# WILLAMETTE FARMER: SALEM, OREGON, MARCH 4, 1887



### THE QUESTION ANSWERED

Brightly was the moon inclining O'er her honey suckled door; Sweet was night-in silver shining ; Yet she yearned for something more.

Perfumes were her scases steeping In a faint yet subtle tide ; Yet she coldly, half resenting, Listened listless to his tale.

Though a night such peace possessing Should all captiousness disarm, Yet she found herself confessing Nature somehow failed to charm.

Did the moon smile down too brightly? Love bird weary with his thrill ? Roses cense the air so slightly ? What-oh! what-was lacking still ?

As she pondered thus in sadness, Stole her Lover from the door, Clasped her to his heart in gladness Then the night lacked nothing more !

# Martha Atkins's Marriage.

"I don't see why you can't give your consent, 'Taint my fault that I'm a widower. Sickness will take off the best of folks; I don't care what care's taken of 'em,-I did for Luthery all any husband could 'a done, I don't care who you call up for an example, and it's allers been a saying among us, and 't's among a good many, that I know, that a man that's good to his first wife may Here Mrs. Atkins feigned an errand, and be depended on by his second, and I left the room. ain't a braggin' when I say it's so with me. I like your Marthy, and she likes me, and your wife ain't agin me, as you be, and I don't know why you be! There ain't anythin' you can throw agin me, but that,-that I'm a widower. All I can say is, that ain't a crime. There's been a great many in my fix, and will be agin, and-"

"If you can see a spot when you feel as if you wanted to dror your breath a down? I s'pose you know what passed minit, I'll take that time to answer ye."

"Well. I'm waiting'," said Methuen Ree, a widower of some year and a half's he wouldn't hev me at all, and ordered standing, who had been wooing Martha me off ; but, Marthy, you and me w'll Atkins for the past three months, ard now desired to bring the scige to a close. Mr. Roe and Cain L. Atkins were young gal any more, you know, Marthy, standing braced up against the wood- and we can't be set down, as if we was standing braced up against the woodhouse door, arguing the matter.

"Well," said Mr. Atkins, "tain't your being a widower. It wouldn't make any difference to me if you'd had 18 wives."

"I vum!" gasped Methuen, aghast at was young things. the idea. "'twould make a sight of difference to me. I shouldn't presumed to such meetings, but said nothing. think of marryin' again!"

" 'Twouldn't with me," repeated Mr. Atkins, "because I should consider you in the light of a son-in-law just as much in the light of a son-in-law just as much "Well, then, can't you and your in that case as I do now. I don't want mother fix something, I wish I knew you. That's enough."

"Marthy don't feel so," sheepishly ob- got means, and ----served Mr. Koe.

coming in observed : I want you should wove and made herself not two years to have a "slotering of hogs. Six of 'em throw on your bonnet, and come and rake arter, so's't I can git that rowen, this afternoon. You needn't look after

that man, yonder," pointing to the van- desired to get isking form of Mr. Roe," he ain't com- plead his cause. ing back agin." Martha did as she was bid, without a offer you. You've been 'round and seen word, yet she believed her suitor would it all; and all there is, as far as I'm conreturn. She was quite right. The next cerred, is for you to fix the day." As Wednesday alternoon, just as Martha Marthy, said nothing, and looked dis-and her mother had "done the dishes" tressed, he turned to the aunt again. "I

answered "no," came in. "How are yeu, Martha? I don't know, Mis' Atkins, but you're surprised to see me, coming round to the back-door, but to my business, and not be hen huzzin' he and I had some words the other day about my coming here, and he war real women folks. I hain't no desire to be arbitrary with me. Now I don't like to under foot all the time, neither. Men have any fallin' out with folks, and yet folks hes the'r places, same as women, I didn't fall in with his wishes about comin' here,-and so I thought it would

be pleasanter if I called when he wan't to home. I see him, or rather I heard he'd ben seen on the 'Holler road'-" "He's gone up to Coleraine to salt the criters," explained Mrs. Atkins. "He's got quite a lot of critters to paster, and he goes up odd times to see to 'em.'

"Raisin' stock is good business, Mis' Atkins," he said appreciatingly, "when a man under tands it. I thought some

of it once my If, years ago." Here the mother interrupted with, "I expect he'll be back before very long. He went along in the morning, and he

drove the Major, and the Major's smart." "Well, I'll say what I hev to say, and go. I wish I knew why he has got his

back up so." "Father don't like many folks any way," Martha murmured apologetically.

