Iowa County Democrat.

VOL. XII. MINERAL POINT, WIS., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1878. NO. 25.

ON GUARD.

Alas! for the fate of mothers whose girls are still unwed!
'Tis a thought which pains me often, like neuralgia in the head.
When I think of the weary watches and the toil they undergo,
All for th sake of wayward Maud, or spoilt, ungrateful Flo!

Whoev r has been in a ballroom and marked some faces there,
And could not preach a sermon on the aging power of care?
Or who, if he ever pities, would fail to pity those
Whose days are one long s ruggle, whose nights have no repose?

Ah! whirl away, young maidens, in the swift, ecstatic dance,
With cheeks that burn with beauty, with shy coquettish glance!
Do you ever think in such moments—if you ever think at all—
Of the love which waits and watches on those lonl ges by the wall?

Do you ever dream of the dangers those prudent eyes behold,
When you in your happy folly, take the tinsel's flash for gold,
And are very near bestowing the treasure of your l ve
On the l awk who hides his cold, bad self 'neath the plumage of the dove?

Well, perhaps we should not blame you too much that you forget—
The wor d is all so pleasant, 'twere hard to doubt it yet;
But the time is surely coming when the love of a mother's heart
Will be just the love you will yearn for and the world cannot impart!

"FOR LOVE OF SUSY."

BY ETTIE ROGERS.

"For love shall still be lord of all."
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The October haze hung like a gauze of gold about the purple tops of the low-lying country hills. Perched among them shone the pale stone walls and ornate roof of a superb country seat. Behind it rolled and rumbled the glistening river, and before it, almost under the pretty bay-window, ran the elm-flanked common highway.

A man, very young and very handsome, with brown, dreamy eyes and a proud Grecian head, rode by that day.

He looked up and saw a lady standing on a balcony above him. About her regal figure fell folds of lustreless amber silk and foam-pale laces. Her Spanish eyes and delicate, haughty features smiled down upon him from behind an exquisite fan; she wore white roses on her bosom, and an arrow of gold and diamonds held back from her dusky brows the glossy plaits of her ebon hair.

"It is Madeline," he thought, drawing rein. "She is very beautiful. They told me she is past thirty, but she looks younger than I, and I am twenty-one. It won't be very hard for me to obey my uncle. I fancy."

The wealthy and eccentric old uncle who had reared and educated him had sent Algernon Heath to this elegant place with a friendly letter of introduction, ostensibly given that his beloved nephew might have a week of change and quiet, but really, privately and commandingly, that the said nephew should meet, woo, win and marry a beautiful creature whose lands and lucre should be worthy of his great expectations.

A glance from those brilliant eyes told the young man that he had reached his destination.

He had never seen the lady before, but it was flatteringly evident that she knew him, and was a bit merry because, through his ignorance of the locality, he had missed the entrance.

He returned her smile, lifted his hat gallantly, wheeled his horse and rode back to the gloomy gate of iron, guarded by two bronze lions rampant.

"I have crossed the Rubicon," he thought again, as the big, grim gates clanged behind the heels of his uncle's favorite black. "Methinks when I recross I shall carry to my good relative the message, 'I came, I saw, I conquered!'"

Algernon Heath was only twenty-one. He had had his fancies and his follies, but he knew nothing of the love that can make a lifetime of misery or a single day of rapturous, blissful peace. He was doing the bidding of one who had enervated his fine, strong nature by too much ease and delicious living—that was all.

He was welcomed warmly, and his stay was prolonged unreasonably, and he left only to return in a few weeks to claim the Spanish-eyed Madeline as his bride.

Algernon Heath was proud of his handsome stylish wife. She was passionately fond of him, and, alas! quite as passionately jealous.

Why should she not be—this world-worn coquette of thirty, who had snared the fevered fancy of his youth, well knowing that his untouched heart might some day thrill to the claim of a fresh and true affection?

But they were reasonably content in their marital bonds for ten quiet years.

Out of Madeline's money her husband had had a prodigal share, and she never reproached him for his lavish extravagance. He was always kind and true and devoted, and surely she could ask no more.

