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THE PLOWBOY.

I wonder what he is thinking
In the plowing field to-day;
He watches the heads of his oxen,
And never looks this way.

And the furrows grow longer and longer
Around the base of the hill,
And the valley is bright with the sunset,
Yet he plows and whistles still.

I am tired of counting the ridges,
Where the oxen come and go,
And of thinking of all the blossoms
That are trampled down below.

I wonder if ever he guesses
That under the ragged brim
Of his torn straw hat I am peeping
To steal a look at him.

The spire of the church and the windows
Are all ablaze in the sun;
He has left the plow in the furrow,
His summer day's work is done.

And I hear him carroling softly
A sweet and simple lay,
That we have often sung together
While he turns the oxen away.

The buttercups in the pasture
Twinkle and gleam like stars;
He has gathered a golden handful,
A leaning over the bars.

He has shaken the curls from his forehead
And is looking up this way.
O, where is my sun-bonnet, mother?
He was thinking of me all day.

And I'm going down to the meadow,
For I know he is waiting there.
To wreath the sunshine blossoms
In the curls of my yellow hair.

PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST.

"Oh, mother, mother, I am so tired."

"Cheer up, my child, we have not very far to go. Come closer; let me brush the dew from your cheek. Now take my hand."

But the child hung back, sobbing with weariness and exhaustion, and the pale young mother, bending over her in the vain attempt to soothe the hysterical excitement, did not hear the rumble of advancing wheels until they passed close to her and a rough, hearty voice exclaimed:

"What ails the little girl? Ain't sick, is she?"

Mary Ellsworth had never seen Farmer Raynesfore before; yet the moment her eyes rested on his wrinkled, sun-burned face, with the shaggy brows overshadowing kind eyes, she felt that he was a friend, and made answer promptly:

"Not sick, sir, but very tired. We have walked a long way."

"Got much farther to go," asked the farmer, tickling the horse's ear with the end of his whip

"To Breckton."

Mr. Raynesford gave a low whistle.

"That's four miles off, and the little girl is pretty nigh used up already."

"I know it," said the woman, with a sigh, "but I have no money to hire a lodging nearer. In Breckton I hope to obtain work in the factory."

Farmer Raynesford gave the seat of his wagon a thump with his whip handle that made old Bonney drop the mouthful of clover he was nibbling from the roadside and prick up his ears in astonishment.

"I won't hear no such thing!" said he, energetically. "Why, that child can't go twenty rods farther! Here, get in along with me. You won't be none the worse for a bit of supper and a good night's rest. I know Hannah'll scold," he muttered, as he lifted the little girl to his side, and extended his hand to the mother; "but I can't see folks perishing by the wayside and never offer to help 'em. I don't care if she scolds the roof of the house off."

He drove rapidly along, making occasional ejaculatory remarks to his horse, while Mrs. Ellsworth drew her shawl around the little golden head that already dropped drowsily upon her shoulder, and thought with a deep sensation of gratitude upon the shelter Heaven had provided her in her sorest strait.

It was an old-fashioned farm house, gray with the storms of nearly half a century, with a broad door in one end, overhung by giant lilac bushes, and a kitchen where even in the bloomy month of June a great fire roared up the wide throated chimney, and shining rows of tins winked and glittered at every upward leap of the flames.

Mr. Raynesford jumped out of the wagon, threw the reins over a post, and went in to conciliate the domestic despot.

"Look here, Hannah, said he to a tall, angular looking female who emerged from a pantry near by, her face nearly or quite as sour as the saucer of pickles she was carrying. "Jest set a couple more plates on the table, will you? I've brought home a woman and a little gal I found a little piece below, e'en almost tired to death. They was calculatin' to walk to Breckton, but I thought it wouldn't hurt us to keep 'em over night."

"I'm astonished at you, Job Raynesford," said his better half, in a tone of indignant remonstrance. "We might just as well hang out a tavern sign at once and be done with it; you're always bringing home some poor, miserable creetur or other and—"

"There, there, Hannah," interrepted Mr. Raynesford, "I'm always willin' to hear to you when you're any way reasonable, but it goes clear ag'in my grain to see poor folks a sufferin' and never streth out a help-in' hand. 'Taint scriptur nor 'taint human natur."

