

LITERATURE.

HE'S NONE THE WORSE FOR THAT.

What though the home-spun suit he wears,
Best suited to the sons of toil;
What though on coarsest food he fares,
And tends the loom or tills the soil;
What though no gold leaf gilds the tongue;
Devoted to congenial chat;
If right prevails, and not the wrong,
The man is none the worse for that.

What though within his humble cot
No costly ornament is seen;
What though his wife possesses not
Hersatin gowns of black and green;
What though the merry household band
Half naked fly to ball and bat,
If conscience guides the heart and hand,
The man is none the worse for that.

True worth is not a thing of dress—
Of splendour, wealth, or classic lore;
Would that these trappings we loved less,
And clung to honest worth the more!
Though wealth may spur the toiling crowd,
The faded garb, the napless hat,
Yet God and Nature cry aloud—
"The man is none the worse for that."

MRS. KIRKHAM'S BOARDER

BY FAN FEATHERBIE.

CHAPTER I.

"Boy, you will break my heart"

"Mother, you would break not only my heart but my spirit also, yet if I can help it, you shall do neither."

"No impertinence, Edward! Again I command you to take this note to your teacher; and with flashing eye and knitted brow she looked hard in her son's face."

Edward Kirkham did not reply, and for a few moments both were silent. The little porch upon which mother and son stood was shaded and entwined with the creeping wild-rose and scarlet trumpet flower—the bees hummed merrily about the fragrant blossoms, and from the spreading branches of the tall trees near, the morning song of joyous birds floated forth. Mingled with these sweet sounds came the silvery gurgle of "Blue Stream," which passed through the village, flowed down the fair meadows, and widened as it entered the deep wood. At these melodies of the strange silence, Edward Kirkham's heart seemed touched. The fierce scowl fled from his face, and turning away from his mother's steady gaze with suffused eyes he murmured:

"Please don't ask me to take that note, mother; I cannot do it."

"I don't ask you—I command you to do it. Ned, will you obey me?" Mrs. Kirkham spoke harshly, sternly, as one who expected rebellion, and she seemed not surprised when the answer came—

"In all things reasonable I will obey you—in this matter, never." Young Kirkham folded his arms as he spoke, and turned full upon his mother a gaze of defiance.

"And do you look that way upon your widowed mother? you whom I have carried in my arms, my first-born, my only boy!" The widow's lips quivered, but she did not weep. Again Edward Kirkham seemed moved; again he spoke in the language of entreaty:

"Mother! I love you," he pleaded, "I will do anything for you, but I cannot go back to school with that note."

"Your boyish whims shall not interfere with your obedience to me. Ned, take the note and I forgive you—disobey me, and you cross not my threshold again." Mrs. Kirkham set her teeth firmly together as she spoke these bitter words; her fierce temper was fully up, and the same spirit lived in her son.

"Very well, I'll drown myself in 'Blue Stream,' ere I carry that cringing note to your school house. Mother you have no respect for your son, but he has some for himself," and turning away, Edward Kirkham was about to descend the steps when his mother laid her hand upon his arm.

"Boy! you have a fearful temper," she muttered; "but your threats shall not frighten me from my duty. My command still rests upon you."

"Does it?" carelessly returned the boy, springing down into the road.

"Take your books," called Mrs. Kirkham from the porch, flinging the school-satchel after her son; and don't come home until you have obeyed me," then going in she closed the house door with a violent bang.

For a moment Edward Kirkham stood irresolute and then a sudden thought flashing through his mind, he picked up his satchel, and his slender, boyish figure soon disappeared amongst the trees. Two little girls sat upon the top rail of an old moss-grown fence near the entrance of the woods. They were evidently expecting some one; had lingered there a long while, that bright June morning, and their school-books were idly scattered about. When Edward approached, they raised a shout of joy.

"I told you, Mabel, he would come," said the younger of the girls, springing to his side: then looking up in his face she artlessly inquired, "What ails you, Ned? What does make you look so sad?"

"Not much, Allie dear,—never mind just now, but here, take care of my satchel while I tell Mabel something, down by the spring yonder."

"And not me too?" asked Allie, looking reproachfully at her brother.

"It is nothing that you would care about hearing—nothing funny that I am going to tell Mabel, and we won't be gone long;" and with this promise and a bunch of wild flowers, the little girl was satisfied.

"I will tell you, Mabel," said Edward Kirkham, as he walked away with his cousin, "as you are two years older than Allie, and not so childish; besides, I know that you will always love me."

"To be sure I will, dear Ned," returned Mabel Lynn, pressing close to her cousin's side.

