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E. A. BLOSSAT

THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH.

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Our Post's Corner—Selected

THE FARMER.

A happy man is he,
Who owns the soil he tills;
With mind both pure and free,
And nought his joy to chill.
His work is all his own,
No tyrant o'er him rules;
He is no despot's clown,
Nor prince's willing tool.

To farming then we'll go,
And live by honest toil;
We'll learn to hold the plow,
And cultivate the soil.
We'll plant, and sow, and hoe,
That we good crops may raise;
And when 'tis time to mow,
We'll have some happy days.

Then toll ye farmers on,
And to your soil be true;
Rise with the morning sun,
And drive your team from door.
Your labors will be blessed,
If you but toil aright;
You'll in good clothes be dressed,
So, pray, don't take afright.

The Hunchback's Revenge!

BY A. L. C.

Over the whole face of the steely blue sky, staring disconsolately down at the broad, bleak earth, it seemed a dull leaden cloud for hours had hung. Back again the earth returned the dreary stare, and the waters caught up and reflected the leaden image. Indeed, everything down there on the rugged coast of Loch Ness, on that hollow March day partook of the leaden hue—sky, without, I mean.

But within the little cottage—the only one in view for miles around—that crowned the gloomy brow of a beetling crag, all was bright and cheerful. The crackling fire cast a ruddy glow over the whole room—over the polished floor, upon the painted walls, upon the plain furniture, and last, but not least, upon pretty little Olive Carron, the fisherman's daughter.

Olive was truly a beautiful creature, as fair a one as the painter or poet could wish to make the ideal of his dreams. She had seen some twenty summers, perhaps, though it was plainly evident they had been soft and pleasant ones, without the least shadow to mar their splendor. Her form was of exquisite mold, well and volitionally developed; her features in every respect were clear and faultless, while about the delicately chiselled, rose-bud mouth a sweet smile, full of happy innocence, continually played.

Thrown back from the fair, white forehead with a negligent grace, were heavy masses of rich golden hair, which floated in luxurious freedom around the glabrous neck and the tapering, swan-like shoulders. But that about her which most attracted were her eyes—deep blue, pensive orbs from which shone the pure, sweet soul of innocence and truth.

Her dress was plain, neat and tasteful, and suited well—aye, set off to advantage the little rustic beauty.

She sat near a window of the cot, which overlooked the lake, and her blue eyes were bent upon the cold leopards waters with a half-dreamy, pensive air, while the calm, placid features, the glowing countenance, and the sunny smile, all told that the maiden was deeply lost in some blissful day dream.

She had been sitting thus for perhaps the space of an hour, when a low rap upon the door from without, awoke her with a start.

Enter she could bid the visitant to enter, the door of the cot was rudely opened, and the harsh, surly voice of a man, as a pair of greedy, sinister-looking eyes peered into the room, gruffly said:

"Eh! All alone to-day, little bird?"

With a startled cry the young girl sprang up, pale and trembling.

"Not frightened, pretty one?" and the owner of the harsh voice, and the hateful eyes shuffled in.

Yes, he shuffled rather than walked, and came up quite close, confronting the maiden.

He who had so unceremoniously ushered himself into Olive's presence was truly a strange being in appearance—a singularly mis-shaped creature. He could hardly be called a man, even though he possessed the attributes of speech and reason. In height he was not over four feet, so stooped and deformed was his body. His shaggy head seemed to be placed under a massive hump—a foul and disgusting prominence—that covered his shoulders. His face was a strange medley of fierceness and cunning, more like that of a wild beast than a human, and covered with a coarse beard that was fast turning gray; his eyes were small and round, and twinkled down in their depths like two live coals of fire; while his long yellow teeth, when he laughed or spoke, shone like the snarling wolf's.

Albeit dwarfed and stunted he was, yet, nevertheless, his powerful muscular development showed him to be a man of no ordinary strength—that the sinewy angular arms, the fierce clav-

like hands, were endowed with iron power.

"Not frightened, pretty one?" he repeated, as he confronted the cowering girl.

"What brings thee back here to-day, Gower?" Olive asked, as she viewed the monster before her with an irrefragable shudder.

"What hath brought me here, sweet mistress? And what else, pray, could have brought me hither but thy own fair self? I have come to see thee."

"To see me? And what do you wish with me?" she slowly demanded.

"Tis said that you are about to give your hand to Owen Dermid, the wedding day is even set," he said, ignoring her question. "Is it true?"

"And what does that concern thee?" Olive asked, her face growing a shade paler.

