

The Wives of Farmers.

Farm Slaves or Mistresses?—Partnership With Husbands Suggested to Aid Them.

The position of the farmer's wife, her trials and the means by which her burdens may be lightened are receiving much of the attention which they deserve. They are discussed at farmers' meetings, and it is hoped that practical good may ultimately be accomplished. Recently two papers on the subject have been read by women. One was by Mrs. Lucy Cleaver McElroy of Ledanon, Ky. She was talking to the men. She described the visions of the wedding day, with its glamour and brightness, and then said:

'After that day of all comes the home making, the nest building and oh! how it absorbs the farmer's busy young wife. Unlike her city sister under similar circumstances, she has no constant stream of guests, full of interest and suggestions for the new surroundings; her life is necessarily one of much loneliness, even her husband being absent from day to dark. But she is happy as she works. For the first few years there are gay little visits home and to girlhood friends, there are guests to entertain now and then, Sabbaths are always a pleasure—they give husband and wife so much of each other's society—and churchgoing seems quite a social disipation.

'Thus time rolls on till the children come and as the mother's cares increase the hopes for the future are mingled with fears interest in outside things are lost, pleasures are dropped one at a time, seeing which the husband becomes more and more absorbed in money making, until well nigh all else is forgotten.

'At the first gray streak of dawn the wife's pet rooster crows long and loud. He does it on purpose to awaken her from her beauty sleep and is always successful. She has obeyed the summons so often that it has become second nature, and before she realizes it she is out of the warm blankets, noiselessly trembling in her clothes, lest she awake the sleeping baby; half clad, her cold fingers still fidgeting with her brooch, she scampers to the kitchen. Once there a nervous fear that breakfast may be late seizes her, and she rushes about until it is on the table and the family seated, when she draws her first long breath while the blessing is being asked. The breakfast bolted in hot haste, and the men off to work, she resumes her hurry, scurries through the dishwashing and kitchen work, hastens through bedmaking and house cleaning, skims over milk vessels, refrigerators and churning, hurries to the garden for vegetables, rushes through dinner, makes her fingers fly on the afternoon sewing and scouring, so she may worry through supper at the proper hour, to sink exhausted into a chair at bedtime, too weary to speak or think.

'She has not only done the thousand and one duties that fell to her lot that day, but she has done them well, has slighted nothing, and before falling asleep has thought in utter weariness, 'Oh, if tomorrow might never come!' But it does come, and it is always just the same tomorrow, the same unceasing routine of labor and rush. Day after day, year after year, nothing but toil, hurry, worry, rush; that is the strange thing about it—the eternal rush. Amid the peace and quiet of the country, why not go on peacefully and quietly doing one's duty as it comes? There is but one solution to the problem, and that is, her work exceeds her time and she is constantly trying to establish some sort of equilibrium. What does the hard, barren existence yield in return for all her efforts? Not happiness; one look in the face of the farm woman of the dark side tells no. Not money; certainly not. Though she is the hardest worker on the place, this farmer's wife has no bank account of her own. I will tell you what she gets—her 'vittles and clothes' that is all, though in nearly every case her husband is well able to grant her reasonable wishes, and the poor creature never has unreasonable ones.

'But thank heaven, all farmers' wives do not live like this; there is a bright side to this, as to all pictures. Life on a farm ought to be to a woman the happiest, most care free of existences. What with poultry and bees, with flowers and vegetables, she gets outdoor exercise sufficient to keep her young a long time and her labors are all health giving and pleasant. Labor is a necessity and a part of every useful, happy life. Woman should share man's toil and hardships in the same proportion in which she shares his joy and ease, and she usually does cheerfully. On a farm it has been a woman's share of the duties to do the housework and rear the children ever since

Eve gathered fig leaves for clothes and raised Cain in the Garden of Eden. Certainly work must be done but let it be done cheerily and bravely; do not make life a drudgery.

'In contrast to the farm slave as we have just seen her, let us have the farm mistress the queen of the beautiful realm called home, one whom the Maker, God, may look upon as He did at the first and say, 'It is very good.' Let us learn to have our farmhouses homes, where comfort and good cheer abound, where labor is evenly distributed to all, and made a burden to none, where there are books and magazines, where time is had for reading, music prayer, and all proper effort for higher, better things of life, so that we may grow morally and intellectually as well as physically. These things attained, and the much vexed question of how to keep the boys on the farm will be answered once for all.

