

"THE CHILDREN LAUGHED AND SANG."

It was in the chill December That the Angel of Death came by, And he rustled his wings of darkness As he swept through the Wintry sky; A household of happy creatures Dwelt quiet, and free from care, And the Angel stoiled in softly And stood all silent there. (But the children laughed and sang at their play; Never a fear nor a pang had they).

STORY OF A WHITE SLAVE.

BY EMMA HERRICK WEED.

A farm-house kitchen, wide and pleasant, the Spring sunshine lying in bright squares on the glossy floor, and the wind out of the old apple orchard and the long line of snowy cherry trees drifting in at the open door, with its delicious perfume and breezy breath. A woman stands at the table, on which are piled high the freshly-baked loaves, brown and fragrant—a woman no longer young, but whose hair is plentifully sprinkled with gray, and whose form is visibly bent, as if from the weight of years; and yet she has seen but forty years, albeit years that could but "leave their traces on heart and brain," so full have they been crowded with the burdens that, once borne, leave their ineffaceable impress for all time to come.

Grey ate his hearty, well-cooked meal in silence, and when he had finished, rose from the table, followed by his farm hands, and went out. At the porch he turned back. "You'll have to help me milk to-night, Miriam," he called out. "I don't want to stop the teams as long as we can see to work, in this hurrying time." It was rarely the patient woman remonstrated with her lord's dictations; but this time a vision of the labor to be performed that afternoon rose before her, and she said meekly: "I hardly see how I can, John, as Lillian is going away and will not be here to help me about the supper."

The sun went down that night in a great bed of roseate billows, the pink flush overlaying the heavens like a tinted veil. The time had been when Miriam Grey would have watched such a sunset with the rapturous appreciation of a sensitive, poetic soul, when the glories of the panoramas of Nature, spread out before her, called up such emotions as found expression in many a sweet and rhythmic idyl, which those who read were not slow to appreciate as belonging to a high order of creative and imaginative genius.

Miriam Grey has no time to waste on such indulgences. The setting of the sun indicates that what remains of the day's toil must be finished quickly, and only the half-suppressed sigh that wells up from her heart testifies that she is not content to shut her eyes on the beauty and loveliness that lie broadcast over all the sweet Spring landscape. And this is only one day—one of many, that follow hard one upon the other, each like unto the rest, with its unvaried, unyielding pressure of toil, its unputting, hurrying necessities, that, like a whip of small cords, lash the victim on in her flagging exertions.

The Summer came—Summer over all the world, balmy and luxuriant; Summer airs in at the window; Summer roses in the garden; but no Summer came into Miriam Grey's life.

Spring and Summer have gone by. The days are much alike to her, whether outside are blossoms or drifting snow, since the narrow world in which she lives admits of no change of season that hints at release from toil. Her taskmaster, after the harvests are gathered in, and the Winter comes blustering and wallowing over the mountains, sits by the kitchen fire and allows himself rest from his labors. But it is not so with the woman who shares his fortunes. It is work, work, still. Over her shoulder a grim ghoul is ever looking, and urging her on with his hollow, pitiless eyes. She wonders, sometimes, away down in her heart, unseen and unheard, what there is in the coarse, unsympathetic, half-cruel man whose name she bears, that could ever have awakened her love in the morning of her happy youth. She loves him yet—not as she loved him then, for love is a rare exotic; and, although it may not die at once, yet, transplanted into sterile soil and exposed to chilling winds, one by one it will shed its quivering leaves and dying blossoms till only the naked, shivering stalk betokens its existence, which, on examination, may still prove to hold a little of the elixir of life in its shrouded center. Does he love her? He has not told her so—not, at least, for twenty years. He used often, when Lillian was an infant at her breast, and the long gone echo is still sweet in her ears. Of course he does, though; that is understood, as some words are in a well-constructed sentence. But, oh, what a strange, sweet thrill would go through many a wife's breast, though she be neither young nor handsome, and though her companion be plain, and poor, and unrefined, if that soft refrain, "I love you," would again greet her ears from lips once so lavish in their protestations of affection! Do men never think of this? Or, thinking, do they put it from them as a sentiment unworthy maturity and a waste of fondness on the object under consideration?

When the leaves fell that Autumn, Lillian Grey left the old homestead, the happy bride of a man in every respect worthy of her love, and well off for this world's bounty. Perhaps it was the sweetest drop in Miriam Grey's cup of existence when she saw her child thus happily mated, and knew that for her heart's darling there were not the bitter years of drudgery in store that had been her mother's portion. Such is the love of a mother. The other children were boys, and would, at least, never tread in her own troubled footsteps.

