

The Republican.

Fives.

When she was five, and I was ten, Our greatest wish was to be men; Like my big cox, her brother Jim, Oh, how long'd we be like him. When she was ten and I fifteen, I had a mind to be a "green" And left myself to be a man. Compar'd with little Cousin Ann, And when she numbered fifteen years, And I was twenty, hopes and fears That I should be a man, And have was lord of all—but good!

When twenty summers crowned her head And twenty-five of mine had died, She gave me hers—I gave her mine, And then our sum was five times nine.

And, as the years go on, our sum Is still the same, and still it grows; Five-dollar bills how fast each goes! How quick come twice five little toes!

Over-Production.

The *Rural New Yorker* says it is to be regretted that any economists should intimate the belief that there is or threatens to be, over production of the fruits of the farm. Already our agricultural interests have too much and too many kinds of opposition. The prevailing low prices of the articles raised by the farmer are not to be accounted for on this ground. Neither is the widespread financial trouble to be attributed to such a cause.

It is readily admitted that local or general markets may easily be overstocked with various kinds of manufactures, and also with those articles of consumption that are regarded as luxuries; but these bear to the community an entirely different relation from that sustained by the usual products of agriculture. All kinds of articles of commerce have shown a corresponding decline in price. The farmers need much that they cannot buy, the same is true of those engaged in all other occupations. The low prices of farm products are not attributable to the absence of a demand for them, but rather to the want of the money with which to purchase them.

All over this vast land there are now, and probably always will be, districts which need far more meat and grain than they have or can obtain. Taking a broader view, the worn and denuded lands of the Old World are scourged with terrible famines from time to time. China, in a few years, has lost millions of her people from this cause. Syria and India have been—and the latter even now threatens to be again—the scenes of horrible mortality and desolation from the same calamity. Brazil and Morocco have also been grievously affected by famine during the past year.

For the following reasons we believe that no section need to fear over-production of the necessities of life: The means of transportation are so rapidly multiplying that there are always near or distant communities that may be reached, that are in immediate and urgent need of what the farmer raises. These means of transportation are constantly increasing. The growth of population and the vast extension and multiplication of non-productive callings will prevent any diminution of the demand for the direct and indispensable means of subsistence.

The nature of the products of the soil is such that in many instances they can be converted into other forms that may prove more marketable. If there be more corn than is needed, there may be a scarcity of good beef, butter, mutton, pork, etc., and these can readily be raised from the corn. Again, there is such wonderful adaptation in our soil and climate, that, at least in many parts of our country, there is a vast privilege of choice as to what articles shall be produced. This ought to protect the intelligent farmer from the disappointment on an over-stocked market.

Millions of our people do not have a pound of fresh fruit of any kind for a great part of the year. Millions do not have a pound of butter for months. Millions scarcely know the taste of good, rich milk. Millions are living almost entirely without meat. Millions do taste mutton once a year. Millions have to live nearly or quite without wheaten flour. Millions have not enough corn-bread. Does that look like over production?

A Quaker to His Watchmaker.

I herewith send my pocket clock, which greatly standeth in need of thy friendly correction. The last time he was at thy school he was no wise reformed, nor in the least benefit thereby; for I perceive by the index of his mind that he is a Har, and the truth is not in him; that his motions are irregular and wavering; that his pulse is somewhat slow, which becometh not an even temper; at other times it waxeth sluggish, notwithstanding I frequently urge him. When he should be on his duty as thou knowest his name denoteth, I find him slumbering, or as the vanity of human reason phrases it, I catch him napping. Examine him, therefore, and prove him, I beseech thee, thoroughly, that thou mayest, being well acquainted with his inward frame and disposition, draw him from the error of his way, and show him the path wherein I am verily of the opinion that he is foul, and that the whole mass is corruption. Cleanse him therefore, with thy charming medicine, from all pollution, that he may vibrate and circulate according to truth. I will place him for a few days under thy request, and pay for his board as thou requestest. I entreat thee, friend John, to demean thyself on this occasion with judgment according to the gift which is in thee, and prove thyself to be a workman. And when thou layest

thy correcting hand on him, let it be without passion, lest thou shouldst drive him to destruction. Do thou regulate his motion for a time to come, by the motion of light that ruleth the day, and when thou fludgest him converted from the error of his ways, and more conformable to the above mentioned rules, then do thou send him home with a just bill of the charge, drawn out with moderation, and it shall be sent to thee in the root of evil.

A Significant Story.

No stronger example can be found of the sudden and gigantic growth of evil from a beginning, than in a recent tragedy which occurred in Richmond, Va. A young girl went into a store to buy a pair of shoes, when the clerk who waited upon her, as she stated upon the trial, complimented her, in an offensive manner, upon her pretty foot.

Now, no modest, properly-trained girl would willingly place herself a second time in the way of personal insult. According to her own statement, this young woman returned again and again to the same store and the same man, to be repeatedly addressed with flattery and attempted caresses.

Other witnesses declared that these insults were wholly the product of her own giddy imagination; that the clerk, Curtis, was respectful and courteous in his manner toward her. By her own story, however, she encouraged his familiarity by returning to the store, and then complained of it to a young man to whom she was betrothed, in such a way as to entice him to madness. He sought out Curtis, and beat him severely. Curtis followed him to take revenge, and was shot dead by the girl's lover, who was next sentenced to the State prison for manslaughter.

