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# The New Northwest.

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The New Northwest

A Journal for the People.
Devoted to the Interests of Humanity.
Independent in Politics and Religion.
Alive to all Live Issues, and Thoroughly Radical in Opposing and Exposing the Wrongs of the Masses.

Correspondents writing over assumed signatures must make known their names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

## MRS. HARDINE'S WILL.

BY ABIGAIL SCOTT DUNIWAY,

AUTHOR OF "JUDITH REID," "ELLEN DOWN," "ANIE AND HENRY LEE," "THE HAPPY HOME," "MADGE MORRISON," "FACT, FATE AND FANCY," ETC., ETC., ETC.

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### CHAPTER XXVII.

AS OLD FRIENDS.

The night was already gathering together her darkening shadows now, and the wind clouds betokened an approaching rain. The dim highway wound around the foothills and lost itself in the dark green forest that stretched away toward the mountains upon the one hand and the river upon the other.

John Ingleton was in a hurry, and he put spurs to his horse and galloped furiously adown the road. He was in a hurry because he was feverish, and feverish because he was excited. In a little while he was opposite the rustic cabin that contained his self-imprisoned counterpart, and he suddenly reined his mettled horse and for an instant forgot his aimless haste. Thick darkness was settling down upon the air; the gentle rain began to patter lazily upon the earth, and a low moan of the sad night wind sank like the chill of death upon his heart.

There was a solitary light in the little window, behind which he knew 'Lize was sitting, and its one steady ray sent out a cheery gleam into the rain and wind and gloom.

"Light of my soul!" cried the wanderer, "would to God I might follow whithersoever your ray might attract me."

A low strain of vocal music mingled its melody with the rythmic *miserere* of the sad night wind.

He bowed his head and listened intently. The words formed a fit accompaniment to an old-time melody which he had heard sometimes in the rural singing class in his boyhood, when 'Lize had carried the "air" and ravished his senses with her untutored yet naturally gifted power of song.

"Oh, is it well to sever
My heart from thine forever?
Can I forget thee? Never!
Farewell, farewell forever?"

Sang the lonely inmate of the lowly cottage. The voice died away, but the listener seemed riveted to the spot.

"O, my God! why can I not enter her sacred presence and revel in the sweet enjoyment of her precious smiles?" he exclaimed, half audibly.

Again, as if in response to his passionate query, the sweet voice of the one whom he knew that God had made for him, and for him only, rang out in solitary sadness, and the very soul of melody welled upward on the listening air.

"When shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever?
When shall love wreathe her chain
Round us forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And words of parting chill—
Never, no never?"

"I am not worthy to enter her presence," said her listener, sadly. "I would only incur her displeasure if I should attempt it."

And then a voice, so near that it seemed to echo from within the innermost chambers of his being, and so startling that it affected his senses like an electric shock, exclaimed in commanding yet hopeful accents:

"Wait! wait! wait!"

With an involuntary motion he again put spurs to his horse and galloped forward in the gloom.

"Yes, God helping me, I *will* wait!" he said, with emphasis; "and I will make myself worthy of her before we meet again. And wherever I go, or whatever lot may befall me, I shall never forget the light of love and truth that has beamed upon my senses through *her* window to-night, illuminating my spirit with a heavenly radiance, as chaste as virgin snow and as warm as eider-down. No, 'Liza, you shall never be ashamed of John Ingleton. For your sake, I will scale the heights of fame, and walk bare-browed beneath the very parapets of heaven! For your dear sake, the world shall do me honor; and when, at last, we strike harps upon the shores of the great Hereafter, where there is no marrying nor giving in marriage, but all are as the angels in Heaven, I will lay the hard-earned laurels of my life at your feet, and we two shall walk hand in hand together through the vernal mazes of that better country, where indeed

"'Bliss each heart shall fill,
And words of parting chill—
Never, no never!'"

Could John Ingleton have lived long under the spell of a rhapsody like this, he would have been ready for translation, like Enoch of old, who "walked with God, and was not; for God took him." But who shall say that the rhapsody, while it endured, was not real? Who shall prove that it was not a foretaste of a higher life that is yet to come in some form to all who read these pages?

