

An Impromptu Excursion.

"Now, my dear," exclaimed Mr. Spoopendyke, as he dashed into the house, "bustle around lively. It's now three o'clock; the boat for Manhattan Beach starts at four twenty-five, and I'm going down. I am not the man to go pleasuring alone. I want society, and there's no society, Mrs. Spoopendyke, that I admire as much as yours."

Mrs. Spoopendyke flushed up with pleasure. "That gives me an hour and twenty-five minutes to dress. I guess I can do it in that time."

"I don't see how you make that out. The boat leaves from the Battery, Mrs. Spoopendyke; it don't leave from our front stoop. It takes a good twenty-five minutes to get over there, and you haven't mor'n an hour to dress. I'll shave while you're getting ready, and we'll take dinner right within the sound of the surf, you know."

Mr. Spoopendyke stropped his razor and shaved himself carefully. Mrs. Spoopendyke went from one closet to another, and threw everything out on the bed. In half an hour Mr. Spoopendyke was prepared for the voyage, and admonished Mrs. Spoopendyke to bestir herself.

"But I haven't commenced yet!" objected that lady.

"Haven't commenced? What have you been doing all this time? What have you been up to? Do you know it's half-past three?"

"Well, my dear, you were at the glass shaving; and I didn't want to disturb you."

"Oh, you didn't! Of course not! You can't put on a frock without the glass, can you? S'pose you can get ready in half an hour? S'pose you can dress by to-morrow afternoon? Think you'll be fixed in a week, eh? Why wasn't you ready when I came home?"

"Never mind, dear, I'll be on hand. You go down in the parlor, and I'll be there in a jiffy."

Mr. Spoopendyke growled his way down stairs. Mrs. Spoopendyke hurried on her skirts, put on her hat, and then prepared to dress herself.

"Are you ready?" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, when he'd waited about three minutes.

"In a minute," piped Mrs. Spoopendyke, feeling around the small of her back after an invisible net.

"Perhaps I'd better go over and tell the boat to come around for you in the morning. Maybe you're acquainted with the steamboat. Praps you've got influence enough with that steamboat to make it wait a month or two for you," and Mr. Spoopendyke went out on the stoop and glared up and down the street.

Mrs. Spoopendyke took off her hat, brushed down her bangs, and screwed herself around like a giraffe to find the drawing string of her overskirt. Then she opened the top bureau drawer, and pulled half a dozen pieces of lace out of a green box. Putting her finger to her lips she began to consider which piece she had better wear.

"If you're coming with me, you want to start!" bawled Mr. Spoopendyke. "What do you take me for, a season ticket, that you can go on any time? Ain't ye coming?"

"In a minute. I'll be there in a minute," gasped Mrs. Spoopendyke, clutching the piece of lace she didn't want. "I'm only looking for my parasol."

Mr. Spoopendyke thumped the balusters for about a minute.

"What's the matter with you now? What under the sun are you up to? Do you know I asked you to go to Manhattan six weeks ago? How many clothes are you putting on? How much toggery do you need anyway? If I can find an engine powerful enough, I'm going to have you dressed by steam hereafter, until the fuel gives out. Say, are you going to Manhattan with me or not?"

"Yes, dear, I'm ready," and Mrs. Spoopendyke rushed down stairs. "Won't you please pin the center of my overskirt to the center of my train."

Mr. Spoopendyke went at it. Mrs. Spoopendyke pulled her hat around straight and drew on her gloves, and then glanced down her back to see how her liege L was getting along.

"Stand still, can't ye? How d'ye suppose I can tell the middle of anything while you're twisting around like a grindstone? Stand up straight won't ye? I don't see what dod gash the thing?" and he ran the pin into his thumb.

"Oh, dear, I'm so sorry!" commenced Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Oh, yes! you're sorry! Why wasn't you sorry before I begun? What d'ye come down here half dressed for?"

What d'ye s'pose I am, a broken backed seamstress with a thumb like a lighthouse? That thumb won't be well for a year and a half. Gast the dress anyhow! Don't you know how to pin yourself up yet? You wait here, just wait right here; I'll be back soon, I'm just going for a spile-driver to fasten you together!"

"Never mind, dear; it don't matter if it isn't pinned."

"Don't matter!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, "Don't matter! What d'ye ask me to pin it for, then? What d'ye do it for, just to see me mutilate my thumb? Look here, are you going with me, or going to stand there like an eight day clock? It's nearly four, and you've seven hours more dressing to do, havn't ye?"

