

ABULDER'S GOAT.

BY JOHN W. HATTON.
Abulder lived a lonely life, for he could not agree with his master, nor friend nor foe, so cross and unkind was he. But Abulder had a weakness for dogs and cats, and as often as he ate himself he fed the mice and rats. He loved little besides, cows and sheep, but most of all a goat. Called Billy, whom he oft declared had sense enough to vote. If Billy was so very wise, 'twas Abulder made him so. For everywhere old Abulder went the goat was sure to follow him. He taught the beast to fight the boys, and drive them from the place, and in time the sides were sore at a frantic rate.

Full often a boy would limp home to nurse his wracking pain, But never loitered thereabout nor pestered Abulder, for he was a good master.

And when a peddler chanced that way, to vend that Adam and Eve were not all who had been located disconsolately in pleasant places.

Well, the poor woman hung her head for an instant, as she stammered some half-way justification for the proposed flight, enough to convince me, however, that I had only made her merely unhappy, perhaps, and I left, quite convinced that the example set by our far-off progenitors, in showing restlessness in whatever Eden located, was still and always would be a characteristic of their descendants to the very end, that Adam and Eve were not all who had been located disconsolately in pleasant places.

One strong and controlling reason why, in all the past history of emigration and settlement of the whole country, the rich valleys of Kentucky have been so much overlooked was that the range of rough mountains, extending almost from the Ohio river to Cumberland Gap, compelled trains of emigrant wagons to keep on southwest clear to the last-named place, as to the only outlet of this mountainous country, so "double-backed" out through the "Gap" then before them lay a feasible road to Central Kentucky, Middle Tennessee, and, indeed, to the whole West. And if, comparatively, a few in these early times diverged mountainwards from this great leading pathway to richer lands, they were those who especially liked hunting for its own sake; and who, in the mountain districts, would be sure of sport not to be found for any length of time in a more agricultural district. So it was, then—as we have said in the first portion of this chapter—the mountain ranges and valleys, and the streams which descended with those who transmitted their unlikeness to their descendants; and hence, whatever the native resources of those fine valleys, they have largely remained undeveloped to this day.

But—the query is worth entertaining—is it indeed the case that because the great tides of emigration, assisted by railroads and other potent agencies, have swept past this great mountain region of the states, to the west, that the far West is, in fact, that section which was the most developed, and hence, the most populous?

But Abulder loved him all the more, the master he had saved.

But he said, "I'll go to the grave."

They said, "The goat" when Abulder should "pass in his cheeks"; they said:

"Some fortunate—all agreed to kill the creature."

Now Billy had grown or so of late, for want of exercise.

He had done everything that moved, his master, too, despaired.

But Abulder loved him all the more, the master he had saved.

And checked at the mischief done, the master he had saved.

And when Master Brown would come that way to sing and pray.

He'd pay his salary for a year, and "plank it down."

But Abulder knew the parson would lie a whaling gone.

Like a child, as to meet old Bill, and take his head in tow.

The wicket shall stand, 'tis said, but half three score and ten, and the goat was tame, was sure he had saved.

And the goat was sure the devil's own, if goats are owned below.

And when Abulder went the goat was sure to go.

Hard by, a bridge of logs was built, across a deep ravine, and to this bridge old Bill would go to meditate and sleep.

Now Abulder's son strayed and soaked it well in corn.

To do a stock of turkeys that belonged to Mrs. Abulder.

The poisoned grain he placed with care upon a corner shelf.

No one knew of the secret dire, except old Abulder.

Then Abulder led him to the bridge to take his noon-day sleep.

But Billy eyed him from afar, so plump, and fat,

He thought how funny it would be to pounce him in the rear!

For Abulder had him all these tricks, and he should have his share.

The neighbors found old Abulder dead, down in the mud.

"The goat! the goat!" the farmers cried, "old Bill has foretold his fate; he'd eaten of the corn."

His wicked master had prepared upon that fatal morning.

MORAL.

Those who delight in giving pain will soon or late be found.

Caught in the trap, for others set, as they go sneaking round.

COLOSSUS, Mo.

OLD-TIME REMINISCENCES.

The New England of the South, and the necessity for its Development.

BY W. W.

As I trust my readers are by this time aware, I am not writing merely to amuse those who chance to honor me with their attention, but with the hope that they will set down bearing upon past and existing conditions of the South may serve to draw attention to what in the end may become of the South's vantage and prosperity, in some degree, at least, of both sections.

I purpose to deal to some extent with the substantial resources and attractions with which the South is really so richly endowed, if perchance, some may turn to these advantages, and, sooner or later, reap good returns from them.

