## THE HIGHWAYMAN.

pistol and a knife,

was, "Your money or your life;" your hands above your head, to repay you in cold lead?

home to tea;

yet too dark to see hat the sturdy rogue that stopped me there was very fully armed-

at I'm honest in maintaining that I

didn't feel alarmed.

e way was rather lonely, though not

d you ever meet a robber with a | He was panting hard from running, so, being still undaunted. hose prompt and cordial greeting Very boldly faced the rascal and de-

manded what he wanted: ho, while you stood a trembling, with I was quite as big as he was, and I was not out of breath. ok your gold, most grimly offering So I didn't fear his shooting me, or stabbing me to death.

ell. I once met a robber; I was going In answer to my questions the highwayman raised an arm And pointinted it straight at me-tho' I still felt no alarm; He didn't ask for money, hut what he

"Well, I got up the next morning

ought to have, and I could not think

fail. However, I ate my breakfast,

and fhen went out and hitched up the

I was feeling in the need of a glass of

spirits, and I hadn't a drop in the

house. I was in a hurry to get to the

village. I hitched up and came in for

the jug. I went for it in the old cup-

thin ice on a snapping cold day, and

find yourself in an instant, over your

head in freezing water? Because that

ed at the jug, and then she burst out.

"'Charles, that's where the mort-

gage on this farm came from! It was

brought home within that jug-two

quarts at a time! And there's where

your white, clean skin, and your clear,

pretty eyes are going also. Oh, let it

be as it is, dear heart! And remem-

"And then she threw her arms

"And there was no need. My eyes

were opened as though by magic. In

a single minute the whole scene passed

passed before me. I saw all the mort-

gages on all the farms in out neighbor-

hood; and I thought where the money

"And I have kept it. In less than

five years, as Mollie had said, the

and hand it down to our children for

of a life happy, peaceful, prosperous

with her arm drawn tenderly around

the neck of her youngest boy, mur

murad a ferventamen.-Nashville Ad-

Talk not of deeds of valor, nor of fame,

Remember this: though feeble be his

And few his gifts and unextolled his

The greatest man is he that loves the

-Geo. H. Rowles.

Nor of thy wealth and worldly great-

around my neck and burst into tears.

ber your promise!'

hold.

and blessed!"

ness coast.

name,

vccate.

She could speak no more.

"Did you ever break through the

board and took it out, and-

said was this:

"You cannot pass, papa, unless you give your boy a kiss!"

-American Agriculturist.

## THE BOTTOMLESS JUG.

DD35666

now sit, was:

to morrow.'

SAW IT hanging up in the kitchen | tongue was thicker than it ought to be, of a thrifty, healthy, sturdy far- and my legs not so steady as good legs mer in Oxford could be drank the sound amiled.

The host drank the sound gug'—and let it go.

"Well, I went out the chores, and the chores, an mer in Oxford county, Maine ought to be; but I said nothing. -a bottomless jug! The host drank the sentiment-'The old brown

You are wondering what that jug nanging up there for with its bottom locked out," he said. "My wife, peraps, can tell you the story better than ican; but she is bashful and I ain't, 30 I'll tell it."

"My father, as you are probably ware, owned this farm before me. e lived to a good old age, worked rd all his life, never squandered done hundreds of times before, with a iney, was a cautious trader, and a buzzing in my head that a healthy od calculator; and, as men were ac. man ought not to have. I didn't think inted in his day and generation, he of it then, nor had I ever thought of it s a temperate man. I was the before, but I've thought of it a good ungest boy; and when the old man many times since, and have thought of a ready to go-and he knew it-the it with wonder and awe. hers agreed that since I had stayed home and taken care of the old and did my work at the barn, then olks, the farm should be mine, and to came in and ate my breakfast, but ne it was willed. I had been married not with such an appetite as a farmer hen three years.

"Well, father died-mother had then that my appetite had begun to me three years before-and left the rm to me, with a mortage on it for wo thousand dollars. I'd never old mare; for, to tell the plain truth, hought of it before. I said to Mollie, ay wife:

"Mollie, look here. Here father's had his farm in in its first strength of soil, ith its magnificent timber and his six ys, as they grew up, equal to so many nen to help him; and he worked hard, Forked early and late, and yet look at A mortgage of two thousand dol-9. What can I do?

