

JOB PRINTING OF ALL KINDS,
DONE AT THE OFFICE OF THE
DEMOCRAT,
NEATLY AND PROMPTLY,
AND AT "LIVE AND LET LIVE" PRICES.

The office of the Montrose Democrat
has recently been supplied with a new and choice variety
of type, and we are now prepared to print pamphlets,
circulars, etc., in the best style, on short notice.

Handbills, Posters, Programmes, and
other kinds of work in this line, done according to order.

Business, Wedding, and Ball Cards,
Tickets, printed with neatness and dispatch.

Justices and Constables' Blanks, Notes,
Deeds, and all other Blanks, on hand, and printed to order.

Blank Books and Blanks, to be paid for on delivery.

A DREAM OF CITY LIFE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Near the quiet village of Greenbank, lived Fanny Lee. Her mother was a widow, and had two children besides Fanny. A little cottage, and a homestead of a few acres, made up the widows' possessions. The one gave shelter to her little family, and from the other she obtained food to nourish their bodies and something with which to buy the few articles they needed beyond what the farm produced.

As the eldest, Fanny knew what it was to be busy. She was up with the dawn, and often, when the daylight closed, her tasks remained unfinished. But for all this, Fanny's heart was as light as the heart of a bird. She was always to be found singing at her work.

More than a hundred miles away, in one of the great Atlantic cities, lived Mary Milton, a cousin of Fanny Lee's. Two or three times Mary had come up in the summer time to spend a week with her aunt and cousins. On these occasions, Fanny had numerous enquiries to make about the city; and Mary, very patiently sketched, for an auditor, many glowing pictures. One summer, Mary came up to Greenbank and staid nearly three weeks. She was pale, looked sickly, and had but little appetite when she arrived. But in the brief time she was with her cousin, she changed greatly. The color warmed in her cheek, her appetite was restored, and she could walk miles without experiencing fatigue. Yet for all this change, Mary's heart was as light as the heart of a bird. She was always to be found getting back among her gayest city friends. During this visit, Fanny's ears were filled, as before, with accounts of what was to be seen and enjoyed in the city.

"Oh! I should like to see that place," said Mary one day near the close of her visit. "How in the world do you manage to live through the year?"

Fanny smiled, but did not reply.

"I wish you would go to the city with me, Coz."

"What could I do there?" asked Fanny.

"Why, learn a trade; or get a place in some store. I know plenty of girls who receive five dollars a week."

"Indeed! So much?" said Fanny, struck with the mention of so large a sum.

"Certainly," replied Mary.

"It would take me a long time to learn a trade."

"Oh, no. Many girls learn in six months. You could get boarding in some family, that would take a little help, for what you could do about the house in the morning and evenings."

"Do you think so?"

"I know it."

"What trade is a good one?" asked Fanny.

"You might learn the dress making, or millinery business."

"Could I make five dollars a week as a dress maker?"

"No. But you would be certain to earn three dollars a week; and that's a good deal."

"I would be very well satisfied with three dollars a week. I hardly see so much money in a year, now."

"And then," said Mary, "there is so much to be enjoyed in the city. I go to a dozen balls and parties every winter; and to such delightful picnics in the summer time."

"I'm afraid I should get tired of sewing from morning till night."

"You might at first. But you'd soon get used to it. I've seen you cutting wood in the country. I've seen you cutting wood with the axe; and even digging in the garden; to say nothing of washing and ironing every day; and cooking and scrubbing every day. Oh, dear! such kind of work would kill me. Sewing is nothing to it."

"It did strike Fanny, that all these things mentioned by Mary, were but a shadow of that which she was to do in the city. She was a young girl to perform, and the faint desire for a city life, already experienced, grew stronger.

"I've been persuading Fanny to go to the city with me," said Mary to Mrs. Lee, a day or two before she was to return home.

"To the city! Nonsense! What would Fanny do in the city?" returned Mrs. Lee in a tone of reprobation.

"Do as all do," said Fanny, "and support herself handsomely."

"And die of consumption, or something worse, in less than five years," said Mrs. Lee.

"Do I look as if I was going to die of consumption?" asked Mary.

"No, not now; thanks to our country air! But, when you came up, you looked as if you might drop off in less than a twelve month."

