### FARMER'S GIRLS.

Up in the morning early,
Just at the peep of day,
Straining the milk in the dairy,
Turning the cows away—
Sweeping the floor in the kitchen,
Making the beds upstairs,
Washing the breakfast dishes;
Dusting the parlor chairs.

Brushing the crumbs from the pantry,
Hunting for eggs in the barn,
Cleaning the turnips for dinner,
Spinning the stocking yarn—
Spreading the whitened linen,
Down on the bushes below,
Ransacking every meadow
Where the red strawberries grow.

Searching for "fixings" for Sunday,
Churning the snowy cream,
Rins'ng the pails and strainer,
Down in the running stream—
Feeding the geese and turkeys
Making the pumpkin-pies,
Jogging the little one's cradle,
Driving away the flies.

Grace in every motion,
Music in every tone,
Beauty in form and feature,
Thousands might covet to own—
Cheeks that rival spring roses,
Teeth the whitest of pearls,
One of these country maids is worth
A score of our city girls.

### THE PILOT'S STORY.

We had grown up together, as it were, Mollie and I, our parents being near neighbors, and—which does not always follow—firm friends as well. They were poor and I suspect that fact had much to do with their friendship, for opportunities were always turning up for helping one another; and I have often noticed that, when near neighbors are well off and have no need for mutual help, there is very seldom any friendship between them; there is more apt to be jealousy and competition.

Our parents being such good friends, it naturally resulted that Mollie and I should follow their example. We went to school together, read together, played together; and, somehow, when Mollie was eighteen and I was twenty we agreed to travel together all the rest of our lives, and were very happy in that agreement; in fact, no other would have seemed right or natural, either to us or our parents.

From the earliest days of my boyhood I had a fondness for the water, haunting the palatial steamboats that floated on the great Mississippi river, on whose banks nestled the city in which we dwelt, and at the period to which I am about to refer I had just secured a position as pilot on a small freight steamer.

It was not much of a position, to be sure, nor was there much of a salary attached to it; but, small as it was, Mollie and I decided that we could make it answer for two people, neither of them extravagant or unreasonable; besides which I had hopes of better times to come, as I had received words of commendation from my employers and promises of speedy promotion.

So early one bright morning, having obtained a day's leave of absence, Mollie and I were married, and stepping into a carriage I hired for the occasion we started off, having decided on a day's excursion to a celebrated cave near by, this being all the wedding trip we could allow ourselves, not that we cared the least however; we were too happy to be in the least disturbed by any shortcomings of sum or purse.

We had scarcely driven beyond our own street when we were brought to a halt. A messenger whom I recognized as belonging to our steamboat company hailed me.

"Here's a note for you from the superintendent."

Thus it ran:

"Am sorry to have to recall your leave for to-day, but you must immediately go on board the Mobilia, which is ready to start up the river. The pilot is to ill too attend to duty, and you are appointed to take his place for the present."

"There goes our wedding trip all to smash," said I as Mollie read the note.

"Why so?" she asked.

"You see I must go to the pilot house of the Mobilia."

"Very well," she replied. "We shall just go up the river instead of the cave. Drive on, Rob; let us go down to the wharf in state."

"But you can't go in the pilot house with me, little goose."

"Of course not; but I can sit on the deck outside," laughed Mollie, and we can cast languishing glances at each other."

And so it came to pass that I took possession of the Mobilia's pilot, my heart glowing with love and pride; with love, for there just below me, on the little forward deck, sat my sweet bride; with pride, because the Mobilia was one of the finest of the beautiful floating palaces of the Mississippi, and to pilot such a one had for years been the height of my ambition.

The steamer was fitted up with a double cabin, one above the other; the upper one opening upon a small deck, reaching out toward the bow, near the center of which, on a raised platform, was placed the pilot house. The deck was always occupied by passengers, and this morning it was particularly crowded, for the boat was heavily laden with people taking advantage of the beautiful weather to make an excursion up the river.

