THE RECTOR'S DAUGHTER.

BY EDITH G. RUTHERFORD.

It was a mild October day in the little New England village of Deerford. A gentle breeze was blowing, which occasionally wafted down the red and yellow leaves which still clung to the branches. The village clock had just struck five as a trim little figure robed in white came tripping down the path which led from the rectory to the gate. She was rather short, with golden-brown hair and large hazel eyes. Her rosy lips were parted, disclosing two rows of snow-white teeth. This was Dora Miller, the rector's daughter. At the gate she paused and looked up and down the road, as if expecting some one. Presently a glad smile lighted her face, as a manly form came in sight.

Dick Palmer was twenty-three years of age, tall, broad-shouldered and handsome. His hair was dark, as were also his large and handsome eyes. He and Dora were engaged, with her parents' unwilling consent, for they knew that Dick was not able to support their daughter. Being left an orphan when but a child, his home, since then, had been with his uncle at Deerford. He had received an excellent education and had passed through college. It had always been his cherished plan to become a lawyer, and he had decided, after much deliberation, to go to New York and study for that purpose.

As he reached the gate where Dora stood, she extended her hand, saying:

"I knew you would come, Dick. I am so glad to see you—but sorry we must part so soon."

"Never mind, Dolly," he answered. "I hope it will not be long before I shall be able to come back and take you to the city as my wife. I wish you were going with me now."

"O Dick," said Dora, her eyes filling with tears, "you don't know how I shall miss you! And I fear that when you get to New York you will forget your poor little Dora."

"Dora," answered the young man, indignantly, "how can you doubt me? I have given you my whole heart, and I shall never love another."

"Thank you, dear, for saying that," she replied, quietly.

"My darling, I must leave you now," said he. "I have barely time to catch the six o'clock train. I will write often and tell you what I am doing. Now, promise me, Dolly, before I go, that you will not forget me."

"In the sight of heaven, Dick, I promise to remain true to you and to wait till you return, though it be not for years," answered she, solemnly.

"God bless you, my darling!" said the young man, as he pressed his lips to hers.

The next moment he was gone, and Dora was walking slowly back to the house.

Two days later, Dora received her first letter from Dick, saying that he had arrived safely and commenced his studies. All through the Winter which followed she received his letters regularly twice each week. In the Spring came one begging her to forgive him if he wrote but one each week, for, he said, he had very little spare time.

"Poor fellow!" thought Dora. "I fear he studies too hard; it will certainly affect his health."

Alas for poor little Dora! How little was her sympathy needed! Dick studied, it is true, but with moderation. He was seen at balls, parties, and all admired and courted the handsome and rising young lawyer.

Poor little Dora! As time passed on, Dick's letters were becoming short and far between, and were losing much of their former tenderness. At last they ceased altogether.

It was Autumn again, another mild October day, and Dora stood once more at the rectory gate. All around was the same, but alas! how changed was the little white-robed figure standing there! The roses had fled from her cheeks, and there was a dull, vacant look in her eyes.

A pony-carriage, drawn by two neat little black horses, and driven by a stout, sun-burnt young man, appeared over the hill and came in the direction of the rectory. At the gate it stopped, and the young man alighted and tied the ponies. He then approached Dora, and extending his hand, said:

"Well, how do you do, Dora? I came over to see if you would not like to go for a drive."

"Thank you very much, Joe," she answered, "but I have a bad headache."

"Well, I know you would feel better for the drive," said Joe. "No wonder you have headaches; you never go out to any place. Now run and put on your things."

"Well, I will go," she said. "Will you not come up to the house?"

"No, I will wait here."

Joe Leslie was the son of a neighbor, and had been Dora's playmate in childhood. They had been taught by the same masters, and had grown up together as brother and sister.

Dora did not keep the young man waiting long. He assisted her to a seat in the carriage, and then jumped in beside her. As they drove along the pleasant country road, he remarked:

"How fast time flies. Here it is October; just think—it will soon be Christmas. Do you know, Dora, it is two years this month since Dick Palmer went away?"

"Is it?" she asked, in a tone of unconcern, although she had changed color. "Just look at that maple tree; are not the leaves a lovely color?"

"Yes, they are," answered Joe. "Oh, by the way, I have something to show you. I believe you used to be interested in Dick."

And taking a newspaper from his pocket, he pointed to a certain paragraph. Dora took the paper and read:

MARRIED—At Grace Church, on Thursday, October 15, Richard G. Palmer, of Deerford, Mass., to Sylvia, only daughter of Howard J. Stone, of this city.

Dora read and returned the paper.

"It is a lovely day, isn't it?" asked blundering Joe Leslie.

No answer. Dora had fainted.

