

# THE COLUMBIAN, BLOOMSBURG, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1866.

## SEPTEMBER.

**GENTLE September,** thou art here;  
The Graces follow in thy train,  
The almoners of the bounteous year,  
And scatter gifts of golden grain.  
**September,** o'er thy very name  
Is stylized unto the ear  
In liquid sweetness; and the same  
Sweet promise ripens in thy cheer.  
We see thee in thy deep-hued dress,  
We hear thee in thy plaintive breeze,  
We taste thee in the mellowness  
That drops from thy rich-burdens trees.  
**We know thee by the tempered heat**  
That lingers in the sun's spent rays,  
**And by the passing hours more fleet**  
**That fill thy Indian Summer days.**

**Am't by the faint-hued hue which veils**  
The vista seen through branching trees;  
**But we feel them most when language fails,**  
**By other signs and scenes than these.**  
Then hast a token in the sky,  
A music in the winding winds,  
A strength in thy maturity,  
In which the soul a sojourn finds.  
**We see thee, harvest month—and more,**  
**Thou art the heart's warmth, and we gain**  
**Of eatin content a plentious store,**  
**As well as gifts of golden grain.**

## AGRICULTURAL.

### Nails, Nuts, Screws, and Bolts.

ONE of the most component parts of a good farmer is mechanical ingenuity. Some lose half a day's time, for want of knowing how to repair a breakage, which an ingenious person could do in five minutes. A team and two or three men are sometimes stopped a whole day, at a critical season, for want of a little mechanical skill. It is well for every farmer to have at hand the facilities for repairing. In addition to the more common tools, he should keep a supply of nails of different sizes, screws, bolts, and nuts. Common cut nails are too brittle for repairing implements, or for other similar purposes. Buy only the very best and anneal them, and they will answer all the ordinary purposes of the best wrought nails. To anneal them, all that is necessary is to heat them red hot in a common fire, and cool gradually. Let them cool, for instance, by remaining in the fire while it burns down and goes out. One such nail, well clinched, will be worth half a dozen unannealed. Nothing is more common than for a farmer to visit a blacksmith shop to get a broken or lost bolt or rivet inserted, and often a single nut on a bolt. This must be paid for, and much time is lost. By providing a supply of bolts, nuts, and rivets much trouble may be saved. They may be purchased wholesale at a low rate. These should always be kept in shallow boxes, with compartments made for the purpose, furnished with a bow-handle for convenience in carrying them. One box, with half a dozen divisions, may be appropriated to nails of different sizes; another, with as many compartments, to screws, bolts, rivets, etc. Every farmer should keep on hand a supply of copper wire, and small pieces of sheet copper or copper straps. Copper wire is better than annealed iron wire; it is almost as flexible as twine, and may be bent and twisted as desired; and it will not rust. Copper straps nailed across or around a fracture or split in any wooden article will strengthen it in a thorough manner.

### To Dry Sweet Corn.

The question is asked, What is the best way to cure sweet corn? I usually prepare a good supply every year for Winter, and do it in the following manner: I plant a succession of crops every two weeks from early Spring to the fourth or tenth of July. That which ripens, say near the close of September, is dried.

In good weather, then, the atmosphere is chosen, the drying process is so speedy that it is past danger before the fermentation can take place. Gather the corn while in the best condition for eating; husk and boil it ten minutes, or just sufficient to scald the starch it contains; cut or scrape the corn from the cobs immediately, and spread it upon sheets placed on tolerably flat roof, inclining south or west, or upon a scaffold. If thus elevated from the ground it is not visited by flies. If put out, as it should be, early in the morning, by night it will be so dry as to be past danger from fermentation.

If the night promises fair, it is best to spread a sheet over it and let it remain, or it may be taken in and the cloth spread on the floor. Two days more of good sun will complete the drying, when it may be put in a linen bag and hung up in a dry, airy place. Some dry in stoves and ovens; but in this way it is liable to be scorched; nor is it as sweet and good, dried in this way, as when dried in the open air by the sun. Before cooking, the corn should be put to soak the night previous, and placed where the temperature is warm. Prepared in this way it is hardly inferior to corn dried from the field.—*Country Gentleman.*

### Thin Out and Hoe the Turnips.

SUCCESS with any root crop depends upon keeping down the weeds and keeping the ground open and mellow. We charge our readers to remember that a turnip-plant within two or three or six inches of another is just as much a weed as a mullein or ragweed. It is no place for any plant where it will interfere with the full development of a more valuable one. Turnips never ought to stand nearer than eight inches apart, ten or twelve on an average in field culture, is about right. Those which being crowded are checked in their growth do not yield nearly so much per acre, and they are stronger in flavor and more pithy in texture.