Some rough fellow jostled against Mollie's chair after a while, and she rose and passed down into the cabin, "to get a drink of water," she whispered to me as she passed; but I suspect it was to prevent the bursting of the thunder clouds she saw gathering on my brow.

I saw the insolent fellow made no attempt to follow my dear one, so I gave myself up to my own happy thoughts, and looked out on the far distant, peaceful shores of the great river, over whose placid bosom we were moving so swiftly, there rose from my heart a glad, silent hymn of rejoicing.

But suddenly a cry broke from the cabin behind me that effectually changed the current of my thoughts.

"Fire! fire! fire!" A horrible cry at all times, but most horrible of all when it rings forth in the midst of gay, unsuspicious hundreds floating in fancied security in the midst of the waters.

An instant's awe struck silence succeeded that awful cry, and then three hundred voices of men, women and children united in fearful heart-rending shrieks for help.

"Fire! fire! fire!"

Aye! there was no mistake about it, nor false alarm. No one could tell how it had commenced, but there it was creeping along the roof of the upper cabin, with the deadly flames greedily lapping up every scrap of awning and curtain they could find upon their way, ever and anon darting long tongues of flame down to the floor to clasp the light chairs and tables and settees in their fiery embrace.

As well seek with sieve to scoop up the waters of the great river on which the Mobilia floated as to try to subdue the roaring, devouring enemy that had seized upon the ill-fated steamer.

The people darted down from the blazing, upper cabin to the forward deck below where as yet the foe had made but little headway, and there our brave captain—who was that rara avis, "the right man in the right place"—succeeded in partially quelling the panic.

"Keep quiet," he ordered, "keep quiet, and stay where you are, or I will not answer for the lives of any of you. The steward will provide every one of you with life preservers, but there is no reason for anyone to go overboard—not yet awhile, at any rate, unless suicide is desired. Keep quiet, I say. Pilot, head her straight for the land, half a mile ahead." We were at least twice that distance from the shore. "Engineer, put on all steam—crowd her on!—We will run a race with the foul fiend who has boarded the Mobilia."

There was an instan's pause, and then, with a groan and a surge, with the timbers creaking and straining, and the window's rattling, and, as though in mortal terror, the Mobillia gathered herself up to run her last race.

Each passing moment the flames crept on and on, never pausing in their terrible march. Fortunately they leaped upward rather than downward, so there was as yet but little danger of the the panic-stricken crowd on the lower deck.

But the pilot house was directly in the track of the flames, and already their advanced guard was beginning to surround me, singing my hair and eyebrows.

Suddenly there was a murmur among the people below, and the next instant a light form flew up the ladder leading to the little deck by the pilot house, and, before I could say a word, my precious Mollie had thrown open the door, and closing it again, stood by my side.

"Mollie, Mollie!" I cried. "For heaven's sake, go back, go back! Don't you see how the flames are creeping towards us here? Go, go, my dearest, my own true wife! Don't unman me by making me fear for you. Go down where I can feel that you have a chance of safety."

"Rob Thorne!" she exclaimed, with her eyes looking straight into mine, "Am I your wife?"

"Surely, surely, thank God!" I muttered. "But go, go!"

"My post is here, just as yours is," she answered, firmly. "I will stay here, Rob, and if you die I will die, too. We will make our wedding trip together, my dear husband, even if it be into the next world. Keep to your duty, and never mind me, Rob. There is hope for us yet, and if the worst comes, why"—and a grave, sweet smile crept round her lips—"we are still together, dear love."

I saw it was no use urging her anymore, and besides something swelled in my throat, so I just gripped the wheel hard and looked right ahead, though everything looked dim just then, and my devoted darling stood calmly at my side, watching the flames that were creeping closer and closer upon us, leaping around the pilot house like hungry demons impatient for their prey.

"Thorne," cried the captain, "come down. Lower her and yourself over the rail. "We'll catch you. You cannot stay there any longer. We are very near the shore now, and the rest we'll take our chances on."

