

# The Oxford Democrat.

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 9, NO. 17.

PARIS, ME.,

THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

FRIDAY, MAY 28, 1858.

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS IN ADVANCE.

OLD SERIES, VOLUME 25, NO. 27.

## Farmers' Department.

"SPEED THE FLOW."

DARIUS FORBES, Editor.

All the arts and sciences pertaining to life, are closely linked together, and are intimately connected with Agriculture.—AGRICULTURE.

### Weaning Calves.

We apprehend very many young animals are greatly injured in weaning, especially calves. Many persons injure them by not letting them have milk long enough. They wish for the milk to use for other purposes, and so they turn them off and leave them to take care of themselves when they are too young, and before they have become accustomed to eat other kinds of food. Not having learned to feed on more substantial food, upon being taken away from the cow they suddenly, they lose flesh rapidly and become but the shadow of what they were. It is this kind of treatment that does very much towards reducing the size of our neat stock. We have seen yearlings this spring, which did not weigh so much as three months' old calves ought to weigh. Such animals have got a check they will never get over. They must ever be small. It is a losing operation to the owner to pursue such a course. He loses more in the growth of the animals, than he gains in saving milk. It is therefore a very unwise economy.

Our method, in which we have met with the best success, is this.—When a calf is a week or ten days old, we select some nice fine hay and put in his pen and keep it by him all the time. He will soon begin to pick over the hay, especially if it is clover, and eat the clover-leaves. Soon after, we put a small box in his pen, and fasten it against the wall at a convenient height for him, till he eats hay like an ox and meal or oats like a pig. When about three months old, we begin to diminish his quantity of milk, gradually lessening it, till we take all we can get and then let him suck, all the time increasing his other feed. After a few times of such sort of treatment, and turning him with his mother once a day he will go and try the condition of things, and finding not much to pay him for his trouble, and having had a plenty of other food, he becomes entirely indifferent about the matter, and will turn away. When he comes to this, and is thus thoroughly weaned on dry food, he may be turned out of the pasture, if, in the season for it, and never show the slightest effect from losing his milk, or care the least about it.

From the Rural New Yorker.

### Rhubarb—Again.

One of your readers inquired last spring if rhubarb could be freed from the disagreeable roughness that so often spoils it. As I have seen no satisfactory answer, perhaps the Yankee treatment may be smooth with interest. It can be made as smooth as blanc mange by observing three points: 1st, the kind; 2d, the cultivation; and 3d, the cooking. The varieties may have had the same parent, but there is as much difference as in the potato—some being coarse, green, and watery, under any treatment, while others, with ordinary care, will be delicate and rich in juice. There is a large kind seen in the Philadelphia market, that is smooth and rich, but the Wilcox's Early and the Victoria, both common, are fine varieties. But, take a stalk from each kind, in the same bed, with the same treatment, and there will be a difference. The Wilcox stalks are of a beautiful cherry and white, particularly at the butt. The test is this: Throw a stalk of each into cold water, and in two minutes the nice ones will be covered with a clear, gelatinous juice. Cultivate these plants and root out the others. A slight wound in the stalk will cause an exudation like white cherry gum if the plant is worth cultivating.

As to the cultivation, if the object is to raise prize stalks, dig a pit six or seven feet deep, fill it with manure, ashes, sand and garden loam, and in three seasons the roots will find their way to the bottom. This is not the object with all gardeners; therefore a more simple mode may be taken; but this shows the plant to be a gross feeder, and one that will not be stunted without punishing its master. Give it plenty of room, (5 at least,) deep digging, and a thick covering of stable manure in the fall, and boughs or litter. In the spring erect a protection on the north to force some of the plants for early use, add ashes and dig in the manure.

