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[For the New Northwest.] THE TWO DAFFODILS.

BY JOHN A. WOODACK.

Down by a dark-wood, murmuring river, Green two daffodils, beside and green;

Pure and true was their love forever, Sun-kissed on their sunny bloom.

Bliss was theirs at their out of the hedger, Pale flowers bloomed in their sunny room.

White up from their burrows, with sun-bright eyes, Gambled the squirrels that ate up the corn.

Deep by drop came the dew so tender, Shining bright through the sky-dight brown;

Just then I saw the lily's splendor, Shine the petals of the daffodils down.

But still the beauty grows and lingers, And all the fields seem low and lone.

Whenever they see the lily's fingers, Shimmer the light of the early morn.

Waxing fields with plume and tassels, Sky with its lines and moon-gold ring;

Where the eyes in the starbeams nestle—What are these to the lily's plumes?

Winds through the hill-tops misty covering, Now kissed the sweet buds' lips of blue—

Stang the field-lark over them hovering, While all the world seemed just made new.

Then on and on through the spring-time weather, Grow the daffodils ahead of the rest;

Still, they love lovers' sweeting together, In the crimson light of the sunny west.

Autumn with summer's leaves abiding, Sweet buds all in their mourning dressed;

Back and forward, the sunbeams gliding, Pale buds weeping, forest to forest.

But the two lovers, still, are now joining, And their lily-blossoms are now joined;

Under their heart a frosty tinge, And in each vein a death-gnaw, now.

Where are the dew-drops with eyes all alight, A wreath of sunbeams in their hands?

Slowly they follow their sweeting lady, With frosty tears-furrows in the sands.

Death—it is not all death to be dying, Sad and dreary our death-day dawn;

O, to be high and to be ever dying, Without a torch in the fire-lit room!

ELLEN DOWD, THE FARMER'S WIFE.

PART SECOND.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1872 by Mrs. A. J. Bunway, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington, D.C.]

CHAPTER XII.

But it was soon apparent that the lunatic had no intention of joking.

The doctor, realizing the position, with difficulty suppressed a hearty laugh, and yet he was a little mortified as he glanced ruefully at the jacket covering his plumed hands.

"This is a rather unceremonious introduction to California," said he, glancing meaningfully at Ellen. "But I suppose you people must submit. Tell me," turning to the lunatic, whose fierce eyes were flashing upon him with a glare that convinced the physician and officers that they had been the victims of a practical joke; "tell me, how came you to know I was crazy? You must be a very sagacious woman."

"Oh, it was very easy to find out. Didn't I see you eyeing me as I came as though you thought I was crazy? You can't fool an old lady with old tricks, sir. You're not the first man that's been summoned to my house to pronounce me crazy and get me off to an asylum; but I got ahead of this time. He off with him at once!" waving her hand with imperious dignity at the policeman, who stood dumfounded near the door.

Ellen and her husband attempted an explanation.

"Let me go with them," said the doctor, giving Ellen another warning look. "Of course I'm crazy," arising to bow himself out of the room.

"Opinion his hands," said the visiting physician.

The order was injudiciously obeyed in the presence of the deranged lady, who at once became unmanageable. For days her ravings were most fearful. Loving hands that would have ministered to her were cast aside with fearful imprecations, and the mild form of lunacy which she had almost uniformly exhibited before gave place to raving blasphemy. Ellen's household would not consent to her removal to the asylum, and Dr. Goff did not request it. She would receive aid from no one except Ellen, and from her only at rare intervals.

"They say that men are women's friends!" she screamed. "Ah, who but men may women fear? Who but a man allured me from my childhood home and robbed me of life's brightest joys? Who but a man beguiled me into a marriage that was not legal and made my son illegitimate? Who but a man robbed me of my baby and locked me in a mad house? Ellen D'Arcy, see! yonder on the lawn is Edgar Worth. You have trusted him. He will destroy you. He will rob you of your children, lock you in a dungeon, despoil you of your grand estates and render you a fiend incarnate. Don't look at him! Don't touch him! Men, who claim to be our friends and protectors, are our worse than deadly enemies."