It was an awful temptation. I knew that did I follow the captain's advice both Mollie and I would be safe, for I was a good swimmer, and, should the boat not reach the shore, I could save her and myself; but then if I did this would I not deliberately expose every one of the eight hundred souls on board to destruction? True, the boat might keep to her course during the short space remaining to be passed merely from the impetus of her approach, but again she might not—and the?

I looked at my dear wife inquiringly; "Stick to your post, Rob," she said.

"No, sir!" I shouted back. "I shall stick to my post; I shall stay here till I run her clear to the shore or die first."

"My brave Rob—my noble Rob!" murmured Mollie.

But alas for my devoted Mollie! alas for me! Not the pilot house only but the entire deck around it was now surrounded by flames. It was too late to lower ourselves to the deck below. The railing was all ablaze.

My arms, released from the guardianship over the wheel, clasped Mollie close to my heart; but my eyes and brain were busy seeking for some mode of escape from death that seemed each instant more certain.

All at once my eyes rested on the paddlebox. It had not taken fire yet; the flying spray had saved it. I had only to dash across the flame-swept deck and fling open a little door in its side, which afforded ready access to the water beneath in safety. No sooner thought of than done.

"Take my hand, Mollie," I said, and run with me. We shall be saved, after all. Wrap your shawl across your mouth. Now, run—run!"

Leaping down on the deck, we sped, hand in hand, to the paddlebox. I dashed open the little door, and pushing Mollie inside, passed in myself and drew the door close again, shutting out the eager flames, whose angry roar pursued us as we dropped gently down into the shallow water and crept from beneath the wheel.

Our appearance was hailed with a shout of delight and relief, for all had given us up as lost, and we must have been but for the Heaven-inspired thought of the pilot house.

Now that the danger was over poor little Mollie fainted, and no wonder. But she soon came out all right, and as the people began to find out that "the brave little girl," as they called her, was really a bride of only a few hours, and that we were on our wedding trip, there was a regular ovation, followed up by nine deafening cheers.

The island upon which the Mobilia had been beached was low, sandy and uninhabited, altogether not an inviting place for three hundred people, without a particle of shelter, to pass a half day upon; yet even in this plight there were few grumblers in our midst.

There was no room in our hearts for any feeling but that of thankfulness for our preservation from a fearful death; and after the peril of the last hour or two it seemed a small matter to wait patiently for the coming of the relief boats that we knew were sure to arrive before many hours went past.

Though some miles from any large city, we knew that the burning steamer must have been seen from the farm houses scattered sparsely along the river bank, and that from these notices of the disaster would be sent to the nearest town. And so it was. Before nightfall several small steamers arrived, and after that but a few hours elapsed before we found ourselves safely at home and our adventurous wedding trip at an end.

But the results were not ended by any means. The terrible nervous strain I had endured combined with the severe burns I had received threw me prostrate on a bed of sickness.

When I was able to report for duty again, two weeks later, I learned that a noble gift from the Mobilia's grateful passengers—no less a sum than $2,000—lay in the bank awaiting my order. Not only this, but the steamboat company had voted me a gold medal and the appointment of pilot of the finest steamer on their line.

Years have gone by since my brave wife and I had so nearly journeyed out of the world on our wedding trip. From pilot I have come to be captain and a part owner of one of those beautiful floating palaces that used so to excite my envy; but never do I pass without a sickening shudder the little island where the Mobilia won the last race—a race of fire against steam, of life against death.

### Report of the Fish Commissioners.

The report of the Fish Commissioners of the State has been sent to the Legislature and includes their report of operations for 1879 and 1880. The Commissioners say they find much difficulty in securing the best result from their labors in the Susquehanna. The trouble is mainly with the shad, which cannot in safety ascend to the upper waters for breeding, nor can the young descend with any degree of safety to the sea. They say this is owing to the prodigious number and activity of the fishermen in the river, who catch the ascending shad in the spring. In order to obviate this, they advise the Legislature to make it lawful to catch shad only on three days of the week.

