A PLEASANT STORY.

BOB JARVIS'S LOVE.

We were sojourning between Anaheim and the sea. There was a sunshiny dullness about the place, like the smiles of a vapid woman.

Before the door an artesian well glittered in the sun like an inverted crystal bowl. Esculapius called the spot Fezzan, and gradually became to think the well a fountain, and the semiarid waste about us a stretch of yellow sand.

"Did you ever see such placid, bright, ethereal stillness?" I asked.

Esculapius took his cigar from his lips and looked at me pensively.

"It may be my misfortune, I hope it is not my fault, but I do not remember to have seen stillness of any sort."

Esculapius has but one shortcoming. He is not a poet. I never wound him by appearing to notice this defect, so I sat down on the dry burr-clover and made no reply.

Our host was singing far down in the corn. He was a minister, a deep-toned Methodist, brimming over with vocal piety.

The fern-like branches above us stirred softly against the blue. Little aromatic whiffs came from the grove of pale eucalyptus trees near the house. Esculapius diluted the intoxicating air with tobacco smoke and remained sane, but as for me, the sunshine went to my head and whirled and eddied there like some eastern drug.

"My love," I said wildly, "if we stay here very long and nothing happens, I shall do something rash."

The next morning a huge derrick frowned in the door yard, and a picturesque group of workmen lounged under the acacias. The well had ceased to flow.

Esculapius called me to a corner of the piazza, and spoke in low, hurried tones:

"Something has happened," he said; "the well has stopped. I thought it might relieve your feelings to get off that quotation about the golden bowl, and the wheel, and the fountain, etc.; then, if it is safe to leave you, I would go hunting."

"I have forgotten the quotation," I said; but I think it begins, 'The grinders shall cease because they are few.' Perhaps you had better take your gun, and don't forget your overcoat."

Then I took a pitcher and went down to the disglorified well. I filled the pitcher, and turned to go. A tall form separated itself from the group of workmen and came forward.

"Madam," said a rich, hearty voice, "if you will allow me, I'll tackle that pitcher and tote it in for you. Jarvis is my name—Col. Bob Jarvis, well-borer. We struck a ten-inch flow down at Scranton's last week, rather knocked the bottom out of things around here."

"But the pitcher isn't at all heavy, Col. Jarvis."

"Oh, never mind that; anything's ...

[illegible]

... the fact that Esculapius, who sauntered on after us, humming an air from "Pinafore," became suddenly quiet, and disappeared tumultuously.

"Engaged to be married!" I said. "Let me congratulate you, Colonel. May I hope to see the fortunate young lady?"

"That depends. You see I'm in a row—terrible big row—and I thought you might give me a lift. She is a 'Frisco lady, you know, one of your regular high-flyers; black eyes, bangs, no end of spirit. I bought this," fumbling in his pockets and producing the most astounding combination of red glass and pinchbeck; "and, by Gollrey, she sent it back. Now, I do not see anything wrong about the ring, do you?"

"It is certainly a little—well, peculiar, at least, for an engagement ring; perhaps she would like something a trifle less showy."

"Exactly. That is just what I reflected. So I went and got this (triumphantly displaying a narrow gold band); now, that's what I call genteel; don't you? Well, if you'll believe it, she sent that back, too, by—return mail. I wish I'd fetched you the letter she wrote; if it wasn't the spiciest piece of literature ever read by anybody. She'd have me understand she wasn't a bar-maid nor a Quaker, and if I didn't know what was due to a lady in her position, I'd better find it out before I aspired to her hand,' et cetera. Now, if you'll help me through, and get me into sand and gravel again, and your man decides to settle in these parts, I'll guarantee you a No. 1 well, good, even two-inch flow, and no expense but pipe and boardin' hands. I'll do it by—some means."

"Oh, no, Colonel," I said, struggling with a laugh, "I couldn't allow that. It gives me great pleasure to advise you, only it is a very delicate matter, you know—and"—really I was casting about wildly for an inspiration—"wouldn't it be better to go on to the city, as you intended, and ask the lady to go with you and let her exercise her own taste in selecting a ring?"

My companion took a step backward, folded his arms, and looked at me admiringly.

"Well, if it don't beat all how a woman walks through a mill-stone! Now, that's what I call neat. Why, God bless you, madam, I've been borin' at that thing for a week steady, night and day, by—myself, and making no headway."

Esculapius laughed very immoderately when I repeated this conversation to him.

