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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 glowing 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 outery? 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
Whose Discord so outrages Harmony?
But wait till time is ripe; a vernal Air
Across the world of ice blows warm and
sweet;
The snow-wreaths melt; and lo! the tender
wheat,
Alive, unhurt, unspringing everywhere!
All through the bitter winter's blank despair,
Through the wild days of tossing hail and
sleet,
And frozen nights whose glittering stars re-
peat
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
night."
And outer darkness yields the inner light.
—Mary Bradley, in Harper's Weekly.

THE FAMILY JEWELS.

Playing for High Stakes and Win-
ning 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 house-
work to take care of itself since noon,
while she had gone nutting on Bald Mount-
ain.

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

Miss Gaynor was a sharp-faced, elderly
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, "old-
young" man of thirty, and Judge Dynevor
had been heard to declare that if Miss Myra
and her nephew Gabriel were, by some
matrimonial 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 furniture to be seen. The tea-kettle
was small, and sang an insignificant song
over the handful of coals in the stove—
even the cat sat before a mousehole in the
corner with green eyes of famished eager-
ness.

"What with pigs to fat, and fowls to keep
in 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
mice."

As she put the last of the brown, shining
nut into the basket, and closed down the
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 rye-
bread and a bunk 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 Ey-
ebright 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
screach. "I haint no sort of idee o' that giv-
glin', 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
understand, Aunt Myra. I was gettin' my
axe ground over to Smith's to-night, when I
heard suthin'."

"Heard 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
didn't hear no more."

"Jewels, eh?" said Aunt Myra, whose
small, faded eyes had glowed into phos-
phorescent 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 Feather-
bee family about a trunk o' valooables as
was sent from Uncle Theodorus Fetherbee,
out West, and got lost in the Adams Ex-
press 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
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 bet-
ter than to go, right down there and pro-
pose to her, before any of the other fellows
cut in."

"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 occa-
sion for you to waste time foolin' with the
parsnips, and the pound sweets, and the
chestnuts. Why, Mary Fetherbee'll be a
full-blown heires, as sure as the world.
Jewels! Well, I do declare!"

Gabriel Gaynor tied on his best navy blue
silk cravat, bought cheap, because of a flaw
in the stitching, ornamented his pale tow-
colored hair with tallow, and set forth on
love's errand.

Mary Fetherbee was a village belle, with
her dimples, her red cheeks, and her black
eyes, and Gabriel was not altogether blind
to these attractions, yet if she had been
Hecate herself he would have married her,
if the money part of the question had been
satisfactory.

It was not a long walk across the fields,
although by the high road it was a good mile
and a half between the Gaynor farm and
Mrs. Fetherbee's white house. George Feth-
erbee himself sat on the doorstep, whittling
a new gate-pin.

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

"Yes, she's in," said George, contemplat-
ing his work by the light of the hall lamp
that swung within. "But she's engaged."

"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 whirl-
wind—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-
fore—"

She stopped short at the apparition of
Gabriel Gaynor. Gabriel eyed her thought-
fully. 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 neigh-
borhood; 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, re-
appeared with the cackling prey in safe
custody.

"Let me wring their necks for you, dar-
ling," said Gabriel, spasmodically.

"Oh, never mind, dear," chirped Joanna;
but she rushed off to her own room, never-
theless, nearly upsetting Mrs. Fetherbee on
the stairs.

"Eh?" said George.
"Yes," said Gabriel, changing from one
foot to the other as he stood holding the
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
the last," said Gabriel, composedly.

"Won't you make rather 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'llow 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. "Jo-
anna has always been a trial in the family,
but there seemed no way of getting rid of
her."

"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 mater-
familias. "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 marryin'
into the family just for that," said he. "Jo-
anna thinks I'm desperately in love with
her!"

"Let her think so," said Aunt Myra, sage-
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. Ga-
briel Gaynor was sitting before the fire try-
ing to think of something to say to his
fiancee, 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.

"Eh?" said he. "How are they coming?"

By express! Is that quite safe, do you
think?"

"By express?" echoed George. "No.
Why should they come by express? They
are coming in the cars, like other folks."

"Who be?"

"The Jewels. Let me see. There's Aunt
Leah, and Jane, and Eliza and little Reu-
ben."

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

"So they be. Father's cousins."

"Folks?"

"Why, yes. Did you think they were
cattle?" retorted George Fetherbee, laugh-
ing. "They've been left unprovided for, by
Uncle Peter Jewel's death, and mother
thinks we can manage to make a home for
them here. They're very nice, clever peo-
ple, and the children will be very helpful
about the place."

Gabriel Gaynor's lower jaw dropped. So
this was the end of the Family Jewels! And
his heart sank within him as, at that very
instant, he heard Joanna's shrill voice up-
raised in the kitchen beyond.

"She was going to be a Family Jewell,
too!"

But he married her. What else could he
do? He married her, and a very busy, bust-
ling wife she made him. But when, one
day, he ventured to ask George Fetherbee
about the real treasures, he burst out laugh-
ing.

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

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

"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 Dix-
mont, Me., one day carelessly left her ear-
drop in the sauce dish. A young man who
dined there swallowed one of the ear-drops
with his sauce. It so happened that this
winter the aforesaid young man pressed
bay for the father of the aforesaid young
woman. When they settled the young man
was handed an envelope containing his pay.
In the envelope was a bill for three dollars
for the ear-drop he had swallowed, and
money accounted to make the account good.

RESCUED FROM DEATH.

Resuscitation After Apparent Suspension
of All Animal Functions.

Probably one of the most remarkable of
this class of cases is one which occurred in
the practice of the late erudite and philo-
sophic dean of the Long Island College Hos-
pital, Prof. Samuel G. Armor. I record it,
as I had it more than once from his own lips,
says a writer in the Medical News:

The patient was a well-to-do man, with
wife and children. He had purchased a
pain-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. * * * At last
all left the death-chamber except Dr. Ar-
mor and a negro attendant. Looking out of
a window the doctor mused for some time
over the sad fate of his friend and bene-
factor, for such he had been, and came to
the philosophical and scientific conclusion
that his friend was somatically (function-
ally) dead, to be sure, but that cellular life
was still active, for the room was warm. He
thought that if the respiratory and circula-
tory functions could be maintained by ex-
ternal 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 solem-
nly swear that the shortest possible time
that could have elapsed from the time death
was declared until he concluded to make ef-
forts 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 re-
newed 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 de-
sist 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 respirator deeper and more regular,
until eventually respiration and circulation
were established, but at a slow rate. Con-
sciousness was not regained for hours, but
eventually returned.

Dr. Armor's description of his own feel-
ings—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 model housewife. She
spends a portion of each day in personal su-
pervision 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
\$1.40 a pound and had the lid stenciled "oleo-
margarine." Then the wily man had the
word partially erased as if the merchant had
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-
old.

"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
clean, and a good deal better than half the
butter we get. So I thought we might give
it a trial at least."

This reply nearly took the good lady's
breath away. Finally she broke forth:

"And do you think I am going to eat that
stuff? Why, the moment I tasted it I felt
sick. If you want to eat it you may, but I
don't propose to fly in the face of Provi-
dence in that way."

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

"Why, mamma," said the daughter, "it's
every bit as good as Orange County butter.
Try it."

"No, I thank you," was the freezing re-
ply.

The son joined his sister in praise of the
"oleo," and finally Mrs. — was induced to
try a little.

"And you folks call 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 it 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.,
who, having spoken of buying a safe, was
interviewed by two rival agents, each of
whom had so much to say in favor of his
own particular safe that the judge was
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
order.

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