

## THE LAST KISS.

(An Incident of the Wreck of the City of Columbus.)

BY CHARLES W. HURNER.

"Among the confused mass who were struggling and screaming were noticed a middle-aged man and his wife. Their conduct was in marked contrast with that of the other passengers. The panic which had seized the others was not shared by them, but their blanched faces told that they realized the peril which surrounded them. The only movement of muscles or nerves was that produced by the chilling atmosphere. They stood together, their hands clasped in each other's, as if to fulfill the mad vow of standing by each other in the varying tide of life's fortunes and misfortunes. As the wreck careened with the gale from one side to the other, and while the spray and waves were drenching them at every moment, the husband turned and imprinted a kiss upon the companion of his life, and while thus embracing a heavy sea broke over the wreck and both were washed away and not seen afterward. Mr. Cook says the scene was one which will remain in his memory until his dying day."—*Boston Herald.*

The breakers roar, the mad winds howl,  
Sharp smites the dry blast;  
Her stout sides riven by the rocks,  
The doomed ship sinks at last.

With dreadful din and thunderous shock,  
Their wide mouths flecked with spray,  
The hungry billows leap on deck,  
Like wolves upon their prey.

Against the onset of the sea,  
The fury of the gale,  
What human heart may hope to stand?  
What arm, save God's, prevail?

Alas, alas! O, cruel Death,  
Thine is the victory;  
Gorge with an hundred victims more  
Thy monstrous maw, O, Sea!

But look! Who stand so calmly there  
Upon the reeling deck,  
Unmoved amid the shaking throng,  
The clamor of the wreck?

A stately form in manhood's prime,  
Stern-browed and eagle-eyed,  
A slender woman, sweet and fair,  
Close clinging to his side;

Scourged by the sharp steel's stinging throng,  
Drenched by the ice-cold sea,  
They shrink and shiver, and their cheeks  
Are wan as dead men's be;

Is in the lashing sleet that makes  
Their bodies shrink with pain,  
And not the dread of death that cowers  
The hearts of craven man;

For see how calmly, heart to heart,  
Hand close clasped in hand,  
Amid the riot's mad-ding din  
The wife and husband stand!

Stand as they stood long years ago,  
Proud groom and happy bride,  
She fair to him as angels are,  
And he her fond heart's pride.

Ah! who can know the thoughts that burned  
Those brave, calm brows beneath?  
The ages in that moment lived,  
There face to face with death?

A shock—a lurch—an awful crash!  
The shark-like rock-fange rip  
The steel-clad sides, and with a roar  
The wild waves whelm the ship!

One brief embrace of loving arms,  
One fond farewell kiss,  
And wife and husband, heart to heart,  
Sink in the dread abyss!

O, Death, thou hast thy victories,  
O, Life, thou hast thy triumphs,  
Yet love can do heroic deeds  
That shall your triumphs shame.

But never a diviner deed,  
Even by Love was done,  
Than when he met his goddess  
In this last kiss she won.  
—*Southern World.*

## Kitty's Cooking Experiment.

BY M. C. FARLEY.

The band was playing the "Beautiful Blue Danube," but John was too angry to care for the music. He hurried his pretty fiancée into the conservatory, and hidden behind a tall palm whispered fiercely in her ear, "You promised me that you wouldn't dance again with that Fitz Simmonds, and I've counted three waltzes, besides a polka or two. What does this mean, Kitty?"

"I think it means that you're inclined to find fault with me, John, and to be jealous." Kitty smiled saucily up into her companion's angry face.

"But your promise, Kitty; what of that?"

"To be sure, John, I told you I would not waltz again with Fitz Simmonds. But you know promises are like pie-crusts—made to be broken, and I couldn't help it. Fitz dances divinely."

"Fitz Simmonds is a cowardly sneak," burst out young Mason, in quick passion. "And I forbid you to dance with him again."

"You forbid me," repeated Kitty with withering emphasis and a proud toss of her head.

"Yes, I forbid you," retorted John in a sudden heat. "I will not permit my wife to go dancing around any ball, room with Fitz Simmonds's arms about her waist."

A dangerous flash shot from Miss Kitty's eyes.

"In the first place, Mr. Mason, you are ridiculously jealous. And in the second place permit me to return your ring, and to inform you that so far as I can help it you will never have a wife to dance around a ball-room with anybody."

