

A COUNTRY MAID.

Her eyes the sun kissed violets mate,
And fearless in their gaze;
She moves with graceful, careless gait
Along the country ways.

MART.

BY KATE N. SLATER.

"Sandy come home yet?"
A querulous "no" was the answer.
The questioner was a fisherman's
daughter. After this concise reply
she fretted a few minutes in silence
and then started for the beach where
Sandy had gone to watch for the
father's boat.

At this fretful call of the mother
the two went through the low door
into the bare interior and to their
rude cots. Soon the mother could
not rise from her cot and had only
Sandy's feeble care, and one night,
when Mart came home, Sandy was
asleep, and the woman—had gone
across the sea. Mart only loved
Sandy harder and clung to him
closer.

"Mart's a high flung lass."
"Sure's too uppish for fisher folks."
"Ye can't git 'er t' talk," said a
robust lad in answer to the two com-
ments of the fisher girls. Mart never
joined them when the nets were put
away—and lads, lassies and wives
all stood aloof from the silent, hand-
some creature. Sometimes, as Mart
sat holding the little fellow, hun-
grily devouring him with her eyes
and patiently answering his wonders
about the sky and the sob of the sea,
she could hear the gay banter and
loud laughter, and once she heard
her own name spoken: "Mart needn't
be so uppish; she hain't a
single red dress." She allus wears
that brown one."

But somehow and somewhere, it
doesn't matter where—Mart half
awakened. The voice sounded very
sweet as it spoke Sandy's name, and
the eyes looked very pleasant as they
smiled into Sandy's and answered
his childish queries. Then it sounded
so sweet to hear Sandy laugh as he
was being painted into a picture by
the artist and hear the child's eager
talk:

"Mart, ye do look awful pretty
with y'r eyes seeing something off
out in the sea there, an' y'r fingers
'mong the nets." He was very kind
to Sandy—and Mart loved Sandy and
grew brighter with his every smile,
while her step gained new spring
with every bit of his added deceptive
strength.

Soon the voice sounded sweet when
it said "Mart"—and once when he
had called her Martha—to sea fet-
tered Mart had sounded as sweet
as to Martha of old when the low,
loving voice of a Christ had spoken
it. Then the eyes looked as pleas-
ant when they told her of distant
lands or of Sandy's beauty which was
so like hers.

"Mart"—and the girl started—
"were you ever in a picture before?"
"No, I've been allus a fisher lass."
"Do you know this one will hang
in a beautiful hall in a large city
where many people will see it?"
"How'd I know?" Mart glanced
at Sandy's happy face and went on
mending. Words were a small part
of Mart's life, love and happiness.

So day by day, while the brown
fingers, the waves, the nets and the
boy's face were being woven into the
picture, the voice and the eyes and
the kindness grew to be a part of her
life—her's and Sandy's.

But summers soon fade, and one
day the handsome artist looked kind-
ly at her and Sandy and the pleasant
voice said: "Good by, Mart. I'm
going away to-day, but I'll come
again another summer and then I'll
want the boy again."

Mart worked on—and remembered;
for lives like those, intense, rude,
can cherish hopeless, half meaning-
less memories more than another—
live on them in a half dazed sort
of way, never selfishly having an idea
of any culmination. So Mart dreamed
on, all the while loving Sandy more
tenderly, only sometimes growing
half afraid of the shrinking limbs
and weakening back, but still de-
ceived by the summer's fitful
strength.

"Well, Sandy, I'm come to say
good by again. Yes—going, Mart.
But when the shore is bleak, and
seas and shores gray—I'll come
again for a different picture. Then
I'll see you again—you and Sandy.
Good by."

As the winds began to get a little
colder and the sea a little grayer,
Sandy began failing faster, until
Mart could only leave him a little
while and even then could hear his
voice. "Mart, I'm so tired!" The
fisher lad came by with kind words,
but Mart turned away toward the sea,
watching the gray shadows that fell
from sky to sea and the dulled surf
tossing along the shore. Sandy
would not live till the artist came
again.

One night as she lay beside him,
clasping him close in her strong
brown arms, she dreamed of being
back at the old home across Sandy's
beach with father's boat at sea. She
had left Sandy playing with strings
and whips beside the querulous
mother, and gone down to the Point
—a miniature capenear. Then came
a picture of sunny, wide sands,
sparkling waters and a wretched ship
upon the shore. Of this she was
thinking when a shadow fell across
her eyes, and looking up she saw
a black skeleton ship bearing down
upon her. The shore wreck fell and
Mart, running for the mainland, saw
the skeleton boat past with the wreck
grimly following in its wake, and at
the same time felt the Point becoming
quicksands beneath her feet.

