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Hide and Go-Seek.
Happiness has found me out—
Found me out at last!
Oh, she's copped me round about!
All my hurrying life she's chased me,
Trampling hard and hot she's faced me—
Almost touched me, all but faced me—
Here she is at last!
Weary were you, happiness!
Patient to the last!
From your thankless business
Laggard time has come to free you.
Always driven by fate to flee you,
Never did I think to see you
Track me down at last!

HOW HE FOUND HIM.

Jasper Garfield was junior partner and devoted slave of the great furnace company. Margaret Hope said of him no girl could please Jasper Garfield; she never saw such a man. Here he was, a gentleman by birth and education, and he would not marry, would not build on the property he owned, and was considered very peculiar. He really needed a wife to teach him things. Perhaps he mourned over a dead love, or had been jilted by some woman who preferred another.

Margaret Hope felt that she had been slighted in the most wounding manner by Jasper Garfield, who had grown to be a hero in her eyes. She lived in an old house, into which even her youthful presence could infuse no life, for time had set its seal of decay on the structure. The property was valuable, at least in the eyes of her cousin, Jack Erskine, and when summer draped vines and flowers about the old home it might well attract other admirers.

Cousin Jack was good-looking, stout, and broad-shouldered, with somewhat heavy features, but his eye was cold and keen. Altogether he was a man to be associated in one's mind with a good supper and thoroughbred horses, and also with a close bargain.

"How pretty you look this morning!" was the salutation, as he drew off a driving glove and warmed his hand at the fire.

Margaret, glancing down, contrasted him with a certain other man she knew, who was tall, slender, with calm, serene blue eyes, and an oval face, and retorted, gaily: "What a fine house you are building, Jack?"

"The site is not as good as this one," ruefully.

"Surely you do not grudge me this mansion, all fluffy and molly with the dust of my ancestors?"

Mr. Jack Erskine gazed at the fire without direct reply.

"My new house needs a mistress, Margaret!"

"Dear me! You will have no difficulty in finding one, I dare say, Mr. Jack!"

He frowned slightly, and when he frowned the features of Mr. Erskine became stern, even brutal.

"Shall I sell the hay for you this year?"

"If you will," she said, carelessly.

"I can put it in with mine; a woman is apt to get cheated as a farmer."

Aunt Polly Hope stood at the window knitting. She was a brisk old lady, with a brown wig under her cap, a face as full of wrinkles as the homestead was of cracks and fissures, and bright twinkling eyes. Her fingers were invariably knitting, and she was usually peering from some window down upon the village which was her world.

"I don't suppose you are as blind as you pretend to be, child, about Jack's liking for you," she said, looking after Cousin Jack as he strode down the box-bordered path.

"If Jane Tompkins ain't took to the road again, I declare! Don't see when she does her own work, what with gadding about. The whole family will come across the town yet, it's likely. Lor! Margaret, a stranger man is coming in the gate!"

Jasper Garfield, pale, jaded, nervous, with the perplexed aspect of one no longer understanding himself, took both of Margaret's hands, and looked at her with lover's eyes.

Oh, dim old parlor, merging into November's sombre brown landscape without, what power has the fallen leaf, the fading past, to chill the hope born of so recent despair? The transition was almost unreal in its delicious happiness. A week ago Margaret had turned away from the unattainable in sharp grief of disappointment. Now Jasper Garfield had come to tell her that he loved her.

Aunt Polly saw through her critical spectacles only a very ordinary specimen of mankind, not quite as good-looking as Jack perhaps. Margaret's heart and soul went out to him in joyful recognition of her ideal, her hero.

"It takes all sorts to make up a world," reflected Aunt Polly, going away to see what there was for dinner. "I never suspected that our Maggie would fancy a man with such a long nose and hair almost gray."

In the parlor the moments flew on wings; there was so much to be told in few whispers, reproaches, explanations, and reconciliations, Jasper Garfield's lips seeking the eloquence of other rosy lips, or seeking a lock of silky hair, a dimple in the softly rounded cheek. How Margaret bloomed that day! Happiness in the true balm of beauty, as it is the very elixir of life.

Once he held her at arms-length in the old morose humor.

"Are you made of the same stuff as other women, I wonder?"

"Test me," said Margaret, proudly.

Then a shadow stole upon them—a beautiful woman stood in the doorway with two little children, clinging to her dress.

