

"YOURS TRULY."

OUR BRIGHT AND RACY CORRESPONDENT MAKES A RAG CARPET.

"What in thunder makes you keep such a ragged carpet on the floor?" roared the Governor one day, as he tripped his gouty toe in the raveled shreds of an unsightly rent under the dining-room table when he was rising from his chair. "Because it is our duty to be economical," demurely answered Yours Truly. "You remember how we lost money on those jowls?" The memory of that soap-making exploit, which had so nearly resulted in the loss of Number One's eyesight, was still strong upon the Governor. "You wouldn't have to use lye to make a rag carpet!" he exclaimed, as he hobbled off to the library, leaving Yours Truly alone in the dining-room with Numbers One and Two and her adorable Jim. The carpet was bad; there was no denying it. It was an antiquated three-ply that had first done duty for the family in the best parlor in Yours Truly's childhood, and had then been banished to the library, whence, after repeated turnings and patchings, it at last found its way to the dining-room, where it had served us for several years. Such carpets are not manufactured in these days of shoddy, and Yours Truly never expects to see another like it. "I was over to Mrs. Smith's yesterday," said Jim, "and she had just finished laying a brand new rag carpet, of which the warp and weaving were the only cost." The dear fellow looked the personification of a severe but righteous judge as he gazed solemnly upon the partner of his privations (we have forty thousand dollars at interest), and Yours Truly felt self-condemned because she hadn't made a rag carpet long ago. "Mrs. Smith looked very tired," continued Yours Truly's protector and head, "and her infernal baby—" "Don't swear, James." Yours Truly always says "James" when she means to be prim and particular. "Swear? Why, I couldn't do the subject justice if I'd exhaust the English vocabulary of oaths. I'm putting it mild. That infernal baby, with its hair turned the wrong way, its eyes askew and watery, and its nose—bah! It looks bad enough in all conscience, but when it adds the yells of Pandemonium to its diabolical appearance, I can't do the subject justice. Swear, indeed!" "Poor little thwarted creature!" said Yours Truly, vividly recalling her visit to its overworked mother about six months before its birth, when its predecessor was not yet weaned. "Poor baby and poor mother! No wonder the child is cross. It was born so." "I should say it was!" "Neither it nor its mother could help it, poor things! Don't I remember how piggy and unreasonable Smith acted when I went there to see if his sheltered and cherished consort wouldn't like to join with me in a cooperative laundry scheme?" "Let me talk part of the time," said Jim, with a lofty air. "I was going to say that infernal baby kept squalling so I couldn't hear all she said, but I learned that the warp and weaving for thirty yards of good home-made carpet would only cost about six dollars. A penny saved is a penny earned, you know; and here's a chance to save many a dollar." "My last effort at extra saving was not a flattering success, James," said Yours Truly, alluding to her adventure with the jowls and soap. "Confound that soap! I'll never have another such a scene in my house!" said the lord-in-law of Yours Truly's inherited homestead. "But there are a thousand ways that women can save in little things if they will keep their wits about them. Read this. Smith found it in a patent circulating paper and gave it to me to bring home." Yours Truly took the paper and read as follows: A saving woman at the head of a family is the very best savings bank on earth—one receiving deposits daily and hourly, with no costly machinery to manage it. The idea of saving is a pleasant one; and if the women imbibed it at once they would cultivate it and adhere to it, and thus, when they are not aware of it, would be laying the foundation of a competent security in a stormy time. "Am I not an economical woman, James?" "Yes in the main. But I do wish you would make a rag carpet. It gave me the blues to hear Smith brag about his saving wife at the barn-raising the other day. I don't want any man's wife to get ahead of mine, you see." Well, Mrs. D., to make a long story short, Yours Truly decided to make a rag carpet. To decide was to act. In the attic over the kitchen was a heterogeneous jumble of cast-off clothing, and in the closets here and there were discarded dresses and other paraphernalia of the toilet, all of which were collected and carried into the sitting-room. "A pound and a quarter of rags, if finely cut, will make a yard of carpet," said mother, who is too feeble this winter to do anything but sit by the fire and wait patiently for the unwelcome call of the final messenger. For weary days and weeks, whenever there was a minute to spare from other duties, Yours Truly was in the Purgatory of preparation for the Heaven of rag carpets. Every discarded coat and vest and pair of pantaloons on the ranch was impressed into service, washed and dried, and torn and cut to make strips and strings of the required thickness. Every old dress was torn up, and some that were not half worn were sacrificed on account of

