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NOTICE.

Subscribers finding the figure 6 after their name will bear in mind that their term will expire at the end of the present month. Early remittances are desirable, as there is then no loss of any numbers by the stopping of the paper.

TOM LOVEKIN'S RETURN.

Mr. and Mrs. Lovekin had much trouble with their son Tom. Tom Lovekin had been recognized from his early youth as the leader in all mischievous deeds in his village. Was there an orchard robbed in a peculiarly bold or ingenious manner, Tom Lovekin was sure to be set down as the culprit; did a melon patch lose its most prized spheres during the night, Tom Lovekin, it would be said, had paid it a visit; was there a pitched battle in the street between the boys of the rival schools, Tom Lovekin's strategical movements were discussed for weeks afterwards by the peace-loving neighbors, who could not understand what had got into the boys since they were young, preventing them from meeting and parting good friends. And although when Tom Lovekin was questioned on such subjects his face bore every sign of innocence and surprise, it might be remarked that after nearly every foray underneath Tom's bed there was to be found the most luscious melon, the roundest, reddest-checked apple, the finest pears, or perhaps he carried home the blackest eye in all the country side. These all were trophies of which Tom was not a little proud. But his great success in these forays were the cause of his being discovered. On one occasion the depredations of Tom Lovekin's skirmishers in a raid on Squire Rich's orchard were so great that the whole village was in arms. The boys engaged in the foray to do their best could not eat all they had stolen, and having no means of hiding it, Tom Lovekin's receptacle under the bed was thought of and utilized for the occasion.

Shortly after the adventure Squire Rich accidentally called on Mr. Lovekin to examine some plans that the latter had been working on for some time to discover perpetual motion, for Tom's father's attention was so taken up with his machines and inventions that Tom's home education and training was confined to his mother. But his mother had enough to do with her manifold duties, for more fell to her share than should have done, through her hus-

band's vagaries, and for the most part Tom's home training was left to himself, and as we have seen the effects were not the most satisfactory.

But, to continue our story, when Mr. Rich had examined the different attempts to get a wheel, or a lever, or a ball, or a magnet, to move forever, he was not allowed to depart. Mr. Lovekin had many years before endeavored to make a flying machine, by which he proposed to carry a car through the air at the rate of a mile a minute,—“more or less,” he used to add when speaking on this subject. “You cannot measure the speed and power of these inventions in the head, sir, like those which have long been worked out. The slight advantage which might be gained by lessening a crank or enlarging the circumference of a wheel might make a difference of thirty miles an hour. The air is not like the railroad, sir; we

“Up in my room, father; I was trying to practice on it so that you could exhibit it the next Ashburn fair.”

“What a good boy this is of mine, Squire Rich! If all the boys of Greendale were like him there would be no trouble; no robbing of orchards, or fights, or such things then, Squire Rich. Go upstairs, Tom, and bring it down.”

“Let us go up with him,” said the Squire, with a sly chuckle to himself, “and then we can see how he practices flying.”

“Its no difference,” said Tom, who saw the old man's scheme, “I can fly here just as well.”

“But it would be too much trouble to bring it down; but never mind, have it your own way.”

Tom went up rejoicing, not imagining that the Squire and his father were following at his heels. His surprise can be imagined when just as he was dragging the machine

What was to be done with him?

“Make a sailor of him,” said the Squire; “I'll get him a berth on the ‘Vigilant.’ He'll come back a better boy; and so against his mother's protestations and tears he was sent to serve as a seaman in Her Majesty's Navy.

Many years has he been away, and he has proved a good man. His mother and father have grown old in the meantime; their only comfort is an adopted child who begins to remind them of Tom and wears his name. Tom is all the talk day and night. The father has given up his search for perpetual motion and his tinkering at the flying machine, and instead devotes his spare time to making ship models and other nautical articles.

Now he is reading the newspaper a few days old, and his eye comes across the notice, “The ‘Vigilant’ is ordered home and is expected next week.”

“Then we may expect Tom in a few days,”

says the mother. “I wonder how he looks! He must be twenty-six now. Ten years is a long, long time to be away.”

“Is Tom comin' home, mamma? Then you won't talk so much about him will you?” said Tom junior.

The door opens and a broad, bronzed, smiling face, the index of a strong, hearty frame, peeps in. It is followed by the body of a sailor, and there is in the room a sailor. The father looks up from his paper with an astonished look, but the mother's eye has recognized her son and he is clasped in her arms once again.



WANTED TO GO HOME.—In July last, a horse was sent by rail from his former home to Avon Springs, N. Y., arriving at 11 p.m., and the next day was sent twelve miles to pasture. After three weeks, he broke from the pasture and re-

turned to the Springs, went to the freight depot, and attempted to get into a freight car, apparently with the idea of visiting his old home! This statement is vouched for by the owner of the horse, Dr. L. G. Smedley, of Avon Springs.

FOR THE BOYS.—Six classes of company to be avoided: 1st. Those who ridicule their parents or disobey their commands. 2nd. Those who profane the Sabbath or scoff at religion. 3rd. Those who use profane or filthy language. 4th. Those who are unfaithful, play truant, and waste their time in idleness. 5th. Those who are of a quarrelsome temper, and are apt to get into difficulty with others. 6th. Those who are addicted to lying or stealing.

have no bills to decrease our speed, or rails to break and shake a man all to bits, in the air, no bridges to go over slowly, require no brakemen to slacken speed or nothing of that sort; we have only currents in the air to contend with, and this I propose to overcome by making—,” let this dash represent the rest of the learned disquisition on wheels, and cranks, and wings, and tails, by which the currents of the air were to be overcome. Of course Mr. Rich could not be allowed to go away without seeing the wonderful machine, and Mr. Lovekin unlocked the box in which it was packed, but no machine was to be seen.

“Tom! Tom!! Tom!!!”

“Ye-e-s, Sir-r-r”, from a distance. Tom arrives.

“Tom, where is my flying machine?”

from his never-failing receptacle under the bed, the old men entered the room.

“Dear me! what a delicious perfume you have here, Tom!”

“Pears, I declare!” said his father.

“Plums and apples, apricots too!” said Mr. Rich. “What a rich boy you must be to have all of these! Come give us one, Tom!”

Tom's face grew red, and all his self-possession left him. “Tom! Tom!” said his father “where's the machine's tail?”

“I know,” said the Squire, “you can find it hanging on my wall. I wondered how anybody could get over when I had it newly spiked a month ago. Let us see your treasures, Tom.”

Tom produced them, and out they came in great profusion.

Handwritten notes and stamps at the bottom right of the page, including “Geo. Brown, 15 cop.” and “H. of Wallace Bay”.