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CHAPTER XIV.

Ellen, assisted by Aunty Harris, had stily secured and packed away such articles of clothing as the old housekeeper in her superior experience considered necessary for her comfort. These things were tied up in a linen pillow case, for which a cover of dark calico was made, and her unique traveling trunk was ready.

"I feel dreadfully miserable, dearie," said the good woman. "When your mother ran away the birds were singing in the lilacs, and the springing grass was green and beautiful. The warm sunshine lit up everything with a sort of hazy brightness, and the white clouds lay back in great rolls, showing deep dark patches of clear blue sky. She loved your father, dearie—that was her sunshine—but you don't love your Peter Dowd. It's no wonder the sky's like lead. The weather is so cold and bitter I'm afraid you'll freeze," and she warmed her wrinkled hands over the crackling log fire and moaned aloud in her solicitude.

"I love her well enough to win her affections in time, Aunty. You don't despise me now, do you, darling?" and the man, with tears in his voice, gazed with dry eyes into the half-averted face of the troubled maiden.

"Peter Dowd, I'll love you if I can. Please say no more about it now. I am going to marry you because I must. You made the offer and accepted the conditions. I will fulfill my part of our contract to the letter. Look to it that you live up to yours."

Peter Dowd brought up his horse to the kitchen door, and mounting, seated Ellen behind him, and in the darkness of the early morning the twain set out upon their journey through the snow-drifts to the border of a neighboring State, where the local laws would not prevent a legal marriage.

Aunty Harris, at parting with her dear young friend, had presented her with a package, accompanied by the injunction that she was not to open it for a fortnight. This package contained a roll of bills, and was secretly hidden in her bosom.

Peter Dowd's worldly possessions consisted of a good, substantial suit of clothes, the sorrel horse they rode, and twenty dollars.

Many young couples have started out in life with pecuniary prospects far less flattering, who have made life's voyage successful. Let us with hope and solicitude pursue them in their flight, looking, as they do, to the brighter side of life's vicissitudes.

"Come, sorrel, hurry up, or we shan't make the border by daylight," said Peter, encouraging his horse.

"What will you do if they discover us?" queried Ellen, anxiously.

"I'd like to see them help themselves," was the exultant reply. "They may not see anybody from the village for a week."

"But Aunty will send Grady to the neighbors with a letter."

Peter Dowd bit his lips and said nothing. He had stily given the poor dog a bait which had sent him into death agonies, before the quaint gables and many pained windows of the old mansion had faded from their sight.

The traveling was excessively tedious and difficult. The frost-laden air was so piercing that to breathe it almost froze their vitals.

Ellen, with her head enveloped in a quilted hood, lined with fur, a pair of horse-knit mittens, the gift of the good housekeeper, protecting her shapely hands, with overboes of sheepskin on her feet, and a large, heavy, fur-lined cloak enveloping her slight form, yet shivered in the biting air.

Peter Dowd sat in the saddle, moody and silent. Evidently he was very anxious to reach the border, for he soon began to urge his steed forward through the drifts with pitiless haste; and the poor beast, that for two months had faded from their sight.

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The New Northwest.

FREE SPEECH, FREE PRESS, FREE PEOPLE.

VOLUME I.

PORTLAND, OREGON, FRIDAY, APRIL 5, 1872.

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"For the love of mercy, Peter, let us have a fire!" she exclaimed, shivering in every nerve. "My very marrow is becoming frozen."

Soon the large sheet iron stove was aglow with a ruddy heat, and Ellen crouched behind it on the dingy carpet, warming her benumbed feet and fingers, while her cheeks tingled with the rapid rush of blood to her nearly frozen face.

Her affianced husband gave his horse in charge of a groom, and entering, sat down opposite the timid, shrinking form of the child-woman, whom it seemed that the very fates and furies had entrusted to his keeping; and sitting there, a cloud of momentary humiliation passed over his face, as though he felt that he was taking advantage of the young creature's helplessness in thus claiming her as his own.

