

THE HIGHWAYMAN.

Did you ever meet a robber with a pistol and a knife, whose prompt and cordial greeting was, "Your money or your life?"

He was panting hard from running, so I being still undaunted, I boldly faced the rascal and demanded what he wanted;

THE BOTTOMLESS JUG.

SAW IT hanging up in the kitchen of a thrifty, healthy, sturdy farmer in Oxford county, Maine—a bottomless jug!

My tongue was thicker than it ought to be, and my legs not so steady as good legs ought to be;

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

"Well, I went out after that, and did my chores, and then went to bed; and the last thing I said before leaving the kitchen—this very room where we now sit, was: "We'll have the old brown jug filled to-morrow."

My father, as you are probably aware, owned this farm before me. I lived to a good old age, worked and all his life, never squandered money, was a cautious trader, and a good calculator; and, as men were accounted in his day and generation, he was a temperate man.

"And then I went off to bed. And I have remembered ever since that I went to bed to bed that night as I had done hundreds of times before, with a buzzing in my head that a healthy man ought not to have.

"Well, father died—mother had one three years before—and left the farm to me, with a mortgage on it for two thousand dollars. I'd never thought of it before. I said to Mollie, my wife:

"Did you ever break through the thin ice on a snapping cold day, and find yourself in an instant, over your head in freezing water? Because that is the way I felt at that moment. The jug was there, but the bottom was gone.

"And I went to that jug—it had a bottom to it then—and took a good drink of old Medford rum from it, and noticed a curious look on the face of my wife, just then, and I asked her what she thought of it, for I supposed she was thinking of what I'd been talking about. And so she was, for she said:

"Charles, I've thought of this a great deal, and I've thought of a way in which I believe I can clear this mortgage off before five years are ended."

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

"And then she threw her arms around my neck and burst into tears. She could speak no more.

"She thought for awhile, and then said, with a funny twinkle in her blue eyes—says she:

"And there was no need. My eyes were opened as though by magic. In a single minute the whole scene passed before me. I saw all the mortgages on all the farms in our neighborhood; and I thought where the money had gone. The very last mortgage father had ever made was to pay a bill held against him by the man who had filled this jug for years!

"Now mind," said she, "you are never to bring home any more spirits than you can bring in that old jug—the jug your father has used ever since I knew him, and which you have used since he was done with it."

"Dear old jug! We mean to keep it and hand it down to our children for the lesson it can give them—a lesson of a life happy, peaceful, prosperous and blessed!"

"Well, I knew father used, once in a while, especially in haying time, and in winter when we were at work in the woods, to get an old gallon jug filled; so I thought that she meant that I should never buy more than two quarts at a time. I thought it over, and after a little while told her that I would agree to it."

"And I have kept it. In less than five years, as Mollie had said, the mortgage was cleared off; my appetite came back to me; and now we've got a few thousand dollars at interest. There hangs the old jug—just as we hang it on that day; and from that time there hasn't been a drop of spirits brought into the house for a beverage which that bottomless jug wouldn't hold."

"And before I went to bed that night I took the last pull at that jug. I was turning out for a sort of night's sleep. Mollie looked up, and says she: 'Charlie have you got a drop left?'"

"There was just about a drop left. I'd have to get it filled on the morrow. Then she said, if I had no objection, she would drink that last drop with me. I shall never forget how she said it—"that last drop!" However, I dipped the old jug bottom up, and got about a great spoonful, and Mollie said that was enough. She took the tumbler and poured a few drops of water into it and a bit of sugar, and then she tinkled her glass against mine, just as she had seen us boys do, when we'd been drinking to good luck. She says she: "Here's to the old brown jug!"

"Sakes alive! I thought to myself that poor Mollie had been drinking more of the rum than was good for her and I tell you it kind o' cut me to the heart. I forgot all about how many times she'd seen me when my

"Talk not of deeds of valor, nor of fame, Nor of thy wealth and worldly greatness boast. Remember this: though feeble be his fame, And few his gifts and unfextolled his name, The greatest man is he that loves the most. —Geo. H. Rowles.

Our Social Chat.

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.

There are souls in the world who have the gift of finding joy every where. Their influence is the inevitable gladdening of hearts.

Contentment is an admirable virtue but an over supply of it will land a 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.

Perfectly satisfied people are largely in the minority in this world and we are glad it is so, else where would push, pluck and progress find a habitation?

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

I have had several inquiries for knitting machines, one woman wishes one that will knit woolen thread as well as cotton. Would be glad to have manufacturers 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 for quite a while as your letter shows that you have been listening to our Chats, if you have not let your voice be heard until now.

Madge B. is with us again this week, to our delight. She writes such nice, common sense letters. All will be interested in this one Bachelor Jack's and Patience letters failed to appear last week because of an oversight at the office; however good things never come too late to be appreciated. They are in this week.

