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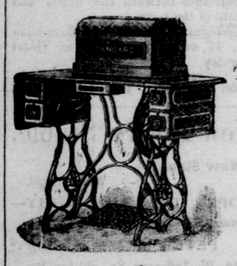

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THE ELECTION.

LYNN R. MEEKINS IN HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Matters did not go as well with the candidacy of Abner Green as the beginning had promised. He had been nominated unanimously. He had accepted with seeming reluctance. The support in party lines had been solid, and there was a strong independent sentiment in his favor. The canvass had progressed favorably and everything looked auspicious. And yet in the closing days of the contest a batch of clouds appeared upon the horizon of his hopes.

With his good wife Jane he was sitting in the parlor of his humble house, the lower part of which was a store. He seemed disconsolate. Jane busied herself with sewing, while he gazed alternately at the lamp and floor and cogitated on his prospects.

"Abner," said Jane, "something is troubling you."

"Yes, dear, something usually is."

"You haven't any doubt about your election, have you?"

"Of course not. Did you ever know a candidate to have any doubts except as to the size of his majority?"

"Now I know something's wrong. What is it?"

Abner did not answer. He looked steadily and sturdily at the floor. Jane waited awhile and then resumed:

"What is it, Abner? You haven't been comfortable since the mail came in yesterday."

Abner glanced up quickly. "Jane," he said, "did you ever see through a brick wall?"

"The idea of such a question! I believe you are losing your mind. You've lost about everything else since you got into politics."

"Yes" responded the candidate for sheriff, gloomily; "and I'm going to lose more."

Jane dropped her sewing and gazed at him in open-eyed dismay. "What!" she asked, "do they want money? Why, they declared it shouldn't cost you anything."

Abner shook his head sadly. "Its always that way," he said. "They sugar-coat you with compliments, and for every compliment they issue a note that you've got to pay before the campaign ends. This politics, Jane, is a great scheme to use a man's vanity for opening his pocket-book. It's got so that I'm afraid to hear a man praise me, lest he should come around afterward to borrow money, and I'm disappointed if he doesn't come, because I feel sure he's going to vote against me."

"Now, Abner, if they said that you would strengthen the ticket, and if that is why they put you on, why don't they go ahead and elect you?"

"Bless your innocent soul, Jane, you don't know politics! Six weeks ago they all said I'd go through with flying colors, and everybody was crowding around promising to put up money and help me, but six weeks in politics is about six years longer than eternity."

"Didn't they contribute as they said they would?"

"Yes, some did. Major Powderdry for one."

"Major Powderdry! Why, Abner, I never knew that he contributed to anything except the size of his debts."

"That's about what he did. It was this way. Three weeks ago the major came around and said he wanted to make a good contribution to the campaign fund, and after a lot of a-hemming and a-hawing he asked me to lend him a hundred dollars on his note. As long as I had taken the nomination from him, and as the money would help my own election, I loaned it to him."

"And he contributed it to the fund?"

Abner smiled grimly. "Yes, twenty-five of it. He put the other seventy-five in his pocket. It was the first time that I ever knew Major Powderdry was a financier."

"A financier!" exclaimed Jane, indignantly. "I call it robbery."

"No my dear; its finance. As far as I can see finance is the general barter of humanity, and the biggest financier is the fellow who manages to hold on to the most money. Now old Canton is another financier. We made him chairman of our first mass meeting, and gave him enough honor for his whole family. Of course we expected to get a good contribution from him. Well he promised and promised. Then he kept saying that times was hard, and it all ended by his handing over five dollars out of his fifty thousand. And now he is lending me money, and making me pay twelve per cent interest on it. The old skinflint will make nearly a hundred dollars out of me."

Jane did not know much about politics, but she had helped Abner in the store enough to understand something about the rules of interest. This disclosure evidently alarmed her.

"Do you mean to say," she asked, "that you have put a thousand dollars into this thing?"

"As the day of execution is near at hand, my dear, I suppose I'd just as well confess. A thousand is about the size of it."