When she returned to consciousness she was lying on the grass by the roadside, and Joe's frightened face was bending over her. In his hand he held a wet handkerchief, with which he had been bathing her face. As she opened her eyes, he asked:

"Are you better, Dora? You frightened me so! A moment ago you looked as if you were dead."

"Yes, I feel better now," she answered, "and if you will help me, I think I can get back to the carriage."

"No, you must not try to walk," said Joe, as he lifted her slight form in his arms. "Dora," he continued, as they drove slowly along, "I must tell you at last—I cannot keep it any longer! I love you with my whole heart. Will you be my wife?"

"Joe," slowly answered the girl, "I am sorry you have told me this; I am sorry you love me, for I can never return your affection as you would wish. I love you as a dear brother, but I can never be your wife."

"O Dora," he said, turning his pale, despairing face to her, "can you never learn to love me? I will wait if you will only give me hope."

"No, Joe, I cannot; it is useless. I can never be your wife."

"Dora," said Joe, hoarsely, "I see it all now. What a fool I have been! You love Dick Palmer. Answer me, Dora; Is it not so?"

She did not speak, but in her face he read her answer, and knew that his fond hopes and cherished plans were never to be realized.

They drove home in silence, but as Joe assisted Dora from the carriage, he said:

"Good-bye, Dora; I leave here to-morrow. We may never meet again, and when I am gone think kindly of me if you can. If you are ever in trouble and need a friend, remember that I shall always be glad to be of any service to you. Now good-bye, and God bless you."

CHAPTER II.

Thirteen years had passed away since Dora Miller and Dick Palmer bade one another farewell at the rectory gate. They had been long, weary years for Dora. She and Dick had never met, and she had only heard of him through strangers. She knew that he had married an heiress, and that his married life had not been happy.

The good rector and his wife had been laid in their last resting-place in the quiet churchyard several years before.

Dora was still Dora Miller, now thirty-three years old, and people had begun to call her an old maid. She still occupied her little room at the rectory, for the new rector and his wife had no family, and were therefore willing to take the friendless girl to board.

It was a cold Winter day, and Dora, wrapped in furs, was walking rapidly down the road. She saw the man approaching with the mail, and as they met he handed her a letter addressed to herself. It was postmarked New York. From whom could it be? She corresponded with no one but two cousins and a friend in Boston. She tore open the envelope and read:

Miss Dora Miller:—Richard Palmer is dying here at the hospital, and desires to see you. Please come immediately, for he cannot last long. Your obedient servant,

THOMAS C. JOICE.

Dora turned pale and clung to the fence for support. Dick Palmer friendless, alone, dying in a hospital? What could it mean?

"I will go at once," she said, aloud, as she turned again in the direction of the rectory.

She was soon ready for her journey, and having bade the kind rector and his wife adieu, she started for the station. When she arrived in New York it was midnight, but, regardless of the time, she summoned a cab and was conveyed to the hospital. She asked for Richard Palmer, and was conveyed to one of the cots at the end of the long room. There lay a man, pale and ghastly; his cheeks were shrunken, and his eyes burned like live coals.

"Has she come yet?" he asked, in an excited tone, of the man who preceded Dora.

"Yes," he answered, "she is here."

Dora came and stood beside the bed and looked on the wreck of that once handsome, stalwart man. He stretched out his thin hand and took hers.

"Thank you for coming, Dora," he said. "It was kind of you to gratify my wish. You have changed since the last time I saw you, but there is still a resemblance to the little Dora with whom I played when a child. Oh, those happy days at Deerford! They have been the happiest of my life. I am dying; I feel that I cannot live many hours longer, and I have many things which I must say to you while I have the strength. First, Dora, say you forgive me for having wronged you. I was tempted; it was Sylvia's cursed money which tempted me. I never loved my wife. I say now, Dora, as I am dying, you are the only woman I have ever loved. Say, dearest, I beseech you, that you forgive me!"

"Yes, Dick," answered Dora, "I forgave you long ago."

"Heaven bless you for that, my darling! Now will you hear my story?"

"Yes, Dick," she answered, as she knelt beside the bed.

"I left you and came to New York," began Dick. "The city with its many temptations ruins many a young and inexperienced man. I was young and foolish, and went heedlessly into society. I met Sylvia Stone. She was young, beautiful, an heiress, and as heartless as she was beautiful. I was fascinated, for the time, by her pretty face, and her cursed gold tempted me. I will not enter into particulars. Suffice it to say that I married her, and then, when it was too late, I learned her heartless nature. Three years ago she died, leaving our one little girl, then two years old. Sylvia's family never cared for the child, and since her mother's death Daisy and I have lived alone. I have lost all the money I ever had. When I was taken ill, the woman with whom we boarded offered to keep Daisy till I should be well again. I know now that I shall never be."

