IN THE HOME OF FARMER JOHN

We stood together in merry spring,
Farmer John and I;
Rather we found it a merry old song,
Farmer John and I;
We saw the flower of years go down,
We felt the frosts of sorrow and care,
We felt our hearts grow heavy and sad,
We felt the years go by and leave us behind,
We heard the spring-time's joyous lay,
We heard the summer's sad farewell,
We felt the chill of the autumn days,
We felt the cold of the winter days,
We felt the years go by and leave us behind,
Farmer John and I.

We stood together in summer time,
Farmer John and I;
We found the world of our summer dreams
Was but a vision that could not be,
It faded away like the morning dew,
We felt the chill of the autumn days,
We felt the cold of the winter days,
We felt the years go by and leave us behind,
Farmer John and I.

We stood together in autumn time,
Farmer John and I;
We found the world of our autumn's dream
Was but a vision that could not be,
It faded and vanished the summer grove
Its lovely sight and its music sweet,
We felt the chill of the winter days,
We felt the years go by and leave us behind,
Farmer John and I.

We stood together in winter time,
Farmer John and I;
We found the world of our winter's dream
Was but a vision that could not be,
It faded and vanished the summer grove
Its lovely sight and its music sweet,
We felt the chill of the winter days,
We felt the years go by and leave us behind,
Farmer John and I.

We stood together in the land of rest,
Farmer John and I;
We found the world of our heaven's dream
Was not a vision that could not be,
We felt no more the chill of the winter days,
We felt no more the years go by and leave us behind,
Farmer John and I.

—Sarah L. Ephraim in New York Ledger.

A HORSE THIEF.

The first prisoner that "graced" the new jail at Oak Knob, the county seat of Patterson county, Ark., was a young fellow named Dave Dillon. He was a stranger in the remote community, which went for toward proving that he had stolen the horse. It was a fact that a sore mare was stolen and that circumstance pointed with a steady finger at the stranger. This being quite sufficient, he was put in jail.

Oak Knob could hardly be classed as a village; indeed it scarcely held the dignity of a crossroad point of importance. Its buildings consisted of a court house, which also served as a church; a general supply store, a few "residences," and the jail, a strong log pen with an iron grated door.

Lige Morgan, sheriff and jailer, lived within a few rods of the jail.

Nat Morgan, the old man's daughter, returned from school to an adjoining neighborhood one evening and was told that a prisoner had at last been secured for the jail and that it was her duty to feed him. At this appointment to high and important trust the girl jumped up and clapped her hands.

"Oh, that's fine!" she cried.

"Glad you like it," said the old man, "for I don't want nothin to do with a hoss thief, an yo' mother knows she wouldn't feed one to save his life."

"I don't like a hoss thief better than you and mother do," she quickly replied, coloring and dropping her hands with a limpness that marked the sickness, if not the death, of her enthusiasm. "I never did have any use for a thief of no sort, much less a hoss thief, and if I have to take care of him just because you think I like him better than the rest of you do why I won't have anything to do with him."

"Gals, pure, Nat, I don't want any of your foolishness. Of course you don't like a hoss thief any better than the rest of us does, but I want you to take charge of him and feed him until after sun's meets and trios him. If you don't I'll hire Nan Stokes—"

"I'll feed him, pap. What sort of a looker man is he?"

"Looks well enough. It's the way he acts that got him into trouble."

"Believe I'll go out there and see who he's like."

"You can't see out there now. It's too dark."

"I can take a light. If he's my prisoner I must do as I please about him."

She took down a spluttering tallow candle and went out to the jail.

"Hello in there," she said, holding up the candle high above her head and attempting to shake the grated door.

There was a rustling of straw and then a voice answered:

"Well."

"Come up here as I can see you," said the girl.

He came to the door. "I can't see you very well now," she reminisced, trying to throw more light on him and pressing her face against the bars. "I never saw a live hoss thief, and I want to see what you look like."

"Yo' not a hoss thief, miss or madam, I don't know which."

"Miss if you please. I ain't but fifteen years old, and I don't reckon you see many customs as young as that. I can't see whether you stole that hoss or not."

He laughed with a hard bark, how, and then said, "Jest like a woman."

"Of course, for I am a woman, or the making of one, anyhow. Well, I'll have to wait until tomorrow before I can settle yo' case. Oh, I almost forgot to tell you that I gave your keeper, and you can't have anything to eat except what I can a mind to give you."

