# Aurrent Titerature. .

### THE KING'S SHIPS.

God hath so many ships upon the sea! His are the merchantmen that earry treasur

The man-of-war, all bannered gallantly, The little fisher boat and barks of please On all this sea of time there is not one

That sailed without the glorious name thereon. The winds go up and down the sea;

And some they lightly clasp entreating kindly,

And waft them to the ports where they would by;

And other ships they buffet long and blindly. The clouds come down on the great sinking deep,

And of the shore the watchers stand and weep.

And God hath many wrecks within the sea; Oh, its deep! I look in fear and wonder;

The wisdom throned above is dark to me, Yet it is sweet to think His care is under That yet the sunken treasure may be drawn

Into his storehouse when the sea is gone.

So I, that sail in peril on the sea, With my beloved, whom yet the waves

may cover, Say-God hath more than angels care of me.

And larger share than I in friend and lover. Why weep ye so, ye watchers on the land ? This deep is but the hollow of His hand.

## Meadow Farm.

Mary Miller came home from the factory upon that April evening, with a light, quick step.

The sky was all a jonquil glow; the frogs were croaking in the swamps ; the maples were crimsoned with their earliest banners of blossom; and, as she tripped along, Mary found a tuft of violets, half hidden under a drift of dead leaves-pale purple, scentless blooms!

"The first violets always bring good luck with them," she whispered to herself as she pinned them into the bosom of her blue flannel dress.

"Home," was scarcely the ideal realization of that poetic word to our factory girl. She and her mother lived in the upper half of a shabby, unpainted wooden house, with the blacksmith's scolding wife and seven riotous children down stairs, and one-half of a trampled back yard by way of a garden, where nothing ever grew but burdocks, nettles and Mrs. Mugg's longlegged fowls.

But Mrs. Miller, who had been a schoolteacher once, and still retained somewhat of the refinement of her early education, had the tea ready, with a shaded lamp and a bunch of maple blossoms on the table, ready for Mary to come home.

"Good news, mother!" the girl cried lightly. "The Meadow farm is to let! Mother, we must take it."

Mrs. Miller looked dubiously at the eager, bright face, with its blue-gray eyes and fringes of yellow hair. "Can we afford it daughter?" she said,

slowly. A whole house and a farm of forty-three acres ?"

"It isn't such a very large house, mother!" pleaded Mary, as she laid the bunch of violets in her mother's lap-"nor so many more rooms than we have here. And we could keep two cows, and I could sell milk and butter, and spring chickens and eggs; and I am al-

isn't that cheerful? And isn't it nice our old rag-carpet should chance to fit this floor so exactly?" with a satisfied, downward glance. "And do you see those tiger lilies? I found them down by the garden wall—oh, such a red wilderness of them! Old Mrs. Dabney and good milkers into the bargain. But time wore on, and there was no

set them out herself, they say. It seems only yesterday," she added thoughtfully, that I came past here and saw old Mrs. Dabney sitting in the big chair by the before fire, just where-."

Mrs. Miller uttered a little shriek and grasped her daughter's arm at this mo-ment. Mary stopped short, with an ashy pallor overspreading her cheek.

For as she spoke, the door opposite had opened, and a very little old woman, silver haired and shriveled like a mummy, came in, and walking across the floor seated herself in Mrs. Dabney's very corner. An old woman dressed in the snuff-colored gown which Mrs. Dabney had worn, and wearing a snuff-silk cap, while a bag depended from her arm. "It's cold, ladies," she said, looking

around with a dsprecating air. "Cold for the season of the year. And they don't keep fires at Tewkstown!"

"Mother," said Mary, recovering her-self with a hysterical grasp of relief. "It isn't old Mrs. Dabney's ghost at all. It's old Miss Abby come back from the Tewkstown poorhouse." "You don't mean—" began the mild widow

widow.

"That Mrs. Daniel Dabney and Mrs. Everard Elberson let their old aunt go to the poorhouse?" said Mary Miller. "Yes, it is quite true. Mrs. Daniel leads society in San Francisco, I am told, and Mrs Elberson is a grand lady in Bridgeport, with a reception day and servants in livery. What could they do with a half crazy old aunt, who takes snuff and talks uncertain grammar? Poor Miss Abby! she has wandered back to her old home. She was eighty her last birth, and things are all misty and vague "It will not!" said Mary, sharply, as birth, and things are all misty and vague to her.

