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Alive to all Live Issues, and Thoroughly Radical in Opposing and Exposing the Wrongs of the Masses.

Correspondents writing over assumed signatures must make known their names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

HER LOT;

OR,

How She Was Protected.

By Mrs. A. J. DUNIWAY.

Author of "Judith Reid," "Ellen Down," "Amie and Henry Lee," "The Happy Home," "One Woman's Sphere," "Madge Morrison," etc., etc., etc.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

It was midnight when George returned. But he found us, as he expected, sitting up and waiting for him. His face was pale and his lips compressed, as they had been when he went away, and there was a fiery light in his earnest eyes. Without heeding my presence, he approached Ethel and clasped her in his arms.

"My darling, we must comfort our poor mother as best we can," he said, softly.

"Is Gerald dead?" I exclaimed, in sudden and new excitement.

Indeed, the thought that he was liable at any moment to be called into an eternity where "no drunkard can enter the kingdom of heaven," was to me a constant and abiding apprehension.

"No, mother darling; your husband is not dead, but your worst fears are realized in another direction. It is all as the man McCarty says."

"But where is Gerald? And why did he not come home with you?"

"I could not possibly prevail on him to come."

"Is he sober?"

"For a wonder, yes. And he is so humiliated and penitent that he says he cannot bear to enter your presence till he is forgiven."

"Poor Gerald!" I exclaimed, involuntarily.

"Mother," said Ethel, "you have far greater reason to sympathize with yourself."

"I know it, dear; but then I am not diseased by rum."

"He says," said George, "that Bill McCarty, who it seems was his fellow-sailor on his last cruise, gave him fair warning some weeks ago, to the effect that he would jump his claim if he did not comply with the requirements of the law. But he was ashamed to let you know that he had squandered the money you gave him to secure the land, and so he kept procrastinating till it was too late. I never before realized how completely women live at the mercy of men. Ethel, dear, before we are married, and while yet you have the legal right to your own selfhood, I intend to give you a deed to my homestead, so that, let what will befall me in the after years, my wife and children shall have a home."

"I trust you, George, and I do not ask it," said Ethel, her eyes aglow with feeling.

"So your mother once trusted her husband, but you see with what result. Do you know, my darling, I believe it is culpably wicked in any woman to risk her life and happiness and the future prosperity of her children in the hands of any man under the existing laws, which rob her of individuality and place her wholly in the power of his selfishness, carelessness, or caprice."

"But *you* will never wrong *me*, George."

"I know I won't, for I never intend to risk the opportunity. I intend to endow you with my worldly goods in very deed, before you are made my wife, and are therefore a legal nonentity. Then, if I get careless or rapacious or tyrannical or dissipated or idiotic, you will be provided for."

"God bless you, my children," I ejaculated, fervently. "Surely you are not to be stranded on the reefs that have wrecked my lifeboat. Henceforth I shall be satisfied with the prospects of Ethel's future, let what will become of me."

"But you must not suffer, mother, dear," said George, earnestly. "The devoted mother of my own sweet wife shall never want for home or bread."

"But, George, I cannot be a burden on your hands. You will have your own family to provide for, and I can never consent to a life dependence upon you."

"But what else will you do? You cannot have a home in your own right because you are not in a legal sense the head of a family."

My reader will remember that the "married woman's sole trader bill," which has only become a law since the journalistic existence of the New Northwest, was not in force in those days, and what George declared was not only the truth, but there was no way to escape or avoid it, save only through the divorce court, and of this doubtful benefit I could never bring myself to take advantage, as you have seen.

"Are your plans matured, my boy?" I asked, feeling devoutly thankful, through all my trouble, for the divine gift of such a son.

"Yes, mother; they only await your acquiescence."

"Name them. I will agree to whatever you may propose."

"I want to be married to-morrow."

"So soon?" said Ethel, with a frightened look.

"Yes, darling. I am going to-morrow to our county town to sign a deed that will convey to you my right and title—prospective, of course, for I have not yet complied with the full requirements of the law to complete my own title—such as it is, to convey it to you and your heirs and assigns forever. I shall want you and mother to accompany me, and we'll be married before we return."

"But my white dress isn't finished," protested Ethel, with a gush of genuine femininity.

"I'm not marrying the dress, but the darling," was the prompt response.

"I second George's plan," I said, heartily. "And now let us retire to our needed rest, for the hour is late, and we must be up betimes in the morning."

