

Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, MISSOURI.

IN THE PLOWING.

Carve the furrow, cut it even,
Carve the furrow, broad and clean;
Nestle the smiling summer heaven
Turn the herbage fresh and green.

See, my beauties, haw, my gentles,
Patient bend beneath the yoke;
Where the violet's color mantles
Cut a broad and even stroke.

Brown as pools in twilight meadows
Are your eyes, my faithful bright,
Like the moon through purple shadows
Gleams your crescent pure and white.

Now your comrade, Buck, in bending
Shows his fair and noble crest,
And the dew-lark descending,
Sweep the snows of his breast.

And his muscles swell in sloping,
As spring torrents rise and flow,
When they cease their downward groping
From a mountain side of snow.

Deep your fetlocks sink, my beauty,
In the soft and loamy soil,
Ah, you do your honest toil,
Yours is good and Christian toil.

And your breath is like to clover,
When the dew lies thick at morn,
While you turn the furrow over,
Thinking of the yield of corn.

Or perchance of how she wandered
Down the lane that sunbeams play,
And of how I flushed and pondered,
When she joked in accents gay.

And, oh bright, she stroked your shoulder,
Fruited your soft and gentle eyes,
But you scarcely did behold her,
Gazing with bovine surprise.

She is better than the oxen,
Fatter than the sky or ground;
Though she is a little vixen,
Her young check is red and round.

And she seems to fit before me,
Mocking when I faint would speak;
And a faintest stealth o'er me
And my heart is woman-weak.

How can men of bone and muscle
Lose their unmoor near a girl?
Ah! it costs a mighty rust and shower
To break the meshes of a curl.

Yet she might be tamed with loving,
Wildest colts are broke to hand;
These the thoughts my soul is proving
As I stride across the land.

All the day I dream of kneeling;
Would she spurn me from her path,
With a lightning color of anger,
Kill me with a little laugh?

Ah, the tongue so keen and tripping,
Could I win it for a while,
I would venture without stippling
Thus to lure her and beguile.

I am slow, and sadly stammer,
All my ways are country-road;
And that city chap's fine grammar
Sure has turned her little head.

How can I endure it longer?
In my homespun I will go,
And in words sincere, if stronger,
All my heart to her I'll show.

Stand there, bright, within the furrow
While I venture on my luck;
Steady, you must share my sorrow
If I fail, my gentle Buck.

Shall we tread the path together,
One in heart, in faith and cheer,
Glad in bright and stormy weather
Still to pull within one yoke?

O'er my labors of the roughest
I have never whined or cried,
But this job it is the toughest
That a plowman ever tried.

—Augusta Larned, in N. Y. Evening Post.

A CLEVER DOCTOR.

ABOUT twenty years ago the Honorable and Reverend Edward Lambert, a clergyman of the Church of England, found that his health was growing infirm, a moral and physical languor seemed to take possession of him; that English melancholy which comes, no one knows why or wherefore, and he could not shake it off. Young, rich, handsome, eloquent, sure of preferment in the Church—what was the matter with the Honorable and Reverend Edward Lambert?

He did what all Englishmen do when other remedies fail—he crossed the Channel.

He thought he would seek the rays of the sun, that luminary, so scarce in England. Perhaps it was the sun that he needed.

So one fine day he sailed for France, and soon found himself at Rouen, where he stayed for some days, taking every morning a walk around the Cathedral, carrying a volume of Dante under his arm.

One afternoon he walked up the Mont St. Catherine, and seating himself on the grass gravely devoted himself to the Divine Comedy. He had scarcely lost himself in Dante's stately measure when a stranger approached and with the most perfect courtesy addressed him, asking if he were an Englishman, and, if so, if he would permit a few minutes' conversation.

"I wish to perfect myself in your language," said the stranger, smiling, "and I always seize every opportunity to talk to an Englishman."

"You already speak the language fluently," said Mr. Lambert, politely; "sit down, Monsieur."

Resting on the turf, with a glorious view before them, the two young men soon found themselves talking glibly of the news of the day, of Dante, of religion, politics and the weather. The Frenchman was very agreeable, well educated and up to the times on all points; he immediately told Mr. Lambert that he was a Doctor and practicing his profession at Rouen.

It was natural that the young clergyman should speak to him of his own case, which he did freely, asking the Doctor's advice.

