

## Sunday Reading.

### FAREWELL TO THE DOBSONS.

In every community, no matter how democratic, one family at least, is considered beneath the social level. Their lower rank does not come from any difference of wealth, intellect or morality, but is due, almost entirely, to the general shiftlessness of the neglected family. Often the judgment of the neighborhood is just, but it is not always so.

Mrs. Dobson once said bitterly, "How do they know? We never had any chance here in Nebraska. We were as good as the best where we come from, and I'm sure I've worked hard enough to be somebody; but what can a woman do with seven children, and a man as lazy as the Platte River?"

Mr. Dobson looked up with a good-natured grin, but said nothing. Apparently, he took no more notice of his wife, who went off to spread her meagre washing on the gum weeds. He tilted his rude chair back against the trunk of a giant cotton-wood, and looked over the landscape with lazy enjoyment. From his position, he could see down long vistas of dark, shining, blue green corn-stalks and beyond the Platte.

"Meanest, dirtiest, water I ever saw," he thought dubiously. "Taint no good to anybody. Don't fetch down any mill power; can't tope any trade boats; isn't ever two days alike it's so shift and sneaking. 'As lazy as a Platte.' Well! well!"

He sighed, and glanced sheepishly at his wife, who was shaking out the last tattered garment of the washing. He watched her uneasily a moment, and then his eyes wandered vaguely to the far-off purple bluffs across the river; but what he saw was a distance of years instead of miles.

"Abner," called his wife, plaintively, "just look at me. I reckon Mrs. Barnard hasn't got any such sand-burs as we have. She don't get pricked to pieces when she goes to spread her washing. I do wish you'd—but she stopped hopelessly."

Mrs. Barnard don't have to spread her washing," corrected Abner, doggedly; "she's got yards and yards of clothes-line and pins and baskets and a machine."

Melvina Dobson glanced at her husband anxiously. Never before had he seemed uneasy or envious. "I reckon Mrs. Barnard has her drawbacks," she admitted, generously.

"Yes," answered her husband, moodily, "and Barnard aint no more willing than I'd be if I was him. His paw left him money, and mine didn't. I know one thing, though, if I was Barnard, Mrs. Barnard wouldn't wash, if she did have a machine. I'd sell the pigs first."

Melvina looked at him gratefully. "I know it, Abner," she answered soothingly, "you always have been good to me. If there aint money enough for both, you always want me to have it. I reckon taint your fault that we are so poor; I don't care for myself but the children."

She broke off suddenly, and went to get the scanty dinner. Abner took down his rusty hoe, and passed reluctantly into the neglected potato patch.

He was working with great deliberation when his half grown daughter passed, without speaking.

"Sallie," he called.

The girl seemed not to hear him. She held her head with an air of offended dignity, and looked neither to the right or to the left. A second call from her father brought her to a defiant pause.

"I say," he called lazily, "what ails you? Have I done anything?"

"Reckon not," she answered, sullenly.

"And your maw don't seem natural. Is she ailing?"

The girl looked at him full in the face and her eyes were not pleasant. "O maw," she answered, sharply, "why, maw is kind of worn out with church socials and things, maw is. It's most made her sick, sewing on her new silk dress, and doing up her hair. And now there's the party at Sansen's."

"Sansen's?"

"Yes, when they move into the new house. Everybody has been asked, even Mrs. Jenkins, 'cepting maw. Maw has such fine clothes and is so stuck up, that she wasn't bid."

Abner turned the hoe in his hands, and watched a potato bug travel calmly from one hill to another. Something in his attitude touched the child. Suddenly she lost her look of defiance, and said brokenly:

"Maw couldn't go anyway, she's got nothin' to wear. Her old gray dress turned yellow in the sun years ago. Mrs. Barnard gave me some dye for Easter eggs, and when I heard about Sansen's

Thin in flesh? Perhaps it's natural.

If perfectly well, this is probably the case.

But many are suffering from frequent colds, nervous debility, pallor, and a hundred aches and pains, simply because they are not fleshy enough.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites strengthens the digestion, gives new force to the nerves, and makes rich, red blood. It is a food in itself.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists.  
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

party, I thought I'd color maw's dress and have it ready."

A tragic silence followed. Abner looked up questioningly.

"She can't wear it no more," answered the girl, unsteadily; "it turned brown and green, and went all spotted and speckled."

For a minute the silence was heavy; then Abner said gently, "Never mind, Sallie; I'm real proud of you for trying. Now you run along and help your maw. You're a good girl, Sallie."

The child went back to the shabby sod house with smiling eyes, and left her father to his own devices. From the force of long habit he sat down to cultivate his thoughts, while the bugs and the weeds waxed strong among the potatoes. What he thought to-day was something new and strange, and not agreeable. Often his mind reverted to the coming party.