John ground the tiny ring under his heel.

"Now, Kitty, —"

But there was no Kitty. She had disappeared like a flash among the throng at the open door. And ten minutes later he saw her handed to the carriage by his hated rival.

If John Mason retired to his couch that night, or rather that morning—for the hour was long enough past midnight—in no enviable frame of mind, what must have been Kitty's feelings as she sought the privacy of her own room, and meditated upon the downfall of all her former hopes. Two stray tears trickled down her dear little nose as she put up her crimped before the glass and caught a glimpse of the ringless forefinger whereon John's diamond had so long had an abiding place.

"As if anybody could care two straws for Fitz Simmonds, the silly thing," said Kitty, crossly, getting into bed. "And John—oh! dear me. No girl in the world ever had so much trouble as I." Long enough before Kitty's blue eyes opened John Mason had packed his valise and announced to his mother that he intended to go out into the country and spend the summer at one of his places down the river, and that on no account was she to send him any messages, invitations, or anything else. He declared savagely that he hated the world. "All he asked now was to be let alone," and away he went.

It was six weeks after John Mason's hasty that the great bank failure occurred in Smithville. Kitty went down to dinner one day and was greeted with

the astonishing news of the failure, coupled with the intelligence that all the McCord money was sunk in the general disaster, and that now the bank had bursted the McCords—meaning the widow and her four daughters—hadn't a penny with which to bless themselves.

"What on earth is to be done," gasped Kitty, pale with astonishment and terror. "Here's Nell and Bess and little Flo, all younger than I am, and there isn't a thing we can do to earn money."

"Do!" ejaculated Mrs. McCord, "we can all starve I suppose. We can all starve in a heap together."

"What a pity that you can't teach music, K. t. y," said Flo, disconsolately. "Or if you could only have a class in drawing," added Bess.

"Or that mamma were only a first-rate dressmaker," put in Nell.

Mrs. McCord lifted up her hands in horror.

"No McCord ever yet descended to menial labor," said she, loftily. "Kitty hadn't such a temper she would long since have been well married and settled, and in such a crisis as this she would have then been able to offer a home to her afflicted family."

Kitty, mind you, was barely 19.

Kitty bit her lip.

"I know what I can do, girls," said she, laughing. "Do you remember the lessons I took at Miss Parloe's cooking club? Well, I can cook—even mamma has to admit that."

"I shall write to your Uncle Potipher and ask him for assistance," said Mrs. McCord, loftily.

"Uncle Pot! Oh, dear me!" ejaculated the four girls in chorus. "He's too awfully stingy for anything!"

"He'll only send you some tracts and a lot of advice," said Nell.

Kitty said nothing, but going to the library she looked over a file of the daily papers.

"Uncle Pot," muttered she, running over a list of late advertisements, "I'd rather be dead than live with that hateful old thing. We would be obliged to eat bread and water and be told ten times a day how much it cost him to keep us. Mamma may go to Uncle Potipher if she likes and take the girls along; but, as for me, I'd rather work."

She paused at one of the late advertisements that happened to catch her eye, and read it over twice:

WANTED—A COOK.—In a gentleman's family, where there is neither company nor children, a strictly first-class cook is required. Ten dollars per week paid to satisfactory party. Apply at once, by letter, to P. O. Box 10, Brier Lodge, Thornfield.

Kitty read it once again.

"No children and no company! I think it would be just the thing for me," thought she. "Anyway, I'm going to try it."

Miss McCord did not wait to hear from Uncle Potipher. Upon second consideration, she decided it would be as well to go and make him a visit, and then apprise him of her loss of fortune.

"By which time," said Kitty, calmly, "I will be settled into some kind of business or other, and Uncle Pot will take the thing more kindly. He won't be so apt to feel as if we had taken him by storm, and intended to stop with him, *bougre malgre*."

"I hate French, Kitty. Besides, it is bad taste to interlard your sentences with foreign quotations," said her mamma. "And I shall leave you in charge of the house, though I want you to remember that you are a McCord, and I expect you to behave yourself accordingly. Don't do anything to disgrace the family. Perhaps your Uncle Potipher will offer us a home with him, and so put our present difficulties to flight for a while, anyway."

