

"How Countrified."

I saw a manly farmer, a champion of the soil,
With his neat, though homely garments, and
look of honest toil;
With wealth of heart, and wealth of hand,
brown beauty in his face,
He stood within your city, and I marked his
modest grace;
And many passed with stately step, in broad-
cloth and in pride,
But murmured, as they looked on him, "Oh,
my! how countrified."

I saw an aged lady, a Deborah past her prime,
Who'd measured years of usefulness, content to
bide her time;
For a seat within a stage-coach, I heard her ask
one day,
When one with face like Esau (no birthright by
the way),
From underneath a cloud of smoke, said, "Can't
she ride outside?
I'm sure there is no room within for one so
countrified."

In learning's classic temple, with an open brow
and high,
Stood one of nature's gentlemen, bright genius
in his eye,
Yet bore his hands a trace of toil, his frame a
sign of health,
Of far more sterling worth, my friends, than all
his classmate's wealth;
And high up wisdom's mount he stood, it could
not be denied,
Yet in the distance one could see how very
"countrified."

I saw a bounteous, well-spread board, in farm-
house kept with care;
And merry was the household band, for city
friends were there,
While the generous, soul-fell welcome each
kindly lip expressed
Inspired with easy confidence each cared-for,
happy guest;
And while I listened earnestly to what each
might confide,
I heard their numerous praises, but never
"countrified."

Not many months from this, I saw the mistress
of that farm,
At threshold of her last year's guest with
sachel on her arm;
Straightway a little daughter, well instructed
what to say,
Appeared to tell her country friend, that "ma
has gone away."
As with disappointed countenance, the woman
turned aside,
The lady murmured in her room, "She looked
so countrified."

Shake off your cankering fetters, ye slaves to
fashion's king,
Declare your independence, and truthful offer-
ing bring,
To deck the shrine of liberty; in virtue put
your trust,
And honor merit everywhere, in damask or in
dust,
We're children of one family, it cannot be de-
nied,
For our Father dwelt in Eden—and he was
"countrified."

TWO ELOPEMENTS.

In a large, square, old-fashioned
house—such as our fathers used to
build when solidity was more sought
after than utility—lived Philip Manson
and his sister Esther. Philip had
reached the mature age of forty years,
and Esther was close to him. Still,
each had pursued a solitary pathway
through life, seeking no companionship
save that of the other, till there was
reason to believe that they would con-
tinue to follow the same course till in
the fullness of time they were gathered
into the family tomb—the receptacle of
many generations of the Manson family.
There was more reason to think so,
since they took care to commend an un-
married life, not only by example but
by precept.

"No," said Philip, when assailed on
this subject by a match-making lady;
"marrying may be very good for some
people, but I could not bear to have my
habits broken in upon, and my whole
house turned topsy-turvy by the intro-
duction of a wife."

"But by-and-by, when you grow
older, you will feel the need of a wife
more than at present."

"No," said Philip, conclusively, "I
have a sister who is devoted to me, and
while she lives I shall need no other."

As for Miss Esther, she often
declared that she never would
make a slave of herself for any
man living. If other women were fool-
ish enough to give up their independ-
ence, and tie themselves to a man, for
no other earthly purposes than to bur-
den themselves with cares and toil from
morning till night, she was sure she had
to object. For her own part she was
wiser. Her brother and she had always
lived together peaceably and happily,
and she did not think she could make
any change for the better.

Of course, it was insinuated by those
whose opinions differed widely from
Miss Esther's, that in adopting this
pinion she was only making virtue of
necessity, and that it was best to be con-
tented with one's lot, provided there
was no chance of improving it. But
Esther did not hear these remarks, and
she was not disturbed by them. She
continued to live in the old house with
her brother. They kept no domestic,
since Esther rather plumed herself on
her housekeeping qualities, and there
was really but little to do. So, as her
brother was usually absent during the
day, she was left for the most part to
the companionship of her own thoughts,
unless some neighbor chanced to call

in—a thing, by the way, of rather rare
occurrence, since most of the neighbors
had large families of their own, which
necessarily confined them at home.

Early one afternoon, just after Esther
Manson had completed her task of clear-
ing away the dinner dishes, and stor-
ing them away in the cupboard after a
thorough washing, she was startled by
a rap at the door.