'Lize, too, was *en rapport* with the self-same ecstasy. Why she had placed the candle in the window, she had not stopped to ask herself; but she had thought of him, and him only, when she did it, and, as she sat in her little home-made chair and dreamily watched the smouldering embers in the open fireplace at her feet, she could not realize that she was alone. As no one in the body was near to listen, she repeated aloud the sweet conception of some unknown yet immortal bard:

"Absent, yet present; distant, yet low near.
Since here my soul is, darling, thou art here.
For here enshrined thou dwellest, and I see
Thine image pictured upon vacancy."

But to return to her wandering other self. Luckily for his physical body, his mind was soon withdrawn from his interior rhapsody by the necessities of his position. The rain was now falling steadily and hard, the wind was rising, and he was in an almost uninhabited region. The darkness grew so dense that the head of his faithful horse was no longer visible. He paused in utter bewilderment. What was he to do? Afar over the plain, in what he rightly judged to be the edge of the wood, a ruddy firelight glimmered. Again he put spurs to his horse, and, leaving the main road, made, as nearly as he could, a bee-line for the blazing fire.

"With lights before and behind me, I surely shall be guided aright," he said, firmly.

On and on, through the rain and storm and mud and darkness, he urged the weary horse, trusting only to the animal's blind instinct for safety. The light for a long way seemed to grow no nearer, and he had mental visions of an *ignis fatuus* for a full hour before he made a perceptible gain upon what proved at last to be the campfire of a family of immigrants, whose cattle were sheltered under a neighboring tree, hard by a dilapidated covered wagon, in which the owners were evidently asleep.

"Halloa!" he cried, lustily.

No answer. The weary wayfarers were sleeping soundly.

"Hallos, there!"

This time a shuffling noise was heard within the wagon cover's depths, which was followed presently by an ebony head protruding from the uplifted side of the dirty canvas.

"Who comes dah?"

Where had John Ingleton heard that voice before? An echo, away down in his memory, only answered, "Where?"

"I'm a traveler, benighted and lost," he said, hesitatingly.

A charred limb fell suddenly from the trunk of the great fallen tree against which the fire was burning, and sending its pitch-laden leaves into the embers, was followed by a crackling, ruddy blaze, lighter, it seemed to him, than sunshine.

"'Light, massa. We'll do wha' we can fo' you, *sho'*," exclaimed the host, as he emerged from the wagon, half clad and shivering. "A mighty damp night dis, to be lost in de bush, sah."

"Surely I cannot mistake the sound of your voice," said the wander. "You are—you must be—Uncle Dave, the colored oracle!"

The old negro raised the black turban from his forehead, disclosing the fiery brand above his eyes.

"Yes, massa John, it's old Dave, as sho' as yo' bo'n. But wha's yo' business in dis out-de-way place, and at dis time o' night, sah? Not lost nor hidin'—hope?"

"No, Uncle Dave," said John, dismounting and grasping his newly-found friend by the hand; "I'm a free man now—free from the clutches of the law, and, alas! free from the prospect of ever marrying 'Liza Hardine. But, never mind me; tell me all about yourself. How came you here, and whom have you in your company? Are you a free man?"

"One question at a time, massa John, if you please. But fust make yo'self comfo'table. Yo' wet to the hide, an' coldah'n a snake. Heah, take a campstool an' bake yo' shins a while."

"I'm all obedience, Uncle Dave. Pray proceed."

"Fust let me take de saddle off de pony, massa. Yo' know what de good Book says about de mussiful man."

"All right, Uncle Dave. Luckily the brave fellow isn't hungry. I took him from a full feed less than three hours ago. Now tell me, who's with you, and how came you here?"

"It's a long story, massa John, but I'll make it sho't. Life was a mighty black an' heavy burden when yo' left me alone wid de Injuns, sho'. But I acted on yo' advice an' waited till de private company, yo' had meant to go wid had crossed de rivah aftah de ice went down. Risky business dat ice was—ugh!"

"Never mind that, Uncle Dave. We got over all right. Proceed."