Reverently I kissed the lips and forehead of my daughter's affianced, and Ethel retired to my chamber with me and fell asleep in my arms. But sleep did not visit me that night. What were my hopes, my anticipations, and, in spite of the favorable outlook, my dreads for my darling's future, none but a mother in a like situation may imagine.

I spent the remainder of the night in silent prayer, and was astir with the first streak of dawn, preparing for the day's adventures.

One-half, or three rooms, of the rambling cottage we inhabited had been built over the line on George's homestead, and our effects were all transferred to these, and the remainder, or what I had thought was Gerald's property, was given over to the use of the new claimants, whom we soon saw that it would be the better part of valor to conciliate with discretion.

This change effected, Alice went to tell the legal intruders that their part of our house was ready, and I left her to say whatever she pleased that might nonplus or annoy them, feeling confident that she would "hold her own" in any wordy contest which might arise.

George harnessed the team and we started for town, he and Ethel and I, he radiant in the happy consciousness of his new responsibilities, she modest and trusting and blushing, and looking sweetly beautiful in the one "best gown" that had been her only suitable array for particular occasions since emerging from pantalettes; and I was sad, preoccupied, happy, and yet miserable.

The children billed and cooed after the manner of lovers, without minding me; and in spite of their kindness, I felt as hopelessly alone as though I had been lost in the Appenines.

My past life moved before my mental vision like a panorama. I closed my eyes, and again I was a young and restless barefoot maiden in the English meadow, raking my father's hay. Again I heard the huntsman's horn, and noted the tramp of horses' feet, as, attracted by the baying hounds, they gave eager chase to the abounding game in the Bothwick forest. I lived over and over my first meeting with Gerald, and I recalled with startling reality the sensations that had surged over and through me at the prospect of being his beloved and cherished wife.

Ah, me!

Have many lives proved as sad as mine? Or do Sodom apples only grow now and then, or at rare intervals, to turn to bitter ashes on the palate of some fated mortal, born under an unlucky star?

I thought long, lovingly, and remorsefully of my poor, precious mother, who had ended the matrimonial mistake of her existence upon the altar of the Molock, Lust, and who had at last yielded up her spirit thanking God that her wee baby, too, was dead, because it had been "a girl, and it was better so." I thought upon my father, plodding, thoughtless, and, withal, a tyrant in his way. I remembered the whipping he had given me that had sealed my fate, and my fervent prayer to God for a sign from heaven that should confirm my desire to be Gerald's own beloved and cherished wife.

It had been my childhood's dream to become the loved and petted idol of a strong man's heart; and now, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, this was the awakening.

Ah, me!

I thought upon that tidal river and the tiny yacht in which unconsciously I had been wafted away to my doom. I thought of Gerald as he was, or, rather, as he seemed, when I first knew him, and my heart swelled with an awakened tenderness that I had hoped was dead. I remembered Elder Chalmers and lovely Ethel Graeme, the Motleys, and Dr. Suydenham; and I mused long and earnestly over the thwarted life of Gerald, my first born. I recalled my life in Melbourne, and my acquaintance with Rev. Cyrus Suydenham, and I blushed with shame and remorse as I remembered how very nearly I had once approached the precipice of an unlawful love. Then my memory took me to San Francisco and the Azara House; to the fearful fire that had devastated the city—a fire that I knew had been kindled by Gerald's unsteady hand and unconscious aim. Again I saw my husband in the toils of a strange woman, and I lived over the days of my flight from San Francisco to Nevada City. Mr. Lillienthal was not forgotten, nor was Judge Downy nor Malcolm Graeme. Would I ever see or hear of any of those dear old friends again?

Lost as I was in the misty maze of olden memories, I did not note the flight of time, and I was startled, as though stung by a million nettles, when George called a halt at the village hotel and assisted Ethel to alight from the wagon. Very tenderly and respectfully he assisted me also, and then we entered the little parlor and waited nervously for him to fetch the promised deed, the preacher, and the marriage license.

With a mental prayer, such as only a loving mother so situated can offer, I consecrated my darling to her new alliance, and in spite of my own desolate lot, a joy unspeakable possessed me. I felt that I should reap a fruition of happiness in my children which I had failed to realize in myself.

