A BACKWOODS ELOPEMENT.

BY SUSAN HARTLEY.

"There ain't nothing here but the woods, an' the river, and a few shiftless neighbors, but if you can stand it, we would like to have you stay," remarked Mrs. Savage, when Marianne and I proposed spending a month or so at her hospitable mansion.

A winter's trip into the pine woods region had inspired us with a desire to visit it when it was green, instead of white, and as Marianne is somewhat of an invalid this spring, and believes in pine breezes, we started, on the last day of April, for the same obscure spot.

We left the east winds and the sea fogs behind us; we found clear skies, fresh breezes, arbutus blossoms, and May parties, which are still in vogue in this part of the country. Not the forlorn, paper-weathered, bare-headed, shivering affairs which are plentiful in the suberbs of the larger New England cities, on the first of the flowery month, but merry tramps after arbutus flowers, the parties composed of young men and maidens, as well as children.

Dinner is usually spread in some vacant lodging camp, or, if it be warm enough, under she trees outside, while last year's leaves fall into the drinking cups, and a great deal of fun and jollity prevails.

We encountered many of these gipsy parties on our way from Bangor upward, and each one seemed merrier than the last.

Dusk was creeping like a mist over the little hamlet, cut like an oval from the midst of the forest, when we reached there, after our long day's ride. It was three miles from the scene of our winter's visit, and a more picturesque location. The river not long released from its prison of ice, was singing the wildest of spring songs. Pale green birches only in bud as yet, were shivering against the dark velvet back ground of the pine woods. Frogs were calling tragically from every direction, and as we alighted at Mrs. Savage's door we could smell the oderous breath of kine, and hear the pleasant sound of dripping milk into full pails. The milkmaid, a rosy-cheeked, moon-faced girl, rushed from the shed near by, pail in hand, while Mrs. Savage herself stood on the step to greet us.

"Hurry Phebe!" she admonished the milkmaid; "supper's all ready now, and I expect nothing but that these ladies is half starved."

The cheer of a wood fire somewhat revived our drooping spirits. The voices of frogs and extreme weariness are enough to depress the stoutest souls.

Mrs. Savage, "Phebe, my darter," and "my son John," compose the family. Mrs. Savage wears her hair short, and looks as determined as cheerful. When not about her house work, she makes log cabin quilts, and hooks rugs. Phebe has straw colored ringlets, she is 19 years of age, she sweeps, washes the dishes, and, when John is busy, does the milking. John looks manly but seems overcome by shyness. He wears red shirts, is employed in getting out lumber in the daytime, and in courting in the evening. All this we learned before noon the next day, and we also learned that the first of May is rather early in the season in the backwoods, if there is no east winds, and the skies are clear.

Early the next morning we took a little tramp into the woods. We found the picturesque ruins of an old camp, its crumbling logs beautifully draped in moss, a lovely little round pond, blinking brightly under green fringes, a plenty of rarest arbutus blossoms, and a drift of white moss-wood buds and delicate ferns. We heard the low, sweet, song of a bird that we had never heard before, but the woods were wet, and the air was so chilly and damp that we were glad to make our way home in a short space of time.

"I am interested in Phebe and her weeping," said Marianne. "After all, human nature is more interesting than any other kind at this season of the year, especially."

"I who love nature much as sinners can,
Love her where she most grandeur shows
In man."

I quoted. "Mrs. Savage said that the elder was coming to-night, and I am anxious to see him. Isn't there some connection between this expected event and Phebe's weeping?"

"I imagined that her tears were evoked by the pathos of the New York *Ledger*," said Marianne. "I saw them dripping profusely over the first page, while she plied the dishcloth this morning."

We went home to find the house as redolent of spices as on Thanksgiving day, and Mrs. Savage in a perfect bustle of cookery. Phebe's red cheeks were quite blistered with tears, and she was beating eggs with an air of martyrdom.

"The elder, he's fond of sweetmeats as a child, and I'm a trying to get up something that he can eat, though Phebe's actions put me all out, and I hardly know what I'm doing. Who ever heard of a girl's crying the hull enduring time, for two or three days, coz her beau was coming?" said the elder lady.

"He ain't my beau, no mor'n another at all, I won't have him for a beau," asserted the tearful damsel, wiping her eyes with her apron, "and I think you would be ashamed to call him that before folks."

"Strange that girls never will know when they're well off. The elder's the gentelest man in the country, to say nothing of the privilege of marrying into the gospel, so to speak. An' Phebe reckons she's put upon the worst kind coz I kalkerlate she shell marry him. He'll make an awful good husband, an' is as fond of her as ken be.