### Cooking Egg Plants.

"L. M. B." and others ask how to cook the egg plant, or rather egg fruit. Slice the fruit half an inch or more thick, peel and place for an hour or so in salt and water; then drain and dip in thin batter, or preferably in egg, and then in powdered cracker, and fry brown. They are sometimes fried without batter or egg; but then they soak up fat, and become too greasy. The rind is sometimes left on to make the pieces held together, but when they are covered as above this is not necessary. There may

be other ways of cooking this fruit, but the above is the only one we have tried, and is good enough.—*Agriculturist.*

**Heating Bottles for Fruit.**  
"SUBSCRIBER," of Columbus, New Jersey, writes that she washes and wipes the jars dry, and then sets them in the oven until too hot to handle without a cloth. As wanted they are taken out, set on a warm board, and the hot fruit poured in. In this way she has broken only one bottle in three years.—*Agriculturist.*

## FOR YOUTHFUL READERS.

**The Unlucky Blow.**  
"SUBDUCED and sorrowful as he looks, ye would never believe he had been guilty of the crime of murder."

"Of murder?" exclaimed Harry and myself in a breath.

"Ay! of murder," said the old sexton in deep sonorous tones, as he leaned on his spade; "his fair face and blue eyes, as sweet for all the world as an innocent baby's, belie the dark passions that, may be, are wholly subdued now; we don't know—God help us all—we're a weak set at the best."

"But whom did he murder, and why is he at liberty?" I asked, fixing my eye on the old sun-dial that stood by a time-polished and broken gravestone; for its shadow had glided to my feet; the sun was red in its going down, and I had an engagement at six.

"Oh! I'm no story-teller," continued the little shrivelled figure, beginning to fill up the grave before him, "but I reckon I've mentioned that circumstance of Dick's unlucky blow twice as many times as I am years old, and that's sixty-five to-day—pretty smart, sir, for sixty-five," he continued, looking over his shoulder at us; "never lost a night's sleep, and saving your presence, for I see you're one of the craft, never a doctor's foot touched the sill of my door."

"But about the murder?" I exclaimed hastily.

"Well, gentlemen, Dick was born here, and was a boy of uncommon parts; everybody prophesied he'd be somebody, and there's no question but he might if he'd known how to govern his temper; dreadful temper, sir, white as ashes—strong as a lion—ravin', ravin' when he was mad. You see Dick had a brother, and a mother, and a—yes, yes, Betsey must have been alive then—and a sister; but this brother of his'n—one of these cross-grained lads you know—tricky, too—a torment and a plague he was; however, that wasn't no reason I always said—no good reason for such violence. Well, Dick took the head like of the family, and his mother was a sort of spiritual creater, a little too good and gentle for this world—such people always have the luck of it in pesky bad children—she, poor thing, never could take rule after the old man was put down here, and I sposse the younger boy would have rode rough shod over all of 'em if it hadn't been for Dick; but then he might have done just as much good with Bible means, 'soft answers,' you know—their'my doctrine. Often has the widow come running to me—I lived next door—and begged me to separate the youngsters, and I tell you, sometimes Ike took hard rubbin's! Well, Dick was generally ashamed of himself when he'd got a little cooled, but then he would stan' to it that he couldn't help his temper. Sheer nonsense, sir; a man can govern himself if he's a mind to; a will always makes a way."

"One morning the poor widow came flying up my yard, and without waiting to knock rushed into the house, crying and taking on; she was begging me for God's sake to go in or Dick would certainly kill his brother. I heard the rumpus, for Ike never spared his voice; I pitied the poor widow, so I followed her. When I got in there I looked bad I won't deny—I felt riled to see him, with his face all blood, and Dick standing ready to give another blow, his teeth set and his face like dead. I began to talk to him, and Ike tried to ex-

plain. "Don't you say another word, you young villain, don't you dare speak," shouted Dick.

"With that Ike, taking courage because I was nigh, you see called him a name. 'My! sir; in a twinklin they were tussling again; the poor mother ran toward them, tryin' to separate them.

"Stand off, mother," said Dick, and his voice was jest like a yell, "stand off, or I'll strike you; but she threw herself on them the harder, and what do you think, sir?"

"Did he strike her?"

"Ah! and it was her death-blow; I buried her where that thistle grows yonder a fortnight afterward."

"And what did they do with him?"