But, after all, was not their promise of future joy the result only of George McDonald's innate nobleness? Had he not risen above the law of men, and was he not doing his duty in spite of it? Where would have been Ethel's hope of protection in marriage had he been disposed to be no better than the law required him to be?

With the marriage certificate that he placed in her hand was the warranty title to his homestead, which Ethel accepted under protest, but with fervent thanks for her husband's forethought, and a look of appreciation which he declared was of more value to him than many millions of acres.

"Had married women equal rights before the law; were they, as they should be, the personal arbiters of their own destiny, I should not be so careful, dear. But there is an element of tyranny in every one of us that needs constantly to be met by the abrasion of conflicting interests. I will not dare to trust the happiness of my wife even in my own keeping. I have seen too many conjugal hells that have been literally paved with good intentions."

"God bless you," I said, involuntarily.

"And now, mother mine, my bird is secured, and our cage awaits us. Have you any commands?" he asked, as he bent to kiss me.

"I should like you to find Gerald and bring him here to me, if you will be so kind," I answered, falteringly.

"You surely do not intend to allow him to embitter your days hereafter!" was the hasty response.

"I surely do not know what I shall do, George. He is my lawful husband, and I cannot ignore his claims upon me."

"I wish you would take my advice and shake him off, for good and all. I have a home of my own, or Ethel's, now, to which you and the children shall always be welcome, but I am resolved never to harbor a drunkard under my roof," he said, authoritatively.

"After all, there's a good deal of the old Adam in you, George, for you begin to assert yourself as a husband at once," I said, with a weary smile.

George laughed.

"Somebody has need to protect women, seeing they are so poorly competent to protect themselves," he replied, promptly.

"But, my son, while I appreciate your kindness, and love you as my life, I must dissent from your dictation. I cannot consent to be a burden upon you. No son-in-law of mine shall ever say that he married my whole family."

"But what do you propose to do?"

"I shall lease this boarding-house, and begin anew to make my own living."

"O, mother!" exclaimed Ethel, in a transport of expostulation.

[To be continued.]

A Colored Sermon.—There is a ring about this sermon, colored though it be as to its orthography. The tinted Johnsing got hold of a bottom fact on which to base his theory, and it wouldn't do any harm if let loose among white folks. It is this: "Bredren, my 'sperience is dat it ain't the perfession ob 'ligion, but de 'casional practice ob it, dat makes a man 'ceptable up yonder. W'en yer gets to de golden gate, and Peter looks yer right in de eye, and yer shows him yer long creed and says dat yer 'longed to de big church, de 'postle he'll shake his head and say, 'Dat ain't 'nuff to get yer through.' But if yer takes yer bills under yer arm, grocer bills and rent bills, and he looks at 'em and finds 'em all receipted, he'll say, 'Yer title is clear,' and unlock de gate, and let yer pitch yer voice for the angels' song. But 'tain't no use to travel 'long dat narrer path 'less yer can kerry, folded up in yer creed, a good rec'mendation from yer creditors. Hebben ain't no place for a man who has to dodge roun' a corner fur fear ob meetin' some one who'll ask him for dat little bill dat nebber was paid."

A Mistaken Man.—A male flirt seldom finds his victims among sensible girls. They generally come off conquerers in a tilt of hearts, and the discomfited coxcomb, although convinced against his will, finds that all maidens are not like moths, to be caught by a glare. However, he does not possess magnanimity enough to confess the truth, but will slyly insinuate to his equally mean confederates that he had amused himself by making love to Miss ——, but if he had dreamed that she was so much interested in him, he would have refrained, and spared her poor tender heart. Deluded spooney! He little knows that he affords food for laughter for a dozen merry maidens. But, girls, you must "put down" this conceited popinjay. Flirt whenever you discover "Barkis is willing;" but maintain your dignity; allow no undue familiarity; keep him at a respectful distance, and, if necessary, pelt him with sugar-coated bullets until you demolish his brazen helmet, and show him to the community in his true colors.

When you treat a man to a glass of ale, are you brew-tally malt-treating him?

THE INDIAN WAR OF 1855-6.

