

ITEMIZER.
GOOD.
PAID IN ADVANCE.

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NO. 51.

Miss Roxbury rose at once, glad of another channel for her thoughts, but amid her weighing and measuring, and careful calculations of pints and pounds, the strange impression did not leave her mind.

After the rich crimson syrup had been poured into the row of shining tumblers on the table, she returned to her china-covered rocker and took up the Bible to read her daily chapter. Opening it at random, her eyes fell upon these words:

"Then shall He answer them, saying, inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these—"

Miss Roxbury read no further on that page, but hurriedly turned back to Chronicles, which, she felt, was perfectly safe ground. But, mingled with the long genealogical tables, she saw other words between the lines, so that the Israelitish records read thus:

"The son of Ekanah, the son of Joel, the son of Azariah. (Ye did it not.)"

"The son of Tahath, the son of Asir, the son of Ebiasaph, the son of Korah. (Ye did it not.)"

Finally, the whole page resolved itself into these four monosyllables. She closed the Bible and put it in its accustomed place on the table, bounded on the north by the lamp, on the south by the match-box, on the east by Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, and on the west by a bunch of worsted roses under a glass case. She was restless, miserable, tormented. She endeavored to read the "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," but even the thrilling story of the Russian campaign was lacking in interest, compared with her own inward conflict between duty and the cold selfishness of a lifetime.

She did not enjoy her dinner, although the butter beans were from her garden, and the black raspberries were the first of the season.

She could not take her accustomed afternoon nap, and for the first time in years the Daily Tribune lay unopened. She even put it out of sight in her china closet. A wonderful new design in patchwork known as the Rocky Mountain pattern, could not fasten her attention. She ordered the horse and rock away and drove four miles after wild cherry bark, for which she had no need, as her garret was already a great herbarium.

At last the dreary day came to a close, but was succeeded by an equally uncomfortable night. Amid frequent tossing and waking, Miss Roxbury dreamed of thin little hands stretched out to her in piteous appeal, and of a sad, wonderful voice that said with infinite reproach: "Ye did it not."

The Rev. Joseph Alder was surprised upon early breakfast the next morning by the appearance of Miss Roxbury in the parsonage porch. She brought a basket of raspberries, and said:

"I won't come in this time, thank you. I just wanted to say I'll take one—one of those children."

CHAPTER II.

"Mamma, is it morning?"

"No, Dot; go to sleep."

The child turned restlessly on the miserable straw pallet in the corner of the small, hot room. It was after midnight, and in summer, but there was a fire in the stove, for the woman was ironing by the light of a glimmering tallow candle.

There was no breeze, but in the one window came stifling, poisonous odors.

Pale and faint, the mother bent over her work, and smoothed the dark calico dress as carefully as if she were the finest muslin and lace. She had worked from early dawn until dark at her daily task, button-holes at four o'clock a dozen. A cup of tea and a crust of bread had been her sustenance. For Dot there was a bun and an orange.

The dress was finished and hung on the only chair in the room with other small articles: a hat of coarse white straw, with a blue ribbon twisted around it, a pair of bright stockings, a tiny handkerchief with a bit of color in the border. All were pitifully cheap in texture, but dear in patient toil and loving sacrifice. Dot was going to the country for two long weeks, and the mother could cover the expense of the meagre outfit by extra deprivation during the child's absence.

She turned toward the pallet. Dot's violet eyes had opened. Her golden curls were tangled by the tossing of the little head on the pillow. Her thin, pinched features were flushed with feverish excitement.

"Mamma, is it morning?"

"No, darling."

The woman blew out the light and threw herself on the pallet. The tiny fingers crept eagerly into her palm.

"Mamma, tell me more about it," pleaded Dot.

"Darling, it is years and years since mamma saw the country, but it was just as I have told you. Wide, clean streets, with big trees, blue sky and flowers."

"Oh, oh," murmured Dot. "Does you s'pose they'll give me one pity flower, mamma? I f'lected one on the street once—a little white flower. A lady dropped it."

CHAPTER III.

There was an unusual stir in the village of Lynford. The railway station was thronged with people, and surrounded with people awaiting the afternoon train.

The Rev. Joseph Alder and the ministers of sister churches conversed together on the platform.

"A glorious charity!" said the Baptist minister, raising his hat to wipe the perspiration from his brow.

