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MADGE MORRISON,
The Madge and Madge.

By MRS. A. J. DUNIWAY.
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CHAPTER I.

A lone emigrant wagon had halted upon a rolling upland in the beautiful valley of the Willamette, adjacent to a running stream that came dashing down with rippling music from the gulch, a mile distant, in whose wooded depths the sparkling spring from which it drew its substance hid itself serenely away, alike from the glare of the sun and the chilliest breath of the wind.

Hard by the wagon a pair of calves were picketed, their mothers quietly grazing within call, and three yokes of sturdy oxen, tired with the fatigues of the day, were lying near, chewing the cud of evident satisfaction.

"You won't be gone very long, will you, Mark?"

"Guess not, Nancy. But you needn't worry about me. Just see to it that everything's snug about the tent and wagon; for like as not there's a storm brewing. My rheumatiz twinges considerably. I'll be back afore long if I'm lucky."

Saying, the husband started for the woods upon a sort of limping trot, followed by a faithful watch-dog that had accompanied them during all the weary months of journeying toward the settling sun.

The work about the camp was soon finished, and then followed a season of dreary, anxious waiting.

"Mercy! how the wind whistles down the cañon! I fear that we are to have a terrible night of it. Mark ought to have been back an hour ago. Keep still, children. You are better off in bed. Night will soon be upon us. How I wish your father would come!"

The speaker, Nancy Morrison, was a faded woman of five and thirty, with a babe in her arms, which she hugged tightly to her shivering form, as she peered out into the gathering darkness, looking in vain for her husband's return.

The family had traveled far with their teams of oxen, and the rations of salt meat and sea-biscuit, which had constituted their almost entire bill of fare for many weeks, had become utterly distasteful to the faded mother and hungry babe; hence the determination of Mark Morrison to secure some game, with which he knew the wooded gulch to be well supplied.

It had been with many misgivings that Mr. and Mrs. Morrison had decided, months before, to leave their comfortable, but narrow Indiana quarters; and, bidding farewell to friends and relatives, take up their weary line of march across the, as yet, almost untracked regions of the great so-called American Desert, in search of unclaimed acres for the use of their growing family. Not that there were not untold lands in plenty adjacent to their little Indiana home; but these lands were in possession of men who would neither sell nor use them; and so, while they were given over to the abode of sheep and swine, humanity must needs ally itself into the untamed wilderness and become companions of the panther and coyote—more neighborly and accommodating than their brother man. Health, too, was a weighty consideration, for though Mark Morrison was not a man of feeble constitution, he had all his life been troubled with periodical attacks of ague, with of late years a tendency to rheumatism, all of which he hoped to get rid of in the new country beyond the Rocky Mountains, of which he had often received tidings.

Mrs. Morrison had protested long against the proposed removal, for she shrank from the possible dangers of desert and wilderness as only a woman will as she feels the helplessness that accompanies her lot when little children depend upon her for that protection without which the race of men and women would soon be extinct. Yet, in spite of her fears and protests, she at last yielded a reluctant consent to the importunities of her husband, as thousands of women do every year, when intonation teaches them better, lest their so-called obstinacy may entail responsibility and possible blame upon themselves, in case their premonitions should prove unfounded.

And so, after many months of laborious wandering, behold Mrs. Morrison, friendly reader, with her little ones gathered at her knee in the great wagon, a furiously threatening storm, wierd harbingers of a night of howling blackness, screaming through the gulch, and wailing in fitful gusts around her; wild animals and yet wilder savages in the near-by forest, and no habitation of the white man within at least a hundred miles of that heaven-favored spot where her husband had that day decided to pitch his tent and become an extensive free-holder.

The children of Mark and Nancy Morrison numbered six, the two eldest being girls, aged ten and twelve, a pair of twin boys aged eight, a toddling prattler of two, and the baby, of not yet

half a year. Death had made two deep and badly-mangled chasms in their household the year before, and the lines of sorrow upon the face of the bereaved mother were as ineffaceable as significant.

