

### The Farm.

Open wide the book of nature.  
Bring the pine-clad mountains near.  
Guardians of fruitful valleys,  
Nurses of waters clear;  
Changeless, save when tempests drape them  
With their dark and throat'ning clouds,  
While the lightning rends their summits,  
Flashing through their dusky shrouds  
In reverberating thunder—  
Nature's grandest organ notes;  
In triumphant music swelling,  
Through the concave vast it floats.

Spring is smiling on the valleys;  
See, her footprints dot the plains!  
Hark! She calls for honest labor,  
Far and wide to sow her grains.  
She has come from tropic regions;  
Well she loves the vine-clad hills,  
Flowering shrubs, and fruitful orchards,  
And the murmur of the rills  
That enrich the land in flowing—  
Loves the music of the woods,  
When their wind-harp wakes, and answer  
Back the shout of distant floods.

Hear the minstrel of the forest  
Through the leafy places sing,  
While the turf exhales fresh odors,  
Quickened by the breath of spring.  
Livelier grows the quiet farmhouse;  
Footsteps hasten through the hall;  
All things feel a newer impulse—  
Horses whinny in the stall.  
Earlier the farm-yard wakens  
With the notes of chattering,  
Jubilant above the bleating  
Of the lambskins playing near.

Yonder, there, the patient oxen  
Bow their strong necks for the yoke.  
Pleased if he that binds it on them  
Adds a kind word with a stroke.  
Frolicsome are Tray and Tiger,  
Rushing in and out of door,  
Chasing hens, and geese, and cattle,  
Soiling the good housewife's floor.  
Pussy leaves her cozy corner,  
Genial spring with all to share;  
On the lawn the happy voices  
Of the children fill the air.

Rosy morning greets the milkmaid  
As she lightly trips along,  
Where the lowing kine await her,  
Caroling a merry song.  
Now's the time for active labor—  
Pile the stones into a wall;  
Plow the soil in long, deep furrow—  
Let the harrow level all.  
Fields are ready now for sowing;  
Hillsides for the generous vine;  
Autumn crowns the year with plenty—  
Pour the new oil and the wine.

City calls upon the country  
For the grain by which it lives;  
Country calls upon the city  
For the mental life it gives.  
Healthful are these fine exchanges,  
Food for food thus tended back;  
None need pine for mental culture;  
None need starve; there is no lack.  
God bless men that seek the farmhouse,  
Faithful tillers of the soil;  
God bless those that own the acres,  
Noble men that pay for toil!  
—Serena, in *New York House and Home*.

### "CARLIN'S IDIOT."

"Raining again!" said Clifton Durande. "Well, I might have expected it this shiny, showery weather."

The woods were all misty with the tender, budding green of the spring foliage. Under foot crept the pink, perfumed stars of the trailing arbutus, while in sheltered nooks, where moss-enameled boulders kept off the keen west wind, and the sunshine poured its balmy gold, the violets were covering the dead leaves with their dainty carpet of blue embroidery.

Down in the ravine a miniature waterfall kept up its musical plaint, and a brown trout stream wound and twisted among the roots of the trees, so exquisitely transparent that one could see the very stones and pebbles at the bottom.

It was a picturesque little glen enough, and Durande was considerably annoyed at having to fold up his portfolio before he had half completed his sketch.

"I suppose it is a good mile and a half to the village inn," said he to himself. "I wonder if there is no farmhouse nigh at hand where I can find a sort of temporary shelter?"

Even as he stood hesitating, and watching the brilliant fall of the sparkling drops against the background of purple-black clouds, the bowery screen of branches was parted, and a light figure came down into the path—a gold-haired, deep-eyed girl of eighteen, with a brown calico dress, tiny linen frills at neck and wrist, and carrying in her hand a gypsy bonnet, half filled with wild flowers.

She paused and looked gravely at him. He lifted his hat with native courtesy. "It is raining," said she, gravely. "You will get wet."

"Unfortunately, yes," he responded. "Perhaps you can tell me of some place near by in which I can take shelter?"

