

GENTILITY.

As Some Understand It. Gentile it is to have soft hands. But not gentile to work on lands; Gentile it is to lie in bed. But not gentile to earn your bread; Gentile it is to cringe and bow. But not gentile to sow or plow; Gentile it is to play the piano. But not gentile to reap or mow; Gentile it is to keep a pig. But not gentile to hoe or dig; Gentile it is to trade for fall. But not gentile to swing a flail; Gentile it is to play a fiddle. But not gentile to keep a school; Gentile it is to cheat your tailor. But not gentile to be a sailor; Gentile it is to fight a duel. But not gentile to eat your fuel; Gentile it is to eat rich cake. But not gentile to cook or bake; Gentile it is to have the blues. But not gentile to wear thick shoes; Gentile it is to roll in wealth. But not gentile to have good health; Gentile it is to "cut" a friend. But not gentile your clothes to mend; Gentile it is to make a show. But not gentile poor folks to know; Gentile it is to wear a top hat. But not gentile at home to stay; Gentile it is to smirch and smile. But not gentile to look at a girl; Gentile it is to be a knave. But not gentile your cash to save; Gentile it is to make a bet. But not gentile to pay a debt; Gentile it is to play at dice. But not gentile to take advice; Gentile it is to curse and swear. But not gentile old clothes to wear; Gentile it is to know a lord. But not gentile to pay your board; Gentile it is to skip and hop. But not gentile to keep a shop. -Manchester Times.

NIC.

He Lived a Monstrosity, But Died a Hero.

[Written for this Paper.] TELL ye, Lerindy, the boy's got to be made useful. I hain't agoin' ter be tormented with the sight o' him fur nuthin', when I kin just as well make sumthin' outen him. Thars them as is willin' ter pay fur the sight of sich, an' the Lord knows we need the money had enough, and the coarse man laughed, a brutal, characteristic laugh.

"But, Sam, it seems so hor'ble to carry around our own flesh an' blood fur a show," feebly protested the woman.

"So much the wuss, Lerindy, ef he was some other feller's young one now, but seein' he's ourn' why we've got ter make the best o' an' get what we kin outen him." Clearly the man was troubled with no delicacy of feeling, and his stupid brain was incapable of comprehending the wife's scruples.

"How soon be ye goin' ter start, Sam?" The woman's tone had resumed its usual submissive quality, and the question was evidently settled.

"I reckon I kin get ready next week; the tent fixin's ter make, an' advertisements an' sich truck ter see to, an' ef ye hev the boy ready we kin start week after next."

"We kin, kin we? We'll see about that, we will, darn ye," and a great pair of misshapen fists were clinched and shaken at the speaker.

The days followed each other in monotonous succession as the white covered wagon jolted from town to town. It was only the poorest classes of course which patronized the pitiful show, but Sam Vedders' itching palm was satisfied as nickels and dimes passed in even faster than he had anticipated, and he had relented toward his unhappy charge to the extent of bringing him a bag of candy and peanuts as a peace offering, for the boy had borne his indignities in sullen silence, turning his glaring eyes upon the sightseers at times with alarming ferocity.

One day Sam pitched the tent on a green common just in the outskirts of a large village, and announced his intention of staying until the town was thoroughly worked for customers.

"You jest spruce up an' look alive, Nic, an' I'll buy ye a pater book ef we do well here," he said, with his nearest approach to good humor.

A purpose had been forming in the lad's mind, a settled determination to run away at the first suitable opportunity, and an idea of beguiling his unnatural parent with cunning entered his untutored brain.

"Yes, pappy," he answered, with unwonted cheerfulness, "ther'll be lots o' folks here. Say, pappy, won't ye buy me a jack knife, too?"

"Mebbe, Nic; mebbe." Sam looked at the boy in surprise, for he had not shown so much boyish spirit in years, and he thought with a degree of satisfaction that he was growing reconciled to the life which his avarice had planned for him.

