THE TRAMP.

WILL CARLETON.

We worked through spring and winter,
through summer and through fall,
But that mortgage worked the hardest and the
steadiest of us all;
It worked on nights and Sundays; it worked
each holiday;
It settled down among us, and it never went
away.
Whatever we kept from it seemed a'most as
bad as theft;
It watched us every minute, and it ruled us
right off left.
The rust and blight were with us sometimes,
and sometimes not;
The dark frowning, scowling mortgage was for
ever on the spot.
The weeds and the cut-worm, they went as
well as came,
The mortgage stuck forever, eating hearty all
the same.
It nailed up every window, it stood guard at
every door,
And happiness and sunshine made their home
with us no more.
Up with failing crops and sickness we got
stalled upon the grade,
And there came a dark day on us when the
interest wasn't paid;
And then came a sharp foreclosure, and I kind
of lost my hold
And grew weary and discouraged, and the
mortgage was cheaply sold.
The children left and scattered, when they
hardly yet were grown;
And my wife she pined and pined, and I
found myself alone.
But she died at last of a malady, and the
doctors never knew;
But I knew she died of mortgage—just as well
as I wanted to.
If to trace a hidden sorrow were within the
doctors' art,
They'd a found a mortgage lying on that
woman's broken heart.
I'm helpless as forsaken, I am childless and
alone;
I haven't a single dollar that it's fair to call
my own.
My old age knows no comfort, my heart is
scant of cheer;
The children they run from me as soon as I
come near.
The women shrink and tremble, their alms
are fear-bestowed;
The dogs bark curses at me and howl mad down
the road.
My home is where night finds me, my friends
are few and cold.
Oh, little is there in this world for one who's
poor and old!
But I'm wealthy in experience, all put up in
good advice,
To take or not to take it, with no difference in
the price;
You may have that thrown on it for run around
it, as you please;
But I generally give it wrapped up in some
such words as these:
Worm of beetle, blight or dampness, on a
farmer's land may fall,
But for first-class vindictiveness there's a mortgage
against them all.

UNTIL COME.

The following beautiful poem was written by the late Henry W. Longfellow soon after the death of his wife in 1861.

A vase I walked the prosperous city through
Where each seems happy with his own,
Our friends, I ask not if they prosper, but
I walk alone.

No image let me pass like prophecy
Through market-place and festival, darkening
Upon your sweet and pitying voices
Around me falling.

In vain my eyes strain for the articles
Heaping in many a leathery spiral
In vain the evening starry matches
And smiths glare.

In vain your beauty, summer flowers
Yet cannot greet those cordial eyes
They gaze on other fields than mine,
On other skies.

The gold is rifled from the orchard
Tree-branches stretch from the sheaves
Little has but one more boon to offer
And that is peace.

Yet well I know the voice of duty,
And therefore, life and health must crave,
Though with all grace the world its beauty
Is in her grave.

I live, I toil one for the living
Wan in their sorrow, I turn from them,
And wait until with glad thanksgiving
I shall be here

For life to me is as a station
Wherein apart a traveller stands
Once absent long from home and nation
Its other lands.

And I, as he who stands and listens
Until the twilight's evil and gloom,
To hear, approaching in the distance
The family home

For death is the footfall of a friend
Beyond the shadows of the tomb,
He ponder shows a bride in waiting,
Until I come.

In yonder field are medium plants
And there, oh! vision of delight!
I see the child and mother sitting
In index of white.

Thou, then, the longing heart that breakest,
Reaching, that we reached not, yet
Till call Thee blessed when thou moveest
The purled one.

PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST.

"Oh, mother, mother, I am so tired!"
"Cheer up, my child, we have not
very far to go; come, dolly, let my
brush the dirt from your hair. And
take up your hat."

"But the child, pale and sobbing
with weariness and exhaustion, and
the pale young mother, pacifying
her in the vain attempt to soothe the
hysterical excitement, did not hear the
rumble of advancing wheels until they
caused a shower of dust to fall upon
their uncovered heads. "What a little
voice exhausted! What a little
girl! Aunt sick, is she?"

Mary Ellsworth had never seen
Farmer Raynesford before, yet the
moment her eyes rested on his wrinkled,
sun-burned face, with the shaggy
brows and shadowy hollows, she felt
felt that he was a friend, and made
answer promptly: "Not sick, sir, but
very tired. We have walked a long
way."

"Got much further to go?" asked the
farmer, jerking the horse's rein with
the end of his whip.

"To Brecken."

Mr. Raynesford gave a low whistle.
"That's four miles off, and the little
girl is pretty nigh tuckered already."

"I know it," said the child, with a
sigh, "but I have no money to hire a
lodging-house in Brecken. I hope to
obtain work in the factory."

