

THE SWEDISH WIFE.

In the State House at Augusta, Me., is a bunch of cedar shingles made by a Swedish settler of New Sweden, who, with her husband sick, and a family of little ones dependent upon her, made with her own hands these shingles, and carried them upon her back eight miles to the town of Caribou, where she exchanged them for provisions for her family.

The morning sun shines bright and clear. Clear and cold, for winter is near—

Winter the chill and dread:
And the fire burns bright in the exile's home,

With fagot of fire from the mountain's dome,
While the children clamor for bread.

Against the wall stands idle the wheel,
Unfinished the thread upon spindle and reel.

The empty cards are crossed;
But night to the heart-lustone sits the wife.

With cleaver and mallet, so brave and blithe,
She fears not famine or frost.

Fair and soft are her braided locks,
And the light in her blue eyes merrily mocks

The shadow of want and fear;
As deftly with fingers she pleads and strong,

She draws the glittering shingle along,
O'er the slab of cedar near.

Neatly and close are the shingles laid,
Bound in a bunch, then, undismayed,

The Swedish wife uprose:
"Be patient, my darlings," she blithely said,

"I go to the town, and you shall have bread,
Ere the day has reached its close."

Eight miles she trudged—'twas a weary way!
The road was rough, and the sky grew gray

With snow that had sifted down;
Bent were her shoulders beneath their load,

But high was her heart, for love was the goad
That urged her on to the town.

Ere the sun went down was her promise kept,
The little ones feasted before they slept;

Prayed softly, with fears and murmurs low,
That his household darlings might never know

A lack of their daily bread.
Mrs. H. G. Rowe, in *Youth's Companion*.

Serial.

JIM, THE PARSON.

Author of "Brightside," "Hilda and I," "Gleanings," etc.

BY E. REDELL BENJAMIN.

CHAP. XII.—KATE'S JOURNAL.

"The illness you know, is fearful; hardly a house of the operatives without fever. We have everything systematized, and if our strength holds out, we think the worst will soon be over. James and Mr. Watkins are both overlooking everything. Removing the children to safe places has helped greatly. Yesterday I was going all day from place to place, relieving the nurses, or taking children away—poor little things! they are so frightened. I went home to a late dinner; James was tired out, and we were striving to change the current of our thoughts; the horse was put up, too, and we hoped for a night's rest. Suddenly the bell rang, and we were summoned to Morton's. Ellen was ill, and her husband had delirium tremens. They have not had the fever there, and it seemed to aggravating for a man to add the horrors of drink to all the rest. The messenger said he heard groans, and finding them alone, he came for us. Richard soon had the horse in, and drove us there; then we sent him home, for he was as tired as we were. It was a dreadful scene. Morton had struck Ellen, and she was on the floor insensible, and he was temporarily sobered by fright. We put Ellen to bed, and locked the door on Morton, while James went for Sarah Duffy. It was rather alarming to me; I feared Ellen would die, and that her husband would break down the door—he made several efforts to do so; however, James soon came back with Sarah, and in his wonderful way calmed Morton.

"It fortunately occurred to me that if Ellen died, her husband might be accused of murder; so without letting James know, I went out of the back door to Patrick Quinn's, where I knew Dr. Berry was. It was not far, and the snow gave light; so don't look so shocked, dear grandma."

"Kate, dear, if I were not sure that you and May have better protection than I could give you, I would have no peace."

"Nothing harmed me; there was no one out. Dr. Berry returned with me. He gave something quieting to

Morton, to the great relief of James; then examined Ellen. Her husband had struck her head, but neither that nor the fall seemed to have injured her; there were other difficulties from which she had long suffered, and which clearly caused her death."

"Death!—is she dead?"

"Yes, she died immediately after the birth of the child; she was unconscious all the time, and though the blow caused her insensibility, Dr. Berry was positive she would have died just the same. I am thankful I went for him; we might have had a trial for murder to go through with."

"There is another comfort: Ellen was a Christian—a good, true woman; very ignorant, but with simple trust that seemed to bear her up in her troubles."

"Yes, we are so thankful for that; have you seen her lately?"

"I was there a week ago. Morton was doing well then, and she was hopeful and comparatively happy. He treated her well, unless possessed by the demon of drink; but go on, Kate."

"Sarah Duffy was her own odd self, through it all; nearly convulsing me with her speeches—the last one was: 'I declare it's real discouraging to have a mother go out just as her child comes in! I was so overworked and nervous—fancy my strong nerves giving way—that I took refuge with James, and frightened him by a spasm of hysterical laughter. I believe he thought I had lost my mind, for he looked at me in his inquiring way, at which May always laughs.'"

