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Poetry.
A Hymn for Farmers.
O painter of the fruits and flowers,
We own thy wise design,
Whereby these human hands of ours
May share the work of time
Apart from thee we plant in vain
The root and sow the seed;
Thy early and thy later rain,
Thy sun and dew we need,
Our toil is sweet with thankfulness,
Our burden is our boon,
The curse of earth's gray morning is
The blessing of the noon.
Why search the wide world everywhere
For Eden's unknown ground?
That garden of the primal pair
May never more be found.
But, blest by thee, our patient toil
May Eden's orchard shame,
We taste the tempting sweets of these
Like Eve, without her blame.
And north and south and east and west,
The pride of every zone,
The fairest, rarest and the best
May all be made our own.
Its earliest shrines the young world sought
In hill and dale and in bowers,
The good is always beautiful,
Were thy own fruits and flowers.
And still with reverent hands we call
Thy gifts, each year renewed,
The good is always beautiful,
The beautiful is good.

THE FALSE GUARDIAN.
Just after the close of the American Revolution, James Tudor, a young ship carpenter, of Boston, sailed on the *Orient*, a new and staunch-built ship, bound for Smyrna, at that time the largest and wealthiest city of the Levant. After the usual tedious and want of variety incidental to so long a voyage, the *Orient* arrived safely at that port and unshipped her anchor.
The next morning, just as the captain's gig was being lowered for the accommodation of that officer and the supercargo, who were then preparing to go on shore to report to the British consul and pay their respects to Mr. Tracy, the American merchant, to whom they bore letters of introduction and credit from Gray, Tollitts & Co., the great importing house at home, they perceived a small row-boat rapidly approaching the ship, and containing two persons—a man who was vigorously rowing, and one solitary female figure.
When the boat came alongside, the boatman promptly assisted the lady on board. She was young and pretty, in fact, almost childlike, and seemed, from her wild, scared look, to be laboring under some deep anxiety or fear. She was dressed in garments of the richest material, though seemingly thrown on in haste and with the greatest negligence.
She approached the captain and in a hurried, nervous way inquired if she might speak with him a moment alone.
He answered in the affirmative, and drawing her aside out of hearing of his companions, patiently prepared to listen; for the sudden appearance of the strange young woman on board his ship at so early an hour in the morning had greatly excited his curiosity.
'Will you excuse me,' she began timidly, 'but are you a single or married man?'
Captain Ward glanced at the questioner curiously. Indeed it was a peculiar question for a young woman to ask of him, a perfect stranger. But he answered her with perfect good breeding and politeness: Yes, he was a married man.
'The young lady looked disappointed but presently recovered.
'Is there any gentleman on board your ship who is not married, and whom you think would like to marry a rich young girl within the hour, and ask no questions? I will say that she has been deeply wronged and persecuted, but is nevertheless highly respectable and virtuous, though she can only claim her property by clearly establishing the fact of a legal marriage.'

'Both my mates are married, said the captain, and the supercargo is engaged to a young lady in Boston, to whom I understand he will be married on our return. But hold,' he added, reflectively, 'there is our carpenter, James Tudor, a fine looking, gentlemanly young fellow as one might wish to see, and is unmarried. In fact he is much more of a gentleman in his way and manners than any of us, it we except Mr. Owley, your der, the supercargo.'
'Can I see him?' inquired the strange young lady, eagerly.
'Oh, certainly, Miss, I will summon him directly.'

