The Weekly Copiahan

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MATTIE HARDEN.

'Do not turn away so coldly, Mattie; you have a noble heart, and I know you love me. If I were rich you would not refuse my request. I have your heart, none can gain that from me; but I had hoped you would give me some word of love and encouragement before I leave my native land for five long years.'

'You ask quite too much, Jerome; you are a dear friend, and I admit that I shall miss you, but my mother is a very proud, ambitious woman, and my father—'

'Yes Mattie, I understand all that; our positions, as regards wealth, are vastly different; all I have hoped or asked is that if, after years of toil and waiting, I shall have amassed a fortune, retained an untarnished reputation you will then grant me a reciprocation of the truest love man ever offered to woman. May I not hope, my darling?'

'Really, Jerome, I do not choose to bind myself; as I said before, you ask too much.'

And the proud, beautiful heiress turned coldly from the pure-hearted, noble minded young man who was inferior only in that false estimation of equality which measures its subjects according to reputed wealth.

Thus, without receiving one word of love or kindness, Jerome left the palatial roof which sheltered the dearest object of his life. Mattie sought her own room to shed bitter, burning tears over an idol which she had sacrificed at the altar of pride. Like Herodias' daughter, she had been 'before instructed by her mother;' had been forbidden to unite her destiny with that of a poor man.

'Wealth is happiness,' her proud mother often averred. 'Never marry a man beneath your station, my dear. Your exceeding beauty must raise you in the social scale. Cupid's arrows should be well tipped with gold, as well as feathered with affection — Love is well enough in its place, but really it is only a secondary consideration.— Make your choice first, my darling, and love will come in its course.'

Still, with all this injudicious training, Mattie Harden was a noble girl. She had known and loved Jerome Moon from childhood; he had been her beau ideal of manliness ever since she could remember; some of the happiest hours she could recollect was spent in leaning on his arm while he taught her to guide her inexperienced feet, on skates, over fields of ice. Then when summer came they had their rambles thro' the park together gathering flowers, feeding the fishes and young birds in their nests or shooting pretty little arrows high in air from the trusty little ash tree bows which Jerome fashioned with much skill.

Then when childhood had blossomed into youth, they had their studies together, and long, hard, but loving strifes for the highest scholarship. Thus, from intuition, two congenial minds and souls had unconsciously learned to love; but time flies and brings its changes. Jerome was sent early to a distant academy to take a thorough course, while Mattie entered a seminary for ladies in their native town.

It was upon this separation that Mrs. Harden first noticed and feared the result of this attachment. She contrived to send her daughter away during the occurring vacations, till at last three years had passed in which the young friends had never met. Even the pleasant little letters which Jerome had sent to his 'dear school-mate' had been withheld, and during all this time, her mother's counsel, and a consciousness of neglect from Jerome, served to weaken and lessen Mattie's regard for one who had been dear as a brother.

But an ardent lover does not easily relinquish his object; and when he returned to his home it was only to renew his acquaintance with Mattie, and as we have seen at the opening of our story, to declare himself a constant lover, and to ask for a few words of hope and love ere he left his native land to seek his fortune across the wide sea.

'Faithful in life or death I shall ever be,' resolved Jerome as he went with a sad heart from Mattie. 'She loves me—I know it; she will never marry another. But why must I always suffer so? Why could she not have uttered some word of hope to cheer me in this struggle from poverty to wealth? May heaven bless me in my honest, earnest efforts. Farewell, Mattie, Mattie!'

'Oh, what deceitful things are lips!' gasped Mattie, when alone. 'How we women school ourselves to hide our hearts and every noble, generous impulse of our natures! How cold and cruel my lover sees me, while within my heart is burning, breaking! What would I not give to redeem the past hour! Oh, wealth, how I hate it! and position—what a falsity! Nobler far art thou, Jerome, than I who am so false. May heaven grant me some opportunity in life to make repavation for this sad hour.'

If Mattie had not been fully conscious of her great love before, she surely was now. But it was too late! too late!

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Five years! How long the time looks to the youth and maiden, yet how quickly it flies! and who can foretell the changes?

I had been married two years to a rising young lawyer, when we removed to London. Among the young ladies whom I met was Miss Harden, who had for a year been engaged as a preceptress of the public school in our neighborhood. I had never seen the lady before, but I disliked her, for I had heard her history from my husband. He had told me of his cousin —Jerome Moon—of his love for the beautiful Miss Harden and of the hauteur with which she met his offer of love. I had known Jerome some years, and loved him as a brother. I therefore understood his worthy, sensitive nature, and realized the pain he had for years suffered on her account, and still suffered daily. Then how could I but hate her who had so deeply wronged my husband's cousin? Why could not he despise her as I did? What was she to him that he should still be entranced by her?

