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HABVEST.

NELLY M. HUTCHINSON IN SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. Sweet, sweet, sweet, Is the wind's song, Astir in the rippled wheat A stir in the rippled wheat All day long. It hath the brook's wild gayety, The sorrowful cry of the sea. Oh, hush and hear 1 Sweet, sweet, and clear, Above the locust's whirr, And hum of bee, Rises that soft, pathetic harmony. In the meadow-glass The innocent white daises blow; The dandelion plume doth pass Vaguely to and fro-The unquiet spirit of a flower That hath too brief an hour. Now doth a little cloud all white Or golden bright Drift down the warm, blue sky : And now on the horizon line, Where dusky woodlands lie, A sunny mist doth shine, Like to a vail before a holy shrine, Concealing Concealing, Half-revealing Things Divine Sweet, sweet, sweet, Is the wind's song, Astir in the rippled wheat All day long. That exquisite music calls The reaper everywhere— Life and death must share. The golden harvest falls. So doth all end-Honored Philosophy, Science and Art, The bloom of the heart Master, Consoler, Friend, Make Thou the barvest of our days To fall within Thy ways.

KEKWAHARKESS.

A STORY OF CANADA.

"The gold's bound to be here," frequently repeated ; the trouble is find the lucky streak. But I'll come

it, Joe, afore long." He would spend hours after the days washing was done, and carly in the morning, in prospecting round the place while Joe, whose enthusiasm diminished rapidly, would lie down at full length and muse over past days. One afternoon that Jake had left him

for a time to prosecute the monotonous occupation of washing, he caught him-self wondering whether he might not reach home quicker across the continent than by going down to 'Frisco. "There's no use denying these moun

tains are high," thought he; "but they can be crossed. I've heard some of the boys down below talk of the

"That's as maybe. Nova Scotia wants all her fisherlads, though." "There's eighteen thousand of them left and all better than me. It's not the "If I could only see him !" was a frequent ejaculation of his. And when he spoke thus, Widow Christie could not help feeling thankful that Bill Bezley was away fearing the consequences of a fishermen and sailors our country will ever want I'm thinkin'; there's meeting between him and her angered willin' enough for the work. I always said I was a farmer and no sailor. It's the country I'm fond of more than the Dick, it was plain, would not have stood on formality; would not have dreamt of law, had Joe's murderer cross-"Ye might get enough farming down

Catleton

ed his path, but at once have meted out the full punishment for the crime. He understood, he believed in, lynch law. And it was well for the evil one of evil one Annapolis way, surely. Ye'll no find bet-ter land than that ?" "It's no so much that, Mr. Lawson' interrupted the widow. "It's the sight o' the sea that we must keep from Rose. of Hemskerk that he never crossed the fisherman's path. "Ldunna want to lose another son. She couldn't bear it, and we mustn't

orget she's a bitter lot to bear.' Rose," often said the widow to daughter. "But' if Dick was to see "Ay the child first of course. man, there 'ud be blood spilt." "And there's been enough o' nother, there's no one'll miss you as much as old Ben. Ye aye mind me mother," would reply the poor girl, to whose eyes rushed the hot tears when-ever allusion was made to her loss. of our young days. But trouble is trou-ble is trouble and can't be avoided .----When are you thinkin' o' startin'?" "In a week's time," answered Dick. "I saw lawyer Brown to day, and he tells me he has a fair offer for the house." "She bears it grand," was the remar of the Hemskerkers, simple souls who, love, knew that once a girl like Rose had

"And yer boat, Dick. Ye might get a few dollars for her; she's good. "My boat's for sale. My boat's goin' be kep' by a good friend of mine, Ben Lawson by name. I wouldn't sell the "Rose Christic," so he'll have to take given her heart away it was for good and "Yes," assented her mother. but she's sinkin' under it. It's more

than human natur' can bear, ye see. If the poor lad's body had been found 'twould have been a consolation like, and we could have buried him de-"And keep her well. I'm obliged t'ye, Dick. I thank ye kindly." cently, but it's hard to think that even that's denied a person." Widow Christie was right, and the

village knew it, Rose, was sinking steadily under the pressure of her sorrow spite of her efforts to bear it calmly and reject all bitter thoughts. Dick knew it, and it was that knowledge that drove him to search with his boat the recess of the coast, long after all hope had died within him; which fanned the

flame of revenge in his heart, and took from his toil all pleasure and light. But it was impossible for Rose forget. Every stone, every bush, or dry tree, brought back vivid rememberance told more and more on her failing health Loag since had had she got pale and

wan; given signs that her strength was descring her—her heart was sick, her soul was dark, and one day she could not leave her couch. The angel of death hovered over the cottage, and mourning

sight of the many kindly faces that crowded round to bid farewell; the dis-

"I shouldn't like to be in the white man's shoes, then," rejoined the Canadian, who was called Barry. I suppose these fellows won't rest till they get him ch !"

"Depends on circumstances. It is not safe to quarrel with them ; that you many may be sure.'

"No." lauged Barry. shoud not like to incur the resentment of our red-skin friend there. Fancy my being tracked all over this continent by savage Indian bent on obtaining pos

session of my scalp." "You'd have deuced little But stop, what's up !" And Macdonald stretched

and to enforce silence. La Fleche and the Indian had sta up noiselessly, and both were gazing in the same direction. As for Barry he heard and saw nothing.

The red skin uttering, a few words in a low voice, crept through the busies and was out of sight in a moment wet not a sound rose to mark his progree he wound snake-like to his post the servation.

The half-breed after listening for a few moments, threw himself down again by the fire, to all appearance in different to everything, in reality watchful as a lynx.

