The Chestertown Transcript

ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1879. VOL. XV

...girls,
...ille.
...ebtor's friend
...nay he
...from Washington was sent
...*de facto* President
...o ask would the debtor be content
To take the place in the event
That Secretary Sherman went
Out from the Treasurie.
"What! Not at home! So sad!" he'll cry—
Well knowing every word
By the debtor posted on the stairs
Or in the kitchen's heard.
"I came to pay him what I owed;"
Come forth the debtor will;
"Ahem!" the dun goes on, "I called
About that little bill——
Then the debtor's hair doth stand on end
And his teeth they chatter chill.

III.

It was a Bill Collector,
To whom was given an
Account that had run long enough,
'Gainst a newly-married man.
He sought that late-made Benedict
Until that he was weary.
But could no more get a glimpse of him
Than of *Brother Sam, Dundreary*
The wife came constant to the door—
She was a winsome lass—
And her plump, rounded cheek it wore
The roseate hue of brass.
She would look at him with limpid blue
Eyes, innocent of sin,
And in her low, sweet, excellent voice
Make answer "He's not in.
He hath fared forth to see a man—
To vend his valued pup—
Surely you met him on the stairs
As you were coming up."
This, and the like, she'd tell the dun
Who her was closely eyeing,
And, oh, so truthful was her face
He knew that she was lying.

IV.

"She lieth," that dun said to himself,
"Like to the place that's hot;
She lieth fast as any dog—
As any horse can trot;
She lieth, she lieth up and down,
She lieth, she lieth like sin,
I must cast about to find her out,
Likewise to find him in;
I have it, I have it," he cried aloud,
With a triumphant grin.

V.

(Beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is a green-eyed monster
Which makes the meat it feedeth on,
And finds things it not wants to.
Such was the excellent advice
Iago, treacherous fellow,
Gave unto General!—I don't know
His Christian name—*Othello*.
Had it been ta'en, his wife had ne'er
Sung Barbara's "song of—willow"—
Been made ill with that potent pill—
That bolster-bolus pillow.
Salvini's great act has been spoiled
Which used our blood to chill;
And this young husband whom I sing
He had not paid that bill!)

VI.

He was a goodly man, that dun,
He dressed with taste and care,
The wig-block in the barber's shop,
I trow, is not so fair;
He hath put cologne on his handkerchief,
Pomatum on his hair.
On his little finger he slippeth a ring,
A costly solitaire;
And of the fashionable cut
Are the garments he doth wear.
He goeth to that young man's French flat,
And climbeth up the stair,
And that young woman she telleth him
Her husband is not there.

VII.

"Hooray! hurrah!" cried that false dun,
"The idiot is not here;
Come to my arms! Another one!
One more sweet kiss, my dear."
Then while she stares in blank amaze
And cannot tell what this is,
That dun imprints upon his hand
Two burning, resonant kisses!

VIII.

"Base, perjured wretch!" the husband cried,
And bounded through the door;
"Go, get thee to a nunnery,
Or I will shed thy gore.
And thou, her shameless paramour,"
Unto the dun he said,
"I will wash my hands in thy he... blood,
And on thee put a head."
He did not flinch, that dun, an...
As marble he stood still;
"Your wife's as good as new," h... ed;
"So you are in, eh? I have call...
About that little bill."

IX.

The astonished husband ...id him...
The dun he left the h... e;
But that husband is n... asy
In his mind about h... pouse.
Before his eyes, in let... w
Of flame, he seems ... see,
"Look to her, Moor ... e hath de...
Her father, and m... thee."
And ever his fancy ... peth
Ratiocinations gr...
"She fibbed to him ... out me,
Why not to me ... it him?"
Oh, beware my l... of jealousy
It is a green-ey... onster
Which makes the ... it it feedeth ...
And ... not wants ...

THE BROTHER'S CHOICE.

A Tale of the Farm.

BY HOWARD MEEKS.

CHAPTER I.

There was deep gloom hanging like a cloud over the old farm-house at Willow Grove. The old mirrors were turned with their bright faces toward the wall. The chairs stood stiffly against the wainscot. Every bright thing, every article of virtu, and they were not many, was enshrouded in a mist of drapery; yet more than all, the human hearts in the old mansion were aching with hopeless grief, for the head of the family, old Henry Duncan, was dead.

