

CLOSE TO THE HEART.

After the toll of the day,
After the wearisome burden,
Borne on the shoulders of care,
Rolls through the darkness away;
Then from benignant hands
Cometh the beautiful guardian;
Silence keeps watch by the couch
Where our beloved we lay.
Soft—the child is at rest,
Worn with the travail of sorrow;
Kiss down the eyelids so fair,
Clasp her again to your breast;
Out of her sleep she may wake,
One with the angels to-morrow,
Leaving you searching in vain,
For the sweet joy you possessed.
Hold them as close as we may,
Out of our arms they are going,
Surely as into the chasm
Of night flows the stream of to-day,
Close by the roses of life
The cypress of death may be growing
And so, my beloved, I hold you
Close to my heart while I may.

For The Huntington Argus.
SEVEN.

How much significance has been given the number seven since first time begun! The Lord made heaven and earth in six days and rested on the seventh, and proclaimed to all men that they should do likewise until the end of time. The children of Israel fasted for seven days, and for seven successive days remained within their tents. The command was given that the seventh year should be one in which no ground should be cultivated, and once every seven years there was a complete release for all men from all debts, and all slaves were to be free for one year. In the old Mosaic law, young men were apprenticed for the term of seven years, and convicts were held in durance for the same number of years, or transported for seven years, twice seven, or three times seven years, as the law read.

The ancients never permitted their children to be named before seven days, and the Syrians hold this still as a religious thing. Oliver Wendell Holmes, somewhere in his writing, tells a legend of the Sinaitic Valley, that inscriptions of a sacred character appear once every seven years on the rocks in that valley, and disappear at the end of the same year. The baby's first tooth is first seen at seven months, and are shed when it has attained childhood's majority—seven years. At twenty-one, or three times seven, a man is considered, according to the laws of our country, old enough to sell his vote for seven dollars or less. At twenty-eight, or four times seven, he is regarded as a thoroughly developed biped; at thirty-five, or five times seven, he has made the transition "from lively to severe," if he ever intends to make the journey. At forty-nine, or seven times seven, he is in mental and physical apoplexy; at ninety-one, he is in his first climacteric, at seventy-seven, or ten times seven, he has passed his three score years and ten, the natural period of human life, as we are told by the royal Psalmist. Jacob served seven years for Rachel, and then, alas! condemned to another seven years of servitude in order to obtain her. Twice seven years for two wives! According to Mark Twain, it would have been better to have served that time to escape the incumbrance.

The number seven seems to have been the pet of circumstances since the six days' work was done, that made all created things.
M. E. B. P.

Amadaville, April, 1873

From Pomroy's Democrat.
A HORRIBLE NIGHT.

It was near the close of the day—the fourth day of July, 1869, that I found myself by a beautiful spring brook, which crossed the "Old Traverse Trail," about four or five miles south of Pine river, and about thirty miles south of Grand Traverse settlement. I had parted with my wife and babe at the settlement that morning, and had stopped at this beautiful babbling brook to rest, and refresh myself with its limpid waters.

I had started for Kalamazoo, and had about seventy-five miles of this lonely solitude to go through before I could reach the next settlement—or, as the Travelers say, before I would get "outside."

As it was near sundown, and water was an object along this trail, I concluded I would camp here for the night. I accordingly went up the stream and discovered a little log hut, partially covered with bark which had probably been the winter quarters of some trapper or hunter the previous winter. "This is the place I have been looking for," thought I, and I accordingly went about getting some dry fuel, with which to smoke away the ravenous mosquitoes, which hovered about like a swarm of bees. After using a single little pile of hemlock boughs in one corner of the hut, on which to repose, I took from my pocket a late copy of Pomroy's Democrat and tried to read, but could not—the letters would run together. After several attempts and failures, I put the paper in my pocket, then filled and lighted my pipe—a strange feeling, almost indescribable, came over me. I began to grow restless and uneasy, when something seemed to say to me, "Don't stop here, this is the haunted cabin!" It fairly raised my

hair. I looked about and tried to discover from whence the strange whispers came, but I could discover no clue.