Immersed in sands to her waist she
looked up and found she had reached
the shore, now a sandy cliff above
her. A familiar hand pulled her
ashore and while out on the sands
she awakened.

Next day Mart moved about with
a slow step, more than usually
silent. She had all the superstition
of a long line of fisher ancestry, and
the skeleton ship, their evil omen,
would not leave her. Then Sandy
was paler, and her heart was still
with a great despair.

"I'll not mend nets t'-day." The
rough fisherman only smiled kindly
in answer, for he knew Sandy was
ill. The fisher children ran out to
tell her the artist had come, and
Mart half saw him strolling down
the sands, but the black shadow
blinded her—blinded until it choked,
but she went on to the little home,
and Sandy.

Sandy was no longer in pain; no
more cries; no longer an aching
back. The pale little face lay quite
still on the pillow; the eyes had no
shadows in them; the lips half whis-
pered: "Hain't it—most—time—fer
Mart—t'come!" Mart fell beside
him.

The sinking autumn sun kissed
the waters. The boats were coming
home. The mighty cry of the wel-
comers rang out. And Mart was
still beside him. Sandy, too, had
gone across the sea.

For the few days Sandy was with
her Mart gaped silently with her
despair. The fisher wives came and
went, but Mart neither saw nor heard
them—she was dumb. Then she
went back to her net mending, her
dreamships, and her anguish, but
the fingers moved slowly.

The mending day was almost done.
The fisher girls were speaking in
hushed tones, a forbearance Mart did
not even notice.

"Help! Oh, my wife, my wife!"
Only a moment revealed all to
Mart—the artist, the drifting boat
with its solitary occupant, and in
that one moment Mart's pent up soul
awoke. The broken moorings and
drifting boat were not new to her.
Her own soul was. The hopeless
love, the long, hungry life stretched
out before her, bare, cold, and hard.
He had been a part of her life, her's
and Sandy's.

Only a moment, and the brown
arms were going toward the boat;
the wife was reached, rescued. They
had nearly come to the shore and to
the outstretched hands. The moment
of heroism was nearly over when the
fatal paralysis of superstition came
upon Mart, the black shadow of her
dream again floated past, and rough
hands drew her ashore almost tend-
erly now. Storn faces grew pitiful
and softened into tender lines. Dry
eyes were wet. They touched her
with awe—not for the tenderness
they had withheld; not because she
had passed out of their lives; not
with pity for the supreme love that
had opened the doors for Mart's soul
—but just for the heroism with which
the roughest can feel a sympathy.

The artist and his wife walked
slowly and reverently away; the
boats were again coming home—
without the welcoming cry. The
shadows were come and gone. The
hand had reached out to save Mart.

MARY A. LIVERMORE.

A DISTINGUISHED WOMAN OF THE PRESENT CENTURY.

She Did Valiant Service During the Civil War and Became a Patriotic Platform Orator, Retiring From Active Life to Pursue Literary Duties.

No woman was ever more appropri-
ately claimed by every portion of
her own extended land than Mrs.
Mary A. Livermore. No woman was
ever more widely known personally.
She has lived in the North, the South,
the East and the West. She has lectured
in nearly every State in the
Union, and even Europe has its
claims upon her, for she has lectured
in England and Scotland, and on the
continent, through interpreters.



MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE.

While she was in the South, Mary
Ashton Rice, as she was then known,
saw unutterable deeds of barbarism,
and was brought face to face with
the miseries of slavery, which she
did not fail to study, and which
she fired her with enthusiasm for a cause
to which a good portion of her ener-
gies were to be devoted; for she had
not then thought of the suffrage
question, in which she is now so
deeply interested.

When she left her position in the
South and returned to Massachusetts,
teaching a school of her own
in Duxbury, and afterward relin-
quishing it, in 1845, to become the
wife of the Rev. D. P. Livermore, she
was ready to sympathize with the
anti-slavery sentiments constantly
growing warmer in the North, and
after moving with her husband to
Chicago, in 1857, she made use of the
columns of the paper Dr. Livermore
published there for soliciting the co-
operation of the public in the behalf
of the Union soldiers of the civil
war.

After moving to Chicago Mrs. Liver-
more wrote for every department of
her husband's paper, beside attend-
ing to all her household duties and
the care of her children, at the same
time furnishing stories and sketches
for periodicals. But with the work
of the United States sanitary commis-
sion began the most telling work
of her life.