He had been a widower twelve years. After the death of his wife, he had concluded it better to remain single for many reasons. The introduction of a step-mother to his children might also be the introduction of discord into a family which had been all harmony. Then his farm was poor, so very poor that it taxed all his energies of brain and muscle to wring from it a plain subsistence. Why did he not improve it? In an evil hour, several years before the death of his wife, he had been induced to enter on an official bond for a relative, a nephew of his wife. The young man had failed and died penniless, and Henry Duncan was compelled either to sell his farm, or to borrow money to meet the claims against this nephew. He had chosen the latter alternative, and to keep up the interest, and gradually to extinguish the debt had so crippled his resources that improvements were out of the question.

But he had managed by rigid economy, to repay the borrowed money, and had left Willow Grove unencumbered. True, his only daughter, the little Helen was only four years old, and greatly needed the care which no one could bestow but a mother; the old negro nurse, Eliza, could, however, fill the place better than a stranger, and he did not think it prudent to increase his family and his expenses by a second marriage.

He had made no will; simply saying to William Howard, an old friend and neighbor, who was with him is his last brief illness, that the law would properly divide his estate, and just as he should wish it to be divided. "I only desire," said he, "that you should be appointed guardian to George and Helen, and care for them. Walter, you know, is of age."

In a few days the old farmer, respected for his probity, and esteemed for his virtues, and laid beneath the sod beside his wife, under a spreading willow, planted by his own hands years before, in the old church-yard near the farm.

How chilling and dreary to the returning mourners is a house made thus desolate! Yet how beneficent the order of that Providence which so controls human life that the most poignant grief must yield to the petty details essential to its continuance. We must eat and drink and work, and in eating, drinking, and working we learn to forget our sorrows.

Helen, now a robust girl of sixteen, thoroughly versed in all the minutiæ of domestic economy, and aided by the riper experience of her gray haired nurse and foster-mother Eliza, assumed the management of the household; and in the care of the kitchen, the dairy and poultry-yard soon lost the first keenness of her bereavement.

Walter, being of age and the oldest of the children was entitled in law to the administration; and also to elect to take the farm by paying to the others the value of the share belonging to each respectively. George who was only nineteen, entertained no kind of doubt that his brother would claim his prerogative and take the farm.

The old house, a structure framed of oak, set upon a solid basement of brick, over a commodious and dry cellar, stood upon a hill, at the base of which ran a public road. On the side of the road, a natural spring of pure, soft water bubbled up out of the yellow sand and smooth pebbles and found its devious way over a green sward into a pond, below which stood an old embrowned and weather-beaten mill. The pond found its outlet at the mill into a creek through which it poured into the beautiful Chesapeake.

The farm was upon both sides of the public road, which wound along through a dense mass of pine and other trees nearly its whole length. The soil being light, with a subsoil of sand and gravel, this growth of trees was encouraged to prevent the hill sides from washing.

Here by this old spring George Duncan sat reflecting upon the situation. If Walter should elect to take the farm, of which he had the shadow of a doubt, what should he do? Hire to his brother to labor daily in the fields with the farm hands? He was not afraid of work, but the association was extremely distasteful. Nor would it be modified if he should seek employment among the neighboring farmers, for their laborers were principally of the same class, ignorant and degraded. Besides, he would find much difficulty in obtaining such employment; for the fetters had not been stricken from the slave and owning their own laborers very few need to hire free labor. Then, too, his brother's disposition, he knew was none too genial; was, in fact, imperious, and what he termed "high-strung."

He thought if he could only rent a little farm and get stock and provisions to start he would be sure of success, but he could not expect to receive a dollar of the amount which would be due him from the estate for two years certainly, and possibly for a longer time. "I love the farm," he soloquized, "and Walter does not. Yes, I love this old homestead, every foot of it, and I must leave all these grand old cherry trees, these murmuring pines, and this dear old spring from which I have so often drank," and the hot tears came coursing down his cheeks.

The current of his thoughts was suddenly interrupted by a voice from the opposite hill side.

"Halloo, George! what are you about?" Looking up and brushing the tears from his face, he saw his brother. "Come over," said Walter. "I want to speak to you," "I have been up to the village," he continued, as George approached him, "and I have seen Chauncey Medford. You remember him, don't you? Old Max Medford's son who owned the brick house and farm adjoining St. Martin's." George nodded assent.—"Well, his fortune is made. He went to Baltimore about twelve yeare ago, and got a clerkship with Gillfillan & Comly, and now he's in business for himself. He says farming don't pay, and it is the veriest drudgery in the world, and I believe he is right; at all events, I have made up my mind; I shall not take the farm."