The Doctor became extremely interested, and upon examining Mr. Lambert's tongue and pulse, gave him a prescription.

They walked together to Rouen, and Mr. Lambert then noticed that the Doctor had a beautiful white dog, a pointer, which gambled around his master's heels.

They separated as they reached the city, the Doctor to go and see his patients, the clergyman to seek an apothecary, where he got his prescription prepared.

The next morning the Honorable and Reverend Mr. Lambert was better. The Doctor's prescription had made him sleep. It had given him strength, he felt an appetite for breakfast. Months of treatment in London at the hands of the best physicians had not done this for him.

He wished to thank and to remunerate the Doctor when he remembered that he did not know his name. Instinct told him, however, that he might meet him again on the Mont St. Catherine. So with renewed hope, health, energy, he

walked again to the top of the hill. In five minutes he was joined by the French Doctor and his dog, who came bounding along with his pointer nose in the grass.

The two men greeted each other with smiles, and shook hands cordially.

"You have saved my life, Doctor," said Mr. Lambert, with unusual enthusiasm. "Not at all, not at all, my dear friend," said the Doctor; "I only gave you a tonic, which also made you sleep. I found out (what none of my English brethren in medicine seem to have found out) that you have nothing the matter with you! Your system needs a little jogging, that is all. Railroad travel, my dear friend, will soon set you up. Now I dare say you have been leading a very easy and sedentary life; now, haven't you?"

"It is true, I have."

"Take my advice, travel, ride day and night; take no medicine, excepting these syrups, which I will give you; seek adventure, lead a more varied existence, and my friend—you are all right!"

Now came the delicate question of money, and the Englishman felt for the proverbial guinea.

He tendered it to the French Doctor, who laughingly pushed it away, with a very soft well-formed hand.

"I never—never," said he, "for so slight a service, permit me to make my advice a return for a lesson in English conversation!"

It was gracefully done, and the embarrassed Englishman put his gold back into his pocket.

"Doctor," said he, in a low voice, hesitatingly, "I am an Englishman, and I hate to be under an obligation; you have lifted a load off my heart, which has hung there for six months; you have made a new man of me. Now allow me to be of some service to you. I leave here by rail, at one o'clock tomorrow morning, for Paris; until then I am at your service—and forever after. Can I do anything for you?"

The Doctor reflected a moment, and looked at his dog.

"I don't know, indeed; and yet I do happen to think of one thing. You might save me a journey to Paris, which, with my engagements, is just now inconvenient. But it is asking too much, perhaps."

"What—how—too much?" said the clergyman.

"Well, I have a number of sick people under my charge, whom I treat for diseases of the brain. One of these is a very rich woman, who is slightly deranged. I hoped to have cured her. Unhappily she has determined to return to Paris, and I have no authority to detain her. I perceive that she will fret until this caprice is gratified. I must go with her to place her in charge of her friends, and I have been putting off from day to day, because I can not leave my other patients, the duty of taking her home. Now, if you would escort her, it would be a real service," said the Doctor.

"My dear sir, a crazy young woman, at one o'clock at night, and I a clergyman of the Church of England," said Mr. Lambert, forgetting his late gratitude.

"Oh, she is forty-six, my dear sir, and her mania is a very quiet one. She looks and acts like a sheep, poor woman, and she will scarcely speak to a stranger. I do not know that she will go with you. The hour is rather early—some in the morning—but still, I might ask her, and it will be a real favor to me."

"Bring her along, Doctor!" said the clergyman, ashamed of his own reluctance; "bring her along—a sheep and forty-six; I will take care of your patient to Paris!"

Talking in this way they reached the gates of the city. Before separating, the Doctor gave his card to Mr. Lambert.

"Au revoir," said he, "and perhaps adieu, my dear sir. Let me hear from you from time to time; and I hope if we ever meet again, that you will retain, as I shall do, an agreeable recollection of our acquaintance. I may not see you again, as my friend may not be willing to go with you—adieu!"

Mr. Lambert glanced at the Doctor's card, feeling anew the embarrassment of the possible night journey with an insane woman, and regretting his promise, in spite of his gratitude.

He read on the card—
"Dr. de La Belle, rue Antoine; No. Eleven."