Kitty's "tip-tilted" nose tilted a trifle higher at the idea of Uncle Potipher offering them a home, but she made no reply, and helped with the packing, glad when at last they were off. Kitty had written to "Box 10, Brier Lodge."

She didn't much like the idea of doing menial duties, but just now there was nothing else she was qualified for. To be sure, she could play a little, and sing a little, and like all other fashionable young ladies of her set, she had some skill at drawing. But to tell the whole naked, unlovely truth, her knowledge of these branches was much too defective for her to attempt to teach any one of them. Besides, Kitty detested teaching in any shape. Only in one thing had she become proficient, and that one thing was the unfashionable art of cooking.

Miss Parloe never had a more apt or more interested pupil than Kitty, who had entered at once into the respective merits of soups and roasts, and puddings and pies, with a zest that betrayed an appreciative spirit.

A letter came that day from Brier Lodge. Kitty had given Miss Parloe herself as her reference, but it seemed as if this had been unnecessary. The reply to the application had evidently been written by the housekeeper, who urged Miss McCord to come on at once.

When Kitty read this letter a feeling of dismay came over her. She looked at her dimpled white hands.

"And so I am really to be cook in a gentleman's family," said she, ruefully. "But then there is the \$10 a week, only think of \$10 a week to one in my circumstances. Besides, it makes me independent, and free from Uncle Potipher, and if I were a private governess, or a school mistress, my salary would be no higher. But tell it not—oh! tell it not in Gath, that the proud Kitty McCord has gone to be a cook."

To the friends who affectionately tried to worm Kitty's future destination from her, she turned a polite though deaf ear. She was going into the country for the summer, she said, and it was uncertain when she would return.

Perhaps not until mamma and the girls returned from Uncle Potipher's, and perhaps not then. She really could not tell herself. Under the circumstances, she preferred to keep her whereabouts to herself and her family—until their financial affairs were straightened out and fully settled.

She packed her trunk with some plain clothing—gingham and calico dresses—and early one morning slipped down to the station.

Late in the afternoon the train stopped at Brier Lodge, and a big hulking fellow, with his pants in his boots, stepped up to her, and asked her if she was the new cook for River

Lodge—in answer to her question as to the distance and direction of that desired haven. With a quaking heart, Kitty climbed into the democrat wagon.

"Really this is horrible," thought she, as the hired man took a seat beside her and calmly explained the merits of the team, and finally asked her, after some skirting round the corners, if she "had a steady feller? an' if she hadn't, why she might count on him for a regular Sunday night business, if she'd only say the word."

However, they were not long in arriving at their destination, and without more ado the new cook was installed in her new domain.

The first thing to be done was to prepare the supper. Kitty thought Miss Parloe was a failure when the fault-finding lord of the Lodge returned the eggs for the fourth time before he would condescend to eat them.

"I'm glad I wasn't born a man," said Kitty, as, flushed and tired, she gave the obnoxious eggs the fourth twist at the blaze and sent them back again by the waiter. "Those eggs in the beginning were cooked a la Parloe to a turn. It is worth ten dollars a week to serve such a fault-finding master as this one is."

The next morning her trials began in good earnest. The master of Brier Lodge was not only fastidious, but capricious as well, and Kitty soon discovered that she was not only expected to cook the meals, but to wash the dishes and blacken his boots beside.

"I'll die before I'll touch those odious boots," said she, rebelliously.

"And I'll report you to the master if you don't," said the old housekeeper. "Ten dollars a week, or Uncle Potipher!"

The thought came like a flash into Kitty's mind, and she picked up the boots. It was something she had never done in her life before, and, moreover, in this particular art, she had received no lessons from so distinguished a teacher as Miss Parloe. It was no wonder the horrid boots did not reflect to her credit. She put them down in disgust. Tears came into her eyes.

The coffee boiled over, the ham was burning, and the muffins, that had promised so well in the beginning, were browned to a crust. Kitty burst into tears. In the midst of her distress the housekeeper came into the kitchen with an order from the master to the cook. Cook was wanted in the dining-room. Kitty marched up-stairs much against her will and entered the presence of her employer, who sat with his back to the door.

"I'll tell you what it is, cook," cried out this personage in a strangely familiar voice, as she walked toward the table, "I have a friend coming to dine with me to-day, and there must be game for dinner."