"I kep' off de highway an' made myself good at skulkin'. De Injuns was kind, massa John, an' dey hid me splendid; an' when de teams come ovah dat was goin' fo' to take you 'long, an' yo'd got a bettah job, de boss, he tuck me in. Well, I went to Califo'ny, an' I made a strike, an' den I went back to de ole stompin' ground' an' bought myself an' my wife Dinah—she's in de wagon now—an' two ob de chil'en. De oders was sold beyond ole massa's knowledge. Den I packed my traps an' bought dis wagon an' dese oxen. An' heah I am, aftah evah so long a tramp. Odd dat we'd meet dis way, massa John. But my ole woman an' me's been prayin' fo' yo' and yo's to-night."

"Thank you, Uncle Dave."

"Tut! tut! None o' dat, o' yo'll 'fend me, sho'. Now tell me about yo'self and Miss 'Liza Ha'dine."

"There's nothing to tell, Uncle Dave, only the match is declared off, and the girl's married to the other fellow."

"Not to Sam Ha'dpan?"

"No; but she hasn't fared much better. She married a narrow-pated, selfish-souled specimen of intellectual manhood that prizes her for her ability to do housework and save money."

"I wouldn't imagine dat of Miss 'Liza, by jingo."

"It was my fault, Uncle Dave. Don't think for a minute that she was in any manner to blame."

"Den, dah was no lie in the rumah 'bout yo' marryin' de Gen'al's niece?"

"No, Uncle Dave; it was only too true. But did you ever meet General Arburton?"

"Yes; last yeah. I cooked for his men while he was off on a visit to de Bateman camp."

"Did he ever speak of me after his return?"

"Yes, Massa John. He told about how yo' liked hosses, an' had a good deal to say about yo' bein' a splendid fellow."

"Well, Uncle Dave, we'll let that all pass. It was a bad dream and it's all over. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No, thank God! My ole woman an' me belong to each oder now, and dat's glory enough fo' one lifetime."

"Then there is something you can do for me, uncle. 'Liza is not free, and she and I do not belong to each other now, and there is no prospect that we ever shall, in this world; but I want you to go there to-morrow to her house. She'll be glad to see you."

"Who's house'll I ask fo'?"

"That of Peter Tubbs. You can't miss it. A little cabin, somewhat larger than an ant-hill, sitting alone at the left of the lane as you go westward, on the Territorial road."

"An' what do yo' 'pose to do, Massa John?"

"I don't know. In spite of myself I am not miserable. I feel assured that everything will come out right at last. I am reconciled to-night to many things that, until this evening, I could not imagine that I could or would endure. I am going East as soon as maybe; and i'm going in search of fame and fortune and position, and you shall see that I succeed. And now, the moon is up and the rain has ceased pouring, and I must away."

"Not till mo'nin', Massa John?"

"Yes, Uncle Dave. A steamer leaves Portland to-morrow night, and I must hasten onward or I'll be too late to make the connection."

The horse was soon re-saddled by the faithful old friend, who protested constantly against being denied the privilege of sharing his meager accommodations longer with his guest.

"And now, Uncle Dave, good bye. And may God bless you."

"Good-bye, Massa John. Fo' what cause de good Lo'd sent yo' heah in de dead o' night ain't plain, but it must a' been done fo' a wise pu'pose."

"It was that I might interest you anew in *her*, Uncle Dave. And I shall go away believing that, until we meet again, you will be to her at once a friend, a father and a brother. I do not ask this of you because I deserve your kindness, for I do not. I skulked away, like a cowardly vagabond, and left you to your fate, when you had no harbor of refuge to flee to, and I had none to give."

"Of co'se, massa John, yo'd a give me a place if yo'd had it. Not a wo'd on dat subjec', if yo' please, sah! It's 'nough fo' me dat Miss 'Liza's in bondage. I'm free, bress de Lo'd, and I'll look aftah de lamb, sho'."

"Remember me to Dinah and the children. It isn't worth while to wait to see them. I must take advantage of the moonlight. Thanks to your glowing fire, I'm dry and warm once more."

He mounted his horse and galloped away in the laggard but now brilliant moonlight, and, while the ragged clouds soared away to the northward, and he was alone with the Universe of God, he laid plans for his future course of life which the advancing decades failed to thwart, and of which you, patient reader, shall learn as this leisurely narrative progresses.

And now, while for the lapse of a term of years we leave him to pursue the substantial phantoms of his newly-aroused ambition, let us, reader, you and I, return to watch the progress of the other actors in this o'er true tale, whose struggles with Destiny, in the face of mighty obstacles of their own and others' uprearing, are closely interwoven with our thoughts and sympathies.