"O, Peter Dowd, my father's cousin," said Ellen, pleadingly, "I entreat you to go back to my grandfather. You have done a great and manly and noble deed in this rescuing me from a fate I loathed and dreaded, and now I beg that you will go and leave me."

"Is this the way you keep your contracts, Ellen Dowd?" and he leaned forward and gazed long and earnestly into her eyes.

"I have sent for a magistrate, and we are to be married at nine o'clock. Are you willing to revoke your vow, stultify yourself and make a village laughing-stock of the man whom you have promised to love, honor and obey?"

"God help me," said the frightened child. "I know not what to do."

"I know very well what you will do, my charming little one," was the meaningly smiling answer, as Peter Dowd drew near to her and began chafing her sweet little hands, and we'll work together all through life as an honest, loving couple ought to do."

"But I do not love you, Peter Dowd. Please let us postpone this marriage. I can teach music, cook, do chamberwork, wash, make butter, or do anything else that offers. You can find a situation somewhere, and we can get married in a few years. Let's not be too hasty. Remember that if we once get married there is no undoing our error then."

"That, my dear, is the very reason why I insist upon the marriage now. I know very well that if it is postponed the old Killingsworth will get you, and then, of course, we'll never marry at all."

"That grinning old ghoul—ugh!—that settles it! I'm ready for the sacrifice. I'll become your wife this minute, Peter Dowd."

"Oh, you needn't be in a hurry, darling," leaning forward and giving her a fervent kiss. "We are not to be married till nine o'clock."

"Then, Peter Dowd, I have one request to make of you. For two hours longer I am to have the privilege of belonging to myself. I want to be left alone during that time. Will you leave me till the magistrate comes?"

"But I have ordered breakfast, Ellen. We shall want food, you know."

"Peter Dowd, I declare to you that food will choke me. Think you that I will waste the last precious hours of my maidenly freedom by eating breakfast? Leave me this instant, and do not come into my presence again before the clock strikes the fatal hour of nine. If you do I will not marry you."

The groom edgely reluctantly obeyed. Once alone in the apartment, Ellen Dowd began pacing hurriedly up and down the floor, with her hands tightly clasped over her burning face. Thoughts of her sisters; of her parents whom she had never seen; of her aged grandparents in their grief and coming poverty; of good Mrs. Harris; then of her months and years of study; of Mrs. Brandon and the gipseys; and again of the dwarfed, deformed old man, who had lain such deep schemes to possess her and the D'Arcy estate, chased each other through her dizzy brain.

"There is some strange and awful fate hanging over me," she said. "I'm sure of that. Why are women so helpless? Who would think of compelling a boy to marry against his will at seventeen? Who would think of compelling a man to marry, anyhow? But women, upon whom must always fall the heaviest burdens of the married state, are left with no freedom of will—no chance to control their own destiny. Oh, if I only were a man! O, sister Sarah! O, my mother dear! O, destiny! O, fate! whither am I whirling?" she said aloud.

Then, dropping on her knees, she raised her hands to Heaven, and an invocation for light, for wisdom, strength, submission, endurance, floated up in low, measured cadences from her throat and lips, and reached the ear of the great Infinite.

"I will not insult Thee, Almighty Father, by asking Thee for happiness. I only pray for strength sufficient for my day."

Arising from her knees, the poor child reclined in a large easy chair, and with her eyes closed, sat motionless for a full hour, thinking, thinking, thinking.

Again the weird old gipsy, whose mysterious visit at her first and only party had so seriously disturbed her, seemed to stand before her, and she heard, or seemed to hear, the same sepulchral voice repeat the words:

The mother's mantle falls upon the child;

The mother was, the daughter will be soon beguiled. Woe, woe the day, when from thy distant home Thy loved ones urged thee to these halls to come.

