







Miscellaneous

KITTY'S CHOICE.

A wealthy old farmer was Abraham Lee. He had a fine daughter, the mischief-maker, Kitty.

The first and the boldest to ask for her was a young man named Tom.

She replied, with a smile he would understand.

The next was a merchant from business retired.

And though to himself, "I can easily win her."

So he showed her his palace and made her a duke.

And she might live there, but wick-edly she thought.

Kitty told him she'd long ago made a rash vow.

"Not to marry a bear for the sake of his den."

A miser came next, he was fearless and bold.

In claiming his right to fair Kitty's affection.

He said, "I don't want for a house while his gold."

Could pay for a cabin to give her protection.

Half vested in his holdings, but calm in a trice.

She cursed and thanked him, and demurely rejected her suitor's advice.

"Not to marry a hog for the sake of his pen."

The next was a farmer, young, bashful and true.

He feared the bold words from the city.

But the blush on his cheek and the light in his eye.

Soon kindled a flame in the bosom of Kitty.

"My love will be one of hard labor," he said.

"But darling, come share it with me, if you can."

"I'm sorry," she replied, "I'm sorry, but I must marry the farm for the sake of the man."

TWO POOR-HOUSE BOYS.

By Mrs. Jane Dumbear Chapin.

Jake took a new place among the villagers as soon as it was known that he was to superintend the cutting down of the trees, and to have a boy under him on the place. He was no longer "Guffey," nor was he long "Jake," at store and post-office; but he was now "Squire Lord's young man," and he had a new name to go with.

But Jake rose in his own esteem as well as in that of his neighbors. He had now decided that he was "a man like other men, and more of a man than some on 'em." So it was not long before he began to be harnessed up the farm wagon and drove over to the town almshouse to get the poor weak boy who was now to be his helper. The boy could have walked over with ease, but Jake chose to show Drake that he had made a man, notwithstanding all his boasting and bragging, and also that he meant to help others who, like himself, had been oppressed by their weakness, and then taunted with it.

This man Drake was an admirable manager, and his ambition lay in keeping the poor's farm in fine condition, and in supporting the paupers at the lowest possible cost to the taxpayers. This, of course, made him very popular with many of his employers, and as he never starved or killed any of the poor dependents, and as his wife was kind to the sick and aged, few saw any reason for interfering with his government. With few people he had neither patience nor mercy; but the trouble was that he classed all the men and boys who did not do full day's work on the place, or at the wood pile, with the lazy vagrants who had gone to rest the head of charity rather than work. He had half dozen of his charge who were more or less dull or deficient in mind, had a hard time under his rule; and as the only revenge in their power, they hated him with perfect hatred, and were all sorely disappointed when he recovered from an attack of fever which they vainly hoped would clear the way for a kinder man.

Drake picked himself very much on the esteem in which his townsmen held his services, and was never pleased with suggestions, which he regarded as interference. One day, then, he was not very well pleased to hear Jake call out from the wagon to him as he stood in his door, "Good morning, Mr. Drake. I've come over here to take another fool off your hands! I want a man or a boy to help, and I thought I'd take Jake."

"Yes! I want a man to help you?" cried Drake, in surprise.

"Yes! I'm going to cut down some of the trees in our grove; and as they're young trees, and as I shall be there all the time myself, I thought he could help as well as I."

"Well!" cried Drake, "I've heard you was gainin' sense as you get older; but I don't see it, if this is the kind of help you hunt up to do the Squire's work for!" Besides I'm master here, and I ain't a-going to have anybody that's a-mind-to-coming here to take my men at a busy time like this!"

"Mr. George says he heard you tell at the store that you wished 'n worth his salt, and that you wished 'n some man that was a driver would take him and try him. And the Squire says, 'I've heard you was gainin' sense as you get older; but I don't see it, if this is the kind of help you hunt up to do the Squire's work for!' Besides I'm master here, and I ain't a-going to have anybody that's a-mind-to-coming here to take my men at a busy time like this!"

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made there, nor the love he had for the very boards of the wall and door, in the present age. It was not so formerly. The declarations of grandmothers and old physicians go to show that, fifty years ago, consumption was hardly known in the rural districts. The winds whistled through the dwellings then, and the cold was not so severe. Half the time in the cold winter, the backs of the inmates were freezing, while the front parts of the person were roasting; and yet there was less rheumatism than now, and no consumption.—Dr. Nichols' *Practical Science*.

