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St. Johnsbury Caledonian.

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For the Children.

Polly's Revenge.

The bell clinked merrily the signal for dismission; forth from the schoolhouse poured the happy children, foremost among them Polly Dayton, who, running briskly down the road, soon out-distanced her noisy companions.

It had been a trying afternoon for Polly. Her sums would not add; she had descended the spelling class third from the foot, and had lately escaped extra imprisonment because of her general inattention and disorder. Ordinarily she was busy as a bee, and the teacher could see no reason for her misbehaviour.

But Polly thought there was a very good reason. That noon time she had gone into the woods to inspect the chestnut trees; not with much hope, for the season was backward and the burrs persistently green; when to her surprise, she beheld a goodly company of brown coats scattered here and there over the ground. Quickly she stooped and began gathering them into her apron; but the school-bell broke in upon her raptures and despoiled her hopes of a feast. She hurried her picking, and, depositing apron and all at the foot of the tree, scampered dutifully back.

So far Polly was a good little girl, yet it required much effort for her to face these long columns of figures when her thoughts had room only for the brown-coats in the woods. But she battled hard, and might have succeeded, only that, as the minutes passed, she noticed Bob Butler's seat still vacant, and no prospect of his return. Bob Butler was Polly's dread; he was the source of great troubles, failures and disappointments; and the belief that he was even now devouring her chestnuts was more than poor Polly could bear. She gave full vent to her wrath and indignation, nor cared for the result.

Polly was right. Escaped finally from durance vile, she hurried to the woods but to view a heap of empty burrs, and Bob Butler's unmistakable tow-head retreating down the road. It was too much for Polly.

"You mean boy," she shouted, "I'll do something dreadful, see if I don't;" and with this, great tears ran down her cheeks. She sobbed aloud.

This would seem foolish behavior for Polly, when shortly there would be a deluge of chestnuts in the land; but you see, it was not so much the loss of the brown-coats that grieved her as the part that Bob Butler had played therein. I am sorry to admit that presently she dried her tears and meditated some plan for revenge.

But though Polly thought, and thought, she as constantly shook her head. It was no easy task; there was little that she could do for which Bob would care. Suddenly her face brightened.

"I know!" she cried, and with an unconscious kick at the empty brown coats, she fairly flew down the road way, never pausing till she reached a small house, in the door of which sat an old gentleman reading.

This last was Uncle Alec, a man with no relatives in the world save the meek little woman who kept his house, yet uncle to all the children in the neighborhood; the special object of their veneration and love. To these Uncle Alec was wisdom personified; to Polly, especially, an unfailing help. That he could solve her problem, she did not doubt.

"Uncle Alec," she cried, breathlessly, "I want you to tell me somethin' dreadful to do to Bob Butler!"

And what did Uncle Alec scold, look stern, and tell her what a wicked girl she was? Not at all; he simply patted her flushed cheek, and said, softly:

"Why, little Poll, what has Bob Butler been doing to you?"

Polly, in her eagerness to punish the enemy, had thought only of Uncle Alec's power to help; something in the grave voice troubled her; she wished she hadn't come. Still she poured out hurriedly the story of her wrongs, exclaiming:

"I must do somethin' dreadful. He's a bad boy, and I will!"

Did Uncle Alec scold? No he smiled.

"Little Poll," he said, "you want to be revenged on Bob Butler? You want to do something that will make him—oh, so sorry that he emptied your brown-coats, and keep him from ever troubling you again? You want to punish him dreadfully?"

"Yes," gasped Polly.

"Well," continued Uncle Alec, "I've just got the recipe. Only you must promise to do as I say."

Polly, I am sorry to admit, gave hearty assent. But when Uncle Alec spoke she blazed away indignant.

"Little Poll," he said, "in a few days nuts will be ripe. You must go to the woods and empty enough brown-coats to fill your dinner-pail. Heap it full and plenty, then go to Bob Butler and say you picked them for him."

For a moment Polly could find no speech. Suspense, disappointment and anger held her spell-bound. Pick chestnuts for Bob Butler! Fill her dinner-pail for that odious boy!

