### MADGE MORRISON, The Molalia Maid and Matron.

BY MRS. A. J. DUNIWAY, AUTHOR OF "JUDITH REID," "ELLEN" DOWD, "AMIE AND WENRY THE." "THE HAPPY HOME," "ONE WOMAN'S SPHERE,"

ETC., ETC., ETC. [Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the yeaf 1875, by Mrs. A. J. Duniway, in the office of

### CHAPTER IX.

While the changes recorded in the two previous chapters were transpiring, other matters of importance occupied the inmates of the farm-house at Mo-Ialla Moorland.

As soon as her mother was well out of sight, Madge inaugurated a revolution in the house that drove all comfort away from the premises until her improvements were completed.

Among the effects left by the late Mrs. Andrews were two sets of antique bed-curtains that had once been snowy white, but were now yellow with age. To wash and rejuvenate these was her first work. The little cabin, with its two "stick tight" bedsteads upon the first floor, and its crowded rows of the same rough furniture in the one room overhead, was a very uninviting resort poem." for any person with ideal tastes, and these Madge possessed in a wonderful degree, considering her lack of culture. The stools and dry-goods boxes which had long been the only seats the house afforded, had lately given place to tolerable chairs of clumsy workmanship. the only furniture the primitive establishment could boast which Madge and her brothers had not made.

'Tm going to have things ever so nice by the time mother gets home," Madge said to the numerous band at her feet. "You must get me any quantity of spruce boughs, and every kind of mosses and ferns and flowers you can find; and you'll see how pretty everything will look when I'm through,"

Madge's transformation was almost a magical one. The floor in the main living-room had recently been relaid, for there was a saw-mill up the gulch now, and frame-houses began to dot the prairies here and there; and the recent addition of a sash factory had enabled Jason Andrews to procure windows, in lieu of the oiled paper which had hitherto served the purpose; so there was a better opportunity for the gratification of Madge's taste than at any previous period of her life.

walls and fastened with tacks in such a wall paper, with an odd effect of rustic bass-relief that was peculiarly pleasing. she soliloquized, indignantly. The antique muslin curtains were tastefully looped over the rough bedsteads, and so skillfully economized that enough was left to curtain the two windows, that had been an eye-sore to the their advent because of their nakedness. Fern leaves were trained around coarse wood-cuts, that, in lieu of better pictures, were pasted upon the walls. and great bouquets of wild flowers did duty in gourds that served as vases.

The work in the kitchen was still touch was made in both departments, and a well-cooked supper awaited the return of the marketing party, Madge, black hair combed smoothly over her low, square forehead, and depending from her short neck in glossy braids reaching to her waist, sat in the doorway, gazing abstractedly at nothing.

"Hulloa! what have we here ?" exclaimed a horseman, to himself, as he suddenly drew rein in front of the of things!" he continued, as, with the a manner as satisfactory as he had ing. While she was busy with her conair of an adventurer, he hitched his horse to a post and stepped briskly through the yard.

Madge rose to her feet as the stranger approached her, and courtesied bashfully. neuvering to entrap him. Her hands, blackened and battered by unshapely cow-hide, looked a world too wants the glory of the wooing all to hour." big for her short, square body.

eyed stranger, as he lifted his hat with humiliating.

eyes snapped expectantly.

Can I be accommodated?"

to tarry. Aside from her sudden inter- his upper lip and chin. to tarry. Aside from her sudden inter-est in one of the long-dreamed-of "By Jove!" he said, to himself, as he the golden preserves upon his knife and the men who at first were moved to wanted to display them. Hesitating a her that I can!" moment, she added:

while, sir. You may come in."

fer sitting here in the shade till sun- the evening meal a quiet one for the this ranche an' everything about it be-

upon Madge, who blushed and looked excessively annoved.

"Who papered your house, my little beauty ?

It was the first time Madge had ever received a compliment, and it is need- though a serpent had stung her. less to say that she appreciated it, although she did not agree with its giver citedly. In judgment.

the Librarian of Congress at Washington City.] all the same," with a delighted little I'll take the ox-whip to her," said Jasaid, turning round to admire her work | member of the family. through the open door.

