

MADGE MORRISON.

The Molalla Maid and Matron.

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ETC., ETC., ETC.[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the
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CHAPTER VII.

A journey of fifty miles with a team of oxen over a country without roads in a wagon loaded with butter, eggs, and wheat was a matter of no little importance to the widow, whose residence in her lonely retreat had by her husband's grave had been so long unbroken.

"Never you mind about the work at home," said Madge. "Take one of the boys for company, and I'll take care of the rest. You'll need food enough, ready cooked, to last four days; and you can sleep in the wagon. Mr. Andrews can lodge on the soft side of a rock, under the tent, or the shelter of a tree. Now chirp up and get light-hearted and young again. I don't want anybody moping around here."

Thus urged, Mrs. Morrison carefully rejuvenated her scant wardrobe, and made necessary culinary preparations for the journey.

Jason Andrews had been uncommonly tidy in his habits of late. His personal appearance, never the best, had badly deteriorated from the day of his marriage to the day of the death of his wife; and the same slovenly deportment that had characterized him during his married years had followed him, in spite of Mrs. Morrison's protests, for a year or two after he became a widower. Lately, however, there had been a marked change for the better. Upon his last visit to The Falls he had indulged in the expensive luxury of a suit of gray tweed and a single white shirt, the first of the kind the Morrises had ever known him to possess. And now, as his stalwart form was fully bedecked in his new apparel, and his brown, curling locks were neatly combed away from his forehead, and he stood with his hat in his hand, deferentially waiting for Mrs. Morrison to give the last directions to Madge for the ordering of the household in her absence, Madge suddenly encountered a gleam of intelligence between the pair, and fully understood it, although her mother, evidently, did not.

"Take care that you don't act the fool, old lady," she said, while a far-away look in her eyes betokened a mysterious meaning, wholly unintelligible to the other numerous members of the household.

"Will you never outgrow your impertinence, Madge?" asked her mother, while an involuntary shiver passed through her slight frame, and she trembled, not knowing why.

"I'm not saucy, mother. Pray forgive me. I only saw a dark cloud, without any golden lining, and it covered you like a pall, and you seemed to have no will to emerge from it, though it made you miserable. Be careful about trying any new experiment. You'll rue it if you do."

"Pity Alice isn't here to take the conceit out of you," said Jason Andrews, dryly.

Now, Madge's "conceit" was of that very capricious kind that always shrank away into impenetrable obscurity when ridiculed, and its effervescence was, in consequence, of that unstable order that often failed when its fullest action might have accomplished good.

She watched her mother, as she climbed into the covered wagon, and took her seat beside her twin boy Harry, and again that far-away, dreamy look came into her wild, black eyes.

"Madge, what is it?" asked her mother, anxiously.

"Nothing! Don't ask me."

"I believe you're the Witch of Endor."

"Guess I am."

"That's one time you've hit it!" exclaimed Jason, taking the long ox-whip from its resting-place on the wagon cover, and flourishing it, with an ominous crack, over the heads of the devoted cattle.

For a number of miles Jason plodded along in a silence that was only broken at long intervals by the cracking whip and an occasional "Whoa, haw, Buck! Gee, Berry! Get along, Bright!"

At length the party emerged from a hilly forest and reached an open plain, eight or ten miles across, where, as there would be no need of skillful driving, Harry was commanded to take the whip, and allow Andrews to ride in his place.

"Why can't I ride on the wagon-tongue and drive, too?" asked Harry, with a growing boy's usual dislike for extra exertion.

"Because it's a lazy way," answered his mother. "Your father never would allow anybody around him to ride and drive oxen."

"Then he was nicer than wise," grumbled the boy, as he clambered to the ground and petulantly cracked the heavy whip.

For a half-hour Jason Andrews and the widow Morrison sat side by side in silence. Jason was the first to break the spell.

"Don't you word, you are growing young," he said, tenderly, as he leaned

toward her, and looked into her worn face with a kindly smile.

