

### Will Carleton's Experience with the Lightning-Rod Man.

Will Carleton has contributed to an agricultural journal out West, a jolly little poem recounting his experience with a "lightning-rod dispenser," who dropped down on him one day

With a poem in his motions, with a sermon in his mien,  
With hands as white as lilies, and a face uncommon clean.

Of course when he set his "rip-saw tongue a buzzin'," his listener was gone; he agreed with every thing said to him, and had no "views" upon any subject whatever that were adverse.

I touched him on religion, and the hopes my heart had known; He said he'd had experiences quite similar of his own. I told him of the doubtin's that made dark my early years; He had laid awake till morning with that same old breed of fears. I told him of the rough path I hoped to heaven to go; He was on that very ladder, only just a round below. I told him of my visions of the sinfulness of gain; He had seen the self-same picters, though not quite so clear and plain.

Our politics was different, and at first he galled and winced; But I arg'ed him so able he was very soon convinced.

And 'twas getting toward the middle of a hungry summer day; There was dinner on the table, and I asked him would he stay. And he sat down among us, everlasting trim and neat, And asked a short crisp blessing, almost good enough to eat; Then he fired up on the mercies of our Great Eternal Friend, And gave the Lord Almighty a good first-class recommend; And for full an hour we listened to the sugar-coated scamp, Talking like a blessed angel, eating like a blasted tramp. My wife she liked the stranger, smiling on him warm and sweet (It always flatters women when their guests are on the eat), And he hinted that some ladies never lose their early charms, And kissed the latest baby, and received it in his arms. My sons and daughters liked him, for he had progressive views, And chewed the quid of fancy, and gave the latest news; He was spreading desolation through a piece of apple pie, When he paused and looked upon us with a tear in his off eye.

And then went on to tell how his wife and children had been killed by lightning, since which time he had wandered and cared for naught but to save "other loved ones whose lives had yet been spared, and to sell to virtuous people good lightning-rods—at cost." A contract for rodding the house was signed, and

That very day with waggons came some men, both great and small; They climbed upon my buildings just as if they owned 'em all; They hacked them and they hewed 'em, much against my loud desires; They trimmed 'em up with gewgaws, and they bound 'em down with wires; They trimmed 'em and they wired 'em and they trimmed and wired 'em still, And every precious minute kept a-running up the bill.

My soft-spoken guest a-seeking, did I rave and rush and run. He was a supping with a neighbor, just a three mile further on. "Do you think," I fiercely shouted, "that I want a mile of wire To save each separate hay-cock from heaven's consumin' fire? Do you think to keep my buildin's safe from some uncertain harm, I'm goin' to deed you over all the balance of my farm?"

He looked up quite astonished, with a face devoid of guile, And he pointed to the contract with a re-assuring smile; It was the first occasion that he disagreed with me; But he held me to that paper with a firmness sad to see; And for that thunder story, ere the rascal finally went, I paid two hundred dollars, if I paid a single cent.

"SAM, you are not honest. Why do you put all the good peaches on the top of the measure and the little ones below?" "Same reason, sah, dat makes de front ob your house all marble, an' de back gate chiefly slop-bar'l, sah."

## THE MASSEY MOWER

Called by those who use it,

"THE LITTLE GEM!"

—FOR—

DURABILITY AND STRENGTH,

EASE OF MANAGEMENT,

LIGHTNESS OF DRAUGHT,

It ranks with its brother, The "Toronto."

THE TILTING DEVICE IS THE FINEST IN USE.

A Substantial Machine Throughout.

We are proud of the progress this Mower has made in the last six years. It was well received on the start, soon taking its place in the highest rank, and time has only served to advance the fame of the machine now so well known. The thousands that are in use from one end of our country to the other are giving the best of satisfaction.

The Massey Mower is all that could be desired in a mowing machine. This "powerful grass cutter," as it is often termed, is so easily governed that there is pleasure in running it.