"Well, go your own gait, Job Raynesford," responded his wife, tartly. "Only mark my word, if you don't end your days in the poor-house 'twont be through no fault of yourn!"

She shut the pantry door with a bang that made all the jelly cups and milk pans rattle, while Job, with an odd grimace, went out to help his guests to alight.

"Don't mind my old woman," said he apologetically, as Mrs. Ellsworth sprang to the ground. "She's kind of sharp spoken, but she means well after all. We ain't all just alike in in our notions, you know."

"If all the world were like you, sir," said the young widow, with tears in her eyes, "there would be less want and suffering."

Farmer Raynesford pretended not to hear; he was busy lifting little Mary out.

"Set on them blackberries, Hannah," said he, toward the close of their evening meal; "the little gal's so tired out she can't eat nothing solid."

"I was calculating to keep the blackberries for the donation party to-morrow," said Mrs. Raynesford, rising with rather an unwilling air.

"Nonsense," quoth the farmer, with a broad laugh, "I'm having a donation party of my own to-night. Here, little one, see if those berries don't put some color into your cheeks."

All the evening little Mary sat by the hearth with her hand in her mother's and her large blue eyes fixed earnestly upon the kind farmers face.

"What are you thinking about, dearest?" asked Mrs. Ellsworth once. She drew a long sigh and whispered:

"Oh, mamma, he is so kind to us!"

When Mary Ellsworth and her little one set out next morning on their long walk to Breckton, Job Raynesford went with them to the gate, fumbling uneasily in his pocket and glancing guiltily around to make sure that Hannah was not within seeing distance. When Mary extended her hand to say good-bye, to her astonishment a bank bill was thrust into it.

"Don't say nothin'," muttered Job, with a sheepish air. "Ten dollars ain't much to me, and if you don't chance to get work in the factory right away it may be a good deal of use to you. "Needn't thank me—you're as welcome as the flowers in May."

He bent over to kiss the child's fair forehead, and stood watching them until the two slight figures disappeared, and only the golden sky and moving crests of summer woods remained.

"Ten dollars!" ejaculated Mrs. Raynesford, who had witnessed this little episode from behind the curtains of her milk room window. Is Job Raynesford crazy? To give ten dollars to a poor, strolling vagrant! If he don't get a piece of my mind—"

And she hastened out, her cap border fairly standing on end with horror. Job waited the coming tempest with philosopical coolness, his hands in his pockets, and his lips parted in a good natured smile. It was not the first piece of Hannah's "mind" that had been bestowed upon him, nor did he suppose it was likely to be the last.

"She means well," he said to himself, when the volley of wrath had been discharged on his luckless head, and Mrs. Raynesford had returned to her butter making, "but she's got the greatest faculty for scolding of any woman I ever saw."

The years flitted, sprinkling the steep old farm house with crystal drops of April showers, and thatching it with the dazzling ermine of January snows, many and many a time. Gray hairs crept in among the raven locks of Farmer Raynesford, the care-worn wrinkles began to gather around his mouth and brow. Alas! those swift-footed years brought troubles innumerable to the kind old man.

"Twenty years!" he mused, one bright June morning, "it don't seem possible, Hannah, that it was twenty years ago this very day that I caught that ugly fall from the hay rack, and got lame for life."

He looked down at the crutches by his side as he spoke, and sighed from the very bottom of his heart. Hannah stood in the doorway tossing corn to a forlorn little colony of chickens. Twenty years had not improved her in any respect—she was gauntier, bonier and more vinegar-faced than ever.

"Yes," said she slowly, "and perhaps you don't remember that it was just twenty years ago to-day that you threw $10 away on that woman and her child. I told you that you'd end your days in the poor house, and I don't see but what my prediction is likely to come true. Did'nt I say you would live to repent it?"