"I hope then, tust your mind is liberal, miss."

"I don't know about that. I'll have to wait until I get a good look at you."

"Just like a woman again," he said.

"I'm just like a woman all the time," she replied.

"And I never heard but one woman wish for good looks," he rejoined.

She wound up by writing saying another word, and the prisoner went back and lay down on his straw bed.

Sentences were falling through the bars when he awoke the next morning, and an old rooster and sow and hens stood pecking at the door sill.

The chickens moved heavily away and then the girl stood there looking at him.

"Good morning."

"Good morning, miss." He went to the door and smiled at her.

"Your mouth ain't so pretty that you need to smile," she said, and then, after studying him closely, added, "I don't know whether you stole that hoss or not. When I look at you this way morning to the left I think you did, but when I stand here (moving to the right) I don't believe you did."

"Well, then," he replied, pointing to the right, "you'd better feed me from this side."

"Oh, you are just like a man," she laughed. "Yet I'm just like a woman. I'm afraid that I'll have to look at you from the worst side."

"I'm a woman. I know you would, but as I am not, I thought that you would seek to see me at my best."

"Now, Mr. Smarty, just for that I'll not give you much of a breakfast," and she didn't either; but she made up for it at noontime.

"I have brought my sewing," she said, "and am going to sit out here in the shade and talk to you. This is the first time I ever had a man where I could talk to him as long as I wanted to."

He looked at her with a pleased expression, and she sat down and began to sew.

"Where are you from?" she asked, looking up.

"Oh, from almost every where."

"How long have you been in this country?"

"Only a few days—hadn't been here but a short time until I was arrested."

"That was too bad—that is, if you are innocent."

"And I am, miss—what is your name?"

"Nat."

"And I am innocent, Miss Nat."

"I don't know, but I reckon the court will settle that point when it meets."

"Yes, but I'm afraid it will not be settled in the right way."

"I don't know about that, but I know it will be settled."

"I hope it will soon be settled one way or the other, for I don't like the idea of staying very long in this pen."

"Yes, but when it is settled you may go to a worse one."

"That's comforting, sandy, but do you really think they will send me to the penitentiary?"

"What a funny question to ask me! How do I know! But, say, tell me how they came to accuse you."

"Oh, they found me walking along the road and took me up. I had no horse."

"But Zeb Brown says that you passed his house ridin one, and if that's the case, what did you do with him?"

"I did not pass his house riding a horse."

"But he will swear you did, and will give it as his opinion that you was afraid of him caught and sold the horse to somebody."

"Get up here, little girl, and look at me—look into my eyes."

She got up, and after gazing into his eyes, said: "No, you didn't steal a horse. You couldn't do such a thing, and I will believe you as matter whosever's against you."

"I could kiss you for those generous words."

"No, you couldn't, for I wouldn't let you. I wouldn't want a man to come kissing me for my words, anyway. If he couldn't kiss me for myself he shouldn't kiss me at all."

"You can easily talk of kissing to a man in jail. How long before court meets?"

"About a week."

"As I am the only man to be tried I suppose they will get through with me in short order."

"I reckon so, and I do hope they won't send you to the penitentiary, for now that I know you didn't steal that horse I like you ever so much."

"And I like you," he said.

"Oh, of course," she laughed, "for a man always likes anybody that feeds him. But I like you sho' 'nough. I think yo' eyes are just lovely."

"You make me blush, little miss, and wouldn't that be a novel sight—a blushing jailbird?"

She fed him on chicken and hot biscuits, and at evening sang to him. She declared that he was her first and only beau. "But," she always added, "I would have you if I thought you stole a horse."

One morning she brought him more than the usual amount of food, and when he marveled at the abundance she said, "I'm sure do you a day."

"Why so?"

"Because I'm going away and won't be back until late this evening."

The day was a weary one to the prisoner and he longed for evening. The sun went down, the stars came out. A dog howled and then a cheerful voice said:

"I'm back again."

"Yes," he cried, "and just in time to give a soft touch to the hardest day I ever spent."

"Did you believe you are free? but you didn't steal the horse, did you?"

"No, little girl. I'll swear I didn't."

"I know you didn't—I know you just couldn't. I've got news for you."

"What is it?"

"Court meets tomorrow."

"I'm glad, and yet I'm afraid."

"You must not let them see that you are scared. I'll sit by you during the trial."

She did sit beside him the next day, and when the judge, afterward the county, sentenced him to the penitentiary for five years, she kissed her head and wept.

