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MY WOLVES.

Three gaunt, grim wolves that hunt for men,
Three gaunt, grim wolves there be;
And one is Hunger, and one is Sin,
And one is Misery.

I sit and think till my heart is sore,
While the wolf or the wind keeps shaking the door,
Or peers at his prey through the window-pane
Till his ravenous eyes burn into my brain.

And I cry to myself, "If the wolf be Sin,
He shall not come in—he shall not come in;
But if the wolf be Hunger or Woe,
He will come to all men, whether or no!"

For out in the twilight, stern and grim,
A destiny weaves man's life for him,
As a spider weaves his web for flies;
And the three grim wolves, Sin, Hunger, and Woe,

A man must fight them, whether or no,
Though oft in the struggle the fighter dies.
To-night I cry to God for bread,
To-morrow night I shall be dead;
For the fancies are strange and scarcely sane
That flit like specters through my brain,
And I dream of the time, long, long ago,
When I knew not Sin, and Hunger, and Woe

There are three wolves that hunt for men,
And I have met the three,
And one is Hunger, and one is Sin,
And one is Misery;
Three pairs of eyes at the window-pane
Are burned and branded into my brain,
Like signal lights at sea.

—*Scribner for September.*

The Lost Diamonds.

"It was the time of the Crimea war. It was about, as near as I can remember, eleven o'clock in the morning of a bitterly cold day in December. I had drawn near my counting-house fire, and was looking into the glowing coals, my thoughts very far away from Barbican, E. C. My imagination wandered to the seat of war, where such terrible privation and blood-freezing cold and acute suffering—rendered all the more so by shocking mismanagement—encompassed our poor brave fellows round about; and just as a deep sigh came from my lips, my shop door opened and there entered a fine, tall, handsome-looking gentleman, who, by his dress and bearing, was evidently a clergyman. At least I thought so at the time, as would anybody else, for that matter. His attire was of the best material and make, and scrupulously neat; and his neckband was as white as driven snow. Moreover, gold-rimmed spectacles and heavy seals depending from his watch-fob gave him not only a highly respectable appearance, but stamped him as wealthy withal. That's to say, I thought so. Well, up he marched to my counter with tolerably long strides, removed his hat (of the first quality), and placed it upon my counter (his well arranged silver hair became him immensely), and gave me a 'good-morning,' and a smile which was incalculably pleasing and good to see. This man is a Christian; goodness and gentleness beam on every feature, I mentally told myself. I put on my best manner and politely asked him his pleasure.

"'I have been recommended to you, sir' (he mentioned a firm with which I dealt largely in the way of bar silver). 'I am given to understand,' he continued, 'that you have a varied and very valuable selection of ladies' diamond ornaments.'

"I signified that such was really the case.

"'Well,' he proceeded, 'I am somewhat anxious, sir, to see and examine some of your possessions. The fact is, my daughter—my only daughter, sir, a pure, sweet-tempered child—is on the eve of marriage, and I (naturally, you will say), am desirous of giving her a substantial wedding present. Very good. Mind! I want nothing gaudy; nor—pardon me, Mr. Filby—nor do I desire any artfully contrived specimen of the jeweler's art of deception. I want something solid and substantial—articles that look what they literally are—and do not mind how high I go as to price.'

"I placed before him several trays of gems of exquisite workmanship, upon which I looked with pride.

"After careful examination, he selected a pair of diamond earrings (£80), a diamond bracelet (£200), a butterfly brooch—one mass of glitter and dazzle—and a half-hoop diamond ring (the two £152 10s). A tolerably good morning's work, you will say. We shall see. Well, after I had fitted the trinkets to superior cases, and when I had packed them in as small a compass as I well could, the reverend gentleman felt in his pockets for the money wherewith to pay me. He drew out from his breast pocket a goodly-sized Russia leather case, and tenderly singling out some bank notes and a check, proceeded to settle for his purchase.

"'The check is good, you will perceive'—he began.

"'My dear sir,' I interrupted (the check was perfectly genuine, I was convinced, seeing that it bore the signature of the firm that had mentioned my name).

