

"Well, no," I said, "I never trade hosses, but the cream is up at the barn; you can go look at him, if you want, and if you think you can make a trade go ahead; I reckon I'll be satisfied."

"Well, they drove up to the house and I went on down town. I never went nigh the house; jest let 'em go up and make their own trade, all alone, fur both sides. About noon I see 'em drivin' about town with the cream; splendid lookin' brute he was.

"Well," I says, "how d'ye swop?"

"Oh," says they, "we left the colt an' fetched away the cream hoss."

"Well I am satisfied," but the next day I met one of the boys. "How do you like the colt?" he says.

"Fustrate," I told him, "he's a good colt. But how do you like the cream hoss?"

"We-ell," he said, "we're willin'n to trade back if you are."

"It kind o' graveled the boys, 'caus you see I'd let 'em do their own tradin'; hadn't gone around to urge the cream hoss onto 'em at all."

"I had a mighty fine ridin' mare," the hoss man with twinkling eyes went on, "and old Seth Stinger had a splendid lookin' dapple gray mare. 'How'll you trade for your dapple gray?' I asked him. He wanted fifteen dollars, and I gave it. I took that mare home an' I combed her mane until it curled and crinkled like moss. It was handsome. Then I trimmed her feet an' put on light shoes. An' I fixed her up one way 'an another till she looked like another hoss, and when I put a saddle on her no livin' man would have guessed she was the same mare with a weak back. When I rode by the barn Seth hollered out:

"Where are you going with that mare?"

"I told him I was going to take her down to St. Louis to sell her to Bob Staples.

"Hold on," says Seth, "I believe I can give you as much for that mare as Bob Staples can."

"Well," says I, "what'll you give me betwixt her and that bay ridin' mare I traded you the other day?"

"Oh, well," he said, "I'll give you twenty dollars," and I said, "make it forty dollars, and you kin have the mare." Well, he gave it, and I took the saddle off the gray an' put it on my own old bay mare, an' Seth hitched the new mare up to a buggy. As he was drivin' out of the gate, the sill was pretty high, caught the wheel an' the mare shrunk back a little. Seth tetched her pretty smart with the whip, she jumped, an' away her hind legs went under an' down she went. Well, sir, he just give one look at the mare, then he saw it was his own old mare, then he looked at me. 'All right,' he says, "that's all right; jest help me git her on her feet agin.' She was jest a splendid lookin' mare, but if she made the least quick start, her hind legs whouldn't come. They say if a hoss has good fore parts, his hind parts is sure to come, but hern wouldn't.

"It was hard work gettin' ahead o' him," the bright-eyed hoss man went on, reflectively, and with an intonation of admiration in his voice. "He was jest the best man at tradin' hosses I ever see. He had a hoss in his barn that he got off onto me. Good lookin' hoss. Well, when I started out from the barn, that hoss was fat, and before I had gone five miles, I hope to die if that hoss wasn't lean! You wouldn't think there was a bone in him. He was a blowed-up hoss. That man beat any man I ever see fixin' up a hoss. You could put the leanest hoss you ever saw into his stable, an' I hope to die if in forty-eight hours that hoss wouldn't be fat. And then he'd trade him off to you, an' in six hours that hoss 'd be so lean you couldn't girt a saddle tight enough to stay on him."

A Lady in the Matter.

That "woman's wit is often superior to man's wisdom," was convincingly proved in circumstances that occurred in this city recently. It appears that Mr. Ludwig Schwarzler, a widely known grocer on Station Road, suffered with a very painful rheumatic headache to such a degree that he was obliged to seek the aid of a physician. All medicines he used were of no avail. This induced Mrs. Schwarzler to buy St. Jacobs Oil. She procured a bottle for her husband. With the second application he found relief. The pain left him and he is as well as ever again. A remedy acting as promptly as this certainly deserves universal patronage.—*Chillicothe, (Ohio) Register.*

He that does you a very ill turn will never forgive you.

A Struggle for Life.

A letter from an army officer in Montana contains the following account of a terrible and almost fatal adventure in an alkali desert, experienced by the writer of the letter last summer.