"Dolores" gasped Jasper, rising to his feet like one stunned.

The beautiful woman advanced a step into the room.

Margaret sat in her chamber, pale with fear and dread. She had slipped away, and left Jasper with the stranger, feeling her presence an intrusion. What did it all mean? Could he not come to declare his love without being tracked by another woman? What claim had the other on him? Would she take him away from her? The girl's heart sickened with jealousy and disgust. Her bright hour had clouded very soon indeed.

A little girl danced into the room, took her hand fearfully, and said: "You must come."

It was impossible to resist the roguish grace of the emissary; laughter lurked in every curve of the round baby face, from which gleamed two large dark eyes like stars, while the tiny form swayed with each varying impulse of the capricious owner.

In the parlor the stranger stood with clasped hands and a look of triumph. Jasper Garfield's head was bowed, and his aspect humble, ashamed, almost sullen.

"Let me explain everything," began the stranger, rapidly. "I am Andrew Garfield's wife, and Jasper is my brother. My husband was to make one more voyage in command of the ship *Adelaide*; he sailed four years ago, and the night before he left an angel appeared to me in my sleep."

"There was a break in the sweet voice, with its slight foreign accent; she hid her face in her hands. Margaret neither moved nor spoke; she felt herself enchanted by a painful dream.

"The angel stood beside me on the shore and pointed to the east, where the storm came on, and I saw a wall of darkness swallow up the ship *Adelaide*. I went to the chapel of Our Lady at dawn to pray, and then I was shown that Jasper must take his oath to find his brother if he did not return in four years."

"I know he did not do it!" cried Margaret, the spell dissolving in real pain as the truth flashed upon her.

"An honorable man never breaks his word," said Dolores, haughtily.

"Oh, you would sacrifice us to your fancy—the vision of a night! Jasper shall never go!" Margaret scarcely knew herself as the force of a new-born passion swept her along; she clung desperately to this one spar, Jasper Garfield, and he was to be stolen from her.

The mother quickly thrust the two children between the lovers, and won the day. Margaret caught the little Dolores in her arms, and burst into tears.

"Forgive me for outlasting suffering on you," said Jasper, tenderly. "I had no right to love you with this responsibility resting upon me. Now you know why my life has been made one of dreadful suspense; and as the limit of time drew on since I've known you, I have searched ship records and watched for letters until I nearly went mad."

"Where was the ship lost?" whispered Margaret.

"Cleared from Hong Kong, and never heard from." Dolores spoke with rigid despair, and tearless eyes fixed on space.

"You must forget me," said Jasper, laying his hand on Margaret's head. "I may be absent a very long while, and must not let your youth."

"Trust me as I trust you," returned the girl, bravely. "If Mrs. Garfield and the children will remain with me, we can watch together."

Lost almost as soon as found, Jasper Garfield went out into the early twilight, and the shadows gathered cold and gray about the old homestead.

The ship rocked on a sea of treacherous calm. A profound, awful stillness pervaded all nature, as if the elements paused with bated breath for the signal to unloose a tempest. The vessel swayed uneasily, the cordage creaked, the sailors awaited with strained eye and ear the first notes of the battle in which they must conquer or be forever lost. On the northern horizon the sea was still blue; to the south a mass of lurid vapor rose steadily, rapidly, and obscured the zenith.

Nothing can be more fearful than to wait thus, a lonely ship on a vast ocean, for the pall of cloud to advance, glowing with copper-hued margin and fringes of changing mists that seem the tattered shreds of other storms, menacing with distant thunder, and holding in its bosom the unspent fire of the lightning. The moment of agonizing suspense passed all too soon; sharp volleys of thunder crashed overhead, and the lightning leaped forth in flames of pale fire the wind swept over the calm surface of the sea, heaping up green waves, and bending the stoutest masts, sheeting the deck in foam; and down poured the rain.

The terror of the darkness descended amidst the confusion of sound, the struggle of men nearly spent, the captain's orders signaling the wind, the rending of bulwarks and timbers. A mass of confined waters rising from sea to sky, a shock of falling spray, a transparent mountain dissolving with a mighty swirling sound, and the ship had gone down. Darkness, terror, confusion, and a wide untenanted sea.

The women who watch and pray for her return may never see beloved faces again; for in the dim caves of ocean, where rosy nullipores mingle with forests of yellow, brown, and purple fucus, and rainbow-tinted mollusks dwell, the sailors sleep.

