

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 3, 1888.

Printed at the Journal, Chicago, Ill., at second street.

I SCREAM.

Tell us not in mournful number
The life of a girl that's been
When a girl that's been so dear
Gets outside a quart of cream,
And then wants more.—*Zimra's Gazette.*

Life is real, life is earnest,
And a girl who knows what she needs,
Has a crown they are the biggest
Set to show their grins and greed,
No more.—*N. Y. Times.*

Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife;
Never with a mother battle,
Save the ice-cream for your wife.
—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for our country,
But never let us go-a-roving
With a girl that's been so dear.
—*Herald.*

Lives of such girls all rent out,
And then beat for an end;
That the boys who come behind us
Will have to pay for lots of cream.
—*Yankees' Statesman.*

And, departing, leave another
Bill for unpaid school dues,
Which, perhaps, some forlorn brother,
Seeing, may take heart again,
And get trust again.—*N. Y. E. Journal.*

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
I have a heart for my country,
But to treat, though each was borrow,
I should, if I could, be so true.
—*Palmer Journal.*

Trust no girl, however pleasant,
With one plan for her end;
She'll tell you all her lover has
And then take him to bed.
—*Somerville Journal.*

THE SQUIRE'S FUN.

Squire Doolittle was a farmer, fat and jolly, who liked fun, but always preferred it at some one else's expense.

If he could play a trick upon one of his sons, he enjoyed it hugely. As a consequence, the boys were never far from him very much, and were always trying some practical joke upon their father. Sometimes they succeeded, but not often.

"I'm too old a fish to be caught by the pin-hooks of boys," he would say, when some plan of theirs had miscarried and the joke was turned upon themselves, much to his delight and their chagrin. "You've heard of weasels, haven't you? Yes? Well, weasels, especially old weasels, never sleep."

"We must get a laugh against him in some way," said Tom. "He's too provoking! I'd give a dollar to trick him in such a way that he wouldn't like to hear about it."

"So would I," said John.

"And I'd make it," said Bob. "But we're hardly sharp enough. That's the trouble."

It happened that the Squire was in the haymow in the barn when the conversation took place, and the boys were sitting on some boxes on the barn floor.

He chuckled as he listened, and a moment later called out from his lofty perch: "I'll tell you what I'll do, boys. When you get a good joke on me, I'll buy each one of you a hat."

The boys looked thoughtful. But finally, because they had nothing else to say, they accepted the challenge, and in a half-hearted sort of way set their wits to work to earn the hats.

In the square of the sheep was an old ram called David. The animal had a chronic spite against the whole human family, and never lost an opportunity of exhibiting it to any individual of the family. It was his habit, when a stranger entered the yard or pasture where David was, the poor man or woman fortunate if he was not knocked down as suddenly as he was, and struck by lightning. The ram always attacked from the rear. He would creep behind the object of his attack, curl his neck, and his eyes, and charge! As may be imagined, the boys had resolved to try their wits, backed up by the momentum gathered by his charge, gave anything but a pleasant sensation when they came in contact with the legs of his unsuspecting victim. A boy who was strapped to his horns, over his woolly face, to obstruct his range of vision and serve as a warning to strangers of his warlike propensities. But he contrived to turn the attack, and would then slay for his unsuspecting victim.

The boys enjoyed many an hour of fun with David. The sheep-pasture came up to the barn-yard on one side, and a creek ran along by the other. The pasture came to the creek there was a very high bank, and this bank was the Doolittle boys used to go upon a narrow rock that was just under the edge of the bank. Here, when they stood upon it, their bodies above the waist could be seen above the level of the pasture. Facing the pasture in a position they would attract the attention of old David by calling and shaking their hats at him. He was always ready for the trick. With lowered neck, curled neck and a snort of anger, he would rush at them with his eyes closed. Taking advantage of this peculiarity, the boys would drop down behind the bank, and David would look into the water with a plunge that would have done credit to a Newfoundland dog. Then he could get back to the shore, looking wrathful and sleepless; but he could not be induced to renew the attack again at that time.

His memory, however, was poor, or his pugnacity was too strong for his discretion, for in an hour, if the boys came back, he would be ready for another charge. Perhaps the foolish animal thought that some time he would be too quick for them.

The Squire had often watched this sport, and laughed at David's recklessness and at his appearance as he plunged into the water and came forth with his wet wool and disgraced and wrathful aspect.

One day the Squire was in the barn-yard salting the cows. He had a half-bushel measure in his hand, and as he looked over the fence into the sheep-pasture, and saw David watching him, he held up the measure and shook it at the old fellow.

David gave a snort of defiance, and began to curl his neck and shake his head, as if challenging the Squire to combat.

"I wonder if I couldn't trick the old fellow in the same way that the boys fool him?" thought the Squire. He looked about the yard cautiously. His sons were not in sight, and he concluded he would have a laugh at David's expense. Crawling through the fence, he reached the rock on which the boys stood in their encounters with David. The ram had not seen him. When the Squire raised himself cautiously and looked over the bank, David was watching the barn-yard, and evidently wondering what had become of the man who had just challenged him.

