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FARMER JOHN.

"If I'd nothing to do," said Farmer John,
"I'd be out in the mountain of work,
Where I rid of this mountain of work,
What a good man I could be!"

"The pigs got out, and the cows get in,
Where they have no right to be;
And the weeds in the garden and the corn—
Why, they fairly frighten me."

"It worries me out of temper quite,
And well nigh out of my head,
What a curse it is that a man must toil
Like this for his daily bread!"

But Farmer John he broke his leg,
And was kept for many a week
A helpless man and an idle man,
Was he therefore mild and meek?

Nay; what with the pain, and what with the
fret
Of sitting with nothing to do—
And the farmwork botched by a shiftless hand,
He got very cross and blue.

He scolded the children and cuffed the dog
That fawned about his knee;
And snarled at his wife, though she was kind
And patient as wife could be.

He grumbled and whined, and fretted and
fumed
The whole of the long day through;
"Twice run me quite," cried Farmer John,
"To sit here with nothing to do!"

His hurt got well and he went to work,
And a busier man than he,
A happier man, or a pleasanter man,
You never would wish to see.

The pigs got out and he drove them back,
Whistling right merrily;
He mended the fence and kept the cows
Just where they ought to be.

Weeding the garden was jolly fun,
And ditto hoeing the corn,
"I'm happier far," said Farmer John,
"Than I've been since I was born."

He learned a lesson that lasts him well—
"Twice lost his whole life through."
He frets but seldom, and never because
He has plenty of work to do.

"I tell you what," says Farmer John,
"They are either knaves or fools
Who long to be idle—
Are the Devil's chosen tools."

LODGINGS TO LET.

An Episode of the French Exhibition.

During the Exposition, Paris was visited
by many for lodge-letting. From
the middle of April, hanging up at the
doors of the houses, in the fashionable
and central neighborhoods of the French
capital might be seen bills with "Joli
appartement meuble a louer presentement"
—for every body, in short, who could pay;
that was the one condition.

Madame de Y—, a young and hand-
some widow of 25, who, on the first of
April in that memorable year, had
thrown off her weeds, resigned her-
self, among the rest, to the
reigning epidemic. One morning she
ran for the lodge-keeper of the house in
which she resided in the Chaussee
d'Antin, and ordered him to nail up at the
porte-cochere the universal bill.

"Bless my soul I what running up and
down I shall have of it!" exclaimed, in
petto voce, with a piteous shrug, the
seemingly disconsolate porter, but who
inwardly rejoiced at the circumstance;
for he, also, hoped to reap a golden har-
vest from the new-comers.

"N'importe, Andre," continued the
charming young widow—"N'importe;
let my apartment for 3,000 francs, and
you shall have your commission of—let
me see—5 per cent., if to a bachelor or
widower; 4 per cent., if to a married
couple without any infantile em-
bellishments; and 3 per cent., if to a family
—and there are 5 francs to drink my
health."

"Alas! alas!" groaned the porte-
cochere Cerberus, as he pocketed the
silver piece and promised, in a tone of
melancholy devotedness, to do his best.
That evening the widow, accompanied
by her femme de chambre, took up her
quarters in a small cottage near the vil-
lage of Fontenay-aux-Roses, outside the
Barriere d'Enfer, and contiguous to the
pretty Bois de Meudon, where she rusti-
cated in the full enjoyment of her in-
dependent widowhood till the expiration
of the term.

On the 2d of August following, Ma-
dame de Y— returned to Paris, and
drove to her residence, believing that
her apartment, which had been let to
the concierge, was vacated and ready for
her.

"Madame," said Andre, "the gentle-
man has not yet gone."

"What gentleman, Andre?"

"The lodger, Madame, Monsieur de
R—, a provincial gentleman, very
comely of face. Yet it is not my fault,
for I informed him, three days ago, that
his time was up, and that he must go;
but he said to me that it was all right;
it was his affair, and he would square
all matters with Madame."

"Go and inform him, Andre, that I
have returned, and want my apartments
immediately."

"Useless, Madame—completely use-

less. He was headstrong as a donkey;
he wouldn't listen to me; it is with you
alone he wishes to confer."

"Be it so, Andre. Go before and an-
nounce me."