"That isn't bad, 'pon my word," laughed the stranger. "Do you know," to mill!" said Madge, hotly, he continued, "that you're a genius?" "What's that?" and Madge looked wildered.

"Something good to eat, I guess." "Then you're a simpleton."

It was now the stranger's turn to feel

"I mayn't be a Solomon, but I know filling the bill than anybody I've come over me?" exclaimed the husband. across in a month of Sundays. Let's have some supper, please. I'm hungry cried Madge, as she bowed her head beto come out here and help me read this hands to avert a blow.

"Are you a poet ?"

"People say so." "Well, well!"

urious way for? Am I not like an ordinary mortal?"

"Which means you don't see it." some people, but you're a bigger fool hand. than some," said Madge, nettled beyond

self-control at his peculiar audacity. It was now the stranger's turn to

ing immeasurably vexed with himself mates from violence." for allowing her words and manner to annov him.

"My name, did you say?" asked the head of the family. Madge, while her eyes snapped mischievously.

"That's what I said."

Smith, if you must know." "Why, Madge Morrison, you ought to disoblige you, but really, I shall stay." Jason, angrily. e ashamed of yourselt !" exclaimed her

way as to represent running vines on fooling around here, if that one gives of it was, he did not see how to get rid door-yard, listening, with her whole he left to his wife, and, like a me a specimen of the airs they put on!" of the intruder. A coward will always soul absorbed in the theme of a poetic locked himself up in a tavern room and

tered inhabitants, none had, as yet, re- mortification, defiance, and surprise. quent borrowing, without leave, of a than I can see." rural shades of Molalla. At the time of sank like lead. borhood; and he had heard so much you'll see that I hold my own." about her that he had come upon some Mrs. Morrison Andrews, sad as she

hoped.

No matter how unworthy a man be the hardest and roughest usage, seemed of the marked attentions of any woman himself, and yet he doesn't want the "Good-evening, Miss," said the blue- winning ever to be so difficult as to be

an air which Madge had read of in George Hanson, the stranger of whom novels, but had never encountered until we write, fancied himself superlatively handsome. He was elegantly clad, in a Again Madge courtesied, while her suit of black broadcloth, and wore a cheeks glowed like June roses, and her handsome gold chain and other ornaments, the like of which the rustic "I want supper and a night's lodging. country damsels had never seen before. His figure was lithe and light, his "We never keep strangers," said hands white and soft, and his yellow to a silvery brightness, and the cracked Madge. "That is, mother is away, and hair, curled slightly at the ends, blendwe children are alone, and she wouldn't ed finely with the delicate blue of his

"world's people," she was very proud of reclined at ease upon the grass, "Pil shaking like jelly as he held it before her recent home improvements, and captivate Madge Morrison, just to show him.

The last dainty touches had been fin- Sam. "Mother will be at home in a little ished at the neat supper table, and every while, sir. You may come in." ished at the neat supper table, and every child had been fed at a temporary side-"You are very kind, but I would pre- board to hush their clamor and render good thrashin!! Nancy is my wife, an'

study her strange expression.

"You're enveloped in the black cloud

"How you talk !" she exclaimed, ex-

"She'd better not be puttin' on any of "I'm not a beauty, but I thank you her black art airs around this ranche, or chuckle. "I did the house myself. It son, grinning as he spoke, with a defiisn't papered, though; it's frescoed," she ant manner that was new to every

"I must say you've become wonderfully self-important since you've been

"Another word of yer impudence, Miss Pert, an' I'll brain ye with this ox-gad !" cried Jason, angrily.

"O, Mr. Andrews!" pleaded the mother, raising her hands with a deprecating gesture.

"I've got the law in my own hands now, ole woman, an' I'll show that conwhat suits me, and you come nearer ceited smarty that she's done lordin' it "O, mother! what have you done?"

as a bear. After that I shall want you fore the heavy whip, and raised her Jason Andrews advanced to strike

her, but his purpose was foiled by the she can raise babies an' do house-work. sudden interference of the stranger, which have been nicely warmed by with whom Madre had a half-hour behusband, and it wouldn't work."

