ON A FARM IN MAINE.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ARTEMUS WARD.

Results of Trying to Raise Different Kinds of Crops-Voracity of Shepherd Dogs When Turned Loose with the Plock-Eli Perkins Secures a Specific.

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vited the author of this volume to address them on the occasion of their next annual fair, he wrote the president of that society as follows:

NEW YORK, June 12, 1865. DEAR SIR-I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 5th inst., in which you invite me to deliver an address before your excellent agricultural society.

I feel flattered, and think I will come. Perhaps, meanwhile, a brief history of my experience as an agriculturist will be acceptable, and as that history no doubt contains suggestions of value to the entire agricultural community, I have concluded to write you through

I have been an honest old farmer for

My farm is in the interior of Maine. Unfortunately my lands are eleven miles from the railroad. Eleven miles is quite a distance to haul immense quantities of wheat, corn, rye and oats; but as I hav'n't any to haul, I do not, after all, suffer much on that account.

My farm is more especially a grass

My neighbors told me so at first, and as an evidence that they were sincere in that opinion, they turned their cows on to it the moment I went off "lectur-

These cows are now quite fat. I take pride in these cows, in fact, and am glad I own a grass farm.

Two years ago I tried sheep raising.
I bought fifty lambs and turned them loose on my broad and beautiful acres.

It was pleasant on bright mornings to stroll leisurely out on to the farm in my lressing gown, with a cigar in my mouth, and watch those innocent little lambs as they danced gayly o'er the hillside. Watching their saucy capers re minded me of caper sauce, and it ocfine eating when they grew up to be 'muttons.

My gentle shepherd, Mr. Eli Perkins, aid, "We must have some shepherd

I had no very precise idea as to what rather profound look, and said: "We must, Eli. I spoke to you about

this some time ago!" I wrote to my old friend, Mr. Dexter H. Follett, of Boston, for two shepherd dogs. Mr. F. is not an honest old farmer himself, but I thought he knew about shepherd dogs. He kindly forsook far more important business to accommo-

date, and the dogs came forthwith. They were splendid creatures-snuff colored, hazel eyed, long tailed and shapely We led them proudly to the fields. "Turn them in, Eli," I said.

Eli turned them in. They went in at once and killed twenty of my best lambs in about four min-utes and a half.

My friend had made a trifling mistake in the breed of these dogs.

These dogs were not partial to sheep. Eli Perkins was astonished and observed:

"Waal! did you ever?" I certainly never had.

There were pools of blood on the greensward, and fragments of wool and raw lamb chops lay round in confused

The dogs would have been sent to Boston that night, had they not suddenly died that afternoon of a throat distemper. It wasn't a swelling of the throat. It wasn't diphtheria. It was a violent opening of the throat, extending from ear to ear.

Thus close their life stories. Thus ended their interesting tails.

I failed as a raiser of lambs. As a sheepist, I was not a succes Last summer Mr. Perkins said, "I

think we better cut some grass this season, sir."

We cut some grass. To me the new mown hay is very sweet and nice. The brilliant George Arnold sings about it, in beautiful verse, down in Jersey every summer; so does the brilliant Aldrich, at Portsmouth, N. H. And yet I doubt if either of these men knows the price of a ton of hay today. But new mown hay is a really fine thing. It is good for man and

We hired four honest farmers to assist us, and I led them gayly to the mend-

I was going to mow, myself.
I saw the sturdy peasants go round enceers I dipped my flashing scythe into the tall green grass

"Are you ready?" said E. Perkins.

"Then follow us."

I followed them.

Followed them rather too closely evidently, for a white haired old man, who immediately followed Mr. Perkins, called upon us to halt. Then in a low, firm voice he said to his son, who was just ahead of me: "John, change places with me. I hain't got long to live, anyhow. Yonder berryin' ground will soon have these old bones, and it's no matter whether I'm carried there with one leg off and ter'ble gashes in the other or

not! But you, John-you are young. The old man changed places with his son. A smile of calm resignation lit up his wrinkled face as he said, "Now, sir,

"What mean you, old man?" I said. "I mean that if you continuer to bran'ish that blade as you have been bran'ishin' it, you'll slash h--- out of

us before we're a bour older!" There was some reason mingled with this white haired old peasant's profan-ity. It was true that I had twice escaped mowing off his son's legs, and his

father was perhaps naturally alarmed. I went and sat down under a tree. "I never know'd a literary man in my life," I overheard the old man say, "that know'd anything."

