

THE FAR BLUE HILLS.

I lift my eyes, and ye are ever there,
Wrapped in the folds of the imperial air,
And crowned with the gold of morn or
evening rare,
O far blue hills.

Around you break the light of heaven all,
There rolls away the Titans splendid ball,
And there the circling suns of midnight
fall,
O far blue hills.

Wind bursts the hurricane across the land,
Loud roars the cloud and smites with
blazing brand;
They pass, and silence comes, and there ye
stand
O far blue hills—

Your spirit fills the wide horizon round,
And lays on all things here its peace pro-
found,
Till I forget that I am of the ground,
O far blue hills—

Forget the earth to which I loved to cling,
And soar away as on an eagle's wing,
To be with you a calm steadfast thought,
O far blue hills;

While small the care that seemed so great
before,
Faint as the breeze that fans your ledges
o'er;
Yes, 'tis the passing shadow, and no more,
O far blue hills.

—[The Critic.

MISS RUMY'S VACATION.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

A square of sunshine lay unheeded
on Miss Ruhaham Batt's new sit-
ting room carpet, and two flies buzzed
unmolested about her green paper
curtains.

Miss Ruhaham sat darning stock-
ings in old-fashioned rocking-chair
and rocked uneasily as she darned.

An odor of burning from the
kitchen grew very pungent before it
reached her usually vigilant nostril.
When at last she dropped the stock-
ing she was darning and hurried to
the stove, her nearest neighbor, Mrs.
Priscilla Peet, met her at the kitchen
door.

"Good land, Rumy! I says to M'ria,
't can't be,' says I. 'I've lived
near neighbor to Rumy Battles for
most thirty years, and I never
smelled anything burnin' in her
kitchen.' You must have something
more'n common on your mind."

"If I hadn't I shouldn't never have
baked that pie," said Miss Rumy as
in a kind of patient dismay, she
drew a blackened mass from her
stove oven. "I don't set much by
pastry. It comes so odd to do for
one that I don't know what to do."

Miss Rumy was a large woman and
slow of motion. Mrs. Peet, who was
angular and wiry, watched her as she
moved heavily about, taking thrifty
care of that which remained of her pie.

"It must be a real relief to have
nobody but yourself to do for," she
said. "I tell you what it is, Rumy,
you're all wore out. If I was you I'd
go off somewhere and take a good
long vacation. It's time you had a
chance to be like other folks."

The two women had moved into
the sitting room by this time; and
Mrs. Peet, in neighborly fashion,
took up the stocking Miss Rumy had
dropped, and went energetically to
work upon it.

Miss Rumy looked about for it
vaguely, and then folded her hands
in her large lap with a helpless
gesture, and the heavy folds of her chin
quivered.

"Why, Rumy, you're all wore out!"
said Mrs. Peet, sympathetically.
"You ain't had anything new to upset
you?"

"Nothin' but what you was talkin'
about. I've got to have a vacation!
The doctor he's been sayin' so ever
since I had the influen' in the spring
and Nahum's folks they're set upon
it; but I'm sure I don't see how I can
manage it. It's a dreadful upsettin'
idea."

"Land sakes, Rumy Battles you
can go jest as well as not! I should
like to know what's to hinder you,
with no men folks, nor hayin' nor
anything on your mind, now Nahum's
got the farm; and you've earnt a
vacation if ever anybody did."

"Josiah's folks up to Hebron have
always been wantin' me to come,"
said Miss Rumy; "but seems as if
'twas a good ways, and my second
crop of peas is comin' on, and the
fastenin' is broke on the buttery
window, and my hens"—

"Now, Rumy, if you begin to
reckon up hindrance like that,
you'll never go. I know jest how 'tis
with some folks; and some can go
off and leave everything at sixes and
sevens, and never think anything
about it. There was Emerette Small-
edge, that kept school here when we
was young. Do you remember how
she went off to England in a sailin'
vessel that some of her relations was
captain of, and never waited to close
her school?"

"Emerette never did seem to have
a realizin' sense," said Miss Rumy.
"Why, I never thought, Rumy,
that she was the one!"

"I don' know as it makes any
dif'rence that she was the one that
Luther Merridew married," said Miss
Rumy, with a faint glow upon her
soft and seam'y old cheeks.

"Rumy Battles, Lizy Ann and I
was talkin' yesterday, and we both
of us said we never see anybody that
had done so much and give up so
much for other folks as you have!"

Mrs. Peet spoke impulsively, and
held her needle suspended above her
stocking in an impressive pause.

"Well, I don't know," said Miss
Rumy, smoothing out imaginary folds
in her purple calico lap.

"Tisn't that I think it's such
great things to get married, good-
ness knows! But when a girl has a
good chance, and has been keepin'
comp'ny for a long time, it does seem
hard to give it up for the sake of
takin' care of the old folks. And
then your sister M'randy gettin' bed-
rid. I ain't sayin' she could help it;
but we all know that some gets bed-
rid' easier'n others; and your havin'
to bring up her children, and then
their earlin' right out and lookin'
out for nobody but themselves when
times was the hardest with you!"

"They're all real well provided for,
and that's a comfort," said Miss
Rumy.

"Some folks always is," said Mrs.
Peet, crisply. "M'randy, she was one
lived the sea, and Laban settled way
Post Intelligencer."

of that kind. Now, Rumy, amongst
neighbors, I be goin' to say—that, up
or abed, M'randy was a real trial."

"I'm dretful lost without her,"
said Miss Rumy, wiping a moisture
from the wrinkled corner of her eye.

"And then Nahum bringin' his
folks right on to you when he got all
run out and had a slack wife and,
Lizy Ann says when we was talkin'
yesterday, says she, 'we've all fit and
struggled, but there ain't none of us
that's been such a slave to other folks
as Rumy Battles; and it does seem
real good that she's got to a breathin'
place at last, with nobody to do for
but herself, and enough to live on
with what little preservin' and buton-
hole makin' she likes to do.' And
says Lizy Ann, says she, 'I shouldn't
wonder a mite if she was better off
now than she would 'a' been if
she'd got married; for Luther
Merridew was one of them that flares out.'

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said Miss Rumy, wiping a moisture
from the wrinkled corner of her eye.

"Well Ambrose, he kind of took to
drink," said Miss Rumy, trying to
express herself delicately in the
matter of her new friend's relatives.

"And Mary Olive has had a terrible
hard time to keep her seven children
off from the town; and this summer
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