"I won't!" she cried, spasmodically. "Uncle Alec, I won't!" and without another word she rushed from the house.

But the next day came to Polly the remembrance of her promise; she dared not lie to Uncle Alec, so desperately she began her task. Speedily the brown-coats multiplied, and at the end of a week Polly found her pail full, and in company with herself, standing in the presence of Bob Butler.

"These are chestnuts," she said. "I picked them—for—you."

Bob started.

"Picked them for me!" he echoed.

"Yes," she replied, "because you stole mine. It's the receep."

Bob Butler was not deliberately a wicked boy—only mischievous, and poorly taught. A great tear rolled down his cheek; he hung his head in shame.

"I don't understand you quite, Polly," he said, "but I'm awful sorry. And I'll take you sleddin' every day this winter—see if I don't."

And Bob kept his word; not only in this promise, but proved henceforth so true a friend to Polly that she had reason, all through her life, to rejoice over Uncle Alec's "receep." *Christian World.*

WHAT BOYS MUST NOT DO. Not grumble or refuse when asked to do some errand which must be done, and which otherwise would take the time of some one or other who has more to do than themselves. Not tease boys or girls smaller than themselves. Not take the easiest chair in the room and put it directly in front of the fire, and forget to offer it to their mother when she comes to sit down.

The Cooper and the Currier.

LUCIUS M. SARGENT.

A Temperance Story.

"Webber and Bailey," began Parson Wheatley, "were still young men, tho' strongly marked with every ordinary token of intemperance. They absented themselves from meeting, and studiously avoided me upon all occasions. In short, they were to all common observation, irreclaimable, when the temperance reform began to be a topic of interest in our village. But you shall see with your own eyes, Mr. Merrick, and hear with your own ears. They have entirely reformed; and with their children, constitute one of the most united and pious families in my parish." "It will be needful for me to start at an early hour," replied Mr. Merrick; "and, I fear, before it would be convenient to pay them a visit." "If you are up before the cooper and currier," said Parson Wheatley, "you will be up long before the sun."

The next day, at an early hour, the two clergymen rode forth together. It was a fine September morning. They had proceeded about a mile and three-quarters on their way. "Stop," said Parson Wheatley, as they approached the opening of a hickory wood, "do you hear that sound?" "What is it?" said his companion. "Why it is just as I told you; that *rub a dub dub* is the cooper's *reveille*; he is driving a hoop, and the sun is but just risen. Let us move slowly toward the cottage. You see the busy housewife's signal the smoke is curling from the chimney top; and I dare say, the johnny-cakes are already at the fire. There, Mr. Merrick, look at that white cottage, with green blinds, and a pretty garden fence before it. It is provided, as you see by the double doors, for two families. This is the residence of the cooper and the currier. Three years ago, it was a perfect hovel, whose fallen fences, and broken windows, proclaimed its occupant to be a drunkard. He was so. It was the property of old Bill Cleverly, who died, cursing the temperance folks with his latest breath. The chaise drew up in front of the cooper's shop. "Good morning, Mr. Webber," said Parson Wheatley. "Ah, bless me, parson" *rub a dub dub*, "you are out early." *dub, dub a dub*—"going to Shuffleton, I s'pose, with Mr. Merrick" *rub a dub, dub*. "No, we have come to pay you and Mr. Bailey a short visit, Mr. Webber." "Very much obliged to ye parson," *rub a dub dub rub a dub dub*. "There I believe that hoop'll stick. Come, walk in, Peggy'll be rejoiced to have ye take breakfast with us—sorry brother Bailey and his wife have gone to the city—went off by dawn o' day." The clergymen endeavored to excuse themselves from taking breakfast, but Peggy was importunate, and the cooper assured them, that the boy, Eli, had caught some time pickered, on the preceding Saturday afternoon, and that they were, at that moment, in the spider. They, accordingly, were prevailed on to partake of the cooper's repast. Webber then produced the family Bible and read a chapter; and Parson Wheatley made a prayer. When he had concluded, he resumed his seat, and inquired of his host, if he were so much at leisure, that morning, that he could conveniently give them a small part of it. "With all my heart Parson Wheatly," said he, "if I can be useful, for I can drive the job I have in hand, a little further into the evening." "Mr. Webber," said Parson Wheatly, "I have been giving my brother Merrick, some account of the happy effects of the temperance reform in our village. I well know how speedy you and your brother Bailey, are in the habit of exhibiting your own conversion, as an inducement to others; and, if you, will do me the favor to give Mr. Merrick some account of it, I shall be much obliged to you. The effect of such a narrative may be beneficial elsewhere."