Somewhat surprised by a caller at this
unusual hour, she answered the sum-
mons. She was a little apprehensive
that it was a neighbor who had of late
proved very troublesome from her
habit of borrowing articles, and owing,
it is to be presumed, to an habitual for-
getfulness, neglecting to return them.

"I hope," she mused, "that if it is
Mrs. Bailey, she will be wanting to
borrow something I have not got."

She opened the door; but no Mrs.
Bailey presented herself to her expect-
ing gaze—a gentleman of forty-five
years, carefully, nay, elegantly dressed,
stood before her.

"I beg your pardon for intruding,
madam," said he, as he noticed Esther's
look of surprise; "but can you direct
me to the house of the late Mr. Well-
fleet? I have heard it was for sale,
and from the description I have heard
of it, I judge it will suit me."

"It is the next house on the left,
sir," answered Esther, who had had
time, while the gentleman was speak-
ing, to examine his appearance, which
did not fail to impress her favorably.

"Thank you for the information. I
trust you will pardon the trouble I
occasioned you," replied the gentle-
man, bowing.

"Not the least trouble in the world,"
replied Esther, a little fluttered by a
deference to which she had not been
accustomed.

Two days afterward Esther heard
that Mr. Wellfleet's estate had been
purchased by a stranger named Bige-
low. She at once conjectured, and
rightly, that this was the same with her
visitor. A few days elapsed, and Esther
Manson received another visit from the
gentleman.

"I have a favor to ask of you, Miss
Manson," he commenced (it seemed he
had ascertained her name). "I am
aware that our slight acquaintance will
hardly justify it, but I trust time will
remove this objection. You must
know," he added, smiling, "that I am a
bachelor, dependent in many respects
upon my housekeeper, who, though a
good woman in her way, I am afraid is
not reliable in matters of taste. As my
furniture has arrived, but has not been
arranged, I would esteem it a real ser-
vice if you would give me your opinion
in some little matters respecting its
proper disposition. My carriage is at
the door ready to carry you over."

"But," said Esther, a little hesi-
tatingly, "I do not claim to have much
taste. I fear I shall prove no more
reliable in that respect than your house-
keeper."

"I have but to look around me," said
Mr. Bigelow, politely, "to be fully
satisfied upon that point."

Esther's cheek flushed with pleasure
at this compliment, and she made
preparations to comply with her new
visitor's request.

It was not without a little conscious-
ness of the singularity of her position
that Esther found herself riding by the
side of a gentleman with whom she
had scarcely exchanged half a dozen
words in the course of her life.

The distance, however, was but short,
and she had little time for reflection.
On arriving at her place of destination
she found the chief part of her business
accomplished. The furniture, which,
by the way, was new and handsome,
had been arranged in the rooms after a
fashion, but Esther was able to point
out several changes for the better, with
all of which Mr. Bigelow professed
himself delighted; he, moreover, asked
her advice as to the proper place to
hang several fine pictures that he had
picked up in the course of his European
travels. This was accorded with some
hesitation.

Mr. Bigelow would not be satisfied
without showing his new-found acquaint-
ance all over the house, from kitchen
to garret. When all was completed he
overpowered her with protestations of
gratitude for her kind service, and
landed her at her own door just five
minutes before her brother came in.
Esther was rather glad of this, as she
was a little suspicious that her brother
would consider her adventure rather a
Quixotic one.

To avoid comment she did not even
inform Philip that she had ever met
Mr. Bigelow. He took frequent oppor-
tunities to call upon her, upon some
slight pretext or another, but it always
chanced to be at a time when her
brother was absent.

"I wonder," said Philip, carelessly,
as he sat by the fire one evening,
"whether Mr. Bigelow will not be
looking out for a wife before long?"

"I—I don't know," said Esther, and
in her embarrassment dropping half a
dozen stitches from the stocking which
she held in her hand.

"Not that I approve of marriage
—at least, in my own case," said Philip,
not noticing this demonstration, "but
it may be different with Mr. Bigelow.
He has no sister to superintend his
establishment. I don't know, however,

whether there is anybody likely to suit
him in this village. Let me see—there
is Miss Preston; she might do."

