

THE ADVERTISER.

Subscription, \$2.00 per Year, in Advance.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY.

A SUMMER DAY.

Turquoise-breasted birds have sung the spring away. Pink arbutus leaves have blushed farewell to May. There's a soft, sweet presence hovering on high— There's the whole of summer in the summer sky. When the daylight flutters from their swinging nests, Rise enraptured welcomes from enraptured breasts: When the clouds of sunset stream like burning lights, There's the faint, low warbling of their soft good-nights. There are rivers murmuring as they onward go. That the pale spring loosened into fallier flow; Now a wider glory in their sparkling hides— There's a summer's passion in their throbbing tides: Thin wings, sunshine-stained, thro' the noon-tides go— Butterflies in silence fluttering to and fro: There's the whole ripe sweetness of the spring gone by— There's the whole of summer in the summer sky! —Mrs. L. C. Weston, in *Wide-Awake*.

A SUMMER IDYL.

Heroic Struggles of Two Amateur Gardeners.

The first week or two of May is enchanting to the amateur gardener in this latitude. 'Tis then he plants potatoes, corn, beans, onions, lettuce, radishes, oyster-plant, Lima beans, watermelons and muskmelons. In the possibilities of the future, it is to be delicious during the summer to pull radishes and dig potatoes from one's own garden. It is to be delicious to see one's vegetables grow and to hear the birds sing over them. The management of the house in the midst of which this vegetable garden was situated depended entirely on her. They kept no servant. They declared they stood in need of none. And while, during the day, he was at his business in the city, she essayed to care for the rapidly-growing vegetables. The good and bad in this world do often prosper alike, and oftentimes the bad seems to prosper as well if not better than the good. So weeds, taking advantage of the appliances placed in the soil ground for developing vegetables, grow as fast if not faster than vegetables by man deemed legitimate to that soil, simply because he takes pleasure in eating them, although, if the question be considered on its real merits, any fair, level-headed man would say that the weeds being the original natives of the soil and to the manor born, have a better claim to said soil than the vegetables, which are generally foreign importations. However, the vegetables must be protected from the weeds by a hoe with a human being at the business end.

A PLUCKY LITTLE WOMAN.

She was a plucky little woman, and said she would outdo at this end of the hoe while he was at business in the city. So she did. For a few weeks it was a drawn battle between her and the weeds. The garden was on new ground, and a low-lying, swampy bit of ground, too. The weeds consisted principally of fern and swamp-cabbage. Her task was to keep down a voluntary fernery and give the potatoes a chance. The garden soil was mainly sand; not sand indigenous to the place, but some hauled from afar and spread over the swamp. This was an idea indigenous to his uncle, who had a mania for improving the worst pieces of land he could pick out and buy cheap. He had colonized him and her on this swamp, and granted them rent free for the summer in hopes that the presence of such respectable-looking settlers might attract others to the spot. She was not an expert in the knowledge of vegetables. Didn't, in fact, know a potato vine from a skunk-cabbage. By the middle of June the skunk-cabbage had got the start of the potatoes, and threatened to swallow them up. She was of this happily ignorant, taking the skunk-cabbage for some legitimate vegetable which he had planted among the potatoes. Thriving on her ignorance the skunk-cabbage increased and multiplied.

He came home earlier than usual one day and would take a look at his potatoes. Seeing skunk-cabbage and potatoes together from afar, and not then being himself well grounded in kitchen-garden science and indications of weed evils, he said: "How well things are growing!" Coming a little nearer, it struck him these might not all be potatoes. "Hallo!" he cried to her. "I thought this was the potato patch." "So it is," said she. "Where?" said he. "Where you are standing. You're knee-deep in potato vines now," said she.

Said he, "Good gracious! Thunder! Why, these are not potato vines. These are weeds. This is skunk-cabbage. And you have hoed this?" "Yes," said she, "I hoed all the nasty weeds that came up around them."

"Why, you've hoed away the potato plants and left this skunk-cabbage," he squealed.

"I thought I was hoeing the potatoes, and that they were doing all so nicely and so much better than the onions, because that dreadful fern has got among the onions," said she.

FIGHTING WEEDS.