One man, swept like a feather from the deck by an advancing billow before the end came, grasped some passing fragment of wreck, and lay in the semi-unconsciousness

between life and death, obeying only the blind instinct of clinging to his float. The sun rose upon waters calmed after the deadly strife, and shed a friendly ray over the solitary figure, already drifted far from where the ship had disappeared. He raised himself languidly on his elbow. A whale spouted in the distance, a shark swam stealthily near. He was floating on a fragment of the bows of a wrecked vessel. He read the name, *Adelaide*.

The man was Jasper Garfield.

Christmas-day two years later. December, serene and brown, with cold sunshine on the window-panes of the old homestead. Dolores and Margaret clung together in mutual sorrow and suspense. Over and over again had Margaret heard the romance of Dolores' life painted in tropical warmth of coloring, for she was wooed in Mexico. Over and over again had Dolores heard of the river bank where the furnace stood. The intense fervor of the Spaniard begeth a calm exterior blended with the graver Saxon nature of Margaret; they loved each other, and waited for two men, absent over for years. Sturdy Tom and little Dolores of the glancing feet had taken possession of everything; they searched for flowers and birds' eggs just as if a gray thread had not come among the raven masses of their mother's hair and lines about Margaret's melancholy lips.

Cousin Jack Erskine was drawing his net very closely indeed; if he could gain entire control of Margaret's property he would force her to marry him. Cousin Jack hated these usurpers. The Spanish woman studied him with her soft impenetrable black eyes, while her manner was winningly courteous.

"That cousin is cheating you out of everything," she said.

Result: bills for improvements on the farm came in, which Margaret could not pay. Jack blustered, and paid the sums himself with an injured air. The subject of money, even in families, is the true touchstone of character.

"Do your worst," said Margaret at last, when thoroughly aroused to indignation. "Father left me the old bill on your place, you know, as part of my possessions." The two women dared no longer to discuss their hopes or fears together.

In the morning Cousin Jack took Tom to drive in his new dog-cart. Dolores was suspicious of this concession, but Tom came home buoyant with delight, and not aware in the least that Mr. Erskine had learned Margaret kept all her valuables in a Chinese cabinet in her chamber. If the old bill on his place could be destroyed the game was in his own hands. Later in the day Margaret went to the village post-office.

A peddler came to the door, and was sent away by Aunt Polly. Shrill, childish, screams ensued; Mrs. Garfield rushed to the window to see the peddler bearing away little Dolores in his arms, while Tom shouted lustily for help. A panther is not more fierce in the protection of its young than was the Spanish mother at that moment. Aunt Polly was about to follow, when the little Spitz dog seized her firmly by the gown. The Spitz, most sagacious of little beasts, in his fur overcoat, trotted about the place with a business-like aspect, and was understood to know what he was about. When he seized Aunt Polly's gown, therefore, she paused, and gazed at him nervously.

"Eh? What is it, doggie?"

"For answer the Spitz drew her to Margaret's door, and she saw a man bending over the open drawers of the Chinese cabinet. Aunt Polly dashed forward, grasped the man's coat, threw back her head, closed her eyes, and screamed vigorously.

"For Heaven's sake be quiet, Aunt Polly!"

The old lady opened her eyes and closed her mouth. The man was Jack Erskine, somewhat confused in manner.

"I am searching for a paper. Don't set the dogs on me. There, I will go away."

"What right have you to search other people's premises?" demanded Aunt Polly.

"I wished to make Margaret marry me by finding an old account. Don't tell of my aunt, I love her, and 'all's fair in love and war,' you know."

"Have you found the paper?"

"On my word, no."

"Very well, go. When you was a baby, Jack Erskine, I laid you on the hearth to keep the life in ye, and I wish I hadn't. There!"

Dolores, flushed and panting, came up the walk clasping her recovered treasure, and the peddler shrank away with a stinging blow on his face to tell his patron, Mr. Erskine, that the money scarcely paid for the job.

"She might have killed me," grumbled the peddler.

"Very well, keep quiet, my man, or you may get arrested for attempted child-stealing."

Margaret walked slowly along the lane. There were no letters in the mail. A man in advance of her turned at her approach. Margaret's heart gave a great bound. No, it was not Jasper Garfield.

"Can you tell me where Miss Hope lives?"

