

A FARMER'S SORROW.

The clouds look low and heavy, as if there would be rain;
It always means bad weather when you hear the brook so plain.
The wet won't make much trouble now, for all the crops are in,
And yet I somehow hate to see the long fall rains begin.
I couldn't sense the half I read, the air is close and still,
If I were young as once I was, I'd go up on the hill,
It isn't as it used to be when I could come and go,
And keep upon my feet all day, now I am stiff and slow.
There's nothin' in the paper; you can take it if you choose;
I can't make head nor tail of half they nowa days call news,
I use to think the Farmer was head of all the rest;
Twas full of solid common sense; I tell you that's the best!
What does a plain, old-fashioned man care whether stocks go down?
My stock is all four-footed!—but 'twill please the folks in town,
Here's new machines preached every week to help the folks that sell;
And fashions for the women folks, and other trash as well.
'Twas readin' all this nonsense here, in winter by the fire,
That made my boy get notions of the schools and climb'n higher,
It used to be so snug and warm a stormy winter's night,
With snow-clicks at the windows, and the roarin' fire for light.
But there he set, all doubled up, a-storin this way:
Readin' and readin' till I said 'twas more like toll than play;
Readin' and readin' till I found he couldn't work a stroke,
And couldn't hold the plough an hour, or hardly lift a yoke.
It stole his mind from farmin', and he run up tall and thin;
I fought him hard enough at first, but after ward gave.
They got the minister to come, his mother took his part,
Until I let them have their way, although it broke my heart.
Twas well enough for them to talk, and I wasn't going to fight;
And then my mind got so distressed, I couldn't sleep at night.
Folks talk of education as if the Latin showed a farmer how to cast accounts or how to stack a load.
But, as I say, I had to cope with mother and with Dan,
And then they got the minister, a good, well meanin' man,
And Dan, he said, must have his chance, and pretty soon I see
The book fools and the women folks would be too much for me.
So Dan he got his schoolin', and never no complaint;
When I give in I don't take back, but 'twould have tried a saint!
I never knew the crops to fall as fall they did those years,
Or money be so hard to get, and I was full

of sorrow.
Twas him that should have had the place;
'twas father's 'fore 'twas mine,
I'd like to keep it in the name; but I ain't goin' to whine.
Mother she's had it pretty hard; we needed Dan, that's true;
And I would keep him right at home if I began life new.
Farmin's the honest work of men; if other folks must thrive,
Some of us ought to stay at home and keep the farms alive.
Dan's kind of disappointed—he sees he ain't the first;
There wan't the makings of the best, and yet he ain't the worst.
They call him a good scholar; but there's much he's learned in vain.
If he don't think he'd farm it, if he could start again.
—Sarah Orna Jewett, in the *Manhattan*.

The prime minister of Turkey receive \$20,000 a year salary more than the prime minister of England.
A cow-horn on exhibition at Monticello, Fla., is reported to be four feet eleven inches in length, and eighteen inches around the base.

Uncle Joshua's Advice.