"I believe you, Mabel darling, you know I am nearly sixteen (and the boy proudly raised his head); well, this very morning, mother ordered me to take a mean, cringing note of apology to master Jones; an apology for an offence I never was guilty of;—it would have been a disgrace to me to have offered it. I told mother this, but she believed me in the wrong, and urged, until at last she looked and talked more like a fiend than a woman."

"Ned! Ned!"

"Hear me, Mabel! she ordered me from her house, and I shall not darken her doors again. I stopped to tell you this, and bid little Allie and yourself good-bye."

"Where are you going, Ned? Are you never coming back again?" gasped Mabel, eagerly clutching her cousin's arm.

"Don't ask me where I am going. Don't ask me when I am coming back; I can't tell you. Mabel darling; but promise always to love and remember me!"

"Always! always!" returned the affrighted little girl; and then sobs choked her voice, and, burying her face in her sun-bonnet, she cried passionately. When at last she checked her grief her cousin reminded her of Allie; he bade her dry her eyes, and they returned to the fence. In vain did Mabel implore her cousin to tell her where he so madly resolved to go—in vain she tried to soften his boyish wrath against his mother. Edward Kirkham was firm, and ere they reached Allie; she had ceased to plead.

"Good-bye, my sweet Allie!" said Edward, fondly kissing his little sister; and then returning to Mabel Lynn, he kissed her trembling lips, and pulling his cap over his eyes, to hide the tears, he turned away.

"Ned, why do you bid us good-bye? Ain't you coming home for dinner?" asked Allie in surprise.

"No, darling no!" and Edward hurried toward the woods. Allie Kirkham looked after her brother in mute amazement, and for a moment seemed lost in thought, but directly a bright butterfly sprang up before her, and the gay-hearted little girl forgot Ned's "queer behavior," in her merry chase. Mabel Lynn was sad and silent all the morning; she said nothing to Allie of Edward's strange determination, although it sorely troubled her heart. Edward Kirkham did not come for dinner, and when evening shades darkened the village, was still absent. Mrs. Kirkham grew uneasy;

the little girls, frightened; and when a second day had nearly worn away and Edward came not, she began to think it was something more than "one of Ned's mad freaks." Ere a third day fled by, the villagers went forth to seek Edward Kirkham. Mrs. Kirkham's passion had now gone, and her heart seemed wrung almost to anguish. Not until the close of the fourth day did any light break upon the disappearance of Edward Kirkham. A mournful clue was then furnished to the mystery. The jacket of Kirkham was found floating upon the waters of "Blue Stream," and on the bank near by lay his handkerchief and school-satchel—his foot-prints were traced in the soft earth, close down to the stream's edge. "Blue Stream" was dragged, but the body of the poor boy could not be found; there was little but that it had been carried far down and lost in a wider expanse of water. Mrs. Kirkham now fearfully realized the truth of her son's threat, and for weeks was like one bereft of sense. Suddenly she regained her stern, calm composure, and after listening with whitened cheek to Mabel Lynn's tale, forbade that her son's name should ever be mentioned to her again. The villagers respected her grief, and Edward Kirkham was remembered by them only in silence or in tearful whispers at their own firesides. Mrs. Kirkham felt that she had provoked that storm of passion in which that proud, yet noble-hearted boy, had rushed into eternity, and with this conviction she was miserable. Mabel Lynn and Allie often spoke to each other of Edward, and as months flew by, their pale sad faces told how truly they yet mourned for "Poor Ned!"

CHAPTER II.

Seventeen years had fled by since Mrs. Kirkham's fearful bereavement—seventeen long years. Mingled webs of mercies and chastenings, joys and sorrows, had passed over the village. It had changed; its houses were more numerous, and a spirit of life and activity had sprang up in its very midst which seventeen years before slumbered. There was a change in the inhabitants, an absence of well-known familiar faces, a presence of new and strange ones. In her old home, Mrs. Kirkham still lived. Her step had grown heavy, and her eye dim. Silver threads glistened from beneath her widow's cap. The weight of years was beginning to press hardly on Mrs. Kirkham, though her spirit had lost none of its energy. Time and bitter grief had softened her fierce asperity of temper, and Mary Kirkham, sorely chastened, deeply sorrowing, was a subdued and altered woman. Allie Kirkham—the gay little girl of seventeen years before—was a widow. Childless and alone her faithful spirit saddened. Allie Dale returned to her mother's house, poorer than when she left it. Mabel (still Mabel Lynn) lived with her aunt. Her brow was smooth and fair, as in earlier years, yet her large black eyes had a mournful gaze, and her cheek was very pale. Many wondered that the gentle and lovely Mabel Lynn had passed thirty years of her life, unsought, unwon; yet Mabel was calmly cheerful, and repined not at her lonely lot. To her aunt's heart she was very dear. Allie and Mabel were Mrs. Kirkham's treasures—all the old lady had.