"No I don't think she would suit him
at all," said Esther, with a spirit which
considerably surprised her brother.
"She knows very little about house-
keeping."

"Why, I thought you and Miss Pres-
ton were friends," said Philip, a little
puzzled.

"Well, so we are," returned Esther in
her usual tone; "but I—I hardly think
she would suit Mr. Bigelow."

"Perhaps not," he rejoined, and so
the conversation ended.

From the conversation which we
have recorded above, the reader will
obtain some insight into the character
of Esther's feelings toward Mr. Bige-
low. She would hardly confess it to
herself; but, as a matter of fact, her
ideas of marriage had suffered a mate-
rial change within a brief period.

Meanwhile the gentleman continued
his visits. Oftentimes he would ask
to see the bed of flowers on which
Esther rather prided herself, and some-
times he would petition for seeds, being
very fond of flowers, as he said, and
very anxious to introduce them in his
own garden.

On one of these occasions Mr. Bige-
low, after a little visible embarrass-
ment, said, hesitatingly:

"I would like to ask your advice, Miss
Esther, on rather a delicate question,
and one of great importance to myself.
There is one thing I wish to secure to
make my establishment complete, but I
hardly know in what manner to ask
for it."

"What is it you refer to?" asked
Esther, unsuspectingly.

"A wife," was the significant reply.
Instantly a deep crimson flushed Est-
her's cheeks. She did not trust herself
to speak.

"Need I say that you are the one,
whom, of all others, I would seek to
place in that position?"

He took her unresisting hand and
kissed it with all the gallantry of a
young lover.

"But what will my brother say?" in-
quired Esther, when she found voice to
speak.

"What should he say? You are your
own mistress, surely?"

"Yes, but he is always ridiculing the
idea of marriage, and I couldn't venture
to tell him."

"No need of it. Let's run away to New
York and get married. You know," he
added, gayly, "we are both young and
romantic, and it would be quite in
character."

Esther at first objected, but when she
came to consider that in this way she
would be relieved of a great portion of
the embarrassment which such a step
would naturally bring with it, she con-
sented, and that day week was appointed
for the departure. She required this
time to make preparations.

Meanwhile, if Esther had not been so
exclusively occupied with her own
affairs, she might have noticed that a
change had come over Philip. He was
often absent evenings, and when at
home was more silent and abstracted
than was his wont. The former she
readily attributed to the cause which he
assigned, namely, a pressure of business.
The latter she did not observe, her
mind being preoccupied. We, who are
in the secret, may take the liberty of
following him on one of his business
calls. It was at a neat cottage, from
whose front door dangled an immense
knocker, that Philip Manson knocked.
The door was opened by the same Miss
Preston, who some months ago he
thought "might do" for Mr. Bigelow.

"Good evening, Maria," was his sal-
utation as he entered. After a brief
conversation about the weather, the
crops, and other standard topics, which,
however trivial they may seem, could
hardly be dispensed with, he began to
show signs of embarrassment, and final-
ly ejaculated:

"Maria—Miss Preston—I mean Maria,
what are your opinions about
marriage?"

"Why," said she, "I hardly know. I
don't think I have given much consid-
eration to the subject."

"Because," continued Philip, "I
find my opinions have suffered a great
change on this point. There was a
time when I thought it unwise, but now
if I could get a good wife, such as you,
for example, I should be inclined to
try it."

"Oh, lor! Mr. Manson," said Miss
Preston, in some perturbation, "how you
talk!"

Five minutes afterward, Miss Preston
had accepted the proposal of Philip, and
the two were, to all intents and pur-
poses, engaged.

"The only thing I think of," said the
gentleman, after a pause, "is that my
sister Esther is a decided enemy to mar-
riage, and I hardly dare to tell her that
I am about to marry. If we could only
go away and have the ceremony per-
formed it would be pleasanter."

"Suppose we go to New York," sug-
gested the bride-elect.

"A good idea. We'll go. When can
you be ready?"

"Next Monday morning."

So next Monday morning was agreed
upon. It so happened that Esther was
to start on Monday afternoon for the
same place, with the same purpose in

view—but of this coincidence neither
party was aware.

