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The Autumn Song.
In spring the poet is glad,
And in summer the poet is gay;
But in autumn the poet is sad,
And has something sad to say.
For the wind moans in the wood,
And the leaf drops from the tree;
And the cold rain falls on the graves of the
poor,
And the cold mist comes up from the sea.
And the autumn songs of the poet's soul
Are set to the passionate grief
Of winds that sigh and bells that toll
The dirge of the falling leaf.

THE GOBLIN TOWER.

"I am glad you have come here," said the Marquis of Boltono to the young knight, Gaston de Pontaille, as they sat upon the terrace of Boltono Castle. "I am glad you have come for many reasons—especially because I love the company of a young and valiant soldier." Gaston bowed and a flush of pleasure passed across his brow.

"The robbers about here are very bold, just now. They attacked you, I believe."

"Three of the villains ventured to do so, but I sent them away with more than they expected."

"A steel ransom. Ha! ha!"

"It is very strange that you are not able to discover their retreat."

"Very—very strange. My men have sought in every direction."

"The country is favorable to secrecy," said Gaston, looking round.

"It spread far away around the castle. From the height upon which Boltono stood, the wide plain and the surrounding hills could be distinguished for a great distance. Hills and crags were near the castle, gullies and paths formed by torrents lay among them. A river flowed through the plain, turbulent and noisy."

"Yes, it is a good place for them," said the marquis, in reply to Gaston's exclamation.

"But yet I wonder at their hardihood."

"They rob almost every friend who comes to visit me, unless I send my soldiers to guard them," said Boltono, bitterly.

"This should be stopped. I wonder that they do not show themselves somewhere."

"I have done all that man can do. Let us forsake this subject for the present. See you tower?"

"Yes. It is older than the rest of your castle, is it not? I have been much interested in it."

"It is very old and is of Roman construction. We never use it."

"Never! Why not?"

"It is haunted."

"Haunted?" Gaston was surprised at the seriousness of the marquis, and out of respect to him he suppressed a rising smile of contempt.

"Yes. It has for many years gone by the name of the 'Goblin Tower.'"

"What?"

"Because there are signs to be seen there and sounds to be heard which are not of this world. Shrieks are heard at the dead of night, and lights gleam from the turrets. All the peasantry tremble, and the hearts of all within the castle quake for fear."

"But have you never entered to see the cause of those things?"

"God forbid that I should seek to know aught of the doings of the powers of darkness!"

"They may be done by hands of man, noble marquis."

"Impossible! Who would dare?"

"No great obstacle could prevent them if no one ventures there."

"Men have gone there and never returned. In the life of my grandfather there was a legend about it, and a saying that whenever the castle was freed from the goblin within, there would be no more robbers without."

"What! have the robbers always been here?"

"All the time that the tower was haunted."

Gaston was silent, and mused for a time.

"I will tell the story," said the marquis, "it is not long. This tower was built, as I have said, by the ancient Romans, and has been in the possession of many a baron. Once, about two hundred years ago, our family lived in Florence, and a baron who was related to us resided here. He was a strange man, of dark thoughts and a gloomy aspect. That tower he made his residence. At night lights gleamed from it, and strange sounds were heard there, like no sounds in the world. By day vast clouds of smoke poured from it, often concealing the tower from view. No one knew what he did. No one could imagine what were his occupations. But he became very rich all of a sudden, and built this adjoining castle. The neighbors all believed that by the assistance of the evil one he had found out the philosopher's stone. The people suffered very much from him, and robbery was carried on to an alarming extent in the neighborhood. Once they ventured to attack the castle itself."

"At last there came a fearful time. The night was perfectly dark. Suddenly, some who were looking toward the tower saw flames and sparks issuing from the windows of the upper rooms which he occupied. Shrieks resounded from it. The people burst into his room; the baron was not to be seen. A bundle of burnt flesh and clothes lay on the floor, with mysterious blackened fragments all around."

"My grandfather had a beautiful daughter, whom he promised to the man who would venture to search out the cause of those fearful sounds and appearances, which ever since the baron's time have been witnessed there. Several undertook it, but no one has seen them since."

Gaston was not so much awed by the legend as the marquis.

"They did well—these suitors—and I would do the same for a similar prize."

"What! would you venture there?"

