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## 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.—AGRICOLA.

**WEEDS.** This is a very busy season; but notwithstanding this there will be found many hours which may be profitably spent in rooting out from your premises those noxious weeds, which are the pest of every farmer. In July and August they are just coming into flower, and maturing the seeds which being sown by the fall winds will bring forth an abundant harvest next year.

The careful farmer will at once perceive that an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure, and will set himself to work to nip the mischief in the bud, by exterminating the plant before the seed matures. With hoe in hand he can cut up the weeds rapidly among his hood crops,—which if never so well cultivated will have more or less weeds. His scythe will be an efficient aid in destroying the Canada thistle, the burdock and common dock. The provident farmer will also take a stout bush scythe and cut up all that rubbish which lines the fence or wall, around his mowing lots, thus saving himself many days of hard labor, when his fields shall again come under the plow.

Weeds seem to run riot in the rich and highly cultivated soil of the garden, unless great care is taken to keep them from maturing their seeds. As most of them are annuals, a little care in this respect will be productive of the best of results. We would earnestly urge upon all our readers, that they endeavor, during the season to eradicate those pests from their soil instead of allowing them to increase and multiply, as has too often been the case.

### Agricultural Items.

The Farmer gives the following hints on the sowing of turnips:

"Common turnips may be sown from the middle of July to the middle of August. We prefer the last week in July, if the weather is not too dry. Almost every farmer has patches of rich low ground, where the young corn has been destroyed by the wet weather of the past month, and such ground is generally well suited for turnips, if well plowed and pulverized. Or what is better still, clear up a piece of new ground, where free from grass and weeds, and after plowing or mowing, sow the seed at the rate of one pound to the acre, and cover with a brush harrow."

A correspondent of the N. E. Farmer says that he prevents the depredations of the borer on his apple-trees, by mulching with rock-wood. The mode of applying it is to dig the earth from around the collar of the tree, and then for a tree four or five years old, use from a peck to a half bushel of the weed, laying it upon the top of the roots immediately around the trunk of the tree. For larger-sized trees use about the same proportion. The writer says he has never known an instance of failure.

**CUTTING WHEAT.** The Farmer gives the following advice concerning the cutting of wheat:

"We believe the true principle to be pursued is this: Wheat intended for seed should be suffered to become dead ripe; wheat intended for white fine flour should be cut before it is fairly ripe, indeed, before it becomes perfectly hard. This is conformable to the nature of things. Nature, when left to herself, sows the seeds of plants in this way. It hangs upon its parent stalk until perfectly ripe—until every part and ingredient is fully formed, and there is no part that requires or receives anything more from the main stock. It then falls off and drops upon the ground. It then contains all the required elements necessary for the sustenance of the young plant, before it can derive support from the soil, and at germination there is a full supply of material to be wrought upon by the chemical action which takes place at that period."

"On the other hand, if the wheat be wanted for fine flour, it is well to cut it as soon as the starch is fully formed, and before it is changed in part to woody fibre, or bran, as it does in some degree if suffered to continue longer."

"If cut when the kernel is in the dough state, it certainly makes better flour than if suffered to become dead ripe."

**IMAGINATION.** Thomas Fuller relates a curious incident, which is truly characteristic:

"A gentleman (he says) having led a company of children beyond their usual journey, they began to be weary and jointly cried to him to carry them—which because of their multitude, he could not do; but he told them he would provide them horses to ride. Then cutting little wands out of the hedge, as nags for them, and a large one for himself, they mounted, and those who could scarce stand before, now full of mirth, bounded cheerfully home."

A certain lady, chancing to express a wish in the presence of her son, a lad of five years—that she had something to read that she never read before, the lad exclaimed—"Take the Bible, mother!"

Did you ever hear of the wife that wrote her husband in California, and commenced her letter thus: "The longer you stay away, the better I like you!"

### Are Farmers Improving?

This query is pertinent at all times, and especially at the close of a season's practical operations. It is an all-important question with many, and merits the careful consideration of every Ruralist. The pecuniary interest and general welfare of community depend upon, and are directly enhanced by the "progress and improvement" of its individual members,—for in proportion to their advancement in mode of culture, the judicious management of their affairs, and in the attainment of Wisdom and Wealth, will be the Happiness of the People and Prosperity of the Country. It is perhaps difficult to determine the relative progress of improvement during the year past, or the past five or ten years, yet by discussing the question somewhat interrogatively, we may aid individual readers in deciding whether material, substantial advancement has been made by themselves, and in their respective localities.