"Why, Aunt Fanny?" exclaimed Mary.

"It's true child! I noticed it, and spoke of it."

"I'm sure I was perfectly well, Aunt."

"And I am just as sure that you were not. Why, you could eat a piece of bread as big as my hand for breakfast, nor walk a quarter of a mile without setting down to rest. Now, I wouldn't give much for a loaf after your appetite was satisfied; and you can run a mile with more ease than you could walk a fourth of the distance."

Mary laughed, and demurred to all this. But Mrs. Lee reaffirmed it, and said that she had just as lief see Fanny laid in the little village church yard, as to go away and be buried up in a great city. So positively did the mother speak, that both Fanny and Mary felt that it was useless to say anything more on the subject. Mary, while Mary remained, and when the cousins at length parted, it was with the promise from Fanny that she would come to the city if she could possibly do so with her mother's approbation.

After Mary had gone back, Fanny's mind remained filled, almost to the exclusion of everything else, with thoughts of a city life. Her daily tasks became irksome, and her voice, which had rolled from morning until night, like the voice of

a bird, rarely broke forth in song; and when it did so, but half its melody remained.

Fanny had a lover! He was a smart lad, who worked on a farm near by her mother's cottage. Fanny had been much pleased with the attentions of Peter Wilkins—that was his name—up to the period of her cousin's last visit. But Mary laughed at him so unmercifully, and called him so often a "country bumpkin," that Fanny, from first feeling a little ashamed of him, was led to treat him with indifference. Peter was hurt at this conduct; and returned it with equal coolness. After Mary's return, Peter, who rightly attributed the change in Fanny to the influence of her brightly cousin, approached his sweetheart with something of his old familiarity. But Fanny's thoughts were still away in the city, and her country lover, as well as all else pertaining to the country, had but few attractions for her eyes. And so she treated him with even greater indifference; an indifference, in fact, that Peter felt to be almost insulting. He was, in consequence, offended, and turned himself, in painful disappointment, from one whose presence had always been like a ray of sunshine across his path.

Fanny felt this change, and it helped to make her more unhappy and discontented. For the days not many weeks after Mary had come back to the city, Mrs. Lee, seeing the change in Fanny, took occasion to have a long conversation with her. In this conversation, Fanny had a great deal to say against the country; while she drew glowing pictures of city life, and its advantages. Though she would not admit that there was force in anything urged in opposition to her mother, yet some of the statements that were made, fixed themselves in her memory, and she could not help thinking of them after the excitement of the interview had passed away.

On the next afternoon Fanny was left alone. Her mother having occasion to go into the neighboring village, took the two younger children with her. While Fanny was sewing on a cushion, yet some of her thoughts wandered off, as usual, to the city; and so absorbed did she become in the pictures that came before her imagination, that, in a little while, her hands were lying idly in her lap, and her eyes fixed in dreamy vacancy. Arousing herself with an effort, she lifted her work and went on with it again; but, in a little while, her hands were still, and her eyes half closed in reverie. Thus it continued for some time, when she saw her mother enter the little garden gate, and approach the door. It was at least two hours earlier than she had expected her to return, and she came unaccompanied by the children. But the circumstances occasioned in the mind of Fanny no surprise.

"I have a letter from your cousin Mary," said Mrs. Lee on coming into the house, and she said that she had obtained for Fanny a place in a store, for which you will be paid four dollars a week. You must leave for the city to-morrow morning."

Fanny's heart bounded with delight at this intelligence. Her work was thrown aside, and instant preparations for the journey were commenced. It seemed scarcely an hour ere the night was past and the time of separation had arrived. But so clear was the mind of Fanny, and so ready her preparation, that she could hardly go through the decent forms of parting. Though her cheek was wet with her mother's tears as she drove off, there was a smile upon her lip, and a warm emotion of pleasure at her heart. It was a day's journey to the city. Night had fallen ere the cars by which Fanny had come over sixty miles of the distance, arrived at the depot. Mary was there to meet her, and to welcome her; but somehow, the welcome was not so cordial as she had expected to receive. Mary said that she was overjoyed to see her; but there was nothing in the tone of her voice, nor in the expression of her face, that agreed with the words she uttered.