After her daughter's marriage, the unmitigated burden of the care of the whole house fell upon Miriam Grey's already shrinking shoulders. Her husband did not notice that her step grew each day a little slower and more irresolute; that she stooped a little lower over the wash-board and ironing-table; or that her nights were often vexed with pains and aches, that were in themselves the advance guard of the oncoming forces of disease and dissolution. But the time came when the unwelcome truth was forced upon him, that a girl was needed to assist in the household cares—an original idea with him, and one that found expression only when Miriam Grey was prostrated on a bed of sickness, from which it was doubtful if she would ever rise again. The slow Winter months dragged by, and it

was not till early Spring that she was able to sit at the board and take her meals with the rest of the family. The long fever had left her, but in its stead, as an equivalent, remained a hacking, wearing cough, that sounded hollow and terrible in the bleak Spring nights, when she sat up alone from sheer inability to lie down and share the untroubled repose of her husband. What were her emotions, what her visions, retrospective and prospective, in those midnight watches? God alone knows. Perhaps the thoughts of a not distant day of emancipation were in themselves compensatory for loss of slumber.

I have only told you of one year of a life, the last, saddest year, in which Miriam Grey finished her work. Again it is Spring, again the Spring sunshine floods the heavens with translucent glory, again the sweet airs find their way into the kitchen windows at farmer Grey's; but Miriam Grey is not there at her post. A funeral cortege winds up the hillside; the fresh, green earth opens its arms to another weary child. There are heard the old familiar sounds of weeping and lamentation from Lillian Grey and her orphaned brothers, and they go away, and the churchyard gate is closed, and the birds resume their nest-building in the trees that wave above the grassy mounds. The shackles have fallen off from the weary limbs; for the sleepless nights and days of hurrying toil the blessed sleeper shall find abundant reparation, for here "He giveth His beloved sleep."

And John Grey? He will miss her, of course—the tears that fell from his eyes have at least the virtue of sincerity, though they be few in number. It is a mysterious dispensation of Providence—at least, so says the minister—and he must submit. It does not occur to him that he goaded her on with the whip and spur of unremitting toil, till the over-wrought machinery gave way, and Death, the great emancipator, asserted his prerogative in terse language. He does not know that he killed her!

Query—Are the sins of ignorance all to be winked at?

JOHN HOPE IN SING SING.

[From the New York Sun of February 4th.] Deputy Sheriffs McConigle and Twomey handed to Warden Finn of the City Prison yesterday afternoon the remittitur from the Court of Appeals and the official order for the removal of John Hope, who was convicted of complicity in the Manhattan Bank burglary, to State prison.

Hope's wife, a handsome young woman, and his brother, Harry, a mere boy in years, with an intimate friend, were standing near the cell when the officers approached. Hope stepped out of his cell and the Sheriffs handcuffed him. He said: "Gentlemen, there is no necessity to iron me. I shall not run away."

Deputy Sheriff McConigle answered: "I have my orders, Mr. Hope, and you cannot blame me for obeying them."

Hope exchanged greetings with the keepers, thanked Warden Finn for his kindness, and, after kissing his wife and bidding farewell to his brother, surrendered himself to the Sheriffs. He was doubly ironed, two handcuffs being placed on each wrist, and so tightly that he suffered pain. This action on the part of the Sheriffs, it was subsequently learned, had been prompted by fear that a rescue might be attempted, an apprehension which proved utterly groundless. On the train Hope said:

"Every man in this city who knows anything about criminals and crime is aware that I am innocent of the robbery for which I am going to serve a living death of twenty years in Sing Sing. I am only twenty-four years old. I was born on the corner of Twenty-third and Filbert streets, Philadelphia, and I only wish that I could see my old home, my people, and my playmates again. I went to the Filbert-street School, the Dorian-street School and the De La Salle College, and graduated with honors. My father may have done wrong, but that is no reason why I should be so cruelly punished. The men who prosecuted me think that I am innocent."

At Sing Sing, when Hope entered the door of the prison, Detective Jackson and Warden Brush met him at the office. His age, name, residence and occupation were noted down by the clerk. Warden Brush looked at him kindly, and said: "I have heard a good deal about you. I hope we will get along together."