Now, it is well known by the sons of women that the daughters of men never grow too old to appreciate a compliment.

Looking up into the well-shaven face of Jason Andrews, and for the first time in her life imagining that there was something rather attractive about him, she blushed and said:

"You think so?"

"Yes," hitching a little closer, and allowing his elbow to attempt a forward motion, as though the whole arm were trembling with a desire to clasp and shield her.

Mrs. Morrison's heart beat a trifle quicker. She had no intention of being caught, but it was a little enjoyable to play thus with edged tools. So she did not resent the proffered advances, though she closed her lips tightly, and gazed straight ahead at the plodding oxen.

"I'm turrible lonesome o' late years," said Jason.

"Are you?" asked the widow, still gazing at the cattle.

"It was never ordained of heaven that two, like you an' me, should live alone."

"You think so?"

"I know it."

"Then why didn't Mark and Mary live to keep us company?"

"I'm no scholar, an' I don't purtend to understand that, but I know I'd be a heap happier if you could see your way clear to become my wife. I want somebody to love me."

Jason's voice was low and full and tender now. Pity the widow did not remember how grating and cracked it used to be when Mary Andrews was dying for the tones to which she was now listening as in a dream. As she did not repulse him, Jason leaned heavily against her for an instant and whispered the old, old story, which ever is and ever will be sweet to woman—a story to which she so often will listen, and try her best to believe it true, because it is so sweet, and so much a part of the needs of her nature, even if her better judgment tells her that its fruit will be Sodom apples in her hands, its taste, at last, the taste of ashes to her soul.

"I love you. I can't live without you. Won't you try to love me, dear?"

The widow gazed at the oxen, but answered never a word.

Emboldened by her silence, Jason Andrews, with a sudden, passionate impulse that was perhaps excusable under the circumstances, unbent his elbow and threw his arm around her.

"I'm so happy!" he whispered.

"I was dreaming!" the widow exclaimed, abruptly, as she half-rose to her feet, to be suddenly remanded to a sitting posture by the low wagon bows.

"Mr. Andrews, don't speak to me of marriage. We're better off as we are. Keep your arm to yourself, sir. I was both weak and wicked to forget."

"I don't ask you to get married, all at once, darlin'. It's too sudden for ye, of course. But I want ye to let me talk it over with ye now an' then, till ye git used to it, like. Our pardners is both dead; Alice is married an' gone; it'll be Madge's turn next; the neighborhood's a-settlin' up pretty thick lately, an' it ain't the prudenstest thing in the world for a man an' woman like you an' me to be livin' just as we are."

"I wonder if that isn't the black cloud Madge saw this morning?" said the widow, musingly.

"Of course that's it!" exclaimed Jason, eagerly. "Scandal's always black, ye know. She said, too, that ye seemed to have no will to avert it. Ye recollect?"

To tell the truth, Mrs. Morrison was in no condition just then to comprehensively recollect anything. If she had remembered Madge's timely warning, just as it was given, she would have been a little more likely to heed it. It came to her, however, not long after, but when too late to be of service, and then it rang in her ears like the echo of a prophecy that had changed into a malediction. "Be careful about trying any new experiment. You'll rue it if you do."

"I think it's my turn to ride awhile, now," exclaimed Harry, as he brought the oxen to a halt. "I've walked six miles, if an inch."

"Is it possible?" asked his mother.

"Possible and true!" growled the boy.

"I'll give ye a quarter for drivin' another mile," said Jason.

The boy had never earned, or at least had never been allowed to possess a "quarter" in his life, and as Jason held up a rusty coin to view, his eyes kindled with delight, and he forgot that his legs were aching with fatigue, as he cheerfully plodded on.

Deep silence reigned in the wagon for a minute, and was only broken then by the heavy breathing of the wife-hunter. Again his arm was seized with a paroxysm, and before Mrs. Morrison could have spoken it was "out of place."

