The Bushel of Corn.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

FARMER GRAY had a neighbor who was not the best tempered man in the world, though mainly kind and obliging. He was a shoemaker. His name was Barton. One day in harvest time, when every hand was as busy as a bee, this man came over to farmer Gray and said, in rather a petulant tone of voice:

"Mr. Gray, I wish you would send over and drive your geese home."

"Why so, Mr. Barton, what have my

geese been doing?" the farmer said in a mild, quiet tone.

"They get into my garden, and I will not have it."

"I am very sorry, neighbor Barton, but what can I do?"

"Why, yoke them, and keep them on your own premises. It is no kind of a way to let your geese run all over every farm and garden in the neighborhood."

"But I cannot see to it now; it is harvest time, friend Barton, and every man, woman and child on the farm have as much as they can do. Try and bear it for a week or so, and then I will see if I can possibly remedy the evil."

"I can't bear it, and I won't bear it any longer," the shoemaker said. "So if you do not take care of them, friend Gray, I shall have to take care of them for you.'

"Well, neighbor Barton, you can do as you please," farmer Gray replied in his usual quiet tone. "I am sorry they trouble you, but I cannot attend to it now."

"I'll attend to them for you, see if I don't," the shoemaker said, still more angrily than when he first called on farmer Gray.

"What on earth can be the matter with them geese?" said Mrs. Gary, about fifteen minutes afterwards.

"I really cannot tell, unless neighbor Barton is taking care of them. He threatened to unless I yoked them right off."

"Taking care of them! How taking care of them ?"

"As to that I am quite in the dark .-Killing them perhaps. He said that if I didn't take care of them he would. So I suppose he is engaged in the neighborly business of taking care of our geese."

"John! William! Run over and see what Mr. Barton is doing with my geese," Mrs. Gray said in a quick and anxious tone to two little boys who were playing near.

The urchins scampered off, well pleased to perform an errand.

"Oh if he has dared to do anything to

my geese I will never forgive him !" the good wife said angrily. "H-u-s-h, Sally ! make no rash speeches.

It is more than probable that he has killed two or three of them. But never mind if he has, he will get over his pet and be sorry for it."

"Yes, but what good will his being sorry do me? Will it bring my geese to

"Ab, well, Sally, never mind. Let us wait until we hear what all this disturbance is about.

In about ten minutes the children came home bearing the bodies of three geese each without a head.

"Oh, isn't that too much for human endurance !"

d them lying out in the road," said the oldest of the two children. "And when we picked them up, Mr. Barton said, "Tell your father that I have yoked his geese for him, to save him the trouble, as his hands are too busy to do it."

"I'd sue him for it !" said Mrs Gray, in an indignant tone.

"And what good would that do?"

"Why, it would do a great deal of good! it would teach him better manners. It would punish him."

"And punish us into the bargain. have lost three geese now, but we still have their good fat bodies to eat. A lawsuit would cost us a good many geese, and not even leave us so much as the feathers, besides giving us a world of trouble and vexation. No, no, Sally, just let it rest, and he will be sorry for it, I know."

"Sorry for it, indeed! And what good will his being sorry for it do us, I should like to know. Next, he will kill a cow, and then we must be satisfied with his being sorry for it. Now, I can tell you that I don't believe in that doctrine. - Nor do I believe anything about his being sorry, the crabbed, ill-natured wretch !"

"Don't call hard names, Sally," farmer Gray said, in a mild, soothing tone .-"Neighbor Barton was not like himself when he killed the geese. Like every other angry person he was a little insane, and he did what he would not have done had forbear." he been in his right mind. When you are a little excited, you know Sally, that even you do and say unreasonable things."

"Me do and say unreasonable things?" exclaimed Mrs. Gray, with a look and tone of indignant astonishment; "me say and do things when I am angry? I don't under stand you, Mr. Gray.'

"Maybe I can help you a little. Don't

you remember the churn?"

