

Literature.

A GOLDEN TEXT.

Everybody in our whole village conceded that Jehail Dobson was a religious man, including Jehail himself. He went to church regularly, paid his dues without grumbling as far as the outer world knew—owed no man a dollar and permitted no one to owe him one. He was well to do the neighbors also conceded, had one of the finest farms in that region and a snug sum in the bank to boot.

His wife, Mary Ann Dobson, a small, thin little creature with a pair of faded blue eyes in which ever lurked a touching expression of weariness of both body and spirit. She had not always been pale and weary-looking, as friends of her girlhood could vouch, but years of hard toil, which had helped to swell that sum in the bank very materially, and to add acre after acre to the farm—had taken the roses from her cheeks and brought that look in her eyes which spoke of a weary body and a starved soul.

"I'm 'bout tukered out," was her usual answer to the occasional visitors, and the sigh with which she dropped into the chair and the nervous twitching of her worn hands, left no doubt in the visitor's mind that Mary Dobson told the truth.

There were neighbors who whispered among themselves that Jehail Dobson was too "near," much too "near" for the comfort and well being of his little wife, but the majority of the farmer's wives thereabouts performed daily the same routine of duties, and went to bed nightly much more weary than the farm hands or horses themselves, so they had in consequence no sympathy to offer and asked none in return.

One morning in May, in the year of our Lord 1887, Jehail Dobson said to his wife:

"I've bought the field, Mary Ann, what I've been hankering for so long, so I reckon I'll have to get a new hand on the farm. Jim and me can't do the work of four men much longer, I'm thinkin'."

"Timothy Smith's field?" asked his wife as she passed him his second cup of muddy-looking coffee.

"Yes, he had to sell at last," chuckled her husband. "I knowed it would come last year when he broke his leg and was laid up for so long. He was in debt then, you know, and had to get in deeper, of course, durin' them long months of sickness."

"Yes," said Mary Ann, sadly, "Timothy has been unfortunate, poor fellow."

"He did kick agin sellin' the field," continued Mr. Dobson, "but I understand from Deacon Blake that debts air a pressin' of him, and he had to sell that or the house you see."

"Ya'as," assented Mrs. Dobson, "and it was lucky for him you wanted that bit of field war'n't it, Jehail?"

"Well, I reckon it was just as lucky for me, Mary Ann, for seein' as how he was so anxious to sell, I hem'd and haw'd for quite a spell afore I let him see as how I wanted the field just now, at all. 'You kin hev it, Mr. Dobson,' said Timothy, 'fer the price you offered, last summer was a year;' but I warn't to be caught that way, Mary Ann, so I shook my head and said:

"Ya'as, Timothy, but times ain't what they was, and I hev given over all notion of buyin' it now, anyway."

Mrs. Dobson sighed, and looked at her husband with mild reproach, but made no reply.

"Timothy's countenance fell," continued Mr. Dobson, "and I calkerlated on getting the field for about half its worth on the instant. And I did, Mary Ann, so the field is mine at last."

"Poor unfortunate Timothy," repeated his wife. "I suppose it's all right, Jehail, for some reason or other, since the scriptures says: 'For he that hath, to him shall be given; and he that hath not, from him shall be taken, even that which he hath,' and I reckon, you were to take the little he had for some purpose or other what we can't see just exactly now."

Mr. Dobson cleared his throat, then coughed, and ate the remainder of his breakfast in silence, apparently absorbed in reflection.

He was his old cheerful self, however, at dinner, when he imparted to his wife the news that the new hand had been engaged.

"What would you say if I'd tell you it was Timothy himself," continued Jehail, with a laugh, "but it is, all the same. He came to me this mornin' with tears into his eyes and asked me fer the place. He war'n't strong enough, I said, and that I was afeared his leg warn't jest right yet, and several other objections I made, but he declared he was all right and able to do as much as the next man, and would work for a dollar a day. Seein' as how I was calkerlatin' on payin' a dollar and a half a day, why, I jest clinched the bargain and he'll begin tomorrow."

So Timothy Smith worked week after week from sunrise to sunset, and Mr. Dobson congratulated himself time and again that he had secured a man who could accomplish so much for so little.

"One dollar a day ain't nothin' in comparison to what work he does," he was fond of saying to his wife. "Why, he works like a horse."

"A dollar a day ain't much, Jehail, answered Mary Ann, "fer such a large family as his. I don't believe they see a

piece of fresh meat in the house more'n once durin' the whole week.