"We might be happy together, mightn't we, darlin'?" he murmured, with a gentle tightening of his grasp around her waist, that seemed to arouse her from a dream of abstraction, while it sent a delicious little thrill through her lonely spirit.

"The neighbors are meddlin' a good deal of late," he continued, "an' if ye was my wife, dear, with a sildin' empha's upon the whispered epithet of

endearment, that was heightened by an additional squeeze, "I would always shelter an' protect ye; an' then it wouldn't be anybody's business if we did live under the same roof."

Mrs. Morrison, poor woman, was not in the least "strong-minded," or she might have freed herself from his encircling arm and stoutly answered that it wasn't any of the neighbors' business about her personal affairs, and she couldn't see as she was under any obligation to commit matrimony and endure the consequences to please them, unless she felt like it. As it was, the terror of being "talked about" overcame every rational scruple.

"People never have talked, Mr. Andrews. I don't see why they should begin now," said the widow made a weak endeavor to remove the strong arm from its resting-place, and shake off the spell that was rapidly gaining complete mastery over her senses.

"But they've been talkin' already," was the comforting assurance. "I was over to Pete Anderson's the day afore yesterday, an' Pete says to me, 'Jason,' says he, 'don't ye think it's yer duty to marry that widow an' purtend her from scandal?' 'What widow?' says I, purtendin' I didn't understand. Pete laughed hearty like, an' says, says he, 'Jason, by George, that's a joke! Just as if my folks an' 'Squire Tooley's an' all the rest of 'em haven't been sayin' that you an' the widow Morrison ort to marry.' I confess I felt puzzled. We want our children to grow up respectable, an' be somebody. This country's goin' to be rich an' pop'ous some day, an' they ort to be leaders in it. If your good name should be lost, though, the jig would be up; for it ain't just the ticket for two to live and travel together as we do unless they're husband an' wife, ye know."

Mrs. Morrison clasped both hands tightly over her eyes and pondered. Again that strong arm clasped her waist, and again sweet words of endearment to which she had not listened for oh! so many years, rang in her ears and echoed down in her heart.

"Be my own precious wife, an' I'll love ye as man never loved a woman afore. I'll see that ye want for nothin', an' I'll shield ye from every danger. Say 'Yes, darlin', do!'"

Afterward Mrs. Morrison fancied that she must have been, for the time being, insane.

With her sad eyes, through which a strange light gleamed, intensely riveted upon the plodding cattle, she timidly returned the pressure of his ardent hand-clasping, and hesitatingly whispered:

"Yes!"

"Is my mile up?" queried Harry, again bringing the oxen to a halt.

Suddenly surprised in their love-making, the self-condemned couple grew apparently indifferent to each other. And Harry, being young and inexperienced, was naturally obtuse, so he noticed nothing new or strange in the deportment of his mother or her companion.

The day wore on until the evening, and the travelers then encamped for the night beside a pebbly brooklet, and pitched their tent upon a rising lawn, overlooking a lovely vale, with mountains, snow-crowned and majestic, in the shimmering distance; dark belts of evergreen forest intersecting the prairies; and the river, gleaming like a silver thread, threw back the timid rays of the full harvest moon, making a picture that might well inspire a poet or a painter with its beauty and its magnitude.

The supper was over, and arrangements made for lodging for the night, and yet it was too early for Mrs. Morrison to retire to the shades of her wagon for solitary rest. Wandering away from the camp, she sat upon the roots of a great tree, and resting her chin upon her hand, gazed abroad over the earth, with her mind in a bewildering of doubt, hope, anxiety, and fear. Her past life, and the strange vicissitudes that had thrown her, in her maturer years, adrift upon the bosom of her Occidental home; the lonely years of her widowhood; the faces and voices of her children; her ceaseless efforts to make the best of untoward circumstances; all these facts and many fancies mingled themselves in strange confusion in her busy brain. She did not notice the approach of Jason Andrews until he stood before her. Rising suddenly to her feet, with a reproful upon her tongue, which she bit her lip to withhold, the widow said, dreamily:

"What a beautiful evening! And what a lovely country!"