"There is Farmer Dakin's barn," said the woodland apparition; "but it is on the other side of the river, and the roof leaks like an old sieve. And there is our house, just over the edge of the hill. I think you had better go to our house."

"If you will kindly admit me there," said Mr. Durande, "I am—"

"Oh, I know who you are!" said the girl, with a little deprecatory motion of her hand, "an I'm very sorry for you, indeed; as I please," with a lovely fluttering color coming and going in her

cheeks, "I should like to be your friend, if you will allow me?"

"With the greatest pleasure in the world!" said Mr. Durande, waxing more and more bewildered.

"Then come this way," said the nymph, floating gracefully on before, the purple-black clouds forming a background for her exquisite face and figure, and the trees weaving an arch overhead.

Clifton Durande was no contemptible pedestrian, but he soon found that he was compelled to use every effort to keep up with the girl.

"Give me the country!" said he to himself as he hurried on. "If this isn't real, genuine hospitality I don't know what is!"

Across a patch of woodland, through a pasture field, where young lambs were frisking and mild-eyed cows lifted their heads to watch them as they passed, and up a box-edged garden path, where golden jonquils and creamy clusters of narcissus grew in fragrant luxuriance, and then they were in the great, airy, low-ceiled room of the Willett farmhouse.

"I do not know whom I am to thank for all this kindness," said Durande, a little constrainedly. "It is raining very hard now, and I should scarcely have known where to find a shelter."

"I am Mattie Willett," said the girl, with unconscious dignity. "Are you very tired? Please take this cushioned chair—it is easier than the other. Sit down, and I will bring you some bread and milk presently."

Clifton Durande looked around him in a sort of pleasant bewilderment. Flowers were blossoming in the windows—pink primroses, sweet-scented geraniums and velvet-petaled monthly roses; engravings, framed in pine cones and rustic work, hung on the walls; a bird warbled in its cage, and a blue-ribboned guitar lay on the chintz-covered lounge, beside a work-basket full of sweet feminine belongings.

"Am I in enchanted land?" he asked himself. "Is this a modern Utopia, an Arcadia of the nineteenth century, where wood-nymphs take pity upon belated travelers, and all the world is hospitality? How fortunate it is that I came down to Glitter Falls to sketch, instead of going to Hayden Mountain! She is as beautiful as a dream; and how stately and gracious her manner is! No one could think of addressing such a young princess as that save in the most reverent manner. She says she knows who I am. It must be then, with a little shrill of natural pride, "that the fame of my paintings and water-color sketches has reached even this sequestered spot."

And Mr. Durande, albeit not a conceited personage, began to comprehend what real fame meant.

He looked at pretty Mattie Willett as she came into the room, with a bowl of milk and some slices of home-baked bread, with evident admiration.

"You are an artist?" said he.

"No," said she.

"At least, you admire fine pictures?" with a glance at the walls.

"Yes."

"Do you draw or sketch?" he asked.

"Oh, no!"

"Did you ever try?"

"No."

"How shy she is!" he thought; "and how beautifully her hair grows in her forehead—real Scotch gold in its tints! I wonder how I shall manage to draw her out?"

Mattie Willett might have been shy—perhaps she was—but she moved about the room with all the quiet self-possession of an empress—and as Durande's eye involuntarily followed her, he became more and more impressed with the odd fancy that he was in an enchanted realm.

"Why don't she talk?" he thought. "I will make her talk!"

At that moment, however, a sudden thunderbolt seemed to cleave the air with its force—the air was all a-quiver with blue fire, and the rain began to descend in almost perpendicular sheets; and Miss Willett, still moving in the slow, graceful manner which was entirely devoid of anything like flurry or turmoil, passed leisurely into the other room.

"Charley!" she cried out, joyfully, as if welcoming some one who had just entered from the outer door. "I am so glad you are safe here at last. I have been so troubled for fear you should get wet!"

"Who's Charley, confound him?" thought our artist, a sudden chill coming over the sunshine of his self-complacency. "And why does she welcome him in that enthusiastic way, as different from the way she speaks to me as electricity is from snow? She has got a soul and a heart; she isn't a mere beautiful automaton. Who is Charley, anyway?"