Madame de Y— was received most
graciously and politely by the provincial
tenant, who thus addressed her:

"You cannot conceive, Madame, how
comfortable I find myself in this your
pretty apartment, and how much I de-
sire to spend in it the remaining time I
have to stay in your charming capital;
and I fondly hope you will have the
goodness to allow me so to do. What-
ever be your terms, I accept them be-
forehand."

To this the widow replied, somewhat
surprised, that she had no terms to pro-
pose; that she wanted her apartment,
and must have it. But greater still was
her surprise when she heard the provin-
cial declare his determination to keep it,
even if it was necessary to stand a regu-
lar siege. Madame de Y—, however, as
gently as possible, to make him un-
derstand the impropriety of his conduct,
but all to no avail, for the tenant plead-
ed his cause with grace, eloquence and
wit. The debate became warmer and
warmer, the gentleman losing, and the
lady gaining no ground, while Andre
slipped away to his lodge, informing his
better-half that the storm was gathering
above. At last, after much speedily
ing on both sides, the gentleman, break-
ing a pause of apparently deep reflec-
tion, spoke again:

"Well, Madame," said he, "there re-
mains but one way to arrange our little
dispute, so as to enable you to resume
possession of your delightful residence,
without ousting me from it."

"What is your meaning, sir?" de-
manded the bewildered young widow,
looking still more charming in her
amazement.

"My meaning is this, Madame; my
name is Arthur—Baron Arthur de B—
—am a bachelor, and 32 years of age.
My estates are worth 50,000 francs a
year—but this I mention out of respect
to the laws of business; and despite the
originality and quackery of my conduct,
which may perhaps have offended you,
I am considered a very good-natured
person; and, upon the whole, I flatter
myself I am a man fully capable of mak-
ing a lady happy. Will you, therefore,
do me the honor of accepting my heart,
my hand, and my fortunes?"

To this sudden proposal Madame de
Y— replied with dignity: "Your jest is
not in very good taste, sir, and all I can
do is to laugh at it."

"Serious, most serious, Madame, I am
indeed—and, on the faith of a gentle-
man, I beg you to believe it."

"What, sir! you propose marriage
merely that you may not have to give
up my apartments!"

"A little upon that account, Madame,
but still more because of a more over-
powering reason; for among the many
considerations I have had the honor of
laying before you, there is one I dare
not mention, but allow me now to con-
fess it—I love you."

At this avowal, Madame de Y— blushed
to the eyes. What lady, young or old,
would not have done so, particularly
when the avowal came from a young,
handsome and wealthy man? However,
she took it in good part, and laughed
outright at her incoherence:

"You are laughing, Madame, and
however—"

"Your folly provokes my laughter,
Monsieur le Baron. I really cannot help
it."

"Nevertheless, Madame, I can assure
you I am fully master of my reason, or,
at least as much of it as remains, sub-
dued as it is by intense passion."

"What, sir! intense passion at first
sight!"

"You forget, Madame, that I have
been living three long months in your
apartments, and that your portrait,
which I now see is an adorable likeness,
is hanging up there in the next room.
It was the first object that caught my
attention on entering, and I have looked
at and admired it every day since. Nor
was I captivated by the charms of your
beauty alone, for I am well acquainted
with your merit every way, your many
superior qualities and your irreproach-
able character. A man, however so little
he may be versed in womanly affairs,
cannot spend three months in a lady's
apartment without noticing and studying
many things disclosing her habits, her
tastes, her feelings. I have been ob-
servant, Madame, and what I have dis-
covered has captivated my heart for-
ever. That heart I offer you again, and
humbly wait your answer to know my
fate."

There was no bombast, no fanfare in
the Baron's language; it was the re-
solute of a man who had made up his
mind, and was determined to succeed.
But the more he urged his suit, the less
he advanced in it; till at last the widow
signified to him, in due form and un-
mistakable phraseology, that he must
instantly shift his quarters—thus giving
him his leave, and intimating to him at
the same time that he must never think
of setting foot in her residence again.

"Very well, Madame—I withdraw,
and will not return till you invite me to
do so," the answer to which parting
words was a saucy smile, and a toss of
the head which evidently meant, "You
have long to wait, Monsieur le Baron
before receiving such an invitation."

However, at the end of a few days,
the invitation was sent, and the Baron ar-
rived just as the widow had completed
making herself more charming than ever.

"What have I been apprised of, sir?"
said Madame de Y— to him, as he se-
ated himself in an arm chair a la Vol-
taire right opposite to her. "During
my absence, you brought my long
pending lawsuit to an amicable arrange-
ment."