"I should think he was," gasped Phebe, handling her egg-beater like a weapon of vengence. "'Taint me't he likes, an' all the neighbors knows it. He ain't got no property himself."

"Phebe Jane Savage, what air you a talking about?" exclaimed her mother, in a tone of exaspiration. "If you aint keerful you'll lose him, after all. There ain't a girl around here but what would jump to git him—girls better off'n you be, too."

"They're welcome to him, 'wider-er's peak, an' all," said Phebe. "He—"

Marianne and I retreated to the sitting-room. The fire snapped cheerily. The birds were singing outside, and we could see from the window where we sat, the bold peak of Katahdin, softened into a velvet cloud by distance, over the tops of the waving trees. Marianne busied herself with her sketch book, while I idly watched the antics of an impish kitten, and meditated on Phebe's troubles.

The elder was expected before teatime, and we did not desert our post by the window until he made his appearance. He traveled in what they called the "commodashun," a primative conveyance, driven by a jovial young man from the end of the stage route, several miles below. He was a tall, ungainly man of forty, or thereabouts. He wore shiny black broadcloth and a tall hat, resembling a stage countryman in his Sunday best. His hair was black oily and curling. His eyes were beautiful blue but looked both sleepy and sinister, and when he moved his hat, we were amused to notice "the widower's peak" which Phebe had mentioned so scornfully. The expression of his face was a strange mixture of indolence and sharpness. He carried a gay carpet bag in his hand, and invariably swallowed before he spoke. He addressed Mrs. Savage as "Sister Savage," and rushed forward to greet her with a smile which was sultry in its sweetness. Phebe, without paying the least attention to the elder, was exchanging a great deal of mysterious banter with the jovial young man, under his very nose.

"I am afraid that young man is on the downward road," sighed the elder viewing their proceedings from the window, after he had reluctantly entered the house.

Mrs. Savage looked alarmed, and hastened to call Phebe, who did not hasten to make her appearance. The young man was to stay at the house all night, as the roads were bad, and his horse was disabled some way, and not until he moved toward the stable with his weary steed, did she exhibit the slightest intention of depriving herself of his society.

The elder strode toward her, with reproachful tenderness, and attempted to imprint a kiss upon her glowing cheek.

"Quit!" said Phebe, repulsing him with an angry push.

"Phebe Jane!" ejaculated her mother reprovingly.

"Lor, Sister Savage," said the elder with another sultry smile, "girls will be bashful, you know, and we mustn't blame little Phebe. She'll get over it, in time, I'll warrant you. Wimmin folks ain't often very backward as far as I am concerned."

And he beamed all over with still complacency.

Mrs. Savage turned one admiring eye from his visage and another threatening one from her daughter, and proceeded to perform an introduction between us and the elder. His affability was extreme, and addressing us each as "sister," he commenced a theological discussion while Mrs. Savage and Phebe busied themselves preparing supper. But as he had the discussion all to himself, he soon wearied of it, and favored us with his views on politics and temperence at great length.

"Hain't I seen you down below?" he suddenly inquired from the midst of his disquisition, searching Marianne's face, with a puzzled expression.

We were both considerably startled, for as his speech was extremely free with the name of his satanic majesty, the "down below," was, naturally, suggestive of a very objectionable region. It was a great relief to find out that he only meant Bangor after all.

Phebe and the strange young man, who seemed by no means strange to her, appeared rather excited and were inclined to laugh at the elder during the solemn exercise of supper. The elder regarded him with severe disapproval, and remarked cheerfully several times, that he knew one or two young men who were going straight to destruction.

Evening, however, found Phebe demure, the young man sleepy, the elder still in a theological, but not so severe a mood, and casting love-like glances toward the maid of his choice. But Mrs. Savage looked anxious, and was continually dropping a stich in her knitting. "My son John" and the strange young man, who seemed to be fast friends retired early, pleading fatigue. Then Phebe, in spite of her mother's remonstrating glances, retired also. The elder asked permission to smoke a pipe, and no objection being expressed, he puffed away, uttering a little exhortation between the puffs.

"So Phebe is engaged to the elder?" inquired Marianne, when the reverand gentleman had taken his departure for the night, and we sat with Mrs. Savage by the fireside.

"Why, yes, I kalkerlate they'll be married. She's awfully bigoted, though, an' says she won't have him." (Bigoted is the word used for all sorts of objectionable behavior, in the Aroostook.) "This young man that druv the elder up, kep' school in our district, an' courted her for a spell, winter 'fore last, an' I'm afeerd he's turning her head agin now."