I had determined to be a constant 'thorn in her side,' but when I saw that face so sad, and beheld the most striking beauty, and noticed the superior intellect, then, and not till then, could I understand Jerome's devotion to her shrine. I instantly lost my hate, while admiration for a time took its place. Instinctively I knew that she was suffering keenly and deeply. I was prepared to meet a serious young lady, for not a year previous, she had lost both her parents and wealth by a single stroke.— Had she not been obliged to give up a life of ease and luxury for one of toil and dependence?

Nobly had she taken up her thorny cross, and faithfully labored, gaining much credit for her ability as an instructress. But I was surprised to find a young lady who never smiled even in her most pleasing moods. A deep gloom overshadowed her young life. My interest soon deepened into friendship, and, as time passed, I was surprised to find how deeply we loved each other, and it was consequently arranged that she should take up her abode with us.

One day my dear husband, returning from his office bro't a letter.

'It is from Cousin Jerome,' he explained, placing it in my hands. 'He is well, and is succeeding even better than he anticipated.'

I turned to Miss Harden, who sat reading at the window, and said:

'It is a letter from India from the worthiest young man I know. He is my husband's cousin—Jerome Moon. How I wish you might know him!'

'Is Jerome Moon your cousin?' she exclaimed, with sudden wonder.

Then the thin lips grew white and bloodless, and we tenderly lifted the fainting form and laid it upon the nearest sofa, summoning the nearest medical assistance.— An hour later she opened her beautiful brown eyes, but her strength did not return for many days. Intuitively I knew the secret of her sad life. She loved Jerome Moon even as he loved her.

* * * * * *

Two years later, Jerome Moon had returned from India a wealthy man. His bright talents were acknowledge when he was poor, but now that fortune had lent her smiles, his entree upon life was thoroughly successful.— Courted in the first and oldest circles, and by the most intriguing mammas, and fluttered about by all the butterflies of fashion, still his occasional visits to our pleasant home were his only hours of real enjoyment.

Miss Harden was still a teacher in the same school; but Jerome's devotion to her was unavailing.

'I can never be your wife, Jerome,' she said upon the day he returned from India, when we had entreated her to give up her life of toil and share his affluence. 'We might have been happy had it not been for my false pride. We have now changed spheres; you are wealthy and courted, while I am almost penniless. My pride is now a more formidable enemy than ever. I cannot insult your manhood by presuming upon your love. If you were only poor, it might be different; but now there is no hope. I shall never be your wife.'

'My darling, do not say that. Eight years we have now been separated, during which time Mattie, I surely have learned my own heart. I have found myself thinking constantly of you. You have been my inspiration all these long years, in every project of my life. I have hoped against fear, all these years, that you still loved me as you did when a little girl. Oh, those years of happy, innocent childhood! Shall I never know peace and joy again in reciprocated love? Must my life plan prove a failure? Oh, Mattie, do not doom the man who loves you thus faithfully to a life-long despair!'

'Hush, Jerome; you break down every support to self-control. Never speak in those tones to me again, I pray you. I have marked out my path through life, and I must tread it alone. Should I marry you, Jerome, I should forever hate myself, and ere long you, too, would learn to hate. My very love forbids this union, for when I refused to love you because you were poor, I became unworthy of your love. Seek in another what you have forever lost in me.'

'Mattie, your false pride—your decision in this matter—does poor justice to your superior intellect. Be my wife, and a lifetime of love and devotion to you alone shall prove to you that not the slightest degree of blame toward you shall attach itself to my memory of the past. I have suffered through your pride, but I shall never forget that you have suffered also.'

'Jerome, these sentiments must cease. Do not let them rise to your lips again. Crush this unfortunate love from your heart. Let us be the friends we were in childhood if you will, but do not sue for more. Your happiness and mine depend upon this resolution.'

Long hours Mattie sat at the south bay-window, watching the progress of the grand mansion they were erecting close by. The beauty of its architecture and the grandeur of its proportions attracted every one, but to Mattie it had a deeper interest. It was Jerome's mansion, and designed for her; but as she watched its growth the same old look of determination would steal over the sad, pale face, and the lips become compressed by a more settled firmness. After its completion, came the costly, elegant furniture, and then Mr. and Mrs. Hays took possession of their respective spheres, as gardener and housekeeper, and Jerome removed his personal effects to this grand, new home.