Just across the common was a modest little white house with a well shaded porch upon which two children were playing, one a little fairy with long, golden curls, over whom an elder sister kept almost constant guard, for she was only a baby and loved her own mischievous way, which was not always a safe way, as the family had too often learned. The railroad ran just a little distance from the house and was a constant source of trouble to its inmates.

Nic was eating his coarse dinner, while Sam was canvassing the town with advertisements, when a tiny golden head came peeping in at the tent door.

"Pease, may Dolly tum in?" said a sweet, silvery voice. "I boughted on a tookie, a pitty tookie, Dolly did."

Nic started. He had seen pictures of angels and had dreamed of them, but had never seen such a near approach to one as this soft-eyed little cherub, her white hand stretched out to him with its cookie offering and the lovely blue eyes filled with timid wonder.

"Come in, little Dolly," said Nic, in a voice which was a surprise to himself, he was so little accustomed to speaking gently. The child sidled in,

ready for a start on the morrow, the tent and poles packed therein, before anything was said to the chief actor in the performance, and then, as might have been expected, the subject was broached far from delicately.

"See here, you Nic, you be up bright an' arly to-morrer mornin', fur we're a goin' somewhere."



"SEE HERE, YOU NIC!"

"Whar we be goin'?" The boy turned and looked the man in the eye, his own burning with a fierce light.

"Oh, we're goin' ter make a bit o' money, Nic," with an uneasy laugh. "How we goin' ter make money, pap, tell me that?"

"Oh, ye'll find out when we git started."

Nic glared at him with a malicious look. All the hatred in his soul looked out through his eyes, but a strap with a buckle with cruelly sharpened points hung in full view, and the boy's bare back had tasted its horrors too often to forget its persuasive and quieting powers, and he slunk down before the fire without the words which were burning on his tongue.

The man eyed him furtively. "Th' boy's got 'er very devil in him, an' he'll do me a mischief ef I don't watch 'im," he muttered as he got up uneasily and went out of doors.

"Mam, be you willin'?" The poor boy turned to the mother with an imploring look as the door closed, and then she knew that he was only too well aware of the nature of the unnatural plan.

"No, Nicky, I bean't," she answered with a half-whining tone of kindness, but what kin I do? Pap 'ud take the strap ter me jest ez quick ez he would ter you ef I sh'd cross 'im. Mobbe you'll like it, Nicky."

"Like it, mam," and such a tempest of repressed wrath and woeburied from the boy's lips as the feeble mother had never dreamed of.

"Hush, Nicky," she whispered fearfully, as the flood of vituperation and grief poured forth from the over-charged heart. "Pap'll hear, an' I'm afraid he'll strap ye awful."

"I wish't he'd kill me an' have done with it."

"No, no, Nicky, the's wicked," in her surprise and perplexity doing what she had never done in her life before, smoothing his unkempt hair with a touch of pitying tenderness.

It was too much, and with a quick upward glance in her face he burst into a flood of tears. One touch of kindness had broken his heart, and hearing the father's returning footsteps, he crept away to his hard bed, sobbing as if his poor stifled heart would break.

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and he took the cake from her dimpled hand as reverently as if it had been manna from Heaven.

"Is oo all alone?" said the midget, laying her little hand softly on Nic's arm. "Poo boy, Dolly is awfy sorry for oo." Her innocent baby heart had divined with pitying instinct that he was not like others, and her sympathy was genuine and outspoken.

Poor Nic. He had so seldom heard a word of sympathy, and he gazed at her with eyes of adoring admiration. An impulse had seized him to throw himself at the feet of the lovely, gentle little creature, and kiss the tips of her dainty, bronze shoes, when a voice was heard calling: "Dolly, Dolly, whar's my Dolly?"

"Here I is, Katie," and turning, the little charmer tripped away to the door; she paused a moment. "Dood dey, poo boy. Oo be dood an' Dolly tum see oo again some day."