"That's often enough," replied her husband, helping himself plentifully to the steak; "poor folks oughtn't to ask fer no more."

"Poor unfortunat Timothy," repeated, his wife, and Jehail Dobson shook his head and echoed the sentiment.

Now the harvest had been gathered, and so one Saturday night Timothy Smith received his last six dollars for his hard week's labor.

Mr. Dobson nervously figured the crisp bills in his wallet upon that occasion and reflectively withdrew double the usual amount.

The light of hope gleamed in Timothy's eyes for a second, but died out almost immediately, for Mr. Dobson's hesitation was soon over. The wallet was soon replaced, and Timothy turned away with the usual pittance.

"It's according to the bargain," muttered Mr. Dobson; "it's all he asked, and it would be settin' a bad example to pay more than that, accordin' to my notions." Still he was not his usual self at supper that night, and something in his wife's eyes made him think she was internally repeating:

"To him that hath shall be given, etc."

The next Sabbath morning found him in his usual place at church.

Meeting had begun, however, before his wife entered and took her seat beside him, for the chores had been heavy, and the vegetables had to be prepared for dinner, and it was with a weary sigh that she hurriedly made her toilet that morning, casting a longing eye, as she did so, upon the comfortable lounge, on which she was half inclined to seek the needed rest and repose, foregoing the church altogether.

"But Jehail wouldn't like it," she thought, and after all she might have a grain of comfort in the sermon, so in her old fashioned bonnet and shawl the little pale woman took her place beside her husband on that memorable September morning.

The minister arose, and Mr. Dobson fixed himself as comfortable as the un-cushioned pew would allow, with an eye to a possible nap, should the sermon prove dull and uninteresting.

"That both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together."

Mr. Dobson settled his spectacles upon his nose and surveyed the speaker with much satisfaction.

"A good text," he resolved in his mind, "and very appropriate to the season," remembering with some pride his well-filled barn and other fruit of his reaping.

But as the sermon proceeded, Mr. Dobson grew restless and his eyes furtively sought his wife's face.

There were signs of rejoicing there and as she turned her patient eyes upon him he noted their expression of weariness and resignation for the first time.

He fell into a study from which he was awakened by the earnest voice of the speaker.

"The laborer is worthy of his hire." Then followed burning words in which he denounced the so-called followers of Christ, men had enough to take advantage of a brother's necessities, reaping where another hath sown, except the best brain or muscle giving but a pittance, sometimes nothing in return.

Timothy's face, as it looked when he received his last week's wages, arose before Mr. Dobson and made him uneasy.

"He that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much," quoted the speaker, and Mr. Dobson fancied his gaze was fixed upon him as he pictured the laborer's home, so often devoid of cheer, barren of comfort, but little for the present no hope for the future.

"That both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together."

Jehail Dobson sought the face of Timothy Smith in the far corner.

No sign of rejoicing there; only dull despair, hopeless apathy. He raised his eyes and met Mr. Dobson's gaze. The latter's eyes fell and a flush arose to his brow.

Timothy smiled faintly.

"He is judging me," thought Mr. Dobson, "as I am judging myself."

How that text followed him during the remainder of the day. It danced before his eyes when he tried to read, it burnt into his brain when he tried to sleep; do what he would it was ever before him in flaming letters.

"I notice Timothy Smith's wife ain't ben to church for a month or more," he said, breaking a long silence at tea that evening.

"No wonder," replied Mrs. Dobson, "seein' as how she has no shoes fit to go out in."

"Who told you that?" nervously inquired Jehail.

"Why, herself the other day when she came over to borrow mine. She was bare-foot and hed to go to town for medicine for the youngest child, what is sick with the fever."

Mr. Dobson's tea must have been very hot, for when he replaced the cup from which he was drinking tears stood in his eyes.

Then he looked at his wife and asked tremulously:—

"Mary Ann, do you reckon I'm an honest man?"

Why, Jehail!" she gasped, "Whatever

"Would you call a robber honest?" he interrupted.

"Why, who ever—"

"He that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much," quoted Mr. Dobson raising, for I hev took that what did not belong to me."

"Jehail! Jehail! are you mad?" cried his wife aghast.

"No, Mary Ann," he answered, stooping to kiss her wrinkled brow, "I'm just beginning to be sane. I hev my eyes open at least to find I have been robbing my wife as well as my neighbor. You have helped me to sow, wife, without any reason to rejoice over the reapin'."

"Oh, Jehail!" she sobbed, "you've been thinkin' of that tex', ain't you? I'm rejoicin' now," she added, wiping her streaming eyes, "and feel as if I hed received a blessin'."