Traveling up Mill Creek, about a mile above where the city of Walla Walla now stands, we reached the site of the village the Indians had so recently deserted. Appearances indicated not only that this had been the camping-ground of a large band for weeks, but that it had at last been evacuated with precipitancy. The slovenly manner in which the contents of the numerous *caches* had been handled in removing, attested the excitement and haste that had attended their preparations for flight. The village had contained not less than one hundred lodges, and had evidently been intended for their winter quarters. But they bade a hasty and no doubt reluctant farewell to their well-chosen rendezvous, just as a winter of unusual rigor was upon them, and fled toward the Nez Perces country. Some of us followed them to the mouth of the Alpowa, some fifty miles distant, where they had crossed Snake River two days previous, when we returned to "Camp Bennett," where headquarters had been established during our absence. Here we remained a month or more, during which time the weather was quite severe. Our supply of clothing and blankets being wholly inadequate, not a few of us suffered greatly from the cold. During the latter part of December and first of January the temperature was constantly below zero, while a cutting wind freighted with particles of snow moaned and shrieked around us incessantly. Ah, me! It makes me shiver still when I recall the unwelcome voice of the duty sergeant as he gruffly summoned me from my not too comfortable bunk at midnight to repair to some bleak point to do guard duty, my bare toes protruding from my dilapidated boots, and only a "Kanaka" coat to shield my body from the piercing blasts. We had plenty to eat, however, as hundreds of fat cattle roamed unguarded over the valley, and were appropriated with downright prodigality. Yet maledictions without stint were heaped upon the absent head of old "Sorrel-top," the commissary who, instead of bestirring himself to provide us a more varied bill of fare, was understood to be roasting his shins by a blazing oak-fire at The Dalles.

With us were a number of friendly (?) Indians, and one day, seeing a "telegraph smoke" burst forth on the summit of a hill some miles distant, my thirst for useful knowledge asserted itself, and I essayed the doubtful task of at once acquiring a full knowledge of their nature and signification. For by what means these peculiar pillars of smoke are produced, or the language they convey to the initiated, is a secret very few of the benighted white race have ever been fortunate enough to possess. Often had we viewed these fumid columns shoot heavenward and disappear, when another and another, miles or leagues away, would as suddenly burst forth and as quickly fade. Our interpreter assured me that his intellect had ever refused to grapple with subjects so profound, and that he was really as ignorant of these phenomena as myself. At length I bethought myself that I had never known an Indian to possess anything that he would not exchange for whisky. I accordingly asked one of the most garrulous of the parasites that infested our camp if he would "disciple" me if I should reward him with a bottle of that coveted beverage, and he surrendered at once and unconditionally. My spirits mounted to the very summit of the Pisgah of joyful anticipation, for I expected now to pierce with glad eyes the gloom that had ever hidden this promised land of knowledge from the wondering eyes of my unfavored race. But fate, cruel fate, stepped in at once to blast my hopes, and I have been compelled to grope my way in total darkness respecting this transcendently important subject, even to the present day, for I had no whisky.

About the middle of February, Company F returning to Portland to be discharged, I took a transfer to Company K, then under the command of Antoine Reviere. Captain Reviere's father accompanied the Lewis and Clarke expedition to this country in 1803, and, with two others, chose to cut himself off forever from friends and home, and all the blessings of civilization, and bury himself among the squalid savages of the Pacific Coast. And here he remained uninterrupted, and, as I have recently learned, passed away at the ripe age of about one hundred years at the beginning of the present decade. But I feel that it is simple justice to Captain Reviere and his uncouth and roystering command, to say that a braver, more magnanimous or truly hospitable set of men never lived than I found them in every emergency, and on all occasions. True, when inflamed by liquor they were like a set of crazy demons, *toward each other*, and would often quarrel and fight among themselves. But let me, mere youth as I was at the time, appear and pleasantly invite them to desist, and instantly anger was chased away by pleasant smiles, and every hand was stayed. And I verily believe that, had one of them so far departed from the inborn politeness that distinguishes their paternal ancestry as to have lifted a hand against the "*petet garson*," as they called me, he would have been instantly torn limb from limb by his exasperated comrades.

