

The End of Vacation.

Oh, come, all ye children, vacation is o'er!
Come back to your lessons and studies
once more!

The school-bell is ringing ding, dong, and
ding dong,
Open your ears to its well-known old song.
Come home from the meadows, the fields
and the hills,
The ponds and the lakelets, the brooks and
the rills,
'Tis time for farewell to your frolic and
joy,
The school bell rings loudly for each
girl and boy.

You've played with Dame Nature the glad
summer thro',
There's nothing that she hasn't lavished
on you;
No wonder you love her—but "right
about face,"
And quickly at school in the ranks take
your place.

For life is not only a season of flowers,
Of blue sky and sunshine, and glad, idle
hours;
There's work to be done, and vacation is
o'er,
So buckle your armor on, children once
more.

Two months of "wild times," and of mer-
riest play!
And "Bedlam let loose" every hour of the
day!
With skies and sunshine and flowers all
giving
Their share towards your fun and the
pleasure of living.

Now surely you're satisfied, aren't you my
dears?
Then give for the kindly vacation three
cheers,
And back to your lessons without a
sigh,
Since vacation will come in the sweet by-
and-by!

—MARY D. BRINE, in *Companion*.

Indian Summer.

When the hunter's moon is waning
And hangs like a crimson brow,
And the frosty fields of morning
Are white with phantom snow,
Who then is the beautiful spirit
That wanders smiles and grieves
Along the desolate hillsides,
And over the drifted leaves?

She has strayed from the far-off dwelling
Of forgotten Indian braves,
And stole wistfully earthward
Over the path of graves;
She has left the cloudy gateway
Of the hunting grounds afar,
To follow the trail of the summer
Toward the morning star!

There's a rustle of soft, low footsteps,
The toss of purple plume,
And the glimmer of golden arrows
Athwart the hazy gloom.
'Tis the smoke of the happy wigwams
That reddens our wintry sky,
The scent of unfading forests
That is dreamily floating by.

O, shadow sister of Summer!
Astray from the world of dreams,
Thou wraith of the bloom departed,
Thou echo of springtide streams,
Thou moonlight and starlight vision
Of a day that will come no more,
Would that our love might win thee
To dwell on this stormy shore!

But the roaming Indian goddess
Stays not for our tender sighs—
She heard the call of her hunters
Beyond the sunset skies!
By her beaming arrows stricken,
The last leaves fluttering fall,
With a sign and smile she has vanished—
And darkness is over all.

—N. Y. *Journal of Commerce*.

Lost.

"Lost! lost! the great and the good
Are swept away to the tideless shore,
By the surging flood, red with blood
Of the dear ones lost forevermore.

"Lost! lost! hear ye the sound,
That comes from the regions of the lost?
That midnight gloom, the drunkards doom
But echoes the wailing of the lost.

"Lost! lost! yes, lost forever
To life and joy and hope of heaven;
Never to rest by the shining river,
Nor enter the home to mortals given.

"Lost! lost! the angels weep
More than ever we mortals think
Over the ruin wide and deep,
Caused by the curse of the drunkard's
drink."

—Selected.

A Sunday well spent
Brings a week of content,
And health for the toils of the morrow;
But a Sabbath profaned,
Whatever may be gained,
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.

—Sir Matthew Hale.

The Wife's Wages.

"Well, Nettie, what do you want?"
said Mr. Jarvis to his wife, who stood
looking rather anxiously at him after
he had paid the factory hands their
week's wages.

"Why, Donald," said she, "I thought
as I had worked for you all week, I
would come for my wages too! You
pay Jane two dollars a week, surely I
earn that, and I would like very much
to have it as my own."

"Pshaw, Nettie, how ridiculously
you talk! You know that all I have
belongs to you and the children—and
don't I furnish the house everything?
What under the sun would you do
with the money if you had it?"

"I know, Donald, that you buy the
necessaries for us all, and I am willing
that you should do so still, but I
should like a little money for my very
own. We have been married fifteen
years, and in all that time I do not
seem to have earned a dollar. As
far as money is concerned, I might as
well be a slave. I cannot buy a quart
of berries, nor a book, without asking
you for the money, and I should like
to be a little more independent."