George's heart throbbed with new life; he could have shouted; he felt as though he could worship this elder brother; but he put a curb upon his feelings, and quietly asked, "what will you do?"

"Oh, Medford says that there are plenty of openings for smart young men, and I can easily find one. That is not my trouble, I don't know what to do about you and Helen."

"Me!" said George.

"Yes," replied Walter, "if you think you could manage the farm, and take care of our sister, I should like it; if not, I must look out for a tenant."

"I can till the farm," said George, "and pay as much for your part of the rent as any one else."

"Oh! as to rent," said Walter, "that will not matter to me; you will have a good deal to do to patch up the old place, and I guess my share of the profits might as well go in that way. When it comes to net proceeds I imagine they will be no burden to either of us. But how about stock and tools?"

"Perhaps Mr. Howard can help me to begin in a small way; at least I propose to try him."

"So do," said Walter, "and if he will it will take a great burden off my mind."

The sale of wheat, hay and grain was left on the farm at the death of their father, amounted to enough to pay the debts and left a few hundred dollars in Mr. Howard's hands, which, after deducting Walter's share, was sufficient to give George his modest outfit. Mr. Howard obtained from the Court of Probate authority to put it to such use as he thought best for his wards, and thus George Duncan, with buoyant spirits and strong ambition, entered upon his great life work.

SPECULATIONS.

CHAPTER II.

Proper legal papers were prepared and signed, for George insisted that every thing should be legally done, put in "black and white." A lease for two years of Walter's portion of Willow Grove was given to William Howard, guardian to George Duncan for his use and occupancy, on condition of the payment of one sixth part of the products of said farm, after deducting one third of all necessary expenses for repairs and taxes.

This done Walter bid adieu to Willow Grove, and hastened to the busy emporium of the State.

The openings, which he had been led to believe were so numerous, seemed to have been suddenly closed; or to have existed only in the fervid imagination of his gay and prosperous young friend, Chauncey Medford. This young merchant was patronizing and polite; and bid him drop in when convenient and look over the papers. "I do not happen," he said, "to know of an eligible place now vacant, but they are constantly occurring. A little patience, my friend, and it will all come right."

The story of anxious waiting, of tedious toilsome plodding from street to street and store to store, of unavailing applications and cool receptions so often told, needs not to be repeated. After a month of fruitless solicitation, he happened to meet an old friend of his father upon whose recommendation he was employed as a salesman in an extensive grocery, at a salary barely sufficient to meet his expenses.

He had every thing to learn; but he was ambitious and apt. By close attention to business he rose far more rapidly than young men from the rural districts usually do. Having naturally a good constitution, well preserved by a country life and simple diet, he could undergo a vast amount of fatigue, and do an astonishing deal of work, from which he never flinched. Indeed, it came light; for he put into it mind, heart and soul.

At the end of the year he obtained a short furlough, and ran over to see George and Helen.

It is needless to say that he had acquired enough of city airs and manners to astonish his country friends. His clothing was new and fashionable, and he talked glibly of investments and dividends, of stocks and bonds and grand speculations. He found his brother plodding on, entirely contented and happy, and the gentle sister as cheerful and busy as the gentle sunshine itself.

A great flock of turkeys, and another of gabbling geese, and a great throng of minor poultry waited upon her steps; the old dairy-house fairly glistened with its wealth of golden butter and bright pans of yellow creamy milk.

He went early in the morning with farmer George to the stables and saw him grasp the fork, and throw out the wasted beddings of his stock, all reeking with stifling odors to be returned to the soil as food for plants, which would in turn become the sustenance of man and beast.

"Well!" well!" said he, "I should call that work, and pretty hard work—work that would never suit me; but every man to his taste."

After breakfast, George invited him to walk round and see the improvements he had made. The liquids from the stables had been conducted by cheap wooden troughs into a capacious cistern thoroughly cemented. Into this a pump had been set by which the liquid could again be raised to saturate the heap of absorbent materials placed within reach, through which it is again filtered into the cistern. Gates had been repaired or made new, a shed for tools had been erected, and the fences were in excellent order. The stock and growing crops gave evidence of constant care, and Walter did not hesitate to admit his brother's successful beginning, and to commend his industry."

"My corn is not yet ready for market," said George, "and I shall probably be able to sell a thousand pounds of pork; and then Helen has over a hundred turkeys and perhaps forty geese, and a lot of other poultry, besides a considerable quantity of dried fruit. The best of all is, we don't owe a dime in the world! Your share of the profits will be more, perhaps, than you anticipated."

