

MARY.

BY MARION MUIR.

How could she turn, the matchless Maiden,
Back to the world whence Christ was gone,
He, the Redeemer, no longer laden,
But Israel's crowned and mighty One.

Had she no thought for endless spaces
Arching above the Syrian blue,
Where hosts of radiant seraphic faces
Waited to yield her welcome too.

Ah, my friend of the troubled spirit,
Wisdom lies there for such as we,
From that patient life we may inherit
A lesson deep as clarity.

Great are the joys of that fair city,
More than are told by tongue or pen;
But greater the burdens Christian pity
Can lift among the homes of men.

Worse than death is the strain of duty,
Chaining life to desolate years;
But, ere we know it, divinest beauty,
Out of the strife and the shade appears.

Stretch not your hands to stars far-shining,
While thorns wait for seed below,
Lest only weeds of vain rejoicing
Are found where harvest ears should grow.

Better Than Rich.

"I am not a very rich man, Mrs. Kennington," said Mark Plinlimmon, "and I don't pretend to be. I'm only a plain back-country farmer, and my profession—that of law—brings me but a slender income out there. But I have a noble farm, with a view of the White Mountains that no artist can paint. I love your niece, and believe I have won her affections, and if you will give her to me I will do my best to make her happy."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Kennington, "all this is very sudden."

Mrs. Kennington, who was the sister of a very rich New Yorker, had an abiding idea that her niece Madeline ought to marry some very rich man.

"She is so handsome," thought she, "and is accomplished—and she made quite a sensation in society this winter when she was introduced. If such a girl isn't to make a fine marriage then I don't know who is. And the idea of this farmer fellow coming here to put in his pretensions when there are so many eligible young men in society."

"Yes," said Mark quietly, "I suppose it seems sudden to you. All these things do seem sudden at the last."

"I'm sure I don't know what Mr. Vassar, her pa, will say," said Mrs. Kennington, putting her head feebly on one side.

When Mr. Vassar returned, Madeline told him her heart's secret at once, for the bond of affection between this father and daughter had always been very tender and close.

"So you love him, dear?" said Rufus Vassar.

"O, yes, papa!"

"Enough to give up all the fripperies of fashion for his sake?"

"Yes, papa," uttered the girl with emphasis.

"And to become a farmer's wife in the White Mountains?"

"Oh, yes," cried Madeline, earnestly. "Papa, may I write to him to come?"

"Not just yet, child," he replied.

"I've got a little business to transact up in Albany before I can consider myself fairly settled at home. But in a couple of weeks or so—"

"Papa, you are a darling!" cried Madeline.

"Stop, stop, Miss Precipitancy!" cried Mr. Vassar. "I have not promised anything yet, either one way or the other."

"But you are going to—I know you're going to!" cried Madeline, dancing lightly away.

"We'll see," said Mr. Vassar.

The great wood fires blazed up the chimneys of Purple Peak farm, casting a red reflection through the twilight on the mountain roadside, when a stout, elderly man walked up to the door and knocked resolutely on its panels.

"Can you keep me all night, young man?" he inquired. "I am from Portcaster and haven't passed any hotels on the road—"

"No, I should think not," said Mark, with a cheery laugh. "We don't deal much in hotels along this road. But you are kindly welcome to stay here as long as you like, Mr.—"

"Middleworth," said the stranger, "Rufus Middleworth."

And he set down his valise and looked around at the dark, oiled wainscoting, the ceiling traversed by monster beams, the latticed casements and the oak settles on each side of the blazing logs.

"You seem to have a fine farm here," he remarked, "and finely kept."

"It's not bad," said Mark carelessly.

"And everything in the real old English style."

"Yes," said Mark. "It belonged to an old Lincolnshire family who took a fancy to settle out here. They got to dabbling in railroad shares and failed. The daughters went back to their old friends in

England, such as they had. The father blew his brains out in New York. The estate was sold at foreclosure. I bought it. There's the history of Purple Peak farm."

One by one the different members of the family dropped in as he sat talking to Mark. Old Mrs. Plinlimmon was first—a mild, white-haired matron, with soft, wistful eyes. Then a rosy-cheeked brace of nephews.

"Their father and mother are dead," observed Mark, "so I adopted them, and fine fellows they are."

"Not a bad symptom," thought Mr. Vassar, "but of course most people are good to their own kith and kin."

And then entered a most majestic old man, with long white hair hanging over his shoulders, leaning on a cane.

"And this," said Mark, "is our Uncle Joe," hastening as he spoke to set an easy chair for the ancient patriarch. "Uncle Joe, this is Mr. Middleworth, who has come from Portcaster. I have invited him to stay all night, if you do not object."

Uncle Joe waved his hand like an old prince.

"He is welcome," he said, "very welcome, Mark. Any friend of yours is welcome to Purple Peak."

Uncle Joe, whoever he might be, was evidently the person of most consideration in the little household. He sat at the head of the table and said grace before meat; he had the warmest corner, the easiest chair, and finally when he trilled up stairs to bed, Mark dutifully held the door open for him to pass through, and Mr. Middleworth inquired with some interest:

"Who is that old gentleman? He has a very fine face. Of course I know he is your uncle, but who—"

"No," said Mark, smiling, "he is not my uncle at all. He is no relation in the world to me."

"Then who does he belong to?"