Mr. Jarvis, proprietor of Jarvis
mills, worth hundreds of thousands of
dollars, laughed derisively.

"You're a fine one to talk of inde-
pendence," he said. "If you should
start out to make your own living,
you'd fetch up in the poor-house soon
enough, for what could you do to earn
a living? The girls in the factory
know how to do their work, and they
earn their wages. When I have paid
them, my duty is done, but I have to
board and clothe you, and take care
of you when you are sick. If I had
to do that for the girls, they would
have precious little money left, I can
tell you."

"Donald, I gave up a good trade
when I married you. For five years
I had supported myself by it, and
many a time since have I envied my-
self the purse of those days. As for
my not earning anything, now I leave
it to you to say whether it would be
possible to hire any other to take my
place; and how much it would cost
you to go without me a year? I
know the girls have but little left af-
ter paying their expenses, but they
enjoy that little so much. Allie Wat-
son supports herself and her mother
with her wages, and they both dress
better than I do. Jennie Hart is
helping her father pay off the mort-
gage on his farm, and she is so happy
that she can do so. Even Jane, the
kitchen girl, has more freedom than I,
for out of her own money she is lay-
ing by presents for her relatives, and
will send them Christmas, as much to
her own pleasure as theirs. Yester-
day an Indian woman was at the
house with such handsome bead work
to sell, and although I wanted some
money so much, I had not a dollar. I
felt like crying when Jane brought in
her week's wages and bought half a
dozen articles that I wanted so much.
You often say that all you have is
mine, but five dollars would have giv-
en me more pleasure yesterday than
your hundreds of thousands of dollars'
worth of property did."

"No doubt of that, Mrs. Jarvis. You
have no idea of the value of money
and would have enjoyed buying a lot
of bead trash that wouldn't be worth a
cent to anybody. Jane needs a guar-
dian if she fools away her money that
way. She will be in the county-house
yet, if she don't look out. It's lucky
men do hold the money, for there's
not one woman in a hundred who
knows how to use it."

"For shame, Donald Jarvis! You
know better! Look at Jerry and
Milly Creg, will you, and say that he
makes the best use of his money. She
is at home with her parents every
night, making her wages go as far as
far as possible toward making them
comfortable, while he is carousing in
the village, wasting his time and mo-
ney, and making a brute of himself

besides, and why does Mrs. Sarton
come to receive her husband's wages
herself? Simply because he cannot
get by the saloon with money in his
pocket, and if she did not get the mo-
ney they would all go hungry to bed
the day after his wages are paid. And
I believe that every woman who earns
money here spends it as wisely as the
average of men, and I have yet to
hear of one of them being in debt."

Mr. Jarvis knew that he could not
gain say a word his wife had said for
they were all true. Luckily he
thought of Jane.

"Well, how much do you suppose
Jane will have left when New year
comes? If she should get sick, how
long could she pay for such care as
you have?"

"It is not likely she will lay up
many dollars out of a hundred a year;
but she is laying up something bet-
ter, I think. Last winter she sent
her mother a warm shawl and a pair
of shoes, and to her brother and sister
money to buy new school books, and
the warm, loving letters they send her
do her more good than twice the
amount of money in the bank would.
This year she is laying by a number
of useful and pretty things for them,
and if misfortune should happen to
Jane they would only be too glad to
help her."

"Well, who do you suppose would
help you if you needed help?" Said
Mr. Jarvis, for want of a better ques-
tion. Mrs. Jarvis' eyes sparkled an-
grily as she answered:

"Nobody. If you should lose your
property to-day I should be a beggar,
without a claim on any one for help.
You have always held your purse-
strings so tightly that it has been hard
enough to ask for my own necessities,
leaving others out altogether. Many
a time a dollar or two would have en-
abled me to do some poor man or wo-
man untold good, but although you
have always said that all your prop-
erty was mine, I never could, and
cannot now, command a dollar of it."

"Lucky you couldn't if you want
to spend it on beggars."