"Would you mind explaining ! ied Barry, when he saw the alarm over. "There are men or wolves somewhere round us," replied Macdonald.

the waves on the cairn in Dermott's Cove, or have to watch the hoats coming to and from the wreck, the cause of all her grief. Then Dick had always longed to get to the great prairies of the west; he had never taken kindly to fishing—it would please him, and perhaps take the hard look out of his face for them to grant his wishes. Yes; it was best after all. the waves on the cairn in Dermott's Cove, childhood. To women it is as neces-

or indifference. But when the moment of parting came,

the bitterness was not lessened by the The lover bestows them profusely on

THE BEECHER-TILTON SCANDAL. Thank God it is nearly over. At last the end approaches of this weary story of weakness and error. Day by day the exigencies of journalism have compelled us to put forth details of

abandonment of the wretch who cx- of ages :torted them. Passing from the immediate actors

in this drama to the principles which underlie it, we would, before consign-

to the testimony of Tilton and Woodhull and the literature which has been so profusely put forth by editors and inter-viewers, we now know the meaning of that cant of progress which has more or less steadily been gaining ground.

NO 47 ECONOMIES OF TRAVEL

oerebellum. As for Victoris Woodhull, her aim was consistent throughout. She avows, in the weekly paper with which New York is afflicted, that from the first time she heard the scandal, as a friend Once in a while the Fashion points in the direction of conomy, sound sense, and good taste. It so happens that such is the case now with regard to travelling dresses. A plain de bege is good enough for anybody,

and 20 yards will make a modest suit at a cost of from \$6 to \$10 for the raw material. A plain hat will cost \$2 more.

Everybody has or ought to have a satchel a big shawl, and a traveling strap. With is the heart of the libertine has been that the heart of the self-influence at the heart of the self-influence at the heart of the self-influence at the self-influence athere at the self-i this the equipment for a short journey is sufficient. Excursion tickets are furnish-She was too sick at heart to believe that change of scene would do her good, but her mother and brother wished to go, and she resigned herself. After all, joo's memory would be as dear to her the cruel sea that had destroyed her love, she would ces that had destroyed her the cruel sea that had destroyed he known would result from his unguarded contession boxes at once into our conduct, that we believe his influence is forever gone as a Christian minister, and that he has disgracefully scandalized rupted it. We attach little importance into our contession boxes at once into our co that he has disgracefully scandalized to papers forced from a sick woman con-the religion he was bound to guard and defend. Bad, thoroughly bad as this scandal is, the interval allotted for refreshments is To love one maiden only, cleave to her, And worship her by years of noble deeds Until they won her; gone, burns his mouth in the attempt to swallow the coffee, bolts the pie and rushes back to claim his seat as the train

whistles away, while he is heard declaring that "nothing was fit to cat." Likely enough rapid feeding will give him an indigestion so that he will not be hungry at next meal time. In an overland journey to California and back several

well enough, I reckon, if he started in good time," His meditations were interrupted by

his mate's sudden return. "Ye may well be idle," said Jake, cheerily. "I've struck it, man! I've struck it!"

Joe had thought himself cured of the fever. He did not look as if he were

when he heard the announcement. "Where ? where ?'

"Come and see yourself." And Jake hurried him away to a place some two hundred yards further up the stream.

"See here. Look at this dirt. That's the richest placer around these diggings, Joe. It's the old bed of the stream, and there's a streak of gold under all that earth; more gold than we've seen yet. Our fortune's made."

Joe looked first at the spot indicated then at Jake, His face exhibited unmistakeable disappointment. "It's not as rich as what we

There's no pay dirt there." "No pay dirt there? I tell ye, there's

more pay dirt in this bit o' ground, and richer pay dirt than in all the rest of the bars together. It's below the earth." "Below the earth?"

"Don't you see that it's an old chan nel? And won't all the hands that

know anything about it tell ye that an old channel's the best place?" "I s'pose ye're right, Jake. Ye are wiser at this than me. But how are we to get at it?"

Sluice it. Ground sluice it. There's the stream. We must make it run back here, and my word on it, Joe, we're made men."

made men." Jake was right. The earth covered the former channel of the stream, and when they had completed their arrange-ments for turning the water on it, and began to wash, they found abundance of the precious metal they sought. It lay at the bottom of the pans in nuggets and grains

Their claim secured, they toiled un remittingly. They had struck a good lead, and their bags of dust increased in number. At the end of three weeks' time, Joe, realized the fact that they were rich men.

Quickly passed the time at Hemskerk. The first excitement over, people set-tled down once more to their regular work, pursued their former avocations, and bestowed but an occasional thought on the events of past days. The wreck still furnished matter for conversation, and diving comparison that was carried still furnished matter for conversation, and diving operations that were carried on steadily day to day attracted interest enough on the part of those who had come down to the village from Usnada and the States, in hopes of recovering the remains of some lost friend or relative. One or two large rewards had been of-fered for the discovery of such bodies, and more than one fisherman, when luck was not more in the state of the state.

fered for the discovery of such bodies, and more than one fisherman, when luck was poor, would go cruising round un frequented places, searching the waters trutting to earn the promised thousands. Of those thus engaged, none was more diligent, more indefstigable than Dick Christie. His boat's prow was coestantly to be seen cutting the waters of deserted coves and perilous nocks in the rocky. He never wearied of his search, never at least some tokes of Joes. But day after day passed, and the see revealed no more of her dread secret than had been read on its beach that fatal morning. Gradually hope disc to the sound of the secret of the young man. "It's intike you have opened my opened out of his breast; and the conviction set-tled down on the minds of the whole family that never again would thoy see ample that haver again would thoy see and from that day," rejoined Dick, not may from that day," rejoined Dick, not

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