

MY NEIGHBOR JIM.

Everything pleased my neighbor Jim;
When it rained
He never complained,
But said wet weather suited him,
"There's never too much rain for me,
And this is something like," said he.

When earth was dry as a powder mill
He did not sigh
Because it was dry,
But said if he could have his will
It would be his chief, supreme delight
To live where the sun shone day and night.

When winter came, with its snow and ice,
He did not scold
Because it was cold,
But said: "Now this is real nice;
If ever from home I'm forced to go,
I'll move up north with the Esquimaux."

A cyclone whirled along its track
And did him harm—
It broke his arm
And stripped the coat from off his back;
"And I would give another limb
To see such a blow again," said Jim.

And when at length his years were told,
And his body bent,
And his strength all spent,
And Jim was very weak and old,
"I long have waited to know," he said,
"How it feels to die," and Jim was dead.

The angel of death had summoned him
To heaven or—well,
I cannot tell;
But I know that the climate suited Jim;
And cold or hot, it mattered not
It was to him the long-sought spot.

A TEAMSTER'S STORY.

On a ranch near San Antoniolives Thomas Cullen, a veteran of the Texas revolution. He is indeed the veteran of three wars, having fought under Hotston at San Jacinto, Taylor at Buena Vista, and Albert Sidney Johnston at Shiloh.

It is the old man's greatest delight to recall the memories of his adventurous past, and he will spin yarns of the olden time by the hour to any one who will do him the grace to listen. Among the rest he tells a tale of the early days of Corpus Christi.

"I was a teamster them days," he says, "and hauled goods for Col. H. L. Kinney. There wasn't no blazed railroads runnin' all over the country then, and a man that owned a good wagon and team was sure of a livin'. Lord! I mind well how Texas looked them days! The peraries stretchin' out on every side as far as the eye could reach, just covered with wild flowers of all kinds and color, and dotted all over with cattle, and maybe a long train of white-topped wagons movin' along the road. Some folks thinks it looks a sight prittier now, all fenced in and planted, but I an't one of 'em.

There wasn't no way of carryin' goods then, except haulin', and every settlement of the coast had to depend on teams for everything in the way of dry goods and groceries. And, I can tell you, when the teamsters held the road everybody, stage drivers and all, had to turn out and give 'em room.

"Well, as I was sayin', I teamed for Col. Kinney, who was the first man that settled Corpus Christi and held the place in spite of Indians and Mexicans till a sort of a town grew up around him. He had a lot of wagons haulin' goods all through the country, and I tell you for a fact, most of the goods we hauled was smuggled across the Rio Grande. Lord! how them greasers did cheat their government, to be sure! Fine lace mantillys, Mexican blankets, saddles and bridles, all shiny with silver work, besides great droves of cattle and mustangs, all slipped over the river right under the noses of the comisions who, for the most part, was said not to keep their eyes skinned too clean. Then they'd take back goods for out side, and not a cent of duty paid either way.

"Kinney's Ranch, as Corpus was called in them days, was the headquarters of this trade, and what with teams haulin' goods from the river and teams startin' off with goods through the country, crowds of greasers and gringos laughin', talkin', drinkin', and shootin',—them was lively times, I tell you, at Kinney's ranch.

"Specially when the teams got back from a trip with the goods all safely delivered and the teamster got paid off. Dollars was plentiful then, and the way we made them spin was a caution. Gamblin' was the favorite way of chuckin' 'em about. The greasers played monte, of course, but the games with the gringos was draw-poker and seven-up.

"I wasn't 20 years old then, a slim young slip of a feller, with nary a sign of this here hyar brush of a beard, and a skin as fair and smooth as a girl's. But I soon got tanned inside and out. I'd have been done brown enough to eat and been eat up alive if it hadn't been for some fellers from the states that took a fancy to me and sorter stood 'twixt me and harm. They were older'n me and knew the ropes a sight better'n I did.