The place was charmed after this for Nic, and he found a variety in his dreary life, by watching through a hole he had made in the canvas, the little home across the way, where the children played through the sunny hours of the long summer days, and tears often filled his eyes as he noted eagerly every motion of the little one whose sweet presence had come across his darkened life like a ray of heavenly light, and his plan of running away was forgotten in his new interest.

The day came when Sam announced that they would leave the town on the following day, and it seemed to Nic that he was about to leave all that he held dear on earth and a wild desire to see this little blue-eyed comforter once more took possession of him and he betook himself to his post and watched more eagerly than ever every motion at the white house.

There were very few visitors at the tent and Sam spent the most of the day outside in an effort to attract customers; it was nearly noon and Sam had gone to an uptown grocery to buy Nic's meager dinner when the boy's watchful eyes discovered the child toddling down the street alone.

The mother was busily engaged in the kitchen preparing her noon-day meal, Katie had gone on a needful errand and little Dolly had improved the opportunity of making a tour of investigation by herself.

Nic watched her until the flutter of her little white garment disappeared around a corner, and then he waited with a feeling of strange unrest for her to come back, but she did not, and the mother, busy with her cares, had not yet missed her.

It may have been a providence, God knows, which put the feeling of alarm into the poor boy's heart, but at any rate he crept from the tent, and seeing no signs of Sam's approach, for he was strictly forbidden to leave it under pain of fearful punishment, he ran as fast as he could in the direction of the little one had gone.

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FACTS FOR FARMERS.

-A member of a famous farmers' club says feed onions to sheep to kill the ticks.

-It is a good idea to cultivate the young orchard for three years; then it may be seeded down for three years, when it should be cultivated again.

-Ashed with a good roof is necessary in every hog pasture. However well hogs may enjoy an abundance of water in warm weather, when the rain comes in torrents for days, they take to a dry shed with evident pleasure.

-The advantage in sorting out the fruit before sending to market, not only includes a quicker sale, but realizes a better profit; and when there is any thing like a full crop this will be found the most profitable plan with all kinds of fruit, whether marketed at home or sent a considerable distance away.

-Spraying fruit trees in blossom with arsenical poisons is strongly condemned by Prof. A. J. Cook. It poisons bees and the honey they are making, and Prof. Cook thinks it may even poison people who eat honey made from the blossoms sprayed. He suggests that legislatures should enact laws punishing the spraying of trees in bloom with fine and imprisonment.

-Ground squirrels have become so great a nuisance in California that the farmers in some counties are organizing against them. It is proposed to pay a bounty raised by local taxation of so much per acre to every farmer who shall keep his land free from squirrels, and to appoint squirrel inspectors, whose duty it shall be to destroy the pests when the owners of the land neglect to do so, and who shall be paid for their services by the community.

-One cent is a small matter! Yes, but when added to the receipt for each pound of butter or meal, each quart of berries or milk, through the year, it is a little thing that tells. Added to a price it is so much gain, so much net profit. The first cost must come out of the price, whether it be large or small; the cost being covered, every cent extra is so much clear. Isn't it, then, wise to pick and pack, and to raise only first-class products, that the extra price may be secured?

-It requires but little experience to discover that the same kinds of crops can not be grown on the same ground for many years in succession without detriment. Plants of the same family should not be planted to succeed each other. Plants which occupy the ground for a number of years, such as rhubarb and asparagus, should succeed annual plants. Crops grown for heads, such as cabbage, cauliflower, etc., should be succeeded by crops grown for their bulbs or roots.

-Plant strawberries in the spring. Fall plantings are liable to freeze out, and they will not bear a crop the ensuing spring, and summer plantings require more care and skill than the ordinary farmer is likely to bestow. Strawberry plants can be set in April without losing one in a hundred if proper care is taken in putting them out. They should not be allowed to fruit the first spring, as they will not be sufficiently rooted, and it will reduce their vitality too much; besides the fruit will be inferior and dirty. -Country Gentleman.