The last and easiest point is the cooking. Pull the stalks down in such a way as to get a piece of the white butt, wash and wipe quick, as the water draws the juice out; cut in short pieces, without peeling, and put into a rice stone or crockery pitcher, (never into earthenware for fear of poison.) Set the pitcher in a kettle of boiling water till it shrinks as much as it will, keeping it well covered. Then pour all the juice away and restore the pitcher to the kettle, adding at once, all the sugar you wish, and let it be nice, hard lumps, and when done and cool, it will be perfectly smooth, if your plants are good, and in a cool place. After the warm weather dries the juice somewhat, it is well to pour boiling water enough to cover the pieces once and perhaps twice, which shrinks them, as well as the boiling process, and then, adding the sugar, finish the cooking. This is as important with rhubarb as with apples, which are far richer and smoother stewed with the sugar than sweetened after the cooking. In the one case add it dry, but for apples melt it in the water before you add the fruit. T. B. F. Hallowell, Maine, 1858.

Human excellence hinge upon trifles—what is beauty without soap?

### Agricultural Items.

A tubful of soapuds, farmers should remember, is worth as much as a wheelbarrow of good manure. Every bucket of soapuds should be thrown where it will not be lost. The garden is a good and convenient place in which to dispose of it; but the roots of grape-vines, young trees, or anything of the sort, will do as well. It contains the food of plants in a state of solution, and therefore is prepared to act at once, and with energy. By mixing it with sods, chip manure, muck, refuse straw, green vegetable matter, or, indeed, any kind of decomposed rubbish, and allowing the whole to ferment slowly, a most excellent fertilizer for Indian corn may be prepared, and one that will bring forward the crop with greater vigor than almost any other article that can be named. It is also very valuable as a manure for culmiferous vegetables—melons, squashes, cucumbers, &c. [Farmer.]

A HINT. In wet weather the necks of working oxen are apt to become sore. To prevent this, rub a little tallow on the yoke and bows.

SPRING ROOT BEER. Take a handful each of yellow dock, dandelion and sarsaparilla roots, sassaparilla bark, hops, and a little honey, and boil till the strength is extracted. To three gallons of liquor, after it is strained, add one quart of molasses, and when cool enough three yeast cakes. Let it stand in a warm place 8 or 10 hours, then strain and bottle. It will be fit for use the next day, if the weather is warm.

HOUSEHOLD MEASURES. As all families are not provided with scales and weights, referring to ingredients in general use by every housewife, the following may be useful: Wheat flour, one pound is one quart; Indian meal, one pound and two ounces is one quart; butter, when soft, one pound and one ounce is one quart; leaf sugar, broken, one pound is one quart; white sugar, powdered, one pound and one ounce is one quart; best brown sugar, one pound and two ounces is one quart; eggs, average size, ten eggs are one quart; sixteen large table spoonfuls are half a pint.

In stocking down land, there is a general carelessness, which often affects the future harvest. The land is too frequently put down to grass before it has been sufficiently enriched and cultivated. The farmer has a large amount of ground—he plows a half a dozen acres for corn, puts upon it manure sufficient for only half that amount, obtains a half crop, then stocks down with oats or wheat, perhaps barley, obtains another half crop of grain, and a scanty growth of grass for two or three years, and then the land is "bound out," and needs a renewed plowing.

If you wish to rid your orchard of a thousand grubs and insects, make a bag pasture of it the present season. This will be especially expedient, if you do not wish to plow the ground. A friend of ours, pursued this course with an orchard that had been in soil for many years. He doubted by this course his crop of apples and of grass in a single year. [Ohio Farmer.]

To eradicate white daisies plow and cultivate one or two seasons, manuring well. Then seed to such grasses as are most natural to the soil. These weeds should be cut early, before the seed matures, when they make excellent fodder. By thoroughly cultivating and manuring, the plant may be got rid of if care is taken not to have the seed mature, and mix with the hay and manure.

From the New England Farmer.

