

LITERARY.

TO CHIPPAWA.

Old Chippawa thou dark and silent stream,
None thought thee worthy of a poet's theme;
No bard thy praises sung, nor minstrel gray
E'er touched for thee the harp at close of day.
None be the task to vindicate thy wrong,
And elevate thy name in glowing song;
While it shall be my pleasure and my aim
To wrest from dark oblivion thy name.

To tell the generation yet to come,
That thy green bank was once the red
Indian home,
And gliding o'er thy waters, swift and true,
Might once be seen the Indian's light canoe;
And oft along thy banks by moonlight shroud,
The fearless warrior and the timorous maid;
And by thy never resting waters sweep,
The joys, the sorrows, the life of life to share.

What scenes of bloody strife thy waves
might tell,
But like a trusty friend, thou keep'st the
secret well;
Safe in thy bosom locked, no hand can
wrest
From thee the secret that dyed with blood
thy breast.
The savage war-cry which thy stillness
broke,
In thy vast forests wilder echoes woke,
Starting the wild birds from their dreamy
noise,
And rousing from their lairs the savage
beasts.

Along thy banks the prowling wolf has
strayed,
And sought beneath thy trees the cooling
shade;
The panting deer has sought thy friendly
shade,
And plunging 'neath thy waters thought to
hide
From his pursuers, for if he chanced to
gain
The other shore, pursuit would be in vain,
But too oft, alas, escape was not to be
For fleet were his pursuers and scarce less
wild than he.

But time has marked its changes on thy
shore,
Nor wolf nor deer, nor red man roam there
more;
But on thy banks fair cows may now be
seen,
Where once the wigwams of the braves had
been.
Brave hearts and sturdy hands have left
their traces here,
And sheep and cattle graze where roved the
nimble deer;
Bright fields of waving green lie rich on
every side,
While boats with lumber laden, upon thy
waters glide.

Now, sounds of busy labor the air with
music fill,
Although thy own dark waters drive not the
buzzing mill;
Thou only art unchanged, the same dark,
silent stream,
Thy waters tranquil as an infant's dream;
'Tis not Niagara's beauties that I claim for
thee;
But sluggish as thou art, thou'rt ever dear
to me.

No up-turned rocks are strewn along thy
side,
Nor cascades wild through which thy waters
roar;
No drooping willows bending o'er thy
bank
As if thy sable waters they would drink,
Or mirrored in thy placid bosom seen,
Their trailing boughs of over varying
green;
No sandy bed o'er strewn with pebbles
bright
As stars that deck the sky on wintry night.

'Tis not for these that I my tribute pay,
But to the friend of childhood's early day,
Yes, Chippawa! I love thee, for my home
Was on thy banks, and where'er I roam,
Though rivers far more beautiful may see,
With recollections fond I'll turn to thee.

S. J. S.

Thanksgiving at Stone's Mills.

One night he said, "I'm going away
just after Thanksgiving."

She moved her lips, her eyes grew
wide and sad, but she found no words.

That was the night when Arthur
entered in his note book "Have abun-
dant material for American sketches.
Must secure some scenes from
Thanksgiving celebration. Experi-
ence at mill invaluable. Laroche
quite a melodramatic villain. I told
Rachel not to say, 'I want to know.'
She turned the prettiest pink imagin-
able, and said, 'I said it since.'"

Work was suspended and Stone look-
ed more desolate than ever.

"Where's the crowd of people,
Si?" Arthur asked of the boastful
native.

Not to be crushed by the mere
force of stupid facts, Si answered
boldly, though there wasn't a creature
in sight, "Poulin" in—just crowds an'
crowds poulin' in all round." Then
he made off in a great hurry.

Stone at his house was giving his
men something to drink. As the
glasses clicked Arthur could hear
from outside the familiar brogue of
Cassidy, the Irish lad.

"Oh bead!" he said, "workin' lad,
is it? Devil a bit. He's a young
lord; got hapen o' money. Did he
tell me so? Faith, how do you know
but I've been acquainted wid him
 afore? Mike Cassidy's no fool, b'ys.
It was a young juke, it was, in the
ould country, that herded out wid
the piantry all for sport. Good luck
to ye, Mister Stone. Here's to ye,
b'ys," and Mike drained another glass.

