

WIDOW SMYTH'S HUSBANDS.

The Widow Smyth called at Mr. Mix's marble yard the other day, and the following conversation ensued:
Mrs. Smyth.—Mr. Mix, I am anxious to have my cemetery lot fixed up, to put in new tombstones and reset the railing; and I called to see if I could make some satisfactory arrangement with you.

Mix.—Certainly, madam. Tell me precisely what it is you want done.

Mrs. S.—Well, I'd like to have a new tombstone put over the grave of John—my husband, you know—and to have a nice inscription cut on it. "Here lies John Smyth," etc. You know what I mean; the usual way, of course, and may be some kind of a design on the stone like a broken rosebud or something.

Mix.—I understand, Mrs. S.—Well, then, what'll you charge me for getting up a headstone like that, out of pretty good white marble, and a little picture of a torch upside down, or a weeping angel on it, and the name of Thomas Smyth cut on it?

Mrs. S.—No, I mean Thomas.

Mix.—But you said John before.

Mrs. S.—I know; but that was my first husband, and Thomas was my second, and I want a new headstone for each one of them. Now it seems to me, Mr. Mix, that where a person is buying more than one that way, you ought to make some reduction in the price—throw something off. Though, of course, I want a pretty good article at all the graves. Not anything gorgeous, but neat and tasteful, and calculated to please the eye. Mr. Smyth was not a man who was fond of show. Give him a thing comfortable, and he was satisfied. Now which do you think is the prettiest, to have the name in raised letters in a straight line over the top of the stone, or just cut the words "Alexander P. Smyth" in a kind of semi-circle in sunken letters?

Mix.—Did I understand you to say Alexander P.?

Mrs. S.—Of course not. Aleck was my third. I'm not going to neglect his grave while I am fixing up the rest. I wish to make a complete job of it, Mr. Mix, while I'm about it, and I'm willing for you to undertake it, if you are reasonable in your charges. Now what will you ask me for the lot, the kind I've described, plain but substantial, and sunk about two feet, I should think at the head of each grave? What will you charge me for them—the whole four?

Mix.—Well, I'll put you in these three headstones—

Mrs. S.—Four headstones, Mr. Mix, not three.

Mix.—Four, was it? No, there was John and Thomas and Alexander P., that's all you said, I think. Only three.

Mrs. S.—Why, I want one for Adolph too—as a matter of course; the same as the others. I thought you knew I wanted one for Adolph, one just like John's with the name different. Adolph was my fourth husband. He died about four years after I buried Phillip, and I'm wearing mourning for him now. Now please give me your prices for the whole of them.

Mix.—Well, madam, I want to be reasonable as I can, and I'll tell you what I'll do. You give me all your work in the future and I'll put you in those five headstones at hardly anything above cost, say—

Mrs. S.—Four headstones; not five.

Mix.—I think you mentioned five.

Mrs. S.—No, only four.

Mix.—Less see; there was John and Thomas, Aleck, and Adolph and Phillip.

Mrs. S.—Yes; but Aleck and Phillip were the same one. His middle name was Phillip, and I always called him Phil.

Mix.—Mrs. Smyth, I'll be much obliged to you if you'll tell me precisely how many husbands you have planted in that cemetery lot. This thing is getting a little mixed.

Mrs. S.—What do you mean by saying "planted?" I never planted anybody. It's disgraceful to use such language.

Mix.—It's a technical term, madam. We always use it, and I don't see that it's going to hurt any old row of corpses named Smyth. Planted is good enough for other men, and is good enough for them.

Mrs. S.—Old row of—What d' you mean, you impudent vagabond? I wouldn't let you put a headstone on one of my graves if you'd do it for nothing.

Then Mrs. Smyth bounced out of the shop, and Mix called after her as she went out the door.

"Lemme know when you go for another man, and I'll throw him in a tombstone for a wedding present. He'll want it soon."

Mrs. Smyth is now looking at headstones in a marble yard in Wilmington. —Nashville American.

ject to the same law of improvement? That skill and care and pains-taking in selection of particular animals, should finally give us breeds that keep easily, fatten easily, mature early, and have all the desirable points required in swine? And yet there are farmers who think the hazel-splitting, razor-backed, alligator hog just as good as any. They must believe the world stands still; that there is no change, no improvement in anything. Such farmers we class old fogies,

The Comforts of Life.