He got his big hoe and she her little hoe, and together they slashed skunk-cabbage till dark. They arose at five the next morning and pitched again into skunk-cabbage, and, by breakfast time, the few potato vines she had accidentally missed had a faint chance for life. Meantime the kitchen garden and life in the country went on and on. Other weeds industriously sprang up all

over the garden. The mosquitoes came thicker and thicker. Did they light a lamp at night, millions on millions of small winged things lost their lives trying to put it out. Strange insects, winged, horned, clawed, fanged and pronged came into the house, got into their bed, into his boots, into her slippers. Frogs croaked in the cellar. For a week they were occupied in fortifying the windows with mosquito nets. Three times a week the butcher brought scraggy pieces of meat from the city, for which they paid the highest price. The only store was a mile away on a sandy road. All this, added to the weeds, kept her very busy. She began to think that a rural life looked best in a book. They had fifty-two hills of potatoes. "I wonder if this patch will raise us enough to last all winter," he asked of her as they were going into the house one evening, both pretty tired from hoeing skunk-cabbage. "I guess so," said she, "but if they'd only grow as well as skunk-cabbage we might have some to sell." Just then an agricultural neighbor, passing the house, called out to them: "Got any bugs yet?"

She turned up her nose. "Bugs?" said he. "Of course not." "What a rude question," said she. "All the folks around here have got 'em," said the native. "Beds full of 'em." They did not hear him say "potato bugs." The native continued: "Paris green is the best stuff to kill 'em. We sprinkle it on our beds every day." "Why, I should think it would ruin your sheets and pillow-cases," said she. "Sheets? Pillow-cases? Haw! Haw! Haw!" roared the native. "Potato bugs don't trouble 'em."

"Oh!" simultaneously remarked he and she as the true light stole into their brains. Then they went and examined their potato vines. They were covered with potato bugs. Millions! "I saw them last week," said she, "but I thought they were lady-bugs—at least a bigger kind of lady-bug." "We must pick them off," said he, "to save the potatoes. You must commence picking our crop of potato bugs to-morrow. What have you got to pick them in?" "Nothing," said she, "save the milk picher."

"Milk picher it is," said he. "Desperate diseases, desperate remedies. We must commence to-night." She brought out the milk picher. Together they picked it full many times and emptied the bugs in the babbling brook which ran by their cottage, which babbling brook carried many of the bugs to the green potato fields of their neighbors, and left them there alive. They seemed to have picked all the bugs off their vines that night, yet it was not so. On arising and going forth next morning they found as many bugs as ever. They recuperative and regenerative power of bugs and weeds and all sorts of things people do not want is wonderful. "Evil seems catching, but good is hard to take," said he. He was obliged to go to the city, and there in the whirl of business his mind wandered to their little agricultural cot and potato bugs. She all day picked potato bugs alone, and drowned milk-pitcherful after milk-pitcherful in the babbling brook. Yet next morning the bugs had the start of her again. This was kept up for several days. Meantime the swamp fern and skunk-cabbage got a fresh start on the bean and radish beds and quite swallowed them up. The potato bugs monopolized the entire energy and attention of this agricultural pair. Nor was this all. Pig-weed came. First, a cautious old pig-weed, who had flourished there for generations, poked his head out of the ground. After reconnoitering, he gave the signal. Anon by scores, hundreds and thousands, came other pig-weeds. She waged with them a feeble warfare. What could the young wife do, almost alone, against Skunk-cabbage, Swamp Fern, Potato Bugs and Pig-weed? Nothing. Emboldened by the success of the pig-weeds, the

FRAMERS OF THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM rushed in from all quarters. There came Dock, Black-weed, Wild Pepper-grass, Mullen and Stramonium, or Sink-weed.

They ravaged her little flower-garden. They massacred the tender plants. They ate up their sustenance. They crowded them out of existence. She laid down the hoe in despair. Ants crowded along its handle. They erected their habitation under it.

"How green your garden is getting," he said to her one day. He had become sarcastic. This was on or about the 25th of June. Sadly she took her little hoe and cut down a few pig-weeds. She then laid it down and took it up no more that season. There it lay, and the pig-weed, the dock, the wild pepper-grass, the skunk-cabbage and the sink-weed came up around it and overshadowed it.

"How very green your garden has grown," said he to her on the 3d of August. It was very green. The wicked weeds had run out both flowers and vegetables. They had full control of all the governmental departments of that garden. They outvoted the original occupants ten to one. The Vegetable Aborigines of the soil had regained their original supremacy. They climbed the fence and poked their heads riotously and impertinently between the pickets. The accidental, vagrant sunflower was elected Mayor of her garden. The streets and avenues she had so nicely laid out between her beds was invaded by a disorderly, accidental pumpkin vine. The only surviving rosebush was mobbed by pig-weed. Over all this ruin the birds sang their matin songs and Nature seemed as blithesome and joyful as though their kitchen garden had been a success. —*Frederic Mulford, in the San Francisco Chronicle.*

Remarkable Endurance.