"But, Abner, I don't see where you can use all the money."

"Campaign expenses," he answered, sententiously.

"What are they?"

"Printing tickets and mass meetings and hiring music, and—and other things."

"What other things? You don't mean to say, Abner, that you pay to get votes?"

"Certainly not, my dear; but some people have to be persuaded."

"Persuaded?"

"Yes, persuaded. There are lots of men who will vote our ticket, but they must be paid for their loss of time. Now, for instance, there is Bill Simpson. Bill will vote for our ticket but he needs persuasion. He wants five dollars for his loss of time in going to the polls."

"But, Abner, you know that he never does anything, and how can his time be valuable?"

"That's just it. His time isn't valuable except when elections come round. Then every body finds out that it is a very busy season, and that it will be hard to get to the voting places unless the party does something for them. I went to see Bill. He said he certainly wanted to vote for me, but he did not see how he was going to get away, for he had a big job of work to do, and it would be worth every cent of five dollars for him to lay off and go to the polls. What are you going to do with such a man unless you compromise?"

"Compromise?"

"Yes, compromise. He'll really expect about two dollars. Last year he got one."

"Abner," said Jane, after a pause, "isn't it wrong to do this?"

"It may not be exactly right, dear, but it's painfully necessary. At election time every man is as big as every other man, and his vote counts just the same whether he is a President or a loafer."

Jane paused again while her thoughts struggled for utterance. Presently she said: "Abner, I'd rather see you defeated than do anything that is not right. I hope and pray that you do [illegible] of buying votes."

"Of course not, of course not," he replied, with some warmth. "What put such an idea into your head? And, moreover, what would be the use of trying? The other fellows have got the most money."

"How do you know?"

"That's what the letter said, and that's what has been troubling me. Why, Jane, the unprincipled scoundrels on the other side have got three hundred new two-dollar bills for use on Tuesday. Just think of it! That's enough to carry this district against the Angel Gabriel! And if I lose Sussex, I lose the election and my thousand dollars. It's awful."

Jane quickly jumped from criticism to sympathy. She wanted Abner to be elected, and she had thought he would be until now, when the prospect seemed to change.

"If women only had the right to vote!" was all she could say at first.

Abner smiled sardonically. "Yes," he said, "if they could. It's always 'if.' If wishes were two-dollar notes I'd be satisfied."

In his perturbation he picked up the paper that was lying on the table and began to read, while Jane returned to her sewing. There was silence for some minutes until Abner called for the scissors. Jane handed them to him, and he cut a paragraph from the sheet.

"Jane, how many people around here take the Sussex *Weekly?*"

She named several.

"Well, to-morrow morning I want you to go to all the houses and get the paper. I need them."

"What is it, Abner?"

"Oh, nothing much. You know I always make it a rule to cut things out that strike my fancy, and I find in the long run that a newspaper is the best investment that I make, because it gives me more new ideas than anything else. I calculate that this little piece of paper is worth a hundred dollars, if not more."

He folded it carefully and placed it in his pocket-book.

The next morning after breakfast Jane started out to visit her neighbors to borrow the Sussex *Weekly*. She succeeded in bringing back five copies. Abner was delighted. At dinner she questioned him again, but his only reply was,

"Come down in the store when I close to-night and you will see."

It was a busy day. The next morning the election was to begin. Visitors came constantly to consult the candidate for sheriff. Tricks and rumors of tricks were in the air. Workers wanted money. All asked favors. Everybody whispered fears of defeat in the private office, and boasted of victory to the crowd in front of the store. Major Powderdry, radiant in his optimism, and exhaustless in his declarations of victory, was there.

"We will sweep the country as clean as the celestial dome," he said, "and proud old Sussex will lead the districts in the great battle of free government and low taxes, Gentlemen"—nodding to several smiling members of opposition—"you'd better join the army, and march through the sea of politics with the children of Israel, for, sure as you're born, it's going to be a damp season for the Egyptians. Take the advice of a friend, and get in out of the wet by voting for Abner Green."

