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[For the New Northwest.] The Broken Yew.

[The following lines were composed on seeing a notice of the terrible accident herein described.]

"Our comrades have met, love, The hall now is light, And gay are its throng, love, Of inmates to-night. 'Oh, list to the music! To such thrilling strains The life-current dashes Along those young veins!

"There remains a revelation for me to make," said I. "That man's magnetic power was so strong over me at one time that I fancied myself in love with him. He resembles you very much, William. His voice and manner are much like yours, and his power over me was for a season so great that had it not been for my life-long determination to be true to you, he could have led me, strong as my will is, whithersoever he would. This is why I urge you, Doctor, to deal leniently with your poor, weak wife."

"Did I indeed come so near losing you?" said William Snyder.

"Dr. Gordon came very near making a fool of me; I will admit that," I replied, humbly and penitently.

"Then no wonder my poor mother fell," said Mrs. Lewis.

"It was decided that my lodgings were to be broken up. We were all to return to Dr. Armstrong's house, where a quiet wedding should take place, and then a visit to the home of William Snyder's mother would be followed by a return to our Pacific home."

"We were married under the pure shimmer of the evening stars. The same minister—now a feeble and obscure man of full four score—who had officiated at our first nuptials under a wintry sky, when I, a fugitive from home, had plighted vows of constancy, again performed the marriage ceremony. Scandal was so busy with mine and Dr. Armstrong's names that nobody attended the wedding except those most deeply interested. The sublime and quiet joy of my dear children was to me a living fountain of gladness. To me the world was henceforth nothing, for I had found love's full fruition, and to my weary soul came peace and rest and joy."

"A few days' travel by rail and steamer took us to my husband's mother's home, a quaint old mansion in an eastern city, where peace and plenty reigned. The dear old mother welcomed us with a quiet hospitality that won my heart. A party was made in honor of our visit, and I formed new literary acquaintances, among whom were publishers who were glad to purchase my productions at double the sum I had before received."

"My husband was not wealthy. Indeed, I had not given one single thought to the probabilities of his income. I felt such sublime trust in him and such confidence in my own ability to provide my own conditions as made mercenary considerations altogether unnecessary. That he was pure and honest I was well assured. I had no care for other qualifications."

"For a season we lingered with the dear old widowed mother, and then, bidding her a final adieu, we hastened back to the city of —, where our dear children, Dr. Armstrong and his daughter welcomed us, and we were happy as the day."

"But one desire remains unsatisfied, my dear," said I when we were home again.

"What is your pleasure? Name it, and it shall be granted, even to the half of my kingdom," said my husband, facetiously.

"I want to spend a day with you in the haunts around my childhood's home. Will you accompany me?"

"I was just about ready to make the same request, dear Judith. Shall we go to-day?"

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inadvertence he had wronged us in the past, and ended with a benediction that to me, was grandly appropriate, because my cup of peace was full.

"Then he left us alone while he sought his daughter, with whom we, for a season, heard him plead. They returned together, hand in hand, as we had come to him, and in the hazy glory of that summer day full explanations were exchanged, and we were friends once more. The magnetic influence of Dr. Gordon confessed to us that he possessed the same power in a remarkable degree; and that from that time his results had in early life reaped a bitter lesson, which had proved sufficient warning to cause him to be chary of his power, much more would have resulted from his indulgence, which happily had not been visited upon the world. His unfortunate son possessed the power without principle or will to control himself. He did not blame his poor, weak wife. She was much younger than himself. They had never had tastes and sympathies in common, and when repentance should come to her, as come it surely must in time, he promised to shield, protect and provide for her."

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long-gone years and live them over as though I were indeed the morbid child of yore. We drove up and halted in front of the old ruin which had once been a school-house, and alighting there, spent an hour in living over the memories of old. We were too busy with our reflections to care for conversation, but as the time wore on our tongues were loosed.

"Judith, do you remember Ortonville and 'Auld Lang Syne?'"

"William, do you remember the whesky melodeon, the untamed, fiery girl who fainted when she would have sung, and the dear singin' master for whom she would have died?"

"Ah, Judith! you gave promise then of a glorious and noble womanhood. All you needed was freedom, care and culture. I loved you then, not for what you were, but for what I knew you would become. And had not the Fates and Furies been against us, you might have reigned in all these years the queen of good society, and the honored wife of an honorable man!"

"Now, William, don't preach any more about what might have been. Is it not Carlisle who says, 'Why sit and grieve over what might have been, when all eternity is yet to be?'"