"'I know what you would say, sir,' he said, holding up his hand, while a look of extreme shrewdness covered his face; 'you would say that you have implicit faith in me. That is wrong—utterly wrong! As a business man, you should be ever careful. It behooves us all to be so at times. Clearly, you know me not; and deception abounds. For instance, I may not be a clergyman at all. I may, in fine, be none other than a knave—a wolf in sheep's clothing.' Saying which, he laughed a laugh which somehow or other seemed to grate upon my ear.

"However, he proceed to pay me the amount due, as I have said.

"'Let me see,' he continued, musingly; "it will be in all, four—three—two—ten. Good! If you will kindly look over these, Mr. Filby, you will find there is threepence short of the required sum, which I will pay you in copper coin immediately. He removed his spectacles, and pushed over to me three one hundred pound Bank of England notes, ten five-pound notes and the check spoken of, which was for eighty-three pounds nine and ninepence. Satisfied that the notes were genuine, I looked up at my wealthy customer and found him fumbling in pocket after pocket for the copper money.

"'My dear sir,' I exclaimed, 'pray don't bother about the trifling pence. If you are satisfied, I am thoroughly so.'

"'Nay,' he rejoined; 'that will not do. Business is business. You are entitled to your demand—aye, and to the uttermost farthing. I buy goods of you for a certain amount; I therefore must pay you every iota of that certain amount, or I shall not be easy in my mind.'

"A really upright man this; lucky the congregation that had so just and evenly balanced a man for their pastor. So ran my thoughts as he counted out the remaining threepence and placed them in my hand with a kind of dig, as though he were glad to get rid of them, and set his mind at ease.

"I chanced to look towards my shop-door, and saw a tall, heavily-built man peering through the glass. On seeing my gaze steadily fixed at him, he pushed open the door and entered with a firm tread. He had a kind of eagle eye, this man—eager, sidelong, piercing; thought-ful brows, too; and there was huge determination about the lower part of his face. Shaking the snow from off his coat, stamping his feet upon my shop carpet (which I thought a rather cool proceeding), and unfastening the lappets of his sealskin traveling cap, he gave a deep-drawn grunt of relief, and exclaimed in a bluff, boisterous manner: 'In time after all! My bird's not flown, by all that's palpable! Congratulate thyself, thou man of gold and silver and precious stones; and, furthermore, congratulate me on my aptitude for scenting Slippery Dick!' Then, letting fall his voice, he added more seriously: 'You've had a narrow escape, sir. I've no doubt now that our reverend friend here has contrived to lessen your stock of goods pretty considerably—has been a pretended (mark that!) purchaser to a very tidy tune!'

"'If you mean, sir, whoever you may be, that this gentleman has paid a good deal of money to me,' I returned, somewhat indignantly, 'you are right in your conjecture. But, may I ask, pray, who are you, that you enter my shop in this manner and insult myself and customer by asking such—well, such impertinent questions? * * * Who are you?' I again asked, feeling that I should be compelled to call my shopman to turn him neck and crop into the street.

"'You'll very soon know who I am,' he returned, coolly. 'Suffice it at present that I am fully justified in what I ask and do. * * * Bear—kindly bear with me a little. I have a stern duty to perform. The man is not what he pretends to be. He is a blackleg, a canting humbug, a swindler; in a word, as dangerous and troublesome a customer as we have to deal with!'

"I looked at my customer. His face was terrible to look upon; I could scarcely believe my eyes—the passion concentrated in his features was absolutely demoniac in its intensity; the ebullition of rage which held possession of him shook him from head to foot.

"The boisterous stranger laid his hand heavily on the clergyman's shoulder, grasped it roughly and whispered something in his ear, at which his passion left him as quickly and suddenly as a flash of lightning. He became, in fact, as pale as death, and finally culminated in trembling violently, while his face assumed a kind of brick-dust hue.

"'I did not put this down to guilt; no, I laid it rather to the just indignation that would be naturally felt by a high-souled minister of the Gospel accused of such enormities.

