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## Select Poetry.

### ALL ABOUT HOOPS.

"It cannot be—it cannot be;  
Fain would I grant the claimed kiss,  
But, dearest, you must surely see  
It never can be done in this!"  
She pointed to her bristling dress,  
With frowns overflows branching off,  
Proof against every fond caress—  
A sils and velvet Malakoff!  
Full fifteen paces round about,  
And full five paces through and through;  
Ah, me! she looks so very stout,  
The slender one that once I knew!  
I paced my lady round and round,  
(Which seemed an endless task to do)  
In hope some loop hole might be found  
Which storming love might struggle through.  
In vain, in vain—'twas perfect all;  
She stood, the fashion of the day,  
Whose rampart, bastion, tower, and wall  
Might hold beleaguering hosts at bay.  
Curtained and fringed, and fortified,  
A whalebone "bustness on her back,"  
And though hemmed in on every side,  
Intrenched securely from attack.  
I compassed her about again,  
Resolved to prove a firm adorer:  
Found force and strategy in vain—  
Laid siege to and sat down before her.  
"Starving," I said, "won't make her thinner,  
Sapping and mining must not be—  
Alas! I've little hope to win her,  
Unless she sallies out to me!"  
So I'll heed my Helen's kiss,  
I, Greece will ne'er retire without her,  
But, battling daily for my bliss,  
Will lie encamped ten years about her.  
Finding, as fails each desperate cast,  
That patience is the better force,  
I trust to win the town at last—  
The changing Modes my Wooden Horse!

### Original Tale.

#### A BROKEN HEART.

BY A PLOWMAN.

Who believes that there ever was a broken heart? Most people do not, and there was a time long years ago, when I was of that number. But, dear reader, when as many summers and winters have gone over your head as have gone over mine and have left as many marks there, you will find that a goodly number of the fixed opinions with which you started out on life's long journey, have been strangely altered by the way. Time works wonderful havoc with our notions of things, and experience undermines the foundations of many an air-built structure. This old plow of mine, with its iron coupler, steel-edged, and wooden mould-board, iron-shod, old-fashioned though it has now lain so long idle in its furrow as to have become rusty, has, in its time, turned over many a curious thing, in the weary leagues over which it has travelled. True, it moves unevenly now, for the team is not well broken to the harness after its long rest; but by and by, as it gets more used to the work, it will draw more steadily, or at least more smoothly.  
The heart, what a mystery it is! Who can read it? Who fathom its depths? How like it is to those beautiful glass globes, which reflect the varied hues of the myriad of prismatic shapes within them, all its brightness and beauty—enduring for years if carefully treasured, and yet so fragile that the pressure of the thumb and fingers will shiver them to pieces.  
The following sketch from actual life will illustrate the thought. It was one of those simple occurrences, which take place daily, and are disregarded from their frequency. Were we to attend to the things that are continually passing around us, we would cease to be surprised at what are designated wonders; but we let events pass by, without contemplation; and when the most simple circumstance forces itself upon our attention, we are as much astonished at it as if we had happened upon a miracle.  
In the corner of a churchyard of a certain village which shall be nameless, is a neat grave, upon which the sun casts his earliest rays, ready to drink up the dewy libation which night had poured out upon the carpet of violets luxuriantly spread by nature above the tenements of the dead. A lady friend once pointed it out to me and gave me the history