"Donald, you know that I would
spend money wisely as you do. Who
was it that last week gave a poor
lame beggar five dollars to pay his
fare to Burton, and then saw him
throw his crutches aside and make for
the nearest saloon? Your wife could
do no worse if trusted with a few dol-
lars. You say that the money is
mine, yet you spend it as you please,
while I cannot spend a dollar without
asking you for it, and telling you
what I want it for. Any beggar can
get it in the same way! Christmas
you bought presents for us and ex-
pected us to be very grateful for them.
A shawl for me of the very color I
cannot wear, a set of furs for Lucy,
that she did not need, a drum for
Robin that has been a nuisance ever
since, and a lot of worthless toys that
were all broken up in a week. There
were forty or fifty dollars of my
money just the same as thrown away,
yet when I ask you to trust me with
two dollars a week you cannot imag-
ine what use I have for it, and fear it
will be wasted."

"Well," snapped the proprietor, "I
guess it is my own money, and I can
spend it as I please. I guess you'll
know it, too, when you get another
present."

"Oh, it is your money then. I un-
derstood you to say it was all mine,
and intended to protest against your
spending it so foolishly. If it is your
own, of course you have a right to
spend it as you please, but it seems to
me that a woman who left parents,
and brothers, and sisters, and all her
friends, to make a home for you among
strangers, a woman who has given her
whole life to you for fifteen years,
might be looked upon with as much
favor as you give to beggars, who are
very likely to be imposters. I know
that you seldom turn them off with-
out help. Perhaps I would be more
successful if I appealed to you as a
beggar. [I might say: "Kind sir,

please allow to me out of your abun-
dant means a small pittance for my
comfort. It is true I have enough to
eat, and I do not suffer for clothing,
but although I work for my master
from morning till night, and if his
children happen to be sick, from night
until morning again, yet he does not
pay me as much as he does his cook,
and I am often greatly distressed for
want of a trifling sum which he would
not mind giving to a perfect stranger!

The other day while he was from
home, I had to go to the next station
to see a dear friend who was ill, and
not having a dollar of my own, I was
obliged to borrow the money from his
cook. I was so mortified! And not
long since the berry woman came
with such nice berries to sell, and my
little girl who was not well, wanted
some very badly, but I had not even
five cents to pay for a handful for her.
Yesterday a friend came to ask me to
assist in a work of charity. It was a
worthy object, and I longed so much
to give her a little money for so good
a purpose, but though the wife of a
rich man, I had no money. Of course
I might ask my husband for money,
and if I told all about what I wanted
with it, and he approved of my pur-
pose, and was in a good humor, he
would give it to me; but, sir, it is
terribly slavish to have to do so, even
if I could run to him every time I
wanted anything. People say I am
a fortunate woman because my hus-
band is rich, but I often envy the fac-
tory girls their ability to earn and
spend their own money. And some-
times I get wild thinking about my
helplessness that if it were not for my
children I think I should just drop
into the river and end it all."

"Nettie! Nettie Jarvis! What are
you saying?" cried the startled hus-
band at last, for the far-away look in
her eyes, as if she did not see him,
but was looking to some higher power
to help her, touched his pride, if it did
not his heart—for he had a good deal
of pride in a selfish sort of way. He
was proud to be able to support his
family as well as he did. He was
proud to think he did it himself. He
was proud that when his children
needed now shoes he could tell his
wife to take them to Crispin's and get
what they needed. He did it with a
flourish. He was not one of the stingy
kind—he liked to spend money;
and when Nettie, who was once the
most spirited young lady of his ac-
quaintance, came meekly to him for a
dress or cloak, he was sometimes
tempted to refuse her money; just to
show her how helpless she was with-
out him. Yes he was proud of his
family and wanted them to feel how
much they depended on him. He
would have felt aggravated if any one
had left his wife a legacy, thus allow-
ing her to be independent of his
purse. The idea of her earning mo-
ney, as the other work-folks did, never
entered his mind. He "supported
her," that was his idea of their rela-
tions! He never happened to think
that it was very good of her to take
his money and spend it for the good
of himself and his children. He never
had thought that any other woman
would have wanted big pay for doing
it. He had even thought himself very
generous for allowing her money to
get things to make the family com-
fortable. Things began to look differ-
ently to him just now. Could it be
that he was not generous, not even
just to his wife! Had he paid her
so poorly for her fifteen years of labor
for him that if she had been obliged
to begin the world for herself that day,
it would have been as a penniless
woman, notwithstanding the houses,
the land and mills that he had so of-
ten told her were all hers; for he
knew, as every one else did, that not
one dollar of all he had would the law
allow her to call her own.

