GENERAL NEWS.

The old firm of Walter J. Brounson & Co., brokers and dealers in wool, in New York, has failed.

of April 13th. Loss \$60,000.

Samuel R. Wells, the well known pretty girl just passing. phrenologist and publisher, died in New York on the 13th of April, aged 55 young lady!"

Railroad was sold at auction at St. Louis | man addressed. on the 14th of April, to A. B. Stone, for

Gen. Alexander Ephiras, Commissary General of Subsistence of the United States Army, died in Washington on the 14th of April.

A man named John Button, living in Elkhorn, Nebraska, committed suicide on the 14th of April, by stabbing himself in the neck.

During a heavy squail on the night of the 18th of April, eight negro men were drowned pear Norfolk, Va., by an oyster boat capsizing with them.

Ten inches of snow fell at Boston on the 14th of April, and fifteen inches at Fall River. All trains from the South and West were delayed.

J. W. Sneethe, supposed senior mem ber of the firm of J. W. Sneethe & Co., bankers, in San Francisco, shot himself on the 14th of April, at his residence in that city.

to bail in the sum of \$10,000 and \$5,000. respectively.

The building occupied by the Demo erat and Herald, and Shaw, Kendall & Co., steam and gas fitters, at Teledo, was partially destroyed by fire on the 13th of April. Loss \$8,000; fully insured.

James Sheridan, a brakeman on the Cleveland and Pittsburg Railway, w.p. instantly killed at a street crossing in Alleghany, on the 15th of April. He lost his footing and fell under the wheels. He was 30 years of age, and unmarried

The widow of the late Thomas Emery proposes to build for the Young Men's Christian Association, in Cincinnati, a structure adapted to their wants. The building will sest 1,200 people. Mrs. Emery proposes to give from \$75,000 to \$100,000 for the object.

The miners of the Lehigh and Wilkes barre Company have determined not to resume work, unless the advance of ter per cent. is granted. There are ten thousand men of this company, and several thousand belonging to other private operators, awaiting the company. N disturbance has been made. Business is prostrated on account of the long continued strike.

Sarah A. Cowan, Mary E. Vaughn and James M. Sylvester, the heirs of Thomas Weaver who died in 1844, having all be come of age, have taken steps to recover otheir title on the land upon which the town of Edinburg, Johnson county, Ind., now stands. They claim that John W Holland obtained possession of the title deeds on the death of Weaver, and now holds them without their consent. The Samount sued for is \$100,000.

Great preparations are now making in · New York for the conferring of the scarlet berretta upon Cardinai McCloskey. The sanctuary of the cathedral is · peing enlarged, to accommodate the Parge number of Archbishops and Bishops that are expected to be present, and to give ample scope for a full observance Onf the entire ceremonial. Admission tothe cathedral will be by ticket only.

Kansas City, Missouri advices state that 800 Chevenne warriors crossed the track of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa the jetties, or by mason-work, or by By railroad Thursday night, fifteen miles | wattles placed upon its slope, or by rows passing through the State of Kansas. A company of troops was sent from Fort Dadge in pursuit, and the Indian trail was followed about twenty miles, when it became evident that the Indians had separated and scattered over the prairies. They are undoubtedly on the war path, which is not exactly adapted to his ody work may be expected any

An old weather-worn trapper was re cently seen sauntering along the main street of one of our western villages. Pausing in front of a little meetinghouse for a moment, he went in and took his seat among the congregation. The pil cher was discoursing on the text of "the sheep and the wolves," and hal evidently been drawing a contrast between ther wo subjects. Says he: "We who assemble here from week to week and do our duty, and perform our part, are the sheep; now who are the wolves?" nause and our friend the tranner rose to his feet: "Wa'al, stranger, rather than see the play stopped, I will be the

wa King after all. The Escurial is such a States where these horses have been used large house that Alfonso's sister, Isabel for a series of years, and the entire west the other side of the hedge, or heard the and at twenty years of age got trees had some back and was not, and willing wondrons edifice; while a pressie mil-

Mrs. Partington.