Much that is so called is neither progress nor improvement. Appearances are not always reliable testimony. Good buildings, fences, &c., though always creditable to the owner, and indicative of improvement, do not invariably accompany superior culture and husbandry. The production of an extraordinary crop on a limited space, or of a single animal of extra weight or beauty, does not prove the owner a profitable cultivator, breeder or grazer—for the crop or animal may have cost far more than its market value. We admit that much depends upon the appearance of the farmer's homestead and premises generally, and have ever advocated the importance of good buildings, fences, roads, and the various "improvements" and conveniences which tend to render his home pleasant and attractive alike to his family and in the eyes of strangers. Yet these items, and the addition of superior educational and religious privileges—the conveniences of good schools, churches, &c.,—though exceedingly commendable and important in and of themselves, do not invariably demonstrate marked improvement in agriculture. So of extra garden culture, ornamental surroundings, fine stock, and other matters—all are pleasant to behold and creditable to the proprietor, yet if he is not annually increasing, or at least maintaining, the richness of his soil, and augmenting the value of his premises, he is not a passenger in the car of improvement.

The great question for every cultivator, and community of farmers, to decide, is, whether he and they are laboring advantageously and profitably. Is the soil deteriorating or improving? Does the farm produce less or more than formerly? Is the income sufficient to leave a proper balance over and above the necessary expenses of cultivation, for the support and education of his family? If farming does not pay—why? Is it lack of good culture, rotation, manuring, &c., or in consequence of a persistence in endeavoring to produce what is not adapted to the soil and climate, or crops which are annually ravaged by insects? Or, is the reason attributable to the want of a convenient and good market for the articles produced? By the way, as much judgment and attention are requisite in preparing for and marketing as in the production of many articles—matters too frequently overlooked, and which subject the producers to much loss. For instance, the packing, shipping and marketing of fruit, dairy products, poultry, &c., and proper information as to prices and the best markets, are often of as much importance as their production. These articles are frequently sold to speculators and "middle men" at from one-fourth to a half less than their actual market value—a sad commentary upon the intelligence and enterprise of producers.

But we are digressing, and to return to the query—Are Farmers Improving? The great majority of our readers in this State, the West and Canada, are grain-growers. Are they improving in culture and management?—increasing the fertility of their soil, increasing its productiveness, and augmenting their profits? This is a vital question, and one which will come home to the minds and pockets of thousands herein addressed. Can you, reader, answer it satisfactorily? Have you not "misled it," and failed of improvement, in some of your operations? By persisting in depending mainly upon one crop—wheat, for instance—have you not made much slower progress, and far less profit, than you would by adopting a different system? Would not more attention to other crops—a mixed husbandry, if you please—be altogether preferable, especially wherever the midge prevails? In fact, will not fruit growing, stock breeding, grazing, dairying, &c., to a greater or less extent, pay better, even in your locality where wheat has been the staple crop from time whereof the memory of that venerable and astute personage, "the oldest inhabitant," runneth not to the contrary? In these days of railroads, and easy and cheap accessibility to market, farmers should take advantage of their location and conveniences for disposing of products which are, under favorable circumstances, much more profitable than the ordinary staple crops of the country. This matter seems to be overlooked by many who reside in the immediate vicinity of village and city markets, and railroad stations.

Connected with this matter of improvement are various important considerations, and we could easily offer many pertinent and suggestive queries on the subject. The items of farm enrichment, productiveness and profit, are, however, the chief matters to which we proposed to direct attention—and those, whether attained by rotation, manuring, underdraining, and judicious management, or all combined, are the main-springs of agricultural success and prosperity.

The Chinese sugar cane hardly meets expectations here thus far. Planted at the same time, and treated in every way like corn, it has not made half as much growth so far as we have seen. On first coming up it is very slender and grows but slowly for a long time, so that unless weeded by hand it becomes almost smothered before the rows are sufficiently distinct to use the cultivator.

The farmers in this section are very wise

ty. We propose recurring to the subject ere long, and may perhaps be enabled to offer reasons for the belief that, while many farmers have made little or no advancement, others, and in some instances large communities, have made marked "progress and improvement" in culture, management, and profitable production.

[Rural New Yorker.]