A remarkable instance of the tenacity of human life and the possibility of human endurance came under the notice of a *Courier-Journal* reporter yesterday. There are equally curious cases on record where persons have survived destruction of parts of the brain and enduring great physical privations, but this seems to be unique and alone in medical annals. On the evening of the 2d of last April John Platte, a molder at the Louisville Mantel and Casket Foundry, returned to his home, on the pike, just opposite the Institute for the Blind, and found his wife sitting in a chair, with the left side of her face and head resting on the hot stove. She was unconscious and alone, and no one knew how long she had been in that position, but the room was filled with the odor of burning flesh, and a neighbor was of the opinion that her face had not been on the stove more than an hour, as she was seen in the yard about that length of time previous to her husband's arrival. She was placed in bed and Dr. J. W. Maxwell was summoned to attend her, but no one entertained the slightest belief that she would ever speak again. The doctor found that all the flesh on the left side of her face, the ear and the scalp to the top of her head, was cooked into a crisp, and was ready at the least touch to drop off. She remained unconscious until the next day, when she rallied, but was delirious for nearly a week. Healing applications were made, and in two or three weeks all the burned flesh became loose from the bones and was taken off, and she complained of but little pain. She seemed in a fair way to recover until erysipelas set in, and for several days she was again thought to be at the point of death.

The latter affliction yielded, however, to the proper treatment, and was checked before it reached all parts of the burn. After it disappeared, the process of decay went on until the jaw and cheek-bones and the skull on that side of the head were laid bare. The front line of the burn extended from a point on the top of the head, passing just back of the eye down by the corner of her mouth to the chin, and after the flesh was removed the dry bones of the jaw, cheek and side of the head appeared as if they had been scraped. The injury extended down on her neck, and destroyed the jugular vein and all the facial nerves on that side. After the erysipelas was cured she complained of no more pain, and during the entire period of her affliction has experienced none of the physical shocks and prostrations which were constantly expected. Her pulse remained normal, her appetite good, and for the past month she has been able to walk about the room or sit in her rocking chair the most of the time. Dr. Maxwell has been doubtful of her recovery all along, but she expresses a determination to get well, and as she has passed safely through her affliction for the past two and a half months, her indomitable will may carry her through. Recently the exposed bones appear to have been seriously affected by the heat, and are beginning to show signs of decay. The point of the jaw-bone where it is attached to the temporal is beginning to crumble, and the doctor thinks that the outer table of the skull on that side will come off. The cheek-bone has drawn away from the temporal and caused a cavity into which the finger can be inserted nearly two inches. She lives on liquid food entirely, and eats it with a lively relish. The wound presents a most ghastly sight, and how any one can live and enjoy good health under the circumstances is indeed a mystery.

Dr. Maxwell has been very attentive to the case, and as none of the family were able to properly attend to it he dressed the wound daily, and is, therefore, thoroughly acquainted with it in all the stages through which it has passed. He has strong hopes of the ultimate recovery of his patient. He has had Mrs. Platte photographed in two positions, in each of which the artist has produced a perfect but a most ghastly picture. He is preparing a report of the case for the profession, which will no doubt bring to light some new conditions under which a patient can "still live." —*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The Discipline of Drudgery.

A "liberal education" is a capital thing, and the thousands of young men who are now honored with the title of A. B. are to be congratulated upon the good fortune that has permitted them to acquire the mental discipline resulting from a four years' course of academic study. But these young men must not make the mistake of supposing that this discipline is an all-sufficient preparation for the higher callings of life. That is, the young men who propose to enter any of the branches of professional life, for instance, must not imagine that the fact of their having a college education will permit them to leap to the top rung of the ladder at once. The discipline they have is valuable, but chiefly so as a basis for the acquisition of practical knowledge, without which success is impossible. By practical knowledge we mean acquaintance with the minutiae or little details which go to make up all occupations. Such knowledge a college education can not give and is not intended to give. It is only to be acquired by patient application. The discipline of a college curriculum must be supplemented by another kind of discipline, namely, the discipline of drudgery. No one, however largely endowed with mental power, can be exempted from the necessity of acquiring this discipline. It is far more essential to success than the discipline furnished by a college course. —*New Haven Palladium.*

Our Young Readers.

JEREMY AND HIS TIN HORN.

"I'll make a noise," said Jeremy Black, As the days drew nigh To the Fourth of July: "I'll make more noise than a cannon or pack of fire-crackers, or pistol, or gun, or cannon-cracker. I'll have more fun with fifty cents than the rest of the boys with a dollar's worth of powder and things— with fifty cents I will make more noise than all the rest of the town, by jings!"