"What shall we do?" said Mrs. Miller in accents of perplexity. "A crazy woman here-it don't seem just right, Molly, does it?"

"I'll take her back after she has rested a little, and had a cup of tea," said

Mary cheerfully. "But perhaps she won't go." "Oh, yes, she will," said Mary. "Poor Miss Abby! She is as gentle as a child." Her words proved to be correct. Miss Abby Dabney suffered nerself to be led unremonstratingly back to Tewkstown poorhouse, where the matron read her a shrill-voiced lecture, and declared she should not be allowed another grain of snuff if she wouldn't behave better. Old Miss Abby smiled deprecatingly.

"They are peculiar people here," she said. "I think, my dear," she said to Mary Miller, "they forget sometimes I am a lady. But it takes all sorts, don't you see, to make a world." The next night, however, just as Mary

and her mother were sitting down to tes, Miss Abby once more appeared, in the midst of a gentle shower of rain. "I hope I don't incovenience anybody,"

she said meekly. "But that woman at Tewkstown has cut off my allowance of snuff, and after all, there's no place like home.

And once more Mary Miller patiently walked home with the old crone to the poorhouse. The matron was infuriated this time. "It ain't human natur' to stand this,"

she declared. "I'll put her in the jug." "The jug?" repeated Mary.

away business, and I won't!" The jug, perhaps, proved efficacious, for old Miss Abby did not appear again for a week. At the expiration of that Cyrus to loop into knots for picture frames, heard her introduce Mrs. Miller, the mother of the young lady that nephew Cyrus is going to marry." time, however, she crept noisnlessly in, Cyrus is going to marry." just at dusk and seated heself like a Cyrus looked at Marv. "It's so good to be at home sgain," she said, rubbing her wrinkled hands. "I somehow seem to get lost of late. Elnathan is gone, and Betsy's gone, and I am left her alone. Yes, a cup of tea, please—sugar and no milk. They never remember how I like my tea at Tewks-town. This is good; and butter on my bread, too! We don't get butter at Tewks-

and I'll be on hand-for I don't deny that them little. Alderney cows is the cunningest creeturs I ever set eyes on,

flutter of a red flag over the porch. On the contrary matters throve, and Mary Miller declared joyously, that "farming was a great deal more profitable busi-ness than working in the factory, and only wished that she had found it out

Until one gray autumnal evening, Mary and her mother came back from a brisk walk to the village, and found a stalwart, sun-browned man sitting opposite to Miss Abby, by the red glow of

the fire. The old lady rose up in odd, uncer-

tain way. "Ladies," she said, fumbling in her snuff box, "this is my nephew, Cyrus Dubrey—he as ran away from home twenty-nine years ago come back Michaelmas Day, and we all supposed was dead. Cyrus, these are the ladies who are so good as to visit me here. I don't quite recollect their names ; but then it don't matter much, and after all my memory ain't as good as it used to be. Nothing ain't as good as it used to be. matters much now-a-days!"

And Miss Abby sat down and fell into a "daze" again, as if all necessity for

a daze again, as it all necessity for conversational efforts were over. Cyrus Dubrey stood up—a bronzed bearded giant, with dark eyes and a superb stature.

'Ladies, I beg your pardon!" he said. "But s'posed when I came here I was coming home! I knew nothing of all these changes. I never could have dreamed my cousins would let this creature go to the town poor-house. I don't know who you are, ladies," with a husky rattle in his throat, "but I thank you from the very bottom of my heart for giving her a shelter in her old age.

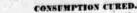
if the words conveyed a slur. "No, I s'posed not," said Cyrus with a sigh. "But I've plenty of money now. The dear old aunty shall live like a queen the rest of her days, for she was good to me when all the rest set me

lown for a black sheep. I've made my fortune out in Panama, and I have come to redeem myself!" "I have heard of Cyrus Dubrey," said

Mrs. Miller gently. "And I'll venture, ma'am, you heard no good of me," said the young giant, with a short laugh. "I'll not deny that I was a wild boy enough, but there wasn't any actual evil in me, let folks say what they would. And now I've come back a rich man, and there's nobody to bid me welcome home, except old aunt Abby, out of the poor-house He could not long have made this statement, however.