HOW TO TREAT BREEDING MARES.

We copy the following from the *American Stock Journal*:

A poor, half-starved mare will bring a penny, while a well-bred one will bring a dollar. The physical condition of the mare is of more importance than the quality of her blood. Not only does she derive from her principle of life, but the conduct of the vital processes in her constitute the agencies which mold her entire bodily organization—bone, sinew, tendon, muscle, and all.

The health of the mare can not be secured without corresponding detriment to the foetus. It is through the medium of her digestion and circulation that the latter is nourished and matured. If she is well fed, and she receives his share of the benefit, and if she is impoverished, the colt will be the same.

As to the food to be given with foal upon, heating diet is a great mistake. What she needs is moist, nutritious food, such as can be easily digested and will keep the bowels loose. In winter time, or any other season when she is steadily worked, chopped feed, with prairie, is the best. In summer she should be given corn; but it will be no harm to give her sparingly of corn-meal, as provender, made moist and thoroughly soaked. If it is in time of pasture, she will need no other feed.

"Yes, if you give her corn, you can't do it," said Jake. "I'm going to teach you to read; how far have you got in the spellin' book?"

"As fur 'L a l a d y, b o n b a b y."

"Oh, you're quite 'lamed!" exclaimed Jake. "If you've got so far now, you'll soon read about the village."

"Yes," cried the ambitious scholar; "but I want to learn everything else there is, afore I learn the Bible. Somewhere, I don't like the Bible."

"Why, it's the best and truest book in the world, and teaches us how to be good here, and how to get to heaven."

"Yes, but it's the book we used to read 'round in of a Sabbath mornin'." "I don't like it," said Jake, "and I call the long words just right, else Mr. Drake didn't like it. Bibles will always make me think of that house, and I want to forget it."

"Well, so I felt I heard it read and explained here," answered Jake; "but now, I don't like it, and I don't want to think of my mistress, whose voice made it beautiful when she read it to me. I always feel now, when I'm readin' it aloud, as if she was sayin' its words to me. I love it, and I want you to learn what it teaches, and to love it, too."

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AGRICULTURAL

DAILY PRODUCTS VS. BEEF FOR FOOD.

Mr. X. A. Willard, in his address before the annual meeting of the Vermont Dairyman's Association, argued in favor of the superior economy of cheese and milk for food, as compared with beef. A good cow, in twelve years, would produce 4,500 pounds of cheese, while three good steers, four years old, would not usually give more than one thousand pounds of beef each. The aggregate of the two would be 4,500 pounds of cheese against 4,000 of beef. In addition, the beef for food would be diminished considerably by the weight of the bones, while the cheese, in nutritive value, he estimated at twice the value of beef.

As to the method to be used from O. C. Wiggins, milk inspector of Providence who says he estimates that siltin loss (loss of bone included) is as dear as 35c. per pound as milk at 24c. per quart; round steak at 20c. as dear as milk at 14c.; and eggs at 30c. as dear as milk at 20c. a quart. The loss of water is estimated at 86 per cent. of water, and round 72 per cent., fatted beef 60 per cent., and eggs 68 per cent. "Relatively, then, milk at 10c., or even at 15c., is the cheapest animal food that can be used."

Mr. Wiggins also said if the milk expended for milk, he did not doubt but that it would be an advantage both to the stomach and pocket. Digging and storing early potatoes.

We know a large potato-grower in Western New York who dug ten or a dozen acres of Early Rose potatoes last year in August. He was offered 40c a bushel for them at the time, but thinking they would be higher he pitted them in the field. They were sold at 60c a bushel, and he was only for some casual reason that he opened one of the heaps, when he was surprised to find it so hot that he could scarcely bear his hand in it. Had they been left but a few days longer, every potato would have been spoiled. As it was, he immediately dug them up, and they were sold at 60c a bushel, and he was only for some casual reason that he opened one of the heaps, when he was surprised to find it so hot that he could scarcely bear his hand in it. Had they been left but a few days longer, every potato would have been spoiled. 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