Let me remark, then, that most undoubtedly the poverty, and resulting ignorance and simplicity of the mountain districts—because prosperity, and resulting wealth, in most cases means education, books and a thousand different enterprises—came largely of the unfortunate start made two-thirds of a century ago, and not from lack of resources in the country itself. The first settlers believed implicitly in the pleasures and profits—whatever they were—of the land, so long as they could raise corn enough to feed themselves for themselves and feed for their stock, they troubled themselves but little beyond this, their meat, until hogs and cattle became a substitute and necessity, being gotten "out of the woods."

Placed in these rich and well-wooded and watered valleys, excepting now and then a small peach or apple orchard whose fruit of the best kind might be made to yield a superabundance, they then existed for half or two-thirds of a century, the world, somehow, never having let its daylight stream in upon them.

And yet, all through that region, where only the traveler on horseback, or on foot could make his way, coal and iron are everywhere "cropping out," from the hillsides, in a manner that would make unlimited fortunes for New England with the same conditions.

The advantages to have been, that the advantages for living could be had on far too many points. And in illustration of this, let me give an incident, the leading features of which might be multiplied indefinitely.

One of my many jaunts through these valleys, I came upon one so exceedingly charming in all its belongings that a friend of mine along could not utter exclamations of pleased surprise.

The occupant of the one habitation in it, evidently the "monarch of all he surveys" (as Mr. Whittier's pictorial log cabin, located on a small eminence in the middle of the valley, behind him was a fine peach and apple orchard, while a little further off was a rustic mill turned by the beautiful stream that noisily bowled its way downward, while upward toward the tops of the hills that shut in this little hollow, waved the arms of great forest trees, cottonwood, oak, and others, that seemed to bend from the place protectingly to shield it from tempests and all else that might threaten it. Cleared and rich fields in ample supply completed the picture.

I have said above that life and its comforts here were had on too easy conditions. Stopping to get breakfast and our horses fed, the good woman of the house, to "give us something to eat," she said, "while she was preparing the meal," brought forward some plates of the best honeyed honey and its white comb. I was ever soothed enough to taste. And she added, "the bees had left that rich live of honey the day before, and she couldn't think of a single reason for their doing so—but was completely puzzled."

Well, it was not long before an admirable breakfast was smoking on the table before us, and then, in the course of conversation, we learned that the family were doing their best to dispose of their old place for the purpose of moving to Missouri.

"Alas!" I said to the good woman, "I didn't believe there was any 'vale of content' in this world, whatever the case,

poets might say," for I could no more understand why they could think of leaving their present beautiful home, for any far-away place whatever, than she could understand why the bees had left their home in search of a field of honey, to go winging their way in search of some fancied better home.

Well, the poor woman hung her head for an instant, as she stammered some half-way justification for the proposed flight, enough to convince me, however, that I had only made her merely unhappy, perhaps, and I left, quite convinced that the example set by our far-off progenitors, in showing restlessness in whatever Eden located, was still and always would be a characteristic of their descendants to the very end, that Adam and Eve were not all who had been located disconsolately in pleasant places.

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why should not the two races work onward in entire and cordial harmony?—more especially when never before in the history of any race were so many lines of occupation both essential to each other as were distinctly marked out, or such as could be easily made, to command the other to refrain from interfering with the other. Progress for the whole means progress for every individual, if the latter be earnest and industrious; and, for once leaving more to itself than barren field of politics where thousands quarrel for months that one may get some paltry office, turns to an earnest development of resources which, ultimately, will bring about the same result, and enable them to command what hitherto they may have been satisfied to wrangle for or solicit.

TURNIPS.—The cultivation of turnips is not more regular than the cultivation of rutabagas consists of keeping free from weeds, and thinning out to a proper distance. One good root at every 9 inches is far better than two or three poor ones in that space. To have good sound roots of any kind, sufficient abundance. Asort and pack with unusual care.

APPLES.—It does not pay to market inferior specimens; but, in this season of scarcity, it will pay to send smaller fruit, if fair and sound, than in years of abundance. Asort and pack with unusual care.

BUCKWHEAT.—This crop, being easily raised, should be sown in the fall. Low ground should be cleared first; then high ground the crop not to be touched by light frost, and here it may be left later. The grain shells so easily that it should be harvested early in the morning, when moist with dew. After lying a few days to dry, it should be raked up when it is moist.

SUMT AND RUST.—These troublesome diseases of wheat and rye may be prevented by picking the seed. The pick may be made of strong brine, or of a solution of four ounces sulphate of copper in one gallon of water. Sprinkle the seed grain, stir thoroughly to wet every kernel, and spread to dry. Either of these will destroy the spores, which are the seed of the parasitic fungi known by the above names.

MANGEL.—Early-sown turnips may be harvested this month. The roots may be harvested as soon as the tops are large enough to make them acceptable and salable to the planters, lower down, of the Carolinas and Georgia, when driven thither finally. The method in vogue is to purchase the seed grain, stir thoroughly to wet every kernel, and spread to dry. Either of these will destroy the spores, which are the seed of the parasitic fungi known by the above names.

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