Reuben Brown was in love with black-eyed Kittie Perkins—there is no doubt about it.
Kittie was the prettiest and at the same time the most coquettish girl in Swanton, and, woman-like, was playing "fast and loose" with poor Reuben.
Reuben had never openly avowed his affection, though it was rapidly becoming "soulfully intense" when, after a particularly exasperating interview with the fair Kittie, he resolved to lay bare his heart to his old Uncle Joshua, and seek the latter's advice.
Uncle Joshua was, in fact, his nearest relative, and lived only a short distance from where Reuben was employed. Reuben had done many little kindnesses for the old man—who, in return, felt almost a father's interest in his welfare and happiness; so Reuben felt, when he went to consult him concerning his tendresse, that his advice would, though coming from one who might almost be supposed to have forgotten all about the gentle passion, be sincere and thoughtful.
With this conclusion, Reuben, with a very "heart hungry" feeling—the immediate result of the above mentioned interview with Kittie—wended his way slowly up to the little red house where the old man lived. The last faint traces of the sun's glory were rapidly fading away in the horizon, the bright stars were just commencing to twinkle merrily, and all the air held "a solemn stillness," as if waiting for night to draw more closely "her sable mantle."
At such times, if ever, the human heart turns to thoughts of love; and Reuben's, already turned in that direction, was actually filled to overflowing with the gentle emotion. Could he have done so, he would, without doubt, have woven the most "woeful ballads" to the fair Kittie's eyebrows—but he was no poet, so he simply yearned.
As Reuben came up to the house he found Uncle Josh, as he usually called him, seated on the stoop. His chair was tilted back; his venerable head, fringed with gray scanty locks, was bared to the evening breeze; and, like the ill-fated skipper of the *Hesperus*, "his pipe was in his mouth."
"Wal, Reuben," he said, as peering through the deepening twilight, he discovered the love-sick youth approaching, "haow de do? come right up and set down. Anythin' new?"
"Nothin' much," replied Reuben, mechanically pulling up a rude chair bolted with strips of rawhide, and seating himself near by.
"You ain't heard nothin' about the old brindle what strayed, hev ye?" asked the old man, anxiously.
"No," replied Reuben, slowly; "I came on quite a different errand. The fact is, uncle, I—I (I might as well tell it) I'm in love and I came to ask your advice about it."
"Wal, naow, you don't say?" said the old granger, and, pursing up his lips, he uttered a long, low whistle.
For a few moments he remained silent, a far-off look in his aged eyes, as if the revelation recalled old, almost forgotten memories, and then he said, turning toward Reuben, and drawing his chair a little nearer to him, "Wal, tell the old man all about it—thar ain't nothin' to commence with, that does so much good as to let it out." So, leaning back in his chair again, he listened while Reuben told the "old, old story"—how the feeling had gradually come upon him that he loved Kittie with an all-absorbing passion (or words to that effect); how he basked in the sunshine of her smiles one day, and was by her coldness plunged into the very "apathy of despair" the next; how he was beset with fears that she liked Bill Simpson better than she did him; how he was afraid, if he asked her, that she would say no—that he was sure if she did, it would kill him, etc., etc.
The old man listened attentively—who, of whatever age, ever failed to take some interest in the "oft-told tale"—and when the young man had finished he took his pipe from his mouth, coughed once or twice, and delivered himself of these memorable words:
"Reuby, my boy, you've got it bad—there ain't no doubt on it—and I'll tell you a secret what nobody ain't hearn of nigh onter fifty year."
Here the old man's voice grew a little husky, and he blew his nose fiercely with a large, red handkerchief which he took from his forehead for the purpose.
"Women is queer creatures. I loved one onct, and onct only, and I'm just as sure ez I be that I'm settin' here that I lost her by lovin' of her too much, an' lettin' her know it too soon. That was my experience, an' I hev seen stacks of like cases sence."
"Wal, ez I was saying, just so soon ez a woman feels she hez a man's heart and soul, jest so soon she haint no use fur him; she begins to sigh, ez the old primer says, fur new worlds to conquer. What she ken have she don't want, an' what she can't have she wants worse kind."
"It's what schooled people calls the unurtainable that everybody's arter, specially women folks. You never want to set too much store by nothin'; for if you do, you'll be almost sure to lose it. Struggle to hide your feelin's all yer ken, whether yer huntin' for a sweetheart, a wife or a caow! In the case in pint, do your level best to make the gal think you don't set much store by her. Don't let on how much took you be with her, and don't on no account say nothin' about love, leastwise, not at present, for the minute yer do, ez the lawyers say, you weaken yer case. You don't want to show yer hand till yer dead sure you've won the game. You don't want to complicate yerself, so to speak, till yer sartin' the girl loves ye. Ef she don't love ye, ye'd better be in yer grave than marry her, and if she does, she'll let yer know afore very long—sure ez I'm settin' here."