Her father died the first year after her marriage; but Algernon's uncle still lived, hoarding his millions for a munificent, final bequest to a favorite institution, it was said and believed.

Madeline believed it, and, with the instinct of jealousy, guessed that the eccentric old gentleman had planned her marriage with his young nephew for a purpose of his own.

"He imagined that a rich wife would rid him of Algernon's extravagant demands for money," she thought, bitterly, when she felt death creeping through her veins. "He knew his plans of course. If my husband married me for love, he will never take another wife when I am gone. If he married me for my worldly possessions, I have a way to thwart his sordid, heartless desires."

And so Madeline Heath made just such a will as rich and aged men often make who have taken unto themselves very young, very poor, and very unthinking wives.

And with this jealous bitterness in her soul she died, leaving to her husband, if he remained unwedded, the whole of her fortune; but should he marry again, he would be penniless as he was the day he led her to the altar.

"Poor Maddie!" was the only comment made by the husband who had faithfully been fond of her in his way, "I have never yet seen a woman her peer in beauty and goodness."

And for five long years he was the most inimitable widower who ever wore crape on a fashionable hat.

He was not gloomy and lugubriously uncongenial—certainly not. The world thinks no better of us for bearing out our solemn sorrows and displaying them with the purple amarinths pinned on our velvet lappels!

But Algernon Heath accepted his wealth and his freedom in an easy way that seemed selfish if not enjoyable.

It was another October day, when the luscious rosy apples were dropping ripe from the branches, and the scarlet leaves were drifting, breeze-borne through the yellow haze, that he met Susy Wright.

He was out on a lonely hunt for the sly foxes and wild rabbits which had despoiled his henery and gardens.

A timid thing, with a coat of snowy fur and scared pink eyes, scampered across his path.

He leveled his gun with a random aim, and fired.

He fancied he heard a small, human cry of pain as he sprang over the green arbor-vitæ hedge for his quarry.

What he saw was like a picture, from th e fresh canvas of our best living artists. It was a background of a low hill, veiled in amethystine mist; at its base a fringe of sweetbrier and wild rose shrubs, from which the bloom of snow and pink had fallen and faded months ago, leaving only the scarlet seed-shells that hung rank and thick in the shadow of dim, dark firs.

Against this background, radiant and distinct, stood a tall and supple form, robed in a gown as brown as the brown autumn leaves that clung wreath-like in her curls of dead-gold hair. Her features could never have served for the model of the modern sculptor—there was something too humanly, vividly expressive in the irregular, unclassic contour; the broad, high, downy-white brow was too intellectual for a Venus—the dimples about the chin and quivering red lips, if Psyche could have seen, would have stirred her with envy in her grave—the tears shimmering unfallen in her velvet eyes behind the thick, curling lashes of intensest black, would have shamed Niobe. And on her bosom she held a panting, snow-white, pink-eyed rabbit. The little creature was unhurt, but a few drops of ruddy blood dripping from her torn and smoking sleeve told the sportsman where his careless ball had struck.

"How could you fire at such a harmless thing?" she asked, angrily.

"Pardon me," returned Algernon Heath, with anxiety. "I certainly would not have done so had I thought I might have made *you* a target."

"O," said the girl, conscious for the first of a sting of pain, and, glancing at her arm, through which the random ball had ploughed a ragged, bloody furrow; and then she turned and sped away, quite as shy as the scared rabbit she still held.

Algernon Heath was by no means contented until he had ascertained the name and circumstances of the lovely creature who had spoiled his cruel sport. These things were ascertained speedily; Susy Wright was only the poor dependant of a small farmer in the neighborhood.

But these facts did not prevent him from making an apologetic call the next morning, followed by many others. And these calls were repeated until Susy Wright knew that she loved the rich man, and that the rich man loved her.

And yet Algernon Heath said nothing to bind in a betrothal the secret of their hearts; Susy only knew his affection from the deep, unwavering tenderness of his brown, large eyes, the clinging touch of his warm, caressing fingers, and the passionate, insidious tones that uttered those vague, poetic sayings, such as never can be repeated in sentiment, for a trusting woman's defence.

He loved her, and his heart knew it; but to marry her and give up the ease and luxury that had become part of his life was quite another question.