Mr. Lambert walked through the rue Antoine and stopped at No. Eleven. It was a large, handsome house, with the announcement in black letters on a brass plate, *Docteur de La Belle*.

On arriving at his hotel he asked the landlord if he knew of Dr. de La Belle.

"I believe, sir," said the man, civilly, "that he is the best physician in Rouen."

At one o'clock in the morning Mr. Lambert waited with some anxiety in the depot for the arrival of the train. Dr. de La Belle had not arrived. The English clergyman rubbed his hands with great satisfaction—for he did not care for this particular responsibility—when some one touched him slightly on the shoulder.

It was the Doctor.

Seated on a bench was a lady in black, with her veil tightly drawn over her face.

"I have taken a coupe," said the Doctor, "so you will not be incommoded by other travelers. Here is Mademoiselle's purse, ticket, and little traveling satchel; perhaps she will need something. Have the kindness to show her ticket to the conductor. I have telegraphed to Paris to her friends, who will meet her at the station. She is as quiet as a dove. Should you find her agitated, give her a drop of this essence on sugar; is the bottle. Monsieur Lambert, Mademoiselle!"

He then helped along the invalid lady, and put her in the corner of the coupe. He then, after arranging her with great kindness, stepped out, held Mr. Lambert by the hands and talked with French effusion, as the officials hurried passengers out and in.

"I trust you will have no trouble, adieu," said he, giving a final word of kindness to his fair patient, and arranging her footstool.

"Oh, no! I dare say not," said Mr. Lambert, bowing to the lady, and taking his seat by her side. "But what a powerful odor there is in the coupe—will it not disturb the lady?"

"Oh, no! I think not," said Dr. de La Belle; "I broke a bottle of cologne, as I was helping her in. It will all disappear in a few moments."

The train departed; and Mr. Lambert, who felt exceedingly wide-awake, and who found Dr. de La Belle's cologne very strong, tried to draw his fair friend into conversation. She was separated from him by a high basket of flowers, the Doctor's last attention.

The poor insane woman would not answer a word, and from her immovable calm the Doctor concluded that she was asleep.

When they arrived at Paris, he determined that she should speak.

"Mademoiselle," said he, in a loud voice, "do awake and listen to me; I must leave you for a moment to go find your friends."

He sought a long time but could not find anybody who wanted a lady from Rouen.

He came back to the carriage very disconcertedly, when, to his intense astonishment, he found a crowd around the compartment where the lady still sat. He went forward to see what was the cause of the excitement.

"Are you the man who traveled from Rouen in this coupe?" said a policeman.

"Yes."

"Do you know that this lady is dead?" You have poisoned her with prussic acid! She has been dead four hours!" and the populace groaned.

The clergyman was speechless with horror. He tried to clear himself with all the earnestness of an innocent man, but his story was a most improbable one. The police found on him the purse of the poor woman, and a bottle containing prussic acid!

It was the little bottle which Dr. de La Belle had forced upon him in the train.

Mr. Lambert, stunned, half dead, allowed himself to be carried to prison without resistance—he was past that. A day later he said:

"Take me to Rouen; I will unmask the villain; he can never face me!"

Two Sergeants de Ville, with other employees of the police in plain clothes, attended this dangerous criminal to Rouen in the railway, and drove to the house of Dr. de La Belle. Mr. Lambert was sure that at the sight of his face the assassin Doctor would confess all.

Dr. de La Belle was engaged at the moment, and kept them some time waiting. When at last the police began to be troubled, the head Sergeant bade them be calm. "The house is guarded," said he, "he can not escape."

Presently there entered a calm, elderly gentleman, with spectacles, which he removed as he looked at them.

"I beg pardon for keeping you waiting," said he, "but did you want me? I am Dr. de La Belle."

Mr. Lambert trembled from head to foot. An abyss opened before him, of which he could not see the bottom. This was not at all the man whom he had met on Mont St. Catherine.

"You are not Dr. de La Belle at all!" said the unhappy man.

"I think that I can prove that I am," said the suave old Doctor, smiling.

Alas! everything was against him. The English clergyman had fallen into the most terrible snare, laid by a most accomplished villain.

They returned to Paris.

"I wish I could meet him again with his white dog," said Mr. Lambert, throwing his hands in air.

"White dog, did you say?" asked the Sergeant de Ville.