"I expect that these poor children will be a great blessing to our people," said the Methodist minister, in broadening the sympathies and warming the hearts of those who have been oblivious to all interests save their own."

"Yes," replied the Rev. Mr. Alder. "I have a practical illustration of that, not a stone's throw from where we are standing."

The practical illustration consisted of the Roxbury rockaway drawn up amid the other conveyances, with Miss Reliance on the back seat in a state of mind in which newly-fledged philanthropy struggled with a terror of ragamuffins. She had come to the conclusion that her visit at the parsonage had been made during an attack of mental aberration; but the word of a Roxbury was as immoveable as the historic granite on which Zephaniah Roxbury stepped from the Mayflower in 1620, and the last representative of the race would not falter now, although seized with dire apprehension whenever her eyes rested on the verbera bowl.

It was with a grim determination to brave the worst that she awaited the train that afternoon, but when the locomotive appeared on the bridge below the village, the thought of the dreadful boy who was coming to invade her peaceful domain nearly overcame her, and her impulse was to order the hired man to drive home as quickly as possible. She could appreciate the emotions of a Rome dame at the approach of the Vandals.

As the train stopped at the station the people crowded forward to welcome their guests. Miss Roxbury peered anxiously from the rockaway. It was not a very appalling sight. A group of pale little children, tired, dusty, and bewildered. Many eyes overflowed as the train moved on and left their wistful faces, pinched by want and misfortune, in the hands of the kindly villagers.

"Here, Miss Roxbury, is a wool lamb for you," said Mr. Alder.

Miss Roxbury had not observed his approach in the crowd, and gave a start of surprise as he stood before her. As she looked, there was a curious sensation under the left side of her crape shawl, and her cold gray eyes grew misty.

The "dreadful boy" had changed into a tiny girl of six years, as frail as a snowdrop, whose coarse attire could not mar the loveliness of the dark violet eyes and hair of tangled sunbeams. The little creature stretched out her arms to Miss Roxbury, who reached forward and took her into the rockaway, the ancient springs of which creaked with astonishment.

"What is your name?" said Miss Roxbury, feeling strangely awkward as they drove along.

"Dot," said the child. "You hasn't kissed me yet, has you?"

Miss Roxbury bent and kissed the child. The rockaway creaked louder than before. The touch of the child's mouth thrilled through the iron nerves of the woman with a sensation inexpressibly delightful.

Miss Roxbury had imagined her life to be a happy one. She now discovered that she had mistaken selfish isolation for happiness. She was beginning to be happy for the first time in fifty years. Dot was too tired to be very talkative, but she leaned against Miss Roxbury with a look of quiet wonder and content in her eyes.

"I'm goin' to stay here?" she asked, as the rockaway stopped at

CHAPTER IV.

When the morning of Dot's departure came, Miss Roxbury arched herself in her second-best black silk, put a few articles in a satchel, filled a small basket with fresh eggs, new biscuit, a pat of butter, and a bottle of currant wine, and said to Hannah:

"I may be gone two or three days. Have the east chamber thoroughly dusted before I get back, tell Hiram to take a peck of peas down to Mr. Alder, don't forget to see if those canned strawberries have worked or not, and be sure the front door is kept bolted, and put that brood of chickens in the other coop, and keep a newspaper

over the geranium slips in the afternoon."

"Yes, ma'am."

"And Hannah, be very careful to keep out the flies, and tell Hiram to fix the well-curb. He is so apt to forget things."

Dot was bathed in tears as she mounted to her place in the rockaway.

"Isn't I coming back?" she said.

"I hope so, dear," replied Miss Roxbury, who appeared preoccupied and anxious, and scarcely heard Dot's chatter on the way to the station.

"Why, Miss Roxbury," said Mr. Alder as he assisted her to the platform, "you are a veritable fairy godmother. This poor, dusty maiden cannot be the same bit of humanity that I held in my arms a fortnight ago. You will miss her, will you not?"

"I shall go with her, New York, anyway," said Miss Roxbury, "and I don't mean to come back alone, either. Mr. Alder, I hope God will give me some of the empty house I've had all these years."

"An empty house means a lonely heart," he replied, "I am glad you are going with the child."

That afternoon Miss Roxbury and Dot, attended by Mr. Knox, wended their way through a dark alley in one of the most squalid districts of New York city, and climbed flight after flight of rickety stairs in a rear tenement.