'And I went to that jug-it had a is the way I felt at that moment. The gtom/to it then-and took a good jug was there, but the bottom was drink of old Medford rum from it, gone. Mollie had taken a sharp chisel loticed a curious look on the face and a hammer, and, with a skill that wife, just then, and I asked her might have done credit to a master she thought of it, for I supposed | workman, and she had clipped the botwas thinking of what I'd been tom clean out of the jug without even k about. And so she was, for she cracking the edges of the sides. I look-

" 'Charles, I've thought of this a She spoke-Oh, I had never heard anyreat deal, and I've thought of a way thing like it! No, nor have I heard which I believe I can clear this anything like it since. She said: portage off before five years are

ded. "Says I: Mollie, tell me how you'll

"She thought for awile, and then aid, with a funny twinking in her

ue eyes-says she:

'Charlie, you must promise me this, nd promise me solemnly and sacredly : romise me that you will never bring ome for the purpose of drinking for beverage, at any time, any more birits than you can bring in that old g-the jug your father has used eve nce I knew mim, and which you have sed since he was done with it.'

"Well, I knew father used, once in a hile, especially in haying time, and had gone. The very last mortgage winter when we were at work in father had ever made was to pay a bill he woods, to get an old gallon jug held against him by the man who had at I should never buy more than two uarts at a time. I thought it over, of rum! rum! rum! - debt! debt!

ould agree to it. "Now mind,' said she, 'you are "'Mollie, my own, I'll keep the prom- good example. ever to bring home any more spirits ise! I will, so help me heaven! an you can bring in that identical

And I gave her the promise. 'And before I went to bed that mortgage was cleared off; my appe ght I took the last pull at that jug. al was turning out for a sort of night got a few thousand dollars at interest. p. Mollie looked up, and says she: There hangs the old jug-just as we Charlie have you got a drop left?'

"There was just about a drop left. e'd have to get it filled on the mor w. Then she said, if I had no obction, she would drink that last drop ith me. I shall never forget how e said it-'that last drop!' However, tipped the old jug bottom up, and t about a great spoonful, and Mollie id that was enough. She took the moler and poured a few drops of t water into it and a bit of sugar, id then she tinkled her glass against ne, just as she had seen us boys do, en we'd been drinking to good luck says she:"Here's to the old brown

Sakes alive! I thought to myself at poor Mollie had been drinking ore of the rum than was good for rand I tell you it kind o' cut me to heart. I forgot all about how any times she'd seen me when my

## Our Social Chat.

EDITED BY AUNT JENNIE, RALEIGH, N. C.

Here is a column for everybody—ladies, gentlemen, boys, girls, fathers and mothers. Everybody is invited to write on subjects of interest to them. Never mind if you are not perfect as a writer, give us your thoughts and we will see that they are in good shape before they are published. THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER is a paper for ever

member of the family, and young and old alike are its patrons and its friends. We hope to unite these thousands of our friends "in a bond of friendship that will be a help and an inspiration to each one of us." The friendship of each of our readers, the confidence of the old North State's sturdy sons, and the trust of each of her daughters, is what this paper aims to win "by helping each one of them to do more, to be more and to enjoy more in this beautiful world." We hope this soirit will animate each letter, and breathe through every page. Address letters to "Aunt Jennie," care of THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER, Raleigh, N. C.

AUNT JENNIE'S TALK

There are souls in the world who have the gift of finding joy every where. Their influence is the inevita ble gladdening of hearts. They give light without meaning to shin ; they lift burdens that they know not of All housekeepsers have worries, and each of us can think of some one who seems to see every thing on the bright "Well, I went out after that, and did side and we long to be like them. We my chores, and then went to bed; and know that worry kills, and we believe the last thing I said before leaving the that to worry over things that we can kitchen-this very room where we not possibly change is a sin, still how much difference do we find between "We'll have the old brown jug filled worry and auxiety. All of us know that those who never feel anxious "And then I went off to bed. And about any thing accomplish very I have remembered ever since that I little. went to bed to bed that night as I had

Contentment is an admirable virtue but an over supply of it will land a Jack. man in the poor house for he sits and lets what he believes to be well enough alone, while the dissatisfied person gets out and pushes things along. It is anxiety to better their condition who so many interesting and instructive are stumbling blocks every where. It letters in it each week. I can assure is the people who do not worry about you I derive much benefit from readthe country with ignorant and illiterate | the idea of starting our 'Social Chat' in citizens.

are glad it is so, else where would push, pluck and progress find a habitation their wonderful works to perform? Of course, there is no use worrying low did not take you to Florida with about our neighbor's troubles, but the heart that feels no grief but its own, that never aches but with its own pain sunshine of our corner. There may be and the eye that sheds no tear of sympathy know only half of life. How ever some people seem made to worry over mere nothinge, and seem to take a peevish pleasure in it, to the utter disgust of all who come near them. It is not possible for us to live without some worry but it is our duty to God and humanity that we always be as pleasant as possible, whatever our hearts feel.