### Asbestos.

This is one of the most singular productions of nature. Formed of the hardest of rock elements—of silica and magnesia, with a little alumina and lime, its texture is such that one would suppose it to consist of vegetable fibres. Its splinter, the facility with which we can separate the filaments, which are extremely delicate, flexible and elastic, can only be compared to lint or white threads of the most beautiful kind. It is sometimes, on the contrary, hard, brittle and colored in a way to be confounded with fragments of wood broken in splinters. In these two cases it is marked by very opposite characteristics; in one the tenacity and strength of so firm a thread, in the other a woody texture and sometimes sufficient hardness even to scratch glass. Now compact and elastic as cork, here in masses of a dirty white, like that of dried paper, and there with filaments like locks of hair, it received from mineralogists of old the different names of mountain cork, leather and fossil paper. Chemists called it living linen, or salamander-drone wool.

Asbestos—the Greek word from which this name is derived, signifies incombustible—is found very generally in different countries. The *Science pour tous*,—a French journal, as its name denotes, of popular science,—from which we are deriving the substance of this article, states that a part of Savoy produces it of the most flexible kind and having the longest and most silky fibres. That procured from the Ural mountains in Siberia is singular in being compact when it is taken from their sides, but becoming flexible and silky when impregnated with moisture. It is found in veins in the mountains, and never at all mingled with the substance of the granite or gneiss, in which rocks it most frequently occurs. The fragments of asbestos often seen in the interior of a rock crystal, show that the cavities in which they are deposited were filled with a liquid which contained silica in solution, and which was thrown off in order that crystallization might go on smoothly and regularly.

Asbestos was esteemed precious by the ancients; they employed it to make tissues which served to envelope the body when it was burned after death, and to preserve its ashes unmingled with those of the fuel by which it was consumed. A large marble urn was discovered in 1702, in a vineyard near Rome, containing a piece of this asbestos-cloth more than two yards in length by one and three-quarters in width; it resembled cloth made of hemp, but it was as soft and glossy as silk. It confined the half-burnt bones and skull of some ancient warrior; they placed it in the library of the Vatican. Obtained from Persia at great expense, the custom of burning the corpse in a tissue of this substance could only be current in the richest families. The price of the cloth of asbestos was indeed so high that Pliny considered it in effect reserved for royal sepulchres. Superior qualities of it served for cloths for the sacred lamps, and for the table-linen of the wealthy; after use it was said to be thrown into the fire by the servants to be cleaned.

Pliny was ignorant of the nature of asbestos; he called it with vegetable substances, and called it "unchangeable linen." He compared its value to that of fine pearls, and added that it was prepared to sustain the heat of fire by the broiling sun of the Indian deserts where it grew. We are surprised to find the ancients giving credit to tales so absurd. Pliny, the Roman naturalist, believed, on the testimony of the sage Anaxilaus, that a tree enveloped in a tissue of asbestos could stand without injury the blows of an axe.

In modern times some industrious individuals have occupied themselves in spinning asbestos, and have succeeded in making it into cloth by resorting to the expedient of mixing it with cotton or linen, without which the thread has not sufficient strength to be woven. They then put it into the fire and draw it forth a tissue of pure asbestos. This roundabout way would probably have been unnecessary if they had known and employed the kind of asbestos best fitted for their object. Madame Perpetti has succeeded in Italy for some years past in fabricating from it cloths, paper, and even lace. A book was deposited in the French Institute, printed entirely upon paper thus manufactured by this lady. The processes of manufacture are described as quite simple and not very expensive. The paper is very good either for writing or printing—by employing an ink composed of manganese and sulphuret of iron, the writing will be preserved even after having passed through the fire, and the paper has the great value of securing precious documents from destruction by the flames. Asbestos has always been employed in various other useful purposes of which we have not room to speak.

[Country Gentleman.]

The Chinese sugar cane hardly meets expectations here thus far. Planted at the same time, and treated in every way like corn, it has not made half as much growth so far as we have seen. On first coming up it is very slender and grows but slowly for a long time, so that unless weeded by hand it becomes almost smothered before the rows are sufficiently distinct to use the cultivator.