I stepped out of the cabin and looked around. The birds were gaily warbling their evening carol; the sun, which was eating, looked like a large ball of fire, and the wind made a dreary lonesome noise among the tall pine and hemlock, which stood thickly about on all sides. I meditated only a moment, my resolve was quickly taken—I stepped back into the hut, picked up my carpet bag and started. It was only a few steps to the trail. As soon as I reached the trail I stopped and meditated a moment, and then I was ready to retrace my steps. What a fool I am, thought I, to leave this comfortable little cabin and this delightful little brook, and here just at night start out on this lonesome old trail, and ten to one get lost.—No, I'll risk the phantoms and stay here! After returning to the cabin I procured more fuel, and then tried to read again, but could not concentrate my mind long enough upon any one article to finish it. I flung the paper down, filled and lighted my pipe again, and in the course of an hour or so I was pretty well composed.

Wearied with my long walk, it was scarcely dark when I sought my hemlock bed, and pined that sweet Morpheus might take charge of me and release my mind from worldly care till the coming of another day.

In the course of an hour I fell into a gentle slumber of five or ten minutes' duration, when a wild scream aroused me from my lethargy. In an instant I was brightening up my fire, which by this time had nearly died out. In a few moments my fire was burning brightly. For perhaps a minute I remained in breathless silence, as if paralyzed, striving to catch the slightest sound, and moving not a muscle; but the dull, dreary rustling of the leaves, with an occasional sigh and moan of the breeze as it swept with a varying current through the tall pine and hemlock, was all that I could now distinguish with the sense of hearing. My reverie was soon disturbed by a sound entirely different from the preceding, but so frightful and unearthly, that I fairly sank down paralyzed with fear! Then immediately arose a succession of the most horrible noises I ever heard—sounds as of death-struggle just below me by the brook, with snarlings, growlings and gnashing of teeth, commingled with yells and groans, and howlings of pain, terror and despair.

"Great Heavens!" thought I, "what can it be? I have been in the woods for months at a time; have camped out many a night all alone, fifty miles from any settlement, and never before did I hear such unearthly noises! Here I am, unarmed and alone, and some monster of the woods is about to devour me! Oh, God, what a thought! What would become of my dear wife and babe! My blood fairly curdled in my veins; but, thank God, I have a good pocket knife and stout blue-beech cane, and if I have to die I will sell my life dearly."

My fire now burned brightly and looked rather cheerful within, but without those unearthly groans, yells, and frightful growls made it look and appear diabolical enough indeed.

Presently I ventured to the doorway (for there was no door, only a place for one) with my pocket-knife in one hand and my cane in the other, and addressed my intruder as follows:

"If you are a man (I thought perhaps it might be some hunter who was trying to play a joke on me) come forward and make yourself known, and you shall share my humble couch with me, and be forgiven for your little joke, and used with courtesy in every respect."

Before I had finished the sentence I saw something creeping stealthily toward me, and when within about three rods of me, commenced a round of those horrible noises, again. It fairly curdled the blood in my veins this time, for I was satisfied, beyond a doubt, that it was a panther. I seized a fire brand and hurled it at him, but he only moved back a little farther in the thicket, growling savagely as he did so. He circled the cabin a half dozen times that night, and would invariably come back and take his stand in front of my door. As soon as the fire got a little dim, he would venture to the door, all the time growling savagely. I do believe if I had not "furnished" him several times, and threatened him with instant death, he would have come in and given me battle. He watched me as closely as a cat would watch a mouse, and every time I would stir or move, he would growl savagely, which made me shiver as if in an ice-bath. How I wished for my trusty rifle, which I had left at home, little dreaming I would have so much need of it so shortly after leaving home. No gun was hanging what where I was in, except some one who has experienced something similar.

Oh! that long, dismal, eventful night—would that I could forget it, be even now I can only recall it with feelings of horror. About two hours before day my feet began to get swollen, and Mr. Panther began to get bolder.