"Why gentlemen," said the cooper, with a grave expression upon his features, "I shall bless the day when the reformation came into Eddington, and so will Peggy." Peggy Webber had removed the breakfast table to one side of the apartment, and, with a baby in her arms had drawn her chair into the circle. "Brother Bailey and I have often said," continued the cooper, "that if we hadn't turned about just as we did, we should have been, as like as not, in the drunkard's grave by this time. We used to have terrible quarrels, and all about nothing. Rum was at the bottom of them all. I don't really think we should have had any bickering, if it hadn't been for rum. The first time we fell out, we were fuddled, both of us; and we went on from bad to worse, till there was no kind of ill turn that Bailey wouldn't do me, and I wasn't behind him in any sort of mischief. Our wives were separated from each other, and there was a complete family. Bailey's wife and he had a terrible time of it; she took liquor, and he handled her rough enough. That poor woman," said he pointing to his wife, "had a hard time of it, too; but she never took a drop of the vile poison. She never gave me an unkind word in her life; and, if I ever lifted my finger against her, in anger, it must have been when I was crazy with liquor." "You never did, George," said Peggy Webber. "Well, I am grateful," continued her husband, "that I have not that sin against me. However, it was bad enough. We got to be very poor, and I got to be very cross. When I was ill-natured, Peggy used to cry; and, when I was only melancholy, she used to come and sit down by me, and say all sorts of things; and, whenever she thought it would do, she would urge me not to drink any more spirit. I lost all my custom, and we parted with the principal part of our furniture. Our house was full enough of misery, it it was emptied of everything else. I couldn't pay my rent any longer, and our landlord began to talk pretty rough, and threatened to turn us out. I heard there were good chances for coopers at New Orleans, and asked Peggy if she was willing to go. She said yes, if I thought it the best course, but that she didn't see why we mightn't get on here as we used to. I told her we could stay here and live on bread and water. She replied, that she should be truly happy to do so, if I would give up spirit; that she knew it made me poor and wretched, and that this made her so; and that she did not believe our misery would be lessened by a change of residence, but by a change of habit, which could as well be made here as anywhere else. I was not so degraded as not to feel the force of what Peggy said.

My wife's father and mother were dead. There was a shrewd, honest, old Quaker in our village,—you know who I mean, Parson Wheatly—old friend Boynton, as we call him—he was a very intimate friend of my wife's father, and took an interest in his children, and used to visit at Bailey's house and mine, till matters got in a very bad state. He was very fond of Peggy always. He advised her to persuade me to go and hear a temperance lecture. I went twice; and, although I had nothing to say against the lecturer, I couldn't help smiling to think how little he knew of the force of a tippler's habits. He seemed to think a drinking man could throw them off, as easily as he could his old shoes. I knew better as: thought, for I had tried. I've promised Peggy a hundred times, when I went out in the morning, that I wouldn't touch a drop, and I meant to keep my promise too, but I've come home drunk at night, for all that.

At the time I was speaking of, when the landlord threatened to turn us out, and our best prospects were about as black as a thunder cloud, Peggy urged me to make a visit to old friend Boynton, and ask his counsel. I felt rather awkward about it, for I had avoided the old gentleman of late; and whenever I met him, I had put on a sort of a swaggering gait, which a drunkard occasionally assumes to show his independence. I couldn't refuse Peggy's request, however; and besides, I felt as though I'd give the world, if I had it to be able to leave off; so I went to the old Quaker.