"Well, as I was sayin', when we wasn't teamin' we were gamblin' most of the time, and rough as the crowd was I will say for 'em that in general they played on the square. Fact is, I've noticed when guns are pulled on such short notice folks generally mind their eyes and are mighty cautious how they step. Anyhow, them that lost, lost by want of luck or skill, not by cheatin'; and we'd rather, any of us, been stood up agin a tree and riddled with bullets than caught in any tricks.

lers were lookin' sorter blue, but they took it quietly, bein' used to ups and downs of that sort. Just as I was doin' my level best there walked up to our campfire a big six-foot feller from Arkansas. He warn't a teamster, but belonged to a company Col. Kinney kept on guard at the ranch. He was a quarrelsome, bullyin' sorter feller and none of us liked him much. To-night he was chockful of whisky and just spillin' for a fight.

"He sat down close by and begun to brag. He could do this and he could do that. He could back the buckin'est broncho on the ranch; he could hit the eagle's head on a dollar with a bullet at twenty paces; he could carve live meat better'n any butcher in Texas; he could bluff any man alive at draw-poker; he could plank down \$2 to any other man's \$1.

"Nobody paid any 'tention to him, and seeing he couldn't stir up the crowd he jumped on me, partly, I suppose, because I was young and green and he thought I was safe game, partly because it riled him to see me rakin' in the dollars so fast. "He swaggered up, put down his dollars, and began bettin' high. He lost agin and agin, which didn't sweeten his temper a bit. All of a sudden he brought his big foot down on the ground with a thump that made me jump.

"I'll be— if I stand this any longer. That young buck an't won his money fair, and I an't goin' to pay nary 'nother continental red. Look ye here, young feller, just hand me back that money ye've cheated me out of or it'll be bad for your health."

"At the last ward his pistol was out, but quick as he was, the men round about was quicker. Before his gun was well pulled a dozen cowed he looked. They'd got the drop on him and no mistake.

"A dozen agin one ain't fair play," he muttered, thrusting the pistol back.

"We'll see fair play, don't you be skeered of that, my buck," says a chap named Alston, from Alabama. "We'll see it all fair and square, but the man who tries to bluff this crowd had better get measured for his coffin first and make a contract with a grave-digger, 'cause we don't want the trouble and expens of burying him. Now, Tommy," dropping his hand on my shoulder, "what'll you do to give the gentleman satisfaction?"

"By this time I was as mad as a hatter and as reckless as the biggest daredevil there.

"I'll play him either at draw poker or old sledge and you'll see fair play."

"Done!" cried the bully. "Here's my dollars ready."

"Stop a minute, my friend, if you please," says I, as cool as a cucumber and as polite as a French dancing master. "I don't want your dollars. I've dollars enough of my own. You say I've cheated you. If I have I deserve killin'. If you've lied on me you deserve the same. To settle the matter I'll play you the best game in three for the first shot. If I win I shall have the pleasure of blowing out your brains, and if I lose you may do the same to me."

"The men round about shouted.

"That's your sort, Tommy. That'll settle it one way or t'other, and we'll see fair play, d— if we don't!"

"Our Arkansas friend didn't seem to fancy the notion much, but after all his bluster he couldn't refuse just for shame.

"I'll play you at seven-up," he grunted out.

"We took our places opposite one another and set to work. The crowd closed around us, and Alston, my Alabama friend, stood at my back. While the three games lasted I don't believe he once took his eyes off the man from Arkansas. I don't believe he even so much as winked.

"Well to cut a long story short, I won the first game, the bully won the second, and then we set to on the third, final, and fatal game. There wasn't a word spoken 'mongst the crowd, and, 'cordin' to the old sayin', 'twas so still you could have heard a pin drop. You see a man's life wasn't at stake, and though human life wasn't thought much of in them diggin's, the whole proceedin' was so queer that the boys was sorter struck of a heap, and watched us 'thout hardly drawin' a long breath.

"The first hand I held high and low, t'other feller turned the jack and made game. So far we were even. I begged in the next hand, and the feller, havin' a pretty good show, and thinkin', I suppose, from me beggin' that I hadn't a trump, gave me one rather than run the cards. He played ace for high, and tray for low, but I happened to hold the deuce and cut under him. I had gift and low, he scored high and game; the jack warn't out and were even yet.

"I dealt the last hand and I'm proud to remember now that my fingers didn't tremble any more'n the bluff Kinney's ranch was built on. I won't say but a thought of home and mother went through me sharp as the bully's knife could have done, but I'd have been shot, not once but twenty times, before I'd have shown a glimpse of the white feather then.