All the belles of his acquaintance smiled more sweetly than ever, and fathers as well as mothers of marriageable daughters grew more cordial and attentive. Though many bright stars shone, he saw but one—one alone held his destiny, although it shed a faint, cold light. Yet still he hoped that he might gain power to climb into its more direct and warmer radiance. This was his only hope—his one desire.

* * *

It was a pleasant but warm afternoon, when Mattie and I were returning from a long ride. Our errand had been a charitable one, obtaining subscriptions for the new orphan asylum. Our list well filled with the names of the best people of our acquaintance, and summed up to higher figures than we had anticipated.

'One more call,' said I, 'we will get Jerome's subscription and then rest for to-day.'

'No, I do not want to go there; you know I have never been, and to-day my head aches from our long, warm ride. Do let us go home. You can run down after tea.'

'Nonsense, Mattie! We are here now, and you are going in with me. Do not succumb to a slight headache,' said I, gaily, unwilling to recognize any other motive for her unwillingness.

Mechanically she followed me to the house. I rang the bell.

'Is Mr Moon in?' I asked of Mrs Hays, who instantly appeared.

'Yes, ladies; he is in his room. Be seated and I will call him.'

'No, we will go to his room; we are in a hurry, as we are on a business errand.'

Then I took Mattie's arm and escorted her up the long, winding staircase, along the wide hall, and to the room which I knew was Jerome's private apartment. I tapped at the door, but no answer came. Then I opened it and stepped in, inviting Miss Harden to a seat with the complaisance of a hostess.

But she did not enter. Still she stood in the doorway, gazing with astonishment toward the other end of the room. I followed the direction of her gaze, and beheld the most, life-like portrait that I had ever seen. It was the life-size portrait of a lady with clear, transparent complexion, glorious brown eyes, tasteful braids of soft, dark hair, and a most perfect forehead, mouth and chin, the whole imbued with the rare coldness and hauteur of expression that I had never seen in the original, Mattie Harden herself. Then I heard a low cry of pain, and turning quickly, beheld Mattie sinking, pale and lifeless, to the floor.

Before I could reach her, stronger arms than mine supported her. Then Jerome, who had appeared from an adjoining room, carried her gently below stairs, and laid her upon the sofa in the parlor.— When consciousness returned to the girl Jerome was still bending over her and administering restoratives. She waved him aside and attempted to rise, but her strength was insufficient and she sank back helplessly among the velvet cushions.

'Lie still, Mattie, till you are better,' I advised.

Then her eyes wandered around the room and from one object to another; the room, furniture, carpets, mantle and ornaments, were so very similar to those in her own lost girlhood home that tears filled her eyes, and for the first time in her life she realized the vastness of Jerome's enduring love for her.

'How do you like my home?' questioned Jerome, when at last her eyes sought his.

'Oh, it is all like a beautiful dream, was her reply.

'Then why, Mattie, may I not in the future say our home? Stay with me always, will you not, my love?'

Then he bent lovingly and impressed a kiss upon the white forehead, while a velvety arm for the first time stole around his neck, and she buried her face on his shoulder and sobbed aloud.

'Thank heaven!' came from my heart, as I extended a hand to each of them. 'How I have longed to see this day! Mattie, I shall superintend everything to suit myself, and you must not interfere. Remember, your opinions are only a secondary matter.

Jerome gave a grateful smile and Mattie did not speak even to remonstrate.

With as little delay as possible all the necessary preparations were made, and truly can I say, that of all the happy weddings I have ever attended this was the most supreme—the most truly spiritual.

Of course, the disappointed fashionable world was shocked, and talked wildly of Jerome's capture by a beautiful face, and how that the poor teacher had at last sacrificed her principle by marrying a man whom she had despised and rejected for years, for the mere consideration of wealth and position. But we who know them both, love and reverence them for their real worth, and think with loving indulgence even of Mattie's false pride, for surely her sufferings should prove sufficient atonement.

Therefore, O, cruel world! grow charitable, for thou canst not read hearts. Appearances, at best, are a vain delusion.

PAY AS YOU GO.

New York Observer: Mr. Stewart, fifty years ago, had a little money; he bought a lot of dry goods with it, sold them at a profit; bought more, paid for them, sold them at a profit; and so on till he had fifty millions of dollars and died. That is his biography. It is not great, I grant. But it proves that patience, prudence, perseverance, paying as you go, may be just as profitable as the most rapid, hazardous, enterprising credit system can be. The most successful merchant in the world bought for cash.