"Yes, but never mind about it." "So you have not forgotten how unreasonable you were about the churn. It wasn't good for anything-you knew it wasn't; and you'd never put a jar of cream | did he say for himself ?"

into it as long as you lived-that you wouldn't. And yet, on trial, you found that churn the best you had ever used, and now you wouldn't part with it on any consideration. So you see, Sally, that even you can say and do unreasonable things when you are angry, just as well as Mr. Barton."

Mrs. Gray saw that her husband was right-but still she felt indignant at the outrage committed on her geese. So she took her three fat geese, and after stripping off the feathers, had them prepared for the table.

On the next morning, as Mr. Gray was passing along the road, he met the shoemaker, and as they had to pass very near to each other, the farmer smiled, and spoke kindly. Mr. Barton looked and felt very uneasy, but farmer Gray did not seem to remember the unpleasant incident of the day before.

It was about eleven o'clock on the same day, that one of farmer Gray's little boys came running to him and crying:

"Oh father ! father ! Mr. Barton's hogs are in our cornfield."

"Then I must go and drive them out," said Mr. Gray in a quiet tone.

"Drive them out," ejaculated Mrs. Gray. Drive 'em out, indeed! I'd shoot them, that's what I'd do ! I'd serve him as he served my geese yesterday!"

"But that wouldn't bring the geese to life again, Sally."

"I don't care if it wouldn't. It would be paying him in his own coin, and that's what he deserves."

"You know what the Bible says, Sally, about grievous words, and they apply with stronger force to grievous actions. Nono-I will return neighbor Barton good for evil. That is the best way. He has done wrong, and I am sure he is sorry for it. And as I wish him to remain sorry for so unkind and unneighborly an action, I intend making use of the best means for keeping him sorry."

"Then you will be revenged on him, anyhow?"

"No, Sally-not revenged. I am not augry with neighbor Barton. But while I am talking here, his hogs are destroying my corn."

And so saying, farmer Gray hurried off towards his cornfield. When he arrived there, he found four large hogs tearing down the stalks, and pulling off and eating the ripe ears of corn. They had already destroyed a good deal. But he drove them out very calmly, and put up the bars through which they had entered, and then commenced gathering up the half-eaten ears of corn, throwing them out into the lane, for the hogs that had been so suddenly disturbed in the process of obtaining a liberal meal.

As he was thus engaged, Barton, who had from his own house seen the farmer turn the hogs out of his cornfield, came hurriedly up, and said:

"I am very sorry, Mr. Gray, indeed I am, that my hogs have done this! I will most cheerfully pay you for what they have destroyed."

"Oh, never mind, friend Barton-never mind. Such things will happen occasionally. My geese, you know, annoy you very much sometimes."

"Don't speak of it, Mr. Gray. They didn't annoy me so much as I imagined they did. But how much corn do think my hogs have destroyed? One bushel, or two bushels? Or how much? Let it be estimated, and I will pay you most cheerfully.

"No, no. Not for the world, friend Barton. Such things will happen sometimes. And, besides, some of my men must have left the bars down, or your hogs never could have got in. So don't think any more about it. It would be dreadful if one neighbor could not bear a little with

All this cut poor Mr. Barton to the heart. His own ill-natured language and conduct, at a smaller trespass on his rights, presented itself to his mind, and deeply mortified paid." him. After a few moment's silence, he

"The fact is, Mr. Gray, I shall feel better if you will let me pay for this corn. My hogs should not be fattened at your expense, and I will not consent to its being done. So shall insist on paying you for at least one bushel of corn; for I am sure they have destroyed that much, if not more."

But Mr. Gray shook his head, smiling pleasantly, as he replied:

"Don't think anything more about it, neighbor Barton. It is a matter deserving of no consideration. No doubt my cattle have often trespassed on you, and will trespass on you again. Let us, then, bear and

All this cut the shoemaker still deeper, and he felt still less at ease in mind after he parted from the farmer, than he did be-

"You told him your mind very plainly, I hope," said Mrs. Gray, as her husband returned."