"Major," replied one of the opposition, "there was an Irishman once who happened in a field where there was a large healthy bull. He pulled out a red handkerchief, and the bull began kicking and bellowing. It was very funny. The Irishman laughed so loud that he had to hold his sides. But suddenly the bull came close, and when Paddy picked himself up on the other side of the fence he said sadly, 'It's a mighty good thing I got that laugh in first.'"

"My dear fellow," said the major, impressively, "I have profound respect for the age of your story, but excuse me if I say that it doesn't fit the case. To-morrow we shall take that bull by the horns, and lead him to the slaughter like a frightened lamb that has been fed on mint sauce just to whet our appetites."

The major was in his element, and he kept up his fire of repartee with undimished vigor. The crowds gathered, and everybody talked about the morrow. Presently somebody discovered a newspaper clipping pasted on a board placed rather inconspicuously near the desk of the store.

"Hello, Abner, what's this?"

"What's what?"

"This newspaper article?"

"Oh, that! I suppose it is something that John has stuck up for reference." John was the general factotum who often helped Abner in the store. He was a tomb-like character who always did those things that Abner wanted done without being known.

Of course the people crowded around to see what it was. This is what they read:

"LOOK OUT FOR BAD MONEY!"

"We are informed that a lot of counterfeit two-dollar notes are in circulation in this State, and some of them have found their way into this county. The bank officers tell us that they are so clearly and perfectly engraved that it is difficult for anybody who is not an expert to tell the differences from the real article. Of course our readers know that it is a crime punishable by imprisonment to attempt to pass these notes, and there is a reward for the arrest of everybody caught in the act. We advise you to be careful about this thing. Beware of new two-dollar notes."

They read it carefully, and wanted to know its meaning. Abner was very ignorant about it.

"John's simply stuck it up there, I guess. John's a little absent-minded sometimes, and he wants something to keep him from taking in another counterfeit. He took in one, and he looks as if he'd been to a funeral ever since."

"You don't think that any of the bills are around here?" put in one of Abner's political opponents, rather experimentally.

"No; not that I know of. All the two-dollar notes I've seen this week are old, and of course they're all right."

The hour of breaking up came, and the people started for their homes. As they left the store, Mr. Powderdry stood on the highest step and indulged in more rhetoric.

"To-morrow's setting sun," he said, "is going to witness a sight that will cast new glory on the American eagle. Victory will perch on our standards, and our ticket will go through like a streak of greased lightning. Sleep well, gentlemen, and be at the polls early."

"We'll be there," shouted the major's opponents.

After they had gone and the shutters were put up, Jane came down stairs. She looked around until she discovered the clipping stuck on the board.

"Is that it?" she asked.

"Yes," said Abner, "that's it."

Good weather blessed the day of election. The people were up early. Around the polls there was plenty of life and noise. An election in a rural district differs entirely from an election in the city. Your city people walk to the polls, cast their ballots, and walk away. The highest privilege of citizenship is a matter for expedition. In the country it is an occasion for assembling, for gossip and argument and entreaty. Along the road are carriages and horses, ox carts, wagons, and all the curious kinds of vehicles of the neighborhood. The voters stop to talk and to consult. No hurry disturbs them. They stand around, some whip in hand, some holding tickets, some smoking bad cigars, and all personally interested in the contest. The fences are the reserved seats of the occasion. Up the road in quiet corners are the practical workers with the sinews of war. Behind trees are jugs and bottles of dangerous inspiration. A mercenary voter is never in haste to vote. He canvasses the situation, finds out the resources of both sides, gets frequent exhilaration from the jugs and bottles, and finally casts his ballot with the largest pecuniary benefit to himself. The efforts of the workers to monopolize this individual are earnest, prolonged, and untiring.

