



"FOR THE GOOD THAT LACKS ASSISTANCE: FOR THE WRONG THAT NEEDS RESISTANCE."

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### THE HEAVENLY SECRET.

In the dark and soundless river  
Stretch so wide—  
The homeward rolling tide,  
Over which have crossed  
Our loved and early lost;  
That their unsealed eyes may never see  
The further side,  
Where still amid this toil and misery  
We bide!

In the realm of their transitory  
Close at hand  
To this, our living land!  
Nearer than we dream!  
Can they catch the gleam  
Of our smiles, and hear the words we  
speak!  
And see our needs!  
Ah! looking deeper than our eyes may  
seek,  
Our deeds!

Do they mingle in our gladness!  
Do they grieve  
When ways of good we leave!  
Do they know each thought and hope,  
While we in shadows grope!  
Can they hear in the future's light behest,  
Yet lack the power  
To lead us from our ill, or to arrest  
The hour!

When they find us bowed in sorrow,  
Do they sigh!  
Or when earth passes by  
For them, do they forget  
The cares that here beset  
Their well-beloved! Or do they wait  
(O be it thus!)  
And watch beside the golden gate  
For us!

Were yearning for their secret:  
Though we call,  
No answers ever fall  
Upon our dulled ears,  
To quell our nameless fears.  
Let God be over all, whatever may be,  
And trusting so,  
Patience, my heart! a little while, and we  
Shall know.

—Round Table.

### THE AFFAIR OF THE TURKEYS.

BY PAUL CRETON.

There was never probably a better matched couple than Mr. Solomon Parsons and his wife. Mr. Solomon Parsons, as had been predicted in his boyhood, made a very exemplary, frugal, indulgent husband, while Mrs. Solomon Parsons, as everybody hoped before they were married, made a very exemplary, frugal and obedient wife. They agreed in all things; and as they were never known to find serious fault with each other except on one occasion, it may be a matter of interest with the reader to know what that occasion was.

This was the affair of the turkeys. You must know that Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Parsons live on a farm in New Hampshire, and pride themselves on raising the best turkeys, onions and beets, and on fattening the noblest hogs, the tenderest calves, and the nicest turkeys.

I said the occasion of the quarrel was the turkeys. The Parsonses never kept more than six at a time, with perhaps an extra one fattening for Thanksgiving or Christmas. But these they were particularly proud of; and next to the children, the turkeys were cared for by Mr. and Mrs. Parsons.

One day Mr. Parsons found that somebody had poured the contents of a certain jug he kept in the house—for cases of sickness only—into a peck-measure half full of shelled corn which was intended for the turkeys. After making particular inquiries of his wife as to the

perpetrator of the mischief, he drained off the liquor which had swollen abundantly the corn, and thoughtlessly threw the soaked grain to the fowls. This done he rode to town on business, leaving Mrs. Parsons alone with the children and the turkeys.

Not many minutes had elapsed after Mr. Parsons' departure, when one of the boys rushed into the house crying out to his mother that "all the turkeys had got fits, and were dying as if they had the cholera!"

Mrs. Parsons was knitting in her easy chair, but she sprang to her feet in an instant. Dragging the ball of yarn, which had fallen upon the floor, more than a dozen rods, she reached the spot of the terrible turkey tragedy! Awful sight! fatal catastrophe! Not one of the six fat turkeys was on its feet. One or two were making vain attempts to walk, apparently without any definite object in view, while the rest lay as though their heads had been chopped off, and carefully replaced after death.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Parsons, lifting her hands in dismay. "What can be the matter with 'em? What can have poisoned 'em so? O, my poor turkeys!"

As she finished speaking, the only fowl that had apparently retained a spark or two of life in its body till then, quietly gave it up, and making a very respectable tumble for a turkey, laid itself down with its companions. Mrs. Parsons called it a wonderful judgement—a terrible decree of Providence—and resolved to make the best of the affliction, ordered the boys to drag the turkeys to the house.

"The feathers are good," said she, "I must have them."

Accordingly the frugal housewife stripped the defunct fowls of their feathers, one after another, and made a pile of their carcases, for Parsons to look at on his return. It was a sad spectacle to behold them in their fallen state, heaped up without either life or feathers! But scarce had Mrs. Parsons gone into the house with the feathers, when the youngest and least respectable fowl in the heap, gave a movement wondrously like life for a dead turkey, opened its eyes, raised its head, and finally, after making several indecisive efforts, regained its feet. The praiseworthy example was followed by another of the flock, then by another, and so on until you might have witnessed the unusual and laughter-provoking spectacle of six two-legged animals, adorned with neither hair nor feathers, walking and staggering about, as if they were afraid of themselves and of each other. You would have said that they never felt so funny before in all their lives; that they were in a perfect state of bewilderment, not knowing how to account for their odd appearance; that they had been in a trance till their feathers had rotted off, and that on recovering their consciousness, life was a new and strange thing to them, and they could not credit their senses. Poor bewildered, singing, misguided turkeys!

The same urchin who had run to inform his mother that the turkeys were dead, now precipitated himself into the kitchen to tell her that "they had all come to life again!" Mrs. Parsons ran out as before; but she was more surprised than ever. She declared it was a miracle. Who had ever heard of dead turkeys walking before? The miracle of the man who took up his feather bed and walked, wasn't more strange than that six dead turkeys should arise and walk without their feathers. You would have said Mrs. Parsons was as bewildered as the turkeys.

Matters stood thus when Mr. Parsons returned. Judge of his surprise, when he beheld his fine turkeys, sad and

crestfallen, traveling about as naked as many eels!

"What on 'arth does this mean?" he demanded.