I made my visit in the morning, and that I might appear decent, I had not taken a dram since the forenoon of the preceding day. I found the old gentleman at home. He relieved me of all my awkward feelings in an instant, by his kind treatment. "Ah, friend Webber," said he, "I am glad to see thee; thee hast not made me a visit for a long time; how is Peggy thy wife, and thy little one?" I told him they were tolerably well, and that Peggy had sent her respects to him. "Peggy was always a good child," said he, "and she maketh thee a good help-mate, friend Webber, doth she not?" "A thousand times better than I deserve," said I, "as you well know, Mr. Boynton If I didn't know how kindly you feel to my poor wife, I couldn't have come as I have to ask you to help me." "And pray, friend Webber," said the old man, "what wouldst thou have me to do? Thy wife's father was my friend, when I was a boy, when the heart is like softened wax, and impressions are made deeply. There are people in the world, as thee well knowest, friend Webber, whom it is hard to serve, but Peggy is not of that number, and if I can" "I have not come a begging," said I interrupting him; "I have not come to ask for money, meat, fire, nor clothes; and yet I have come to ask you to help me pay off the heaviest debt that a man can owe to a fellow mortal." "And pray, what may be the nature of thy debt, friend Webber?" said the Quaker, evidently with a little distrust as to the condition of my mind, and the real object of my visit. "I will tell you sir," said I. "When I courted my wife, I made her fair promises, such as most men make on such occasions, to be kind to her and to do all things to make her happy. These promises I have broken. When I married her she had a little property, which you, as her guardian, had considerably increased; this property I have squandered. She took me for a sober man, and I have proved a drunkard. I have abused her kindness and good nature, yet she has never given me a harsh word or an angry look. Many times when I had provided nothing for dinner, and supposed her without a mouthful for herself and her children, she has sent little Eli to find me, and let me know that dinner was ready; and when I have returned, not unfrequently from the grog shop, I have found her, if not cheerful, always kind, and glad to have me come home, for I have always loved her, however I have neglected my duty towards her and the children. Peggy, somehow or other, always found something for dinner, a few roasted potatoes, a dish of dandelions, and after Eli got to be old enough to catch fish, which are plenty in the pond, we had no lack of them in their season. At such times, I have always felt heartily ashamed of myself, and have solemnly vowed, again and again, that I would never touch another drop of spirit. But the smell of it, or the sight of it, or the very thought of it, has crowded my good resolutions aside, and in a day or two, I have returned home intoxicated. Now, sir, if I could only cure myself of this dreadful habit, I could be happy, and so could Peggy. If there was no spirit I could earn money and keep it. But I feel unable to resist the temptation that is to be found in every corner. Rum has ruined me. I have disappointed my customers so often that I have lost them all. I have nothing to do, and Roby, our landlord, has warned us out. Peggy has been anxious that I should come and talk with you, and take your advice; though I don't see how that will be like to help me."

"Thee talkest well and wisely, friend Webber," said the Quaker; "I have often grieved for thee and thine, and have long hoped that thou would come to reflect, as it seemeth thee hast done, upon the fatal consequences of thy bad habit. I thank thee sincerely, friend Webber, for the confidence thou seemest to place in me, and thou shalt in no wise be the worse for it. Thou hast a just view of this matter, and thy feelings are right, and thee wishest heartily to reform; now why dost thou not put thy name to the temperance pledge? I was well pleased to see thee at the lecture about the middle of the fourth month." "Oh, sir," said I, "I cannot do that, for I shall never be able to keep clear of the temptation. I should certainly break my word, and be worse off than I was before. I dare not trust myself, Mr. Boynton. I don't think I could leave off for any length of time, unless I was compelled to do so, in some way that I cannot foresee." "Verily," said the Quaker, after a long pause, "thy case is an interesting one, friend Webber, and I think better of thee, than if thee hadst a vain confidence in thyself and thy powers of resistance. I cannot advise thee to any course, until I have considered thy matter more fully. To-morrow will be the Sabbath; will thee call and see me again on the evening of the Monday following?" "I will sir," said I.