Of course Susy knew nothing of that fatal will, nor the equally fatal conditions that held him to his pleasant life of indolence and liberty.

"His manner toward me is always full of unspoken passion. He will ask me to be his wife soon. And what will I say? He is so rich and manly, and I am so poor," she thought one evening, as she came down from her room through the sombre hall attired in a cheap dress of the flax-straw yellow color of her flowing hair, and faintly strewn with buds like the flax-flower blue of her eyes.

She drew her fleecy white-wool shawl about her graceful shoulders, as a strong, perfumed wind swept up from the open door at the farther end of the hall.

Noiselessly, on her velvet-shod feet, she advanced to close it, when she heard the voice of Algernon Heath answering something said by her cousin.

"You are quite right. Susy should have known this long ago. I love her as I thought I could never love a human being. But if I marry her, I shall forfeit my fortune. I have no trade nor profession. I have lived a life of ease, and could not support her. It is the fault of false training, I suppose. Since I knew her, I have turned my thoughts toward the business by which my uncle made his money, and of which I know something, but as yet I have failed in my most promising efforts. I fear that I am too old, and my expensive habits too firmly fixed, to succeed in any thing—except idleness," and he laughed a hard, weary, cynical laugh. "For myself I might face poverty, but I could not see the woman I loved want my the commonest necessaries of life. I must not ask Susy to share misery with me."

"You have greatly wronged her, Mr. Heath," replied her cousin, "for you have certainly won her affections."

Susy Wright, hearing this, drew her white shawl about her shoulders and stole away shivering.

He did not see her that night, nor for weeks after. She avoided him with a sick heart.

One day, as she was coming up the highway, she saw him pacing down and up before the tall osage-orange hedge that made the boundary of the Heath estate. He was very pale, and the hands crossed behind him were clasped with skeleton fingers. This fight between love and riches had made him a hapless, hopeless, desolate man.

On the other side of the hedge workmen were busily felling a giant willow, the shadow of which had been ruinously detrimental to the orchard trees behind it. The last stroke of the axe had been given, when the rope snapped asunder, and the huge, heavy trunk shook and quivered, and then swayed toward the hedge. Algernon Heath stood directly in its way, but he was quite unconscious of his danger. Susy Wright, with a wild warning shriek, sprang forward, and clutching his arm, thrust him aside with superhuman strength. He was saved; but she was struck down by a cruel blow from one of the large branches. And during the weeks that followed, the girl babbled in her delirium of her love and her lover, until he who heard her was smote with contrition and pain. When she came back to her clear, conscious life again Algernon Heath sat by her side. She had a glimpse of somebody vanishing through the door, as if by pre-arrangement.

"My little girl," said the voice of her lover, "you have taught me and told me many things in your fever talk. You are to get well soon and be my wife. Poverty and love will bring us more happiness than riches and loneliness."

The kiss on her lips narcotized her senses into a sweet slumber, and then, after many hours, she was awakened by a kiss, like the Sleeping Princess. But those who stood by her bedside banished him who kissed her, and would not allow him to see her again until she was strong enough to go down to the parlor in her pretty flax-straw-tinted, flax-flower-figured cambric. A dull red scar was still visible above the snowy temple, where the golden ringlets had been shorn away.

"No, Mr. Heath," she said, when he besought her to be his wife; "I heard all you said to my cousin that night, and I should always feel a guilty and most unhappy woman if I should allow you to sacrifice your riches by a marriage with me."

"Susy, dear girl," he responded, impressively, "I have already given the fortune up, and I am succeeding much better in the business I undertook some months ago. It is all for your sake, my love, and you cannot be so unkind as to refuse to cheer and inspire me in my new endeavor. You did not save my life to make me wretched, did you, Susy?"

Overborne by her affection and his earnest pleadings, Susy promised all he asked, and a few months after she was the bride of a very quiet wedding.

For a year they shared contentedly together the bitter and the sweet. Economy brought them comfort; persevering thought and labor brought them hope for the future; and their true, strong love—always forbearing and never regretful—brought them happy peace.

It was on the anniversary of their bridal day.

"Are you happy, dear? Have you any thing to regret?" asked Susy, as she bent over her husband's chair and threaded caressingly his auburn-red curls with her tender fingers.