their color. Every faded or torn child's apron, every old pair of stockings, and every odd and end of every imaginable description, was worked into the general combination that mother calls "hit or miss." The sitting-room was upset from morning till night, and the flying dust from old garments settled on and in everything, not excepting Yours Truly's lungs, from which she has been suffering ever since. Her thumb and fingers, which were blistered at first, afterward became callous, and her temper, at first as serene as a May morning, became as irritable as Mrs. Smith's baby. The work and discomfort went on until every cast-off or partly worn garment in the house was torn into shreds and sewed into strings and wound into balls; and still Yours Truly was not happy, for there were yet lacking seven pounds of the required wool for the needed carpet. To add to her dilemma, the warp had been bought and put into a neighbor's loom, and the rags were all used up, and there was nothing more in the line of cast-off garments to cut and sew. But Yours Truly never does things by halves, and that carpet had to be finished; and in order to make a success of it, two passable suits of partly worn clothing belonging to Jim were sacrificed. An old overcoat of the Governor's, over which he fumed fearfully when he found it out, went next, and two of Yours Truly's dresses, either of them good for half a year of steady wearing, followed suit. The carpet looked very clean and substantial when it was laid, and Yours Truly's adorable was so proud of it that he did not notice how weary his cherished wife was, nor that she had contracted a serious cough from prolonged exposure to the dust; nor that her worn and battered hands no more resembled the white and pretty ones her lord had married than her tired face resembled the oil painting representing her as a bride that hung in the unused parlor, over which he had gone into rhapsodies during the honeymoon. An agent for a patent, self-acting, self-adjusting barn-yard gate had been at the house in the Autumn, and had so persistently praised his invention that Yours Truly's adorable was strongly tempted to purchase the convenient article; but a dining-room carpet was needed, and the agent had been dismissed, as Yours Truly thought, without making a sale. Judge, then, of her surprise when this self-same agent returned, after the rag carpet was down, with half a dozen gates in his wagon, all ordered by her economical head! "How much did they cost, James?" asked the partner of his joys and sorrows. "Twenty-five dollars apiece," was the blushing reply. "And you bought six of them?" "Yes; they are so very convenient for the farm hands; and they make the place look thrifty outside, like rag carpets do in the house. I must put on an old suit and go out and set some posts. Where are my last year's clothes?" "In the carpet, James?" "You don't mean to say that you have cut up my clothes?" "Yes; everything but what you stand up in, except your wedding suit, which I'm keeping to bury you in, my liege." "Why, those clothes were worth forty dollars at least!" "I know it; but I had to make a rag carpet to be economical, like Mrs. Smith. Patent gates had to be bought, you know; and women must save in little things." "Where in thunder's my old overcoat?" asked the Governor, with a suspicious air. "In the carpet," meekly answered Yours Truly. "It was 'most worn out, and I wanted to save." The Governor waxed so wrath that Jim had to scold him, whereat he hobbled away, leaving Yours Truly in tears, and heaping imprecations on rag carpets and everybody who would try to make them. "How much do you think this carpet cost?" said Yours Truly, after the patent gate vender had left the dining-room. "I don't know, I'm sure." "Well, James, it has cost me a month's excruciating misery and hard, laborious work, and has given me a seated cough. It has cost you two suits of clothes, worth forty dollars, and the Governor an old overcoat worth ten dollars. Other clothing to the value of twenty dollars or more, belonging to myself and children, has also been sacrificed. Don't you think it would have been just as well for us to have been a little more economical about patent gates, and a little less so about carpets?" "Come to think, wife," said Yours Truly's adorable, "I saw Mrs. Smith a second time, when that infernal young-one of hers was asleep, and Smith was out, and she told me that she didn't save a cent in making her carpet. She said she only made it to please Smith, and was compelled to use up enough of half-worn apparel in completing it to have paid for a new carpet out and out. But saving was a hobby of Smith's, she said, and his idea of saving was to always see his wife hard at work." "Experience teaches a dear school, my liege," said Yours Truly. "We've had two severe lessons in that school lately; one on soft soap, and the other on rag carpets. I wonder what our next venture will be." "You may depend upon it, you will have to suggest it," said Jim. "I'm through with household economy from a man's standpoint." That the dear fellow will be as good as his word is the closing prayer of YOURS TRULY. Beaver Dam Farm, December 3, 1881.

ORIGIANL VERSE.

TOMMY'S CHRISTMAS.

By "Yours Truly."