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ly extending their range of crops. It is no uncommon thing for a farmer here to sell in one season a variety of produce that would surprise farmers in other parts of the country where one or two crops are the principal dependence. As this was the subject of conversation while we were enjoying the hospitalities of a friend, and lounging in the farmer's summer parlor, the shade of a fine chestnut tree, the account book, showing the sales last season, was produced, and we were much interested in its examination. We give the principal items, ranging them according to their relative importance:—Potatoes, peaches, apples, strawberries, barley, oats, butter, cheese, calves, turkeys and carrots, with some other minor articles, all footing up a good round profit to the intelligent and industrious owner of a small farm. With such a diversity of crops, it is impossible that all should fail in one season, or even enough seriously to inconvenience the cultivator by their loss.

We are quite interested in an attempt to grow the cranberry. Two plantations had been made, one on a wet piece of land that in ordinary seasons is dry enough for turnip sowing, the other in a sandy swamp where nothing but rushes ever grew. The plants were put out this spring, grew well, and at the time of our visit were finely in blossom giving every prospect of a crop, even in the first season. Those in the swampy swamp looked the best. The swamp was prepared by merely skinning off the surface, so as to get rid of the coarse, reedy grass. The only difficulty in the cultivation of the cranberry seems to be to keep the weeds down until the plants can take care of themselves, if they ever get in a condition to do this. But the crop will pay well for all necessary labor and expenditure.

[Rural New Yorker.]

### Grass Culture.

That "he is a benefactor of his race who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before," is very readily admitted and yet how few are the farmers who make grass culture the direct object,—who give meadows and pastures the attention they need—the attention which they would reap so profitably. The fact is, the grasses get little or no culture; we sow only clover and timothy, (sometimes applying plaster to the latter,) which is about all the care given, or fertilizing material applied. We take from them, however, less scrupulously, hay and pasture, early and late,—demanding much and bestowing little upon our ever-patient grass lands.

The farmer—and our "Farmer" ought to give more attention to the subject. We lose much by spreading our grass over twice the land it need to occupy. Culture and drainage would more than double the average yield of grass throughout the country. A knowledge of the characteristics and value of the different varieties which we should grow would be valuable, and this our "Farmer" should give us, and urge the subject upon the attention of its readers. I would attempt the task, myself but I have grown only two varieties named as above, save as self sown upon my meadows.

As to clover on all land suited to its production—it should be sown with every grain crop; and with me, its growth is more certain, as well as largely increased, by a top-dressing of plaster—one bushel per acre—as soon as it appears above ground. I succeed best with winter wheat or rye, oats and barley having a thicker undergrowth of leaves.—Last season we sowed plaster on part of a meadow sowed to clover three years since, and now of course, nearly all June grass and timothy, and were surprised to see a heavy growth of clover wherever the plaster was applied.

Manure—well rotted is best—will not injure the yield of grass, if applied at almost any season; we would try it after harvest—spreading and harrowing, and putting on grass seed if necessary. Brother farmers give us your views on grass culture. n. r.

[New England Farmer.]

### Hours With the Farmers.

In consequence of the frequent and heavy showers about "hay time," great difficulty has been experienced, not only in cutting hay so as to preserve its nutritive qualities, and delightful aroma, but even in getting it dry enough to store away in the mow with safety. It is sometimes a nice point with the farmer during a "catching time," whether it is the part of wisdom to run the risk of the showers, which the dark threatening clouds warn him are rapidly approaching, or to put on all available force and hurry the hay to the barn in its wet state.

On one of our late excursions among the working farmers we took shelter in a barn from a heavy thunder shower. The owner, anticipating the storm, had labored for the last hour so as to secure all the grass and clover that had been cut, and just as the large drops began to fall, happily drove the last load under cover, and the "boys" sent up a shout of triumph as they threw themselves upon the mow to enjoy a rest.

"Rather wet for mowing," we remarked taking up a handful.

"Yes, rather moist," replied the farmer, "but we can save it. I never lose any hay after I get it under cover."

This introduced a conversation on the various methods he had tried, and his present practice in saving wet hay. Once he used slaked lime and salt, scattering it over as the hay was put away in the mow, but after repeated trials came to the conclusion that if the lime was not injurious to the hay and the stock, it was at least unnecessary. Formerly, he put with the new occasionally a layer of old hay. This answered very well. When convenient he would throw the hay as brought in on one side of

the mow, and after a few days remove it to the other side, forking it over well. This generally put an end to all disposition to heat. His great reliance at present however was upon salt. The quantity used depended upon the dampness of the hay when put away. This is a surety against "musty" hay, as it invariably keeps it sweet. It is little trouble and no expense, as the stock will need the salt in some other form if not given with the hay.