Kitty was staring hard at the speaker. She remembered that voice only too well; and here she was, with a kitchen apron on, and a smudge of coal dust staining her right cheek—cooking his meals, washing his dishes, and, yes—blackening his very boots. Oh, dear! She was on the point of running out of the room, when the gentleman, surprised at her silence, turned himself about and stood face to face with his new cook.

"Kitty McCord!" ejaculated he in genuine amazement.

"Oh, John!" gasped Kitty, ready to sink with mortification.

Mr. Mason did not stand on ceremony. Two long arms swung themselves about Kitty's waist, and a kiss alighted on the little smudgy cheek.

"Oh, you heavenly girl," cried John ecstatically. "You've come to make up, haven't you?"

Kitty remembered her position. She pulled herself away.

"I came to cook," said she, simply. "To cook?"

"You see we've lost all our money. Mamma and the girls have gone to Uncle Potipher's, and I—I—"

"And I've been buried up alive in this out-of-the-way place for the last two months, and never heard a word of it," groaned John.

"Of course I had to earn money, and none of my other accomplishments being available, I thought I would try cooking. Your housekeeper advised for a cook, and so I came. I did not know Brier Lodge belonged to you, though."

"Brier Lodge is a recent investment," added Kitty, composedly.

"Now, Kitty," began John, earnestly, be serious. I can't live without you any longer. Let us make up once more. I've got another ring that will just fit you, and it's right here in my pocket this minute, ready for business. I won't be jealous again. Try me and see."

"And Fitz Simmonds?"

"Just wear this ring of mine again, and name an early day for our marriage, and you may dance with Fitz Simmonds until he drops. Now then."

Kitty burst out laughing.

"Oh, John! How do I look in a kitchen apron?" asked she, irrelevantly.

"You are adorable in anything," asserted Mason, keeping a tight grip on her. "But that isn't the question, will you marry me—quick now."

"Mr. Mason, Esquire," cried she, dropping a courtesy; "dear sir, I will. How does that suit you?"

"That suits me perfectly."

Miss McCord returned to town that very day, and a few weeks later there was a quiet wedding that made Mrs. John Mason and put an end forever to her flitting possibilities, though there is every reason in the world for believing that at the same time it opened a vast and never ending sphere for unlimited experiments in cooking.

Bass was terribly angry when he found himself referred to in the local paper as a "prig." He appealed to his acquaintances if there was anything of the prig about him; and the universal verdict rendered was that there was not. Indeed, the editor of the paper, who happened along at the moment, also admitted it. "Then why in thunder do you call me one?" roared Bass.

"Calm yourself, my dear fellow," said the editor. "It was all owing to the compositor, who put an 'r' between the 'p' and the 'i.' Bass went off in orthographic study.—*Exchange.*

## Being Called a Liar.

A boy who says he is 17 years old, a clerk, with good family connections, writes to know if a person should knock another down for calling him a liar, or what he should do. He says it seems to be customary to look upon a fellow as a coward if he allows anybody to call him a liar and does not resent it, and yet if a person takes up every such statement, he is liable to have a black eye half the time, and he asks advice about it. The most notorious liars are the most sensitive about being called liars, and they will fight or shoot quicker for being called a liar than they would at being accused of murder.

Take a man, for instance, who wants to sell a horse that is unsound in every particular. He will tell you that the horse is sound as a dollar, not a pimple on him, never sick a day, and he is good in any spot or place, any lady can drive him, and he will lie about that horse all day, and know he lies, and knows that everybody knows he is a liar. And yet, if you were to call that man a liar to his face, his "honor" would be at stake, and he would fight at once. Though a man may have been proved in court to be a swindler, a thief, a murderer and highway robber, and while he will converse on any time he may have committed, and rather glory in being a bad man, if he should make a statement and you should doubt it, and call him a liar, he would be wild at once, and knock you down and walk on you. He beats all what a sensitiveness there is about being called a liar.