"Hump!" said the elder brother, "I did not expect any thing; I thought if you and Helen could manage, to live on the old place it would be more than I had calculated upon; indeed I was prepared to look for a request for help."

"I have studied economy," said George. "The entire cost of that cistern was only the price of the boards and cement, and of the gates the the value of the lumber and nails. I found old hinges about the place, and old boards enough to build the tool shed, and did all the work myself."

"And ought to be paid for it," said Walter. "That's only fair, the laborer is worthy of his hire."

"Oh! as to that," replied George, "the comfort of my stock, the preservation of my tools and my own convenience have overpaid me."

When they returned to the house the young farmer produced an old book, a kind of day-book and ledger combined, and showed his brother a very fairly kept account of his receipts and expenditures up to that day. There were no big entries of thousands of dollars, but great many of dimes and half dimes.

"When the sales of the year are closed, I shall make a statement and send you, so you may see what your part amounts to and get your money."

"You need not send any money," said Walter, "I shall not need it, and you may."

After a few days spent in visiting his friends, Walter returned to the city. At the end of another year, he went into business for himself, and for several years was quite successful. At the close of a busy day he was seated in his counting-room, closely scaning a balance-sheet spread before him. His losses had been unusually large; some of them were from the failure of creditors, and inevitable; others were the result of sheer dishonesty, and might have been prevented by greater care in learning the character of his customers. He resolved to be more cautious in the future, and to be contented with a smaller and safer business. Still he was solvent, and owned a good stock, and he consoled himself with the reflection that no business or occupation was exempt from losses. His meditations were interrupted by the entrance of his friend Medford. "Good morning," he said, taking a seat; cultivating the blues, eh? I never undertake that job," pointing to the sheet of figures, "that it does not bring on a fit, but I've got a sovereign remedy for it; nothing venture, nothing make, you know. I pitch into something big enough to make up all losses and leave a handsome margin. For instance, I lost heavily last year by the failure of Bubbleworth & Co., and instead of wasting time in idle lamentations, I took ten shares of stock in the patent gas-pipe company, and I wish I had taken twice as much. By the way, do you know that a company is being organized to run a Sugar Refinery in the city? There are I am told, a few shares of stock remaining which can be had at one hundred dollars each. If you wish, I can get them for you."

Walter hesitated a moment.

"Now's your time, old fellow, if you care to make a fortune at one bold stroke."

"Slow and sure, is a good motto," said Duncan.

"Very good, indeed," replied Medford; "and one I adopt fully in my store transactions; but who wants to be eternally plodding along in the same beaten track? My store will do as a stand-by, a kind of reserve, you know, but I mean to make a pile outside, so that when I choose I can sell out and retire to a life of dignified ease—*otium cum dignitate*—you understand. Besides, look at the benefit to the city and State.—This enterprise will make our city the great emporium of the sugar trade. New Orleans may be the "sugar bowl" but we will handle the spoon. Then you owe it to yourself to rise in the world, to be *somebody*. I tell you, Duncan, it's the only way. The path to the throne of a merchant prince is enterprise. The magic word is 'push.' There are merchant princes and merchant peasants. It is as easy to be one as the other, all that is needed is the will. What do you say? How many shares will you take?"

Medford's volubility was working in Duncan's mind like the little leaven that leaventh the whole lump. "I'll think of it," said he.

"Yes, and while you are thinking of it, some lucky fool will step in and sieze the prize."

Duncan's faint smile betrayed his irresolution.

"Mind," said Medford, "I shall not urge you, but I don't wan't you to say, hereafter, that you might have been a millionaire if Chauncey Medford had given you the opportunity. I offer you the chance now, I doubt if I can do it, to-morrow." He arose to leave.

"I guess," said Duncan, as he follow him to the door, "you may count me in for ten shares."

"All right; if there are not so many taken."

The Patapsco Sugar Refinery paid wonderful dividends, and Walter Duncan bought additional stock, was elected one of the directors, and rose rapidly in the merchantile world. His name became a power on 'Change.

A magnificent wedding was spoken of. Report said that he was soon to marry Miss Isabel Maud Henderson, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Gilbert Henderson, the wealthy broker.