"Hi, David!" cried the Squire, holding the half-bushel measure out before him as a target for the sheep to aim at.

"Hi, David!"

Our Young Readers.

WHAT I WOULD DO.

If I were a little bird,
I'd sing my sweet song,
I'd take a journey to the sky,
And frolic all day long.

If I were a pussy-cat,
I'd chase the mice and mice,
And have sweet cream for supper,
And everything that's nice.

If I were a tiny mouse,
I'd gnaw the holes in the wall,
When Tommy was in the way,
And so make him please.

But I am a little boy,
Just learning what to do,
And every day, it seems to me,
I'll grow up to be a man.

I get up in the morning
And play with Tom and Nell;
But then I'll go to school,
I'll go to school as well.

I'm very little, to be sure,
But then I'm only four;
And some day, I'll be a man,
And know a great deal more.

BOBOLIS WHIPPING.

Bobolo was only eight years old, but he was a person of considerable importance nevertheless; for his father was a King, and consequently he was a Prince. It is true that his father was only King of a Kafir tribe of negroes in Africa, but as he knew nothing about the great world away from the part of Africa he lived in, he fancied himself the greatest man in the world.

If Bobolo had not been a Prince, he might have been a very nice boy, but as it was, he was spoiled by being puffed up and told he was better than any other boy that he made himself so disagreeable that nobody could love him. But that fact did not make much difference to Bobolo, for he never knew it, because nobody dared to say it. He had a great many slaves of about his own age, and he made them his companions.

When he was in a good humor he would treat these little slaves very well, but when he was cross—which was most of the time—he would be very hard on them. He would strike them with a whip which he had with him, and would be as cruel as any whip-master could be. Sometimes he did not even wait until he was angry, but would strike them as he passed, just for the fun, as he said, of seeing them dance, for, though Bobolo was not very strong, his whip was very hard and he knew how to use it.

Among the slave boys, the strongest and quickest was Kami. He was a year older than Bobolo, and was as kind and obliging as any boy could be. He did not quarrel with Bobolo, and would try to bring him any better than he did the others. On the contrary, Kami seemed to catch the whip often than anybody else. The reason for this was that Bobolo disliked him, but because he liked him, he wanted Kami with him all the time; and so when he was angry poor Kami was sure to be near, and consequently was the easiest to get at. And what made it harder to bear was that the boys in Africa do not wear any clothes, and so there was nothing between Kami's skin and the whip.

One night when the boys were going to bed—Kami slept in the same room with Bobolo—Bobolo felt cross and would not be satisfied with anything that was done for him. It made him crosser still to see how content Bobolo looked, so he took up his whip and suddenly struck him. Kami gave a great jump and cried out with pain.

"What's the matter with you?" said Bobolo.

"You hurt me," sobbed Kami, rubbing the place where he had been hit.

"Hurt you?" mocked Bobolo, striking him again. "You had better wish you were something to cry for. I wouldn't cry for a little thing like that!"

"Nobody ever struck you," sobbed Kami; "you don't know how it hurts."

"I can't think of anything to do but to strike you with a snout," said Bobolo. "I know I wouldn't cry, anyhow!"

Kami did not answer again, for he knew it might bring him a harder whipping if he did. He hid his face, laid himself down and prepared to sleep. But Bobolo was not so sleepy, and he would not have Kami be so. He snarled like a little dog.

"Get out of there! You can lie on the ground to-night; I want your bed!"

Kami knew it would do no good to complain; so he quietly got up, dodged the end of the whip, and waited until Bobolo scolded a little while, and then took his place in Kami's bed.

It did not matter much to Kami, for he was used to an uncomfortable bed, and he could sleep just as well on the ground. He would have gone to Bobolo's bed, but he did not dare; so he crawled down in one corner of the room, and before long both he and his master were fast asleep.

Late that night there was a sudden commotion in the village. Somebody had given the alarm that a thief was coming; and the whole village was roused in an instant.

We who live in great cities far and wide know that it is not in the least surprising that the thief should come from a village that is a thoughtless child does of putting its foot on a tiny nest of bees, when the alarm was given this night, every man and woman in the village rushed out, shouting and screaming, some running this way and some that.

The men at first caught up blazing torches from the fire to throw at the great creatures, because they knew that the great creatures are afraid of flames. The women, at first, did not know what to do, but suddenly one of them cried out: "The children! the children!"

"You might have thought, to hear that they were afraid of some harm might happen to the little ones; but it was no such matter. There is a belief in some parts of Africa that elephants are afraid of the voices of children. So it usually happens that when a herd of elephants is known to be coming, the women rush to their huts and drag out the children and whip them well to make them scream. It is not very nice for the children, of course, but it is done, nevertheless, and consequently on this night, all the cries of 'The children! the children!' were heard on every side.