"Noble sir, you have promised to make me your son-in-law," said Gaston, with his ingenious countenance covered by a flush of pleasure and confusion, "but I have done nothing to win the lovely Alvirra. Suffer me to win her in this way."

"What!" cried the marquis.

"I am willing to enter that tower."

"No, no; you are rash. This is not bravery, it is rashness. You have done enough, dear Gaston, to win a dozen Alvirras."

"But let me also do this. Noble marquis, I cannot—must not be refused. Why need I fear? Are not friends all your friends? Are not friends all your friends?"

"Your friends cannot preserve you from the demons."

"Demons! I fear them not. With my trust in God and the holy saints, how can the evil one injure me?"

"I implore you not to think of this."

"No, no; permit me. Do not tell Alvirra. Promise me not to tell her. I will free your house of demons and robbers, or die."

The marquis gave a reluctant consent. It was mid-day, and Gaston walked outside the castle. There was a deep gorge in the hills behind, and the Boltono tower rose above this, while the other parts of the extensive castle lay further from it. Gaston walked to the verge and looked down. The porter had told him not to venture there—that the people in the castle were afraid of the goblins who dwelt there. But Gaston despised the idle tale.

"Goblins—ha! ha! What a strange mind the marquis must have not to see that these mysterious robbers, are the goblins and the makers of all this riot. But I must descend and examine here."

He went down slowly and softly among the bushes which grew thickly enough to hide him from view. At length he was surprised to see a beaten path.

"Ha!" he cried, "this was never made by goblins. I will follow and see where it leads."

He descended carefully, and watched the path to see that none were viewing him. At last the murmur of a brook told him that he was at the bottom of the chasm. The path before him took a sudden turn around a rock. Leaning stealthily over this, he looked forward. There was the base of the goblin tower, which arose very far on high, from its foundations at the bottom of the chasm. There was a small aperture here, so hidden by bushes that none but the sharpest and most observant eye could have detected it. He went nearer, and hearing nothing, he crawled close to it. Looking in he saw steps which led up.

"Now, were this unused, the steps would be covered with grass and mold, but they are smooth and are used often."

After a few minutes the young knight departed by the same path, and soon stood in safety upon the top of the declivity, well satisfied with his expedition.

"Well, Gaston," said the marquis, at night, "are you still determined?"

"I am. I ask only my arms. Can I have the way shown me?"

"Once more, Gaston, let me implore you not to go."

"I must go, noble marquis, for I have said it."

"Retract your words."

"I cannot—I would not."

"Then I must part with you. I fear I shall never see you again. I will accompany you to the place."

The two walked along a desolate hall extending entirely through the castle. The night was dark and the wind moaned as they went on. Doors banged and noises were heard through the house.

"Those noises do not come from the tower. They are made by the wind," said Gaston. "Ah! here we are, I suppose."

They paused before a massive oak door, which the marquis opened after unlocking. The bolts sounded harsh as they grated back. They entered the room. The light which the marquis held was feeble, and illuminated it but in part. The apartment was large, and the walls were vaneated with oak, carved in the antique. Chairs of olden form stood around, and a long table of massive construction stood in the middle.

"I will go into your closet, and watch the room. I can be hidden there."

"Do so. Do not expose yourself. Do you want the light?"

"No—oh! no. I will be better in the dark."

He opened the door of an old closet. It was empty. There was an opening in it, through which any one within could look out into the room. Here Gaston entered. The marquis departed, locking the door carefully. Gaston drew his sword, and, holding it in his hand, prepared to watch.

An old chest stood here in one corner; upon this he seated himself and waited. The hours passed tediously away, yet he sat in patient silence listening to every sound. And these were of many kinds, which came to his sharpened ears. Low moanings sounded without, the doors

loosened by age rattled on their hinges, the heavy, dusty drapery shook and fluttered.

There was a faint light in the room. As Gaston looked through, there seemed to come a brighter light. He was sure of it. A strange thrill shot through him as the room began to grow visible, illuminated by some unseen power.

Footsteps—low, muffled footsteps, sounded without—beneath, whisperings and exclamations were heard by his excited ears. His heart beat quick—he held his sword more firmly.

"The hour is coming—the time—the scene is at hand. Now we will see whether Gaston de Pontaille will die."

He leaned forward more earnestly. At the extremity of the room he heard whisperings—murmurings—footsteps, but he could not look there. The light grew brighter. Some form approached. Gaston looked out.

