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What a Maiden said to Me.

Ah, distinctly I remember
Gentle words from woman's lip,
When the dewy twilight rested
On the grass where faries trip,
And the daylight's dying embers
Faded on the purple lea,
As I heard in broken whispers
What a maiden said to me.

Curls blew lightly round my shoulders
As the soft wind kissed the vine,
The dark eyes from darker lashes
Threw their love-light into mine:
At our feet the brook went singing
With a soft melodious glee,
And its music seemed to echo
What a maiden said to me.

In my arms another's rested,
In my hand another's burned
And so tenderly I pressed it
That the pressure was returned;
Then I whispered low and asked her.
If my true love she would be,
And I think I need not tell you,
What a maiden said to me.

THE WORLD AND I.

Whether my heart be glad or no,
The summers come, the summers go,
The lanes grow dark with dying leaves;
Icicles hang beneath the eaves;
The asters wither to the snow.
Thus doth the summer end and go,
Whether my life be glad or no.

Whether my life be sad or no,
The winters come, the winters go,
The sunshine plays with baby leaves;
Swallows build about the eaves;
The lovely wind flowers bend and blow;
Thus doth the winter come and go,
Whether my life be sad or no.

Yet mother nature gives to me
A fond and patient sympathy;
In my own heart I find the charm
To make her tender, near and warm;
Through summer sunshine, winter snow,
She clasps me, sad or glad or no.

THE PIKES PENACE.

Where they came from no one knew. Among the farmers near the Bend there was ample ability to conduct researches beset by far more difficulties than was that of the origin of the Pikes; but a charge of buckshot which a good natured Yankee received one evening, soon after putting questions to a venerable Pike, exerted a great depressing influence upon the spirit of investigation. They were not blood-thirsty, these pikes; but they had good reason to suspect all inquirers of being at least deputy sheriffs, if not worse, and a Pike's hatred of officers of the law is equaled in intensity only by his hatred of manual labor.

But while there was doubt as to the fatherland of the little colony of Pikes at Jagger's Bend, their every neighbor would willingly make affidavit as to the cause of their locating and their remaining at the Bend. When humanitarians and optimists argued it was because the water was good and convenient, and the Bend itself caught enough drift-wood, and that the dirt would yield a little gold when manipulated by placer and pan, all farmers and stock owners would freely admit the validity of these reasons; but the admission was made with a countenance whose indignation and sorrow indicated that the greater causes were yet unnamed. With eyes speaking emotions which words could not express they would point to sections of wheat fields minus their grain-bearing heads; to hides and hoofs of cattle unslaughtered by themselves; to mothers of promising calves, whose tender bleatings answered not the maternal call to the places which had once known fine horses, but had been untenanted since certain Pikes had gone across the mountains for game. They would accuse no man wrongfully; but in a country where all farmers had wheat and cattle and horses, and where prowling Indians and Mexicans were not, how could these disappearances occur?

But to the people owning no property in the neighborhood—to tourists and artists—the Pike settlement at the Bend was as interesting and ugly as a Syke terrier. The architecture of the village was of original style, and no duplicate existed. Of the half-dozen residences, one was composed exclusively of sod, another of bark, yet another of poles, roofed with a wagon cover, and plastered on the outside with mud; the fourth was of slabs, ulcely split from logs which had drifted into the Bend; the fifth was of hide, stretched over a frame, strictly Gothic from foundation to ridgepole; while the sixth, burrowed into the hillside, displayed only the barrel which formed its chimney.

A more aristocratic community did not exist on the Pacific coast. Visit the Pikes when you would, you could never see any one working. Of churches, school-houses, stores, and other plebian institutions, there were none, and no Pike bemeaned himself by entering a trade or soiling his hands by agriculture.

Yet unto this peaceful, contented neighborhood there found his way a visitor who had been everywhere in the world without once being made welcome. He came to the house built of slabs, and threatened the wife of Tam Trotwine, owner of the house; and Sam, after sunning himself uneasily for a day or two, mounted a pony and rode off for a doctor to drive the intruder away.

When he returned he found all the men in the camp seated on a log in front of his own door, and then he knew he must prepare for the worst—only one of the great influences of the world could force every Pike from his own door at exactly the same time. There they sat, yellow-faced, bearded, long-backed and bent, each looking like the other, and all like Sam, and, as he dismounted, they looked at him.

"How is she?" said Sam, tying his horse and the doctor's, while the latter went in.

"Well," said the oldest man, with deliberation, "wimmin's all thar, if that's any sign."

Each man on the log inclined his head slightly but positively to the left, thus manifesting belief that Sam had been correctly and sufficiently answered. Sam himself seemed to regard his information in about the same manner.