[To be continued.]

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This parable for Communists is from one of Ingersoll's speeches: "Here is a shoe shop. One man in the shop is always busily at work during the day—always industrious. In the evening he goes courting a good, nice girl. There are five other men in the shop who don't do any such thing. They spend half their working hours in loafing and their evenings in dissipation. This first young man by and by cuts out from these others and gets a shoe store of his own. Then he marries this girl. Soon he is able to take his wife out to ride of an evening. The five laborers, his former companions, who see him indulging in his little luxury, retire to a neighboring saloon and pass a resolution that there is an eternal struggle between labor and capital."

## LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

[FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 1, 1880.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

The problem of the Republican candidacy for President, or rather the query, Who will be nominated at Chicago? excites much more interest and discussion here this year than the same conundrum in 1876. Then the question was narrowed down to the one point, Who will beat Blaine? for every one felt that of the names prominently mentioned, his was the only one with the slightest prospect of success before the Convention, and so confident was Mr. Blaine himself of this that when asked, "Of whom have you the most fear?" he replied, "The Great Unknown." The result showed the soundness of his judgment, for Mr. Hayes had no following, and his nomination at Cincinnati was simply due to the combination of the influences adverse to Mr. Blaine. We venture to say that not twelve of the Ohio delegates had, at the time the fourth ballot was taken, the slightest idea of being able to secure for Mr. Hayes more than the Vice-Presidency. For instance, Mr. Noyes, who made the eloquent nominating speech for Mr. Hayes, while visiting here six weeks prior thereto, expressed himself to that effect. Now, however, the "dark horse" seems eliminated from the Republican contest, and the eager, expectant followers are discussing only the triangular fight involved in the contest of Grant, Blaine and Sherman. The "Great Unknown" casts no shadow on the prospects of either candidate. The Democrats are also deeply interested, as their own course will be shaped upon that of the Republicans, and they are enjoying the bitter fight which is growing into large proportions in the Republican camp. They claim that their own discipline will prove sufficient to prevent all discordant effects, no matter whom they nominate at Cincinnati; hence, looking at the actions of both political parties, we are led to speak as above of the intense interest manifested here over the action of the Chicago Convention. Our own impression is, as a deduction from intercourse with all sides here, that Mr. Blaine will find all his opposing elements in combination against him, and that he will fail of nomination just as Henry Clay repeatedly came short of election. Could he personally bring to bear upon the Convention those characteristics which have made him a power and leader in Congress, he might succeed; as matters stand, he will fail. The two-thirds rule bars the expression of confidence as to the successful Democratic candidate at Cincinnati, though Mr. Tilden's name elicits much pro and con comment just at this time, though not to the extent of causing animosity.

It is unlikely that any change will be made in the law regulating the electoral count. We have found a general desire among the Democrats to let the present statute remain without amendment, as they control both Houses and should thereby be able to provide for all possible emergencies. The result of the recent caucus of Senators is in corroboration of this view, as it agreed upon no other basis. It would be idle to attempt a change now, for the House would not entertain any proposition looking toward it.

The Kellogg matter promises to provoke extended debate in the Senate, as it involves some serious questions. One of these is that of the alleged compact under which he was admitted to his seat. This allegation is both stoutly asserted and denied, and may prove a turning point in the final vote. The course which Senator Thurman will pursue is watched with much interest, for the final vote will be determined by the position he takes for or against Mr. Kellogg in the discussion.

It is gratifying to us to note the change of feeling toward the District of Columbia on the part of the House. Now we are honored with a separate appropriation bill, which was most courteously treated, instead of having our needs stuck in one corner of the regular appropriation bill by the Ways and Means Committee, where it became the recipient of as many kicks and cuffs as Nicholas Nickleby got from the Squeers family. This new departure indicates that we are to have, in the future, an unquestioned recognition of our rights in connection with the Government. We do not ask for suffrage, but we do claim that, inasmuch as the Government holds one-half the realty of the District, it should place itself on the same basis of taxation and expenditure that we occupy. This is only equitable, and we are happy, now that it is assured.