Mr. Perkins was not as valuable to me this season as I had fancied he might be. Every afternoon he disappeared from the field regularly and remained about some two hours. He said it was headache. He inherited it from his mother. His mother was often taken in that way and suffered a great deal.

At the end of the two hours Mr. Perkins would reappear with his head neatly done up in a large wet rag and say he "felt better."

One afternoon it so happened that I soon followed the invalid to the house, and as I neared the porch I heard a female voice energetically observe, "You stop!" It was the voice of the hired girl, and she added, "I'll holler for Mr. Brown!"

"Oh, no, Nancy," I heard the invalid E. Perkins soothingly say; "Mr. Brown knows I love you. Mr. Brown approves

This was pleasant for Mr. Brown! I peered cautiously through the kitchen blinds, and however unnatural it may appear the lips of Eli Perkins and my hired girl were very near together. She said, "You shan't do so," and he do-soed. She also said she would get right up and go away, and as an evidence that she was thoroughly in earnest about it she remained where she was.

They are married now, and Mr. Perkins is troubled no more with the head-

This year we are planting corn. Mr. Perkins writes me that "on accounts of no skare krow bein put up krows cum and digged fust crop up but soon got nother in. Old Bisbee who was frade youd cut sons leggs of Ses you bet go an stan up in feeld yrself with dressin gownd on & gesses krows will keep way, this made Boys in store larf, no More terday from yours respectfull ELI PERKINS,

"his letter."

My friend Mr. D. T. T. Moore, of The
Rural New Yorker, thinks if I "keep on" I will get in the Poor House in about two years

If you think the honest old farmers of Barclay County want me, I will come. Truly yours, Charles F. Browns.

A WAR TIME FRAGMENT.

As I previously informed you, I am Cap-tin of the Baldinsville company. I riz gradooally but majestically from drummer's Secretary to my present position. But I found the ranks wasn't full by no means, and commenced for to recroot. Havin notist a gineral desire on the part of young men who are into the crisis to wear eppylits, I detarmined to have my company composed excloosively of offissers, everybody to rank as Brigadeer-Ginral. The follerin was among the varis questions which I put to recroots: Do you know a masked battery from

a hunk of gingerbread? Do you know a oppylit from a piece

of chalk? If I trust you with a real gun, how many men of your own company do you speck you can manage to kill durin the

Hav you ever heard of Ginral Price

of Missouri, and can you avoid simler accidents in case of a battle? Hav you ever had the measles, and if o, how many?

How air you now? Show me your tongue, &c., &c. Sum of the questions was sarcusstical.

The company filled up rapid, and last Sunday we went to the meetin house in full uniform.

I'm afraid I tried to walk too strate, for I cum very near fallin over backards; and in attemptin to recover myself my sword got mixed up with my legs, and I fell in among a choice collection of young ladies, who was standing near the church door a seein the sojer boys come up. My cockt hat fell off. and somehow my coat tales got twisted round my neck. The young ladies put their handkerchiefs to their mouths and remarked. "Te he," while my ancient fe-male single friend, Sary Peaseley, bust out in a loud larf. She exercised her mouth so vilently that her new false

teeth fell out onto the ground. "Miss Penseley," sed I, gittin up and dustin myself, "you must be more careful with them store teeth of your'n or you'll have to gum it agin!"

Methinks I had her. I'd bin to work hard all the week, and I felt rather snoozy. I'm 'fraid I did git half asleep, for on hearin the minister ask, "Why was man made to mourn?" I sed, "I giv it up," havin a vague idee that it was a conundrum. It was a onfortnit remark, for the whole meetin house lookt at me with mingled surprise and indignation. I was about risin to a pint of order, when it suddenly occurd to me where I was, and I kept my seat, blushin like the red, red rose so to

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751.03		-	

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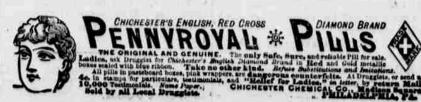
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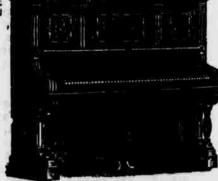
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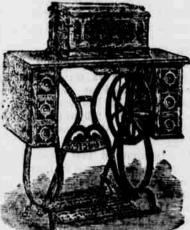
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