"The rough-and-ready intruder regarded the reverend gentleman with unfeigned admiration—at least so it appeared to me. He folded his arms across his broad chest, and stood regarding him for a few moments. Then he looked at me and winked knowingly.

"'Our Christian friend is clever, oho! He is doing the work of a certain evil personage who shall be nameless, very admirably, aha?' he ejaculated, reverting again to the boisterous manner. 'But we old birds are not to be caught; we are accustomed to this kind of thing. O dear, yes, I—your very obedient servant, Mr. Filby, belong to the fancy iron trade, and I do my utmost to get as much of my stock on other people's hands as I possibly can.' Saying which, he unbuttoned and threw open his shaggy overcoat, and laid bare to my gaze the uniform of an Inspector of Police. Then, as quick as thought, he drew forth and fastened on the clergyman's wrist a pair of handcuffs!

"'This is shocking—really horrible,' I couldn't help saying.

"'No sentiment, please,' returned the inspector, angrily. 'Leave me to do my work, and take care you do yours.'

"'But, my good friend,' the man of the white neckcloth exclaimed in whining tones, 'you are utterly mistaken. I like—I, in fine, have naught but admiration for your zeal; but I am not the man you suppose me to be. * * * If you will remove these things—they hurt my wrists—I will go'—

"'No; you won't.'

"'I mean I will go into the details of our transaction. * * * The notes are good, genuine, sir.'

"'Perfectly so,' I responded; 'I would stake my life on their soundness.'

"'Then, sir, permit a public servant to tell you that you will lose your life. Kindly let me look at these genuine and sound Bank of England notes.'

"'What could I do but hand them to him?

"'Ah! as I thought!' he then exclaimed. 'Very skilful, very clever; decidedly so! Pity our pious friend here doesn't contrive to turn his thoughts in another direction; sad that he disdains to use his talents more honorably. Given such consummate cleverness, he might have surmounted almost anything by honest means. * * * These, sir, are rascally forgeries; splendidly worked out, I'll admit, but forgeries for all that,' he declared emphatically, laying the notes down on my counter and placing his elbow on them. 'Now, I shouldn't wonder,' he resumed, 'if our reverend specimen of humanity here did not persuade you that he desired to make his daughter—his daughter a wedding present?'

"I said that such was really the fact.

"'Ah, just so! The old, old game; the old story. * * * I wonder, Dick ('Slippery Dick' is the name by which he is known among us and his companions)—I wonder, Dick, you don't alter your *modus operandi*—it's so stupidly stale, you know.'

"'Dick' looked daggers, looked as though he would have very much liked to annihilate the inspector on the spot, and retorted in language not at all befitting a clergyman: 'You're very clever, ain't you now? Pah! I could 'do' fifty like you. * * * It doesn't matter much, though. You've got me. You've trapped me nicely. What more d'ye want. * * * Look sharp, and let us go!'

"From this kind of talk, I began to think him none other than what the inspector affirmed him to be—especially so when the man in office whipped off the silvern locks from his prisoner's head and disclosed to my wondering gaze a closely-cropped iron-gray head of hair beneath.

"'I should hope you don't want further proof,' the inspector interrogated triumphantly.

"'I replied that I was satisfied. That I had been singled out for a victim, I now felt certain. In short, my dear boy, I was completely taken aback, and fell into the whole scheme.

"'The whole scheme!' I exclaimed; "how? I scarcely understand."

"'Don't interrupt. You shall hear directly; my melancholy story is fast drawing to a close. * * * Well, I looked from one to another with perplexity on my face.

"'What are you thinking of doing, Mr. Inspector?' I asked.

"'Why, take this predatory individual—this pike among gudgeons—to the station (they'll have no mercy on him this time); and you must accompany us thither. * * * I'll take care of these bits of paper; as in like manner I'll be the safe custodian of the artfully contrived wedding-present.' Saying which, he deposited the notes, the check and the diamonds in the breast-pocket of his overcoat.