"I won't deny, Hannah, said the old man, "but that I've done a good many things I've been sorry for—we ain't none of us perfect, you know, wife—but that is not one of them. I never for a minute repented being kind to the widow and the fatherless."

Hannah shrugged her shoulders, but made no reply.

"Did'nt you say you were going up to see the rich lawyer about five thousand dollars to-day?" she asked presently.

"Yes, but I don't suppose it'll be much use. If he'd wait a little, I'd do my best to please him. Jones says he'll be sure to sell the old place over our heads, however; they tell me he's a hard man. I mean to explain to him just how the matter stands—"

"I told you how it would be long ago," exclaimed Hannah, unable to restrain her vexation. "What on earth ever possessed you to sign for Jesse Fairweather?"

"I s'posed he was an honest man, and I wouldn't see an old friend wronged."

"Fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Mrs. Raynesford. "That's just your calculation. Job. There, Zeke has brought the wagon; do start off, or you will be too late for the York train."

And Job meekly obeyed, only too happy to escape from the endless discord of his wife's rolling tongue.

The rays of the noonday sun streamed brightly through the stained glass casements of Mr. Everleigh's gothic library. The room was decorated with appurtenances of wealth and taste. Velvet chairs, with tall backs of daintily carved rosewood were scattered here and there; marble vases occupied niches beside the doorway, and the rarest pictures hung on the panrelled wall. But the prettiest object of all—the one to which the rich lawyer oftenest raised his eyes from writing to contemplate with an involuntary smile of pride and affection—was a lovely woman in a white cashmere morning robe, trimmed with velvet, who stood opposite, arranging flowers in a bouquet. She wore a spray of berries, carved of pink Neapolitan coral at her throat, and tiny pendants of the same rare stone in her shell-like ears, and the slender waist was tied around with a pink ribbon.

"There, Walter, isn't that pretty?" she asked, holding up her completed bouquet.

"Very pretty," he answered, looking not at the roses and geraniums, but directly at the blue eyes and golden curls of his beautiful young wife.

"You are not even noticing it," she said.

"Because I see something so much better worth looking at," he said, playfully.

"Do you really love me so very much?" she asked, throwing down the flowers and coming to his side.

He rose and drew her carelessly toward him.

She let her head rest for a moment on his shoulder, and when she raised it there was a tear on one of her eye lashes.

"Oh, Walter, if mamma could only see how happy we are!"

There was a knock at the door. Mrs. Everleigh slipped from her husband's arm and was very busy with her flowers when the rich lawyer's "right hand man" put his grizled head into the room.

"The old man wants to see you about that Fairweather business."

"Show him in. Don't look so disappointed, love," he said, as the grizzled head disappeared. "I shall not be detained three minutes, and the horses are at the door."

Mary Everleigh never troubled her little head about business matters, so she never looked up as the halting sound of old Mr. Raynesford's crutch echoed on the carpet. But the moment he spoke she started as if an adder had stung her, and her slender hands clasped together, listening as intently as though her life depended on hearing every word. The old man was pleading and sorrowful; her husband politely inflexible. At length Job Raynesford turned to go.

"Well, sir," he said in a subdued tone, "I don't know much about law and law books, but it does seem hard that an old man should be turned out of the home that has sheltered him for sixty years, and all for no fault of his own. They say you are a very rich gentleman, sir; that may seem a very small sum to you, but it is my all.

Mrs. Everleigh's soft voice broke the momentary silence that succeeded this appeal.

"Walter, come here one minute—I want to speak to you."

He obeyed somewhat surprised; she drew him into a deep recess of stained glass window, and standing there with the rosy and amber shadow about her lovely brow, like some fair pictured saint, she told him how, twenty years ago, a wearied child and mother were fed and sheltered by a kind hearted stranger; how he had given them money and kind wishes, when they were utterly alone and desolate in the wide world.

"But, my love, what has that to do with my business matters?"

"Much, Walter. I am that little child!"

"You, my dearest?"

"I, my husband, and the noble man who I am persuaded saved my life that night stands yonder, with gray hair, bowed head, and sinking heart."

"Mary, you must surely be mistaken."