Be glad and men will seek you; Grieve and they turn and go; They want full measure of all your pleasure.

But they do not need your woe. Be glad and your friends are many; Be sad and you lose them all. There are none to decline your nectared

But alone you must drink life's gall, Feast and your halls are crowded; Fast and the world goes by; Succeed and give and it helps you live But no man can help you die. There is room in the halls of pleasure For a large and lordly train, But one by one we must all file on, Through the narrow ailes of pain.

I have had several inquiries for knit ting machines, one woman wishes one that will knit woolen thread as well as cotton. Would be glad to have manu facturers of knitting machines advertise in THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER.

We make a bow and extend the hand of welcome to another new member this week. "Wilkie," we feel that you have really been a member of our band lled; so I thought that she meant filled this jug for years! Yes, I saw it for quite a while as your letter shows that you have been listening to our passed before me—a glittering picture Chats, if you have not let your voice ad after a little while told her that I debt! and in the end-death! And I be heard until now. We are glad you returned my Mollie's kiss, and said I: came and hope others will follow your

to our delight. She writes such nice, common sense letters. All will be in-

terested in this one tite came back to me; and now we've Bachelor Jack's and Patience letters oversight at the office; however good hung it on that day; and from that things never come too late to be ap time there hasn't been a drop of spirits preciated. They are in this week. brought into the house for a beverage

Jennie.

which that bottomless jug wouldn't P. S. I hope husbands will hunt up "Dear old jug! We mean to keep it THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER of August the lesson it can give them-a lesson Vacations."

And as he ceased speaking, his wife, week. Let the young ladies read and ponder.

What do the Chatterer's think of the ing remark? sentiments expressed in "Those Happy Days" on same page? Do you believe that children are so much happier than older people?-A. J.

WHY BACHELOR JACK DIDN'T MARRY. Dear Aunt Jennie: -I think the girls have given Careless Tom all the infor-

mation necessary in regard to love and

delivered a very good plain and practical lecture to the girls.

Now Aunt Jennie I think it would be good policy for we old bachelors and cent as the lily. Our girls of today girls to quit throwing stones at each other. Remember "a house divided there twenty five cent dudes that pat against itself shall not stand," and I ronize the tailor shops get "trusted" for am afraid if we keep up this bickering what they wear, and spend their Aunt Jennie will give up in disgust and cast us all overboard. We are all Aunt Jennie's neices and nephews and we should strive to be an honor to her and her household so that she will take a pride and delight in helping us.

I see that our sucbeam, Jennie Acton, has a cloud of darkness at lastand she was the one whom we all thought never saw any thing sunshine and pleasure! Yes, the tattlers are showing her up. Jennie, I dont care how much decorum you use you may be sure of one thing there will always dont, for heaven's sake run out, when be some one some where to show you up. So Jennie it all comes and goes in a life time and if you live long enough you will find such is life and get used to it after a while. I know exactly how it is, Jennie; they came very near marrying me several times and the only of jection that I had was their longer. failure to do so. I reckon they would have succeeded if the girl had not told me that she would not marry me. And decided then and there that I would never marry that girl if she did not take that back."

Daisy Bell I amold enough to have gray hairs on my head. So I will now bid you all good night.-Bachelor

A NICE LETTER FROM PATIENCE.

Dear Aunt Jennie:- I cannot resist the temptation to write again and tell those individuals who never feel any you how much I like your corner. It has their children's education who fill up ing them. I am so glad you conceived THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER. It draws Perfectly satisfied people are largely us all nearer together and we seem alin the minority in this world and we most like one large family. Many of the Chatterers seem like old friends to me, already.

Jennie Acton, I am so glad, that felhim, at the time "they" had appointed. We would not like to lese the life and others who could fill your place but they don't do it.

"A Tennessee Boy" will please not be discouraged because the girl's slighted him for being a poor country boy. All girls are not of that type. There are still a few true "Jeffersonian" girls, as Careless Tom calls them, left. When he meets the future Mrs. --, he will be glad the others refused to make him unhappy. I want to say to Careless Tom, that it may be that the man, "who powders most, perfumes most, embroiders most and talks most nonsense," is most admired by some girls, but there are quite a number who, if selecting a life companion would desire a strictly "Jeffersonian" young man.