Among other Bobolo's mother ran to her hut. Not to get dear Bobolo for fear he never would lose one of his boys, but to get Kami with him, a great hurry, and rushed to Kami's bed, and taking hold of the little sleeper there, dragged him, half-awake only, out into the street, and with a whip she moved so soundly that the little fellow was scared by the full glare of daylight and the noise of the mob. He was at last, and the children were led back to the hut and put to bed again.

There probably was never a more astonished boy than Bobolo was that night. He was so greatly overcome that he could not say a word, but lay all the rest of the night sobbing with pain and wondering what had happened.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

A fruit-grower says it is a good plan to be sure to have a pair of good plows and a pair of good harrows, and to plow or harrow.

If a straw hat has been wet, and the stiffness has departed, rub a little white egg mixed with cold water over it, and put it on with a flannel cloth.—*N. Y. Post.*

A writer in *Gardening Illustrated* uses thin gutta-percha in his grafting operations. Pieces about two inches long are firmly fastened in and supported around the graft. He likes it better than the common mixture for the purpose.

Walnut Cake: One cup of powdered sugar, a small cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, two eggs, well beaten, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one and one-half cups of flour, one-half cup of walnut meats, and a little salt.—*The Boston Herald.*

The Dangerous Toy Pistol.

The toy pistol is so safe, many ignorant persons think, because it carries neither shot nor bullet.

As I tried it once, I can tell you about it. First, I twisted one of the caps around, and a stinging sensation in my hand and on a loking, I found several tiny black splinters sticking in the skin. I pulled them out, but I felt the pain for some time afterward. Then I placed a cap on the hearing and struck with a hammer what I thought was well sealed, and kept my hands as far away as I could. When it went off I felt the same stinging sensation in my left hand, which was more than two feet from the gun. This was getting decidedly dangerous, and when I took up the pistol to try it, I carefully wrapped my right hand in my handkerchief, and I did not make it out. There was the mischief! The handkerchief was doted here and there with the black splinters from the exploded cap.

Small Industries on Farms.

As "little foxes spoil the vines" and small expenses constantly incurred absorb large sums of money, it is profitable carried on by farmers, help pay expenses and eventually render them wealthy. The great majority of Western farmers devote themselves to raising corn, wheat and stock, and are engaged in producing grain raise cattle and sheep for the market. They take great delight in doing things on an extensive scale, and are fond of increasing the number of acres devoted to cultivated crops, forage plants that are to be harvested and pastured, and adding to their flocks and herds. They are willing to devote time to the production of little things. They keep but few cows and no bees. They raise no small crops, even for the supply of their own tables. Their gardens are large in proportion to their farms are large. Little is raised in them but the more delicate ones are put in the fields or gardens. As a consequence their living is poor or their grocery bills are large. Doing most of their marketing but once in the year they are generally out of money a considerable portion of the time, and obliged to get in debt for running expenses. During the excitement of slavery in the South there was a general neglect of all the small industries by large planters. Many of them devoted their farms exclusively to the production of one staple crop, as cotton, rice, sugar-cane, or tobacco. They sold everything they produced for the year, and were largely dependent on the market for their means of living. They received money but once during the year. The average farmer is large enough to last until another crop is matured and sold. Being in debt was the almost universal rule among the large farmers.

It has been estimated that far by persons who are engaged almost exclusively in the production of spring wheat. As seasons have been favorable and prices high, the settlements in the West and the West are becoming prosperous. It remains to be seen, however, how they will prosper when the soil becomes somewhat exhausted of its manure, and has become a wasteland. In most portions of Texas the raising of cattle and sheep constitutes the leading business. With almost unlimited range for stock the business is very profitable. A large number of men have been induced to come to Texas to produce and diversify interests will doubtless be a matter of necessity. In fact, a variety of agricultural industries are necessary to support a large population anywhere. Farmers in the West and South who think there is no money in the soil will do well to visit some of the small industries constituted by the only source of gain on farms. In the New England States the average farmer does not produce grain sufficient to feed his own family and stock, and he raises for the market. Still a large proportion of the farmers are prosperous. They get a living and often lay up money by producing things that the market of the South will not buy.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

"Europe through a Woman's Eye" is the title of a new book. That bears the name of a woman, and is published by H. S. Davenport, of Erie, Pa., has the cases out of which Horace Greeley set type when he worked on the Erie Gazette.

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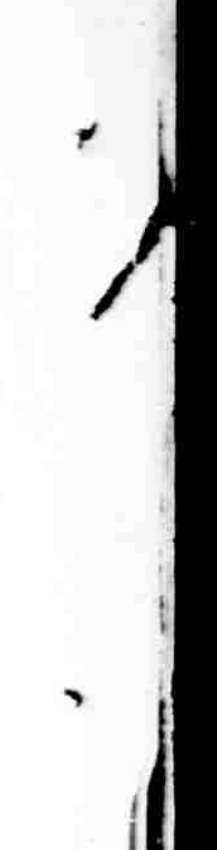
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