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HIS BEST HAUL.

A merchant tailor in the city of Buffalo many years ago, having accumulated a competency at his trade, determined to throw aside his shears and spend the remainder of his life upon a farm.

He purchased several hundred acres of land in Tonawanda, and there was a fishing ground on the estate. Mr. C., the ex-merchant, was delighted with his new occupation, and he devoted his best efforts with untiring zeal to farming and fishing. Being hard of hearing, he often made ludicrous blunders, which excited the mirthfulness of his friends and customers.

His graceful and beautiful daughter was at boarding school near New York city at the time her father purchased the farm. She had a lover and promised to marry him, providing he could obtain the consent of her parent to the matrimonial alliance.

The young man traveled west as fast as the iron horse would take him in that direction. On the morning after his arrival he was strolling along the banks of the creek that sweeps through the village of Tonawanda, when he met a plain old gentleman, dressed in homespun, and inquired of him "if the cars had commenced running to the falls yet."

"Principally pike and mullet," said he. "You misunderstand me," continued the young man. "I merely wish to know if the cars have commenced their trips to the falls of Niagara, and what the fare is."

"From 3 to 4 cents a pound," said he. "Do you intend to insult me?" "I will let you have a large quantity for 2 cents."

"I have a good mind to give you a canning for your impudence."

"Well, if you do not choose to give it I know who will."

"I should like to know if there are any more such fools as you are in the town of Tonawanda."

"I shall make another haul in the morning before daylight."

At this instant another citizen made his appearance, and the stranger stated his grievance to him. He said: "I have been asking this old man a few civil questions, and he has given me the most impertinent answers."

"Oh, he is deaf!" exclaimed the third party. "He is deaf as a post, but he is a very fine old gentleman—one of the best men in town—one of the most influential and respectable men in the country, indeed. He deals in fish somewhat, and so do I. It is possible he may think that I am endeavoring to undersell him; will you therefore do me the favor to write down your question on a scrap of paper, and save me from suspicion, and satisfy yourself in regard to the old gentleman's politeness?"

The young man commenced writing, when the old farmer interrupted him with the remark: "I will not take a note of hand. Cash on the nail, or no trade."

"He is preparing a note," said the last comer. "Call me a brute, do you," exclaimed Mr. C., "then take that," and suiting the action to the word, he dealt him a blow straight from the shoulder, which prostrated him "flat as a flounder."

By this time the note was finished and the old gentleman discovered his mistake—and about this time the young stranger made the discovery that he had been picking a quarrel with his prospective father-in-law.

Mr. C. made an apology and invited both parties to go over to his house and dine. The front door commanded a view of a meadow in which a cow was feeding and while Mr. C. was looking in that direction the youthful lover, whose heart was overflowing with emotion, commenced the task he came such a long distance to perform.

"I am acquainted with your daughter," said he in a loud tone. "She is a fine beast," remarked the old gentleman, looking at the cow. "Your daughter!" screamed the young man. "I have the honor to be well acquainted with her."

"She is a noble animal," was the quiet response. "I was speaking about your amiable and accomplished daughter!"

"She is very kind—indeed, never breaks down the fences—never kicks over the pails—never strays away like the other brutes I have."

"You don't understand me, sir! I was speaking of your daughter at boarding school!"

"No, I never put a board on her face; she never does any mischief at all."

"Your daughter!" shouted the young man, frantic with excitement. "Did you say I ought to?"

"No, sir! I was speaking of your daughter, the young lady away from home!"

"Oh, yes—I have plenty of room, but I think she is too old to keep much longer. To tell you the truth, I have made up my mind to shut her up in the stable and feed her on chop stuf a few weeks."

"Great heavens!" remarked the young man to himself. "What shall I do? This deafness will be the death of me! I will try once more, and if this effort fails I will resort to pencil and paper again."

"I should like to say a word or two to you respecting your daughter!"

"I shall let the butcher have her by and by if he will give me my price," said the old man with emphasis.

As a last resort the young man used his pencil and paper—showed his letters of introduction. After a little cross question and a little hesitation, the old gentleman gave his consent, and when the parties were married he declared it was the best haul he had made in all his life.—Exchange.

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Ethel—Yes, indeed, once—I had not found him out then!

Rose—And really he is very nice—so good looking, so delightful in every way, so clever—such very good form—

Ethel—And such a temper!