Hope, down whose cheeks tears were streaming, answered in a broken voice: "I am no criminal, sir, and you will never complain of my conduct."

In a few minutes John Joseph Hope had lost his identity and become No. 533 in Sing Sing Prison. As he passed away from the gate, he turned to the reporter and said:

"Standing as I am on the threshold of this cell, from which I may never be released, I declare that I am innocent, and I hope that God in time will prove me so."

THE DISAFFECTED IN ALSACE-LORRAINE.—A French revenue officer in Alsacia, who acted as the agent of an insurance office, who moved in the best local society, and who was on a footing of intimate acquaintance with many German officers, has been sentenced to three years' imprisonment for having communicated to the French Government plans of the fortress of Diederhofen. There is nothing extraordinary in a neighboring government's wishing to obtain details as to the military strength of Germany; and it is notorious that for years before war broke out in 1870 Germans had been employed in every part of France to furnish any information that could by any possibility be of use to an invading army. But it must stir the hearts of the disaffected in Alsace-Lorraine to learn that there are Frenchmen willing to run a great risk in order to communicate information about the fortresses which overshadow the Provinces, and that the French Government thinks it worth while to procure and to pay for such information. The real difficulty which Marshal Manteufel has to encounter is that of making his provincials believe, what neither Frenchmen nor Germans really believe, that the ownership of the Provinces has been decided once for all, and this is a difficulty which must create a serious obstacle in the way of that good and honest and generous work to which he personally is devoting himself.—The Saturday Review.

Hens that are disposed to set during this month should have a warm, sunny place. Their chicks will make early market birds. Warm feed is important for poultry in winter, and it can be furnished at very little trouble.

Many a broth of a boy has been reduced to a soup at the theater.

PORTLAND.

The Great Commercial Center of the Northwest.

Its Present and its Future.

It has a population of 21,000. It is to Oregon, and the Territories of Washington and Idaho, what New York City is to the State of New York, and bears the same relation to that State and those Territories that Chicago does to Illinois, St. Louis to Missouri, Philadelphia to Pennsylvania, and New Orleans to Louisiana. It has more territory tributary to it than any other city in the United States, and will soon be numbered with the foremost cities in the Union. Even at this time the hammer and the saw can be heard in all parts of the city; the demand for buildings is so great that the inclement season of Winter does not check the onward march of its growth. With the vast number of ships constantly plying between this and foreign ports, freighted with our constantly increasing agricultural products, and the numerous railroads now tributary to or terminating at this city, it will not require more than ten years to swell the population of our beautiful and growing city to 100,000 souls. Having a larger territory than San Francisco to support it, we may confidently assert that in less than a quarter of a century Portland will be the foremost city on the coast in point of wealth and population.

We will here enumerate the many railroad enterprises already inaugurated, some of them are constructed, and others in process of construction, all making their termini at this city.

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC Is building rapidly west from Duluth, on Lake Superior, and also from the Columbia River east, and will be completed at an early day, thus connecting us with all our sister States.

THE OREGON AND CALIFORNIA R. R. Terminates here, and is having an immense patronage.

THE WESTERN OREGON R. R. Formerly the Oregon Central, is doing a good business. This road runs through the fertile country on the west side of the Willamette River, and its southern terminus at present is at Corvallis, 97 miles from Portland.

THE UTAH NORTHERN R. R. Will be built through hundreds of miles of fertile lands, the produce of which must be brought to this city for shipment. This road will connect with the Union Pacific R. R., thus securing two competing lines from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It is now a settled fact that the Oregon, Dalles and Salt Lake R. R. Will be constructed at an early day. This will give us three trans-continental roads.

NEW RAILROAD ENTERPRISES. A home company, with unlimited capital, has been organized, under the name of the Oregonian Railway Co., to construct narrow-gauge roads from this city to the interior portions of the State, ultimately connecting with the Central Pacific, and branches wherever industry and commerce offer. This enterprise is being pushed vigorously to its completion, so that it may be in readiness to move this Fall's crop.

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION. Have been filed to construct a road from Battle Mountain, Nevada, in the direction of Oregon, to connect with the Oregonian Railway Co.'s road, and make Portland its terminus. This will give us direct communication with the richest silver mines in the world, and will make Portland one of the greatest railroad centers in the Union.