"A marriage with him seems a great deal more suitable," I ventured, feeling deep sympathy for the poor damsel. "The elder is so much older than Phebe."

"Yes, indeed," said Marianne, warmly, "you ought to marry the elder yourself, Mrs. Savage."

"Sakes alive!" remarked the lady, "the elder's enough sight too young and handsome for me; I'm bound to have him in the family, though, if 'tis only to spite Widow Jones, that's a setting her cap at him like all possessed, an' is allers a whispering something agin Phebe in his ear."

The next morning Mrs. Savage was astir early, as usual, for John, who worked on the river, was obliged to have his breakfast at 6 o'clock. Phebe she always called at half past five, and when the hands of the clock indicated this hour, she stepped into the hall, and Phebe's name echoed with unusual emphasis through the house. But there was no response. She called again and again; but only silence prevailed.

"I declare, that girl's growing mor'n more shiftless every day," she muttered to herself and ran swiftly up stairs into her daughter's bedroom.

The room was empty, the bed had not been occupied at all, and Phebe's clothing had disappeared from the nails in the closet; so had her father's old hair trunk, which for years had stood in one corner. There was an envelop on the table addressed to her mother. She tore it open, and read with feelings better imagined than described:—

"Dear Marm:—Seth Peckham an' I is going over to Patagumpus to git Elder Wright to marry us this morning. I could stand the elder fur a pa, but not fur a husband. Cum and see us when you get thro' yore summer's work and the boarder's is gone.

PHEBE.

"P. S.—I shall send after my befer and fether beds and kochin chiny pullets, and all my things, next week."

Mrs. Savage, as she declared, was "dretful took aback," but determined to make the best of it. The elder, on being informed of the elopement, seemed to be more affected that they should have gone to Elder Wright to be married, than by any pangs of unrequitted love.

"They might, at least, have given me the privilege of marrying them, though 'taint likely Seth could afford to pay much of fee," said he regretfully.

A day or two later he informed Mrs. Savage that it had been revealed to him that there was a providence in Phebe's refusal to marry him, and Heaven had ordained that he should marry her, instead. And Mrs. Sauage accepted the ordination of Heaven.

Clutched by a Bear.

Lottie Merrill, the female hunter of Wayne county, Pa., has just had another adventure which is worthy of record, and one which came so near costing her life that she will probably in the future never resume her mascular sport. A few days ago, just after the great sleet storm which swept over the whole country, Lottie determined to go deer hunting. Donning her snow shoes she started to cross Drig Swamp, a dense mass of scrub oaks and laurel. When she had reached the centre of the marsh she discovered the foot-prints of a very large bear on the crust. She followed the trail out of the swamp for about two miles, when she discovered the den which the animal inhabited. Entering the cave she found two little cubs on a bed of leaves in one corner. The cubs were about the size of kittens, and were easily captured. Lottie was emerging from the cave when she was met by an immense she bear. The bear had heard the cubs yell, and was making all possible speed to rescue them. Before Lottie could draw her rifle to her shoulder the animal was upon her, grasping her in her paws, and gave her such a squeeze that she fainted, when the bear, thinking her dead, released her grip. She fortunately regained consciousness quickly, and while the bear was playing with her cubs the plucky hunter drew her rifle and shot her in the side. The bullet did not strike the animal's heart, and as the brute dashed at her again Lottie drew her hunting-knife and with one bold stroke nearly severed the bear's head from the body. Lottie was just congratulating herself on her escape when the bear's mate made his appearance. Lottie's rifle was unloaded, and she was totally unprepared for a second encounter, but determined to fight it out. The struggle was a long one. Fortunately the young lady was not encumbered in her motions by petticoats, for in all her hunting expeditions she wears pantaloons of doeskin with a long blouse. When, finally Lottie thought the bear was dead she stooped over to cut its throat, and the animal, with one stroke of his monstrous paw, tore the clothing almost completely from her body. During the protracted struggle the bear had reached the edge of a cliff fully a hundred feet high and sloping at an angle of more than 45° down to the Wallinpaupack Creek. As the bear grabbed Lottie he commenced sliding on the slippery crust down this almost perpendicular slope. Lottie was carried with him, and every foot of distance traversed added to their velocity. When they reached the foot of the slope they struck against a tree, completely killing the bear and breaking two of Lottie's ribs, her left arm, and one of her limbs. She managed, however, to crawl about a mile to a house, where she received medical treatment. The first bear killed weighed when dressed, 403 pounds, and the male one 484 pounds. Lottie, who is improving slowly, has the cubs in her possession, but she says it will be some time before she will take another expedition o the kind.