When the company finally assembled at the Sansen's they repaid Abner Dobson for his speculations by freely and frankly discussing him and his.

"Oh, folks like the Dobsons don't care," insisted Mrs. Sansen; "they could get ahead if they wanted to. Sansen and me didn't have anything but a mortgage when we started, and now look at the farm and its improvements."

"The rest of us aint far behind," laughed Mrs. Early. "Only fourteen years ago we drove into the state with a span of horses a wagon-load of furniture, and two dollars."

"We are all better off," suggested somebody else, "than our folks that we left behind."

"Except the Dobsons," corrected Mrs. Sansen.

"Why are they so far behind?" asked Mrs. Barnard, in the tone of a newcomer. "Weren't they early settlers?"

"Of course they were," answered Mrs. Sansen, "but they didn't use their chances. They were too shiftless for anything."

A little faded woman in rusty black, whom Sallie Dobson had spoken of as, "even Mrs. Jenkins," looked up with keen protest in her eyes.

Mrs. Early saw the glance, and hastened to smooth things over by saying, "Maybe the Dobsons haven't used judgment, but they did work better before they got so discouraged. While the rest of us were getting a start, they had more than their share of sickness and death and accidents to their property."

"You needn't worry about that," broke in Mrs. Jenkins, they are going back to the mountains. Mrs. Dobson told me that they were tired of being lonesome."

A sudden uneasy hush fell on the little company, followed by a confused demand for further information.

Mrs. Barnard sat listening to the talk, which had drifted back to the days before she lived in the neighborhood. When a pause finally occurred in the conversation, she turned to her companions and asked, brightly, "Why can't we give the Dobsons a farewell party? I am sure it would please them; and whatever we saw fit to give would seem prompted by friendship rather than charity."

The women looked at each other in keen surprise, but before any one could protest, Mrs. Barnard spoke again: "I was think-

inn how much Mr. Dobson needed another horse, since one of his span died. I am going to give him my old Bess. She is homely and rather mean, but she can work. Mr. Barnard said yesterday that we had too many horses."

"I can't do anything so handsome," exclaimed Mrs. Jenkins, "but I can give a quilt or two."

"And I some canned fruit, and a ham or so," added Mrs. Early.

The enthusiasm spread, and amid a confusion of tongues, the list of donations grew and grew.

"Suppose you stop on the way home, Mrs. Barnard," suggested some one, "and tell them about the party. I'm afraid they wouldn't be tidy enough to enjoy a surprise."

So when the party dispersed, Mrs. Barnard delivered the neighborhood message, and passed on with a smile of satisfaction.

From that time forth a new life dawned on the Dobsons. Their lamp was the last in the valley to go out at night, and the first to be lighted in the morning. The whole family seemed possessed with a fever and hurry of joyous excitement.

"Got to have everything slick and mended," admonished Abner; "can't go off leaving things shiftless like."

When the eventful day of the party finally arrived, everything was in perfect order. Two hours before the earliest guest could be expected, Mrs. Dobson went to the door in her fresh, new calico, and looked about anxiously.

"They will be along now pretty soon," she announced, excitedly; "you haven't forgot your piece, have you, Abner?"

"I reckon not," he answered, thoughtfully as he flicked a straw from his new overalls; "it begins—'Fellow neighbors.'"

"Oh, never mind about sayin' it now, paw," she interrupted, "I reckon you will get through when the time comes."

But Abner was not so certain. He repeated it over and over again. Even during the arrival of the people, he could not escape its haunting phrases. He forgot it only when he went to see the unexpected gifts from his neighbors. Then his vision suddenly grew dim, and his mind confused.

He wandered back to the end of the house which the men had appropriated. After a moment he drew himself erect, and began in a loud, artificial tone: "Fellow neighbors—"

The unusual address attracted the notice of those nearest. A wave of silence passed on to the women's edge of the company.

"Feller neighbors," he began again, "me and Mrs. Dobson feel to thank you for this here unexpected notice. Maybe we-uns aint been any credit to you-all before, but after this we're going to be."

He cleared his throat, while the people looked at each other questioningly. His gite prompted him quickly. "Mrs. Dobson and me—" she whispered.

"Mrs. Dobson and me," he repeated, "got lonesome, and thought we'd better go back to our kin. But lately you all have showed we-uns that there is kin nearer than them of blood. They didn't give us no farewell party. You-all have been mighty good; Mrs. Dobson and me know that there aint no other such neighborhood on earth. So we aint going to the mountains."

A gasp of astonishment, almost of consternation, escaped the company.