It was a tall figure dressed in black, and through two holes in the veil which covered his head the eyes gleamed with intense brightness. He came to the table and sat down. Another was dressed in the same manner. Two more came in, and the four sat down at the table.

"Wine," said the first, in a deep harsh voice.

One rose and brought a number of bottles. Then each one, lifting his veil, drank in silence. Gaston watched in suspense.

"Comrades," said the first one, "the bishop had much gold. To-morrow the marquis shall give more."

A low murmur of applause went round.

"He would have been unmolested had he refrained from molesting us."

"Ha! ha!" said another, in a discordant voice. "He thought not of 'The Goblin Tower.'"

"What will he not pay for her ransom?"

Gaston started.

"And the young knight—would he not give his soul to purchase her?"

"Margo," said the leader, "bring her along."

Margo departed, and the others began to divest themselves of their mantles. Each one, taking off his black robe, disclosed the well-armed figure of a sturdy soldier.

"I heard footsteps here this night," said one. "May there not be a true goblin?"

"Fool!" cried the leader, savagely. "You are a novice. A goblin! We are the goblins of the tower, Antonio. Ha! What breath is that?"

"I said so!" cried the other.

The three started as a rattling sounded in the room. They looked at each other and turned pale. The entrance of their comrade put an end to their terror.

"Bring her along!" cried the leader. Gaston could see nothing, but he heard a low moan as though from a female, and the tone struck a chill to his inmost soul.

"Good e'en, my pretty maid," said the leader. "Bring her nearer, good Margo, let her be seated."

There was a slight struggle and Margo brought forward the prisoner. Gaston started—his frame shook in frenzied rage. It was Alvirra! He restrained himself.

"Who are you, and why dare you thus treat the daughter of Boltono?"

"Because we love the smiles of lovely women. Was it not rash in you to walk alone on the terrace at such a time? Could we—the goblins of the tower—resist the temptation?"

"What will you do with me?"

"You shall cheer us in our lonely tower."

"O, God!" she cried, wringing her hands in agony.

"No lamentation!" cried the leader. "Come, we wish you to be gay—cheer up."

Alvirra wept in despair.

"Weep not! Why should you! Come, let me have a kiss."

He rose up and reached out his hand. Alvirra shrunk back. He stepped forward. The others looked on in hideous glee—they saw not the armed figure who stood with uplifted sword.

"Come, one kiss!"

"Villain!" cried Gaston, in a voice of thunder. Alvirra saw him—all saw him as with a bound he sprang forward and buried his sword in the robber chieftain's heart.

"Die!" cried the infuriated knight, and turning upon the nearest, with a blow he severed his head from his body. The others rose and grasped their daggers. Gaston struck at the nearest and the weapon was dashed from his hand, while the owner was felled to the ground. Margo, the fourth, fell upon his knees. With a strong hand Gaston bound him, and taking his rescued love in his arms, he bore her forth along the hall to the great hall of the castle. The noise had roused the marquis, and the inmates of Boltono soon knew all that had happened.

A week after the nuptials of Gaston and Alvirra were celebrated, and the body of Margo hung in chains from the summit of the 'Goblin tower.'

The Indiana Legislature have resolved not to build a State capitol, and a journal of that State suggests that in future the Legislature should hold its sessions in each city in turn throughout the State.

Mr. Beecher thinks the wickedest thing in the world is to thump a child on the head.

Hebrew Synagogues.

The New York correspondent of the Rochester Democrat estimates that there are 50,000 citizens of Hebrew descent in New York city. Of their places of worship and religious teachers, he says:

As a people, they are strongly attached to their ancient service. A few have wandered into infidelity. The Jews are, to a large degree, of foreign birth, being almost entirely Germans; hence they prefer this element in their religion. The chief synagogue in this city is that of the Temple Emanuel, corner of Forty-third street and Fifth avenue. It is a new structure of great beauty, and of the reform or rationalistic order, and its rabbi is Samuel Adler, by birth a German and now in his sixty-fifth year. Benjamin Nathan, whose mysterious and bloody death has given the name a wide notoriety, was a member of this body. Rabbi Adler preaches in German; but his assistant, Gustave Gottheil, is a good English scholar, and officiates in that tongue. Each of these men receives \$5,000 a year, and this double salary speaks well for the liberality as well as for the wealth of the society. Another rabbi of foreign birth is David Eibson, of Bavaria, who came to this city in 1864, and has charge of a synagogue on the Seventh avenue. Samuel Isaac, rabbi of the Grand street synagogue in Forty-fifth street, is a native of Holland, and has labored in this city since 1833. The ark in this institution cost \$70,000. Services are held in Hebrew and German. Rabbi Huesch, a native of Hungary, who came hither in 1844, has charge of the Lexington avenue synagogue. This edifice and its appointments of worship cost \$600,000.