"You must go home with me to-night," said Mary, "and to-morrow we will find you a boarding house."

As usual, home as Mary's proved to be, it was a narrow room, and the room she occupied was a poorly furnished attic, the stifled air of which, to one who had lived all her life among the sweet mountain breezes, could scarcely be inhaled without a feeling of suffocation. Since morning, Fanny had taken no food; but Mary did not ask her if she had been to supper, and she would not speak of it herself. So, hungry and faint though she felt, she received no refreshment.

"I have to go to bed to-night, Fanny," said her cousin, soon after she came in. "So you must make yourself at home here until I return."

"At home!" How the words sent back the thoughts of Fanny to her own home, and the loving mother from whom she had parted. In a little while she was alone, in the great, strange city, hid away, as it were, in a garret, and not a face to look upon. There was a murmur of voices below; but there were the voices of strangers, and made her loneliness the more oppressive. It was not long before she was in tears. Sad, lonely, heart-sick she was, already, though the earth had not performed one revolution since she turned her face away from her pleasant home. Hours went by; yet Mary did not return. Overwearied, at last, with weeping and thinking, Fanny threw herself upon the bed. When next conscious, it was day. Light had come, and she was sleeping by her side.

At breakfast time, Fanny joined the family with whom her cousin boarded. The faces she met were repulsive, and the conversation that passed had much in it that shocked her ears. As for the food that was set before her, it looked and tasted so different from what she had been used to at home, that it was with difficulty she could swallow it. And then, there was something so offensive to her in the atmosphere of the room, and the smell of the badly cooked meal was served, that it made her feel sick.

After breakfast, Mary took her cousin to a dry goods store, where a stern looking man asked her many questions touching her ability to act in the capacity of a saleswoman. Of course she was utterly ignorant of the business.

"I'm afraid, Miss, you won't suit me," he said, indifferently.

"Oh, yes, sir, she will. I know she will," spoke up Mary. "Only give her a trial."

"How much wages does she expect to receive?" asked the man.

"You wrote four dollars a week," said Fanny, turning to her cousin.

"Four dollars a week!" spoke up the man, in a half snarl. "The best girl in my store only gets that. I'll give you a dollar and a half to begin with. And if you learn quickly, and make yourself useful, I'll increase your wages after a few months."

"It will cost her two dollars a week for board," said Mary.

"I don't care anything about that," returned the man. "What I've said I've said. If she likes to come for a dollar and a half a week, why she can come. And if not, no."

Fanny looked at Mary. Her heart and eyes were both full; and she did not venture to speak.

"You'd better try it, Fanny," said her cousin. "I don't know of any other place, and, perhaps you can get board for a dollar and a half."

Fanny did not oppose this, and her cousin left her to her own thoughts. She was so struck by the strangeness and peculiarity of her situation, that she covered her face with her hands, and sobbed aloud.

"Come, come," said the shop-keeper sternly. "I want none of this nonsense! If you intend to accept the situation, say so; if not, you can retire."

Fanny composed herself with a strong effort, and looking up, said she would take his offer, and do as he said. Though it was early in the day, customers had already been in, for a part of one of the counters was piled with goods. To roll these up and replace them upon the shelves was the first work assigned to her. Long before she had accomplished the task, other customers had called and other goods been thrown upon the counter. For hours and hours she worked on, and still the end was as far off as when she began. Her limbs ached with standing, and her back and shoulders from the labor of rolling and lifting the many pieces of goods she was required to handle. Thus through the day she toiled on, and when night came, she found her way back as best she could, to the uninviting home of Mary, so weary and faint that she could hardly stand. This woman, with whom Mary boarded, after some persuasion, agreed to take Fanny at a dollar and a half a week, the full amount of the wages she was to receive, if she would share the room and bed of her cousin. After this arrangement was agreed to, Fanny shrunk away into the little garret, where she spent the evening in weeping. After tea, a young man called to take Mary to some place of amusement, thus leaving Fanny alone with her own sad thoughts. And sad enough they were.

At the end of a week, the shop-keeper paid Fanny her dollar and a half, but at the same time told her that she was "too awkward and contrived" to suit him, and that she needn't come back any more.

Fanny was in despair at this.

"What shall I do?" she enquired of Mary, when she met her in the evening, wringing her hands, and weeping.