Another paper was by Mrs. Arthur Grabowski before the Richmond County Agricultural Society at Augusta, Ga., who said:

'The bride, wooed with the ardor of youthful affection, too often becomes the house hold drudge, the higher servant, bearing most of the burdens of the domestic economy and sharing scantily in the results of the farm's business. A pathetic little incident illustrating this came lately to my notice through the medium of one of our city papers. The editor present at a bank on business, saw a farmer coming in, his hands full of the bills paid to him for part of the year's cotton crop just sold. He was accompanied by the patient wife, the result of whose faithful domestic labor was part of the money in the farmer's hand. Dressed in her best—and yet how shabbily—with a little one clinging to her much in need of proper clothing, the wife wistfully looked at the money being disposed, and finally touched the farmer's arm and pleaded for a small share of that deposit. The farmer's brow clouded at such unlooked for appeal, but being in good spirits after the successful sale of his crop he recognized the occasion as meriting generosity and reaching into his pocket for a well filled purse, he fished out from it the magnificent coin one half dollar, and giving it to his wife, told her go and buy what she wanted.

'By the natural fitness of things the work of the farm has divided itself into the outside larger operations and the work pertaining to the homestead and its immediate surroundings of the dairy, the poultry yard, the garden, &c. The former have fallen to the share of man, the latter to the share of woman. Is it not often a fact that nearly the whole proceeds of both divisions of the farm go into the field operations, attempting to make possible a five cent cotton crop, or an equally unremunerative crop, while the dairy, the poultry yard, the garden suffer the fate of every quantity that has to yield a periodical percentage of reduction and has no equivalent or greater percentage of increase? It is only a question of time when the exhausted dairy, empty poultry yard and neglected garden will be sad illustrations of farming done without a just proportioning of the farm's resources to the farm's productive industries. Is it the true position of the farmer's wife to be the head of a part of farm work that is to contribute to the farm's assets but is to receive no help, no working capital from the same?

Can there then, be a question that the true position of woman on a farm is yet among the problems of the future? When the farm progresses to the position of a well ordered business, having its debit and credit account with each of its field and industries, when its capital is fairly apportioned to the different branches of work, and its receipts are correspondingly divided when the farmer admits the wife as his business partner, entitled to her just share of the profits of the farm, and when he remembers that 'woman won't' does not necessarily mean that neglect and indifference are as acceptable to the wife as ardor and attention were to the sweetheart—when the woman on the farm realizes that upon her depend not only the cooking, the care of the children and other domestic duties, but that everything that makes life on the farm pleasant as far as neatness, taste and embellishment can make it, are her special charge, and that she also must remember in the hard working aging of her husband, the lover of her youth, then, and only then, will woman's true position on the farm be reached, and the garden of Eden will find again a place on the earth,

a rural life will become the envy of those bred and dwelling in the confinements of city life.

STATEMENTS

That Command Attention and Inspire Hope.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND.

THE NEVER-DISAPPOINTING B N-
ISHER OF SICKNESS AND
DISEASE.

The statement that Paine's Celery Compound builds up sickly, weak and rundown people, is true in every particular. It is also true that Paine's Celery Compound is the only medicine in the world that can successfully grapple with obstinate and long standing cases of disease and give to sufferers active limbs, pure blood, clear complexion, healthy appetite, and perfect digestion. Scores of able and reliable physicians, prominent druggists, legislators merchants and leaders in society can bear testimony to the wonderful cures wrought by Paine's Celery Compound during the past spring months.

Such facts and statements should be sufficient to convince all doubting and despondent sufferers, and inspire them with a determination to test the world's great health giver. Mr. Chas. W. Ross, Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, writes thus:

'For a long period of time I suffered from the pains and tortures of neuralgia, and the effects to my general system were so serious and alarming that my doctor ordered an ocean trip. I went to England at considerable expense, but had to return to Canada almost as bad as when I left it. After getting home I determined to commence the use of Paine's Celery Compound, as it was strongly recommended for such troubles. After using the medicine for a short time the results were most pleasing and gratifying. The attacks became less frequent and less severe, and soon the whole trouble was completely banished. I have not experienced a pain or ache for months. I take great pleasure in recommending such a marvellous medicine to all neuralgic sufferers. Paine's Celery Compound has astonishing virtues and powers, and will certainly overcome any form of neuralgia.

MAN HEMET IN THE HILLS.

How It Feels to be for an Hour or so Under the Eye of a Chap With a Gun.

