

The New Northwest.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 16, 1872.

Marion May.

Marion May was a little girl, a
Worthy a queen to be,
For all the maidens in the country side
Was none so fair as she.

Her hair was like silk, and her eyes like wine—
Liquid, dark and deep;
They sparkled and danced in the broad sun-
shine,
(Or melted in rosy sleep.

Lovers by scores for her white hand sighed,
Of high and of low degree;
And many a young man had asked her name,
And sweethearts tried to be.

The squirrel had plenty of golden store,
Such as for him was meet,
And he wished no better and asked no more,
Than to lay it all at her feet.

But she put his gifts and his vows aside,
Laughing, and outspoke she,
"I never was born for a rich man's bride,
So I cannot have with thee."

The parson he came, with his face so grave,
Gentle and kind and true,
And said the best of her and asked no more,
Than to take her for his bride.

But she only opened her eyes full wide,
Wondering, and outspoke she,
"I never was born for a rich man's bride,
So I cannot have with thee."

The Colonel he swore a right good oath—
"Little one, be my wife!"
"I never was born for a rich man's bride,
So I cannot have with thee."

He vowed that he would not be denied,
Low on his knee he knelt,
"I never was born for a rich man's bride,
So I cannot have with thee."

Robin came back from the sea one day,
Out of the distant West,
And with him came a letter from Marion,
A woman he loved to the best.

She sobbed and kissed, and laughed and cried—
"Welcome, my love," she said,
"For you and for me, and for all the world,
I will have the world with thee."

George Clements' Wife.

BY MARY REED COWLEY.

"Of all things, this is the worst! If I
ever in all my life expected to hear such
news! Why, our George is gone and
gone married! Dye hear?"

Good Mrs. Clements pushed her steel-
bowed spectacles off her bright eyes,
and dropped her letter in her lap, as she
turned around to her husband, the stout,
clever old farmer, who was contentedly
stroking the old white cat.

"Deacon, dye hear?"

"This time when she asked the ques-
tion, there was a touch of sharpness in
her voice.

"Yes, what if he is married? I'm
sure it's natural enough. It kind of runs
in the family, 'pears to me."

But Mrs. Clements would take no no-
tice of this little pleasantry.

"Well, if you like it, I can tell you I
don't. He needn't think he's coming here
with his fine city-bred lady, all
airs and graces, and ruffles and fluted
ruffles. There's plenty of good girls
hereabouts that wanted him. Right in
the middle of work, too! to talk of
bringing a lady here in hog-kills!
Time! I do declare, I think George is a
fool!"

A graceful, dainty little lady, in a
garnet poplin and ruffled apron, with a
small, proudly poised head, covered
with short, dusky curls, and a pair of
dark blue eyes, so soft and tender, a
tiny rose-bud of a mouth, and a dimple
in one pink cheek.

That was Mrs. Marion Clements.
Was it any wonder that George had
fallen in love with her?

She sat in the bright little parlor, close
beside the lace-curtained window,
watching for the loved husband's return;
and then, when she heard the click of
the latch-key in the hall, flew for the
welcome kiss.

"Haven't you the letter this time,
George? I've felt so sure of it all day.
Indeed, I've quite decided what dresses
to take with me!"

He smiled and shook his head.

A cloud passed over her pretty face.

"O, George, isn't it to bad? And I
do believe—oh, I do believe they won't
write because they are sorry you married
me!"

He put his arm around her neck.

"And supposing such to be the case;
do you think it would make any differ-
ence to you?"

"Oh, no! not only it would grieve me
so if I knew I had alienated your own
parents from you."

"And a one-sided alienation it would
be, too! They have never seen you!
And when they know you they can't
help loving you."

"O, George!"

And the exclamation was caused by
the kiss accompanying this loving flat-
tery.

"That's true as preaching. By the
hy, my dear, what would you say if the
firm sent me off on a traveling tour of
six months?"

A little dismayed cry answered him.

"You won't stay here alone, eh? But
Marion, it would be five hundred dollars
clear gain to us."

"What need we care for money? I'd
rather have you."

A mischievous smile played on the
young man's lips; he was more matter-
of-fact than this romantic, tender little
wife of his.

"I think the addition to our balance
at the banker's would be very consoling
for the absence. But never mind, little
pet. Let's go down to dinner. I hope
we'll get a letter from home soon!"

And soon it was for Marion snatched
it from his coat pocket the very next
night. But her husband's face looked
very grave and stern, and his eyes
looked angry when she looked gleefully
over the envelope and read the letter.

