The Farmer's Wife.

The farmer came in from the field one day;
His languid step and his weary way,
His bended brow, his sinewy hand,
All showed his work for the good of the land:
For he sows, sows, sows,
For he hoes, hoes, hoes.
And he mows, mows, mows,
All for the good of the land.

By the kitchen fire stood his patient wife,
Light of his home and joy of his life.
With face all aglow, and busy hand
Preparing the meal for her household band:
For she must broil, broil, broil,
And she must boil, boil, boil,
And she must toil, toil, toil,
All for the good of the home.

The bright sun shines when the farmer goes out,
The birds sing sweet songs, lambs frisk about;
The brook babbles softly in the glen
While he works so bravely for the good of the men;
For he sows, sows, sows,
For he mows, mows, mows,
And he hoes, hoes, hoes,
All for the good of the land.

How briskly the wife steps about within,
The dishes to wash, the milk to skim;
The fire goes out, the flies buzz about;
For the dear ones at home her heart is kept stout.
There are pies to make, make, make,
There is bread to bake, bake, bake,
And steps to take, take, take,
All for the sake of the home.

When the day is o'er and evening has come,
The creatures are fed, the milking done,
He takes his rest 'neath the old shade-tree,
From the labor of the land his thoughts are free;
Though he sows, sows, sows,
And he hoes, hoes, hoes,
And he mows, mows, mows,
He rests from the work of the land.

But the faithful wife, from sun to sun,
Takes her burden up that's never done;
There is no rest, there is no play,
For the good of her house she must work away:
For to mend the frock, frock, frock,
For to knit the sock, sock, sock,
And the cradle to rock, rock, rock,
All for the good of the home.

When the autumn is here, with its chilling blast,
The farmer gathers his crops at last;
His barns are full, his fields are bare;
For the good of the land he ne'er hath care:
While it blows, blows, blows,
And it snows, snows, snows,
Till winter goes, goes, goes,
He rests from the work of the land.

But the willing wife, till life's closing day,
Is the children's guide, the husband's stay;
From day to day she has done her best,
Until death alone can give her rest:
For after the test, test, test,
Comes the rest, rest, rest.
With the blest, blest, blest,
In the Father's heavenly home.

HOW HIS SHIP CAME IN.

An Affecting Story of Struggle, Patience and Triumph.

I ran across what first struck me as a very singular genius on my road from Springfield to Boston. This was a stout, black-whiskered man, who sat immediately in front of me, and who indulged, from time to time, in the most strange and unaccountable manœuvres. Every now and then he would get up and hurry away to the narrow passage that leads to the door in these drawing room cars, and when he thought himself secure from observation, would fall to laughing in the most violent manner, and continue the healthful exercise until he was as red in the face as a lobster.

As we neared Boston these demonstrations increased in violence, save the stranger no longer ran away to laugh, but kept his seat and chuckled to himself, with his chin deep down in his shirt collar. But the changes that those portmanteaus underwent! He moved them here, there, everywhere; he put them behind him, in front of him, on each side of him. He was evidently getting ready to leave, but, as we were yet twenty-five miles from Boston, the idea of such early preparations were ridiculous.

If we had entered the city then, the mystery would remain unsolved, but the stranger at last became so excited that he could keep his seat no longer. Some one must help him, and as I was the nearest he selected me. Suddenly turning, as if I had asked a question, he said, rocking himself to and fro in his chair the meantime, and slapping his legs, and breathing hard,

"Been gone three years!"

"Ah!"

"Yes, been in Europe. Folks don't expect me for six months yet, but I got through and started. I telegraphed them at the last station; they've got it by this time."

As he said this he changed the portmanteau on his left to his right, and on the right to the left again.

"Got a wife?" said I.

"Yes, and three children," he returned, and he got up and folded his overcoat anew, and hung it over the back of the seat.

"You are pretty nervous over the matter, aint you?" I said, watching his fidgety movements.

"Well, I should think so," he replied; "I haint slept soundly for a week. And do you know," he went on, glancing around at the passengers and speaking in a low tone, "I am almost certain this train will run off the track and break my neck before I get to Boston. Well, the fact is, I have had too much good luck for one man lately. The thing can't last; 'taint natural that it should, you know. I've watched it. First it rains, then it shines, then it rains again. It rains so hard you think it's never going to stop; then it shines so bright you think it's always going to shine; and just as you're settled in either belief, you are knocked over by a change to show you that you know nothing at all about it."

"Well, according to this philosophy," said I, "you will continue to have sunshine because you are expecting a storm."