"I'm ready, my dear. I'm only waiting for you."

They took a car for South Ferry, and as they got out, Mrs. Spoopendyke rushed for the ferry house.

"What's the matter with you now? Going to smash anything particular? Can't you see the boat's just in, and there's plenty of time?" reasoned Mr. Spoopendyke.

She accommodated her steps to his, and in due time they reached the Manhattan boat with fifteen minutes to spare.

"Another time when I want you to go anywhere, Mrs. Spoopendyke, you want to be ready the moment I speak. I won't be kept waiting all day, for anybody. You hear me, do you?"

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, beginning to realize that she had left her fan, smelling-bottle, parasol, veil and handkerchief at home in her hurry, and had forgotten to close the window in case of rain.

GIVING fourteen ounces to the pound—the weigh some men have to get rich.

FARMING BY A BROOKLYN CLERGYMAN.

ACCORDING TO MARK TWAIN.

Mr. Beecher's farm consists of thirty-six acres, and is carried on on strict scientific principles. He never puts in any part of a crop without consulting his book. He plows, and reaps, and digs and sows according to the best authorities, and the authorities cost him more than the other farming implements do. As soon as the library is complete, the farm will begin to be a profitable investment. But book farming has its drawbacks. Upon one occasion, when it seemed morally certain that the hay ought to be cut, the hay book could not be found, and before it was found it was too late, and the hay was all spoiled. Mr. Beecher raises some of the finest crops of wheat in the country, but the unfavorable difference between the cost of producing it and its market value after it is produced, has interfered considerably with its success as a commercial enterprise. His special weakness is hogs, however. He considers hogs the best game a farm produces. He buys the original pig for a dollar and a half, and feeds him forty dollars worth of corn, and then sells him for about nine dollars. This is the only crop he ever makes any money on. He loses on the corn, but he makes seven dollars and a half on the hog. He does not mind this, because he never expects to make anything on corn. And any way it turns out, he has the excitement of raising the hog, whether he gets the worth of him or not. His strawberries would be a comfortable success if the robins would eat turnips, but they won't, and hence the difficulty.

One of Mr. Beecher's most harassing difficulties in his farming operations comes of the close resemblance of different sorts of seeds and plants to each other. Two years ago his far-sightedness warned him that there was going to be a great scarcity of watermelons, and therefore he put, in a crop of twenty-seven acres of that fruit. But when they came up they turned out to be pumpkins, and a dead loss was the consequence. Sometimes a portion of his crop goes into the ground the most promising sweet potatoes, and comes up the infernal carrots—though I have never heard him express it just in that way. When he bought his farm he found one egg in every hen's nest on the place. He said that here was just the reason so many farmers failed; they scattered their forces too much; concentration was the idea. So he gathered those eggs together, and put them all under one experienced old hen. That hen roosted over that contract night and day for eleven weeks, under the anxious personal supervision of Mr. Beecher himself, but she could not

"phase" those eggs. Why? Because they were those infamous porcelain things which are used by ingenious and fraudulent farmers as "nest eggs." But perhaps Mr. Beecher's most disastrous experience was the time he tried to raise an immense crop of dried apples. He planted fifteen hundred dollars' worth, but never one of them sprouted. He has never been able to understand to this day what was the matter with those apples.