"My dear, you must remember I care
very little for what the letter contains.
Remember I did not write it; that you
are dearer to me than ever before. Kiss
me, first, while I watch you."

A little pang of misgiving troubled
her when she glanced over the note;
then tears stole from under her lashes,
and George saw her tender mouth quiver
and tremble; then when she had fin-
ished it, she laid her head down on his
shoulder and cried.

"It was cruel to let you see it, my
wounded birdie. Let me burn it. And
don't forget, darling, what our Bible
says; that a man shall leave father and
mother, and cleave his wife. You are
my precious wife, Marion, and you
you I turn for all the happiness my life
will ever hold."

He dried her tears, and then they
talked it over.

"Just because I am city-bred, she
thinks I am lazy, and naughty, and
dirty, and—"

"Never mind, Marion. She will find
out some day. My father—"

"Yes, believe the dear old man! He has
added: 'My love to my daughter Mar-
ion.' Oh, I know I should love him,
and your mother, too, if she would let
me."

"We will invite them down, when I
come home. By the way, Marion, I
will stop at the firm on my way home
and invite them down, and bring them
home with me."

"George, dear, I have been thinking
about that trip West. I think you had
better go, and leave home. It won't be
so very long."

Marion was eating her egg while she
spoke across the cozy little tete-a-tete
breakfast table.

"Spoken like my true little Marion,

and when I come back I'll bring you a
present. What shall it be?"

"Your mother and father from the
farm. It shall be that hope that will
bear me company when you are gone."

A fortnight after that Marion Cle-
ments ate her breakfast alone, the traces
of a tear or so on her pink cheek; then
she dashed them away with a merry,
joyous little laugh.

"This will never do, and now that
George has gone for six weeks, to pre-
pare for his return. And I pray Heaven
it shall be such a coming as shall de-
light his very soul."

"I'm sure I don't know what to say.
The land knows I need help bad enough,
but it seems to me such a slender little
midget as you couldn't earn your salt.
What did you say your name was?"

"Mary Smith. And indeed if you
will try me for a week, I am sure you
will keep me till the season's over."

Mrs. Clements looked out of the win-
dow at the great clouds that were piling
gloomily up; and then the wind gave a
great walling shriek around the corners
of the house.

"You can cook, Ken you? or shake up
feather beds—good big ones, forty
pounders?"

A gleeful little laugh came from
Mary's lips.

"Indeed I can. I may not cook to
suit you, but I can learn."

Mrs. Clements walked out to the
large open fire-place in the kitchen
where the Deacon was shelling corn.

"What d'ye say, Deacon; keep her or
not? I kind of like her looks, and the
dear knows it'd be a good fit while
we're killing, if she couldn't do more'n
set the table or make mush for the
breed."

"Take her, of course, Hannah. You
are hard driv' I know. Let her stop a
week or so anyhow."

So Mrs. Clements came slowly back
and sat down again.

"You can't get away to-night, any-
how; there's a snow storm been a brew-
ing these three days, and it's on us now,
sure enough. See them 'ere flakes, fine
and thick. You may as well take your
Mary and let her look after the corn,
and then come down and help me get sup-
per."

Then followed directions to the west
garret, and when she was gone, Mrs.
Clements turned to the Deacon.

"I never saw a girl before I'd trust up
stairs alone. But such as her don't
steal! I can tell you that if nothing
else."

Directly she came down in a purple
print dress and white apron; her hair
brushed off her face into a net; a
narrow linen collar, fastened with a
sailor's loop of narrow black ribbon.

It seemed as if she had life, too; hand-
sily fitted in and out of the big pan-
try and then down the cellar.

Then after the meal, she gathered the
dishes in a neat, silent way, that was
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Forty Years a Squaw.

The Akron (Ohio) Daily Beacon pub-
lishes the following interesting narra-
tive:

In the year 1831 Mr. John M. Ar-
strong, residing near Detroit, Michigan,
sent his little daughter Mary, a girl of
seven years of age, unattended, off to the
district school. On the way to school
she was snatched by the Indians, who
at that time were found in large num-
bers about Detroit. The stricken parents
could scarcely be consoled for the loss of
the child, and finally gave up all hope of
recovering her.

When she was taken by the Indians
she was carried off to Texas, and suffered
untold hardships and privations at their
hands. In Texas she lived for five years,
and when she had reached her twelfth
year was compelled to marry "Yallery,"
an Indian warrior. The tribe with
which she lived then removed to
Nebraska, where twelve months, the
length of the Indian's married life, hav-
ing passed away, she was no longer the
wife of Yallery and was sold to an
Irishman, David Ward. David was a
Catholic, and was burned at the stake
because he refused to abjure his religion,
after which Mary was carried into an-
other tribe, and she after some years
married an Indian Chief called Big Son.
Big Son soon got tired of his new spouse,
and sold her to a Mr. Carman, a pale-
face, and with him she lived until a
melancholy event occurred, which at
once deprived her of her husband and
children.