My God! thought I, if my feet give out I will surely be torn to pieces and be devoured by the carnivorous beast. I crept

up all the loose rubbish, such as chips, pieces of bark, &c., I could find, and put them on the fire, but they only lasted a few moments, the fire began to die out again, and this time the panther ventured to the very door, his eyes glared like two balls of fire, and he growled furiously! Happy thought! I can brighten up the fire with the bark which covers this hut! No sooner said than done. I began pulling down the bark and putting it upon the fire, and in a few moments I had the fire burning brightly again, which caused the panther to retreat a little from the doorway. He now set up a continuous round of his heart-rending, hair-raising noises, which lasted for about half an hour, and then all noises ceased, and that was the last I heard of him.

At the first dawn of day I "lit out" of there, and for the first two or three miles I nearly made railroad speed! At sunrise I stopped long enough to eat a cold breakfast and before the sun went down that night I reached the Dry Prairies Settlement, which was forty-five miles from the "Haunted Cabin," or as I afterwards christened it the "Panther's Den."

I cannot explain the strange presentiment, but must say it was the most horrible night that I ever experienced.

SOILING AND MILK FARMING.—At a gathering of the farmers at Lowell, Mr. H. Sedgwick, of Cornwall, Conn., referring to the short feed of the Fall of 1871, said: Our farmers all declare they will not go back to the old way of feeding stock. We cut up our straw and everything available. Many of us have adopted the plan of steaming the food for our cattle, and we are satisfied from the experiments we have made, that we save a third of our provender by steaming it. As a sample of what this manner of feeding stock will do I will relate an instance of a young man who, a year ago this last Spring, bought a farm of 80 acres of land for \$11,000. The farm then kept eleven cows, four or five yearlings, and a horse or two. The young man took hold of that farm and immediately put in fourteen acres of sown corn. He increased the stock to twenty-five cows, and kept them on twelve acres, feeding them the sowed corn, and also cutting his oats green for food. His receipts the first year were over \$5,000. This year he has summered on the same farm twenty-seven cows, and he told me the other day that his twenty-seven cows would average him \$100 each from profit on milk.

A woman's determination to part her hair at the side broke up a wedding at Bangor, Maine, last week. The company had all assembled, the clergyman was in his place, and the groom proceeded up stairs to escort his chosen one to the altar. The lady was splendidly dressed, but in arranging her hair had adopted the "new style." To this the young man objected in the most decided terms, saying that it looked too "frozen and hot," that the hair of a bride should be parted modestly in the middle. A sharp war of words followed, which resulted in a declaration on the part of the angry youth that he had taken a firm stand; that the hair must be redressed or he would never look upon it again. To his girl replied that he might leave as soon as he pleased, and leave her, much to the disgust of the people who came to partake of the wedding supper, and were turned out of the house without it.

LAWNS.—Those having an intention of making improvements, either in a new or beginning new work, should beforehand have their designs prepared and at hand, so that the work of laying out and planting may be prevented as soon as the earth is in triable condition, stubbornly retreating from working ground when it is in a wet state. Walks should be made, and box edging laid, trees and shrubs planted before the lawns are seeded down. It takes about thirty lbs. of grass seed to sow an acre and to make a good sod. Choose the following seeds in nearly equal proportions, viz: Blue grass, Red Top, Hard Fescue, White Top, sweet-scented vernal grass, to which add ten lbs. of White Clover seed. The ground to be made fine before sowing, then scratch gently with a rake, and finish by rolling it well over.

CHICKEN AND HAY PIE.—Cut two chickens into joints, season them with salt, black and Cayenne pepper, a little powdered mace, and a tablespoonful of chopped mushrooms. Then make beds of firmment and the hard boiled yolk of eggs, and lay them in the dish between the joints of chicken, with a few slices of lean ham in between, and add a little water with a mushroom boiled in it, cover it with puff paste and bake.

CATTY.—This vegetable is said to be one of the most potent anti-venereal remedies known. A writer in a leading periodical writes that he has known many cured, and women too, who from various causes have become so much affected with this disease, but they shook like aspen leaves on a windy day, when by a daily moderate use of the blessed root, stalks, or the every successive a salad, became so strong and steady in limb as other people.

Poor Children.—They once call him "The white-eyed, red-whiskered child of corruption from Kansas."

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and in return for the favor, pledges his self to
spare no pains to give satisfaction.
Nov 27
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