"So do I," replied Mr. Dobson, solemnly, as he left the room.

Early the next morning found him at Timothy Smith's door.

"I've come to pay what I owe you," said he, bringing forth a well filled wallet.

"Why—I didn't know you owed me nothin', Mr. Dobson," stammered Timothy.

"No more did I," said that gentleman with a queer smile, "till yesterday. The text showed me how much I owed you, Timothy. There," he added, placing in the astonished man's hand a roll of bills, "you'll find the real value of the field, and the extra fifty a day what I filched from you all summer," and overcome by the poor fellow's burst of happy tears, Mr. Dobson, to hide his own humid eyes, hurried from the spot.

"Why," exclaimed one of the neighbors to another, "whatever has come over Mrs. Dobson, I wonder? I dropped in there yesterday and ef she war'n't a settin' into the porch all dressed in a fresh muslin, and she never said she was tukered out wunst, not wunst, and there was a gal in the kitchen, and a new boy hired to help around and goodness knows what else."

"You must have dropped into a fortin' Mrs. Dobson," says I, as soon as ever I could get my breath from astonishment.

"Yes," says she, smilin' real sweet, we found it in the bible last Sunday."

TO EDITOR QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE.

Dear Sir: Many years ago John Jackson, (father of John A. Jackson) of Olinville, had an adventure with a Mr. Bruin. Bruin was a noted "Sheep Thief." And although a dumb brute, he was endowed with that something called "instinct," whereby he was able to shun being brought in close contact with man, without it was by mistake.

Mistakes will happen. Even a Bear may get in trouble. The sheep may be saved and their destroyer slain, such was the result in this memorable event. Mr. Bruin slowly wended his way through the "Bear Field" unconscious of the fact that the eagle eye of Jackson had located his situation. With gun in hand John started in pursuit nor was it long until Messrs James Derrah and George Lowery joined in the chase. They, seeming to realize that "Work is the birthright of the human race" hurried on. Coming near their victim Jackson discharged the gun, the contents of which found lodgement in his coat of fur but without any serious effect.

The gun was now loaded, but instead of coarse shot or bullets, buttons from the vest of Mr. Jackson was used. To this charge a nail was added. This time they were more successful, having embedded the buttons and nail in the side of Mr. Bruin. Blood ran freely. The bear got weak. His strength gave way, and he laid down upon a knoll to rest. There his pursuers overtook him. And after cutting a stick of quite a size with a large jackknife, Jackson and Derrah proceeded to dash his brain out, while Lowery was gone for an axe. But the bear placed his head under an old stump and quietly bid defiance to their cruel purpose.

The time grew more exciting. Bruin watched his chance, and, quick as flash, seized Derrah by the hand. Jackson rushed to his assistance, and catching the bear by the ears endeavored to pull him over and pluck one eye out with his knife. Just then Bruin make a fierce struggle and succeeded in twice catching Mr. Jackson by the leg, each time lacerating the flesh to a considerable depth. At this time it looked as if the wild animal would be the conqueror but the opportune arrival of Mr. Lowery with his axe gave them a fresh impulse and added new zeal to their flagging spirits. A severe blow with the back of the axe did not seem to have the required result therefore in the twinkling of a moment Mr. Jackson plunged the blade of the axe in the neck of his adversary. The struggle was ended. The bear skinned. Their mission seemed accomplished when the 400 lb. carcass had been weighed. Their heroism was great.

X.

Hamilton Mountain.

Ink Blots on Paper.

To remove ink stains from paper pour enough water over a teaspoonful of chlorinated lime to cover the stained portion. Moisten a clean piece of linen and rub it lightly with the moisture. If the stain is not of too long standing, it will disappear. If more than one application is required, let the paper dry before wetting the second or third time. If the spot is rubbed, the texture of the paper will be spoiled. Dry in gently with a piece of dry linen.

COOK'S SURE COUGH CURE.

Sunflowers in the Poultry Yard.

The large Russian sunflowers can be made useful as well as ornamental by planting them in chicken yards. There are many yards where a little more shade would be appreciated by the hens at the time the plants would be at their best if started early in pots or boxes and transplanted in the yard in clumps of three and four and protected when small by a piece of wire netting. The hens will do the fertilizing and cultivating, and do it well, too. After the seeds have ripened in the fall and the plants are no longer needed for shade, cut down now and then one and see how the fowls will enjoy the seeds. They are one of the best foods for laying hens.

Coldwater—My friend, I wote as I pray.