"I am willing to allow that it is funny," I said; "but after all there is a rare politeness in the man, an untutored chivalry. Nearly every man loves and reverences a woman; but this man loves and reverences women. It is old-fashioned, I know, but it has been a weakness of his own, like the lavender and fragrancy of our grandmothers, don't you think so?"

There was no reply, so I went on musingly.

[illegible]

"Are editors ever ...?"

"Sometimes the small ones are, but the large ones are rarely ever molested."

"Do editors eat?"

"They do. It was formerly supposed that they eat at long intervals and upon rare occasions; but it is now a well-authenticated fact that they eat a great deal when they can get it."

"What kind of food do they like most?"

"They are not very particular. While they will not refuse quail on toast, fried crabs, or roast turkey, about Christmas time, they have been known to make a hearty repast off a dish of cold turnip and a consumptive herring."

"Can they eat concert tickets?"

"We believe not. Some people have gained this erroneous impression from false teachings in early life, but no authenticated instance of such a thing on record."

"Do editors go free into shows?"

"They do, when they give a dollar-and-a-half local for a twenty-five cent ticket."

"Are all editors bald like this one?"

"No, the married ones are bald. But let us pass on; the editor does not like to be stared at."

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CARLISLE MERCURY.

VOL. XIII. CARLISLE, NICHOLAS COUNTY, KY., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1880. NO. 46.

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CIRCUIT COURT—Circuit Judge, Alfred E. Cole. Circuit Clerk, T. J. Glenn. Master Commissioner, T. J. Glenn. Court convenes Tuesday after third Monday in March and September.

COUNTY COURT—Judge, A. J. Banta. Attorney, R. H. Robinson. Clerk, John A. Campbell. County Court second Monday in each month. Court of Claims and Levy, second Monday in October.

Quarterly Court, Judge Banta presiding. The fourth Monday in January, April, July and October.

COUNTY OFFICERS—Sheriff, Jas. Hillock; Deputy, John Herrin; Assessor, Jesse D. Potts. Surveyor—Vacant. Jailor—Robert Kincart. Coroner—Bryson Smith.

MAGISTRATES' COURT—District No. 1—Wm. Bow; 2d Wednesday in March, June, September and December. A. Hildreth, last Saturday in March, June, September and December. James Sparks, Constable.

District No. 2—R. H. Collier, 3rd Friday in March, June, September and December. J. S. Lawson, 4th Friday in March, June, September and December. Joseph H. Snapp, Constable.

District No. 3—A. S. Barr, 1st Saturday in March, June, September and December. W. C. Wilson, 2nd Wednesday in March, June, ...

District No. 4—James H. Barnett, 2nd Friday in March, June, September and December. H. C. Reed, 3rd Saturday in March, June, September and December. Daniel S. Talbott, Constable.

District No. 5—H. C. Wells, 2nd Saturday in March, June, September and December. W. H. Wilson, 4th Saturday in March, June, September and December. T. M. Sharout, Constable.

District No. 6—F. M. Crowe, 2nd Thursday in March, June, September and December. Isaac Kenney, 2nd Thursday in March, June, September and December. Albert Wills, Constable.

CHURCH.—Baptist Church: Preaching second and fourth Sundays at 10½ a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayer-meeting Wednesday night. Business meeting Saturday before second Sunday. Sunday-school 9 a. m. G. W. Riggan, pastor.

Presbyterian Church—Preaching first and third Sundays at 10½ a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayer meeting Saturday night. Sunday-school 9 a. m. Rev. H. M. Scudder, Pastor.

Methodist Church—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayer-meeting on Wednesday night. Sunday-school 9 a. m. Rev. J. C. C. Newton, Pastor.

Christian Church—Preaching second and fourth Lord's day of each month at 10½ a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayer-meeting Wednesday night. Sunday-school at 9 a. m. Eld. B. F. Ricketts, Pastor.

Catholic Church—Services second Sunday at 10½ a. m. Father Hickey, Pastor.

SOCIETY—Masonic: Daugherty Lodge No. 65. Stated meeting Saturday night on or before the full moon of each month. T. J. Glenn, W. M. L. M. Campbell, Sec.

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THE MERCURY.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY WILL J. KEHOE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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GENERAL CHESTER A. ARTHUR has a son taller than himself and twenty-one years old, and two daughters. He will retain his place in his law firm in New York City while Vice President.

A YOUNG man in Bracken County bought some gunpowder which he considered too coarse, so to make it finer he put it into a coffee mill and attempted to grind it, but the powder exploded and he was nearly killed.

Whose Canary Changed to a Snake?