Mrs. Partington is considered a myth ical person "evolved" from the brain o Mr. Shillaber, but her counterparts are Wagoner's brewery at Sparts, Wiscon- often found in real life. One of these sin, was destroyed by fire on the night ladies was overheard at an evening as sembly speaking in high praise of

"Why, she is a perfect paragram of

"I think you mean parallelogram; de The Mississippi Valley & Western you not?" suggested the waggish gentle-

"I said paratlelogram, Mr. -. " exclaimed the lady, with a combination of dignity and indignation impossible to

"Do you intend to masticate your house?" inquired a Western lady of friend of mine who was building. He was a critical, cultured New Englander. as exact as witty. What a droll look

came over his face as he answered: "My wife says I eat like an anaconda, and I am blessed with the digestion of an ostrich; but, really, madam, I don't think

I could manage my three story brick. This makes me think of Leigh Hunt's reply (not at all malapropy) to a lady who said to him at dinner:

"Mr. Hunt, won't you venture on ar

"I would most gladly, dear madam, only I'm afraid I should tumble off." But to keep to our theme. A lady visiting Washington for the first time sent word to friends at home that she Henry and Eli Bond, who killed Mel- was dreadfully disappointed; she meant den, the clerk of the court at Browns- to have got an Indian Bureau for Jennie's and that she was so busy shampooing a young lady from one place to another that she had no time to write letters.

> A rather old girl (who had been lured to California by the cheering information that she was sure to marry there) laid siege to a wealthy widower, who at first showed signs of succumbing, but finally resisted the attack. As usual with women who are feeling intensely disap pointed, she "didn't care; no, not one bit." And she exclaimed, half sobbing, to a bosom friend:

> "Why, I wouldn't be hired to marry him, hateful old thing! I wouldn't take him, not if he was a perfect Venus!" As money was his chief charm, we suppose she meant Croesus .- "Bric a Brac: Scribner for May.

Diking in Holland.

In Dutch drainage work the dike is a very important element. These vary, of course, according to the circumstances under which they are required. On the North Sea coast, where they are built to withstand tides rising ten feet beyond their average, and lashed by storms they constitute a work of stupendous magnitude and cost. In the case of polder of a few acres, they may be the work of a single man. Occasionally in their construction serious engineering difficulties are presented; especially is this the case where the dike is to be constructed in the water. Here the two sides of the foundation, which must reach from the solid earth to the surface of the water, are made by sinking great rafts of fascines made of willow osiers. often from 100 to 150 vards square. strongly secured together, and making a compact mass. These are floated over the place they are intended occupy, where they are guided by poles sunk in the bottom, and are loaded with stones or with earth until they sink. Upon this first, a second and smaller one, and often a third, and even a fourth, always decreasing in size, are placed in turn. The space between the two walls is filled with solid earth, and on the top of this secure foundation the dike is built. If the dike is to remain expessed to moving water, it must be further protected by of Lakin. They were going north, of piles, basket-work of straw or rushes. or sometimes by brick walls .- Col. Geo. E. Waring, in Seribner for May.

Suttable Horse Stock.

Every farmer suffers constantly in his interests, if he has stock on his farm stock kept, though with especial force to the more important classes, viz., cattle, horses and swine.

The success of the farmer depends a much upon the power employed to put in, harvest, and move his crops, that he should recognize the horse-power upon his farm by the shortest process, when not already exactly suited to his wants. The requisites in a farm horse are-hardiness, easy keeping and power. We of the country, and all the evidences go will now, as we fully believe, seize hold mattered threats that were harled after ported for treason-fellony, as he hold taken to help him; but when it did dawn on way station, lay

THE MACDERMOTTS OF BALLY-

beavy face, and a pair of dark, restless, glittering eves-a man whom every one respected, but very few liked; and Owen.

a fair, curley-haired, delicate boy, who had been his mother's darling. Old Darby was fond of both his sons, but the sturdy, healthy Martin was decidedly his favorite, and when he died it was found that the greater part of his savings went to his first born.

Owen was not either of a jealous or envious disposition; still, he sometimes thought it rather hard that his brother should have all the luck. Martin was strong and healthy and handsome, had been his father's favorite, and was master of the farm after his death. All the stock and crops, and everything, was the property of Martin; and Owen was the possessor of but fifty pounds. Forty years ago two hundred pounds in ready

money was considered a fortune, and even fifty pounds was not by any means to be despised; and when old Darby MacDermott left his boys so well of there were tew men in Ballybane who did not envy them-Martin especially, who was looked up to by his neighbors as little short of a gentleman, certainly as a man who might keep his jaunting car if he chose. But the possession of money made no change in the new tenant of the Upland Farm, as the Mac-Dermott's holding was called. He just worked as hard as ever, getting up at 6 o'clock in the morning, and going to bed late. Owen lived with him, and worked. too, just as usual, only that during his

father's time he might spend his evenings reading old newspapers, or writing letters to his acquaintances who had gone to America. But Martin thought such occupations mere waste of time, and when the day's work was ended, and the supper over, he ordered the fire and the lights to be put out.