Farmer Raynesford gave the seat of
his wagon a thump with his whip-handle
that made old Bonny drop the
mouthful of clover he was nibbling
from the roadside and prick up his ears
in astonishment.

"I won't beat to no such thing" said
he energetically; "the poor child can't
go twenty rods farther! Here, get in
along with me. You won't be more
than crowded a bit of supper and a
good night's rest. I know Aunt Hannah
scold," he muttered, as he lifted the little
girl to his side, and extended his
hand to her mother. "Don't care for
folks parishin' by the wayside and
never offer to help 'em. I don't care
if she scolds like a nest of the house-off."

He drove rapidly along, making occasional
interjectional remarks to his
horse, while Mrs. Ellsworth drew her
chin shawl around the little golden
head that already dropped drowsily
upon her shoulder, and thought with a
deep sensation of gratitude upon the
shelter Heaven had provided her in her
sorest strait.

It was an odd-shaped old farm-house,
gray as the stems of nearly half a
century, with a broad door in one end,
overhung by giant lilac bushes, and a
kitchen where even in the bloomy
month of June a great fire roared up
the wide-throated chimney, and shining
rows of tins winked and glittered
all every upward leap of the flames.

Mr. Raynesford jumped out of the
wagon, through the reins over a post,
and went in to conciliate his domestic
despot. "Look here, Hannah," said he
to a tall, angular-looking female who
emerged from a pantry near by, her
face nearly or quite as sour as the
sassafras pickles she was carrying.
"Jest set a couple more plates on the
table, will you? I've brought home a
woman and a little gal I found a-piece
below, drop exhausted by the wayside.
They was calculatin' to walk on to Brecken,
but I thought it wouldn't hurt us to
keep 'em over night.

"I'm astonished at you, Job Raynesford,"
said his better half, in a tone of
indignant remonstrance. "We might
just as well hang out a tavern sign at
once and done with it, for we always
bringing home some poor, miserable
creetur or other and—

"There, there, Hannah," interrupted
Mr. Raynesford, "I'm always willin' to
hear to you when you're anyway reasonable,
but it goes clear agin my
grain to see poor folks in suffin' and
never stretch out a helpin' hand. 'Taint
Scriptur nor 'taint human natur."

"Well, go your own gait, Job Raynesford,
responded his wife, tartly. "Only
mark my words, if you don't rue it some
days in the poor house, 'twon't be
through, you know, I tell you."

She shut the pantry door with a
bang that made all the jelly-cups and
milk pans rattle, while Job, with an
odd grimace, went out to help his
guests to alight. "Don't mind my old
woman," said he apologetically, as Mrs.
Ellsworth sprang to the ground. "She's
kind o' sharp-spoken, but she means
well after all. We won't all just alike
in our notions, you know."

"I'm sure she will make me welcome
for your sake," said the young widow, with tears in
her eyes, "there would be less want and
suffering, by far."

Farmer Raynesford pretended not to
hear, he was busy lifting little Mary
out. "Set on them blackberries, Hannah," said he loud enough for the
benefit of the child, "the little gal's so tired
she can't eat nothin' solid."

"I was calculating to keep the blackberries
for preserves," said Mrs. Raynesford, rising with rather an unwilling
air. "Nonsense," quoth the farmer,
with a loud laugh. "Here, little one,
see if these berries don't put some color
into your cheeks."

All the evening little Mary sat by
the hearth, with her hand in her mother's and her large blue eyes fixed earnestly upon the kind farmer's face.

"What are you thinking about, dearest?" asked Mrs. Ellsworth at last. She
drew a long sigh, and whispered: "Oh,
mamma, he is so kind to us!"

When Mary Ellsworth and her little
girl went out next morning from the
long walk to Brecken, Job Raynesford
went with them to the gate, fumbling
uneasily in his pocket and glancing
guiltily around to make sure that Hannah was not within seeing distance.
When Mary extended her hand to say
good-by, he put a crumpled bank-note
bill was thrust into it.

"Don't say nothin', muttered Job,
with a sheepish air. "Ten dollars aint
much to me, and it will don't hurt you
get work in the factory right away. It
may be a good deal of use to you.
Needn't thank me—you're as welcome
as flowers in May."

He bent over to kiss the child's fair
forehead, and stood watching them until
the two slight figures disappeared,
and only the golden sky and drowsy
crests of summer woods remained.

"Ten dollars!" ejaculated Mrs. Raynesford, who had witnessed this little
episode from behind the shelter of her
milk room window. "Is Job Raynesford crazy? To give $10 to a pair
strolling vagrant? If he don't get a
piece of my mind when he comes home
I'm out, let cap-border fairly standing
on end with horror. Job awaited the
coming tempest with philosophic composure, his hands in his pockets, and his
lips parted in a good-natured smile. It
was not the first piece of Mrs. Hannah
Jane's mind he had had, and he knew
upon him, nor did he suppose it was
likely to be the last.