So saying, the old man wiped his forehead with the big red handkerchief, re-lighted his pipe, pushed down the burning tobacco with his horny thumb and resumed into silence.
From what humble sources words of wisdom sometimes spring! Much comforted, Reuben sauntered slowly homeward, his pathway lighted by the bright summer morn which had just come over the hill, filling the little valley with its mellow light.
His heart was much lighter than when he trod that path before, for he had unburdened it, and he felt that Uncle Josh was right.
So the very next evening he took pretty Polly Baker "buggy riding," and the following Sunday evening went "to meetin'" with her. He did not even pass Kittie's house for four whole days! He came very near weakening the second evening, but finally, with great difficulty mastered himself. What was the result? Why, when he did go by, nearly a week later, Kittie, who had, of course, heard all about what had taken place, walked down to the gate and, with one of her sweetest smiles, asked where he had been for such a long time. He answered, "Nowhere to speak of," and then she smiled so sweetly, and looked at him with such gentle reproach that he was almost tempted to seize her in his arms and declare his love then and there, but he recalled Uncle Josh's advice in time and temporized.
Kittie could not stand it long, however, and before another moon had come and gone Reuben was her accepted lover.
The days had begun to lengthen a little when they were made one; and Uncle Josh hitched up the old mare and drove down to the little house, which Reuben had bought, to witness the interesting ceremony. He was attired in a bran new suit of homespun, his hair "slicked down" in a most remarkable manner, and his neck encircled by a broad, white stock. He looked uncomfortable, but happy nevertheless (if such an anomalous condition of affairs may be supposed to exist), and kissed the bride with much warmth at the first opportunity.
"Reuben," he said, as soon as he had his nephew alone for a moment, "she does look uncommon nice; but, mark my word, don't go to showin' of her too much affection—if you do you'll be sorry for it. Don't be afraid to jaw her a little sometimes; it makes an agreeable change, an' 'll do her good. You can't do nothin' scurcely with women, nor children, nor dogs, nor nothin', with too much affection, don't never forget it!"
Reuben's only answer was, "I'll try." But he did not look as if he thought he would succeed very well—how could he be expected to on his wedding day!

Universal Repairers.

"A new industry to give labor to the toiling masses," said a gentleman yesterday. "It is a company, established on the plan of like institutions in Berlin and Paris, having for its object the mending of socks."
The listener started away.
"Don't go. It's a fact. See, here is a circular from the company. They do not confine their attention to socks. Stockings, underwear for ladies and gentlemen, clothing of all kinds, for every age and for both sexes, will be mended."
"Why not add umbrellas and silk hats?"
"They have done so. Silk hats are not a circumstance. Broken china and strained bedsteads are not neglected. It is simply a company that manufactures nothing and repairs everything."
"Suppose the furniture mechanic should upset his glue pot on the sealskin sacque which his neighbor was sewing on. You can't repair everything in one shop?"
"That's where you are not informed. The company are just starting. Their present specialty is clothing. They call at any address on receipt of a card and get the socks or other articles, take them to headquarters, mend them, and return them with a bill. They will call for any dish or article of furniture and return it mended in like manner. But they have not yet got so large a factory that they can do so varied a business. They have no factory at all, only rented rooms. But they have arranged with boot makers, fur makers, dressmakers, cement makers, furniture makers, hat makers, and makers of about every article of household utility who will do the work. The company looks after the repairs and guarantees the work, saving the owner all the trouble and sometimes much expense."
"Suppose a man splits a dress coat?"
"They will handle the job, bringing it to him so neatly darned that he will not know where the darned split is, and all for thirty cents a square inch of darning. That's a sample of their prices."
"But if they farm out the work, why should a man not take his own work to a tailor?"
"Because he hasn't the time. He can get the work done by the company at the same price, and save all trouble except that of writing a letter and paying the bill."—*New York Sun*.

To "Speak by the Card."

To "speak by the card" means to "be as precise as a map or book." The "card" was the document in writing containing the agreement made between a merchant and the captain of a vessel. Sometimes the owner pledged himself, ship-tackle and furniture for due performance, and the captain was bound to deliver the cargo committed to him in good condition. Hence, to "speak by the card" is to speak according to the indentures or written instructions. This old saying is often improperly used in the sense of speaking with authority or in possession of reliable information.

The cotton mills of South Carolina employ 4,500 persons, and the value of the product is placed at \$6,000,000.

Elephant Shooting.