### Root Crops—Sowing Machines—Wheel Hoes.

If the land is well prepared, rich and clean, and the proper tools used, a crop of carrots is one of our cheapest crops. I now put, say three quarts of water. To make a 100 pounds of cheese I use nearly a pint of this liquid. I break the curd with a tin cheese cutter, into fine squares, and then mix intimately by hand; then let it stand until the whey rises and the curd settles, stirring occasionally and dipping off the whey as fast as it rises. As soon as and as fast as possible after dipping of the whey we heat it up, and as soon as it is hot enough we dip it back into the curd for scalding; this we do gradually, stirring constantly, and when the whole mass is at 105 deg. and thoroughly mixed, we let it stand forty or fifty minutes, until the curd becomes crumbly and will be springy when squeezed in the hand, and will squeak when pulled between the teeth. Don't vary the rule of scalding on account of the weather, except that in cold weather it will require more hot whey, or butter whey, to bring the mass to 90 deg.

We spread a strainer on a large sink, (prepared for the purpose) and the whey drained off of itself without any squeezing, and while lying in the sink, on the strainer, I salt it, without minding the temperature—salting as soon as the whey is drained off. To each 17 lb. of cheese I use one troy ounce of Onondaga salt, and supply as stated above, mixing very fine. I let the curd get cold before putting to press; it put to the press warm the cheese will stick to the strainer and will never have a smooth rind. I use a patent cheese press, called the self-presser; I don't know the amount of power; no danger of pressing too hard. I keep the cheese in press about 7 hours—then take it

### From the Rural New Yorker.

#### Cheese and Cheese-Making.

On no subject, perhaps, is information more needed than that of cheese-making, and we are not surprised, therefore, at the receipt of several inquiries on this important matter. A correspondent in Genesee county, Michigan, says Hamburg cheese is worth one-third more than the cheese made there, and asks if, with the same care and skill, the farmers and dairymen of that State cannot make as good cheese, and get as good prices as those of any other place. Good cheese is scarce and dear, poor cheese is abundant and dear at any price. The poor housekeeper in any of our cities, who unfortunately knows what a good cheese is, and can't relish a poor, hard, white-oak affair, or worse yet, a soft, watery thing, with a putrid taste and smell, must make a long and diligent search before he can find an article which he considers eatable. When we have seen persons at the poorest kind of an apology for cheese, with apparent relish, we have almost been led to say, "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." The eating public—a very numerous class—are beginning, however, to appreciate good cheese, as is very clearly shown by the high price which a good article commands, and the difficulty with which it is obtained. About a year ago, happening to be in a city west of this, we observed some fine looking cheese in a store, and thinking we might add to our stock of knowledge, if not to our store of provisions, we entered, inquired the price, place of manufacture, tested the quality, &c. We soon learned that the best cheese we could not buy. It was sent to New York city, and was principally used in the first class hotels.

Those who skim milk before curdling, cannot expect to make a first rate article, and perhaps they receive a full equivalent in the butter for what they lose in the quality and price of the cheese; but many use new milk—all the material necessary to make a cheese of the highest order, but for want of care or knowledge, or both, fail to produce an article that commands a fair and remunerative price. It is for the benefit of such that we desire to give reliable information from practical and successful cheese makers. Should we attempt to show by figures, the amount lost to the farmers of this country by the manufacture of poor cheese, many would be startled at the result. As we have not space to devote to this question, we will simply state, that if, by increased attention to this subject and a better system of making, two cents per pound should be added to the value of the cheese manufacturer in the United States, it would put over two-and-a-half millions of dollars into the pockets of the farmers every year.

We are anxious to aid in the accomplishment of so desirable a result, and therefore call upon our readers who are competent to throw light on this subject to do so at once, through the pages of the Rural. A subscriber at Dereham, Canada West, who exhibited some excellent cheese at the last Provincial show, and took the first premium, promised us an article on the subject. Moses James, of Jefferson Co., is a good cheese-maker, as we have reason to know. A host of others among our friends, we might name, who should let their light shine. While waiting for these, we give the statement of Nelson Fay, of St. Lawrence Co., furnished for the State Transactions. Mr. F. took the first premium in 1856, and in 1857 exhibited ten superior cheeses, which arrived too late for competition, but which the Committee stated were equal to the best on exhibition.