Another source of trouble is the dam at Columbia, at which point the commissioners have tried the plan of making a fish way. They say the fishermen at that place not only placed their nets at the mouth of the fish-way, but have swept its very floor. A number of these pirates have been arrested, however, and are serving terms in the Lancaster county prison, and the commissioners hope it will be the means of breaking up the practice. Notwithstanding the activity of the pirates, the report says, quite a number of fish got up through the dam in 1880, and at some of the fishing places between Columbia and the mouth of the Juniata, where the next dam is placed, as high as 5,000 have been caught. The report also states that there are 148 fisheries between Columbia dam and the Maryland line. Between Columbia and Turkey Hill, a distance of five miles, there was caught in 1879, 32,000 shad, and in 1880, 47,000.

The Board has two hatching houses established, which compare favorably with the best elsewhere in the United States. From these houses immense numbers of fish have been distributed within the past two years, the distribution from the Donegal Springs hatching house alone being as follows for 1879:

130,000 California salmon; 23,600 landlocked salmon; 140,000 shad; 2,228 black bass, and 178,800 brook trout. In 1880, 33,000 Penobscot salmon and large numbers of other fish were also sent out. The distribution of these was over the whole area of the State, according as each was suited to the different streams.

### Live up to the Mottoes.

There is no use in putting up the motto "God Bless our Home," if the father is a rough old bear, and the spirit of discourtesy and rudeness is taught by parents to children, and by the older to the younger. There is no use in putting up the motto "The Lord will Provide," while the father is shiftless, the mother is shiftless, the boys refuse to work, and the girls busy themselves over gewgaws and finery. There is no use in putting up the motto "The Greatest of these is Charity," while the tongue of the backbiter wags in the family, and silly gossip is dispensed at the tea-table. There is no use in placing conspicuously the motto "The Liberal Man Deviseth Liberal Things," while the money chinks in the pocket of the "head of the household," groaning to get out and see the light of day, and there are dollars and dimes for wine and tobacco, and other luxuries. In how many homes are these mottoes standing—let us say, hanging—sarcasms, which serve only to point a jest and adorn a satire! The beauty of quiet lives, of trustful, hopeful, free-handed, free-hearted, charitable lives, is one of surpassing loveliness, and those lives shed their own incomparable fragrance, and the world knows where to find them. And they still remain fresh and fadeless when the colors of the pigment and the floss have faded, and the very frames have rotted away in their joints.

### A Tornado.

St. Louis, March 16.—The *Republican's* Carthage, Mo., special says a tornado passed over a considerable part of Southwest Missouri last night, accompanied by rain and hail. At Galena, just across the Missouri line, it demolished some fifteen buildings, and mortally wounded two persons and severely injured six others. The large tabernacle was completely destroyed. Several buildings were blown down at Joplin, but at Carthage the damage was slight.

### How She Saved Money.

"For nearly six years my daughter was most of the time on a sick-bed from kidney and other disorders peculiar to women. We had used up our savings on doctors and prescriptions without any benefit. Our domine advised us to use Parker's Ginger Tonic, and four bottles effected a marvelous cure. As it has been our only medicine since, and a dollar's worth has kept our family well over a year, we have been able to lay by a little money again for a rainy day."—A Poor Man's Wife.

Arkansas women love to whistle And what is more lovely than tulips well blown?