She arose and hurriedly paced up and down the room. "Am I going crazy?" she whispered. "Yes, I am crazy, for I now recall every burning word that old crone uttered. The time has indeed come when I long for the hearse and the shroud and the bier."

But it's late to retrace my footsteps. I was impelled to this course against my own inclination, and now I must become the glad bride of the gentleman true, who would fain kneel before me his suit to pursue."

His glad bride! indeed! His glad bride! the old gipsy had much better said. But, hark! The clock strikes nine. Farewell freedom! Farewell individuality! Farewell hope!"

Patience reader, do not become disgusted with this straightforward story. Thousands are the women who marry from sheer force of circumstances, whose inward thoughts of repulsion are none the less real, expressive and bitter because skillfully concealed. Never will womanhood become demoralized from this yoke of matrimonial oppression until every conventional yoke is broken which binds her as a slave to circumstances, and she, like man, endowed with power to shape and control her own opportunities, accepts matrimony as a choice instead of a necessity. That very many women do become mated from choice does not prove that woman's present status is correct. It only proves that they are often comparatively happy in spite of proscribed opportunities, while the many sad, disappointed, mistreated and misanthropic ones bear daily testimony to the fact that women need the greatest largess of personal liberty to enable them to choose for themselves such lots as seem to suit them.

The civil magistrate, who entered with the groom and landlord to perform the marriage ceremony, proved to be the proprietor of the intelligence office, whom Ellen painfully remembered, as he entered the room with the inevitable pen behind his ear.

"Bless my eyes, but this is a pleasure!" he exclaimed, rubbing those "blessed" members till they resembled inflamed feline optics, that had been treated to a dose of diluted vitriol. "I didn't expect such a denouement as this when you came, my pert and plucky little lady, to seek a hired man in my office—though I might have known it, for these matters usually terminate just so. Are you ready?"

Ellen bowed assent. For her life she could not have spoken.

Peter Dowd crossed the room and, taking her by the hand, led her forth, as Ellen inwardly expressed it, "like a lamb to the altar of sacrifice."

A short ceremony, a promise on one side to "love, protect and cherish," and on the other, to "love, honor and obey," was quickly over, and Ellen became merged by law into the personification and ownership of her husband.

"What God hath joined together let no man put asunder," was the final comment of the magistrate.

Al, reader, does God ever join two human souls under circumstances like these?

The marriage certificate was duly signed, sealed and delivered, the required fee was paid, and the officer of the law and the landlord, as his witness, left the newly married couple alone.

"By ginger, Jenkins!" said the landlord, in a low, earnest tone, "I feel dreadful blue over this transaction. It's very nearly thirty years since Ellen D'Arcy, that girl's mother, married Peter Dowd, that man's cousin, in this very house. I don't at all like the stock of them Dowds. A prettier girl than Ellen D'Arcy, or a better mannered, more accomplished one, didn't exist in her time; and her daughter's quite up to her. Old D'Arcy's daughter had a dooced hard time of it in this world, and if I'm not mistaken, his granddaughter won't recline on roses."

"If you had any objection to the match, why didn't you say so?" queried the magistrate, very virtuously indignant, now that his fee was in his pocket and any objection to the marriage would be forever too late.

"I keep a public house to make money, sir; and if I'd spoil the little made-up games of impetuous young folks I'd lose much of my business. Can't afford it, sir. Do you understand?"

"Business is business, that's a fact," was the rejoinder, and the two sat down behind the bar room stove to smoke and grow serene.

Peter Dowd ordered breakfast, and a pale, motherly woman spread a tiny table with an appetizing meal of savory dishes.

Ellen tried, but could not eat. She seemed as one in a trance. So pre-occupied was she that her husband was compelled to address her repeatedly to arouse her sufficiently to cause her to reply to his well meant admonitions to partake of food.

