

SHORT TALKS WITH THE BOYS.

By M. Quad.

I was talking with a sturdy old farmer the other day, and asked him how many boys he had.

"Five," he replied, "and I'm going to make a farmer of every one of 'em."

"How do you know you are?"

"Why they're my boys, ain't they, and I reckon they'll do as I say about it?"

"Do they like farming?"

"No matter whether they do or not, they've got to work at it!"

The man was what you might call a representative farmer. He was fairly educated, more than comfortably well off, and was looked up to in his township.

Too many farmers take this view of the case. Under the law a father is entitled to the services of his son until the latter reaches his majority.

A blacksmith or mason or carpenter with five sons would not have answered that he was determined to make every one of the boys learn his trade.

During the last six months I have been hunting for statistics about farmers and their sons. In that time I have talked with at least sixty farmers.

"I wanted to learn a trade, but father opposed it, and so I had to stay on the farm."

Out of the forty-seven men who answered me in that way not one was rich. All complained more or less about hard work and poor crops.

There is one particular point in which the average farmer is contemptibly mean with his boy. He sets himself up as a standard. If he didn't want and so why should his boy? If he had to turn out of bed at 4 o'clock a. m. and work until dark why should his boy be spared?

If a boy feels enthusiastic to learn to be a printer, harness-maker or wood-engraver, no father with any sense in his head will command the boy to learn the trade of a stone-mason.

I have a letter from a resident of Alabama who says he hated farm work and ran away to escape it. His father wanted him to be a farmer, and he wanted to be something else.

Let the farmer's son seek to discover what his taste runs to. If to agriculture, he should be given a fair show. He should have the best of agricultural papers and every chance to improve on the system his father has worked under.

matter as a reasonable man would. He has no right to encumber the earth with another botch farmer.

Nine times out of ten where you hear of a farmer's boy being set down as a hard case you find his father to blame for it.

Too many sons have been drugged, bossed and pounded until they prefer the life of a vagrant. A good share of the vagrants arrested in every city are farmers' sons who left home.

There is hardly any combination of circumstances to warrant a boy running away from home, but it is easy for a father to drive his boy away and make a bad man of him.

Bill Air on Evolution.

Well, we are all right now and the Ironville academy is open to the community. Our teachers are going to teach rudiments and good behavior and good manners and music, and base-ball, too, I reckon.

But I think the new doctrine of evolution that has got into the church is a right fair compromise, for it maintains that while old father Adam evolved and came from a monkey, old mother Eve didn't.

But still, notwithstanding and nevertheless, I would like to know, just as a matter of curiosity, what became of old Adam's brothers and sisters and all the rest of the old monkey stock that evolved, for I reckon he didn't just evolve by himself.

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The new Exposition Building. This building has been nearly completed and will present a handsome appearance when finished.

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of the building according to the specifications. Judge Cochran, Mayor Rhett C. Duncanson and others visited the grounds yesterday to inspect the building.

The Daily Bore.

The daily bore came in as usual. "Is Mr. Milding in?" he asked. Mr. Milding, by the way, was the bore's especial victim.

"No," said Fogg. "The bore—'Will he be in soon?'" Fogg—"Yes; won't you take a seat and wait?"

The bore needed no second invitation. He sat down and he waited. He waited ten minutes, half an hour, an hour, two hours. He began to grow uneasy.

Fogg was sure of it. The bore sat down again and waited. It had begun to grow dark. Fogg got up, washed his hands, put on his coat, took out his key, twirled it around a moment and remarked:

"Sorry to disturb you, but I'm going to lock up now."

"The bore—'Then Mr. Milding won't be in again to-day?'" Fogg—"Oh dear, no; didn't expect him to-day."

"The bore—'But you said he would be in soon?'" Fogg—"So he will. He'll be in about ten days. That isn't very long, you know. Sorry to have kept you waiting. Good night."

As the bore stole languidly down the stairs he fancied he heard a "wild shout of savage laughter, which on the wind came roaring after."

The Small Boy.

"Father, did the boy really stand on the deck?" asked Green's hopeful progeny the other day.

"No, Georgie; he stood on three kings and he put the deck up his sleeve to use as occasion demanded."

"Mamma, is it wrong to say 'it is going to thunder?'" "Why, of course not, Eddie. Why do you ask such a question?"

"Cause yesterday pa said if you were going to thunder he wouldn't care."

The Sabbath school superintendent was talking about children playing at the mother's knee. He had grown quite eloquent and affecting and not a few were weeping.

"Yessir, sheduz," said Johnny. "How do you feel then, happy boy with a Christian mother?"

"Well, when she holds my head down between her knees and pulls my coat up over my head and wears out her slipper on my basement, I feel—"

"Papa, does God tell you what to write in your sermons?" "Yes, dear, of course."

"Children," said a Sunday school teacher, looking over the top of her glasses, "we should always be glad and happy for our many and manifold blessings. Even the birds thank their maker in song—hear those canaries across the street, pouring forth their musical praises."

"Please, ma'am," interrupted a little fellow who was playing tit-tat-toe on the fly-leaf of a hymnal. "Them ain't a-praisin'. That's what canaries always does."

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