Left alone Mr. Roe, after hovering by the open door, a little, beldly crossed the room to where Martha sat. "I am concerned to hev woke up so much unpleasantness about me," he said, "and I wanted to see you alone, and see if we couldn't fix things in be. r shape. I don't believe you feel as your father doee, Marthy? "No, I don't," Martha bashfully ad-

mitted. "What can I do to smooth your father

between us?"

No, he didn't say anything." "Well, he was real up and down ; said have to have our say-so, and you and me is old enough to know our own minds. I'm gittin' on, and you ain't a children, and yit I can't keep comin', if

it's goin' to be so unpleasant, and I don't see what we are goin' to do. It would be rediculous for us to be meetin' in the woods, and behind the barn, as if we

Martha, who had had no romance in life, felt as if she could have enjoyed

"Can't you persuade your father, don't you think?" "Oh, I daresn't," said Martha, shrink-

ing into herself at the idea.

what your father wanted, anyway. I've round parcel in it.

before she died.' 

"Now, Marthy, you see what I have to Mrs. Slate.

"And," he continued, "I go the shop regular and make it my business to tend 'round the house, meddlin' with the and better stick to 'em."

"I wish to goodness all men folks did." ejaculated Mrs. Slate.

"Now," he proceeded, "If Marthy will only say so I'll fall in with any idea she may hey about it. What be we waitin' for, Miss Slate?"

"Nothin' as I know of, if Marthy would pluck up a little spirit," assented Mrs. Slate. 'What be we, Marthy?"

"I don't know," said poor Martha, bat I hain't never stood out sgainst father, I don't dare to

"Well," said Mrs. Slate, "we must be gettia home. Mathy has all the miritin' to do, and he father will be in a regular stew'f she ain't on time.'

During the time accupied in getting the team ready Mrs. Slate Lave her riece good advice about the danger of delay, and reminded her the man wasn't inclined to be put off with patience, and suggested that, tired of waiting, he might console himself with his housekeeper. Martha's faith was not to be st aken by thoughts of the housekeeper, no matter how capable, and she only smiled at her aunt's forebodings.

As they drove toward Mrs. Slate's Mr. Roe called attention to his horse. "That's a good, free creature, Mis' Slate. I bought him since I saw Marthy. I wanted my wife should have a horse she could drive horself," with a glance and smile at Martha, who said, "I don't know how to drive. I never tried."

"Then take hold now and try," he said, and handed the reins to Martha, and praised her driving, though indeed the steady old horse conducted himself, and needed no guidance.

Arrived at Mrs. Slate's, Martha was not allowed to get out. Mr. Roe pro-posed to take her "a piece farther" toward home.

"He never will," said Martha. "He never gave up anything he fixed his mind on.' "Then it will be as easy to break away

one time as another." "If it wasn't for mother."-said Mar-

tha,-"I don't feel as I could leave her to get on alone.

"Well, I feel for your mother, but I don't see as things will be any smoother one time than another. There-I can't take you any farther, that turn in the road will fetch us in view of the house." As he spoke he got down from the buggy and helped Martha out, and as he

a present of any kind, Marthy, for all I the other, they carried it softly down-"He don't want anybody. He just think of you. I've been so upset, seems stairs between them, and out of the door. on't want me to leave home ever," said so, but I see that when I was in Lanes- Amos, driving up at the moment, the poor Martha, taking out her handker- boro, and I thought maybe you'd like

waiting. I'll get 'em killed early in the think of."

He was as good as his word. Martha was wakened in the gray of the morn ing by the shrieks of the poor creatures and her father spent the morning, pleasatly to himself, preparing his wife's and daughter's tasks for the afternoon; and her mother had "done the disaes" a hesitating knock was heard at the back-door, and on its being opened, there stood Mr. Roe, who inquired if "Mr. Atkins was to home," and on being "I don't need persuadin," laughed icy stone, and fell heavily, and lay there until the hired man came to raise him, until the hired man came to raise him, when, for the first time in his life, he fainted.

Brought in the house and laid upon his bed, there was a running to and fro and the "camphire" bottle was produced. The old man declared himself to be dying, and demanded a doctor, though Amos, who had some skill in such matters, through a long attendance on cat-tle, reassured Mrs. Atkins.