The next farm to that of Martin Mac-Dermott's on one side was held by Michsel O'Byrne, a farmer who had been well to do once, but misfortunes of late years had come thickly on him, and he had hard work to keep the farm together. On the other side, a small holding of about fifteen acres was held by a goodfor-nothing old fellow named Patrick Heveran, who was little better than 2 nuisance to the entire neighborhood. However, one morning he was found dead in his bed; and Owen MacDermott. without taking counsel of any one, went to the agent, and asked if he might have the vacant farm, as he wished to settle down on his own account. The agent promised, and full of hope and joy. Owen went about his work. The next day was the 17th of March, St. Patrick's Day, and a general holiday; and early in the morning Owen dressed himself in his Sunday suit and went out. A little way down the road he met a young girl, also dressed in her best-a crimson stuff dress, a gay shawl, and a cross of ribbon of all the colors in the rainbow on her shoulder. Her fair hair was twisted carelessly round her bead, and her soft

"Oh, Ownie, avourneen, I was afeard you weren't comin; and sure, sorra a bit of shamrock you have in your blessed cap this mornin.' Why is that, dear?" "I was in a hurry to see you, my darlin'," he answered, looking tenderly into good news for you this morain'; let us rants. This applies to every kind of walk down the lane, and I'll tell you.

blue eyes had a startled look in them.

rather foot path, bordered on one side by a thick black-thorn hedge, and a broad

neadow on the other. to take you all to myself. You know went as good as promised me it. Now.

softly, but

St. Patrick's day in Ireland, forty spent her time in gossiping in the neigh- me away, Ownie- take me away from all intact and hidden from the successive years ago used to beil by different from bor's house, instead of taking care of her Ballybane. I can never hould up my plunderers of the city. And with regard what it is now; and case Julia O'Byrne father, a weak, helpless old man, who head among the neighbors again. Sure to the treasures in the river, the explanaand Owen MacDermott entered the mar- toiled early and late trying to keep a I'm a poor, broken-down ould creature, tuon of the accurity with which they Bellybane property was that of old Dar- ket town of Gort, sher a long ramble roof over his head. All of his wretched but I have a small teste of the spirit of have been kept shuts out the hope that by MacDermott. His crops were always through the fields in search of a sham- schemes had turned out badly. They the MacDermotts lett yet, in spite of all they can ever be brought to the surface. first sowed, and first home; his haggard, rock it presented & gay appearance. had not in them the ring of a straight- my troubles. Take me an Julia away, Signor Lanciani, one of the most promisthe neatest and best thatched; his fences The principal street was lined with stalls forward and honest man. Above all, the Ownie." in the best condition, and his house the filled with apples, cranges and ginger- trouble and diagrace of his son Darby | There was now demonstrated a beautisnuggest in the village. Darby was bread, gay crosses and sugar sticks. completely broke him down, and he took never a day behindhand with his rent. There were tents full of "boys" and girls to his bed, only wishing and wanting to Martin did not live long to enjoy the The 1st of May and the 1st of November eating, drinking and laughing; large die. "It's the curse, it's Ownie's curse," splendid home of Owen. Six months found him, wet or dry, good season or pots of boiling been and potatoes, he would mourn for hours, as he lay after they lauded he died, without any bad season, at the office with his old barrels of porter and begs of potheen, alone, without a soul to hand him even a worsted stocking, in the corner of which his half year's rent lay safely counted. He was a decent old man, who always to tent, Owen and Julia Windered, enjoy- At length the climax of Martin Macminded his business, and attended to his ling every thing till late in the evening, Dermott's sufferings was reached, the

dark, handsome man, with a square. They went into the tent together and af- turned out of the house in which he was ter an hour's chat came out, more good born, and his father and grandfather tempered and confidential than ever, and sought Julia and Owen. "Come here, my colleen," O'Byrne dreary November morning.

said, in a rather thick voice. "I have made a match for you with Martin. Go over and sit by the side of him. "With Martin, father," the girl said looking with dismay at the stern dark

feared. "With Ownie von mean." "Sorra a bit of it, Julia; but Martinnothing.

