

MIDDY MORGAN.

We gave a few years ago some facts about Middy Morgan, but her work and her success are so unique that the facts of her career are always of interest. We met the lady several times at agricultural meetings in New York State, and can testify to the truth of the descriptive parts of the following sketch, written by Roselle Rice, for the *Farm and Fireside*:

Miss Morgan came to this country probably twenty years ago, bearing a letter of introduction to Horace Greeley. She was a stranger, without money, having landed from a ship in New York harbor with only one dime in her pocket, and that she dropped into the sailor's charity fund. But she had letters to persons of influence in the city, and a very fine recommendation of the highest order from his majesty, Victor Emanuel, King of Italy. When she presented her letter to Mr. Greeley, he looked

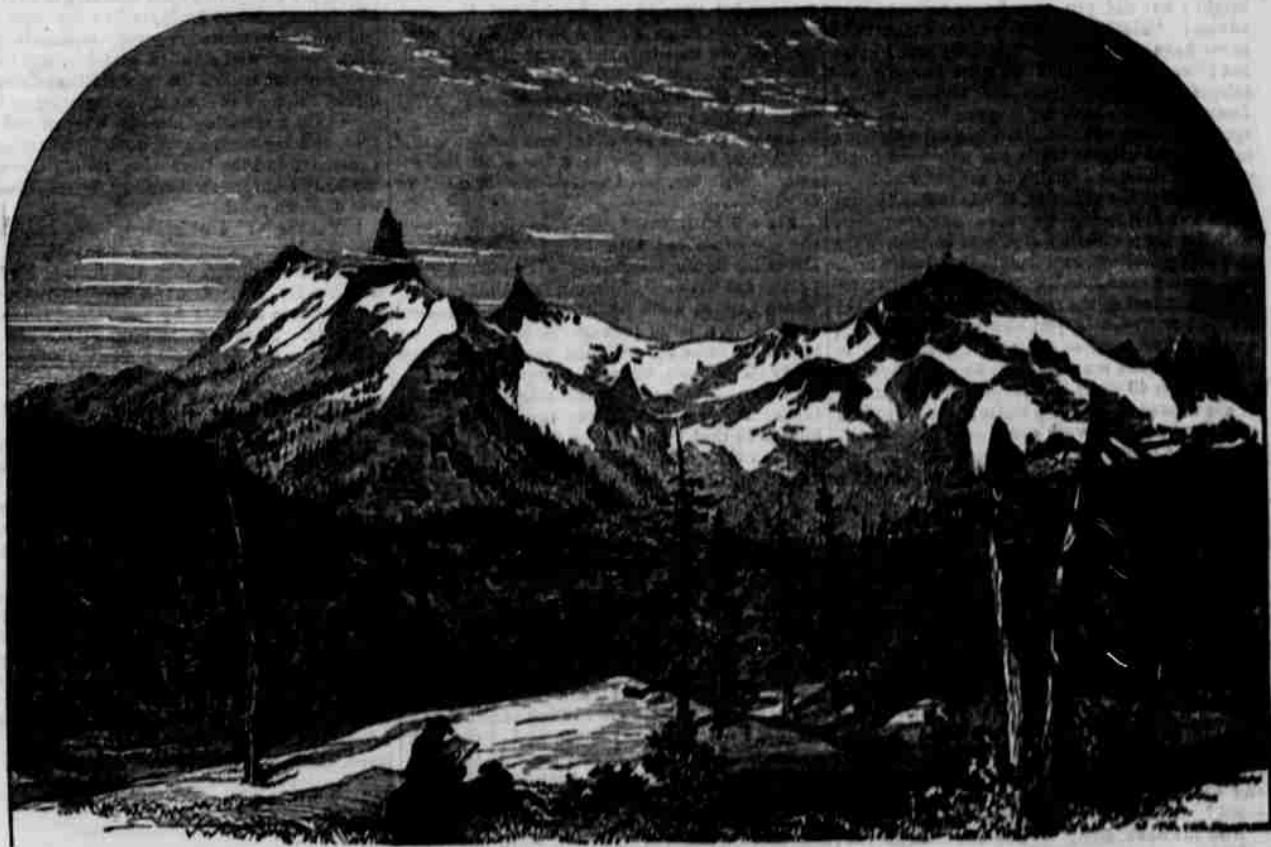
the twinkle of her honest blue eye. She is masculine in appearance, her height being an inch or two over six feet. Her complexion is very fair, though she does not take care of it, cosmetics and their properties being unknown to her. Her form is symmetrical, well knit, not ungraceful; her eyes large, blue, truthful and fine in expression; her hand is small and flexible, and full of character—a little hand that lies often, fuller of power than a lever, upon the shaggy neck of wild cattle, or mingles its whiteness tenderly in the long, shining, silky manes of blooded horses stamping impatiently with the impetuous fire of their uncurbed natures. Middy's voice is her most charming charm. It is soft and musical; "it drops like yellow sunlight down;" a clear, sweet, rich voice, with just the faintest hint of the Irish brogue remaining in it.