The House devoted an evening of the week to the Pension Court bill, and the opening speech upon it by Mr. Geddes, of Ohio, was a masterly effort in its exposition of the necessity for a judicial tribunal to determine the rights of soldiers and their heirs to pension, when their claims have been rejected by the pension office. It is physically impossible, he showed, for Congress to attempt to give the proper redress, and, as it would be impolitic to entrust the Pension Office with further judicial powers than now given it, a properly constituted Court of Pensions has become an imperative national necessity. Of course, the bill aroused a protracted colloquy—hardly debate—for no adverse arguments were offered to it. Its necessity was questioned, but the interrogators seemed to be more actuated by a desire to obtain information than to antagonize any measure calculated to relieve the House of its pension burdens, and to give relief to such claimants as are justly entitled to pension.

DOM PEDRO.

## WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

With your permission, I would like to say a few words on the question of Woman Suffrage. I want to say to every woman who does not feel interested in the present struggle for equal rights, Now is the time for action. Take for your weapons common sense, reason and justice, and work for the promulgation of our cause.

"Be not like dumb driven cattle;
Be a hero in the strife."

There are a few brave women who have severed the bonds that have so long kept them in allegiance to society, and are working for the advancement of their sex; that is, they are working to secure for all women equal rights with all men. They, like all reformers, are a "feeble fraction of humanity," but they see their victory in the future, and, despite the ridicule of the selfish and bigoted, are unswerving in their course of action and unflinching in their determination to secure justice where justice belongs. Women's political disabilities would have long since been removed, had *enough* of them sought it. Our united demands will accomplish much more than separate action; therefore we should not leave all the work for the brave few, while we will share alike the benefits. I am aware that some of you will say you "have all the rights you want;" but you do not realize your true condition. Women, being the weaker portion of humanity, have forever occupied a subjective position. It is a noted fact that, the lower the grade of civilization, the more depraved is the condition of women. The custom that man must rule has been handed down to us from barbaric ages, and, like every other form of tyranny, will find its grave sooner or later.

Men and women alike possess an innate love of liberty, and they should have it whenever it does not interfere with the rights of other persons. That alone is true liberty. Even in our boasted free America women do not breathe the air of freedom. They cannot justly call themselves citizens of the United States. Any foreign man can come to this country, become a citizen, and take an active part in governing women that are born and bred here. The negro is our political superior. Chinamen, lunatics and women are alone denied the right of self-government. But great and important changes are accomplished slowly.

Owing to repeated demands, college doors that have long refused to admit women students are now swinging on their massive hinges, and women are already proving to the world that, with the same educational advantages, they can compete with men in the most difficult studies, which is a significant sign of the times.

Woman Suffragists have but to keep the ball rolling, now that it is fairly started, and we shall soon be able to proclaim ourselves free women, for

"As round and round we run,
Ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done."

EMMA RICKER.

Norfolk, Or., May 8, 1880.

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There was an incident of the Dow trial, at Belton, Texas, that most unaccountably escaped the attention of the local press, and yet it is entirely too good to be lost to the public. When one of the women witnesses was asked by a prosecuting lawyer, of a well-known convivial turn of mind, if she believed in the Bible, she replied emphatically that she did. "Do you believe, then, that wives should be obedient to their husbands?" asked the lawyer. She snapped her eyes and responded: "Not when their husbands come home drunk, like you do." You could have heard a paper of pins fall for ten minutes afterward.

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There were schools of art for women in Pompeii considerably more than eighteen centuries ago. When the wonder-struck early discoverers first came upon a wall figured with the form of a lady painting a likeness of a terminal figure of Bacchus, they must have stared indeed! There sits a lady of close upon two thousand years ago, as fair and sweet to look upon as in the dim past, charmingly dressed in a long and flowing gown. She has bracelets on her arms quite in the style of the modern bangle, a necklace around her full, white throat, and ear-rings in her ears.

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The skeptic, as a rule, believes that, as he had no choice in the matter of birth, but coming forth according to nature's laws, and finding that provision had been made for his reception, he naturally concludes that beyond this life, preparation has or will be made for him—that is, he will not be born into another state of existence without a world upon which to live.

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After children are born upon earth they require education, and the truest education that can ever be granted to any child is that process of cultivation which enables the individual to grow naturally and draw from within the recesses of his own soul the latent knowledge which is there enshrined.