"I'm sure I don't know," returned Mary, "unless you go and learn a trade."

"But I'll not receive wages while learning a trade."

"No."

"How then can I pay my board?"

"You will have to go into somebody's work room, and stay a year for your board and the chance of learning."

"And get no clothes?"

"No."

The utterance of Fanny became so choked that she did not venture to speak out her thoughts at the moment. No clothes for a year. It was impossible for her to go a year without some additions to her wardrobe. Even now she needed to have an entire new set of dresses, for those she had brought with her from the country were in so strange a fashion, that her appearance excited remarks that were extremely annoying. The necessity for new clothes was felt still more strongly on the next day, which was the Sabbath. Mary dressed herself gaily, and said she was going to church.

"But you must think of going, Fanny," she said, "in your outlandish looking clothes. They were surely made in the year 1851!"

A thoughtless laugh followed this speech. Mary, after arranging herself in all the finery she had been able to accumulate, danced gaily before the glass, and then courtesying and smiling to Fanny, wished her a pleasant day, and went tripping down stairs.

A sadder day Fanny had never spent in her whole life. Alone from the time her cousin left until near midnight, for it was almost twelve o'clock when Mary returned, she did little else but think of the happy home she had left, and weep. She tasted no food during the day.

On Monday morning one of the girls who boarded in the house, told Fanny that she could get a place at a dollar a week to learn book-binding. In a little while, she said, two dollars might be earned, and then she could pay the deficiency in her boarding in the meantime. Fanny went with the girl after breakfast, and was introduced by her into a large room or loft in the third story of an immense warehouse, where about a dozen young women and as many men were busy at work. Here a place was assigned to her at a long table, and she was directed to fold some printed sheets of paper in a certain manner. Diligently she worked at this for a couple of hours, when the owner of the bindery came along and examined what she had done. Her heart beat anxiously, but he relieved her oppressed feelings by saying that she was getting along very well. Then he put on his hat and went away. The moment the door closed after him, there was a hum of voices throughout the room. Laughter and merry jesting followed; then work was abandoned, and a game at romps began. As Fanny leaned over with her folder in her hand, trying to perform aright what she was engaged in doing, some one drew her head back suddenly and kissed her.

Startled and alarmed at such a freedom, she sprung from her chair, and while the room echoed with laughter, darted away. In a few moments she was in the street, hurrying she knew not whither. What would she not have given, at that moment to have been safely back in the home she had so foolishly left! As she was moving along the street that was crowded with strangers, she met the man in whose store she had been for a week.

"Ah, Fanny!" said he, with a smile, stopping and familiarly offering his hand. "Have you got a place yet?"

"Before Fanny could answer, he added, "Why, what's the matter, child? You are trembling all over like a leaf."

Fanny, in answer to this question, related what had just occurred, upon which the man appeared very angry.

"Come with me," said he, "and I will find you a good home and plenty of work."

Fanny's heart bounded when the man said this. Trustingly she went with him. He took her through many streets, and at last, entered a house where a pleasant lady received her with kind words, and told her that she would give her a home and every advantage she desired. Then taking her to a beautifully furnished chamber, she said, "My dear, is your room. Rest and compose yourself. You have been unkindly used; but that is past now. A pleasant life is before you."

Saying this, the lady retired, and left Fanny to the cheerful thoughts that began to flit through her mind. She looked around the chamber, and was surprised at the elegance and beauty of everything. A rich carpet was on the floor, broad mirrors shone on the walls, and every article of furniture was costly and beautiful beyond what she had ever beheld.

Suddenly, while Fanny was yet gazing around in wonder, a wild scream thrilled upon her ears; and at the same moment her door flew open and a beautiful young girl rushed in, crying as she did so,

"Oh, fly! fly! fly from this dreadful place! Fly for your life!"

She laid no fly for the lady who had but a few moments previously left the room, came rushing in, accompanied by the man who had brought Fanny to the house. Her face was dark with anger; and she seized the lovely young creature who had just uttered her frantic warning, and was dragging her away by her long dark hair, when Fanny, half convulsed with terror, screamed aloud.