"She means well," he said to himself,
as the whirlwind of her wrath had
discharged on his luckless head. And
Mrs. Raynesford had returned to her
butter-making, but she's got the great
est faculty for scolding of any woman
I ever saw."

The old mill-dog, sprinkling the
stoop from mouth and coat with drops
of April showers, and watching, it
well the dazzling cirrus of January
snows, many and many a time. Gray
days crept on and passed, and the
wife of Farmer Raynesford, the care-worn
wrinkles fewer to gather around his
mouth and brow. Also, those sweet-
faced children, the young mother
mourned, in the kind old man.

"Twenty years!" mused he, one night
from musing, "twenty years seem possible,
Hannah, that it was twenty years
this very day that I caught that ugly
fellow on my back, and got lame
in my left leg, and that the
children left his side as he spoke, and
stood among the very bottom of his
coffin.

Hannah stood in the doorway, tossing
some fresh pellets to her little colony of
chickens. Twenty years had not impaired
her dignity or respect; she was
still the same sour, sharp-spoken
female as ever. "Yes," said she, "twenty
years! Yes, and she's dead, poor
dear, and perhaps you don't remember
that you promised to take care of her
child, and that you threw $10 away on that
woman and her child. I told you that
would end in our ever being poor-house
folks, and I don't see how we can afford
to keep 'em long, time, I'm sure, with
the wages we get."

"Hannah," said Mr. Raynesford, slowly, folding spectacles, "do you remember
the $10 I gave that poor
young wanderer a score years ago to
day?"

"Why, of course I do. Didn't I remind
you of it not two twelve hours ago?
What has that to do with our troubles
now?"

"Just this, Lucy. I received principal
and interest in full."

"What do you mean, Job Raynesford?"

"The little golden haired child that
set beside me in the orthodox church
evening is Lawyer Everleigh's wife,
and I have seen her born thousands
times bring like a millstone around my
neck for many years, but I've paid it
but paying a sacred debt of gratitude,
but heaven knows I received principal
and interest."

There was a moment's silence. The
old man was pondering over the past,
and Mrs. Raynesford was so taken by
surprise that she really could not say
anything. "And now, wife, what have
you to say about my financial mistakes?"
said Job, archly.

Mrs. Raynesford had no argument
suited to the emergencies of the case,
and she only said—nothing.—*New York World.*

WHERE THE CHINESE WILL GO.—Despatches from British Columbia indicate that the Chinese will have no trouble in finding American homes after leaving Canadian soil. Have forbidden them to land on our Pacific coast. Two shiploads of them are expected immediately at Victoria, four thousand more are to follow at once, and the sooner they arrive the better will the natives be pleased, for the said natives are sensible enough to know that only by an immense increase of their laboring force can the province be developed. It might be supposed that California, which is much nearer than any other State in the Union, might view the Chinese in the same light that its northern neighbor does. Columbia, however, has no hoodlums to distort her vision.

By the will of the late Joseph E. Sheffield, the Scientific School of Yale College will receive from half a million to a million and a half dollars.

By the sale of the Williston mills at Easthampton, Mass., Williston Seminary will get $200,000, and Amherst College $100,000.

SAVING MOTHER.

The farmer sat in his easy chair,
Smoking his pipe and the twilight stars
His face was ruddy and full and fair,
And his eyes had in them a merry gleam
Comed the lines of a picture so
His wife looked up from her work and
Raked the hearth and made the fire
Laid the table and peeped the door
Twilight was well nigh over.
Tired and lonely, and worn and
Sat the mother in her place
Sitting and knitting in the firelight
Knitting and sighing lonesomely
Knitting, as sighing, she was
In the patient history of years
At last, she broke the silence
Thus we reckon life by the
"There's a piece to raise an interest in
And a piece I should come a raisin' story
I would be mighty handy, I'm bound to say
I have anything else to do, but I did,
"an' there's several bills, an' gravestones
to pay
Enough to keep a man, pretty high
Besides, there's Edward and Ann
To be provided for when we are
No, I'd say that's a little you
I'd be saving of wood as ever I could
Kinda fire I'm sittin' by
I'd be saving of soap, an' starch, an'
And a lot of things I don't care to mention
I'd be rather careful about my
Kind o' sharp how the pieces
Gewgaws I'm careless, an' lazy
Thinkin' of the time I'm
Of the time I'm sittin'
Of the time I'm sitting
Of the time I'm sitting
Of the time I'm sitting