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They All Do It.

Breathes there a man upon the earth Who has not, sometime since his birth, Exclaimed, in accents far from mirth, "I've made a fool of myself!"

"Chalk Your Own Door."

His proper name was Jeremiah Marden; but he had not been in the village a week before everybody called him Jerry Marden and within six weeks he was known as Jerry Muddler.

He was a very good shoemaker, but he stood no chance with George Stevens, a sober man, and so drifted into becoming a cobbler.

Jerry's one idea was to get a job, and having done it, to invest the proceeds in drink at his favorite beer shop.

His score at 'The Oram Arms' was a large one, and the chalks stood up against him like files of soldiers, but Jerry ignored their existence.

"I can't go on any longer, Jerry," he said. "The last sum I had of you was three shillings, and you have paid nothing for a fortnight."

"Work is slack," murmured Jerry, "but the harvest is coming on, and then everybody will have their soiling and healing done, and I shall be able to pay you off."

"Perhaps so," returned Mr. Rewitt, "but you will have as much as you can do to square off what is up there. Look at them. Those chalks are a standing disgrace to any man. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Jerry looked at the accusing marks, and really felt agitated at the long list against him. No spider courtously entreating a fly to enter into his parlor could have been more oily-tongued or smiled a more persuasive smile.

"Not half a pint," replied the landlord. "Go home and work, and pay your debts like a man."

The entrance of a customer with ready money cut short the conversation, and Jerry stood back a pace or two while the other was being served.

"That's nothing to me," said the landlord.

her head; 'I've heard that there's not a chair for them to sit down upon; and Jerry's wife—clean and tidy manages to keep herself—looks more like a skeleton than a woman; and as for the children they look as ravenous as wolves at the dinner coming from the bake-house."

"That's Jerry's lookout," replied Mr. Rewitt, coolly. "If he can't afford it, he shouldn't drink."

The subject was dismissed, and Jerry forgotten in the noise and bustle of the usual evening business. About nine o'clock Jerry's wife, to the astonishment of both Mr. Rewitt and his wife, appeared in the bar; but not, as they supposed, for drink.

"My husband tells me," she said, "that he has a heavy score here. How much is it?"

"I'm almost too busy to tell you," replied the landlord, "but if it is pressing, I will reckon it up."

"It is pressing, and I shall be very thankful if you will let me know at once what it is," returned the poor woman, who was indeed wan and pale, and almost justified the title of 'skeleton,' which Mrs. Rewitt had given her.

The landlord went through the chalks twice, and finally announced that Jerry was indebted to him to the amount of two pounds, seventeen shillings and four pence, halfpenny. Jerry's wife received the announcement with a look of quiet dismay, thanked the landlord and left the house.

"I suppose she is thinking of making an effort to pay it off," said Mr. Rewitt, addressing his better half, "and I hope she will; but I fancy it will be a little too much for her."

For a whole week nothing was seen or heard of Jerry; but at the end of that time his wife appeared and put down five shillings on the counter.

"Will you please take that off the amount, sir," said she, "and give me a receipt?"

This was done with a gracious smile, and Jerry's wife departed. Mr. Rewitt announced his having hit the right nail on the head. The wife of the cobbler was making an effort to clear off her husband's debt.

At the end of another week a second five shilling was paid, and then harvest came on—truly a harvest to the agricultural laborer, as at that time he gathers in clothes, and whatever his harvest money will enable him to procure.

All the little trades men in the village were busy, and even Jerry was reported to be full-handed. But he did not come near 'The Oram Arms' for a drink.

On third week Jerry's wife brought ten shillings, and on the fourth, fifteen, to the great joy and satisfaction of Mr. Rewitt, whose joy, however, was alloyed by the fear that he had lost a good customer. He resolved to look up Jerry as soon as another installment of this account was paid.

Nothing was brought for a fortnight, and the landlord congratulated himself upon not having hastily sought his absent customer, who still owed him over a pound, but the appearance of Jerry's wife with the balance had the effect of making him think otherwise.

ing a cheerful ditty, as unlike the cracked efforts he used occasionally to come out with in the taproom as the song of the raven. Raising the latch, the landlord of 'The Oram Arms' peeped in.

"Good morning, Jerry," he said. "Ah! is that you, Mr. Rewitt? replied Jerry looking up. 'Come in.' Jerry looked wondrous clean, and had even been shaved that very morning. His blue shirt looked clean, too, and he actually had a collar on."

Mr. Rewitt was so overcome by the change that he stood still with the boots under his arm, forgetting that they formed part of his mission.

"You look very well, Jerry," he said at last. "Never felt better in my life," replied Jerry. "I wish, sir, I could say the same of you. You look whitish."