Instantly all was changed. She was sitting in her mother's cottage, and her hands rested idly in her lap. The sun was shining down upon the little green lawn that lay in front of the door, and making brighter the flowers, planted by her own hands, that graced the garden borders just beyond. And from these flowers the breeze bore in to her most exquisite and refreshing odors. Nearly a minute elapsed before the bewildered girl could realize that the present was indeed a reality, and the painful scenes through which she had just seemed to pass, but the vagaries of a dream. When she fully realized the truth, she clasped her hands across her bosom, and lifted her eyes, that were now full of tears, in thankfulness to Heaven.

Half an hour afterwards, and while Fanny was yet alone, a short bark from Lion, the house dog, warned her that some one was approaching. Before she had time to reach the door, Peter Wilkins presented himself. He looked grave, and Fanny well understood the cause.

"Is your mother at home?" enquired Peter.

"No. She has gone over to Greenbank," replied Fanny. "But I expect her home very soon now. Do you want to see her?"

"Yes. I came on an errand from Mr. Carson."

"Won't you walk in and sit down a little while? It can't be long ere mother is here." This was said in such a kind way, and with such a look out of Fanny's eyes, that Peter felt that the sunshine had come again. He did not wait for a second invitation. It was nearly an hour before Mrs. Lee returned from Greenbank. Long ere that time, the lovers were in the best possible state of good will towards each other.

When Mary Milton came up, during the next summer, to spend a short time with her aunt and cousin, Fanny whispered in her ear that she was soon to become a bride. Mary had the same pleasant news to communicate, touching herself. She was to be married to a young mechanic of the name of New Year, a descendant of one of the most remarkable instances of ingenuity and presence of mind in a sergeant of the army, which occurred a few weeks ago, by which he saved his own life and that of his party.

A sergeant with about twenty-five soldiers had been sent out some miles from Fort Defiance, New Mexico, to guard some stock which were sent to graze. When unexpectedly they found that the party were surrounded by about four hundred hostile Navajo Indians. The brave and skillful sergeant took position on an eminence, and by a volley from the long shooting rifles of his party at first drove off the savages, who however, soon rallied and were preparing to storm the small party on all sides. The sergeant, in taxing his brain for an expedient by which to convey intelligence of the desperate peril in which his party was placed, took a single dog which had accompanied the party, fastening to his collar a note written with a pencil, informing the commander at the fort of his situation, took a tin cup in which he put some pebbles, which was confined with a piece of cloth over the top, fastened it with a string to the dog's tail, and started the dog loose, knowing that he would, in his affright, run to the fort. He dashed with his greatest speed to Fort Defiance; the note was discovered and read. Straightway a party was sent to the rescue, and arrived just in time to save the lives of the whole party. The Sergeant justly merits a commission which we hope will be given by the President.—*Kentucky Flag.*

If philanthropy is properly defined to be a love of mankind, most women have an unequivocal title to be considered philanthropists.

her husband was becoming worse and worse every day.

How different was it with Fanny! She had become the wife of Peter Wilkins about the time Mary was married. Wilkins was then working on a farm as a hired man; which situation he held for four years longer. After this, he took a farm on shares, and managed it so well, that in the course of four years more, he was able to buy it, and pay down half the purchase money in cash. Both he and Mary worked hard, during this time; but it was at healthy work, in pure bracing air, and with light and cheerful hearts. Five as healthy and happy children as were ever seen, made glad their dwelling, and death had not once thrown his shadow across their threshold. Thus it was when Fanny came up to visit them. If Fanny needed any further assurance of her father's love, she had it in the fact that her father, who had been so kind to her, had had been cast among the pleasant vales and breezy hills of quiet Greenbank.

RACE WITH A BULL.

Some forty years ago, the managers of a race course near Brownsville on the Monongahela, published a notice of a race, one mile heats, on a particular day, for a purse of \$100, free for anything with four legs and hair on it.

A man in the neighborhood, Hays, had a bull he was in the habit of riding to mill with bags of corn, and he determined to enter him for the race. He said nothing about it to any one, but he rode about the track a number of times, on several moonlight nights, until the bull had the hang of the ground perfectly, and would keep the right course. He rode with spurs, which the bull considered particularly disagreeable; so much so that he always belloved, so much that they were applied to his sides.