A correspondent to the American Agriculturist, "G. W. R.," writes under the above startling head that a family in Nicholas County, Ky., returned to their house after some hours' absence, and found a snake in the cage where they had left a canary. It had crept into the cage, dined on canary, and was unable to retreat between the wires, and was killed.

MR. GLADSTONE has been requested by the Queen to apply to Parliament at its forthcoming session for a grant of £40,000 to help the Prince of Wales to pay off his debts that are considered pressing, and for an addition of £10,000 a year to his Royal Highness' allowance £40,000 a year irrespective of the net revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall (which amount to nearly £70,000 a year) and of the Princess' £10,000.

IF you want to quote Scripture, don't quote Solomon on a postal card, for that is how R. D. Sims, the Georgia statesman, got into a peck of trouble. He promised not to do so any more, and pleaded ignorance of the law. Judge Swing, of Cincinnati, fined him $500, and suspended the sentence, which will not be executed, provided he does not quote any more Scripture. Mr. Sims went away declaring he would never again have anything to do with the wise man of the holy book.

"Eggs" on the Tomato Worm.

Tomato worms might have been noticed last summer with little white parasites on them, and one was brought to our office by George S. Bruce. It is explained by the fact that a minute, fly-like insect, with a sharp probe, pushes a number of its eggs into the caterpillar's body when it is quite young, and those eggs hatch, and the larva from them feed upon the substance of the tomato worm, sometimes killing, but always making them more voracious.

COL. BRACK GRATSY, late of Winchester, whose death at Denver, on Friday, we recorded in our supplement of Saturday, was aged about forty-four years. He was ill of pneumonia and dropsy. He inherited a fortune of $50,000, but lost it all in the Phœnix Hotel building at Lexington, and otherwise. He had been an officer in Federal army during the war, Consul to Panama under Johnson, etc. His wife, granddaughter of ex-Governor Robinson, survives him with two children.—[Paris Kentuckian.

Tice's Weather Predictions for November.

From 7th to 8th, clear or fair; 9th to 12th, cloudy threatening weather, with heavy storms in places; 12th to 14th, clear or fair; 15th to 17th, cloudy, threatening weather, with heavy local storms; 18th to 20th, clear or fair; 20th to 23d, cloudy, threatening weather, with local rains; 24th to 25th, clear or fair; 25th to 29th, cloudy, threatening weather, with heavy rain or snow storms, according to latitude; 29th to 30th, clear or fair. The comparatively colder days will be about the 6th, 11th, 18th, 23d and 29th.

THE bridegroom of a Waukegan wedding was a Baptist and the bride a Methodist. They had agreed that, immediately after the ceremony, they would decide by chance which should embrace the other's religion. The officiating clergyman declined to toss up a cent, partly because he would not countenance such a proceeding, and partly because, being a Methodist, he might be accused of fraud if the bride won. The bride herself finally threw the coin, and lost. When she went to join the Baptist, however, they rejected her because she did not believe in close communion. That displeased the husband, and he went over with her to the Methodists.

The Black Ways of White.

Nearly all the counties in the Ninth Congressional District have been heard from, and the election of John D. White, the Republican candidate for Congress, over Hon. Thomas Turner, the Democratic candidate, by from one to two thousand majority, is conceded. Letters have been received from all parts of the district stating that money was used most lavishly at every precinct to buy the floating vote for White, and it is estimated that his election has cost the Republican party at least $25,000. This is the second time that "Johnny-Jump-Up" White, as he was called in the Legislature, on account of his propensity to jump up and make Republican speeches,) has carried the district, and his success each time has been due to the large amount of money which he and his party expended for his election. Hon. Thomas Turner was an able and efficient member of Congress, and his defeat is greatly regretted by the friends of the Kentucky River improvement, as he was largely instrumental in securing the appropriation by Congress of $200,000 to improve the locks and dams in the river.

A PLEASANT STORY.

THE OLD LOVE.

"Who is living in Swan's house? I see it is occupied," said Mr. Tartuffe to his servant.

"A Mr. Ernest Simpson, and his wife and mother. He is just married, I believe," was the reply.

"Strange," he muttered, "that I should come home to find them here, of all places in the world. I knew this morning that that young fellow must be in some way connected with Ernest Simpson. The likeness is unmistakable. There comes a woman now. I wonder if it can be his mother?"

A large woman, with a fresh-colored face and with a bundle under her arm, entered the gate and hurried up the walk with the air of one very much at home.

"Yes, it must be she; yet who could have believed that Sophie Martyn would have become such a great, blowsy creature? Twenty-five years work great changes."

