

## FOR THE DISCOURAGED FARMER.

BY MRS. F. JOHNSON.

The summer wind is sniffin' round the bloomin' loc'um tree;  
And the clover in the pasture' is a big day for the bees;  
And their bens a whiggin' honey, above-board and on the fly;  
Till they scatter in their bussin', and stagger as they fly.

The fisker on the fence rails 'pears to jest spit on his wings and tail feathers, by the easy way he sets his feet; And the hoss-eey is a whittin' up his fore-legs fer bix;  
And the mare is a-swhicchin' all of her tail they is.

You hear the black-birds jawin' as they follow up the road; They're bound to get their breakfast and they're not a carin' how;  
So they're in the furrow, and they quarrel on the wing—  
But the hoss is passable in pot-pies than any other thing.

And it's when I git my shot-gun drawed up in stiddy rest,  
She's as full of tribulation as a yaller-jacket's nest;

And a few shots fore dinner, when the sun's a-shinin' in right; Seems a sort o' sort o' sharpin' up a feller's appetite.

They've been a heap o' rain, but the sun's out today;  
And the clouds of the wet spell is all cleared away.

And the woods is all the greener, and the grass is greener still; It may rain again to-morrow, but I don't think it will.

Some say the crops is ruined, and the corn's drownded out;  
And poor old wheat will be a failure without doubt;

But the kind Providence that has never failed us will be on hand once more at the heventh hour, I bet!

Does the medder-lark complain, as he swims high and dry?  
Through the waves of the wind and the blue of the sky?

Does he still sit up and whistle in a disappointed way?

Er hang his head in silence and sorrow all the day?

Is the chipmunk's health a-fallin'? Does he walk, or does he crawl?

Don't the small birds circle around up there just like they alius done?

Is there anything the matter with the rooster's lungs, or the hen's?

Or a mortal be complainin' when dumb animals re-joe?

Then let us, one-and-all, be contented with our lot, the world is this morning, and the sun is shining hot.

Oh! let us fill our hearts up with the glory of the Ad and banish every doubt and care so sorrow far away!

Whatever be our station, with Providence for guide, Such words sort to make us satisfied.

For the world is full of roses, and the roses full of dew,

And the world is full of heavenly love that drips for me and you.

—Indianapolis Journal.

## THE REVENGERS.

"Pop!"

"Yes."

"That big basket with the broken hale, an' dig me 'bout a peck o' potatos. Look lively now. Don't stand there staring at me like a dumb thing. Fly around!"

"Yes."

Pop, a thick-set little fellow, black as the ace of spades, seized the basket. Miss Sharpie deposited with her leave for-fingered hands a peck of potatoes.

In the garden, Andy, Miss Faithful's nephew, and the cause of much of her tribulation, was engaged in weeding. He averaged one weed a minute. At that rate it would take about three months of constant work to clear the beds. But Andy didn't care. He hated work, and he wouldn't have dreamt of leaving the garden to the world of the year. His aunc's example, and her many maxims, and long lectures on the nobility of honest toil never had any perceptible effect upon him.

"What are you going to do, Pop?" he asked as his co-sufferer, who viewed things pretty much as "Mars Andy" did, emerged from the house.

"Goin' to dig taters."

Digging potatoes had always been hateful to Andy. His eyes before. But now it did not make him so. Anything was better than weeding.

"Say, Pop, I'll dig the potatoes, if we'll weed some."

Pop shook his head.

"Can't, Mars Andy," he answered. "Old Misus, she tol' me I'd go to go and get dese yere taters my own self, an' not to foal' round' with nobody. She says she spec Mars Andy gwine to ax me to, so she tol' me not to stop nohow."

This was delivered very glibly, for Pop hated weeding as much as Andy did, and never found any difficulty in framing an excuse.

"O, pshaw!" said Andy, who did not think of deriding Pop's veracity, knowing as he did his aunc's opinion of his industry. "That's the way she always talks. She don't mean nothin'."

"I don't, Mars Andy," and Pop clung with a well-simulated shiver of fear to the broken bale. "Old Misus, she'd take an' te de head square off'n me, if she'd take me."