"He's promised the Heveran's farm, been a happy homestead.

"No, my dear; its me that has Hever- ever memorable St. Patrick's night, it ans houldin', and I took my oath to was with the resolve of going away formarry Julia O'Byrne. I told it to her father half an hour ago."

loved since she was up to my knee! You mean to say you are going between me and these few dirty acres of Heveran's that I axed first, and bespoke; between your only brother and all the hopes of peace he has in this worldyou that has full and plenty, Martin MacDermott!"

"I'm goin' to marry Julia," Martin replied with sullen determination. "Julia, what do you say?" Owen asked

turning to the girl, who stood silently "I must answer for her," O'Byrne said "I promised her to Martin, and I'm not

goin' back on my word, I can tell you What have you to show? How do you mean to keep her?"

"What do you say, Julia?" "I wish to stick to you, Ownie, and never marry any one else-never, never,

as I hope for luck!" "God bless you for them words, dar lin'! Only be true and faithful, and I'll soon have a cabin for you somewhere. "Julia!" said her father, raising his hands to heaven, "if you ever marry that boy, ever spake to him, ever think of him, I'll curse you on my bare knees You don't know what a father's curse is!

her. Never come across her again. Ownie MacDermott!" "You hear that, Julia. What am I to

do, Owen asks. "Go away, and never come near me

again, or he'll curse me, Ownie. Go Owen MacDermott stood perfectly still for a few minutes, and then, raising his eyes to heaven, and with the impetuosity of a young Irishman, called down a bitter curse on his only brother: "May vot never be happier than I am now, sleeping or waking! May everything you put your hands to turn to dust and ashes May your children live to hate and dis honor you, Martin MacDermott!" And with one long look at the trembling Julia, Owen rapidly passed out into the cold darkness of the March evening, and was seen no more in Castlegar. Ter nounds of the money left him by his father he took, the remainder lay in the bank. But which side he went, or what became of him, no one ever knew.

A year passed away, and then Michael O'Byrne died; and Julia, from sheer insbility to resist any longer, became the trembled at his touch. He was a tyrant. but one after another they sickened an died, and things in general began to go wrong with Martin, his shabby churlishness making him generally duliked "Julia" said Owen, "you know I'm When they were ten years married Julia fond of you since you were a wee, shy died in giving buth to twins a few bit of a delicate little creature. I never healthy boy and a girl. Both lived and had any sweet heart but yourself and all the affection their father had for anynow I want you to fix the day: I'm goin' thing he centered on the boy, whom he called Darby, after his own father. The little girl. Julia, he cared nothing about. Owen buried office yesterday and axed for it, and the allowing her to grow up as best she west aloud. Surely his curse had failes long before, as nothing ever sown there you ever hear of your uncle Owen? 1 The entightened and intelligent er capered, and indeed, acre by some, the sam he. Take me to your father. And Upland Farm had been going for years. this is Julia's daughter! I might have on the site of the palace of Derby MacDermott grew up to be a fine. from every mischief the village could afford; MecDermott understand that his brother which had swept away the wealth of this

duties, and had few troubles in the when they met Martin MacDermott and measure of his punishment filled up. course of his three score and ten years. Julia's father, both evidently in high For three years he had not paid a six-He had two sons: Martin, the eldest, a spirits, and charting confidentially, pence of rent, he was dispossessed. before him, to die by the way-left homeless and friendless by the roadside on

Remembering his unkindness only brother, his harshness to his poor timid, patient wife, his blind indul gence of his son in the tace of patent facts, his total neglect of his only daughman she almost hated, and certainly ter, and his mean, scheming character, there were few to pity Martin MacDermott in his trouble; and so he was taken Martin the master. Poor Ownie has to the workhouse, his house knocked down, and not a trace left of what had