"'There was no help for it; of course I must go to the station. So calling my assistant from the back room, I instructed him to call a cab and look after business during my absence. Of course I did not tell him the errand I was bound on; and as luck would have it, he appeared not to notice that anything was wrong.

"'A cab brought, the two entered first, while I remained behind for a few moments to give instructions to my shopman. Then I got inside the cab, and we started for Moor Lane Police Station, Fore street.

"'Well, at length we arrived at the station house. I was the first to alight from the cab, and was about to enter the station. The inspector, still seated with his prisoner, called to me with evident annoyance: 'There's no light in the superintendent's room; we'll have to wait a little. However, there's no help for it. You go into that room there, the first door on the right; you'll find newspapers and records there. Amuse yourself. I'll cage my bird—put him under lock and key (safe bind, safe find, you know), and then I'll come to you. I'll be here in a few minutes. If I remain away any length of time, ask for inspector John Tricklet. * * * Pray do not mention our business to any living soul,'

"'Like a fool, I was, I did as I was bid. I turned the handle of the door and entered the room, a square, dreary apartment,

"'I hadn't been seated long before I heard the cab drive away. 'Ah,' I said to myself, 'the man in blue is too economical to let "cabby" wait; I suppose I shall be detained here some time. Was there ever anything so disagreeable?'

"'Fifteen minutes passed. During that time I figeted about. There is no disguising the matter; I was terribly perturbed. The most idiotic thoughts passed through my brain. 'What if,' I found myself asking, 'this sham clergyman should eventually prove my destruction? What if, after serving his punishment, he should, out of revenge, come to my shop and blow out my brains? What——' But I thought all manner of things which I won't bother you with. Suffice it that another fifteen minutes passed. I rose from my seat, but before I could move a yard towards the door, it opened, and a fine-looking old gentleman, evidently the superintendent, stood before me. We were soon on good terms; I gave him my name and explained my advent and also explained why I was cooped up in what he called his "private inquiry office." He seemed, when I had finished, to labor hard to keep down a laugh.

"'Well,' he said, at length, 'you've been done nicely! But you have this consolation, that others have been bit, and to a pretty tidy tune, too. You say you are waiting for Inspector John Tricklet. There's no such party of that name connected with this station. They've carried on a similar game, varied a little, very successfully in all the large towns of Ireland, Scotland and Wales, to say nothing of what they've done abroad. * * * Tricklet! Ah, a very apt name! The game's been contrived by a trick—and he—they—have let you into the hole. * * * You mustn't suppose me a Job's comforter when I say that dozens have been swindled by these two clever vultures. They are nothing else; they prey on their kind as best they may. But this is poor talk, Mr. Filby. Let me assure you, to be serious, that all that can be done shall be done. But what can we do? What can Scotland Yard do? They can only issue a caution to tradesmen generally, and put the matter in the *Hue and Cry*, which probably wouldn't amount to much. And between you and me, Mr. Filby, I've repeatedly thought (and very seriously, too,) that they've got some of our fellows in their pay; I could all but swear it; for were it not so, I'm confident they'd have been taken long ago.'

"Heartily disgusted I bade him a surly good day, and hied me for my shop and counting-house fire. Its genial blaze, however, cheered me not. I was dispirited and chagrined, and possessed a deep-rooted idea that my hitherto clear brain had gotten a superabundance of mud in it. I felt that I could tear my hair and beat my breast, and yell out that I was profoundly miserable.

"But why dwell upon the matter. The story is told. Suffice it, then for your behoof, that I never heard more of these two very original swindlers, and that therefore I get not the slightest return for my loss. I have hitherto, as I have previously told you, kept the matter a profound secret, so that sympathy even, has not fallen to my share. There! I'm heartily sick of the whole business. Call me a consummate donkey, if you like, but don't let me hear another word about the matter."

To Destroy "Everlasting."

