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#### WINTER WHEAT.

"Much bread is growing in the winter's night." -Swedish Proverb.

Since all the wheat is hidden by the snow, Its greenness is no more a sweet surprise, Nor shall we see again the young blades rise, And wave with every wind's breath to and fro. How cruel is the fate that wills it so! And crueler still the wintry blight that lies On lovely lips and innocent dear eyes

That death has stricken. How can we forego Our passionate outcrying? Wrong, oh, wrong To break the bud before its perfect flower, To stop the music in the middle song, And bring the dark in morning's happy hour What recompense, O bitter Life, in thee

But wait till time is ripe; a vernal air Across the world of ice blows warm and

Whose Discord so outrages Harmony?

The snow-wreaths melt; and lo! the tender

wheat. Alive, unhurt, upspringing everywhere! All through the bitter winter's blank despair, Through the wild days of tossing hail and

And frozen nights whose glittering stars re-The changeless truth of God's eternal care,

Its life was growing! Restless soul, be still, And brood upon the meaning of these things, And beat no more with madly fluttering wings

Against the steadfast, omnipresent will: "Much bread is growing in the winter's

And outer darkness yields the inner light.

—Mary Bradley, in Harper's Weekly.

#### THE FAMILY JEWELS.

Playing for High Stakes and Winning an Old Maid.

It was a clear, still evening in October. There had been a frost the night before, and Miss Myra Gaynor had left her housework to take care of itself since noon, while she had gone nutting on Bald Mount-

"Chestnuts bring a good price in the market," said she, "and between the boys appeared with the cackling prey in safe and the squirrels, there ain't much chance, unless you get an early start.'

Miss Gaynor was a sharp-faced, elderly ling," said Gabriel, spasmodically. woman, whose mouth and chin were in close neighborhood, and who was the byword of the whole town for her parsimony. With her lived her nephew Gabriel, a gaunt, "oldyoung" man of thirty, and Judge Dynevor had been heard to declare that if Miss Myra and her nephew Gabriel were, by some foot to the other as he stood holding the matutinal mistake, to assume each other's clothes some day, no one would be able to tell them apart.

The Gaynor kitchen was painfully neat, but there was not one superfluous article of turniture to be seen. The tea-kettle the last," said Gabriel, composedly, was small, and sang an insignificant song over the handful of coals in the stoveeven the cat sat before a mousehole in the corner with green eyes of famished eager-

"What with pigs to fat, and fowls to keep n good laying order," said Miss Myra, "there ain't nothing to spare for the cat. If she don't want to starve, let her catch

As she put the last of the brown, shining nut into the basket, and closed down the her. lid with a sigh of satisfaction, the door opened, and in walked Gabriel.

"Ain't supper ready?" said he, looking about rather blankly.

"Well, I wasn't calculating to give ye no regular supper to-night," said Aunt Myra. "The kettle's a bilin, and there's some ryebread and a hunk o' cold pork on the buttery shelf. We'd oughter get the wagon packed with garden truck to-night, so's to lose no time to-morrow mornin'. If Deacon Eyebright gets his chestnuts to the grocery stores before we get our'n, there'll be a clean loss of ten cents a bushel."

"That 'ud never do." said Gabriel. "But, Aunt Myra, I was thinkin' some o' goin' over to Fetherbee's to-night, arter we'd got the

wagon ready."
"To Fetherbee's! What for?" said Aunt Myra, raising her thin voice to a sort of screech. "I haint no sort of idee o' that gigglin', black eyed Mary Fetherbee, brung up in a family where they use white sugar in their tea and think a rag carpet ain't genteel

enough for their parlor." "Sh-sh-sh!" soothed Gabriel. "You don't axe ground over to Smith's to-night, when I

understand, Aunt Myra. I was gettin' my heerd suthin." "Heerd what?"

"Jest hold on a minnit till I tell ye. George Fetherbee was in the store, talkin' sort o' confidential to old Smith. But I could hear real plain through a big crack in the board sidin', for all the noise the grin'stone made, for my ear was just agin the wall. And says George: 'The jewels is comin' next month.' And says old Smith: 'Them jewels is goin' to be an awful responsibility!' And says George: 'You bet!' says he. And Smith he asks, up and down: 'Is it settled that they belong to you?' And says George Fetherbee, says he: 'That's about it!' And just then little Sambo stopped grindin', so I

"Jewels, eh?" said Aunt Myra, whose small, faded eyes had glowed into phosphorescent luster. "What kind o' jewels, now, I wonder! And how much be they worth?"