"He took up his hand, I can't for my life tell you why, but I never touched mine. I just set still and stared at the other man. He looked sorter glum, hesitated a minute, then begged.

"I felt desperate and determined to end it one way or the other. It seemed to me 'twouldn't make no sorter difference what our cards was, I felt like something, I can't say

wait, had taken the matter clean out of our hands and was going to settle it for us.

"I'll give you one," I said quietly. "What! without looking at your cards?"

"Yes, without seeing my cards?" "He tried his best to keep his face straight and look solemn, but his mouth would grin and his little pig eyes twinkled.

"With a boastful flourish he led out the king of trumps. Then, at last, I took up my hand. Ace, deuce, jack, and queen stared me in the face. Never in my life, before nor since, did I hold such a hand at cards!

"I took his king with my ace and led back the queen, on which he played the trey.

"I recon that's low, anyhow," said he, but he didn't look quite so pleasantly as before.

"I recon not," said I, and coolly showed him the deuce, "His jaw dropped and his eyes looked like they would pop out of his head. In a minute more I led out the jack and his ten-spot tumbled to it. Then the man shouted 'High, low, jack, and the game, by—!'"

"Before the shout half died away a pistol shot went off with a sharp crack right over head, and the Arkansas bully jumped three feet in the air and fell dead with his drawn revolver in his hand.

"You'd a sharp squeak for your life that time, Tommy," said Alston, returning his smoking gun to his belt. "If I'd been a second later you'd have been lying where he is. The mean cuss! he's gone where he may cheat the devil if he can, but he won't play no more tricks in Texas. We play on the square here. Reckon he knows it by now."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Dear at the Price.

A change of mind has often occurred after the marriage banns have been published. A clergyman tells recently of a man having put in the banns, and after they had been twice published asked if he might substitute the name of another girl for the first one entered, adding by the way of explanation: "I think she will suit me better in the long run." On being told that the change could not be effected unless the first banns were withdrawn, others substituted, and fees paid a second time. Also that the full interval, including three Sundays, must elapse before the marriage could be celebrated, the man hesitated. "Do you mean to say that I should have to begin all over again?" he asked. "Certainly," was the reply, "the banns must be published three times in the names of the persons who are actually to be married." "And must I pay it all over again if I have the other girl?" "Yes," said the clergyman. "Well, I call that too bad."

The candidate for matrimony remained for some moments in a brown study, then broke out with: "Then I shall stick to the first girl. I'm not going to pay twice over for any body." He was married during the following week in accordance with this decision, evidently considering the proposed substitution would be too dear at the price of double fees. This did not say much for No. 2, as the would-be bridegrooms are usually of all people most inclined to be liberal.—Ladies' Treasury.

Matrimonial Reminiscences.

When Mr. Duds had reached the age of seventy and had for a year been without a wife, albeit he had in his time lived to bury three of them, he concluded to espouse Mrs. Temple, a well preserved matron of sixty-five, who had for a second time been widowed at about the same epoch which ushered him again into widowhood. About a week after the wedding the newly wed pair were sitting together, and the grandson of the bridegroom over heard them discuss the funeral of a common acquaintance who had lately departed this life.

"He looked younger in his coffin, I thought," the bride observed, "than he did the last time I saw him."

"Yes," Mr. Duds replied, "I thought he did. It is strange," he went on to add reflectively, "how different some people look after they are in their coffins. Now the first Mrs. Duds—Martha, you know—she looked thirty years younger in the casket. I could hardly believe my eyes."

"Yes," the newly made Mrs. Duds assented. "And that was just the way it was with my last husband. Mr. Smith that I married first didn't look any younger after he was dead than when he was alive, but Mr. Temple, he looked just as young as he did when we were married, and we'd lived together for almost twenty years, too."

And with such cheerful discourse did they beguile the cheerful hours of the honeymoon.

Loved His Future Queen.

The recent death of Lord Ellenborough recalls the romance of his youth. Long ago he was a not disagreeable suitor for the hand of Queen, then Princess Victoria. The wisecracks who ran the government frowned on the young lord's wooing, and he was given an army commission and packed off to India. He achieved distinction in war, and his love affair was made the subject of a popular ballad beginning as follows:

I'll hang my harp on a willow tree,
I'll off to the wars again;
A peaceful home has no charms for me,
The battlefield no pain;
The lady I love will soon be a bride,
With a diadem on her brow,
Oh, why did she flatter my boyish
She's going to leave me now.