"I cannot be mistaken, Walter. I should know him among a thousand. You said you loved me this morning—now grant me one little boon."

"What is it, dearest?"

"Give me that note he spoke of."

Mr. Everleigh silently went to a small ebony cabinet, unlocked it, and drew out a folded paper, which he placed in her hands. She glided up to the old man, who had been gazing out of a window in a sort of a reverie, and laid her soft hand on his arm.

"Do you remember the little golden haired Mary whom you found with her mother, wearied out, on the roadside, twenty years ago?"

"Do I remember her, lady? It was but this very morning I was recalling the whole scene."

"And don't you recognize me?" she said, smiling up into his face, as she drew back the drooping curls. "I am little Mary!"

He stood in bewildered silence. All of a sudden the truth seemed to break upon him, and he laid his hand upon her head with a tearful blessing.

"And your mother, my child?"

"She has been dead for years; but it is my dearest task to be the instrument of her gratitude. Here is the note you indorsed; my husband has given it to me. See!"

A small lamp was burning in one of the niches; she held the bit of paper over the flame until it fell a cloud of white ashes upon the floor.

"Well!"

Mrs. Raynesford met her husband at the door the instant his crutches sounded on the little graveled path.

"Why don't you speak? Of course I know you have nothing but bad news to tell, but I may as well hear it at once. Have you seen the gentleman? What did he say?"

Hannah," said old Job Raynesford, slowly folding up his gloves, "do you remember the $10 I gave to that poor young wanderer a score of years ago to-day?"

"Why, of course I do. Didn't I remind you of it not more than twelve hours ago? What has that to do with our troubles, pray?"

"Just this—to-day I received payment, principal and interest."

"What do you mean, Job Raynesford?"

"The little golden haired child that sat beside our hearthstone that June evening is Lawyer Everleigh's wife, and I have seen her burn the note that has hung like a millstone around my neck for so many years. She said it was but paying a debt of gratitude; but Heaven knows, I looked for no such reward.

There was a moment's silence. The old man was pondering over the past, and Mrs. Raynesford was so taken by surprise that she really couldn't say anything.

"And now, wife, what have you to say about my financial mistakes?" said Job, archly.

Mrs. Raynesford had no argument suited to the emergencies of the case, so she wisely said—nothing.

Boys in China.

There is one custom in the Celestial Empire that we would like to see turned loose here. Boys in China are not supposed to be responsible until they arrive at about the age of twenty years, and their parents held accountable for all their crookedness, just the same as the owner of any other dangerous animal is held responsible for damages.

Supposing a boy walks up and throws a stone through your bay window and shatters a fine calla and busts the statue of the Sweet Singer of Michigan, you do not go out and chase him four blocks with an iron rake and club him till he gets out of reach, but you just get an old hoe handle that swings easy, and you search out that boy's parents, and wear them out with that hoe handle and mix them up with the sand. Then if the boy don't behave himself you can go to other relatives of his, and gradually enlarge the circle of your acquaintance, until you have mauled the entire relationship, even including the old grandparents of the boy, and if any of these people resist they are subject to imprisonment.

This law, apparently stringent, is a good one. It makes parents take more interest in their children and look out for them more accurately. It encourages parents to know where their boys are, and to keep their eyes on them more than they do here in Laramie, or in Greensburg either. Why if that law were to go into force here some men we know would have to take an arnica bath twice a day, and they wouldn't have a whole bone in their body. We like to see a bright, active boy, with good health and sound lungs, but the thriving blossoms that will develop into a Jesse James, we have no use for.

If the Chinese law could be enforced here against those parents who are breeding up a squad of hoodlums, we would not weep. It would be a pretty active work for the avenger and his hoe handle, but it would institute a reform at least. As it is now, a building cannot be left unoccupied over night before every pane of glass is broken and walls smashed in. Now, if the owner had a right to climb the male parent of these boys and knock his shoulder blades through his spleen and tangle his works all up so that hereafter his food wouldn't be any benefit to him, it might arouse an interest in his children so that he would make them an ornament to society.

