

THE COUNTY PAPER.

By DOHNS & WALLER. REGON. MO

THE IDYL OF THE BAGGAGE-MAN.

Burlington, New Jersey.

With many a curve the trunk I pitch With many a shout and sally: A station, siding, crossing, switch, On mountain grade or valley, I leave, I push, I sling, I toss, With vigorous endeavor, And men may smile, and men grow cross, But I'm a trunk forever.

TWO VISIONS.

Where these the curving mountains drew To-day the stream in rugged course, With every outline, curve, and hue Reflected in its placid face.

LOOKING BACK.

Fair were the dreamful days of old, When, in the sleepy summer shade, Beneath the beeches on the world, The shepherd lay, and gently played

THE GHOST OF GLEN ALDEN.

Waverly Magazine.

Away off among the banks and braes of bonny Scotland was the picturesque old castle of Glen Alden. For centuries the race of Aldens had buried themselves behind its brown walls; generation after generation had been born, lived and died; and was to the Scottish tongue that dared to utter against its high-born ladies and lairds!

Clara! Her velvet robes were the last to trail the floors of Glen Alden Castle before Sir Ralph's English wife swept them with her rustling silks.

Since she became the mistress of the castle there had been mirth and music enough to frighten away the rats, and light and beauty enough to make the shadows flee away to the uttermost parts of the earth; but the servants swore that the ghost of the beautiful lady still roamed over the grounds and paced restlessly up and down the corridors the moment the last light ceased to glimmer through the castle windows.

It was Halloween, the mystic Halloween, and the children of the castle were in the west room with old Margery. A blazing fire and old Margery to entertain them; this was happiness indeed.

The wind moaned dismally, and the roar of the lake could be heard distinctly, causing Margery to shudder and stop her car; for such sounds always meant that the murdered lady could not rest in her watery bed, and was visiting her old nooks at the castle.

It was the black-eyed English lady, who, followed by the Ladies Christabel and Maud, had come to say good-night to the little ones, and take a last look in the long mirror that hung in the west room.

The lady and her daughter surveyed themselves and were on the point of leaving, but the gentle Lady Maud tarried.

"I will join you after a little," she said; and she threw herself into a large oaken chair, and clasping her white fingers over her sunny head, said softly: "Margery, tell me the story of the ghost of Glen Alden: I do so love to hear such things!"

and the color was gone from the young face, but she was not ill.

"That was all, my lady; there was a double funeral at the castle, but they only buried one body, for they could not find the Lady Clara; so they buried the last of the Aldens, and the castle was closed, and the Castle of Allwyn too, for the young laird left the country.

Only the ghost of Lady Clara, that refuses to rest in its watery bed because her murder was not avenged, has dwelt here since. She has been seen at night in this same chamber, holding aside the heavy curtains with her white hand, while she stood and watched, and she did in life, the distant towers of Allwyn Castle. Ah, my lady, it was a sad Halloween, a sad Halloween! List! don't ye hear the wind how it moans, and the lake? Ye will hear the lady's cry at daybreak, an' ye will list."

Lady Maud went to the window, and drawing back the heavy curtains, looked long and steadily at the magic lake, while in the plaintive voice of the wind she fancied there was something almost human.

"Margery, I have a mind to go to the lake and see just where the Lady Clara met her death on Halloween."

"No, my lady, ye will na' do that! Wait the mornin', when the sun shines," said Margery.

"No! half the charm of the lake is lost in daylight!" And she started like an impulsive child for mystic Lochin.

"You will cover the bonny curls?" begged Margery. "Ah! my lady, I dread to see ye go, it is such a wild place; only list to the roar—ye will surely come to ill!"

THE HIGHWAY COW.

Country-side.

The hue of her hide was dusky brown, Her body was lean and her neck was slim, One horn was turned up and the other turned down,

She was keen of vision and long of limb; With a Roman nose and a short stump tail, And prigs like the hoops on a home-made mill.

Many a mark did her body bear; She had been a target for all things known; On many a scar the dusky hair Would grow no more where it once had grown.

Many a passionate parting shot Had left upon her a lasting spot, Many a brickbat of goodly size, And many a cudgel swiftly thrown.

