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To Father Time.

Dear Father Time, when I was young,
And years were brief and jolly;
When hearts were brimming o'er with joy,
And none knew melancholy;
Ere rheumatism nipped my joints
With many an icy finger,
And pain was short and sharp and keen,
And knew not how to linger.

In short, when we were in our teens,
And Katy's hair all yellow;
And tufts of down upon my chin
Made me a happy fellow;

Then fields were always "green as grass,"
And meadows starred with flowers,
And then it did not rain in floods,
But came in gentle showers.

Over covered, these feet at once!
And but a fancy sprinkling,
To keep the boots from getting out,
And the boots a-tinkling.

And then the thermometer
Never rose over 80—
When there was a breeze,
And very little Katy.

I'm old and gray,
My hair is streaked with white,
My joints are aching,
And my boots are a-tinkling.

And then the thermometer
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When there was a breeze,
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"At the land office, which was some
sixty miles off, I met my old friend,
George C. He, too, had come to
seek his fortune in the West; and we
were both delighted at the meeting. He
brought with him, he said, a sum of
money which he desired to invest in
land, on which it was his purpose to set-
tle. I expressed a strong wish to have
him for a neighbor, and gave him a cor-
dial invitation to accompany me home,
giving it as my belief that he could
nowhere make a better selection than in
this vicinity. He readily consented,
and we set out together. We had not
ridden many miles, when George sud-
denly recollected a commission he had
undertaken for a friend, which would
require his attendance at a public land
sale on the following day. Enacting a
promise that he would not delay his visit
it longer than necessary, and having
given minute directions as to the route,
I continued my way homeward, while
he turned back.

"I was about retiring to bed on the
night of my return, when a summons
from without called me to the door. A
stranger asked shelter for himself and
his horse for the night. I invited him
in. Though a stranger, his face seemed
not unfamiliar. He was probably one
of the men I had seen at the land-office
place at that time much frequented.
Offering him a seat, I went to see to his
horse. The poor animal, as well as I
could see by the dim starlight, seemed
to have been hardly used. His pitting
sides bore witness of merciless riding;
and a tremulous shivering, at the slight-
est touch, betokened recent fright. On
re-entering the house, I found the
stranger was not there. His absence ex-
cited no surprise; he would doubtless
soon return. It was a little singular,
however, that he should have left his
watch lying on the table.

"At the end of half an hour, my
guest not returning, I went again to the
table, thinking he might have found his
way thither to give personal attention
to the wants of his horse. Before going
out, from mere force of habit—for we
were as yet untried by either thieves
or policemen—I took the precaution of
putting the stranger's watch in a drawer
in which I kept my valuables. I found
the horse as I had left him, and gave him
the food which he was now sufficiently
cooled to be allowed to eat; but his
master was nowhere to be seen. As I
approached the house, a crowd of men
on horseback dashed up, and I was com-
manded, in no gentle tones, to 'stand!'
In another moment I was in the hands
of those who claimed me as their
'prisoner.'

"I was too much stupefied at first to
ask what it all meant. I did so at last,
and the explanation came—it was terri-
ble! My friend, with whom I had so
lately set out in company, had been
found murdered and robbed near the
spot at which I, but I alone, knew we
had separated. I was the last person
known to be with him, and I was now
arrested on suspicion of his murder. A
search of the premises was immediately
instituted. The watch was found in the
drawer in which I had placed it, and was
identified as the property of the mur-
dered man. His horse, too, was found
in my stable, for the animal I had just
put there was none other. I recognized
him myself when I saw him in the light.
What I said, I know not. My confusion
was taken as additional evidence. And
when, at length, I did command lan-
guage to give an intelligible statement,
it was received with sneers of incredulity.

"The mob spirit is inherent in men—
at least in crowds of men. It may not
always manifest itself in physical vio-
lence. It sometimes contents itself with
lynching a character. But whatever its
form, it is always relentless, pitiless,
cruel.

"As the proofs of my guilt, one after
another, came to light, low mutterings
gradually grew into a clamor for ven-
geance; and but for the firmness of one
man—the officer who had me in charge—I
would doubtless have paid the penalty
of my supposed offence on the spot. It
was not sympathy for me that actuated
my protector. His heart was as hard as
his office; but he represented the maj-
esty of the law, and took a sort of grim
pride in the position. As much under
the glance of his eye as before the hu-
zle of his pistol, the cowardly clamors
drew back. Perhaps they were not suf-
ficiently numerous to feel the full effect
of that mysterious reflex influence
which makes a crowd of men so much
worse, and at times so much better, than
any one of them singly.