It was about that time that the
lyceums, which were always on the
lookout for novelties, frequently
asked her to go and relate her expe-
riences in working for the soldiers,
a condition that she was to have the
entire evening's proceeds for the benefit
of the commission. Such offers were
not to be refused, so she always
went.

"I had never dreamed that any-
body knew who I was," said Mrs.
Livermore, in relating her experi-
ences, "or that my experiences were
of interest to anybody, until we be-
gan to have our great sanitary fairs
for the benefit of the commission,
and then I began to read in the pa-
pers that Mrs. Livermore had done
this or that, and with the success of
our first fair began the real trials.

"There had been a great deal of
anxiety on our part, for the starting
of the fair had involved a debt of
\$10,000. But there were no fears
after the first day, when we took
\$25,000. Everybody entering the
halls in which the fairs were held
was obliged to pass under the nation-
al colors, and even the traitors
not only passed under the colors, but
came to ask us if there was anything
they could do to help us."

In beginning her lecturing, how-
ever, Mrs. Livermore's interest in the
suffrage question was by no means
cooled. She had in one savings
bank \$3,000 in her own right. She
informed her husband that with this
she intended to establish a paper to
be devoted to the cause of woman
suffrage.

Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higgin-
son, Lucy Stone, Dr. Henry Black-
well and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe were
the founders of the Boston publica-
tion, but of them all only Garrison
had had any newspaper experience,
and Susan B. Anthony's Revolution,
in New York, was the only publica-
tion of the sort in the country, aside
from Mrs. Livermore's.

And now, after an active public
career of forty years' one of America's
most famous women has decided to
make herself a little less of a living
sacrifice to public demands.

Such is the wonderful life of a woman
of the age, who has witnessed progres-
sive changes in every sphere rela-
tive to women, who has seen the
development of philanthropies, the
establishment of colleges, the revo-
lutionized attitude of the press and
the legislation for women where a
half a century ago there was practi-
cally none. All this she has wit-
nessed, in all these things she has
participated; yet, never failing to
minge with the young people sur-
rounding her, she has failed to grow
old.

Every gentleman wore a queue and
powdered his hair.

Imprisonment for debt was a com-
mon practice.

There was not a public library in
the United States.

Almost all the furniture was im-
ported from England.

An old copper mine in Connecti-
cut was used as a prison.

There was only one hat factory,
and that made cocked hats.

A day laborer considered himself
well paid with two shillings a day.

Crochery plates were objected to
because they dulled the knives.

A man who jeered at the preacher
or criticized the sermon was fined.

Virginia contained a fifth of the
whole population of the country.

A gentleman bowing to a lady al-
ways scraped his foot on the ground.

Two stage coaches bore all the
travel between New York and Bos-
ton.

The whipping post and pillory
were still standing in Boston and
New York.

Beef, pork, salt fish, potatoes and
honey were the staple diet all the
year around.

Buttons were scarce and expensive,
and the trousers were fastened with
pegs or laces.

There were no manufactures in
this country, and every housewife
raised her own flax and made her own
linen.

The church collection was taken in
a bag at the end of a pole, with a bell
attached to rouse sleepy contribu-
tors.

Leather breeches, a checked shirt,
a red flannel jacket and a cocked
hat formed the dress of an artisan.

When a man had enough to be
placed his spoon across his cup to in-
dicate that he wanted no more.

A new arrival in a jail was set upon
by his fellow prisoners and robbed
of everything that he had.

The bankers of China, according to
Frank G. Carpenter, have a guild,
and it depends very much upon them
whether the government is supplied
with money for the war. There are
nearly 1,000 banks in the two cities
of Shanghai and Tien Tsin, and their
members all work together. They
have their connections with other
banks of the empire, and they fix the
rates of interest and regulate ex-
change. The tea merchants have a
guild, and there are silk guilds and
all sorts of manufacturers' unions.

These guilds have magnificent
halls in the great cities, and the Han-
kow tea men may have a club house
in Shanghai and Canton, and some of
the finest buildings in China to-day
are those possessed by the trades
unions. I have visited many of
these buildings through the courtesy
of Chinese friends. You find them
full of well dressed Chinamen, who
are chatting together, drinking tea
or playing cards. They are, in fact,
much like the big club houses of
America in their social aspects, and
many of them have beautiful gardens
connected with them.

All Yankee Quartermasters.

