The conversation drifted and smoothly and pleasantly along from wraather to crops, cops to literature, from literature to scandal, from scandal to religion; then took a random jump, and landed on the subject of burglar alarms. Anda now for the first time Mr.McWilliams showed feeling. Whenever I perceive this sign on this man’s dial, I comprehend it, and lapse into silence, and give him opportunity to unload this heart. Said he, with but ill-controlled emaition:

“I donot go one single cent on burglar alarms, Mr.Twain—not a single cent—and I will tell you why. When we were finisihing our hourse, we found we had a little cash left over, on account of the plumber not knowing it, for I was always unaccountably down on the heathen somhow; but Mrs. McWilliams said no. let’s have burglar alarm.