of its occupant.  
It was at that time of life when the affections are warmest and also purest, that Alice Steel met William Hayward. It was a time when the heart is young and guileless. Then the affairs of this world pass over us like summer clouds across the sun, without a shadow and leaving behind nothing but brightness.—The hopes of the future are all modelled from the unsullied happiness of the present, when, even at present, blissful as it may be, is relinquished for the still brighter glories of the imagination; or, when, if a cloud gathers on the horizon, the young heart delights to bound away and bask in the sunshine of an imaginary dream, rather than freeze in the chilling atmosphere of a cold reality. He was in the spring time of life. Youth had shed its radiance over his countenance of manly beauty, and he was accomplished in those graces which secure admiration, while his fascinating manners, and engaging address, captivated the hearts of all who knew him. He was a scholar and a distinguished one; but he had been too eager in his pursuit after collegiate honors, and his health had been exhausted by his too arduous labours. He had just recovered from a severe illness, brought on by intense study; and the slightly delicate hue, gave, perhaps, greater interest to his appearance. The roses had withered from his cheek, and his eye beamed with a milder lustre. His forehead was pale as marble, and his black glossy hair, curling over it, seemed like the wing of a raven lying on a wreath of snow.  
Through the clergyman of the village, Hayward had been introduced to the father of Alice Steel, and as he had repaired to the country for the benefit of his health, he, at the invitation of Mr. Steel, became his guest during his stay. Alice and he were thus continually together and the result was unavoidable. They were of an age, when the heart is most susceptible, and when, more than at any other period, the mind is inclined to admire everything amiable. She delighted him with her simplicity, and he would hang over her, drinking in long draughts of love from those large blue eyes of hers so full of soul and tenderness.  
Time rolled on; and its flight was imperceptible. Alice centered every thought, every affection on the being who seemed to her, perfection. She had lived retired and secluded from the world, and the appearance of Hayward, had opened a new page in the chapter of her existence. He was rich in all those attractions calculated to make an impression upon the heart of a sensitive girl, and in her breast had awakened those indescribable feelings of which, before, the very existence had been unknown to her. Hayward's parents died when he was yet young; he was accordingly placed under the care of some distant relations of his father, who were appointed his guardians. During his boyhood, he had been under the greatest restraint, and when he escaped from the zealous guardianship of home to the comparative freedom of a college life, he devoted himself too closely to study, to enjoy, in its full extent, his additional liberty. His whole life had been passed with books. They were his only friends; almost his only companions, and Alice Steel flashed across his sight like a being from another world. He had become wearied of hunting among dusty folios for the records of, to him, uninteresting events, and of poring over the lives of men, whose names had been perpetuated, but by their crimes. His heart had long yearned to fix its affections upon some being, who might reciprocate, and sympathize with his feelings. He was indulging in such dreams, when he first saw Alice. He had read of beauty, of all commanding, maddening beauty;—beauty which had caused man to forget his God, and gods to forget their nature; but he esteemed it fabulous, and the poet's wild imagination. Now he saw it; now it was present to him, not indeed in the all commanding blaze of majesty, but in all the winning charms of simplicity and truth. They loved and were happy, and as they sat in the calm moonlight, when their hearts were too full for utterance, they thought that the dim and misty world before them; the bright blue sea of heaven above them, with its thousand isles of stars, its light, vaporizing clouds, like spirits of the blessed looking down, in that still hour, on the land of sin and sorrow they had left behind;—they thought that, these, with all their glories, could not possess a happiness greater than theirs.  
Time wore away, and the period arrived when it was necessary for Hayward to, again, resume his studies. With a heavy heart, he bade his betrothed adieu. A heavy heart too he left behind him. It was in vain that Alice tried to console herself with the idea that he would soon return; or, that his letters would soothe the pain of his absence. The thought, "he was here and is gone," would ever be uppermost in her mind. She could not banish it; she might read, but William had recited the passage when last she had heard it; she might work, but his conversation had amused her in