The common weeds known as everlasting, as well as most of the weeds which trouble the farmer, are encouraged by keeping land in pasture. To plow up a piece of weedy grass land, sow buckwheat and then oats, sowing grass and clover again with the oats, and then pasturing the land, is about as good a plan as could be used to perpetuate the weeds. If the sod had been planted with corn, and the ground kept clean, and the next year or two years ploughed again and put in potatoes or beans, being all the time kept free from weeds by hoeing or hand-pulling, the ground would be pretty well cleaned, and might then be sown to clover. The clover should not be pastured, but mowed once for hay and once for seed. The sod might be ploughed again for corn, and if the weeds were not destroyed, another crop of beans or roots should be taken. Few weeds will survive two or three well-cultivated crops, and fewer still this process repeated.—*Agriculturist.*

Drawing the Line.

As the man was haranguing the crowd on the oppression of the working people, an aged individual with a shovel on his shoulder stepped up and demanded: "Let me take a look at your hands."

Then, seizing the other's paw and gazing intently into its palm, the old man looked up as he shook his head, remarking:

"Not a blister—not a callous."

The would-be leader of labor reform was not slow in departing from the scene, while the venerable shovel-carrier chuckled as he said to his companions:

"Fellows, there's where we've got to draw the line—at blisters and callouses."

Very Uncertain.

A young, beautiful, but uncertain gentleman of Springfield, Mass., who had exhausted his credit at his boarding-house, hired an expressman to move his effects. The goods were put into the wagon and carried to several houses, the young man after going in and stopping a few minutes, returning and telling the expressman to drive to another place. At last, the driver, out of patience, asked the young man where he intended to board. "Well, I don't know, yet," was the reply, "I am looking for a place now." The disgusted expressman took the goods and packed them up in his barn as security for his half-day's work.

FARM EXPERIENCES.

A Preventive of Rust and Smut.—At the time I sow my wheat I have for several years past made an application of salt; I harrow it in. This practice keeps my grain free from rust and smut. I am convinced the salt also acts as a fertilizer to the crop.

Burdock.—A burdock is one of the easiest weeds destroyed if the right means be employed. Dig it out. The best way is to use an old adze, striking it down two or three inches below the surface of the ground, cutting off the root.

Thinning out Raspberry Beds.—I cut the old dead wood out every season as soon as the crop is gathered, to give strength to the young shoots for the next year's shearing. In the spring I remove the weakest suckers, leaving five or six of the strongest in each hill. By this practice I have had first-rate success. — *Charles Robbins, Monmouth County, N. J.*

Clawson Wheat.—I have found the Clawson wheat very satisfactory; it is a great wheat to yield, and makes, so far as my experience has gone, capital flour; I don't want any better.

Summer Fallowing and Canada Thistles.—I have tried summer fallowing for Canada thistles with full success. A certain field got so badly overrun with thistles that I was nearly discouraged about subduing them, but I tried the summer fallow and it cleaned them out so they have never troubled me since, and that was some years ago. I had thirty-three bushels of very fine wheat to the acre after the summer fallow, and that paid for all the extra work.—*Col. Crocker, Elmira, N. Y.*

Top-Dressing Mowing Fields.—Not a doubt exists in my mind, after several years' trial, about the good results of top-dressing mowing fields as soon as the hay is removed. Try it and see for yourself.

Cleaning Pastures with Sheep—"I notice one thing in my farming. Sheep will clean up land every time they are turned on it. They eat out a great deal of rubbish that cattle won't touch."

Sunflower Seed for Poultry.—"After repeated trials I gave sunflower seeds the preference over buckwheat for glossing the plumage of poultry. It accomplishes this equally as well as buckwheat, and is not so heating."

Covering Strawberry Plants.—"As the ground begins to freeze—from the middle of November till December, according to latitude—cover the plants thoroughly but lightly with any litter that will prevent the ground from freezing and thawing. I have had good success for some years by covering single plants or narrow rows with two or three inches of earth just before the freezing weather and then rake off in the early spring."—*E. P. Roe, Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.*

—A correspondent of *The New England Homestead* says, if we understand his statement, that during the past five years he has kept from ten to twelve cows all the year round on ten acres of land, four of it in young orchard. When he took possession, eleven years ago, the place would hardly support a horse and cow.

—Cut up and mixed with scalded meal, "pusley," *The Poultry World* says, is one of the best of green feeds, especially for young chickens.