And James Tudor, the sprightly and handsome young carpenter, was sent for, and came promptly to where Captain Ward and his mysterious visitor was standing.
It was evident at a glance that Tudor had made, at first sight, a favorable impression upon the young lady.
Captain Ward therefore excused himself to the lady, and after leaving her alone with Tudor, rejoined Owley, when the two shortly after took their seats in the gig, and were pulled ashore by four seamen in waiting.
At the awkward introduction of the captain the carpenter touched his tarpaulin politely, and made a low and grateful bow, which went far toward captivating the heart of the young lady.
'Dear sir,' she said, blushing and trembling visibly; 'I have what may appear a very admissible proposal to make. There is a wealthy young lady, in whose service and interest I am now employed, who cannot obtain possession of her rights excepting by marriage, as a proviso to that effect was unfortunately embodied in her father's will.
'Her uncle was appointed her guardian, and, taking advantage of the situation, has since attempted to make a traffic of her hand by marrying her to a wretch whom she loathes, in consideration of his yielding up to him one-half of the property, which amounts, I am told, to over fifty thousand pounds sterling. It is now the earnest wish of this young lady to marry some one else, and thus defeat her unprincipled guardian, who has been to her, since her father's death, a most unmerciful tyrant. She is pretty and amiable, and I have every reason to believe, would devotedly love her husband. And now I come to the most difficult part of my mission. Will you, a stranger from a foreign shore, take pity on her hopeless condition and marry her? The moment you are married she will make over to you her entire fortune.'
'I will marry her,' said James Tudor, 'if for nothing more than to spite her tyrant, but I will not be so mercenary as to exact her fortune for so slight a service.'
'Come, then, my boat awaits you; let there be no delay,' said the young lady, greatly overjoyed by his ready answer. 'You need make no alteration in your toilet, as I am supplied with ample means, and have been authorized to procure for you the most costly garments to be found in the market.'
Hardly knowing how the adventure was likely to end, Tudor followed the strange young lady into her boat, and they were speedily lauded at the market wharf.
She hailed a cab and the two entered it. They were driven to a locality mentioned by the young lady, where our young American enjoyed the delightful luxury of a Turkish bath, which left his naturally clear skin as pure and white as an infant's.
Their next step was to visit one of the most fashionable English clothiers in the city, where Tudor, at the urgent solicitation of the young lady, secured the richest and most expensive outfit in the establishment.
The proprietor himself assisted young Tudor in the arrangement of his toilet, and when once attired in the elegant and costly habiliments, a finer-looking young gentleman could not have been met in the city of Smyrna.
He was tolerably well educated, too; well read, with a great flow of language at his command, picked up from the works of Steele, Addison, and others, with whom in his leisure hours he had made himself thoroughly conversant, added to which he was naturally possessed of easy, graceful, and winning manners.
When his toilet was complete he glanced admiringly into the full-length mirror before him, and was then ushered into the presence of the young lady by the gratified proprietor.
She looked at him in a half-bewildered way, as though she were in some doubt of his identity, and then her eager face was suddenly overspread with a genuine blush of pleasure; and taking his arm they re-entered the cab, which was still in waiting, and were driven directly to the residence of an Episcopal clergyman, the address of whom had been previously given by the young lady.
On alighting from the close cab they were ushered into the parlor where they were presently joined by the clergyman.
'You must speak to him,' whispered the young lady, blushing crimson, 'for, as you may have guessed, I am to be the bride if you do not object to me.'
' Nay, on the contrary,' whispered Tudor, his face glowing with manly pleasure, 'I am overjoyed to hear that it is you. But please tell me by what name I am to introduce you?'
'Susan Faber,' whispered his fiancée, smiling through her blushes.
The young American promptly accepted his one, and proceeded with a graceful introduction of the young lady, as well as the purpose for which he had called.
The clergyman bowed and withdrew, but presently reappeared with his wife and two daughters as witnesses.
When the interesting ceremony was over they again entered the cab, and

were driven to the residence of the British Consul, before whom the newly-made bride made a clear statement of the facts.
As good fortune would have it, Captain Ward and Supercargo Owley arrived just as she had concluded, and both readily vouched for the responsible and gentlemanly character of James Tudor, the bridegroom, and a messenger was immediately dispatched for the false guardian.
When he arrived and saw how matters stood he ground his teeth in suppressed rage, but wisely declined to test the validity of the marriage.
He relinquished on the spot all further claims as guardian of his niece, and at the request of the consul, made out a hurried schedule of the property then under his control belonging to the aforesaid niece, Mrs. Tudor.
A fortnight later, and the happy bride came into lawful possession of the £50,000 left by her father, and on the subsequent return of her husband to Boston, where with the money thus received, was purchased the wharf which bears their family name to this day.

