

Alabama Baptist.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

How Calvin Was Saved a Whipping.

By HELEN FRANKLIN BARNARD.

From the morning that the light-house boat first brought Winfred Campbell, the light-house keeper's boy, to school, Calvin Watkins was his persistent enemy. Winfred often wondered why. It was some time before he discovered the reason. He had the very places that Calvin had tried for, and failed to get—a chance to help the old man who tended the Light!

Mr. Watkins had often said: "The old keeper's potty shak; if you can get in there, it may be a life job."

So Calvin had tried, without success, and had scarcely got over his disappointment when the old man suddenly took Winfred Campbell, an orphan from down on the coast.

Calvin could not forgive the stranger, but made him as uncomfortable as possible. "The game" was always "full" if Winfred's name was proposed; but Calvin led in the spelling-match, he never chose Winfred; in a hundred petty, tormenting ways he showed his spite.

Although Winfred felt this keenly, he did not complain. His bright face would suddenly be grave, but that was all. He was a rare little gentleman—the light-house boy; his reverence on this point was the admiration of Master Graham.

"The boy's good temper will overcome Calvin at last!" he cried.

The old teacher was right in his estimate of his two pupils.

One day, after school, several of the children were out on the ball-ground, including Calvin, Watkins and Winfred Campbell. Suddenly a man appeared in the turn of the road under the old elm. He was almost running and carried a whip.

"Isn't that your father, Calvin?" somebody asked.

Calvin gave one glance, and then a look of absolute terror came over his face.

"He's down on me, 'cause I haven't finished the wood." "I forgot it; what shall I do?"

Mr. Watkins' hasty temper was proverbial in town; when under his spell he was merciless. The boys' faces showed their sympathy; but they could not interfere. Helplessly they looked on Calvin to his parent.

The letter was now very near.

"I shan't wait round for no licker-in!" said Calvin, and took to his heels.

The boys sighed with relief, for Calvin was a swift runner; but the uselessness of flight was expressed by Winfred, who said:

"He may get away now, but they'll have to meet some time!"

"The result of that meeting could be easily imagined, as Mr. Watkins came up, brandishing a whip, his face swollen with anger.

"Where's Cal?" he asked. "I'll teach him to play when there's work to do."

He then saw his son's retreating figure, and gave chase. The old church door stood open; Calvin darted in and up the stairs. Mr. Watkins in hot pursuit, scolding wherever he could get his breath.

"Winfred, he'll pay for this extra trouble!"

Winfred left the group and walked towards the church. Despite the past, he was sorry for Calvin. He longed to help him escape such furious hands. Following the clatter of the paternal boots along the uncarpeted passage of the church, he soon overtook Mr. Watkins.

"I'm dead, Mr. Watkins!" he said, blocking the bell's stairs he had reached, "but he's cornered now, ketchin' in a nice trap; I can afford to wait!"

He meant that Calvin was above them in the belfry. Winfred could see him leaning sideways over the top rail, his hands making a sort of ear-trumpet, to better hear what was said.

"Winfred, that Calvin, he's in the tower; alluz up to suthin' or shirkin' out o' suthin'." "I don't wonder the old folks over't the light took you 'stead o' him!"

Winfred's eyes opened wide at this. He was not sorry to learn the reason why Calvin disliked him.

Having now observed the position, Mr. Watkins advanced with sudden wrath and threatenings of his whip.

"I'm going to take him in hand now!"

But when he started to descend the stairs the listening figure above suddenly stood erect like something at bay, then disappeared through the belfry window.

"Oh, do you see where poor Cal has hid?" cried Winfred. "There's no place outside where he can stay. They hastened upward and looked out of the window. Mr. Watkins inquiring Calvin to come back. But there was no returning for the reckless boy; he was already descending the dizzy height upon the lightning-rod.

Down the long, slender steeple went Calvin, ever downward. "Oh, he's gone down the chimney, and he'll carry him safely to the ground!"

The anger died from the father's face; it held only breathless anxiety; the whip dropped from his hand and lay amid the debris of the ancient belfry, half-coiled, like some venomous snake.

Strange to relate, Calvin reached the ground unharmed, and was applauded by his schoolmates.

