

Jack of all Trades;—Or, The Man for a New Settlement.

BY GEORGE W. DUNAY.
[Concluded.]

Just as he knelt down before a bed of onions, as though he intended to copy the example of the Egyptians and worship them, a loud rap was heard at the door. The minister could have wept without rubbing his eyes with the onions that stood unweeded there; but he resolved to be angry, and sin not.

The door was opened, and there stood the class-leader's son, anxious to see Mr. Truman.

Mr. Truman was called into the house.

"What do you want, my son?" inquired the minister.

"Father wants to borrow the Commentary on Luke, and the last newspaper."

"Wife, get them," said he; then turning to the boy he remarked; the next time you want any thing of that nature, ask Mrs. Truman; she can get the books for you as well as I can."

It was now twelve o'clock; so the minister thought best to take a "bite" of victuals. He sat down with his wife and child to a "picked up dinner." Before he rose from the table, an Irishman made his appearance, and modesly asked if the preacher lived there.

"Yes," was the answer.

"Will yer be so kind to write a letter for me to the cold country?"

"By-and-by."

"May the blessed virgin protect ye!"

"Take a chair."

"Will ye be either doin' it soon?"

"Right away after dinner."

The writing of the letter occupied at least an hour, and before he concluded it, a pretty little boy came to the house and asked for that "shot" he (the preacher) had recommended to his sick mother.

"Powder," he mean," said Mr. Truman with a smile.

"Yes, sir, I meant to say powder," replied the lad, blushing to his temples.

Now, husband," said the good natured wife, "let me persuade you not to go into the garden again this afternoon. Stay in the house and mend the children's shoes, so that they can go to school tomorrow."

He finally made up his mind that it was better to sit there in the shade, than to stoop out doors in the sun; so the shoes were repaired and the weeds undisturbed.

When the job was finished, it was time to prepare for the evening. After performing the duties of barber and boot black, he turned hostler and saddled his pony, departed in peace, and went on his way rejoicing. He halted at Blake's barn, and examined the "name mare."

"She has a nail in her foot," said he; "hand a pair of nippers, and I will remove the shoe."

"Now," continued the preacher, "remove the shoe there with the pinchers in one hand and the shoe in the other, bathe the foot with salt and vinegar, keep her shut up in the stable, and she will be well in a fortnight."

After marrying the couple he mounted his pony, turned his face toward the new settlement, and put up at the house of a Christian brother.

He gave directions for Mrs. Jenkins, Mrs. Sparkins and their friends, to meet him there.

The house was crowded with the parties and their acquaintances.

It was a pleasant evening—the moon sailed like a ship of light through the calm heavens. When tea was over, some of the company began to joke with the minister respecting the unweeded garden.

"Sure an we might weed the garden by moonlight," said Pat.

The company took the hint, and went to work most cheerfully. Many hands made light work. When the party separated, the garden was in good trim, and every guest went home with a glad heart.

The Rev. Mr. Truman remained on that circuit two years, and at the expiration of that time a petition was sent to the Conference, praying that he might be returned, but it was contrary to the usage of that body to continue a minister more than two years at a time in the same circuit.

Joe Howell, the teamster, and Mary Simpson, who ran after the minister when the row happened in her settlement, became acquainted with each other at the donation party; ever after that, they attended meetings when Mr. Truman preached in Sparkins' schoolhouse.

Just before the good man, who was a universal favorite, left that circuit, he married this couple. Mr. Truman got up into notice by degrees, and has now charge of one of the best stations within the jurisdiction of the Conference. He has not forgotten how to mend a pair of shoes, repair a broken wagon, dispense medicine to the sick, help his wife about the house, and act as peace-maker when the hasty in spirit are disposed to quarrel. He is just "the man for a new settlement," or any situation.

"Mrs. Jenkins, did your boy break Mrs. Sparkins' window?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Mrs. Jenkins, of course you are willing to pay for the window, are you not?"

"Certainly I am."

"Mrs. Sparkins, did you spit in Mrs. Jenkins' face?"

"Yes, I did so when I was angry."

"You are sorry for it now, are you?"

"Yes, sir, I am," she said, and then wiped her eyes with one corner of her apron.

"Do you hear that Mrs. Jenkins?"

"I do."

"Will you forgive her?"

"With all my heart."

"Now shake hands. God bless you.—Good night!"

Mr. Truman returned home another way, in order to see the sick woman, and give further directions respecting the powder.—He found the medicine curing the patient, and had the good fortune to meet the class leader there, who handed him the paper, and promised to return the Commentary in a few days.

When this useful, practical, accommodating man reached home, he was quite fatigued, but happy to think the day had not been spent in vain. One reason why he was anxious to weed the garden was, because there was to be a donation party at his house the next day, and he did not wish to have his premises look as though he was slothful and lazy. After a delicious sleep and pleasant dreams, the donation day arrived.

Parson Truman helped his wife to provide for a large number of guests. He made the fire, pared the potatoes, churned the butter, watched the oven, scoured the knives and forks, and made himself generally useful.

Soon after sunset, the neighbors of different denominations began to arrive. Blake came with one horse hitched to the wagon—the mare that mated the noble animal he drove was too lame to travel yet. He brought with him a new cheese, a quarter of veal and three or four bushels of corn. The sick woman sent her boy with a new dress for Mrs. Truman. The class leader brought a side of bacon, and a dollar in money. Mrs. Jenkins, and the young widow-smasher, came together, and brought a beautiful quilt, the result of the united labors of the ladies in the settlement. The sewing was neatly executed. It was originally designed for the missionaries of Liberia, but some one suggested that the climate of Africa was warm enough without quilts, so the sewing-circle concluded to present it to Mr. Truman. By-and-by the teamster came with a wagon load of people from his settlement. They came quite a distance, and brought money. Their united donations amounted to fifteen dollars. The Irishman was on hand. He said he had not much to give, but he would make himself useful by taking care of the horses of other visitors.

