

The Ohio Democrat.

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THE OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.

I know time's halo 'round the past
And boys and girls are fast
Though retrospective vision o'er
Discovers them into air—
Yet a memory of my own times
Lies deep and true like silver
Of the good old-fashioned girl.

Time has its transmutations.
Throwing off old ways for new,
And the law of compensations
Brings us not to make a loss.
But there's one thing I'm sure of,
"My first husband and his wife,
And I've given a few good days
To see a good old-fashioned girl.

Without airs or affectation,
A modest voice and low,
She's a crying shame to me
Checks all with health and glow—
Such were our ways of days;
Don't take me for a clown,
Don't chide me that I like the ways
Of the good old-fashioned girl.

There was true love in the olden times
Not of an olden display
And poverty was not the crime
It seems to me now
And a loving girl was well content
Not to have a husband
But to have a good old-fashioned girl.
—Philadelphia News.

THE MISSING DEED.

The Manner of Finding It and Winning a Bride.

I am a Grant. I know there are other Grants. A clumsy Englishman once told me that Grant was a very common name. There are the Grants of Grant and the Grants of Dalvey; there are Grants in Edinburgh and Grants in London. Alas! the Grants are a disinherited race, for their grandfathers, it seems, always squandered the fortunes which they ought to have left to their sons. At least, I know that it was the case of my own grandfather. Had he not played ducks and drakes with my inheritance, I should have been—but there, I am content to be what I am, Grant of Tullybardane, and never a dearer or lovelier home had Scottish man to dwell in. My wife often laughs at me for being so fond of the place. But then the strangest event of my life is bound up with its possession. And surely I may well remember and be thankful for that event, for without it your lady with the silver hair would scarcely now have been sitting near me, and laughing at the follies of an old man as she does.

Five-and-thirty years ago I was living here in the Grange at Tullybardane. The place had come to my father by bequest not many years before, and he had scarcely learned to play the laird before he died and left it to me. I was only a boy then, and my mother and I were quite content with our lives in the new home. So there I lived and grew up to manhood, and there, in the course of years, I fell in love. Accordingly, one winter morning I rode across to Glen Levanoch, and asked Mr. Fraser to give me his daughter to be my wife. Of course, I had found out beforehand that Miss Fraser was not unwilling to be given.

Well, we had a long interview, and the results in brief were these. I had left home tolerably confident, as one is wont to be at four-and-twenty, and I returned about as dejected and indignant as any reasonable man ever was. Mr. Fraser was an old friend, and I had been one of my guardians. He was my father's executor. I expected my declaration to be heartily welcomed. Tullybardane is a better property than Glen Levanoch. What was there to stand in our way? But when I came back I felt like a man who had been struck by a treacherous blow. All of a sudden for the first time in my life, I learned that my title to Tullybardane was not beyond dispute. I heard that a certain document had long been missing from the title-deeds, and that till that document were found, I could never be entirely secure in my own home. But what was far worse, under the circumstances, Mr. Fraser informed me he could not encourage my suit for his daughter's hand.

What followed I don't quite remember. I have a haunting fear that I lost my temper, that I was on one side or the other a good deal of strong language was used. I know I swore I would never give Nell up, not even if I were turned out of Tullybardane neck and crop next day. Of course, it was very foolish, but then the circumstances were exceptional. When I got home I sent for the attorney, and in the next four days I did nothing but think, consult lawyers and look over papers and rummage every hole and corner of the Grange for the missing deed. But what Mr. Fraser had told me proved to be only too true.

In the week that followed I remember three things distinctly, not that they were themselves important, but that they bore upon that strange event which made a turning point in my life. The first is that I rode over to Glen Levanoch and was told that Mr. and Miss Fraser had left home, to stay with friends in Edinburgh. The second is that my man George, who acted as footman and valet to me, got drunk one night and left the house door wide open—providence ever since. Now, as a rule, I am lenient to those fallings. Whisky, I regret to say, has an attraction for me in these dreary climates. But whether it was that I was out of sorts, or whether it was that my mother was alarmed, I don't know, but I resolved to make an example, and I turned the man out of the house the next day. The third incident was more important, and shall be told at length.

I am a good sleeper, more I dream much. I don't believe in dream warnings and such things. I have no faith in ghosts—though I know for a fact that my cousins, the Mac Moocks have a banishment in their family—as a fact, I say. But about that time I used to read and dream of a certain lady, and so one night I fell asleep and I did dream. And this is what I dreamed.