"Wet? I?" echoed a deep, cheery voice. "No danger in the world of that, little Mat! But who have you got in the sitting-room? I saw a man's head as I passed around the corner of the house."

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"Hush!" Mattie responded, lowering her voice. "Don't speak so loud. It's that poor fellow from Carlin's—the weak-minded young man, you know, whom his friends have boarded there. I never have happened to see him before, but they tell me he is quite harmless, and when I saw him standing there in the rain, making no effort to go one way or the other, I felt sorry for him, and brought him home."

"What! Carlin's idiot?" shouted Charley, in very evident consternation. "Yes, Carlin's idiot, if you will call him so—which is very rude and unchristian of you," retorted Mattie. "But the trouble is, now, how to get rid of him. They say he never will go away unless you put him out by main force."

Charley, the inconsiderate wretch, indulged in a low, prolonged chuckle.

"Now you have it!" said he. "We'll wait a little, until the deluge holds up, and I'll see how I can get you out of your dilemma."

But Mr. Clifton Durande waited for no such denouement. He, the pink of Fifth Avenue fashion, the mold of New York form, to be taken deliberately, and in cold blood, for Carlin's idiot! It was too much for any man's philosophy; and, catching up his sketching portfolio and hat, he rushed out into the rain.

"Perhaps I needed the lesson," he said, to himself; "but it was rather a sharp one. Carlin's idiot, indeed!"

He got home to Castleton Hall, where he was the guest of Mr. Alberque Castle, just as a superb rainbow was arching the dripping woods, and the sun broke in a blaze of glory from the west.

It had been a long, rainy walk; and as he walked he had thought of only two things—Carlin's idiot and Mattie Willett's fair, serious face.

"How she pitied me!" he said, to himself. "There was a serene, gracious compassion in every word she spoke, every glance she bestowed upon me. I might have known it wasn't intended for my own personality—clumsy, conceited blockhead that I was!"

"Lilian," he said, to Miss Castle, that evening, "have you invited Miss Willett to your party next week?"

"Mattie Willett?" said Lilian, knitting together her pretty brows. "Oh, yes! She is old Farmer Willett's granddaughter, and she sings exquisitely, and accompanies herself with taste on the guitar. She is a very sweet, cultivated girl. But what do you know about her, Clifton?"

"Oh," said our hero, evasively, "I have chanced to hear of her in my peregrinations. And who is Charley?"

"He is her brother," said Lilian Castle; and then Mr. Durande felt better.

But it was not without a certain malicious satisfaction that he bowed low to Mattie Willett (looking lovelier than ever in white muslin and pale-blue ribbons), the night of the party at Castleton Hall, when Lilian introduced them.

She looked at him with solemn surprise, evidently recognizing him, in spite of his diamond shirt studs, lavender necktie and elegant evening suit.

"You see," he said, with a smile, "that I am not Carlin's idiot, after all. But I have to thank you for your gracious and gentle hospitality, all the same."

"I am very sorry I made such an awkward mistake," said Mattie, coloring a little.

"But I am not," said Mr. Durande; "for it showed me the spontaneous charity and kindness of your nature."

And before the evening was over they were the best of friends.

Mr. Clifton Durande's picture of "An April Shower over Glitter Falls" was hung on the "Sight Line." In the next spring's exhibition at the Academy of Design, and Mattie Willett took an innocent pride in its beauty, as she stood in the crowd, leaning upon the arm of the young artist himself.

"And to think that I, a simple little country girl, should be engaged to such a great artist!" she murmured, so low that the words could reach his ear alone.

"An artist," he responded, laughing, "but perhaps not so famous a one, after all. I shall never forget, Mattie, darling, what a blow to my self-complacency it was when I discovered that you had mis taken me, the budding genius, the conscious New Yorker, for—Carlin's idiot!"

"Please—please try and forget that!" said Mattie.

"I wouldn't for all the world!" said Clifton Durande.

The severe weather injured the peasant crop to a considerable extent, but the yield of "hitherto unpublished letters of Lord Byron promises to be as large as ever this year. Some apprehension is felt, however, for the crop of Lafayette's gold watch. Only two of it have been rescued from the clutches of pawnbrokers since the year opened.