On the morning of the race, Hays came upon the ground on horseback—and his bull. Instead of a saddle, he had a dried ox-hide, the head part of which with the horns still on, he had placed on the bull's back. He carried a short horn in his hand. He rode to the judges' stand, and offered to enter his bull for the race; but the owners of the horses that were entered objected. Hays appealed to the terms of notice; insisting that his bull had "four legs and hair on it," that there he had a right to enter him. After a good deal of sweating, the judges declared themselves compelled to decide that the bull had a right to run; and he entered accordingly.

When time for starting arrived, the bull and horses took their places. The horse-racers were out of patience at being bothered with the bull, and at the ludicrous which they supposed was intended, but thought it would be over as soon as the horses started.

When the signal was given they did start. Hays gave a blast with his horn, and sunk his spurs into the side of the bull, who bounded off with a terrible bawl, at no trifling speed, the dried ox-hide flapping up and down, and rattling at every jump, making a combination of noises, that had never been heard before. The horses flew off the track, and every one seeming to be seized with a sudden determination to take the shortest cut to the goal of the contest, and none of them could be brought back in time to save their distance. The purse was given to Hays.

A general row ensued; but the fun of the thing put the crowd all on the side of bull. The horsemen contended that they were swindled out of the purse, and if it had not been for Hays' horn and ox-hide, which he ought not to have been permitted to bring upon the ground, the thing would not have occurred. It did.

Upon this, Hays told them that his bull could beat any of their horses any bow, and if they would put up \$100 against the purse he had won, he would take off the ox-hide, and leave his horn, and run a fair race with them. His offer was accepted, and his money staked.

They again took their places at the starting post, and the signal was given. Hays gave a blast with his horn, and his spurs, and the bull gave a tremendous bellow. The horses, remembering the dreadful sound, thought all the rest was coming as before. Away they went again, in spite of all the exertions of their riders, while Hays galloped his bull around the track again and won the money.

THE VIRTUE OF A TIN PAN AT THE END OF A DOG'S TAIL.

At the close of the late war, the army of one of our most remarkable instances of ingenuity and presence of mind in a sergeant of the army, which occurred a few weeks ago, by which he saved his own life and that of his party.

A sergeant with about twenty-five soldiers had been sent out some miles from Fort Defiance, New Mexico, to guard some stock which were sent to graze. When unexpectedly they found that the party were surrounded by about four hundred hostile Navajo Indians. The brave and skillful sergeant took position on an eminence, and by a volley from the long shooting rifles of his party at first drove off the savages, who however, soon rallied and were preparing to storm the small party on all sides. The sergeant, in taxing his brain for an expedient by which to convey intelligence of the desperate peril in which his party was placed, took a single dog which had accompanied the party, fastening to his collar a note written with a pencil, informing the commander at the fort of his situation, took a tin cup in which he put some pebbles, which was confined with a piece of cloth over the top, fastened it with a string to the dog's tail, and started the dog loose, knowing that he would, in his affright, run to the fort. He dashed with his greatest speed to Fort Defiance; the note was discovered and read. Straightway a party was sent to the rescue, and arrived just in time to save the lives of the whole party. The Sergeant justly merits a commission which we hope will be given by the President.—*Kentucky Flag.*

If philanthropy is properly defined to be a love of mankind, most women have an unequivocal title to be considered philanthropists.

THE REALITY AND THE POETRY OF FARMING.

It may be truthfully said of farming that there is much more reality than poetry in it. We who labor in the field, and carry out our own manure upon the farm, can speak from experience, and know some of the realities of the farmer's life. The stone wall that surrounds our farms, and those that divide them into fields and pastures, are evidences of the real painstaking habits of our fathers. Could the tons be estimated of these walls upon a single farm of an hundred and sixty acres, and a boy of twelve years old be informed that he must help to build it, all sometime during his natural life, a ten chances to one if he did not have a natural inclination to go to sea, or be found on the road to Pike's Peak. It is a wonder to behold the almost endless string of wall on some of our New Hampshire farms, put up by a single family. But it was done in the olden time. It was done when the owners "aimed" at farming; when they raised their own bread, beef, pork, and potatoes, and wrote the manufacture of their own household for clothing. Strong, hearty men and women were they of those days. Some few are still left among us, standing like old primeval oaks amid a crop of sapling pines. As the woodman's axe bows the original and stately forest to the earth, to be succeeded by a more young growth, time with unsparring blows has leveled to the earth a large portion of the old hickory settlers, and left in the place of sapling growth, "unable," we think, to grapple with the realities of the times, and let others attend to the poetry of agriculture.

