

FAMILY CIRCLE.

Don't be in a Hurry to Go.

Come boys, I have something to tell you;
Come here, I would whisper it to you;
You're thinking of leaving the homestead,
Don't be in a hurry to go.
The city has many attractions,
But think of the vice and the sins;
But when one is in the vortex of fashion
How soon the course downward begins!

You talk of the miners of Australia,
They're wealthy in treasure, no doubt,
But, ah! there's gold in the farm, boys,
If only you'll shovel it out;
The mercantile life is a hazard,
The goods are first high then low;
Better risk the old farm awhile longer—
Don't be in a hurry to go.

The great busy West has inducements;
And so has the business mart;
And wealth is not made in a day, boys—
Don't be in a hurry to start.
The banker and broker are wealthy,
And take in their thousands or so;
Ah! think of their frauds and deceptions,
Don't be in a hurry to go.

The farm is the safest and surest,
The orchards are loaded to-day;
You are free as the air of the mountain
And monarch of all you survey;
But stay on the farm awhile longer
Though profits come in rather slow,
Remember you've nothing to risk, boys,
Don't be in a hurry to go.

—Indiana Granger.

FORK-TONGUED.

"Harry!" she gasped, in a strange, harsh, cracked voice; and as I started and looked up from my work, there was my wife coming toward me, with her arms stretched out, her eyes fixed, and a horrible, ghastly look upon her white face, that made me drop my spade and run to meet her. I caught her just as she was falling, when her eyes closed and she gave a shiver that seemed to shake her whole body.

This was soon after we had settled out in the up-country, and there was only another hut here and there in those days; but, after years of knocking about at home, trying to get an honest living and never succeeding, we had to make our minds to try Australia, and here we were, living in a log hut I had knocked up for myself, shepherding and doing what little I could in the shape of gardening; for that being my right trade, with all the beautiful rich soil lying fallow, it did seem a sin to me not to have a turn at it; so, getting what seeds I could from Sydney, and adding to the few I had in my chest, I managed to make quite a little Eden of the bit of land I broke up around our hut. We were not saving money, not to any extent, but there was a roof over our heads, and no rent to pay, lots of vegetables of our own planting, and not costing anything, plenty of work to do, and, one sort and another, always plenty to eat; so that, after what we had gone through in England, you may be sure we were willing to put up with such inconveniences as fell to our share; and, as a matter of course, there were things to encounter out there in what some people would call a wilderness, though it was a wilderness that blossomed like a rose. There were times when we were in dread of the blacks, who had done some very queer things here and there about; then the place was terribly lonely and out of the way if you wanted the doctor; and Mary used to joke me because I never could get a pint of beer, but I found I could get on just as well without it, and, my word, what a capital cup of tea we had out there.

Well, Mary came out to me that day looking so horribly ghastly that, being naturally too fast at fancying troubles in advance, I saw directly half a score of blacks coming to spear us, and some of them knocking out the children's brains with their clubs—and not the first time either, but in a few moments the poor girl opened her eyes and began to stare about her. There was no blacks to be seen. Little Joe was sitting in the path playing, and, though I looked along the edge of the wood behind the house, I could see no signs of danger; so I began to see she must have been taken ill, and turned over in my own mind how I should get help for her.

Just then her face grew contracted again as her thoughts seemed to go back, and gasping once more, "Harry, Harry!" she gave another shudder, and said, "The baby—a snake!"

I could not see myself, but I know I turned pale, all the blood seeming to rush to my heart, for if there is anything of which I am afraid it is a snake, even going so far as to dislike eels, of which there were plenty in the river, close at hand.

I don't know how we got there, but the next thing I remember is standing at the hut window, with Mary holding little Joe tight in her arms, and I looking through at the cradle where our little thing of nine months old was lying; and my heart seemed to be turning to ice as I saw nestled in the foot of the cradle, partly hidden in the blanket, with some of its horrible coils in full sight, and its head resting upon them, the largest snake I had seen since I had been in the country. The feeling was something awful, and I stood there for a few moments leaning upon the round handle of the hoe I had caught up, not able to move, for my eyes were fixed upon the head of that hideous beast, and I expected every mo-

ment that the baby would wake and make some movement sufficient to irritate the snake, and then I felt that the little thing must die.