It was this way in Sussex District. Abner Green's friends made a cordon around the polls. The candidate for sheriff was not present at his polling-place, except for a short time to cast his vote, but he was ably represented. The opponents, however, were just as strong, and were all the more dangerous because they remained in the quiet corners up the road, where they could barter without discovery.

In Abner's store matters were quiet, as the chief interest centered at the polls. John was ostensibly in charge. Abner kept watchfully and quietly in the background. He was waiting for developments. About half past seven o'clock he saw a figure coming from the voting-place, and his heart beat more excitedly with anticipation. The man was a surly fellow named Timson, an unconscionable bribe-taker, who had the reputation, to use the phrase of Major, "of being able to raise more fuss over over a two-cent stamp than Shylock could over a whole carcass."

Timson came into the store, which was the only one near the polls, and bought some tobacco. In payment he proffered a new two-dollar note.

"No, you don't," said John.

"Don't what?"

"We ain't taking no bad money here."

"What do you mean?" said the fellow, with a mixture of indignation and alarm.

"This is what I mean," said John, and taking down the board, he read the article about counterfeits.

Timson was dumfounded. Then he recovered his powers of speech, and deluged the place with his surcharged feelings. In the midst of it, Abner made his appearance.

"Good-morning, Mr. Timson. It's a pleasant day for the election. Have you voted?"

Without replying, Timson called himself various unprintable names, and told Abner how he had been imposed upon by some unnamed scoundrel.

"This is very serious," said Abner. "Of course you thought the money was good, and I don't believe you would want to run the danger of getting arrested by trying to pay a counterfeit. But if I were you I'd make the fellow who gave it to you pay for it with interest."

Timson, with unmistakable emphasis, declared that he would, and left the store in hot haste. He had just disappeared around the bend of the road when Major Powderdry drove up and dismounted. He rushed to the store, and led Abner into the back shed.

"It's all right," he said. "Our men have got the articles at every polling-place, and they're going to raise the devil just as soon as a two-dollar note appears. How are things here?"

"Timson's just been in with a two-dollar note, which we refused to accept."

"Good!"

"And he's gone back to the polls to see about it. He's hotter than a tin roof in August."

"That's simply magnificent. I'm going down there to help him. You stay here."

The major was lost in a cloud of dust. He urged his horse on until he came near the voting-place, and then slowed up and approached with an easy dignity which seemed to indicate that he had only a passing interest in the momentous events of the day.

But he did not remain passive. All around him the people were talking excitedly. Timson's voice was loud in anger. His charges were taken up by the other rascals who, like himself, had sold their suffrages for two dollars each. The managers of the opposition tried entreaty and pacification, and it looked as if they were making some headway until Major Powderdry jumped into the breach. His face flushed, his fists beat the air, his voice rang out in fury. The people crowded around him.

"It is the most atrocious outrage I ever heard of," he exclaimed. "These men try to pollute the fame and corrupt the citizenship of this district; they insult every honest voter; and not only that, but they impose on their victims by giving them worthless money. Gentlemen, I repeat that it is the most damnable affront that was ever offered to the decent sentiment of the sovereign people. Where is the man who will swear out warrants against these persons?"

In the face of the indignation the opponents beat a retreat to an obscure corner of the road where they could consult. Major Powderdry took charge of the work. Every arrival was deluged with stories of the worthless money, were told how the opponents of Abner Green were trying to defeat him by debauching and bribing voters, and was led to the polls through a line of Abner Green's friends. The other side did not recover from the set back; it could not cope with the tireless energy and exhaustless adjectives of Major Powderdry.

And so the work went bravely on until—until—

Major Powderdry, dust-covered and husky, rushed into the house of Abner Green. It was past sunset, and the voting was over. Abner jumped forward to hear the result.

"Not yet—not yet," exclaimed the major, with a majestic wave of his oratorical arm. "Bring out your demijohn—your large demijohn. I have got four of dust and five summer fogs in my throat, and I'm doomed to certain death unless I get a drink within the next five minutes."

Abner supplied the demand with welcome alacrity.