There is something poetical in the idea of making the desert blossom as the rose, but there is some practical labor to be performed before this result can be brought about.

The man whose muscles do the work sees no poetry in mud, gravel, or sand. Hedging and ditching are practical matters with him. The spade to him is the staff which brings bread to himself and family, and this practically is termed "the staff of life."

"Honest John Tompkins, the hedger and ditcher," has no poetry in his nature, but the poet could jingle his name and occupation in rhyme. There is poetry in the herds of beautiful oxen roaming over green pastures, and reclining in the grove upon the hillsides, but away flies Pegasus and poetry, when comes a dire and fatal disease and sweeps off its thousands, and a sovereign State takes it upon itself to slaughter whole herds of cattle. There is a reality in the business when a man like Abner Woods of Massachusetts, strikes down with his own hands the oxen he has been years in breeding. The Springfield Republican says: "Mr. Woods is a young man of noble pluck, and his stock like himself superior. He is said to have knocked his favorite grade Durhams on the head with his own hands, rather than see any one else murder them, while tears rolled down his manly cheeks."

Almost every farmer has experienced something of the like. A favorite horse, ox, cow, or a superior and petted flock of sheep, are given up to die, and his hopes for the future blasted. A favorite crop is cut off, and he realizes that human hopes are futile, and that his life is practical, both in his gains and losses. The farmer's vocation is eminently practical, and he who believes it "linked with poetry" should try his hand at digging mud, and composting manures; and when he has had ten hours' experience at these, let him sit down and invoke the muses.—*N. H. Journal of Agriculture.*

WORK FOR JUNE.

The hoe and the cultivator would be appropriate emblems of the work for the farm this month. Vegetation now pushes forward with rapid growth. Not only are the staple crops taking firmer hold of the soil, and expanding with cheering promise, but ragweed, daisy, dock, this, and a numerous host of foul weeds also feel the quickening sunshine, and send out their hardy roots to rob the soil and vex the husbandman. The weeds are subdued; and, scarcely less important, the soil needs frequent stirring, to keep it in right mechanical condition. The roots of plants require air and water. If the surface become crusted, evaporation is obstructed, the moisture from the deeper layer of the soil does not rise freely, and the air and dew can not freely enter from above. The organic matter decomposes but slowly under such a condition, the plants are stunted for nourishment, and their growth is checked. Hoeing by hand or horse power, is the remedy for weeds, and a hide-bound soil. There may also yet be vacant spots to be replanted with corn, or to fill with other seasonable crops. He who has a mind to work, will now find enough to employ him.

Barns and Sheds—See that they are in order before the busy haying season comes on. Arrange the hay-way platforms to keep the hay from the ground and allow ventilation. If hay has spoiled remain it to the manure heap. Examine grain bins, wool closets, and cattle stalls, for vermin, and cleanse if necessary.

Butter—This is one of the very best darning months, both for quantity and quality. The new growth of grass is plentiful and tender, and the cows if well cared for, have come up to condition. Observe scrupulously cleanliness in every department. Keep the milk and cream at a temperature of from 62° to 65° Fahrenheit. Let all butter be perfectly dry. See that the cows are milked rapidly, and perfectly dry. Let butter for market be put up neatly, and plainly marked with the owner's name.

Corn—King Phillip or other quick maturing varieties may be planted, to replace failures elsewhere. Manuring to keep the soil in good condition. Thorough culture should be given to the growing crops this month, to subdue grass and weeds before the corn roots have extended far from the hill, when later plowing and hoeing will injure them. Leave the surface nearly level. Allow not more than four stalks to a hill—many successful growers leave but three. If the pasture ground is limited, put in a good quantity of corn, broadcast or in drills, for feeding green.

Hoeing will be the main work of the month, on many farms. Use horse power, where the ground will admit of it.