"I am Miss Hope," she answered, with whitening lips.

"Then I am Andrew Garfield, and my wife is here."

Thus was Andrew Garfield restored to his own.

Aunt Polly believed in celebrating Christmas day.

"Just as if there wasn't always mercies enough in the year if we choose to search 'em out!" she said.

The feast was ready for weary Andrew Garfield, radiant Dolores, and the merry

children, but Margaret could not endure the contemplation of their happiness just yet. A stifled cry of mourning went up from her own heart that to attain this end she had lost all. Where was Jasper? The feast was ready, but she could not share it; she even went out into the crisp, frosty twilight to escape. Was it an echo, born of her vain longings, that spoke through the evening? Was it a ghost who advanced and folded her in a long embrace? Joy does not kill, Margaret beheld again with mortal eyes her lover.

"I have not found him," sighed Jasper as she led him in.

The two men gazed at each other incredulously.

"You promised to search for me," said Andrew.

"I have searched over the world," replied Jasper.

"The *Adelaide* was lost in a typhoon, and a Danish bark rescued me," said Andrew.

"I was wrecked in a typhoon, and picked up by a native canoe," said Jasper.

"I was carried to Sierra Leone, and nearly died of the fever," said Andrew.

"I touched twice at Cape Palmas, and concluded you had perished with the *Adelaide*," rejoined Jasper. "Dolores, are you satisfied?"

What a banquet there was, after all! The ivy still hung about the old portraits as Margaret had placed it on the morning when Jasper Garfield declared his love, and Margaret amazed the children by appearing at table in topaz ornaments.

Preparing for It.
A cashier of a bank in Cincinnati read so many accounts in the papers of late of robbers entering a cashier's house at night, gagging and binding the inmates and obliging the cashier to go and open the bank safe, that he is very nervous on the subject. He is satisfied he will yet have a visit of that kind, do what he may to avoid it, and he thinks the next best thing his family can do is to learn to go through the ordeal with as much composure as possible. Accordingly he has been putting them through a rehearsal every night for a week or so past, greatly to their terror and inconvenience. He acts the part of bank robber himself. In the dead of night he awakes his wife, and pressing a vinegar cruet against her head, commands her in low, gruff tones to get up and make no noise on pain of having her brains instantly blown with the vinegar cruet. Then he binds her to the bed-post and gags her with the baby's gutta serena rattle. The children and servants he gags and locks up in convenient closets, and then stuffing a flatiron holder into his own mouth and pressing a hologna sausage against each temple he marches himself off to unlock the bank. Cold weather coming on now it is not altogether comfortable, and the family think they prefer the risk of the robbers.

An "Option" Law in Grain.
A writer in the *Cincinnati Journal* says that the Illinois statute, providing a penalty to any person who "contracts to have or give to another the option to buy or sell at a future time," relates only to the sorts of transactions known as "puts and calls," which is thus explained:

A agrees that B may buy or sell to him so much grain at a certain time, the option being whether to do so or not. If he chooses, B can let the trade go. He has paid his \$10, or whatever it is, for the privilege, or option. If the market goes against him he is out the \$10; if the market favors him he has made the margin, he is the same more or less. That is the kind of option contemplated by the statute. Such deals are "puts and calls." What are technically called "options" on the Board are *bona fide* and positive trades, only the exact time of delivery is not specified. If the law had intended to prohibit them, it would have read, Whoever sells or buys grain to be delivered within some specified time, the exact date being at his own option, shall be, etc. The difference is as broad as the distinction between gambling and the agreement of a publisher to deliver a periodical or book at some future time, the exact date being optional with the publisher.

Still They Fined Him.
A man named Puddiford, who was summoned at Hammersmith police court on Oct. 31, for not sending his child to school, handed in the following letter to the magistrate: "Respected Sir: Having a very painful impediment in my speech, I beg to submit the underlined as my statement. It is my most earnest wish that my child should go to school, but that part of my domestic arrangements is entirely governed by my wife, who, I am happy to say, governs me. Therefore, most respected sir, I hope, after your most serious consideration, you will deal with my case as leniently as possible, and I give you my solemn word never to be placed before you again. I beg to remain, sir, your most obedient servant, George Puddiford." The magistrate told the defendant that he had no power to send his wife to prison. If she governed him with a rod of iron it would not be an excuse for not sending his child to school. He fined the defendant 1s. and 2s. cost.