Breakfast over, the young couple departed for Chicago, by way of the great lakes. Peter Dowd sold his horse for fifty dollars, which, added to his purse of twenty dollars, minus the hotel bill and marriage fee, made a sum upon which he calculated to reach the western home of Ziek Hamilton, whose fau-

lly his bride was excessively anxious to see.

Arriving at Chicago in due time, and finding the weather so severe as to render the journey by stage impracticable for the season, they were compelled to enter cheap lodgings and engage in some sort of occupation for the winter.

Ellen, wiser than most young brides, kept her own counsel about the roll of bills presented her by Aunty Harris, and thus gave her husband no reason to believe that he could have other temporary dependence for a livelihood than his own hands and brain; but she soon plainly saw that he would depend upon her, for he engaged an infant school for her at terms to suit himself, and coolly so informed her after the bargain was completed.

The D'Arcy blood arose at this, not but that she was willing and anxious to work, but she felt that if her lord and master had consulted her wishes it would have been easier for her to endure the burden. With compressed lips and resolute heart she took up her labors and performed them faithfully, while her able-bodied consort remained idle, contenting himself by saying that he could find no work to do.

"Take my school, then, and let me rest," said Ellen, when the term was half completed.

Her health was rapidly giving way under the double "curse" so often borne by wives whose husbands not only "rule over them," but, in addition, compel them to earn the "bread" for both "in the sweat of the face."

"How would it look for me, a man weighing two hundred, to engage in teaching an infant school?" he said, contemptuously.

"Quite as well as it looks to see your living off my labor," was Ellen's bitter but unspoken reply.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

This department of the NEW NORTHWEST is to be a general vehicle for exchange of ideas concerning any and all matters that may be legitimately discussed in our columns. Finding it practically impossible to answer each correspondent by private letter, we adopt this mode of communication to save our friends the disappointment that would otherwise accrue from our inability to answer their queries. We cordially invite everybody that has a question to ask, a suggestion to make, or a scolding to give to contribute to the Correspondent's Column.

Editor New Northwest: A few weeks since I read, with great regret, some remarks by you touching Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull. I felt at the time, that the period must come when you would perceive that your judgment was too hastily formed, from data which would lose its weight; or, that in some form you would obtain greater light and be able to accept her as she truly is, a noble helper and leader in the great cause of human rights. Has that time of enlightenment arrived?

Yours truly, MENTOR.

We cannot agree with you that we have hastily or otherwise formed unjust opinions of this wonderful woman. We have only judged her by her own words. While we believe her life to be as pure as man's or woman's can be, we regret her reckless defiance of public and private opinion, which leads bad men to the wished-for opportunity to accuse her, from their own standpoint, of obscenity and wickedness. We have the testimony of at least a dozen of the best men and women of the nation, as to her present social purity; and so long as we live as a loyal subject of men high in political power, whose early social life the same man who denounce Mrs. Woodhull tell us must be exposed, because they have reformed, it would indeed illy become us as a woman to denounce a sister, who, granting that all that her defamers say is true, shows no blacker record than does the present President of the United States. As a woman suffragist, Mrs. Woodhull is wielding a vast and telling power. As a wife and mother, her present social relations are beyond reproach. General Grant, as President, is wielding a power that is doing the nation great good. As a husband and father, his present social life is as pure as Mrs. Woodhull's. It is not what these public workers have done, but what they are doing now, that we must judge them by. We cannot accept Mrs. Woodhull's social theories, as we understand them. We have nothing to do with her vagaries, but we glory in her work for the great cause of Woman Suffrage.

Dear Mrs. Dunway: You have cordially invited those who have a question to ask, or a scolding to give you, to contribute to the correspondent's column. Now I come with both: 1st. Are you certain that your aspersions upon the character of the President are true? 2d. Don't you think you're "fool-hardy" in making such statements? 3d. Do you think any good can come of them? I like your fearless utterances, and your usually noble stand for truth and justice, but I must scold you roundly for attacking the social character of the President of the United States, to whom this great nation is fondly looking as its present stay and future hope.