In the year 1857, when commercial houses were falling in the panic as if an earthquake shook the city, I heard that a business firm of large capital had failed. I rushed to their counting room and asked what it meant. 'I hear you have suspended payment?'

'Certainly, we owe nothing; why should we pay anything?'

And sure enough, their immense establishment, employing hundreds of men, had been carried on for years without giving a note to anybody. And when business became so dull that it was better to suspend doing than to go on, they lay still 6 months, and continue to pay wages to all their men who could not get employment elsewhere.— They bought for cash, and now they use their millions for the good of their fellow-men.

A flourishing concern, doing a large business, took in a new partner who found the plan of buying on six months was the rule of the house. He prevailed on his partners to alter the practice, and gradually to work in a better. In two or three years' time everything was paid for when bought; the firm never gives its note to anybody for anything, and stands A No. 1 on all the mercantile agencies' lists.

Let me not be misrepresented as saying that it is wrong to incur debt. I say that success in business does not make it necessary. Slow and sure is a very unfashionable motto, and quite antiquated, but it is good nevertheless. And as it is right to pay as you go, so it is right to insist that every customer shall pay you when he promised to pay. If that rule is in harmony with the will of God, on which the law of love is founded, then the law of love does not require me to release my debtor from his promise to pay. I do unto him as I would wish to be done by in the same circumstances. This application of the law would work a healthful revolution in the business world. It is in the line of the greatest commercial prosperity that pecuniary obligations should be held sacred as personal honor. There was a time, in London and Frankfort and New York, when to let a note go unpaid at the hour it was due was a stain that no water could wash out. But now it is not so here or there. It is not considered dishonorable even for a church to wipe out a debt by selling its property for what it will bring. For a church, or a railroad company, or any association or individual to do so, is a sin and a shame.

Misfortunes may overtake the best of men, and make it impossible for them to pay their debts. Of them I am not speaking, but only of those who, being able, are yet unwilling to be honest.

If the merchants of New York would set their faces against debt, and practice upon the principle of paying as they go; if all donations for building churches and colleges were made on the condition that no debt is to remain when the building is completed—if this principle were made active and universal by the firm adherence to it of men who are in trade, and men who give of their wealth to works of Christian benevolence, there would be an immediate revival of honesty that would be of more advantage to the business of this country than the discovery of a thousand gold mines richer than all of Peru or California.

He is a philanthropist who aids in maintaining sound commercial integrity between man and man. And he does not feel the first element of Christian character, who wants his debts discharged in any other way than by paying them. To shirk them, to wriggle out of them, to compromise them, is not to get rid of the obligation to pay them. It is God who says: 'Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thy hand to do it.' The law of love requires you to pay your debt when you have the ability, and no bankrupt law that human wisdom or folly ever devised can release you from the law of God.

A country curate, a letter to Blackwood's Magazine, says that on one occasion he baptised a child named 'Acts.' Afterward in the vestry he asked the good woman what made her choose such a name. Her answer was this: 'Why, sir, we be religious people; we've got four on 'em already, and they be call'd Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, so my husband thought he'd compliment the apostles a bit' He has no doubt she will go on to Revelation, they being particularly religious people.

A dangerous rival of the editor of the Chicago Times has been discovered in a Rhode Island man who has been lying in one position for nine years.

THE GRANGE.

Waco (Texas) Examiner: To any one who is a close reader of our Grange correspondence, it is plain that the great drawback to the usefulness of the Order, is the habit of members absenting themselves from the regular meetings of the grange. It is astonishing how rapidly one looses interest when two or three meetings are successively missed. The aims and purposes, hopes and plans of the local grange are dropped, and soon one begins to teach himself that its general principles are not so vital as to require a sacrifice of one night's attendance during the month. This evil is, as yet, in its infancy, and can be eradicated promptly if the proper means are used; to this end we would urge the importance of the discussion of interesting questions—and what a wide range of subjects present themselves in this connection—the farm and its thousand and one interests, social life and its many interesting problems, business and its varied claims, and last, but no means least, those innocent amusements so appropriate to the season upon which we are just entering, and which constitute a bond of vast importance besides infusing into old and young alike the taste for healthful and rational enjoyment which is at perpetual warfare with vice and all the distractions which come in baleful light in its glittering train.

The farmers of America, and especially of the west and south cannot afford to suffer interest in the Order to lag. It will be an evil day for them when it is announced that the Order no longer exists.— All the bright hopes and great possibilities which were born with its birth must be forgone, and they now cry out to the old men and matrons, to the young men and maidens, to gather to the monthly meetings with the regularity that the Mussleman turns his face to Mecca every morning to pray.