Nicodemus Dodge.
When I was a boy in a printing office in Missouri, a loose-jointed, long-legged, tow-headed, jeans-clad countifish cub, of about sixteen, lounged in one day, and without removing his hands from the depths of his trouser's pockets, or taking off his faded ruin of a slouch hat, whose broken brim hung limp and ragged about his ears like a bug eaten cabbage leaf, stared indifferently around, then leaned his hip against the editor's table, crossed his mighty brows, aimed at a distant fly from a crevice in his upper teeth, laid him low and said:
'What's the boss?'
'I am the boss,' said the editor, following this curious bit of architecture wonderingly along up its clock face with his eye.
'Don't want anybody to learn the business—'aint likely?'
'Well, I don't know. Would you like to learn it?'
'Pap's so po' he can't run me no mo', so I want to git a show somers if I can, taint no diffence what. I am strong and hearty, and don't turn my back on no kind of work, hard nor soft.'
'Do you think you would like to learn the printing business?'
'Well, I don't re'ly k'yer a darn what I do learn, so's I git a chance for to make my way. I'd just as soon learn printin's anything.'
'Can you read?'
'Yes—middlin'.
'Write!'
'Well, I've seed people could lay over me that.'
'Cipher?'
'Not good enough to keep store, I don't reckon; but up as far as 12 times 12 I aint no slouch. 'Tother side of that gits me.'
'Where is your home?'
'I'm 'om old Shelby.'
'What is your father's religious denomination?'
'He's a blacksmith.'
'No, no—I don't mean his trade. What is his religious denomination?'
'Oh, I did'nt understand you before. He's a freemason.'
'Oh, no—you don't get my meaning yet. What I mean is, does he belong to any church?'
'Now you're talking? Could'nt make out what you was tryin' to git through yo' head no way. Belong to a church? He's been the pizenest kind of a Free Will Baptist for forty years. There aint any pizenest ones 'u' what he is. Mighty good man pap is. Everybody says that. If they said any different, they would'nt say it whar I wuz—not much.'
'What is your religion?'
'Well boss, you have kind o' got me thar.'
'What is your name?'
'Nicodemus Dodge.'
'I think maybe you'll do, Nicodemus. Well I give you a trial.'
'All right.'
'When would you like to begin?'
'Now.'
So within about ten minutes after he had first glimpsed at this nondescript, he was one of us, and with his coat off and hard at it.
Beyond the end of our establishment which was farthest from the street was a deserted garden, pathless, and thickly grown with the bloomy and villanous 'jimpson' weed, and its common friend, the sunflower. In the midst of this very monstrous spot was a decayed, aged little frame house with but one room, one window, and no ceiling; it had been a smoke-house a generation before. Nicodemus was given this lonely and ghastly still as a bed chamber.
The village smarties recognized a treasure in Nicodemus—a butt to play on. George Jones had the honor of perpetrating the first joke on him; he gave him a cigar with a fire-cracker in the end of it and winked to the crowd to come; the thing exploded presently and swept away the bulk of Nicodemus' eyebrows. He simply said, 'I consider 'em kind o' seeg'ys dangerous,' and seemed to suspect nothing. The next evening he waylaid George and poured a bucket of ice water over him.
One day, while Nicodemus was swimming, Tom McElroy 'tied' his clothes. Nicodemus made a bonfire of Tom's by way of retaliation.
A third joke was played upon Nicodemus a day or two later—he walked up the middle aisle of the village church Sunday night, with a starting heart till pinned between his shoulders. The joker spent the remainder of the night, after church in the cellar of a deserted house, and Nicodemus sat on the cellar door till toward breakfast time to make sure that the prisoner remembered that if any noise was made some rough treatment