Suddenly the rawhide which formed the door of Sam's house was pushed aside, and a woman came out and called Sam, and he disappeared from his log.

As he entered his hut all the women lifted sorrowful faces and retired; no one even lingered, for the Pike has not the common human interest in other people's business—he lacks that, as well as certain similar virtues of civilization.

Sam dropped by the bedside and was human, his heart was in the right place, and, though heavily intrenched by years of laziness, whisky and tobacco, it could be brought to the front, and it came now.

The dying woman cast her eyes appealingly at the surgeon, and that worthy stepped outside the door. Then the yellow-faced woman said:

"Sam, doctor says I ain't got much time left."

"Mary," said Sam, "I wish ter God I could die fur yer. The children——"

"It's them I want to talk about, Sam," replied his wife. "An' I wish they could die with me, rather'n hev 'em live ez I've hed to. Not that you ain't been a kind husband to me, for you hev. Whenever I've wanted meat yev got it somehow; an' when yev been ugly drunk yev kept away from the house. But I'm dyin', Sam, and it's cos you've killed me."

"Good God, Mary!" cried the astonished Sam, jumping up; "yu're crazy—here, doctor."

"Doctor can't do no good, Sam; keep still and listen, ef yer love me like yer once sed yer did; fur I hevn't got much breath left," gasped the woman.

"Mary," said the aggrieved Sam; "I swow to God I dunno what yer drivin' at."

"It's jest this, Sam," replied the woman. "Yer tuk me, tellin' me ye'd love me an' honor me, an' pertect me. You mean ter to say now yer done it? I'm a dyin', Sam—hain't got no favors to ask of nobody, an' I'm tellin' the truth, not knowin' what word 'll be my last."

"Then tell a feller where the killin' came in, Mary, for heaven's sake," said the unhappy Sam.

"It's come in all along, Sam," said the woman. "There is women in the States, so I've heerd, that marries fur a home an' bread an' butter, but you promised more'n that, Sam. An' I've waited, an' it ain't come. An' there's somethin' in me that's all starved and cut to pieces. An' it's your fault, Sam. I tuk yer fur better or fur wuss, an' I've never grumbled."

"I know yer hain't, Mary," whispered the conscience-stricken Pike. "An' I know what yer mean. Ef God'll only let yer be fur a few years, I'll see if the thing can't be helped. Don't cuss me, Mary—I've never knowed how I've been agoin'. I wish there was something I could do 'fore you go, to pay yer all I owe yer. I'd go back on everything that makes life worth hevin'."

"Pay it to the children, Sam," said the sick woman, raising herself in her miserable bed. "I'll forgive yer everything if you'll do the right thing for them. Do—do—everything!" said the woman, throwing up her arms and falling backward. Her husband's arms caught her; his lips brought to her wan face a smile, which the grim visitor, who an instant later stole her breath, pityingly left in full possession of the rightful inheritance from which it had been so long excluded.

Sam knelt for a moment with his face beside his wife—what he said or did the Lord only knew, but the doctor, who was of a speculative mind, afterwards said that when Sam appeared at the door he showed the first Pike face in which he had ever seen any signs of a soul.

Sam went to the sod house, where lived the oldest woman in the camp, and briefly announced the end of his wife. Then, after some consultation with the old woman, Sam rode to the town on one of his horses, leading another. He came back with but one horse and a large bundle; and soon the women were making for Mrs. Trotwine her last earthly robe, and the first new one she had worn for years. The next day a wagon brought a coffin and a minister, and the whole camp silently and respectfully followed Mrs. Trotwine to a home with which she could find no fault.

For three days all the male Pikes in the camp sat on the log before Sam's door and expressed their sympathy, as did the friends of Job—that is, they held their peace. But on the fourth their tongues were unloosed. As a conversationalist the Pike is not a success, but Sam's actions were so unusual and utterly unheard of that it seemed as if even the stones must have wondered and communed among themselves.

"I never heard of such a thing!" said Brown Buck; "he's gone and bought new clothes for each of the young 'uns."

"Yes," said the patriarch of the camp, "an' this mornin', when I went down to the bank to soak my head, 'cos last night's liquor didn't agree with it, I seed Sam with all his young 'uns as they was awashing their faces an' hands with soap. They'll ketch their death and be on the hill with their mother 'fore long, if he don't look out. Somebody ought to reason with him."

"'Twon't do no good," sighed Limping Jim. "He's lost his head, an' reason just goes into one ear an' out at t'other ear. When he was scrapin' around this front door t'other day an' I asked him what he wuz a-layin' the ground all bear and desolate fur, he said he was done keeping pig-pen. Now, everybody but him knows he never had a pig. His head's gone, just mark my words."