About this time, he paid another visit to Willow Grove. He went in style—driving a splendid span of bay horses. The turn-out attracted general attention. Old friends scarcely knew him; even his sister was at a loss how to entertain so grand a brother. "I don't know," she said to her farmer brother, "that we have anything in the house good enough for him." This was not said derisively, or as sarcasm, for Helen loved this elegantly-dressed and handsome brother. It was a love tinctured with pride; for he was a great man, in her opinion. She loved her hard-fisted sun-burnt brother, too, but for him it was a familiar, tender affection.

Walter told them of his intended marriage with the beautiful heiress, and received their hearty congratulations.

"You have always refused, heretofore," said George, "to receive your share of the income of the farm; but now, I would think it would be better to settle the account and take your money."

"Pshaw! It's a mere trifle to me," said Walter. "Let Helen have it. I ought to have given her more than I have, for she is a dear good girl, and has never plagued me a bit."

Helen stepped quietly over to where he sat, and throwing her arms around his neck, kissed him, and said, "you dear, good brother!" But she saw what she had not observed before—hard lines on his face, and gray hairs mingled with the brown. But these evidences of cankering care and wearing toil, she thought had not reached his heart, and she was glad; but she was mistaken.

"What will you do," asked George, "with your share of the farm? You will not take the rents, and I would very much prefer to have some definite arrangement."

"Certainly," said his brother; "I shall never want it, and if I owned three shares I should not know how to till it as you do. This is the arrangement I propose—get a lawyer to draw a deed conveying my interest to you."

"At what price?" asked George.

"Oh! at a nominal price, just to make the thing valid."

"When shall it be done?"

"Never postpone till to-morrow what can be done to-day," answered Walter. "Suppose you order my team." The two brothers drove to the shiretown, and the deed was drawn, executed and put on record, in three hours.

The day for Walter's marriage had been fixed, and in three months he would lead the beautiful heiress to the altar. One month of the time had elapsed, when the city was startled by the report that the Patapsco Sugar Refinery had failed!

Among those who went down with it was Chauncey Medford, and Walter Duncan was on his paper for twenty thousand dollars and was entirely ruined. He made an assignment and resolved to fly to the old homestead for sympaty and comfort. Before he left the city, he received a brief note from Miss Henderson, the purport of which was, that their engagement was at an end. He never saw her again.

George, the plain, practical, plodding farmer, received him cordially, and suggested the opening of a small store in the village near by.

"There are two difficulties," said Walter. "I shall be subject to constant ridicule, and I have no capital to begin."

"As the first," said George, "you are mistaken. You are not the first merchant that has failed, and our neighbors will sympatnize with and encourage you. As to capital, I guess Helen and I can manage that. We can advance the money which justly belongs to you, and which has been sacredly kept for this time of need. Your rents, and a fair price for your interest in the farm, and the accruing interest amounts to a snug little sum; enough, at least, to begin with."

"Walter took the advice, and counsels all his young friends To STICK TO THE FARM.

☞ 'Household Departments' are very good adjuncts to a newspaper in their way, when edited by a woman, but the male journalist who dabbles with the Heaven-inspired mysteries of cooking runs a frightful risk. The editor of the *Petaluma Peavine* started a column of that kind recently, and a few days afterward a fierce-looking female came into the office, concealing some object behind her apron. "Are you the man that published that new and improved way to make currant cake?" He said he was. "You said to mix washing soda with the flour and stir in a little corn meal and a little sweet oil to give it consistency?" "I—I believe so." "And to add fifteen eggs and some molasses and two ounces of gum arabic, and set it in a cool place to bake?" "I think that was it." "Well, take that then!" and the indignant housewife floored him with a weapon that felt like a sand club, but which he felt in his heart must have been a half-baked hunk of cake constructed on the Peavine pattern.

☞ A little boy weeping most piteously, was interrupted by some unusual occurrence. He hushed his cries for a moment; the thought was broken.

"Ma," said he, resuming his sniffle, "what was I crying about just now?"

☞ There is many a man whose tongue might govern multitudes, if he could only govern his own tongue.

☞ A Savannah man fattens his horse on rice for 9 cents a day.

MR. QUIGGLES CLEARS UP THE GLOOM.—"I'll tell you how it is," said Quiggles to a friend who was complaining of being crowded into a corner, "you can make a fortune by going into bankruptcy, if your debts are only big enough to make it an object. The more you owe, the more you make, don't you see?"

"No, I'll be smothered if I do," said the unfortunate friend. "I owe enough, the Lord knows, if that's all you want, but how I'm to pay even fifty cents on the dollar, and have anything left to commence over again, is one of the things I can't see into."