It has been said by some great man, "all men are liars," but it is probable that statement is overdrawn. It is doubtful if statistics would show more than ninety-nine men out of a hundred are liars, and yet the ninety-nine liars would fight at once on being called liars, while, if the truthful man should be called a liar, he would feel hurt, and would go to work to convince the person who called him such of his error, in a respectful sort of way, by argument and demonstration. While it may be a custom to fight at once on being called a liar, we would advise young men to gradually break themselves of the habit, both of lying and fighting. A man or boy is not necessarily a coward because he does not engage in a brawl at being called a liar. If a man calls you a liar, and you are a liar, it does not help the matter for you to thump him, and be arrested for disorderly conduct. Your fight will not convince him that you are not a liar, and everybody who hears of the row will say you are a bully as well.

No gentleman will call a man a liar, and if a man is a loafer, you can afford to ignore him, and go about your business, and you should never recognize him until he apologizes, which he will do, nine times in ten, when he finds he has made a fool of himself, and that you are respected more for quietly refraining from punishing him than he is for being a bully. Those who are the most apt to call people liars are usually the worst cowards in the world. They think by using such language they can convince people that they are brave. Take one of these fellows, and he does not call you out alone, and call you a liar, as a business statement, but he gets you in a crowd where he knows he has four friends to your one, and he knows that if worse comes to worse his crowd can whip your crowd. He talks loud, and wants to convince people that he is brave, but generally he is a weak-minded coward. If a young man selects respectable company, treats everybody well, is kind to high and low, rich and poor, just the same, goes out of his way, if occasion offers, to do a kindness, speaks well of all, or says nothing, and never, knowingly, does an injury to any person, he can go through life and never be called a liar and never have occasion to fight. He can so conduct himself that if a person should call him a liar he would not get time to fight, for every friend he had would know the charge to be false, and they would insist that the person making the charge should take it back and apologize, it would seem such a monstrous injustice to the friends. But, if a young fellow is a liar, and talks too much with his mouth, and is constantly saying things about people behind their backs that are not so, and he is selfish and mean, and would not do a kindly act, except he could make a point by it and have everybody know it, if he is a liar, and a mean one, who cares nothing for the anguish and heartaches he may cause by his lies, he is liable to be called a liar any time, and maybe it is best for such persons to resent it and fight, for they will occasionally be mauled, and it will eventually do them good and teach them a lesson.—*Peck's Sun.*

Where Lincoln Kept His Money.

Abraham Lincoln, while a resident of New Salem, Ill., followed various avocations. With all the rest he was "storekeeper" and Postmaster. On a certain occasion one of his friends, having learned that an agent of the Postoffice Department and a "drummer" were in the village—the former to collect what was due the Government from Lincoln, as Postmaster, the latter to receive from him, as trader, what he was owing the firm represented by himself—and knowing that Lincoln was never overburdened with spare funds, went to the store and offered to lend him a sum sufficient to meet the claims he was so soon to be called upon to settle.

"You are very kind," said Lincoln, "but I do not think I shall require your assistance." Within a few minutes the agent entered their presence, and Lincoln took an old stocking from a drawer, out of which he poured a lot of copper and silver coin—the latter mostly in pieces of small denomination.

"There is the very money I have taken on account of the postoffice," he remarked to the agent, "and I think you will find it the exact amount due you."

It was, to a cent. This business had hardly been concluded when in came the "drummer." Lincoln had recourse to another old stocking, with a similar result. So soon as the two were again by themselves the friend said: "I suppose you are a third order to present yourself a third stocking would enable you to settle with him," smiling.

"Yes," returned the future President. "Look here," and he held up three other stockings. "In each of these

the sum I severally owe to three parties, the only persons in the world to whom I am pecuniarily indebted. I see you are amused at my method of transacting business. I never allow myself to use money that is not mine, however sorely pressed I may be, and intend to be prepared to pay my bills when they become due, without delay or inconvenience to those whom I owe. The simple system which I have adopted—using a stocking to represent each customer, and placing in it the money to be passed to the creditor himself at some future day—renders the former unnecessary and the latter impossible."—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

## Cultivate a Sweet Voice.

There is no power of love so hard to keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing it so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels, and it is hard to get it and keep it in the right tone. One must start in you, and be on the watch night and day, at work and while at play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thought of a kind heart. But this is the time when a sharp voice is most apt to be got. You often hear boys and girls say words at play with a quick, sharp tone as if it were the snap of a whip.