"Dear mamma, why does 'Kismas come?
An' why does Santa Claus
Come down 'e chimney in 'e night,
And leave 'e 'indeer sleek an' white
To p'ance an' dance upon 'e roof,
An' 'ake 'e head, an' stamp 'e hoof,
While Santa slips into 'e yoom?
Say, mamma, wha'ts 'e cause?"
My darling was undressed for bed,
And in his snowy gown,
Was standing up behind my chair,
Striving to brush and comb my hair;
His own bright ringlets all astray
That I had vainly coaxed to stay
In prim-kept curls upon his head—
A clustering, golden crown.
"Long years ago," was my reply,
"Our Saviour dear was born.
His hour of birth we celebrate
When Santa Claus rides out in state,
And down the chimney with his pack,
All strapped and loaded on his back,
Comes gliding from the gables high,
With gifts for Christmas morn."
"What makes him 'member 'ittle boys
Whenever 'Kismas comes?
Who tells where 'e chil'ren live,
An' 'actly what he ought to give?
How does he know each boy an' girl,
And tell a good ch'rl' from a churl?
What makes him care for chil'ren's joys?
How does he fin' our homes?"
"Who is 'e Saviour?—Wha'ts 'e name?
Did he live long ago?
Where did he stay? What did he do?
Did he know Santa Claus, an' you?
An' will he come to-night an' see
If you get present's too, an' me?
An' watch if Santa's 'indeer came,
In spite o' dark an' snow?"
"His name is Jesus, and he lives
In Heaven, my precious child.
He came to save the world from sin,
That all good boys might enter in
Through peary gates that lead to Heaven,
When life is done and sins forgiven.
To please him, Santa comes and gives
Good gifts to children mild."
"In Heaven will I see Santa Claus?
An' will 'e baby come?
An' can I have my books an' toys
An' guns an' boots, like bigger boys?
Will it be always 'Kismas there?
An' must I always say my prayer
An' be a gentle boy, because
I'll have a pitty home?"
I took my darling in my arms
And stroked his shining head,
And murmured "Yes." His lashes fell,
His breathing came with measured swell,
His plump hands dropped upon his breast,
His white feet idly lay at rest;
And while sweet smiles enhanced his charms,
I tucked him snug in bed.
Within his crib the baby slept,
Upon his lips a smile.
Outside, the Winter storm 'urged high
Against the sullen, angry sky,
And sang with whistles shrill and clear
Through open keyholes everywhere,
As though he vigils o'er us kept,
The darkness to beguile.
I turned away to leave the room,
But made a sudden pause;
For Tommy, rising in his sleep,
With arms outstretched, voice low and deep,
And solemn visage, sweetly said,
"Dear Jesus, watch by baby's side,
An' drive away 'e dark an' gloom,
An' 'please 'e bless Santa Claus!"
THE GRAVE.
By J. L. York.
The grave, the realm of matter gross,
Is not the home of mind—
Only the wardrobe dark of garments left
For vestments more refined.
[Re-published by request.]
THE SONG OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC.
[Written by Mrs. A. S. Dunlavy when the Northern Pacific Railroad reached Spokane Falls, W. T., June 25, 1881, and read by her at her evening lecture at the same place.]
From the shores of Puget Sound I come,
A railway abroad, and I love to roam,
In my winding, lengthening way,
On my ballast of rock, with my ribs of pine,
And my sinews of steel, that glitter and shine,
While my workmen sap and saw and mine,
As steadily, day by day,
They tunnel the mountains and climb the ridges,
And span the culverts and rivet the bridges,
And awaken the echoes, afar and near,
With the song of triumph and shout of cheer.
They've harnessed the iron horse for me,
And they've fed him with flame till he's mad with glee,
And his eye is ablaze with fire.
For me my toilers have climbed the steep
Where the mother eagle her vigil keeps,
And the north wind rocks while her fledgeling sleeps,
As she lists to the forest's lyre.
For me the farmer has toiled and waited,
For me are his bins with plenty freighted,
And the patient housewife has toiled and prayed,
While her faith on my coming has long been stayed.
The commerce of earth will be borne on my track,
And I'll carry the burdens of men on my back,
As I smile in the face of the sun,
And I'll move the world in my sinewy course
As a path I find for the iron horse,
With his steam-laden lungs and his bellow hoarse,
As he restlessly rusheth on.
Clear the track! for my steed with his chariot's coming!
Clear the track! for the spirit of progress is moving!
Shout, sing, and be glad for the triumph of skill
That has harnessed the steam and the steel to its will.
I've a brother who's creeping through forest and plain
From the waters of Asia that flow toward the main,
Through far-away pampas and vales;
And he's coming to meet me with step sure and slow,
And we're waking the echoes with joy as we go,
And each human heart bounds with pleasure, we know,
As our progress is told by the gales.
And we'll meet and strike hands with a rapturous greeting,
And the lightning will play and rejoice at our meeting,
And the press and the engine and the poet will praise
Our union of steeds and distance and days.

SELECTED VERSE.

AN ODE FOR DECEMBER.