The heat, the filth, the scenes of misery, were indescribable. Miss Roxbury felt as if she were on the confines of the bottomless pit.

Dot darted down a long passage and disappeared in a room beyond. The friends followed, and beheld her clasped tightly in the arms of a woman figure that lay on a pallet.

"Mamma, mamma, look at me!" pleaded Dot, beginning to cry.

There was no water in the room, and Mr. Knox took a cracked picher from the shelf and went with it in search of some. Miss Roxbury looked at the woman, who was only about thirty years of age, and had been very attractive as a young girl. There was a gleam of gold on her left hand. Her hair was sunny like Dot's, and her features delicately shaped. The letter that Miss Roxbury had written lay crumpled and tear-stained on the pillow.

While Miss Roxbury gazed the woman opened her eyes. They were beautiful eyes, but sad with want and a struggle against despair. She then sat up, and moaned:

"My baby—please give me my baby!"

Just then Dot returned and carried the picher to her mother, who drank long and eagerly, then, holding out her arms to Dot, said feebly to Miss Roxbury:

"Oh, madam, will you take care of my little girl? I think I am going to die."

"You are not going to die—not a bit of it," said Miss Roxbury, pouring out some wine into a teacup, but she took care of you both. There, drink this, and you will feel better right away. How long since you've had anything to eat?"

"Day before yesterday," was the faint reply. "I had to stop work four days ago."

"Now, Mr. Knox," said Miss Roxbury, slipping her purse into his hand, "just step into the nearest grocery and order some kindling wood, and tea and sugar. I'll fetch a nice egg for this poor soul, and we'll see about getting her out of this place."

The woman's face brightened, and she said: "I'm giving you much trouble."

"Trouble!" said Miss Roxbury. "I'm all alone in the world, and I've a house with twenty-four rooms in it, and plenty to do with, and what I've been thinking of all these years, I can't say. I've been a crusty, cold, disagreeable old fossil, Mr. Winthrop; and when I come down here and find folks starving to death and crowded like cattle, I wonder the good Lord's had any mercy on me. Don't you worry another iota. Here's the fire-stuff already."

Miss Roxbury rolled up her sleeves, put an apron over her silk skirt, and while Mr. Knox built a fire and brought water to heat, she bathed Mrs. Winthrop's face and brushed out her hair.

"Thank God! why, I'm better already," said Mrs. Winthrop with a rare smile.

"Of course you are, child," said Miss Roxbury. "We'll see what good food and mountain air will do for you."

A few days later found an occupant in the great east chamber of the Roxbury house.

Mr. Winthrop sat in an easy chair before the open window, inhaling the fragrance of the blossoming honeysuckle that nodded to her through the casement.

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Down by the garden fence stood Miss Roxbury, talking with her neighbor, Mrs. Lane.

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"So you're really goin' to keep 'em," said Mrs. Lane.

"Yes, I've adopted both of 'em," replied Miss Roxbury, with a Te Deum in her voice, "and I've sent for half a dozen little girls, to stay until cold weather."

"Well, it does beat all," said Mrs. Lane, wiping her eyes on the corner of her checkered gingham apron. "I j'pose I shouldn't ask you now, Beline, what you think of the Fresh Air Fund?"

"What do I think of it," said Miss Roxbury gravely. "I believe it's been the means of saving my soul. I should have got to the next world looking my usual self, and considering myself better than most folks, and the Judge would have said: 'Reliance Roxbury, I gave you a large house and a long bank account. What have you done with them?' Then how my event will look in the eyes of my dear departed! And how stood up against me! And how would I have said: 'Ye did it not unto Me, Depart from Me,' and what answer could I have made Him? It is very true," she continued, "as Dot came sitting down the path like a fairy, 'of such is the kingdom of Heaven.'—New York Tribune.

THE FISH AND GAME LAW.

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Section 2. Every person who kills, kills or destroys any game deer or doe, or spotted fawn, or moose, or mountain sheep, or any animal, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

Section 3. Every person who shall within the State of Oregon, between the first day of January and the first day of August of each year, hunt, pursue, take, kill or destroy any elk, moose, or mountain sheep, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

Section 4. Every person who shall within the State of Oregon, between the first day of April and the first day of September of each year, take, kill, injure or destroy, or have in possession, sell or offer for sale, any prairie chicken or sage hen, mallard duck, wood duck, widgown, teal, spoonbill, gray, black or sprigtail duck, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor; provided, that any person may at any time kill ducks to protect his growing crops.