"I've got a bit of a cold," replied the other, "and I've been shut up a good deal with business lately. Trade's been brisk; but how is it we've not seen you?"

"Well—the fact is, sir," said Mr. Rewitt, cheerfully; "the door is quite clean, as far as you are concerned."

"I am glad of that."

"Others have got their share," said the landlord, facetiously; "but I think we could make room for you, if you look us up."

"No, thank you, sir," returned Jerry. "I've had enough of chalking on other people's doors, and now I chalk on my own."

"Yes, sir; have the goodness to turn around and look behind you. There's my door half full."

"It's a wise thing to keep account yourself," said the landlord, who hardly knew what to make of it, "for mistakes will happen; but—"

"No mistake can happen sir; interrupted Jerry, "for I am the only party as keeps that account."

"But who trusts you to do that?"

"Nobody—I trusts myself," replied Jerry. "The marks that were on your door showed what I did drink, and them marks on mine show what I don't drink."

A little light had got into the landlord's brain, and he had a pretty good idea of what was coming, but he said nothing.

Mr. Rewitt had nothing to say; he could not deny and would not admit it, but took refuge like other beaten men in flight. With the boots under his arm he hastened home, and presented himself before his wife in a rather excited condition.

"What is the matter, Richard?" she asked.

"Nothing particular," he replied, "except that Jerry Muddler has joined the temperance lot and he seems so firm in it that I don't believe he will ever touch a drop again."

Mr. Richard Rewitt, of 'The Oram Arms,' was right. And Jerry, who bears the name of Muddler no longer, but is called by that to which he is entitled by right of birth, viz., that of Marden, has not touched a drop of strong drink from the day of his reformation to this. His door has been filled again and again with the score which he records in his own favor; and the beer he has not drunk is everywhere around him in the form of a comfortable home, a respectable amount in the savings banks, and goodly investment in a building society.

Verbum sat sapienter, which, being freely interpreted, means, 'a word to you, my reader, is sufficient.' Chalk your own door.—The British Workman.

The Cat's Decision.—A Fable. One day a bird of rare plumage and song sat on the limb of a tree overlooking a pond, when a catfish arose to the surface and said:

"You may be able to fly through the air, but you can't swim. You are not half so big a gunboat as you pretended to be."

This salutation nettled the bird, and he spunked up and replied: "I am a better man than you are any day in the week, and if you were up here on this limb I'd prove it or break my wings trying to."

"Pooh! If you were down here in the pond, I'd take the brag out of you in about a York minute!" sneered the catfish.

After some little sass it was agreed that they should go to the cat and have a test to see which excelled. It so happened that the cat was out to see if there was any chance to pick up a bone at some one else's expense, and the bird quickly brought her to the banks of the pond.

"You see," began the cat as she stroked her whiskers and looked wise, "this bird cannot swim and the catfish cannot fly. Therefore, you must meet on neutral ground. Each thinks that his cause is right, and you come to me to decide. The catfish will swim to the bank and the bird will alight on his back. One will try to pull the other down, and the other will try to pull the one up, and may the best man win."

The programme was carried out, each being certain of victory; but while they were struggling, the cat raked in both for the benefit of her stomach.

"When men can't agree," mused the satisfied cat, as she walked homewards, "they can always go to law, and the law will settle the dispute, if it has to take the cause of it."

"P. S.—Titles examined and the titlers devoured with neatness and dispatch."

Moral.—In the first place, peg away at what you can do best. In the second place, let other people have the same privilege. Brag is a good dog, but the empire runs in all the profits.—Detroit Free Press.

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de head of de line when de Virginny reel am called off am on clus terms reel ole Satas. Now den, I doan say dat I would take de ole woman on my arm 'n' walk off to a public hall to jine in a dance wid Tom, Dick 'n' Harry, but de odder night when Sir Isaac Walpole gin a little party we war dar, an' we shook de foot in de liveliest sort o' style. What harm kin come from alidin' across a pine floor' to de music of fiddles am past my grip. De music can't be wicked, an' if it am was fur a man to glide dan walk den I am ready to believe anyting. An ex-member of dis club sot down by his own frende one night an' talked 'suff lies and scandal in one hour to last de call'd folks of Detroit for six months. Could den-is' do any worse? People who doan' dance or play games or attend games am de every pusses who have time to gossip an' start scandals, an' we all know it. I want dis clargyman to go on doin' good an' buildin' up de church, but when he axes me to help chide down de social feelin' an' de jolly speerit which de Lawd gin most men I must refuse. Heaben must be a werry gloomy place if it am peopled wid only dose pusses who am 'fraid to open deir moufs when dey laff fur fear de evil one will jump down deir froats. I say to every man in dis hall to go ahead an' enjoy hiself as best he kin, an' as much as he kin widout doin' injury to his fellow men. Stop at de limit in all fings an' you'll break no laws nor add to your sins. Let us now purceed wid de pureedins."

A farmer living about forty miles above Detroit felt that it was his duty to drop the club a line to the effect that he had lately discovered human tracks nineteen inches long in a clay-bank on his farm. Some of his neighbors argued that they were relics of the mastodon period, and others that some circus giant had made his escape and was wandering around the country. His own private theory was that some member of the Lime-Kiln Club had passed that way on a hunting expedition, and he wanted his suspicions verified or put to flight.

"Misser Chairman, I regard dat communication as an insult to dis club!" said the Rev. Penstock as soon as he could reach his feet.

"I support de insult!" added Giveadam Jones.

"Gem'len," said Brother Gardner as he came forward so that his feet could be plainly seen from all parts of the hall, "it's no use concealin' de fact dat No. 12 butes am a purty close fit for mos' of de members of dis club. I don't zactly believe dat any of us leave travels nineteen inches long, but fur one I am allus ready to face de music when I am feet am called into play. Somebody made tracks up dar. It's no use squirmin' round, fur de tracks am dar. We can't make our feet am smaller by votin' dat letter an insult. De Secretary will slowly call de roll, an' if any member of dis club has bin up dat way let him riz up to his cognomen am reached."

A call of the roll proved that none club of thead been out of de city for months. Perhaps 'Bijah,' of Central Stati n fama, say be a lie to clear up de mystery.

Solomon and the Blacksmith. Mulciber (or Valcan) was the artificer of heaven—in the Great mythology—and they are not far wrong who present Tub-I-Gain, the first mechanic, as the father of civilization. The blacksmith has sometimes been called the king of mechanics, and this is the way he is said to have earned the distinction:

The story goes that, during the building of Solomon's Temple, that wise ruler decided to treat the artisans employed on his famous edifice to a banquet. While the men were enjoying the good things his bounty had provided, King Solomon moved about betwixt acquainted with his workmen. To one he said:

"My friend, what is your trade?"

"A carpenter."

"And who makes your tools?"

"The blacksmith," replied the carpenter.

"To another Solomon said: "What is your trade?" and the reply was:

"A mason."

"And who makes your tools?"

"The blacksmith," replied the mason. A third stated that he was a stone-cutter, and that the blacksmith also made his tools. The fourth man that King Solomon addressed was the blacksmith himself. He was a powerful man with bare arms, on which the muscles stood out with bold relief, and seemingly almost as hard as the metal he worked.

"And what is your trade, my good man?" said the King.

"Blacksmith," ironically replied the man of the anvil and sledge.

"And who makes your tools?"

"Make 'em myself," said the blacksmith.

Whereupon King Solomon immediately proclaimed him the King of Mechanics, because he could not only make his own tools, but all other artisans were forced to go to him to have their tools made.—Blacksmith and WA's right.

The Lime Kiln Club. "What! I was gwine to remark," said the old man as the meeting opened, "was to de effect dat a sartin cull'd clargyman who has charge of a flock in de Western part of dis State, has written me a letter axin' dat dis club sot its free agin' de dacin'. It am his opinyun dat a pussen who stands at

de head of de line when de Virginny reel am called off am on clus terms reel ole Satas. Now den, I doan say dat I would take de ole woman on my arm 'n' walk off to a public hall to jine in a dance wid Tom, Dick 'n' Harry, but de odder night when Sir Isaac Walpole gin a little party we war dar, an' we shook de foot in de liveliest sort o' style. What harm kin come from alidin' across a pine floor' to de music of fiddles am past my grip. De music can't be wicked, an' if it am was fur a man to glide dan walk den I am ready to believe anyting. An ex-member of dis club sot down by his own frende one night an' talked 'suff lies and scandal in one hour to last de call'd folks of Detroit for six months. Could den-is' do any worse? People who doan' dance or play games or attend games am de every pusses who have time to gossip an' start scandals, an' we all know it. I want dis clargyman to go on doin' good an' buildin' up de church, but when he axes me to help chide down de social feelin' an' de jolly speerit which de Lawd gin most men I must refuse. Heaben must be a werry gloomy place if it am peopled wid only dose pusses who am 'fraid to open deir moufs when dey laff fur fear de evil one will jump down deir froats. I say to every man in dis hall to go ahead an' enjoy hiself as best he kin, an' as much as he kin widout doin' injury to his fellow men. Stop at de limit in all fings an' you'll break no laws nor add to your sins. Let us now purceed wid de pureedins."

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