Near San Francisco is a place called
"Black Hills," which, last fall, was the
scene of a bloody fight between the
Digger and Snake Indians. Mrs. Carman
at the time was with the Digger Indians,
having been sold to them, together with
her husband and children, a short time
before by the Snake Indians. In the
battle the Indians were killed, and Mrs.
Carman's husband and children were
killed. She alone escaped, and remained
with them a short time until an opportu-
nity presented itself, when she fled to
San Francisco.

From San Francisco, in company with
four others, she was sent by General
Sheridan as far as St. Joe, Mo., from
which place she is now on her journey to
Columbus, where her aged father and
mother reside.

About ten years ago her father heard
of her being yet alive among the Indians,
and immediately opened a correspon-
dence with parties in the West to
see if he could find any information
which would lead to her return to her
parents. After long waiting the intelli-
gence was conveyed to him that she was
found and would soon be in her home,
after forty-one years of wandering
among savages. She has made her way
from town to town, and a day or two
since reached Kent. Until this time she
had worn her Indian costume, but the
Mayor of Kent compelled her to ex-
change her half-dressed garb for a more
respectable one, which she wore when
which acceded more with Kent tastes.

Yesterday she reached Akron, and has
been here soliciting aid to complete her
journey. Such, in brief, is her tale.
Whether or not she is an impostor, we
are unable to tell. Certain it is that she
tells a straightforward story, and the
most rigorous questioning could not
cause her to change the least portion of
her narrative. She is very intelligent,
looking, and answers all questions very
readily, and with an appearance of truth
and simplicity. When Marshal Parker
told her he had been among the Indians
he commenced crying, and in the Indian
language, but the Marshal, not wish-
ing to show his ignorance of the
language by inability to reply, "va-
noosed," much to the amusement of the
crowd which had gathered about her.

AN INTERESTING SCIENTIFIC EN-
TERPRISE.—It is a fact well understood
by the unlearned as well as the learned
that in determining the true north line
surveyors and civil engineers are ac-
customed to make a certain allowance for
what is called "the variation of the mag-
netic needle," or in other words, it is
well known that the magnetic needle
does not point due north, but is deflected
in various directions, and the amount of
this variation differs with different pe-
riods of time, and also, in different lo-
calities on the earth's surface. Another
well known fact connected with the
operation of the needle is that when
suspended upon a pivot, instead of
assuming an exact horizontal position it
has a slight dip toward the north, and
that the extent of this dip likewise
varies with time and place. In view of
these well known facts, it is not sur-
prising that the determination of the true
north line is a matter of great interest to
science, to determine the true north line
of different points of the earth's surface,
in order to know what extent the needle
varies from the north course, and ac-
cordingly to what extent the needle dips
at different localities. When the true
north line is once established at differ-
ent points, it will be found an easy mat-
ter to note from year to year the slight-
est difference either by way of an in-
crease or a variation of the needle from
this true line from year to year. The
true north line is found by an astronom-
ical observation, and the process of
ascertaining the true meridian line and
measuring the intensity of the magnetic
force which controls the variation and
the dip of the needle is called a "magnetic
survey."

Such a survey of the United States is
now being made by Dr. L. C. Hilgard,
under the auspices of the National Acad-
emy of Sciences.

The Smithsonian Institute will pub-
lish the result of these surveys for the
general benefit of the community.—St.
Louis Republican.

THE LOST BOY.—The Boston Traveler
thinks the following story a good illus-
tration of the way a good many strip-
lings in "jacket and trousers" miss their
"beatings" and "beatings" miss their
"beatings."

The pet of a family, residing not far
from Lagrange street, is a boy who has
recently passed his fifth year, and hav-
ing just donned his first pocket and
trousers, is attending a primary school.
The other afternoon he failed to come
home at the usual hour, much to the
alarm of the household, and after a long
search, he was found, sometime after
dark, at the Providence depot.

He was sent to his mother, who, much ex-
planation, though it is possible his treat-
ment was what Solomon would have
recommended in such an emergency.

The next morning he was down to the
breakfast table, evidently not the worse
for the lesson and perhaps wiser. Tak-
ing advantage of a hill in the con-
versation customary at the morning
meal, he turned his grave countenance
to the lady at the head of the table, and
saying few words to overcharged mind,
he exclaimed:

"I