Yours indignantly, C.

Thank you, friend C. We like a man

that is not afraid to speak his sentiments. 1st. If the "attack," as you term it, upon the social life of the President had been false, we should not have dared to utter it. Gen. Grant has many rich and powerful devotees in Oregon who would bind us to the very rack of public contumely for thus telling the truth if they had any shadow of hope that they could prove it false. No respectable newspaper has attempted to deny it, nor will any. They know better. 2d. We may have been "fool-hardy," as you term it, but we counted the cost, and were prepared for a thousand-fold "indignation" than we have received. One man only stopped his paper, and he writes us that if he had believed the accusation true, he would have been glad to see it published. 3d. Much good has already come of this exposition. Men by hundreds are seeing the injustice of their attacks upon the social character of leading women in the nation, who could not have been led to see it in any other way than by thrusting their own disgusting prescriptions down their own throats. Desperate diseases require desperate remedies. While we do not agree with you that Grant is our nation's only hope, we know that no human power will prevent his re-election, and we are glad that he has reformed from his early bad habits. But we demand for fallen women an equal opportunity with fallen men to arise from the degradation of prostitution and intoxication, and become Presidents, if the people—men and women—so will it. But in the good time coming, when the women vote, we have no doubt that rulers of both sexes will be chosen whose lives have been socially spotless from their beginning.

R. P. Dalles: Sent you the "list" called for in December, but, as the "blockade" arrived soon after, suppose you did not receive it. Will now let it rest till the occasion of our next visit. Shall go to Dalles to hold a "protracted meeting" soon.

Miss B. A. O., Roseburg: Letter received. Thanks.

South Salem: Shall accept your invitation. Cannot yet name the day.

Gipsy: Your prose is better than your poetry. "Pells" and "beans" are not legitimate rhymes; neither are "bright" and "riot." You can do better. Try again.

Other letters attended to next week.

REMARKABLE SCENE IN A CHURCH. Last Sunday evening a most remarkable scene was witnessed in the old Church of St. John's (Catholic) Parish, Patterson. The Rev. William McNulty, pastor, at all the morning masses had read Bishop Bayley's Lenten pastoral, and feelingly dwelt upon the passage where the Bishop declares that "the spectacle of a strong man behind a bar dealing out crime, misery and death, instead of earning an honest living in some lawful way, was the most pitiable sight imaginable." He announced that the old church, in which they had worshipped for years, would be opened that evening for the purpose of administering the total abstinence pledge to all who might wish to commence Lent in this praiseworthy manner, and that he had invited the President of the Catholic State Temperance Union to deliver an address, and would himself address to them some exhortations on the subject. About two thousand people were packed in the old church at seven o'clock. The altar was hidden away behind draperies and banners, a platform being erected in front. The Rev. McNulty, who spoke for an hour, Father McNulty then called upon his people to join the army of teetotalers, and told those so disposed to stand up. In an instant fully 1,000 people were on their feet. They repeated the pledge aloud, and received the priest's benediction. The Presidents of St. Patrick's, St. Joseph's, St. John's (of Patterson), and Passaic St. Patrick's societies were compared to one of O'Connell's monster emancipation meetings.—N. Y. Herald, Feb. 21st.

MARK TWAIN ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE. Mark Twain says that when women frame laws, the first thing they will do will be to enact:

1. That all men should be at home at ten P. M., without any exceptions.

2. That married men should bestow considerable attention upon their own wives.

3. That it should be a hanging offense to sell whisky in saloons, and that fines and disfranchisement should follow in such places.

