

**ON A FARM IN MAINE.**

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ARTEMUS WARD.

Results of Trying to Raise Different Kinds of Crops—Variety of Shepherd Dogs When Turned Loose with the Flock—Eli Perkins Secures a Specific.

(Copyrighted and published by special arrangement with G. W. Dillingham, New York, publisher.)

X. AGRICULTURE.



THE Barclay County Agricultural society having seriously invited 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 the press.

I have been an honest old farmer for some years.

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 haven't any to haul, I do not, after all, suffer much on that account.

My farm is more especially a grass farm.

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 "lecturing."

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 dressing 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 reminded me of caper sauce, and it occurred to me I should have some very fine eating when they grew up to be "muttons."

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

I had no very precise idea as to what shepherd dogs were, but I assumed a 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 Boeton, 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 accommodate, and the dogs came forthwith. They were splendid creatures—snuff colored, hazel eyed, long tailed and shapely jawed.

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 minutes 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 heaps.

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 sheepster, I was not a success.

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 beast.

We hired four honest farmers to assist us, and I led them gayly to the meadows.

I was going to mow, myself.

I saw the sturdy peasants go round wherever I dipped my flashing scythe into the tall green grass.

"Are you ready?" said E. Perkins. "I am here!"

"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 terrible 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, I am ready!"

"What mean you, old man?" I said. "I mean that if you continue to bran'ish that blade as you have been bran'ishin' it, you'll slash h— out of us before we're a hour older!"

There was some reason mingled with this white haired old peasant's profanity. 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 of it!"

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 headache.

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

A WAR TIME FRAGMENT. As I previously informed you, I am Captain of the Baldinsville company. I rise gradually 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 recruit. Havin notist a general desire on the part of young men who are into the crisis to wear epyllits, I determined to have my company composed exclusively of officers, everybody to rank as Brigadier-General. The follerin was among the varis questions which I put to recruits:

Do you know a masked battery from a hunk of gingerbread?

Do you know a epyllit 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 war?

Have you ever heard of Givral Price of Missouri, and can you avoid similer accidents in case of a battle?

Have you ever had the measles, and if so, how many?

How air you now?

Show me your tongue, &c., &c. Sum of the questions was sarcasutical.

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 backwards; 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 standin 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 female single friend, Sary Peaseley, bust out in a loud larf. She exercised her mouth so vilyntly that her new false teeth fell out onto the ground.

"Miss Peaseley," 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 soozy. 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 occurred to me whare I was, and I kept my seat, blushin like the red, red rose—so to speak.

A wealthy Canadian is traveling about the country with a mission. That mission is to save shoe leather to the world. He insists that if everybody would cover three inches more at every step the saving in boots and shoes in America alone would be \$2,000,000 per year.

**"The People's Store."**

OF DANVILLE, PENNA.,

Are now offering great inducements to the **CITIZENS** of **BLOOMSBURG** and vicinity. During the month of **April** they agree to pay the fares for the round trip via the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western and the Philadelphia & Reading Railroads on all Cash purchases amounting to Ten Dollars (\$10.00) or over.

This will enable the people of Bloomsburg and surrounding towns a good chance to visit the largest and finest store room in the Susquehanna Valley and at the same time the largest stock of Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Silks, Velvets, Plushes, Domestic, Prints, Gingham, Notions, Hosiery, Underwear, Coats, Capes, Carpets, Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Crockery, Groceries and Provisions.

From which to make your selections. We guarantee that you will be well repaid by a visit to our mammoth establishment.

Buy your round trip ticket and on presentation of return coupon and purchase of goods amounting to Ten Dollars the price of the ticket will be refunded

D. L. & W. R. R.

	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Trains leave Bloomsburg	8.31	12.18	4.15
" " " Rupert	8.37	12.23	4.22
" " " Catawissa	8.42	12.28	4.28
Arriving at Danville	8.57	12.42	4.46
Returning leave Danville	10.33	2.11	6.05

Phila. & Rdg. R. R.