The fact was, it was Mrs. Simpson's dress-maker; but how was Mr. Tartuffe to know that? For five years he had been traveling after a fashion of his own.

Five years had wrought great changes. Of his old friends and associates some were dead, others moved away, and the rest were so immersed in business, so interested in their own particular pursuits, that they had little time or thought to spare him.

"'Tis like coming back from the dead to find one's place filled and one's self forgotten," he said, sadly. And now to all the rest was added the unwelcome discovery that the wife and son of Ernest Simpson, the man who had done him a cruel wrong and marred his life, were living next door to him. Some time he stood at the window, drumming softly upon the pane and looking idly out; suddenly his face lighted up.

"That's an idea; I'll do it. Forsyth will jump at the chance, I've no doubt."

Whatever the idea was he immediately proceeded to put it into execution. A few minutes later he left the house and took his way down town.

"Why, good morning, Tartuffe. Glad to see you; sit down; I'll be at leisure in a few minutes."

When the busy lawyer was at last able to pay some attention to his visitors, Mr. Tartuffe began without preliminary: "Forsyth, I have been thinking over what you said yesterday, and have a proposition to make. Suppose we make an exchange."

"Make an exchange?" repeated the puzzled lawyer.

"Yes; you can take my house and I take yours, for a year. Your family are desirous of coming to town, and I want to leave it. Take the houses as they stand. It will save the bother of my moving."

"Well," mused Mr. Forsyth, "that's an idea, certainly, and it strikes me favorably, but I must consult my wife first, of course. Why do you wish to leave town, though?—you've just got here. Your wandering life has spoiled you. You ought to get married, and settle down quietly."

"Get married!" repeated the other, with an expression of scorn; "what woman would have an old man like me, except for his money?"

"Old man, indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Forsyth; "why you're just in the prime of life, and there isn't a young man in the city who can boast a more splendid physique. Besides, you need not marry a school-girl, you know. I know the woman for you, about your own age, a widow with one son."

"The idea of my marrying a widow?" ejaculated Mr. Tartuffe in silent wrath as he took his way homeward.

As he ascended the steps, the red-faced dress-maker seated by the window in Mrs. Simpson's room, exclaimed: "There goes Mr. Tartuffe!"

"What did you say his name was?" said Mrs. Simpson, rather eagerly.

"Simon Tartuffe. He's a rich old bach. You had better set your cap at him. But I'm afraid 'twould'nt do no good, for they do say he's a woman-hater."

Mrs. Simpson made no reply, but resumed her work with a thoughtful face.

"Mother, here is a letter for you," said Ernest's wife, entering the room. Mrs. Simpson read the few lines it contained, and then said: "Aunt Elizabeth is ill; an attack similar to the one she had three years ago, and she wants me to come and stay with her."

"Oh, dear, how sorry I am!" exclaimed Jennie. "I do not know what we shall do without you."

One afternoon, a fortnight later, Mr. Tartuffe alighted from the train at Bierdale station, and, without stopping, took his way up the village street to his new home.

For the next few days he fairly lived out of doors, exploring the country for miles round, walking, driving, fishing and boating. One afternoon, toward sunset, as he lay stretched at full length under a tree at the brink of the river, the sound of oars attracted his attention, and looking up he saw a small boat coming rapidly toward him. It was propelled by two ladies, one of them a young girl yet in her teens; the other, a splendidly-developed and still very handsome woman.

"There comes Bob in his wherry, cousin Lizzie; let's have a race!" exclaimed the younger of the two.

Mr. Tartuffe raised himself upon his elbow as he caught sight of it.

"Strange!" he muttered, "but I could swear I had seen that face before somewhere or some time; yet it is like a dream."

Mr. Tartuffe rose and walked homeward. "That's the sort of a woman I thought Sophia would make, and, in fact, there is something in her face that reminds me very much of her."

The next Sunday Mr. Tartuffe went to church, and occupied the Forsyth pew. In front of him were three ladies and two gentlemen. Two of the ladies were young and pretty, and in one of them he recognized the Katie of the boat. The other was evidently her sister. The third was elderly, and as plainly the mother of the two. "And that must be Bob and the father," said Mr. Tartuffe to himself; "and now where is cousin Lizzie?"

The question was no sooner asked than it was answered by the appearance of that lady. She entered a pew just across the isle, and opposite to the family party that Mr. Tartuffe had been so closely observing. He studied the sweet face and the costume, so simple in its appointments, yet perfect in taste.

At the close of the service the gentleman whom Mr. Tartuffe had taken to be the pater-familias came up and introduced himself as a neighbor and an old friend of the Forsyths.