"Dear mother, do not talk so," pleaded the Ellen. "My husband is noble, kind and true. He loves you, mother. He is your own dear baby boy of whom you were just now speaking. The man who was your enemy is dead."

"Dead! dead!" she shrieked. "The wicked never die! He has been good and pure and gentle, as you are, my child, he would have died; but no, he is not dead! He watches through the key-hole to see if I shall stir. He glares upon me in the darkness, and when he would sing, his voice sends forth hissing serpents to torment my soul with tongues of living fire. Ellen, take warn-

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ing by my awful fate and never, never, NEVER trust a man."

Dr. Goff and Edgar Worth paced back and forth through the long, winding corridors, pausing often at the chamber door to listen to the maniac's constant plaint.

"No wonder she is crazy, Doctor," said her anxious son. "The wonder to me is far greater that Ellen isn't unbalanced too."

"Ellen's temperament is different, sir. She would die before her reason could be upset. The wonder to me is in her case is not that she is not insane, but that she should have lived to conquer the untoward conditions with which her early life was clouded and come off, as she has, more than conquer in the great struggle of her life."

"There is some method in my mother's madness, Doctor. Clouded as her reason is, she sees that it was her so-called protector man who was alone responsible for all her misery."

"Men are not half so bad as the laws they make, or all women would feel the iron of oppression in their souls. The wonder to me is that men, considering the license they have under the marriage contract—to have, hold and possess the wife—are not oftener proved to be Killingsworths or Dowds. Ellen's sister Sarah was a victim of a man's lust and ignorance. She died and gave no sign, poor child, yet I, as her physician, knew that the man who should have shielded her so securely that the winds of heaven could not have visited her too roughly, literally oppressed her till she died. The victims of man's inhumanity to woman may be numbered by tens of thousands."

The din of the poor maniac's continual raving suddenly ceased. Ellen ran, with a scared look and hurried whispers, from the sick room into the hall, where the two men were talking.

"Come, quickly! Mother has ruptured a blood vessel, and oh, it's awful!" she whispered.

Edgar suppressed a cry of horror. "Don't alarm the children," said Dr. Goff.

Ellen ran through the corridor and down the stairs, locking the various passage-ways behind her, and ordering the carriage, posted the younger members of her household off for a day in the country.

"There will be time enough to cloud their lives with the dark side of life when they are men and women," she soliloquized, as they bowed away on the stony pavement and disappeared behind a grove of gnarled and twisted oaks.

Returning to the bedside of the sufferer in mind and body, she found her lying prostrate, a pool of blood upon the costly carpet. The same red liquid came gushing in regular respirations from her mouth and nose, while in her eyes the gleam of reason appeared as seen in years long gone.

Reaching out, she feebly grasped the hand of her daughter-in-law and pointed upward with a radiant smile.

"Don't speak, mother. I understand you. You are happy," she said calmly, "and I know that all is well."

The veined lids closed over the fading eyes, and the patient, breathing easily, slumbered.

Servants fitted to and fro, repairing the disordered room.

"I'm afraid that you made a very unprofitable bargain when you sent for me to cure your mother-in-law, Ellen," said the doctor, in a whisper.

"At all events, we have you here to live and die with us," she whispered, through her tears.

"Hark! I hear the angels singing," said the patient, in a whisper. "Oh," she continued, "the windows of heaven are opened and I see the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. I see a country where the trees are ever blooming, where no maker and builder is God. There are no bolts and bars and prison walls and insane people there. And, Oh, Ellen, I see your mother, Ellen D'Arcy Dowd!"

"Her mind wanders," whispered Edgar to his wife.

"Who's was the quick response," but "Nonsense! I was blind, I now see. I see that which it is not lawful for me to utter."

"Bright angels are from glory come; They're round my bed, they're in my room; They wait to wait my spirit home. All is well, all is well."

