

THE FARMER TO MR. GRIP—THESE WITH RESPEX.



AM a farmer of the land, as many farmers knows,
I writes some poetry sometimes, though I converse in prose;
And now I takes the liberty some lines to write to you,
Because as how a thing I've done I wants more folks to do.

I've had my farm this many year, and though self-praise it be,
There wasn't many worked more hard than did my sons and me;
But in one pint we worked more hard than did us any good.
A precious piece of foolishness—we cuts down all the wood.

We didn't know as we was fools, perhaps you've chanced to see,
There's very few folks in the world as can believe they be.
And wise chaps often did remark, "There's lots more wood round here

Than old Methusalem could burn, as lived a thousand year.

But, bless us, we was taken in; some cut and some cut more,
Till all the country most was shaved as smooth as a barn floor.

Some left a bit of wood to burn, but some left none at all,
And when it comes to grubbin' roots it's gettin' rather small.

And coal meant cash, and winter winds they whistled in one's face
Till it were hard a livin' on or workin' round the place.
And then a drivin' on the roads, the way the blasts they froze,
It were a blessed chance if one contrived to save his nose.

We used to git some pleasant shade when some summer time was round,
But when the woods was vanished off and nothin' left but ground,
That farm it got so blessed hot, with sun a shinin' down,
We felt like sausages stuck in a fryin' pan to brown.

I had a piece of brush, one time, that held a pretty spring,
And once supposed as I had done a mighty clever thing.
I used to water cattle there. I cuts my trees all down.
The spring it stopped, and I were done just most uncommon brown.



And worse than that, as chaps cleared up the country more and more,

The ground seemed rather tired and dry, not lively like before
With summer-fallers and manoor we tried all sorts of ways,
But crops, they warn't the jolly crops as grewed in former days.

One night, a settin' round the fire—we'd most got down to chips—
Comes in a book from Government, got up by Mr. Phipps.
Jest what I would have wrote myself, though what I said might jest,
Because as I'm poetical, been some at better 'spressed.

His spellin', too, don't ekal mine, but what he said was fax.
He told us as the country side smelled too much of the axe.

"Renew your groves," he writ, "once more rich crops will grow again.

Trees shield the farm; they feed the hearth; they bring the summer rain

In pleasant showers; on treeless lands while wasting torrents fall."
Much more he talks; but cut it short; we listens to the call.
Puts in a week at planting trees; it paid, sir. I allow
I wouldn't lose that there week's work not for no money now.

It's eight year past, and we was bound a row of trees to git
Right round the farm; they're growin' fast and will be big ones yit.

Got lots a planted to the north, and got a jolly row
Round house and barn, will temper down, same day, all storms as blow.

I haven't changed the climet yit; but neighbors jinin' in,
Gives hope as how, from what we sees, that pint we yet shall win.
My trees aint got the height they will; but this here thing I know,
Mine's twice the farm for livin' on it were eight year ago.

So here's hurray for Government, and Mr. Phipps, we say,
You're doin' of a good as will outlast your mortal day.
I were'nt of that opinion once; but I persuaded be
That all as wants to save the farm must learn to save the tree.



WOMAN'S INCONSISTENCY.

ETHEL—"What makes you so disgusted with Mand?"

HARRY—"Well, she did everything in her power to make me propose, and when I finally did so she said, 'Oh, Harry, this is so sudden,' I declared war immediately."

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