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A benevolent Detroit dentist announced that on a certain day he would pull teeth free for poor persons and provide laughing gas. He used 700 gallons of gas and extracted 271 teeth.

[For the New Northwest.]

## THE OLD BRIDGE.

BY RAY.

"Old, broken, unsteady, my service is done;
Yet my timbers have echoed to many a one—
The foolish, the witty, the coward, or brave,
And the tremulous saint on the verge of the grave.

"Yes, the leaden of heart, passing slow on their way,
Followed close by the steps of the happy and gay,
While the lake rippled softly, in laughter or tears,
As it did long ago in its happier years.

"His? My master, who built me three decades ago;
Oh, these waves murmur on just as sweet, just as low,
As if all the world held had not proven a lie
When the brave, tired fellow was ready to die.

"Ah, many's the time, when my timbers were new,
I watched him as proudly he dashed into view,
With his promise of life and his resolute will.
Well, well; hopes must fail, and he sleeps on the hill.

"Old, broken and weak now, I feel the abuse
That is heaped on all things that have aged out of use;
But one hope yet remains—when I drift quite away,
They'll remember the good that I did in my day.

"Ah! the lilies that bloom in a tangle below,
Their broad leaves are green and their blooms are as snow;
But whiter by far, with her face to the sky,
Was the woman I saw once, with her hands lifted high;

"And I heard, strangely blent with the surf's distant roll:
'O Christ! I am weary; receive Thou my soul!'
Then a swift, sudden plunge and a terrible gasp,
And the lilies were holding her firm in their grasp.

"Pass, winds of December, my broken planks wide;
Let me, too, drift out as a wreck with the tide—
I am weary and spent, I am crumbled and worn;
Let me go, for my master and mistress are gone."

The storm spent its wrath. Where the old bridge had stood,
There was naught to be seen save the dash of the flood.

## A WEDDING IN DEATH.

BY W. H. S. A.

Away in the great Canadian Northwest, where the piercing winds and drifting snows sweep over the land in wild freedom; where frost and ice hold the earth in their iron embrace; where the trees in the gorges groan and creak as the cold breezes sigh through them; where the palefaces are few and far between, is a small settlement of about one hundred souls.

On a dreary Christmas day, some twenty years since, this settlement looked deserted. Snow lay in undisturbed drifts down the wide, solitary street of the pioneer village. No mark of foot or shovel disturbed the white surface; no cheery sleigh-bells rang out in the frosty air, and no merry skaters glided on the frozen river. Silence reigned supreme.

John Kirby, a hale and hearty old pioneer, lived at the far end of the settlement. He had made that his home among the first who were brave and daring enough to leave Old England and settle in the wild West of Canada. His wife, who had accompanied him, shared his joys and sorrows for years, but at last they had to make a grave for her, and lay her to rest in the little churchyard.

Their only child was a girl, now a woman of twenty—gentle, kind and thoughtful. Annie truly was a thorough woman, and was beloved by all the villagers—old and young, male and female. This Christmas was to see her married to George Hughes, a worthy young farmer of twenty-five, with whom she had played and associated, and who had loved her since they both attended the village school.

The day wore away, and the night, which was drawing on, threatened to be stormy and wild. The snow-clouds thickened, shutting out completely a feeble sun, which had striven feebly to throw its smile on the earth this Christmas day. For many previously it had been snowing incessantly, burying fences, trees and shrubs in white graves, and now it began to fall again, at first quietly and calmly.

But, after a while, a piercing east wind sprung up, drifting the snow into huge hills, and burying everything without pity.

Evening at length arrived, bringing with it the guests who were to witness the ceremony at John Kirby's house. Everything was ready, and the rough but comfortable home looked as cheerful and pleasant as could be. The old man wandered among the company, heartily shaking hands with each and wishing the compliments of the season over and over again. Annie was looking lovelier and more womanly than ever, and not an unmarried man there but envied George Hughes.

Nine o'clock came, the hour appointed for the wedding, yet no bridegroom appeared. Annie and her father, as well as their friends, began to feel anxious, not alone because it was a long and tedious journey from George's home to the settlement, but because they knew he must cross a bleak, wild moor, with never a mark to guide the traveler to his destination.