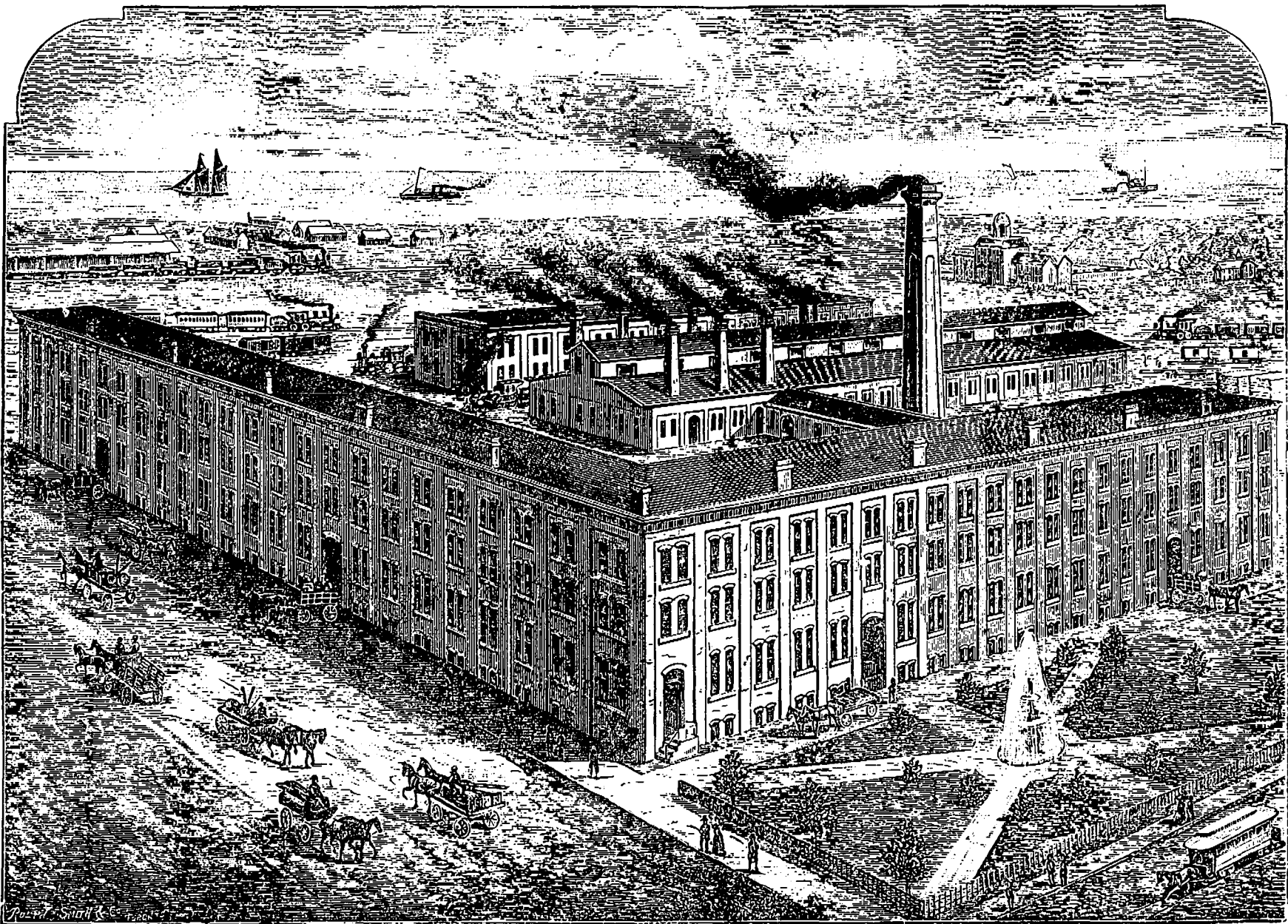
Mr. Beecher's farm is not a triumph. It would be easier on him if he worked it on shares with some one; but he cannot find anybody who is willing to stand half the expense, and not many that are able. Still, persistence in any cause is bound to succeed. He was a very inferior farmer when he first began, but a prolonged and unflinching assault upon his agricultural difficulties has had its effect at last, and he is now fast rising from affluence to poverty.

"No equal or no sale" are the terms on which we sell Sharp's Horse Rake.

THE following words from Mr. Gladstone are golden:—"Gentlemen, you need not give yourselves any trouble about revenue. The question of revenue must never stand in the way of needed reforms. Besides, with a sober population, not wasting their earnings, I shall know where to obtain the revenue."

He does not mean to allow any "revenue howl" to impede moral progress.

Nothing is old enough in religion that is not 1800 years old.—*Ruskin.*



The Massey Manufacturing Company's Works, Toronto.

**Very well done, keep it up John,
It's the kind of a subject, we like to talk on.
The number of Massey Harvesters, that we sell
Is a pretty good proof, that they do their work well.**

ANDERDON, Essex Co., 20th Jan., 1882.

The Massey Manufacturing Co., Toronto:

GENTLEMEN,—The Massey Harvester I purchased from one of your agents in 1880 has given me perfect satisfaction. It is of light draft, handy to operate, and lays a splendid sheaf. There are many machines in the market sold for less money than yours, but would say to my brother farmers that they are not the cheapest to buy. My Reaper has not cost me a cent for repairs in two years.

Yours respectfully,
JOHN BAILEY.

Sharp's Rake received the First Prize at the Montreal Exhibition last year.

The Best in the Market.

WINSLOW ROAD, P.E.I., Jan. 20, 1882.

Massey Manufacturing Co.:

Having purchased one of your Sharp's Sulky Rakes, I believe it to be one of the best in the market. Farmers see this rake before purchasing any other.

JAMES HOLMAN.