"I certainly did," was his reply. "I am glad you did. I hope he will think twice before he kills any more of my

geese." "I expect you are right, Sally. I don't think we shall be troubled again."

"What did you say to him? And what

"Why, he wanted very much to pay me for the corn his pigs had eaten, but I wouldn't hear to it. I told him that it made no difference in the world. That such accidents would happen sometimes." "You did?"

"Certainly, 1 did."

"And that's the way you spoke your mind to him ?"

"Precisely. And it had the desired effect. It made him feel ten times worse than if I had spoken angrily to him."

"Well perhaps you are right," Mrs. Gray said, after a few moments' thoughtful silence. "I like Mrs. Barton very muchand now I come to think of it, I should not wish to have any difference between our families."

"And so do I like Mr. Barton. He has read the Chataqua Farmer a good deal and derived instruction from its entertaining columns, and I find it very pleasant to sit with him occasionally, during the long winter evenings. His only fault is his quick temper-but I am sure it is much better for us to bear with, and soothe that, than to impose and excite it, and thus keep both his family and our own in hot water.'

"You are certainly right," Mrs. Gray said, "and I only wish that I could always think and feel as you do. But I am a little quick, as they say."

"And so is Mr. Barton. Now just the same consideration that you would desire others to have for you, you should exercise towards Mr. Barton or any one else whose hasty temper leads him unto words or actions that in calmer or more thoughtful moments are subjects of regret."

On the next day, while Mr. Gray stood in his door, from which he could see all over the two or three acres of ground that the shoemaker cultivated, he observed two of his own cows in his neighbor's cornfield browsing away in quite a contented manner. As he was going to call one of the farm hands to drive them out, he perceived that Mr. Barton had become acquainted with the mischief that was going on, and had already started for the field of corn.

"Now we will see the effect of yesterday's lesson," the farmer said to himself and then paused to observe the manner of the shoemaker towards his cattle in driving them out of the field. In a few minutes Mr. Barton came up to the cows-but instead of throwing stones at them, or striking them with a stick, he merely drove them out in a quiet way, and put up the bars through which they had entered.

After this, there was no more trouble about farmer Gray's geese or cattle. Sometimes the geese would get among Mr. Barton's hogs, and annoy them while eating, but it did not worry him as it did formerly. If they became too troublesome, he would drive them away, but not by throwing sticks and stones at them as he once did.

Late in the fall the shoemaker brought in his bill for work. It was a pretty large bill, with sundry credits.

"Pay day has come at last," farmer Gray said good humoredly, as the shoemaker presented his account. "Well, let us see !" and he took the bill to examine it, item for item.

"What is this?" he asked reading aloud the credit for a bushel of corn.

"It is some corn I had from you."

"I reckon you must be misfaken. You never got any corn from me." Oh, yes; 1 remember it perfectly well.

It is all right." "But when did you get it, friend Barton? I am sure that I have not the most distant

recollection of it." "My hogs got it," the shoemaker said, in a slow hesitating tone.

"Your hogs ?" "Yes. Don't you remember when my

hogs broke into your field and destroyed your corn ?" "O, dear-is that it? Oh no, no, friend Barton: I cannot allow that item in the

bill." "Yes, but you must. It is perfectly just, and I shall never rest until it is

"I can't indeed. You couldn't help your hogs getting into my field; and then you know, friend Barton (lowering his tone)

you know my geese were very troublesome. The shoemaker blushed and looked confused, but farmer Gray slapped him familiarly on the shoulder, and said in a live-

ly cheerful way-"Don't think anything more about it, friend Barton! And Rereafter let us endeavor to do as we would be done by, and then everything will go smooth as clockwork.'

"But you will allow that item in this bill?" the shoemaker urged persevereingly.

"Oh, no, I couldn't do that. I should think it wrong to make you pay for my own, or some of my men's negligence in

leaving the bars down." "But then (hesitating), those geese. killed three. Let it go for them.

"If you did kill them, we ate them-so it is even. No, no-let the past be forgotten, and if it makes better friends and neighbors of us, we need never regret what has happened.

