

THE FARMER.

The king may rule o'er land and sea. The lord may live right royally, The soldier ride in pomp and pride, The sailor roam o'er ocean wide, But this, or that, whate'er befall The Farmer he must feed them all.

The writer thinks, the poet sings, The craftsmen fashion wondrous things, The doctor heals, the lawyer pleads, The miner follows the precious leads, But this, or that, whate'er befall, The Farmer he must feed them all

The merchant he may buy and sell, The teacher do his duty wel But men may toil through busy days, Or men may stoil through busy days, From king to beggar whate'er befall, The Farmer he must feed them all.

The farmer's trade is one of worth. He's partner with the sky and carth. He's partner with the sun and rain, And no man losses for his gain, The men may rise, and men may fall, But the Farmer he must feed them all.

The Farmer dares his mind to speak The has no gift or place to seek, To no man living need he bow; The man that walks behind the plough Is his own master, whate'er befall; And, king or beggar, he feeds us all.

God bless the man who sows the wheat," Who finds us milk, and fruit, and meat; May his purse be heavy, his heart be light His cattle and corn, and all, go right. God bless the seeds his hands let fall,

For the Farmer he must feed them all

Literature.

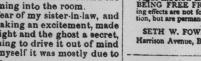
It was a large, old-fashioned house, in which the family had lived for two genera-tions, and to George it was full of memo-ries of his childhood and of later years; but to me its large rooms, with their mass sive old furniture and its endless array of family portraits, seemed rather suggestive of ghostliness. His two sisters — both maiden ladies over 50—who regarded George more in the light of a son than a brother, were the kindest and best of women, I knew, but they were so very quiet and stately in their manner that I felt convinced they looked upon my grief at parting from their brother as a great weakness, and so I retired to shed my remaining terrs in the privacy of my own room. "How absurd life is," I said to myself, as I tried in vain to dry the still falling tears. "A year ago I had never seen George Spencer, and now I am breaking my heart at having to part from him for that space of time." I was only 20, and had scarcely been a

I would have been glad had she not peo-pled it so thickly with those from another land. And when she kissed me kindly, and bade me good-night, hoping I would rest well, and left me alone in the great, old-fashioned hed-room, I devoutedly wished I had never heard of the departed Spencers. There was but one of their name I wanted, and he was sailing far away from me, whereas my sleep was broken, and my dreams were full of the great-uncles and great-aunts of their race. Time passed slowly but smoothly with us. My sisters-in-law were very kind to me, and I tried to hide from them my grief at my husband's absence. Dick had at length been broken of his profane pro-clivities, and Mina's health seemed res-tored, though I failed to find in her that comfort and consolation her fond mistress had predicted. My husband's long and loring letters kept up my spirits and helped to endure my lonely lot. "One evening, when George had been gone nearly a year, and I was beginning to look forward to the hope of going to him, Miss Maria had been entertaining me with a lengthy account of her great-uncle, Major Spencer, and his various ex-ploits and his sad ending. "There never was any superstition in the Spencer family, but my great-aunt really had warnings of his death. He died at sea, and three successive nights before his death she dreamed he came to her bedside, and called her name. It was most curious, and my aunt always nain-tained that it was not a dream, but his spirit that she saw."

tained that it was not a dream, but his spirit that she saw." I felt my flesh begin to creep, and hoped sincerely the departed uncle Joseph would not take a notion to appear in my

"By the way," said sister Louise, "have you ever shown Lillie his sword and hat? We have them," she said, turning to me, "and I am pretty sure they are in the cheat is non-new "

Closet in your room." "Yes," assented Maria, "they are, and I'll show them to you to morrow." We said good night, and I got into bed, determined to get to sleep as soon as possible, and shut out the recollection of my hushend's assestor. But of courses A GHOST STORY. "Try not to be lonely without me, dar Ing, and make yourself as happy as possible here with my sisters," said my husband as he held me to his heart and pressed the last kiss on my brow. I tried to be brave and smile through the tears that were fast blinding me, as clung to him for the last time, but it was a'diamal failure, and made the parting all the harder for him. At length I had let him go and settled down to a long cry, hoping to feel bettier after giving way to my feelings. I had been amried only one short month, and I was not to see my husband for a whole, long, weary year. "How as I glanced at the clock and discovered he had been gone twenty munutes. George was a naral officer, and had been ordered away on a three years cruise in the Mediterranean, but in one year he expected to be where I ould join him. To insure my comfort and happiness (as he thought) before he sait ed, he brought me to his old home, where I was to pass the year we had to be apart. It was a large, old-fashioned house, in which the family had lived for two genera-tions, and to George it was full of memo-ries of his childhood and of later years to ma a large rooms, with their mass sive old furniture and its endless array of family portraits, seemed rather suggestar to me ad furniture and its endless array of family portraits, seemed rather suggestar to ma ladies ourse. It was one my end to the memo-sis of his childhood and of later years for la member one feeling in the miden ladies ourse for who susters – both miden ladies ourse for head sure one for the insell found the date to more until I found the date ourse for his childhood and of later years for la remember no more until I found the dates one to more until I found the



my heart at having to part from him for that space of time." I was only 20, and had scarcely been a year out of school, when I was introduced to Captain Spencer at a large naval party given in San Francisco, my native city. I acknowledge to being quite captivat-ed that evening. His naval uniform showed off his fine figure, and his hand-some face won my girlish admiration. J was very much flattered by his attentions, and as I grew to know him and appreciate his noble nature, I did not find it difficult to given him sli my heart's deepest love when he sued for it. Those were happy days to us both. Suddenly George received word that in three months he would be ordered to the Mediterranean. I don't know just how it happened. I renuember feeling fearfully family, and at the same time excitedly happy over mycoming marriage. A tall



McMurray & Fenety.

Frederioton, Nov. 17, 1848

Z. R. EVERETT

The fresh air did wonders for me, and a long letter from George actually made me forget the "Major" ghost." Toget the "Major" ghost." The fresh air did wonders for me, and a long letter from George actually made me forget the "Major" ghost." Toget the "Major" ghost." The fresh air did wonders for me, and a long letter from George actually made me forget the "Major" ghost." Toget had sain remarked, "for genera-that ghosts could pass with ease through that ghosts could pass with ease through that ghosts could pass with ease through fully made I saw the door more slowly,

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easy May 2

Extension and Leaf Tables, Bureaus, Sinks, Wash Stands, Sideboards, Rocking and Easy Chairs, Cradles, Hall Scands, Centre Tables, Office Chairs, etc.





HILLSBOROUGH LAND PLASTER for sale Z. R. EVERETT. ton. March 30, 1882



Loass negotiated, and Agency business promptly attended to, Frederictn. Feb. 3.