Had brought the tears to her loving eyes, Or had banded off from her bony back With a noise like the sound of a rifle crack.

Many a day had she passed in the pound For helping herself to her neighbor's corn; Many a cowardly cur and hound, Had been transfixed on her crumpled horn;

Many a teat and of 11th fall Had the farmer boys tied to her time-worn tail Old Deacon Gray was a pious man, Though sometimes tempted to be profane,

When many a wary mile he ran To drive her out of his growing grain; Sharp was the peasant's she used to play To get her fill and get away.

It is known when the deacon went to town, She wisely watched him when he went by; He never passed her without a frown, And an evil grin in each gray eye;

He would crack his whip in a surly way, And drive along in his "one-horse-shay," Then at his homestead she loved to call, Lifting his bars with crumpled horn,

Nimbly scaling his garden wall, Helping herself to his standing corn; Eating his cabbage one by one, Hurrying home when her work was done.

His human passions were quick to rise, And striding forth with a savage cry, With fury blazing from both his eyes, As lightening flash to a summer sky.

Reckless and redoubtable he would grow, And after the creature he would go, Over the garden, round and round, Breaking his pear and apple trees,

Trampling his melons into the ground, Overturning his hives of bees, Leaving him angry and badly stung, Wishing the old cow's neck was winged.

The mosses grew on the garden wall; The years went by with their work and play, The boys of the village grew strong and tall, And the gray-haired farmers passed away.

One by one as the red leaves fall, But the highway cow outlived them all.

THE YESTERDAYS.

Mary Clemmer. I take your gifts, O yesterdays, And safe from all unkindly eyes I set them one by one away, Secure from change or sore surprise.

I take your gifts, glad yesterdays! And when I turn from work to play, From care to rest, they'll make me joy, And make my heart its holiday.

I take your gifts, and yesterdays— The better deeds I might have done, The tears I might have wiped away, The higher lights I might have won.

You show, O tearful yesterdays, How poor my life's most perfect part, You tear the crown of pride away, And give instead the pitying heart.

I see the wave of summer woods, I hear the lapse of far off streams, The murmur of the honeyed pines, Runs sweet and low along my dreams.

And still a tender heart enfolds A faded face, a haunting tune— The lingering fragrance of a joy One yesterday made all its own.

I take your gifts, rich yesterdays! How worth may be some one way; Fortune may strip her guards away, The wealth of all the past is sure.

We jostle in the careless crowd, We meet, we part, we go our ways; But each, unseen, bears up to God The sum of all his yesterdays.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Butter Easily Spoiled. Of all the products of the farm, butter is the most liable to be tainted by noxious odors floating in the atmosphere.

Our people laid out in the cellar from which a little blood flowed out, and was neglected until it commenced to smell. The result was that a jar of butter we were packing smelled and tasted like spoiled beef.

We know of an instance where there is a pond of filthy, stagnant water a few hundred feet from the house, from which an offensive effluvia would be borne on the breeze directly to the milk-room when the wind was in a certain direction, the result of which was that the cream and butter would taste like the disagreeable odor coming from the pond.

As soon as the pond was drained there was no more damaged butter. It is remarkable how easily butter is spoiled.

Milking. The milking qualities of cows are the results of the arts of man. The cow in its natural state gives as much milk as will keep a calf about two months, then for four months as much as will partially sustain it after that it takes care of itself.

On the other hand, the cow which art has produced gives as much milk for four months in the year as will support four or five calves, and for five months more as much as would support three, two and one. Thus we find that almost every breed has its milking strains. The Durham has its milking qualities just in proportion as man has induced them. The Hereford is also a noted beef-producing breed; but there are strains which are deep milkers. There are men who have succeeded so well in converting butter and milk-producers into heavy beef animals. The Ayrshire, the Jerseys, the Guernseys, are not easily converted into beef animals; yet it may be said that man changes the characteristics of animals almost at will.

Renewing Grass Land.

When grass land gets run out, as the phrase goes, the best way to renew it unless it is very rocky or rough land,

is to break it up, and, if it is not available or desirable for cultivation, to manure heavily and reseed.

This month, after the hay is cut, is the best time for breaking up sod. It can then be manured, thoroughly harrowed and re-seeded with grass, or sown with rye, the last of the month.