"I was lost in an alkali desert. I was without food or water, and made a determined effort to reach the river. My mules became exhausted from thirst and hunger, and then I walked. I led the mules while my driver went behind and pushed the wagon. In this way, after a desperate struggle, we reached the rivers' bank, only to encounter new difficulties which were wholly unsurmountable. The bank was sandstone, about 700 feet high and perpendicular. I followed it up and down for miles, occasionally finding a broken place, but no place where a descent could be made. I was almost dying of thirst, and looking down upon the shinning waters below, whose musical ripples only taunted my sufferings. I returned to the wagon, night came on, and I almost concluded to give up the struggle and die there. Then I thought it would not be a brave thing to give up and die like that, but resolved to die manfully, fighting for life. So I took my rifle and spent the night firing signals of distress, and as the sounds would roll across the dreary waste they would only be answered by the howling wolves, who were on hand in force anticipating my situation and thinking of a good square meal. To tell the truth, they made me mad, and I resolved to fool them, and even looked over the brink and thought of throwing myself down. It was about as lonesome a night as I ever spent. The driver, a big, strong fellow, did the sleeping, the mules did the groaning, while I stood my ground and fought off the wolves. As the morning began to dawn I took a survey of my situation, and resolved upon another struggle. The driver was a little rested, but we had been forty-eight hours without food or drink. The mules were used up and not able to pull the wagon, so I abandoned everything taking only my amunition and rifle, and started across the desert on foot in search of the camp. Nothing but the pen of an inspired writer could describe the sufferings of that day's march. It was a dreadful hot day. There was not a tree, a shrub, or even a blade of grass to protect me from the hot rays of the sun like blasts from a fiery furnace. Not a living thing was there, even to a fly or grasshopper. There were only the ravenous wolves that were following us up, ready to pick our bones before life became extinct. Several times I laid down to die, but after a little rest I would change my mind on the subject, rally and go on. I got beyond the point of hunger, or I would have killed the poor unfortunate mule, who was plodding sorrowfully along with us, a partner in our sufferings. The resolution to struggle on grew stronger with me while it grew weaker with the driver, and I found it hard to rally him. I felt that I was losing my reason, fancied I saw fountains and waterfalls in the distance, and greeted the driver as a party sent to my relief. One thing I kept uppermost in my mind was to struggle on and never give up. Then I thought of family and friends and all I had to live for, and the whisper would come almost audibly, "Push on! push on!" As the sun was descending I reached camp, staggered to my tent, fell upon my bed and it was all over. The last glimmer of expiring reason went out and left me in the gloom of insanity, which led me back again to the desert. For days and nights I renewed the struggle across the burning sands, and sometimes would get almost home only to be swept back again. My constant cry was for water, and I drank at shady fountains that never quenched my thirst, but always lured me on. My wife came and nursed me back to health and reason, but it was long and tedious. The horrors haunted me in my dreams for weeks, and I never went to bed without my canteen of water. Even now I am thirsty thinking of it."

Freeing the Captain.

A story concerning George Francis Train, is worth relating. It was in the early days of Australia. A gruff old sea captain on one of the steamships had issued strict orders that no gentleman should frequent the parlor reserved for the ladies. As his order was not obeyed, he made a raid on the parlor, and six gentlemen were rudely ejected. They visited the Captain's room and protested so violently at the indignity that he put them in irons. Arrived in Australia they sought the vengeance of the law. Society was in a crude state, and the case was heard by the board of magistrates. The Captain urged in his defense that six passengers had thrown him on a sofa in his own cabin. The magistrates, however, fined him £6,000, and committed him until the fine was paid. There were no higher courts in those days, and of course there was no appeal. The Captain had not the money, and the delay of the vessel would ruin him. Prayers for clemency were of no avail. George Francis Train was a spectator. He stepped forward, told the magistrate who he was, and asked permission to advise the Captain in private. After an abscence of half an hour Mr. Train returned. He was proceeding to address the court, when one of the magistrates asked where the Captain was. "I don't know," said the great evolutionist. "He is no client of mine. I left him outside." A search was made, but the Captain had escaped to his vessel, and a line of black smoke in the offing showed that he was off for England.

One customer who has had catarrh over 40 years says Elys' Cream Balm helped him more than anything. We recommend it for Catarrh, Cold in the Head, Hay Fever, etc., knowing the result will be satisfactory. Christine & Bodine, Druggists, Trenton, N. J.

A Yankee Boy's Invention.

A Connecticut man is never happy unless he is inventing something. Even the children have a fancy for the business. Last summer a Connecticut farmer's boy visited Barnum's circus and saw a catapuit. It suggested to him a trap-bouncer to be set under a man's prise his father, he kept the matter doorstep, and he at once went to work to build one. As he wanted to sur- a secret, and worked like a beaver up in the hayloft of the great barn building the machine. Finally he got it done. It was a magnificent machine, worked by a spring capable of throwing 150 pounds a distance of thirty feet. This machine he buried in the hay till he should be ready to test it. Something possessed his father's hired man to go up on that hayloft the next day, and he contrived to get right on the footboard of the machine, and was slung whirling across the barn into a half-filled bay of hay on the opposite side. Alighting on the hay saved him from serious injury but not from surprise. He didn't expect any such experience, and was not at all pleased at it. Neither did he understand it; and as $500 wouldn't have induced him to go on that hayloft again, he didn't find out what threw him. And fear of ridicule prevented him from mentioning it. That night two tramps