THE FARM AND HOME.

A VALUABLE METHOD FOR IMPROVING SEED.

Something About the Time to Water Animals—Surface Roots—Composting Manure—Swine Notes and Home Hints.

How to Improve Seed.

An Indiana farmer writing for the Orange Judd Farmer, gives a valuable method, not generally known, for improving seed:

Select a small plot of one-fourth to one-half of an acre, entirely away from where any other corn will be planted; make this plot very rich by the application of the best fertilizers suitable to the soil; break well, and have the land in a high state of tillage; then mark out both ways and select enough uniformly good, typical ears of some choice varieties of corn well adapted to the locality. Plant four hills and leave two; then four and leave two, thus planting two-thirds of the plot. Wait until the first planting just begins to come through the ground; then plant one of the two hills left; wait until these begin to come through, and then plant the remaining hills. The object of this method of planting is to distribute the replants all over the plot; cultivate well, and as soon as the tassels begin to appear, go through and cut out all imperfect and diseased stalks; all stalks that show any signs of smut on stalk or blade and all that show suckers. Do this with the replants as well as the first planting. By this method we get a pedigreed corn, viz.: we know to a certainty that every ear has been fertilized by healthy productive pollen. The object of the second and third planting is to keep up a supply of fresh pollen to insure complete fertilization of all the grains on each ear. The first silks which appear are the pistils from the base grains. These become fertilized first; then the next grains, and so on up the ear, and the tip grains send out their silks or pistils last, several days after the first grains were fertilized. No doubt many have observed the outer silks dead and dried up, while the center silks are still green. These are the pistils from the tip grains; if the plot had all been planted at the same time the pollen from the tassels would mostly have blown away, and pistils from the tip grains be left unfertilized; the result would be no grains on the tip of the cob; but the second and third plantings coming out later, keep up a supply of pollen till all the grains are fertilized, thus securing a perfectly developed ear. As soon as the corn is ripe, husk and select the best ears for planting the fields, and a few of the very best ears to plant the small plot again. By this system of improvement, which is inexpensive, simple and easy, kept up for a long series of years, I believe we can very largely breed out the nubbins, suckers and smut, and have a corn which is far more prolific and beautiful, and that will command a higher price than the common scrub corn. In selecting corn to begin the improvement I would recommend a corn that is adapted to the locality; a variety that will be sure to mature in an ordinary year, and kind that will produce the largest amount of shelled corn to the cob. A large cobbled ear should be avoided, as a large cob contains so much moisture that it will not dry out in autumn, and when bulked in the crib the cob will mold and sour the germ, and this will detract from both the seeding and feeding value of the corn. The germ is the most nutritious portion of the grain. If the cob is small it dries out quickly and the germ is sweet and sound.

Time to Water Animals.

At the farmers' institute lately I notice that the question was asked, "When shall we water our animals—before or after feeding?" Dr. Smeed said that the natural animal always eats first, then drinks, and he believed that we should water both horses and cattle after feeding. In replying to Mr. Powell he said he would not water a horse in the morning before feeding, and dropped the subject without giving any reasons therefor. Would the doctor refuse to quench his thirst before eating his breakfast, if thirsty? I think not; neither would the horse refuse if he had his master's liberty—but he is compelled to submit to arbitrary rule and suffer from thirst.

The doctor's statement that the natural animal eats first, then drinks, leads me to this conclusion—that man must be classed with unnatural animals, from the fact that he does in many cases drink first and eat after.

I myself, having passed the allotted time of man, and handled horses and all kinds of farm stock from childhood, will say that my practice for many years has been to offer my horses water the first thing on entering the barn in the morning, and I find that they drink more times than they refuse, and it is by offering them water that we find out if they are thirsty, and if the latter, it is good evidence that they need it, the same as their master. We know that with the laboring horses during warm or hot weather, they become very thirsty after a hard day's work; they are compelled to eat dry hay and grain during the night; consequently they require a few quarts of water before feeding, and again at a reasonable time after. Any one can readily see that by dividing the bucket of water—a part before and the remainder after feeding—the horse will not require to take as much water as he would if not given him until after feeding. This allowing horse no water until after feeding, then allowing them all they will take on a full and small stomach, working the food into the intestines before digestion, is one of the greatest cause of