He stopped, for his strength was failing fast.

"Dora," he said, at last, "will you grant a dying man's request? I know I have no right to ask it of you, but it is for Daisy's sake, not mine. Will you take my friendless little girl and care for her? I know you would be kind to her. I have no one in the world to whom I could trust her but you. Only say you will take her, and I shall die happy."

"Dick," answered Dora, solemnly, "I promise you; I vow in the sight of heaven to love and protect your friendless little child."

"Thank you, my dearest! I did not think you would refuse, although I do not deserve such kindness from you. You are a good, kind woman, Dora."

He stopped as a ghastly paleness came over his face, and the hand which clasped Dora's fell powerless on the counterpane.

"Dora," he gasped, "kiss me before I die."

She bent over and imprinted a kiss on the cold lips.

"Good-bye, my darling," he whispered. "God bless you!"

A moment later, Dora raised her tear-stained face and laid her hand on the cold brow before her; and then she knew that Dick's spirit had fled.

She had him laid in the quiet little Deerford churchyard, and then she sought out his child. Daisy was a bright little girl of five, with her father's large dark eyes and her mother's golden hair.

Dora left Deerford, and she and Dick's child went to live in a quiet little Massachusetts village where she was not known. Here she was much beloved, for she was kind and gracious to all, though intimate with none. Many wondered why she had never married. Village gossips talked, and lively imaginations pictured romances in which Dora was the heroine; but none ever knew the true history of the rector's daughter.

WORTHY SON OF A NOBLE SIRE.

ADDRESS OF WM. LLOYD GARRISON, JUNIOR, BEFORE THE OREGON STATE WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

A notable feature of the Woman Suffrage Convention was the appearance on the platform of William Lloyd Garrison, Jr., who was introduced by Rev. Mr. Eliot as a member of a similar association in New England. Mr. Garrison spoke as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I esteem it a privilege to be with you this evening. Holding both by inheritance and conviction the belief that human rights and responsibilities are not limited by the accident of sex, I belong upon your platform. To a Bostonian, finding himself 4000 miles away from home, on what he has been accustomed to consider the outskirt of civilization, your city is a perpetual surprise. He finds here the same kind of people, the same books, the same homes he has left behind, and it is impossible to realize that Portland is not a city of New England. If anything more were needed to preserve the illusion, here is the familiar and time-honored Woman Suffrage Convention. How well I know it! Year in and year out, through discouragement and ridicule and apathy, doomed to repeat the old arguments, to answer for the thousandth time the objections raised by timidity and prejudice, the weary and yet unwearied advocates of simple justice compel the attention of the public.

How many times, with exhaustive eloquence and unanswerable reasons, these stale objections have been demolished! There was a time that when the brains were out the man would die, and there an end, but now they rise again, and we are forced again and again to "slay the slain." But tiresome as it is to continually repeat "line upon line and precept upon precept," and to labor to prove that two and two make four, such is and always must be the work of the reformer.

In Massachusetts our cause moves upward and onward, steadily and surely. We have attained the partial school suffrage for women, and every year petition the Legislature to submit the question of full suffrage to the people's vote.

It is customary now, when the question comes up in the Legislature for discussion, for the opponents to raise no objections, but simply vote it down. The report of the committees and the weighty speeches are on the side of woman's enfranchisement; but with a dogged persistence the majority continues in the negative, although with diminishing preponderance.

This year, for the first time in our history, a woman was admitted as a delegate to the Republican State Convention in the person of the eloquent and gifted Mrs. Mary A. Livermore.

It is a warfare, however, where no retreat can be sounded, and until the right is conceded the yearly appeal and agitation are as certain as the seasons.

In passing through Wyoming Territory recently, it was gratifying to hear from Governor Hoyt a testimony to the beneficent effect of Woman Suffrage there in the interest of morality and good government. The Governor mentioned as a surprise the fact that no woman had yet made application to him for any office. Not that any reason exists why competent women should not hold office, but it shows how little personal ambition has been stimulated by the attainment of the right to vote.

A few days ago at Olympia, in Washington Territory, where it was my privilege to mingle with the members of the Legislature in a social way, I expressed my hope that before the Territory was ready to be admitted as a State, the Constitution would provide for equal suffrage, and thereby avoid the agitation its omission was sure to entail. When we remember how difficult it is to eradicate a wrong once crystallized in organic law, and how absurdly binding bad precedents are, we cannot overrate the importance of a young State's guarding in the beginning against such manifest injustice. But for the shortsightedness and unwillingness to compromise principle shown by the framers of the United States Constitution, in allowing a recognition and protection of slavery in its famous obnoxious clauses, the long degradation of our politics and the incalculable sufferings of our civil war would have been averted.