The reader will please go forward a
week. By this time the respective
parties have reached New York, been
united in the holy bands of matrimony,
and are now legally husband and wife.
They were located at hotels situated on
the same street, and even on the same
side of the way, but were far from being
aware of the propinquity. On the
morning succeeding the two marriages,
for by a singular chance they happened
on the same day, Mr. Bigelow and
Esther started out for a walk down
street. It so happened that Philip and
his wife were at the same moment walk-
ing up street. The natural consequence
was the two parties met.

"Good heavens! my sister!" ex-
claimed Philip.

"Merciful goodness! my brother!"
returned Esther.

"What brings you here with Mr.
Bigelow?"

"Nay, how happens it that you are
here with Miss Preston?"

"Miss Preston is now my wife!"

"And Mr. Bigelow is now my hus-
band!"

"But I thought you were opposed to
matrimony?"

"And I supposed you were equally
so."

"My friends," interposed Mr. Bige-
low, "this is a day of surprise—but I
trust of such a nature that we shall all
be made the happier thereby. My re-
gret, Mr. Manson, at robbing you of
your housekeeper is quite dissipated by
the knowledge that you have so soon
supplied her place."

The sensation excited in the village
by the return of the two brides with
their respective husbands may be better
imagined than described. It gives us
pleasure to state that neither Philip nor
his sister ever had occasion to regret
the double elopement.

Words of Wisdom.

There are many men whose tongues
might govern multitudes if they could
govern their tongues.

Be happy if you can but do not de-
spise those who are otherwise, for you
know not their troubles.

It many times falls out that we deem
ourselves much deceived in others be-
cause we first deceive ourselves.

Motives are better than actions. Men
drift into crime. Of evil they do more
than they contemplate. Of good they
contemplate more than they do.

It is a secret well known to all great
men, that by conferring obligations
they are not always sure of procuring
friends, but are certain of creating a
number of enemies.

It is not ease, but effort, not faculty,
but difficulty, that makes men. There
is no station in life in which difficulties
have not to be encountered and over-
come before any decided measures of
success can be achieved.

If thou desire rest unto thy soul, be
just; he that doeth no injury fears not
to suffer injury; the unjust mind is
always in labor; it either practices the
evils it hath projected, or projects to
avoid the evils it hath deserved.

Mediocrity deals much in relating
stories.

Charms strike the sight, but merit
wins the soul.

Envy shooteth at others and woundeth
herself.

Politeness is the just medium between
form and rudeness.

Experience is the name men give to
their follies or their sorrows.

Many have lived on a pedestal who
will never have a statue when dead.

There are reproaches which give
praise, and praises which reproach.

A life of full and constant employ-
ment is the only safe and happy one.

The greater part of men have no
opinion, still fewer an opinion of their
own, well reflected and founded upon
reason.

A man's fortune should be the rule for
his sparing not spending. Extravagance
may be supported, not justified, by
affluence.

We should often have reason to be
ashamed of our brilliant actions, if the
world could see the motives from which
they spring.

An Apple Tree That Never Blossoms.

The Hartford (Conn.) Times says: In
the town of Harwington, this State, and
on the farm now owned by Mr. George
Gridley, there lived and thrived a tree
known as the "No blow apple tree."
This tree derived its queer name from
the fact that it always fruited but never
blossomed. The fruit had a sweet flavor,
though the size was below the average,
and when fully matured was sufficiently
open at the blossom end so that the
seeds might be easily shaken out. In
the autumn the fruit buds set similar to
the surrounding trees. In the spring
the bud swelled, and threw out its feel-
ers; but what we recognize as blossom
was minus, and it took close observation
and a studied acquaintance with its
habits to detect anything even in the
matured bud that would foreshadow
fruitage.

Ricks most met with in the old
country are found on an island west of
Great Britain, and they are the Patricks.
—Middleton Transcript.

COLOSSAL PROJECTS.

Great Undertakings Which are Under Way
All Over the World.