### MISCELLANY.

#### AN UNWELCOME PASSENGER.

A cold winter's night a stage load of us gathered about the warm fire of a tavern bar-room in a New England village. Shortly after we arrived, a pedlar drove up and ordered that his horse should be stabled for the night. After he had eaten supper we repaired to the bar room, and as soon as the ice was broken the conversation flowed freely. Several anecdotes had been related, and finally the pedlar was asked to give us a story, as men in his profession were generally full of adventures and anecdotes. He was a short, thick-set man, about forty years of age, and gave evidence of great physical strength. He gave his name as Lemuel Viney, and his home was in Dover, New Hampshire.

"Well, gentlemen," he commenced, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe, "suppose I tell you of about the last thing that happened to me? You see I am now right from the far West, and on my way home for winter quarters. It was about two months ago, one pleasant evening, that I pulled up at a house in a small village in Hancock County. I said it was pleasant—I meant it was warm, but it was cloudy and likely to be very dark. I went in and called for supper and had my horse taken care of, and after I had eaten I sat down in the bar-room. It began to rain about eight o'clock, and for a while it poured down violently, and was terrible dark out of doors."

"Now I wanted to be in Jackson early the next morning, for I expected a load of goods there for me, which I intended to dispose of on my way home. The moon would rise about midnight, and I knew that if it did not rain, I could get along comfortably after that. So I asked the landlord to see that my horse was fed about midnight, as I wished to be off before two. He expressed some surprise at this; and I told him there was a new lot of goods waiting me at Jackson, and I wanted to be there before the express agent left in the morning. There was a number of people sitting around while I told this, but I took little notice of them, one only arresting my attention. I had in my possession a small package of placards which I was to deliver to the sheriff at Jackson, and they were notices for the detection of a notorious robber named Dick Hardhead. The bills gave a description of his person and the man before me answered very well to it. In fact it was perfect. He was a tall, well formed man, rather slight in frame, and had the appearance of a gentleman, save that his face bore those cruel marks which an observing man cannot mistake for anything but the index to a villainous disposition."

"When I went to my chamber, I asked the landlord who that man was, describing the suspicious individual. He said he did not know him. He had come there that afternoon and intended to leave the next day. The host asked why I wished to know. I told him that the man's countenance was familiar, and I merely wished to know if I was ever acquainted with him. I resolved not to let the landlord into the secret, but to hurry on to Jackson, and there give information to the sheriff, and perhaps he might reach the inn before the villain left, for I had no doubts with regard to his identity."

"I had an alarm watch, and having set it to give the alarm at one o'clock, I went to sleep. I was aroused at the proper time, and immediately got up and dressed myself. When I reached the yard I found the clouds all passed away and the moon was shining brightly. The hostler was easily aroused, and by two o'clock I was on the road. The mud was deep and my horse could not travel very fast—yet it struck me the best mud more work than there was any need of, for the cart was very nearly empty."

"However, on we went, and in the course of half an hour I was clear of the village. At a short distance ahead lay a great tract of forest, mostly of great pines. The road led directly through the wood, and as near as I could remember, the distance was 12 miles. Yet the moon was in the east, and as the road ran nearly west, I should have light enough. I had entered the woods, and had gone about half a mile when my wagon wheels settled with a bump and a jerk into a deep hole. I uttered an exclamation of astonishment, but that was not all. I heard another exclamation from another source."

"What could it be? I looked quickly around, but could see nothing. Yet I knew the sound I heard was very close to me. As the hind wheel came up I felt something besides the jerk of the hole. I heard something tumble from one side of the wagon to the other, and I could also feel the jar occasioned by the movement. It was simply a man in my cart! I knew this on the instant. Of course I felt puzzled. At first I imagined some poor fellow had taken this method to obtain a ride; but I soon gave this up, for I knew any decent man would have asked me for a ride. My next thought was that somebody had got in to sleep, but this idea passed away as soon as it came, for no man would have broken into my cart for that purpose. And that thought, gentlemen, opened my eyes. Whoever was in there had broken in."