"A very nice country to look at, but it wouldn't sprout beans," said the practical suitor.

Mrs. Morrison curled her lip and turned away in disgust.

"I think the whole country is fertile," she said, looking away toward the mountains. "The wild grass is like a meadow, and the soil is black and loamy."

Jason did not argue the point. Indeed, he was thinking of other matters than beautiful scenery or fertile lands just then. When a wholly practical man, with no more conception of idealism than an ox, gets his mind on matrimony, there isn't much poetry about it.

Mrs. Morrison went back to her camp and sat down upon the wagon-tongue. Jason followed her, and when Harry

had retired to the tent where he and the widow were to lodge, took a seat beside her, and again attempted love-making.

"Don't talk about it, Mr. Andrews," she said, wearily. "It would never do for you and me to marry each other, for our tastes are so dissimilar that we could have no lasting happiness."

"I don't see as that need be any objection," urged the imperturbable suitor. "If you like sweet victuals, an' I like vegetables, ye can cook to suit both of us, just as ye do now. I wouldn't never interfere with yer tastes."

Mrs. Morrison with difficulty repressed a derisive laugh. Again whispered words of endearment rang in her ears, and they were like manna to her thirsting soul.

The reader will remember that suitors were scarce at that period in the history of Molalla Moorland, else Mrs. Morrison might have chosen more discreetly. Yet, when we remember—and around us are continual reminders—that women often make such matrimonial bargains when there is no lack of better material that might be had for the asking, let us not blame her over much. In half an hour the widow retired to her couch with a kiss of benediction upon her lips, and Jason Andrews repaired to the mutual couch of himself and Harry, to dream over what was to be.

[To be continued.]

The Common People.

Whenever we hear the old, familiar phrase, the "common people," we feel that the English language affords none expressive or more charming. We think, while the sound lingers, that King James' version did no service so valuable as that of embalming that phrase. Before we analyze it, it touches the finest chords of sentiment, quickens the fount of the best moral purpose, and concentrates the whole force of human sympathy. No phrase will better bear analysis. The term "common" signifies the universal; it does not, therefore, signify anything low, vulgar, or mean. We catch its meaning when we say that "The sun is the common light of the world," or "The earth is the common mother of us all." It embraces every mind, hope, affection or aspiration which human beings share with each other. It indicates the widest human fellowship. It is the best expression of that democratic sentiment which throne and aristocracy have conspired for centuries to stifle, but which, surviving every attempt of power to crush it, shows the indestructible vitality it bears.

This sentiment was never so vigorous as it is to-day. There was a time when people did not hesitate to apply the phrase, "common people," to others; but now, when we hear it, we who could do it without the consciousness of at least an incipient blush at the implied assumption that he is himself an uncommon person, made of something better than common clay? He must be a brave man who can speak of the "common people" as a class of human beings to which he does not belong.

Happy is he who does not voluntarily exclude himself from this great fellowship! Yet the pains and penalties of such exclusion will men still incur in blind or thoughtless disregard of the consequences. All stingy men do it, by that excessive selfishness which appropriates and hoards what does not justly belong to them. All proud men do it, by that immense conceit which impels them to such unbecoming privileges, position, or distinction. Men, in both the "higher classes" and the "lower classes," as they are called, inflict on themselves the dreary isolation of cutting off the sources of human sympathy, and sundering the ties of human kinship. We can hear any amount of personal dislike on account of the unpopularity of our opinions; we can endure with moderate equanimity the haughty arrogance of assumed social superiority; but when we discover that our human brothers withhold their sympathy and goodwill because of our social meanness or exclusive pride, we shall wish no longer to live.