indigestion, colic and kindred diseases. In the special report on diseases of the horse, from the bureau of animal industry, we find some remarks touching this subject by Charles B. Michener, V. S. In reference to the stomach and its capacity, he says: "The disproportion between the size of the stomach and the amount of water drunk tell us plainly that the horse should always be watered before feeding." If heated by work, give him from six to ten swallows of water," then "a pound or two of hay, and allow him to rest before feeding grain." His reason for doing so is that if the horse is allowed no water until after feeding he will become so thirsty that the amount of water given washes or sluices the food from the stomach before it is fitted for intestinal digestion. Again, I say, give reasons for your answers.—F. Bowen, in the Country Gentleman.

Composting Manure.

Whether it pays to pile up manure and give it time to heat before applying it depends on the kind of crop, the land, and whether the farmer can afford to wait a year for returns, rather than put in a little extra labor and get them the same season. For a corn crop plowing under coarse manure in the spring is a good enough practice. The manure under the furrow keeps it warm, at first by holding up the soil and allowing warm surface air to circulate through it. Soon the air has its effect on the manure, and it begins to decompose, giving off more heat as it does so. The constant cultivation that the corn crop needs stimulates this fermentation and mixes the manure through the soil. But for almost everything else the manure is better at least partly composted. It does not need to be decomposed to vegetable mold, but if allowed to heat several days and then turned and got warm again, its immediate effect is enormously increased. It probably produces greater effect in the end, for the greater fineness of composted manure enables the farmer to distribute it evenly over a larger surface.—American Cultivator.

Swine Notes.

If kept in a thrifty condition on a boar may be used for services when seven months old.

It is quite an item to vary the rations so as to keep the hogs with a good appetite.

Under average conditions twelve hours is as long as slop should stand before feeding.

A little turpentine given in the slop two or three times will aid in securing better health.

Do not expect to make hogs profitable unless pains are taken to make them comfortable.

Allowing the hogs to crowd together and sleep in a dusty bed often induces disease that cleanliness would avoid.

There is a place on every farm for the hog, but the number that can be kept must be governed by circumstances.

One serious objection to breeding sows too young is that they are not able to supply the litter of pigs with a full milk.

It is hardly good economy to buy a breeding animal from a man at a high price unless assured that he is perfectly reliable.

Because prices have been low and in many cases hogs marketed have returned little or no profit is no reason for quitting the business.

To secure the best results from an early maturing breed, the pigs must be fed something in the manner used to establish early maturity.

The best plan of feeding roots of any kind to the hogs is by crushing and smashing them thoroughly and then mixing with wheat bran.

Home Hints.

A few drops of benzoin in the water will be apt to give the complexion a slight tinge of color.

If the hair is very greasy try washing it in warm water in which a pinch of borax has been dissolved.

For earache, with which little children often suffer, lay upon the ear a flannel bag stuffed with hops and wrung from hot vinegar.

In taking down the stove, if any soot should fall upon the carpet or rug, cover quickly with dry salt before sweeping and not a mark will be left.

Old pots and kettles that have become stained or have an odor may be immersed in cold suds and be boiled, when they will come out just as good as new.

A good tonic for the hair is of salt water, a teaspoonful of salt to a half pint of water, applied to the hair two or three times a week. The effect at the end of a month will be surprising.

Tea and coffee stains will usually come out of linen if put into water at once or if soon washed. If they are of long standing rub pure glycerine on them, and then after washing this out wash the linen in the usual way.

To prepare transfer paper, take some thin post or tissue paper, rub the surface well with black lead, vermilion, red chalk or any coloring matter. Wipe the preparation off with a piece of clean rag and the paper will be ready for use.

The shine can be easily and quickly removed from one's gown by a gentle friction with emery paper. Don't rub too hard, just enough to raise a little nap, and then, in the case of cashmere or other smooth goods, go over the place a few times with a warmed silk handkerchief.

The greatest care is necessary in cooking venison. Like all game, it must be served very hot. The cold pastry is the only exception to the rule. If it is cooked so that it loses all its juices and becomes dry and flavorless, it is as indigestible as "devil's venison," which, according to Dr. Kitchener, is tiger stuffed with ten penny nails.