"I do not know whether you have ever heard Forsyth speak of Emory Taylor."

"Indeed I have, and in the highest terms," responded Mr. Tartuffe, cordially shaking the proffered hand. "I am exceedingly happy to make your acquaintance."

"I must make you acquainted with my family," Mr. Taylor said, as his wife and children joined him, and then followed an introduction to the different members.

"Where is cousin Lizzie?" inquired Mr. Taylor, looking around.

"She was in haste to get home for fear her aunt might need her; there she goes now," pointing up the street, where a stately figure was fast disappearing from view.

"Our roads lie in the same direction; may I have the pleasure of accompanying you?" said Mr. Tartuffe to Katie.

"If you will make yourself very agreeable, and not expect to be entertained in return," she said, flashing a saucy glance at him.

A fortnight ago Mr. Tartuffe would have considered the whole thing an unmitigated bore, but the last few days had wrought a wonderful change in him. He exerted himself to be entertaining, and succeeded admirably. When they reached the gate, Katie said:

"And now for your reward. Do you like croquet?"

"I have always detested it hitherto," he said, coolly, "but with you for a partner, I do not doubt I shall soon become a complete votary of it."

"Very pretty, but you cannot impose upon me with your gallant speeches. However, I am to have a small croquet party to-morrow afternoon, and wish you to make one of the number. Cousin Lizzie Simpson shall be your opponent, and, I assure you, you will find her a 'foeman worthy of your steel.' She is the lady who sat opposite to us in church."

"Yes, I saw her with you in a boat the other afternoon," he said, quietly.

The croquet party was a success, and Mr. Tartuffe proved no despicable player, after all.

"That was a very close game; cousin Lizzie, you must look out or you will lose your laurels. Another stroke would have finished you," claimed Bob.

"I should count it no dishonor to be beaten by such a foe," she answered, smiling.

Here tea was announced, and the guests turned their footsteps toward the house. Mr. Tartuffe found himself walking along with Katie and her cousin Lizzie.

"Miss Simpson, do you excel in everything you undertake?" he began.

"Why, no—certainly not," she said, opening her eyes in surprise.

Here Katie guided away from them to the rest of the party.

"Hush," she said, softly, laying her finger on her lip. "He thinks cousin Lizzie is unmarried; don't you enlighten him for your lives!"

"But do you think it quite right?" remonstrated Katie's sister, Greta.

"Of course it is, so long as her husband is dead."

One bright afternoon, some months later, Lizzie Simpson stood by the window in her room looking out with a troubled face. "It has gone on too long already. I must tell him the truth and take the consequences."

Just then a carriage rolled up in front of the house, and Mr. Tartuffe alighted. Hastily trying a veil over her face, Mrs. Simpson went down to meet him. It was with a very lover-like air that he assisted her into the carriage, and his manner caused her to shrink with a premonition of what was coming.

A little smile crept into the corners of his mouth, and at length, laying his his hand upon hers, he said, quietly, "It is of no use, I am not to be diverted from my purpose, Lizzie; I love you with a love which I believe nothing could create within my heart again. I want you. Will you come?"

She trembled like a leaf, and for a moment strove to speak in vain; then she said: Mr. Tartuffe, I have a confession to make which may alter your feelings. I have been a widow for 15 years."

He looked at her kindly for a moment; she resumed, hurriedly.

"I thought you knew, of course, at first, and then it grew rather hard for me to tell you, and I kept hoping you would find out your mistake. Indeed, had not the slightest intention of deceiving you."

He smiled and drew her closely to him.

"Is that all?"

"No it is only the smallest part of my confession, Simon," she cried, vehemently; "is it possible you have never recognized me!"

"Sophie!" he exclaimed. "Ernest Simpson's wife!" His face was pale, but he only tightened his clasp, while he looked into her eyes as if he would read her very soul.

She continued with choked voice:

"For ten years I believed you false and treacherous. It was not until he lay on his dying bed that he confessed the truth to me, and I knew how cruelly you had been wronged."

"I absolved you from all blame years ago. As soon as I heard of Ernest's marriage the truth flashed across me at once that he loved you himself, and had been the sole cause of our estrangement. I cursed myself for a blind fool when I realized that I had been but an unsuspecting tool in his hands. Can you wonder that I hated him, and with a bitterness that—"

"Remember that he is dead, and that he was but human after all," she interrupted. "Let the dead past bury its dead."

He bowed his head silently, and, after a pause, with a rather mischievous look, he said: "Do you know why I left the city and came to Brierdale?"