"Well, you know," said Gabriel, "there was a lawsuit, years ago, in the Featherbee family about a trunk o' valooables as was sent from Uncle Theodorus Fetherbee, out West, and got lost in the Adams Express robbery. Nobody knowed exactly what it was, but it was sort o' reckoned to be diamonds and nuggets, and emeralds, and sich."

"Land o' Goshen!" said Aunt Myra. "I did hear somethin' about it at the time. I remember it now, but I s'posed it was only | ing. neighborhood talk. I see it all! You are a sensible fellow, Gabe, and I've suspicioned all along that Mary Fetherbee was partial to you, and I don't think you can do betterthan to go, right down there and propose to her, before any of the other fellows

"I thought you'd approve of it," said Mr.

Gaynor, complacently. "And," added Miss Myra, "I'll pack the wagon myself. There ain't no sort of occasion for you to waste time foolin' with the parsnips, and the pound sweets, and the chestnuts. Why, Mary Fetherbee'll be a full-blown heiress, as sure as the world. Jewels! Well, I do declare!"

Gabriel Gaynor tied on his best navy blue

love's errand.

It was not a long walk across the fields, although by the high road it was a good mile Resuscitation After Apparent Suspension and a half between the Gaynor farm and Mrs. Fetherbee's white house. George Feth-

"Mary in, eh?" said Gabriel, somewhat awkwardly.

ing his work by the light of the hall lamp says a writer in the Medical News: "Engaged!"

George chuckled "Yes, said he. "Engaged talkin' to Squire Dolly's son Isaac. It's been a sort of understood thing between 'em this long time. And to-night he asked her, up and down, if she'd marry him; and I guess she didn't say no.' Gabriel took out his pocket-handkerchief

and wiped the cold sweat off his forehead. So he was too late! Just then Miss Joanna Fetherbee came

around the corner of the house like a whirlwind-a tall, spare female, a dead match for his own Aunt Myra. "George Fetherbee!" said she, "I'm

astonished at you! Sittin' idlin' here, when you promised to catch them two red chintz roosters when the fowls was gone to roost, so I could get their necks wrung be-She stopped short at the apparition of

Gabriel Gaynor. Gabriel eyed her thoughtfully. She was a half-sister of George, the child of old Deacon Fetherbee's first wife. She was neither young nor beautiful, and her temper was well known in the neighborhood; but she was a Fetherbee, and as such joint heir to the jewels with pretty Mary. Gabriel remembered all this, and promptly stepped into the breach.

"I'll catch them chintz-colored roosters for you, Miss Joanna," said he, gallantly. 'I'm always pleased to be of service to the ladies.'

And so this middle-aged Cupid and Psyche disappeared into the hen-house, with a candle; and after an absence that appeared perfectly unaccountable to George, who still sat there polishing off the gate-pin, recustody. "Let me wring their necks for you, dar-

"Oh, never mind, dear," chirped Joanna;

but she rushed off to her own room, nevertheless, nearly upsetting Mrs. Fetherbee on the stairs. 'Eh?" said George.

"Yes," said Gabriel, changing from one basket of chickens, "she's promised to be Mrs. Gabe Gaynor."

"Aint this rather sudden?" said George, staring with all his eyes. "Such things always happen sudden at

"Won't you make ruther an elderly pair o' turtle-doves?" said the audacious George. "That aint nobody's business but our own," said Gabriel. "Jest fetch me an axe, George, there's a good fellow. I 'low it's easier to chop off these fowls' heads than to wring their necks."

Mrs. Fetherbee smiled when she heard the news. "I'm not sorry," said she. "Joanna has always been a trial in the family, but there seemed no way of getting rid of

"Gabe Gaynor must be an all-fired fool," observed George Fetherbee. "Why, she's forty, if she's a day! And her tongue-" "Hush, my son," said the gentle materfamilias. "It's all for the best!"