Girls can find much food for thought in "A Girl's Influence" on page 5 last week. Let the young ladies read and ponder. What do the Chatterer's think of the sentiments expressed in "Those Happy Days" on same page? Do you believe that children are so much happier than older people?—A. J.

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

Now Aunt Jennie I think it would be good policy for our old bachelors and girls to quit throwing stones at each other. Remember "a house divided against itself shall not stand," and I am afraid if we keep up this bickering Aunt Jennie will give up in disgust and cast us all overboard.

I see that our subcam, Jennie Acton, has a cloud of darkness at last—and she was the one whom we all thought never saw any thing sunshine and pleasure! Yes, the tattlers are showing her up. Jennie, I don't care how much decorum you use you may be sure of one thing there will always be some one somewhere to show you up.

Daisy Bell I am old enough to have gray hairs on my head. So I will now bid you all good night.—Bachelor Jack.

A NICE LETTER FROM PATIENCE.

Dear Aunt Jennie—I cannot resist the temptation to write again and tell you how much I like your corner. It has so many interesting and instructive letters in it each week. I can assure you I derive much benefit from reading them.

Jennie Acton, I am so glad, that fellow did not take you to Florida with him, at the time "they" had appointed. We would not like to lose the life and sunshine of our corner. There may be 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.

My letter is so lengthy I expect Aunt Jennie will consign it to the waste basket. 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 disappointed 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 in that way and I do hope the Chatterers will all continue to write.

Aunt Jennie gave a query week before last, "the flirting of young people." I think flirting one of the silliest habits young people ever fall into. I don't care how well raised and how stylish a young man or woman may be, nor how wealthy, if they acquire the habit of flirting, it shows that "one thing thou lackest." What is more disgusting than to see a young lady go into a parlor to entertain company and commence "putting on airs," and smiling silly smiles at every word that is spoken; or to hear her keep repeating "O my!" or some other such unmeaning remark!

If I were a young man and worshipped at the feet of a girl and she were to become a flirt 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 it increases their beauty but it my

opinion it is a sad mistake. The prettiest girl in my mind is one all unconscious of her charms, sweet and innocent as the lily. Our girls of today make a grave mistake in flirting with these twenty five cent dudes that patronize the tailor shops get "trusted" for what they wear, and spend their money in clubrooms, barrooms, pool-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 care how high a person is in my estimation if I know of them flirting I don't prize their friendship any longer. Now, as to Tennessee Boy: Why should a young man of only twenty-two years give up the idea of marrying 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 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 thought. There is many a noble heart concealed under a ragged jacket. The truth is our noblest men and women come from the humblest homes.

Mamma says she is sure I will be an old maid because I'm so plain and speak my mind to any one. I think if the young people would practice plain 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?

Charity asked for a receipt to make good egg bread I will give her one that makes excellent bread: Two eggs, one teaspoonful of salt. Beat eggs and salt together. One tablespoonful each, of flour and sugar; one heaping tablespoonful of lard; one pint of meal sifted. Melt lard and pour in batter. Bake in a pan in quick oven.

Would like to hear from some one else on the subject of flirting or deception.

Did Careless Tom mean he wanted more girls like Jefferson's first love or did he mean he wanted more girls with the grit, grace and gumption of Jefferson? He will find girls in plenty like Jefferson's first love. I 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 hag 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. Moycock, N. C.

SOME QUERIES.

Dear Aunt Jennie—"Chatterers" in Lenoir county are very scarce, and we all do not appreciate as we ought the kindness of the editors in giving us so much space in their good paper.

I certainly do not object to seeing the ladies ride a wheel if they wish, but do draw the line at "blowers."

Will some one tell me why a bachelor 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 of every community.

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."

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 I 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 still 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 gate. "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 been."

What the sailor said is not recorded.—Concord Times.

I agree with Polly and B. I. T. when they say, "High ideals make better men." "Let us require the young men we associate with to be as pure as they require us to be." If the young ladies of our country would say, "We will not associate with drunkards, gamblers, profane men, those who visit dens of iniquity or are guilty of any other immoral conduct," it would do more to elevate humanity and to raise the standard of morality and Christianity than all the preachers and courts in the land.

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 in any kind of immoral conduct that would cause us to shrink back in horror should our best girls follow suit. Woman is the next thing to an angel if she'll try to be, and she can almost make a saint of man if she begins in time. Too often she sinks at his reins till she gets him and then she raises sand because he keeps it up. Mothers, train your boys right from the cradle up, and they will make suitable companions for your daughters. "Aye, there's the rub." You do not begin in time.

An unmarried man is but half a perfect 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. Therefore 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.

Children are a source of comfort. They are a source of care, also. If you care for your child's health, send for illustrated book on the disorders to which children are subject and which FREY'S VERMIFUGE has cured for 50 years. One bottle by mail for 25 cents. E. & S. FREY, Baltimore, Md.