I thought I was in Edinburgh, standing in Princes street (and let me find any street in England or anywhere else which can compare with that) and waiting by the Waverly Monument. Opposite me was a hotel, which I suppose was watching for out of it presently came, as clear and vivid as life, Nelly Fraser, with a veil over her head. She came slowly toward me and lifted her veil, revealing a face so white and miserable that I scarcely knew it, and then, as I stepped forward, she raised one hand, and putting up it across my eyes toward the High Street hill, vanished into a moving mist. Then the shadows began to shift and shuffle themselves, and presently out came another vision from my dream. I was there still,

standing, but all the surroundings had changed. I seemed to be in a sort of shop or office. A counter was before me, and all around me were thin phantom figures, with no features that I could see. Only one among these misty shapes had a visible human face. And that one advanced toward me with a smile on his face, and I recognized it as the face of a young man, slightly drooped, as if his owner were shy or diffident, with blue, bright eyes and gentle, handsome features, and fair hair, and lips that seemed to be made for laughter, and a smile that shone like a gleam of sunshine there. And in a moment my fears were vanished. The darkness seemed to grow darker. I heard soft steps walking in the air. I felt as if a cold wind were blowing in my face. Suddenly I saw the chill sea shining far off under the white stars. A voice that was harsh broke out in hoarse laughter and shrieked, "Unless he awakes, two days after I set out for Edinburgh, with three objects. I wanted to consult an eminent advocate, I wanted to get a new servant. And I wanted, at least, to find out where the Frasers were."

I saw the great advocate, and he confirmed my fears. "Unless the missing deed is found, my dear sir," he said in his blandest accents, "your title is so defective as to be entirely worthless, should a rival claimant arise."

I did not see the Frasers, but I got their address, and I wrote one letter to the father and four to the daughter. They engaged a new man servant in this way:

"Our need for a man servant being pressing, I went, for the first and last time in my life, to a registry office. The shop lay in the south of the town, up beyond the High street, and when I entered it there were several subaltern-looking beings, unfortunates applicants, I suppose, standing round. Behind the counter were a man and woman, and to the former, having a prejudice in favor of doing business with my own sex, bogotten, perhaps, of shyness, I applied. He kept me waiting a long time. Then he looked over a prodigious ledger and ran out numerous applications, which were perfectly useless. At last, however, he came to one which I thought would do. I told him so, and he thereupon invited me to wait a little longer, as the "young man" in question was likely to call shortly. At first I refused, but he considered and decided to go out and have my hair cut, and then to return and see if the young man were there."

When I came back some twenty minutes later, the small office was full of people. As I entered, something in the look of the place and the attitude of the people struck me as familiar. But I dismissed the idea at once. The shopman came to meet me.

"The young man is here, sir," he said, and he turned with a wave of his hand to a figure behind him. The figure advanced. It was the figure of a good looking boy rather than of a man, slight and fair, and with the head fittingly adorned by a pair of curly locks which were perfectly useless. At last, however, he came to one which I thought would do. I told him so, and he thereupon invited me to wait a little longer, as the "young man" in question was likely to call shortly. At first I refused, but he considered and decided to go out and have my hair cut, and then to return and see if the young man were there."

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"He is there, sir, the old gentleman in gray—in the passage."

I jumped up, and was following him in a moment. It must have been well past six o'clock, and yet the lights in the corridor were not all unlit. I looked all around, but could see no one.

"Where?" I said, in a whisper; for I think the gloom and the boy's strange looks had frightened my common sense out of me.

Sydney took me by the arm and pulled me on. I felt he was trembling all over. And for my own part, I could not help but feel as if I were creeping through my limbs.

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"Oh, you mean the old gentleman in gray, sir. He left no name. I thought, sir, he seemed to be at home in the house; I had seen him here so often, sir."

Now it was my turn to stare. I was dumfounded. I literally stammered for want of words. Then I showed what I have always thought was remarkable present of mind. I turned round and walked into the dining-room, telling the boy to follow. There I poured out a glass of whisky and gave it to him.

"Drink that," I said, "and you had better sit down."

Obviously he thought me as eccentric as I thought him. But he merely said: "Thank you, sir," and drank the whisky.

"You feel quite well?" I asked, frigidly.

"Quite well, thank you, sir."

"Are you subject to delusions or hallucinations?"

"No, sir; never, sir," he answered promptly, with a lurking smile, which he vainly tried to conceal.

"That smile annoyed me. I broke out again—

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"In God's name, where are you going?" I said, in a terrified whisper.