	A. M.	P. M.
Trains leave Bloomsburg	8.10	3.16
" " " Catawissa	8.10	3.20
" " " Rupert	8.17	3.28
Arriving at Danville	8.31	3.43
Returning leave Danville	11.09	6.03

RESPECTFULLY,

**"THE PEOPLES STORE"**

**W. C. FRICK & CO.**

Cor. Mill & Centre Sts.

DANVILLE PENNA.

**ALEXANDER BROTHERS & CO.**

DEALERS IN

Cigars, Tobacco, Candies, Fruits and Nuts

SOLE AGENTS FOR

Henry Maillard's Fine Candies. Fresh Every Week.

PENNY GOODS A SPECIALTY.

SOLE AGENTS FOR

F. F. Adams & Co's Fine Cut Chewing Tobacco

Sole agents for the following brands of Cigars:

Henry Clay, Londres, Normal, Indian Princess, Samson, Silver Ash—Bloomsburg, Pa.

IF YOU ARE IN NEED OF

**CARPET, MATTING, or OIL CLOTH,**

YOU WILL FIND A NICE LINE AT

**W. H. BROWER'S**

2nd Door above Court House.

A new lot of Window Curtains received this week.

CLOSING OUT GOLD PENS AND PENCILS AT COST, at

**J. G. WELLS.'**

Bring Your Watch, Clock, and Jewelry work to J. G. WELLS.

EYES FITTED FOR GLASSES FREE OF CHARGE—AT

**J. G. WELLS,**

COLUMBIAN BUILDING.



**CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH, RED CROSS DIAMOND BRAND PENNYROYAL PILLS**  
THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only safe, pure, and reliable pill for sale. Ladies, see Druggists for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other kind. Beware of cheap imitations. All pills in parchment boxes, pink wrappers are dangerous counterfeits. At Druggists, or send us 10,000 Testimonials, testimonials, and "Sold for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. Sold by all Local Druggists. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

**CLOTHING! CLOTHING 10 Per Cent. Reduction.**

WE ARE SELLING OUR STOCK OF

**Winter and Spring Clothing,**

ALSO

**Gents Furnishing Goods, at a reduction of 10 per cent.**

Call at once and secure bargains. Our stock is new and all of the Latest Patterns. You can Save from \$2.00 to \$5.00 on every suit you buy.

This is POSITIVELY the best chance of BUYING CLOTHING ever offered in Bloomsburg.

We have also a fine lot of cloths from which we can make Suits to Order.

**WE GUARANTEE SATISFACTION**

in our make of clothing both as to quality and style.

Come while this reduction lasts.

**EVANS & EYER,**

Bloomsburg, Pa. CORNER MAIN AND IRON STREETS.

**PIANOS, ORGANS & SEWING MACHINES.**

**J. SALTZER'S**

**MUSICAL INSTRUMENT & SEWING MACHINE WAREHOUSES.**

With many years experience in buying and selling musical instruments and sewing machines I can guarantee to my customers the best in the markets. Pianos and Organs purchased of me, can be relied upon. If anything get out of order, it can easily be corrected, and a great deal of annoyance saved. Instructions given to all purchasers of Sewing Machines, how to operate them successfully.

The **STECK PIANO** is the best made. Its tone is surpassed by none. You make no mistake if you buy a **Steck**. We have also the—

**ESTEY and the STARR PIANOS, —And The— ESTEY, MILLER and UNITED STATES ORGANS.**

We sell Pianos from \$250 to \$600, and Organs from \$75 to \$175.

In Sewing Machines we can give you the Celebrated

**"WHITE"**

The best Machine in the world.

The

**NEW DOMESTIC,**

The **ROYAL ST. JOHN,**

The **STANDARD**

**ROTARY**

And the **NEW HOME.**

We sell the best Sewing Machine made for \$19.50.

**J. Saltzer, Bloomsburg, Pa.**

**C. B. ROBBINS,**

DEALER IN

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

**WINES AND LIQUORS.**

Bloomsburg, Pa.