We shall soon be connected by rail with the Northern Pacific R. R., also with Chicago and the Atlantic cities. Thousands of immigrants are constantly arriving from all parts of the civilized world, and the millions of acres of agricultural lands that lie still unbroken by the plowshare, and awaiting the advent of the sturdy farmer, point most conclusively to the fact that an era of prosperity is already dawning upon this fair young State. When the immigration has reached its full tide, and three millions of acres are under cultivation, then will Oregon be known as the wealthiest State in the Union.

PORTLAND CITY HOMESTEAD.

The land in this enterprise lies adjoining the city, and is only from ten to fifteen minutes' walk from the Court House, and a less distance than that from one of the best public schools in the city. It is divided into ONE THOUSAND TWENTY-FOUR LOTS, Fifty by one hundred feet in size, with streets sixty feet wide.

PRICE. All lots will be sold for \$100 each, payable in installments of \$5 per month, or the small sum of 16% cents per day. No interest will be charged, and a good and sufficient Bond for each lot will be given upon the payment of the first installment of \$5, and a Warranty Deed upon receipt of last installment, both without expense to the purchaser.

TO PURCHASERS. Those not finding it convenient to make their payments when due, will be granted twenty days grace in which to make such payments, as it is desirable that all shall have every possible opportunity to keep up their payments. Those desiring to make full payment at the time the Bond is issued, will be entitled to a reduction of \$10 on each lot, or \$5 on each \$50 paid in. As the

ROAD TO WEALTH. Is the most certain and rapid through real estate investments, this enterprise offers far more inducements to the public than any other on the coast at this time, as the price and payments are within the reach of all. Do not let this chance pass. Buy a lot, build, and make your investment independent. Many of you who live in rented houses pay more every year for rent than would purchase a lot and build a roof over your head. You then would be independent of exacting landlords, and in truth have a place to call home.

DON'T FORGET. That not many years ago some of the best lots in San Francisco were sold for an ounce of gold dust, and that now they cannot be bought for \$100,000. Also, remember that in Chicago some of the best business lots were once traded for a pair of old boots. How often is the remark made by old residents of Portland that once they could have bought lots for \$100 that \$20,000 would not buy now. It is not wise to despise the day of small things.

IT IS TRUE. That of all real estate investments the homestead plan is the best and safest, as all who invest are interested in making the whole property more valuable. To illustrate: Suppose A builds a house on his lot, and B owns a lot adjoining; B gets the benefit of A's improvement, while A is not injured thereby. This philosophy will apply to the entire property.

RAILROAD PURCHASE.

The Overland, Oregon and California and the Western Railroad Companies have purchased all the land from the east line of the Homestead—Ninth street—to the waterfront for their terminus, depots, machine shops, etc.; also the main line of the Oregonian Railway Company (Limited) will have its terminus near by. Thus the greatest railroad center on the Pacific Coast lies in close proximity to these lots. This purchase has caused a rise in all surrounding property of 50 per cent, making the lots in this Homestead from 75 to 100 per cent cheaper than any other real estate in Portland. Inasmuch as this Homestead was advertised to be sold for a stipulated price before the recent advance, unpleasant as it is, we shall strictly adhere to our advertised contract with the public to sell these lots for \$100 each for the next ninety days.

The two hundred lots that were reserved for actual settlers are now all sold, and the demand to select lots being so great, we have been compelled to place more lots on the market from which the public may select for the next ninety days. This affords an opportunity for persons so desiring to purchase the most beautiful residence property.

TO PARTIES DESIRING TO PURCHASE. This property is now selling very rapidly, and those wishing to buy will do well to call or send immediately for a lot or lots. All but the first installment must be paid at the Banking House of Ladd & Tilton, in the city of Portland.

PERSONS FROM A DISTANCE. Desiring a lot, may forward \$5.00 to the General Manager, and a Bond will be immediately forwarded.

Money may be forwarded by registered letter, money order, or Wells, Fargo & Co's Express, at my risk. For further particulars, apply to J. M. RICE, General Manager, Portland, Or.

Or to HAIGHT & McLAUGHLIN, 32 Morrison street.

Certificates. I certify that I am the owner of the lands in the Portland City Homestead—the title thereto is perfect, being a U. S. patent, and I authorize J. M. Rice to sell said property on the foregoing plan. P. A. MARQUAM.

References: Wm. Reid, Banker; Hon. J. H. Mitchell, Ex U.S. Senator; Hon. L. F. Grover, U. S. Senator; J. A. Snowbridge, Merchant; Meier & Frank, Merchants; Geo. H. Himes, Printer.