Out of Work.
The *Detroit Post* says that at the municipal court in that city, eight able-bodied men, the youngest eighteen and the oldest but thirty-two years of age, voluntarily pleaded guilty to charges of vagrancy, and asked to be sent up. They were all sober honest looking fellows, and stated that they had driven earnestly and in good faith to find employment of any kind, but had failed. They were homeless and penniless, and rather than steal would prefer to go to the house of correction for the winter. The police justice, while regretting the necessity which compelled honest men to eat of prison fare and associate with criminals to find starvation, complied with their request, and each of the applicants was sent up for four months. Out of work is a sad cry, but it is now heard throughout the whole country.

The Moon and the Earth.—Professor Burrer believes that the moon, in revolving around the earth and drawing the tides behind her, causes the latter to act as a brake on the revolution of the globe, and he considers that it may be mathematically shown that this action is slowly but surely checking the earth's speed of rotation, so that the days and nights are gradually lengthening. In a thousand million years or so, they may become each a month long

Fighting for Bread.

Picking his way through a narrow alley the writer saw a sight prophetic of the coming winter. The alley divided a block of houses which fronted on two principal streets, two or three of the houses on each street being restaurants. At the back entrance to one of the houses a woman sat with a child in her arms and an empty basket by her side. A little further on, upon the opposite side of the alley, a boy and a girl about ten years old sat upon the curb, having also empty baskets on which they leaned as they made childish grimaces at each other. Suddenly both boy and girl leaped up, and with a fierce rush, a ravenous array of darts which no movement is except that of a salmon or trout at a fly (the most startling movement in animated nature), they flung themselves as it seemed upon the woman and her child. Not upon the woman, however; for just then the door by which she sat had opened, and a man had thrust out of it a box about a yard square and a foot deep nearly filled with dry scraps and crusts of bread and bits of biscuit, the old stale remains of the kitchen refuse of a restaurant. The woman, a large, comely Italian, had not time to set down her child before the boy and girl were almost in the box, clutching the scraps and tossing them into their baskets. The boy and girl fought with each other, and the woman fought with them. Each struggled and struck with one hand, and with the other dashed and shoveled the crusts into the baskets she or he had brought. The strife became frenzied, the girl crying out and weeping, and finally abandoning all other blows than that for the bread, she bore the wife of the woman and the boy while she used both hands to clutch the crusts, and secure them for herself. The woman, at last used her strength, and by blows drove off both boy and girl, but not until they had robbed the box of half its contents; and then they paused glaring at each other. Three wild beasts could not have shown more fury; a more ferocious strife for food was never seen among the famine-stricken populace of a beleaguered town. A sad sight, and yet even sadder for its intimation of what is coming for itself. If such is the value now of the "orts and poor remainders" of third-rate restaurants, what will it be in the pinch and frozen January? Last winter able-bodied men, willing to work, stood three hours in a line waiting to get a quart of soup; women with one child in arms and likely to have another ere two or three months had passed did the same. Yet this winter the lack of mere food promises to be greater than it was then. And yet the yield of grain and of all the fruits of the earth has been this year exceptionally large. The crops of the seven fat years of Egypt were not larger than ours. Where are our Josephs who by timely providence will secure now the means of saving the otherwise starving souls alive?—*New York Paper.*

Watered Butter.
In the course of some investigations by Professors Angell and Hehner, in England, out of analyses of fifteen samples of butter which were determined by them, twelve of the samples, which were undoubtedly good butter, contained 6 to 13 per cent. of water; the astonishing quantity of 42.3 per cent. was found in one sample from London, or an excess of about thirty-two per cent. of water, for which Londoners pay from 32 to 48 cents per pound. Another butter from the same place had 24 per cent. of water, these high rates being due to the fact that the butter had been treated with milk. On the other hand, a sample purchased in Vermont was found to contain under 4 per cent. of water, and according to the authors it contained 50 per cent. of foreign fat. The authors also found that genuine butter spread out on sheets of paper and exposed for a week to the air in the laboratory became, so far as the senses could judge, indistinguishable from tallow. With regard to the microscopic examination of butter, Messrs. Angell and Hehner think that Dr. Campbell Brown said too much when he declared that with polarized light it was the most reliable means of distinguishing pure butter from that containing other fats.

Housekeeping Items.
CORN FRITTERS.—Grate six ears of corn, add one tablespoonful of flour and two eggs, pepper and salt to your taste; to be fried like oysters.

