

## A PASTORAL.

BY A. J. MONDY.

I sat with Doris, the shepherd maiden:  
Her crook was laden with wreathed flowers;  
I sat and wooed her through sunlight wheeling,  
And shadows stealing for hours and hours.

And she, my Doris, whose lap incloses  
Wild Summer roses of faint perfume,  
The while I sued her, kept hushed, and  
harkened  
Till shades had darkened from gloss to  
gloom.

She touched my shoulder with fearful finger;  
She said, "We linger; we must not stay;  
My flock's in danger, my sheep will wander;  
Behold them yonder—how far they stray!"

I answered bolder, "Nay, let me hear you,  
And still be near you, and still adore;  
No wolf or stranger will touch one yearling;  
Ah! stay, my darling, a moment more."

She whispered, sighing, "There will be sorrow  
Beyond to-morrow, if I lose to-day;  
My fold unguarded, my flock unfolded,  
I shall be scolded, and sent away."

Said I, replying, "If they do miss you,  
They ought to kiss you when you get  
home;

And well rewarded my friend and neighbor  
Should be the labor from which you come."

"They might remember," she answered  
meekly,

"That lambs are weakly and sheep are wild,  
But, if they love me, it's not so fervent;  
I am a servant, and not a child."

Then each hot ember glowed quick within  
me,

And love did win me to swift reply;  
"Ah! do but prove me, and none shall blind  
you,

Nor fray, nor find you, until I die."

She blushed and started, and stood awaiting,  
As if debating in dreams divine;  
But I did brave them—I told her plainly  
She doubted vainly; she must be mine.

So we twin-hearted, from all the valley  
Did chase and rally her nibbling ewes,  
And homeward drove them, we two together,  
Through blooming heather and gleaming  
dews.

That simple duty from grace did lend her—  
My Doris tender, my Doris true:  
That I her warder, did always bless her,  
And often press her to take her due.

And now in beauty she fills my dwelling—  
With love excelling and undefiled;  
And love doth guard her, both fast and fer-  
vent—  
No more a servant nor yet a child.

**MAKE YOUR ENTRIES EARLY.**—The books of the Society are now opened for receiving entries, which can be made at any time by addressing or calling upon the Secretary at the office of McAllister and Beaver.

### PATRONS PIC-NIC.

We have been requested to publish the following notice, and have no doubt that all who accept the cordial invitation herein contained will spend a very pleasant day:

The Patrons of Centre county purpose holding their 3d annual re-union and Pic-nic, on the 28th of September, one mile from Centre Hall, on top of Nittany mountain along the pike. Patrons, farmers, mechanics and all are invited to attend. Prominent speakers of the Order will address the meeting. Two cornet bands will be in attendance. No more appropriate place could have been selected as it is one of the finest sceneries in Central Pennsylvania.

### AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.

Every farmer should make a point of attending his County Fair and the State Fair that he can most conveniently reach. It matters little whether it is that of his own or an adjoining State. When there, the most of his time should be given to examining the stock and implements as a study. Their valuable points should be found and contrasted, and notes made of these, with the names of the breeders or the manufacturers. To study the various things exhibited, as though every visitor was a judge, and was expected to render a decision, would be time well employed.

Notwithstanding the thousands that will visit the great fair, they form but a small proportion of the whole population, and we are glad that those who are unable to attend the Centennial, will have their instruction and recreation provided for by their local fairs. Every man, woman and child that is old enough to profit by it, should attend one or more of these gatherings. Do not omit to show something, if only a single article; recollect that fairs must have exhibitors as well as spectators.—*American Agriculturalist.*

## WALKING HORSES.

The following bit of energetic English is from the *Spirit of the Times*, and we desire to contribute to its circulation among farmers, with our heartiest endorsement:

We are glad to notice that many of our Western fairs are offering handsome premiums for the fastest walking horses. There is no disguising the fact that a good walk is the most useful gait that a general purpose horse can possess, and if one-half the attention were paid to cultivating this gait, and breeding, with a view to its transmission, that is now given to that of training and breeding trotters, horses that could walk five miles an hour would soon be as abundant as 2:30 trotters now are. The trouble now is that the whole country is possessed of a mania for fast trotters, and as soon as the colt is broken to halter, no matter whether he be thoroughbred, Conestoga, Norman, Clydesdale, Hambletonian or Canadian, he is put to trotting.

The whole country is engaged in training trotters, from the plow boy in the field to the professional on the track, to the utter neglect of that more useful, everyday gait, the walk. Even the importers of draft stallions from Europe have caught the infection, and, instead of bringing the best walkers, we only hear of their "great trotting action." It is time to put an end to this nonsense; the gait for a draft horse is pre-eminently a walk, while nothing adds more to the ability of the roadster to make a long journey in good time than a walking gait that will carry him along at the rate of five miles an hour. The first aim, when a colt is broken to the harness, should be to educate him to a good fast walk, and after that has been done, if you can get him to trot fast, so much the better.

One of the most successful breeders of trotting horses in America has often remarked to us that he would not keep a horse on his place that was not a fast walker, and that he had invariably found that the fastest walkers made the fastest trotters. It is a positive luxury to ride or drive a horse that can walk off with you at the rate of five miles an hour.

It is such a relief to feel that when you ease up your horse from his swinging trot or lope that you have not come to a standstill, but that you are yet making respectable progress. For our own private use on the road the walk is the gait which we prize above all others, and anything which promises to increase the number of fast walkers shall receive our hearty encouragement.

**HOW TO KEEP SOIL FERTILE.**—It is an established fact, says the *Scientific Farmer*, that no one constituent of plant food can keep a soil fertile. Some farmers buy freely of phosphatic manures, as bone dust, super-phosphatic of lime, and experience good results for a few years, and praise it accordingly. Then the crops fall off, and the fertilizer dealer and his goods are denounced, and some other manure is tried—nitrogenous, probably. The change improves the yield, but this in time fails. Perhaps, now, the farmer gets ashes or other manure containing potash into the system, and with still more marked results, it may be, than with the first use of the other sorts. But this does not last, and he returns in disgust to his stable manure, and again his results are good; for in barnyard manure are all the elements of fertility, though usually insufficient in quantity to secure the best results.

**THE GRANDEST** spectacle of the century was that which transpired in the Centennial grounds on the 10th day of May, 1876, when the President of the United States, his Cabinet and heads of departments, Congress, Supreme Court, the Army and Navy, Governors of many States, and State Legislatures, the Emperor of Brazil and suite, Ministers representing foreign governments, all met in orderly concourse and celebrated the day in paying their respects to the products of the farm and the handiwork of the mechanic.—*Address of Sec'y Keippart.*

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