A London firm have invented a fire extinguishing preparation which can be kept in powder or in solution. They claim that it is not only more speedy and effectual in action than water, but that nothing once sprinkled with it will ignite.

### TRAIN ROBBERIES.

Some of the Exploits of the Notorious James Brothers.

The railroad robbery at Winston bears the marks of the famous James and Younger "boys" workmanship, though it has been the fashion of late years to lay all such crimes to their account when the perpetrators were unknown, and less distinguished desperadoes have traded on the terror of their name. The Jameses and Youngers were graduated from guerrilla service in Western Missouri, and to desperate courage added a perfect acquaintance with the West from Iowa to the Indian Territory. They had the further advantage of a wide circle of relatives and acquaintances more or less admiring and sympathetic, and finally worked up their coups skillfully under innumerable disguises and aliases, appearing by turns as wild riders and as peaceful drovers and cattle traders. They rarely acted in full force; one, two or three of them, probably under assumed names, would recruit a small but sufficient band from among the desperadoes of the frontier; the blow would be struck hundreds of miles from the post at which they had last appeared, then retreating rapidly southward or westward the plunder would be divided and the band would break up, while pursuit would be distracted by the discovery that the other three or four "boys," who had been "positively identified," had been at home in the vicinity of Kansas City all the time. Their history for the general public opens with the descent on Russellville, Ky., March 20, 1868, when a dozen mounted men entered the town, and galloping up and down with cocked pistols kept the townspeople within doors while two of their number entered the bank, "covered" the cashier, emptied the safe and rode away, being chased across the Mississippi and well up into Northern Missouri, but finally escaping. This was a "benefit" excursion to obtain funds to send a sick member of the band to sea. In December, 1869, a similar exploit was repeated at Galatin, Mo., with one additional detail—one of the robbers blew out the brains of Cashier John W. Streets. They were traced to Clay county, Mo., where, as usual, the trail was lost. The Jameses, who have a penchant for correspondence, wrote to the governor offering to stand their trial if guaranteed fair play, proving an alibi, but he declared that such action was needless. The next raid was on Columbus, Ky., April 28, 1871, when the "boys" got away in safety to Missouri, killing another cashier. June 3, 1872, six of them struck Corydon, Ia., robbed the bank and escaped, beating off the pursuing sheriff, who came up with them. In October of the same year, at sunset, there was made a successful raid on the cashier's office of the Kansas City exposition while some 20,000 people were on the grounds. May 26, 1873, Ste. Genevieve, Mo., was attacked and plundered, and the money having been divided in the woods near St. Louis, the band rode away. July 21 they ditched a Rock Island and Pacific train near Council Bluffs, and while two of them held the terrified passengers in check the others robbed the express car. Again the freebooters got away, though chased to the vicinity of Monegaw Springs, the home of the Youngers. In November they "flagged" an Iron Mountain train at Gad's Hill, sixty miles from St. Louis, terrorized the passengers and "hands," robbed the express car, sent a telegram to the St. Louis press reporting the occurrence and rode away to the southward. At Malvern, Ark., in December and at El Paso, Tex., in the following April, they overhauled express safes on the stage routes. After the last exploit the first of the gang came to grief—"Jim" Reed, who was mortally wounded by a Texas sheriff in a quarrel, and who died admitting his share in the robberies but refusing to divulge the names of his associates. At this time, too, occurred several tragical episodes. A posse under ex-Captain Louis Lull, of the Chicago police, went to besiege the Youngers at Monegaw Springs and met "Jim" and John Younger on the road. The latter was killed but Lull was shot. Whichever, another Chicago detective, spent a long time in working up a case against the James boys, and just as it was completed was made a prisoner, carried away several miles and shot to death on the highway. Another attempt was made by throwing a bomb or fire-ball into the bandits' house at night, the officers being in wait to shoot them down as they escaped, but the only result was the killing of a child and the maiming of a woman, while as soon as the detectives had retreated the farmer suspected of giving them information was killed. The next train robbery was at Muncie, Kan., in December, 1875, when some \$30,000 worth of currency, coin and gold dust rewarded the brigands. Soon afterward a Kansas City rough, by name Billy McDaniels, was arrested for drunkenness, and some of the property was found on him. He was mortally wounded while endeavoring to escape, but died and made no sign. S. Simultaneously another section of the gang raided Corinth, Miss., and escaped