"He's not they'll all be galling down the hill, and he'll be the father." "I'll get their necks broke!"

"No one but Cal would do it to his son!" said Winfred. "He's awful smart—all the boys think so. Is he all the son you have?"

"Wal, yes, 'n he's one too many generally."

"Especially now!" asked Winfred, with such a drocc accent and such a look at the figure that was still on the retreat, that Mr. Watkins actually smiled.

"What has he done?" now ventured Winfred.

"It's that he haint done—'at 'ere wood." I promised him a whippin' o' wass't sawed this afternoon."

"Will you punish Cal after this?" asked Winfred, respectfully.

Mr. Watkins was silent a moment, his face setting into firm, hard lines.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

How to Make Good Butter.

From the Country Gentleman.

The making of good butter is an art. To a few it seems to come natural, the same as the drawing of pictures, or any like handicraft. But there are some requisites, in the absence of which no first class butter can be made. The making of good butter begins with the cow; good butter cannot be made from a poor cow, although a natural-born butter-maker will make a better quality from such a cow than another could. The different breeds of cows vary, as well as the different families of the same breed, under similar circumstances; yet one may be better assured of success if he has a good pure-bred or high-grade Jersey, Guernsey or Ayrshire cow. We sometimes find a native cow which will make equally as good butter, but the natives are less reliable than the improved. All these are improved by breeding to a better strain. Every cow, then, who would excel in producing first class butter, reject from her herd every cow whose milk or cream is in any way defective, such as producing specky cream, or being apt to become bitter, or sometimes foam in churning. Fresh cows' milk always produces a richer, colored longer in making the farrow, or cow longer in making the farrow.

Having the right cows the next thing in order is to feed them on the right food, and so care for them as to secure firm, hard, yellow butter, having the essential way grain and high nutty flavor. The food has a most important bearing on quality, and also quantity of butter. I have seen also quantity of butter. I have seen also quantity of butter. I have seen also quantity of butter.

Once upon a time, a flash of lightning struck the cross and displaced the cross and globe which surmounted it, also doing great damage to the upper courses of fine stonework. The steeple of the church, which had been built by the father, and would carry his dinner up to the dizzy heights without trembling; seemed to feel as safe as a fiddle on a tight-rope, and at the edge of the loftiest scaffold, aiming herself by scattering bits of paper in the air, laughing to see her little pigons fly, for so she called them.

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Attention Planters!

All persons who wish to increase the production of cotton at a small cost can do so by using the

WANDO ACID PHOSPHATE,

COTTON SEED MEAL.

Or Making Compost with German Kainit. For Sale by

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W. B. GILL, Corner Washington and Selma Streets, DRAFTER IN

Carriages, Wagons and Barges, Furniture of every Description, Parlor Suits, Dressing Suits, Bed Room Suits, Mantel Glass, Mirrors, etc.

STUDEBAKER'S CELEBRATED UNDERTAKER'S DEPARTMENT. Full supply of all kinds of Metallic Burial Cases, Metallic Burial Cases, Wood Cases, Wood Cases, etc.

Rest in the United States.

made them look more like your New York constables. They produced the usual number of bars, and equally as large, and the absence of mud made made a much better crop of ears.

To wait until spring to do the necessary plowing and preparation of the land, will not do. The land must be prepared for planting in the fall if possible, and if not, in the winter, and it must be ready for planting in the spring.

By cutting down the weeds and brush before laying off and planting, will help to break the hardening in spring and have a tendency to break and harden the land while the corn is coming up. Break the land well, lay off, and follow the turning plow with a subsoiler one way, and you need not subsoil in the checking furrows, because the bed of the furrow is quite loose enough, and the first or two furrows are deep enough to drain off the water from the corn. When the corn is up from one to two inches high, then run the Thomas or Faust & Bradley harrows over it, and the harrowing both levels and cultivates the land.

This harrowing may be repeated until the corn is eight or ten inches high, and you side it with the bull-tongue. After making a certain sowing, the corn will be up from one to two inches high, then run the Thomas or Faust & Bradley harrows over it, and the harrowing both levels and cultivates the land.

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