"Your experiences as a bride are unusual," said the old lady, taking Kate's hand.

"Bride! I feel as if I had always been married, and had always been taking care of sick people," and Kate pressed her hand to her eyes, as if to shut out painful scenes.

"I shall take you in hand, my dear; here you are to stay till you are rested. I have sent word to Mr. Thornton."

"Oh, that reminds me to tell you why I came. John's welcome bells came jingling up just after I frightened James so. I waked Janey, and wrapped up the baby, and started for home; suddenly I felt so weak and faint, I told John to drive here; you are home, and peace, and rest."

"My precious child, of course I am I was all ready for you. Now come up to my quiet room; there is a bright wood-fire, and the sofa is drawn beside it; you must sleep till this nervous exhaustion is relieved. You only need sleep's blessed forgetfulness to bring you to yourself again."

Kate was glad to be taken care of. Her nervous system, on which she prided herself, asserted its power in a very uncomfortable fashion, and the relief of what women call "giving up" was inexpressible. The painful scenes for a while surged through her brain—at last she slept.

When she waked the storm was over, the sun was casting long shadows on the snow, her husband had been watching for hours by her side, and the blessed refreshment of his untiring love helped to restore her as much as the sleep had done.

Some weeks after this the velvet-covered book was again opened, and a few more pages written.

"Oh! most misnamed book, the entries are weeks apart; and yet I am glad I made no record of the suffering of this winter. It is almost over, the tyranny of fever is past. There have been about thirty deaths. All have escaped who nursed the sick, some with slight attacks, some entirely. Among these last I can number—most thankfully—our little circle. James was indefatigable, watching, talking, praying, pleading to the end. Night work was as familiar to him as day work. When possible, he conscientiously slept as many hours as his anxious mind would permit, but nothing was done regularly in regard to our comforts. Sarah always had food ready; we ate it when we could. Now that we have returned to three meals a day, served in the usual style, they seem strangely ceremonious. May is with us again, well and strong as ever; she says she did not break down, because she dismissed all other care."

"It is the trying to do too many things

at once, my dear," she said, in her wise way, "that kills us poor women." Aunt Alice looks tired, and is still anxious about our little angel child, Ellie. She is so good and pure and gentle, we feared she might die young, like good children in the Sunday-school books; yet so far she only is threatened with illness. At Burnside, the old hospitalities are resumed, and each servant is in position again.

"For myself—what shall I say? Am I better for all this trouble? I have gained in patience, and have learned to be taken from my occupations without regret. This is really one step onward. I used to like to accomplish certain duties each day; I have learned to give up myself and my time according to the precept which hangs over James' study-table, 'Whatever he saith unto you, do it.' I listen for his will more than I did. I am thankful, too, to him who has spared those whom I love. There were lessons taught by those who felt that each hour lost by illness, was so much money lost—lessons taught by the love and tenderness that we saw amid repulsive surroundings, and—but I will not go over some of the scenes. The world will never be quite so beautiful to me again. James reminded me of the exquisite flowers that rise in beauty from unsightly soil—yes, that is true."

"But what I have best learned is of my husband. His mental and his moral strength was everywhere shown in the strange power he had over all; they all yielded to him. Amid all his anxiety, he was never impatient; then he always watched my coming and going, trying to save me from fatigue. * * * I must go. May sent for me to come to Aunt Alice. Ellie is ill."

CHAP. XIII.—PHEBE JONES.

Kate enjoyed the cold, crisp air, as she hastened in her walk. "Mrs. Thornton," said a boy, "is the parson to him?" "No; who wants him?" "Father has just come down the mounting, and sees Phebe Jones is dyin', and wants to see Mr. Thornton pertickler; and there ain't no time to lose—she can't live to mornin'."

"I will send some one up," said Kate. It was past three o'clock, and felt like snow; she walked as fast as possible, trying to think of some one to go. When she reached Waterville, the children were out, Mrs. Ray was asleep, and May watched beside Ellen, who was better. May put her finger to her lips as Kate entered. There was no one to consult. She went over to Mrs. Herndon; she and Nora were out. There was nothing to be done but to go herself, if John could take her in the sleigh.

"Sartin, I'll go," said he "taint no slouch work climbin' the mounting, best o' times; and that's snow in the air. Like 'nuff we'll be ketchin'; but I'm your man."

"Mr. Thornton will not be home till eleven o'clock," said Kate, "he could not drive up then."

"I see. Well, we'll try it. It will be a tejus job, with the snow a drivin' in our faces, as it will be, sure. Better come right along; bring all you'll want to eat—something real fillin'—taint much provender grows 'round Phebe."