SMOKEY LAMPS.—To prevent the smoking of a lamp, soak the wick in strong vinegar, and dry it well before you use it; it will then burn bright and clear, and amply repay you for the trifling labor.

HOW TO MAKE PUDDING QUICK.—Split a few crackers, lay the surface over with raisins, and place the halves together again; tie them closely in a cloth and boil fifteen minutes in milk and water. With a rich sauce it is elegant.

APPLE SAUCE PUDDING.—One cup of sage in water enough to swell it. In the meantime stew ten or twelve apples, mix with the swelled sage, and bake three-quarters of an hour. Eat with cream and sugar, or wine sauce.

MOUTH GLUE.—Dissolve one-half pound of gelatine or fine glue in water, and add one quarter of a pound of brown sugar; boil the whole until sufficiently thick to become solid on cooling; pour it on a slab slightly greased, and when cool cut into the required shape.

TOMATO CUSTARD.—This is said to be a beneficial diet for consumptives. It is made by straining finely-cut tomatoes through a coarse sieve, and adding two pints of milk and one pint of tomatoes, four eggs and one teaspoonful of sugar. Bake in small cups quickly.

RAISED DOUGHNUTS.—Two cups of sweet milk, one cup of sugar, one egg, a piece of lard the size of an egg, one-half cup of yeast. Knead it at night; in the morning, if light, knead it over; when raised again, roll out, and cut them and let them lie on the board until light before frying.

TO POLISH TIN.—First rub your tin with a damp cloth; then take dry flour and rub it on them with your hands; afterward take an old newspaper and rub the flour off, and the tin will shine as well as if half an hour had been spent in rubbing them with brick dust or powder, which spoils the hands.

TO REMOVE MILDEW.—Wet the cloth which contains the mildew with salt water; rub it well with white soap, then scrape some fine soap to powder, and rub it well into the cloth; lay it out on the grass in the sunshine, watching it to keep it damp with water. Repeat the process next day, and in a few hours the mildew will disappear.

Long Experience With Potatoes.
A potato grower in Oneida county, N. Y., who has devoted from five to thirty acres to this crop each season during the past 20 years, communicates the results of his experience to the *Utica Herald*. The cost, including the expense of plowing, harrowing, planting, cultivating, hoeing, and marketing, on the basis of \$4 per day for team work and \$1.50 per day for human labor, is about \$12.50 per acre. If manure is applied it would be greater, but the additional expense would be more than repaid by the increased yield. He does not include the item of seed, because a sufficient quantity of small and unmarketable potatoes is usually raised to supply the demand. At least they are sold for feeding purposes for enough to buy seed. The expense of digging and transporting a distance of two miles is eight cents per bushel. His crop on good land has varied from 200 to 250 bushels per acre. The average for a series of years has been about 175 bushels, and the average selling price for ten years has been 50 cents. He finds it more profitable to sell in the fall and draw directly from the field to market. Excluding, therefore, the cost of seed and calling the rental of an acre of land \$8, the total cost of raising and harvesting one acre of potatoes is \$35. The proceeds will average about \$85 per acre. If the land is free from quack grass and thistles, he would mark in rows three feet four inches apart, and plant in drills with the hills about 18 inches apart. He would cut the seed potatoes so that from three to five stalks would grow in each hill. If the land is foul or rough, mark the rows three feet apart each way with the same quantity of seed to the hill, and use cultivator and horse-hoe each way, thus keeping the ground clean. Peachblows generally take the lead in price, but he prefers to plant Early Rose and Prince Alberts, because they ripen early in the season, and the grower can finish his fall work sooner. They also yield as plentifully on good land as any other variety. He would especially recommend the Early Rose for quick sale and profit when land is good. If the soil is light plant the Peeries. He has raised, this season, 4,000 bushels of Early Rose and Prince Alberts, upon 25 acres of land, and sold them at \$2.17 per barrel. He has found that there is more net profit to be realized in raising potatoes at 50 cents per bushel than from any other crop, unless it be the fancy products of hops, strawberries, etc. In general an acre of potatoes will buy twice as much wheat as could be raised upon the same surface.