It seems to be the object and deter-
mination of the present age to set on
foot gigantic enterprises and un-
dertakings by which to increase
and perfect the system of the
world's commerce to such an extent
that coming generations will find but
little to do in that direction. Among
them must be counted the submarine
telegraphs, the successful piercing of
the Alps for railroad purposes, the Pa-
cific railroads, the great lines of steam-
ships for transportation of passengers
and freight, and above all the construc-
tion of the Suez canal, and last, but not
least, the tremendous railroad network
all over America as well as over Europe.
Since the unhappy consequences of the
year 1873 have gradually died away, in-
numerable plans and projects for
gigantic measures to increase the facili-
ties for the commercial intercourse of
the world have been partly executed al-
ready, while others will soon be taken
in hand.

Prominent among the latter are the
construction of the Panama and Nica-
ragua canals, and the project of Captain
Eads to build a railroad across the Isth-
mus of Tehuantepec, in Mexico, on
which he proposes to carry ships of any
and all sizes from ocean to ocean. In
connection with these projects stands
the construction of a complete railroad
net all over Mexico by American capi-
talists, and the finishing of the South-
ern, Northern and Canadian Pacific rail-
roads. The laying of a submarine cable
from San Francisco to Japan and China
will be the logical consequence of the
construction of all of these Pacific
roads.

As far as our own American naviga-
tion and shipping is concerned, there is
in contemplation a stock company
whose object it is to build one hundred
iron steamships for coast, river and lake
navigation. The first seven of these
steamships are now in progress of con-
struction. The mouth of the Missis-
sippi is now passable to the largest
vessels, and great projects are being
planned for the improvement of the
levees of that river. A navigation com-
pany has been formed at New Orleans
for the purpose of monopolizing the
total navigation of the Father of Rivers
and its tributaries.

Western Europe is busy in the con-
struction of steam transports in order
to handle and move the tremendous
American freight and the constantly
increasing emigration to the United
States; Hamburg and Bremen are chiefly
engaged in such enterprises. In France
the construction of canals and railroads
is pushed forward; it is the intention
of that country to expend \$1,000,000,000
in such improvements. In the East, Rus-
sia is energetically pushing the comple-
tion of its railroads toward the South
and Asia. Austria intends to construct
an important railroad from the Danube,
through Servia and Bulgaria, toward
Constantinople. The project of Lesseps
to pierce the Isthmus of Corinth seems
to have been pushed into the back-
ground through the Panama canal
project.

In Asia, also, great railroad enter-
prises are planned and partly in con-
struction. The Chinese, who only a
short while ago destroyed and demoli-
shed a little railroad built by Euro-
peans at Canton, because they regarded
the locomotive as being built in the
devil's workshop, have now concluded
to construct a railroad system on their
own responsibility, in order to connect
all the chief cities of the interior of that
vast empire with Peking. Undoubtedly
the pigtails are driven to these enter-
prises by their fear of the Russians, who
are tearing piece after piece from the
Celestial empire, and who at the pres-
ent time are preparing for a general
attack.

That England, like Russia, entertains
its plans and projects for the construc-
tion of railroads through Asia toward
India is a well-known fact. When Eng-
land secured the possession of Cyprus
the fact that that country intended to
build a railroad in Asia Minor at a point
nearest and most convenient to the
island, which should run along the
river Euphrates toward the Gulf of
Persia. Preliminary surveys have al-
ready been made; but when this plan
will be executed the English govern-
ment seems to regard as a secret.

As compared with England, the
Russian plans and projects in Asia are
simply tremendous. It is Russia's in-
tention not alone to connect the Caspian
sea with the sea of Aral, but also to
make the river Amur-Darja navigable
as far as Tashkend. Russia has already
a large number of steam-vessels on that
river which run into the very heart of
Central Asia. But the most gigantic
plan of Russia is the construction of a
railroad from the Caspian sea through
Central Asia as far as the frontiers of
China and Afghanistan. There is no
doubt that Lesseps has his hands in all
these Russian plans; he has traveled
through the interior of Asia for this
purpose. The construction of a railroad
through the desert along the Persian
border, through the chief cities of the
Turcoman and Geok-Tepe, and Merv
must be regarded as the beginning of
the Russian Central railroad. It cannot

be long before that route will be pushed
toward Herat, in Afghanistan, and in an
easterly direction toward the frontier of
China. Resting upon the beginning in
the construction of this road, General
Skobelev is now besieging Geok-Tepe,
a fortified town of the Turcoman, and it
will not be very far off in the future
when other Russian generals will ap-
pear before Merv and Herat.