We have faith in the common people. We know that their judgments are often clouded by prejudice, and their minds fettered by tradition; and that, while they wait for higher intelligence and a broader view, they halt and waver on the path of human progress; but we know, too, that we are one of them, linked to their destiny by indissoluble ties, and that it is impossible to escape. We share alike in their shame or in their glory. And our hope of human advancement is based on the conviction that beneath all the incrustations of prejudice and tradition, the undying flame of aspiration and progress still burns, fed by the instincts that always kindle into life at the touch of whatever is common, and human, and divine.—*New Age.*

ANNUAL MEETING.—The annual meeting of the Santa Clara Valley Agricultural Society was held Thursday afternoon, with a large attendance of members and spectators. The election of officers for the ensuing term was the first business on the programme, and the contest was quite spirited between the several candidates. Following is the result: President, James P. Sargent; Vice Presidents, L. J. Gilroy, Hanchett and Moses Schellenberger, of San Jose; Treasurer, John H. Moore; Secretary, D. J. Porter; Directors, Mrs. L. J. Watkins, of Santa Clara, and Truman Andrews, of San Jose. Mrs. Watkins is the first lady who has ever been elected to office since the organization of the society, and by taking this new departure the society has performed a meritorious act, and also placed itself on the progressive record of the nineteenth century. The new director is amply qualified to fill the position, being a lady of education and refinement, and thoroughly alive to the agricultural, horticultural, and industrial interests of this valley. It was resolved to hold the next county fair during the week commencing October 2d.—*San Jose Mercury.*

Only twice in forty years has the Connecticut River been frozen over above the bridge in Hartford on the 1st of December.

NEEDLE AND THREAD.

For some time past the writer has been unable to wield the implement of thought because she has been steadily plying the needle. The family exchequer was getting low, and Tom considered it "too enormous to pay fifteen dollars for nothing but getting two dresses made."

I had never learned the dress-making trade, and many a time I exclaimed with the wise man, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit," but always added, "especially vexation of spirit," for I counted the vanity as nothing.

Two whole days were spent in looking over bazars, delineators, and fashion-plates. Then came the cutting and fitting, the basting, binding, pressing, plaiting, hemming, and shirring, till my "fingers were weary and worn, and eyelids heavy and red," and I began to wonder why, if it were such an important matter that I should make my clothes, that Tom didn't economize by making his; and why I, being already baker, laundress, and a half-dozen other things, must add dress-making to my numerous occupations, while Tom is a carpenter, and only a carpenter, and doesn't know enough about tailoring to sew on a button. Tom says, and he being a man knows whereof he speaks, and Tom says, with a good machine he could do the sewing for a large family and never miss the time. What is a machine for, he'd like to know? I tell him that running the machine is not all of the work, and ask him if he could build a house by running a saw-mill, and also inquire why, if he can do the sewing without missing the time, he doesn't convert himself into a household angel by doing it?

To be expert with the needle, I consider essential to comfort and tidiness, and it puzzles me to understand why it is beneath masculine dignity to know how to sew on buttons and mend small rents, without always having to trespass upon some woman's time, as though a woman didn't have enough of such things to do for herself. Why shouldn't Tom spend part of his evenings darning socks and let me read the papers a part of the time? Some suggestions and inquiries as these I made to Tom himself, but he stared at me in such amazement, and thundered out in such awful tones, "What are you for? It seems to me that woman's rights has got a mighty good grip on you!" that I immediately relapsed into silence, though I continued for some time in rather a perturbed state of mind.