—Fowls may be easily caught in the daytime by enticing them to the poultry-house and making it dark by hanging a blanket over the window.

—Mr. S. W. Jewet, Rutland, Vt., informs *The American Cultivator* that he sowed the first alfalfa seed ever consigned to California soil; that he cropped during some seasons several thousand tons, stacking and bailing for market; and he further asserts that the sap-root of this "species of vegetable" runs down to water, from ten to twenty feet, and when once well set is enduring without irrigation.

—Mr. J. Coutant, Plattekill, Ulster Co., N. Y., realized $80 this season for 1,000 pounds of fruit from 200 cherry currant bushes, growing in rows five feet apart and three feet distant in the rows, and occupying about one-fourteenth of an acre.

The California Miser.

Michael Reese, the deceased miser of San Francisco, was a slave trader at one period of his career, and made money out of the traffic. His apologists seem to overlook the significance of that fact in forming a judgment of his character. The wealth amassed by him amounted to seven or eight millions, a large part being the most valuable real estate in the Californian metropolis. He made a dozen fortunes in his lifetime, and was a dozen times, by the bankruptcy of others, by fire, and by shipwreck, reduced to beggary. A bachelor, he lived for many years a solitary life in a small and meanly furnished apartment in one of his own buildings, but of late had quarters with an acquaintance in a suburban village, so as to evade city taxation on his personal property. His business office, in which negotiations involving millions were conducted, was a small room hardly large enough for a Chinese cigar shop. In habits, dress and manner he was a miser, but he was aware of it, and dispassionately protested that he couldn't help it, because it was a disease with him. On the other hand, he said that he would some day do good with the money he was amassing.

The Uses of Advertising.

It was an ancient sceptic, a man of hoary head, and mated with an aged wife, and he had often said, "Why should a wise man advertise when papers ne'er are read? Some may peruse," said he, "the news, and some their eyes may run over the editorial page, or on the marts what's done may seek, but the advertisements there is no man reads—not one." "Not so, not so," upspake a friend; "there thou thyself dost fool. No line is in a newspaper but, as a general rule, is read like a prohibited book in a merry boarding-school." "Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood, and I will wager thee $5,000 in red, red gold, or greenback currency, that the average advertisement the average man won't see." "That bet I take," his friend upspake, "but when the bet I win, I will not claim as forfeit or thy paper or tin, but thou shalt pay for the three line ad. I put the paper in." "Ha! ha! ha! ha!" laughed that sceptic old, "thou shalt be meat for me. I will take thy stake of the red, red gold or the greenback currency." But he smiled a smile, the wagerer bold, and muttered, "We shall see." "Ho there, good advertising clerk, insert me once this ad. in the most inconspicuous place can in the sheet be had." And the clerk he said it should be done, and thought the man was mad. Jocund on the misty mountain tops, the day the paper doth greet, and it seeth this advertisement in a corner of the sheet:

WANTED—A WIFE. APPLY AT 9 N. 52d St.

Up towards N. 52d st., what is it that doth come? O is it a sad sea tidal-wave hath lost the way to its home? It is a wave of street-toilets with a crest of bonnet-foam. A human tide—that is, untied—in long, unbroken line sweeps on, and at each corner, quests of peeler, lamp-post sign, "Where is N. 52d st.? And where is No. 9?" Ten thousand women there (the rhyme is Wordsworth's) were at wance—you'll find it in "The Deffidils"—"Their heads in stately dance" lifting to the street numbers, as they came in dread advance. Where're the eye can look adown the side streets' vistas long are scores of women to be seen hastening to join the throng; and even at the street corner, obedient to the gong. The street cars stop, and more get out; widows, girls, matrons, maids; blondes from the flax to the strawberry, brunettes of various shades, ranging in age from one and a-half, or two, to six decades.* * * * Then uprose that old sceptic's wife and, white with rage, did say, "We have been wedded forty years, and then thy wicked cars— But I'll be 'venged, for thy vile roof I'll not quite from this day." Now comet