Only about 300 years ago our English ancestors, even among the aristocracy, had leaves and dried grass for beds; the earth was their floor, and rushes served in the lieu of carpets. It is but little more than 100 years ago since woven carpets were used, and but little more than 50 years since they came into general use. Yet our ancestors of 300 years ago were as virtuous, and in their way as comfortable as ourselves; although the nobles then had fewer of what we call luxuries than the well-to-do mechanic, or the ordinary farmer now-a-days.

Too many look at the gloss of city life and imagine the interior to be as pleasant as the outward show is glittering. Many farmers seem to suppose they have fewer of the comforts of life than those who labor daily in our cities at the various mechanical trades. If so it is their own fault. They have the farm and garden to draw upon directly, while the other class must buy, at greatly enhanced prices from the cost of production. Farmers have only to pay a little more attention to the garage as well as the farm; and to the dairy as well as the meadow, to secure more real comfort than nine in ten of all the rest of the population; and a large proportion of that other tenth would gladly bargain that which mere wealth gives, to be assured of the sweet sleep, the robust health, and the good appetite of that class of farmers who, with a productive garden, a good orchard, and those other accessories that go to make the real farmer have real comfort. He has nine-tenths of the comforts of life within easy reach, and the easy means of securing the other tenth. If, however, among the comforts of life are classed tobacco, alcohol, jewels and other gew-gaws; their comfort becomes a mere arbitrary and artificial thing, and alters the complexion of the case materially.

ANECDOTE OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON.—Hamilton was once applied to for professional assistance by a man of New York, who held the guardianship of several orphan children. These children, then very young, would on coming of age, if they had their rights, succeed to the possession of a large and valuable estate. In the title deeds of this estate, the guardian had discovered material defects, and he thought he saw a way, with assistance of an able lawyer, by which he could secure the title to the whole property to himself. He opened to Hamilton the whole business, exhibiting copies of the title deeds, and explaining how he would like to proceed. And he promised the great jurist a large reward if he would undertake the business. Hamilton said he must give to a matter so important due thought before he decided, and set a time for his client to call again.

The guardian called according to appointment. Hamilton had put in writing faithful minutes of their former conversation, which upon his second visit he read aloud.

"I think," said Hamilton, when he had finished reading, "that is a true statement of your plans."

"Yes, sir," answered the client. "that is correct. And now, if I may ask, what have you decided?"

"I will tell you, sir," replied Hamilton, sternly; "you are now completely in my power; and I consider myself as the future guardian of these unfortunate orphans. I have decided that you will settle with them honorably, to the very last penny, or I will hunt you from the surface of the earth!"

It may be unnecessary to add that the false-hearted guardian did not pursue his nefarious scheme any farther.

In the United States 83,000 men are employed in mining, and 50,000,000 tons of coal are mined yearly. In Pennsylvania the death rate exceeds that of Great Britain. The death rate in Ohio was also greater last year than that of England, but this year it will be less. The most dangerous mines in the United States are in Schuylkill county, Penn., one man being killed there for every 35,000 tons mined. One man is killed in England for every 138,000 tons mined, one in Pennsylvania for every 88,000 tons, and one in Ohio for every 133,000 tons. The destruction of human life ought always to be considered when making complaints about dear fuel.

WANT TO GO TO WASHINGTON.—The head men of the Indians at the Umatilla Agency wish to send a delegation of Indians on to Washington to talk with the President. They say that they are being hemmed in on all sides by whites, that the grass on the Reservation is being eaten out and destroyed, and that their people are being debased by contact with the whites. They feel that they must have a new location set apart to them, and that it would to their advantage to have something of the kind done, but they are fearful that if they leave the present reservation they will not be protected in their new home, and have misgivings that in a few years they will again be surrounded by white settlers, and will be again crowded out. They say,

however, that if they can go to Washington and see the President, and get the assurance that they will not be molested in their new home by the whites, direct from the President's mouth, they will be satisfied to have a new reservation assigned them. Every year we hear of a delegation of Indians generally headed by the most bloodthirsty and treacherous Indian in the tribe, being taken to Washington for a talk with the President, and we do not see why orderly and well-behaved Indians like those at Umatilla ought not to be treated equally well.—Walla Walla Union.