The boy did not answer. He stopped dead. The darkness was thick about us. We were standing in a mist, and even the blurred stars had faded out. Suddenly I felt a weak break over my head. And at that moment, hissing out and inching across the darkness, another I saw him walk to the front door, open it, and hold it, as if for an invisible visitor to pass out. After that I could stand it no longer. I am the worst possible hand at fault-finding with servants, but I was determined to have an explanation of this. So that afternoon I spoke to Sydney.

"Sydney," I said, bluntly, "are you given to seeing ghosts?"

"I, sir?" he answered, with a smile of astonishment. "No, sir, I never saw a ghost in my life."

"Then, what is it you saw?" I asked, and he was silent for a moment. "I was looking out of the window in the way you have been doing?"

The boy stared. Evidently he thought me off my head. I determined to speak more fully.

"Then," I said, "what was that person you showed out of the window this morning?"

"I knew I had him there, for I was sure nobody had called."

"Oh, you mean the old gentleman in gray, sir. He left no name. I thought, sir, he seemed to be at home in the house; I had seen him here so often, sir."

Now it was my turn to stare. I was dumfounded. I literally stammered for want of words. Then I showed what I have always thought was remarkable present of mind. I turned round and walked into the dining-room, telling the boy to follow. There I poured out a glass of whisky and gave it to him.

"Drink that," I said, "and you had better sit down."

Obviously he thought me as eccentric as I thought him. But he merely said: "Thank you, sir," and drank the whisky.

"You feel quite well?" I asked, frigidly.

"Quite well, thank you, sir."

"Are you subject to delusions or hallucinations?"

"No, sir; never, sir," he answered promptly, with a lurking smile, which he vainly tried to conceal.

"That smile annoyed me. I broke out again—

"Then, what on earth do you mean," I cried, "by telling me this nonsense about a gentleman in gray?"

Sydney rose. There was some dignity in his manner, and he spoke respectfully, but in an injured tone. "I beg your pardon, sir—but I only told you about the gentleman in gray who called, and I thought, sir, you might have seen him, for he passed by you, and I fancied he nodded to you as he passed."

HOME AND FARM.

—The laying of soft-shelled eggs sometimes results from over-feeding, and sometimes lack of lime or shell material.

—The *Farm Journal* says that the animals must be kept in good weather and must take what they can get. But they hate nasty water as much as we do.

—Lemon Cream: Peel three lemons and squeeze out the juice into one quart of milk. Add the peel, cut in pieces, and cover the mixture for a few hours; then add six eggs, well beaten, and one pint of water, well sweetened. Strain and transfer to a gentle fire, and thicken. Serve very cold.—*Boston Globe*.

—Coffee Cake: One cup of brown sugar, one cup of butter, one-half cup of molasses, one cup of strong, cold coffee, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves, one cup of raisins or currants and five cups of sifted flour. Add the fruit last, rub in a little of the flour. Bake about one hour.—*Exchange*.

—A Western farmer advises stringing seed corn by tying the ears together with husks in some place where the grain can be saturated with coal smoke. The odor, he says, repels squirrels and worms from eating the seed. The seed comes up quicker, the plants grow more vigorously and ripen several days earlier than from seed not so treated.—*Troy Times*.

—Too many farmers neglect to feed the horses. They are foolish. A bad feed is needed, even in summer. Wheat straw is the best for the purpose. It is brittle, and the animal will get his feet tangled up in it. Oat straw is too tough. Barley straw is too dusty. It causes irritation of the skin. A few straws will not do. Give a good, soft bed.—*Western Rural*.

—A practice that has been tried with good success, says *Colman's Rural*, is to mix the green hay with some old hay. This is a certain amount of spring in the straw, and so on till the mow is full or the stack complete. The straw not only absorbs the moisture from the hay, and thus aids in drying it, but it is itself improved by this absorption of the odors of the fresh hay, so that stock will eat the straw up quicker, when before they would hardly touch it.

—To crystallize fruit, pick out the finest of any kind of fruit, leave in the stones; beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, lay the fruit in the beaten egg with the stems upward; drain and beat the part that drips off again; select those that are one, and dip them into a cup of finely-powdered sugar. Cover a pan with a sheet of fine paper, place the fruit on it and set it in a cool oven. When the icing on the fruit becomes firm, pile them on a dish and set them in a cool place.—*Boston Budget*.

SAVING SEED.

Timely Hints to Those Who Desire to Have Good Crops Next Season.