And Owen, when he left the tent that

ever-anywhere, so that he was far from the place which had suddenly become "You mean to say you are going be- hateful to him. He walked all night, tween me and the colieen that I have and at the break of day found himself inst outside of the town of Ballmasloe. There he had some breakfast, and at the inn he entered into conversation with some men who were going to England with cattle, and were in want of a drover. Owen offered his services, and, as he appeared a quiet, respectable young man, they were accepted at once. They reached Dublin in three days, and then started for Liverpool, where Owen said good bye to the cattle jobbers, and took a passage to America in the Golden Cross. On board he made himself so useful and agreeable to the Captain, that he gave him a recommendation to a merchant in New York, who took him into his office. For five years Owen worked patiently and steady, and then his master promoted him to be a clerk; and so on from step to step, his patient, honest industry raised him, till be became a partner in one of the first firms in the great city. Then, when he paused to consider that he was rich and independent, and gentleman, came home longings. The Upland Farm, the land where he last walked with Julia, the quiet little market town-all used to come before him as he sat in his grand, lonely house, and at last he resolved to pay his native place Don't bring it on my child, if you love

He arrived at Gort late on the afternoon of the 16th of March, and determined to remain quiet till the rext day, when he felt pretty sure of meeting his brother Martin. It was just thirty years since Owen left his native place, and there were fewer changes in the dull little country town than he anticipatedfar fewer changes than there were in himself. But when St. Patrick's Day dawned clear and frosty. he could not rest, and started early in the well-remembered direction of the Upland Farm. How his heart beat as he drew near the old cabin, weather-stained and desclate which had been the home of Julia, and how it stood still as he reached the level field of oats which was just coming over ground where his father's house stood Faint and sick, he entered the first cabin water. A wretched old woman, seeing how white he looked, asked him to take a stool, which he did, and after a few minutes silence, he began to ask some questions about the place. A young girl with a face that would have been wife of Martin MacDermott, though she pretty but for its sulky expression, and feared the very sound of his voice and a quantity of fair hair negligently hanging over ber shoulders, looked up from but she scarcely heeded that, for she had a heap of flax she was carding, and ex-

"Come here, Judy, and tell his bone hat become of Martin MacDermott and his blessed family. This is his daughter

visible or local cause simply of a broken heart. Julia took her place as mistress and has a fine house of her own; and expired, his uncle took him to live with The young man had learned a severe lesson, but he profited by it and esteemed merchants in New York. His sired, gentle old man they call Uncle Owen; and he sometimes says to Darby, as he strokes his oldest boy's golden curls, "Your Owen is like me, nephew, I can see that. I'm a happy old man. I

blest."-Chambers' Journal.

could not have been so had I committed

any horrid act of vengeance. In doing

The Tiber.

certainly has not added to his reputa trifling compared with the cost of canaltion for practical sagacity by the pro- ization, and if ever the project gets into tect into which he has thrown all his the hands of a commission of engineers, consequences now that he has left his self imposed seclusion. It is not singular that his romantic brain should have taken up the plan of changing the course of the Tiber, for he could not live without a purpose; but it is somewhat singular that the prestige of his name should have sufficed to excite a popular enthusiasm over a matter which does not come within the domain of enthusiasm, but depends upon sober questions of hydrographical engineering. If he had announced himself as the advocate of a new revision of the Greek Testament he would hardly have been looked on as the proper and natural head of the revising body, and yet we are quite sure that Garibaldi knows quite as much to say, and these animals issent any more about the Greek Text of the Scriptures like a horse than Mr. Briley the butch. as he does about the course of the Tiber.

This turbid river invites attention unsire to change its course. It has an ugly habit of going back on its friends. and invasions, and in many ways have found their last resting place under the tawny waves. To confirm these tradi- rie, and a little hippo wich is Guy Fox. tions, now and then statues and blocks of Uncle Ned he says callin Guy Fox little marble have been grappled and brought makes him think of when he was in to the surface, and it is reasonable to as. Californy, cos one day they was a young ert that if but the tithe of the treasures | wale come a shore, and every body was that the river now hides could be brought going to the beach to see it, and it was to light, the world's richest museums

rich results of this one quest. has swept it away. In the peaceful lives of modern cities we walk the streets. where men have walked through centuries, shadowed by the houses and untouched since their building. But get use to it. While one is bein fed the nearly all the area of Rome has been other is of to one side a watchin, and ment of to-day crosses and recrosses shets its mouth and swollers, cos you unknown streets and foundations twenty mite put a hole lofe in their mouths and feet below it under a soil made up of the they wuddent kno it less the other tol. wreck of man's handiwork. At two of em, but that way they don't waste no the city gates the old Roman arch springs time on bad boys which makes be they found under the medieval church an earlier one, and under it yet the house where Peter dwelt, according to the tradition which gives him a re Rome; and everywhere the builder digments of brick and stone that tell their was," the girl said sullenly; "he's in the lown story, until perhaps he comes unon

and homely, things are more comsoft the facts, and act upon these evidenthem, or they might not have enjoyed as active part in the rebellion of 1868. In facts and his gratithe remainder of the day as they did.