"Consider yourself decorated with a life-saving medal," said the major.

"Now tell me how it all went."

"You know when I left here this morning?"

"Yes."

"Well, as soon as I arrived there I began to raise thunder, and, by Jove, we kept it raised until the polls closed! We simply knocked them out on the first round, and then hollered them mum. The fates favored us when Timson came up to the store. When he got back, he bellowed like a bull, and the more he bellowed the more we egged him on, and pretty soon we had things our own way. I discovered that about five or ten years ago, Cartridge, who was handling the money for the other side, had got mixed up in some of that green-goods business in one of the cities; he was innocent undoubtedly, but that didn't make any difference. I went up to him and whispered: "Look here, Mr. Cartridge, you can't come any of your green-goods game on these people. We want a fair election, and we're going to have it. If you pay out any more of those two-dollar notes, we'll put you in the penitentiary, and keep you there till your head gets bald!"

"What did he say?"

"Nothing. I didn't give him time to say anything. We were too busy keeping up the cry of bribery and counterfeit to discuss side issues. We laid it on heavy. The people backed me up nobly. I talked more than I ever did in all my life. As the voters came up, we never let them go until we gave them the whole story with a lot of ornament. We told them of the plot to defeat you, and let them know plainly that the decent people were not going to allow any such an outrage. And the negroes! Oh, Abner, you ought to have seen how we managed them! I got hold of Big Jim, for I knew he had more influence with his race than anyone else, and promised him that you would pay him five dollars to-morrow if he would scare the negroes with the counterfeit story, and keep them away from those new two-dollar notes. It worked beautifully. The other fellows are swearing like pirates. They're beaten. I know that we have carried this district."

"But how about the county?"

"I haven't heard a word. Let's wait for awhile, and see if we can get any news."

They waited. In an hour the result of the precinct came it. The counting of the vote had been completed. It gave Abner a majority of 167—fully 100 more than he expected. An hour later a rider brought news from the adjoining voting-place. The counterfeit dodge had worked successfully. Abner had a majority there of 45, when he did not expect more than 15 or 20. Matters looked bright. About ten o'clock a messenger from the opposite direction arrived. He came from the district adjoining the county town. The counterfeit dodge had been a failure. As soon as it was sprung, the workers had rushed on horseback into town, and had their new money changed for old. They got back without much loss of time, and swept the district against Abner by a majority of 284.

"I'm nearly dead," exclaimed the major, "but I can't stand this. I'm going to town."

Others joined him, and off they started at full gallop. Abner remained at home. If he was elected, all well and good; if not, he wasn't going to be in town to let the people see his disappointment.

He and Jane went to bed, but not to sleep. He tried to feel calm, but his mind refused to be quiet. He turned and twisted. His eyes would not stay closed. The clock struck the hours. Time seemed to crawl along. Four o'clock came. Toward five the minutes were traveling when he heard the sound of horses' hoofs coming at breakneck speed up the road. A minute more there was a halt before his store, and a mighty shout of "Hurra for Green!"

"Above the din was the major's voice, "come out, Abner."

Abner appeared at the window in short order, and as soon as his white robed form was seen, the shouts were trebled in vigor. The major tried to make a speech, and his companions tried to help him but it was not a brilliant success. They were full of very bad liquor, and Abner was full of the emotions of a man who has run his first campaign and won.

"Come away from that window, or you'll catch cold," said a small shrill voice; but Abner did not hear.

He stood there listening to the revelry. By-and-by the revellers got tired, and with more hurrahs started on their way, making the night hideous as they went with bacchanalian sounds, which might be interpreted into something about not going home until morning.

Abner felt proud of the exhibition, but Jane lost no time in declaring that it was scandalous.

A week later Abner and Jane were sitting in their room. The store had been closed for the night. In the fire place the logs burned lazily, and the shaded lamp sent its rays upon Jane's knitting and Abner's newspaper.