"Why, yes, Madame; but you must
be neither pleased nor displeased with
me on that account, as I acted only in
my own interest."

"How so, if you please, Baron?"

"The fact is, the lawyers' clerks were
sitting here with their papers every day
and, owing to a heavy and protracted
suit I once had myself, I have an utter
aversion to every limb of the law, a
sister ally, Monsieur les Anglais, have
been acquainted with your plan
of my influence over him, and soon got
him to forego his unfounded claim, and
as made over to me what he called his
rights. It is therefore an affair between
me and me, but rest assured, Ma-

dame, that your decency and suscep-
tibility shall never have to complain of
proceedings. Your lawsuit is fore-
gone, and that is all!" Whereupon
the Baron looked the widow steadfastly
respectfully in the face, and gave no
further explanation.

Madame de Y— was somewhat con-
fused, but, in spite of herself, she was
continually forced to think of her ex-
tent. In every room of her apartment
she had left some souvenir of his sojourn
—poetry, scolding, songs, music con-
fessed by himself, thoughts and maxims,
written in her albums and scribbled
books. All these gallant attentions
seemed most pleasing to her, while they
piqued her curiosity; and while that
important part of the female constitu-
tion is awakened other sentiment
soon come forth and blossom.

Now it happened that, the day after
the Baron's visit, a poor woman the
mother of a family to whom Madame
de Y— was in the habit of giving sta-
tionary relief, called to thank her for
her most munificent donation, which, as
said, would keep her and hers for ever
benefitted, but I had the honor of
meeting her with my husband."

"My husband?" exclaimed the widow.
"Ah, Madame, what an excellent
man! a kind-hearted gentleman! Al-
low well you are needed, for you are
such other admirably. Yes, Madame,
and him everything and how kind he
Providence-like you were to me. It
seems to love you very much, and he
could that be otherwise? 'Good woman,'
says your husband to me, Madame,
your benefactress is absent for the time
being; but, before she went, she left
this with me for you, and thereon I
out in my hands a pocket-book contain-
ing bank notes—a fortune, Madame,
was lost to accept it first, but he would
have me take it, although God knows
you have already done much for me and
my poor fatherless children. Ah, Ma-
dame, how happy you must be with
such a husband! But it is only this
reward of your excellent heart and
Christian virtues. May Heaven bless
and preserve you both for years and
years to come."

"Strange, strange, passing strange!"
thought the widow. "Settle my tedious
business, provide for my poor widow and
her children—leave some trace of him-
self every where around me! But more
are such queer characters, such original
novelists." She resolved, however, not
to speak to the Baron of his generous
conduct toward her protegee, fearful lest
he might betray her sensibility at so
sensible an action. But another circum-
stance soon came to light, and caused
the Baron to be invited, suddenly and
aeriously, to call a second time. This
circumstance was as follows: A young
coxequin, Leopold de R—, imagining
he had fallen in love with Madame de
Y—, because, living in the house op-
posite to hers, he had chanced now and
then to see her at the balcony before
visiting her all on a sudden at her de-
parture from her apartment. After many
days' anxiety he determined upon writ-
ing her a billet doux, informing her of
his love, and stating that he would call
that evening for an answer. Having
written his note, he wrapped it up in a
small paper parcel and jerked it over
the balcony into the window. It hap-
pened that the Baron had just finished
the second breakfast he had taken in
the house, and was pouring over the
newspaper when the parcel dropped into
the room. He took it up, and, finding
no superscription, he opened it and read
the following:

"Charming neighbor, for weeks and weeks
have I admired you from my window-seat op-
posite. O how superlatively happy should I
be were you to do me the honor of admit-
ting me to your presence, and allowing me to
declare myself and crave pardon for my
assumption. At 8 this evening, I will call,
as for admission and learn my fate. The
minutes will glide away like a dream in
my patient heart. Farewell till then, God bless
my adoration."

He came, and the door was opened to
him by the Baron in propria persona.
"Is Madame de Y— at home?"

"She is not at home for you."

"And pray, by what right do you re-
fuse me admission?"

"Methods that right is very evident."
"And you are here in her apart-
ment?"

"True; but for the time being it is
my own."

The dialogue went rapidly on from
cross words to a challenge; and on the
morning a duel took place in one of the
coppice-woods of the Bois de Boulogne.