"The reader need not think we failed to indulge in the thousand little expressions of endearment that are always so real and important to the parties most deeply interested. We were as foolish and romantic as though we had but just bidden into man and womanhood, but as such private demonstrations are no part of the reader's business, I leave him to imagine them as best may suit him, while I talk of what the prosy fogies of the world call 'sense.'"

"September had swung wide her gates, and we stood upon the threshold of the bounteous autumn. Squirrels bounded from the tree-tops, dropping nut-shells from their dainty paws, and chattering the wild romances of the forest to their graceful mates; crows were cawing in the stately corn; chickens sought the mellow sunlight and made rural melody with their familiar notes; a flock of sheep lay in the shade of a great maple, viewing the end of sweet content, and half-grown lambs frolicked on a prostrate, bark-shorn elm, while far away, through what had been in by-gone years a stately walnut forest, lay the stump-budded lawn, through which, in the snow and storm and darkness, I had hurried among the trees on that long-gone evening, after my ignominious expulsion from the singing school."

"William, what did you think of me that night?" I asked, abruptly.

"I thought you were an untamed Mustang. I did not then dream that your affections were so deep, but I felt that you would some day become famous. Do you remember the day when we met by previous appointment in your Fairy Bower?"

"Remember it! Oh, William! do you suppose I ever could forget? I made a complete fool of myself that day and have been ashamed of my conduct ever since."

"You simply answered a fool according to his folly" then. I am certain that I talked nonsense quite as much as you did."

"Well, it's no wonder my heart was full of nonsense. I had no companions but my few ill-chosen books. Had I been a man there would have been some avenue of usefulness open to me by which I could have grown out of such a state of morbid sensibility; but I was a weak, nervous, miserable woman, whose soul was fretting and chafing in a pent-up sphere; therefore, in the one direction in which my mind found vent, I rushed to an extreme, and that extreme was a love for you which amounted to a sort of frenzy. Women would never become such fools as they so often do if they had other things to think of."

"That's a doubtful compliment, Judith mine."

"I'm not thinking of compliments, my would-be-flattered knight. I know that your regard for me was but an incident, while to myself our love was life, ambition, everything."

"But, Judith, I assure it was all this to me."

"No doubt you thought so, after having been shut up in solitude where you could think of little else, but I well know that, had you never experienced such a trial, you could easily have forgotten me. Women will always be making fools of themselves upon the subject of matrimony while they have nothing else to think about."

"Then what would you have them to do?"

"It is simply because they have nothing else to do. While society makes no demand upon man, never saying he must or must not marry, it says patently to all women, 'You must marry! Marriage is your normal sphere,' and woman, finding nothing else to do, blindly and ignorantly takes charge of a man, who thinks he is going to 'support her' and he does—generally over the wash-tub and cook stove, from which narrow sphere she must not budge, or all the Grundy's of both sexes will cry out 'for shame.'"

"To be our usual."

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PORT GAMBLE, W. T., Nov. 7th, 1871.

Taking passage on board the steamer North Pacific on the afternoon of the 27th ult., we bade good-bye to Victoria in Her Majesty's Dominion, with its legion of saloons, its multitude of 'shops'—as English people style what we call 'stores'—leaving its wainecotted, dark hotel, its McAdamized streets, its colored population, its awkward barouches and eye-necked horses; casting farewell glances of admiration at its well-kept gardens, substantial improvements and elegant government buildings; bidding good-bye to cheerful friends and gladly setting our faces homeward, we steamed out from the docks and up the beautiful inlet, heading for Port Townsend, where, on the evening of the 28th, we were favored with a good audience of intelligent and kindly-disposed people, to whom Miss Anthony delineated the Power of the Ballot. Then, on Sunday, the 29th, she addressed an audience at Coupeville, a milling point across the Bay, on Whidby's Island, where the people, having already been prepared by the Rev. Mr. Greer to accept the new gospel of reformation, were particularly harmonious and wide awake. Again, on the evening of the 30th, we held a meeting in Port Townsend, which was as well attended than the first.

Port Townsend is situated on a high, rolling plateau, overlooking the fine waters of the Bay and commanding a perfect amphitheater of snow-covered mountains, whose grandeur is unspendable. Standing in the doorway of Mr. Burns, whose cordial hospitality will long be remembered, and looking out over the Bay and from thence to the brilliant array of mountain peaks that seem to wall the waters, we can count, perhaps, dozens of snow-capped peaks, and as the sunlight glimmers on their sides, creating glows of glories that give us a foretaste of the Grand Beyond, and, as we look from them to the sky overhead, the soul attunes itself to harmony, and we inwardly exclaim that the whole earth is full of greatness. We have rarely seen a more beautiful situation for a city than Port Townsend. Its land-locked bay is a most excellent harbor, and, being near the great ocean, offers inducements for the railroad terminus, which are so satisfactory to its land-holding inhabitants that they claim high prices for real estate, which are sufficient to retard the growth of an embryo city of almost any species of aspiration. This real estate fever rages all along the Sound, and Portland is not alone in making the great mistake of shutting out real estate buyers who are not large capitalists. Port Townsend gave us a long list of subscribers to the NEW NORTHWEST, and of course we left the busy little town with an agreeable opinion of the intelligence of its people.