Desirous though Gabriel was to learn the story of the family inheritance, he judged it best to ask no questions at present. "I don't want 'em to think I'm marryn'

into the family just for that," said he. "Joanna thinks I'm desperately in love with "Let her think so," said Aunt Myra, s ly nodding her head. "We're playing for high stakes; that's what we're doin', you

and me, Gabe! Don't let's run any risks.' It was the day before the wedding. Gabriel Gaynor was sitting before the fire trying to think of something to say to his flancee, when George Fetherbee came in.

"Well, said he, "they'll be here to-night."

"Who?" said Gabriel. "Why, the Jewels."

Gabriel pricked up his ears. 1-

"Eh?" said he. "How are they coming? By express? Is that quite safe, do you

"By express?" echoed George. Why should they come by express! They \$1.40 a pound and had the lid stenciled "oleoare coming in the cars, like other folks."

Leah, and Jane, and Eliza and little Reu-

"I-don't-think-I-understand-you," said Gabriel, slowly. "I s'posed they were ald. family jewels."

"So they be. Father's cousins." "Folks ?"

"Why, yes. Did you think they were Uncle Peter Jewel's death, and mother it a trial at least." thinks we can manage to make a home for them here. They're very nice, clever peo- preath away. Finally she broke forth: ple, and the children will be very helpful about the place."

Gabriel Gaynor's lower jaw dropped. this was the end of the Family Jewels! And don't propose to fly in the face of Provihis heart sank within him as, at that very dence in that way. instant, he heard Joanna's shrill voice upraised in the kitchen beyond.

"She was going to be a Family Jewell,

do? He married her, and a very busy, bust- take. ling wife she made him. But when, one day, he ventured to ask George Fetherbee svery bit as good as Orange County butter. about the real treasures, he burst out laugh- Try it.'

"That old trunk of Uncle Theodorus'?" said he. "There wasn't a thing in it but pawn tickets and old clothes. If ever he had any jewels, he'd gambled 'em away out try a little. West. But it's my opinion he never had none."

And so ended Gabriel Gaynor's radiant anticipations.-Amy Randolph, in N. Y.

"No," said an old maid, "I don't miss a husband very much. I have trained my dog to growl every time I feed him, and I have bought a tailor's dummy that I can scold like it."

He Paid for the Ear-Drop. -

A young lady employed at a hotel in Dixsilk cravat, bought cheap, because of a flaw mont, Me., one day carelessly left her earin the stitching, ornamented his pale tow- drop in the sauce dish. A young man who colored hair with tallow, and set forth on dined there swallowed one of the ear-drops with his sauce. It so happened that this Mary Fetherhee was a village belle, with winter the aforesaid young man pressed her dimples, her red cheeks, and her black hay for the father of the aforesaid young eyes, and Gabriel was not altogether blind woman. When they settled the young man to these attractions, yet if she had been was handed an envelope containing his pay. Hecate herself he would have married her, In the envelope was a bill for three dollars if the money part of the question had been for the ear-drop he had swallowed, and money accounted to make the account good. RESCUEL FROM DEATH.

of All Animal Functions.

erbee himself sat on the doorstep, whittling this class of cases is one which occurred in the practice of the late erudite and philosophic dean of the Long Island College Hos-"Yes, she's in," said George, contemplat- pital, Prof. Samuel G. Armor. I record it. as I had it more than once from his own hips,

> The patient was a well-to-do man, with wife and children. He had purchased a vain-relieving remedy of a traveling quack. Its basis was canabis Indica, or Indian hemp. He swallowed an overdose, taking it in drachms instead of drops. In time he developed all the symptoms of narcotic poisoning. In spite of all efforts on the part of the attending physician he died. The grief-stricken wife and children wept at the bedside of the dead man. \* \* \* all left the death-chamber except Dr. Armor and a negroattendant. Looking out of a window the doctor mused for some time over the sad fate of his friend and benefactor, for such he had been, and came to the philosophical and scientific conclusion that his friend was somatically (functionally) dead, to be sure, but that cellular life was still active, for the room was warm. He thought that if the respiratory and circulatory functions could be maintained by external influences until enough of the poison had been eliminated by the cellular activity the patient might still survive. Dr. Armor stated to me that if required he would solemnly swear that the shortest possible time that could have elapsed from the time death was declared until he concluded to make efforts at resuscitation "was at least one hour." In this estimate he allowed for all the circumstances that might cause time to be overestimated, and felt certain in his own mind that he had fixed the time at less than it had actually been.