On the morning of the fourth day, Sam's friends had just secured a full attendance on the log, and were at work upon their first pipes, when they were startled by seeing Sam harness his horse in the wagon and put all his children into it.

"Whar ye bound fur, Sam?" asked the patriach.

Sam blushed as near as a Pike could, but answered with only a little hesitation: "Goin' to take 'em to school to Maxfield—goin' to do it every day."

The incumbents of the log were too nearly paralyzed to remonstrate, but after a few moments of silence the patriarch remarked in tones of feeling, yet decision:

"He's hed a tough time of it, but he's no business to ruin the settlement. I'm an old man myself and I need peace of mind, so I'm going to pack up my traps and mosey. When the folks at Maxfield knows what he's doin', they'll make him a constable or a justice, an' I'm too much of a man to live nigh any sich."

And next day the patriarch wheeled his family and property to parts unknown.

A few days later Jim Merrick, a brisk farmer a few miles from the Bend, stood in front of his own house, and shaded his eyes in solemn wonder. It couldn't be—he'd never heard of such a thing before—yet it was—there was no doubt of it—there was a Pike, riding towards him in open daylight. He could swear that Pike had often visited him—that is, his wheat-field and corral—after dark, but a daylight visit from a Pike was as unusual as a social call of a Samaritan upon a Sew. And when Sam—for it was he—approached Merrick and made his business known, the farmer was more astonished and confused than he had ever been in his life before. Sam wanted to know for how much money Merrick would plow and plant a hundred and sixty acres of wheat for him, and whether he would take Sam's horse—a fine animal brought from the States, and for which Sam could show a bill of sale—as security for the amount until he could harvest and sell his crop. Merrick so well understood the Pike nature that he made a very liberal offer, and afterward said he would have paid handsomely for the chance.

A few days later and the remaining Pikes at the Bend experienced the greatest scare that ever visited their souls. A brisk man came into the Bend with a tripod on his shoulder and a wire chain and some wire pins, and a queer machine under his arm, and before dark the Pikes understood that Sam had deliberately constituted himself a renegade by entering a quarter section of land. Next morning two more residences were empty, and the remaining farmers of the hamlet adorned not Sam's log, but wandered about with faces vacant of all expression, save the agony of the patriot who sees his home invaded by corrupting influences too powerful for him to resist.

Then Merrick sent up a plow-gang and eight horses, and the tender green of Sam's quarter section was rapidly changed to a dull brown color, which is odious unto the eye of the Pike. Day after day the brown spot grew larger, and one morning Sam arose to find all his neighbors departed, having wreaked their vengeance upon him by taking away his dogs. And in his delight at their disappearance Sam freely forgave them all.

Regularly the children were carried to and from school, and even to Sunday school. Regularly every evening Sam visited the grave on the hillside, and came back to lie by the hour watching the sleeping darlings. Little by little farmers began to realize that their property was undisturbed. Little by little Sam's wheat grew and waxed golden, and then there came a day when a man from 'Frisco came and changed it into heavier gold—more gold than Sam had ever seen before. And the farmers began to step in to see Sam, and their children came to see his, kind women were unusually kind to the orphans; and, as day by day Sam took his solitary walk on the hillside, the load on his heart grew lighter, until he ceased to fear the day when he, too, should lie there.—*California Exchange.*

THINGS TO REMEMBER.

INDIAN BREAD.—Take one quart flour, one quart meal, one quart buttermilk, one cup molasses, one egg, saleratus and salt.

KEEPING CIDER SWEET.—Heat the cider until it boils, pour into the bottles, which have been previously heated to prevent cracking. Cork tight, and seal immediately, as in canning fruit. The cider will keep unchanged for years.

TO PRESERVE GRAPES.—Procure some tin cases of any convenient size, and put in a layer of dry sand or charcoal, and then a bunch of grapes, until the case is full; seal down the lid and make all air right, and bury them to any convenient depth in the ground.

EGG PLANT.—Pare the fruit, cut it into slices a third of an inch thick, slightly salt the pieces and stack them upon a plate. In an hour or two they will have lost considerable water. They are then to be dipped in beaten egg, sprinkled with cracker crumbs and fried. Serve very hot.

CELERY SAUCE.—Pick and wash two heads of celery, cut them into pieces an inch long, and stew them in a pint of water and a teaspoonful of salt, until the celery is tender. Rub a large tablespoonful of butter with a spoonful of flour, well together; stir this into a pint of cream, and put in the celery and let it boil up once. Serve hot, with boiled poultry.