Revive the embers of the fire,
And sing a happy song:
The bell tolls nine beneath the spire,
And Winter nights are long;
The world is cold and we grow old,
But loving hearts are strong.
The love that lives beyond the tomb
Burns brighter at the last:
Then let the hearthlight banish gloom,
And care go down the past;
The glad New Year will soon be here,
The old is flying fast.
O friends, this wondrous, near New Year!
Unlike the years of earth,
To-night we hear its bells ring clear
In tones too deep for mirth;
Forever higher than earthy spire,
They ring that Death is Birth.
—Anna Boynton.

THE SONG OF LOVE.

"The first sound in the song of love
Scarce more than silence is, and yet a sound,
Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings
Of that mysterious instrument, the soul,
And play the prelude of our fate."

THE ROUND OF LIFE.

Two children down by the shining strand,
With eyes as blue as the Summer sea,
While the sinking sun fills all the land
With the glow of a golden mystery;
Laughing aloud at the sea-mew's cry,
Gazing with joy on its snowy breast,
Till the first star looks from the evening sky,
And the amber bars stretch over the west.
A soft green dell by the breezy shore;
A sailor lad and a maiden fair,
Hand clasped in hand, while the tale of yore
Is borne again on the listening air;
For love is young, though love be old,
And love alone the heart can fill;
And the dear old tale that has been told
In the days gone by is spoken still.
A trim-built home on a sheltered bay;
A wife looking out on the glistening sea;
A prayer for the loved one far away,
And prattling lips 'neath the old roof-tree;
A lifted latch and a radiant face
By the open door in the falling night;
A welcome home and a warm embrace
From the love of his youth and his children
bright.
An aged man in an old arm-chair;
A golden light from the western sky;
His wife by his side, with her silvered hair,
And the open Book of God close by,
Sweet on the bay the gloaming falls,
And bright is the glow of the evening star;
But dear to them are the Jasper walls
And the golden streets of the Land afar.
An old church-yard on a green hillside;
Two lying still in their peaceful rest;
The fishermen's boats going out with the tide
In the fiery glow of the amber west.
Children's laughter and old men's sighs,
The night that follows the morning clear,
A rainbow bridging our darkened skies,
Are the round of our lives from year to year!

LIGHT.

From the quickened womb of the primal gloom,
The sun rolled black and bare,
Till I wove him a vest for his Ethiope breast
Of the threads of my golden hair;
And when the broad tent of the firmament
Arose on its airy spars,
I pencilled the hue of its matchless blue,
And spangled it 'round with stars.
I painted the flowers of the Eden bowers,
And their leaves of living green,
And mine were the dyes in the sinless eyes
Of Eden's virgin queen;
And when the fender's art in the trustful heart
Had fastened its mortal spell,
In the silvery spear of the first-born tear
To the trembling earth I fell.
When the waves that burst o'er a world accurst
Their work of wrath had sped,
And the Ark's lone few, tried and true,
Came forth among the dead,
With the wondrous gleams of my bridal beams
I bade their terrors cease,
As I wrote on the roll of the storm's dark scroll
God's covenant of peace.
Like a pall at rest on a senseless breast,
Night's funeral shadows slept—
Where shepherd swains on the Bethlehem plains
Their lonely vigils kept;
When I flashed on their sight the heralds bright
Of Heaven's redeeming plan,
As they chanted the morn of a Saviour born—
Joy, joy, to the outcast man.
Equal favor I show to the lofty and low,
On the just and unjust I descend;
E'en the blind whose vain spheres roll in darkness
and tears
Feel my smile, the best smile of a friend.
Nay, the flower of the waste by my love is embraced
As the rose in the garden of kings;
At the chrysalis bier of the worm I appear,
And lo! the gay butterfly's wings.
The desolate morn, like a mourner forlorn,
Conceals all the pride of her charms,
Till I bid the bright hours chase the night from her
flowers,
And lead the young day to her arms;
And when the gay rover seeks Eve for his lover,
And sinks to her balmy repose,
I wrap the soft rest by the zephyr-fanned west
In curtains of amber and rose.
From my sentinel sleep by the night-brooded deep
I gaze with unslumbering eye,
When the cynosure star of the mariner
Is blotted from out the sky;
And guided by me through the merciless sea,
Though sped by the hurricane's wings,
His companionless, dark, lone, weltering bark
To the haven home safely he brings.
I waken the flowers in their dew-splashed bowers,
The birds in their chambers of green,
And mountain and plain glow with beauty again,
As they bask in their maternal sheen.
Oh, if each the glad worth of my presence to earth,
Though still and fleeting the while,
What glories must rest on the home of the blest,
Ever bright with the Deity's smile!
—Wm. Pitt Palmer.