"Tried him for manslaughter, and imprisoned him for ten years. But, sir, he was a wreck, soul and body, the very day after. Good learning, too, as even a college-bred boy had; it come naturally—would ha'n't been a judge today, as not. Ah! this temper has blasted many a fine fellow. His sister, a delicate thing, mourned herself to death, and Ike took to the seas. Dick had a young woman about that time, and I rather think she liked him pretty well. Some says they were engaged; I don't know about that. At any rate, she was our beauty, and he was—"

A terrible groan broke the stillness of the old church-yard. We were all startled, and I confess to some fear as I turned slowly round. There sitting, or half-reclining on a gray, moss-covered tomb, his eyes wild and staring, looking out from under his shaggy eyebrows, as his head drooped upon his bosom, sat the unhappy creature whom we had noticed for his amiable but melancholy face. He seemed to be fainting, and I hurried over him. His long fair hair streaming over his face, that with his great grief had grown prematurely old; his lips worked nervously, and the heavy moisture stood on his forehead; while his breath came with a hurried gasp.

A PRINTER not long since, having "flung" by his sweetheart, went to the office to commit suicide with the "shooting-stick." The thing would go off. The "devil," wishing to pacify him, told him to go into the sanctum, where the editor was writing duns to delinquent subscribers. He says that picture of despair reconciled him to his fate.

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through his thin nerveless lips. I can never forget his glance, as with my companion I drew near him, and strove to lift him from his recumbent posture. With a voice hollow as the grave he muttered, "Don't touch me, sir, don't touch me;" then lifting up both his long, lank hands, turned outward, he hollowly exclaimed, "Oh, mother, if I did kill you, God knows I loved you!" Then, sinking hands and head again, his voice faded into a whisper, as he slowly articulated, "But you are in Heaven—and I live on, a blasted wretch!"

We all stood by in solemn pity. The old sexton shook his head, and muttered, "Poor boy!" then turning away, worked hard to repress the coming tears. The sun had almost gone down; a rich flush of intense brilliancy crimsoned the Western sky; the old graveyard was wrapped in the mellow radiance; and the bowed and high brow of the poor penitent, seemed as it was with many a line of sorrow, had caught a reflection of the dying glory, and looked almost radiant as the red light played among its shadows.

Again the man's face was turned heavenward; it was more ghostly in its expression. Again his hands were lifted imploringly; they were heavier in their motion, and each word as he murmured it now seemed forced from a broken heart.

"Mother, dear mother, if I did kill you—if these unholy hands sealed the lips in eternal silence that were never opened but to bless your boy—if my hateful passion hushed the heart that beat so fondly for me, oh! mother, God knows I loved you!"

In another instant he had fallen heavily backward; his tall form spanned the grey tomb-top, and his head hung motionless over its mossy side. We all sprang to his assistance; but as we lifted him from his perilous posture, a chill ran through my veins. I shuddered with horror at the meaning glance of the old sexton, who mutely pointed to the glassy eyes staring on vacancy. The wretched creature before us was a corpse.

## WIT AND WISDOM.

THE fastest thing going—A hunting watch.

THE only blasterer from whom a brave man will take a blow is the wind.

WHEN does a boy begin bird-keeping? When he first sets up a (howl).

THE way to make a hole in your income is to pay a large rent.

AN old bachelor says that every woman is in the wrong until she dies—and then she is in the right instantly.

"I'm on the trail of a deer," as the fellow said when he stepped on the dress of a beauty in the street.

WITH what material ought the needle rifles to be loaded? Gun-cotton, of course.

LEGAL QUERY.—Is there any precedent for a good practical farmer being styled one of the judges of the land?

"I WILL never marry a woman who can't care," said James. "Why not?" we asked. "Because she would not be a help-meat for me."

"My friend has a great reverence for truth," said one gentleman to another. "So I have observed," replied the other, "for he always keeps a respectable distance from it."

A PHILADELPHIA clergyman, recently in a sermon, recently remarked: "You need not clasp your hands so tight in prayer that you can't get them open when the contribution-box comes around."

ONE of the conductors of a Toledo railroad found an overcoat last week in the depot. In one of the pockets of the coat was twenty thousand dollars in counter-balance money. The owner has not called for it.

A MAN came home drunk on a cold night and vomited in a basket containing goslings, which his wife had placed before the fire, upon seeing which he exclaimed, "Goodness gracious, wife! when did I swallow them things?"

A FERRYMAN, while plying over a river, which was only slightly agitated, was asked by a timid lady in his boat, whether any persons were ever lost in that river. "Oh, no," said he, "he always keeps his temper."

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