"I am more than happy, my wife; I am grateful to God for you and for this new life that, I believe, has made me a better man."

As he spoke, a small sealed package was brought up to them.

"From my uncle," he observed, noting the scrawling address.

They had not been friends since Algernon's second marriage. The old gentleman had been pleased to stigmatize his nephew a "Quixotic fool," and the world was mostly of the same opinion.

"I apologize," wrote the rich man, "for all harsh things I have thought and said of you. I want to know your wife. She has made a man of a spendthrift, and thus must be worth knowing. Beg her to accept, with my regards, this set of diamonds. I have discovered that you can make money *now* quite as fast as you used to waste it; therefore consider yourself as my heir. I have made my will to that effect, and send hereby the first ten thousand of what will soon be your own."

There was but little more of this concise and direct epistle; but there were tears in the husband's eyes as he clasped in Susy's shell-like ears and about her lovely neck and arms the precious jewels.

"Let us change the proverb, dear," he said.

"*Money* is potent, but *love* is omnipotent; for has not all my good fortune come to me for love of Susy?"

FARM AND GARDEN.

POULTRY.—The egg basket can only be filled now, by giving warm feed and providing a warm, dry house. Clean out the roosting places every week.

SALT FOR GRAPE VINES.—Table salt is highly recommended by a French grape grower for the vine disease of fungus growth and rotting; a handful of salt around the roots of each vine.

CARE OF SHEEP.—Sheep require plenty of fresh air. Their warm coats protect them from the cold, and if they have a dry yard, they are better out of doors in fine weather than in a close shed.

CATCH CROPS.—These are turnips, peas, or buckwheat, sown between the row of corn at the last cultivating. Sometimes this may be done with profit. If the ground is rich, and weeds would grow, there may as well be something useful grown in place of them, and we have had 500 or 600 bushels of white turnips per acre, grown in this manner, which were worth nearly as much as the corn.

BREEDS OF HORSES.—The horses bred in Africa, Egypt, Arabia, Syria, Asiatic Turkey, and in Persia are all of the same family, constituting the race known as of Eastern blood, or the Arab horse. Whether it be known under the name of the Turkish, Numidian, Barb or Arab of Syria matters little; these are mere prefixes, and the name of the family is the horse of the East. The other variety above the Mediterranean is the European horse.

SWAMP MUCK AS MANURE.—Farmers who may wish to avail themselves of the fertilizing qualities of the muck of a convenient swamp, will note that such manure is only advantageous under certain circumstances. If the vegetable matter is not fully decomposed, or contains much fibrous material, it is hardly probable that it would be of much value as a manure on land. On the contrary, if very fine in texture, and where more or less animal matter has been washed among it, a much better result would be promised. Much would depend also on the character of the soil. If already well supplied with vegetable matter, the effect would be less than on old, worn land, with vegetable matter all worked out. Any kind of swamp muck is useful in stables, manure yards, or in compost heaps, if previously well dried, but is nearly useless if wet.

WHITE CLOVER IN THE PASTURE.—Every pasture should contain some white clover. It will afford more feed at certain times of the year than any kind of grass or clover. It will not flourish on damp soils or those that are very poor. It will do very well in a partial shade, as a grove or orchard, but to make the highest excellence it should be sown where it will have the advantage of full sunlight. It is easy to secure patches of white clover in a pasture by scattering seed in early spring on bare places and brushing it in. One pound of seed is sufficient to start white clover in a hundred places in a pasture. The disposition of this clover is to spread by means of the branches that run along the surface of the ground and take root. Having secured a sod a foot square, it will soon extend so as to cover first a yard, then a rod.

FLOATING APIARY.—This project we believe has never as yet been put in practice in our own country. The idea is to have an apiary on a large, flat-bottomed boat or raft, which is to be floated along on some of our large rivers, so as to be constantly in the midst of the greatest flow of honey almost the season through. It is well known that the white clover commences to bloom first in the extreme south, and then gradually moves northward; if we could be in the midst of this yield during its height, for six or eight months, it would seem enormous crops might be obtained. We are informed in history, that the ancient Egyptians of the Nile made a practical success of these floating apiaries, and that they were warned when it was time to return home by the depth to which the boat sank in the water under the weight of the cargo of honey. That the bees might not be lost, the apiary was floated to a new field during the night. Something similar, located on wheels to be drawn by horses, has been suggested, but we believe never attempted.