Arthur laughed to himself, and
walked on.

Presently Stone went up to Rachel's
house. He strode through to the
kitchen where she was at work.

"Rachel," he began, "will you be
my wife?"

"I will not," she answered clearly.

"Mon Dieu!" he exclaimed, with a
frightful look of despair. "After all
these years! I haf renounce my re-
ligion, my country, my language all
for you, and now you follow a strange
man—you go to be a lady in England.
Mon Dieu!" He beat his dark fore-
head with his open palm, disheveling
his black hair and looking like a fiend.

"I don't know what you mean,"
said Miss Rachel.

"Don't know? You mock me.
This fellow is noble—you know well
what I mean—he is a lord, a gentle
man, a cursed English noble. He can
gift you jewels, dresses, money. He
will steal you from me. I—I—
Rage had half strangled him, but
Rachel heard the words, "I hate
him!" hissed through Laroche's dry
lips.

She flashed upon him an instant the
whiteness of her angry face.

"Ah," he cried, with that same
stifled scream, "You can be terrible
—terrible for his sake! We shall see
I we shall see!" He uttered in his own
fais some imprecation, some swift
jargon impossible to follow as words,
but full of dire meaning.

It was not fear of Laroche that sent
Rachel to her room, and threw her on
her knees in an agony of weeping.
She had defended and supported her-
self from childhood, and hardly knew
the meaning of fear. Two hours later
she came down stairs with such a look
of peace, of renunciation, of self-con-
quest, that Arthur forgot the old
brown frock, the little provincialisms
of speech, the hands somewhat
roughened by toil, and only thought,
"She is like an angel."

It had been a raw, threatening day,
towards night came a wet, steeting
storm of snow. Some loggers dropped
in to talk about the change of work.
Felling and hauling began with the
first snow. In the evening Stone
joined them. Rachel gave him a
searching look, but he wore a smile,
had a leisurely air, and said to the
men

"Had a good Thanksgiving, boys?"
Cassidy answered, "Yes, sar, and
may your whisky bug be like Tim the
Piper!"

"How's that, Mike?"

"Always full yer honor."

"I teenk," said Laroche, "that
somebody must go down to the mill
and shut that sliding window by the
saw. The storm comes in that way.
Lennox," he added pleasantly, "will
you go. You have drunk less as we
haf."

"No rich," Arthur answered,
"I'm going to his room."

looked in again, muffled in a heavy
gray ulster.

"It is very slippery on the foot
bridge over the dam—take care," said
Laroche. "And here, Lennox, pull
up the sluice boards as you pass, and
let the water over the dam. The river
ees too full."

Soon after, Laroche yawned, bid a
civil good night, and went out.

Rachel stepped into the kitchen and
quietly shut the door between the two
rooms.

Stone's warning about the foot-
bridge was not mistimed, Arthur
thought. He could hardly bear up
against the wind and driving sleet,
and in the darkness was near to step-
ping off the narrow plank more than
once. The water was closed in at
least twenty feet deep above the dam
and below there was an equal depth
of sheer fall upon jagged rocks. He
made directly for the mill, meaning
to pull the sluice-boards on his way
back. The window was open, and
using all his strength, he closed it,
then turned to retrace his steps. Sud-
denly he became conscious of a strong
draught. The doors that led out
upon the rails, on which the finished
work was sent from the mill were
open. These rails were in trestle
work and reached the level at the
bridge just above Rachel's house.

Arthur called out gruffly:
"Who is it?"
"Hush!" the answer came back "it
is I Rachel!"
"Rachel!" he exclaimed; "why
what's the matter?"

In the darkness she reached him.
"I came on the cross ties between the
rails," she answered breathlessly.
"You must use the same means. They
are treacherous in this snow, but
crawl along, reach the road, and
make straight for Madison. An ex-
press passes at eleven. Take it, and
go away."

"Why Rachel?"

"Don't delay," she pleaded. "You
will be attacked to-night—perhaps
murdered. Laroche is laying his
plans now to do it. I know him. Oh,
Arthur, if I've ever done a kind thing
for you, do this me."

"And you?"

"I'm in no danger at all. I'll run
home across the foot-bridge over the
dam. No one has missed me; I ar-
ranged that. Arthur! Arthur! if you
have any pity on me, go," she sobbed
and urged him toward the open doors.

