

"It is said there are ninety saloons in Portland," says the Daily Paper.

"My dear boy, my dear boy, why do you young men go to the saloons?"

"With that fermented stuff they fall of and die!"

"But little you know the prayers of your wife, who to you would yield up her life?"

"O husband, why will you your own soul destroy?"

"And hasten the ruin of our one precious boy?"

"You know that I have it—yes, you go astray—The devil, such places as these, he loves!"

"But we wives and mothers must plead all in vain—"

"You but laugh to us and call us insane."

"I am all alone now, for neither would stay—O God, can it be they've gone 'over the way'?"

"A riot at midnight! 'Tis a low drunken brawl, And I think I heard some one policeman call!"

"Now a slow-reeling step is being led to the jail!"

"O mother! your heart will break with a will!"

"This your own darling boy who goes there to-night?"

"Thank God! in His mercy He's spared you the sight!"

"Heaven pity that boy, who is still in his teens, Yet growing familiar with such fearful scenes!"

"His poor mother knew where her boy has been left, Surely she'd be of her reason bereft."

"The husband and father may reach home at once!"

"The wife and mother knows what must be done!"

"Her grief must be hidden and smiles play instead!"

"Till she helps the poor drunkard into his bed, As she smooths down his pillows his red eyes can trace"

"A spirit-like pleading in her sad, wistful face, And something reminds him of their first wedded bliss."

"He draws down her face and leaves there a kiss, She sickens and shudders and hurries away, To fall on her knees to plead and to pray."

"O God! my dear ones—help them yet to do right!"

"Is the prayer that she pleads throughout the long night?"

"Her boy returns not, She guesses all now, And sadly she fears he engaged to that row."

"The day is now dawning—an age has rolled on To that poor wretch another since her boy has been gone."

The New Northwest

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SONORA HEWITT.

BY MRS. SUSIE WITHERELL. [Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by Mrs. Susie Witherell, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington City.]

CHAPTER V. THE MOONLIGHT SAIL.

Wednesday morning was one of unclouded splendor. The warm June sun had arisen in all his glory, and the azure sky, here and there spotted with clouds of crimson and gold, seemed to reflect new light upon the earth.

"What a superb view!" exclaimed she, as some little clouds of purple and crimson wreathed themselves around a larger one of golden tint, and looked as if they were suspended in the air, ready to drop upon the earth as they arose from their bed behind the distant hills.

"I do hope mamma will give up our city home altogether and live here," continued she. "I am sure she would be much happier, at least I should think so. I know I am. I never was so happy in my life. To be loved by the good and noble Clarence Pierpont is enough to make any one happy. I am glad Blanche is coming to-day, so I can tell her all about it. I know she will rejoice with me—dear Blanche! I sometimes have fears that dear mamma will not consent to our union; but then two years is a long while, and perhaps papa will persuade her, for I know he will be willing; at any rate I shall soon know, for he intends to ask mamma's consent the day after the party. Till then I must not worry. I wonder what Blanche will say? She is two years older than I am, and has not even thought of love, but then she has never seen a Clarence, and blushing to herself, she hid her face in her lap."

"Why, there is the bell! I must hurry up," and rising, she began arranging her luxuriant curls before the mirror as she went on: "Blanche would not like a minister, I suppose. She is more fond of gaiety than I am. Though Clarence is not so strenuous in his ideas as some are. He delights in amusements, providing they are rational ones, and says he would as soon play a game of billiards or dance a favorite quadrille as not, were it not for the influence it might have over worldly people, who would be ready to exclaim, 'A minister dancing! A minister playing billiards!' It would never do for these demoralizing times!" and rolling the last curl around her dainty little fingers, began the process of dressing.

"Good morning, my pet," said her father, as she entered the dining room. "Why, your cheeks look as blooming as some of the roses I have been watering this morning. I think your walk must have done you good yesterday," and giving her a very knowing look, took his seat at the head of the table.

"How about the sail—do you intend going?" asked Mrs. Hewitt, as she glanced towards her daughter.

"Yes, indeed, with your consent," answered Sonora. "Why, I would not miss it for anything, and the girls will enjoy it so much, I know."

"Look out, boys," said the Colonel. "Moonlight sails are dangerous." Clarence merely smiled, while Harry remarked: "No fear of me losing my heart. I am proof against anything of the kind until I see Adele Summers, of whose beauty I have heard so much," answered Harry, winking to his mother.