We think it well to call the attention of the readers to the need of being careful to save good seed for another season. The carelessness of preserving seed is a notorious fact. While it is a well-understood fact that like in the vegetable world practically produces like, in thousands of cases, seed is just as likely to be saved from poor as from good specimens, and then the seed that is gathered is not well taken care of. The result is disappointment in the next year's crop and finally the conclusion is reached that the particular variety was run out with the growing, and he goes to the expense of buying fresh seed. It is very likely, too, that such men do not properly plant and care for the crops—far carelessness in one direction is pretty apt to imply carelessness in all directions—and then he blames the seedman. But the seedman, it may be, does not always sell as good seed as he should, and even a careful grower will be disappointed. It is better to save our own seed, if we will take the pains to make a careful selection, for then we will know precisely what we have, and may reasonably expect that we will get what we want another year. It folly to save the seed of weak plants. By what process of reasoning can we expect strong plants from the seeds gathered from such plants? Seed has a natural tendency to degenerate, and that tendency must be combated, and it can be combated only by making careful selection. Some seedling plants, which it has no permanence of characteristics. We plant it and it produces something that in some marked particular is not what we expected. Now it is folly to replant such seed. Unless the plant it produces is perfect, seed from the plant can not reasonably be expected to give satisfaction. In the raising of many years of selection-breeding, some will try to invest seed with permanence of characteristics. The term pedigree has been attached to seed, and not inappropriately. If a variety can be clearly traced back through the different stages of its origin, its history may add much to the degree of esteem in which it is held.

The carrot is frequently referred to show what care in the selection of seed will do and what carelessness in the same direction may result in. If the seed of carrot is not carefully preserved it will actually turn into a weed, and though plants in general will retain their distinctive character under neglect much better than the carrot will, still there is an unmistakable tendency to degenerate. In the selection of seed, too, we should have an eye to early maturity. The plants that mature the earliest have within themselves the seed should be selected. It is always desirable, too, that fruit and vegetables should be as nearly uniform in appearance as it is possible to have them. A very considerable degree of uniformity can be insured by selecting seed from the plants that are uniform. There is very good reason for this. There is some carelessness frequently in this particular. Even in selecting such common seed as corn there is so much carelessness that several varieties are often mixed, to its detriment as a salable commodity.

Productiveness is a matter that no one would be told should be regarded. A productive plant, as well as a product variety, should be the one selected for seed. Certain trees are more fruitful than others which seem to be equally as favorably situated, and everything points to the conclusion that such trees have within themselves superior productiveness. The same is true of plants. Now this difference can not be explained, but the demonstrated fact is before us, and the best we can do is to recognize it and select our seed from the best. It is not unfrequently the case that the difference in yield is a matter of fact the difference in the quality of seed is the sole cause. Let us prepare to save good seed this season.—*Western Rural*.

PAPER RAILWAY TIES.

A Great Improvement Which is Proven Perfect by Its Inventor.

"That is a railroad tie." It was of the regular size and polished as smoothly as a piece of Italian marble. The grain was so fine and the whole appearance was so artistic that it might easily have been taken for a chip from a pillar of a Grecian temple instead of such a practical thing as a railroad tie. The speaker was a short, stout, sad-faced man, with a large head and overhanging brows, and was the inventor of this artistic sleeper, and in his little office in Fulton street there were many models of cars and railroad tracks scattered about. "This," said he, "is the result of years of labor, and I believe now that it is perfect. It is made of paper, which I believe is to enter to a large extent in all building operations at no distant day. The great enemy to the use of paper for many things is moisture, and in my invention, of course, a means had to be discovered to prevent dampness from having the slightest effect, as a railroad tie, being in the ground, is subjected constantly to it, and a rotten tie might cause the loss of many lives and much property. The process of manufacture is secret to a certain extent, but the tie is absolutely fire and water proof. There: I will throw a piece of the prepared paper into the fire. You see it will not burn. I have submerged it for weeks and months in both hot and cold water and the moisture has never been found inside the surface. Consequently it can not rot. Though apparently as hard as iron, an ordinary spike can be driven into it without difficulty, and when the spike is in position the material is of such a nature that it closes around the iron and holds it so firmly that it can never be shaken loose. There is also a certain amount of spring in the tie, and when there is a load on it it operates as a sort of cushion and takes away a certain amount of jar from running cars. Under certain conditions, by slightly altering the combination of materials, the paper can be made so hard that it will be as hard as the hardest tool without being more than scratched. The ordinary wooden tie will last about five years under the most favorable conditions, while this paper tie will stand any kind of weather for at least thirty years."

The paper used is generally made of straw, though almost any kind of fibre will do as well. Straw