A last refuge of many intelligent people, who are too enlightened to repeat the old objections, and yet not ready to accept impartial suffrage, is the plea that the franchise is too broadly exercised already and should be limited. Although this is the essence of toryism and a distrust of the great principle that a republic is "of the people, by the people and for the people," it is the fashion of many to proclaim it when the claims of woman are urged.

In the first place, if it were true that suffrage should be limited, the answer is, that when the same limits apply to men and women alike there will be no ground for complaint on the score of injustice to women. At present the objection is irrelevant and impertinent, not touching the question at issue.

In the second place, is the objection to universal suffrage a sound one?

The underlying principle of our great experiment of self-government is that "government derives its just power from the consent of the governed," which includes the humblest member of society. Not from the consent of the rich, of the educated, of the strongest, but of the governed. It was a momentous experiment based upon an abiding faith in human nature, a conviction that the average wisdom of all is safer than that of any portion, however favored. It took into consideration poverty and ignorance, trusting to the innate desire of humanity for order and good government. It was assumed that although the principle might be severely tested, as enlightenment increased, fostered by popular education, government would improve and the responsibilities of the ballot have an elevating effect.

So our national experiment was launched upon the broadest principles of justice, and although the framers of the Government were inconsistent in not embodying in the Constitution the principles enunciated in the Declaration of Independence and applying them impartially without distinction of sex or race, the declaration will last for all time because it is as broad as humanity. Partially as the experiment has been applied, and although Europe has poured into our midst hordes of ignorance, poverty and criminality to be assimilated, the nation has stood the strain marvellously. Wisdom is justified of her children. We have undergone commotions that would wreck monarchies, and in every great great crisis what has saved us? Not presidents, nor capitalists, nor scholars, but it is the uprising of the whole people—the ground-swell of popular feeling—that always decides the issue in the interest of right and safety. Talk as we may of the Irish or colored vote, each class has the right to represent itself, no matter if its representatives are unsavory or bad. Nor can the virtue and intelligence of the country afford not to have ignorance and poverty send their representatives to speak for them.

They are the warning dials that indicate to all eyes the magnitude of the degradation in our midst. We cannot afford to overlook or forget them. Inasmuch as the dial's hand shows their increase, so much more has the alarm to be sounded and regenerating influences set to work to rescue society, which otherwise lulled in a fancied security might awake too late. Upon the walls of our representative government let the whole nation's figure be thrown and the shadows as prominent as the lights. Republicanism cannot only bear the trial but cannot spare it. We are too far on the voyage to put back. The ship has incurred its chiefest dangers because too many of its crew are kept under the hatches. Let them up into the day. Welcome woman to the rights and responsibilities of an untrammeled ballot.

There is great need of constant agitation in this young State of Oregon until your object is attained. And it not only benefits woman. All moral effort based on fundamental principles elevates the entire community.

New England owes its preëminent intellectual and moral position to the constant conflict of ideas. While, unfortunately, the church so largely reflects the average public sentiment and too often finds little difficulty in being at peace in the presence of sin, provided the sin is popular, the true spirit of the gospel is to be found in the various humanitarian reforms of the day.

In a new and growing country like this, where the wonderful resources of nature are developing so rapidly and wealth comes easily, there is danger that the material may overshadow the moral progress.

Professor Bryce, the English Member of Parliament, who has been traveling with our party—a most acute and sympathetic observer—was much impressed by this tendency.

Such associations as yours and other kindred purposes have therefore a regenerating and uplifting influence. Unfortunate is the community where there are no isms. Because of the crudities and extravagancies of well-meaning but overzealous friends, who attach themselves to every reform, do not allow timid consciences to excuse themselves from their share in the work. When the sole objection to a movement is alleged personal dislike for its advocates, be sure that the objectors have no answer for your arguments. Hold them to a discussion of principles, and do not be drawn aside by personal criticism, the shelter of apathy and opposition.

The great work is to touch conscience by carefully considered and just appeals to the best sentiments of human nature. The statute book will surely second your progress. In days of discouragement, which always come, certain that the cause is nearing to its triumph, we can comfort ourselves with Whittier's lines:

"Thus with somewhat of the seer
Must the moral pioneer
From the future borrow—
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain
And on midnight's sky of rain
Paint the golden morrow."

The President of Amherest College has offered to the students the privilege of electing representatives in whose hands will be left certain matters of college administration now undertaken by the faculty. This body will probably be composed of four seniors, three juniors, two sophomores, and one freshman, with a member of the faculty as presiding officer, if the classes accept the proposal, which seems doubtful.

A Neapolitan gardener, after years of experiment, has produced a camelia with a delicate perfume, and thinks it probable these flowers may in the near future be so cultivated as to rival the rose in fragrance.

"A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise against and not with the wind. Even a head-wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm."