The Canton Advocate

CANTON, D. T.

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THE PASSING HOUR.

"You might employ yourself in some way more useful to the republic."

"Very true, citizen. But I made a calculation. I said a man grows lean who has a love affair. He must grow twice as lean with two. I was a stout man three months since; you see what a skeleton I am now. Said I to myself, since two love affairs are safe to wear a man in three months down to skin and bone, ten love affairs in that time will bring me to the last stages of consumption. I have been trying it for three months, and now I think I have hardly a week to live. You may spare me the guillotine."

The eyes of Brutus gave a sudden gleam. "Do you know you are an uncommonly clever fellow?"

"Ah, citizen, I knew I could not escape death under your administration, and I must own that the idea of dying, young as I am, in public to the strains of Ça ira, made me very melancholy. I am naturally a merry man, but I grew as dismal as a funeral. I started at the smallest sound. I was always fancying that the moment had come for my arrest, and that somebody was waiting at the foot of the stairs to drag me to the guillotine. I have lost all the fortune I inherited. Nothing remains of property I once possessed but one [illegible] farm, so that I [illegible] evil before my eyes—the [illegible] destitution. Then I struck [illegible] I said to my[illegible] In three months' [illegible] my [illegible] to see [illegible] I [illegible] see [illegible] I [illegible] I [illegible] I