It is with the grange like it is with every other human institution, the surest evidence of decay lies in the loss of interest. When men and women absent themselves from the deliberations and enjoyments of the regular monthly meeting, it is a sure evidence that the great principles of the Order, are looked upon coldly, and holds them by but a frail grasp.

We hope soon to have the pleasure of hearing of all those pleasant re-unions, pic nics and excursions which are the sure evidences of a revival of interest, and also of those cool, careful deliberations which are but an indication of the vitality of the Order.

TOMATOES.

Boston Globe: Burr tells us that the French mode of raising tomatoes is as follows:

As soon as a cluster of flowers is visible they top the stem down to the cluster, so that the flowers terminate the stem. The effect is that the sap is immediately impelled into the two buds next below the cluster, which soon push strongly and produce another cluster of flowers each. When these are visible the branch to which they belong is also topped down to a level; and this is done five times successively. By this means the plants become stout dwarf bushes, not above eighteen inches high. In order to prevent their falling over, sticks or strings are stretched horizontally along the rows, so as to keep the plants erect. In addition to this, all laterals that have no flowers, and, after the fifth toping, all laterals whatever are nipped off. In this way the ripe sap is directed into the fruit, which acquires a beauty, size and excellence unattainable by other means.

USEFUL HINTS.

How to keep Lemons.—A splendid way to keep lemons in hot weather is to cut them in slices and mix white sugar with them. Put in a glass jar, cover well with sugar, and paper the top air-tight.

To prevent Moths.—A small piece of paper or linen, moistened with the spirits of turpentine and put into a bureau or wardrobe for a single day, two or three times, is said to be a sufficient preservative against moths.

Short Cake.—One cup of porridge, one cup of water, and one and a half cups of barley meal or wheat meal (Graham flour). Make into a cake not more than half an inch thick and bake fifteen or twenty minutes in a hot oven till brown.

Rye and Indian Mush.—Use two parts rather coarse corn meal and one part rye meal, stirring in the corn meal first and cooking awhile if desired then adding the rye meal, stirring very carefully; cover close and cook slowly one hour or more, if desired.

To clean Tin-ware.—Rottenstone, soft soap, and oil of turpentine, mixed to the consistency of thick putty, will clean tinware very thoroughly. Mix the putty with the water, rub over the metal; then rub briskly with a dry clean rag, or leather. A beautiful polish will be obtained.

Cheap Curtains.—One of the most agreeable materials for curtaining windows is coarse unbleached cotton.— The irregularity of the thread and the roughness of the surface gives its soft folds much the charm of a Russian crash, and it warms the light of cool north-windows almost equally as well as the glow of sunshine.

Meat and Rusk Pudding.— Chop any kind of cold meat with salt pork or ham, season well with butter, pepper and salt, add two or three beaten eggs. Then make alternate layers of wet rusk crumbs with milk, or cold boiled hominy or rice, and bake half or three quarters of an hour.— Let the upper layer be crumbs, and cover with a plate while baking, and when nearly done take it off to brown the top.

One swallow does not always make a spring, but a dozen swallows sometimes make one fall.

Another domestic explosion is imminent in an Iowa household. One of the boys accidentally swallowed a pistol cartridge last week.

Lace is what ruffles the men now-a-days.—Ex. You are wrong. Lace ruffles the women as usual It is the paying for it that ruffles the men.

'Landlord, didn't you ever have a gentleman to stop with you before?' 'Are you a gentleman?' 'Yes, I am one.' 'Then I never have had one to stop with me before.'

At a recent election in Minneapolis, where women voted, they wreathed the ballot-boxes with flowers to cover up the tobacco-juice decorations of last year.

An exchange asks: "what are our young men doing? We can't answer for the rest of the country, but around here they are engaged mainly in trying to lead a nine-dollar existence on a seven-dollar salary.

Jones asked his young hopeful just from Sunday school why it was Pharaoh killed the boy babies and did not touch the girls. "'Cause he wanted to get rid of the young He-brews but wanted to keep the She-brews," the young hopeful replied.

"How like its father is it!" said the nurse, on the occasion of the christening of a baby whose father was more than seventy years of age, and who had married a young wife. 'Very like,' said a satirical lady; "bald, and not a tooth in its head."

How terrific must be the molecular action in the brain of a man who comes home at one o'clock in the morning singing "Too ral, 'ooral oddy,' and mistakes his wife's patent bustle, standing pale and rigid in the corner, for the spirit of his deceased mother-in-law.