Come Here Little Girl.

Professor Luigi Monti tells a pleasant story of Longfellow. For many years he has been in the habit of dining with the poet every Saturday. On Christmas Day, as he was briskly walking toward the old historic house, he was accosted by a girl about 12 years old, who inquired the way to Longfellow's home. He told her that he would show her. When they reached the gate she said: "Do you think I can go into the yard?" "Oh, yes," said Signor Monti. "Do you see that room on the left? That's where Martha Washington held her receptions a hundred years ago. If you look at the windows on the right you will probably see a white-haired gentleman reading a paper. Well, that will be Mr. Longfellow." She looked gratified at the unexpected pleasure of really seeing the man whose poems she said she loved. As Signor Monti drew near the house he saw Mr. Longfellow standing with his back against the window, his head of course, out of sight. When he went in he said, "Do look out of the window and bow to that little girl, who wants to see you very much." "A little girl wants to see me very much; where is she?" He hastened to the door, and, beckoning with his hand, called out "Come here, little girl; come here if you want to see me." She needed no second invitation, and after shaking her hand and asking her name he took her into the house, showed her the "old clock on the stairs," the chair made from the village smith's chestnut tree, presented to him by the Cambridge children and the beautiful pictures and souvenires gathered in many years of foreign residence.

Railroad on Ice.

A railroad is to be built on ice in Russia. Cronstadt is five miles from the coast, and eighteen from the capital. In the summer communication is easily and cheaply maintained by means of steamers, but when the Gulf of Finland becomes coated with ice, Cronstadt has to depend for transport to and from the island upon a number of rough little sledges, never trustworthy and always dear. The inconveniencies of this system has led the Baltic R. R. Co., to obtain permission of the government to throw a light line of rails across the ice to the island. The undertaking will not be beset with any serious obstacles, and it is believed that it can be successfully accomplished in eight or nine days. As soon as the ice is reported sufficiently strong by the engineers, gangs of laborers will proceed to lay down sleepers on the flat frozen surface, freezing them into position by means of a few buckets of water. The rails will then be fixed on, and light trains will convey passengers and goods direct to their destination. The only real difficulty about the enterprise is the question of the fuel.

A Canadian has applied to the government for assistance on the ground that he has twenty children, six couples of whom are twins.

A Chunk of Natural History.

A boy about fourteen years of age was smoking a cigar on the south portico of the City Hall the other morning when a citizen halted before him and said:

"Boy, do you realize what you are doing."

"Smokin' a wonderful good five-center, won on a bet," was the reply.

"But don't you know that you are filling your system with deadly poison?"

"Naw."

"Well, you are. That cigar contains enough nicotine to kill a cat."

"I'm no cat."

"I know. It does not kill you suddenly, but poisons the blood and sows the seed of fell disease. You may drop dead on your way home, my boy."

"I ain't goin' home."

"It fills me with horror to see a lad of your age destroying both soul and body. Boy, I entreat you to throw away that vile cigar."

"I dasn't. Some one else would pick it up and be pizened."

"Throw it away and I'll buy you three apples."

"Don't like 'em."

"Or a quart of peanuts."

"Say," said the boy as he fondly regarded the inch of ashes at the end of the cigar. "I bet a boy the cigars this morning that he couldn't tech his tongue to a lamp-post and then sing "Sally Walter?" He teched, and there's a crowd up there now tryin' to thaw him loose. I ain't very scart about bein' pizened, and I don't keer much for fatherly advice, but if you've got any spare time you might go up there and tell that ere boy that a chunk of natural philosophy is worth a hull barnful of experiments."

Right Watering of Plants.

"If you were very thirsty," said old Mr. Ewing, "and I was to pour a glass of water on top of your head, would you be very grateful to me?"

"No," said Tom, who was watering his geranium; I'd be mad!"

"Well," said the old man, "you are not treating your plant much better. It has mouths, and it likes to drink when it is thirsty, but you don't pour this water into its mouths."

"I don't know where they are," said Tom, looking curiously at the bush.

"Its leaves are full of eager little pores and they are choked with dust," Mr. Ewing said: "Just put the nose again on the watering pot and wash off the leaves."

Tom picked up the nose, put it on the spout of the pot, and gave the bush a thorough wetting.

"It looks better," he said. "Has it any other mouths?"