A Disastrous Season.

The New York correspondent of the Boston Journal gives this picture of business stagnation there: First, building is stopped, and men by the hundreds are thrown out of work. Rents are down, and landlords have to wait where rents remain, or take the stores or warehouses on their own hands. Every third store on Broadway seems to be to let, with chambers and lofts innumerable. Men who had fair employment last May, and took a tenement to live in, having lost their place, have to give up; society is so interlocked that what hurts one department hurts all. The hotels are losing money, and seem like banqueting lack's deserted. Grocers groan over the lack of trade. Men who bought by the pound buy by the quarter; men who bought by the chest buy by the pound. Butchers say that their trade has decreased one-half; men live on vegetables. The barbers complain; men shave themselves. The car receipts are reduced; men walk instead of riding. They have nothing to do, and five cents is worth saving. The churches feel this state of things terribly. In one church that I happen to know, over a third of the pew rents have been reduced one half. In the most important Baptist church in this city \$1,000 was taken from the minister's salary, and in a miff he resigned. A general reduction of salaries is threatened all along the line. Last year in Brooklyn a very costly Presbyterian church was built through the influence of one man. He was worth a quarter of a million, and promised to "see the thing through." He went to smash, and the minister, disheartened, has left. Our mission work feels the pressure beyond example. The sufferers have increased a hundred fold, and the supply is cut off full fifty per cent. The same is true of all the benevolent operations.

A Remarkable Scindale.

A most unique swindle is reported in the Evening as perpetrated by a Parisian. About a month since the Havre correspondent of a large banking house in Paris received the following letter from the head of his firm:

PARIS, JAN. --, 1875.

DEAR SIR:—I write to warn you that the son of our principal cashier has disappeared with some 200,000 francs in bills drawn upon you by us. He will probably present them in Havre shortly after the receipt of this advice by you. Of course you will refuse payment. As his father is a very old and valued servant, we have concluded not to cause him the disgrace and mortification of knowing that his son is a felon. You will therefore allow the scoundrel to go free. If you can manage to get rid of him by sending him to America, advance him 200 or 300 louis and let him go and hang himself.

Confidentially,

The day after the receipt of this letter by the Havre house a young man of fine address presented himself and attempted to negotiate the stolen bills. The letter was shown him, and he fell on his knees in a flood of repentant tears. He expressed a willingness to come to America, and 250 louis (\$1,250) were given him, with many cautions to reform. The young man sailed for New York next day, and the day after the Havre house received an answer to its letter of advice detailing the facts. No bills had been stolen from the Paris house, the letter originally sent was a forgery, and the principal cashier has no son. The police of New York were notified to look for this remarkable swindler, but no light has yet been thrown on his movements in this country.

A Boy Soldier.

One of the wounded after a battle, writes a correspondent from Spain, was little more than a boy, a slim, pale-faced fellow of not more than seventeen. His features were more regularly formed than is usual among the lower orders of Spaniards from which his regiment had been chosen, and it was impossible to refrain from regarding him with interest. He did not speak a word to any of the companions by whom he was surrounded. His head was enveloped in a white bandage and another bandage passed under his left arm and over his right shoulder, showing that he was wounded in two places, and most painfully, if not dangerously wounded, too, for every now and then a spasm crossed his handsome features which were distorted with the agony he was suffering. Small heaps of brushwood had been piled up into bonfires which were burning brightly, and the flickering light from which three weird shadows over the faces of the wounded men, fitting here and there among whom were soldiers carrying impromptu torches made of tow and pitch, and administering to the wants of the sufferers. Water was the cry of one and all, and it was pleasing to see the haste with which their companions in arms who had been more fortunate rendered numerous little services to their wounded companions. When a groan louder than usual was heard from one of them, a grim-visaged soldier—whose sole duty it was to see that the poor fellows were in as comfortable positions as could be expected under the circumstances—would inquire if he could do anything for the sufferer in the way of rearranging the blanket or paletot upon which he was lying.