-Many farmers cling tenaciously to the idea that "corn makes the hog." Corn is a very necessary article in the production of pork, but all the corn in America can not make pork at a profit out of the long-nosed, thin-shouldered, thin-jawed, flabby, cadaverous-looking little individual found in many of the pig pens on many farms. The sooner the farmer gets rid of these profitless scrubs and breeds quick maturing swine, they will learn that there is something else needed besides corn to make swine breeding a paying investment. -The Swineherd.

-The Sultan of Zanzibar has a German wife, and by a singular coincidence Germany obtains valuable concessions from his Majesty's Government denied to other powers.

-A dormant liver, or you will suffer all the tortures incident to a prolonged bilious attack. Constipation, headaches, dyspepsia, furred tongue, sour breath, pain in the right side, will admonish you of neglect. Discipline the recalcitrant organ at once with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters and expect prompt relief. Malaria, rheumatism, kidney complaint, nervousness and debility are thoroughly relieved by the Bitters.

-In watering, wait until the plants show that they need it, then give copiously. Hanging baskets are best watered by plunging them into a pail of water.

-LIVE OAK, ALA., Dec. 13th, 1884. Messrs. A. T. SHALLENBERGER & Co., Rochester, Pa. Gents.-Last spring I received by mail a bottle of your Antidote for Malaria for my brother, who had chills for more than six months. He frequently broke them with Quinine, but they would soon recur. I gave him the Antidote and he has not had a chill since. It has made a permanent cure. Yours truly, W. W. FENDER.

-It is thirty-three years since the first horse-car ever run in New England made a trip from Cambridge to Boston over the tracks of the Cambridge railroad.

-The statistics of the Southern Presbyterian church, just prepared, show that it has 13 synods; 68 presbyteries; 1,145 ministers-a gain of 167; 2,321 churches; 101,742 communicants-a gain of 5,428. There was a large increase in all contributions except three. The total is \$1,612,865 against \$1,463,478 last year.

-The father of Edgar Saltus, the novelist, sold Louis Napoleon the guns with which he won the battle of Solferino.

-A FATHER was very much annoyed by the foolish questions of his little son, "Johnny, you are a great source of annoyance to me." "What's the matter, pa?" "You ask so many foolish questions. I was a big donkey when I was your age." "No, pa, but you've grown a heap since."

-The following advertisement recently appeared in a Western paper: "A middle-aged woman who is capable, honest and industrious, but as homely as a stone fence, wants work."

-A FEMALE of an uncertain age was asked by a census-taker: "How old are you, madam?" "Thirty years," she replied. "That's what you told me last census, ten years ago." "Well, I didn't get one of the kind of women to tell one story one time and another story another."

-An Irishman who had jumped into the water to save a man from drowning, on receiving a sixpence from the rescued man, looked first at the sixpence and then at the man, saying: "Be jabbers, I am overpaid for that job."

-A MALICIOUS trick has been played upon Signor Crisp. When the Italian statesman was a youth he was guilty of the folly not uncommon at that period of his life, and his verses were of a very religious turn. Some malicious person has hunted them up from an old library and republished them.

-The Prince of Wales is an accomplished card-player, but he never plays for large stakes. Upon sitting down to a game he is in the habit of saying to the gentlemen, "I play only for shillings, remember that." In view of his superior skill this is considered remarkable consideration.

THE ROCK ISLAND'S POSITION.

General Manager St. John's Reply to the Statement of Alton Officials. (From the Chicago Times.)