"He belongs to nobody. He is a sort of cousin to Mr. Pendexter, the Englishman who built the house. He went with the young women to Lincolnshire, but he was not welcome there. He was old, you see, and penniless, and past work. So he came back here, and they put him in the work-house. But I think the shock and all touched his mind and one day we found him here on the steps. 'I have come home,' he said. The work-house authorities sent for him, but I wouldn't let him go back. He is very old, you see, and very feeble, and perhaps they wouldn't be quite so considerate as they ought. So here he remains, fancying that he is the master of Purple Peak farm, and that we are his friends and visitors. He isn't the least bit of trouble, bless his kind old soul," Mark added apologetically, "and if it were my father or yours, alone in the world, don't you see—"

"Mr. Plinlimmon, you are right," shouted Mr. Middleworth, astonishing the young man by jumping up and wringing his hand vehemently. "I'm quite satisfied now."

"I beg your pardon," said Mark in surprise.

"About—about—the—the relationship," said Mr. Middleworth. "I confess it puzzled me a little at first."

"He returned to New York the next day, without divulging his personality."

A month later, when Mark came to the city in response to a joyful letter from Madeline, he was conducted into the library, where sat an elderly gentleman.

"Here is papa, Mark," said Madeline.

"How do you do, Mr. Middleworth?" said the amazed son-in-law elect.

"Rufus Middleworth Vassar, if you please," said the old gentleman with a chuckle. "Aha! My little girl here, who thinks she knows everything, doesn't know that I went to Purple Peak farm to satisfy myself that she had fallen in love with a good and true man. And I did satisfy myself."

It has been claimed that the putting of wool on the free list is a sectional measure. It should be remembered that Texas is a Southern state and by agricultural statistics has 4,524,000 sheep, or over a million more than all New England, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania combined. And yet the delegation from Texas is solid for free wool.

Work on the Cascade tunnel is practically completed and the N. P. railroad company announces that the first train will pass through on Sunday, June 3d.—Ex.

The Protection Wolf.

It is a deplorable fact, but it is nevertheless true, that there are today, in a great country like this, with all its wealth and intelligence, even in the city of Petersburg, industrious poor men whose families are actually suffering from the want of clothing, bed-comforts and food, the price of these articles being so high at present that they are beyond their reach.

The wolf, Protection, has grown bolder and bolder, until it no longer stands at the door and craves the blood of those within, but it has crossed the threshold and sacred portals of the kitchen and the hearth, where it ravenously devours every year at least two-thirds of the family's food, and snaps and gnaws at the little children's clothing, ragged and poor as they are. What does the wolf care if the children are half clad and suffer from cold in winter, and hunger all the time?

The poor man with a family of eight or ten children, even if he owns not a foot of land, pays more taxes than the man that owns a thousand acres, and has but one or two children. This assertion is true!

The poor man pays at least 66 2/3 per cent tax on all food and clothing; two-thirds of his earnings is taken for taxes, which go into an already overflowing national treasury—if all the necessities of life, which compose about twenty of the dutiable articles, were put on the free list, every one of those commodities could be bought for one-third the price that is now paid for them.

Over four thousand articles are taxed by import duty, of which twenty furnish half the revenue, and these twenty are known as the necessities of life, such as coffee, sugar, tea, rice, salt, wool, woolen goods, cotton fabric, leather, lumber, coal, etc.

We say: relieve the heavy burden of the poor man by placing the necessities of life on the free list and reducing the tariff some on the remaining 4,000 articles, which will furnish revenue sufficient to defray the expenses of the government.

The cheaper importers can sell us goods the more goods will be imported, and the more goods the poor man will buy and his family use, thereby increasing the revenue instead of diminishing it. This would, also, furnish an impetus to depressed business; give new life to the republic, and America would undergo a prosperous commercial revolution such as was never before witnessed in the annals of her short but interesting history.

And when this is done, it will cost the poor man two-thirds less to live than it does now. Everything will be so much cheaper, and he can clothe himself and family better, and keep the wolf from his door.

The tariff on imported goods is what makes the cost of living high.

The hue and cry about low wages by reducing the tariff is nothing more than a distressing wail from the organs of the late republican party, and is calculated only to delude and deceive the toiling masses—Workingmen should open their eyes, take up a hickory club (the ballet) and break the "protective" wolf's back with it.

Good Words For Oregon.

On the dead walls of the city I notice advertising matter calling the attention of the multitude to the advantages and inducements offered by the great north west, Portland, Oregon, and the country thereabout. I am pleased to note that this celebrated part of Uncle Sam's domain is being introduced to the nation, and know that by consistent enterprise and continued efforts the biggest boom ever enjoyed anywhere will be witnessed by the people of that new and glorious quarter within the next few years. It has everything to make a prosperous commonwealth, and there is no reason why its resources cannot be developed and materialized to the benefit of all comers. Iron, coal, timber, agricultural pursuits, fine climate, excellent transportation facilities and everything to enrich mankind is there in abundance, and in order to settle up the country the railroads are offering specially low rates to prospectors and land seekers.—Courier, Lincoln, Neb.

The price of wool has declined and the republican papers are quick to attribute it to the Mills bill. But the Oregonian said Tuesday that the price of range cattle is lower than ever before. Yet there is no wool on cattle.—Benton Leader.

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