For three hundred yards or more we silently stole through the forest in single file; at length the leading horseman halted, and we wheeled into line. Over the underbrush towered the backs of a number of dark animals. Closer and closer to them we approached, when one of the elephants uttered a shrill note, and in an instant the herd was crashing through the timber, raising a tremendous dust, and sending rotten limbs of brushwood flying far and wide.
The poor old horse, who had to this moment been a regular slug, took the bit in his teeth, and tore along in pursuit as well as the best of them. He needed no bidding. I only sat still and let him go. If the others were after the elephants, so was he; and if his forelegs only kept him up there was very little doubt that soon I would be afforded an occasion to use my gun.
A big tusker, of course, I wanted, but such I could not see; so, to rectify the deficiency, singled out the largest animal in the herd, and made a dash to get along side of it. In this I was successful, for the old nag knew his work like a book, and required no forcing. Holding the gun at arm's length I fired. The heavy charge nearly sprung out of my hands; but the elephant staggered, recovered itself, staggered again, and then came to a dead stop.
With the report of the gun the veteran charger had sheered off to the left, expecting pursuit, and not getting it, he easily pulled up, so I turned him round again so as to renew the contest.
The poor stricken beast was evidently very sick—blood flowed from its mouth and trunk. It seemed desirous of charging, but was without the power to do so; so I jumped off my horse, went within fifteen yards, and fired at the space between the ear and eye. With a crash the poor thing fell, struggled violently to regain its feet, rolled over upon its side, and yielded up life. It was a cow in the prime of life, but its tusks did not exceed eight or nine pounds in weight.
I now became cognizant that a heavy fusillade was going on to my left; I, in consequence, rode in that direction, when I overtook a Boer having quite a lively time with a wounded one—she charged so persistently and fiercely that he was as often the pursued as the pursuer; so I left my horse, watched my chance, and, while she was turning round to keep her front to her first antagonist, put two bullets in her side, a foot or so behind the shoulder blade. Attempting to charge, she fell upon her head, burying both tusks in the ground, and died game to the last, with her front to the enemy. The action was short, sharp and decisive, I may say brilliant, the only drawback being that both were cows.
I admit that shooting cow-elephants requires some apology—in my ardour I did not think of sex, and was not aware that the animal I had killed a female till after its death; in delivering the coup-de-chasse to the last it was so severely wounded before I came up that it could not have survived. It certainly was an unlucky entry into elephant hunting in Africa, to commence by killing cows.—*Parker Gilmore*.

Business in a Mexican City.

A Chihuahua (Mexico) correspondent of the *Indianapolis Times* says: Business of all kinds is transacted here in a careless, indolent manner, and it is impossible to impress a native that there is any use of being in a hurry, or that there is any value attached to time. Business generally opens at 9 a. m., and closes at 12 m., to allow all classes to indulge in eating, smoking and sleeping until 3 p. m. At this hour business again commences, and closes irregularly, according to the notion of the proprietor. Sunday presents but little difference in the business aspect of the city, many branches, however, being somewhat more lively than during the week.
The chief industry of a large portion of the population of this place appears to consist of sitting on the curb stones, leaning against the sunny side of a building, or loafing on the Grand Plaza smoking cigarettes, which they dextrously make by rolling a small portion of tobacco in a bit of prepared corn husk which is sold in neat rolls on the market at a trifling cost. Almost every native wears a sarapa or shawl thrown over the shoulders and drawn up around the face so as to conceal almost the entire face, little being visible save a pair of shining black eyes. Even those who engage in manual labor do not dispense with the sarapa, and it is a curious sight to see men carrying water, wood or stone, and doing various kinds of work, with a cumbersome shawl over their shoulders and necks, which must be constantly adjusted to prevent falling off. They seem to be in a chronic state of suffering from the cold, even on pleasant days, and apparently afraid to allow fresh air to touch their bodies.

Killing Off the Fish.

The fish in the bay at San Francisco are said to be decreasing year by year, owing to the reckless method of catching them. Every time the Italians drag their nets upon the gravelly beach thousands of small fish are allowed to die on the shore. There are 2,000 Chinamen engaged in shrimp and sardine fishing off the Marin county coast. The Celestials attach their nets to stationary posts and catch minnows, which are dried and sent to China.

There are now 228 submarine telegraph cables, all told, some of them merely connecting islands with the main shore.

American companies have spent over \$30,000,000 on railroads in Mexico, completed 1,600 miles of track.