"I do not warm all the milk at any season, but I heat about one-eighth part of the milk, as that mixed with the remaining seven-eighths, the whole will be warmed to 90 deg. Fahrenheit; 86 deg. will do in very warm weather. In this state, i. e., the whole mass of milk being heated to 90 deg., I add the rennet. Early in the spring, and after cold weather sets in, I wish the mass of milk to be warmed fully to 90 deg., to do which requires the portion heated up to be made warmer than in hot weather."

"I use calves' rennet. I fill salt and dry the rennet for use. I soak in cold water in a stone jar three rennets with a little salt, sage, cloves and cinnamon; to three rennets put, say three quarts of water. To make a 100 pounds of cheese I use nearly a pint of this liquid. I break the curd with a tin cheese cutter, into fine squares, and then mix intimately by hand; then let it stand until the whey rises and the curd settles, stirring occasionally and dipping off the whey as fast as it rises. As soon as and as fast as possible after dipping of the whey we heat it up, and as soon as it is hot enough we dip it back into the curd for scalding; this we do gradually, stirring constantly, and when the whole mass is at 105 deg. and thoroughly mixed, we let it stand forty or fifty minutes, until the curd becomes crumbly and will be springy when squeezed in the hand, and will squeak when pulled between the teeth. Don't vary the rule of scalding on account of the weather, except that in cold weather it will require more hot whey, or butter whey, to bring the mass to 90 deg."

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out of the hoop, turn it upside down, bandage it, and put it to press for twelve or fourteen hours longer.

I put no coloring matter in the cheese, but I put in all the cream, which gives a rich, right color; outside we mix a very small quantity of annatto with whey butter, with this we rub the outside of the cheese, but I use only a very little coloring matter. I commence rubbing the outside of the cheese perhaps an hour after it is taken from the press; but not until the rind begins to dry off. I have never been troubled with flies when I pursue the old method, and rub every part of every cheese, every day with my hand.

I never had cheese swell much. I think it is caused by—1st. Too little salt; 2d. Too much rennet; 3d. If milk or curd was any part of it sour before put in press, it might produce puffing; 4th. Want of cleanliness may induce a sour state in some parts of the elements of the cheese."

[Rural New Yorker.]

From the Home Journal.

### May.

BY A POET IN CLOVER.

Here's here, May is here!

The air is fresh and sunny;

And the fair bees are busy

Making golden honey!

See the knots of butter-cups,

And the double pansies—

Thick as these, within my brain,

Grow the quaintest fancies!

Let me write my songs to-day,

Rhyme with dulcet closes—

Tiny epics one might hide

In the hearts of roses!

What's the use of haleyen May,

If such a fair fresh and sunny,

Or an airy breeze as I

Can't make golden honey?

T. E. ALDRICH.

### Garget in Cows.

In answer to an inquiry in your paper, I send the following.—Having had a cow that was worthless on account of banches in the udder, which rendered the milk bloody, stringy, and not fit for the hogs, I was on the eve of giving her up for lost, when I read in the Boston Cultivator an invaluable recipe which in three weeks restored her to perfection, and not the slightest symptom of garget has appeared since. I could cite numerous instances of perfect cure; but not only doubling the quantity, but also improving the quality of the milk and butter. Since I applied this remedy, my cow has, in two years, risen in value from \$20 to \$75, and cannot be bought for that.

I will now give you the recipe as I took it from the paper. This quantity will be sufficient in ordinary cases, but there may be some protracted and obstinate cases, that will require an additional dose.

RECIPE. "An ounce and a half of hydriodate of potash, at 440 grains to the ounce, will contain 660 grains. This will make 55 doses of 12 grains each. Put the whole into a glass bottle of sufficient capacity, with 55 table spoonfuls of water. Shake briskly, and it will be thoroughly dissolved in a few minutes; one table spoonful will contain a dose, the requisite quantity of 12 grains. Wet a little Indian meal or shorts and thoroughly stir in the dose. Give two or three doses. Keep the bottle corked tight." [Cor. N. E. Farmer.]