"I'll be ready in ten minutes," replied Kate; she ran back, and May met her in the hall. A few words explained the situation, and her wish to save her husband from the fatigue. "It is ten miles; and bitterly cold," said May.

"The colder it is, and the farther it is, the more important it is to prevent James from going—particularly, after being in the heated cars. But I have no time to talk. I must rob the pantry, and write a note to James."

May looked aghast, then quietly said: "I will go with you, Kate."

Her sister was too much comforted by this to refuse. They placed Jane beside Ellie; told her there was a note for Mr. Thornton, on the parlor table, explaining everything; then hastily filling a basket, and putting on all the available coverings, they packed themselves in the sleigh.

Presently the snow began to fall. "I knowed it wud," said John, "it was a dancin' and a prancin' in the air. Get up, old bones." A slight

reminder of a whip started the horses.

"Sally ain't noways fond of snow; I don no as Tom keers." And John managed their heads as he would the helm of a vessel.

"Kate," observed May, from the depths of a buffalo. "I think this is a scrape."

"It is not precisely a frolic," returned her sister; "your coming was pure good fortune to me."

"As if I could have done anything else! Jim would have lost faith in me."

"Gee up!" look out, Tom!" and a lurch nearly upset them. "The snow is deeper up here; I can't see the stones; hold hard!" and they pitched one another. "All safe now; here we begin the mounting; pull away, Tom!—get along Sal!"

"Kate"—from deeps below—"I hope Jim will not know where we have gone."

"I was serenely hoping he would," said his wife. "Where did you put the note?"

"On the exact centre of the parlor table."

If Mrs. Thornton had seen the servant at that moment set the lamp exactly upon the note, as she carried it into the parlor before she lighted it, her mind would have been less at ease.

"I'm doing my duty," said Kate, holding up her maff to screen her face, which was so stiffened she could hardly speak.

"No; you are doing Jim's: I am doing mine—I'm sure of that."

"But, May, Jim's duty and mine are the same."

"No," said May: "Jim might like a furious storm in which to do his work—there is a pleasant flavor of martyrdom about it—but I doubt if he would choose it for you."

"I am thankful it is I, in this sleigh and not James," said Kate, with decision.

"Wall, I say, now, we've come a good piece. We ain't got no more level road; slayin' up a mounting ain't no easy work for driver or for drivin'." and John sighed from the very nails of his boots.

"Oh, John!" exclaimed Mrs. Thornton; "I forgot to tell you to smoke."

"Thank ye! thank ye kindly, ladies; I was a longin' fur my pipe. I never spares no money on my tobacco; maybe you'll like it."

The pipe did not prove offensive, and the air was so cold that efforts at conversation were not resumed. They slowly ascended the "mounting."

"Som'eres here," said John, "there ought to be a bars: there aint no gate to Phebe's. I'll—ha! hum! I can't see a—hum!—thing!" and John was nearly betrayed into unseemly language.

The air was so thick with snow that it was impossible to see; but the faithful horses turned at the right place.

"Ah! you're the stock team; they knows straight as a fish-hook," and the dim outline of a house appeared in the midst of a waste of snow.

"Here we air. Don no as our troubles is over, or jest begun," said John, encouragingly, as he stopped the horses, and jumped down into the snow.

"Don't git out till I make a path"—for the accomplishment of which he kicked furiously, right and left; then lightning his lantern, disappeared in an open door. The occupants of the sleigh vainly tried to see something.

"Oh I wish it never would be dark," said Kate; "even that lantern is a comfort."

John was kicking his path in order again.

"You'll have to git out here," he said, "there aint no fire, and the snow is blew all inter the wash'us. Come in; I'll find wood."

"Di? you see Phebe?" asked May.

"Land sakes, no! she'll keep this weather; wait till I make you comfortable."

(To be Continued.)

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DEAR SIR: In regard to your favor of a few days ago, I would say: About one year ago a horse owned by me contracted a large Bone Spavin, for the cure of which I tried a number of the liniments and lotions advertised to cure the same, without any effect, and he became very lame. A friend of mine recommended me to try FELLOWS' LEMING'S ESSENCE.

I acted upon his advice, and now I am happy to say the lameness has ceased and the spavin disappeared. I now consider him entirely cured, and would cheerfully recommend FELLOWS' LEMING'S ESSENCE as the best remedy in the market for all the lamenesses that horses are subject to.

Yours truly,
THOMAS T. FREY.

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DEAR SIR: I have had occasion to use FELLOWS' LEMING'S ESSENCE on a horse so lame from a Ringbone that I could not use him. I have been using it about three weeks, and find it does all you claim for it, as the lameness is gone and the enlargement has almost disappeared. I firmly believe a few days more will make an entire cure.

Respectfully yours,
JAMES T. PARKER.

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