A "POOR MAN'S FRIEND."—More than one generation have sung the praises of good old David McWayne, one of the early settlers of Oxford County, Maine. He lived in Waterford, and the place of his residence is still known as "McWayne's Hill," in honor of him.

He was an eccentric man, but a true friend to the unfortunate, and when David McWayne died, the poor men of the section lost their chief stay.

On a certain season the corn crop failed almost entirely in the county.

It was McWayne's custom to keep a year's supply of corn on hand in advance; and then, again on his elevated land, the late frosts of spring and early frosts of autumn did not trouble him as they did his neighbors of lower-lying farms. And so it came to pass in this winter of scarcity, David McWayne had enough to spare. Some people over in the adjoining town of Norway, hearing that he had plenty of bread-stuff, and knowing his liberality, drove over for the purpose of purchasing. They asked him if he had any corn to spare. "Yes," said he, "I have corn to spare. They wanted twenty bushels."

"Have you any money to pay for it?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," answered the spokesman of the party. "We should not have come without money."

"Then, gentleman," said McWayne with calm decision, "I cannot let you have corn. If you have money, you can send to Portland for it. I am surrounded by poor people, who have no money and no corn. I must supply them, and let them pay me in work. They would suffer else."

And through that long, winter, David McWayne adhered to his resolution. No man who had the money to pay for it could buy his corn; but to the poor and penniless he emptied his garner, allowing them to work in return for him, at their own convenience. —New York Ledger.

ORATORY AND THE GRANGE.—Oratory is essentially an art. Given the genius, or the original faculty for its exercise, the material of discourse being added, such as facts, arguments, and illustrations, which are always and only to be acquired by arduous individual toil, this art, like every other, is only acquired through the diligent practice of it. The most natural and appropriate place in the world for this is in the subordinate grange. It affords full opportunity and should supply every stimulus in this direction. If it is not made available in this way, those who aspire to be effective public speakers, who are envious of the acquisition of others in this direction, and who mourn the absence of opportunities and advantages of self-culture, may well question whether the deficiency is not nearer home and more personal to themselves. In short, they lack the first elements of progress in self-culture, viz: the ability to see and seize the opportunity for it. The fault lies at their own door, and the blame of wasted opportunities, or the credit of improved ones, lies there too. Now we have expected as one of the educational fruits of the grange organization, to see developed an effective power in public discourse among the farmer class.

MAKE THE BEST OF YOURSELF.—Are you making the best of yourself? Are you using to the best advantage the natural powers of body and mind given you by your creator? Or are you drooping through life in half efforts, and steadily drifting behind men of less ability than your own-men who with fewer talents than you possess, are making the best of themselves? Think of this. Put the question to yourself as we put it to you, do it honestly. Look the matter right in the face. Are you making the best of yourself? If not, begin a new life at once. Do your best in everything in your thinking and in your doing. Rise out of indolence and self-indulgence, and not only will the world be the better for it but you will be better for having lived in the world.

Messrs. J. H. Spears & Son, Tallula, Ill., have sold to Mr. George Fox, Harefield, Wilmslow, England, the roan heifer calf 22nd Duchess of Airdrie calved June 30, 1875, by 24th Duke Airdrie, 1725, out of 16th Duchess of Airdrie, for \$22,000. This is the calf that was bought by Messrs. Spears & Son at Messrs. B. B. Groom & Son's sale for \$17,500. She has changed hands twice in less than three months. Messrs. B. B. Groom & Son gave \$12,000, and sold her at a profit of \$5,500, and now Messrs. Spears & Son make \$4,500 on their recent purchase.—Live Stock Record.

We were yesterday shown by T. G. Hendricks an improved Double Shear cultivator and seeder, made by Jas. Sherrill at Harrisburg. This machine was thoroughly tested last year and gave good satisfaction, since when many improvements have been made which and materially to its value. The machine has two sets of plows and the seeding apparatus is similar to the Broadcast seeder.—Gazette.

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