So he went down To Abraham Brown, The tinkler back of the Blue Bell Inn, Who mended the pans for all the town, And he got him to make a Thing of tin. Then both of them tinkered and talked and planned. Between the mending of pot and kettle, And racking of crackers, with chalk and hand, Until they managed the thing to settle: And all the boys were eager to know What kind of a Thing they kept tinkering so. Was it anything like a cannon, or rocket, Or Italian candle, or pin-wheel, or gun? Was it small enough to go into his pocket? Or could he lift it when it was done? Would the thing go off, or would powder go in it? And a dozen of such like questions a minute, But Jeremy Black just gave a sly wink, And they could not tell what in creation to think.

So Fourth of July came around at last, And the day was fresh and the sun was bright; Then just as soon as the night was passed, At the earliest dawn of the drowsy light, The boys turned out With noise and rout, And loud halloo and lusty shout, And racket of crackers, with chalk and pop, And ringing of bells, and size and splutter, Till good folks trying to sleep would stop, And get up and close the window and shutter. But Jeremy Black just turned in his bed, And down in the pillow he nestled his head, And thought, with a grin, How the Thing of tin Would make enough noise to drown the din. At length he arose and dressed himself, And afterward managed his breakfast to eat; Then took the Thing from the wood-house shelf, And carried it with him out in the street. Now all the boys came running to see What ever the wonderful Thing could be— And lo! 'twas a fisher-horn six feet long. "Now stand a little away," said he, "And you'll hear a noise so loud and strong And deep and mighty that it will drown All popping of guns and cannons in town." Then all the boys stood back while he Stepped up to the free-pipe under the tree, And rested thereon the end of the horn, Then took a breath that was long and deep, And blew as he'd not blown since he was born; And out from the Thing came—never a peep!

He stopped, and wiped his mouth for a minute, Then blew as if the dickens were in it, He blew till the hair stood up on his head; He blew till everything swam around; He blew till his forehead and ears grew red; But out of the horn came—never a sound. At first the boys were half afraid Of the terrible sound that would soon be made; But after awhile they began to chaff, And then to giggle, and then to laugh. Poor Jeremy knew that the noise was there— It only required a little more air. Once more he blows till his muscles strain; Not a sound. And then he began to know, Though he had endeavored with might and main, The horn was too large for him to blow!

MORAL: As one goes over this world of ours, One frequently finds a Jeremy Black, Who overrates the natural powers The Fates have granted him— somewhat black. Those people who build, though they may not know it, A horn so large that they never can blow it. —*Howard Pyle, in Harper's Young People.*

MY AUNT'S SQUIRRELS.

Perhaps it was because she hated cats. My aunt's house is a large one—very like those you often see when traveling in the country—square, with windows all shut, silent doors and empty porches. The beauty of my aunt's house was its back yard and back door, with a great, flat stone step. A gate at the back of the yard opened on a lane, where trees grew on each side, and thickets, which, in summer, are full of birds, butterflies and blossoms. The deep ruts are overgrown with grass; only the breezes pass to and fro, which flutter the leaves into little rustling songs. The back door led into a great kitchen, built ever so many years ago; the rafters were colored, for my aunt would never have them whitewashed. Lots of things were stowed away among those rafters—pumpkin-seeds, ears of corn, bunches of herbs, an old saddle; and, in the winter, hams and links of sausage swung over their edges, and the rubbish of years was there, precious to my aunt, but useless to everybody else.

One day in autumn, Josh, my aunt's man-of-all-work, while hoisting a bag of dried beans into the rafters, discovered a pair of gray striped squirrels. He rattled the beans and "shooed," but they only skipped beyond his reach, chattering, and stood on their hind paws, making motions with their fore paws as if "shooing" Josh in return. "I do believe, mem," he called to my aunt, "that these little thieves have come to eat up all my garden-seeds; but I can't make out why ground squirrels should roost up here."

"Let them be, Josh," said my aunt; "I'd rather have squirrels overhead than cats under feet; the creatures won't trouble me." Nor did they, but, when people talked in the kitchen, the squirrels chattered louder and faster than ever. Although they dropped seeds and straws on my aunt's muslin cap, and although Josh muttered about holes in bags, and muzz, and noise, she would not listen. She declared they were company for her, and she was certain they would not forget her friendliness toward them; they kept their distance, and were always the same bright, cheerful, happy little beings! For all this, Josh pondered a plan, and carried it out. "Ground-squirrels," he argued, "had no business up in the air." So he prepared a bag, tacked the old horse to the wagon, caught the squirrels when my aunt went out, put them in the bag, and rode away up the lane and into the woods. When he got to a thick spot, dark with trees, he shook out the squirrels, turned about, and jogged home, with the satisfaction of having finished

a good job, just a little dashed with dread of my aunt's scolding, which, any way, was not so bad as their chatter. Josh opened the kitchen door and went in. The silence pleased him, and he began to rub his hands, as his way was when pleased. He cast his eyes upward and was instantly greeted with a merry chatter. The squirrels had got home before him, and were all the more lively for their voyage in the bag, the ride in the wagon, and the picnic in the woods!