Our next appointment was at Seattle, considered one of the most favored places for the terminus. We were here elegantly entertained by Mrs. Wiggin, whom Portland readers will remember as a Spiritual preacher of much ability. The carpers who assailed her character in Portland by saying that she was "running away from her husband" ought to look into her cosy home and meet her excellent consort. We have never seen a more harmonious couple. Our visit will long be remembered as a bright phase in our busy life.

As the Seattle Intelligence gives a very good account of Miss Anthony's lectures, and as Beriah Brown gives a characteristic account of the same, we choose to print their lucubrations rather than our own.

We had the honor of addressing the citizens of Seattle on the subject of Temperance, by invitation of Rev. Mr. Bagley, on Sunday evening, November 5th. The fact is, that our view of the Temperance work was a novel one to the most of the audience, yet the interest manifested on the occasion showed that they were quite ready to accept the new gospel of woman's moral and pecuniary responsibility and influence.

Rev. J. F. Damon, of the Congregational Church, also allied himself to the cause of woman's enfranchisement, and he and Rev. Mr. Bagley, of the Methodist Church, make a strong clerical force in the field of progress.

The Woman Suffragists of Seattle organized a county society during our stay, and a number of delegates are going up to the Territorial Convention at Olympia, on the 8th inst.

Miss Anthony lectured at Port Madison on the 4th and 5th, and joined us yesterday at Port Gamble, where she lectured in the evening. Port Gamble is one of the many lumbering establishments on the Sound, of which the reader may get a very accurate idea from the description given by Captain Crandall in the Oregonian some time since; only the Captain didn't tell that man's idea that he must support woman is practically and not theoretically considered here. The wives of the mill men live in houses by themselves and the men take their meals at the company's cook-house, leaving the women nothing to do but keep their homes. Yet these women are strong suffragists, who with one accord agree with the slave Tom, that they "would like to have a little more that is their own and a little less that is master's."

To-night we join the King county delegates to the Woman Suffrage Convention, and will proceed to Olympia to finish the work inaugurated there some two weeks since.

WOMEN SHOULD REST. Dear Mrs. Denney—The NEW NORTHWEST of Sept. 15th has just arrived, and its genial face endures my otherwise lonely cabin; therefore it is always sure of a warm welcome from me. I sat down on the door step to find what it had to tell me of the news of the outside world—how the Portlanders were prospering and more especially to learn of Miss Anthony's success in "converting the people from the errors of their ways."

When, in looking over the column of answers to correspondents, I saw your answer and advice to a "Nervous Sufferer," my eyes filled with tears as I read, and I thought: How true! If women could get such sensible advice more often they might possibly in time learn wisdom and save their valuable lives for the benefit of their families. There is more "saving truth" conveyed in these few lines, I dare affirm, than was preached during that week from all the pulpits in the city. "Thousands of women go down to their graves every year, leaving their families of children to orphanage, because they do not rest."

Women of Oregon, do you hear that? Then I hope that those of you who are mothers will take warning and rest. When you are weary and exhausted by hard labor, and there seems to be no end to things that are to be done, and despair clutches at your heart strings, leave everything and take time to rest! If possible take a warm bath, sleep if you can, shut your eyes at any rate and pretend you are dead, which you soon will be if you outrage nature much longer.

Many a time, years ago, I have worked until I was utterly exhausted, trying to get ahead or even with my work (and with a baby six months old who really needed the care of a rested mother) have I left everything to take care of itself, retired to my cool room and, tossing baby on the bed with something to amuse himself with, bathed my weary head and tried to sleep and forget for a while that there was such a thing as work and weary women in this world. Then, after an hour of blessed rest, return to the kitchen, where the dishes were yet unmade and the floor unswep; but the steamed had departed, and in a short time everything was in a placid state, leaving me to wonder why I could ever have felt discouraged! Powerful medicines are not needed and should not be resorted to when nature only wants a chance to recuperate herself. I verily believe that there is not another as much overworked and misused female in this round world as a married woman. This is partly her fault, but, as she has no knowledge of nature's requirements, she sins through ignorance.