Even for Africa great plans and enter-
prises are intended. Mr. Lesseps
must also be regarded as the first insti-
gator of these plans. At first the idea
was entertained at Paris to flood the
little Sahara desert and make it a part
of the Mediterranean sea. But the im-
possibility of successfully executing this
plan soon became apparent; and, even
if it were possible, it would have
proved to be unprofitable. The newest
plan is the construction of a railroad
through the desert of Sahara toward
Soudan and Central Africa. Several ex-
ploring parties have left Algiers to lo-
cate the line of this road, by the aid of
which the French hope to conquer the
whole of Northeast Africa.

Thousands of millions of dollars are
necessary to execute these plans and
projects, but everywhere enough of cap-
ital can be found which is seeking last-
ing and profitable investment.—Chicago
Tribune.

The First Railroad.

At New Castle-upon-Tyne a man
named Beaumont, a heavy coal dealer
sometime before 1650, constructed a
wooden roadway at his mines; at least,
twenty-five years later, a roadway was
described which is supposed to be like
that built by Mr. Beaumont. It con-
sisted simply of wooden rails about
seven inches wide fastened to sleepers,
five or six feet apart, by wooden pegs.
On these the heavy carts with clumsy
wheels were pushed or drawn along. A
horse would draw a load of about two
tons on one of these roadways, under
favorable circumstances. As a rule the
collieries were situated at a higher
level than the depots, so that the grade
was generally favorable to the loaded
cart. As the rails were found to bend
and to offer a corresponding resistance
to the wheels, the plan was adopted, in
some cases, of nailing plates of iron to
the surface of the wooden rails. Canals
at this time were receiving the most at-
tention from those interested in improv-
ing the means of internal communica-
tion, and but little interest was expen-
ded on the railroads through a period of
many years, the attention of scientific
men being turned in other directions.

An idea of the little attention that
was given to the railroad in those early
days of its history is seen from the fact
that about a century passed after the
time of nailing strips of iron to the
rails before the next important improv-
ment was made, that of substituting
cast-iron for wooden rails. Mr. Stephen
son puts the first manufacture of iron
rails as occurring in 1767, at the exten-
sive iron works of Colebrook-dale, in
Shropshire. Iron wheels were used to
some extent ten or fifteen years before.
The first railroad with iron rails is said
to have been constructed at the Duke of
Norfolk's colliery, Sheffield. About the
year 1810 malleable iron rails were first
introduced at the coal works of Lord
Carlisle, on Tindale Fell, Cumberland.

The cars, or "waggons" as they were
called, of those early days of the rail-
road, were as crude and clumsy in their
form as the rough play carts of children
portrayed in pictures of ancient rural
life. Being intended for the carrying of
coal, the cars of that time were
adapted in form for that purpose, and
were made of roughly-joined wood in
the shape of hoppers. Previous to
about 1750 only wooden wheels were
used. The front wheels were made of
larger diameter than the rear wheels to
keep the body of the car horizontal on
the down grade, the roads being in-
tended chiefly to bring loads down from
the mines to the coal yards and depots.
These wheels were sometimes made of
one piece, but oftener of several pieces
fastened together by wooden pins. The
surface was hewn out to fit to the
rail. About the middle of the eight-
eenth century cast-iron wheels began
to appear, and for a time it was cus-
tomary to have two of the wheels on
a car of iron and the other two of wood.
There was a strong prejudice against
the use of iron wheels on account of
their injury to the rails, the danger of
their cracking and the rude brakes
not working on them satisfactorily; and
it was for the latter reason, probably,
that during the introduction of the
cast-iron wheels, wooden wheels were
used with them on the same car. The
adoption of iron rails did away with
the use of wooden wheels.

The first railroad constructed in Eng-
land for carrying passengers was the
Stockton and Darlington, which was
opened in the fall of 1825, though for
the transportation of general merchan-
dise there were several wooden railroads
of short length in use, which had grown
up from the proven utility of the rail-
road for carrying coal. The coaches
were drawn by horses (one horse to each
coach, the coach accommodating half a
dozen passengers inside and twenty out-
side) at a speed of about ten miles an
hour.—American Railroad Journal.

The Spanish are said to have in col-
lection 24,000 proverbs.