One of our chief diversions during the winter was chasing wild horses that abounded over the valley. Many were captured, but always of the inferior class. Many there were that bid defiance to all our efforts to restrain them of their liberty. I remember accompanying two or three of my mad-cap comrades down the valley on a horse-hunt one pleasant winter day. We had alighted at a deserted log hut and were broiling some meat for our noonday repast, when three or four beautifully-formed animals were seen approaching at a rapid gallop. Ever and anon they would halt for a moment, throw up their heads, and then approach at the same rapid pace. At length they came within a few hundred yards of us, wheeling and dashing about with the joyousness of unrestrained freedom. The leader was a bright bay, with long and glossy tail and mane. With the most haughty and buoyant action would he trot around and throw aloft his beautifully-formed head as if, after the manner of some ringleted school-girl, to toss the truant hair from his eyes. Then he would lash his silken tail, shake his flowing mane in pride, eyeing us the while with looks that plainly told his confidence in his powers of flight, should danger or treachery be lurking in the vicinity. After gamboling about for some time his bright eyes gleaming with satisfaction as if conscious that we were watching his showy points, he suddenly wheeled, and, in a canter, placed himself at a more prudent distance. Then he turned again to take another look, once more tossed his head, pawed the ground playfully and again dashed off, and even in the far distance we could distinguish his proud and expanded nostrils, his bright and flashing eyes, and the elastic movements of his symmetrical limbs, as he playfully pranced and curveted about. We watched him until he was but a speck upon the valley, and turned from gazing with regrets that such as he could laugh at our best endeavors to capture him.

[To be continued.]

Retrospection.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton closed an address before the third decade meeting with the following words:

"To those of you on this platform, who for these thirty years have been the steadfast representatives of woman's cause, my friends and co-laborers, let me say our work has not been in vain. True, we have not yet secured the suffrage, but we have aroused public thought to the many disabilities of our sex, and our countrywomen to higher self-respect and worthy ambition, and in this struggle for justice we have deepened and broadened our own lives, and extended the horizon of our vision.

Ridiculed, persecuted, ostracised, we have learned to place a just estimate on popular opinion, and to feel a just confidence in ourselves. As the representatives of principles which it was necessary to explain and defend, we have been compelled to study constitutions and laws, and in thus seeking to redress the wrongs and vindicate the rights of the many, we have secured a higher development for ourselves.

Nor is this all. The full fruition of these years of seed-sowing shall yet be realized, though it may not be by those who have led in the reform, for many of our number have already fallen asleep. Another decade and not one of us may be here, but we have smoothed the rough paths for those who come after us. The lives of multitudes will be gladdened by the sacrifices we have made, and the truths we have uttered can never die.

Standing near the gateway of the unknown land, and looking back through the vista of the past, memory recalls many duties in life's varied relations, we would had been better done. The past to all of us is filled with regrets. We can recall, perchance, social ambitions disappointed, fond hopes wrecked, ideals in wealth, power, position, unattained, much that would be considered success in life unrealized. But I think we should all agree that the time, the thought, the energy we have devoted to the freedom of our countrywomen, that in so far as our lives have represented this great movement, the past brings us only unalloyed satisfaction.

The rights already obtained, the full promise of the rising generation of women in our colleges and the varied industries, more than repay us for the hopes so long deferred, the rights yet denied, the humiliations of spirit we still suffer.

A Bond-holder's Soliloquy.—I am a bond-holder. In 1863 I had $20,000 in gold. I gave it for $50,000 in greenbacks, and gave them for $50,000 in 5-20 bonds, deposited them with the treasurer at Washington, and he gave me $45,000 in greenbacks. I came home and started a national bank. I loaned the greenbacks to the farmers, and of course took a mortgage on their farms. Thus in say four weeks after I sold my gold, I had $95,000 on interest. As the law only allowed me ten per cent. on loans, I had a silent partner, who started an office, and advertised eastern money to loan at ten per cent. on farms for security, and no money let for less than five years, and in sums of $500 and upward. But he always charged five per cent. commission for doing business—and the deposits in my bank amounted to $30,000 on an average, and during all this time my $60,000 in Washington was drawing six per cent. in gold. I always converted gold into greenbacks, and loaned them, and thus, by honesty, economy and industry, on January 1st, 1870, I had mortgage notes of $180,000. Since then I have been swindled by many honest farmers, who mortgaged me land for more than it was worth, and have been heavily assessed by the bankers' union for political purposes, so in eight years I have only doubled my capital, and am worth now only a little more than $360,000.