Ity, the does it plot to the stranger, which have been nicely warmed by employments," needs, or can use, for Johnny, and takes the scarf which An-"What do you gaze at me in that fore been quarreling, and who had remained in the back-ground when the party came up.

"Hands off, old fellow!" he exclaimed, as he caught the heavy whip Madge?" asked the guest, as he smoth-"You may have more sense than and wrested it from the step-father's ered his pie in golden cream.

"Who are ye, anyway ?" cried Jason, looking abashed and humble.

"George Hanson, at the service of the ladies, sir. I stopped to lodge with this 'They've only done what you intend do-"What's your name?" he asked, at- family over night, but I didn't know I ing some day." tempting to hide his confusion, and feel- would be needed to protect any of its in-

"Thar's yer horse, an' thar's the road, sir! Vamose, skedaddle, scat " yelled

"But I've promised to remain over famished. Then, Madge and I are go- ways had her own way." ing to read a poem together. Sorry to

A bully is always a coward. Jason Andrews was no exception to the rule. "By Jove! I've struck a capital run Relying upon the strong arm of human Madge was offended with the famil- be easy enough to maintain his superi- tion of their individual rights. woods, were trained over the rough to attend to her duties in the kitchen. with him; but here was a case which he long twilight that seemed to her to be And now, good reader, let us leave poses balked by the courageous resist- while lying upon the grass at her feet, came together to consult. at that time in its earlier stages, and the party into the house, his wife evening sky. though the infection had penetrated to lingering in the rear to quiet the tuthe interior of the great Northwest, and | multuous feelings of Madge, who shook carried off a goodly number of its scat- from head to foot with mingled rage,

turned. This stranger was fresh from "O, mother! how could you marry ran riot among all classes. A flad run power. What we'll do now that he has of luck at a faro table, and the conse- secured it all by marrying you is more

his visit to Madge he had already been "We've got to make the best of it,

badly in her way, and her feet, clad in charged with matrimonial thoughts, he spoils. Supper's been waiting for an

viands before him.

mashed potatoes and cranberry sauce; cucumber pickles and preserved crabapples; blackberries and cream; flaky were prepared in perfection. The clumsy knives, spoons, and forks were scoured

"You have a treasure in your eldest

"She isn't Mrs. Andrews at all!" cried

older members of the household, when longs to me. Things won't go on here as they used to."

paused amid the hilarious throng to Madge. "T've a sister Alice, but she's married. I thought there wouldn't be another member of the family caught in was created superior, or which inferior,

> Jason laughed derisively. "Your turn'll come next, Miss Smarty,

there'll be three of 'em." roses," said the guest, addressing his

f you can ever git a chance; an' then

"I propose to be boss in my own household, let what will happen," re- not blauch,

plied the host, as he helped himself to another pheasant. "Matrimony hasn't marred your appetite," said Madge, savagely.

"Does your married daughter live is superior? near you?" asked the guest. "About a dozen miles away," replied

the mother. "But I don't have an opportunity to visit her at all, and she would it prove anything? A woman may run a farm or drive cattle; she "Her man don't go a cent on none o

yer gad-about women," observed the

"Much help her husband is to her, as any one can see," said Madge, contemptuously.

"Don't you believe in marriage, Miss "Ob, yes. I intend to get married,

sometime," "Then why speak so disrespectfully of your mother's and sister's marriages?

"Because they didn't marry gentlemen. Just wait till you see my husband ?!