"We aint going," he concluded; "we-uns are going to stay right here and act like white folks. That's all, fellow neighbors. He sat down in silence and confusion."

The neighbors were startled, but they had undertaken to make this party a success; to a man, they arose to meet the new occasion. For the first time they made the Dobsons welcome.

After the party was over, when the last wagons were separating. Mrs. Sansen said, "I'm glad we did it, anyhow. It's just made people of them Dobsons. Him and Billy come over and cut all them Canada thistles we blamed them for."

"And mended our barbed wire fence," added Mrs. Early, "and fixed Mrs. Jenkins's plow."

"Say, Mrs. Barnard," laughed some one "your party was a big fizzle as a good-by."

## Walter Baker & Co., Limited.

Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.  
The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of

### PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocoas and Chocolates

on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufactures. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.

CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

## PURE BLOODED HORSES.

Your horse will look twice as well, feel twice as well, do twice as much work, sell for twice as much money, if you tone him up with ---

DR. HARVEY'S CONDITION POWDERS

No other condition powder gives the results that this old tried remedy does. If your dealer does not sell it, we will send you a full size package, as sample postpaid, for price 25cts.

HARVEY MEDICINE CO., 424 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

## Free BIGGEST OFFER YET Free

EVERY FARMER WANTS

The Celebrated and Popular work, Entitled

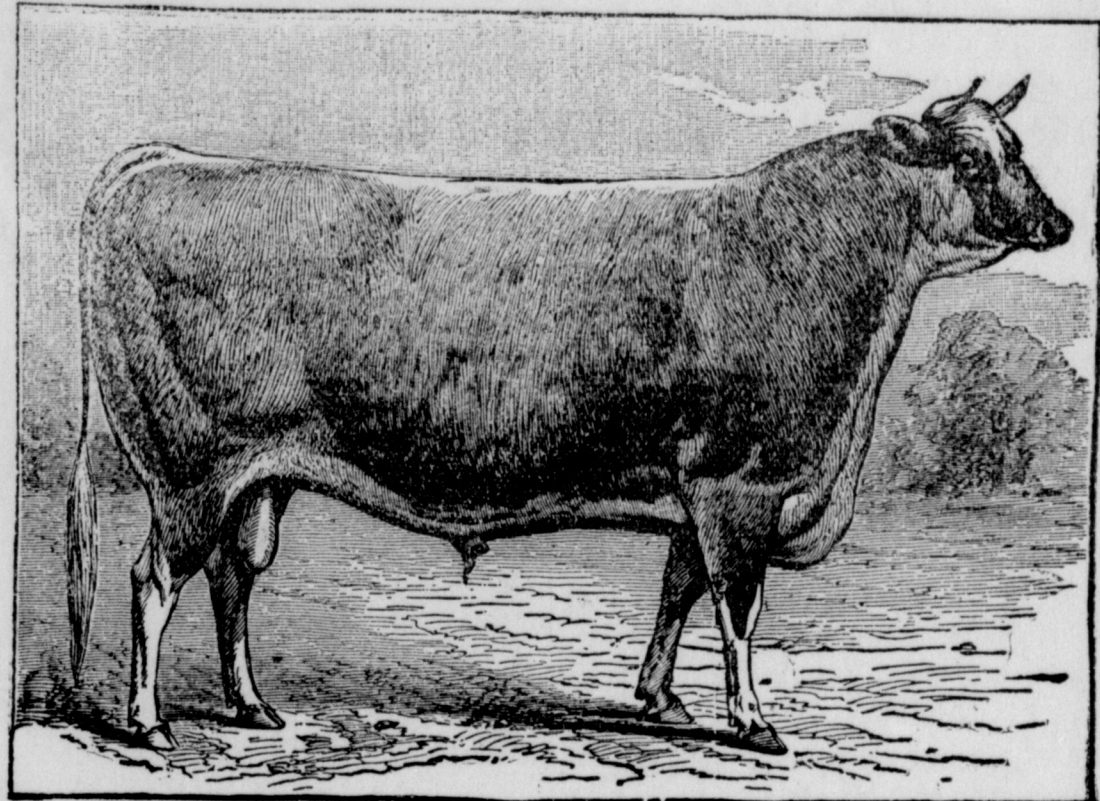
## Manning's Illustrated Book

ON

Cattle, Sheep and Swine.

300,000 Sold at \$3.00 per Copy

READ OUR GREAT OFFER.



This great work gives all the information concerning the various breeds and their Characteristics, Breaking, Training, Sheltering, Buying, Selling, Profitable Use, and General Care; embracing all the Diseases to which they are subject—the Cause, How to Know and What to Do given in plain, simple language, but scientifically correct; and with Directions that are Easily Understood, Easily Applied, and Remedies that are within the Reach of the People; giving also the Most Approved and Humane Methods for the Care of Stock, the Prevention of Disease, and Restoration to Health.