"Plenty more," said the old man; one at the end of each rootlet. When you pour a stream of water around the stem of the plant, I think it must feel as you would if I put your drink on your head."

"Yes," said Tom, "see that fuschia. I didn't water the leaves nor the ends of the roots, I am sure."

"And don't you see you are doing the same thing by that rhododendron?" said the irritable old man. "When you do anything, boy, do it in the right way!"

And he took the watering pot himself, and every mouth in each plant got a good drink that time.—*Farmer's Home Journal.*

An Anecdote of Prentice.

When George D. Prentice was editor of the New England *Review* he made some reflection on the management of a Sound boat, then commanded by John Vanderbilt, a brother of the Commodore. A writer in the Hartford *Courant* says that Vanderbilt was so offended that he called upon Prentice to give him a thrashing. Prentice's office was in the third story of the building, directly at the head of the second flight of stairs. Vanderbilt made his business known, and in less time than it takes to tell it, found himself lying on the side walk in front of the door. He soon got up and went to his boat, swearing vengence. In his next issue Prentice gave an account of the affair and invited Capt. Vanderbilt to call again when he saw fit, at the same time telling Vanderbilt that he (Prentice) weighed fourteen stone, used both hands with equal dexterity, and swung a pair of fists like the halyard flocks of an East India schooner. Vanderbilt did not renew the quarrel.

A Narrow Escape.

Two Spanish beauties in Paris, the Countess Multedo and Senorita Penedo, had a narrow escape of being suffocated by natural flowers in their hair and the trimming of their ball dresses as they were returning home from Queen Isabella's soiree in a closely shut up carriage. The flowers were profusely employed in garlands. The ladies for some time chatted gaily. One and then the other became silent. Count Multedo, who was with them, grew alarmed when neither of them replied to observations he made and questions he put, and all the more so that he felt oppressed by the perfume of the flowers. When he caused the carrige to stop and opened the window he found them insensible, but they soon recovered when taken into the air; they, however, caught a severe cold from the sudden exposure.

Is the Devil a Hog.

"Mamma," said a youngster, is the bad man a hog?"

"What do you mean, my son?"

"I mean Satan, is he a hog?"

"Well, no,; he is generally spoken of as a serpent, by christians, but he is properly supposed to be without definite form, that is capaphle of assuming any shape that may suit his purpose. But why do you ask?"

"Because when I was down town yesterday, pap got right red in the face and told another man, if he didn't lick Tom Trotter the devil's a hog."

"And didn't he do it?" inquired the anxious parent.

"No'm, he didn't, but he tried like blazes, and when they wiped blood off his face he gimme a new ball to tell you he'd fell out of a buggy and hurt himself."

Good Advice.

If you keep your, stomach, liver and kidneys in perfect order, you will prevent and cure by far the greater part of the ills that afflict mankind in this or any section. There is no medicine known that will not do this as quickly or surely as Parker's Ginger Tonic, which will secure perfectly natural action of these important organs without interfering the least with your daily duties. See ad. f. 16

The Application of Manures.

Manure, being the foundation of a farmer's business, deserves more attention than anything else on the farm. Experience has taught nearly all farmers that the soil gives a greater reward when well manured than otherwise, and most of them are satisfied with the mere performance of spreading it out as well as acting on the principal that "the quicker the job is over the better," but it is a mistake to suppose that the duty of collecting and distributing manure is all that is necessary. There are substances composing fertilizers that are insoluable, and these are inert for want of being made available, as no plant can take up from the soil those inactive portions. The soluble substances only are used, and to derive the greatest benefit from manure it should, therefore, be well rotted and fine and have been kept in good condition. Ammonia, phosphoric acid and potash are the prime substances of the manure heap. The first is very volatile, and escapes unless combined with some other substances—such as sulphuric, nitric or muriatic acid, or, perhaps, with vegetable acids. Even then if exposed it will decompose and vanish. Phosphoric acid (being itself, as its name implies, an acid) always remains combined, and when set free from its combinations by sulphuric or other strong acids again forms new compounds. Potash also is always combined with the acids, never existing in an uncombined state in the manure heap. As it is necessary to notice these particular portions of the accumulated manure it requires notice also of the proper periods of application.

On heavy clay soils it will show better results to spread the manure broadcast in the fall, first ploughing the land and lightly harrowing it over. The compact sub-soil prevents loss from rain and snow. Being on top, the frosts quickly pulverize it, and as fast as it decomposes the soil absorbs and retains it. But on light, sandy, porous soils it should be treated differently, for when it is broadcast in the fall on such soils much loss is occasioned by the soluble substances being carried far down below the reach of the roots of the plant. If there is no clay sub-soil underneath we will lose the potash to a certain extent, as it is very soluble, particularly the sulphate and muriate.

