

THE FORTY-ACRE FARM.

I'm thinking, wife, of neighbor Jones, that man with stalwart arm—
He lives in peace and plenty on a forty-acre farm;
When men are all around us, with hearts and hands a sore,
Who own two hundred acres, and still are wanting more,

His is a pretty little farm—a pretty little house;
He has a loving wife within, as quiet as a mouse;
His children play around the door—their father's heart to charm,
Looking just as neat and tidy as the tidy little farm.

No weeds are in the cornfield, no thistles in the oats,
The horses show good keeping by their fine and glossy coats;
The cows within the meadow, resting 'neath the beechen shade,
Learn all their gentle manners from a gentle milking maid.

Within the field on Saturday he leaves no cradled grain,
To be gathered on the morrow for fear of coming rain;
He keeps the Sabbath holy—his children learn his ways,
And plenty fills his barns and bins after the harvest days.

He never has a lawsuit to take him to the town,
For the very simple reason, there are no fences down;
The bar-room in the village does not have for him a charm;
I can always find my neighbor on his forty-acre farm.

His acres are so very few, he plows them very deep;
The his own hand that turns the sod—'tis his own hand
that reaps;
He has place for everything, and things are in their place,
The sunshine smiles upon his fields, contentment in his face.

May we not learn a lesson, wife, from prudent neighbor Jones,
And not—for what we haven't got—give vent to sighs
and groans?
The rich ain't always happy, nor free from life's storms,
But blest are those who live content, though small may
be their farms.

—John D. Yates.

PROUD OF HER BROTHER.

The interest of a loving sister in her brother's graduation performance forms not only a pretty picture, but a pleasant lesson. A correspondent thus truthfully describes what we have so many of us soon:

A graduate's little sister, from some distant part of the State, happened to sit on the bench by the writer at the graduating exercises. She was a bright little maiden of 13 or 14 years, away from home without mamma for the first time, and full of excitement at the dignity of having a brother upon the rostrum, who was going to speak before all these admiring listeners.

She was so full of the thought that she had to confide in the stranger beside her. "That's my brother, the one right over there; he's going to speak now in a few minutes—the very next one."

It was pretty to watch her face when her brother began, the parted lips almost following the motions of his, the quick-coming breath, the changing color, the little side glance at the audience to see if they were appreciating his wonderful eloquence, and the proud little smile of triumph when applause followed some sounding sentence. One could almost read the thoughts of the innocent little heart.

"Is that really my dear brother, who used to make swings at home, and climbed the trees to throw me chestnuts and chinquapins, now standing there so grand in his uniform with gold stripes and brass buttons, so many hundreds and hundreds of folks looking at him, and listening to every word he says? Oh, how I wish mother were only here!" for "mother couldn't come;" the writer got intimate enough to learn this fact.

Oh, boys, boys! how can you have the heart to go wrong when so many fond tender hearts at home are watching your every step in life with such loving pride and anxious hopes? Don't, don't disappoint those hopes.

The following announcement lately appeared in a newspaper: "Edward Eden, painter, is requested to communicate with his brother, when he will bear of something to his advantage—his creditors are dead."

A HOPEFUL PROGENY.—Old Farmer Gruff was one morning tugging away with all his might and main at a barrel of apples, which he was endeavoring to get up the cellar stairs, and calling at the top of his lungs for one of the boys to lend a helping hand, but all in vain.

When he had, after an infinite amount of sweating and tugging, accomplished the task, and just when they were not needed, of course, the boys made their appearance.

"Where have you been, and what have you been about, I'd like to know, that you could not hear me call?" inquired the farmer in an angry tone, and addressing the eldest.

"Out in the shop, settin' the saw."

"And you, Dick?"

"Out in the barn, settin' the hen."

"And you, sir?"

"Up in Granny's room, settin' the clock."

"And you, young man?"

"Up in the garret, settin' the trap."

"And now, Master Fred, where were you and what were you settin'?" asked the farmer of his youngest progeny, the asperity of his temper being somewhat softened by the amusing category of answers, "Come, let's hear!"

"Out on the door-step, settin' still," replied young hopeful.

TWO BITS FOR KISSING THE BABY.—While a nurse girl was yesterday drawing a babe along Alfred street she was approached by a queer-looking old chap, whose mouth was working as if he wanted to bite somebody. He halted the cab, chuckled to the child, and finally said to the nurse:

"I used to be just such a little angel myself. Dear me, how I want to kiss him!"

"But you can't," replied the girl.

"I didn't expect to for nothing, of course," he continued, feeling in his pocket. Here is twenty-five cents, young miss. I used to have to pay half a dollar for kissing 'em, but babies are down now, 'long with everything else."

She looked around, took the money, told him to wipe off his mouth, and he gave the child a smack which sounded like a dish-pan starting for down cellar. An old lady came around the corner as he straightened up, and in response to the sharp look she gave him, the old man explained: "Been kissing the baby—sweet's a honey—nicorn ice cream—paid two bits for it," and he went on his way laughing to himself at his bargain.