Bottles of hot water were applied to the limbs; hot water, pepper and whisky were injected into the bowels and the same poured into the stomach. Artificial respiration was begun. When the doctor tired the negro relieved him, and so they alternated. Occasionally the stethoscope was employed to detect a possible heart-flutter. All was of no avail. After two hours' effort the body continued lifeless; hope had fled. The negro continued, however, while the doctor rested. The desire to save his friend, if possible, and the scientific aspect of the question that had been raised caused a renewed attempt; more injections were given and more hot bottles were applied.

More than three hours had elapsed and again was the attempt abandoned, and once more vigorously made. After nearly four hours of hard work, and when about to desist for the third time, Dr. Armor thought he detected a slight movement of the lips. Soon again he was positive he saw it. Again he noticed it after a long interval, and was certain of returning life. The stethoscope discovered an occasional light, muffled sound over the heart. More injections were given and efforts at artificial respiration were redoubled. At last the gasp became pronounced the heart beats more frequent the respiration deeper and more regular, until eventually respiration and circulation were established, but at a slow rate. Consciousness was not regained for hours, but eventually returned.

Dr. Armor's description of his own feelings and those of the family and the negro at the time may be better imagined than described. The patient was alive and well over a score of years afterward; in fact he was alive and well but a few years ago, and prominently known and interested in New England banking and financial circles.

#### OLEO VERSUS BUTTER.

An Unparalleled and Inexcusable Case of Husbandly Villainy.

Mrs. Blank is a mode! nousewife. She spends a portion of each day in personal supervision of the domestic arrangements of the household. She directs the purchases made for the family larder and only the choicest viands will be accepted. On one point Mrs. Blank is particularly positive. It is, says the Chicago Tribune, the selection of butter.

Nothing but the choicest Orange County product is allowed on the table. She has often said that "if there was one thing she was posted on it was butter."

Her husband was skeptical, and resolved to test his wife's judgment. So he purchased a firkin of the choicest New York butter at margarine." Then the wily man had the word partially erased as if the merchant had "The Jewels. Let me see. There's Aunt | sought to conceal the true nature of the tub's contents. The tub was sent home. When he went to dinner he was confronted by Mrs. Blank as soon as he had crossed the thresh-

"John," said she, in a severe tone, "are you out of your head? What do you mean by sending that horrid stuff home?"

"Why, my dear, I am assured that it is cattle?" retorted George Fetherbee, laugh- clean, and a good deal better than half the ing. "They've been left unprovided for, by butter we get. So I thought we might give

This reply nearly took the good lady's

"And do you think I am going to eat that stuff Why the moment I casted it I felt So sick. If you want to eat it you may, but I

Before her husband came down to dinner he let his daughter and son into the secret.-At the table some of the "o leo" was set be fore the master of the house. He ate freely But he married her. What else could he of it and finally induced his children to par-

"Why, mamma," said the daughter, "it's

"No, I thank you," was the freezing re-The son joined his sister in praise of the "oleo," and finally Mrs. -- was induced to

"And you folks cal! this vile stuff good; Why, it fairly chokes me." The next day Mr. - went to his wife and said that he would send the stuff back

and return in its place some of the usual goods. Then he went down-town, bought a tub of oleomargarine and had it marked "Orange County butter." This was sent home, and at dinner Mrs. —— discussed at length, the virtues of the new "butter." She ate with relish, and it was two days before Mr. -- told of his villainy. Then there was a pretty how d'ye do.

#### How to Buy a Safe. They tell of a judge in Bennington, Vt.;

own particular safe that the judge was quite at a loss to decide which to buy. In quite at a loss to decide which to buy. In a happy moment he thought of Burglar Price, whom he had himself sentenced, and going to the jail, he obtained this expert safe-breaker's opinion, and then gave the for a Calendar.

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begins on the 29th of August next, and the 2nd term on the 2nd of January, 1890.

For further particulars address the President

Sackville, Aug. 10, 1889.