### Winter Customs in Russia.

The Russians have a great knack for making their winters pleasant. You feel nothing of the cold in those tightly built houses where all the windows and doors are double, and where the rooms are kept warm by big stoves hidden in the walls. There is no damp in a Russian house, and the inmates may dress in the lightest of garbs, which contrast oddly with the mass of furs and wraps which they don when going out. A Russsian can afford to run no risk of exposure when he leaves his house for a walk or drive. He covers his head and ears with a fur bonnet, his feet and legs with felt boots lined with wool or fur, which are drawn on over the ordinary boots and trousers, and reach up to the knees; he next cloaks himself in an ample top-coat with fur collar, lining and cuffs; and he buries his hands in a pair of lingerless gloves of seal or bear skin. Thus equipped, and with the collar of his coat raised all around so that it muffles him up to the eyes, the Russian only exposes his nose to the cold air, and he takes care frequently to give that organ a little rub to keep the circulations going. A stranger, who is apt to forget that precaution, would often get his nose frozen if it were not for the courtesy of the Russians, who will always warn him if they see his nose 'whitening,' and will unbidden, help him to chafe it vigorously with snow. In Russian cities walking is just possible for men during winter; but hardly so for ladies. The women of the lower order wear knee boots; those of the shop keeping classes seldom venture out at all; those of the aristocracy go out in sleighs. These are by no means pleasant vehicles for nervous people, for the Kalmuc coachmen drive them at such a terrific pace that they frequently capsize; but persons not distitute of pluck find their motion most enjoyable It must be added that to be spilled out of a Russian sleigh is tantamount only to get a rough tumble on a soft mattress, for the very thick furs in which the victim is sure to be wrapped will be enough to break the fall. The houses and hovels of the Russian working classes are as well warmed as those of the aristocracy. A stove is always the principal item of furniture in them, and these contrivances are used to sleep on as well as to cook in. The mujick, having no bed, curls himself up on his stove at his time for going to rest; sometimes he may be found creeping right into the stove and enjoying the delights of a good vapor bath. The amount of heat which a Russian will stand is amazing, and his carelessness in facing the cold afterward not less so.

On a Sunday, which is washing day all over Russia, you may see in every village a mujick who has been cooking himself in his stove till he is of a color like boiled lobster, rush naked into the snow and roll himself in it like a dog till he glows all over to his satisfaction. It seems monstrous that one of the Russian's principal protections against the cold—his beard—was laid under penalty by Peter the Great and subsequently by Elizabeth and Catherine II, when they were trying to civilize their subjects according to the custom of the West. These three sovereigns all laid a tax on beards; and peasants entering cities on market days were required to exhibit in proof that they had paid their tax, a brass coin stamped with bearded face and the words, 'boroda lignaia tiagotia,' (the beard tax has been settled). This absurd impost was abolished by Paul; but the effects of it still survive in a manner, for the beard is still considered "bad form" in aristocratic circles. Military officers wear only moustache and and whiskers; diplomatists and other servants eschew the whiskers and generally reap their faces altogether. A Russian with a beard is pretty sure to be either a "pope" or a member of one of the classes below the upper middle.

### Bound to Have It.

Elder Traverse was once the most noted man in Eastern New York as a camp meeting leader. He had a powerful voice, was a fluent speaker, and in the prime of life could get away with any man who ever sought to disturb his meeting.

The elder was once holding a camp meeting near Yonkers, and word reached him that a notorious rough, known as "Chicago Bob," intended to be on hand on Sunday for a row. He made no reply and took no precautions, and when Bob appeared on the grounds with a cigar in his mouth and a slung-shot in his sleeve, the elder didn't grow pale for a cent. Bob had come out there to run things, and he took a forward seat. When the people started to sing he began crowing, and thus created a confusion.

"Robert, you had better sit down," observed the elder, as he came forward.

"Chicago Bob sits down for no man," was the reply.

"Sit down, Robert," continued the elder, as he put his arm on the loafer's arm.

"Here goes to clean out the crowd!" cried Bob as he peeled off his coat.

Next instant the elder hit him under the ear, and as he fell over a bench, he was followed up and hit again and again, and while in a semi-unconscious state he was carried off by his friends.

Next day he was the first one to go forward for prayers. The elder put his hand on his head and asked:

"Robert, are you in earnest?"

"I am."

"Are you really seeking after faith?"

"You bet I am! If faith helps a man to get in his work as quick as you did yesterday I'm bound to have it if I have to sell my hat!"

He didn't get it very strong, but he did no more crowing while the meeting lasted.—*Wall Street Daily News.*

An excellent hint is given in the following item: Dr. Hall relates the case of a man who was cured of his biliousness by going without his supper and drank freely of lemonade. Every morning, says the doctor, the patient arose with a wonderful sense of rest and refreshment, and feeling as though the blood had been literally washed, cleansed and cooled by the lemonade and fast. His theory is that food can be used as a remedy for many diseases successfully. As an example, he cures spitting of blood by the use of salt; epilepsy, by watermelons; kidney affections, by celery; poison, by olive or sweet oil; erysipelas by pounded cranberries applied to the parts affected; hydrophobia, by onions, etc.