"But you don't want to pay your debts, man. Well, but you are a green un—that is too good. Pay! Ha-ha! What are you going to fail for?"

"Cause I can't help it. Dang it all, what are you laughing about?"

"But you can't afford to fail in these hard times unless you can make a snug thing out of it. You musn't plunge headlong into ruin with your eyes shut," said Quiggles, adjusting his diamond pin.

"Musn't I?"

"No! Never do in the world. Have your wits about you, and keep your head clear. Don't let the trouble worry you into fogging your brain with too much drink. Would not do at all. Keep your eyes peeled and watch for the main chance."

"Yes—yes; I see. But how?"

"You must appoint your own receiver, and be sure to select the worst mutton-head you can find. Get a man that don't know enough to drive a cow, and too lazy to add up a column of figures, even if he knows how. If you can find an ignoramus that can't read, so much the better. Make him believe there ain't hardly anything to divide, and you can buy him off cheap."

"So, ho, that's the way, is it? Go on, I'm learning fast."

"If the man you get is green enough, and not too blamed awkward to stumble on to the true state of things accidentally, you won't have a bit of trouble. Whack up with him right on the start, chuck his eyes chock-full of dust, keep your own counsel, and rake in the pile."

"But the creditors—what are they to do?"

"Them? Oh, they can hold the bag, and take what drops, but you take mighty good care to hold the screen steady and see that nothing gets through. Play it fine, and you're heeled, old boy, mark me. I'm talking by the book, for I've been there myself, you know."

And Quiggles consulted his magnificent stem-winder, and remarked that it was about his time of day to refresh.

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.—When Lord Liverpool was forming his ministry in 1822, he thought it absolutely necessary to have Canning at the Foreign Office, although aware the appointment would be obnoxious to George IV. The Duke of Wellington undertook the unpleasant task of communicating Lord Liverpool's determination and went to Brighton for that purpose.

As soon as the king knew what was wanted of him, he broke out:—"Arthur, it is impossible! I said, on my honor as a gentleman, he never could be one of my ministers again. I am sure you will agree with me that I cannot do what I said on my honor as a gentleman I would not do." Another man would have been silenced, but the great soldier, always equal to an emergency, replied: "Pardon me, sir, but I don't agree with you at all. Your Majesty is not a gentleman."

The bold assertion startled the king, but the duke went on: "Your Majesty is not a gentleman, but the Sovereign of England, with duties to your people far above any to yourself, and these duties render it imperative that you should employ the abilities of Mr. Canning." "Well, Arthur," said the king, drawing a long breath, "if I must, I must."

Although he did not like being told he was no gentleman, George IV had, once at least, while Regent, forgotten he was one. That was when he flung a glass of wine in Colonel Hamlyn's face, with: "Hamlyn, you are a blackguard!" The insulted officer could not return the compliment without committing something like treason; it was out of the question to challenge the Prince, while to let the insult pass unnoticed was equally impossible. The colonel filled his glass and threw the contents in the face of his neighbor, saying: His Royal Highness's toast; pass it on!" "Hamlyn," cried the Regent, "you're a capital fellow! Here's your health!" And they were fast friends from that evening.

A DIPLOMATIC ANSWER.—The old man Smith, of Richfield, is a self-sufficient sort of old fellow, and prides himself upon his riding abilities. One day he espied his young hopeful leading a colt to water rather gingerly, and remarked:

"Why on earth don't you ride that beast?"

"I'm 'fraid to; 'fraid he'll throw me."

"Bring that hoss here," snapped the old man.

The colt was urged up to the fence, and braced on one side by the boy while the old man climbed up on the rails and stocked himself on the colt's back. Then he was let go, and the old gentleman rode proudly off. Paralyzed by fear the colt went slowly for about twenty rods without a demonstration. Then like lightning his four legs bunched together, his back bowed like a viaduct arch, and the old man shot up in the air, turned seven separate and distinct somersaults and lit on the small of his back in the middle of the road, with both legs twisted around his neck. Hastening to him the young hopeful anxiously inquired:

"Did it hurt you, pa?"

The old man arose slowly, shook out the knots in his legs, brushed the dust from his ears and hair, and rubbing his bruised elbows, growled:

"Well, it didn't do me a dum bit of good. You go home."

All Sorts of Clippings

Lorillard paid $780 for Parole.

The baseballer is abroad.

Agnes Jenks is in Washington.

Venus is growing brighter nightly.