General Manager St. John, of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific road, authorizes the following statement in reply to the assertions recently made by Vice-President J. G. McMullin of the Chicago & Alton in a published interview: "Mr. McMullin, in a recent published interview, has clearly defined the present position and policy of the Alton road. It is to insist on through rates being made on a basis that will give it a share of the traffic which goes to and comes from points west of Kansas City. He illustrates his meaning by citing a shipment of live stock from Joppaton to the Rock Island road through Kansas City to Chicago. Upon such a shipment the tariffs of all the lines as heretofore adjusted provided for a through rate somewhat less than the sum of the local rates. This practice was in accordance with well recognized principles of rate-making as universally practiced by all the great trunk lines, and approved by the interstate commerce commission, which in a recent case used the following language: 'As through rates are made by the American system of roads, agreed percentages of the total rate, considerably less in amount than the local rates of roads receiving such percentages, are usually a leading feature, and it is eminently proper as a general rule that they should be so.' The commerce and trade require it, and competition compels it. Such rates, when reasonably and fairly adjusted to local business, are the most favorable in the law, because they furnish cheapened rates and greater facilities to the public, while at the same time they give increased employment and earnings to a larger number of carriers."

"In the rates as adjusted heretofore upon live-stock traffic from points in Kansas, Indian Territory, Texas, etc., through Kansas City to Chicago, the charges between the sums of the local and the through rates was an entirely reasonable difference, and the tariffs in question were precisely upon the line of the resolution recently adopted by the interstate commerce commission. Notwithstanding this, he says that he proposes to get what he calls a 'fair share' of the tariff by reducing the local rate from Kansas City to Chicago to the same amount as the proportionate rate between these points charged by the Rock Island on the through shipment."

"This statement is certainly candid. His line has no extension west of Kansas City. The Rock Island has. He proposes to make the latter divide with him traffic which originates upon the extension that it has recently begun to construct and this he will do by reducing the established rate from Kansas City to Chicago. This declaration follows his announcement at the same time that he will reduce the rate from Kansas City to the division of the through rate charged upon the lines where the live-stock shipments originate. Those lines must meet the reduction in the local rate at the same time, or reduce their through rate correspondingly. This is necessary for their preservation; they will not think that they can reasonably be asked to cut their lines in two for the benefit of the Alton, nor can the latter justly expect them to surrender traffic which they have constructed long lines of road to secure."

"The Alton has just forced a new reduction by the Alton to the level of the new proportionate rates; and the process will be repeated until all the lines are doing business at a loss and unprofitably."

"The association has no desire to punish the Alton for its withdrawal nor for any thing else. Action necessary for the protection of the Rock Island & Pacific road will probably be taken hereafter."

-Those destructive enemies of the Western farmer, the chinch bugs, are subject this year to a deadly mauling cholera, which in some localities is destroying them rapidly.

-An empty freight car which was carried off in the Mississippi cyclone of three years ago has just been found in a swamp ten miles from the spot where it was picked up.

-THERE is a man in our town who is a very wise, etc. He is a very fine fellow, and just right where he belongs. It is just the thing to take in spring. He tells his friends, and nothing else.

-because, having taken Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to cleanse his system, tone it up, and enrich the blood, and finding that it always produces the desired result, he considers it his duty to testify to its merit with anything else. His motto is, "Prove all things and hold fast to that which is good." That's why he pins his faith to the "Golden Medical Discovery."

-WALKING advertisements for Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are the thousands it has cured.

-Aronso to Actien

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-The statistics of the Southern Presbyterian church, just prepared, show that it has 13 synods; 68 presbyteries; 1,145 ministers-a gain of 167; 2,321 churches; 101,742 communicants-a gain of 5,428. There was a large increase in all contributions except three. The total is \$1,612,865 against \$1,463,478 last year.

-The father of Edgar Saltus, the novelist, sold Louis Napoleon the guns with which he won the battle of Solferino.

-A FATHER was very much annoyed by the foolish questions of his little son, "Johnny, you are a great source of annoyance to me." "What's the matter, pa?" "You ask so many foolish questions. I was a big donkey when I was your age." "No, pa, but you've grown a heap since."

-The following advertisement recently appeared in a Western paper: "A middle-aged woman who is capable, honest and industrious, but as homely as a stone fence, wants work."

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