"She! Now you know you're gassin', Pop. There ain't as much fight in your skin as makes out. But go long, I be-lieve. I'll be back to you," said Andy, making the best of the inevitable.

"I only know one thing: you're that mean a faw won't buy you."

Pop proceeded to the potato patch with a heavy heart. Andy's last words cut deep. He wondered whether he could make peace, and turn out the contents of his pocket, so that he might have something to pacify the aunc. His friendship was so dear to him. But nothing appeared of sufficient value to serve as a peace offering—an alligator's tooth, a rattlesnake's rattle, a big cone, a piece of string, the core of a turnip, a glass button, and a piece of rusty iron. For none of these things would Andy care. He had plenty like them; only better.

Two boys, in close conversation, came to the garden fence, and the one which led to the bale, half a mile off. Pop pricked up his ears on hearing something one of them said, and ran to repeat it to Andy, forgetting, in his excitement, all about their recent differences.

"I say, Mars Andy, now's our chance. We can get even wid dat Bob Harris and Tim Waters for stealin' our clo's when we was in a swimmin' las' Sat'day. Day's gone down now to go in deirselve's."

"Good luck!" cried Andy. "I didn't believe we'd get a chance for revenge so soon. You get through your potatoes, Pop, and they be off. We'll show 'em that stealin' clothes is a trick we can pull at too."

Pop wasn't ten minutes digging the potatoes, when he walked scurried around to the kitchen window, which was open, for the weather was very warm, and succeeded in setting the basket on the deal without attracting the attention of any of the boys. A little later, when he went to the door to see how the boy's weeding progressed, neither of the boys were to be seen, and she screamed their names, until she was hoarse, without eliciting any reply save from the echoing pine woods.

The boys proceeded with great caution as they neared the river. In the middle of it lay a small island, almost overgrown with bushes, which afforded a capital screen. On the other side of this island the water was very deep, but not so to them it was so shallow that they could wade across with ease and perfect safety. Very careful to make no noise, they hunted around among the bushes until they found two piles of clothes. Hastily picking them up, they ran off with them as a shawl was raised by some one in the deep water.

You know how it feels to have your clothes pulled off, now," sung out Andy, as he and Pop waded back to the shore in great haste. "They'll let us alone the next time we go in, I reckon."

They did not stop to hear the answer given by the boys.

that was shouted after them, but, hurrying home, hid the clothes in an empty bin in Miss Faithful's bed-chamber.

"Let 'em get home as best they can," chattered Andy. "We had a good right to take revenge."

"Let's call ourselves de revengers," suggested Pop.

"That's the name for us," cried Andy. "You've hit us this time, Pop. 'Revenge is sweet,' you know, and I reckon we never felt better than we do now. Tim and Bob'll never hear the last of this."

This was Thursday. Every Thursday night there was a prayer meeting held in Crossroads Methodist Church, situated in the middle of the town.

Andy and Pop always went; but because Miss Faithful, who was a devout member of the congregation, was afraid to leave them at home, for fear they would burn the house down or commit some other desperate deed of a like nature.

"Please let us stay home to-night, aunc," pleaded Andy, as he sat with his aunc at supper. Pop slowly polished the table, the aunc averaging a rub every two or three minutes.

"No, don't ask it," was the decided reply. "I can't trust you. Like as not you'd burn the whole place down before I got half to Crossroads. Come, Pop sit down and eat, while I clear away the dishes, and then we'll start. You both deserve a thrashing for going off this afternoon without leave, and attending meeting is small enough punishment," growled the aunc.

The church was full. It had been previously announced that Deacon Ellis and Deacon Snow, of Glenville, who were visiting Deacon Marley for a few days, would give their experience, and the attendance was consequently very large, for these gentlemen were looked upon as "shining lights," and great respect was shown them. Miss Faithful, however, was not left unattended, for a few rich people, and laughed merrily, with the aunc, at the scenes of merriment.

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1781. First attempt at fashion. Colours are worn on shirts and chaises appear.

1782. Liberty talk of. No more using of stamped paper.

1783. Wooden clocks made.

1784. Troubles begin about tea; chests of it thrown into Boston harbor.

1785. The streets of Boston are lighted with oil-lamps.

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