"Please overlook my daughter's rudeness, Mr. Hanson," said the mother. "She and Mr. Andrews have worked tonight. Supper's ready, and I'm half- gether for several years, and she's al-

"She'll miss it hereafter," exclaimed

"We shall see !" retorted Madve The meal was finished in silence. Altogether, it was a sorry wedding feast. of luck!" said the fellow, lying flat law, he had returned to Molalia Moor- The children of both parents sulked and Who was the superior? Billy Lamb, golden. upon the grass and laughing immoder- land, clothed with absolute power over pouted and condoled with each other or the lady principal of the school a woman and her children. It would over what each set considered a viola-

# No Bible in the Schools.

the mines, where marvelous "strikes" that man? It was all we could do to sermon, or rather lecture, delivered by children were ready to go out into the The work in the kitchen was still were made, and where gambling, live under the same roof with him while Mr. Beecher, in Plymouth Church, on and they were ready to rise up and call drunkenness, and every kindred vice we had half the property and half the subject of "Our Common Schools:" her blessed. "Our common schools must be so conand men of no creed at all can send their The boys failed; quent borrowing, without leave, of a few thousands in virgin ore, was the real cause of his present visit to the because all things work together for good; but after the manner of the speech | D. Gage in Woman's Journal. of men, the common school must not be for several days the guest of the neigh- now the deed's done, mother. But regarded as a religious institution. It is secular, and it must be kept secular. and defended against anything that the thoughtless imagine. They are the novel adventure bent, and in truth he was, could not resist the charm of that ground we can have national in life. The man who contemplates de-

gratulations, the husband sat down to for the education of my boy when I be has to deal with, a complete record of the 'old home.'" The few young girls in the country the table in the kitchen, and began, cannot afford to send him to a common the town-its commerce, its home that had not been appropriated as wives with his usual voracity, to devour a school for fear his conscience will be trade, the facilities of storekeepers, its had disgusted him with their silly ma- large portion of whatever was in his perverted. [Applause.] It is not right banks, and in almost every case he can to which we are so rapidly passing, reach.

"Never mind the house-keeping now, mother. Let's have our food before it met I should be completed to choose ignorance for my child or education in a school where he will be taught the things I abhor. [Applause.] It is mother. Let's have our food before it the things I abhor. [Applause.] It is town, a record of its municipal character men and women.

In memory's pleasant fields of thour town, a record of its municipal character. not fair, because my neighbor is in a acter, a business confession of the citihour."

Jew—a citizen like him, tax-payer like ated production of one man, it is frieghted with the life-thoughts of a by Madge, and began, in a cool, uncon- it is not right that he should make me hundred. cerned manner, to address himself to the pay money for the sake of having his child hear the New Testament read, which I don't believe in. [Applause.] Boston mother, poking her head out of the were roast pheasants, with It is not right to read the Protestant Bibiscuits and dried raspberry pie, and all Protestant version is a faithful version failed to reach him, as a few minute

[Applause.]
"I have lived only a little time—only cuit, and then paused with a lump of drawn forth this expression of your feelalarm have at last come to the opinion that our common schools must be secular, and not religious."

He came back to his mother looking

What Do You Think About It?

It is impossible to decide which sex I told you of, mother," she said, at last.

The newly-made bride started as there's a pair of 'em."

The newly-made bride started as there's a pair of 'em."

The newly-made bride started as there's a pair of 'em."

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The newly-made bride started as there's a pair of 'em."

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The newly-made bride started as there's a pair of 'em."

The newly-made bride started as there's a pair of 'em."

The newly-made bride started as there's a pair of 'em." eclat. He has a small practice, she, one while amputating a limb; she would

> But what does it all prove? Noth-Why should be be granted rights and immunities denied to ber? Which

Bessie sings soprano, and Willie sings alto. Which is superior? Tom can may take charge of a saw-mill or learn the blacksmith's trade, and may be perfect in her art in each and all; yet, for her own benefit, the right of suffrage

or the privileges of equality before the law, any more than she can so use them as a maker of biscuits or of dresses. proper authorities of Morgan county, Ohio, to be non compos mentis, and entitled to board and lodging in the poorhouse; while his wife, who was so much his superior that she could scrub and bor enriched the nation by making a web of cloth or a pound of butter, or by cooking a meal of victuals for hungry laborers, in just so much helped to pay the taxes, in an indirect way, which gave this "superior" man his board, lodging and clothes. And yet, on every election day for fifteen years, this pauper was brought to the polls to give his vote for every county officer, and stood, in politics, an individuality in import-ance equal to the Governor of the State, or even the President of the United States, and could help elect commissioners who would let him into a home and shut his wife out of it. Yet, he was the have scrubbed and swept as well as she, onward, is never golden.