into the guerilla stronghold of Western Missouri. In the following spring four of them rode into Huntington, W. Va., and robbed the bank, but their horses broke down during their pursuit and Thomson McDaniels was killed, while John Kean was sent to the penitentiary, remaining impervious to threats or rewards when approached on the subject of his companions. At Otterville, Mo., soon afterward, they robbed the Missouri Pacific express, sweeping some \$18,000 into their historic "old wheat-sack." The man who had held their horses, Hobbs Kerry, was captured and convicted, but denied knowing who they were. In September for the first time they met courageous folk and found themselves in a strange country. They attacked the bank at Northfield, Minn., and shot the cashier, but the townspeople began skirmishing and in three minutes the bandits were in full retreat, leaving "Cle" Miller and William Chadwell dead. The six survivors were hotly pursued and turned to fight. Charley Pitts was killed; one of the Youngers was terribly wounded and the other brothers refusing to leave him fell into the hands of the officers, and all were sent to the Minnesota penitentiary, where they now are; while Frank and Jesse James, one hit in the leg and one shot through the breast, escaped to Nebraska and thence home, finally going to New Mexico. But in October, 1879, another and a successful raid was made on Glendale, Mo. Thereafter there was nothing heard of the Jameses till Jesse and two companions, in a mirthful mood, took possession of a dining-room car at Kansas City, ordered and ate their dinner with their revolvers on the tables, and left the car at Odessa, bidding the waiters "charge three dinners to the government." In April last there was a report that the Jameses had been tracked to Adairville, Ky., and were besieged there, but nothing more came of it.—*New York World*.

### An Oil Speculator's Experience.

I came to the oil country from the East almost without a dollar. That was only a few years ago, for I am now only turned thirty. I went to work with the determination to make a fortune or perish in the attempt. I was a bookkeeper at that time, and was able to command quite a decent salary, and by dint of strict economy I managed to get enough money together to buy a lease and managed to get a well put down by a speculator. Before I could realize what had happened I was in possession of a fortune. Oil commanded a good price, and I was on the top wave of success. Do you see that wallet? Flat, isn't it? Well, that same wallet fairly bulged with money then—money that I hardly knew what to do with. Everything I touched turned into gold, and I was counted the luckiest man in the country. I took things coolly and didn't make a great spread; but I was foolish enough to think I was fixed for life and could take things easy. Right on the top wave of success I got married, and we went abroad. No; I'm not going to tell you a love story or anything of the sort, for matters of that nature are better left unsaid. I will say, however, that my wife didn't know a blessed thing about housekeeping, and I do not believe that she knew the difference between a frying-pan and a pot-lid. I did though, for I had roughed it in the West. Well, we went abroad and enjoyed ourselves, my agent in the oil country attending to business matters, and, as I subsequently learned, appropriating a good share of the profits for himself. He let the debts accumulate at a terrible rate, and managed to get things mixed up in hopeless confusion. With minds free from care we journeyed around the world in a leisurely manner, and in the course of six months we landed in New York and came home. My agent, hearing of our return, absconded with all the money he could lay his hands on, and when I took the helm of business I found everything going the wrong way. The debts were enormous, and one day all my creditors made a swoop on me, and I let them have every dollar I had on earth. I squared up with them and came out penniless. There was nothing left for me but to begin life over again and work and wait patiently and to hope for better days. I turned by back on the life of wealth and determined to win another fortune, and I will, for the wheel of fortune will some day come around to me.—*Philadelphia Times*.

### Feathered Smugglers.

At a house near Lugano, Southern Switzerland, several hundred trained pigeons are kept for the purpose of conveying across the Italian frontier small packages which are tied to their feet and contain a miniature ladies' watch each. These packages are untied at the place of destination, whereupon the birds return to Swiss soil. Each pigeon goes and comes once a day, and thus far these little winged smugglers have met no accidents. The Italian custom officers have hitherto vainly tried to discover the place of destination of these airy defrauders.