"As I was rising to depart, the old gentleman took my hand, and holding it in both of his, looked me steadily in the face, with such an expression, as a kind father would bestow upon a child, whose welfare is very dear to him. "Friend Webber," said he, "wilt thou oblige me in one thing?" "Very gladly, sir," said I, "if it is in my power." "Well, then," said he, "as I wish thee to receive such counsel as I may give thee, in a profitable state of mind, wilt thou promise me to forbear from tasting any intoxicating liquor till I see thee on Monday evening?" "I'll give you my word and honor, sir," said I, that I will not touch a drop." "And may the Lord help thee," said the old man, as he pressed my hand with great earnestness.

I felt better for my visit. I found that I had a friend, for Peggy's sake at least, who did not utterly despise me. I kept my word with the old gentleman, and knocked at the door on Monday evening, with something like the confidence of the honest man. He opened it himself. "I am right glad to see thee," said he; "sit down. Well hast thee kept thy promise?" "Yes, sir," I replied. "Thee hast not tasted spirit since I last saw thee?" "Not a drop sir," said I. "I thought so," he replied; "thee lookest better than I have seen thee for a long time. Dost thou feel any worse for it friend Webber?" "No, sir," said I; "I feel better and happier." "Well, now, I must tell thee," said the old gentlemen, "that I have been so much engaged since our last meeting, that thy matter has not occupied my attention so fully as it ought. I have had much upon my hands in connection with our conference, which takes place on Wednesday, and from which I shall not return till Thursday. On the evening of that day, I will endeavor to prepare for thee, and in the meanwhile, thee will promise me to abstain until that time." I gave him my promise and took my leave.

In the interim I began to feel the want of occupation; and, having forclosed myself from seeking it at the grog-shop, I endeavored to find it in my own.

When George Webber had reached this part of his narrative, he perceived that Peggy was deeply affected. A few tears had fallen upon her infant's head, which the child had raised towards its mother, with a smile of wonder upon its features, while its eyes were turned inquiringly upon hers. The incident had attracted the attention of the clergyman. "You are thinking of old times, Peggy," said her husband. "Yes, George," she replied, "I can never forget that week, nor how I felt, when I told Eli to go over to the tavern and ask you to come home to dinner, and he told me you had been sitting at work on the shaving horse ever since breakfast. I always had a fondness for music, but I never listened to any half so sweet as the rub a dub dub that you kept up upon your barrels after your return from visiting good old friend Boynton."

Mr. Merrick, who had become exceedingly interested in the cooper's story, begged him to proceed.

"Well, gentlemen," said he, "when Thursday evening came, I went once more to Mr. Boynton's house. He received me as kindly as ever. "Thee lookest so well, friend Webber," said he, "that I need not ask thee if thou hast kept thy word." "I have kept it, sir," said I. "And is not thy home pleasanter and thy wife happier?" "Oh, yes sir," I replied, "have you made up your mind, Mr. Boynton, as to any course which would be best for me?" "I owe thee an apology," said he, "for thus putting off the full and final consideration of thy matter; but, if my life be spared, and thee wilt call on me on Monday morning, I will surely give thee my advice. We have killed a pig, friend Webber, and my wife will have thee take along a roasting-piece for Peggy. Thee wilt keep thy promise, I trust, until we meet on Monday?" I thanked the old gentleman for his kindness, and having renewed my promise, I returned to my family.

As I was sitting at my work, it suddenly occurred to me, that I had already reformed without knowing it. I sat for a few moments on my shaving horse, marveling at my own stupidity, in not having understood the old gentleman's drift before. I had not supposed it possible to abstain for twelve hours, and yet I had already tried the experiment successfully for nine days; and, when I marked the increased happiness of my poor wife, and the lightness of my own spirits, I resolved within myself that it should be something more than a nine days' wonder. I hadn't been inside the meeting house for about a year. Saturday night, after I had shut up the shop, I washed myself up nicely, and, when I went into the house, I told Peggy, if my coat wasn't torn so badly, I'd go to meeting with her next day. "Why, George," said she, "I'll sit up till morning to mend it, if you'll go." "Do go, daddy," said Eli, and running out he got my betternost shoes, and began to scrub 'em up for Sunday. I remember your text that morning, Parson Wheatly, and I applied it to my own case. "Let us not weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

On Monday morning I went to see my landlord, Mr. Roby; and when I told him that I had left off spirit and meant to work, he agreed to wait for his rent.