"I am certainly thankful it's all over," said Jane. "I hadn't any peace from the time the campaign started. But I am truly glad that you are elected, and it did my heart good to read the fine things that the newspapers said about you. And yet, Abner, I feel rather sorry in having to leave this store and our old friends."

"We won't leave them all, dear. I saw Major Powderdry to-day, and told him that I would like to do something to show my appreciation of his work, but the best I could do was to offer him the position of deputy, which I would be very glad if he would accept."

"Did he?"

"Yes; he accepted; He's been after an office for twenty years, and this is the first real chance that he has had, so he did not let it escape. And speaking of the major reminds me that we took in three of those new two-dollar notes to-day. I gave one to John. Here is one that I want you to frame with that newspaper clipping, as a souvenir of our first campaign."

"And the other?"

"I guess I'll send that to renew my subscription to the Sussex *Weekly*.

The Swedish Cure for Drunkenness.

The habitual drunkard in Norway or Sweden renders himself liable to imprisonment for his love of strong drink, and during his incarceration he is required to submit to a plan of treatment for the cure of his failing which is said to produce marvelous results. The plan consists in making the delinquent subsist entirely on bread and wine. The bread is steeped in a bowl of wine for an hour or more before the meal is served. The first day the habitual toper takes his food in this shape without repugnance; the second day he finds it less agreeable to his palate; finally he positively loathes the sight of it. Experience shows that a period of from eight to ten day of this regimen is generally more than sufficient to make a man eyince the greatest aversion to anything in the shape of wine. Many men after their incarceration become total abstainers.

—One of the most disastrous wrecks to the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad occurred Friday evening, May 30, two miles west of its junction with the Santa Fe Railroad. A train of double-decked cars, loaded with some five thousand fine merino mutton sheep, on the way from California to the Chicago market, was wrecked by the breaking of a truck. Every car but two was destroyed and about one thousand sheep killed outright. The Indians of the neighborhood worked all night skinning carcasses. They will have mutton for months to come.

—The admirers of birds are now trying to induce ladies to wear stuffed kittens on their hats instead of birds, which shows that a person who has intimate relations with birds cannot be trusted to do justice to any other animal.

Warping of Wood.

As lumber is now sawn, every board but one will warp and curl up in the process of seasoning. The reason for this is plain. If the board be sawn from the side of a log, the grain rings of the wood lie in circles, which have a greater length on one than on the other side of the board. A board cut from the very centre of the log has grain circles of equal length upon each side, and will lie perfectly flat when seasoned.

When selecting the lumber for a tool chest or some other fine job, pick out boards which show that they came, as near as possible, from the centre of the log. A method is in use which compensates for this tendency to curl in seasoning. This is known as quarter sawing, and quartered oak, of which so much is said at present, is sawn by this process.

It consists in cutting out boards radically from the centre to the outside of the log. Suppose a log to be split into four pieces, each of these pieces is sawn diagonally so that the grain rings run through, instead of the circles running into, part way through and out upon the same side of the board.

Quarter sawn lumber will not warp in drying, neither will it yield so readily to changes of weather. It has the disadvantage of being more expensive, as in sawing each quarter a narrow board is first taken off then one a little wider. The boards increase in width until the middle of the quarter is reached, making the widest board equal to half the diameter of the tree. The narrow boards may be glued up into wide strips, but that shows considerable sap, and they cannot be used in some kinds of work.

To prove that the circles or sap rings cause curling during the seasoning process it is only necessary to take such curled boards and wet the concave side, or apply heat to the convex side. If each or both be done, the boards will straighten out forthwith. This method is often taken advantage of by carpenters, in working twisted or warped beards. The seasoning process is also controlled by frequently turning boards over so that each side may receive just enough heat and air to keep the boards flat.—*Woodworker.*

The Acids of Fruits.