If this girl had not gone back to the shop to have her ears tickled with praises of her pretty foot, Curtis would be alive to day, and her lover would not fill a murderer's cell.

There is no trait of character which American girls need more than the modest reserve which they so often laugh at as old-fashioned. It is a quality which, oddly enough, the most licentious man requires in his wife. A girl, however innocent, who flirts and flouts in public as in private, her eye and manner challenging admiration from every stranger, will find plenty of men ready to flirt with and flatter her, possibly insult her; but not one of them will marry her;

Stiletto Forces.

Workmen in stone-quarries sometimes find a very hard kind of rock. They pick little grooves for the iron wedges, and then with great sledgehammers, drive and drive the wedges into the flinty rock. And yet, once in a while, they fail to divide the solid mass. The iron wedges and the sledge prove useless, and the workmen wonder at the stubborn rock.

But there is yet another way. The iron wedges are removed from the narrow grooves. Then little wooden wedges of a very hard fiber are selected. Now you begin to shake your heads and think, "Well, if iron wedges will not do, how is it possible for wooden wedges to be used successfully?" Just wait until we explain. The sharp, well made wooden wedges, are first put into water. They are then inserted in the grooves tightly while wet and water is kept to the grooves and no sledge is needed to remove the iron wedges.

She Didn't.

It was plain enough to all other passengers on the ferry-boat that the two were in love and engaged, yet the girl seemed to doubt his fervor, just a little. Therefore as the boat reached mid-stream, she leaned over and tenderly said:

"Johnnie, I am going to test your love. I am going to jump overboard, and if you really love me, I know you'll jump after me and save me."

"Yes, I'll jump after you," he slowly replied, "but—but—"

But what, Johnnie?"

"But if you were, I'd take off my shoes first. Just the minute they haul you out of the water, every woman in this crowd will rush to see whether you wear No. 2's or No. 5's, and if you are in your stocking feet, they can't get the size."

The girl drew her feet under the chair, sighed once or twice, and did not regain her old enthusiasm until the boy came along with peanuts.

It is so, often in other things. What noise and visible effort fail to do, some quiet power when applied will surely achieve. Teachers may remember this fact in mechanics, and manage some very stubborn natures by the application of the silent forces the iron and the sledge-hammer often fail. But tears, prayers, and a patient example, never fail.—Alexander Clark.

The Lawyer and His Student.

A lawyer in Dayton, O., had in his office a particularly industrious student. One of the clients was a young and pretty woman, and her consultations with the lawyer were always held in his private room, behind closed doors. The student became anxious to learn about the case that required so much secret discussion. He peeped and listened at the key hole, and was rewarded by the knowledge that, while the legal business related to the collection of a small debt, most of the interviews were devoted to courtship. The lawyer desired the woman to marry him, while she, being wealthy, feared that his motive was mercenary. On the occasion of her next call the lawyer was not in, and the student politely informed her that, although he had not been admitted to the bar, he was confident that he could deal satisfactorily with her case. She said no, but he persisted, popped the question on the spot, urged his suit eloquently, and was accepted. The lawyer, in revenge, tried to whip him, and that was how the story got out.

It is but poor health is a direct result of habitual poor attention to the physical system. Keep the head cool, the feet warm, and the bowels regular by the proper use of Dr. Bull's Baltimore Pills, and sickness cannot approach you. Price 25 cents.

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Quick Wit Wins.

Years ago, into a wholesale grocery store in Boston walked a tall muscular looking man, evidently a fresh comer from some backwoods town in Maine or New Hampshire. Accosting the first person he met, who happened to be the merchant himself, he said: "You don't want to hire a man in your store, do you?"

"Well," said the merchant, "I don't know what you do?"

"Do?" said the man; "rather guess I can turn my hand to almost anything—what do you want done?"

"Well, if I was to hire a man it would be one that could lift well, a strong, wiry fellow; one, for instance, that could shoulder a sack of coffee bag it yonder, and carry it across the floor and never lay it down."

"There, now Captain," said the comtrayman, "that just me. I can lift anything I hitch to; you can't suit me better. What will you give a man that will suit you?"

"I'll tell you," said the merchant; "if you will shoulder that sack of coffee and carry it across the store twice and never lay it down, I will hire you a year at \$100 per month."

"Done," said the stranger, and by this every clerk in the store had gathered around and were waiting to join in the laugh against the man, who, walking up to the sack, threw it across his shoulder with perfect ease, although extremely heavy, and, walking with it twice across the store, went q-ite to a large hook which was fastened to the wall, and, hanging it up, turned to the merchant and said:

"There, now, it may hang there till doomsday; I shall never lay it down. What shall I go about, mister? Just give me plenty to do and \$100 a month and it's all right."

The clerks broke out into a laugh, and the merchant, discomfited, yet satisfied, kept his agreement, and to day the green countryman is the senior partner in the firm, and is worth a million dollars.—*Ulric Obser-*

ver.

Know Your Business Thoroughly.

A young man in a leather store was so very impatient with his employer for keeping him, year after year, handling hides. But he saw the use years after when in an establishment of his own he was able to tell to a young man to whom she was betrothed, in such a way as to entice him to madness. He sought out Curtis, and beat him severely. Curtis followed him to take revenge, and was shot dead by the girl's lover, who was next sentenced to the State prison for manslaughter.

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