Finally, however, I began to think of all that had been done by needles since needles were first invented. I thought of how much modern civilization is due to their use, and wondered if we wouldn't relapse into barbarism if they should cease to be plied. I thought of all the useful as well as useless things made with the needle, and remembered how old women, with wonderful patience and skill, registered events and wrought pictures and patterns of marvelous beauty, not with pencil and brush, but with nothing but needle and thread. Then I began to think that dress-making is an art akin to making pictures. An ill-fitting and unbecoming dress renders a worthy person unsightly and offends the eye and shocks the taste of every beholder, while a becoming dress renders an attractive person still more irresistible. The desire to dress the figure well is often termed vanity; but when this desire does not lead to extravagance, it is far more commendable than sinful. It is laudable to ornament our homes with beautiful pictures, carpets, frescoes and flowers; but as the inmates are of more importance than the dwelling, it cannot be amiss to devote just enough attention to their personal appearance to make the dress an added charm. The follies of fashion are to be condemned; but that spirit that leads many to array themselves with a studied neglect of all that makes dress a pleasing feature of the person, should be as harshly reprehended. More than one religion is founded upon the mere matter of dress alone, and there is a sort of superstition that everybody clings to, that very plain, seedy garments are indicative of great piety, as though He who created a world of beauty would consider the one more pure of heart who studies to be unsightly than the one who studies to be attractive.

Long since the conclusion was reached that a great deal of this cant about vanity is the direct result of a certain inherent principle of stinginess in man's nature, for there is an unaccountable silence on the vanity of men, and the whole burden of the woful sin is heaped upon the shoulders of the "weaker vessel." As for example, when a minister's wife dresses in good taste, no matter how inexpensively, all his congregation are ready to cry out, "What a dreadful example for the minister's wife to set!" when the dear souls can't help seeing that the minister himself is far better dressed than the majority of his charge, and that the clergy all over the land dress like princes, and the pious and saving is done by their economically dressed wives. "Before all things, Justus."

Some weeks ago I went into the country to visit an old friend, and found her busy with a patch-work quilt. She challenged my admiration, and I felt called upon to tell a polite fib; for no patch-work quilt, no matter how intricate the pattern, ever was anything but

ugly in my eyes; and when I heard her soon after remark that she never found time to put much work on her dresses, I noticed that her garments were "skimped," and did not look trim and tasteful, and wondered why women with average brains would persist in wasting so many hours over things that are utterly useless. Spreads are prettier and cheaper than quilts; yet how many women think it is impossible to keep house without spending a great part of their time tearing up calico into little bits and sewing them together again. The time spent in this way would bring a rich harvest if spent with books and papers. Not only in making patch-work quilts is time wasted with the needle and thread, but in making many other things that can be put to no practical use. It is the better part of art to make useful articles ornaments; but it is worse than folly to spend valuable time in making dainty nothings. Woman has so long been a slave to the needle, that it requires time to emancipate her entirely from its thralldom; but the day is dawning when, instead of its being looked upon as idleness for her to rest without a needle in her fingers, it will be counted as worse than idleness for her to have it always in hand.

MADGE BRIGHT.

The regular annual allowance of Queen Victoria is \$1,925,000, designed "for the support of Her Majesty's household, and of the honor and dignity of the crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland." She also receives the revenue of the Duchy of Lancaster, amounting to \$210,000. The Prince of Wales receives an annuity of \$200,000 in his own right, the revenue of the Duchy of Cornwall, exceeding \$300,000, and \$50,000 in the name of the Princess, his wife. The annuities awarded the other members of the royal family are as follows: Prince Alfred (Duke of Edinburgh, second son), \$25,000; Prince Arthur (Duke of Connaught, fourth son), \$15,000; Prince Leopold, \$10,000; Princess Alice of Hesse, \$5,000; Princess Helena, \$5,000; Princess Louise, \$5,000; Princess Mary (Tuck), \$5,000; Princess Augusta (Queen's cousin), \$3,000; Duchess of Cambridge (aunt of Her Majesty), \$5,000; Duke George of Cambridge (cousin of the Queen), \$12,000—forming an aggregate of over half a million dollars. Finally, the salaries of a long list of royal appendages amount to about \$200,000.

A GREAT MOTHER TO A GREAT SON. The mother of John Quincy Adams said, in a letter to him, when he was only twelve: "I would rather see you in your grave than grow up a profane and graceless boy."

Not long before his death a gentleman said to him: "I have found out who made you!"

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Adams.