Girls, I notice that many of you are rather hard on the bachelors. Please don't condemn them till you know more about the matter. Doubtless most of them have good reasons for remaining single; and if a few prefer living alone doing their own cooking, washing, ironing and patching they are free to do es they like about it; so let us talk about something more inter-

My letter is so lengthy I expect Aunt Jennie will consign it to the waste

By the way tell Careless Tom that love is the link that joins earth to heaven. - Patience.

MADGE B. SCORES FLIRTS.

Dear Aunt Jennie:- I was much dis appointed in not seeing any of the Chatterers letters in our last issue. I'm willing to help make it as social as I can. I would hate to give up our columns. It is so nice to exchange ideas but do draw the line at "blcomers." Madge B. is with us again this week, in that way and I do hope the Chatter ers will all continue to write. I would have written before but I didn't want

to be too selfish. Aunt Jennie gave a query week befailed to appear last week because of an fore last, "the flirting of young people." I think flirting one of the silliest habits young people ever fall into. 1 don't care how well raised and how Let us hear from you all -Aunt stylish a young man or woman may be, nor how wealthy, if they acquire the habit of flirting, it shows that "one of every community. thing thou lackest." What is more 23-d and read the article page 5 "about disgusting than to see a young lady go into a parlor to entertain company and Girls can find much food for thought commence "putting on airs," and smilin "A Girl's Influence" on page 5 last ing silly smiles at every word that is spoken; or to hear her keep repeating "O my!" or some other such unmean

If I were a young man and worship ped at the feet of a girl and she were to become a firt I would just leave her alone, because I should know she was quite brainless. I don't know of any thing that I detest more than a flirt. It is a base sin to seek to deceive and what is flirting but deception? Some girls think if they put on airs and smile what love is. Careless Tom also has it increases their beauty but it my

opinion it is a sad mistake. The pret tiest girl in my mind is one all uncon scious of her charms, sweet and innomake a grave mistake in fi rting with money in clubrooms, barrooms, pcol rooms and for cigarettes. When one sees them out they look as if they are worth as much as Vanderbilt. Marry one and you will find ever so many un paid bills.

I don't tolerate flirting in the sim plest form for one has to pretend what they are not. No true person will flirt, for it is a false act. Can we be Chris tians and act what we do not mean? My motto is "deal square and fair in everything" if you don't like a person. they chance to call, with a kiss and "I'm so glad you've come." I don't be lieve in kisses. Our Lord and Master was betraved with a false kiss.

I dont care how high a person is in my estimation if I know of them flirt ing I don't prize their friendship any

Now, as to Tennessee Boy: Why should a young man of only twentynve years give up the idea of marry ing just because some sawdust brained girl jilted him? If she took his presents and then treated him coolly she was to blame. My advice to that young men." "Let us require the young men man is to pay his attentions to some other girl. The girl that will slight a man because he is poor isn't worth a of our country would say, "We will thought. There is many a noble heart not associate with drunkards, gamconcealed under a ragged jacket. The truth is our noblest men and women come from the humblest homes.

old maid because I'm so plain and standard of morality and Christianity speak my mind to any one. I think if than all the preachers and courts in the young people would practice plain | the land. speaking there would be more happy homes in our country than there are. I wouldn't marry any one but a farmer. Aren't the farmer boys the great drive wheel that turns the whole machinery of the world?

good egg bread I will give her one that makes excellent bread: Two eggs, one flour' and sugar; one heaping table Bake in a pan in quick oven.

more girls like Jefferson's first love time. or did he mean he wanted more girls Tefferson? He will find girls plenty like Jefferson's first love. have been in company and have seen a farmer boy come to call on the young ladies that were entertaining some silly minded flirt and hear the remark: "who wants that old hay seed?"

I really enjoyed "Sam Markham's Wife" for we see so much of that in our every day life.

Success to The Progressive Farmer

and long may its editors live. Will some one or more tell me what makes the true man or woman?-Your unknown friend, Madge B, Moycck, N. C.

SOME QUERIFS.

Dear Aunt Jennie:- "Chatterers" in Lenoir county are very scarce, and we kindness of the editors in giving us so much space in their good paper. I enjoy reading the letters very much. Some of the boys and girls have had, some varied experiences, in the art of love making. The question was asked what love was? and I want to humbly suggest, that it is the "quint essence of inexpressibleness."