An idle head is a box for the wind.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

To the Editor of the New Northwest:

The storm-cloud has been upon us in all its fury. Never before have the wild elements beat upon our proud city with such wild frenzy as was recently her fate. The day, up to entering the afternoon, had been bright, when suddenly the clouds gathered into a heavy pall from which shot crooked lightning, followed by crashes of thunder and a blinding sheet of rain, that soon flooded the streets as river-courses. Flash after flash gleamed through the descending torrents, and the loud report of heaven's artillery deafened at short intervals, its shafts shattering trees and houses, while the wild wind rose and howled and tore down our beautiful avenues and streets, uprooting trees, wrenching off house-tops, demolishing unfinished buildings, precipitating their walls upon and crushing neighboring dwellings. Meanwhile the icy hail, in the torrent of the wind, dashed into windows, destroying countless panes of costly plate-glass, while from the merciless pelting great numbers of our poor little sparrows were battered to death. From the swollen waters sewers burst, cellars filled, and basements flooded. Some of the finest buildings in the city suffered, among which is Castle Stewart, a magnificent, tall edifice, whose great roof was seen to rise and then settle back again, leaving a breach into which the rain poured, and ruined the elegant frescoed ceilings of the upper floors. But one life is known to be lost, that of a colored woman whose house crushed upon her. Others have sustained injuries, while many barely escaped death. The total loss of property is estimated at $100,000. Altogether, this was one of the severest drenchings Washington ever received.

While merchants, officials and private citizens are rushing out of the city with their families to escape the heat, there is a class of men among us who seem to scorn and defy the perpendicular rays of a sweltering sun, and boldly go forth every day to perform the most violent gyrations. These are our base-ball players. Matters not a lofty mercury; never a thought they give it, but, with minds filled with dreams of victory, they bat and run, and pitch and halloo in a style perfectly appalling to those of us who make a business of trying to keep cool. To offset these, there has a sort of philanthropic business man sprung up in the shape of the steamboat captain, who gives excursions down the cool Potomac, fifty and one hundred miles, at from five to fifteen cents a trip, going in the mornings, evenings, and by moonlight. Thousands avail themselves of the opportunity, where, upon the majestic river, fanned by the delightful breezes, they watch the gliding shores of green, the musical parting of the water under the boat's prow, and the various crafts that, saluting, pass, leaving their trembling trail upon the wavelet flood, while forgetfulness, under the soft inspiration, obliterates blistering walls and suffocating pavements. This enterprise, in which capital pushes a thriving business by opening to the poorer classes opportunity for healthful pleasure, places itself almost on a plane with our charitable institutions. The mystery to the casual observer is how the large investment involved in a steamer can be made to pay after deducting the wear and tear, expenses of fuel, labor, and a band of music. But such is the fact, to the joy of many.

It is generally understood that the Chinese Embassador, soon to arrive in Washington to take into consideration the settlement of the Chinese troubles on the Pacific Coast, has rented Mr. Stewart's mansion, mentioned above. The Celestials seem disposed to make as imposing an appearance as any of the modern governments, for which purpose they could not have made a better selection of residence.

The commissioners appointed by Congress to report a bill for the re-organization of the army, have been industriously at work, but as yet without any fixed result. The members, however, have harmonized their widest differences of opinions, and, from the concessions made, the country may look for a recommendation to Congress to preserve the army at twenty-five thousand, consolidate the regiments, now but skeletons, and eliminate all unnecessary officers who are now on big salaries. Such is the belief about the War Department, from the reports received of the action of the committee.

Felix.

Washington, D. C., August 16, 1878.

At a recent meeting, in which there was much religious interest, an old man gave expression to his joy by shouting, and continued it until it began to interrupt the services. Brother H—— said to Brother W——, "Go and stop that old man's noise." He went to him and spoke a few words, and the shouting man at once became quiet. Brother H—— asked Brother W——, "What did you say to the old man that quieted him so promptly?" Brother W—— replied, "I asked him for a dollar for foreign missions."

It has cost England $7,500,000 to maintain the Queen's children since they became of age. These useless young people draw very comfortable salaries.

The man who is waiting for something to turn up generally finds it when he steps upon a barrel-hoop.

The Helping Hand.