The gentleman replied: "I have been reading the published letters of your mother."

"If," this gentleman relates, "I had spoken that dear name to some little boy who had been for weeks away from his mother, his eyes could not have flashed more brightly, nor his face glowed more quickly, than did the eyes of that venerable old man when I pronounced the name of his mother. He stood up in his peculiar manner and said: 'Yes, sir; all that is good in me I owe to my mother.'"

Four women were re-elected members of the Boston School Committee recently: Abby W. May for three years, Lucia M. Peabody for two years, Lucetta P. Hale and Lucretia Crocker each for one year. Miss May received 24,614 votes; Miss Peabody, 15,033 votes; Miss Hale, 14,564 votes; Miss Crocker, 14,028 votes. These votes do not, however, indicate the relative popularity of these ladies, but only the number of districts upon which their names appeared.

Mrs. Mary J. Safford-Blake, being only upon the Democratic and Boardman Republican tickets, was not elected, but received a much larger vote than the average given for the candidates. These names appeared only on these tickets. In her own ward, 24, her vote was nearly seven hundred, at least four hundred votes in advance of the rest of the ticket. Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells was not a candidate.

"CATHOLICISM."—The corner-stone of a Catholic church was recently laid at Lexington, (Mass.), the birth-place of Theodore Parker, and among the articles which were to be deposited therein, according to the *Catholic Review*, were the following: "Some fragments of the walls of the Holy House of Nazareth, wherein our Lord dwelt with His Blessed Virgin Mother and the Patron of the Universal Church during His life, previous to the three years of Apostolic life. There will also be particles of the Holy Sepulchre, and of the Sacred Cradle at Bethlehem."

Surely the priests who paraded these relics must imagine that they are living in medieval times, and that Massachusetts is a part of the Austrian dominions. No wonder that Catholicism of this sort has a horror of free schools and an unfettered press!—*Christian Union.*

Among the many noble traits of Henry Wilson's character, we are pleased to note this one: "While proud of the fact that his own exertions had lifted him from the cobbler's bench to the Vice Presidency of a great nation, he was not forever boasting of his early disadvantages, and did not affect to conceal his regret that he should have had so poor a start. It is time that we got over the fancy that a man must trace his origin back to the gutter in order to command the respect of his fellow-citizens. To rise out of the gutter by one's own strength is greatly to be praised; but it is better not to have been there at all."

Two American women, residents of Rio de Janeiro, a short time ago succeeded in the perilous task of scaling the Sugar-loaf Mountain, near that city. At one point they had to be lifted by ropes over an abyss 600 feet deep, with the ocean at the bottom. But they found some very rare varieties of ferns on the summit.

(For the New Northwest.)
SLEEPING MEN.

Blow, blow, winter winds; come down, winter rain;
Your weird wail to me is a soothing refrain,
As you chide and rattle over my head
While snugly I lie in my sumptuous bed.

I've abundance for self while your carnival lasts,
So for me lies no terror even in your wild blasts.
My life is encompassed by pleasure and ease;
So howl, winds, and rage, storms, as much as you please.

True, the widow will sigh, as she lists to your wall,
As you whisper mercy her cottage assail;
And she thinks of her children and limited store,
And prays that your reign may quickly be o'er.

But what are the troubles of others to me?
What I have is my own; and I can not see
Why I should grow sad o'er the suffering poor,
And thus banish mirth from my own cottage door.

Had I not been as lucky or prudent as I,
Then all could the long, cheerless winter deny.
For my own I've provided by laying up wealth,
And let every one else take care of himself.

WAITER.

Portland, December 27, 1875.

MRS. JOBLINK'S EXPERIENCE.—"When I first joined the church," said a matron, as she leaned out of the window, speaking to a younger and a severer-looking female, "I had just then kind of notions myself. But I got more light as I grew older."

"But Mrs. Joblink," said the other, "duty is duty, and each must suit out his mission!"

"Yes,"