"No," she replied, wonderingly.

"I was running away from you. But you have not answered my question yet; is this Mrs. Tartuffe that I hold in my arms?" suiting the action to the words, and dropping the reins as he did so. Fortunately, the horse was well trained.

"If you wish it," was the low reply.

When the rare June days came with their rose scented breath and dazzling skies, Mr. Tartuffe took his bride home. Together they stood at night on the verandah and watched the moon as it rose, flooding the whole earth with its silver.

"What can be more beautiful on earth?" said Lizzie, softly.

"Are you satisfied with your home—our home?" he asked, looking down upon her lovingly.

"Perfectly; and you!"

"I came to Brierdale, anticipating one happy year, instead of which I have obtained bliss for a lifetime."

OUR NEXT PRESIDENT.

A Sketch of Mr. Garfield and His Family.

[From Mr. L. T. Nichols' Sketch.]

General Garfield likes books and music and pictures. He is, withal, very versatile. He sings songs and reads poetry, studies mathematics, problems, and translates "knotty" passages of the Greek Testament with equal interest and relish. I remember once seeing a gentleman showing him what is called a "trick with cards." After trying it a few times, Mr. Garfield said: "That is no trick—it is the result of some law of numbers; it's a mathematical problem, depending on the number of cards, spots, &c." That night he determined to solve the problem. I went to bed about midnight and left him working it. In the morning he said he had sat up till after 3 o'clock, but, like Archimedes, he had "found it," and he had covered a dozen sheets of paper with algebraic formulas in the operation.

I think Garfield would like to be rich—at least better off than he is; but he could never endure the kind of life that makes men rich—the continued and monotonous routine and attention that is required in mere money-getting. That kind of mental food wouldn't nourish his intellectual nature. He is ambitious and, in a true and laudable sense, proud. He likes to excel. He told me the evening the nominations were made in Chicago that he would rather have the credit of making the best speech before such an audience than to get the nomination. People may not readily believe it, but Garfield's speech nominating Sherman was very nearly an impromptu speech. Garfield is a temperance man, though not a "total abstinence man." I have seen wine on his table twice in Washington, once at a breakfast and once at a dinner party. I know that liquor is not habitually used about his house, and that he very rarely touches it himself. He is not at all sensitive on the subject of temperance, nor desirous of concealing his views and practice.

General Garfield is fond of his home and his farm. He walks his visitors around and shows them the improvements he has made, and explains those he contemplates. He shows his stock, machinery and crops with as much enthusiasm as Horace Greeley used to display on the same subjects. He finds the farm a source of perpetual pleasure and interest.

One can not be about Mentor long without finding out that Garfield likes his neighbors and that they like him.

Mrs. Garfield is a very pleasant but not a demonstrative woman. She is well educated, and appreciates the good things in literature and art. She reads "solid" books, and the magazines; looks well after the house, and teaches her own children. She is a "helpmeet" and an entertaining companion for her husband, and abundantly able to entertain his most intellectual friends and visitors. I should think her most marked characteristic is that of most perfect attention to her own business, and no meddling with other people's. She is unostentatious. She refused to allow her photograph to be sold or her picture to be engraved, though earnestly pressed to do so by photographers, engravers, and by many friends. I suspect she don't care to be written about much, and I don't wish to do violence to her desires in this respect by extended comment.

The children are two boys, one girl and two more boys. Their first child was a girl, which died when a few months' old. The last one was a boy that died when about two years' old. Harry, the oldest living, is sixteen; Abram, the youngest, is eight; "Jim" is fourteen; Molly twelve, and Irvin is ten years old. Harry is a quiet, steady boy, very obedient and dutiful, particularly respectful toward his parents and grandmother. The writer had an opportunity of seeing a characteristic letter which he wrote to his mother shortly after the Chicago Convention, he and "Jim" being in school at Concord, N. H., at the time. He spoke of the fact that some of his schoolmates had manifested a great deal more interest in himself and "Jim" since their "pa" was nominated for President. He evidently thought this a little snobby, and said that he didn't consider that they were a bit bigger or better than they were before, and that he would respect his father just as much "even if he were nothing but a Congressman all his life." He didn't seem to think it any big thing to be a Congressman.