would be the consequence. The cellar had two feet of stagnant water in it, and was bottomed with six inches of mud.
Before a very long time had elapsed, the village smarties began to feel an uncomfortable consciousness of not having made a very shining success out of their attempts on the simpleton from 'old Shelby.' Experiments grew scarce and chary. Now the young doctor came to the rescue. There was delight and applause when he proposed to scare Nicodemus to death, and explained how he was going to do it. He had a noble new skeleton—the skeleton of the late and only local celebrity, Jimmy Finn, the village drunkard—a grisly piece of property which he had bought of Jimmy Finn himself, at auction, for fifty dollars, under great competition when Jimmy lay very sick in a layard—a fortnight before his death. The fifty dollars had gone promptly for whisky and had considerably hurried on the change of ownership in the skeleton. The doctor would put Jimmy Finn's skeleton in Nicodemus' bed.

This was done—about half past ten in the evening. About Nicodemus' usual bed time—midnight—the village 'jokers' came creeping stealthily through the jimpson weeds and sunflowers toward the lonely frame den. They reached the window and peeped in. There sat the long-legged pumper on his bed, in a very short shirt and nothing more. He was dangling his legs contentedly back and forth, and wheezing the music of 'Camp-town Races' out of a paper-overlaid comb which he was pressing against his mouth; by him lay a new jews-harp, a new top, a solid india rubber ball, a handful of painted marbles, five pounds of 'store' candy, and a well gnawed slab of gingerbread as big and as thick as a volume of sheet music. He had sold the skeleton to a traveling quack for three dollars, and was enjoying the result.—Mark Twain.

What a Corner Is.
A stock corner is thus explained by the New York Evening Post: 'The "bear element" in the market consists of all those who think that prices of securities are higher than they ought to be, higher than they can permanently remain. In order to take advantage of the guaranteed "fallaten of values" as they understand it, they borrow stocks and sell them at the high prices prevailing, expecting to be able to buy them in at lower prices before it becomes necessary to return the borrowed securities. For instance, A borrows from B 1,000 shares of Haunibal & St. Joseph, which is selling at sixty. A pays B \$60,000 cash and agrees to return the stock on demand, when, of course, the money will be refunded to him. It is for B's interest to lend the stock, because he gets the interest on the \$60,000 during the interval, or, at all events, more interest than he would otherwise have to pay for the use of the money. Under ordinary conditions B, the lender of the stock, will pay A, the borrower, something for the use of the money, but if the particular stock wanted by the bears is scarce, it will be lent "flat," that is, the borrower will receive nothing for the use of the money while the loan continues. In extreme cases the lender may even get a commission for the use of stock in addition to the interest on the money which it represents. If the market fluctuates while the loan continues, the borrower and lender settle with each other at the close of the day, so that the amount of money shall at all times be exactly equivalent to the value of the stock.'
When the bears, or any portion of them, have discovered a weak spot in the market—that is, a security selling for more than it is worth in their opinion—they borrow and sell it liberally. Their selling has the same effect in putting down the price as though the stock were absolutely their own, and their expectation is, that other holders observing a decline in the price will become alarmed and sell also, thus putting down the price still more and frightening still other holders. They intend, of course, to buy enough at the lower scale of quotations to deliver back what they have borrowed, pocketing the difference.
It sometimes, though rarely, happens that a few persons discovering what the bears are about and believing that they (the bears) are strong enough to stand a heavy loss without breaking, quickly buy up all of a particular stock that exists. In order that the price may not be forced up while they are themselves buying, they lend stock freely to the bears, and thus encourage the latter to sell. When they have secured all, or nearly all, of the particular stock that exists they call in their loans. The bears are then compelled to buy, and since no stock, or very little, is for sale, the price can be forced up to any figure at which the cornering party chooses to put it. The "shorts" must come up and settle on such terms as may be dictated to them. The last resort is to leave the cornering party saddled with the whole issue of the stock in question. Whether they make or lose by the operation will depend upon whether they can extort from the bears more than enough to compensate them for the loss they may incur in reselling the stock to the general public. Most commonly the cornering party, as well as the cornered, lose money, which has been gained unavailingly by the multitude who have taken advantage of the high prices to sell out. For this reason corners have latterly been of rare occurrence.

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