Once upon a time, said a Colorado mining expert, 'I went rummaging around my state looking for coal that was supposed to exist, and after a long trip in a wagon I was nearing the railroad station where I was to resume once more a faster mode of travel and one less disagreeable and dangerous. As I drove along the side of a wooded hill from which I could catch occasional glimpses of the rail-road three or four miles across the valley, and was thanking my good fortune for so soon delivering me, I was suddenly brought up with a round turn by a man stepping out of the bushes and sticking an ugly looking gun straight at me, I pulled up my horses with great promptitude and the man told me to throw up my hands. The only thing to do under such circumstances is to do as your are bid, and that is what I did. The man did not offer to go through my clothes for what I possessed, which would hardly have paid him for the effort, but he told me to stop. This I also did, his gun covering me all the time. Then he climbed into the wagon and sat on a box of mineral specimens I was taking back to Denver with me. He never said a word after he told me to drive on when he had seated himself, and I didn't say anything at first, but it wasn't long until I couldn't stand it, with him sitting there so dead still behind me, so I ventured to speak.

'Excuse me, partner,' said I as pleasantly as I could, 'but I would like to say to you that I am getting mighty uncomfortable sitting here with that gun of yours pointing into my back and if it's all the same to you, I wish you would sit here on the seat with me. The d—gun may go off, and while I don't think you want to hurt me intentionally you know that wouldn't make it any pleasanter for me to get a bullet in the small of the back.'

'Huh!' he grunted, 'are you armed?'

'I told him I was not, and he moved up and sat down beside me, keeping his gun ready for business. We talked some after that, but he was not overly communicative and I felt under some restraint, and as the wagon topped the last rise in the road from which we could see the station about half a mile away he looked hard at me.

'I'm going down there with you young fellow,' he said, on a little business, and if you say anything about me to anybody or speak of me at all and any disturbance comes up I'll shoot you first off. Do you understand?'

'I told him I did thoroughly, and I made up my mind positively that I meant to do what I promised. He was silent for the rest of the way, and when we stopped and he got out, he told me to remember, and I nodded. He strolled over onto the platform and I went to the stable with my horses and came back to the station. I knew the telegraph operator, and when I stepped up to the window he noticed that something was the matter with me, and asked me what it was. I lied straight by assuring him that I never felt better in my life. My late companion was standing just outside the door looking in every now and then, and the thought of what he might be thinking I meant by talking to the operator made me so nervous that I went out on the platform for air. He had moved down to the far end, and I concluded that I would move off in the other direction toward a water tank I noticed a couple of hundred yards up the track. It struck me if anything happened, though I hadn't the faintest idea what it was going to be. I would dodge in behind the timbers of the tank and possibly escape the bullet that was intended to settle the man's account with me. About the time I had my plans made a handcar came down with six section hands on it who had seen me drive up to the station with the man and his gun. They had seen him looting about the platform, and right away wanted to know who my friend was. I told them I didn't know anything about him except that I had picked him up on the road and given him a lift. They informed me that to their notion he was a train robber and they proposed to run him in. They were entirely unarmed, however, and they knew what it meant to tackle a fellow with a gun, so they began to calculate among themselves how to get their man. As for myself, I got away from them as fast as I could and in such a way that the object of their suspicion could see that I was not in their mix-up.

'All this business made me more nervous than ever, and the report that the train was two hours late only made matters worse. I might be shot so full of holes in that length of time they could strain gravel through me, and I don't know what kind of trouble those section hands were negotiating for themselves and more especially for me who had had his notification of what would happen when the trouble began. And I was innocent as a lamb, too, and as faithful to my trust as if the fellow had been the best man on earth.

'The section hands moved down to the platform, and as it was about noon, they got out their dinner buckets and began looking around for a good place to spread their lunch. I had come back to the platform after them and the man they were after had moved off about a hundred yards to an old corral and was walking around there as if that was all he had to do. One of the section hands suggested that they might get him dead to rights by spreading their lunch over to his neighborhood, and perhaps, if he had been hiding in the hills very long he was hungry enough to ask to join them. The proposition was accepted at once, and the crowd went over and opened up their buckets. They asked me to go along, but I wasn't a bit hungry, though I was as hollow inside as an empty barrel. Under the circumstances I couldn't have eaten ambrosia out of a gold spoon. My friend, however, wasn't feeling that way, for as soon as he saw the food spread out temptingly before him he went right up and asked if he couldn't have a bite. With the traditional hospitality of the plains, the entire gangs of section hands insisted on his sharing their dinner, and he set to with a will. He ate like a man who hadn't eaten for a long time and he was soon so absorbed in it that he forgot his caution and let go of his gun. In a minute a section hand had it and in another minute they piled on top of him, and while some held him others tied him and they stood him on his feet and started him over to the platform to wait for the train which was reported at the next station below. I was a good deal easier in my mind when I saw the ugly cuss fixed so he couldn't train his gun on me, but it did not add to my comfort to have to listen to the fearful way in which he cursed me for everything vile and shameful in having betrayed him. I told him I had not and all the others did the same, but he would not listen and kept it up, adding all kinds of frightful threats until the train came and they tied him in the baggage car and I got a seat as close to the far end of the train as I could. Who he was or what he was nobody knew then, and I never did find out, but I guess he was a train robber all right and got his dose, for I never saw or heard of him again and I was on the lookout for a good many years, because I knew if we ever met there was going to be shooting to kill.'