her employment; she might walk, but he had always been her companion; she flew to her garden, but he had trimmed those flowers; to her music, but he had listened to, and admired her singing; she would look upon the moon, when last it shone, it beamed upon those happy hearts; it might now shine upon them, but they were separated.  
William Hayward had returned to town, but his thoughts wandered away to the country; his heart was there also. Everything around him seemed strange and odious. He joined his classes, but with these he was equally discontented. He was indifferent to what was passing, and totally inattentive. His companions rallied him on his fits of absence; formerly he had stood first in everything—now he was far behind. He was uncomfortable at it, and determined to conquer it. He felt that if he would indulge such feelings, he could not attend to his studies, and he, therefore, determined to check them. He mingled in society; and with his companions, ran into every excess; this he was more easily enabled to do, as his fortune, which was large, was now under his own control. While under the care of his guardians, he had been sedulously debarred from all indulgence, and the excesses into which he now plunged were consequently, greater. The stream, instead of being exhausted, was dammed in, and suffered to accumulate, until, breaking through every channel by which it could find egress, it rushed along with maddening fury.  
Naturally of a warm and ardent temperament, endowed with high and generous qualities, which under right guidance, would have impelled him forward to every thing noble, he had been worse than neglected, by the idle trammels, imposed upon him by narrow sighted, though well meaning friends. He soon became not only reconciled to, but absolutely delighted with, his new course of life. He hurried from one scene of dissipation and thoughtlessness to another, and if, for a moment, his mind reverted to Alice Steel, he thought that his passion for her might lie dormant for the present, and if convenient, be easily revived. Not did he, for a moment, consider this unjust. He was aware with what ease he had mastered affection for her; and he conceived that she could forget him with as slight a sacrifice. Thus by degrees, the ardor of his attachment subsided; less of love was associated with the recollections of her name; in a short time, it was repeated with indifference, then entirely forgotten. Her letters were answered with cold and common place professions of regard; in a short time, he was too much engaged to answer them at all; then, they were treated with neglect. Before many weeks had elapsed Alice Steel was entirely banished from his memory and her claims were superseded by those of some one who had danced with him at a ball, or smiled upon him, in a promenade. Thus it ever is, with men of the Sanguine Temperament. Their hearts are like a sieve, through which all affection filters; their pledges of fidelity, are written in sand, and the last new face obliterates from their minds every former impression.—a new face is to them a refreshing sight. The woman, who is tied for life to a husband with this Temperament, had better be in Heaven!  
But Alice Steel had no such incentives to forgetfulness, nor did she wish for them; for, she delighted to indulge in the pure feelings which filled her breast.—She loved with the purity and warmth of youth, with a love which can be felt but once in life. In his absence, her time passed in worse than Greenland darkness; but, as in that deserted region, the bright moon alford, more recompenses the inhabitant's for the loss of the sun, so the recollections of the happy hours she had spent with him, shed a moonlight of happiness over her heart. His present conduct, however, smote more severely, when compared with the past. His correspondence was cold and irregular, and soon, discontinued. She was ignorant of the cause of an alteration so apparent. Her last letters were unanswered; and, pride, invariably the first ally a woman calls to her assistance, prevented her attempting to ascertain the occasion of it, and, for a while, bore her up. How often, does pride veil from the world's eye the agonies of the heart, and when you have trilled with that heart, and seek to witness the evidences of pain, of suffering, from the wound which you have inflicted, you are met by a countenance as composed, as serene, as if all was peace within—not a muscle stirs, or a fibre quivers, to send its telegraphic signal to the cheek—not a sign of the volcano, slumbering beneath. You go away without your anticipated, your unalloyed triumph, and say to yourself, or to your friend, perhaps, "what an escape I have made; she is perfectly heartless."  
Poor fool! you will never know the value of the treasure you have thus, carelessly, thrown away from you!  
Week passed after week, and no letters arriving, made it evident that, she was forgotten. While even a chance remained, her indignation supported her; but, when that chance was re-

moved, the affection of pride or indifference, could not prevent her sinking. She faded and pined away.—Her cheeks lost their rosy hue, and the lily alone was visible over her whole countenance. The canker-worm was doing its work. Change of air was prescribed for her by those who knew nothing of the cause of her malady. She was removed to a quiet watering place, where she seemed to improve for a time, so that hopes were entertained of her recovery. One morning, as she was seated near Hygeia's Spring, she chanced to take up a newspaper that was lying on one of the benches—almost instantly, it fell from her hands. She started up, her eye was wildly fixed; it had rested upon the record of her marriage. It was but an instant that she stood; in the next she had left the spot, and was hurrying to her chambers. But nature was exhausted. She had been prepared for this last blow, but it had fallen too heavily. Through the succeeding night, she sat gazing upon vacancy, her lips apart, her eyes immovable, her brow contracted;—had it been death, tears would have relieved her; but, as it was, her heart was broken. She had been injured—sighted. She had entrusted to his keeping, the brightest jewel she possessed,—her love—and he had thrown it aside, as worthless. Every ray of love and affection had converged to one burning focus, which, being extinguished, her heart was withered, dried up, exhausted. Toward morning, she became more composed; as her friends approached, she recognized them. At length a tear stood in her large blue eye; it fell upon her mother's cheek as she was kissing her poor child. A long deep sigh followed, as she was turning her head upon the pillow. It was the first; it was her last; the last that her poor crushed heart uttered, as it delivered up its sympathies to the soul which, upon that last sigh, accompanied by a prayer of forgiveness for him, uttered too inaudibly for earth, but loud enough to be heard in heaven, flew up to its Creator. And thus she perished. With her, love was not an idle song; it was everything; it was her very being; and when crushed and trampled upon, that being was annihilated.