The Tilting Arrangement is *absolutely the finest in use*. This will tilt the guards up or down in a horizontal line without causing either shoe to drag, and without plunging the guards into the earth. In passing over furrows it is perfection. A lead wheel automatically keeping the guards from striking the ground and at the same time tilting them sufficiently to do clean work.

By means of a lifting lever the bar may be quickly raised high enough to pass large stumps and stones while the *knife is in action*, causing no delay.

For transportation the cutting apparatus takes the position shown in our cut below.

The bar is of steel and both shoes and guards are of malleable iron. There are also steel plates fitted in the guards which may be easily replaced at a very small cost when worn out.

There is no gear in the drive wheels. What gear there is very compact and out of the way, being tightly enclosed and kept free from all dirt.

Every part is well made and strong, and is guaranteed to be of most excellent material. The machine is noted for its *durability*.

It cuts a swath four feet three inches; only weighs about six hundred; is unusually light in draught; combines the points that make up a first-class Mower.

Where there is a heavy grass and clover crop—rough and hard cutting, "The Little Gem" is at home. It never fails to do its work *well*, and in a most pleasing manner, avoiding the usual delays common to machines of a lower grade. The farmer who possesses a Massey Mower never asks for anything better. You will make no mistake in its choice or ever regret its purchase.

### Poor Billy.

"Please, Mr. Conductor, I aint got no money, but I want to get home quick, for Billy's hurt very bad."

The speaker was a shabbily attired little girl, apparently about nine years of age, who had just entered a car near Dover street, carrying in her arms, wrapped in a faded shawl, what appeared to be a baby.

"I knows your car, mister," she continued; "it goes close to my street; and I'll get the money from father an' pay you."

"All right, sis," said the conductor, kindly. "How did the baby get hurt?"

"It aint a baby," she answered, "it's my brother Patsey's dog. He was run over by a herdic. Patsey's crippled, an' thinks everythin' of Billy."

She had hardly ceased speaking when there was a convulsive movement in the shawl, followed by a subdued yelp; then all was still. Half-opening the bundle, the little girl glanced into it.

"Oh dear! dear!" she cried, bursting into tears, "what shall I do? Billy's dead!"

So saying, she threw back the shawl, and exposed to view the bruised and battered remains of a small mongrel terrier, that looked as much like a piece of ragged door-mat as anything.

"Oh dear! dear!" she repeated, again and again, between her sobs, "what shall I do?"

There was sympathy expressed by every one in the car as a tall, benevolent-looking gentleman of the Father Taylor stamp arose, took his hat, and without saying a word, passed it around.

The coin showered into it—every one gave something—and the amount, materially increased by the gentleman himself, was poured into the little girl's lap.

"There," said the gentleman, "don't cry. That will buy another dog for your brother, and some playthings for him, too."

Her face brightened somewhat, as she sobbed, "Thank you, sir," but she looked anything but happy as she left the car, near Northampton Street, carrying in her arms, as one would carry a baby, the remains of poor Billy.—*Boston Globe*.

### Step by Step.

When the African explorer and missionary, Livingstone, returned to the settlements, a friend expressed his astonishment at the vast spaces traversed by him.