Some weeks passed, and the police became convinced that Mr. Lambert was innocent, but they were yet waiting for the real villain.

Mr. Lambert was taken blindfolded, and in the night, to a house, he knew not in what street, where he, however, was well lodged, and where he was allowed to read and write, but was strictly watched.

Shortly after his new incarceration, a visitor arrived with his clothes, and asked him respectfully to make his toilet. A Sergeant escorted him to a close carriage, and drove toward the Champs Elysees.

"Look at every body who passes," said he.

Mr. Lambert looked at everybody, but saw nothing.

The next day the Sergeant, elegantly dressed, came again, in an open carriage, and, by the side of the coachman, sat a white pointer dog.

Mr. Lambert turned pale.

"You have seen that dog before?" said the Sergeant.

"It is his dog," said Mr. Lambert.

"Keep calm, and look about you," said the policeman.

But they looked in vain. They saw no master for the dog.

"On the night that crime was committed this dog was found in Rouen, without a master," said the Sergeant de Ville.

Later, the prisoner was requested to make an evening toilet, and was escorted to a grand ball in a magnificent house in one of the best parts of Paris.

"You are serving the ends of justice," said the Sergeant to him. "Be patient and observe the guests."

He was presented to the lady of the house, who received him very graciously, and who introduced him to her young daughter. He talked with her and looked at the guests, but saw nothing.

Another week passed. He went to another ball, in the same company; his young host, Monsieur de F., seated himself beside him, and drew carelessly before them the curtains of a large window, which filled half the room.

It was not long before Mr. Lambert heard the well known voice of the Sergeant of Police (who, in the most reproachable of black coats and white ties, looked like a Conde or a Montmorency) talking to a gentleman near him, of hunting.

"It is a long time since I have followed the hounds," answered the gentleman.

Mr. Lambert darted from his seat.

"It is he!" said he. "It is Dr. de La Belle."

"Be silent," said Monsieur de F., "be silent," and he held him in his seat by main force.

In a moment they were rejoined by the Sergeant de Ville.

"I have heard him! it is his voice," said Mr. Lambert, trembling all over.

"Perhaps we are still wrong," said that imperturbable individual. "Stay

here without moving. I will draw the curtain; look at every one who enters with a lady on his arm; when the suspected passes, press my arm without a word."

"Is it Monsieur de Bocage?" asked the host, in a low voice of the officer.

"Probably," said the policeman; "he was the lover of the unfortunate Blanche Villiers."

At this moment poor Lambert, peeping from behind the curtain, saw the well-known smiling face and jaunty figure of the Doctor of Rouen, pass, with a young lady on his arm. He gripped the arm of the officer.

"It is he," said he, choking. The Sergeant de Ville drew the curtain quickly. "The chain is complete," said he; "we only wait for the dog. Mr. Lambert, your imprisonment will be short. One visit more, and you are free!"

The next day a close carriage with the white pointer tied under the seat, called for Mr. Lambert.

"I shall conduct you to his door, but you must enter alone," said the friendly Sergeant. "You are not afraid?"

"Afraid!" said the Englishman. "I only desire to kill him."

"No, no personal violence, please. You would spoil a very pretty job!" said the officer. "Coachman, drive to the house of Monsieur de Bocage, Avenue Josephine."

When Mr. Lambert, pale as death, rang the bell of the inner door, M. de Bocage, a Parisian swell, just putting on his gloves, opened it himself.

He started back, horrified, but soon composed himself.

"You wish to see me, sir?" said he. "Yes, you wretched murderer!" said the Honorable and Reverend Lambert.

"I do wish to see you!"

Monsieur de Bocage retreated several steps.

"You are mad," said he.

"I have come to unmask you, villain!" "You are deceived, my brave gentleman," said M. de Bocage, and reaching behind him he caught up a pistol and discharged it full in the face of the Englishman.

At this noise, and the fall of the clergyman, who was stunned and blinded for a moment, the two Sergeants and several policemen entered the room, accompanied by a white pointer, who leaped up and caressed Monsieur de Bocage.

"Down, Thanor, down!" said the murderer, forgetting himself.

"The chain is complete," said the Sergeant, joyfully.