BURNING MOUNTAIN. The Pennsylvania Miner's Journal says there is a vein of coal located above water level in the Broad Mountain, about seven miles from this borough, and near Hecksbergville, which for 21 years has been on fire. The vein, which contains excellent white ash coal, is some forty feet in thickness. The origin of the fire is attributed to a couple of miners, who having work to perform in the drift in the middle of the winter, built a fire—they being cold—in the gangway. The flames destroying the prop timbers, were carried by a strong current rapidly along the passages, and the fire communicated to the coal. All subsequent efforts to extinguish it were ineffectual. The men were cut off from escape, and were undoubtedly suffocated to death. Their remains were never found.

The course of the fire is from East to West, and where it has passed near the surface the ground has sunk in vast pits. The fire has evidently extended for several hundred yards from where it originated, and finds vent and air to continue its progress, at the pits to which we have alluded. A score of years has passed, still it burns, and will burn until further fuel is denied the destructive element. Thousands of tons of coal have undoubtedly been consumed, and thousands of tons may yet feed the fire before it is checked.

FRUIT TREES. There is a practice among the Swiss and Germans of boring into the ground among the roots of fruit trees, (with an instrument made for the purpose,) and pouring in liquid manure to force the tree forward, and also enable it to resist the drouth in dry weather. I have practiced this for four years with some fine Seckel pears, in dry land, with good success. Avoid this after September first, as it will induce a second growth late in the fall, which will be quite irregular and very liable to be winter-killed. The instrument I use is the common iron bar, which can be driven in among the roots without injury. Take for a wash, four quarts of ashes, two quarts of lime, two shovels full of night soil—stir up well, and pour into holes made as above, what the tree requires. Soap suds are capital for this purpose. [Rural New Yorker.]

Ignorance and conceit are two of the worst qualities to combat. It is easier to dispute with a statesman than a blockhead.

### MISCELLANY.

#### THE KING'S MESSENGER.

Jeffrey Hayes was a person of considerable importance in his little neighborhood, for not only was he the champion of every malcontent who braved a quarrel, and resolved to fight out with the offender, but he had the first and surest news in days when armed men did the work now performed by rail and telegraph, and when gossips, bursting with impatience, rushed to the blacksmith's forge to hear from his lips the last report left behind by some galloping rider, who had been detained while his horse was being shod.

Jeffrey did not fail to make the most of such opportunities; and at a time when insurrection had disturbed a portion of the king's dominions, he was in the height of village popularity, dispensing news and leading distinction of being known as the best craftsman of his kind, and the most loyal tory on the great London road.

One dark evening, as usual, the bright fire from the smithy of Jeffrey Hayes flung its ruddy glow across the highway; the sound of labor had ceased, and several idle villagers were lounging round their oracle until he should think proper to put out his fire, and adjourn with them to the nearest ale house. The smith himself, with broad shoulders and muscular arms was flourishing his great hammer to the eager narrative of an angry youth who was telling of an insult he wished to avenge, and was enlisted the pugnacious sympathies of his athletic friend, who raised his courage and promised all honored assistance on the occasion.

"Ay, I was sure you would stand by me and see justice done," said the obliged challenger.

"That will I," said Hayes warmly, and with various oaths. "Fix the time and place, I will be there to the minute, if the sheriff himself, on his Majesty's errand, brought his horse to be shod as no one but Jeffrey Hayes can do it. I'm not in the mood, as you all know, to desert a friend in need, nor keep out of the way when blows are going. But hark! here comes a horseman, and I hear by the footfall there's work to be done yet. Stand by, my lads, and let the gentleman ride straight in."

In a few seconds more a horseman rode up and asked if a lost shoe could be replaced at once.

"Just in time sir," said Jeffrey, stepping forward and lifting the hoof, while the rider dismounted, and leaning against the door-post surveyed by freight the several pieces in the shod.