KEEPING STOCK CLEAN.—It ought to be the duty of the stock men to see that all cattle that are kept constantly tied up should receive a thorough brushing daily. Stock that are accustomed to have their heads tied get very dirty about the neck and shoulders unless they receive a careful "grooming." Cleanliness is very essential to cattle always under cover, not only because disease is thereby prevented, but also because stock thrive better, and reach maturity a great deal quicker, when carefully tended, than when they are not. Cattle kept in hammels or loose boxes do not, perhaps, require as much attention as those whose heads are tied to the stall, as they can with freedom lick themselves, but they should not be neglected on that account; and the careful stock farmer will do well to see that his stock man gives them proper attention.—*London Live Stock Journal.*

TOO MANY KINDS OF PLANTS.—One of the most serious mistakes which almost every one makes in cultivating house plants, is in trying to keep too great a variety. Professional florists, as well as amateurs, fall into the same error, and the results are, failures with a greater or less number of species. If the house is kept warm enough to make a certain species of plant thrive, others are likely to fail because the temperature is too high for them, and mildew and rust follow. An atmosphere in which geraniums and heliotropes thrive is too warm for camelias, heaths, and azaleas. The beautiful orchids are certainly very tempting plants, but one needs a house especially arranged for their culture, and the same is true with many other orders, families and genera; and it is far better to confine ourselves to a few species, and of these select the best varieties growing there to perfection than to undertake more than we can accomplish. I certainly do not claim to have escaped falling into this far too common error of trying to cultivate a great variety selected for a wide range of familes; but each year I resolve to lessen the number and come nearer perfection with the remainder. Ladies often complain of certain plants failing under the best care they can give, while others succeed perfectly, which only shows that different plants require widely different treatment.—*Rural New Yorker.*

A Quaint Epitaph.

The quaint epitaph given below is a transcript from a coarse yellow sheet which was given me by a lady now in her 86th year, who still retains her faculties and is a member of the Presbyterian Church, corner of Fifth avenue and Eleventh street (Dr. Paxton's.) It belonged to her husband, and was given to him by Miss Peggy Paton, who copied it from the stone. The lines are copied with the same capitals used in the document. In her 125 years of life, truly, Margaret Scot witnessed many great events. H. D. N.

New York, 73 Madison avenue.

An inscription on the tombstone of Margaret Scot, who died at Dalkeith, twelve miles from Newcastle, February 9, 1733:

Stop passenger until my life you've read,
The living may get knowledge by the Dead.
Five times Five Years I lived a Virgin Life,
Ten times five Years I was a Virtuous Wife;
Ten times five Years I liv'd a Widow chaste,
Now tired of this mortal life I rest.
I, from my Cradle to my Grave have seen
Eight mighty Kings of Scotland and a Queen.
Four times five Years the Commonwealth I saw
Ten Times the Subjects rise against the Law.
Twice did I see old Prelacy pull'd down,
And twice the Cloak was humbled by the gown.
An end of Stuart's race I saw no more
I saw my Country Sold for English Ore.
Such Desolation in my time had been
I have an End of all perfection seen.
—*New York Observer.*

A man with four bullet holes in his body was found near Nashville, the other day. A poem entitled "The Beautiful Sn—" was discovered in his pocket, and no attempt was made to apprehend the murderer.

"What is the best remedy," asked a preacher of a shrewd observer, "for an inattentive audience?" "Give them something to attend to," was the significant reply. "Hungry sheep will look up to the rack if there is hay in it."

A young man who left home in Connecticut, some years ago, to seek his fortune, recently wrote from Texas, saying, "I've settled here." It has since transpired that he was right. He had settled at twenty cents on the dollar.

A Kansas woman has reached the age of one hundred and thirty years, and it is a pittiable sight to see her one-hundred-year old son sit in the corner and wriggle, while he sobs. "Ma, kin I go out?"