Rose—Nonsense! I won't have him abused. No really nice man ever had a good temper! You shan't abuse my friend!

Ethel—Your friend!

Rose—Yes. Did you not know we were ever so long in the country together last August? (Excitedly). He is not your friend now! He is nothing to you! He is my friend, and you shan't abuse him!

Ethel (with calm deliberation)—Do you mean to tell me, Rose, that you, my own friend, whom I trusted, have—have played me false? You dare to tell me to my face you are glad he and I are parted, and that you—whom I once thought so loyal—that you love Mr. Amesbury? You flirt with him habitually, no doubt, when my back is turned!

Rose (half sobbing)—I confess nothing, Ethel.

Ethel (bitterly)—Ah! I see it all now—yes, you danced twice with him yesterday!

Rose—I did—while you danced four times with Mr. Douglas.

Ethel—It is no excuse!

Rose—Fortunately, you don't care for Jim.

Ethel (stamping her foot)—You shan't call him Jim, and I do care for him—you know I do. I can't bear it—I think your conduct—why, what are you laughing at?

Rose—At you, I'm afraid.

Ethel (after a pause)—Do you really mean—yes, I see. Well, you can act, Rose. But you were ever so long in the country with him! You said so.

Rose—Only two days, but it seemed "ever so long," for he talked of nothing but you.

Ethel (after a sudden pause, laughing suddenly)—Well, now, Rose, I dare say you think yourself very clever, but what would you say if I told that I had seen through you all the time?

Rose—I should not believe you, dear!—San Francisco Argonaut.

A CONDENSED NOVEL.

Rose—Ethel, what made you behave so oddly last night? I thought you were mad! Poor Mr. Amesbury looked so miserable when he put us into the carriage that I felt sure you had quarreled.

Ethel (indifferently)—We had. I gave him his congo, that's all. He was cross and rude because—well, because of various things—and I said I despised narrow minded men and didn't want to see him again, and that our engagement had better be broken off, as it was evident we should not suit each other.

Rose—Perhaps not if he flirted with them all, but what would you have said if he had devoted himself to one for the whole evening and sat out with her as you did with that Mr. Douglas? It was too bad of you, because you know how much Jim dislikes the man.

Ethel—Pure prejudice, my dear, and I hate prejudice; it's so commonplace! I like men to be broad in their views, and able to see the good points in other men.

Rose—If they possess them. Well, I think Mr. Amesbury was right to be angry. I would not care one little bit for a man who did not assert himself—I couldn't respect him!

Ethel—My dear, you are certainly the kindest girl in the world, and the very cleverest. You are always trying to do your friends good turns, but you won't do any good here. I have quite made up my mind—Mr. Amesbury and I are apart forever, and not even you are clever enough to bring us together.

Rose (aside)—I am not so sure of that.

Ethel—What are you saying, my dear?

Rose—I was saying nothing—but I was thinking.

Ethel—And what were you thinking?

Rose—Nothing. Oh, nothing—you love Mr. Amesbury still, Ethel, don't you?

Ethel—Certainly not. A man who can be rude, cross, unjust, overbearing and who dares to lecture me!

Rose—Had he time to be all that? How clever of him!

Ethel—You little know men!

Rose—Perhaps not, but I think I know women.

Ethel—You little know me, if you think I am going to make it up.

Rose—What, never at all? You are quite, quite sure?

Ethel—Never!

Rose—Oh, Ethel! (taking her hands) I am so glad, so very glad!

Ethel—You are glad now. You odd girl!

Rose—I don't laugh; it is so serious to me. Oh, if I could only have known a long time ago—how lightly your love lay on you—I should have—well, I should have been so different in some things—in one thing.

Ethel (puzzled)—I don't a bit know what you mean.

Rose—No, how should you? And you mustn't ever try to guess. But—do you think any woman is justified in sacrificing her own happiness—perhaps only the dream of her own happiness—for the sake of another person?

Ethel—No, I don't, and that is why I'm so determined not to sacrifice mine to Mr. Amesbury.

Rose—Oh, Ethel, dearest, kiss me and forgive me. You have made me so happy.

Ethel—Have I? I don't see how, but I'm very glad, all the same.

Rose—Listen. You are quite sure you don't love Mr. Amesbury one little bit?

Ethel—Not one fraction of a little bit.

Rose—How differently you used to talk once!

PATENTS.

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