One of the best forms of charity in modern times is that of care for the recreation of children, and of persons whose lives would otherwise be totally unrelieved from the wearing pressure of daily toil. The older idea of charity was that of food to the starving, and aid to the sick and physically suffering. A finer sympathy perceives the starving soul, the sick and weary heart, and aims to cheer and console them. This higher humanity takes many forms. The Flower Mission is one; the societies for the protection of children and of animals are others; the newsboys' excursions, devised by the *Times* a few years since, and the "Fresh-air Fund" of the *Evening Post*, are forms of the same benevolence, and so especially are the homes by the sea and among the hills for working women and girls, due to the charitable hearts of thoughtful women. The chief value of this kind of charity is its pure humanity. There is nothing obligatory or perfunctory in it. There is a palpable duty to feed those who are actually starving and to nurse the sick, and it is performed often in an official and formal manner, which deprives it of the soul of sympathy, which is the true blessing of charity. The description of endowed charities which Dickens gives awakens a distinct feeling of commiseration for the victims of chartered charities, as if they were victims of chartered cruelty, and there are pictures in early numbers of the *Illustrated News* of the Christmas dole of coals to the London poor, in which this bedizened beadle seems to typify the hard and cold spirit of the charity itself.

It was exceedingly interesting at the opening of the Flower Mission this year to hear the most eminent surgeons and medical men in the city say, with full hearts and eyes, that the little gifts of flowers did more than medicines for the patients in the public hospitals, and that the secret of the efficacy was the revelation made by such gifts to every solitary waif of humanity, that it was not outcast or forgotten. These gentlemen, indeed, said that surgical operations were more successful on the flower days, this happy sense of sympathy serving as a tonic. There is the same kind of bond in the excursions and summer homes of recreation. There is a consciousness, generally involuntary, that the enjoyment which is furnished is an act of pure grace. Nothing but goodness, humanity, generous sympathy, would devise such schemes, and this is a consciousness that civilizes and softens the soul.

Mr. Thurlow Weed, in more than one of his letters to the *Tribune*, advocates the constant proving of this sympathy by personal contact with the poor, and there is no question that the true remedy for social jealousies is not a communistic leveling, which is simply drying up the fountains of a common welfare, but an actual and practical understanding of the situation of others, and the helpful and humane spirit of relief. The Christian theory of charity, as expounded in stories and legends, acknowledged the duty of relieving want, and implied knowledge of those who were in want; and there is, indeed, no real succor unless the want of the heart for intelligent sympathy is satisfied. This implies a constant widening of the sphere of relief, and, as we said, it involves necessary recreation as well as necessary food. In these torrid days, the hand that kindly leads a little child away from the noisome city lane and tenement-house, or the devoted working woman from her chamber or her shop, to breathe the air of the sea, or to behold, however unconsciously, the beauty of the mountains, is surely the hand over which the benediction was spoken: "Whosoever doeth it to the least of the little ones, doeth it to me."—*Harper's Weekly.*

Lost Opportunities.—If we only knew our opportunities, what a difference would it make in our lives. If we only knew when to do, and when to cease our doing; if we only knew what would lead to success and what to defeat, how every thing would be changed. The world is full of lost opportunities. We let them slip away from us as they offer, we let them go carelessly and thoughtlessly, never remembering that they may never come again. In the spring time the farmer who does not sow his grain while the mild rays of April and May warm and soften the earth, need not expect to reap bountiful crops in the harvest season. If he neglect to sow, he cannot reap, and the opportunity is lost. We are no wiser than this indolent farmer when we allow the days to pass from us and leave us in "the night when no man can work." Every individual has had, in this life, enough opportunities presented to him to make his fortune, if he had only seized upon them. Too many of us are waiting for something grand to offer; we have not the patience to accept small things and make the best of them, we want the best of Fortune's gifts, and want them for nothing. The one who is wise will allow no opportunities of making himself useful to pass unimproved. If they do not present themselves, he will seek them out and make them his own. And then, if failure and defeat ensue, he is at ease in his mind, for he has done what he could, and feels no regret for lost opportunities.

Connecticut has at last gained one point toward "Woman Suffrage." The women will be permitted to vote in school meetings, and the men no doubt think they have made a wonderful concession to allow women the privilege of electing the men who regulate affairs for the education of their children, boys and girls, teachers' wages, and so on, in a State where a heavy percentage of the teachers are women with poor salaries. However, part of a loaf is better than no bread at all, and a judicious use of this privilege may pave the way for future independence for women.—*Woman's Exponent.*

In the thirty-third year of Henry VI. of England an act was passed, the preamble of which recites that not long before there had only been six or seven attorneys in the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk, in which time great tranquillity prevailed, but that the number had increased to twenty-four, to the great vexation and prejudice of these said counties. The act provides to restrict the number in Norfolk to eight and in Suffolk to six. It is believed that these acts have never been repealed.

When a dog is muzzled, his bark is on the tied.