

DEACON DAY AND THE HIGHWAY COW.

The best o' bein's will hev their cares—
There's alwus somethin' to cross our way,
To worry and fret us in our affairs—
An' sech was the lot o' old Deacon Day;
He had his trials—I'll tell you how
He was tempted an' tried by a highway cow.

The hue o' her hide was a dusky brown:
Her body was lean, an' her neck was slim;
One horn turned up, and the other down;
She wcs sharp o' sight, and was long o' limb,
With a peaked nose, and a short stump tail,
And ribs like the hoops on a home-made pail.

Many a day hed she passed in pound,
Fur meanly helpin' herself to corn.
Many a cowardly cur and hound
Had been transixed by her crumpled horn,
Many a tea-pot and old tin pail
Had the farm boys tied to her stumpy tail.

Old Deacon Day was a pious man,
A frugal farmer, upright and plain;
And many a weary mile he ran
To drive her out o' his growin' grain.
Sharp were the pranks that she used to play
To git her fill and to git away.

He used to sit on the Sabbath day
With his open Bible upon his knee,
Thinkin' o' loved ones far away,
In the better land that he longed to see—
When a distant beller, borne thro' the air,
Would bring him back to this world o' care.

When the Deacon went to his church in town,
She watched and waited till he went by,
He never passed her without a frown,
And an evil gleam in each angry eye.
He would crack his whip and would holler "Whay"
Ez he drove along in his "one-hoss shay."

Then at the homestead she loved to call,
Liftin' his bars with her crumpled horn,
Nimbly scadin' his garden wall,
Helpin' herself to his standin' corn,
Eatn' his cabbages one by one—
Scamperin' home when her meal was done.

Off'en the Deacon homeward came,
Hummin' a hymn from the house of prayer,
His kindly heart in a tranquil frame,
His soul ez calm ez the evenin' air,
His forehead smooth ez a well worn plough—
To find in his garden that highway cow.

Over his garden, round and round,
Breakin' his pear and apple trees,
Trampin' his melons into the ground,
Tippin' over his hives of bees,
Levin' him angry and badly stung,
Wishin' the old cow's neck was wrung.

The mosses grew on the garden wall;
The years went by, with their work and play;
The boys of the village grew strong and tall,
And the gray-haired farmers dropped away,
One by one ez the red leaves fall—
But the highway cow outlived them all.

The things we hate are the last to fade,
Some cares are lengthened through many years;
The death of the wicked seems long delayed,
But there is a climax to all careers,
And the highway cow at last was slain
In runnin' a race with a railway train.

All to pieces at once she went,
Just like a sawn's bank when they fall;
Out of the world she was swiftly sent,
Lettie was left but her own stump tail.
The farmers' gardens and corn fields now
Are haunted no more by the highway cow.

EUGENIE J. HALL.

LEMON ICE.—Soak half of one box of gelatine in a pint of cold water, put it in a porcelain kettle, pour on nearly one pint of boiling water; when the gelatine is dissolved, put in two-thirds of a coffee-cup of white sugar and a half a coffee-cup of lemon sugar boiling long enough to make jelly; remove from the fire, then pour in, slowly, three beaten yolks of eggs, the whites of the eggs beaten to a froth; flavor with two teaspoonfuls extract lemon; pour into a mold and set to cool. This is a delicious desert, nourishing and relishable for the convalescing sick.

FENCES.—According to the *Prairie Farmer*, 40 rods of rail fence, in construction and repairs, costs in 11 years (after which it is supposed to be worn out), together with 5 per cent. interest, \$110. Board fence, 40 rods as above, costs \$80. Hedge fence, 40 rods as above, \$164. Steel wire netting, 40 rods as above, \$73 85. In our opinion, 100 acres will require about 500 rods of fence, costing here nearly \$1,000, besides occupying considerable soil. The interest on the \$1,000, the annual cost of repairs, the use of the waste land, and the excess of feed secured by mowing one's pasturing, will much more than pay the wages of help to care for stock kept in stables and yards. We consider farm fences a relic of barbarism, and confidently look forward to the time when our farms will be made conspicuously attractive by their absence. A fenced yard or field cannot be made so attractive as one unfenced, though millions are invested. They are ruinously expensive to farmers, are perpetual abomination, and should be converted to ashes, in which form they can accomplish some good. Of all fences, the stone wall is the most vexatious. Every passing hunter sets it crumbling as he scrambles over, and when in ruins what shall be done? If you don't want the fence again it is worse than the old man of the sea who clung so persistently to the back of Simbad, the Sailor.