"It's curious," he returned, "but the only thing that makes me think I'll get through safe, is because I think I won't."

"Well, that is curious," said I.

"Yes," he said. "I'm a machinist—made a discovery—nobody believes in it; spent all my money trying to bring it out—mortgaged my home—all went. Everybody laughed at me—everybody but my wife—spunky little woman—she would work her fingers off before I should give it up. Went to England—no better there; came within an ace of jumping off London bridge. Went into a shop to earn money enough to come home with; there I met the man I wanted. To make a long story short, I've brought £30,000 home with me, and here I am."

"Good for you!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," said he, "£30,000 pounds; and the best of it is, she don't know anything about it. I've fooled her so often, and disappointed her so much, that I just concluded I would say nothing about this. When I got my money, though, you better believe I struck a bee line for home."

"And now you will make her happy," said I.

"Happy?" he replied, "why, you don't know anything about it. She's worked like a dog while I've been gone, trying to support herself and the children decently. They paid her thirteen cents a piece for making coarse shirts; and that's the way she has lived half the time. She'll come down there to the depot to meet me in a gingham dress, and a shawl a hundred years old, and she'll think she is dressed up. Oh, she won't have no clothes after this—oh, no, I guess not!"

And with these words, which implied that his wife's wardrobe would soon rival Queen Victoria's, the stranger tore down the passage way again, and getting in his old corner, where he thought himself out of sight, went through the strangest pantomime, laughing, putting his mouth into the drollest shapes, and then swinging himself back and forth in the limited space, as if he were "walking down Broadway," a full-rigged metropolitan belle. And so on till we rolled into the depot, and I placed myself on the other car, opposite the stranger, who, with a portmanteau in each hand, had descended and was standing on the lowest step, ready to jump to the platform. I looked from his face to the faces of the people before us, but saw no sign of recognition.

Suddenly he cried, "There they are," and laughed outright, but in a hysterical sort of a way, as he looked over the crowd. I followed his eyes and saw some distance back, as if crowded out, shouldered away by the well dressed and elbowing throng, a little woman in a faded dress and well-worn hat, with a face almost painful in its intense but hopeless expression, glancing rapidly from window to window as the coaches glided in. She had not yet seen the stranger; but a moment after she caught his eye, and in another instant he had jumped to the platform with his two portmanteaus; and making a hole in the crowd, pushing one here and there, and running one of his bundles plump into the well developed stomach of a venerable looking old gentleman in spectacles, he rushed toward the place where she was standing. I think I never saw a face assume so many different expressions in so short a time as did that of the little woman while her husband was on his way to her. She didn't look pretty. On the contrary she looked very plain, but someway I felt a big lump rise in my throat as I watched her. She was trying to laugh; but God bless her, how completely she failed in the attempt! Her mouth got into the position, but it never moved after that, save to draw down the corners and quiver, while she blinked her eyes so fast that I suppose she only caught occasional glimpses of the broad shouldered fellow who elbowed his way toward her. And then, as he drew close and dropped those everlasting portmanteaus, she just turned completely round, with her back toward him, and completely covered her face with her hands. And thus she was when the strong man gathered her up in his arms as if she had been a baby, and held her sobbing to his breast. There was enough gaping at them, heaven knows, and I turned my eyes away a moment, and then I saw two boys in threadbare roundabouts standing near, wiping their eyes and noses on their coat sleeves, and bursting out anew at every fresh demonstration on the part of their mother. When I looked at the stranger again he had his hat drawn over his eyes; but his wife was looking up at him, and it seemed as if the pent up tears of those weary months of waiting were streaming through her eyelids.

A Wreck of a Man.

What wreck is so shocking to behold as the wreck of a dissolute man—the vigor of life exhausted, and yet the first steps in an honorable career not taken—in himself a lazar-house of disease, dead, but, by a heathenish custom of society, not buried!

Rogues have had the initial letters of their title burnt into the palms of their hands—even for murder. Cain was only branded on the forehead; but over the whole person of the debauchee or the inebriate, the signatures of infamy ar written. How nature brands him with stigma and opprobrium! How she hangs labels all over to testify her disgust at his existence, and to admonish others to beware of his example! How she loosens all his joints, sends tremors along the muscles, and bends forward his frame, as if to bring him upon all-fours, with kindred brutes, or to degrade him to the reptile's crawling! How she disfigures his countenance, as if intent upon obliterating all traces of her own image, so that she may swear that she never made him! How she pours rheum over his eyes, sends foul spirits to inhabit his breath, and shrieks, as with a trumpet from every pore of his body, "Behold a beast!"—*N. Y. Varieties.*

Spurgeon, in a sermon, told the wives and mothers not to run after public interest to the neglect of domestic duties: "Let the buttons be on the shirts, let the children's socks be mended, let the roast mutton be done to a turn, let the house be as neat as a new pin, and the home as happy as a home can be."