It was evening and the prisoner was taken back to his cell. A dark night came on, and the wretched man, knowing that on the morrow he should be taken away by an iron strong had wishing that he might die. Hours passed. He was deserted. The dog whined.

"Keep quiet, Bose," some one whispered, and the girl and softly.

"You thought I had forgot you."

"Yes."

"But I didn't. I wanted the key and had to wait till pap went to sleep. They had a feller to guard you, but I got him drunk. Pap's drunk, too," she giggled.

"What are you going to do?" the prisoner asked, almost breathlessly.

"I'm goin to let you out, but you must do exactly as I tell you and not say a word. If you try to run away they will catch you tomorrow, but if you follow my plan they never will find you. Come on, now."

She led him to the door. "Those hound this way and don't say a word. There's old Bose dog, but he don't amount to anything. If he bui To have got him drunk too. This way, now."

They went into the woods, where the timber and underbrush were so thick that they had to pick their way along.

"Let a step here and rest a minute," she said.

"Are we far enough away?"

"Yes, and they can't find us any way when they go drunk." She giggled again.

"Little woman, you are an angel."

"No, simply a girl that don't want to see an innocent man go to the penitentiary."

"God bless you," he said.

"And may God bless you!" she replied, and bless you, and bless you and keep on a blessin you till you are safe from the folks about here."

"But what will they do with you, little girl?"

"They won't do anything to me. Pap will scold and rear and pitch, but that will be all."

"But won't the officers of the law put you in jail?"

"It wouldn't be good for one of them if he was to try it. Mother says I'm awful when I get started, and sometimes I reckon I am. Well better go on now."

"All right, but don't you think you'd better go back?"

"If I was to have you now you'd wander about in the woods till they find you."

"What time do you suppose it is?" he asked.

"About 2 o'clock."

"And where will we be if we keep on going?"

"We'll get to the river about daylight."

"And then what?"

"I will show you."

Sometimes running upon a place less dense, they walked briskly, and then, entering the thick underbrush, they were compelled to pick their way along.

"It's growing lighter," he said.

"Yes," she answered, "and the river isn't very far now."

They trudged on, catching here and there faint glimpses of the coming courier.

"Here we are at the river," she cried.

"And now what?" he asked.

She took hold of his hand, and as she led him down a bank, said:

"We'll have to go up stream some ways, but not very far, as I won't much wrong. I know these woods even in the dark."

"I don't understand you."

"See!" she pointed to a boat. "You know I was gone a long time the other day. Well, I brought that boat over here, too, and an old negro woman—"

He holding his hand s'e led him to the boat.

"Here to the other side and float down under the willows," she said.

He stepped in the boat, still holding her hand.

"I must say goodby," he said.

"Goodby," she whispered, still holding his hand and looking back toward her home. A short silence followed.

"See, he said, "I cannot have you this way—I cannot deceive you. I did steal that horse."

"Oh!" she sobbed, and threw her arms about his neck.

"Don't cried, I tell you that I stole the horse."

"I am going with you," she said, and the boat floated out on the current of the sun blazing streams.—Opie Read in Arkansaw Traveler.

Poison to Young Rattlesnakes.

Observations on large rattlesnakes show that the poison glands become functionally active as soon as the snakes begin to shift for themselves, which must be very soon after birth. Experiments on the young ones six days after birth proved the presence of venom in small quantities. At permonths I ade three months after birth showed that considerable venom is secreted, as a pigeon moribund at this time died in two hours with the usual symptoms of chronic poisoning.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Dictionary Habit.

Friend—What good language your husband uses. He pronounces every word half a dozen different ways.

Wife—Yes, he has half a dozen different dictionaries.

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

Dr. R. V. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, or Little Giants, Sugar Coated, Small as Mustard, Strictly Vegetable, Unsurpassed as a Cathartic, Laxative or Aperient. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Sour Stomach, Dizziness, Costiveness, Piles, Dull Pain in the Head, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, Flatulence, Dyspepsia, Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervous Debility, Sleeplessness, Mental Depression, Melancholy, Dizziness, Fever, Ague, Inflammation, Constipation, Piles, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Gout, Rheumatism, Nervous Diseases, Female Complaints, Sleeplessness, Paralysis, Sudden Shock, Fits, Epilepsy, Spasms, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervous Debility, Mental Depression, Melancholy, Hysteria, Hypochondriasis