4. That the smoking of cigars to excess should be forbidden, and the smoking of pipes utterly abolished.

5. That the wife should have the title of her own property when she marries a man that hasn't any.

"Such tyranny as this," says Mark, "we could never stand. Our free souls could never endure such degrading thralldom. Woman, go away! Seek not to beguile us of our imperial privileges. Content yourself with your little feminine trifles—your babies, your benevolent societies and your knitting—and let your natural boss do the voting. Stand back, you will be wanting to go to war next. We will let you teach school as much as you want to, and pay you half price too; but beware! we don't want you to crowd us too much."

As Russia will not raise crops much beyond what are necessary for home consumption, this year, she may afford a market for a portion of our surplus. No one need starve in this world if the United States are informed in season.

Of all the disagreeable habits of the world was ever formed with scolding the most annoying. To hear a saw filled, to hear a peacock scream, or an Indian yell, is music compared with it.

(From the Democratic Era.) Ye Indignant Ghosts of Kit Carson Speaketh.

BY STEPHEN MAXWELL.

Like shadows we sat, the lights burning dim, Ranged in a circle ghostly and grim. Our hands clasped, hushed, tongues silent and dumb. Patiently waiting ye spirits to come. The medium's brow grew sultry and red, And flashing her glance—she rose and she said: "Am Kit Carson's ghost I hear to your eye To say 'Kit Carson's hide' is a lie. From the realm of the unknown and unseen From the monstrous shroud and coffin I've been Called by that Webfoot poet, Joaquin. Let the folks stand advised, I have denied bores that get in 'Kit Carson's hide.' Such heroism I'd rather decline.— 'Twas a ride of Joaquin Miller's, not mine. I'm only a rough, wild son of the woods. Who never had much of learning or goods. A hero of deed and Indian fight, such like adventures and such like delights. But I've been a man, whatever I've been, And an one can say 'Kit Carson was mean.' And 'over and over' and 'over and over,' And made to desert an Indian lover. And contrary laws to turn a soldier mean. While I rode off with her mustang alone. I was alive in the world, and I'm not dead. I put a head on that poet, I would; But I'm only a ghost and can but complain— Joaquin, don't make me your hero again."

Blue Eyes Behind the Veil.

Mr. Edge was late at breakfast. That was not an unusual occurrence, and he was disposed to be cross; which was likewise nothing new. So he retired behind the newspaper, and devoured his eggs and toast without venturing any reply to the remarks of the freshlooking little lady opposite to wit: Mrs. Edge. But she was gathering together her forces for the final onslaught, and when at length Mr. Edge had got down to the last paragraph, and laid aside the paper, it came.

"Dear, didn't you say you were going to have a hundred dollars for my new furs to-day?"

"What furs?" (rather shortly was this spoken.) "Oh, pawaw! what is the use of being so extravagant? I have no money to lay out in useless follies. The old ones are good enough for any sensible woman to wear."

Mrs. Edge, good meek little soul that she was, relapsed into obedient silence. She only sighed a soft, low sigh, and presently began a new attack.

"Henry, will you go with me to my aunt's to-night?"

"Alone, how it would look!" Mrs. E's temper—for she had one, though it did not often parade itself—was aroused. "You are so neglectful of those little attentions you used to pay me once; you never walk with me, nor do you carry my handkerchief, nor notice my dress as you once did."

"Well, a fellow can't be forever waiting on women, can he?" growled Mr. Edge.

"You could be polite enough to Mrs. Waters, last night, when you never thought to ask whether I wanted any thing, though you knew perfectly well that I had a headache—I don't believe you care as much for me as you used to."

And Mrs. Edge looked extremely pretty with tears in her blue eyes and a quiver on the round, rosy lips.

"Pshaw!" said the husband, peevishly. "Now don't be silly, Maria."

"And in the stage, yesterday, you never asked me if I was warm enough, or put my shawl around me, while Mr. Brown was so attentive to his wife. It was mortifying enough, Henry; indeed it was."

"I didn't know women were such fools," said Mr. Edge, as he drew on his overcoat to escape the temporary deluge that was fast approaching. "Am I the sort of man to make a ninny of myself doing the polite to any sort of a female creature? Did you ever know me to be conscious whether a woman had on a shawl or a swallow-tailed coat?"