Mrs. Kirkham grew poor. She had never been wealthy, but now her little fortune seemed fleeing fast away. Unless help came soon, "the homestead" must pass into stranger hands, and this Mrs. Kirkham shrank from. Mabel and Allie bent over their needles from morn till even, but their labors seemed in vain. Prospects darkened—money lessened. As a last resort, Mrs. Kirkham decided to take a boarder—a gentleman boarder—and for his use she would appropriate her best bed-chamber, a pretty room, over the neat little parlor. With the aid of her old domestic, she could manage household affairs, and her niece and daughter might still pursue their sewing. Allie and Mabel approved of this, and the next week the following notice appeared in the village paper:

"A pleasant room and boarding for one gentleman to be had on reasonable terms. Apply at Mrs. Kirkham's."

No one responded to this advertisement, and

for the fourth and last time, it filled a corner in the "Weekly Herald." This time it was successful.

A stranger whom the stage had brought to the village a half hour before, carelessly picked up the paper. Sylvester Trelan, for so he had booked his name, read this notice twice, and then, apparently arrived at a satisfactory conclusion, desired to be shown the way to Mrs. Kirkham's. During a walk of some minutes, Mr. Trelan asked many questions of his little guide, concerning the Kirkham family, expressing his determination, if he liked them to remain some weeks. I don't know, reader, what pleased Sylvester Trelan so much at the cottage, but this I do know, that after gazing round the pretty chamber, with its old-fashioned red and green carpet, long white window curtains, and neatly-made bed with snowy Marseilles quilt, and after a very brief conversation with Mrs. Kirkham, he engaged to be her boarder for several months, at least until autumn.

Sylvester Trelan was a tall man. His figure was good, his eye dark blue and piercing, his features regular, and when he smiled, he looked pleasant. But he was not handsome; his complexion was deeply bronzed, and he wore his dark brown hair in thick clustering masses over his brow; which added to his habitually stern expression of countenance, rendered him unprepossessing in appearance. Sylvester Trelan had travelled much; his home had been in foreign countries; and therefore, when he chose, his conversation became singularly interesting and pleasing. He was wealthy, and paid generously, and Mrs. Kirkham was well satisfied with her boarder.

Allie and Mabel did not like him; at times his manners were strangely abrupt, and ere Sylvester Trelan had been two weeks in her house, Mrs. Kirkham adopted their sentiments; her feelings underwent a sudden and violent change towards him.

(Conclusion in our next)

LOSS OF THE "WESTERN WORLD."

THRILLING DESCRIPTION BY A PASSENGER.

Another of those lamentable accidents which are of such painfully frequent occurrence in these waters, has taken place on the Mississippi.

On Tuesday, the 14th ult., at a quarter before 5 o'clock in the morning, the Steamboat *Western World*, on her way down, came in collision at the bend just below Princeton, with the steamboat *P. R. W. Hill*. The concussion was so slight as not in the least to alarm me, though I was lying awake in my berth. In a few seconds, however, hasty and frequent cries of "Get up! get up! she's sinking!" resounded through the saloon. With solemn silence and hurried movement each sprang from his bed, and snatching hastily at what was within reach and value rushed out.

The *Hill* was alongside. Some first threw their small valuables on her, some, with a strong impulse for self-preservation, sought only their individual safety. In less than five minutes the *World* careened partially over. Some persons slid down the columns that support the saloon deck, tumbled in among the cattle on the lower deck, and scrambled on board the *Hill* as best they might. Finding that the *World* did not go over entirely, a gangway plank was run out from the *Hill* to her saloon. A solemn and awful silence reigned except when broken by those on board the *Hill* ordering back the tide of people who rushed to witness the catastrophe.

Scarcely ten minutes had elapsed from the moment the boats came in collision, when a frightful crash was heard, and careening completely over the *Western World* went to pieces the lurid light of torches revealing the death struggles of scores of the unfortunate cattle that had not been cast loose.

But was all human life saved? Who knew? How few cared? One at least could bear bitter testimony to a sad negative. He stood near the stove, a half naked infant in his arms, two others at his feet. Ten minutes have turned him from a man into an idiot. The wife of