I did not go that morning to see Mr. Boynton, and, in the afternoon, he came of his own accord to visit me. He found me hard at work. "Well, friend Webber," said he, "thou didst not keep thy appointment. I hope thou hast kept thy promise." "Yes, sir," said I. "I have kept my promise, and I trust, by God's help, to keep it to the end. If I can keep it for ten days, I begin to think I can keep it for ten years, and to the end of my life; and such, I suppose, though I did not understand you at first, is the substance of the advice you intended to give me." "Yea, verily, friend Webber," said he, with a benevolent smile, "I can do no more for thee than thou hast done for thyself. If all who are given to strong drink, would make the effort, as thou hast done, the path of reformation would be found much easier than it is supposed to be."

Good friend Boynton spread the news of my reformation, and I soon had as much business as I could turn my hand to; and from that time to this, Peggy has had no lack of that music that she tells you she is fond of.

If I am a better man than I was, your preaching, Parson Wheatly, with God's blessing thereon, has had its share in making me so. About two months after I left off spirit, Peggy and I went over to see brother Bailey and his wife. He was sick in bed and both were quite sober. They were greatly surprised at our visit. Peggy went up and kissed her sister and I shook hands with them both. I told them that we had come to ask their forgiveness for all the hard thoughts, words, and deeds, which we had ever indulged or committed towards them. They behaved better than I had supposed they would. You know, Parson Wheatly, how it has all come round. It took a long time to bring it all right, but we have all four been members of the temperance society for years, and I believe there are few better friends than brother Bailey and I; and if there is no happiness under this roof there is none in Edington.

The Rev. Mr. Merrick became a devoted friend of the temperance cause. At parting, he assured Mr. Wheatly that he was desirous of commencing the reformation in Shuffleton as speedily as possible; and the haste with which he finally drove off from the door, produced an impression, that, when the bodies and souls of immortal creatures are at stake, he had come to the conclusion that a minister of the gospel is in no great danger of going *too fast and too far.*

How Mark Twain ran an Agricultural Newspaper.

I did not take the temporary editorship of an agricultural paper without misgivings. Neither would a landsman take command of a ship without misgivings. But I was in circumstances that made the salary an object. The regular editor of the paper was going off for a holiday, and I accepted the terms he offered and took his place.

The sensation of being at work again was luxurious, and I wrought all the week with unflagging pleasure. We went to press, and I wanted a day, with some solicitude, to see whether my effort was going to attract any notice. As I left the office towards sundown, a group of men and boys at the foot of the stairs dispersed with one impulse, and gave me the passage-way, and I heard one of them say: "That's him."

I was naturally pleased by this incident. The next morning I found a similar group at the foot of the stairs, and scattering couples and individuals standing here and there in the street over the way, watching me with interest.

The group scattered and fell back as I approached, and I heard a man say: "Look at his eyes!" I pretended not to observe the notice I was attracting, but secretly I was pleased with it, and was purposing to write an account of it to my aunt. I went up the short flight of stairs and heard cheery voices and a ringing laugh as I drew near the door, which I opened and caught a glimpse of two young rural-looking men, whose faces blanched and lengthened when they saw me; and then they both plunged through the window with a great crash. I was surprised.

In about half an hour an old gentleman, with a flowing beard and a fine but rather austere face, entered and sat down at my invitation. He seemed to have something on his mind. He took off his hat and set it on the floor, and got out of it a red silk handkerchief and a copy of our paper.

He put the paper on his lap, and while he polished his spectacles with his handkerchief, he said: "Are you the new editor?"

I said I was.

"Have you ever edited an agricultural paper before?"