When the two twin-screw steamers
of the American line, the Paris and the
New York became naturalized, there
were only two or three American citi-
zens with a master's certificate who
were thought to be competent to com-
mand them. The American line has
decided to educate ambitious young na-
tives of nautical inclination in the art
of transatlantic navigation, so that the
greyhounds of the future will not lack
skippers.

The line has retired all its foreign-
born quartermasters on the New York
and put in their places native Yankees,
all under 25 years of age and all desir-
ous of becoming fourth officers. The
young men are togged in jaunty suits
of blue, much like that of the naval
tar, and have an hereditary love of the
salty air. They are well paid and treat-
ed with consideration.

The father of one of them, P. M.
Dickey of Massachusetts, was a clipper
captain and was lost at sea while on a
voyage to India. Dickey has been fol-
lowing the sea almost since he knew
how to walk. The father of J. T. Tan-
ner, another quartermaster, was com-
mander of a whaler and was also lost
at sea. The father of T. P. Pratt of
Maryland went down with his ship.
Young Pratt has a strong liking for a
sailor's life—above the fore-castle. The
other quartermasters of the New York
are George Horton of Pennsylvania,
who has had training on the schoohip
Saratoga; T. F. Crockett of New York,
who has served on the United States
ship Dolphin, and F. T. Ellis of Maine,
who comes of a family of sea rovers
from Maine.

A Little Thing.

"It is a little thing to speak a phrase
of common comfort which by daily use
has almost lost its sense, yet on the ear of him
who thinks to be unmourned it will fall like
cholesterol mucus." It is a simple thing to suffer
ordinary pain; but when it comes by day
and night with neuralgia's cruel hurt, there
is nothing better to cure it than St. Jacobs Oil,
which, penetrating to every part that aches,
lessens the pain and leaves a perfect cure
behind it. It is a little thing to do, but the comfort
of relief from such distress will make
one feel the happier hours of life.

The sea-cypress, a kind of coral,
sometimes has 6,000 to 10,000 animals
on a single branch.

An Important Difference.

To make it apparent to thousands, who think
themselves ill, that they are not affected with
any disease, but that the system simply needs
cleansing, is to bring comfort home to their
hearts, as a positive condition is easily cured by
using Syrup of Figs. Manufactured by the
California Fig Syrup Co.

A waste of time is about as bad as a waste
of money.

Beware of Quinments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense
of smell and completely derange the whole system
when entering it through the mucous surfaces,
such articles should never be used except on
prescription from reputable physicians, as the
damage they will do is ten fold to the good you
can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh
Cure is manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co.,
Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken
internally, acting directly upon the blood and
mucous surfaces of the system. In buying
Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure to get the genuine.
It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo,
O. Sold by F. J. Cheney & Co., To. 50 cents per
bottle. Sold by Druggists, price 50c. per bottle.

The less a man talks the more time he has
to think.

Dr. Kimer's Swamp-Root cures
all Kidney and Bladder troubles,
Rheumatism and Consumption free.
Laboratory Bluehampton, N. Y.

Don't underestimate anything because you
possess it.

The Standard
remedy for all stomach and liver complaints
is Ripans Tablets. One tablet gives relief,
but in severe cases one should be taken after
each meal until the trouble has disappeared.

Abuse a man unjustly, and you will make
friends for him.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier,
gives freshness and clearness to the complexion
and cures constipation. 50 cts. 25 cts. 15c.

Don't go outside on the plea that every-
body knows you.

Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup for children
teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation,
allays pain, cures wind colic. 50c. a bottle.

Ambition makes more sleepless nights than
involuntarily.

For Whooping Cough, Day's Cure is a suc-
cessful remedy. -M. P. DEXTER, 67 Troup
Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1894.

Don't contradict people even if you are
sure you are right.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thomp-
son's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle.

Borrowing is the canker and the death of
every man's estate.

Hattie Well and Happy

Used to Suffer From Impure
Blood and Eruptions



Hattie Dancer
Lawrence Station, N. J.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla cured my child of
impure blood and eruptions on the head.
She would scratch her head so that it would
bleed. The sores spread behind her ears,
and the poor child suffered terribly. I doc-
tored her the best I knew how but the sores
did not get any better. But thanks to
Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Olive Oint-
ment, she is now well as any of the children.
She is as large and healthy as any child five
years old. This is all the medicine we take,
for I do not think there is any better."
GEORGE DANCER, Lawrence Station, N. J.

Hood's Pills
Easy to buy, easy to
take, easy in effect.