"I am pleased to hear you talk so sensibly, my son," observed Mrs. Hewitt, smiling complacently. "Miss Summers is a lovely girl, an heiress of eighty thousand," continued she.

"Which renders her quite perfect," emphasized the Colonel.

"I consider riches but a small item compared to true mental worth," remarked Clarence.

"Does the young lady of whose beauty you just spoke reside near you?" asked Clarence of Harry.

"Oh, no. She is a Southern belle. Her father, dying some two years ago, left the whole of his fortune to his wife and only child, who resided at that time in Louisiana, but they have since spent most of their time in New York, for the purpose of finishing the young lady's education, which event happening about six months ago, they returned to their home, and where Sonora and I expect to pay a visit as soon as she graduates. Adele is an old school mate and friend of my sister's."

Clarence, in a lively tone. "Time will show," said Harry, laughing, as they arose from the table. "Come, Clarence, you and I will take a walk down to the river and examine the little affair which is to afford us so much pleasure this evening."

"With pleasure," answered his companion, and the two young men, arm in arm, started out the door. As it closed after them, Mrs. Hewitt remarked: "I am glad to be free from the presence of one whom I detest. I never saw a person in my life to whom I took such a dislike before. What one can see in him to like I cannot comprehend," and giving her daughter a very significant look, began picking to pieces a bouquet which sat upon the table.

"Well, I, for one, differ with you, Alice," said the Colonel, "for I can see a great many noble traits in him which I admire, and I only wish that our child, should she ever wish to change her situation in life, may be fortunate enough to obtain a husband as good as Clarence Pierpont. For a companion to Harry he could not have chosen a better one, had he searched the world over. Modest and unassuming in his manners, with a refined and well cultivated mind, generous and candid, and above all a professor of religion, and I believe a possessor."

"Well, really, have you finished?" I should think you did admire that paragon of perfection," said Mrs. Hewitt, sarcastically, as she turned to her daughter. "Sonora, you had better practice a little this morning. The girls will not be here for an hour or two."

"Yes, dear mamma, I will," answered she, rising. "And Blanche and I are going to practice our duets together to-day, that we may be perfect next Thursday evening."

"I do wish that party was over!" ejaculated Mrs. Hewitt, as Sonora closed the door after her.

"And why, Alice?" asked the Colonel. "Because—because I do not want Sonora to be so much in company with Mr. Pierpont."

"O, fudge! He has not seen Blanche yet. Her black eyes may have a deeper effect upon him than the laughing blue ones of our pet."

"I'm sure I hope so," rejoined his wife. "But here she comes. Hush!" and she arose to meet them at the door.

"Good morning, Mrs. Hewitt," was Blanche's first salutation. "This is my cousin Grace, of whom you have often heard Sonora speak."

Mrs. Hewitt received them with the affection and familiarity of old friends, taking them to the parlor, where her daughter was practicing some favorite tune.

Leaving Sonora to entertain them with the pleasure in anticipation for the evening, Mrs. Hewitt retired to her own room to pass away the hours till dinner time.

Supper having been ordered an hour earlier than usual, the girls, donning their opera hoods and thick shawls to protect them from the cool night air, were soon wending their way to the river, accompanied by their gallant escorts. Clarence walked between Blanche and Sonora, while Harry, accompanying Grace, carried Sonora's guitar, and behind all followed Sampson, bearing a large basket of refreshments.

The night on which our young friends set out was one of tranquil beauty. The calm pale moon shone forth in all her glory, while scattered through the clear blue vault above were millions of Heaven's diamonds, the twinkling stars. Not a sound was to be heard, save now and then the croaking of a toad in some neighboring pond, or the nightly song of the whippoorwill, which was occasionally deafened by a merry peal of laughter from one of our light-hearted party.

"O, what a sweet, pretty boat!" exclaimed Sonora, as they neared the water's edge.

"It looks as if it hailed from fairy land," added Grace, and she spoke truly, for the little Speedy looked indeed fairy-like, with her snowy sails spread to catch the gentle breeze, while from her tiny mast waved a miniature flag, bearing the stars and stripes upon one side, and upon the other, in gold letters upon blue ground, stood out in bold relief, "A tribute to youth and beauty."

"If I were a gentleman," said Blanche, as Clarence, taking one of the oars, seated himself between her and Sonora, "I would certainly be a sea captain, for I do love the water so."