Section 5. Every person who shall within the State of Oregon, between the first day of April and the 15th day of June of each year, for any purpose, take, kill, injure or destroy, or have in possession, sell or offer for sale, any grouse, pheasant, quail or partridge, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

Section 6. Every person who shall within the State of Oregon, between the first day of January and the 15th day of July of each year, take, kill, injure or destroy, or have in possession, sell or offer for sale, any quail or bob white, prairie chicken, grouse or pheasant, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

Section 7. Every person who shall within the State of Oregon, during the months of November, December, January, February and March of any year, take, kill, injure or destroy, or have in possession, sell or offer for sale, any mountain or brook trout, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor. Every person who shall within the State of Oregon, take or attempt to take, or catch, with any snare, net or weir, or other device other than hook and line, any quail or bob white, prairie chicken, grouse or pheasant, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

Section 8. Every person who shall within the State of Oregon, at any time after the passage of this act, trap, net or snare, or attempt to trap, net or snare, any quail or bob white, prairie chicken, grouse or pheasant, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

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"Yes, I've adopted both of 'em," replied Miss Roxbury, with a Te Deum in her voice, "and I've sent for half a dozen little girls, to stay until cold weather."

"Well, it does beat all," said Mrs. Lane, wiping her eyes on the corner of her checkered gingham apron. "I j'pose I shouldn't ask you now, Beline, what you think of the Fresh Air Fund?"

"What do I think of it," said Miss Roxbury gravely. "I believe it's been the means of saving my soul. I should have got to the next world looking my usual self, and considering myself better than most folks, and the Judge would have said: 'Reliance Roxbury, I gave you a large house and a long bank account. What have you done with them?' Then how my event will look in the eyes of my dear departed! And how stood up against me! And how would I have said: 'Ye did it not unto Me, Depart from Me,' and what answer could I have made Him? It is very true," she continued, "as Dot came sitting down the path like a fairy, 'of such is the kingdom of Heaven.'—New York Tribune.

THE FISH AND GAME LAW.

Section 1. Every person who shall within the State of Oregon, between the first day of November in each year and the first day of July of the following year, hunt, pursue, take, kill or destroy any game deer or doe, or spotted fawn, or moose, or mountain sheep, or any animal, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

Section 2. Every person who kills, kills or destroys any game deer or doe, or spotted fawn, or moose, or mountain sheep, or any animal, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

Section 3. Every person who shall within the State of Oregon, between the first day of January and the first day of August of each year, hunt, pursue, take, kill or destroy any elk, moose, or mountain sheep, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

Section 4. Every person who shall within the State of Oregon, between the first day of April and the 15th day of June of each year, for any purpose, take, kill, injure or destroy, or have in possession, sell or offer for sale, any prairie chicken or sage hen, mallard duck, wood duck, widgown, teal, spoonbill, gray, black or sprigtail duck, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor; provided, that any person may at any time kill ducks to protect his growing crops.

Section 5. Every person who shall within the State of Oregon, between the first day of April and the 15th day of June of each year, for any purpose, take, kill, injure or destroy, or have in possession, sell or offer for sale, any grouse, pheasant, quail or partridge, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

Section 6. Every person who shall within the State of Oregon, between the first day of January and the 15th day of July of each year, take, kill, injure or destroy, or have in possession, sell or offer for sale, any quail or bob white, prairie chicken, grouse or pheasant, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

Section 7. Every person who shall within the State of Oregon, during the months of November, December, January, February and March of any year, take, kill, injure or destroy, or have in possession, sell or offer for sale, any mountain or brook trout, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor. Every person who shall within the State of Oregon, take or attempt to take, or catch, with any snare, net or weir, or other device other than hook and line, any quail or bob white, prairie chicken, grouse or pheasant, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

Section 8. Every person who shall within the State of Oregon, at any time after the passage of this act, trap, net or snare, or attempt to trap, net or snare, any quail or bob white, prairie chicken, grouse or pheasant, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