"Rachel, how can I thank you?"

Here, wrap up in my coat; it will
keep you warm to the house.

"No," she replied. Then, "Yes,
I'll take the coat."

"But, Rachel, may I come back?"

She was gone into the darkness and
he made his escape.

Rachel paused, on reaching the
plank walk, to put on the heavy coat;
then she stepped lightly and firmly
along the treacherous path, stopping
now and then to listen. By the jar-
ring beneath her feet she knew, about
midway, that some one was meeting
her. She guessed who it was, then
thought of Arthur, not really safe yet,
and felt herself seized. Laroche's
breath was on her face, his dreadful
jargon of curses in her ears. She
knew that wrapped in that coat, he
mistook her in the darkness for Ar-
thur. She struggled wildly but utter-
ed no cry. There was a strange shock
and pain in her arm, then she was
battling with the icy waters of the
river. Bewildered she still remem-
bered the sluice-boards were closed,
and there was no danger of going over
the dam. She held by the boarding
all along the top of the masonry and
planking, and half swam, half pulled
herself to shore, just under the mill.

In a moment there was a strange roar
a mighty rushing sound, and the
whole force of the river was rushing
over the rocks below. Laroche had
opened the dam. A human body in
that water would be swept along,

dashed and torn to pieces, then lie,
cast up somewhere, covered by snow,
and by spring it would be unrecogniz-
able.

Very late, Rachel crept softly
home. She looked at her arm. It
had been stabbed. The wound was
painful but not deep.

A week later the Johnsonville con-
stable came to Stone's and endorsed
the general opinion that Lennox had
fallen off the foot bridge, after having
raised the sluice-boards, and so been
swept away.

After a month Laroche came to
Rachel and said, "Don't feel hard to-
me; I lof you."

"Stay," said Rachel. "I have some-
thing to show you." She brought the
coat—the gray ulster Arthur wore the
night he went to the mill. There were
holes in it here and there as from un-
successful knife thrusts, and there
was a deep stain of blood.

Laroche turned livid, held by the
table with one hand, and with the
other tremblingly pointed at the ac-
cusing stain, while he vainly tried to
speak.

"Ever dare to approach me again,
and I will tell your crime to the
whole world," said Rachel very dis-
tinctly.

In three days Laroche had sold out
his property and gone.

Rachel had a letter from Boston,
which she answered in this style:

"No; for I taught myself the hour
I heard of your rank and title, to re-
nounce all thought of being your wife.
You shall not suffer the shame of
marrying beneath you."

A letter came back in this way:

"My DARLING—With all your good
sense and beauty, you are a credulous
little rustic, after all. I'm no lord nor
duke, nor anything those intelligent
loggers thought me. I'm only a liter-
ary fellow, a correspondent of papers,
and ambitious to write a book. I'm
fairly well off, and my father is a bar-
rister. You won't be a duchess dear,
though you'll be the wife of the
proudest man on earth."

One day in the honeymoon Arthur
asked: "Why do you wear that band
on your arm?"

"Then for the first time, Rachel told
him the story of Laroche and his at-
tempted crime.

There's one English household in
which our thanksgiving day is re-
ligiously kept, and one little English
boy lisps to his playmates, "In my
mamma's country there's a day when
you get an awful cut across the arm,
and then there's an awful scar, and
that's Thanksgiving Day."

The playmates are awed by the
peculiar but tragical statement and
look upon little Arthur as an authority
on the customs of savage lands.—*Har-
per's Weekly.*

Premiums, April 1882.

Any subscriber, or member of his
family, or any school teacher or post-
master, sending us a new name accom-
panied with one dollar, will be entitled
to a choice of any one of the following
articles or collection. Grape vines—
from the celebrated Bertie Vineyards
of P. Hendershot, Stevensville—one
well-rooted vine, one year old, of either
of the following varieties, viz., Concord,
Lindley, Agawam, Creveling, Eumelin
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packages of assorted seeds. Seeds to
be selected from the catalogue of James
Rennie, of Toronto. The seeds are be-
ing put up for the CANADIAN FARMER
and are guaranteed to be pure and
true to name.

MARY—Who had that little lamb
Had Teeth as white as snow;
She always brushed them twice a day
With "TRABANT" you know.