"H'mph, he hain't hurt none, not to speak of, Mis' Atkins. That kind," with a contemptous jerk of his head toward the bedroom, from whence could be heard the mingled groans and railings of Mr. Atkins, "allus giv' out they're dyin', if anything ails 'em. He'll be all right in a day or two. 'Twon't do no hurt to have a doctor, s'pose. I vum if I was you and Marthy, I'd take the chance, and clear out and leave him."

As Amos spoke Mrs. Atkins started hastily, put down what she was doing, called Martha from the bedroom, desired Amos to get his team ready and Martha to come up stairs. Once there she pulled out an old trunk, the only one the house contained, and began putting into it Martha's posessions, in frantic haste. "What are you doing, Mother Atkins? Are you crazy?" said Martha, who really

feared-she knew not what. "Never mind," replied her mother,

hurriedly folding up one garment after another, and cramming them into the trunk. "Put on your best clothes, quick, -Amos will be ready pretty soon,your're goin' to your Aunt Slate's."

"I can't, what are you thinking of? Father hurt, and you to do everything!" "Marthy, do you mean to marry that man or not?" demanded Mrs. Atkins, pausing a moment in her hurried prepar-ations. "Yes, I know." Well, if you ever do, you'll have to marry him today, your father is on his back and can't. overtake you, and Amos will help you off. He put it in my head. I don't like girls running away to get married,-but when they have such fathers' as you have, there ain't no other way. You can say your mother did it. Don't waste your time talkin'. I'll help you with vour dress.'

Marthy, quite dazed, obeyed her mother, protesting all the time. "It ain't right, what will you do? Oh think, how he will-I won't do it! I can't leave you!'

"Marthy, do you want to break my heart? do you?

"I can stand anything, but seein' you unhappy. You know what he is, and he's standin' ready, and waitin' for you, -but he ain't comin' to you,-an' there ain't no other way. Amos can ride along to Mr. Roe's place, and he'll git the minister ready, and your father won't know took her hand, at parting, left a small anything about it. Now,"-and lifting round parcel in it. "I hain't made you the trunk at one end and Martha taking



"Look a' here," responded the other, "when I set up housekeeping I made up chief. my mind there wasn't goin' to be but one will and one way to my house, and that way was goin' to be mine, and I've lived up to it. My children have had to heed my say-so, and they knew it, too."

"Mr. Atkins," remonstrated Methuen, "such principles as that makes a hard life for all concerned. My wife and I, now, hed things in common, and hed our say about everything, as it come up, and sometimes I hed my way, and sometimes she had hers ; but it isn't right to rule complete, like that."

"All I want," said the other, waving his arguments contemptuously aside, "is that you should quit coming here. Martha has wasted enough time on you now. Now, you remember what I say. Good-day to you."

"I wan't thinkin' of goin' jest now,' suggested Mr. Roe.

"Oh yes, you was, and so I say goodday to ye!" and turning on his heel, the farmer betook himself into the backkitchen, leaving the discomfited suitor still at his post. After listening to his wished-for father-in-law's retreating footsteps, he said to himself : "I didn't s'pose he'd be so ha'sh. I didn't know he was so unchristian. 'Twouldn't do, I s'pose, to venter in agin. Make trouble for the women-folks, likely. Well,—" and he disconsolately took himself off, while Martha looked after him through the slats of the blind.

"I expect as like as not your father has been real up and down with him,' sighed Mrs. Atkins, as she looked over her daughter's shoulders. "'Twould a been better, if he hadn't spoke up so audden.

"Well," said Martha, "he didn't want to wait any longer. He wanted I should git ready, come fall," alluding, as directly

don't want me to leave home ever," said

Just as Mr. Roe was about endeavoring to offer some consolation, the rat-tle of wheels was heard, and Martha sprang up. "There's father! Oh! get away! If he should find you here he'd drive you out in the roughest way."

"Well, I don't want to git into a quar rel. Perhaps I'd better be goin'. Good-bye, Martha. I'll see you when I can," and shaking her hand, he left, and hurried out of the back door, as Mr. Atkins drove into the barn, too late to say anything. Therefore he reserved his admonitions for his wife and daughter.

Coming in, process of time, into the house, he surveyed his wife in silence a moment, then-"I see you've been havin' a call. Hain't I said I wouldn't have that man hangin' round the house? Don't ye know 1 ordered him away?" "You didn't say anything to me,' ventured his wife.

"And so ye didn't know my will and pleasure. Now this is goin' to be stopped. I won't have Marthy marryin'. I want her to home. If you go on er-couragin' that gal, you needn't think

you'd ever hev any one provided to fill her place. But you won't da'st to do that.