My next thought was of Mr. Dick Hardhead. He had heard me say that my load was all sold out, and of course he supposed I had some money with me. In this he was right. I had over two thousand dollars. I thought that he meant to leave the inside of the cart when he supposed I was in a safe place, and then either creep over and knock me down, or shoot me. All this passed through my mind by the time I had got a rod from the hole.

"Now I never make it a point to brag of myself, but I have seen a great deal of the world, and am pretty cool and clear-headed under difficulty. In a very few moments my resolution was formed. My horse was now deep in the mud and I knew I could slip off without noise. So I drew my revolver—I never travel in that country without one—I drew this, and having twined the reins around the whipstock, I carefully slipped down in the mud, and as the cart went on I passed behind and examined the haap."

"The door of the cart lets down and is fastened by a hasp, which slips over a staple and is then secured by a padlock. The padlock was gone, and the hasp secured in its place by a bit of pine—so that a slight force from within could break it. My wheel wrench hung in a leather bucket beside the wagon, and I quickly took it out and slipped it into the staple, the iron handle just sliding down."

"Now I had him. My cart was new, made with a stout frame of white oak, on purpose for hard usage. I did not believe any ordinary man could break out. I got on as noiselessly as I got off, and then urged my horse on, still keeping my pistols handy. I knew that at the distance of half a mile farther I should come to a good hard road. About ten minutes after this I heard a motion in the cart, followed by a grinding noise, as though some heavy force were being applied to the door. I said nothing, but the idea struck me that the villain might judge where I sat and shoot up through the top of the cart at me, so I sat down on the footboard."

"Of course I knew my passenger was a villain, for he must have been awake ever since I started, and nothing in the world but absolute villainy would have caused him to remain quiet so long, and then start up in this particular place. The thumping and pushing grew louder and louder, and pretty soon I heard a human voice."

"Let me out of this," he cried, and yelled pretty loud.

"I lifted up my head so as to make him think I was sitting in my usual place, and then I asked him what he was doing there."

"Let me out and I will tell you," he replied.

"Tell me what you are in there for?" said I.

"I got in to sleep on your rags," he answered.

"How did you get in?" I asked.

"Let me out, or I'll shoot you through the head," he yelled.

"Just at that moment my horse's feet struck the hard road, and I knew that the rest of the route to Jackson would be good going. The distance was twelve miles. I slipped back to the foot board and took the whip. I had the same horse then that I have got now—a tall stout powerful bay mare—and you may believe there's some go in her. At any rate she struck a gait that even astonished me. She had received a good moss of oats, the air was cool, and she felt like going. In fifteen minutes we cleared the woods, and away we went at a keen jump. The chap inside kept yelling to be let out."

"Finally he stopped, and in a few minutes came the report of a pistol—one—two—three—four, one right after the other, and I heard the balls whiz over my head. If I had been in my usual seat one of these balls had not two of them would have gone through me. I popped out my head again and gave a yell, and then a deep groan, and then I said—'Oh, God, save me! I'm a dead man!' Then I made a shuffling noise as though I were falling off, and finally settled down on the foot board again. I now urged up the old mare by giving her a poke occasionally with the butt of my whipstock, and she pealed it faster than ever."

"The man called out to me twice more pretty soon after this, and as he got no reply he made some tremendous endeavors to break the door open, and as this failed him he made several attempts upon the top. But I had no fear of his doing anything there, for the top of the cart is framed in with dovetails, and each sleeper bolted to the posts with iron bolts. I had made it so as to carry heavy loads there. By and by after all else had failed, the scamp commenced to holler when to the horse, and kept it up until he became quite hoarse. All this time I kept perfectly quiet, holding the reins firmly, and kept poking the beast with the stock."

"We were not an hour going these dozen miles—not a bit of it. I hadn't much fear, perhaps I might tell the truth and say that I had none, for I had a good pistol, and more than that, my passenger was safe; yet I was glad when I came to the old flour barrel factory that stands at the edge of Jackson village, and in ten minutes more I hauled up in front of the tavern, and found a couple of men in the barn cleaning down some stage horses."

"Well old feller, says I, as I got down and went around to the back of the wagon 'you have had a good ride, haven't ye?'"

"Who are you?" he cried, and he kind of swore a little too, as he asked the question."

"I'm the man you tried to shoot," was my reply.

"Where am I? Let me out!" he yelled.

"Look here, we've come to a safe stop-

ping place and mind ye my revolver is ready for ye, the moment you show yourself. Now lay quiet."