In sowing grass seed, only those kinds should be sown together that mature together. Herd-grass and red top go well together, but orchard grass, June grass and the other early varieties, should be sown by themselves.

Twelve quarts of herd-grass and three pecks of red top make a very good seeding for an acre. If herd-grass is sown alone on very heavy land, it should be sown more thickly, so that it will not grow too rank and coarse.

Orchard grass should be sown very thickly, or it will grow in clumps. From a bushel and a half to two bushels of seed to the acre gives a good result.

Sunlight for Pigs. What an exchange says about pigs is true also of all animals. They cannot thrive without sunlight: "Where the sun does not come the doctor does," applies to our animals as well as ourselves.

A breeder asked our advice about his pigs; they did not thrive; he was always unfortunate with them, and with the utmost care they never reared their young to perfection. The sty faces the North, and never get any sun; the beds are lower than the outside ground, and the bottom is of earth; of course always damp and offensive, notwithstanding that straw is added day after day.

Stys should face the sun, and be allowed plenty of fresh air; the bottom should be concreted and slightly sloping, to carry off the wet, and, although some do not like it, we approve strongly of a wooden bench at the back for the bed. The sides of the sty should be railed, not bricked or boarded, as young pigs are often crushed by the sow pressing against them.

To remove rust from knives cover them with sweet oil well rubbed on, and after two days take a lump of fresh lime and rub till the rust disappears.

One thousand laths will cover 70 yards of surface, and 11 pound of lath nails will nail them on.

A cord of stone, three bushels of lime and a cubic yard of sand will lay 100 cubic feet of wall.

Eight bushels of good lime, sixteen bushels of sand, and one bushel of hair will make enough mortar to plaster 100 square yards.

One thousand shingles laid four inches to the weather will cover 100 square feet of surface, and five pounds of shingle nails will fasten them on.

To destroy rust from knives cover them with sweet oil well rubbed on, and after two days take a lump of fresh lime and rub till the rust disappears.

One-fifth more siding and flooring is needed than the number of square feet of surface to be covered, because of the lap in the siding and the matching of the floor.

To destroy ants.—A strong solution of carbolic acid and water poured into the holes kills all the ants it touches, and the survivors immediately take themselves off.

To cleanse straw matting.—Straw matting may be cleaned with a large cloth, dipped in salt and water, and then wiped dry. The salt prevents the straw from turning yellow.

Five courses of brick will lay one foot in height on an enmire. Nine bricks in a course will make a flue eight inches wide and twenty inches long, and eight bricks in a course will make a flue eight inches wide and sixteen inches long.

Horse-radish in pickles.—Horse radish will prevent pickles from moulding. Cut in little round slices a piece of horse-radish root as large as your finger and twice as long, and throw them into a two-gallon jar of sweet pickles just before setting it away, and you will find them all right when you go in haste to get a dishful for the table.

White Candy.—One cup of granulated sugar, one pint of water, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar; boil just as you do molasses candy, but do not stir it. You can tell when it is done by trying it in cold water. Pull as if you were molasses candy; have a dish near by with some vanilla in it, and work in enough to flavor it as you pull; pull in a cold room, and the next day you will have delicious candy.

Our Receipt for Curing Meat. As the season has arrived when curing meat is in order, we republish of our former receipt for curing beef, pork, mutton, hams, etc., as follows:

To one gallon of water, take 1 1/2 lbs salt, 1 lb. of sugar, 1/2 oz. saltpetre, 1/2 lb. of saltpetre.

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We can preserve our tranquility of soul and of demeanor, we shall get through everything creditably. Especially is this good advice for warm weather.

Who feels the most heat? Who is most exhausted and prostrated by its severity? Why the person who flies from fans to ice-water bemoaning herself, who changes her dress a half dozen times a day, who laments that it is so warm, and watches the thermometer with despairing certainty that it never was so hot before; who, in short, in-ensures her own discomfort and adds to that of others by constant thinking of it.

Women who can stay in-doors have the advantage of men in warm weather. It is wise to air a house thoroughly in the early morning, and keep it, as far as possible, closed and darkened through mid-day.

