

The Farmer's Manual.

A Journal of Agriculture, for the Promotion of Good Farming, and for the use of Farmers and Mechanics throughout the Province of Nova Scotia.

VOL. I.

KENTVILLE, N. S., JANUARY, 1880.

NO. 1.

THE Farmer's Manual,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT
KENTVILLE, N. S.

G. W. WOODWORTH, Proprietor.

Terms of Subscription: 50 Cents per
year, strictly in advance.

[Original.]
TODAY.

"You've a heavy load, to-day, my man
And the roads are as bad as can be;
What will you do, when you come to the hill
Beside the old willow tree?"

And then there's the sandy lane, my man
Where the wheels always sink so deep,
And the sand-hole beyond the bridge, you
know,
And the puddle up the bank so steep?"

"I shall do, young sir, as I've done before,
And owe you no thanks at all,
It's not like tea, where Dobbin might slip,
Nor snow, where his feet might ball."

"You'll take off some of the load, my man,
When you come to these places, I know,
You'll set your strong shoulder to the wheel,
And easily off he'll go."

"Are you talking to me, to take up my time,
With lifting the things from the cart,
To say that I'm doing my share?"

"Whip! It greases the wheels;
Whip! It draws up the mire;
Whip! It beats the steepest hill
And shoves the worst in the shire."

What care I, though my horse may droop,
He can't get his horse at all!
The Squire would think that I'd use him
well,
That an accident made him fall.

And if he was mine, 'twould be all the same,
I'd see that he'd finish his work
I'd see that I'm a woman with pitiful art,
To let him a bit of it shirk?"

What's mine's my own, young sir, I say,
So give me no more of your jaw;
I'll whip my horse, if he tries to flip,
I know where he's got a raw."

"Whip! It gives him a feed;
Whip! It loosens the halter;
Whip! It's as good as a way-side diet
When his courage begins to falter."

"But I wish you could see what you
look,
As I and worse than a fool you are,
A regard you look, and you are,
More brutish than Dobbin by far."

You thrash your horse, for you know well
That he never can pay you back
You force him to work, as you never do;
You his patience and gentleness

"Get out of my road, my fine you
And let me be off to the town,
I'll do as I like, I swear I will,
Be off, or I'll knock you down."

Away he goes, with his whip an
And all that he said, he had in
For before they had come to the pudd,
Poor Dobbin was thoroughly

The whip and the curse had
work,
And he fell,—never more to
Not even the whip could raise
As the death glaze came o'er

His body lay there for a week,
And many a horse that went
Started,—and said to his own
"May be, that way, I too,

Will our Councillors new, like good men and
true,
A good name in our County secure?
Let them say, with good grace, and put on a
bold face,
"This disgrace we'll no longer endure."
L. W. M.

HIS SECOND WIFE.

The wise people—those who manage their neighbors' affairs in theory much better than they do their own in practice—shook their heads in solemn conclave when Mr. Hepworth married the second time; but an added shade of venom was in their counsels when the village paper noticed, in a flowery paragraph, the birth of a son and heir at the great house.

"Poor Clarice," they said, "has no chance now. It was bad enough when Hepworth married a chit of a girl, who, of course, cared for nothing but his money; but now there is a son, there is no hope for Clarice."

A young, fair woman, herself in the very spring-time of life, yet having already taken the holy ties of wife and mother into her pure heart, knelt in one of the rooms of the great house—knelt to bring her beautiful face nearer to the cradle pillow upon which rested the soft cheek of her baby boy.

A low knock at the door aroused her, and, rising to her feet, she answered the summons.
A few years older than herself, who led by the hand a handsome boy who had seen two summers only.

The woman was poorly dressed in a shabby mourning suit, but the child wore dainty white garments.

"Did you wish to see me?" Mrs. Hepworth asked, smiling on the child.

"May I come in?" was the woman's question in return.

"Certainly. You look tired."

The stranger accepted the chair and looked sadly around the room.

"Everything is altered," she said in a mournful voice.

"Perhaps I had better stay away. Mrs. Hepworth, you have heard of Clarice Henderson?"

"I have not," was the reply.

"I am almost a stranger here. We have been traveling ever since I married, until a few months ago."

"and you never heard of me?" said the stranger, the tears rising in her eyes.

"Then my errand here is indeed hopeless. If, in his new happiness as your husband, my father never spoke my name, it is useless to hope he will forgive me."

"Your father? Mr. Hepworth your father?" He told me that he had lost his only daughter.

"Not that I was dead; I was lost to him by my own disobedience. You love my father?"

Just a smile, proud, happy, and tender, answered her.