"Marcy on me!" he cried, his hands falling apart. Just then the squirrels let drop a hickory-nut on the bald spot of Josh's head.

"I missed their noise," said my aunt; "they have been cunning enough to go out nutting."

"Yes," said poor Josh. "They are very cunning, mem; I know so much about them."

Either the indignity of the raid upon them, or the find of the hickory-nuts, was too much for the squirrels; shortly after, they disappeared. My aunt was reminded more than once of their ingratitude, but all she said was— "Wait."

A cat was proposed for a pet once more. "No cats!" my aunt said, looking severely at Josh, who went out to the barn immediately. When the spring came, and the lilac-bushes bloomed, I went to my aunt's—the old kitchen was my delight. We sat on the door-step in the afternoon when the sun-rays left the lane, and we could rest our eyes on the deep, cool green of tree and shrub. My aunt watched the way of the wind, where the birds flew, and the coming blossoms, and I watched her. Once, when I happened to be inside, I heard a suppressed, wondering cry from her, which made me hurry back; I saw her attention was fixed on the path below the step, and looked also, to see the most cunning procession that ever was. My aunt's gray squirrel was trotting toward us with tail curled up, and accompanied by four little ones exactly like her, with their mites of tails curled up also—two were on her back and two trotted beside her. She came up to my aunt fearfully, and the little ones ran about us. Her motherly joy and pride were plain to be seen. Then we heard a shrill squeak from the lilac-bush—it came from her companion, the father of the family, who watched the reception. My aunt sent me for pumpkin-seeds, and to see them snipping the shells and feeding on the meat was a fine treat. The babies were about a finger's length, but their tails had as stiff a curl as their mamma's, and never got out of place. Many a day afterward the mother paraded the young ones on the door-step, and carried home her pouch full of pumpkin-seeds, but the father never put his dignity off to come any nearer than the lilac-bush.

"Now, you unbelieving Josh," called my aunt, once, "what do you say?" "Say, mem," looking up at the rafters. "I say a cat might have druv them away." —*Elizabeth Stoddard, in St. Nicholas.*

Nothing Completed.

I once had the curiosity to look into a little girl's work-box. And what do you suppose I found? Well, in the first place, I found a "head purse," about half done; there was, however, no prospect of its ever being finished, for the needles were out, and the silk upon the spools was all tangled and drawn into a complete wisp. Laying this aside, I took up a nice piece of perforated paper, upon which was wrought one board of a Bible, and beneath it the words, "I love—"; but what she loved was left for me to guess. Beneath the Bible board I found a sock, evidently commenced for some baby-foot; but it had come to a stand just upon the little heel, and there it seemed doomed to remain. Near to the sock was a needle-book, one cover of which was neatly made, and upon the other, partly finished, was marked: "To my dear—"

I need not, however, tell you all that I found there; but this much I can say, that during my travels through that work-box I found not a single article complete; and silent as they were, these half-finished, forsaken things told me a sad story about the little girl.

They told me that, with a heart full of generous affection, with a head full of useful and pretty projects, all of which she had both the means and the skill to carry into effect, she was still a useless child—always doing, but never accomplishing, her work. It was not a want of industry, but a want of perseverance.

Remember, my dear young friends, that it matters but little what great thing we merely undertake. Our glory is not in that, but in what we accomplish. Nobody in the world cares for what we mean to do; but everybody will open their eyes by and by to see what men and women and little children have done. —*Children's Friend.*

—A large Newfoundland dog in Louisville was recently sheared, apparently much against his will. After the operation was finished, the dog sprang to his feet, trotted off a short distance, looked at himself and the man with the shears, and then leaped into the air and fell dead. By-standers attributed the dog's death to grief for the loss of his handsome coat.

—The widow of the German poet Uhland has just died in her eighty-second year. She wrote a biography of her husband, whom she survived nineteen years.

—A Georgia farmer removed to Alabama and took his cow with him; but the animal turned up at her old home, ninety miles off, a few days afterward.