What should I do? I asked myself as the horrible feeling of helplessness wore off. If I crept in and reached the cradle side unheard, I dared not chop at the beast for fear of injuring the child, for I could see that some of the folds lay right across it. I dared not make a noise, lest the next moment the child should wake up as well as the reptile, for I knew the rapidity with which the reptile could wrathe fold after fold around the object it attacked; while, if of a poisonous nature, they strike in an instant. Thoughts came swiftly enough, but they were unavailing; for to wait till the baby awoke, or to go in and attack the snake, seemed equally dangerous. Even if I made a slight noise the danger seemed as great, since, though the snake might wake first and glide off, the probabilities were just as great that the child might wake at the same time.

And so I turned over the chances again and again my eyes all the while fixed upon the two sleeping occupants of the cradle, whose pleasant warmth had evidently attracted the reptile.

"I went in and saw it there," whispered my wife, and then, without taking my eyes for an instant from the snake, I whispered the one word "gun," and she glided from my side.

I did not know then, but she told me afterward, how she carried the little boy to a distance and given him some flowers to play with, while she crept back to the hut, and reaching in at the kitchen window, brought me my gun, for I had not stirred. And now, as I grasped the piece in my hand, knowing as I did that it was loaded, it seemed of no use, for I dare not fire; but with trembling hands, I felt in my pocket to see if there was a bullet in them, and then softly pulling out the ramrod, I unscrewed the piece and let the shot pattering out, when I softly forced down the bullet upon the powder, examined the cap and stood ready waiting for a chance; for I thought that the shot might have scattered, and if ever so little, might have injured the child instead of the enemy.

And there we stood for quite half an hour, watching intently that horrible beast completely nestled in the blanket, expecting momentarily that the baby would awake, while my hand trembled so that I could not hold the gun steady. One minute I was thinking that I had done wrong in changing the charge, the next minute that I was right, then I fancied the gun might miss fire, or that I might slay my own child. A hundred horrible thoughts entered my mind before little Joe began to cry out to his mother, and she glided away while I muttered to myself, "Thank Heaven!" for she was spared from seeing what followed.

As if at one and the same moment, the child and the snake woke up. I saw the baby's hand move, and its little arm thrown out, while from the motion beneath the blanket I knew that it must have kicked a little. Then there was a rapid movement in the cradle, and as I glanced along the gun-barrel, taking aim, there was the whole of the horrible reptile exposed to view, coil gliding on coil, as it seemed to fill the whole cradle; had my gun been charged with shot I should have fired, so as to have disabled some part of its body; but with only a single bullet, I felt that the head must be the part attacked when opportunity offered.

Glide, glide, glide, one coil over another, quickly and easily, as it were, untying its knotted body, while now the head slowly rose from where it had been lying, and crept nearer and nearer to the child's place, the forked tongue darting in and out, and playing rapidly on either side of its hideous mouth. I could see the glance of the snake's eyes, and expected every moment to hear the little one shriek in terror as the lowered head rested over her breast. But no, the child lay perfectly still for a few minutes, and then I stood trembling in every limb as I saw the snake's head drawn back, and then begin to sway to and fro, and from side to side, the glistening neck of the beast gently undulating, while the tongue still darted in and out of the dreadful looking mouth.

Now was the time when I should have fired, but I was too unnerved; and laying down my gun I seized my hoe, meaning to attack the beast with its stout handle; but my hand fell paralyzed at my side as I saw the little one in the cradle smile and laugh at the gently undulating head of the snake; while, as the agony grew to be greater than I could bear, in seeing the little white hands try to catch it as it swayed to and fro, my powers seemed to come back. I snatched up the gun and, as the snake's head was drawn back preparatory to striking, I pulled the trigger, when the sharp crack of the percussion cap alone followed—perhaps providentially, for in my trembling state I might have injured the child. Then I saw a rapid wreathing of the

coils in the cradle, and as the tail of the snake glided over the side, everything around me seemed to swim, and I tried to catch at the wall of the hut to save myself from falling.

But that soon went off, and gazing in at the window I tried to make out the whereabouts of my enemy, as I recapped and tapped the gun, so that the powder might run up the nipple.

The snake was nowhere to be seen, and darting in I seized the child, and carried it out to its mother, when, now feeling relieved of one horrible calamity, I obtained my shot-pouch from the kitchen, rammed down a charge upon the bullet, and cautiously went in search of the reptile.

I knew he must still be in the part of the hut we used for a sleeping place, and after cautiously peering about, I came upon the hole where it had taken refuge—an opening between the roughly sawn planks laid loosely down to form a floor, while, unless there was an outlet beneath the woodwork, I felt that the beast must be there; and to make it more probable, there was our cat, that we had bought a kitten in Sydney, gazing with staring eyes down at the hole.