"By this time the two ostlers had come up to see what was the matter, and I explained it all to them. After this I got one of them to run and out to the sheriff and tell what I believed I had got for him. The first streaks of daylight were coming up, and in half an hour it would be broad daylight. In less than that time the sheriff came and two men with him. I told him the whole in a few words—exhibited the handbill I had for him and then he made for the cart. He told the chap inside who he was, and if he made the least resistance he'd be a dead man. Then I slipped the iron wrench out and as I let the door down the fellow made a spring. I caught him by the ankle and he then came down on his face, and in a moment more the officers had him. It was now daylight, and the moment I saw the chap I recognized him. He was marched off to the lock-up, and I told the sheriff I should remain in town all day."

"After breakfast the sheriff came down to the tavern and told me that I had caught the very bird, and that if I would remain until the next morning I should have the reward of two hundred dollars which had been offered."

"I found my goods all safe, paid express agent for fetching them from Indianapolis, and then set about stowing them away in my cart. The bullet holes were found in the top of my vehicle just as I suspected. They were in a line about five inches apart and I had been where I usually sit two of them would have hit me somewhere about the small of the back, and passed upward for they were sent with a heavy charge of powder, and my pistol was a heavy one."

"On the next morning the sheriff had called upon me, and paid me two hundred dollars in gold, for he made himself sure that he had got the villain. I afterwards found a letter in the post office at Portsmouth for me from the sheriff of Hancock County, and he informed me that Mr. Dick Hardhead was in prison for life."

So ended the pedlar's story. In the morning I had the curiosity to look at his cart, and I found the four bullet holes just as he had told us, though they were now plugged up with vial corks."

### Flies for Trout.

George Dawson, one of the editors of the Albany Evening Journal, who has been on an angling tour in Northern New York, is communicating his trouting experiences to his readers in a series of charming letters. In one of them he thus discourses on the subject of flies, as bait for trout:

"It was a bright fly, suited, I thought, to the day, but quite unlike anything the eye of any trout ever before gazed upon, here or elsewhere. I had chosen it for the half malicious purpose of again demonstrating to myself the absurdity of the cockney theory that only particular flies are applicable to particular seasons. And it furnished me the demonstration I sought. It had barely touched the water when it was seized by a pound trout, which gave me all the play I coveted for the next five minutes. Before I left my tracks I bagged four, weighing five pounds, with the same fly—which it would have been no idleness to have worshipped, as it was unlike anything in the heavens above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth. With my technical friends of the rod and reel, who have a different fly for every week of the year, if not for every day of the season, please 'put this fact in their pipes and smoke it.'"

As a further illustration of this nonsense about 'flies in season,' I have been assured by a gentleman (whose high scholarly attainments have only the more attached him to the charming and exciting recreation which consisted of the delight of his boyhood,) that the greatest success he ever achieved with the rod and reel was when he used an artificial fly made to represent a bumblebee. Or who, in dissecting a trout, ever found one in his stomach? They are not an insect which often comes within the reach of a trout? and it is very doubtful whether ever one in a million of the family either breakfasted, dined or supped upon a bumblebee; and yet Prof. C. refers to his bumblebee bait as having secured to him the best day's sport of his life!

But further upon this point: Who ever saw an artificial mouse in the fly-books of my artificial brethren of the angle? They would as soon think of carrying the trunk of an elephant. And yet it was by using a living mouse as bait that an 'old stager,' who had tantalized a friend of mine for years, was taken. He had 'turned up his nose' at worms, minnows, grubs, grasshoppers, butterflies, spoons, pork, raw beef, beetles, shad spawn, house-flies, black-flies, devil's-darning-needles, feathers of every conceivable shape, dead bait, live bait, and (infamously!) snarves without bait; and yet he succumbed to a mouse! That, as it padded its way across the mill-pond, was too delectable a morsel to forego, and he grabbed it! Alas! a four pounder though he was, with a beard (if he had one) as gray and flowing and classic as Gen. T.'s, and with an experience reaching through a period beyond which my friend's memory ran not the contrary, he became the victim of a mouse."

Spurgeon says of prayer, that it is the rope in the belfry; pull it and it rings the bell up in heaven. Keep on pulling it! and though the bell is up so high you cannot hear it ring, depend upon it, it can be heard in the tower of heaven, and is ringing before the throne of God, who will give you answers of peace according to your faith.