So the way to keep in good health is really to know what to eat—and what medicines to take.

### The Monkey in its Domestic Relations.

In India, where the monkeys live among men, and are the playmates of their children, the Hindoos have grown fond of them, and the four handed folks participate in all their simple household rites. In the early morning, when the peasant goes out to yoke his oxen, and the cow wakes up, and the dog stretches himself and shakes off the dust in which he slept last night, the monkey creeps down from the peepul tree, only half awake, and yawns and looks about him, puts a straw in his mouth and scratches himself contemplatingly. Then one by one the whole family come slipping down the tree trunk, and they all yawn and look about and scratch. But they are sleepy and peevish, and the youngsters get cuffed for nothing, and begin to think life dull. Yet the toilet has to be performed, and whether they like it or not, the young ones are sternly pulled up, one by one, to their mother to undergo the process The scene, though repeated exactly every morning, loses nothing of its delightful comicality, and the monkey brats seem to be in the joke of "taking in" mamma. But mamma was young herself not very long ago, and treats each ludicrous affectation of suffering with the profoundest unconcern, and as she dismisses one "cleansed" youngster with a cuff, stretches out her hand for the next one's tail or leg in the most business like and serious manner possible.

The youngsters know their turns quite well. As each feels the moment arrive it throws itself on its stomach, as if overwhelmed with apprehension, the others meanwhile stilling their satisfaction at the way "So and so is doing it," and the instant the maternal paw is extended to grasp the tail, the subject of the next experiment utters a piercing shriek, and throwing its arms forward in the dust, allows itself to be dragged along a limp and helpless carcass, winking all the time, no doubt, at its brothers and sisters at the way it is imposing on the old lady.

But the old lady will stand no nonsense, and turning the child right side up, proceeds to put it to rights, takes the kinks out of its tail and the knots out of its fur, pokes her fingers into its ears and looks at each of its toes, the irrepressible brat all the time wearing on its face an absurd expression of hopeless and incurable grief, those who have already been cleansed looking on with delight at the screaming farce, and those who are waiting wearing a becoming aspect of enormous gravity.

The old lady, however, has her joke, which is to cuff each youngster before she lets it go, and nimble as her offsprings are, she generally, to her credit be it said, manages to "fetch them one on the ear" before they are out of reach. The father, meanwhile, sits gravely with his back to all these domestic matters, waiting for breakfast. Presently the mats before the hut doors are pushed down, and the women, with brass vessels in their hands, come out, and while they scour pots with dust, exchange, between songs, the compliments of the morning.

The monkeys by this time have come closer to the preparation for food, and sit solemnly, household by household, watching every movement. Hindoos do not hurry themselves in anything they do, but the monkey has a great deal of patience, and in the end, when the crowd has stolen a little, and the dog has his morsel, and the children are all satisfied, the fragments of the meal are thrown out on the ground for the "blunder orgue," the monkey people, and it is soon discussed, the mother feeding the baby before she herself eats.

### Pay as You Go.

My motto is, Pay as you go, and keep from small scores. Short reckonings are soon cleared. Pay what you owe, and what you're worth you'll know. Let the clock tick, but no "Tick" for me. Better go to bed without your supper than get up in debt. Sins and debts are always more than we think them to be. Little by little a man gets over head and ears. It is the petty expenses that empty the purse. Money is round and rolls away easily.