"You have ridden far and hard, sir," remarked the smith, as he proceeded to work.

"Yes; and must further still before I rest," replied the stranger.

"Important business on hand, I suppose, sir?" said Jeffrey.

"Very; I am the King's messenger, and must not loiter on the way."

If a hammer could speak, that of Jeffrey Hayes would have borne witness to the right royal grasp of his master's powerful hand, as he swung it with increased vehemence and precision on hearing this intelligence.

"Good news at court, I hope sir," said he pompously.

"The very best. A free pardon for all the rebels."

"A free pardon!" exclaimed all at once. "What, after all they have done?"

"Free, unconditional pardon," repeated the traveller, "except it be considered a condition that they accept it."

"They can't, surely, do that," exclaimed Jeffrey; "the very thought of such clemency ought to make them lay down their arms, and be true subjects all the rest of their lives."

"Yet strange to say, the fact though quite certain does do it."

"What, are they going on in rebellion in the face of pardon, and with no hope of success to their cause at last?"

"Even so, excepting here and there one who sees things in a better light."

"Well then, they deserve execution; and why should not justice take its course?" said the blacksmith fiercely. "My opinion is that it's possible to be too lenient, and royal men look to governments to do their duty without fear or favor."

"You would have me believe you are not a rebel yourself, friend," said the stranger.

"I? Yes, I would like to see the man who dares call me a rebel," said Jeffrey Hayes, with the voice of a Senator, and mingling his speech with many terrible oaths; "he should know something of this arm."

And down came the hammer upon the anvil with a blow that made the hoof ring again.

"Then that dare I," said the traveller boldly, and your own lips have condemned you."

"You had better mount and begone," whispered a villager, at the sight of Jeffrey's face like a thunder-cloud, as he slowly lifted himself from bending over the horse's hoof, and fixed a flashing eye on the stranger's face, who nevertheless stood unmoved and undismayed, adding deliberately.

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain," so runs the holy law, and I call you to witness that no loyal man trifles with or profanes the name of the prince he loves and serves. How say, my friends, is it not rebellion against God, wilfully and continually to break and despise his law?"

There was no answer and Jeffrey was busy with his shoe again.

"But," continued the stranger, "I told you that I am the King's messenger, bearing unconditional pardon to all who accept it."

cept it. All have sinned, all are rebels; but God, who is rich in mercy, so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Is it not enough to silence the blasphemous tongue and make him reverence the God who loves like this? Will you accept the free pardon and act your own views of its consequences my honest friend?"

"Why ask only me? There are others here who need it fully as much," said the smith in a surly tone.

"I do say it to all. 'Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.' I have no reserve on my list, and according to my royal Master's will I repeat his own proclamation to every sinner—He that believeth on him that hath sent me hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation."

"I thought you were on an errand from the real court, and not making up a tale to preach to us," said Hayes, with remaining displeasure.

"It is no made-up tale, it is solemn truth, as you will one day prove; and I beseech you, as though God himself be sought you by me, receive his offers of pardon and grace and be reconciled to him. No man who is reconciled to God talks as you talk. Of your deeds and ways I know nothing, but your own conscience will tell you whether you live and speak and act like a follower of the gentle, loving Savior."

"Your horse is shod, sir."

"I thank you heartily for your good speed and good work," said the stranger, placing the change in the hand of the smith.

"I pray that by the grace of God your feet may soon be shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace. You carry on more than your mere trade in this workshop, friend; see to it that the record be written by him who keeps a book of remembrance of them that fear the Lord and think upon his name."

What a messenger you might be of love and mercy from the Prince of peace to those who come to talk with you here!"

"They would not come for a sermon, I reckon," said Jeffrey, attempting to laugh as he looked round.

"Try it, and the next piece of iron you mould by yonder fire, liken it in your mind to a hard human heart, cast under the softening influence of Divine love, and reshaped by the omnipotent Creator for holy and happy uses. Good night, friends all, and the Lord be with you."