"Much, much," repeated the strange creature, moving nearer the girl. "I love thee myself; I worship you; I will die ere that man shall claim you as his bride! Yes—ha, ha, ha!—die!"

"Foul monster!" cried Olive, an angry flash overspreading her cheeks, "quit this place. Have you, indeed, so soon forgotten the punishment that you received for thus daring to insult me once before. Remember, and be gone!"

Gower glared fiercely at the young girl for a moment, and then slowly said in a sullen, bitter tone, as he nervously clasped his bony hands:

"I remember it. I remember it but too well, perhaps. Because old Gower dared to tell his love for the beautiful Olive, he—Owen Dermid—horsewhipped him—beat him as unmercifully as though he had been a dog! I will never, never forget it. Though the smart and pain hath long since died out upon my body, those lashes burn and scorch my soul like seething fire yet; no, no, no; I will never forget it! I cursed him there and then, and told him to beware, that I would yet be revenged. That the day would come when he would far rather have drunk of the fabled potions of the gods and have been a dog, than to have ever struck old Gower. And it is coming, he, he! coming fast!"

The terrible old man here worked himself up to such a pitch of excitement that his even his usually strangely contorted features were now rendered perfectly frightful and hideous to look upon, and he clamped his long teeth and foamed at the mouth like some infuriated animal.

Olive gazed mildly at the hunchback, and stood as though she faint would flee had her exit not been barred by his own loathsome body between herself and the door.

At length the old man grew calm, and noticing the maiden's agitation, he quickly said, in softer tones:

"Do not be frightened, pretty one; Old Gower will not harm thee. No, no, he loves thee too well. Even though he be not so fair a look upon as others, yet he has a heart that can be pierced by love. Like the rest of the world you loathe him and call him a monster, and would spit upon him; and yet, even yet, he would willingly die for thee."

"Then, if you love me, surely you will leave me," the trembling girl appealed.

"Leave you? Leave you to him?—No, never! You will go with me to my home on the hill of the cold moor, and some day you will earn to love me. Old Gower will be your slave, always, always be your slave. Leave you? No! I will never leave thee to Dermid, curse him!"

For a few moments the girl gazed at him spell-bound. His words smote sorely upon her ear, containing her in silence—a silence that only a terrible force can generate.

"Monster!" she cried, when at length her mute tongue had found utterance.

"Get thee gone, I gain command. Sooner would I go to my death than with thee! So away with thy foul, defiling presence!"

"Nay, nay, not so fast, blue eyes," the creature mumbled with a laugh. "I say that you must go, or, or," and the fiend looked at her with a threatening leer, "or, by the eternal God, a worse fate awaits thee."

As he spoke he moved closer up and placed his rough, hoarse hand upon the girl's soft arm.

With a powerful effort she flung it aside and retreated faster back. Her face was as pale as death. Her eyes were dilated with terror. And her heart fluttered violently, painfully.

"Come! my demon, will thou go?"

"Never! never!" he shrieked.

The human sphinx gazed balefully at the maiden for a moment, and then, ere she was fully aware of his intentions sprang forward and grasped her in his long arms.

"Mercy, mercy!" he cried in faltering tones.

His only answer was a malignant laugh, full of demon triumph.

Olive struggled fearfully in his

rough grasp. Her slender form writhed and twisted and bent like the quivering, wounded serpent in its death folds; her white face wore a look of fell despair; and the bloodless lips, though opened, were as mute and silent as the voiceless dead.

"Curse you, be still!" muttered Mr. Hunchback, who had become deeply enraged.

"Mercy, mercy!" she again found tongue to cry. "Father—Dermid—"

He cut short her cry by dealing a heavy blow with his iron hand upon her fair temple. And as the red blood gushed from the blue veins, the writhing body of poor Olive Gower fell motionless; the soft, frightened, dove-like eyes closed; and the fluttering heart ceased to beat.

A mile or more away from the little cot, where the white pebbly road took a sudden turn around the base of the Mealfourvonic (hill of the cold moor), two men might have been seen at a little distance out on the lake, on that leaden March day. Two fishermen, they were, and they were slowly steering their boat in to the shore.

One was an old man with flowing white locks and snowy beard, yet hale and hearty still. The other was a man many years younger than his companion, and of handsome noble mien.

The old man stood in the bow of the boat, while the younger worked away vigorously at the oars.

"By my life, there is Gower again," exclaimed the youth, resting upon his oars, at length, and pointing down the road.

"Eh!—aye, and coming from to-day, old Dermid," replied the old man, a cloud suddenly gathering upon his brow.

The youth—Owen Dermid—it was—gazed sternly at the advancing form of the hunchback, who, in turn, was staring at the boat.