A gust of wind, stronger than any that had preceded it, was followed by a blinding dash of rain.

"O, children! what can keep your father?" wailed the anxious wife. "A tree may have fallen upon him, or a wild beast or a savage—"

"Mother!" cried Madge, the younger of the two daughters, whose sharp, black eyes, irregular features, straight, glossy, black hair, powerful frame, and deep voice betokened wonderful strength of both character and muscle, although, fashioning her opinion after the usual models, she was excessively coarse and homely, "don't cry. Father's all right; he's lost his way in the forest and built a fire and lain down to wait till daylight. Go to bed, do!"

"But you don't know he's all right, Madge!"

"I do know it, mother! I can see him!"

"Nonsense! you crazy simpleton! Hush! and don't bother me!" Mrs. Morrison was indeed excusable for discrediting this phenomenal "sight seeing," of the nature of which she was wholly ignorant. Besides, the poor woman was half crazy with terror lest her husband's death should occur, and leave her alone and helpless in the uninhabited wilds where they had rested from their wanderings.

Dwellers in well-built, substantial mansions can sit comfortably before the glowing grate and listen to the chilly blasts without with a keen sense of enjoyment. When the winds roar around the gables, howl in the chimneys, wall through the corridors, whistle at the keyholes, or sing in æolian sweetness at the interstices in the plate-glass windows, the dreamer by the fire-side can lazily think and plan and be happy. But the poesy of all these conditions found no response in the soul of Mrs. Morrison, as the cover to their wagon leaked like a riddle, and the unsteady vehicle rocked from side to side in the howling darkness.

"Madge! Madge! are you asleep?" cried the mother, at last.

For a long time she had not spoken, and the children, either asleep from fatigue or frightened into silence, had lain quietly in the wagon, with their heads covered.

"You told me to hush, and not bother you," cried Madge, from beneath the bed-clothes.

"Can you see your father now?" asked the woman, inclining her ear for an answer, as though, in her dire extremity, she were consulting an oracle.

"I haven't looked since you made me hush," answered Madge.

"Look now, won't you?"

"No."

"Do, Madge!"

"You'll say I'm crazy, and I s'pose I am. What makes you want to talk with crazy people? I'll go to father when it gets light. You go to bed. The rain won't wet you through the quilts."

"But is your father comfortable?"

"How should I know?"

"Madge! you'll kill me!" cried the mother, desperately.

"Not if I know myself," said Madge.

"Then why don't you try to see for me?"

"I did!"

"And what did you see?"

"I told you."

Mrs. Morrison saw that it would be useless to question her strange child further. She usually had no faith in the "sight seeing" with which Madge had worried her for years, and the child, knowing this, seldom so far forgot herself as to intrude it upon her.

And still the storm howled piteously. Thoroughly exhausted at last, the anxious wife crept shivering into her bed, beside the sleeping two-year-old, and clasping in her weary arms the puny, crying babe, whose wail smote the ear of the screaming night with a prophetic agony, she tremblingly awaited the long, long-coming morning.

At last the storm, like an exhausted child, sobbed itself to sleep, and the dawn beheld it weeping upon the bosom of the quiet earth like a lonely widow, over whose surging soul had settled the calmness of despair.

Madge was astir with the faintest glimmer of the dawn. Rising as stealthily as though she were bent upon securing some coveted prize, in which success depended on secrecy, and clambering over the other inmates of the wagon without arousing even her exhausted and apprehensive mother, the child seized an axe and started on a brisk run for the timbered gulch. Straight and swiftly on she ran, pausing now and then for an instant, with her eyes shut, as if to close her senses to external things, and then bounding on more rapidly than before, till high above the encampment in the valley she crossed the rippling stream that the night's revel of elements had swollen into a considerable river, and then, more carefully heeding her whereabouts, she began, in a guarded tone, that sounded strangely harsh to her acute senses, to call—

"Father!"

But the deep, dark, dripping forest only answered back a muffled echo of

the guarded word, and all was still again.