Just then I heard a soft rustling beneath my feet, and as I looked down I could see between the two boards the scaly body gliding along. The next moment there came the loud report of the gun, the place was full of smoke, there was a loud scuffling noise, and as I looked down between the boards where the charge had forced a passage through, there was no sign of the snake.

"Harry, Harry!" shrieked my wife just then, and on rushing out, there was the beast writhing about in the path, evidently badly wounded, while some crushed down flowers by the hut wall showed plainly the hole of communication. I never saw a snake writhe and twist as that did, but I was too excited then to feel afraid, and a few blows from the butt end of my gun laid it so that there was only a little movement left in its body, which did not stop for an hour or two after I had cut off its head with an ax.

I should have liked to skin the beast, but I could not master my horror. I measured it, though; fourteen feet three inches long it was, and as thick as my arm; while as to its weight, I saw the cradle rock to and fro heavily as it glided over the side.

Snakes are scarce now in these parts; for there isn't a man in Queensland that does not wage war against them; and where there was one settler then, there are scores now.

OUR YOUNG PATRONS.

We have devoted this column to our young in order to interest and improve them, and we hope that the boys and girls who write for THE GRANGE ADVANCE will try to see how nicely they can write, and how much better they can write each time. Remember that the boys and girls of today will soon be the men and women of our country, and in their hands will be the farms, the homes, the schools, the interests and welfare of the State and Nation.

By-and-By.

How oft our guide through sorrow's deep,
Giving smiles to those who sigh,
And blessed hope for those who weep
Is the cheery voice of by-and-by.

It is a nymph that lives unseen,
That makes the weary hours fly
To blest abodes of far-off green,
Her sceptre's point is by-and-by.

Those words have been the tailor's prayer,
As grievances his heart doth try,
Invites for choicest gifts prepare,
And wait the hour of by-and-by.

Through dark disguise we surely see
This guard in every heart doth lie,
That draws the sunshine pure and free,
Our ever cherished by-and-by.

And more than all, great gem of hope,
Thou tell'st us of a home on high,
Where tears and tempest ne'er hath scope,
Where loved ones greet us by-and-by.

BREKIN, May 21st, 1874.

CASTLE ROCK, MINN., May 23, 1874.

Dear Editor of the Grange Advance:

As you have been so kind as to devote a corner of your nice paper for the improvement of your young correspondents, I thought I would send you a few lines to see how my name would look in print. I live at Castle Rock. I am thirteen years of age, and I am going to school every day. I like my teacher, Miss Hodgson, very much. We do not have any school in our district this Summer, so I have to walk about one and one-half miles morning and evening. We have singing every noon which makes it quite pleasant for those that are fond of music; we also have a nice swing in two large trees just across the street. I live about 45 miles from Red Wing; I have two cousins living there and I should very much like to go and visit them and go and see your printing office. I am very glad that there is a day coming, and I hope it is not very far distant, when farmers will no longer be called "clod hoppers," or, in other words, "potato bugs," and when the gentlemen that call them those names will see how much they are indebted to the farmers for their bread and butter. Please tell the farmers to take more pride in their homes. Make them beautiful by planting trees and flow-

ering shrubs, and do urge them to take care not work their boys too hard. Give them a holiday to fish and hunt and have a good time generally. Also tell them to be sure and buy organs for their daughters.

I wish your paper and the cause you advocate, much success.

Yours respectfully,
KATIE S. CLAGUE.

FOR SALE.

A Fine Driving Horse, Top-Carriage, New Harness and Two-Seated Sleigh.
Inquire at the office of
THE GRANGE ADVANCE.

ALLEN HOWE,

Dealer in GROCERIES

OF ALL KINDS.
SELLS AT THE LOWEST FIGURES.

At the head of Plumb st.,
RED WING, MINNESOTA.

HUBBARD, WELLS & CO.

Manufacturers of

FLOUR,

Proprietors of "FOREST MILLS,"
Zumbrota, Minn., and MAZEPPA MILLS,
Mazeppa, Minnesota.

C. BETCHER & CO.,

Dealers in

IRON.

HARDWARE,

STOVES,

AND

Farming Implements.

AGENTS FOR
VIBRATOR THRESHING MACHINES,
CHAMPION AND BURDICK REAPERS,
WHITEWATER WAGONS,
ESTERLY SEEDERS,
FAIRBANK'S SCALES, etc.
Red Wing, Minnesota.