"No," said I: "this is my first attempt."

"Very likely. But have you ever had any experience in agriculture practically?"

"No; I believe I have not."

"Some instinct told me so," said the gentleman, putting on his spectacles and looking over them with asperity, while he folded his paper into a convenient shape. "I wish to read to you what made me have that instinct. Listen and see if it was you that wrote it.

"Turnips should never be pulled: it injures them. It is much better to send a boy up and let him shake the tree."

"Now, what do you think of that for I really suppose you wrote it?"

"Think of it? Why I think it is good. I think it is sense. I have no doubt that every year millions and millions of bushels of turnips are spoiled in this township alone by being pulled in half-ripe condition, when, if they had sent a boy up to shake the tree—"

"Shake your grandmother! Turnips don't grow on trees!"

"Oh, they don't, don't they. Well, who said they did? The language was intended to be figurative—wholly figurative. Any body who knows anything will know that. I meant that the boy should shake the vine."

Then the old gentleman got up and tore his paper all into small shreds and stamped on them and broke several things with his cane, and said I did not know as much as a cow; and then went out and banged the door after him, and in short, acted in such a way that I fancied he was displeased about something. But not knowing what the trouble was, I could not be of any help to him.

Pretty soon after this a long, cadaverous creature, with lanky locks hanging down to his shoulders and a week's stubble bristling from the hills and valleys of his face, darted within the door, and halted motionless, with finger on lip, and head and body bent in a listening attitude.

No sound was heard. Still he listened. No sound. Then he turned the key in the door, and came elaborately tiptoeing toward me till he was within long reaching distance of me, when he stopped, and after scanning my face with intense interest for awhile, drew a folded copy of our paper from his bosom, and said:

"There, you wrote that! Read it to me, quick. Believe me; I suffer!"

I read as follows, and as the sentences fell from my lips, I could see the relief come. I could see the drawn muscles relax and the anxiety go out of the face, and rest and peace steal over the features like the merciful moonlight over a desolate landscape:

"The guano is a fine bird; but great care is necessary in rearing it. It should not be imported earlier than June or later than September. In the winter it should be kept in a warm place, where it can hatch out its young.

"It is evident that we are to have a backward season for grain. Therefore it would be well for the farmer to begin setting out his cornstalks and planting his buckwheat cakes in July instead of August.

"Concerning the pumpkin. This berry is a favorite with the natives of the interior of New England, who prefer it to the gooseberry for the making of fruit cake, and who likewise give it the preference over the raspberry for feeding cows, as being more filling and fully as satisfying. The pumpkin is the only esculent of the orange family that will thrive in the North, except the gourd and one or two varieties of the squash. But the custom of planting it in the front yard with the shrubbery is fast going out of vogue, for it is now generally conceded that the pumpkin as a shade tree is a failure.

"Now, as the warm weather approaches, and the ganders begin to spawn—"

The excited listener sprang towards me to shake hands, and said:

"There, there—that will do. I know, I know, I am all right now, because you have read it just as I did, word for word. But, stranger, when I first read it this morning, I said to myself, I never believed it before, notwithstanding my friends kept me under watch so strict, but now I believe I am crazy; and with that I fetched a howl that you might have heard two miles, and started out to kill somebody because you know, I knew it would come to that sooner or later, and so I might as well begin. I read one of those paragraphs over again so as to be certain, and then I burned my house down and started. I have crippled several people, and have got one fellow up a tree where I can get him if I want him. I thought I would call in here as I passed along, and make the thing perfectly certain; and now it is certain, and I tell you it's lucky for that chap in the tree I should have killed him as sure as I went back. Good-by, sir; good-bye; you have taken a great load off my mind. My reason has stood the strain of one of your agricultural articles, and I know that nothing can unseat it now. Good-by, sir."

I felt a little uncomfortable about the cripplings and arson this person had been entertaining himself with, for I could not help feeling remotely accessory to them. But these thoughts were quickly banished, for the regular editor walked in. I thought to myself now if you had gone to Egypt, as I recommended you to do, I might have had a chance to get my hand in, but you wouldn't do it, and here you are. I sort of expected you.