Determined to outdo all offers ever yet made, we have secured this celebrated work, the most complete and practical yet produced, heretofore sold at \$3.00 per copy, and offer A Copy Free to every new subscriber to our paper.

Although the price of one year's subscription to the PROGRESS is Only \$2.00 we now offer to send this great work in slightly cheaper binding and for one new yearly subscription to the PROGRESS.

Think Of it? MANNING'S BOOK, Former Price, \$3.00 All for Only \$2.00

The Progress

Send by Postal Order, or Postage Stamps \$2.00

at once and secure this unrivalled and useful premium.

"Perhaps," she answered, softly, "but I think it was a great success as a farewell to the Dobsons. Good night, dear."

The well-satisfied neighbors passed under the quiet stars, which looked down peacefully long after they had vanished, on the lazy, vacillating Platte, and to-day the Dobsons, regenerated by neighborly kindness and made active by sympathy and approval, bear no resemblance to the sluggish, unlovely stream.

### An Acknowledge Fact.

Three years ago there was not a remedy on the market that could prevent corns or cure sweaty, tender, swollen feet. Now thousands of boxes of Foot Elm are being sold, and everyone admits that it is worth its weight in gold. 25c a box; 5 for \$1. P. Stott and Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., or at drug stores.

### An Enormous Sapphire.

The London Times tells of a Ceylon sapphire now in that city, the property of Major Robley, which is not less remarkable for its size than for its translucency and the brilliance of the optical effects it can show. The weight of the gem is 638 karats, and it is of a dark, milky blue color perfectly transparent and flawless. Larger sapphires have been known but they have usually, if not always, been dull and muddy instead of having the clear translucent color of this specimen. But in addition it possesses a property occasionally found in slightly cloudy or milky Ceylon sapphires—and sometimes in other gems, too—which greatly enhances its value in the eyes of believers in the occult powers of precious stones to confer health and good fortune on their wearers. It is a star sapphire, or asteria. That is, being cut en cabochon, it displays a beautiful opalescent star, dividing its six rays at the apex, which changes its position according to the movement of the source of light by which it is viewed. By employing two or three sources of light, two or three of these stars can be simultaneously seen in the

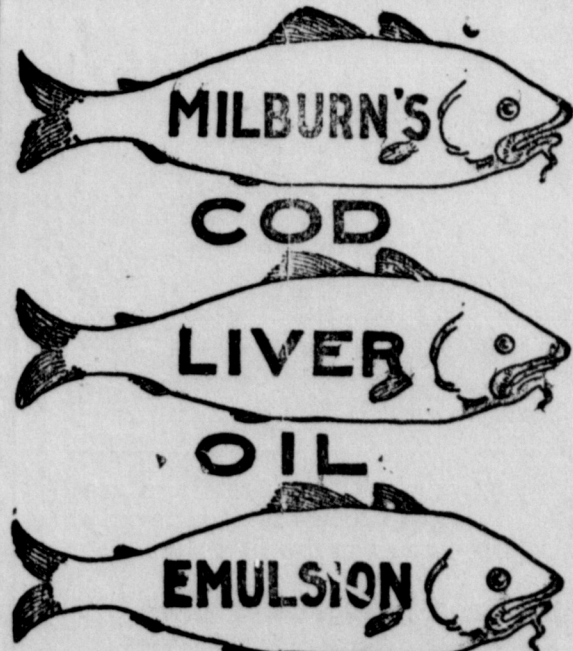
gem. By further cutting it is said that the beauty of this stone could be still more increased, but, of course, at the expense of its size.

### "A Thing of Beauty Is a Joy."

Nervine is a joy also. No remedy in the world equals it. Neuralgia and rheumatism are relieved almost instantly and minor aches and pains are cured by a single application. Nervine is sure to cure.

### Surgeon's Plaster.

Although court plaster is useful in protecting small scratches or abrasions of the skin from harm, it should not be used over any considerable cut or wound in process of healing. These will heal much faster if simply covered with a bit of soft linen, held in place at the ends with strips of surgeon's plaster.—Philseldhis Inquirer.



If you've tried other Emulsions and find they don't agree with you, just get a bottle of MILBURN'S. It is pleasant to take, and won't turn the weakest stomach. It has combined with it Wild Cherry Bark and the Hypophosphites of Lime, Soda, and Manganese, and has wonderful restorative and flesh forming properties. For Bronchitis, Consumption, Scrofula, Rickets and similar diseases it has no equal.

Price 50c. and \$1.00 a bottle at all dealers.