If any of them get vexed you will hear a voice that sounds as if it were made up of snarl, a whine, and a bark. Such a voice often speaks worse than the heart feels. It shows more ill-will in tone than in words. It is often in mirth that one gets a voice or a tone that is sharp, and it sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill-will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys at home. Such as these get a sharp home voice for use and keep their best voice for those they meet elsewhere, just as they would save their best cakes and pies for guests and all their sour food for their own board. I would say to all girls and boys, "Use your best voice at home." Watch it by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in the days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is a Lark's song to heart and home. It is to the heart what light is to the eye.—*Anon.*

## The Beaver.

The quickness with which a colony discovers a wholesale attempt against their peace is astonishing; yet if their numbers are undisturbed, or diminished but gradually, even the presence of civilization will not drive them from their haunts. To-day beaver are returning to streams in Michigan, long ago abandoned by their race, simply because they find themselves unmolested, the demand for beaver-peltry being slight, and the prices paid out of all proportion to the labor entailed in trapping. It has been said that, if a dam or house be once injured by the hand of man, the colony at once disappears. But that this is fallacious is proved by the following: Twenty-two miles from Marquette, Mich., on the Carp River, a beaver colony began the erection of a new dam. Though the embankment of a railway ran nearly parallel with the stream, and trains passed backward and forward daily, they seemed in no way disturbed, and worked steadily on until the water had risen a foot or more. The trackmaster, observing that this endangered the line—for the embankment had been utilized as a wing of the dam—ordered the water drawn off. But the following day the beavers had repaired the damage done them, and the water was at its former height. Again and again was the dam cut through, and as often would it be repaired. All in all it was cut and repaired some fifteen or twenty times ere the beavers were sufficiently discouraged to abandon their attempts.

—*Popular Science Monthly.*

## Private Rehearsal Interrupted.

"Hole on," said Squeezeout, making his appearance on the scene. "I object."

"Wot d'y' object ter now?" asked Brother Shimbones.

"I object ter de use of onparliamentary language."

"Gorra mighty, yo' am usin' big wuhds, niggah!"

"Wall, ef yo' dunno wot dey means, com down ter my house an' I'll loan yer a dictionary."

"Dat settles it," exclaimed Shimbones, in an excited manner.

"Wot d'y' mean?" asked Brother Squeezeout.

"I don't play."

"Wot?" was the general exclamation.

"I don't play. Go'n hire some odder durned fool ter play dis hyar part. I ain't gwine ter be noyed by dis negronious cuss."

"Wot dat you a-callin' me?" cried Squeezeout.

"A negronious cuss."

"Wot am dat?"

"Ef yo' don't understand, go hum an' read yer blame old dictionary."

And Brother Shimbones walked off the stage, and nothing could induce him to return. And that is why the great performance of "Hamlet" did not take place that night.—*New York Times.*

## A Matter of Enunciation.

"What is that?" said a traveler to a fellow passenger on a railroad train, as they glided along the bank of the Hudson, one day last winter.

"Ice saw," laconically responded the other, as he glanced out on the river toward the ungainly object indicated.

"I supposed you did see, or I should not have asked the question. You saw, and I saw, too, but I did not know what it was."

"I said it was an ice saw."

"Very true, it is rather an eye sore, disgusting, as it does, that pretty sheet of ice, which makes such an excellent sweep for the ice-boats to sail on, but still I am in the dark as to what it is."

"I didn't say eye sore. I said an ice saw."

"Oh, a nice saw. Well, perhaps it is. Just depends on the way one looks at it. Thank you. Looks as though we were going to have a thaw."—*Texas Sittings.*

## THE BAD BOY.

"Don't speak to me," said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he showed up in his shirt-sleeves early one morning, and acted familiar with his old friend. "Go right away from here, and please keep away, forever. I have overlooked about a thousand of your eccentric characteristics, because you have argued with me, and showed me that you were actuated by worthy motives. But this last thing you have done has been the last hair that has broken the camel's back, and henceforth you and I are strangers, and I will take it as a favor if you will keep on your own side of the street," and the grocery man opened the door and pointed the way out.

"What seems to be eating you?" said the bad boy, as he went to the back end of the grocery, leaving the grocery man pointing out the open door, sat down on the high stool by the desk, and began to figure on a piece of brown paper, with a stub pencil. "You must be troubled with worms, and there is nothing better for worms than vermifuge. What have I done now, that causes you such agony?"