Mr. George W. Johnson, in his *Chemistry of the World*, says, in describing the "vegetable food of the world:"

"The grateful acid of the rhubarb leaf arises from the malic acid and bin-oxolate of potash which it contains; the acidity of the lemon, orange, and other species of the genus *Citrus* is caused by the abundance of citric acid which their juice contains; that of the cherry, plum, apple, and pear from the malic acid in their pulp; that of gooseberries and currants, black, red, and white, from a mixture of malic and citric acids; that of the grape from a mixture of malic and tartaric acids; that of the mango from citric acid and a very fugitive essential oil; that of the tamarind from a mixture of citric, malic, and tartaric acids; the flavor of asparagus from aspartic acid, found also in the root of the marshmallow; and that of the cucumber from a peculiar poisonous ingredient called fungin, which is found in all fungi, and is the cause of the cucumber being offensive to some stomachs. It will be observed that rhubarb is the only fruit which contains bin-oxaline of potash in conjunction with an acid. It is this ingredient which renders this fruit so wholesome at the early commencement of the summer, and this is one of the wise provisions of Nature for supplying a blood-purifier at a time when it is likely to be most needed.

"Beet root owes its nutritious quality to about 9 per cent of sugar, which it contains, and it flavor to a peculiar substance containing nitrogen mixed with pectic acid. The carrot owes its fattening powers also to the sugar, and its flavor to a peculiar fatty oil; the horse-radish derives its flavor and blistering power from a volatile acrid oil. The Jerusalem artichoke contains fourteen and a half per cent of sugar and three per cent of inulin (a variety of starch), besides gum and a peculiar substance to which its flavor is owing; and lastly, garlic, and the rest of the onion family, derive their peculiar odor from a yellowish, volatile, acrid oil; but they are nutritious from containing nearly half their weight of gummy and glutinous substances not yet clearly defined."

Needed Kicking.

Just before the battle of Antietam five recruits came down for my company. There were no bounty-jumpers at that stage of the game, although the courage and patriotism of all recruits could not be vouched for. One of the batch was named Danforth, a farmer's son, fresh from the cornfields, and as we took up the line of march to head Lee off and bring him to bay Danforth said to me:

"See here, sergeant, I've made a mistake."

"How?"

"I hain't got no sand. I allus thought I had, but when I came down here and see what war is, I find I hain't got the spunk of a rabbit."

"That's bad."

"So is is. We're going to have a fight purty soon, and I know what'll happen. I shall bolt as sure as shooting."

"Then you'll be called a coward, and disgraced forever."

"That's so, and I don't wan't it. I want you to do me a great favor."

"Well?"

"Wall, if I kin git mad I'll be all right, and forgit my shaking. Keep your eye on me, and as soon as we git within five miles of the rebels kick me good and stout."

After some further talk I promised him. We were in Hooker's Corps, and as we moved in against Jackson, Danforth obliqued alongside and said:

"Sergeant, kick me or I shall bolt. I haven't got sand enough to see a chicken die."

We were moving through the timber and I stepped up behind him and "lifted" him twice as hard as I could kick. He shot aside and the next time I saw him we were at a fence on the edge of a corn field. The fire was hot and the men were falling thick. I had just fired from a rest on the top rail when Danforth came up, faced the other way and said:

"More kicks, sergeant! I know I've dropped two of 'em, but my sand is going."

I kicked him again with a good deal of vigor, and just then we got the order to advance and he was the first man over the fence. Half an hour later we were driven back, considerably disorganized, and as I reached the fence I came across Danforth again. He had a rebel captain by the collar and carrying the officer's sword in his hand. As he saw me he called out:

"Sand is all right, sergeant. No more kicks. As soon as I take this chap to the rear I'm going back and collar old Stonewall himself or die trying."

The Young Man Graduate.

His eye hath a dreamy, far off stare,
A marvel is his cravat.
He walketh about with his nose in the air,
And he weareth a high plug hat.

AGRICULTURAL.

Keep a sharp lookout for the peach tree borer at this season.

A dead limb is an incumbrance to a tree and should be removed.

Whenever you see a rat hole pour a little tar in it. The rats will not come near it.