An Inside View of Louisiana Politics.

To the Editor of the Inter Ocean.

New Orleans, La., Dec. 12, 1876.—Your telegrams from Louisiana have long since informed your readers how the White League Reformers tried to buy an electoral vote for Tilden. But much more yet remains to be told. Other electors besides those mentioned were offered bribes. To one of them the agent of Reform said: "You can visit the bank and see the gold if you doubt the reality of our offer. With that sum you can go to Europe and live there. It will make no difference there to you what is said or done here."

If it be true, as some assert, that "every man has his price" then the Republican electors must value themselves very highly, for not one of the whole number could be bought for the price which the champions of Reform and Honesty offered them.

When we reflect that the electors were selected without any special care or inquiry and that no legal penalty would be inflicted if they vote for Tilden instead of Hayes, and then consider the immense bribe offered, the result speaks well for the honesty of Republicans everywhere. Some to whom these offers were made are poor men, who have devoted many years of the best part of their lives to the support of the party, without receiving the recognition and reward due their services—yet they could not be tempted to betray their trust. Democrats call themselves the party of reform, and denounce Republicans as the party of plunder, yet we find the self-styled party of reform offering bribes and the party of plunder refusing to take them. The true name of the Democracy of Louisiana is, "The Party of Murder and Perjury."

About Building Fires.

In the West, especially the prairie region thereof, where soft coal is much used for fuel, in still or muggy weather, difficulty is sometimes experienced in securing a good draft at first, and, as a consequence, the stove gives out sulphurous smoke and fumes at the covers and cracks, instead of sending it up the chimney. To obviate this a light fire of shavings or paper placed on top, after the kindlings and coal are laid underneath, will by the force of heated air ascending the chimney, thereby establish an upper current at once, and create a draft, and as a rule allow the smoke from the fire lighted below, to pass immediately off by the flue, instead of diffusing itself throughout the room.

"Go Home."

Recently a young man was driving a loaded team near Smithfield, R. I., when the linch-pin of the wagon broke, throwing the driver out, and rolling a barrel of cider upon him, and breaking his leg in two places. In this sad position he availed himself of the intelligence of a St. Bernard dog, which had accompanied him. Taking from his pocket a pencil and piece of paper, and writing what had befallen him, he tied the paper to the dog's collar, and told him to "go home." The faithful dog did so, and help came to his assistance within an hour.—*Boston Herald.*

John Morley says the very best thing he can think of as happening to a young man is, that he should have been educated at a day school in his own town; that he should have opportunities also of following the higher education in his own town; and that at the earliest convenient time, he should be taught to earn his own living.

Dr. Allen Thompson, at the recent meeting of the British Association, exhibited and described two skulls from the Adamite Isles, and referred to the custom the natives had of preserving portions of their friends' skeletons and wearing them as ornaments. The skulls of their husbands were actually worn upon the shoulders of widows.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton laughs and chuckles, and giggles and grunts, and chokes, and squeals, over the existing political muddle, because as she says, "there is for once, a terrible muss, with no woman in it to lay the blame upon."

"When I have work to do," said an old toper, "I always set about doing it." He had been "setting about" in a bar-room for years.

As usual, we are threatened with the English custom, which prescribes bare necks and shoulders as the only evening dress.

"What these niggers want," said a Florida man, "is education." Then he picked up his shot-gun and started.

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22y1

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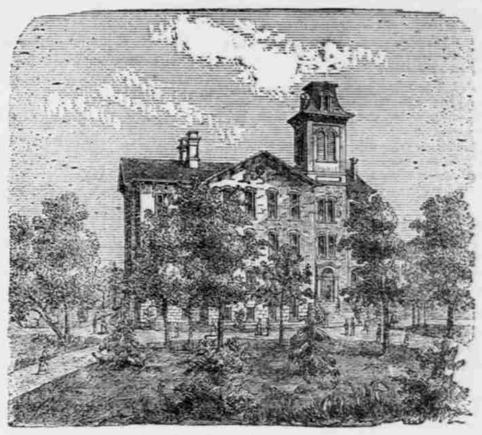

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