Section 9. Every person who shall have any male deer or buck, or any female deer or doe, or spotted fawn, elk, moose or mountain sheep, swan, mallard duck, wood duck, widgown, teal, spoonbill, gray, black or sprigtail duck, prairie chicken or sage hen, grouse, pheasant, quail or partridge, or other wild fowl, any egg or eggs of such fowl or birds, or have in possession, sell or offer for sale, any such egg or eggs, or willfully destroy the nest of any such fowl or birds, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

Section 10. Every person who shall have any male deer or buck, or any female deer or doe, or spotted fawn, elk, moose or mountain sheep, swan, mallard duck, wood duck, widgown, teal, spoonbill, gray, black or sprigtail duck, prairie chicken or sage hen, grouse, pheasant, quail or partridge, or other wild fowl, any egg or eggs of such fowl or birds, or have in possession, sell or offer for sale, any such egg or eggs, or willfully destroy the nest of any such fowl or birds, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

Section 11. Every person convicted of a violation of any of the provisions of this act shall be punished by a fine of not less than ten dollars nor more than three hundred dollars, or imprisonment in the county jail of the county where the violation was committed, for not less than five days nor more than three months, or both such imprisonment and fine. One-half of all money collected by this

Act shall be paid to the person who has reported the violation.

over the geranium slips in the afternoon."

"Yes, ma'am."

"And Hannah, be very careful to keep out the flies, and tell Hiram to fix the well-curb. He is so apt to forget things."

Dot was bathed in tears as she mounted to her place in the rockaway.

"Isn't I coming back?" she said.

"I hope so, dear," replied Miss Roxbury, who appeared preoccupied and anxious, and scarcely heard Dot's chatter on the way to the station.

"Why, Miss Roxbury," said Mr. Alder as he assisted her to the platform, "you are a veritable fairy godmother. This poor, dusty maiden cannot be the same bit of humanity that I held in my arms a fortnight ago. You will miss her, will you not?"

"I shall go with her, New York, anyway," said Miss Roxbury, "and I don't mean to come back alone, either. Mr. Alder, I hope God will give me some of the empty house I've had all these years."

"An empty house means a lonely heart," he replied, "I am glad you are going with the child."

That afternoon Miss Roxbury and Dot, attended by Mr. Knox, wended their way through a dark alley in one of the most squalid districts of New York city, and climbed flight after flight of rickety stairs in a rear tenement.

The heat, the filth, the scenes of misery, were indescribable. Miss Roxbury felt as if she were on the confines of the bottomless pit.

Dot darted down a long passage and disappeared in a room beyond. The friends followed, and beheld her clasped tightly in the arms of a woman figure that lay on a pallet.

"Mamma, mamma, look at me!" pleaded Dot, beginning to cry.

There was no water in the room, and Mr. Knox took a cracked picher from the shelf and went with it in search of some. Miss Roxbury looked at the woman, who was only about thirty years of age, and had been very attractive as a young girl. There was a gleam of gold on her left hand. Her hair was sunny like Dot's, and her features delicately shaped. The letter that Miss Roxbury had written lay crumpled and tear-stained on the pillow.

While Miss Roxbury gazed the woman opened her eyes. They were beautiful eyes, but sad with want and a struggle against despair. She then sat up, and moaned:

"My baby—please give me my baby!"

Just then Dot returned and carried the picher to her mother, who drank long and eagerly, then, holding out her arms to Dot, said feebly to Miss Roxbury:

"Oh, madam, will you take care of my little girl? I think I am going to die."

"You are not going to die—not a bit of it," said Miss Roxbury, pouring out some wine into a teacup, but she took care of you both. There, drink this, and you will feel better right away. How long since you've had anything to eat?"

"Day before yesterday," was the faint reply. "I had to stop work four days ago."

"Now, Mr. Knox," said Miss Roxbury, slipping her purse into his hand, "just step into the nearest grocery and order some kindling wood, and tea and sugar. I'll fetch a nice egg for this poor soul, and we'll see about getting her out of this place."

The woman's face brightened, and she said: "I'm giving you much trouble."

"Trouble!" said Miss Roxbury. "I'm all alone in the world, and I've a house with twenty-four rooms in it, and plenty to do with, and what I've been thinking of all these years, I can't say. I've been a crusty, cold, disagreeable old fossil, Mr. Winthrop; and when I come down here and find folks starving to death and crowded like cattle, I wonder the good Lord's had any mercy on me. Don't you worry another iota. Here's the fire-stuff already."

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