## Miscellaneous.

### A STRANGE ROMANCE.

A young lady, beautiful in person and attractive in manner, who resided in the immediate vicinity of Boston, was sought in marriage some years ago by two men. One of these was poor, and a mechanic; the other was rich, and not a mechanic. The woman loved the former; the family of the woman liked the latter. As is the case in such affairs, the woman married to please her friends. Having thus "sold herself," she ought to have been miserable; but she was not. Her husband's unaffected love subdued her heart, and his gold smoothed the rough places in the human path. Fortune smiling that this couple were so happy, frowned, and the man's riches took wings and used them in flight. Thereupon the husband went up his business, put his wife and children, of whom there were two, at a comfortable boarding-house, and then departed for California in search of money. Some letters and some remittances arrived from him at first, then nothing came, and there was a blank of several years. The wife thought herself deserted.—The family, whose good opinion of the husband had not lately been so often published as formerly, told her that it was clearly a case for a divorce. When she had become well accustomed to the sound of this unpleasant word, the disconsolate wife was thrown into the society of the mechanic lover, now prosperous, and still unmarried. The memory of her early "real love" came upon her, and she believed with a secret joy that he had remained single for her sake. This thought nourished her affection, and at last she obtained a divorce from her husband who had deserted her, and remained absent beyond the time allowed by the statute. This accomplished, there was no barrier between her and the mechanic of her youth.—She informed him that she was his forever, when he should choose to claim her hand. Her feelings cannot have been pleasant to learn that since his rejection by her and her marriage to another, the aromatic brewer of wood had drowned his passion for her in the waves of time, and that at the time of her handsome offer he no longer palpitated for her. In fact, she was not willing. As if all this were not embarrassing enough, who should turn up but the husband, who made his appearance in the form of a letter, announcing that he had accumulated a dazzling pile of wealth, and that she was to meet him in New York.  
The letter also chided her for her neglect in not writing to him for years, and it was clear that he had sent assurances of love and also material aid at intervals during his absence; where these had gone, no one knows. Here, then, was trouble. No husband, no lover. The one she had divorced; the other had refused her. Taking counsel with herself, she packed her trunk, seeing that her wardrobe was unexceptionable, and came to the metropolis. She met the coming man on his arrival, and told him the whole story as correctly as she, naturally prejudiced in favor of the defendant, could tell it. The husband scowled, growled, looked at the charming face and the becoming toilette, remembered California and its loneliness, and took her to his heart. A clergyman was summoned, a marriage was performed, and a new volume in their life's history was opened.—*Tribune.*

[From the Democratic Standard.]  
**OLD ABE LINCOLN.**  
(An—Old Dan Tucker.)  
BY "THAT FELLOW."  
REASONS WHY "OLD ABE" WAS NOMINATED.  
1st—He is Six Feet Four.  
Who was it 'tother day, and who was he of yore,  
That stood in his stocking-feet six feet four,  
And wanted to be king because he was tall?  
It was Old Abe Lincoln, and Old King Saul:  
Clear him out, this Old Abe Lincoln,  
What in the world did the delegates think on.  
2d—He is Brave when out of Danger.  
Old Abe to escape tar and feathers, and jails,  
Went into Ohio to learn to split rails:  
But being out of danger, became very plucky,  
And threw back pebble stones into Kentucky.  
Clear him out, this Old Abe Lincoln,  
What in the world did the delegates think on.  
3d—He Can Split Rails.  
Old Abe was a dweller on the Ohio's banks,  
And he saw rails split by his man John Shanks:  
Says he, "John, lend me the mat and the comb,  
I'm going to try to split up the Union."  
Clear him out, this Old Abe Lincoln,  
What in the world did the delegates think on.  
4th—He Loves his Country—over the Left.  
When his countrymen battling in Mexico,  
Were in need of supplies, Old Abe said, "No,"  
His vote was for letting them perish out there,  
For the bleeding soldiers, he said he didn't care.  
Clear him out, this old Abe Lincoln,  
What in the world did the delegates think on.