Bibber (on the front seat)—Deacon, confeshun's good fr the soul! Tell us now wuther you vote early'n offen, or wuther you pray only once er year.

Grooming Farm Horses.

Farm horses in summer usually show the effects of neglected grooming more than the lack of grain feeding. It is true if the horse has his run in the fields, as we think every horse should do some time every summer, he will partly groom himself by either rolling on wet grass or on plowed ground. Though this does not improve the horse's looks, it cleanses the skin, and if the brush and curry comb are used after, the animal will show his appreciation of the service that is being done to him.

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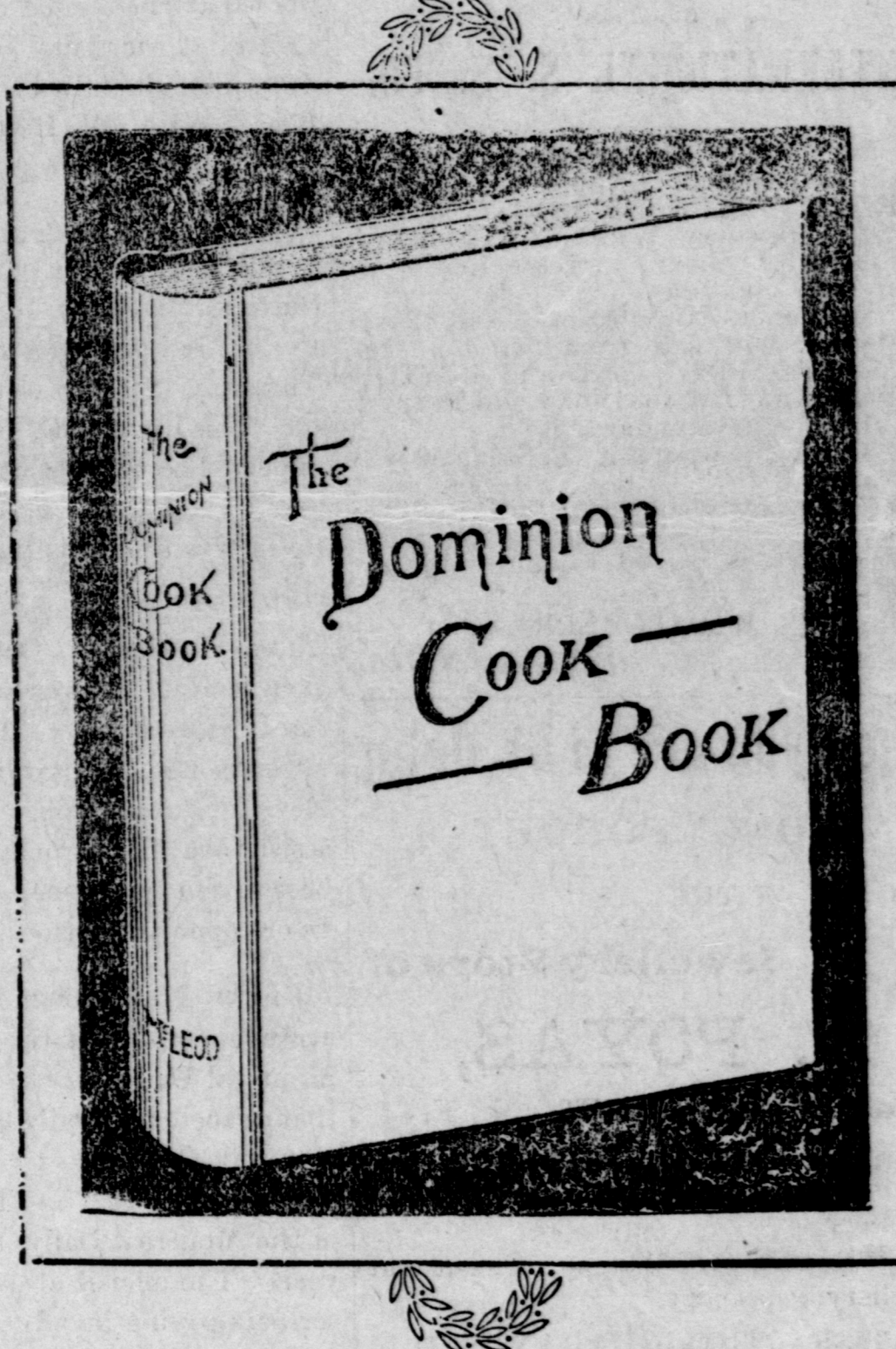
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