"Father!" This time a rabbit bounded through the thick undergrowth and stopped before her, with its fore paws in the air, while it eyed her curiously.

"How I wish I had a gun, and could shoot! I'd have a breakfast for mother," thought the child.

"Madge! Come to me, Madge!" The voice was barely audible; but to the child's quick ear it was plain enough.

"Which way, father?"

"Here, Madge! Quick! for God's sake!"

The child bounded over the logs and briars, in the direction indicated by the voice; and there, upon the sodden ground, securely pinioned by a large branch of a fallen tree, with his leg broken at the ankle, lay her father, writhing in pain, and utterly unable to help himself. By his side lay a brace of grouse, and his gun, which the rain had rendered unfit for service, reclined beside him.

"I thought you'd come," said the father. "Did you bring an axe?"

"Yes, father; but you can't bear the jar of chopping."

"I must bear it."

Finding a broken tree-limb near by, which she used as a lever, and a large stone adjacent, which fortunately was in position to serve as a fulcrum, the child managed to so far "ease" the weight of the branch that had rested all night upon her father's leg, that she could chop enough to liberate him from his peril without much increasing his agony.

"How shall I ever get to camp?" groaned the sufferer.

"Rather say, 'how shall we set that broken bone?'" answered Madge. "We can easily make a camp here, and bring you everything you need, but I don't know where to find a doctor."

The unfortunate man was suffering for water, which Madge brought in a large maple leaf, and then, assuring him that she would soon return, she hastened back to camp with the sad and yet welcome news of her discovery.

While the family were pondering, in acute perplexity, the terrible problem of setting the broken bone, an Indian approached the camp, to whom they imparted the story of the disaster, relying upon his mercy for that aid which they knew not how to do without.

This Indian was not one of those noble-looking, handsome braves that exist in books only. In truth, he was a filthy specimen of a deteriorated race, a stranger alike to good cheer and soap and towel baths. His vernacular was of that character designated in far western parlance by the simple appellation of "jargon," though our men of letters have seen fit to classify it in later years by the expressive title of "Chinook."

"My husband has been disabled by a fallen tree," said Mrs. Morrison.

"Nika wake cumtux," responded the Indian.

"His leg is broken," explained Madge, helping her expression by appropriate sign language.

"Tgh! Nika cumtux. Nika heap make 'em well. Nika good Injun." Mrs. Morrison suddenly remembered that she had often heard that Indians were skilled in a peculiar way in some of the curative arts.

"Come with us, won't you?" she said, eagerly. "I want you to cure my husband."

"Mika potlatch dolla."

The poor woman's dollars were few in number; but the fee was promised, and very soon the Indian, with the professional air of one who understands his calling, was bending over the prostrate man, feeling remorselessly the position of the shattered bone, and grunting contemptuously at the patient's agonizing outcries.

But the untutored son of the forest evidently understood his business, and in a few hours the crippled unfortunate was borne, with his assistance, upon a rude litter, to his chosen camping ground, where the delirium of fever mercifully deprived him for a time of all knowledge of the hardships that lay in store for his family during the coming winter.

[To be continued.]

Colonel Forney, writing home of the frequent wills and bequests printed in the daily papers, and the good influence of their example, mentions the will of the Rev. Henry Charles Morgan, made two years ago. His personal estate was about \$1,000,000. He left \$5,000 each to nineteen hospitals and benevolent institutions, and \$2,500 each to five other institutions. Another benefactor was Thomas Bliss Pugh, who died a month ago, leaving \$15,000 to the Royal Seabathing Infirmary, and \$1,500 each to three other charities. Another was Mr. John S. M. Churchill, who left some \$200,000 to various hospitals and churches. We are constantly doing the same thing in the United States, and on a scale quite as generous.

Mrs. Belle Lynch, of the Ukiah (Cal.) Dispatch, announces the opening of the seventh volume of her paper. She has conducted it successfully since the death of her husband nearly two years ago. She says: "The care of three little helpless children and the labor of managing a newspaper is no light responsibility; but the cheering encouragement given us by friends and patrons of our journal has enabled us to pass safely through the trying ordeal."