COLONEL PUTNAM'S STORY.—Sunday, 1763. Dined at Dr. Putnam's with Col. Putnam and lady, and two young gentlemen, nephews of the Doctor, and Col. —, and a Mrs. Scholley. Putnam told a story of an Indian, upon Connecticut river, who called at a tavern in the fall of the year, for a dram. The landlord asked him two coppers for it. The next spring, happening at the same house, he called for another, and had three coppers to pay for it. "How is this, landlord?" said he; "last fall you asked two coppers for a single glass of rum, now you ask three." "O," says the landlord, "it costs me a good deal to keep rum over winter. It is as expensive to keep a hoghead of rum over winter as a horse." "Ah," says the Indian, "I can't see through that; he won't eat so much hay; may be he drink as much water." This was sheer wit, pure satire, and true humor. Humor, wit and satire, in one very short repartee.—John Adams.

LONGFELLOW AND THE CHILDREN.—Prof. H. W. Longfellow was 72 years old on February 27th. The children at Cambridge celebrated the occasion very prettily by the gift of an elaborately carved armchair, made from the ancient horse-chestnut tree, whose perfections are chanted in the "Village Blacksmith." The carving represents horse-chestnut leaves, blossoms and burrs. On a small brass plate is this inscription: "To the author of the 'Village Blacksmith,' this chair, made from the wood of the spreading chestnut tree, is presented as an expression of grateful regard and veneration by the children of Cambridge, who, with their friends join in best wishes and congratulations on this anniversary. February 27th, 1879."

A WOMAN AS IS A WOMAN.—The wife of a certain well-known rancher living near this place has got the true grit. Her husband was away on business a whole week recently, and one day while he was absent the pump gave out. The nearest neighbor lived a long distance, so she hoisted up the pipe herself, and found that the trouble lay in the suction leather, which was too much worn to work properly. Away she went and cut a new one, using the old one as a pattern. On returning she found that a large hog had fallen into the open well. Nothing daunted, she got a strong rope, made a slip-noose, fished it around the squealing porker, and then, lifting as hard as she could, made the end fast to the curb, thus raising the animal partially out of the water and preventing it from drowning. She then harnessed a horse, hitched him to a rope, and in less time than it takes to tell it, that hog,

All dripping with freshness, arose from the well.

But before the rescue of the parent animal two of her offspring crowding too close to the curb, probably to sympathize with their mother's distress, lost balance, and were now floundering around in the water at the bottom. Instantly the hog was recovered, our heroine set about the recovery of the pigs. She procured a ladder, which, however, though long enough to touch the water, was not long enough to reach the bottom of the well. Necessity is the mother of invention, and procuring a fence rail she thrust it through the top round, resting both ends on the curb. Then climbing down the hanging ladder she rescued the two pigs, bringing both safely to the surface. This done she quietly completed the job by putting in the new suction leather, lowering the pipe into the well, closing the curb, and pumping water for her week's washing.—*Livernore (Colorado) Herald.*

PEBBLES.—Who ever heard of any one taking a walk in the country, and constantly grumbling at the inevitable pebbles in the path? If a body kept his eyes on the pathway all the time, thinking only of avoiding the rough stoner, and how the pebbles hurt his feet, how much would he see of the magnificent tints in the sky, the variety of scenery all around him, or the grandeur of the mountains in the distance? This life is called a pathway, and is also scattered with pebbles, which sometimes become stumbling blocks to our feet. It is these little vexations and worries, these little pebbles beneath our feet, that undermine our patience and rasp our nerves to the last edge of endurance. A rock in our way, a real trouble, a sacrifice, a difficulty, calls out our reserve strength, and we conquer in whichever way our own individual character may indicate. How perfect is the character which can make of every stone a Bethel, and carry sweet patience through every crook and turn of the path of life! I think we forget sometimes how very small some of our supposed trials are. Can we not remember how we used to build houses of stones, under the shady trees, years ago, and how insignificant now seems the flat, smooth stone which made a mammoth table then? So, as we grow older, and approach nearer the real meaning of life, trifles dwindle down to their true size, and we wonder that we could have given them a thought. The pebbles seem rather unevenly distributed sometimes, but it is the stoniest paths lead upward, and it is only by climbing the rocks that we reach the mountain summit.—*Ida Smith Alden, in Country Gentleman.*

"Is your horse perfectly gentle, Mr. Dabster?" "Perfectly gentle, sir. The only fault he has got, if that be a fault, is a playful habit of extending his hinder hoofs now and then." "By extending his hinder hoofs you don't mean kicking, I hope." "Some people call it kicking, Mr. Green, but it's only a slight reaction of the muscle—a display rather than a vice."

A LARGE number of young men lately left Zurich, Switzerland, for Georgia, under the leadership of a Swiss farmer who is settled in that State. It is proposed to establish an extensive Swiss colony there.