"Monsieur de Bocage, alias Dr. de La Belle, you stand charged with the murder of Mademoiselle Blanche Villiers, in a coupe of the railway, which left Rouen at one o'clock at night on the 13th inst., a crime which you sought to atone to this gentleman. (Throw a pitcher of water in his face; the pistol ball was drawn this morning, whilst Monsieur de Bocage took his chocolate—he is not hurt.)"

So saying, the Sergeant revived the Englishman, and took Monsieur de Bocage from his luxurious chamber, toward twenty years of the galleys.

The wretch looked back.

"It was you, Thanor, after all," said he, pressing the white pointer.

"Yes," said the Sergeant, encouragingly. "Had you but remembered to give the poor thing a pill of strychnine!"

The Honorable and Reverend Mr. Lambert returned home much better. He had certainly taken the advice of his unknown medical adviser, and had varied his usual life considerably. He never traveled in a coupe at night again with veiled ladies, nor did he ever quite get over the horror of having ridden from Rouen to Paris with a corpse.

He had the curiosity to take the Doctor's prescription to an apothecary in London, who analyzed it.

"A powerful stimulant, sir," said he; "we should not recommend you to use it very frequently. Still, in extreme cases of depression, it might be well."

Mr. Lambert never lost his admiration of the French police. They were, he thought, a very accomplished set of actors.—Translated from the French for the Boston Traveller.

How to be Weatherwise.

JOHN H. TICE, the weather prophet of St. Louis, gives the following directions to those who aspire to be weatherwise:

As everybody is interested in the weather so each one should qualify himself or herself to read the sky, and to interpret the meaning of the winds, sky and clouds.

An intensely blue and serene sky indicates heavy rains and severe storms in from twelve to forty-eight hours. A gray, hazy sky indicates a continuous drizzle and generally hot weather.

A southeast wind indicates the existence of a low barometer, if not a storm center in the northwest. The aspects of the sky and clouds will tell whether it means mischief or not. An almost immediate cessation of rain may be expected as soon as the northwest wind sets in. It matters not what the aspects of the sky are when the west wind sets in, fair weather will ensue it, and continue from three to four days. The passage of a storm center from the gulf and southeastward of our locality is a partial exception only so far that it clears off more tardily.

There are really but two primary kinds of clouds, namely, (1) those that float at a great height above the earth's surface, and (2) those that float low. Those that float high, say from six to nine miles, are of a fibrous and gauzy structure; they are hence called cirrus; that is, hair or tuft clouds. The clouds that form in the lower strata of the atmosphere, say from one to three miles above the earth, are irregular in structure, and of a more or less nodular form. They are called the cumulus, that is the heap or pile cloud.

While the cirrus remains nebular in structure and indistinctly defined against the sky no rain need be expected. Under the low barometer, however, they develop by accretion, become smooth and compact in structure and much enlarged in volume. They now sink lower and become sharply defined against the blue sky. Rain may now be expected, especially if they unite with the cumulus forming the nimbus or rain cloud. If the cirrus, instead of forming the nimbus, reascends, it dissipates, and no rain need be expected until it lowers again, which generally is in twenty-four hours.

GENERAL.

A LONDON firm advertises that it has for sale one of the identical stamps by which George III. attempted to impose the obnoxious tax on teas imported into British America.

NATURAL caverns of large size, one at least being six hundred feet long, have been discovered at West Hartree, near Wells, Somersetshire, England. It is hinted that the investigations have revealed matters of great interest to antiquarians and archeologists.

THERE are now less than two hundred boys in the Massachusetts Reform School, and but a small portion of the new building is required or used. This is the smallest number there has been for several years, and the number at one time reached six hundred.

SOME one has undertaken the business of lion-breeding at Bond, in Algeria, in order to supply menageries and zoological gardens with specimens of the king of beasts, for which there is a great and growing demand. The exportation of the lion in a wild state in Algeria, from a variety of causes, is only a question of a very short time.

CALIFORNIA gold-hunters have invaded the wilds of Sonora, one of the northern States of Mexico, where the American has been known only by tradition and the customs of the seventeenth century have been preserved with a Chinese hatred of improvements. Rich treasures of gold are said to have been found, and an exodus of California miners is expected.