To secure a growth of white clover on a grass plot use plenty of wood ashes as a top dressing.

Late potatoes will do well on a piece of land from which a crop of clover hay has been cut.

The surest way to remove paint is by the use of turpentine. If used immediately the paint will never fail to be erased.

During the warm days of summer a fat hog suffers severely. Avoid grain, and feed on grass or succulent food of any kind.

"Use plenty of manure and cultivate well," should be rule for young raspberry canes. The first year is the time to push them.

If you have no time to plow the weeds in mow them down. Treat them in any manner you prefer, so you prevent them from seeding.

If the land for the turnip crop is not ready there is no time to lose. It should be well worked and made fine. As soon as the new crop of seed comes in is the time to sow.

Hogs will find quite an amount of food on fields that are covered with weeds. If too busy to plow in the weeds keep the hogs at work on them; but the safer method is to keep the weeds down with implements

It is not too late for a garden yet. In fact the warm weather is very favorable for some crops that may be planted now, such as beans and turnips. Late cabbage may be set out as soon as the plants are large enough.

Take no heed of those who tell you that fruit trees, plants and vines will bear as well without cultivation as with, but remember that cultivation should be given early, and that ill-timed, injudicious cultivation is worse than none.

How to cheapen the cost is to apply the cost where the product will be the largest. It is not profitable to feed some animals, for a pound of food given to inferior stock will cost just as much as a pound of food given to choice animals.

In case of depredations by squash-vine root-borers, one remedy has been found in covering some of the vine joints with earth in a manner to induce a throwing out of new roots. Of course, the destruction of the borer would be preferable, if it is possible.

The hills of beans, tomatoes and melons will be crusted on the surface unless there are frequent rains, and a hard crust radiates heat instead of permitting it to enter the ground. By working the hills over so as not to disturb the plants the soil will become warmer and plants grow more rapidly.

Avoid as far as possible getting goods to market on Saturday morning, as they will keep much better in the country than in the city. Monday morning the receipts are generally light and the market bare, and shipments started to market on Saturday evening will strike a good market on Monday morning.

The lice that infest peach trees in some sections have been found to be very tenacious of life, and growers should not cease work on the trees, with the object of ridding the trees of the pests, by a single application of the remedy, but apply it frequently. Strong soapsuds well sprayed on the trees, is recommended as an excellent remedy.

Sweet potatoes will endure dry weather as well as any crop grown, but when the plants are young the top soil should be be kept loose. Weeds and grass should not be permitted to choke down the plants as is sometimes the case when the rains are frequent. As soon as the vines cover the ground well they should not be disturbed unless for cultivation. Warm days and nights will push the plants rapidly.

The striped beetle is the enemy that prevents the melon and cucumber grower from realizing a crop. The *Rural New-Yorker's* remedy is one that should be tried. Into a pail of land plaster put sufficient spirits of turpentine to give the plaster a strong flavor. About a tablespoonful of turpentine to two gallons of plaster is sufficient. In the morning (after the plants have made sufficient growth) scatter a small pinch on each hill. The odor drives away the beetles, and a second application is seldom necessary.

Soapsuds do good service when used on celery and asparagus.

Young turkeys should be given full liberty now that the weather is warm.

Florists generally agree that single dahlias surpass the double forms and bring about excellent results when treated as annuals.

If you do not want the sills of your barns and sheds to decay keep the dirt away from them, so that they will remain constantly dry.

Pop-corn is profitable, as the grain and cobs are sold together by weight. A New York farmer raised 100 bushels per acre last season, which he sold at $1 per bushel.

Lice will destroy the young chicks during the worm weather unless their quarters are kept very clean. The lice that prey on the heads and necks are the most destructive.

The fence corners must now be looked after, as they are the harboring places for weeds and insects, being seedbeds from which the whole farm may be stocked with pests.

Surprised His Wife.

A good story is told of a certain well known farmer residing near Emaus Pa., who went to Allentown on Saturday evening to buy a suit of new clothes, but who, after making the purchase