Jim is what is called a rollicking boy. He is never known to be still unless asleep. Both physically and intellectually he is very strong and very quick. He masters his studies almost without effort and in incredibly short time. At school he likes the gymnasium; he excels on the trapeze and spring-board. At home he stands on his head, walks on his hands with his heels up, turns handsprings and somersaults, and jumps the fence in preference to opening the gate. He is good-natured, kind-hearted and accommodating, and famous for boyish devilment. Molly is rather a quiet girl, with remarkably good sense for her years; she keeps to her lessons pretty close, and plays the piano well. Irvin is the queerest genius of the family, though I don't know how to describe him. "Abe" is an artist. He is always making pictures, and seems to prefer drawings of machinery. A train of cars is one of his favorite drawing, and he will have the engine, baggage and mail car, the coaches and sleepers all so perfect that it would take an expert to find a part left out.

HINTS FOR FARM WORK.

[American Agriculturist.]

YOUNG STOCK need not be housed until real cold weather sets in, but they should have a warm shed to lie in at night, and be kept in first-rate condition through this month with turnips, fed tops and all.

SHEEP bear more exposure than any other of our domestic animals (not even excepting horses, not worked) that is, exposure to the weather, but not without shelter from storms. The ewes ought to be in lamb by this time, and must be kept doing well. Half a pint of corn a day each will go far towards keeping them in good condition. Weed out all those which show signs of weakness, have poor teeth, etc., and fatten them if you can.

PIGS.—It is much better to kill early than late. As soon as cold weather comes on, pigs will gain very little, if any, and often lose during cold storms. Therefore, crowd them if not fat enough to kill. Feed occasionally pulverized charcoal, to keep their digestive functions in tone; keep them clean and warm, and coax them to eat every ounce possible.

POULTRY need to be treated much in the same way. That is, fattened and killed early, if intended for market. Though usually go up steadily after the first of January, yet the additional cost of fattening in December, or of holding poultry after it is fat, is but rarely paid for by the higher price. Warm quarters are essential to winter laying.

HOW TO DRESS A TURKEY.—There is much practical wisdom among the poultry men, that does not get into the papers or books. A turkey raiser who prides himself on sending to market the handsomest lot of turkeys in his town, for the Christmas market, tells us how he dresses his birds. The turkeys are fed as usual the night before butchering, and in the morning are driven in upon the barn floor, as soon as they come from the roost, and are made secure. Their coops are empty, and they can be caught as they are wanted. Make a slip noose of strong cord for each turkey, in an adjoining stable or shed, put the turkey's legs into the noose, and with a small pointed knife stick the bird as near the head as possible. As soon as the bird is dead, strip off the feathers, pinfeathers and all. Cut the neck off as near the head as possible, remove the wings and draw the entrails, before taking the bird down. The turkey is hung up alive, and taken down ready for market. Lay the bird on his breast, or side, upon a clean board to cool. Turkeys should be carefully handled in dressing, to avoid breaking the skin, for it rubs off very easily when they are warm. Remove all the pinfeathers and pack the birds when sent to market, in clean straw, so that there will be no marks of blood upon them. Handsome, clean dressing will add a cent a pound, and often more, to the market price of all kinds of poultry.

WEEDS.—The farmers should be deeply interested in the two leading points concerning weeds; how they get into the fields and garden, and how to get those out that are already in. Many of the seeds of weeds are sown with those of the crop, especially is this the case with those that are nearly of the size, color, etc., of the grains and grass seeds. Great care should be exercised in sowing only pure seeds. If the weeds are already in the soil, the quicker steps are taken to eradicate them the better. Let no weeds go to seed. This will end the annuals. With perennials the work is more difficult, but it should be remembered that they are much more easily destroyed when young. Cut frequently and dig out by the roots when possible.

DRAUGHTS OF COLD AIR IN THE STABLE.—Horses are quite sensitive to chilling draughts of air blowing upon them, and especially upon their heads; hence, in the construction of stables this should be borne in mind. Many stables have the horses face an alley along the sides of which are doors, or a large space is left entirely open; in such cases, whenever the rear stable door and the one leading out of the alley are open, the horses stand in a chilling draught, from which they can not escape. Horses, like many people, can stand much wind in an open field, but will catch cold while in a draught only a short time. With proper ventilation, the doors of the stable should be kept closed in cold weather, that no draughts may occur.

MLLE. BERNHARDT'S OVATION.

Kept on the Stage for Nearly Thirteen Hours Passing Through a Throng on Retiring from the Theater.

[From the New York Sun.]

Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt spent thirteen hours Monday at the labor of her profession. After an early breakfast at the hotel at which she is stopping in Broadway, was driven with her maid to Booth's Theater, there she remained all day, excepting an hour of intermission at luncheon time, rehearsing with her company the plays of "Camille" and "Frou-Frou." She was even more exacting than usual with the players, and long parts and scenes, especially in "Frou-Frou," were rehearsed and re-rehearsed. Between 5 and 6 o'clock in the evening she dined, and by half-past 6 o'clock in the evening was again on the stage.