Manures—Roadside weeds, and sods from waste corners will add much to the manure heap, if properly prepared. Keep a supply in the pig pen, and also in the cow yard. They will absorb and save the liquid excrements, and wash them from the droppings. (An animal dig, turn it to account, by covering with a mound of muck or loam.)

Tools, particularly for laying and harvesting, should all be put in readiness. A poor implement wastes the strength, does poor work, and is a constant discouragement.

Weeds—Nip them before they bud. A day's work in subduing them now, will accomplish more than double that time spent after weeds have become established, besides the better chance afforded to the growing plants.

Catapults if left unmolested until now, are plainly visible; their nests disfigure the trees, and their operations on the leaves are serious. Destroy them at once.

Mulching is beneficial on open soils, especially for newly planted trees, and in a drough. Cover the whole ground, or as far as the roots spread, with half an inch of short straw, tan bark, or other suitable material.

"A discussion arose in a coffee room" at Southampton, as to the nationality of a gentleman at the other end of the room.

"He's an Englishman," said one, "I know it by his head."

"He's a Scotchman," said another, "I know it by his complexion."

"He's a German," said another, "I know it by his beard."

Another thought he looked like a Spaniard. Here the conversation rested, but soon one of them spoke—

"I have it," said he, "he's an American—he's got his legs on the table."

POLITICAL ROGUERY.

The recent developments of speculation and dishonesty by the detection of eminent and respectable politicians and men of influence, are at this time extensively occupying the public mind. Journals of all classes and of all politics are denouncing this political rogues in the hottest terms, and a decided abhorrence of it is manifested by the community generally. We are pleased to see so universally denounced and denominated; but at the same time we would like to ask if the rogues and upholders of such acts and of the men who commit them are not as culpable as the perpetrators and should not be as generally and publicly denounced and disowned?

The Republican party, through their recent Convention at Chicago, bestowed the highest honor in their power, next to the nomination of President or Vice President, upon a man from Massachusetts who testified before the Committee of the House of Representatives that he received from two to four thousand dollars for aiding, while a member of the House of Representatives, or a lobby agent at Washington, the repeal of the duties on wool.

The Republican party indorsed and approved this bribery and corruption by electing Mr. Ashmun President of their General Convention. We call the attention of farmers particularly to this endorsement of the sacrifice of their interests by the Republican party, and ask if they can longer support that party knowing these facts? The dust and smoke of the Republican press is raising over Democratic delinquencies is more for the purpose of hiding their own corruption than of producing a healthy state of public opinion. Democrats never yet raised a corruption fund for the purpose of striking down the interests of the farmers or the producing classes. That political rogues have been perpetrated only by our opponents.

THE GREAT ELEVATION.

A Southern gentleman at a Northern hotel, perceiving that the dining room servant, a negro, was bestowing his attentions elsewhere, to his neglect, called up John and accosted him in this wise:

"John, I have servants at home, and am waited on as a gentleman should be. I am neglected here, and am tired of it. I give you fair notice that I will whip you like a dog unless you behave better."

The consequence was, John became very attentive during the few days the gentleman remained. On going away, John was called up and presented with a dollar or two, which he thus acknowledged:

"Thankee, massa. Southern gentlemen always so—lick us like blazes if we don't 'tend to 'em right, but dey always give us a dollar or so fore dey leave. But dese abolition gentlemen might hand 'em a suit, and require much 'tention, and what dey leave, shake yer hand, look up to de sky, and say, 'God bless you, my unfortunate friend, an' elevate you in the scale of humanity,' or something like dat, but naber give us a dollar to elevate us."

"Up to the present time, seventy-five thousand eight hundred and ninety-three bodies have been interred in Greenwood Cemetery. It may well be called a 'city of the dead.'"

"Boston must be well off for lawyers, if all who walk up to the bar belong to that profession."

The skeletons of a race of giants are being exhumed on the Guano Islands of Peru. In a recent cargo of Guano received at Norfolk, Va. were found the remains of the vertebrae of a human being about twice the usual size. Bones of this description have been frequently exhumed on the Guano Islands, and seem to show that at some remote period a race of giants inhabited that part of the globe.

The franking privilege originated in England in the year 1700. Under it, members of Parliament used to frank "on their backs and packs of hounds." In this country the privilege extends to "pub. doc." washing, and oats of oysters.