Mount Holyoke Seminary has supplied 115 wives for foreign missionaries, the last two graduating classes furnishing eighteen. They usually go abroad first as teachers, and are speedily married by the missionaries.

Woman Suffrage.

The claim of woman to the ballot is based on the ground of a natural and inalienable right. We are fully aware, in making this statement, of the difficulty it to argue an abstract principle; but no reform can be established, until at least the abstract principle which covers it is seen and admitted. The discussion of this question, from woman's side, has of late been allowed to run into several irritating issues, and the force of the movement seems to have diminished in consequence. The argument for Woman Suffrage would not be weakened one iota if it could be shown that every woman to be enfranchised belonged to the class defined by the elegant term of "Bridget;" it would not be one whit stronger if it appeared that universal suffrage would give the ballot to no woman but a Julia Ward Howe. For the establishment of a natural right has nothing to do with the character and attainments of the person who is to be benefited by it.

When our fathers struck for national independence, they were moved by a prophetic impulse to base their claim to it on a principle so comprehensive that it held the germ of all personal liberty and social progress. "All men are created equal." This was the most revolutionary statement ever thrown into society, and the invisible force of that principle is the source of all the agitation that stirs our politics and social affairs to this day. As a people, we first accepted that principle in its abstract form, without adopting it in all of its applications. It made chattel slavery impossible; but because we denied its self-evident application, averaging nations into the tenure of a temporary guaranty conflict, the wounds of which it will take long years to heal. Early in the century came the claim that it be applied to suffrage: if all men are equal, all men have an equal voice in determining the course of the nation, and the administration of the political institutions of society. The claim was resisted, of course; but Jefferson added to it the force of his immortal epigram—"It is said that man cannot be trusted to govern himself; can he then be trusted to govern another?"—and the battle was won, at least for white male humanity. Woman's right to vote has exactly the same basis. Men have no more right to vote than women.

All this is very true. But it is not so true that it does not need to be repeated. It was only last summer, by a newspaper report, that sentiments adverse to universal suffrage were uttered in the most scholarly assemblage in the land, by a venerable ex-President, and received with approval. When such gross ignorance is shown in such a place, it is not time to recur to the sources of knowledge? If not, we may soon become swamped in a common illiteracy. It is only a few years since President Polk, in Oberlin, arguing against Woman Suffrage, said: "It is necessary to assert that our fathers, when they said 'all men are created equal,' only meant one nation's independence of another, and did not mean personal rights at all. But he was not the first man who repeated the phrase of a lawyer, and who with her broom at the sea-shore. We had then hardly ceased laughing at him who undertook to sweep back the same ocean of truth with his little broom of that character designated in far western parlance by the simple appellation of "jargon," though our men of letters have seen fit to classify it in later years by the expressive title of "Chinook."

We may discuss as much as we please the probable consequences and results of granting the vote to woman; but this has no connection whatever with the question, "Has woman a right to vote?" Whether it would add more of intelligence and virtue, or more of ignorance and vice to the volume of the electoral voice, is not logically to be considered at all. It is settled that woman has a right to vote; it is settled that she loses only for a few crimes; but short of these, his right is by no means impaired by any density of ignorance, or any enormity in vice. The right of a human being to the ballot is co-equal and co-extensive with his rights to life; a right which we hold that he forfeits only for a few crimes; but short of these, his right is by no means impaired by any density of ignorance, or any enormity in vice. The right of a human being to the ballot is co-equal and co-extensive with his rights to life; a right which we hold that he forfeits only for a few crimes; but short of these, his right is by no means impaired by any density of ignorance, or any enormity in vice.

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Alice Cary's Secret.

A TENDER STORY OF AN ONLY LOVE—WHY THE SWEET FORTRESS NEVER MARKED—"ALICE CARY'S SECRET," BY "THE DREAM OF DREAMS."