Neither does "the male" know that he ought to "love, cherish and protect;" or if he knows he does not care. Perhaps he thinks with King Henry VIII. of England, "Wives can be had for the asking." We must all learn to take care of our own health, and by doing this and avoiding all unnecessary work we may keep our tempers unruffled and our health unimpaired, live to a good old age, and our children and our children's children will rise up and call us blessed.

A Young Girl's Influence.

BY JESSIE E.

Speaking of the sin of intemperance one evening, an old gentleman with silver hair remarked that many one had been saved through the gentle influence of a woman, and requested leave to tell the following story to illustrate the fact:

The little village of Brier Dell lay basking in the sunlight of a bright winter afternoon. In spite of its romantic name, it was a bustling, active little town, though not very large. Brier Dell had always been a strictly temperate town, a Good Templars' lodge being one of its principal features. Many a one had appeared on the spot requesting land enough to build a saloon upon, but always being sent away as quickly as possible, as if his very presence tainted the pure air.

But one ill-fated day two dark, evil-looking individuals appeared in town, bought a lot and commenced the erection of a building. In answer to the inquiries of the inhabitants, they replied that they were building a drug store. Said inhabitants expressed their approbation, and wondered why no one had thought of putting one up before. But, ah, how little they knew what a curse it would prove!

Well, the building was finally finished, and the proprietors placed drugs on the shelves and whisky under the counters. One day, standing at his door, you would have seen him down at once as genial, honest and even-tempered. A frank, open face; merry blue eyes, broad, high forehead and wavy, brown hair, he got together quite a handsome young fellow, and a great favorite with every one.

While he was sauntering up the street, a young girl was saying to her mother: "Now, mamma dear, you must have set him down at once as genial, honest and even-tempered. A frank, open face; merry blue eyes, broad, high forehead and wavy, brown hair, he got together quite a handsome young fellow, and a great favorite with every one."

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Men and Women Advocates. Now-a-days it is the fashion to praise the brave and good men who come forward to the support of woman's suffrage above the women who stand with them shoulder to shoulder. We hear it said that men have apprehended the situation better, and are, therefore, shown more tact and delicacy. John Stuart Mill, Robert Collyer, George William Curtis, Laboulaye, Ernest L. Gooue, Salvatore Morelli, and many others, certainly deserve all the praise that can be paid them; but it is easy to see why they occupy a position of greater dignity than some of the women who are working towards the same end. It takes a person of the noblest instincts and broadest sense of justice to advocate the cause of an oppressed class to which he or she does not belong. Men who have espoused the rights of woman occupy an elevated position from whence they can survey the whole field. They sit in the judicial seat while women make the plea. The women, destitute of implements and trying to set themselves free from the inside. The men, with implements furnished them by freedom, are endeavoring to help their sisters from the outside. Women learn the wrongs of their sex more than men do, and the best men apprehend them alone through the intellect, and bring a cooler and more logical temper to the apprehension. Most of the speeches made by women in their own behalf are weighted with feeling. They are too great haste and stress of eagerness to get their rights to be exact and nice in the choice of arguments. They tell what they themselves have felt, seen and suffered, and furnish, however incompletely, the elements of vital heat, while the men advocate supply light. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton in this country, and Frances Power Cobbe in England, are the only women who, by reason of their highest logical faculty, have as yet shown themselves capable of giving statements of the whole question as close and convincing as those furnished by John Stuart Mill and Laboulaye. Our feeling towards the men who have come to our aid is not a cold and feeble emotion, but the very enthusiasm of gratitude. We feel that they are for us because, by their very mental and moral constitution, they cannot be against us. They were born to the paladinship, and such insignia of nature's nobility is beyond praise.

Although the women advocates are working for themselves, and at the first blush seem to stand lower than these men, who from pure love of truth and justice have come to the front; still, in a broader sense, there is no conflict or division of interest. Men and women together in this cause are doing a work for humanity, one and indivisible, and it is always well to keep this fact prominently before the mind of the world.

Girls and women constitute one-half of the depositors of the Boston saving banks.

Queen Victoria's Hallucination.