Mr. Putney inherited a large home with stock, farming utensils, and The wide, flat sprigs of hemlock, gathered by the children from the woods, were trained over the rough to attend to her duties in the kitchen.

The wide, flat sprigs of hemlock, iarity and rudeness thus displayed by a ority when they were alone, or when the was father of seven children, live fast, gambled, among other things that he spoke of, he was father of iarity and rudeness thus displayed by a stranger, and abruptly left his presence woods, were trained over the rough to attend to her duties in the kitchen.

The only prompt, effective and absolute fast, gambled, stranger, and abruptly left his presence who should agree was father of iarity and rudeness thus displayed by a seven children, live fast, gambled, among other things that he spoke of, he was father of iarity and rudeness thus displayed by a stranger, and abruptly left his presence who should agree was father of iarity and rudeness thus displayed by a stranger, and abruptly left his presence who should agree was father of iarity and rudeness thus displayed by a stranger, and abruptly left his presence who should agree was father of iarity and rudeness thus displayed by a stranger, and abruptly left his presence who should agree was father of iarity and rudeness thus displayed by a stranger and absolute was father of iarity and rudeness thus displayed by a stranger and absolute was father of iarity and rudeness thus displayed by a stranger and absolute was father of iarity and rudeness thus displayed by a stranger and absolute was father of iarity and rudeness thus displayed by a stranger and absolute was father of iarity and rudeness thus displayed by a stranger and absolute was father of iarity and rudeness thus displayed by a stranger and absolute was father of iarity and rudeness thus displayed by a stranger and absolute was father of iarity and rudeness thus displayed by a stranger and absolute was father of iarity and rudeness thus displayed by a stranger and absolute was father of iarity and rudeness thus displayed by a stranger and rudeness "I don't want any more gentlemen had not calculated upon, and the worst very short, she sat upon a bench in the unborn, to strangers. All the property dodge an issue when he finds his pur- legend, which George Hanson recited was not legalized, and his creditors the little stream near the old house; the child with the liveliest possible interest Madge in the kitchen, and pay a little ance of those who meet him in a fair and noting one by one the glittering said to them: "Leave me the farm and personal attention to the stranger as he fight; and Jason yielded to the pressure lamps of night as they emerged from my children, and I will try to pay you they all, in time." And the heaviest creditor personal attention to the stranger as he lies upon the sward. You must know of circumstances over which he, for the their hiding-places and hung them-said, "Let us do it and save this mother young house-keeper from the date of that the gold fever in California was present, at least, had no control, and led selves, all trimmed and burning, in the of seven children, the eldest not twelve vears old, from bitter poverty and toll. And so it was agreed. The wife took the place of administatrix, and carried mother, house-keeper, nurse, farmer, stock-raiser and book-keeper miller, The following is an extract from a She paid off the mortgages. When her world their portion was ready for them, A lady had two sons and one daughstituted that men of all religious sects ter. Each attempted college studies. one from stupidity,

> What do you think about it?-Frances ADVERTISEMENTS. - The advertise ments in a newspaper are more read than shall make it other than secular. On map of a large class of men's capabilities was getting enough of it, though not in Madge's improvements in house-keep- schools, and on no other ground can we ing business in a distant town takes up the local paper, and in its advertising "It is not fair that I should be taxed columns sees a true picture of the men nor fair that I should be compelled to estimate the character of the men who should exert a softening and beneficial majority, that he should compel me, a zens, and, instead of being the opinion-