"Stop, sir," said the smith, stepping after the traveller, and laying his hand on the bridle. "Who are you that talks to Jeffrey Hayes in this uncommon way?"

"One who had a message from God unto you, and has delivered it," replied the stranger, as he rode quickly away, leaving the smith gazing after him into the darkness, until the sound of his steps had died away, on the soft night air.

About half an hour afterwards as Mary Hayes sat knitting by her cottage fire, she was surprised by the arrival of her husband full two hours before his usual time; and being a person of good sense she uttered no comment, but set his chair, and while he washed away the marks of his daily toil, prepared supper, and brought a small jug of ale, as naturally as if it was his custom to drink it quietly in her company at home. Hayes did not seem to have much appetite, nor was he disposed to be very communicative, but after looking at the fire some time he suddenly spoke.

"Mary," said he, "have we got a Bible?"

"A Bible! O yes! don't you remember the big book that Mistress gave us when we were married?"

"Ah, to be sure! Get it, will you. I want to find something in it."

But leaf after leaf was turned over in vain; the Bible to Jeffrey Hayes was like a foreign land, to one ignorant of geography.

"I can't find it," said he, "can you, Mary? Something about foot shod with the Gospel of Peace."

Alas! Mary was not much better informed than her husband, until she remembered that there was a passage about armor, in one of the Epistles, whereupon, with her knitting needle to guide before her eyes down the pages, verse by verse, she finally settled it triumphantly upon the 15th verse of the last chapter in the Epistle to the Ephesians.

"That's it!" said her husband, gratified at the discovery; and having read the verse, he read the chapter and afterwards the Epistle too."

"Mary," said he again, after another reverie, "there's to be a fight between Young Moss of the dell and Will Crofts of our village."

"A fight!" exclaimed Mary, for such an announcement was the farthest from her busy thoughts at that moment; "and are you to be in the thick of it as usual?"

"I promised to be with them, and see fair play, and I must keep my word."

"Then what have you to do with the Bible and the gospel of peace?" asked Mary quickly.

"I want to see if we can't have fair play and yet no fighting," said Hayes thoughtfully, "and I shall search here for a way till I find one."

Mary marvelled greatly as her husband came regularly home every evening to pursue that search, and she remarked how much fewer were the profane or angry expressions which now mingle with his conversation.

The day fixed for the fight, at last arrived, and Jeffrey Hayes, standing between the waiting combatants, and surrounded by an eager ring of village gazers, took a hand of each.

"Well," said he, looking from one to the other, "which of you is the most like Cain? which is prepared to show himself a murderer?"

The young men, surprised and silent, sought to withdraw their hands from the blacksmith's grasp.

"Look you, my friends," said he, "I promised to come here to see fair play, and as I helped on the quarrel in the beginning, it is fit I should see the end of it. I tell you both that fair play is to forgive one another, and the bravest of you is he who dares to forgive first. Come down, now, and talk it over with me at the forge, and I'll prove to you that this is the right way of thinking. Good-morrow, friends; there will be no fighting here to-day, I promise you."

"You are making fools of us, smith," said one of the youths angrily.

"No, no, you did that for yourselves when you quarrelled about nothing, and I want to see you wise men again."

"What a queer end to a fight!" exclaimed the disappointed villagers, as Jeffrey Hayes marched triumphantly off the ground, with a stout, sheepish-looking youth on either side. "Only to think of great Jeffrey Hayes turning peace-maker, it's as good as a fight to see it, so we haven't altogether lost our time."

Some four or five years afterwards a passing visitor at the Hall walked through that village with the smith. The evening was drawing on, and the blacksmith's forge was becoming conspicuous in the deepening twilight.

"You must look in here a moment before we return," said the smith, "for I am proud of our village smith—he is a tamed lion; once the most fiery, quarrelsome fellow in the country, and a violent politician, too, with a frame strong enough to enforce any argument and carry any bad majority; but now the quietest, soberest, and most christian man I know of."

Here they reached the forge, and were respectfully received by Jeffrey Hayes.