Ellen stood as one enraptured. Never before had the portals of immortality seemed to open at her very feet. Never before had she realized that the world of souls was not so very far off as not to be grasped by the mind that hovered on the very confines of the dark and turbid Styx. So deeply intent were the husband and wife in watching and listening that they had not heeded the sudden change in Dr. Goff. With his hands folded placidly upon his breast, and the grey eyes looking earnestly at the spot where no one stood, he lay, with rigid limbs and fallen lower jaw.

"O, Ellen, this is holy ground," said her husband tenderly, as, turning from his mother to the lounge, he saw that Dr. Goff too was dying.

"Yes, yes," whispered his mother; "this is the house of God and gate of heaven. Our robes shall be made white in the blood of the Lamb. He giveth his beloved sleep. Ellen, Edgar, when I am gone and you erect a marble slab above the spot that marks my mortal resting-place, put no name or date there.

Eternity has none. But let the simple words, 'He giveth his beloved sleep,' stand out in base relief upon the marble, that the blind in passing by may read the blessed words. My mind is clear now, and looking back through the dead years I see a long and cloudy way, beset by thorns and brambles; but, Oh, my son and daughter, eye hath not seen nor ear heard, nor hath it entered the heart of man to conceive the joys that await me. Attend now to Dr. Goff and leave me alone with God. The spirit must not be disturbed when leaving the frail tenement that struggles to hold it."

Closing her eyes, while a halo of brightness played upon her features, fighting them up with an unearthly rapture, she sank into a quiet slumber and spoke no more.

Oh, reader, what is death? Dr. Goff awoke to consciousness. As the flickering rays of an expiring taper will gather sudden brightness after an interval of well nigh total darkness, so the life that hangs all trembling upon the verge of the great Unknown will emit beams of passing brilliancy ere the last rays die out. And it was so with Dr. Goff. Like a ripe shock of wheat, he was all ready to be garnered, and he knew the fact full well.

"Ellen, Ellen Dowd," he whispered, "I see your mother. She is near me now and waits to guide me over the dark river. This bank is dark, I mean, and the stream is muddy; but on the other shore the sands are sands of gold, and the clear stream goes rippling on, while countless barks are dipping their silver oars in its rippling tide. On this side the angel of death has moored his bark and is watching. On the other and near the middle of the stream the angel of life is waiting to meet and bear me on. Life and death, in this great river meet in mute embrace, the Finite on this side, the Infinite on that. I can't tell you how beautifully beams that shining shore. Your mother, in her eagerness to meet the old man who idolized her in his awkward boyhood, has crossed the turbid river and stands waiting there. Can you not see her?"

"Alas, no," said Ellen, "except by eyes of faith."

"She says to me, 'Tell Ellen to profit by her past earth-life and mine. Tell her to go into the world and preach the gospel of bitter experience, by which she has learned the better way, that through her own sad life the world may look and see a happier way than the oppressed has walked in.' Ellen Dowd, good angels sent me here to die. You have wealth, love, position and past experience. In the name of the mother who passed out in the bright life when your earthly existence dawned, I conjure you to use your life of life to open the eyes of the blind that all may see the better way and be induced to walk therein."

"His voice grew faint and hoarse, his grasp was chilled weak. His eyes just on a dying look, he sighed and ceased to speak."

"This is the house of God and gate of heaven," said Edgar Worth.

"And the place whereon we stand is holy ground," replied his wife.

[Concluded next week.]

A SCHOOL MA'AM'S REVERIE.

Vacation is ended! Harken to the school bells!

Three months ago the warm breath of June hushed in slumberous silence the merry sounds of the school bells, and left them to be awakened by the balmy September breeze, that, laden with odors delicious as those wafted from the "spicy shores of Arabia," floats dreamily over orchards and grain-fields, touching now with grateful coolness the moist brow of the laborer; now playing hide-and-seek in the curls that adorn the heads of those merry children, bound for yonder school-house; and anon perchance fanning with its fragrant breath the pale forehead of the invalid and bearing to him healing upon its wings.