You can't do much with a strange boy, anyhow. If you spank him with an old window shutter, he goes home, tells his father, and the old man tells him to go right back and do the same thing and he will stand by him. Then the boy returns and repeats, and you start after him with the intention of killing him, but as he turns the corner a quarter of a mile away and puts his thumb on his nose and waves his fingers in the air, you control your brutal temper and go home.

That's the reason why in twenty years from now it will be a bitter cold day when the telegraph doesn't give us the particulars of twenty-seven murders and thirteen train robberies.—*Nye's Boomerang*

Avoid Unnecessary Waste.

Every man in a workshop ought to constitute himself the guardian of his employer's property, and not only should he avoid waste himself, but, as far as practicable, he should discourage it in others. If this were done, millions of dollars would be saved to the country, a much larger percentrge of profits would go into the pockets of the employers, manufacturers would be enriched, and, in the end, the workman would be proportionately benefitted. Strange that these simple facts should have so little weight, but so it is. Waste by another is cruel to the man who has to pay; it does not, cannot, benefit the person guilty of it, and it is a dead loss to the nation; and every scrap of material so destroyed makes the product more costly, and consequently dearer. In the interest of workmen, it is important that these facts should be borne in mind. Wages bear a relative proportion to the cost of raw materials, and both combined determine the price of commodities; the cheapness of the latter augments their sale, increases their production, enhances the demand of labor, and tends to keep up wages. If, therefore, an obvious duty is neglected or carelessly performed, the men mainly responsible ultimately suffer; and that suffering will be in exact ratio to the cause which produced it.

One great remedy for the losses incurred by waste is a closer supervision of every detail of the undertaking, whatever it may be. This, however, involves extra expense. If the men can contribute to a saving in this respect, they will indirectly reap the advantage. To overlook this fact shows a lamentable ignorance of the internal economy of a workshop, and of the forces and influences always at work for the purpose of bringing about a given result. The men who complain of strict supervision are just those who need it most, and who, without it, would render large contracts next to impossible, for the simple reason that they would not pay, and therefore could not be executed. Many an employer has been ruined by the wastefulness of his employes and negligence of his foreman.

Liver, Kidney and Bright's Disease.

A medicine that destroys the germ or cause of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Kidney and Liver complaints, and has power to root them out of the system, is above all price. Such a medicine is Hop Bitters, and positive proof of this can be found by one trial, or by asking the neighbors, who have been cured by it.

METHODS OF INSTRUCTION.

BY A. C. HOLBERT.

CHAPTER XIV.

Aspirations. We all have them; all down the ages is the record of man's wish for something higher, nobler, better. All down the unnumbered cycles of the eternity of the past is written the story of the evolution of the great and the good from the lower and more imperfect forms of moral and intellectual being. True, our creed teaches us that man, far back in some unknown, mysterious past, made a tremendous retrogression, stepped from a high estate into one so low that the whole created universe felt the shock of his fall. How that may be I know not. Let theologians decide the meaning of the records that have come down to us from Arabian sands, Idumean plains, Kaldean fields, from forests and mountains, and desserts, the pages of which are written in blood with a sword for a pen. Let the old history lie upon the shelf, and gather the mould and dust of ages, and be forgotten. Let the memory of the old teacher whose penalty was death for all offenses, who awarded "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and a life for a life," let his name pass out of the memory of mankind, like the name of the Egyptian he slew in the brighter and more glorious effulgence of the Prince of Peace, in the practice of that milder precept, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

The teacher who is worthy the name, is guided by this maxim of the Great Teacher, who spake as never man spake. I am now brought to the first point which I wish to make. The teacher must have the great question settled in order to do his best work. He wants no grim doubts, or hideous fears of the future flitting across the horizon of the present to scare him like shadows of the night frighten timid children. Settle the great question, then, in such a manner that come when it may, you may

"Approach them, and,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him,
And lies down to pleasant dreams."

In the words of another poet—

"Make a firm-built fence of trust
All around to-day;
Fill it in with useful work,
And within it stay.
Look not through the sheltering bars,
Anxious for the morrow;
God will help, whatever comes,
Be it joy or sorrow."