The newest thing in socks—a baby.

It's the early girl that gets the coachman.

Infants under two years old should not eat starchy food.—Dr. Seguin.

Philadelphia has a 72-year-old walkist.

Dr. Holland received $12,000 for "Bitter Sweet."

Phylax (guardian) is the name of Bismarck's dog.

Truth is stranger than fiction, but there is less of it.

The ten-dollar certificates are called baby bonds.

Among the spring novelties of Barnum is a hairy elephant.

Mr. Addition is the name of a public reader at Saginaw.

The Nihilists will find it is three strikes and a knout.

Stage kings are liable to be assassinated as any other.

A Savannah man fattens his horse on rice for 9 cents a day.

All the woods in the world are represented in parasol handles.

Never hurry a hen in springtime. She might lay a scrambled egg.

A sizable place in Nova Scotia is graphically called "Pugwash."

Pretty batiste ties, in pale pink or blue, are broidered on the ends.

Two colored men have been elected Aldermen in Yazoo City, Miss.

Rose Wood, Rose Coghlan and Rose Eytinge bloom in California.

High heels and narrow soles will ruin the feet and the temper.

Chinese red and old gold are favorite colors in furniture covering.

The woman who kissed and never tolled wasn't the wife of a bell-ringer.

A Proctorsville, Vt., man of 84 has purchased his shroud and coffin.

"In drinking lemonade you may detect only the sweet or only the sour."

Coaching parasols are in wide stripes of satin in strongly contrasting colers.

"The fool believes he hath all wisdom." And the wise man flattereth himself that his son is no fool.

The first and worst of all frauds is to cheat oneself. All sin is easy after that.

There are 4000 women postmasters in the United States, and the number is on the increase.

An Oglethorpe, Ga., cow got her horns tangled in briars, and thus starved.

A Chinaman whose watch was slow told the jeweler: "Too much by'm-bye."

Employes of the interior department don't like to be described as under-Schurz.

Parole carries a few more pounds for every race he wins, and so does his owner.

"The Changed Brides" is Mrs. Southworth's latest. Who "mixed those children up?"

The nimble-footed mule is used as the light fantastic tow for a canal boat.

To be interesting a speaker should be full of his subject, unless he happens to be speaking against liquor.

The boys are shocked at the report that Edison has invented "a lightning rod for schools."

When banks become unsteady, even the depositor is likely to lose his balance.

A Congressman says that truth lies at the bottom of a well. Logan is probably too lazy to go down a well.

English sporting men, says the Buffalo Express, have a glaring suspicion that the horse Parole is troubled with trichinæ.

It is with eloquence as with a flame. It requires fuel to feed it, motion to excite it, and it brightens as it burns.—Tacitus.

"What are you about?" growled a surly fellow, as a pedestrian jostled him. "About thirty-five," was the matter-of-fact reply.

A roach on a lump of white sugar, as large as life and twice as ugly, was the design of a late brooch from a Paris jeweler.

Fishermen seldom come to very high social rank, but when fish are scarce they sometimes come to a barren net.

A sheriff, being obliged to arrest his father, was asked where he was going, and replied: "I am going to Bagdad."

There has been no rain in Bengal since Christmas. That comes of trying to run a country without a weather bureau.

A young man who has recently taken a wife says he did not find it half so hard to get married as he did to get furniture.

A singular scene is reported from Sumter county, Ga., where a man was discovered drawing a plow which his wife handled.

Old Gentleman: "Waiter, how's this? these potatoes are quite hard!" Waiter (with presence of mind):—"Hard times, you know sir."

A lonely Philadelphia widower, who buried his wife six weeks ago, refused a chew of light tobacco because he is still in full mourning.

The man who succeeds finds that his success does not amount to a great deal; the man who fails, but keeps his hope, is the happy man.

Governor Robinson, of New York, is probably the oldest man in the country occupying the gubernatorial chair, being eighty-one years of age.

Most of the wine used in England for the holy communion in Roman Catholic churches comes from the vineyards of the English colleges of Lisbon and Valladolid, and is white; but elsewhere red wine is used. The Roman Catholic and Episcopal churches have no rule as to the color, but demand pure juice of the grape.

Farm and...