"At the end of some months my trial
came. It could have but one result.
Circumstances too plainly declared my
guilt. I alone knew they lied. The ab-
sence of the jury was very brief. To
their verdict I paid but little heed. It
was a single hideous word; but I had
long anticipated it, and it made no im-
pression. As little impression was made

by the words of the judge which fol-
lowed it; and his solemn invocation
that God might have that mercy upon
me which man was too just to vouchsafe,
sounded like the hollowest of hollow
mockeries. It may be hard for the con-
demned criminal to meet death; it is
still harder for him who is innocent.
The one, when the first shock is over,
acquiesces in his doom, and gives him-
self to repentance; the heart of the
other, filled with rebellion against man's
injustice, can scarce bring itself to ask
pardon of God. I had gradually over-
come this feeling, in spite of the good
clergyman's irritating efforts, which
were mainly directed towards extracting
a confession, without which, he assured
me, he had no hope to offer.

"On the morning of the day fixed for
my execution I felt measurably resigned.
I had so long stood face to face with
death, had so accustomed myself to look
upon it as merely a momentary pang,
that I no longer felt solicited to save that
my memory should one day be vindic-
ated. She for whom I had gone to pre-
pare a home had already found one in
heaven. The tidings of my calamity
had broken her heart. She alone, of
all the world, believed the innocent;
and she died with a prayer upon her
lips, that the truth might yet be brought
to light. All this I had heard, and it
had soothed as with sweet incense my
troubled spirit. Death, however un-
welcome the shape, was now a portal,
beyond which I could see one angel
waiting to receive me. I heard the
sound of approaching footsteps, and
nerved myself to meet the expected
summons. The door of my cell opened,
and the sheriff and his attendants en-
tered. He held in his hand a paper.
It was doubtless my death-warrant. He
began to read it. My thoughts were
busied elsewhere. The words 'full and
free pardon,' were the first to strike my
preoccupied senses. They affected the
bystanders more than myself. Yet so it
was; I was—pardon for an offense I
had never committed!

"The real culprit, none other, it is
needless to say, than he who had sought
and abused my hospitality, had been
mortally wounded in a recent affray in
a distant city, but had lived long enough
to make a disclosure, which had been
hid before the governor barely in time
to save me from a shameful death, and
condemn me to a cheerless and burden-
some life. This is my experience. My
judgment, as yours, in the case before
us, leads to but one conclusion, that of
the prisoner's guilt; but not less con-
fident and apparently unerring was the
judgment that falsely pronounced my
own."

We no longer importuned our fellow-
prisoners, but patiently awaited our dis-
charge, on the ground of inability to
agree, which came at last.

The prisoner was tried, and convicted
at a subsequent term, and at the last
moment confessed his crime on the scaffold.

The Egg Product.

Few are aware of the extent of the
egg product unless attention has been
specially called to the subject. It is
rapidly increasing from year to year, and
statistics clearly show. It has a manifold
advantage, too, over most other branches
of production in that small space is re-
quired, and the care and feeding of
fowls can be bestowed by those whose
attention is not absorbed in more labor-
ious occupation. The old and decrepit
can look after the hens. The women
and children can feed them. All that
the farmer or male head of the family
has then to do is to provide the hens and
a suitable place for them, and the rest
of the family with no inconvenience can
do all that is required to realize an
ample supply of pin money for all
concerned, besides supplying their own
table.

This branch of industry has also an-
other great advantage over many others.
The demand increases in full proportion
with the supply. No family or com-
munity can consume more than a given
amount of flour, pork, potatoes, cotton
and woolen and other common staples,
but with eggs the greater the supply
the more they are in demand. This is
illustrated by the following extract from
the national agricultural report of 1873:
"At the annual session of the New
Brunswick Board of Agriculture in 1873
the secretary said that during the fiscal
year the province had imported eggs to
the value of \$45,000.95, and that there
were no eggs to be had in the city,
though it was surrounded by a rural
population.