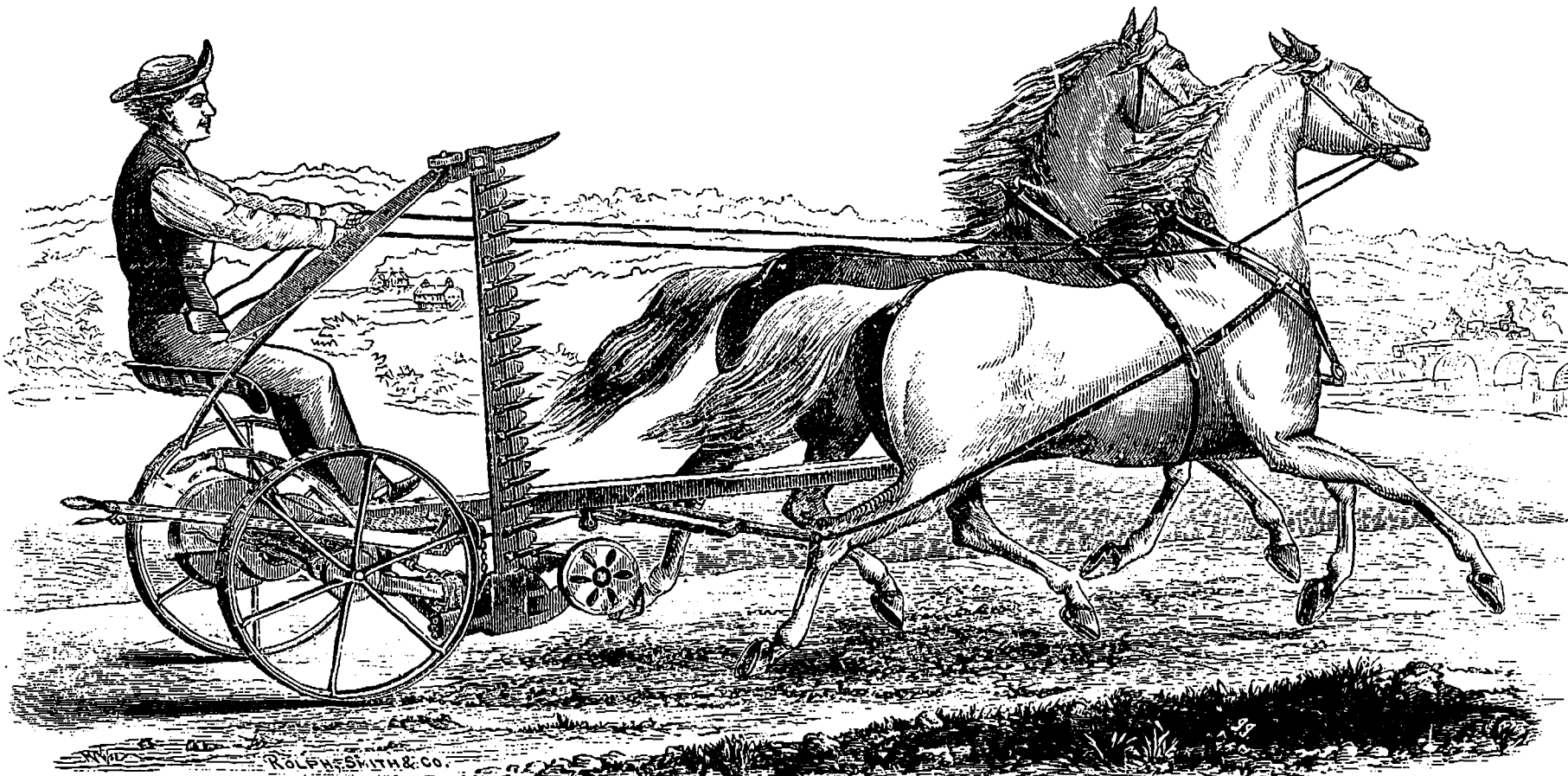
"It was but a step at a time," was the calm reply.

Of like significance was the famous saying of a great mathematician when he finished the work to which he had given the greater part of his life. "It was only a matter of so many minutes and so many petty reckonings."

It is always the man who has finished the journey or the life-work who, looking back, sees that it was accomplished not by any supreme effort, but by step after step, stroke after stroke. The young man, looking forward to his work in the future, has always a vague idea that he will achieve success by a mighty leap, a wrench like that of Samson's when he brought down the temple on the heads of his enemies. The result of this delusion too often is that he makes one or two great efforts, and failing to succeed, falls flat and becomes a hopeless drudge in the pathway of life.

We have almost to reach old age, too, before we discover that grief or pain are not draughts to be swallowed in one gulp of mortal agony, but come to us drop by drop, usually so diluted by the events of our every-day life as to be bearable.

The boy crippled in the flush of his youth and strength believes that death would have been a kinder lot; but at forty-five his crutch has become so much a matter of course that he does not think of it once in a month.—*Youth's Companion*.



THE MASSEY MOWER ON THE ROAD.