You cannot dye a dark color light, but should dye light ones dark—for home use Magnetic Dyes give excellent results.

SHERMAN'S HOLD-THE-FORT FLAG

Now Deposited Among War Relics After Inspiring the Famous Hymn.

The signal flag used to send the message of Gen. Sherman that inspired the famous hymn, 'Hold the Fort, for I Am Coming,' has been deposited in the flag room in the Executive building at Harrisburg with other relics of the Civil War. The original message was sent at Kenosaw Mountain on Oct. 4, 1864, to the commanding officer at Allatoona, who was besieged by a Confederate force, to who aid Gen. Sherman and Vandever were hastening.

The importance of the message resulted from the fact that all the rations and stores of Sherman's army were at Allatoona and if the Confederates had captured them the Union soldiers would have been cut off from their supplies and it would have been a long time before Sherman could have marched to the sea. The signal was waved by Private Allen D. Frankenberry, Company K, Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, better known as the Anderson Cavalry. At the close of the war he retained the flag and took it to his home at Point Marion, Fayette county. Capt. John H. Campbell, a draughtsman in the Internal Affairs Department, has frequently urged Frankenberry to deposit the flag in the flag room in this city and he has at last done so. The message in the original cipher code is on the flag and there has also been deposited with it a historical statement from the donor.

Mr. Frankenberry enlisted in Company K, on Aug. 20, 1863, and was an orderly at the headquarters of the Department of the Cumberland in the field until Jan. 14, 1864, when he was transferred to the signal corps, where he served until discharged from the Army in June, 1865. He accompanied Sherman's army in its march from Chattanooga during the summer of 1864, reaching Atlanta, Ga., on Sept. 28. Three days later he was ordered to Kenosaw Mountain on signal duty, and remained there until Oct. 10. The Confederates captured Big Shanty on the railroad north of Kennesaw on Oct. 3, thus placing a large force between Sherman's army and Chattanooga and cutting off all means of communication with the North.

Several messages were signalled with this flag by Frankenberry from Gen. Vandever before the arrival of Gen. Sherman, who then sent his message: 'Hold fast. We are coming.' Gen. Corse reached Allatoona on the morning of Oct. 5, and soon after daybreak a Confederate division under Gen. French attacked him. A hard battle resulted in a victory for the Union army and the saving of the Allatoona stores.

Gen. Sherman, on Nov. 12, 1864, began his famous march to the sea, his army being supplied with these same stores. During the heat of the battle, when it appeared impossible for Gen. Corse to hold out, a message was received from the signal officer with the beleaguered Union soldiers stating that Gen. Corse had been wounded. Then in answer to an inquiry from Gen. Sherman as to the condition of the wounded commander, came this famous answer:

'I am short a cheek bone and one ear, but able to whip all hell yet. My losses are very heavy. * * * Tell me where Sherman is.'

'JOHN M. CORSE, Brig.-Gen.'

The losses to which Gen. Corse refers were 142 killed, 352 wounded and 212 captured. He had 1,944 men all told, while the Confederate forces attacking Allatoona numbered 7,000. Their losses were estimated at 2,000 by Gen. Young, one of their commanders.

About this time England and France were both ready to recognize the Confederate on the condition that the South should emancipate all slaves. Duncan F. Kenner, a wealthy slave holder and member of the Confederate Congress from Louisiana, was in Europe trying to induce these nations to take this action, assuring them that Sherman's army would never reach the sea. He went to Paris and had an interview with the Emperor, who said he would do whatever England did. Then he went from Paris to Lord Palmerston in London to report the position of France. News has just reached England of Sherman's successful march and Palmerston's answer to Kenner was: 'It is too late.' Had the Union forces lost the stores at Allatoona weeks would have been required to replace them, and in the meantime England and France might have recognized the Confederacy.

Mr. Frankenberry fixes the identity of his signal flag by stating in the communication which accompanies it that 'All messages sent to Allatoona, Oct. 3, 4 and 5, 1864, were sent by this flag.' Early on the morning of Oct. 6, 1864, he took the flag from the staff and retained possession of it until a few days ago, when he turned it over to Adjutant-General Stewart for safe keeping in the flag room among the battle-torn flags borne by Pennsylvania's volunteers during the Civil War.