MALCUS Q. LINDQUIST,

WATCHMAKER and JEWELER,

Dealer in

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY.

Plated and Silver Ware.

Fine Cutlery, &c.,

PLUMB STREET, RED WING, MINNESOTA.

WATSON & ALLYN,

Manufacturers of

SADDLES,

HARNESS,

COLLARS, &c., &c.,

We make and warrant all OUR OWN COLLARS.

Broadway near the Levee,
Red Wing, Minn.

FOR SALE.

A FARM

of

375 ACRES,

ADJOINING THE CITY,

WELL IMPROVED.

5,000 ACRES

of

IMPROVED AND UNIMPROVED LANDS

in

GOODHUE COUNTY,

CITY LOTS!!!

LOANS NEGOTIATED.

E. J. HODGSON

dealer in

REAL ESTATE,

RED WING, MINN.

GEO. H. DAVIS,

House, Sign and Carriage Painter

and dealer in

PAINTS, OIL AND VARNISH,

Corner of Park and Sixth Streets.

SEEDS!

TREE, FIELD, FRUIT, GARDEN AND

FLOWER SEEDS,

RELIABLE AND STANDARD.

Catalogue Free. Apply to L. B. WAIT,
Seed Store, Fourth St. St Paul, Minn.

CHAMPION

REAPERS AND MOWERS

AT

BETCHER & ALLEY'S.

I. C. STEARNS,

ZUMBROTA, MINN.,

Agent for the sale of

PIANOS, ORGANS & C.

Will furnish any instrument and style desired, at
EASTERN MANUFACTURERS' PRICES.
All instruments warranted.

CAKES! CAKES! CAKES!

If you want a Wedding Cake, Fruit Cake, Pound Cake, Sponge Cake or any other kind of Cake on short notice, leave your order at BIXBY'S BAKERY.

I. C. STEARNS,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

ZUMBROTA, GOODHUE Co., MINN.

LUMBER.

We keep constantly on hand a full assortment of all the different grades of

LUMBER,

LATH,

AND

SHINGLES.

Also a full assortment of

DIMENSION STUFF AND DRESSED LUMBER.

Our Prices are as Low as

the Lowest.

Bridge Timber and other bills cut to order;

Be sure and give us a call before buying elsewhere.

Office and Yard, Lower Levee, Front

Street.

WINONA, MINN.

BENNETT, KNIGHT & CO.

Winona, Minn., Nov. 25th, 1873.

F. KEMPE & CO.,

Dealers in

Dry Goods, Millinery Goods.

GROCERIES,

CROCKERY, HATS, CAPS, NOTIONS, &c.,

RED WING, MINNESOTA.

Clauson's old stand, corner of Plumb and Th first

O. M. WILLIAMS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Post Office Block.

Winona, Minnesota.

JONES & MOORE.

Manufacturers of

FLOUR

And Dealers in

WHEAT

Wish to draw the ATTENTION of their friends to the fact that they are doing a large business in their line at

ROLLING STONE, Winona county, Minn.

SEWING MACHINE

ATTACHMENTS,

FOR ALL SEWING MACHINES.

NEEDLES, SHUTTLES AND FINDINGS.

Send for descriptive circular and price list.

JNO. WILLSON,

3m22 P. O. Box 617, Winona, Minn.

R. D. CONE,

Dealer in

HARDWARE, STOVES, TIN PLATE, SHEET IRON,

COPPER BOTTOMS, IRON, STEEL,

AND NAILS.

Agricultural Implements

Winona, Minnesota.

NOT TO BE UNDERSOLD.

S. FRIEND & CO.,

Dealers in

READY-MADE CLOTHING

FURNISHING GOODS,

HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS, &c., &c.,

No. 1, Simpson's Block, corner Second and Center sts.

WINONA, MINN.

PATENTS

Secured in the United States, Canada and all the European countries.

Information given free. Call and see or address

E. N. WEST,

Patent Solicitor and Model Maker,

Winona, Minnesota

I have a competent Associate in Washington, D. C.

W. E. HAWKINS & CO.,

BUSH STREET,

Exclusive Dealers in

PAINTS,

OILS,

GLASS,

PURTY,

WALL PAPER.

WINDOW SHADES,

ARTISTS' MATERIALS,

&c., &c.

House, Sign, Carriage and

Ornamental Painting in

all its Branches.

E. L. TEELE,

STORAGE, FORWARDING

AND

COMMISSION

MERCHANT.