RENNIE NASH had lain abed for several years at South Hadley, Mass., helpless with rheumatism. The physicians could do nothing for him. He lately sent for a Connecticut colored woman who had the reputation of being wonderfully effective in prayer. She touched his forehead with oil, laid her hands on his shoulders, and prayed three hours continuously for his cure. Then he got up and walked. The *Southampton Gazette* tells the story and vouches for its truth.

GEORGE W. PARSHALL, a Rochester (N. Y.) bird-fancier, has been at infinite trouble to get the national red, white and blue represented by three birds, which will live peacefully in the same cage. He has finally secured birds of the same size and which eat the same kind of seed, the red bird being a species known as the Napoleon, from South America, the blue an indigo bird from the same country, and the white a sparrow from Java.

THE late Sultan of Morocco was one day rowing on a lake with the ladies of his harem. The boat upset, and two men, at the peril of their lives, saved the whole party. "To have seen his Majesty in such an undignified position, and moreover with his ladies," writes Captain Colville, "was a crime punishable only by death. The unfortunate men were accordingly walled up in a small room and left to starve or die of suffocation. Their skeletons were found while some repairs were being made in the palace on the present Sultan's accession."

CERTAIN Dutch naturalists are testing the ability of the domestic cat to act as postman. Selecting Luik for their headquarters, they thence dispatch a number of cats, securely tied up in woolen bags, to the neighboring villages, where they are freed from confinement and turned loose, with neat packets of letters securely strapped to their backs. At once their domestic instincts come into full play, and they swiftly flee homeward with unswerving directness. Of the thirty-seven cats thus constrained to serve their country, not one has hitherto failed to fulfill its postal functions with excellent punctuality.

Why Our Meadows Run Out.

THAT our grass lands are less permanent than at an earlier period of history, is a fact which is evident to every one. Probably no farm topic is more eagerly discussed by the farming class than the grass question. It is conceded that grass is the foundation stone of profitable farming, and when it becomes more unreliable every year, there is abundant cause for alarm and a strong desire to investigate the subject. The cause in some instances is no doubt due to our unpropitious seasons; still it can not be charged wholly to that, neither are insects the whole cause of our trouble. On good lands, well fertilized and carefully seeded, grass dies out from some cause much sooner than formerly, and pastures gradually fall and fill up with weeds.

May not our changed methods of farming have something to do with it? About twenty years ago, mowers came into use in this section. Meadows were cleaned up and smoothed for the cutter-bar, and I think increased in acreage. Before this, haying was a long job to most farmers; but after the introduction of mowers came sulky-rakes, horse-forks, etc., until now haying is accomplished in at least half the time, and on most large farms, in one-third the time it once took. Then it became customary to cut hay at an earlier stage of maturity, and mow a second crop of grass, and to sow crops for soiling stock in the fall, instead of pasturing meadows. Out of all this, can not we find a partial cause for the deterioration of our grass lands? In the time before machinery rendered haying a short job, it was customary to mow one year where we finished the previous year; going over the meadows in rotation as it were. A part was cut early, and a part, by force of circumstances, was permitted to ripen each year and scatter its seed on the ground. The grass was cut with a sharp, clean cut, and would start up after cutting sooner than now when it is torn off by dull mowers. Then its roots were not crushed by heavy cogged wheels, which cover in mowing one-eighth to one-sixth of the ground. It was not scratched by steel rake teeth. In short, our meadows were treated in a manner as nearly as possible in accordance with nature's laws.

So with our pastures in early days. Meadows were very seldom mowed more than once, and the aftergrowth was always fed off by stock, which gave the pastures a chance to grow up in the fall and re-seed themselves every year, to say nothing of being better protected from the winter winds. Putting all these things together, do they not in a great degree account for the fact that grass lands are less permanent than formerly?—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE French Jesuits have purchased the Palace of Ocha, in Spain, for 121,000 francs.

PRINCE ROLAND BONAPARTE will soon marry Mile. Marie Blanc, the daughter of Monaco Blanc. Her income annually is \$160,000. His property consists of his name and an old sword.

It is announced that the daughter of Mr. Andrew D. White, United States Minister to Germany, is about to be married to Mr. Theodore Stanton. The ceremony will be performed at the American Legation in Berlin.

MR. JAMES DICKSON, member of Parliament for Duncannon, in place of his father, who was unseated on petition, is the youngest member of the House. He was born in April, 1859, and consequently has attained his majority since the general