Tom Thriftless buys what he does not want because it is a great bargain, and so is soon brought to sell what he does want, and finds it a very little bargain; he cannot say "No" to his friends who want him to be security; he gives grand dinners, makes many holidays, keeps a fat table, lets his wife dress fine, never looks after his servants, and by and by he is quite surprised to find the quarter days come round so fast, and that his creditors bark so loud. He has sown his money in the field of thoughtlessness, and now he wonders that he has to reap the harvest of poverty. Still he hopes for something to turn up to help him out of difficulty, and so muddles himself in more trouble, forgetting that hope and expectation are fool's income. Being hard up, he goes to market with empty pockets and buys at whatever prices tradesmen like to charge him, and so he pays them double and gets deeper and deeper in the mire. This leads him to scheming and trying little tricks and mean dodges, for it is hard for an empty sack to stand upright. This is sure not to answer, for schemes are like spider's webs, which never catch anything better than flies, and are soon swept away. As well attempt to mend your shoes with brown paper or stop a broken window with a sheet of ice as try to patch up falling business with manœuvering and scheming. When the schemer is found out, he is like a dog in church, whom everybody kicks at, and like a barrel of powder, which nobody wants for a neighbor.

Following are the closing words of President Lincoln's first inaugural. There is nothing more beautiful in the English language than the final sentence:

"I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory stretching from every battlefield and every patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done thousands of women more good than the medicine of many doctors. It is a positive cure for all female complaints. Send to Lydia E. Pinkham for pamphlet.

### "Dun Gone."

Monday morning a colored man with a lame leg, a bad cough, and a troubled look called at the Gratiot Avenue Station and said to the captain:

"I doan' want to make any trubble, but I'd like to ax yer advice on sartin pints."

"Go ahead."

"Well, my ole woman swars she's gwine to leave me. We can't get on werry well, but I doan' want her to go."

"Then you'd better go home and ask forgiveness and show your love for her."

"Yes, sah, I'll frow my arms aroun' her de minit she opens de doa h.'

He returned at about the same hour on Tuesday, and when asked how his plans worked, he explained:

"I doan' want to make any trubble, but the minnit I begun to crawfish, de ole woman began to get sassy and ride over me. She kicked my dog out doahs, called me names, and threatened me wid a club. Capting hasn't I got any authority ober dat female?"

"Yes, but you must be careful."

"I'll be keerful, sah. I shan't lay hands on her, but I'll gin her know who bosses dat cabin!"

Just before dark he reappeared at the police station with his coat collar ripped off, his face scratched up and blood dropping from one of his ears.

"I doan' want to make any trubble," he began, "but you see how the plan worked? De minnit I begun to boss she flew at me like a wolfess, an' whar' am I now! Dat's two plans, an' now I'd like some mo' advice."

"Perhaps if you stay away from home all night she will be in a more plesaant mood in the morning."

"P'raps she will, sah. P'raps she'll kinder 'spect dat I'ze dun jumped into de ribber, an' mebbe dat will soften her up a bit."

The day force had scarcely taken possession of the station, Wednesday morning when in walked the man of trouble. His hair was white with frost, his ears were like cardboard, and he stood before the captain a full minute before he could gasp out:

"Gone?"

"Who?"

"Dun gone!"

"What is it?"

"De ole woman! She packed up all de traps last night and slid, an' now, I'm turned out on de world wid empty pockets an' a system all broke down!"

"Well, that's bad," mused the officer.

"Yes, sah, an' it's all owin' to you."

"Me?"

"Yes, sah. If I'd begun right wid dat woman—If I'd cotched her by de wool an' liftes her toes of de floo' when she gin me de fust sassy word, I'd be poken de fiah in de kitchen stove dis werry minnit. I tried de crawfish plan, an' I tried coershun, an' I tried de suicide dodge, an' now heah's a mass of ruins as de result. Take down my name as a wagrant an' send me up whar' I kin forgit my grief. Gone—dun gone—dun gone!"

### To Cut Sods.

Take a board eight to nine inches wide, four to six feet long, and cut downward all around the board, then turn the board over and cut again alongside the edge of the boards, and so on as many sods as needed. Then cut the turf with a spade, all the same length. Begin on one end, and roll together. Eight inches by five feet is about as much as a man can handle conveniently. It is very easy to load them on a wagon, cart or barrow, and they can be quickly laid. After laying a good place, sprinkle a little with a watering-pot if the sods are dry; the use the back of the spade to smooth them a little. If a very fine effect is wanted, throw a shovelful or two of good earth over each square yard, and smooth it with the back of a steel rake.