Julia was an idle, careloss girl, who take were teaching to behold. Take

street treatment in the rebellion of 1868.

Take treatm

Rates of Advertising.

Logal advertising at statute prices

Buelness carde \$6 per year.

ing young archmologists of stome, has written a letter to the New York Herold. ful instance of magnanimity. Owen took in which he says that the bed of the Tiber his brother and niece to New York; but is so soft and yielding, so full of quicksands and so deep, that anything heavy enough to sink through the water sinks down through the mud, which is scarcely more teascious. A train of curs which had run down an incline into the river were swallowed up in the mud beyond reach before the machinery was ready to hoist them up; stones and pebbles cast into the water are found twenty feet is now one of the most prosperous and down in the mire, and at one of the railway bridges it was found necessary to go down sixty feet for a foundation.

This settles the archeological value of the river's bed, and leaves us only the consideration of the provision against inundation, and we greatly fear that if the romantic aspect of the question disgood for evil I feel that I am truly appears, its practical side will be sure to follow. Nobody has any earthly use for the Tiber, and though the course marked out for it by nature has its inconvenien For years the world of Garibaldi's ad- ces, the selection of another course mirers had wondered at the perversity would involve a tremendous expense, with which he courted the barren ob- and might not be an improvement. Inscurity of his farm at Caprera, but he deed, the damage by inundation is be its death-blow; a termination not much to be regretted, since the scheme had no more substantial foundation than the fantastic geal of the flery old revolutionist, now turning through choice to schemes of peaceful improvement, not unfit successors of his old warling out bursts .- St. Louis Globe.

One of Little Johnny's Compositions.

THE HIPPO.

Their hole name is hipopopotamuses, but hippo is there pet name, like my sister is called Missy, the she is a grate big girt, but not so big as a hippo. Uncle Ned he says hippo means a horse, but if that is so I think the man that first said it was a fool, cos horse is easier

er's meat block is like a game of crokay. Hippose is found in Africa, but wen der two aspects which prompt the de- you have found one wot can you do? It's like a man which was a lookin' for a other man to give him a good 'hidin. who dwell in the low lying quarters of and when he come up to him he said my Rome, and has brought terror and fine feller, I've foun you now, and the threatened ruin from the days of Horace other man he said he had, that was a when it laid low the temple of Vesta, to fack, and when he said it he picked up the days of the Vatican Council, when a stick. Then the first man which spoke it punished the impiety of the annexa- said yes, I've foun you at last, and the tion by compelling the unwilling Ro. other man said he cuddent deny it, and mans to paddle about the streets in was a rolen up his sleeve. Then the first boats. Beside the fact of the overflows | man wich spoke said did he kno wot runs the tradition of the wealth of gold street they was in, and the other man and silver and precious relics, treasures | said course I do, you raskil, it is Cliff of art and wonders of all kinds that street. Then the first man wich spoke have been dropped overboard, washed said o; if you aint lost it was no use me down by sewers, thrown away in panies findin you, and he waiked a way as fass as be could.

There is two hippose in the menagelong like a tug bote and thicker than a would look poor and tame beside, the elephant, but a young lady wich went with Uncle Ned lookt at it and said just No words can convey an idea of the to think of such a tiny creetur havin no wealth which was heaped up in the im- mother, mite she take it in her lap if she perial city, nor of the devastation which | would be careful? And every woman wich came to see it said wot sweet little

Did you ever see the hippose at the menagerie hole open their mouths for hurches and moruments that have stood | biscits? I tell you it is fritefle till you built over and ruised, to be again built when it sees the biscit in the other's over and again ruined, until the pave- mouth it winks its eye, and the other

hippo, wot a horrid grate mouth. But if she knew that I spect she would fine out it was wicked to keep wot any boddy would give, but when it rous, and up, up, up, boorsy

nice young man! He's in a perfession. words." "It sin't a wicked word at all. Sally; it's a business." "What business.