CARLISLE MERCURY.

VOLUME XXVI. CARLISLE, NICHOLAS COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1892. NUMBER 8.

THE MERCURY.

G. B. KELLER, Editor.

CARLISLE, : : : : KY.

A JOYOUS FARMER'S BOY.

From farm-boy to trade of by
Their early life is fair;
Then, farmer-boy, be happy—
A right rich farmer's are.

I love the old snow landscape much,
With frost and shadow drawn;
How blest it makes my heart to touch
The early breath of dawn!

And when the year has begun
My steps would not be stayed,
Should I not hear the bluebird's song
Shouted to the wind and shade.

And then when comes the glowing noon,
And all the world is fair,
How slightly would I drop the tune
To hear the locust's blare!

Sometimes my heart is made more glad
The meadow and the cherries;
But when the autumn days are sad
Across a cloud-drawn sky,

And when the golden harvest sheaf
Is borne in the golden wain,
Then I rejoice my heart to think
The year is come again.

And when the year has begun
My steps would not be stayed,
Should I not hear the bluebird's song
Shouted to the wind and shade.

And then when comes the glowing noon,
And all the world is fair,
How slightly would I drop the tune
To hear the locust's blare!

—A. W. Bellamy in Detroit Free Press.

COLGATE'S
CASHMERE BOUQUET

CONSULTATION.

"What is it, my child?" he asked, laying his hand on her head. "I keep grieved?"

"Oh," she whispered. "The first we have ever had."

"Well, well, we all know that lovers never plight a troth exactly sweet, in a quiet manner-of-fact tone that they can't be heard. But what else, dear child, is the matter?"

"It arose out of a very simple speech of mine which seemed to annoy Lancelot extremely. He turned quite flushing and paling as she recalled the

DO NOT HEAR HIS APPROACH

after words. 'Oh, mother, I've seen an angel!' 'Where?' 'Why, in Kew Gardens.' And I asked him if we could possibly be married in a country church.

"Richard took offense because you thought he was not good enough for you?" ventured anothered mother Carle Wait.

"Yes." Olive considered for a moment, and then repeated all that she could remember of the conversation. "Then I said that I thought that the bells, and the old church, and the old friend seemed the fairest in New earth. It was the time for peace."

"If I could only believe that this was the only trouble," said the mother with a sigh, "I should be happy. But, my dear," she said, "But Richard seems to be much the best lover in an absurd Crown. He cannot realize any kind of opposition. He is not at all the sort of person about whom romance is woven, and his attitude himself. Oh, how hard it is to make a man understand that the man whom I love very well we must not be married!"

"Then you are quite sure that you favorite lover?"

"Yes, I am sure. But never mind. I shall get over it. I am not the first girl who has had to do it."

"Dear Mother," she said, "do it, please, and don't let me see him again."

"Then you have had little enough of the society of the delightful young man with a contemptuous laugh. "Myself I have not seen since I was a boy. I don't know that I ever will see my self again. Because one must feel an interest in a person before one can see him. I feel no interest in myself. I know myself entirely by heart, and am bored to death by the whole thing