As the schools seemingly with one accord closed their portals as the year speeded royally into its June, so also, as if moved by the same spirit of harmony, one and all re-opened them as the soft winds of autumn are lured from their hiding-places by golden, queenly September. What a pleasing change is visible, both in teachers and pupils, since weary and listless they turned from the closed doors of their respective school-rooms in the sultry June sunshine! How slow then their steps, how aimless all their movements. Yet I presume we could scarcely regard these brain laborers as aimless, it certainly being the aim of each to enjoy to the utmost the fleeting weeks allotted to rest and recreation. To all appearances that aim has been accomplished, for in every look and tone and movement we can read the energy and determination born of rest—that rest which to hundreds of over-taxed teachers, is a great desideratum—as they stood upon the blooming threshold of the now-departed summer and anticipated its delights. How delightful indeed to both teachers and pupils to cast all thoughts of books and tasks, all care of rules and discipline to the sweet June winds, feeling that they wooed none of them until brought again to them by the cool breath of September. Teachers who, during the golden month—first born and most favored child of autumn—begin again to sow, in the minds of the hundreds of pupils, who obedient to

the sweet, half-forgotten summons of the school bells, again leave their homes and claim again your care and instruction, the germs which shall in coming years bear fruit to knowledge and usefulness, as you lay aside the mantle of pleasure and again buckle on the armor of toil; as you patiently "sow that others may reap," with renewed energy and determination, with faith and hope inspired by past success, thank God and take courage!"

Pupils, who again daily leave your homes to seek the familiar rooms consecrated to study, whether this balmy day of early autumn finds you gathered in the unpretending school-house of a remote and lonely district or assembled in the stately halls of the Universities that are the pride of our young State; when the breezes again come to you laden with the fragrance of pur roses; when at the sultry bidding of summer you again turn from the closed doors of your school-rooms to seek rest and recreation, may not the ghost of lost opportunity, the shadowy specter of mis-spent time, follow you to your summer retreat.

May teachers and pupils alike strive earnestly to make the most of the talents God has given them, work together in harmony and exercise toward each other an abundance of that Charity "that suffereth long and is kind."

"So shall this school year yield a rich harvest of present enjoyment, future usefulness and sweet memories. C. FOREST GROVE, September, 1873.

A Lesson for Slanderees.

Perhaps the meanest act a man can be guilty of is to willfully and maliciously tarnish the fair name of a woman, or to speak of her in any manner that would reflect slight. There is a cowardly and filthy in the invidious whisper—the vindictive suggestion—asserting nothing, yet leaving the worst to be surmised. Some years ago, in some matter, were taken cognizance of by the court, and the cowardly culprit, unless he escaped beyond the sea, was made the target of the family pistol, or his body became a temporary abode for the courtly rapier. In the present matter of fact, a new order of things exist. The coward and slanderees is still found in every community, but he seldom pays the extreme penalty for his crime. In the out-of-the-way village of Kingswood, Hunterdon county, New Jersey, is a full of absurd contradictions and monstrous anomalies. We are responsible, in some manner, for the slanderees, and we are slanderees—we are everything, we are nothing. We are the caryatides, bearing up the entablature of the temple of liberty from city to city, with free passes and free drinks, who treats Miss Anthony's making stives calls, and to the halls for cards, and no disturbance comes of it—be it neither fined nor confined. So it would seem "a little voting is a dangerous thing."

Say what you will, the whole question of woman's status in the State and church, in society, and in the family, is full of absurd contradictions and monstrous anomalies. We are responsible, in some manner, for the slanderees, and we are slanderees—we are everything, we are nothing. We are the caryatides, bearing up the entablature of the temple of liberty from city to city, with free passes and free drinks, who treats Miss Anthony's making stives calls, and to the halls for cards, and no disturbance comes of it—be it neither fined nor confined. So it would seem "a little voting is a dangerous thing."

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