There it is, all of it. With an army of such teachers, actuated by such principles, think you there is any possibility of bad work being done?

Teachers well read up in all the branches they expect and intend to teach school houses properly constructed, furnished with suitable apparatus, books, and all other school furniture, owned by the State, teachers hired for a term of years instead of a term of months, the schools of the county running under the direction of the county superintendent, like the schools of a city or large town, run to-day under the direction of their principal, a certain amount of work prescribed and done during each session, pupils complete their books in a reasonable time, instead of dawdling over part of them winter after winter, session after session, and completing nothing. Pupils leave the public schools prepared to enter college, or to commence the race of life, and run it to its close with vigor and with success.

Such are some of the aspirations which fill my mind for the future of our profession. Some of them will be filled in the very near time to come, others will require long years to bring them about, and ere they come to pass all the present generation of workers, and shall I add of drones, too, will have passed into the "silent land." Other men will have arisen to take our places, but they will reap the benefit of our work, the tree which we plant will attain to fruitage, not in our day, but in their's; but what of that? Other men planted and we gather the fruit. Why should we not plant for our successors also? Only let us plant aright. Let it not be said of us in the time to come, "the fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge."

There are many things, I am well aware, which might have been mentioned, many which, in the opinion of many of my fellow teachers, should have been mentioned, and some may deem that things are mentioned which had been better omitted. I have no apology to offer for what I have written. Where I have uttered any words of condemnation, they have been engendered by experience of defects. I leave the subject with you with the single regret concerning my work, "would it were worthier." Whether or not my pen shall again ask the attention of the public on educational topics I know not. I have nothing of the kind planned for the future. I have written these chapters in compliance with a promise made several months ago. My task is ended so—farewell.

Fear Not.

All kidney and urinay complaints, especially Bright's Disease, Diabetes and Liver troubles, Hop Bitters will surely and lastingly cure. Cases exactly like your own have been cured in your own neighborhood, and you can find reliable proof at home of what Hop Bitters has and can do.

A savage Mexican leopard will snap at everybody coming near his cage, but whenever a wheelbarrow is brought, he will sneak into a corner and show every symptom of fear. He probably stumbled over one some dark night, and has every reason to be afraid.

Write to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for names of ladies cured of female weakness by taking her Vegetable Compound.

A Fable.

The solicitude of the Democratic press for the welfare of the Independents is beautiful to behold. The idyl Damon of Pythias is frigid in comparison. The affectionate concern of these editors constantly reminds us of the beautiful story of the careless shepherd and the conservative wolf. The shepherd at close of day usually cantented himself by gathering his innocent lambs into the fold and barring the gate. Then he resorted to his humble lodge at the gate and abandoned himself to refreshing sleep. Now there was an old ram, stricken with years and dreadfully tough, and the shepherd invariably left him to shift for himself without the fold. The old ram generally spent the night in patrolling on the outside of the fold, pausing frequently to peep longingly through the palings where the peaceful flock slept the sleep of the innocent. But the palings were high and strong, and proof against all assault. A conservative wolf, powerfully moved by his affection for lambs, regarded the movement of the old ram with lively concern. He also noted that the shepherd slept at his post. After many nights spent in sleepless vigils, the wolf tapped at the door of the shepherd's lodge. "Who knocks?" said the shepherd. "It is I, Lupus, the vigilant," responded the wolf," and I would have speech of thee." The shepherd opened the window. "What dost thou seek with me?" asked the shepherd. "I have noticed," replied the wolf, "that a ravening old ram is prowling about the fold seeking the harm of these lambs of thy charge. I am certain that he contemplates a breach of the fold and the destruction of thy flock whilst thou sleepest." "Now may heaven preserve us!" quoth the shepherd, "since it has come to this, that a keeper of sheep is reminded of his duty by one whose jaws are dripped with the blood of innocent lambs."

The application of this beautiful story is left to the Democratic managers who keep watch and ward about the Independent fold. The gentlemen who are in charge of that fold must feel highly complimented by the exhortations addressed to them by these