THE UNKNOWN LEADER.

A Dramatic Story of the War With King Phillip.

Once upon a time, as the fairy stories begin, only this is not a fairy story, there was a war in a country across the sea, a long and cruel war. There were many battles fought and thousands of men lost their lives, and what do you suppose it was all about? Why, so they might know whether the king was to rule with or without parliament. But a very important principle was at stake, and many honest men fought on the side of the parliament.

In the end the king was defeated and taken prisoner, says a writer in the Philadelphia Times. No doubt you have read about it in your history and know that this king's name was Charles Stuart, Charles I. of England. If so, you will remember that he was put on trial for his life and condemned to death. There were many good men on the parliament's side that were opposed to this, but the majority were determined that he should die. So one cold January day he was brought out and beheaded on Tower Hill.

For a dozen years, then, there was no king in England. They called it the Commonwealth, but I think we might as well call it the reign of Oliver Cromwell. When Cromwell died most of the people had got tired of the "Commonwealth," and they sent to France for the young prince, Charles Stuart, the son of the murdered king. This was called the Restoration.

One of the first things the new king did was to order the arrest of all the men who had condemned his father to death. There were forty of them, and they were called regicides, that is the murderers of a king. Nearly all of them were taken and executed, but three of them managed to escape.

These three men came to America, which was then virtually a wilderness, with a few villages scattered here and there among the forests. They found various refuges, though they were pursued from time to time by the agents of King Charles. Sometimes they hid in caves, sometimes an Indian wigwag gave them hospitable shelter, and one of them for fifteen years was the secret guest of the good minister of Hadley, which was then a border town in the valley of the Connecticut.

During King Phillip's war a large force of Indians attacked Hadley. It was on Sunday and the savages surprised the hamlet while the people were assembled in the little church. Suddenly the war-whoop sounded, and the Indians clambered over the palisades and rushed through the gateways.

The Puritans grasped their firelocks, which they carried to church with them in those fighting days, and mustered upon the green. Almost can you see the scene glittering under the drowsy skies of June, the savages in war paint and feathers, leaping and flourishing their murderous weapons; the settlers with peaked hats and quilted doublets, making as gallant a defense as they could, the women and children kneeling behind them.

But the settlers were losing ground, and the Indian yells were growing fiercer and more triumphant. They turned at last to flee. Just then a strange figure rushed in front of the fleeing whites. No one knew him or where he had come from. He was an old man, but tall and erect, with long white hair and flowing beard, dressed like a cavalier. He brandished a slender rapier, which flashed, as the spectators thought, with an unearthly light.

"Rally here, men of Hadley!" he cried, in a stern, loud voice that had its effect even upon the Indian foe.

"Rally here—for your lives!" His military presence and his cheering words inspired the settlers to a heroic defense. The tide of battle turned; in a short time the savages fled and the little frontier town was saved.

But when the settlers turned to thank their deliverer he had disappeared as mysteriously as he had come.

Even very good people were superstitious in those days, and as they could not account for it in any other way, it began to be whispered among them that an angel of the Lord had appeared in their defense, nor did they learn their mistake until the death of the minister's secret guest, which happened several years afterwards. Then they knew that the angel with the white hair must have been William Goffe, the regicide.

In his place of concealment he had seen the peril of the whites and so had rushed out and saved the settlement.

If you should chance to visit the dreamy little village on the Connecticut you may stand upon the very ground where the tall warrior appeared with streaming white hair and beard, waving high the sword that had flashed and struck on Marston Moor; and rallied the panic-stricken settlers in that long ago year of grace, 1676.

Death From Hydrophobia.

A notable decrease in the number of deaths from hydrophobia, is observed by the registrar general of London. The deaths from this disease had been thirty in 1869 and had averaged twenty-four annually in three years, 1887, 1888, 1889; but there were only eight in 1890 and fewer than in any year since 1868.

A Mysterious Pond.

Hicks' pond, in Palmyra, Me., is a strange body of water. It is only twelve acres in area, but is more than 100 feet in depth. It has no visible inlet, although a fair-sized stream flows from it into Lake Sebasticook. The volume of its waters is not materially affected by either draught or freshet, and the water is always cold