This time, Madame de Y— had every
reason, she thought, for blaming
the Baron's conduct; so another invita-
tion was sent to him, which he duly at-
tended to.

"How is this, Monsieur le Baron?"
said the widow in tremulous and re-
proachful accents—"expose your re-
solute with such a puppy—a life so useful,
precious! O, truly, I cannot but think
you more foolish than wise."

"I confess, Madame, that I was
wrong; but I merely wanted to put the
young puppy, as you justly call him,
in his right place, and save you fore-
ver from his importunities. He scratched
me, but I gave him a gentle sword-thrust
which will prevent him from annoy-
ing you for some time to come. Was that
not a service worth having, my charm-
ing lady?"

"Yes; but at such a price—the risk
of your life and my reputation! Gra-
tious Baron, what will my friends think
of me after such an affair? You have
compromised me terribly by your gen-
erous, your noble, your magnanimous
conduct."

"This true, very true, dear lady, and
I now begin to see I acted too rashly
upon the impulse of the moment;
and that, in fact, I owe you a repara-
tion."

Madame de Y— thought so like-
wise. "Well, my dear Baron," said
she, proffering her hand, "since it was
to be, it must be, so let it be—we are
friends."

"And betrothed ones, my charmer,"
cried the enamored Baron, fondly
pressing to his lips the widow's ripe,
red lips. "And the marriage-day?"

"Oh, dear me! Mon Dieu, what a
man! In a month hence," and the
compact was sealed.

M. JAVEL says that the fatigue ex-
perienced by the eyes from reading with
artificial light is due more to the want
of light than to its excess. Even in a
very brightly illuminated room the pup-
ils are much more dilated than by day-
light, and this dilation produces fatigue.

Agrarian State of Italy.

The agrarian state of Italy is such as to
cause the gravest anxiety to Italian states-
men. The corn trade, once so prosperous, has
come to an end. The ships which enter the
Italian harbors can get no return freight. The
misery of the people is terrible and in conse-
quence the average length of human life is 8
years less than in France, and 16 less than in
Norway. The pellagra, a horrible disease
which causes insanity and death, and is pro-
duced by the habitual consumption of dam-
aged corn, has increased of late years to an
appalling extent. In the year 1830 there
were 20,000 peasants suffering from it in Lon-
bardi, and there were double that number in
1878. Jacini gives an account of the life,
food, and habitation of the peasants of North-
ern Italy, which could not be surpassed by
the most sensational description of a cabin in
the West of Ireland. Vihari tells a similar
tale. Heavy taxation is also contributing to
ruin the agriculturist. In the Commune of
the Grotto S. Stefano, in the District of Vi-
cria, there were 19 little properties sold upon
the 13th of October last, and I have been as-
sured that in the course of last year there
have been as many as 2,000 in the Province
of Rome alone. Under these circumstances it is
not wonderful that emigration from Italy
should have assumed considerable proportions.
In the year 1867 there were 12,000 emigrants;
1868, 30,000; 1870, 40,000; 1873, 76,000;
1876, 108,771; 1877, and during first half of
1878, 160,008.—The Fortnightly Review.

One of the advantages of keeping sheep is
that qualities of lands and crops can be utilized
by them, which otherwise would be com-
paratively profitless. While they are among
the most profitable stock, they actually im-
prove the soil, so that more grass and more
money are realized with less labor. A writer
remarks, a pound of mutton can be raised as
cheap as a pound of beef or pork, and is worth
equally as much in the market, and the wool
is extra profit. Use thoroughbred males of
any of the popular breeds, and in a few years
your sheep will be a source of pride as well as
profit.—Texas Wool.

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when all other troubles disappear. A few doses will
prove its wonderful adaptability to a diseased system.
A large majority of the American people are to-day
suffering from a miserable and unsatisfactory life, from
the effects of continued overloading of the stomach,
and habitually piling up indigestible food, causing
Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint or Indigestion, and in fact
almost every disease surrounding to-day is brought on
by deranged stomach and liver.

Dr. Henley, who is well known as the author of the
celebrated Kidney Tea, Rheumatic Cure, Pilonidion
Tonic, and Cough Drops, has just perfected this
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Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in
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blade, fullness after eating, with a disin-
clination to exertion of body or mind,
Irritability of temper, Low spirits, Loss
of memory, with a feeling of having neg-
lected some duty, weariness, Dizziness,
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able to determine whether your directions were strictly
followed in case you are disappointed in the quality or
otherwise.

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