When Gower had come up within speaking distance of the fisherman, he paused, and with a bitter oath, he shook his clenched hand in a threatening manner at young Dermid.

"Owen Dermid!" he hoarsely shouted, "I told thee that my day would come. Go, now, and find my revenge. Go to thy fair Olive. Oh! but 'twill be a sweet eye for thy lips to drain! Go—go!"

And with a derisive laugh he turned and a few hasty strides carried him beyond the ken of the two astonished men, up the mountain side.

"To Olive! Go to Olive, he said," gasped the old man. "Oh! surely, surely the monster hath not dared to harm my darling child, my precious one!"

"Heavens!" murmured the youth, working hard at the oars. "No, no, it can not be."

A moment more and the boat grated harshly upon the rough sands. And, springing out and searing it, the twain hurriedly started for the fisherman's cot.

Both were pale and silent. The terrible words of the man-monster yet ringing in their ears. On, on they sped, faster, faster, on, on, to Olive. Oh! how slow the minutes seemed to roll! How long the sandy road they were traversing! But at length they approached the isolated cot, which seemed to have shrunk and contracted greatly in the cold of that pitiless day.

"Here is the cot, but no Olive comes to meet us." So spake the elder, his voice trembling.

No, old man, she comes not to meet thee! Those tender eyes that are wont to watch for thy coming watch not to-day! The loving smile that ever greets thee, greets thee not to-day! The warm kiss that is ever thine from those sweet lips, is missing to-day! But what means that dark shadow upon thy brow? That heavy load that weighs down thy inward breast?

Dermid, without speaking, rushed into the cot, the old man following more closely.

They paused, recoiled, and stood against!

Was that Olive, the fair, the beautiful one, before them? That form, covered with blood, which slowly trickled from the temple, with eyes wild and staring, with a white, blank face on which could be seen not one gleam of reason—was it Olive's?"

"My darling!" burst from the pale lips of Owen. "Olive! Olive!"

Olive interrupted him with a maniacal laugh, and retreating to the wall, crouched down in the corner.

"'Twas that demon's work!" Owen cried fiercely. "Curse him! curse him! his foul life shall pay the forfeit!"

And he rushed headlong from the house and down the pebbly road, leaving the white crouching thing in the corner staring vacantly, wondering at Glen Carron, and he, in turn, staring as vacantly, wondering at her—his poor daughter.

The monster of Mealfourvonic was never seen thereafter; nor was poor Owen Dermid. A long time had passed, and the two men were nearly

forgotten, when one day, a hunter, who by chance had been led across the rugged mountain, came upon two human skeletons lying at the base of a dizzy, beetling cliff of rocks. They were locked in each other's arms, which told of a deadly struggle upon the brow of the cliff, and from whence they were precipitated. One was easily recognizable as being the hunchback's, while the other could only be surmised at as being Owen Dermid's.

At the little window of the cot, watching an old man toiling afar off on the lake, with a dull, listless stare, a pale, quiet woman sits all day long. Beside her plays a child—a strange, dwarfed creature, who never leaves her side.

Sometimes—only occasionally though—a smile dawns upon the woman's sad, grave, white face, and the bloodless lips murmur the word, "Dermid."

The mad woman was the once beautiful Olive, and the dwarfed child her own.—[St. Louis Home Journal.

Small Farms.

The greatest possible power and strength of a nation lies in its intelligent farmers. When these become sufficiently numerous in any section to control the main features of local government, their rulers are ever of a class, which, from necessity, are obliged to obey the behests of the masses whose servants they are. In sparsely settled regions there is usually a want of combination and attention to popular interests, which permits the governing power to fall into the hands of any kind of schemes and irresponsible parties, who can succeed in duping their followers into providing them with places. The isolation, which is also an attendant of sparsely settled countries, make people indifferent to their best interests. Hence we earnestly urge the idea of making our rich and fertile sections as populous as possible, with a view not only of increasing our natural advantages, industrial interests and facilitating our communication with the world, but also to regenerate our social and political condition by all means that offer, and promise successful results. There are innumerable advantages attending the presence of a large congregation of small farms in special sections of the country. The organization of earnest and intelligent people, who cultivate patches of fifty or a hundred acres of varied crops, arouses a spirit of emulation between the people which results in good to everybody concerned. Wherever, too, these communities are earnest and labor to enjoy the greatest amount of happiness that can be found in rural life, they will soon put in force all the elements that promise to secure such advantages, and the result is that such neighborhoods soon become famous for their culture, refinement and general attractions, that make life a glorious pleasure and delight.

