

THE HIGHWAY COW.

The hue of her hide was dusky brown,
Her body was lean and her neck was slim,
One horn turned up and the other down,
She was keen of vision and long of limb;
With a Roman nose and a short stump tail,
And ribs like the hoops on a home-made pail.

Many a mark did her body bear;
She had been a target for all things known;
On many a scar the dusky hair
Would grow no more where it once had
grown;

Many a passionate, parting shot
Had left upon her a lasting spot.

Many and many a well-aimed stone,
Many a brickbat of goodly size,
And many a cudgel, swiftly thrown,
Had brought the tears to her bovine eyes;
Or had bounded off from her bony back,
With a noise like the sound of a rifle crack.

Many a day had she passed in the pound,
For helping herself to her neighbor's corn;
Many a cowardly cur and hound
Had been transfigured on her crumpled horn;
Many a teapot and old tin pail
Had the farmer boys tied to her time-worn
tail.

Old Deacon Gray was a pious man,
Though sometimes tempted to be profane,
When many a weary mile he ran
To drive her out of his growing grain.
Sharp were the pranks she used to play
To get her fill and to get away.

She knew when the Deacon went to town;
She wisely watched him when he went by;
He never passed her without a frown
And an evil gleam in each angry eye;
He would crack his whip in a surly way,
And drive along in his "one-hoss shay."

Then at his homestead she loved to call,
Lifting his bars with crumpled horn;
Nimbly scaling his garden wall,
Helping herself to his standing corn;
Eating his cabbages, one by one,
Hurrying home when her work was done.

Often the Deacon homeward came,
Humming a hymn from the house of prayer,
His hopeful heart in a tranquil frame,
His soul as calm as the even air;
His forehead smooth as a well-worn plow,
To find in his garden that highway cow.

His human passions were quick to rise,
And striding forth with a savage cry,
With fury blazing from both his eyes,
As lightnings flash in a summer sky.
Redder and redder his face would grow,
And after the creature he would go.

Over the garden, round and round,
Breaking his pear and apple trees;
Tramping his melons into the ground,
Overturning his hives of bees;
Leaving him angry and badly stung,
Wishing the old cow's neck was wrung.

The mosses grew on the garden wall;
The years went by with their work and play;
The boys of the village grew strong and tall,
And the grey-haired farmers passed away;
One by one as the red leaves fall,
But the highway cow outlived them all.

All earthly creatures must have their day,
And some must have their months and years
Some in dying will long delay;
There is a climax to all careers;
And the highway cow at last was slain
In running a race with a railway train.

All into pieces at once she went,
Just like the savings banks when they fall;
Out of the world she was swiftly sent;
Little was left but her old stump tail.
The farmers' cornfields and gardens now
Are haunted no more by the highway cow.

—Cal. Agriculturist.

FANCY FARMERS.

No class of men have been ridiculed so much, and there are none that have done so much good, as those who are denominated fancy farmers. They have been, in all times and countries, the benefactors of the men who have treated them with derision. They have been to farmers what inventors have been to manufacturers. They have experimented for the good of the world, while others have simply worked for their own good. They have tested theories while others have raised crops for market. They have given a dignity and glory to the occupation of farming it never had before.

Fancy farmers have changed the wild boar into the Suffolk and the Berkshire; the wild bull of Britain into the short-horn; the mountain sheep with its lean body and hair fleece, into the Southdown and the Merino. They brought up the milk of cows from pints to gallons. They have lengthened the surloin of the bullock, deepened the udder of the cow, enlarged the ham of the hog, given strength to the shoulder of the ox, rendered finer the wool of the sheep, added fleetness to the speed of the horse, and made beautiful every animal that is kept in the service of man. They have improved and hastened the development of all domestic animals, till they hardly resemble the creatures from which they sprang.

YOU ARE requested to bring the best of everything you have to the Fair.

WASTES ON THE FARM.

The greatest of wastes on the farm, is in the not using of our brains; the greatest, because at the bottom of all the other wastes. A little thinking often saves much labor. After accomplishing almost any piece of work, the most of us can look back, and see how we could have improved on it, *if we had but thought*. As we review our crops this year, we see how they could have been easily increased, had we but thought. The ditch we dug through our meadow, was not done in the most economical way. We dug too deeply at first and did not allow for the settling of the land. Hence a waste of labor. We omitted buying an implement that would have saved nearly its cost in this one year's use, until we had spent much in trying to accomplish our work without it. Here was another waste. We carry a water pipe near to the surface, to save the expense of digging a trench of safe depth, and the winter's frost necessitates a replacement of the pipe, and an additional digging. Certainly, a waste here. We allowed the weeds to grow on one peice of land, not thinking to what proportions they would grow by the time the crops were too far advanced to admit the hoe. A waste here, which might have been obviated. And so on, wastes, little and big everywhere, all arising from our not thinking sufficiently—waste, because not necessary and easily obviated. We omit the ordinary wastes from neglect, from laziness, from want of appreciation of cleanliness and thoroughness, the wastes from our stock, from our manure heap, from our household. Verily a little thought will save to the farmer much, and the saving, through this means, even on a small farm, will represent the interest of a considerable capital. The wastes arising from ignorance can very readily be diminished and are in large part inexcusable; those arising from carelessness, are not deserving of sympathy. The farmer, as well as the business man, must use business principles, to secure the largest success, and the one should be as careful of the outgoes as the other.—*Scientific Farmer*.

THE FIRST GRAPE-VINE.

When Bacchus was a boy, he journeyed through Hellas, to go to Naxia; and as the way was very long, he grew tired, and sat down upon a stone to rest. As he sat there with his eyes upon the ground, he saw a little plant springing up between his feet, and was so much pleased with it that he determined to take it with him and plant it in Naxia. He took it up and carried it away with him; but as the sun was very hot, he feared it might wither before he reached his destination. He found a bird's skeleton, into which he thrust the plant, and went on. But in his hand the plant sprouted so fast that it started out of the bones above and below. This gave him fear of its withering, and he cast about for a remedy. He found a lion's bone, which was thicker than the bird's skeleton, and stuck the skeleton, with the plant in it, into the bone of the lion. Ere long, however, the plant grew out of the lion's bone likewise. Then he found the bone of ass, larger still than that of the lion; so he put the lion's bone, containing the bird's skeleton and the plant, into the ass's bone, and thus made his way to Naxia. When about to set the plant, he found that the roots had entwined themselves around the bird's skeleton, and the lion's bone, and the ass's bone; and as he could not take it out without damaging the roots, he planted it as it was, and it came speedily, and bore to his great joy, the most delicious grapes, from which he made the first wine, and gave it to men to drink. But behold a miracle! When men drank of it, they first sang like birds; next, after drinking a little more, they became vigorous and gallant like lions; but when they drank more still, they began to behave like asses.—*New York Wine and Fruit Reporter*.

Don't fail to see Miss Ihling in her beautiful balloon on Wednesday next at the Fair.

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