Even With

Sometimes a Grapham, while holding court in a cure town on his circuit, was surrounded by an old squatter who had been tried as a witness. The old fellow was so glib, showing such a disposition to shield one of his friends, that the judge fined him for contempt and sent him to jail. Several days ago the judge, while en route in a buggy to hold court at the same place, lost the road and wandered around in the woods. Night came on, and to increase the perplexity of the situation, a heavy rain began to fall. After wandering around for an indefinite length of time, the judge discovered a light glimmering among the distant trees. Turning his horse in that direction he soon reached a small opening in the forest, and then stopping when the wheels of his buggy grated against a fence, he called "hello!"
"All right," answered a man, opening the door of a cabin and coming out to the rude suggestion of a gate.
"Have you got enough room in your house for a man to stay all night?" asked the judge.
"Oh, yes."
"I'm very glad to hear it. I am lost in the woods and any accommodation that you may offer will be thankfully accepted."
"Yas, but I ain't said nothin' 'bout 'commodations.'"
"Didn't you say that I could stay all night with you?"
"Noch."
"You said that you had room for a man to stay all night."
"Yes, but I didn't say two men. I've got plenty of room for one man, but I am the man myself, stranger."
"Look here, my friend, I—"
"It's so dark I kain't see yer, so what's the usen lookin' thar?"
"I say—"
"I know what yer say."
"Well, now, my good man—"
"Jes' ez wall now ez any time."
"You evidently don't understand me. I have lost the road and am in a pitiable condition."
"Whar did yer lose it?"
"I don't know."
"Better go out and find out."
"It's too dark now to tell where I lost it."
"Then it's too dark ter tell when you'd find it."
"How far is it to Blakeville?"
"Do yer want to go thar?"
"Yes, but as I tell you, I've lost my way. Is there a straight road from here there?"
"Wall, part o' it is an' part o' it ain't."
"But can you direct me so that I will not lose the way?"
"I mout if it wa'n't for one thing."
"What's that?"
"It's too dark."
"Do you think, however, that I can find my way there?"
"You can find it if it's thar."
"I mean will I have any trouble in finding my way?"
"I don't know whether yer will er not. Don't wanten fling no obstickles in yer way."
"Come, my good man—"
"I'm er good man but I can't come."
"Well, as I am not likely to find my way, can you let me stay all night here?"
"Oh, yes."
"Well, I'll unhitch my horse and come in."
"Yer may unhitch yer hoss, but yer needn't come in."
"You said I could stay all night."
"Said yer could stay here, but didn't say yer could stay in thar."
"I see you have no accommodation about you. Tell me which way to drive and I'll leave you."
The old fellow gave minute directions and the judge drove on. Pretty soon his horse stopped, and despite persistent urging, refused to go forward. Finally the buggy became tangled in underbrush and could not be backed. The judge got out, and was tugging at a hind wheel when some one called:
"Say, over thar!"
"Hello! That you?"
"Reckin it is."
"Glad to see you, for I am stuck."
"Yer mout be stuck, but yer kain't see me."
"I mean that I am glad to know you are there."
"An' I'm glad to know yer air thar."
"Look here!"
"Kain't see yer if I do look."
"Say!"
"Say yers'f!"
"I want to get out of here."
"Wall, git then."
"You are a miserable hound, that's what you are."
"That's all right, podner. I am the judge in this here case, an' I'll sock it ter yer fur contempt. Don't recollect me, I reckon. Never mine payin' the fine. Jes' stay in jail awhile. Good night. Ef yer want anything, call fur it. Jailer may be hard ter wake, but call him, cap'n, call him. May not like the fare, but call the jailer, cap'n."—*Arkansas Traveler*.

A Pancake Recipe.

A young housekeeper writes for a recipe for making pancakes. If there is any thing more than another we know how to make, it is pancakes. Take a cup of flour, one pint of warm water, mix thoroughly and cook over a slow fire until it becomes thick. Then remove and let it stand for an hour to cool. Take a strip of cotton flannel and cut it in round pieces about the size of a tea plate. Smea both sides with the flour and water mixture and bake on a hot griddle. Serv. with molasses, labeled maple syrup. This of course is not the family style. We go our information by dissecting a pancake at an up town restaurant, and it can be depended upon.—*Brooklyn Sun*.