The young fellow to whom I have already called attention seemed to be a general favorite with all the men, and several soldiers were gathered around him. He seemed to be in too great pain to pay much attention to them, but when the soldier held a little tin pannikin of water to his lips, and then raising his head as carefully as a mother would have lifted her sick child, he scraped the sand into a heap under the end of the blanket so as to serve as a sort of pillow upon which the wounded man could recline more comfortably. No word of thanks was uttered, but the look which the poor lad gave him was one which the old weather-beaten soldier will not forget in a hurry, accustomed though he may be to scenes of a similar character. A quarter of an hour afterward this same soldier threw his coat over the boy, who was shivering, possibly more on account of the pain which he was suffering than because it was a chilly evening. And yet this man, so attentive to a wounded companion in arms, who did not even belong to the same regiment, and whom he had seen but a few days previously at St. Sebastian, was a member of the most bloodthirsty lot of fellows who are numbered in the ranks of the Alfontist army—the *giguelettis*. These men never dream of giving quarter, never ask for it, and a Carlist will fight until there is no breath left in his body sooner than surrender himself as a prisoner to one of them, for he knows well that death will certainly be his fate. These were the men who emulated the sanguinary barbarity of Santa Cruz at Anderlasse, and butchered several Carlist prisoners, wounded and cut off all chances of escape, at the attack upon Behobie bridge on the French frontier, of which your readers were given an account.

To Knit Gloves.

Procure Germantown yarn; one skein of medium-sized yarn will knit a pair of gloves. Cast on eighteen stitches on a needle; widen the thumb two stitches every third and fourth time knitting round, alternately. When the thumb has been widened to twenty-four stitches, take them off on a double thread or small cord. Cast on to join, the gap about ten stitches, which decrease gradually as you knit around to six, having but six in all for the hand. Knit about half an inch, then drop off sixteen at the right place for the little finger; cast on six new ones to join the gap; knit three or four times around, then drop the new-made stitches and six on each side of them for the next finger; cast on four new stitches, knit three or four times around, and drop the same number as before for the next finger; cast on four new stitches and you find yourself knitting the forefinger, which must be decreased to twenty-two stitches. After finishing the index-finger, take up the next in order, observing the uniform number of stitches on each, twenty-two; but the thumb must have twenty-four.

The Black Hills.

Two returned members of one of the expeditions which last fall left for the Black Hills were received at Sioux City, Iowa, the other day, by an enthusiastic assemblage of people, and welcomed with bands of music and the roar of cannon. They report that there is a mine in the Black Hills for 10,000 miners, who can make from \$10 to \$25 per day as soon as spring opens; and we suppose large numbers of reckless characters will flock thither at that time. The country is occupied by the most warlike and powerful Indian tribes on the continent, and it is quite probable that the consequence of this will be one of the most bloody and expensive Indian wars ever known.

An Eclipse of the Sun.

The coming eclipse of the sun will occur on the fifth of April next. The central eclipse begins on the earth a little southwest of Cape Agulhas (South Africa), in longitude ninety-nine deg. nineteen min. seven sec. east from Washington, and in south latitude thirty-five deg. thirty min., at eleven hours forty-four min. Washington mean time. The first contact thus barely escapes the southern extremity of Africa and the central line, along which the shadow of the moon (interposed between the earth and sun) advances, runs from southwest to northeast. Its track is now almost entirely oceanic, passing southeast of Madagascar and not quite grazing its southeastern extremity. Thence also missing Mauritius, where an able body of observers could take the field, it flits rapidly onward, crossing the equator in about longitude one hundred and sixty-six deg. east from Washington, or about eighty-nine deg. east from Greenwich. It then strikes through the Nicobar islands, in the southern part of the bay of Bengal, and sweeps across Tenasserim, Siam and Anam, passing out into the China sea and finally making its last contact on the open bosom of the Pacific a little northeast of the Ladrone islands. The point of this last contact is about one hundred and forty-seven deg. east of Greenwich, in latitude twenty-one deg. twelve min. north, and occurs at about fifteen hours twelve min., Washington mean time.

Table Decoration.