Whatever may be the truth in regard to the report that Queen Victoria intends to abdicate the throne of England, it is known that the late Albert had for some years past under at least one phase of mental infirmity. She has a firm conviction that Prince Albert is always present with her, and that she can hold communion with him. Her private rooms are arranged as they were when he was alive. His chair is placed opposite to her own in the library, and the books which he delighted to read to her are arranged lovingly in order upon the table. In some of her moods she will converse with him for an hour together, conducting her own share of the conversation aloud, and with the vigor and interest of a time when she had taught her by his example, the success of his business enterprises—especially by his management of the Duchy of Cornwall—to superintend as much as possible of her private affairs, and to reduce to a minimum all unnecessary expenditures, and to forbid extravagances. Hence, the greatest simplicity is observed at the Queen's table, and she imagines that her husband looks on with well pleased interest, when she is more than ordinary depressed with a sense of his presence, the poor, fond woman, will order a knife and fork to be placed on the dinner-table for him, and cause the attendants to place every course, plate, and glass, on the table as if the master still occupied it. Every morning a pair of boots are cleaned and set down against the door of the chamber which he once occupied, and at breakfast, when in Scotland, she will often sit a long time in silence, waiting for the Prince.

The Queen's strong belief in the continued life of the living with the spirits of the dead, she received from Prince Albert himself, who was a sort of theosophist—a something between Jacob Behmen, the mystic, and J. G. Fichte, the philosopher of transcendentalism. Whatever may be thought of it as a theory of philosophical or religious belief by sober, common-sense people, it is to Victoria a source of great consolation, and she often talks with the Prince concerning the state of the soul after death. She has been gradually withdrawing from public life for some years past, and lives in a world of her own. Her harp and her case are both neglected, and she neither sings, plays, nor paints, except at rare intervals when she will sweep her harp strings for a few moments in memory of some sweet German air that her husband loved to sing or hear sing.

A COMICAL INCIDENT.—REV. F. C. Morris relates the following:—A parrot, belonging to some friends of mine, was generally taken out of the room when the family assembled for prayers, and fear he might get into his head to join irreverently in the responses. One evening, however, his presence happened to be unnoticed, and he was employed in a decaying piece of wood, which he had found in the garden. He was then in the room, and he came out with "Cheer, boys, cheer." On this, the butler was directed to remove him, and when he had done so, the parrot, who had got as far as the door, called out, "I have committed himself, and had better apologise, called out, 'Sorry I spoke.'" The overpowering effect on the company may be more easily imagined than described.—National Opit.

OCEAN DRIFT.—A bottle was recently picked up on the north beach of the Island of Key West, with a memorandum enclosed, showing that it had been thrown overboard from a Norwegian brig at a point six hundred miles to the eastward of the Island of Martinique. From an examination of the cork it appears that this bottle was driven by the currents known as the drift of Northeast trade winds, which have passed into and through the Caribbean Sea around the Island of Cuba and into the Gulf of Mexico to the beach of Key West. This long course covers a distance of nearly three thousand miles, and from the date on the memorandum the rate of progress of the bottle must have been about one mile a day, it having been driven along by the currents for two hundred and eighteen days.

Grace Greenwood writes to the Chicago Republican, declaring that there is neither truth nor justice in the charge that she had boxed the ears of a carrier of that journal for bringing the paper late. She saucily adds that she has always found newspaper carriers trustworthy and obliging, and that if she were in the boxing line she would not direct her stinging blows against the carrier's ears; but against those of the editor, "preferring a good, large mark." The Republican humbly proposes, by way of amend, to send its fiery untamed loop up to Grace to be killed, and offers to pay the funeral expenses.

A Cincinnati paper says that it had a dinner-dressmaker, and that she had chosen the greater number of work-women, do not average more than six dollars a week for forty weeks in a year. The remainder of the time they are out of work. At the large cloak, dressmaking and ladies' suite establishments they work by the piece. At these, for work for which customers pay from five to seventy-five dollars, the sewing woman who does the work gets from one dollar to ten. And in other business the shares of the workwomen are no larger.

In the office of the New York Evening Post Mr. Bryant has it said hung up a catalogue of words that is sold for a report is allowed to use. Among these interdicted words are bogus, authoress, poetess, collied, debat, donate, donation, loafer, located, ovation, predicate, progressing, pants, powdies, roughs, seculs, oculate (for kites), indorse (for approve), lully (for wife), jubilant (for rejoicing), bagging (for capturing), loaned (for lent), posted (for informed), realized (for obtained).

Miss Sarah E. Hornor of Georgetown, Mass., has been elected to a professorship in the University of Florida, at Tallahassee. Miss Hornor has for a number of years been an efficient and popular teacher in the public schools of Georgetown, and recently has acted as a member of the School Committee.

A shrewd little fellow was entrusted to the care of his uncle, who felt the boy to the care of his uncle. One day he happened to see a greyhound, whereupon he called out to the dog, "I know what made the little fellow so poor. The reply was, 'I expect he lives with his uncle.'"