Experiments the past year have demonstrated that in some portions of New Jersey, where the soil is very light, manure applied at frequent intervals gives more return than by any other mode. If corn is manured in the hill at the time of planting and the process repeated monthly thereafter the crop will be 50 per cent. larger, without using a greater quantity of manure than is intended for a single application. There are some crops, however, that do not thrive as well with such treatment, but they are few.

Chemical fertilizers should always be applied at regular periods, as they are used for the reason that they are instantly soluable. The first rain that comes on them carries off all that is not immediately taken up by the plant, but if they are applied in small quantities after every rain they will give such results as will susprise those who have never tried such plan. It is true, more expense is incurred, but the crop will repay it when harvested.

An experiment of this kind teaches us a lesson, for it is only by testing theories that we can be convinced of the practicability of them. It shows that, to a certain extent, plants should have regular meals (on some soils) rather than to be supplied once only. It is maintained by many that—if the manure is once applied—the plant will feed itself at proper times, which is true; but our object here is rather to show the most economical method of application, for no one can deny that much manure on farms goes to waste when improperly applied. A thorough examination of the composted manure should be made in order to judge if it is thoroughly decomposed, and if so, it requires extra care to retain the volatile ammonia and soluble potash. The slightest change of temperature may change the whole character of the compost, and a heavy rain may render it perfectly worthless.

If it is thus important to watch the compost heap in order to avoid loss, it is far more necessary to apply chemicals at proper periods, as with them, system is everything. They are cheaper than ordinary manure, though seemingly of higher cost, the trouble with them being the imperfect knowledge of their proportions. Fertilizers are now in the market formulated for separate crops, no two of them being the same, and the consequence is we are becoming educated not only to the fact that plants should be "fed regularly" but also that a plant, like an animal, requires for itself food not relished by a plant different from itself. Indeed, we are learning that it is incorrect to treat all crops alike. As we do not give horses the same food we give hogs, neither does a crop of wheat require the same food that a crop of clover needs.

Where the Shock Came In.

"Did you know Bill York, who used to keep a saloon here in Galveston?"

"Yes, I was acquainted with a fellow of that name."

"Well, he is a heedless sort of a fellow. He telegraphs to his aged mother from Omalia:

"The latest news up here is that I am going to hang to-morrow.'"

"Yes, that was very heedless. He might have telegraped that he was threatened with throat troubles, or something of the kind. The shock would not have been so severe to his aged mother."

"Oh, that's not where the shock comes in."

"Where does it come in?"

"Why the careless fellow forgot to pay for the telegram."

The names of towns and settlements in Arizona possess the merit of originality. Here are some of them: Tombstone, Good Enough, Tough Nut, Contention, Family Fuss and Discipline.

In Georgia a spark from a cigarette flew into a man's hair and beard, the dye ignited, and now he is bald and beardless.

Mrs. Livermore is lecturing on "How Shall we Reach the Boys?" This question can never be satisfactorily answered until every saloon has a telephone.

Joshua L. Smith committed suicide at Fon du Lac, on his ninety-ninth birthday. He had long declared that he did not wish to become a centenarian.

A Western Editor's Apology.

This is our first experience in running a newspaper. Little did we think when we placed our name in the *Clarion* as the responsible person for the matter that happened to find its way into these columns that anything would ever happen that we would have to take back or have a head put on us. The item which appeared about one "Professor" Gerbert playing the "Arkansaw Traveler" around the street corners of Kearney for cold biscuits and slack and sour barley water has got to be apologized for. Last Wednesday, when we were going along one of the principal streets of the county seat, in company with several friends, there suddenly appeared before our gaze the slandered Professor. He commenced his conversation by saying that he had not been given his dinner by a servant girl at the back door, and thought he would make a lunch of the writer. We entered a protest, but to no use. He claimed he was four hundred miles from home, both heels run over, and all wool and a yard wide, warranted to neither rip nor ravel, and had killed enough editors to make a corduroy road from Lookout Mountain to Puget sound. He unbuttoned his coat, and gently placing his hand on his hip pocket, he calmly gave us our choice between a retraction and having our carcass shot full of bullet holes. As the thoughts rapidly traversed our mind about having our remains sent to an aged and loving mother, looking like the top scive of a fanning mill, and how our creditors would mourn at our death; as we thought of another person who holds a warranty deed for four sections of our heart, town 6, range 13, and the idea of being shot by by a second-class, one horse, crank fiddler, was more than we could stand. Hence the apology.