"ARTEMUS WARD" TELLS HOW OLD ABE RECEIVED THE NEWS.  
The *Plainsdealer*, of Monday, says there are several reports as to how "Honest Old Abe" received the news of his nomination, none of which are correct. We give the correct report. The Official Committee arrived in Springfield at day eve and went to Honest Old Abe's House. Honest Old Abe was not in. Mrs. Honest Old Abe said Honest Old Abe was out in the woods splitting rails. So the Official Committee went out into the woods, where, sure enough, they found Honest Old Abe splitting rails with his two boys. It was a grand, magnificent spectacle. There stood Honest Old Abe in his shirt-sleeves, a pair of leather home-made suspenders holding up a pair of home-made pantaloons, the seat of which was neatly patched with substantial cloth of a different color. "Mr. Lincoln, Sir, you've been nominated, Sir, for the highest office, Sir." "Oh don't bother me," said Honest Old Abe, "I took a stent this mornin' to split three million of rails before night, and I don't want to be pestered with no stuff about no Convention till I get my stent done. I've only got two hundred thousand rails to split before sundown. I kin do it if you'll let me alone." And the great man went right away to splitting rails, paying no attention to the Committee whatever. The Committee were lost in admiration for a few moments, when they recovered, and asked one of Honest Old Abe's boys whose boy he was? "I'm my parents' boy," shouted the urchin, which burst of wit so convulsed the Committee that they came very near "gin'in out" completely. In a few moments, Honest Old Abe finished his task and received the news with perfect self-possession. He then asked them up to the house, where he received them cordially. He said he split three million of rails every day, although he was in very poor health. Mr. Lincoln is a jovial man, and has a keen sense of the ludicrous. During the evening he asked Mr. Evans of New York "why Chicago was like a hen crossing the street?" Mr. E. gave it up. "Because," said Mr. Lincoln, "Old Grimes is dead that good old man!" This exceedingly humorous thing created the most uproarious laughter. And as an evidence that he is a statesman as well as a wag it may be stated that during the evening he profoundly observed that "governments were governed too much," and that "an honest man was the noblest work of God."

A VALUABLE LOG.—Recently the administrator of one Elisha Harris, deceased, late a resident of Luzerne county, Pa., offered his effects at public sale, among them an uncouth block of wood, supposed to be a part of a cheese press, and which was purchased for 15 cents, by one David M. Hatmacher. On the morning succeeding the sale, the purchaser in a spirit of enquiry "characteristic of the age we live in," split the block open, when he discovered a queer secret door, opened by the pressure of a long rod, and containing bonds, notes and other matters, besides about \$2,000 in silver coin. To test the right of ownership in the treasure, an amicable suit for its recovery was instituted in the Common Pleas of Luzerne county, resulting in a verdict for the executors for \$1,000.

"The Democracy" sneer at ABRAHAM LINCOLN as a "rail splitter."— *Erie Gazette.*  
No they don't! They only sneer at a set of jackasses who go round in the hot sun with rails on their backs, thinking they thereby glorify a man who once followed the reputable and honest business of splitting rails. It is not the man who split the rails, but the fools who have suddenly become rail worshippers, that they sneer at.  
Mr. What-you-call-him, of our place, says his wife told him that she had been informed that Mr. Stick-in-the-mud's wife's cousin had heard that Mrs. Tattle guessed she saw Somboldy go in Doubton's house when nobody could have been there but Mrs. Doubton! We hardly credit the report, but, feel it our duty to circulate it.

