

WHERE WISDOM LIES.

When you read some extremely rocky and rough. And disaster comes booming along...

FARMER JOHN.

Old John Sanborn—"Farmer John" his neighbors called him—was a very energetic and successful farmer in the good wooded belt of central Wisconsin.

The heavy timber of nearly two hundred acres had melted before his heavy arm, and months at a time he had his heavy ax had accompanied the sun from its rising to its going down.

Farmer John had fairly met all the discouragements usual in pioneer life, and aided only by his equally energetic wife, had honestly acquired a competence.

One little grave had been made during those troubled years, and another trouble which he still presently mended had contributed to leave the old man as we find him—overworked, morose and selfish.

On this particular morning he seemed rather more morose and gloomy than usual. It was just as the spring work was beginning, and the never ending round of toil was swelling into even greater proportions than usual.

"Poor Mary!" and as he continued a tender light came into the hard gray eyes...

The sunlight on the floor moved farther along. Little Bright had lain down for his midday nap, and still the gray head was bowed...

"What did you want, John?" she asked, placing the future dinner on the table and resting her hands on the sides of the pan.

"Well, Mary, ye look tired, that's certain," said the old man, looking at her with a hard, cold stare.

"Wonder I'd better? Can't hear from Will I don't, that's certain. Then after a moment's pause, 'Yes, I'll go now! If it's put off, 'twon't be done, and I can't let it be done now!'

"Well, I do know 'bout that, Wilson," said the old man, looking at her with a hard, cold stare.

"That you, Martha? Well, good morning!" he said in a hurry, but glad to see her.

on the door and Mrs. Baldwin met him with a puzzled look on her face, but gave him a kindly "good morning," and when he entered Helen herself offered him the good armchair.

The pale face and troubled eyes of the girl were almost enough, but Farmer John then sent a pang of pity into the old man's softening breast.

"Pretty fair weather for the time of year," he at length said, after an awkward silence in which the measured tick of the old clock seemed to give in volume at every stroke.

He would not have said even this had he known what the weather was, for a strong spring shower had been gathering, and was about to break on the cottage.

"I am not a railroad," and I think in view of the fact that it is almost forty years since I did my first day's work on the iron horse, my claim to that sobriquet is somewhat tenuous.

"I'm glad to see you," said the old man, looking at her with a hard, cold stare.

He would not have said even this had he known what the weather was, for a strong spring shower had been gathering, and was about to break on the cottage.

HER MIND NOT MADE UP YET. You say that you love me, you say you love me, and you say you love me...

Oh, don't ask an answer to-night! Just wait till you are sure your heart is secure, and don't ask an answer to-night!

TRAIN NO. 5. I am an "old railroad," and I think in view of the fact that it is almost forty years since I did my first day's work on the iron horse...

There is, however, one incident which came under my special notice some years ago, and which I have never yet related to the reporters or to my more private friends...

One day I stood on the huge turn table in the yard, just outside the round house, and looking down at the engine, one of our best passenger conductors...

"I'm glad to see you," said the old man, looking at her with a hard, cold stare.

He would not have said even this had he known what the weather was, for a strong spring shower had been gathering, and was about to break on the cottage.

The conductor was John Bolton and the regular patrons of the C. and A. were glad of it, for when the general open competition had been given to the C. and A. Bolton was seen upon the train...

"Why—hello, my lad! What is it?" said John, who, even when busy, gave a pleasant greeting.

"The devil never assails a man except he find him either void of knowledge, or of the fear of God."

But quick as a flash the boy hustled over to the engine, and down into the cab and took his stand on the plate with the coolness and nerve of a veteran.

Shopping Among the "Elect." She might have called cousins with two or three of the women whom Mr. Howells has drawn, but she did not say...

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