Home Made Superp... perphosphate of lime ... special fertilizer which may be ... profitably on more soils, and ... a greater variety of crops than any other special fertilizer. Nearly all of our clay loams, as well as some lighter soils, are deficient in this element.—Especially is it needed on most farms from which large quantities of milk, live stock or grain, have been sold. The habit which cows and young stock often form of chewing bones, leather, or boards, is a special indication of its deficiency in the soil on which they feed. The cheapest and best way to obtain superphosphate of lime, is to purchase the materials, consisting of sulphuric acid and fine ground bone, using one carboy of about 175 lbs, 66 deg. strength, to 500 lbs of bone. Many newspaper men and scientific lecturers, try to discourage farmers from making it themselves, telling them that it is better to buy it of phosphate dealers but such advice helps to enrich the fertilizer men by increasing their business, but at the expense of the farmer. There is little danger or difficulty in the manufacture of it, if due care is used in handling the acid to avoid spilling it or spattering on the clothes or flesh. It is well to wear old woolen mittens, and over-clothes which are not very valuable, so if you burn a few holes it will be but a small loss. If the acid is poured out with a steady hand and quite slowly, it will sel... spatter. I buy the bone from ... cal mill, where I can see it gro... and I know it to be pure. I p... steamed bone to any other fo... which it is ground. It is better ... raw bone, because it contains ... water, is more soluble, and ... grease, which is not a fertilizer ... is a damage, is also removed ... steaming. In a ton of dry steamed ... bone we get more pounds of phosphoric acid, and if it is not steamed too long, nearly as much nitrogen as ... raw bone, while bone charcoal is ... tirely destitute of nitrogen. In ... preparing superphosphate I use a round tub, two of which I make by dividing a molasses hogshead. This tub may not be as durable as Dr. Nichols' square box lined with lead, but it works very well, and a tub will last several years if properly cared for, and after washing and soaking it may be used for scalding hogs.

Graham Bread.—Thicken one quart of wheat sponge with the best Graham flour, add a quarter of a cup of molasses, a small piece of butter and a little salt. Bake thirty minutes.

Prune Pie.—Two cups French prunes steeped in water over night, one cup sugar, one teaspoonful extract lemon, tablespoonful vinegar, one-third cupful water; wet the edges of the paste with milk; bake twenty-five minutes in rather hot oven.

Cocoanut Candy.—Grate the meat of a cocoanut, and having ready two pounds of finely sifted sugar (white) and the beaten whites of two eggs, also the milk of the nut, mix together and make into little cakes. In a short time the candy will be dry enough to eat.

Jelly Cake.—Two cups sugar; three eggs; butter the size of an egg. Stir all together till very light; then add one cupful sweet milk, one teaspoonful soda, three cupfuls flour two teaspoonfuls cream-tartar.—Bake in layers, and spread between any fruit jelly. The receipt makes two loaves, if baked in round tins.

Friction of Furniture.—Black lead is excellent to lessen friction between two pieces of work. The ... and rests or desks or bureau ...rawers may be made to move easy by spreading common stove blacking evenly with a cloth or the finger over their surfaces. Time and patience may thus be saved.

Currants.—Watch for eggs of the destructive caterpillar; these are laid on the underside of the lowermost leaves, and if destroyed before the hatch, much future trouble may be prevented. When the worms appear upon the leaves, White Hellebore is an efficient remedy. It may be dusted upon the bushes dry, or by stiring a tablespoonful in a pail of water, and applying with a syringe or garden pump. Two or three applications, at the intervals of a few days, will dispose of them.

Spirits of Turpentine.—One of the most useful articles for a housewife to keep on hand is a bottle of spirits turpentine. There are so many purposes for which it is almost ... dispensable that it is ...se to ha... it on hand. It is a ...are relief ... burns. A few drops in the bo... of a drawer, or on the floor ... a clothes press or wardrobe, will ...ectually prevent moths from ... biting them; and a thorough ...lication to bedsteads in the ea... spring will save much annoyanc... hard labor through the long s...mer. Insects have a great aversion to the odor of turpentine, and ... is sure death to those already in possession. It will drive red and b... ants off the premises.

Care of Transplan... ...ees.—Trees transplanted in ... often push out a few green ..., but make no growth; oth... will have the bar... continue ... but make no attempt at ... All such should be pruned ... say the branches should ... ...ened. Sometimes as much ... one half the year's growth ... be cut away. It is wonderful ... soon the trees will make a ... after this. All transplanted ... and benefit in being pruned; ... a necessity in the cases cont...plated.

A Colorado man has discovered a ...re remedy against potato ... which is simply to plant two ... flax seeds in each hill ... much to try, and ... gestion for wh...

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