## ADVANTAGES OF DRILLING GRAIN.

GRAIN DRILLS, for over ten years have been extensively used in various States of our Union, (as well as in foreign countries,) and with very satisfactory results. In many sections of our country the mode of drilling grain has entirely superseded the old and ordinary way of sowing broad-cast, and covering it with a plow or harrow, for three practical reasons: That time and labor are economized; that seed is saved, and that a much larger yield is secured.  
First—The saving of six or eight days' labor is not the great advantage in the economy of time and labor gained with a drill. It is the saving of time, when the weather is favorable, and the ground is in the right order for seeding, the accomplishment of a large amount of work, when time is most precious. When the farmer drills his grain, the work is finished as far as the drill goes. Not so when he scatters his seed broad-cast: a sudden storm, or some other contingency may arrest his labors, when only a part of the seed has been plowed or harrowed in, and he may be obliged to sow it over again to his disadvantage, not only in seed and labor lost, but runs the risk of losing his crop.  
Second—From one to two pecks of seed to the acre is saved by the use of the drill, as all the seed put into the box, is evenly deposited in the ground; none is blown away, none is left on top of the ground for the fowls to pick up, or the insect to feed upon, and any precise quantity desired, can be put on the acre, with more perfect regularity than can possibly be done by hand.  
Third—The reasons why drilled wheat yields more to the acre are as follows: The tooth, (or shovel,) makes a furrow, at the bottom of which the seed is covered, the earth thrown out on either side, forming a ridge of earth between the rows of grain, which, by the action of the rain and thawing, the ridge moulders down, carrying the better properties of the soil to the roots of the grain, nourishing and preventing them from being "thrown out," and "winter killed," as is more or less the case with broad-cast sowing. As every observer knows, grain sown broad-cast and plowed or harrowed in, some grains are covered too deep, others not covered at all, and a large portion of the seed being slightly covered, produces a weakly blade, which is thrown out by the frost in winter, or if it barely escapes, grows a slender stalk, liable to mildew, and poorly filled.  
The growth of drilled wheat being uniform, from the fact of its regular distribution at regular and proper depth, its ripening is simultaneous, and is therefore not likely to be damaged by rust or weevil, in the same degree that broad-cast wheat generally is, because being planted at different depths, some heads may be in blossom, while in others, the grain is hardening, thus giving the insect a fair opportunity to make sad havoc. Wheat drilled in rows is favorable to light and air, elements which are well known to be required for the healthful growth and proper ripening of every head, and may be gathered with greater security than broad-cast, in which there may be some heads too ripe, while others are barely fit to harvest. Drilled wheat does much better in a dry season than broad-cast, being deposited at a uniform and proper depth, the root is nourished and protected, grows vigorously and produces strong stalks, which bear large and well filled heads.  
But Drills are not only economical for winter grain, but have proved to be advantageous for planting OATS and BARLEY, as a great amount of seed and labor is saved, and the stalks grow more strong and healthy, and are not so liable to be beaten down by rain and storms. It has been well established, that more oats can be raised from less seed by drilling, than by broad-casting.  
There is no implement used on the farm with so much profit to the farmer, as a good Grain Drill. The Threshing Machine is an improvement over the flail in point of labor, but does not take any more grain from the straw. The Mowing Machine is an improvement over the scythe in labor saving, but as much grass can be cut from the same ground with the scythe. But the Drill not only saves labor but increases the yield, and saves a great amount of seed, which is money.  
Wonderful fact! The number of letters in the names of the Republican candidates for President and Vice President, is the same in each. We have this wonderful fact from a Republican paper of undoubted veracity. Wonderful will never cease!  
There is said to be an old lady down on Long Island so very fat, that the neighbors use her shadow for griddle greasing. To keep her from slipping out of bed, her husband rolls her in ashes. Long Island is a great place!  
JONAH wrote to his father after the whale first swallowed him, stating that he thought he had found a good opening for a young man going into the oil business, but afterwards wrote home for money, stating that he had been sucked in.  
A YOUNG LADY in town was cured of a palpitation of the heart, the other evening, by a young gentleman in the simplest and most natural way imaginable. He merely held one of her hands in his, put his arm around her waist, and whispered something in her left ear.  
There is a man down East who has lived so long on corn bread that his hair has turned to silk, like that which grows on the grain, and his toes are so full of corns that he expects to see them covered with husks the next year.  
A high rent—a hole in the crown of your bad hat.