Among all classes she is popular, but most popular among growing boys. They call her a

THE CATHEDRAL PEAK GROUP.

The accompanying engraving reproduces a sketch taken looking toward the Cathedral Peak group near Yosemite, and shows the fine mass of elevations to the southwest. In the lower part of the valley are the smooth and glittering surfaces of granite, indicating the former existence of the great glacier of the Tuolumne; above this, on either hand, the steep slopes of the mountains, clad with a somber growth of pines (*Pinus contorta*), and beyond, still higher up, the great snow fields, above which rises many other nameless peaks, in grand contrast with the dome-shaped masses seen in the farthest distance in the direction of Lake Tenaya.

JOURNALISM.—President Garfield, in his address before the Ohio Editorial Association, at Cleveland, said: "It belongs to the honor of the



CATHEDRAL PEAK GROUP, BEYOND THE YOSEMITE VALLEY, CAL.

up from his desk, and said, promptly, "What can you do?"

She replied in a very modest, lady-like way that she could report agricultural fairs and horse races.

"The devil!" he growled, looking at her from head to foot. He never could take a joke. He did not see fun where others saw it. He had a sort of contempt for women who had a superior intellect, and he seemed to regard this woman as a kind of lunatic, who had gotten out of the usual line. He dismissed her without comment, but someone connected with the *Tribune*, thought it would be a good joke on her to send her to the races at Saratoga and let her write out the report. The joke turned charmingly when Middy's account was accepted and the other one rejected. It was so well written, so clear-cut and so sprightly and newsy that from that day the lady had no trouble in getting plenty to do. At this writing she is the well-paid reporter for four to five cattle-market columns in as many New York papers. She is in demand everywhere to write out reports of horse fairs and races, iv e stock and cattle markets. She is one of h e best judges of cattle in this country, and a n tell the weight of a beef on foot almost with

"capital fellow," say she is "jolly," and they never tire of recounting her virtues, and good traits and story-telling ability, to the sisters at home. And these sisters, while they listen with awe and wonder, will break out into, "Oh, how can she!" or "Did I ever!" and then they generally wind up by saying, "Oh, well, if we didn't have to dress, or fix our hair, or if society hadn't demands on us, we could do something, too!" She don't bang her hair, and she don't buy new hats, and she don't care whether things are in the fashion or not.

There is a good deal of truth in this latter assertion. In the winter time Miss Morgan's dresses are of dark-colored waterproof; her wraps are something serviceable that will bear all sorts of weather; her hat a plain, black beaver of fine black straw, with little or no trimming; her shoes substantial, and in bad weather boots are worn the same as men wear boots. This is sensible. The gloves that cover the little hands so plainly showing "good blood," are honest gloves of soft leather.

One reason that she is such a favorite with growing boys, is because she loves to teach the lads how to ride gracefully and well. Her instructions are invaluable.

press to have developed within the past few years as gallant a body of men, of as bright intelligence as the world knows in any profession —men who have illustrated what heroism is by bringing from remote and dangerous quarters those items of intelligence that do so much to enlighten the world. Two forces are needed to improve, enlarge, and ennoble the sphere of journalism. The first rests with us who are outsiders. If by all the means in our power, we can make the people so intelligent that they will only patronize the best and worthiest journals within their reach, we shall have done our part. And if on your part you do so enlarge the sphere of your work, and increase its intelligence and justice and force, that ignorant and weak men will not want your journal—and only the worthy and honorable will deserve it—between you and us, the profession of journalism will go in no noble improvement, bettering that growth, and increasing the security of liberty in your country."

A YOUNG lady graduate may in after years forget the title of her essay, but she will always remember how her white dress was made and trimmed.