"I wonder why he is so long, father?" said Annie, in some anxiety.

"Have no fear, Annie dear," was the encouraging reply. "You know it is a long drive, and perhaps George is waiting until the storm abates." The old gentleman had to amuse the guests as best he could, talking of old times with the companions of his earlier days, and telling his experiences for the benefit of the younger ones. Midnight came, and, as Hughes did not come, they all concluded that, like a prudent young fellow, he had resolved to postpone a journey which must entail some peril, and wait another day for his wife. So they separated and returned to their homes.

All were satisfied with young Hughes' non-appearance save one. She knew that no weather would have kept him away that night, and, although well aware of the hardness of such a course, she resolved to go out and search for her betrothed. She reached the end of the settlement, and gazed anxiously around in hopes of catching a glimpse of some dark object, but nothing met her gaze. On she plodded, staring into the snow and darkness, but all in vain, and she felt she must turn back or give way to the fatal drowsiness which she knew was stealing over her. She turned to retrace her steps, but by nothing could she recognize the way home, and suddenly the awful truth dawned upon her—she was lost in the storm!

Then her courage gave way, and in a few more minutes she sank into the snow, utterly unable to proceed another step. As she dropped down her hand rested on something like a man's face. She brushed the snow from it, and there before her lay George, stiff and cold in death—George—her George—her husband. For was he not in God's sight her husband? And as she gazed on that loved face she felt a melancholy happiness. She kissed it tenderly and lifted it on her lap, and there in the snow and freezing blast she prayed God to take care of her dear old father, and to take her to her mother and George. Then, out on that dreary moor, amid the fury of the blizzard, she fell asleep like a little child, and awoke no more on earth. And the white snow buried them and covered them until the Spring flowers came, when their bodies were discovered together, and gently laid to rest in "God's acre," where the visitor can see inscribed on a marble headstone, "Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

## SOFT-HANDED PRINTERS.

It was a well-to-do farmer, owning a couple thousand acres and countless flocks, from whom we solicited a subscription recently. His face was all smiles at the moment, having just received a heavy payment of money, but he replied with a cold negative, and added that he "could not afford to support soft-handed printers." Poor, ignorant man! Does he not know that he whom he despises as soft-handed is one of the hardest-worked and among the shortest-lived of human artisans, and, humble though his calling, that he is a captain in the world's triumphal progress? Does he not know that the soft-handed printer is a link between thought and action—a graver who is cutting deep into time's tablets the record of the world's grandeur; its advancement in agriculture, in mechanics, in art—in everything that makes it brighter and lightens the burdens of humanity? Does this human snail, wrapped in his own selfish shell, know a printer's work? Did he ever stand and watch the weary hand of a printer, following the movements of the still more weary eye, picking among the dusty and poisonous type, weaving the bits of metal into words, sentences and paragraphs, that, stamped with the thoughts of many a troubled brain into a legal coinage, makes such as he thrive and prosper? We looked into the man's face and understood his motive. A spark of kindness could no more have lived in his cold, glassy eye than a spark of fire in a northern iceberg. Although his pockets were heavy with coin, his face was pinched, with the lines hardly drawn into a pitiable expression of want—it was the face of a miser. We looked at the man's heart; it was a bloodless, shapeless thing, hardened and crystalized by contact with the dollars that he hugged to it; it had no pulse that beat with a single throb of human sympathy; it was something that the love of a wife could never penetrate—a thing that the affection of childhood can never quicken into emotion. We venture to say that this man never contributed the value of a shilling to a church edifice or a public charity, or gave a penny to a public school, except upon compulsion. He will die alone, unmourned by wife or child or friend or neighbor, and we do not envy him the small amount of a subscription. Let him keep it. It will add another pang to his bitter agony when called upon to part with his golden idol; it will be another morsel for the vultures who will tear his hoard to pieces, cursing him because he did not die sooner and leave them more; and in the place where that infinitesimal quantity called his soul will find no rest, he will not be troubled with the presence of "soft-handed printers."

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"Your wife, sir," said a physician to a friend of ours, who was consulting him about his spouse, "is suffering from routine. There is no disease, but there is a lowering of the whole system simply from the monotony of her life. Take her out of her household cares for a time, to Washington, or anywhere else you like, for a change, and she will improve at once."