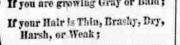
All the town was up to bid the rich government contractor welcome to Tewkstown within twenty-four hours. But Cyrus cared little for the friendly overtures of the old neighbors.

And Abby was the only person for whom he seemed to care, and his great-est grief was that the old woman refused to leave the old Dubrey farm-house to live in the stately brick mansion which he built on Prospect Hill. And then he asked permission to deck her little bed-room with the curiosities he had brought her from the Isthmus, and in tacking up draperies and arranging shells and old silver coins he and Mary unconsciously became quite good friends Friends. She never knew that it was "It's a room, down cellar, where we anything else, until one day old Aunt shut up the troublesome cases," said the matron. "I can't stand this running And Mary, holding a rich Oriental cord



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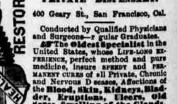
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# If you are growing Gray or Bald;

If you are troubled with Dandruff,

most sure that Will Davidge would work the farm on shares. And only think, silent shadow in the chimney corner. mother, how delightful it would be to have a home all to ourselves, where we couldn't hear Mrs. Muggs boxing Bobby's ears, or Helen shrieking with the toothache! And a little garden, mother, where we could have peonies and holly hocks, and those lovely, old-fashioned flowers that your soul delights in." Mrs. Miller's face softened.

"It would be a great temptation, Molly," she said.

"It is a month now since old Mrs. Dabney died," said Mary. "And they say that her daughter in the city and her son in California despise the old farm, with its one-story house and its old farm, with its one-story house and its old red barn. So it is to be let! And so cheap, too! Only a hundred and fifty dollars a year! Mother, we must take it! I'll leave the factory and turn dairymaid. I've saved enough, you know, to buy the two cows and some real Ply-

buy the two cows and some real Fly-mouth Rock fowls to begin with, and oh, it will be such a happiness! Say yes, mother—do say yes!" When Mary Miller pleaded like this, the gentle widow never knew how to refuse; and the upshot of it was that they leased the old Dabney house, and became co-sovereigns of the realms of Meadow farm. became co-sovereigns of the realms of Meadow farm. It was their first night there. Over-

head the young May moon shone through a veil of purple mist. A soiltary owi hooted in chestnut-wood back of the house, for Meadow farm was situated on a lonely mountain side, where no one came except on special business. The Plymouth Rock chickens were safely shut up where foxes could not reach them nor minks steal in to

bleed their young lives away: the cows -two fine young Alderneys - were chew-ing their cuds back of the old red barn, and Mary Miller had flung a handful of cedar sticks on the hearth, where their scented blaze illuminated the old kitchen with a leaping brightness beautiful to

"Because it's just possible that the house may be damp," she said, "after being uninhabited so long. There, mother, four, "and an auction sale of every-thing;

Mary burst into tears. "Mother," said she, "Mrs. Abby shall not go back to Tewkstown—she shall stay here! Mother, how should I feel if

alone through the world?" "But my dear—" "She shall sleep in her own room, out of the kitchen," persisted Mary. "She will be no more care than a cansry bird. Oh, mother, do consent! She will think then that she is in her own old home. Oh if you knew how dreary it is at that poorhouse, with the grass all trampled out, and piles of clam shells laying around the door, and not so much as a dandelion or a daisy to be seen." And Mrs. Miller yielded to Mary's tearful solicitations. "Do as you please, my child," said

"Do as you please, my child," said

The Tewkstown authorities were but 

She are and drank out none; she taked still less, and seemed to regard Mrs. Miller and Mary as guests, who had come to visit the old farm. "The Widow Miller and her darter must be rich folks to undertake to sup-port old Miss Abby," sneered one neighbor.

"She was well enough provided for a

the poor house," said another. "I never yet saw a farm succeed that was managed by women-folks," jeered the third.

Cyrus looked at Mary. Mary dropped the ball of cord and turned crimson. Mary!" he said piteously, "say that it shall be so. For I love you! And—and you were good to old Aunt Abby when all the world turned against her. I sometimes think Mary, that you must be like one of heaven's angels!

And this was how they beceme en-

gaged. They still live in the old farm house the happiest of married lovers, and Aunt Abby firmly believes that they are all here guests; for to her the world stands

eternally still-the world that was so full of bloom and beauty to Cyrus and you were wandering, friendless and Mary!-Helen Forrest Graves. alone through the world?"

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