"Then you will understand me," said Clarence, "when I tell you I loved my husband better than father, home or duty. Father would not hear of our marriage, and sternly forbade me to speak to Lucien Henderson, assuring me that he was a fortune hunter, a gambler, and unworthy of my love. I would not believe this. To me he was the noblest and best of men, and for him I left all to fly secretly from home and father. I have been bitterly punished. I spare

you the history of the four years of married misery that followed. Then my husband and eldest child died of contagious fever. Three months later, on the very day this boy was born, I heard of my father's marriage. I returned here, hoping for pardon, but the house was shut up. When you came, I determined to make one more effort for forgiveness, hoping that you would plead for me. Think if he was an outcast from his father's love, sorrowing and penitent, and begging of a stranger the gift of his birth-right!"

"If my praying will keep you here, Clarice, you shall not leave your father's house again. Mr. Hepworth is in the library, and I will speak to him at once. 'Cheer up, Clarice,' she said bravely; 'what is your little boy's name?'"

"Stephen. It was the name of my brother who died. My first child was called after my father."

"Stephen," said Mrs. Hepworth, opening her arms, come here, darling, and kiss your grandmother."

The child sprang at once to the lovely grandmother, kissing her over and over again.

Putting him into his mother's arms, the young wife lifted her own babe from its cradle and left the room.

In the darkly-furnished library, Mr. Hepworth was leaning back in his easy arm chair.

reversing and his wife led him from his

Her husband opened his arms to caress her, and laughed as he said:

"Oh, these mothers! Do you suppose, madame, that babies are admitted into the sanctuaries of legal gentlemen?"

"I do," said the mother, "if the legal gentlemen have the additional honor of being their papas."

"Listen to this most concerted of mothers, comparing legal honors with the ownership of little pink roly-polies like that!"

"Did you know, Harold," said Meta, her lip quivering slightly, as she felt the deep import of her words, "that this is my birthday, and you have given me no gift?"

"You are impatient, little wife," he answered, thinking of the costly bauble that was to come without fail by noon.

"But I would like to choose my own gift," she persisted.

"What can I give my rosebud that she has not already?"

"Does not your office include the power of pardon?" she asked, her sweet face paling with earnestness.

"In a limited degree it does," he replied; "but, dear one, I shouldn't like it to be known that I had shown clemency to a criminal upon your solicitation. You would be constantly annoyed by the loving relatives of scamps trying to move me to pity through your intercession."

"But this is not a case of roguery, Harold—only a true penitent; one who erred in extreme youth, was led from a path of duty by a love as warm and true as our own, but mistaken. Oh, dear husband, do you know for whom I would plead?"

"Cannot you guess for whom I would beg?"

"Clarice," he asked harshly, "who has told you of her?"

"She has come herself to seek your forgiveness."

"She is here?"

"Yes. You will forgive her? For the sake of her own boy, Harold, let this be a home for her and Stephen."

"Stephen!" he cried, starting.

"Her son. Her husband is dead. She is widowed, poor and lonely. Let her return to your home and your love Harold."

There was a moment of silence, and the mother softly carried the strong right hand of her husband in her own until it rested upon the head of the babe in her arms.

He looked down and said:

"I will grant your birthday wish, Meta. Take me to Clarice."

With a tender, loving kiss upon the hand that still rested upon her child's head, Meta led the way back to her own pretty sitting-room, where Clarice awaited the result of her errand.

As she heard the steps coming across the wide hall toward the room where she was seated, her agitation became too great for patient waiting, and she stood up, holding her child by the hand, her breath coming in quick, panting sobs, her eyes dilated with suspense, and her whole figure quivering with emotion.

It was this eager face that met the father's eye as he opened the door—the face of the child to whom he had given the strength of his love for years.

"Father, dear, dear father!"

And they were folded fast in each other's arms, while Meta drew wondering Stephen into an inner room and closed the door.

The gossips are divided in their opinions as to the exact amount of hatred and jealousy existing between the young widowed daughter and the young wife at the great house, but it would be quite beyond the power of their narrow minds to understand such true sisterly love as exists between Clarice Henderson and Mr. Hepworth's second wife.

One of our citizens, who usually keeps several dozen work horses, informed us a few days since that he occasionally fed sour apples to his horses, with excellent results. They are a certain cure for worms. He recommends from a half to a whole pailful once a week. Another citizen who has been in the practice of keeping a considerable number of work horses on his farm, says that he has been in the habit of turning his horses into his orchard in the fall, when they could eat as many apples as they liked. He found that they derived much benefit from the feed, and gained flesh much more rapidly than others which did not receive an apple feed.—*Dirigo Rural.*

TIMES CHANGES.

'Twas in Arabia's sunny land
He woo'd his bonny bride;
His amber Ella, rain or shine,
Was ever by his side;
But now he does not Kaffir her;
No lovetale does he tell her;
He'd fair sedoum something else—
Alas! Poor Arab Ella.

—[Yacob Strauss.