Maria eclipsed the blue eyes behind a little pocket handkerchief, and Harry, eye savage, banged the door loud enough to give Betty in the kitchen a nervous start.

"Raining again! I do believe we are going to have a second edition of the deluge," said Mr. Edge to himself, that evening, as he encircled six feet of idleness in the southwest corner of the car at the city hall. "Go ahead, conductor, can't you see we are full, and it is dark already?"

"In one moment, sir," said the conductor, as he helped a little woman, with a basket on board. "Now, sir, move up a little, if you please."

Mr. Edge was exceedingly comfortable and did not want to move, but the light of the lamp falling on the pearly forehead and shining golden hair of the comer, he altered his mind and moved up.

"What lovely eyes," quoth he, mentally, as he bestowed a single acknowledging smile. "Real violet, the very color I most admire! Bless me! what eyes. There's a shadowy, unconfounded veil over her face, and the light is as dim as a tallow dip; but those were pretty eyes."

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

circumstances he hardly blame him, when the car stopped suddenly, that she caught at his arm, for the squeeze he gave the plump rosy hand—any man of sense would have done the same—it was such an inviting little Lily.

"Allow me to carry your basket, Miss, as our paths lie in the same direction," said Mr. Edge, courteously, relieving her of her burden as he spoke; "and—and—may be you'd find less difficulty if you take my arm."

Well, wasn't it delightful? Mr. Edge forgot the wet streets and pitchy darkness—thought he was walking on roses. Only as he approached his door he began to feel a little nervous, and wished the little incognito would not hold on so tight. Suppose Maria should be at the window on the lookout, as she often was, how would she interpret matters? He could not make her believe that he only wanted to be polite to the fair traveler. Besides, his sweeping declaration in the morning—she would be sure to recall the suppressed rage of her front of the right number, and bade her adieu, he was astonished to see her likewise run up the steps to enter. Gracious Apollo! he burst into a cold perspiration at the idea of the young lady's error.

"I think you must have made a mistake, Miss," he stammered; "this can't be your house."

But it was late—she was already in the brilliantly lighted hall, and turning around threw off her dripping habiliments, and made a low courtesy.

"Why, it's my wife!" gasped Mr. Edge.

"And happy to see that you have not forgotten all your gallantry toward us ladies," pursued the merciless little puss, her blue eyes (they were pretty) all in a dance of suppressed rage; "and I don't know how you can be so polite to a lady in the cars, and hang me if it shan't be the last."

"You see, my dear," said the ecstatic little lady, "I did not expect to be delayed so long and had not any idea I should meet with such attention in the cars, and that from my husband, too! Goodness gracious, how Aunt Priscilla will enjoy the joke!"

"If you tell that old Harry I will never hear the last of it," said Edge in desperation.

"Very probable," was the provoking reply of his wife.

"Now, look here, darling," said Mr. Edge, coaxingly, "you won't say anything, will you? A fellow don't want to be laughed at by all the world. I say, Maria, you shall have the prettiest furs in New York if you will only keep quiet—you shall, upon my honor."

The terms were satisfactory, and Maria capitulated—who wouldn't? And that is the way she got those splendid furs that filled the hearts of all her other friends with envy. And perhaps it was what made Mr. Edge such a courteous husband ever since.

FRIED BEEFSTEAK TO RESEMBLE BROILING.—Heat a spider so very hot that flour will burn on it instantly; wipe it free from dust, and lay in the steak it should brown immediately; take it from the spider before it has had time to cook any part except the browning of the side that came in contact with the spider; lay it on the platter, which should stand over hot water; heat the spider again; wipe it free from fat; and brown the other side in the same manner as the first. Have butter, pepper and salt for the gravy laid on the platter to melt, while the last is browning; remove the steak to a hot dish,