"Miles Standish Adams!" yelled It is not right to read the Protestant Bi-ble in the common school where sub-ble in the common school where sub-born, who was adjusting his fishing-ton, who was adjusting his fishingstantial Catholic fellow-citizens are obliged to send their children, [applause] when they don't believe the plause] when they don't believe the of God's will; it is not right, if the Ro- later she looked out again and yelled man Catholic population were in the out louder than before: "Miles Standish ascendancy, that they should read their Adams, don't you hear me? You ought Douay Bible in the common schools, to be ashamed of yourself to be playing and oblige us Protestants to hear it. with those hooks and lines on Sunday "Can't belp it," said Miles, going right languishing eyes, and the feeble but daughter, Mrs. Andrews," said the two or three years ago and the enuncia- are going to celebrate their centennial But Madge really wanted the stranger glossy beard that nestled lovingly upon stranger guest, as he buttered his bisspeaker, and I've got to have fish three times a day, if I never go to heaven for

One morning a woman was shown into Dr. Abernethy's room. Before he could speak, she bared her arm, saying: "Burn." "A poultice," said the docvery forlorn, with a big red swelling tor. The next day she called again, under his left eye, and four or five showed her arm, and said: "Better." handfuls of torn shirt boiling over his "Continue the poultice." Some days breeches-band. "Why, where on earth have you been?" she asked. "Me and then she said: "Well, your fee?" Johnny's been playin'. He played he "Nothing," quoth the great surgeon.

# "Silence is Golden."

than Dr. H., who is male, and could lift to help care for the invalid. To be sure him in her arms out of any difficulty he was not very sick; only a slight cold; that his littleness might fall into. His but what of that? He was sick, and eyes are blue, hers are black. His hair Mrs. B. must shake up the sofa pillow is flax-color, hers, like midnight. His and see by the thermometer that the "How very original you are, to be voice is piping and child-like, hers, a temperature of the room was right, and must then go and help her liege lord de"Your pathway isn't strewn with profession honestly, she, with great scend from his chamber. Although he has been sick only the night before, host with a deferential air that might that is overwhelming. He is soft, do- and has managed to sleep very well cile, amiable, smiling, has pretty white through the night, he seems so be very have been candid, but Madge thought it hands and little decision of character, weak this morning, and leans heavily while she is stern, decided, resolute and on his wife's arm as they enter the sitindependent. He would turn white ting-room. She, poor woman, has a snapping headache, but she keeps the fact to herself, and, when Mr. B. is comfortable, goes cheerfully to the barn ing. She is a woman, he, a man. She to do her husband's chores. Angle, the is superior in some things, he, in oththree or four eggs for her father's breakfast, and is undutiful enough to wonder how it is that papa can eat so many eggs when he is sick, and how mamma can get along without any breakfast when she is well? Julia, the younger daughter, must bathe papa's head for fear it may ache, and Johnny must stay in the house and tend the fire; for, if paps takes more cold, he may have a fever. All this is quite fine for poor, afflicted papa for a time, but towards night he woman's place is in the house, where do those things—nothing more. Not ally thinks that a walk would "do him her superiority, or inferiority, or equalheld near the fire for fifteen minutes, and goes down to the store to let the men of his acquaintance know that, by working very bard, Mrs. B. Old Billy Lamb was declared by the bas managed to break up a most severe proper authorities of Morgan county, cold. He does not say, however, that he never thought of thanking his wife for doing his work in addition to her own. He did not mention the fact that he had not thought it worth while to sweep, was denied the same favor. ask her if her head ached, when she Every woman in the country whose laples. Of course Angle did not care if he was silent when she carried him his eggs, cooked just as he liked them. And what was the use of praising Julia for the deft way in which she bathed his head, or of telling Johnny that he had done well in staying so patiently in the house while the other boys were skating on the pond, in plain sight? Surely, silence is not always golden.

But he does better and merits more Who drives the wolf from the poor man's door, The silence which withholds the pleasant words of praise, or thanks for services rendered, the words of love which make labor light and cares easy to be borne, the words of pity which make the heart cheerier, the words of hope more able to work of the two, and could which cause us to ever look upward and child-in the morning. You can, some-"Speech is

By-Gone Days. but one of the children, including one turned from the home of his youth-the baldness, this method will work with

country home where he passed the first most gratifying efficiency. Try it about eighteen years of his life.