How fast he thought, standing there
at the office window looking down at
the little houses where the mill hands
lived. Could it be possible that his
wife envied them anything? Could

it be that he was not as good a man as
he thought? He had felt deeply the
wrongs of the slaves, whose labors had
been appropriated by their masters,
and when a negro who had worked
twenty years for his master before the
emancipation freed him, came to Jar-
vis mills, friendless and penniless, the
heart of the proprietor swelled with
indignation at such justice. He was
eloquent on the subject, at home and
abroad, and wondered how any one
could be so cruel and selfish as to
commit such an outrage against jus-
tice. He had called him a robber
many a time, but now Donald Jarvis
looked to himself very much like the
old slave holders! Massa Brown had
taken the proceeds of Cuffee's labor
for his own, without even a "thank
you" for it. True, when Cuffee ate
he had given him food, when he was
sick he had given him medicine, and
he had clothed him, too, just as he
himself thought best. Mr. Jarvis had
married a loving, conscientious wo-
man, and for fifteen years had appro-
priated her labor. Her recompense
had been food and clothes, such as he
thought best for her. A little better
than Cuffee's, perhaps; but the simi-
larity of the cases did not please him.
He had expected his wife to be very
grateful for what he had done for her,
but now he wondered that she had
not rebelled long ago. Had his life
been a mistake? Had his wife no
more money or liberty than Cuffee
had in bondage? Was Donald Jarvis
no better than Massa Brown?

His brain seemed to be in a muddle,
and he looked so strangely that his
wife, anxious to break the spell, took
his arm, saying, "Let us go home,
dear; tea must be waiting for us."

He took off his hat in a dreamy way,
and they walked home in silence. The
children ran joyously to meet them.
The yard was so fresh and green, and
the flowers so many and bright that
he wondered he had never thanked
Nettie for them all. Hitherto he had
looked upon them as his, but now, he
felt that his interest in them was only
a few dollars, that would not have
amounted to anything without his
wife's care. His children were tidy
and sweet, and everything around and
in the house had that cheery look
that rested him so after the hard, dull
day at the mill. They sat at the ta-
ble, which had been a source of com-
fort and pleasure to him so many
years, and he wondered how he could
have enjoyed it so long without even
thanking the woman who had pro-
vided it. True, she had used his
money in bringing it all about, but
how else could his money be of use to
him? Who else could have turned it
into just what he needed day after
day for years? And he began to
have an undefined feeling that it took
more than money to make a home.
He glanced at his wife's face as he
battered his last slice of bread.

It was not that of a fair, rosy bride
whom he had brought to the mills
years before, but at that moment he
realized that it was far dearer to him
for he knew that she had given the
bloom and freshness of her youth to
make his home what it was.

And a new thought came to him.
"Who was comforting her now when
she had so much care?" Was that
not what he had promised to do when
he brought her from her old home?
He sighed as he thought how far he
had drifted from her while holding
her in bondage equal to Cuffee's. Nay
he felt that her chains were far more
binding than any which had ever
held the negro, and that his obliga-
tions to her so much the greater.

Something called the children out
doors, and Mr. Jarvis took his easy
chair. His wife came and stood be-
side him. "I fear you are not well,
Donald, or are you displeased with
me?"

He drew her into his arms and told
her how her words had shown him
what manner of man he was, and
there were words spoken that need
not be written, but from that day
forth, a different man was the prop-
rietor of Jarvis mills, and there was a
brighter light in Mrs. Jarvis' eyes, for
at last she had something of her own,
nor has she regretted that she "ap-
plied for wages." —Ex.