The Southern country offers many inducements of this kind, and we hope to find our people making the fertile spots along our lines of railway and coast become populous and flourishing, to an extent that will make them the envy of the inhabitants of earth. We have written thus to impress the fact on the minds of our readers, that small farms make near neighbors; they make good roads; they make plenty of good schools and churches, there is more money made in proportion to the labor; less labor is wanted; everything is kept neat; less wages have to be paid for help; less the time is wasted; more is raised to the acre, because it is tilled better, there is no watching of hired men; the mind is not kept in a worry, a stew, a fret all the time. There is not much fear of a drought, of wet weather, of a frost, of small prices. There is not much money to be paid out for agricultural implements. Our wives and children have time to read to improve their minds. A small horse is soon carried; and the work on a small farm is always pushed forward in season.—[South-Land.

SCRATCHES IN HORSES.—Take pure, dry white lead, pure oxide of zinc, glycerine, of each half an ounce; fresh lard (free from rancidity) one and half ounces. Mix the white lead, oxide of zinc and glycerine to a uniform, smooth paste, then add the lard, a little at the time, till a uniform, smooth ointment is formed. Wash the parts with castile soap and water, and dry with a cloth, then apply the ointment two or three times, daily, with the fingers. Wash once in two or three days, and dry well before dressing again. The horse should stand on a plank floor kept clean and dry; and if used, at dust, sand and dirt should be washed off so that the affected parts may remain clean. If these directions are strictly carried out, it will seldom, if ever, fail to cure the worst cases within a reasonable time. It would be better to have the ointment prepared by an apothecary, and in warm weather substitute simple cerate for the lard.

WHY DO YOU COUGH—when it is in your power to relieve yourself? A few doses of Dr. TUTT'S EXPECTORANT will cure you and allay the apprehensions of your friends; moreover, it is pleasant to take, it produces no nausea, and strengthens the Lungs and throat to resist attacks in the future. Mothers need not dread the Croup when they have a bottle of this valuable compound on their mantel-pieces.

RICE JELLY.—Boil half a pound of rice and a small piece of cinnamon in two quarts of water for an hour; pass it through a sieve, and when cold it will be a firm jelly, which, when warmed in milk and sweetened, will be very nutritious. Add one pint of milk to the rice in the sieve, boil it for a short time, stirring it; strain it, and it will resemble thick milk, if eaten warm.

Is Ghost-Seeing all Imagination?

We find quite an interesting account of ghost-seeing in the pages of a work entitled "Arcana of Spiritualism," and a still more interesting explanation of why ghosts are sometimes seen. The author of the work says that ghosts are nothing more than a luminous gaseous flame that arises from all bodies, and especially those undergoing decomposition. These emanations, he says, are of so ethereal a nature that only persons of peculiar organizations can see them, unless, on some occasions, where they are present in great force. Of course, in graveyards for instance it "takes no great stretch of fancy to shape the upright, luminous, waving cloud into human form." The author pronounces this a simple fact in chemistry, and thinks it singular that from it should have arisen all the unbelievable stories of ghosts and hobgoblins which float through people's brains and terrify them; all "having no more existence than a wisp of flame or fog-like cloud." A singular instance is given as happening in Germany, in a locality known as Pfeffel's Garden, at Colmar. Pfeffel will be remembered as the blind German poet, and he had engaged a young clergyman, named Billing, as his amanuensis. The poet was always led by the amannensis when he walked out, which was most frequently in his garden. After a time they came to a particular spot in the garden, Billing's arm trembled, and he manifested uneasiness. Some conversation at last finally occurred, when the young clergyman reluctantly stated that as often as they passed that spot certain sensations attacked him, which he could not overcome, and which he always experienced at places where human bodies were buried. When he came to such places at night, he saw strange sights. With a view to cure this man of his delusion, the poet returned with him to the garden that night; and when near enough, Billing said he saw what first appeared to be a white immaterial flame, which then took the form of a woman—one arm laid across the body, the other hanging down wavering, or at rest; the feet elevated about two hands' breadth above the ground. Pfeffel walked up to it, as the young man would not, and struck through the spot with his cane; but the spectre did not move nor utter a word. It was as when one strikes a stick through a flame; the fiery shape always recovered the same form. Many others also saw it, and quite a sensation of emulation between the people which results in good to everybody concerned. Wherever, too, these communities are earnest and labor to enjoy the greatest amount of happiness that can be found in rural life, they will soon put in force all the elements that promise to secure such advantages, and the result is that such neighborhoods soon become famous for their culture, refinement and general attractions, that make life a glorious pleasure and