"To what uses shall we put the wild woad flower that simply blows; And is in every mortal's hand, 'Till it is cast into the bosom of the rose?"

Cloverhook graveyard is a small enclosure near the road, shaded by tall locusts and wild cherry trees. It has an air of abandonment and neglect, but Nature has taken it kindly to her breast. The graves are overgrown with ivy and long grass, and blackberry vines twist about the mossy headstones. The latest monument is in memory of John Lewis, a native of Denmark. His farm adjoined that of the Carys, and the widow became the second wife of Robert Cary, the first Mrs. Cary having died when Alice was about fourteen years old. She—Mrs. Lewis—sold a greater part of her farm to a gentleman from the East, thus leaving Mr. Charles Cheney, brother to the silk manufacturer of that name. He had previously been engaged in business in Providence, Rhode Island, but an unfortunate speculation had swept away his property, and it was by the aid of his brother that he was enabled to buy the farm near Cloverhook. He proposed here to engage in the culture of the mulberry tree and feed silkworms. He was accompanied by his wife, who was an invalid, and did not long survive her removal to it.

THE OUTLINE OF A LOVE STORY. Alice Cary was a shy, awkward school-girl when she first met Mr. Cheney, and had never before seen any person so refined, so gentlemanly and well-bred. He was greatly superior to the people among whom he took up his residence; not that his mental endowments were very great or better, perhaps, than those of some of his neighbors, but his had been brought out by education, and found expression in graceful manners and polished phrases, while hers were imbedded in the clownish fetters from their early position and circumstances in life had in no way tended to free them. Chiefly through his instrumentality, in the course of a few years the neighborhood of Cloverhook was changed from a thinly-inhabited and ill-cultivated district to one abounding with vineyards and orchards, and dotted with public edifices and private residences, surrounded by green lawns, fringed with elipt beds.

As years passed on, the shy, rustic school-girl grew to womanhood, and her mind and culture were those of whom she had stood in such awe, learning of her thirst for knowledge, lent her books from his library and encouraged her efforts to self-improvement. Their appreciation of the same authors formed a bond of kindred tastes between them, and was the beginning of a more intimate acquaintance, an interchange of thought and feeling. For him it was intellectual companionship, and the charm of contact with a fresh, growing and cultivated mind. For her it was a world of new life, the "opening of a sealed fountain in her bosom." What wonder if he who was her ideal realized, the highest type of manhood she had ever known, and loved her heart? He did win it, and in the highest sense of the phrase, she never loved another. In every case of heart-history there is much that is sacred to those immediately concerned, and should never pass beyond their into the cold and curious world.

It all happened many years ago, and the particulars of the story are known to few. Suffice it to say that this was the first and only love of Alice Cary's life, and it ended there. Mr. Cheney died, and married, and she read the announcement in a newspaper. Later she left Cloverhook, around which clung so many bitter-sweet memories, and went to New York, where she made her home during the remainder of her life, and gathered around her a circle of appreciative friends, many of them gifted and great. Though many prized her worth and sought her hand, she never forgot the love-dream of her early womanhood. Around it clustered all the bright and tender associations of youth, and she remembered them as they grew gray. "I gathered a pathos from the years and graves between."

Her life, though blessed with the companionship of noble minds and loving hearts, had one sense weary and incomplete, for she missed the crowning blessing of womanhood—the love that would have been at once her inspiration and reward, and have satisfied the longings of her nature as no personal achievement or fame could have done.

But perhaps she was kept from the fulfilment of her hope, that she might help others. "They best can serve their gods, Who do not leave their own To follow the man."

She has ministered to many sad and discouraged hearts, softening and brightening the surroundings of hard, homely lives, and bringing to problems of doubt and despair the lessons of faith and cheer which she distilled from the "long dull anguish of patience." She won her place in the hearts of her readers, and gained their personal affection as a greater writer which less sympathy could not have done. Her name is a household word in many homes in this Western land, and the memory of her brave and patient life "smells sweet and blossoms in the dust."—Cincinnati Correspondence N. Y. Post.