Mr. Abbey said that she became more and more nervous as the hour for her appearance approached. She frequently gave expressions to the most anxious solicitude as to her reception by the Americans.

The dipper-like constellation of electric lights in front of Booth's Theater in Twenty-third street shone at half-past 6 o'clock upon a few little groups of men and women upon the sidewalk next the theater and upon the nucleus of a line of persons waiting for the sale of tickets at the box office. The line grew until it reached far down Twenty-third street beyond the rear of the theater, and the groups grew in number and in size until they formed, at 7½ o'clock, a multitude that blockaded both sidewalks of the street, packed the stairways of the elevated railroad station, made travel difficult on Sixth avenue near the down-town corner of the cross street, and filled the entrance to the play house so completely that when the doors were thrown open the progress of the throng that entered the theater was almost imperceptible.

A like scene had not been witnessed in New York, it was only approached by that on the occasion of Miss Cushman's farewell. Six or eight policemen on duty at the theater door proved an insufficient force for the control of the eager crowd. The sidewalk opposite, in front of the Masonic Temple, was as crowded. In front of the theater speculators and admission ticket peddlers elbowed, shoved, and squeezed in and out among the people crying their wares. They carried great wisps of bank notes and packs of tickets, and they made the air melodious with their cries. Orchestra chairs, of which there were but few, sold for $10 and $12 each, seats in the first balcony brought $8 each, and simple admission tickets, which were being sold at the office for $1 brought $1.50 on the sidewalk. Carriages at the rate of one a minute rolled up to the curb opposite the doorway, and the wealth and fashion of the city alighted from them, contributing rapidly more and more of broadcloth, satin, silk, and jewels to the crushing, squeezing throng in the street. It seemed as though all the men whose faces are specially familiar to the public were in the throng. Gov. Cornell led the way for Henry Bergh, who was side by side with F. B. Thurber, James G. Blaine, Surrogate Calvin, W. H. Mundy, Corporation Counsel Whitney, Sheriff Bowe, and of other well-known people. Probably for the first time the policemen found themselves battling with satin and feathers.

To the cries of the ticket speculators was added the chorus of those who sought to sell cheap editions of the life of the great actress, and her picture. Books of the play were also on sale on the sidewalk. At fifteen minutes to 8 o'clock, when it had been learned that many of those who were in the line of purchasers of the tickets for general admission were selling the tickets over again on the street, the sale of these tickets was stopped for a time. Until half-past 8 o'clock the blockade in the street remained apparently as firm as at first. The reason for this was that there was but one entrance, and the multitude was narrowed into a single file at the doorway, where Isaac Wall was gathering the tickets and repulsing the seekers after free admission with all the rapidity of action that an excited man could command. At half-past 8 o'clock a carriage rattled up to the Sixth avenue entrance, and a rush was made to see its occupants. It was supposed that Sarah Bernhardt was in it, but she had been behind the scenes already two hours. The pale and nervous woman who stepped upon the sidewalk and took the arm of her husband was Miss Clara Morris, who was admitted to a private box through the stage entrance. The curtain rose a little later, the throng at the entrance gradually disappeared, and the electric lights thereafter shone upon only a few score loungers who remained until the performance within came to an end.

Three thousand people witnessed the performance. The 2,200 seats were all occupied, and the eight hundred extra spectators formed double and treble lines behind the chairs on each floor. Among those who were obliged to stand were many ladies. An attempt to find seats for these was made by the management, but only a few men were discovered who were willing to surrender their chairs.

Sensible to the Last—Delinquents Read.

BETHEL, MORGAN CO., ILL., November 8, 1880.

To the Editor of the Mercury:

Inclosed find two dollars, which I send you to pay for the Mercury one year. Please excuse me for not being more prompt, and for the future I will thank you if you will not send the Mercury to me if I do not pay for it in advance, not but I appreciate the paper, and your kindness in sending it, but, for one, I intend to pay in advance for my paper, or not take any. I like the cash system, and all papers should adopt it. There is no justice in keeping a journalist out of his money, as he has to pay the cash for everything he uses and to those he employs. Let me suggest to the many patrons of the Mercury that they remit to its editor that which is due for so ably conducting a live and reliable Kentucky paper.

SAMUEL CALLAWAY.

A FARMER in Minnesota who has five grown-up daughters, has sued the county on a claim that his residence has been used as a "court-room" for the past two years.