The editor was looking sad, perplexed and dejected.

He surveyed the wreck which the old rioter and these two young farmers had made, and then said:

"This is a sad business—a very sad business. There is the mucilage bottle broken, and six panes of glass, and a spittoon and two candlesticks. But that is not the worst. The reputation of the paper is injured—permanently, I fear. Time, there never was such a call for the paper before, and it never sold such a large edition or secured to such celebrity, but one does not want to be famous for lunacy, and prosper upon the infirmities of his mind? My friend, as I am an honest man, the street out here is full of people, and others are roosting on the fence, waiting to get a glimpse of you, because they think you are crazy. And well they might, after reading your editorials. They are a disgrace to journalism. Why, what put it into your head that you could edit a paper of this nature? You do not seem to know the first rudiments of agriculture. You speak of a furrow and a harrow as being the same thing; you talk of the moulting season for cows; and you recommend the domestication of the pole-cat on account of its playfulness and its excellence as a ratter. Your remark that clams will be quiet if music be played to them, was superfluous. Nothing disturbs clams. Clams always lie quiet. Clams care nothing whatever about music. And heavens and earth, friend! If you had made the acquiring of ignorance the study of your life, you could not have graduated with higher honor than you could today. I never saw anything like it. Your observation of the horse-chestnut as an article of commerce steadily gaining in favor, is simply calculated to destroy this journal. I want you to throw up your situation and go. I want no more holiday. I could not enjoy it if I had it—certainly not with you in my chair. I would always stand in dread of what you would recommend next. It makes me lose all patience every time I think of your discussing oyster beds under the head of 'Landscape Gardening.' I want you to go. Nothing on earth could induce me to take another holiday. Oh! why didn't you tell me you did not know anything about agriculture?"

"Tell you, you cornstalk, you cabbage, you son of a cauliflower! It's the first time I ever heard such an unfeeling remark. I tell you I've been in the editorial business going on fourteen years, and it's the first time I ever heard of a man's having to know anything in order to edit a newspaper. You turnip! Who write the dramatic criticisms for the second-rate players? Why, a parcel of promoted shoemakers and apprenticed apothecaries, who know just as much about good playing as I do about good farming, and no more. Who review the books? People who never wrote one. Who do up the heavy leaders on finance? Parties who have the largest opportunities for knowing nothing about it. Who criticise the Indian campaigns? Gentlemen who do not know a war-whoop from a wigwam, and who never run a foot-race with a tomahawk, or plucked arrows out of several members of their families to build the evening camp-fires with. Who write the temperance appeals and clamor about the flowing bowls? Folks who will never draw another sober breath till they do it in the grave. Who edit the agricultural papers, you ram? Men, as a general thing, who fail in the poetry line, sensation drama line, city editor line, and finally fall back on agriculture as a temporary reprieve from the poor-house. You try to tell me anything about the newspaper business! Sir, I have been taught it from Alpha to Omaha, and I tell you the less a man knows the bigger noise he makes and the higher salary he commands. Heaven knows, if I had been ignorant, instead of cultivated, and impudent instead of diffident, I could have made a name for myself in this cold, selfish world. I take my leave, sir. Since I have been treated as you have treated me, I am perfectly willing to go. But I have done my duty. I have fulfilled my contract so far as I was permitted to do it. I said I could make your paper interesting to all classes—and I have. I said I could run your circulation up to twenty thousand copies—and had I two weeks more I'd have done it. And I'd have given you the best of readers that an agricultural paper ever had—not a farmer in it, not a solitary individual who could tell a watermelon tree from a peach vine to save his life. You are the loser by this rupture, not me, pie plant. Adios." I then left.

MARK TWAIN.

DON'T BE A PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE. "George, promise me one thing," said the young bride of a month, as she threw her arms around her husband's neck and gazed anxiously into his face. "What is it precious?" he asked, as he drew her to his bosom. "Promise me, George, dear, that you will not become a presidential candidate." "Why, my darling, that is asking a good deal," he replied,