The Best Investment on the Farm.

Recently, while visiting a friend in the "Old Dominion," I very much admired his long ranks of stove wood, carefully piled and neatly kept.

"Yes," said he, "that is the best investment on the farm."

Cut, hauled and worked up during January, one does not feel the expense. And it saves much valuable time, and temper as well, at other seasons of the year, when there is need of every effort to be put forth in planting, tending, or harvesting crops. Stove wood, in order to be good, should be well seasoned. Hence a little more than a year's supply should be kept on hand. But it can be worked more economically when green. Now, if the reader wished to be up to his business, and accounted a thrifty farmer, let him go to work at once and manufacture enough of this very necessary commodity to last a year and a half. Then, when you have once started in the good way, go forward, persevere, and there will be one in your household that will rise up and call you blessed. Is you have not a wood shed attached to your house, cord it in snug racks, and it will answer just as well, and perhaps better, for green wood, in order to season thoroughly, needs air and sunlight. Another view to take of the good wood pile is that it is an anti dyspeptic. If you take a hand in preparing it, it leads to a good appetite, and a good appetite is usually healthful. Secondly, good wood, in most cases, means good cooking—nice light bread, etc. And if one always has a healthful appetite and well-cooked victuals, he will not be very apt to have the dysyepsia or other chronic ailments. And, moreover, as christian farmers we should not lose sight of a good wood pile as a means of grace. How can we expect the angel who presides over the household to retain all of her angelic virtues if we provide her with only wet, "soggy" wood.

How to Stop a Paper.

The following from one of our exchanges, so clearly expresses our views upon the subject, that we copy it without comment:

You have an undoubted right to stop a newspaper whenever you are so disposed, upon payment of all arrearages. Do not hesitate to do so on account of any "tenderness of feelings" of any editor. Don't suppose he would stop buying sugar of you, or meat, clothing dry goods, &c., if he thought he was not getting his money's worth? and why should you net exercise the same privilege with regard to him and his wares, when you get tired of them? And when you discontinue a paper do it manfully. Don't be so pitiful as to throw it back to the postmaster with a contemptuous "I don't want it any longer!" and have "refused" written upon the margin, and have the paper returned to the editor. No gentleman ever stopped a paper that way, no matter if his head is covered with grey hairs that should be honorable. If you do not longer wish to receive a newspaper, write a note to the editor like a man saying so—and be sure that arrearages are paid. This is the way to stop a newspaper.

"Now I lame me," observed a grave looking man as his heels flew up and his head struck the jey pavement like a base ball against the backstop. His next remark did not sound like a continuation of the prayer. Perhaps he could not remember the "down to slip."

He that refuseth reproof erreth.

Funeral benevolence.—"a dead give away."

A calico wrapper—the dry goods clerk.

We never call the doctor till the well runs away.

A dangerous collision—running into debt.

It is better to be a writer of wrongs than to be a writer about wrongs.

Harriet Beecher Stowe is sixty-nine years old and her husband 79 years.

The Boston and Albany Railroad Company are selling thousand-mile railroad tickets at the rate of a cent a mile.

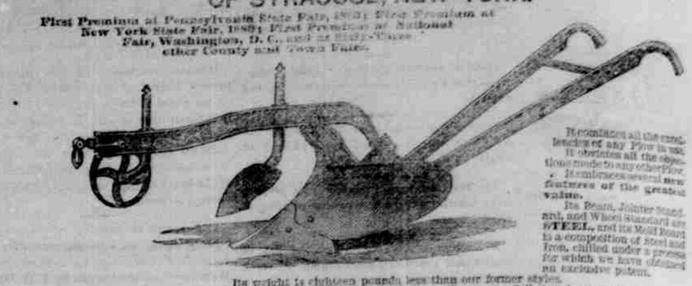
A negro, being caught stealing from a hen-roost, excused himself by saying, "Dat he only cum dar to see if de chickens sleep wid dar eyes open."

A young man in New York is becoming independently rich by breaking of marriage engagements objectionable to his father at $100 a time.

SYRACUSE CHILLED STEEL PLOW

OF SYRACUSE, NEW YORK.

First Premium at Pennsylvania State Fair, 1879; First Premium at New York State Fair, 1879; First Premium at National Fair, Washington, D. C., and at many County and Town Fairs.