I certainly do not object to seeing the ladies ride a wheel if they wish,

Will some one tell me why a bache lor grows older and gets "crustier,"until the love of a good woman cannot break the ice around his heart?

I am very much of the opinion of Helen Kimball, as regards troubles of our own. It is our duty to smile at the world, for there are always plenty of people to frown.

I am sorry that Jennie Acton cannot put down the tattlers, the modern pests

The tribute Will Retlaw pays to the power and beauty of woman is grand, and must needs emanate from a noble and generous nature.

Should like to correspond with some of the cousins.

Will some one give me some reasons why a Christian should love a worldly person sufficiently to marry them? Success to "Social Chat." I hope to come again .- "Wilkie."

Bill-Did you read about that fellow writing a poem on a \$50 bill? Jill-No; the editor kept it, of course. "No; he returned it." "What! an editor return a \$50 bill?" "Yes; he didn' know what it was."

-Yonkers Statesman.

## NOT RECORDED.

"Will you be kind enough, sir, to hold this ram for me while I open this gate? It is fastened on the inside, and must climb over."

This modest request was made by a man who was standing at a gate on a lonely road, and it was addressed to a stalwart sailor who had just come up. The only other object visible on the long, straight road was the large black ram, whose massive crooked horns were being held by the man as the two stood quite sill in front of the gate.

"Why sartinly, shipmate," said the obliging tar, as he seized the big horns and relieved the first holder.

The latter climbed quickly over the

"I thank you very much," he said politely, when he got to the other side. You will be surprised to hear that I never saw that ram before to day. The brute attacked me about half an hour ago, and we have been tussling together ever since. As long as you stand before him holding his horns firmly, he can't hurt you much. Good bye. I hope you will be as lucky in getting away from him as I have

What the sailor said is not recorded. Concord Times.

I agree with Polly and B. I. T. when they say, "High ideals make better we associate with to be as pure as they require us to be." If the young ladies blers, profainers, those who visit dens of iniquity or are guilty of any other immoral conduct," it would do more to Mamma says she is sure I will be an elevate humanity and to raise the

Girls, you can do that much for the upbuilding of mankind. If it hits me I'll take my medicine. It will do more to solve that all important question. "Is marriage a failure" than anything else. We as men, should not engage Charity asked for a receipt to make in any kind of immoral conduct that would cause us to shrink back in horror should our best girls follow suit. teaspoonful of salt. Beat eggs and salt | Woman is the next thing to an angel together. One tablespoonful each, of if she'll try to be, and she can almost make a saint of man if she begins in spoonful of lard; one pint of meal time. Too often she winks at his sins sifted. Melt lard and pour in batter. | till she gets him and then she raises sand because he keeps it up. Mothers, Would like to hear from some one train your boys right from the cradle else on the subject of flirting or de- up, and they will make suitable companions for your daughters. "Aye, Did Careless Tom mean he wanted there's the rub." You do not begin in

An unmarried man is but half a perwith the grit, grace and sumption of fect being, and it requires the other half to make things right. It cannot be expected that in this imperfect state he can keep the straight path of rectitude any more than a boat with one oar can keep a straight course. The unmarried man never feels settled or contented. His own house being so uninviting the bachelor is inclined to seek diversions outside, in suppers with friends, in clubs and societies, which often lead to intemperance and vice, leading to speedy ruin of health and morals. Marriage is necessary to the perfect man, for divinity has announced that it was not good for man to be alone. The counsel, the affections, the example and the interest of his better half keeps him from falling into thousands of temptations to which he otherwise might be exposed. Thereall do not appreciate as we ought the fore the friend of marriage is the friend of society and his country. With best wishes to all, I am,

DON QUIXOTE. Victoria, Texas.

A learned French doctor says that love is caused by a microbe, and that we "catch it" the same as we do the measles and small pox, and like other contagious and infectious diseases we are much more likely to get it when depressed or debilitated. Here we have a physiological explanation of "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." Spring debility simply opens the way for this pestiferous microbe. In spite of all this knowledge, and knowing the dreadful consequences that oftentimes follow, many will no doubt continue to recklessly expose themselves to its influence, and even go out of their way for this purpose, as children frequently do to get the measles. -Clayton.

More of Man's Cruelty.-It is hard lines to win a woman with bonbons for a year and feed her on bread and butter for a lifetime. - Detroit Free Press.

