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A. Harfen
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in forty could ha' had the grit and the perseverance to do what she done, and hold her tongue about it too. I know I couldn't for one."

"She shouldn't ha' let her good be evil spoken of," said Mrs. Morse, with an air of authority.

"I dono as anybody had oughter have spoken evil of her good," was Miss Beers's dry answer, and Mrs. Morse said no more.

But such a warm and generous vindication touched many a feminine heart, which could appreciate Miss Beulah's self-sacrifice better than the deacons could. There was an immediato clustering and chattering among the good women, who, if they did love a bit of gossip, were none the less kindly and well-meaning, and presently a spokeswoman approached Miss Beers with the proposition that if she would make Miss Beulah a handsome bonnet, a dozen or more had volunteered to buy the materials.

"Well," said Miss Mary Jane, wiping her spectacles, "this is real kind; and I make no doubt but what Beulah'd think the same, though she's a master-hand to be independent, and some folks say proud—mabbe she is; but I know she couldn't not take it kind of friends and neighbors to feel for her. However, there ain't no need on't. It seems that Sary's husband ain't very forehanded, and she's got a dreadful taste for the millinery business; so she's gone to work in one of the fust shops there, and is gettin' great wages, for her; and only yesterday there come a box by express for Miss Beulah with the tastiest bunnit in it I ever see in my life—good black velvet, with black satin kinder puffed into the brim, and a dark green wing to one side of the band, and a big bow in under a jet buckle behind. I tell you it was everlastin' pretty. Sary she sent a note to say she hoped Aunt Beulah'd give her the pleasure to accept it, for she'd knowed all along how that she was the cause of her goin' without a bunnit all summer (I expect her ma had writ to her), and she felt real bad about it. You'd better b'lieve Beulah was pleased."

And Miss Beulah was pleased again when the women from the village began to call on her even more frequently than before, and express cordial and friendly interest in a way that surprised her, all unaware as she was of Miss Beers's enthusiastic vindication of her character before the sewing circle. Yet, poor, dear, silly

old woman—only a woman, after all—nothing so thrilled and touched her late-awakened heart as little Janey's soft caresses and dimpled patting hands on that sallow old face, when she climbed into her lap the next Sunday, and surveying Miss Beulah's new bonnet, exclaimed, with her silvery baby voice, "Pitty, pitty bonnet!"

Jack did not say anything about it, nor did the congregation, though on more than one female face beamed a furtive congratulatory smile, and Deacon Flint looked at Deacon Morse across the aisle.

If there is any moral to this story—as no doubt there should be—it lies in the fact that Mrs. Blake never again sat down in a chair without first lifting the cushion.

TRANSPORTATION BY RAILWAY AND SHIP-CANALS.

HALF a century since, the chief outlets of our West were the Ohio and Mississippi, the Missouri and Arkansas rivers. Cereals and other productions often perished, on their way to the great marts of the East, under sultry climates. Then came the Erie Canal, then canals around the falls of the Niagara and St. Lawrence, then the enlargement of the Erie, and at length the railway; and soon we are to have ship-canal around the falls of the St. Lawrence of size sufficient for steamers six times as large as the boats of the Erie Canal, and competent to cross the ocean. Under the influence of her canal, New York outstripped the rival cities of the Atlantic; but for five months of the year ice closed navigation, and railways came in to meet the exigency, and now the question is, which shall have the supremacy—the railway, open summer and winter, daily improving its powers, or the ship-canal, converting the sea-ports of our lakes into sea-ports of the ocean? Shall it be the railway, which perforates the mountains, replaces iron with steel, which "mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo," or the gigantic canal, which opens a continuous highway through rivers and lakes, and across continents and oceans? The progress of the railway in this country has been gradual but constant. It soon diverted the passengers, then the mails and express freight, then became a substitute for the canal when ice and snow prevailed in winter. As steel took the place of iron, and mechanism improved, the railway has competed successfully for freight both