Substantial old farmers vie with each other about the size and elegant appearance of the wood-piles. Mr. Crabapple was thus praising the gentleman who recently sawed his wood: "When he piles the wood, if one stick projects beyond the others, he pounds it with the axe." "Ah! you should see my wood-sawyer," remarked a neighbor. "When he gets the wood all piled, he takes off the rough projecting ends with a claw-hammer saw."

"Does he?" Well, he couldn't say wood for me," broke in a listener. "My sawyer piles the wood carefully, then goes over the ends with a jack-plane, and papers them down, and puts on a coat of varnish before he thinks of asking for my pay."

But nobody had anything more to say after a fourth man told how his wood-sawyer silver-plated all the ends of the wood, and nailed a handle on every stick.

All material life is but the stepping-stone to spiritual existence.

Be Cheerful.

There is many a girl called beautiful whose handsome face will not bear a good look at it. The features may be fine, and the complexion faultless, and to a careless observer she may be very pretty; but watch her awhile, wait until she is not talking, and until the smile is faded and the light of laughter gone from her sparkling eyes, then you'll see her as she is.

A face in repose tells the true story. It tells of a daughter whose selfishness is proverbial in the home circle; of cross words flung at her father and mother, of bitter taunts given to her brothers, of unkind treatment to her sisters, and of a jealous, capricious, unhappy disposition, irascible, overbearing, and self-important. That smooth pink and white face will tell all this, if it is hidden there at all.

When the features are in repose and the mind in its usual state, not elated or excited—if the girl is unlovable at home, and not of a sunny disposition, the face assumes its everyday, stolid, sullen, ugly look, and a close observer cannot help but read it aright.

That sweet mouth settles down into a cross dissatisfied expression, it droops at the corners, the rosy cheeks hang sullenly, the eyes look as though there were hidden, back of them, really vicious, hateful thoughts.

We see such faces every day, and we are just as plain as this written glad that "truth will out," if it is possible for a handsome girl to hide an ugly disposition. It is good enough for 'em, too.

Let mothers teach their little daughters that every snarl of ill-temper and every frown of discontent leaves their mark to remain through all time, not even to be removed from the face by death.

I often read one thing in pretty faces, and the girls don't know that I see it, but it is just as plain as this written page before me. This is what I read: "I think it a shame that I, Flora Arabelle, should have to work just like a kitchen-girl! I do hate to drudge at milking and scrubbing and washing dishes, and if there's one thing more than another I despise, it is cooking, bending over the hot stove and ruining my complexion, and making my hands red and raw; just a complete drudge for those big boys and father and the young 'uns! It's a burning shame! I will never do it again, unless I feel it; but how can I rise when I am fettered thus?"

Pooh! nonsense! I guess when the world needs you you'll find your place. There has never yet been a man or a woman, filling high place, who did not come up, step by step, from a lowly estate.

How to Learn Self-Denial.

"Cousin Aggie, you are a mystery to me. How you ever manage to live, I do not know, with so much sickness all ways in your home. Your husband was an invalid for years; poor Harry must needs break a leg, to enjoy your good nursing; little Carrie has had her eyes and throat pretty steadily all her little life, and now your husband's niece is with you, wasting with consumption, and taking all your leisure, just when it seemed as though you might take a little rest."

"Hush, Jenny dear, and don't complain of poor Hatlie. She is here by my express invitation. The poor child has no other home, and what can she do without one? She is so comfortable and happy here, it is reward enough for all the care I give her. Aggie, I only wonder you cannot love sound sleep and ease and comfort, as I do, for instance, or you could not bear it."

"Ah, Jenny dear, it is a good thing to bear the yoke in one's youth. I never could have done half so well by my dear one, if I had not served a long apprenticeship in self-denial in my early days. It don't matter much how the experience comes, so the lesson of self-denial is learned. It was just as hard for me as for any one, I assure you. I rebelled against it, and fretted under it for a time, but at last it grew easy."