"But you know, Miss Levere, there is a vast difference between the pleasant sails you have taken and a sea captain's life, or even a passenger's life, upon the ocean," returned Clarence, smiling as he looked towards her.

She blushed as she replied, in a laughing tone, "Well, that shows how very verdant I am. I had an idea that it must be as delightful upon the water anywhere, or at any time, as it is here upon this beautiful river in our cozy little boat, with plenty of friends around me."

"And the moon above and a lover beside her," whispered Grace to Sonora, who sat upon the other side.

Sonora laughed, but said nothing, as the thought, "Perhaps he does love her already," passed quickly through her mind, then left it as soon.

"Come, Miss Hewitt, favor us with a song with your guitar," said Clarence, as he handed it to her.

"O, you must excuse me from singing first. Miss Levere is a much better player than I am."

"Now, Sonora, no flits," and Blanche put up her fingers in token of silence.

"Well, who will take an orange first?" asked Harry, as he produced a basket under the seat. "You see I always look out for the inner man, as I neither sing nor talk. Well, no matter. I must do something to amuse the company, so do help yourself, Miss Marsh," and he handed them first to Grace, looking so droll and comical that she could not help smiling.

"Now, then," said Harry, as Blanche threw the skin of her orange overboard and wiped her fingers. "Now, then," and taking the guitar from his sister, placed the ribbon around Blanche's neck.

"I see you are determined I shall sing whether I wish to or not," said Blanche, laughing. "What will you have?"

"O, anything; we are not particular," responded from all hands, and giving the instrument a few strokes, filling the air with music, she began in her clear, low, melting voice:

"Could I but win the love of thee, I would the wealth of worlds resign; For life has naught on earth for me, But one sole wish, to call thee mine," etc.

As she finished she exclaimed, as she cast a glance at Sonora, who sat looking into the water: "There! I think that was love and sentiment enough to last awhile."

"Beautiful! beautiful!" said Clarence. "The words were very sweet, but the singing was far more so. Now, Miss Hewitt, one from you."

"After Grace," said Sonora, looking at her friend in rather a pleasing manner, as she handed her the guitar.

"I do not play that instrument," answered Grace; "but if my voice will give you any pleasure I will try and gratify you," and she sang, in a voice which drew tears from the eyes of her listeners, "Oft in the still night."

"Thank you, thank you," responded all in a voice. "That was perfectly cheering."

"I shall scarcely dare attempt now," said Sonora.

"We have all heard you before, Miss Hewitt," said Clarence. "Have no fears."

Sonora blushed at the compliment inferred, as she began the good old-fashioned song of "Home, Sweet Home."

She had scarcely finished the first stanza when Blanche, who was leaning over the side of the boat, dipping her fingers into the water, lost her balance, and with a scream sank beneath the water.

In a moment all was consternation, and before any one had time to speak, Clarence pulled off his coat and plunged in after her. Being used to the water from childhood, he was an expert swimmer, and had but little fear. As soon as Blanche arose to the surface he caught her, and in a few minutes, together with his burden, was once more safe within the boat. Blanche was not insensible at first when they laid her down, but the joy at once more finding herself safe after so dreadful a fright was too great a shock, and closing her eyes, she fainted in a deathlike swoon. Clarence, putting on his coat, and wrapping her large woolen shawl around her, took her head upon his lap, while the girls chafed her hands and wet her brow, with the same water which had nearly proved her death.

Harry immediately ordered Samp to steer for home, and then did all in his power to revive the inanimate form before him. She remained so for nearly half an hour, when a chill passing over her, she opened her eyes, and seeing Clarence looking down upon her, raised her head, while the blood rushed up to her brow, and then, retreating, left her looking like a piece of marble. Drawing a deep sigh, she sat upright, then, leaning her head upon Grace's shoulder, remained perfectly quiet the rest of the way home, refusing any refreshment whatever.

After recovering a little from their fright, Sampson brought forth the basket, the contents of which they had expected to have enjoyed so much. They all partook of something except Blanche, but a gloom seemed cast over the spirits of all, but more so over Sonora, who seemed buried in deep thought, and when addressed by one, would start like one awakened from sleep.

"Come, Sis, cheer up. Blanche is safe again, and will get over her fright in a day or two. Did you think you were going to lose your *cherie amie*?" said Harry, putting his arm affectionately around his sister.

Sonora leaned her head upon his shoulder and burst into tears.