Once a week, and you will be surprised
He said: "Everything that I once to observe how its influence will extend His wife hillside where in youth I played; the in the resplendent pageantry of sunrise, old rustic gate, now hanging to its posts, half decayed and broken; and the fa- hair requires the exercise of energy and miliar trees even seemed to have grown firmness; but no affectionate grayer, and their once erect forms had will hesitate at a little sacrifice of this become bent and tottering. When I kind for the welfare of his offspring. stood in silence, contemplating the Nothing can be more fatal to y change, it seemed as if I should hear discipline than to allow your child every moment the laugh of a sister or contradict you. If you happen to be on the farm as head manager; was the well-known call of my mother, both betrayed into any mis-statements or of whom had long since gone to that exaggerations in their presence don't land from whence no traveler returns." How many of us have the same feel-

thought, when the cares of the world are need be. The moment you permit them laid aside, how these memories of "bygone days" will arise and cause the tear to start in spite of ourself. It is a sad pander to their conceit. There can be recollection—that of those dear relatives even in old age tries to recall each wellremembered look and word of the cessful disciplinarians-quelled the in-'dear departed' more vividly to mind.

vening years, how every little expression of those we knew when life was young will arise, and we find ourselves saying within our hearts, "Oh! what would we not give for one look or one word from those who were our playmates and schoolfellows, and those still dearer in invitation was too pressing to be de-These musings upon the mutability of this life, and the great "Hereafter"

In looking back through these inter-

effect upon our lives and characters, and

In memory's pleasant fields of thought We love to think and ponder, And draw from out their pleasant nooks Old friends and things back yonder. In ripened age our thoughts go back To childhood's rosy hours, And run along the woodland paths And meadows sweet with flowers.

The same where we, when young and gay, With life so bright before us, We laughed the fleeting hours away, Or sang in childish chorus.

Where golden youth, in life's young day, Played on the rustic gate, And innocence and simple loys Ruled there from morn till late The children's merry laugh is hushed, The rustle gate lies broken, And of all the dear, familiar things There's hardly left a token.

And thus will memory wander back To cull these by-gone treasures, Though when possessing tears will start, So dear beyond all measures. -New York Observer.

LIVING TOO FAST .- In our day, both married and single people live too fast. A bachelor now has need of an income such as would once have satisfied a man with a family; and the husband father requires for his single household the means which would have twenty years ago supported two families, if not three. Daughters are sent to fashianable schools at an enormous cost, there to learn extravagance, and, in short, to become fitted for anything but to become the wives of poor men. Sons are ruined Sulting the action to the word, he the marketing party came home.

Then he put on airs and I got mad, and prayed I was a dual.

Then he put on airs and I got mad, and prayed I was a dual.

Then he put on airs and I got mad, and "'Yes, yes," interrupted his mother, her eyes flashing, "and you can be dear with a curious, inquiring hands were ley cold, and her manner so with difficulty repressed her tears.

Then he put on airs and I got mad, and—" "Yes, yes," interrupted his mother, her eyes flashing, "and you didn't flinch?" "No'm, but the pirate ing too fast.

Then he put on airs and I got mad, and—" "Yes, yes," interrupted his mother, her eyes flashing, "and you didn't flinch?" "No'm, but the pirate ing too fast.

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The New Northwest.

Correspondents writing over assumed signaures must make known their names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to the! communications.

### THE LIFE TO COME.

Yes, "silence is golden"-sometimes. BY GEORGE ELIOT. This is the life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smile that has no cruelty.
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion even more intense. But I have seen instances, where, in

WOLVES.
Ye that listen to stories told,
When hearths are cheery and nights are cold,
Of the lonely wood and the hungry pack
That how on the weary traveler's track,
The fiame-red eye-balls that waying
By the wintry moon the belated sleigh,
The list, child sought in the dismal wood,
The little shoes and stains of blood
On the trampled snow; ye that hear
Wish thrills of pity or chills of fear,
Wishing some angel had been sent
To shield the hapless innocent,
Know ye the flend that is crueler far
Than the gaunt grey berds of the forest are?