OATMEAL PUDDING BAKED.—One pint of oatmeal mush, one quart of milk, four spoons of sugar, one cup of bread crumbs rubbed fine, one cup of fruit—currants, dried apples, peaches, or any fruit you have convenient. Stew the fruit before putting into the pudding; one egg, one spoonful of good yeast, and spice to suit your taste. Bake or steam one hour.

SPONGE CAKE.—Six eggs, one coffee cup and a half of white sugar, and the same of flour. It is best to whip the whites separately, then after the yolks and sugar are well beaten together, add the flour and whites of eggs, a spoonful of each at a time. Beat a minute or more between each spoonful. Flavor to suit the taste; bake in rather hot oven.

TO KEEP SAUSAGE MEAT.—As soon as convenient after making sausage, cut in slices or make in cakes and fry till done. Take a stone jar, place your cakes closely in the jar and pour over the frying. If not sufficient to cover to the depth of two inches when done, use fresh lard. Keep the sausage in a cool place. When wanted for use, remove the lard, take out what you want and return the lard, to keep the air from what remains. This will keep till August. I have never tried to keep it any longer.

MILK BREAD.—Mix a teaspoonful of salt with three and a half pounds of flour. Dissolve one ounce of yeast in a pint and a half of skimmed milk made lukewarm. Proceed exactly as for household bread. When ready for the oven divide the dough into three loaves, set them on a well-floured baking-sheet, and bake for an hour in a hot oven. When taken out, care should be taken not to put the loaves down flat, or the crust will be soddened with the steam.

Albany & Santiam Canal.

FRIEND VAN CLEVE:—Not having seen anything for some time in relation to the Santiam Canal, I drop you a few lines. The Canal is connected from the Santiam river to Jas. Elkins' barn, one mile south of Albany, including all the first contracts. B. B. Turley is through on sections 1st, 2d and 4th; O. Fry on sections 6th, 7th and 8th, all to trimming up—he will have finished entirely by Wednesday. My force has been on the Albany contract since the 18th inst. I will work tomorrow (25th) forty teams and seventy men, besides thirty-six Celestials as trimmers. Now you can safely say through your columns that the Albany & Santiam Canal will be ready to receive water in ten days from this writing, if clear weather continues so long, and I hope some energetic individual or Company will at once take advantage of the opportunity thus afforded for cheap water-power, and at once commence the erection of manufactories. There are any number of fine water privileges along the line of the Canal, and the Canal Company offer most advantageous terms to any one who will engage in any of the various industries that can be conducted with profit in this county. Linn county, it is well known embraces within its boundaries the largest and richest body of agricultural lands in the State. It produces annually over a million bushels of wheat, besides oats, barley, flax seed, wool, etc., but she sadly needs manufactories to work up the vast quantities of raw material at home, which now is compelled to find a market somewhere else.

A large mill for the manufacture of lumber would doubtless pay a large dividend on the money invested—logs being easily obtained, in unlimited numbers, and brought to the mill through the Canal.

It is believed that wheat and the other products of the county will be brought to Albany by means of the Canal, in the course of time, doing away almost entirely with teaming, as suitable vessels can be built, capable of carrying from ten to thirty tons of grain, which can be towed by from one to three horses, making the trip between Lebanon and this city in four hours, saving in the first instance, eight hours hard pulling, and the labor of at least eight animals. Some assert that small steamers will be able to navigate the Canal, but my opinion is that towboats are what will be needed. And, as I have said before, the freighting of the portion of the county reached by the Canal, will be done in this manner, and at one-half the cost of teaming. As there is quite a fall at Elkins' barn, locks are to be built at that point.

If the above lines will serve to interest your readers, you may publish.

Truly Yours, A. B. M.

Albany, Nov. 24, 1873.

At the late meeting of the British Association, in the Economic section, Mrs. King read an important paper discussing the great "servant question." Her views are novel and revolutionary enough to satisfy the most radical "reformer," and she does not propose, like so many reformers, to overthrow the present methods without offering a substitute. She wants to help both employer and employed, especially the latter; and her idea for the purpose is that the middle class in towns should give up separate residences, "which are failures," and lodge in huge cooperative clubs, or mansions, or hotels, where all service should be performed by women coming in three relays—the first to clean up, the second to cook, and the third to be guardians during the night. That would, she says, in the end, be cheaper than present methods; servants living at home would have time for self-culture, and the mistresses would be much relieved from labor. Indeed, Mrs. King does not want the "better classes" even to understand domestic management, saying that servants will never be good while their employers meddle in the work.