"I care more for Marthy's happiness than anythin' else," said Mrs. Atkins, with sudden boldness. "And he's a good man. I've had my life, such as it's been, and I want to have Marthy have a good I want to have Marthy

have a good time, if she can." Martha soon found the persecution more than she could bear, and taking the hired man into her confidence, sent a note to her suitor, begging him for her sake, to stay away. Mr. Roe came no more, but through the same kind

medium arranged a meeting at her aunt's, who lived midway between her house and his, and Martha, stealing out his pulpit, like a walking show, with his over, and once there was in the field, walked company with her aunt, to ride over Mrs. Slate came in out an't goin'." for the purpose of inspecting Mr. Roe's

house.

Martha thanked him shyly, and turn-ed away, nor dared to look at her gift until the sound of his wheels had died away. Then she undid the paper. It was a locket, a large one, of an oval shape, with an ornament on one side of a branch of black enamel, supporting waxen berries. Martha was very much pleased. "I expect those are pearls," she said to herself, and carefully, rolled it up in its tissue papers and put it in her pocket, and then hastened home, relieved to find that she had not yet been missed by her father.

After this the time dragged wearily along. Martha neither saw nor heard of Mr. Roe. She did not doubt him, but she realized that he meant what he said. Her mother urged Martha to leave her, but her conscience would not let her, and her fear of immediate vengeance at the hands of her futher also deterred her. Cain Atkins would have felt flattered had he guessed at the absolute fear his daughter had of him.

As Christmas approached Mrs. Slate announced a great departure ; she was to give a Christmas dinner, a thing un-

heard of in the annals of the family of the neighborhood. Martha longed to go: the uncertainty weighed upon her, and she thought that oace at her aunt's she could see Mr. Roe, but her father promptly crushed all such hopes.

"If sister Slate is a mind to waste her means, and Slate is fool enough to let her, gettin' up dinners on such heathenish days," said Mr. Atkins, she may, but I and mine shan't countenance 'em.

"There ain't nothin' heathenish about Christmas dry," said Mrs. Atkins, "the Bible fixed it " Bible fixed it.

"Well, who keeps it? Nobody except Episcopals, whose minister goes 'round

Mrs. Slate came in person to urge her wishes; all to no avail. After a fruitless discussion with her brother, she was

to wait any longer. He wanted I should git ready, come fall, "alluding, as directly as she could bring herself to, to the date of her marriage. "Yee, I know, and I'd no notion your father was so set agin him. He hadn't eaid anything to me, or I should told ye." Their consultation was broken by the entrance of the house, who

Amos, driving up at the moment, the trunk was pus into the sleigh, and Martha was helped in and the robes tucked around her, almost before she knew it.

"Amos," said Mrs. Atkins, "you see what I'm doing,-but I've hed to.' Amos gave a comprehensive grin, but said nothing. The tears ran down Martha's cheeks, but her mother restrained her feelings until she should be alone.

"Now, Marthy, don't you frit; you'll keep Christmas after all, and don't you think of me. Amos, you see if he's to Mrs. Slate's,—and if he ain't, ride over to his house, tain't much out of the way and you can hurry, so as not to keep him waiting for the doctor," hopelessly mixing her pronouns, in her hurry and agitation.

"Taint right," said Martha, "leaving you this way." "Marthy," said her mother, "this is

the first happy Christmas I've had since I was a child. Good-by, and hurry what you can, Amos. Good-by!"-and she stood looking after them until they were out of sight, then turned back, too glad to heed the gibes and complaints of her irritable husband.

To say that Mr. Atkins was in a rage when he discovered the elopement of his daughter, would be to state it feebly, but after the first transport was over, he recognized its futility, and conceiving it gratified his wife, smothered his temper, and in order to disappoint every one, and have the best of it, he bragged to all of the smartness of the device, declaring "there wa'n't no one but an Atkins girl would do such a thing as to run after a husband instead of with him."

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An old physician, retired from practice, having ha-blaced in his hands by an East India missionary th placed in his hands by an East findls missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Broechitis, Cat-arch. Asthura, and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical sure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering feilows. Actu-ated by this motive and a dosire to relieve human suf-thering. I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe in German, Exglish or French, with full directions for preparing and using. Bent by acail by addressing with stamp and naming this paper, W. A. NOYES 149 Fower's Block Rochester X.Y.

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