A writer in Scribner's says: The pleasures of the table should appeal to the eye and mind as well as to the palate. Form should be consulted; grace should be indispensable. The savor of food gains much from its setting and its accompaniments. A few flowers, perfect order and neatness, with congeniality and sympathy about the board, will insure what an Apician feast might not. The day of uniformity in table as well as other furniture has passed, the present fancy being for oddness and variety. This, apart from the picturesqueness, is both convenient and economical, since the breaking of one or two pieces does not necessitate the purchase of an entire new set. It is not unusual now to see on an elegant breakfast table each coffee-cup different from its neighbor, and no two of the plates alike. But it is at least most informal of meals—that the greatest variety and the prettiest effects may be produced. Flowers have come to be indispensable to many tables, and they will be ere long, let us hope, indispensable to all. They need not be rare nor costly. They are so beautiful, even the plainest and poorest of them, that nothing else can supply their place. A few green leaves, a dozen way-side daisies, a bunch of violets, impart a charm and awake in us the touch of nature.

An Answered Advertisement.

The New York correspondent of the St. Louis Republican says: In all this wind and rain and cold and slush ninety applicants within three hours have answered a neighbor's advertisement for a seamstress. Poor, faded, worn women, in that most dismal of all poor women's possessions—an old broche shawl—have clambered the high steps and turned gratefully and sadly from the door, where they met an enraged chambermaid detailed for special duty, whose duty it has been since ten o'clock to say the situation is filled. At twelve she was struck with a labor-saving process, and hung out a placard to the bell handle which set forth in this rich specimen of English the latest bulletin:

"A girl is engaged—no use to inquire Eny Further—don't ring no bell."

This was successful with the next dozen comers, when *paternfamilias* came home, gazed in astonishment at this literary effort, twitched it down and lugged it in. Probably that "girl is engaged" at present in correcting her spelling or packing her trunk. But what a tale of misery those numberless applicants on such a horrible day tell!

Very Bad Boys.

In view of the sentence of hanging passed upon the boy Pomeroy, in Boston, a somewhat similar case in the French courts, that of the boy Henry, will excite interest. Henry, aged, seventeen, incited his playmate, aged eleven, to break open his father's desk and abstract therefrom 900 francs, the hard savings of twenty-four years. The child gave all this money to Henry to keep for him, and, when he asked for some of it, Henry induced him to go to the river, threw a noose around his neck, and dragged him in the river until he was drowned, then letting the body float away. Henry was among the most curious to see the body exposed at the Morgue. He then dressed himself in fine attire, bought a watch and other things, and stocked his mother's marine store, a circumstance which led to the discovery. At the trial he did not display the slightest contrition, but endeavored to address the court after a form of language he had learned in novels. The prosecution regretted that the prisoner's age alone prevented him from receiving capital sentence, and the young murderer was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment and the same number of years servitude by the police. It seems almost incredible that such utter heartlessness should exist in people so young in years as this young ruffian and Pomeroy.

Going Behindhand.

"They tell me Farmer H. is going behindhand."

"I guess there's no doubt of it."

"But I don't see how it can be. He has one of the best farms in the country, and he used to be considered a good farmer."

"True—but his farm is certainly running out, and I am told he is running in debt."

"I don't see how that can be."

So conversed two neighboring farmers, and while they conversed Farmer H. was looking for his hoe.

"Dan," he cried, to one of his boys, "where is the hoe! I've been looking for it this half-hour. I might have had my work done by this time. Where is it?"

"I done, dad. It's sum'r, I s'pose."

"Somewhere, you young rascal. Didn't you have it last night?"

"No."

"Didn't I tell you to hoo the cucumbers?"

"Yes; but I couldn't find the hoe."

The two joined in the search.

"Look here, Dan," said the father, after a fruitless time, "you must have left that hoe somewhere. Why don't you put things in their places when you've done with them?"

"Well, dad, where is the place for the hoe! Where do you alr's put it?"

The parent was posed. His tool-house had been used for a wood-shed, and though he had often talked of building another, he had not yet done so.

By-and-by, before the hoe was found, a neighbor dropped in, and after chatting awhile he said, with a smack of the lips, and an expectant rubbing of the hands:

"By the way, H., have you got a drop in your jug?"

"I guess so. Would you like a bit?"

"Well, yes—if it's handy."

"Of course it's handy."