### Profit, $1,200.

"To sum it up, six long years of bed-ridden sickness, costing $200 per year, total $1,200—all of this expense was stopped by taking three bottles of Hop Bitters, taken by my wife. She has done her own housework for a year since, without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it for their benefit."—*N. E. Farmer.*

"An Indian girl who was suddenly kissed at a party has become insane." This paragraph was read by our Doc to his girl the other evening, and then he queried: "Do you suppose that's true?" She blushed slightly, and then like a true girl replied: "I don't know, but I think I'd risk it." Doc says he is perfectly at home now.

To make shoe begs enough for American use consumes annually 100,000 cords of timber, and to make lucifer matches, 300,000 cubic feet of the best pine are required every year. Lasts and boot trees take 500,000 cords of birch beech and maple, and the handles of tool 500,000 more.

Said a school teacher: "If I have ten apples and give you five and your big brother five, what will be left?" "I'll be left," responded the younger brother; for he will get away with all of them. "That's the kind of a Presidential candidate he is."

The condition of the Utes is said to be one of discontent. The last lot of paper collars sent them had the button holes omitted.

Less time spent in idle dreaming and devoted to the duties of life would give us wealth and contentment.

Intelligence tests ignorance and wisdom tests follies. But who are the intelligent and who are the wise?

A merchant who has a bookkeeper who has but one arm alludes to him as his short hand writer.

Michigan has produced a pig with a trunk. This thing should be checked.

Shipwrecked sailors never need to starve while there is a bight of rope left.

Some men are never sweet on their wives except at a masquerade ball

The greatest mashers generally turn out the smallest potatoes.

Vennor isn't to blame. He has red hair.

Charity gives itself riches, but covetousness hoards itself poor.


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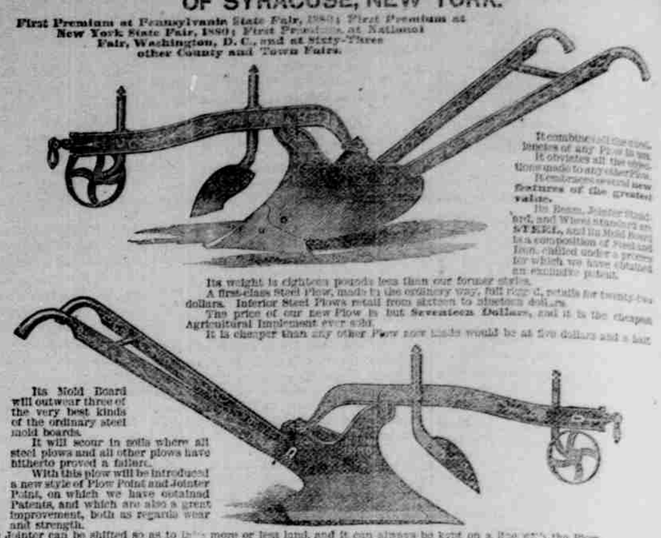

Its weight is eighteen pounds less than our former styles.
A first-class Steel Plow, made in the ordinary way, full rigged, retails for twenty-two dollars. Inferior Steel Plows retail from sixteen to nineteen dollars.
The price of our new Plow is but Seventeen Dollars, and it is the cheapest Agricultural 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 be more or less land, and it can always be kept on a line with the Plow.
The wheel will run under the beam on 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 too heavy. Malleable beams become demoralized and bend, which is worse than to break.
A steel beam is the necessity of the day. 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 metal.
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 as near the cost of manufacture as possible.
It is the best Agricultural Implement ever sold. It is the cheapest.
Persons, therefore, who are not willing to act as agents on the principle that a slightly cheaper is better than a slow selling one, 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, full rigged, by giving 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 Seventeen Dollars, send a Plow to any Railroad Station in the state, and pay freight. Address

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