### A Little While.

Oh, soul, a little while  
And thou shalt be released,  
And Fortune shall be released  
To frown upon thee or smile.  
A little, little space,  
A few brief months or years,  
Too brief, oh, soul, for tears.  
Then to thy resting-place.  
Oh, wherefore art thou stirred  
With weak and idle rage  
To beat against thy cage  
Like to a captured bird?  
Be still, poor soul, be still!  
He sees the sparrows fall;  
Thy woes He knoweth all;  
Hush, hush, and wait His will.

### PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

The crow is the best corn extractor of which we know.

"Silence is golden" sometimes, but when a fellow fails to respond to a dun it looks more like brass.

There are over \$362,000,000 of national bank notes in circulation, and yet how often they evade our grasp.

There is sleep for the eye that is tearful,  
A balm for the heart that is sad,  
A calm for the heart that is fearful,  
And for every liver—a pad.

"My Darling's Shoes" is the name of a new ballet, but the old man's boot is generally considered to be more touching.

"The press is mighty and will prevail," said the susceptible maiden as she was being hugged by her stalwart lover.

One of our young ladies who keeps an autograph album exclusively for male signatures, refers to it as her "thin book."

Ring out wild bells, to the wild sky,  
Ring out the old joke, ring in the new  
trick mule. These are the balmy days of the circus.

A father-in-law may have considerable feeling for you, but it depends on your celebrity whether he reaches you every time he feels for you.

"Gracious! wife," said a father, as he looked at his son William's torn trousers, "get that little Bill reseated." And she replied, "so I will."

Notice at the door of a ready-made clothing establishment in one of the poorer quarters of Paris: "Do not go somewhere else to be robbed; walk in here."

Difference between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee. On approaching an ice cream saloon with his girl he turned and retraced his steps. Instead of treating it was retreating.

"How to Tell Bad Eggs" is the title of an article in an exchange. When you have anything to tell a bad egg you must be careful not to break the shell while imparting the information.

Brush, the electric light man, predicts that electricity will soon be stored for family use. Think of sending your oldest boy to the grocery store for a paper of saleratus and a two-pound can of electricity.

A needle passes through thirty different hands in the course of its manufacture. Seems so it must hurt a man terribly to have a needle pass through his hands as many times as that.—*Syracuse Standard*.

The youthful swell is mad and wild,  
His very soul with sorrow puffed  
Like throats of kids who have the scamp,  
In fact the youthful swell is riled  
When his immaculate lily cuffs  
Slide down into his chicken soup.  
—Fool.

Mr. Desert has a strange woman who tells fortunes for \$1 a head. A man gave her a dollar, and she told him he was a fool. He became very indignant, but for what reason we cannot understand, as we think she was right. She had his dollar.

A loquacious man suffering from insomnia was advised by his physician to get married. He took the advice, and meeting the doctor some time after was asked: "Are you troubled with sleeplessness any longer?" "Thank heaven, no," he answered, "but my wife is."

"Well, tailor, I've come for my pants.  
Expecting they're not yet begun."  
"Your wrong, sir, I've seen to your wants,  
And the job you will find, sir, is done."  
"I'm glad you have seen to my wants.  
There, there, put that cash in your till."  
"I will; I've re-stated your pants,  
And also receipted your bill."

A citizen of Atlanta, Ga., in his possession, according to a local paper, an amethyst recently found in Rabun county, which contains a drop of water in the center of the stone. This is said to be the only instance on record of any amethyst so peculiarly formed. That makes it an amethyst of the first water.

Some one asks, "Where are you going for your health?" If the inquiry is meant for us we want to say right here that we keep our health with us. We cannot afford to have our health running around the country, getting in debt for traveling expenses, and having us under the necessity of hunting it up every few months. We shall endeavor to make it stay right here and behave itself, and then we'll know where to find it when we want it.

Scalp grafting is the latest remedy for baldness. Perhaps it may prove as efficacious as the transplanting of teeth.