wiftly vanish the fierce wolf's tracks Swiftly vanish the flerce wolf's tracks
Before the rifle and woodman's ax.
But hark to the coming of unseen feet,
Pattering by hight through the busy street.
Each wolf that dies in the woodland brown
Lives a spectre and haunts the town!
By square and market they slink and prowl;
In lane and alley they leap and how!;
Each night they snuff and snar! before
The patched window and broken door;
They paw the clapboards and claw the latch;
At every crevice they while and scratch At every crevice they whine and ser

Children crouch in corners cold, Children crotten in corners coid, Shiver in tattered garments oid; They start from sleep with bitter pangs At the touch of the phantom's viewless fangs. Weary the mother and worn with strife, Still she wanches and fights for life; But her hand is feeble and her weapon small— One little needle against them all.

Fierce the father and grim with want, His heart was gnawed by the specters gaunt; Frenzied, stealing forth by night With whetted knife for the desperate fight, He thought to strike the ghoul dead, But killed his brother man instead. O, ye that listen to stories told,
When hearths are cheery and nights are cold,
When hearths are cheery and nights are cold,
Weep no more at the tales you hear;
The danger is close, the wolves are near.
Shudder not at the maiden's name;
Marvel not at the maiden's shame;
Pass not by with averted eye
The door where the stricken children cry.
But when the tramp of the unseen feet
Sounds by night through the busy street,
Follow thou where the specters glide
And stand like Hope at the mother's side.
Be thou thyself the angel sent
To shield the hapless innocent.

He gives but little who gives his tears; He gives best who aids and cheers; He does well in the forest wild Who slays the monster and saves the child; But he does better and merits more

# Mark Twain's Advice on Domestic Dis-

cipline. According to my obsevrvation, the most difficult thing to bring up is a times, though seldom, bring them up in only he would get drunk, and he and his silver," saith the proverb, but I main- the morning by yelling at them, but peers always licensed the dram-shop. tain that speech is very, very often the effectiveness of the process diminishes with its repetition, even when not entirely neutralized by the children's trick of stopping their ears with the

bed-clothes. The pulling up of a darling child by the

permit them to correct you. Right or wrong, you must obstinately insist on your own infallibility, and promptly Often in these calm moments of suppress all opposition-with force, it to doubt your unerring wisdom, you will begin to forfelt their respect and ne sadder spectacle than a parent surrounded by olive branches who think

> they know more than he does. I vividly remember how my fatherwho was one of the most rigid and sucspiring egotism that prompted me to correct his careless remark when he was reckoning a problem in shillings, that five times twelve was sixty-two and a half. "So," said he, looking over his spectacles and surveying me grimly, "ye think ye know more'n your father, hey? Come here to me!" His elined, and for a few excruciating mo-

ments I reposed in bitter humiliation

across his left knee, with my neck in the embrace of his left arm. I didn't see him demonstrate his mathematical accuracy with the palm of his right hand on the largest patch of my trowsers, but I felt that the old man was right; and, when completely eradicating my faith in the multiplication table, he asked me how much five times twelve was, I inisted, with tears in my eyes, that it was sixty-two and a half. "That's right," said he. "I'll learn ye how to respect your father, if I have to thrash ye twelve times a day. Now go'n water them horses, an' be lively about it, too!" The old gentleman didn't permit my respect for him to wane much until the inflammatory rheumatism disabled him, and even then he continued to inspire me with awe until I was thoroughly convinced that his

disability was permanent, Unquestioning obedience is the crowning grace of childdood. When you tell your child to do anything and he stops to inquire why, it is advisable to kindly but firmly fetch him a rap across the ear and inform him, "That's why!" He will soon get in the way of starting with charming alacrity at the word of

Vesuvius, after a long period of rest, gives signs of an approaching eruption. The large crater which has been formed since the last disturbance, emits a black smoke, always a symptom of volcanic activity, although the time which may elapse before the first symptom and the actual eruption is not definitely known. In December, 1854, similar appearances indicated approaching activity, which dld not set in, however, until May, 1855.