The Two Travelers.

"Beg pardon sir—does this carpet-bag belong to you?" "Yes."

"Would you have any objection, sir, to my moving it, to make more room on the seat?"

"Yes."

"Hem!—then you wish it to remain where it is?" "Yes."

The subject of the above colloquial thrust and parry was a very large, plump carpet-bag, placed upon a seat between two travelers, in one of our American railroad trains.

The proprietor of the carpet-bag, who had his seat by the car window, was a tall, athletic traveler, with dark features, an outlandish moustache, and a black eye, which, on the present occasion, flashed with a rather savage expression.

The other traveler was a handsome young man, with a clean-shaven countenance, a mild eye, and a fine intellectual forehead.

The latter individual was apparently much discommoded by the presence of the fat carpet-bag; but the brief answers of his fellow-traveler, and his forbidding "mind-your-business" scowl, had the effect of preventing further conversation on the subject in question.

The young man smiled indulgently at his companion's ill humor. True, he cast a glance at the conductor, as if about to request him to remove the carpet-bag, but appearing to change his mind, he quietly took a newspaper from his pocket, and began to read.

Evening was approaching, and the blind of the car window being closed, it was soon too dark for the traveler to see the print. So he said politely to his ill-natured companion—

"If it would be the same thing to you, sir, you will oblige me by dropping that blind. It is growing quite dark."

The owner of the carpet-bag, scowled upon his fellow-traveler for a moment; then, as if unable to deny so reasonable a request, tendered with such civility, but still angry at himself for suffering a good-natured feeling to move him, threw down the blind with a crash.

"Thank you, sir."

A silence of some minutes ensued, during which the cars rattled on, the owner of the carpet-bag looking moodily out of the window, and his companion glancing his eye over the columns of the newspaper.

At length the latter said—

"Perhaps you would like to look at the news, sir?"

And he politely tendered the paper to his companion.

The proprietor of the carpet-bag bowed stiffly, by way of thanks, and took the proffered article, without a word.

Three minutes after, the cars stopped.

"Constantinople," cried the conductor.

passed the fat carpet-bag started to his feet, in abrupt manner, and laid violent hands upon one's property.

A crowd of travelers rushed out of the car, our two friends among them.

"Fellow!" suddenly cried the man with the arripet-bag. Somebody had trodden upon his toes. He seized the offender by the shoulder. It was the handsome young man of the mild eye and smooth countenance.

"I beg your pardon," said the latter. "I was set upon by the crowd."

The gentleman with the moustache, made a rude, insulting reply. The other remonstrated with considerable spirit; and his fellow traveler, as at length obliged to acknowledge that he had spoken hastily.

But during this consultation, all the other travelers had left the car. It was now evening; and the stage for Sweden Corners was loaded with passengers, ready for a start. Our two travelers moved forward together to obtain seats.

"Full inside," cried the driver. "Room for two here."

beguile the tediousness of the journey, the good-looking young gentleman attempted to enter into some conversation with his gruff companion, who, however, felt too ill-natured to permit of the least sociability. So they rode in very dismal silence, until, on the borders of a dense piece of wood, they heard a crash, felt a sudden jar, and became sensible of some accident which had happened to the coach.

"What's the matter?" growled the man with the moustache.

"I think we have broke down," said the mild gentleman, looking out.

"Gentlemen," cried the driver, "I am sorry to tell you that I have run against a rascally stump, and broke an axle-tree."

"Confound your carelessness! What will we do?" demanded the ill-natured traveler.

"There is a house close by—"

"Burn the house!"

"And perhaps you can get accommodations there, while I go back for another hack."

He of the moustache raved furiously; while his companion, taking things more easily, expressed his willingness to make the best of the misfortune, and took counsel with the driver, on the course to be pursued.

[To be continued.]

"I am your man!" cried he with the moustache.

"Your pardon, sir—I think I have the precedence," replied his companion.

"No, sir, I claim the seat."

"It is mine by right!" said the mild gentleman firmly; "throw up my baggage."

"I insist," replied the other fiercely. "If you hadn't trod on my toes we might have both got seats."

"If you had been satisfied with a proper apology, we might have had our chance with the rest of them."

"Settle it between you; and be quick," cried the driver.

"It is of the utmost importance that I should have the seat," exclaimed he of the moustache. "For my part I must go to Sweden Corners to-night," cried the other.

The two gentlemen were getting into a very respectable quarrel, like the two cats in the fable, when a wise monkey of a traveler stepped forward and settled the matter by occupying the disputed seat himself.

The stage drove off, leaving the two travelers looking very blank, and very angry.

"Come," said the mild gentleman, who was the first to recover his equanimity, "we have nobody to blame but ourselves, for all this disappointment. Let us make the best of it. As I must go to Sweden Corners to-night, and as there is not another stage, I shall engage a private conveyance."

"So shall I."

"Why not join together, then, and go in the same vehicle?"

"Well."

"It will save expense for both of us; and we will be company for each other."

He of the moustache sneered, as if in contempt for the latter's clause of his companion's remark; then looked thoughtful, as if the first was worthy of consideration.

"Very good," said he; "we will engage a carriage together."

They took a hasty luncheon at the refreshment stand, then having engaged a Constantinople hack, they had their baggage put aboard, and set out for Sweden Corners.

The night was dark, and the road between Constantinople and Sweden long and rough. To