The American Poles.
Describing a colony of Poles at La Porte, Indiana, a correspondent says: "The new Polish arrival has an unpleasant, cringing way of doffing his hat that makes you think of monarchy. The men shake hands when they meet, and salute each other with a kiss; and they bless each other in the name of the Mother of All Sorrows, at parting. A few of them, if the very quietness of truth were known, doubt that this is the best country lighted by the sun. They vote any ticket that happens to fall into their hands, and they do it with an unconcern which can only come from an unequivocal incomprehension of its meaning. When they enter a grocery they call for the best of what they want and pay for it without questioning the price. They buy the best sugar, the best coffee, the best alcohol, and the best to the salesman on leaving the room. They take to the woods, on first coming to America, as naturally as babies take the measles, or munks take to the water."

The Time.
Postmaster-General Jewell, in his annual report, says: "I would suggest that the time has come when a resolute effort should be made to determine how far the post-office department can properly go in its efforts to accommodate the public without trespassing unwarrantably upon the sphere of private enterprise. There must be a limit to governmental interference, and, happily, it is better suited the genius of the American people to help themselves than to depend on the State."

Desperate Attempt at Robbery.

Recently three men called at the house of a Miss Hoover, living on a farm near Donegal Springs, Pennsylvania, and asked permission to sleep in the barn. Although the parties looked suspicious, and there being no one in the house but an old man named Bishop and a boy and a girl, the lady was afraid of provoking the men by a refusal, and told them they could occupy the barn. Soon afterward, as the inmates of the house were about retiring for the night, the men returned to the house and demanded something to eat. Miss Hoover and the rest now felt that the strangers meant harm in some way, but she prepared them some food. Old Mr. Bishop raised one of the windows, and was passing the food out of the window when the dish was knocked from his hand, and one of the men leaped through the window, rapidly followed by the other two. They were now all masked. Both Mr. Bishop and Miss Hoover were "knocked down by the ruffians. Mr. Bishop regained his feet and, seizing a flat-iron, attacked the three men, dealing fearful blows with his weapon, inflicting a fearful wound on one of them, knocking him bleeding and senseless to the floor. Miss Hoover now recovered sufficiently to render aid to the old man, but was again rendered unconscious by a blow from one of the men, from whose face she had torn his mask. The boy now came to the assistance of Mr. Bishop, who was bleeding profusely from the blows of the robbers. The girl ran upstairs and, raising a window, blew loud blasts on the dinner-horn. The man whom Mr. Bishop knocked down with the flat-iron still remained unconscious, and the other two, fearing a response to the blasts of the horn, took a hurried leave of the house, leaving their wounded companion behind. Neighbors, who heard the horn and knew that something unusual was the matter, soon arrived at the house. They found old Mr. Bishop nearly exhausted from his struggle in defense of the house and from loss of blood. Miss Hoover was badly bruised. The man left behind by the robbers was found to have a deep and dangerous wound above the right temple, inflicted by the sharp corner of the flat-iron. After the waste of all were attended to, a search was made for traces of the other two men. They were traced to Donegal Springs, but there the trail was lost. The wounded robber is a stranger in the neighborhood. Miss Hoover is an eccentric and wealthy elderly lady, and the attempt to rob, and, perhaps, murder her, was no doubt deliberately planned by the foiled parties.

Melancholy Justice.
In Detroit they have a justice who, while there is much justice in his decisions, has a peculiar way of giving them. Here is an instance:

"Somehow or other, soda water isn't what it used to be," sighed his honor, as he leaned back behind the pile of warrants and brushed the chestnut shanks off his lap.

"And the world itself seems a dreary wastage to me," replied Bijah, a sad look coming to his eyes. "I sometimes don't care how soon I am called upon to go."

"My feelings, exactly," added the clerk. "This world has no more pleasures for me."

The wind sighed drearily around the gables. A dog under the table uttered a mournful howl. A small boy in the corner wiped his eyes on his hat. The entrance of half a dozen additional spectators, together with the thunder-like noise of a passing dray, acted to snap the link of sadness, and his honor forced a smile and told Bijah to reach in and grab the first person he could get hold of. . . . His name was Winn. He admitted that he could not buy a door-knob if brick houses were selling at a shilling apiece, and he further owned up that he had sat on the dock for hours and looked the wolf of starvation in the face.

"I don't think this world has any further use for you," remarked his honor, after taking a long look at the prisoner. "I see you haven't got any get-up-and-put-together in your nature, and your character has been allowed to tumble around until you feel like an old omnibus horse."