Dispense with a great fire in the kitchen range, and let the cooking be moderate. Fruits, salads and simple, easily cooked cereals are the proper foods for summer. A gas-stove is an economy and a comfort. Find the coolest place to sit, go quietly about your work and make as little fuss as may be about its being warm.

Let the children have frequent baths, and do not encumber them with heavy clothing. Common sense and an easy mind help one over most of life's rough places with little friction.

Useful Information. One thousand laths will cover 70 yards of surface, and 11 pound of lath nails will nail them on.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A Boston driver has named a horse car "Gen. Butler." He says it is the easiest car on the road to switch from one track to another.

The barber's children are little shavers, the upholsterer's are little tackers, the butcher's are young lambs, the carpenter's are chips from the old block, the baker's are crum baby tarts, and the angry man's are little pots.

"Bridget," said the mistress to her servant, "put a little nutmeg in the custard this afternoon;" and Bridget picked out the smallest nutmeg she could find and threw it in the custard, where it was found entire at the evening meal.

A small boy testified in an Austin justice's court that the affray took place on Sunday. "How do you know it was Sunday?" "Because that day I had to go to the back door of the saloon to get beer instead of the front door."

A sarcastic Georgia editor, in noticing a fair which recently came off in Macon, says: "One of our contemporaries took a very valuable premium, but a meddling and firm policeman made him put it right back where he took it from."

Mark Twain, lecturing on the Fiji islands, offered to show how the cannibals ate their food if any lady would lend him a baby. The lecture had to go unillustrated.

The father of a St. Louis bride presented his son-in-law with 80,000 head of cattle. "Papa, dear," exclaimed his daughter when she heard of it, "that was so kind of you; Charley's awfully fond of ox-tail soup."

Back-yard logic: "If you use a burner like this on your lamp," said the peddler, "you will save half of the kerosene." The lady said she would take two, so she would not need any kerosene at all.

"The Germans are a frugal people," says an American writer, after visiting the Berlin opera-house. "As soon as the opera was over, the man in front took wads of cotton from his pocket, and stopped up his ears to save the music he had paid for."

The "Midnight Sun" is the title of a fine descriptive article going the rounds of the press. But in these degenerate days the midnight sun is a passably good boy; it is the three-o'clock-in-the-morning sun who grieves his parents.

"Don't you think," said a brother lawyer to Judge Underwood, "that Jimmy Pierson is the greatest liar of a lawyer that you ever saw?" "I should be sorry to say that of Brother Pierson," replied the judge; "but he is certainly more economical of the truth than any other lawyer in the circuit."

An Austin gentleman went out on Onion Creek to shoot quail. When he got back he was very much sunburnt. On his return he met Gilhooly, who asked him what he had been doing. "I've got a little sunburnt shooting quail." "Well, you had better go home and sleep it off. If you had got that ba-ly sunburnt in town the Recorder would have fined you \$10 and cost's."

Nothing can be fairer, nor more noble than the holy fervor of true zeal. Act well at the moment and you have performed a good action to all eternity.

Where may everlasting spring be found? In an India-rubber factory. True piety is always humble, serious, and forgetful of self and self-aggrandizement.

The man who has learned the lesson of humility has learned the first and hardest lesson of the Christian life. The man who employs his time to no advantage of others, is as worthless a creature as he who is always idle.

Custom surpasses nature; be careful therefore, what you accustom yourself to. True greatness is a personal characteristic; it is not affected by ones occupation.

Sometimes a noble failure serves the world as faithfully as a distinguished success. The money which is the result of honest toil lasts longer and affords the most happiness.

Labor to keep alive in the breast that little spark of celestial conscience. Insurance tables of probability are the most valuable of temperance.

Hope is like a sun. Every day it follows, of its own accord, behind us. Every day it works. The moment we stop, the moment we rest, the moment we are out, when the path is purified by the sun.

Why is it that which a man is apt to be wrong and that he ought to do is apt to be disagreeable. We were asked, in a long communication, "if light lacing is injurious." Of course it is.

If you want to teach a dog arithmetic, tie up one of his paws, and he will put down three and carry one every-time.

Bulwer says: "There is nothing worth having that is not difficult. My life, and I suppose the life of every man who has worked with hand or head, has been one long contest with difficulties."