Farmer Gray remained firm, and the bill was settled, omitting the item of "corn." From that time forth, he never had a better neighbor than the shoemaker. The cows and hogs and geese of both would men."

occasionally trespass, but the trespassers were kindly removed. The lesson was not lost on either of them, for even farmer Gray used to feel sometimes a little annoyed when his neighbor's cattle broke into his fields. But in teaching the shoemaker a lesson, he had taken a little of it himself.

Outwitting his Neighbor.

TOT a great while ago, an Irishman was employed in a village, where he was well known, to dig a well, pro bono

The contract was that he was to be paid a certain sum per foot, and warrant a free suppy of water.

At it he went with a will, and his daily progress was intently watched by interested parties. Early and late he delved down faithfully

deep down into the earth, full of confidence in the speedy completion of his labors. -He had reached the depth of about twenty-five feet, and soon to "strike

water." Early one morning Pat repaired to the scene of his labor, and, horrible to tell, it had caved in and was nearly full.

He gazed with rueful visage upon the wreck, and thought of the additional labor the accident would cause him.

After a moment's reflection he looked earnestly around, and saw that no one was stirring; then, quickly divesting himself of hat and coat he carefully hung them on the windless, and, speedily made tracks for a neighboring eminence which overlooked the village.

Here, hiding amid the undergrowth, he quietly awaited the progress of events.

As the morning wore on, the inhabitants began to arouse and stir out. Several were attracted to the well, think-

ing that as Pat's hat and coat were there, he was, of course below at work. Soon the alarm was raised that the well

had caved, and Pat was in it.

A crowd collected, and stood horrified at the fate of poor Pat.

A brief consultation was held, and soon spades and other implements were brought to dig out the unfortunate man. To work they went with a will. When

one set became wearied with the unusual labor, a dozen ready hands grasped the implements and dug lustil y. Pat quietly looked on from his retreat on

the eminence, while the whole village stood around the well and watched with breathless suspense the work go bravely on. As the diggers approached the bottom,

the excitement of the bystanders grew intense, and they collected as near as safety would admit, gazing fearfully down the

With great care and precaution the dirt was dug away, and, when the bottom was at length reached, no Pat was to be found.

The crowd, before so anxious, gradually relapsed into a broad grin, which broke forth in uproarious merriment when the veritable Pat walked up, with a smiling countenance, and addressed the crestfallen diggers, who now stood weary and soiled with their labor.

"Be jabers, gentlemen, and it's Patrick Fagan sure that is much ebleeged to yees for doin' of that nice little job of work !"

The fact can be better imagined than described, as the most active of the young men slunk off; several low breathed mutterings broke forth that sounded very much like sold.

Through the kindly aid of his fellow citizens, Pat soon finished his well, and it remains among the monuments of his genius to this day.

Two Specimens.

Walter Savage Lanor used to relate an anecdote of an English Judge, who being on circuit, two old men were brought before him as witnesses, and, according to custom. he began to chat with them, among other things, about their age, for the purpose of giving a moral lesson to the young barris-

"Well, my good man, said he to the first witness, "how old may you be?" "About eighty-seven, my lord."

"I dare say, now, you have lived a very sober life." "Yes, my lord; I haven't been tipsy for

the last sixty years." "There !" cried his lordship, turning to the gentlemen of the bar, "you see what a fine thing sobriety is! The witness looks

as though he would live twenty years The barristers nodded assent. In his

turn, another witness came forward, who looked particularly hale and robust. " And how old are you, friend?" inquir-

ed the judge. "Ninety-five, my lord," was the reply. "Ninety-five! I'll answer for it, you

Witness hung his head and answered: "I don't like to answer afore all these gentlemen."

have led a sober life-haven't you?"

"Never mind; speak out."

"Well, then, my lord, I haven't gone to bed sober for the last twenty years.'

At this his lordship looked rather blank, and the bar smiled. The judge then said : "We will proceed with the case gentle-

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