It combines all the good features of any Plow in use. It obviates all the objections made to any other Plow. It embraces several new features of the greatest value.

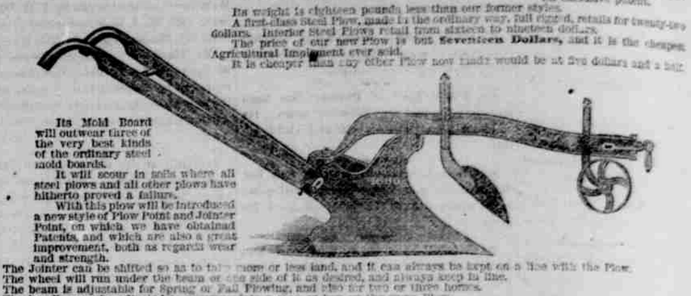
Its Beam, Jointer Standard, and Wheel standard are STEEL, and its Mold Board is a composition of steel and iron, chilled under a process for which we have obtained an exclusive patent.

Its weight is sixteen pounds less than our former styles.

A first-class Steel Plow, made in the ordinary way, full ripped, retails for twenty-two dollars. Interior Steel Plows retail from sixteen to nineteen dollars.

The price of our new Plow is but **Seventeen Dollars**, and it is the cheapest Agricultural Implement ever sold.

It is cheaper than any other Plow now made would be at five dollars and a half.



Its Mold Board will outwear three of the very best kinds of the ordinary steel mold boards.

It will scour in soils where all steel plows and all other plows have hitherto proved a failure.

With this plow will be introduced a new style of Plow Point and Jointer Point, on which we have obtained Patents, and which are also a great improvement, both as regards wear and strength.

The Jointer can be shifted so as to take more or less land, and it can always be kept on a line with the Plow.
The wheel will run under the beam or one side of it as desired, and always keep in line.
The beam is adjustable for Spring or Fall Plowing, and also for two or three horses.
The handles can be adjusted to accommodate a man or boy on the same Plow.
It is the lightest draft Plow ever made.
Wooden beams are going out of use because they shrink, swell, and warp, and never run two seasons alike. Iron beams are no better.
Malleable beams become demoralized and bend, which is worse than to break.
A Steel beam is the necessity of the date. It is three times as strong and very much lighter than any other style.
When we say a Mold Board is chilled, the Farmers know it is so.
We do not palm off on them a composition of various metals and call it chilled steel.
We want agents for this new Plow in every town in this state.
We can give but a very small discount to them, but we will pay the Railroad Freight.
We propose to place this Plow in the hands of the Farmers at near the cost of manufacture as possible.
It is the best Agricultural Implement ever sold. It is the best.
Persons, therefore, who are not willing to act as agents on the principle that an outside experience is better than a silver shilling, need not apply for an agency.
No Plows on commission. All sales absolute.
We make Right and Left Hand Plows of all sizes. Also, Side Hill Plows.
☞ This is the only Steel Chilled Plow in the World.
Steel costs several times more than iron. But this Plow, and the whole other small discounts, can be sold for Seventeen Dollars. Compare this price with that of any iron plow ever made.
Where there are no agents, we will, on receipt of $[illegible] in money, ship a Plow to any Railroad Station in the state, and pay the freight. Address

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It is a most agreeable dressing, which is at once harmless and effectual, for preserving the hair. It restores, with the glossy and freshness of youth, faded or gray, light, and red hair, to a rich brown, or deep black, as may be desired. By its use thin hair is thickened, and baldness often though not always cured. It checks falling of the hair immediately, and causes a new growth in all cases where the glands are not decayed; while to brashy, weak, or otherwise diseased hair, it imparts vitality and strength, and renders it pliable.

The Vigor cleanses the scalp, cures and prevents the formation of dandruff; and, by its cooling, stimulating, and soothing properties, it heals most if not all of the humors and diseases peculiar to the scalp, keeping it cool, clean, and soft, under which conditions diseases of the scalp and hair are impossible.

As a Dressing for Ladies' Hair The Vigor is incomparable. It is colorless, contains neither oil nor dye, and will not soil white cambric. It imparts an agreeable and lasting perfume, and as an article for the toilet it is economical and unsurpassed in its excellence.

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The Best & Most Economical Hair Dressing
Containing only ingredients that are beneficial to the hair and scalp, the BALSAM will be found far more satisfactory than any other preparation.
It Never Fails to Restore Gray or Faded Hair to the original youthful color and is warranted to remove dandruff, prevent baldness and stop falling of the hair. *Sold by druggists at 50 cents.*

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