"O!" sobbed Mrs. Parsons, "it's the strangest thing; I never heard of the like—never! The turkeys all died—"

"Died!"

"Yes—and I picked 'em."

"Died and you picked 'em!" exclaimed Parsons angrily. "O, you good for nothing!"

It was the first unkind word Parsons had ever spoken to his wife, and she felt it.

"O! O! O!" she cried, weeping bitterly.

"O! O! O!" echoed Parsons through his teeth, as he looked first at his wife, then at his turkeys.

"Parsons!"

"You fool!"

"You brute!" replied the wretched woman; unable to hear more; and she swelled up before Parsons as the turkeys had often done, before stripped of their feathers. "Mr. Solomon Parsons, I am not a fool!"

"You picked my fine turkeys—you haven't left a feather!"

"Your fine turkeys! I picked my turkeys because they were dead."

"They were not dead!" exclaimed Parsons.

"As dead as dried herrings!" cried Mrs. Parsons.

"You are a fool, as I told you!" shouted Parsons. "The turkeys were drunk."

"Drunk!" screamed Mrs. Parsons.

"Drunk, yes!" thundered Parsons;

"for I gave 'em that corn that had soaked in whiskey."

"O, Parsons! you gave 'em that corn!"

cried Mrs. Parsons, hysterical. "O, you fool! O, those fine turkeys! O! O! O!"

Parsons was frightened. He feared that his faithful wife might soon be in a worse condition than the turkeys, if he did not soothe her; as he felt that the original fault was his, he readily made endeavors to offer her consolation.

"Don't cry, said he.

"I will!" said she. "You called me a fool! You gave the turkeys that corn! You—you—you are a brute!"

"I know it," replied Parsons, humbly. "I plead guilty to the charge. I am fully convinced that I am a brute. I'm a more degraded animal than these turkeys, featherless as they are. But I ask your forgiveness."

"Parsons!" sighed the poor woman.

"My dear," said Parsons.

"O!"

And Mrs. Parsons threw herself on his neck, as if she had not seen him for a year.

"You forgive me?"

"Yes."

And that exceedingly well-matched pair embraced, to the great surprise of the six featherless turkeys, that had witnessed the whole scene in perfect bewilderment. Then they both fell to, and began to butcher the turkeys, as if they (the turkeys) were altogether in fault, and as if they (Mr. and Mrs. Parsons) wished to see which could kill the greatest number. Soon the fowls were put out of their misery and into a basket, and as they did not need any picking, Mr. Solomon Parsons and Mrs. Parsons looked at each other and laughed.

"They're all dead now," said Mrs. Parsons.

"And picked," said Solomon.

And they embraced again.

"It was foolish in me," observed Parsons afterwards, "very foolish, to give the turkeys that corn!"

"And foolish," added Mrs. Parsons, "very foolish in the turkeys to get corned!"

—Velocipede pants are advertised.

### NUT-GROWING.

It is somewhat surprising that with all our nation's love of grain, and the general appreciative admiration of beautiful trees for shade and ornament, we have so few instances where nut-bearing trees have been adopted for planting in the place of maple, elm, or linden. The chestnut, butternut, black walnut, and Madeira nut, where the climate will admit, are all beautiful as shade and ornamental trees, can be transplanted while young without a loss of over ten per cent., grow very rapidly, and come into bearing usually from the seventh to the tenth year from seed. The hickory or white walnut is more difficult of transplanting; but even that we have removed with success by digging deep and obtaining, and again replanting entire, the tap root. This tap root retaining is, in fact, a feature of importance with all the nut-bearing trees, its loss often resulting in death of the tree, while, if fully retained, a tree rarely dies. It is, however, more certain, and probably most economical, to plant the nuts where trees are designed to stand. This may be done and the ground yearly cropped to corn, potatoes, or small fruits, and at the end of five years or so it may be left in grass if desired. As a paying productive crop, as a permanent investment, attended with little or no labor in the cultivation or pruning, etc., we know of nothing more reliable than that of an orchard of nut-bearing trees. Our native forest trees are being rapidly destroyed, and without the attention of horticulturists to the subject of growing nut-bearing as well as apple and pear trees, we shall soon find the products of our native land, in this particular, more rare than that of foreign shores. Already the chestnut commands a ready sale at from eight to twelve dollars a bushel, while the white walnut sells freely at from two to three dollars; and yearly, as time rolls on, these prices are enhanced rather than reduced, because of the increased demand and the lessened product, by reason of cutting away the native forest trees. We write this, having just come from an orchard of about sixty trees, now about twenty-five years old, and from which the owner last year gathered an average of over one and a half bushels to the tree, paying him a net return, exclusive of labor of gathering, of over six hundred dollars. These trees stand in pasture land, and when the owner was clearing up the forest were young saplings and left to grow, with a hopeful looking forward to the present result. In our earlier days we spent many a day gathering the white walnut, and our recollection is of six to eight bushels of fruit to a tree, for which buyers then paid one dollar a bushel; and as the trees were in pasture land, the product was a clean net gain, extremely acceptable to the owner.

A STORY is told of an old hunter in Michigan, who, when the country was new, got lost in the woods several times. He was told to buy a pocket compass, which he did, and a friend explained to him its use. He soon got lost and lay out as usual. When found, he was asked why he did not travel by the compass. He stated that he did not dare to. He wished to go north, and he "tried hard to make the thing point north, but 'twant no use; 'twould diddle, diddle, diddle right around, and point southeast every time!"

—The Government lost a million dollars' worth of property last year by the sinking of steamboats on the Missouri river.

—A drunken man in Brooklyn recently leaped from the top of a six-story house and killed himself.