Grace could not help following her example, while Clarence endeavored to console her by pointing out the hand of God in rescuing their young friend, and telling her of the thanks due to Him. While he spoke all was silence, save the low sobs of Sonora, which were attributed to the circumstance related to Blanche.

But was this the cause? Not entirely. Her first, her pure love had begun to doubt its object—and yet this could not be without a reason. What was it? Let us see. Surely she, the noble, generous-hearted Sonora, was not jealous of

the attentions bestowed upon another. Was it because her every look had not been returned, her every thought anticipated? Ah, true love, thou art indeed jealous! Not that mean, low jealousy which we often hear spoken of, referring to things of lower order, and which oftentimes makes the possessor of it a victim to his own base passions, but that jealousy which springs from the deepest depths of the heart overflowing with love and kindness towards an object, and prompting us to do those little acts which must be received to be appreciated, and then to have that object not seem to notice them particularly, but bestow some similar ones upon another, with a look or a smile, which we feel should be ours. This is noble jealousy, a feeling which God has implanted within us, and which shows itself even in the infant of a year old. Let the mother bestow some little favor upon another child, and appear to slight her own, even though she does not mean it, and see how the little eye will glisten and the little lip grieve, and often call forth the expression, "O, it's little heart is broken!" This, then, was the jealousy which Sonora felt.

Blanche had met Clarence that day for the first time at the dinner table about an hour after Sonora had told her confidentially her heart's dearest secret. From the instant that his eyes rested upon her for a moment (for she was very beautiful) she had loved him—yes, loved him with that fierce, wild love which is only known to one of her temperament. She possessed a heart in the mastery, love and hatred, and one of the other must gain the victory. She concealed it, however, within her bosom, and tried hard to banish it, for had she not just heard he was another's? Was not her dearest friend's happiness bound up, too, in the return of his affections? Why, then, should she seek to gain what by right belonged to another? But did love ever stop to reason? No; and Blanche Levere determined to win the lover of Sonora Hewitt or die in the attempt. But how was she to do this? He might not love her in return. At any rate it was worth trying for, and have him she would, or Sonora never should.

What! Blanche, the beautiful, accomplished friend, plotting against the peace and happiness of the lovely and gentle Sonora, whose every thought connected with her had always been of love and kindness? But so it is. Sometimes those in whom we put the most confidence, and who seem the dearest, are the first to betray and forsake us.

(To be continued.)

[From the Woman's Journal.] Housekeeper and Mother. Two days after I parted with my last "child," I happened to read an article on "Ideal Housekeeping," copied in the Weekly Tribune. It was about a woman who kept her house in perfect order and perfect taste, ivy vines, hanging flower-baskets, sewing machine and all; who kept up her piano practice, painted pictures in oil colors, read the latest books and periodicals, learned new languages, and brought forth and brought up children! I don't know how many, but they were in the plural number, and the oldest, a boy, was only ten years old.

With good servants, a capable woman might do as much as that; but this model (?) of woman did "every hand's turn" of the work for that household. Her last servant was dismissed when the eldest child was a year old.

This writer says, "It is all true, and I am so glad it is!" For Theodosia's personal sake my friends might rejoice if, being obliged by circumstances to perform the proper labor for three able-bodied women, she had not made a complete wreck of her health and contented herself to live only half her days. We may all rejoice, lawfully, in seeing how much a human being can do and bear without detriment to the human nature in any year. But from all that I have seen and observed have taught me, I should consider it flying directly "in the face of Providence" for any woman to undertake to follow Theodosia's example.

I read "Ideal Housekeeping" at eight o'clock in the evening, just before I was going to bed. I called my day's work done, because I had got tired, and that is what I thought. There was plenty more that I would have done if I had been ambitious to take rank among the perfect housekeepers; but I had a way of thinking of myself as "the baby's mother," and I thought the baby's mother ought to stop work and go to bed. For many days, thereafter, I thought a good deal about "Ideal Housekeeping."

It touches subjects upon which the ignorance of the people is amazing. "Every hand's turn" of the household work for a family includes the preparation of three meals daily. Even if one is of simple mind and milk, it takes some time and toil to clean the wash-kettle.

Dish washing is no small matter, and occupies a good deal of time when the meals are elaborate; and it cannot be shirked in any case. Then there are the beds to be made, and several rooms to be put in order. "Not a speck of dirt" is a nice thing to say; but only the experienced know how hard is the battle daily waged against dirt. Besides the daily work of the household, there are the weekly and semi-weekly big jobs of washing, ironing, baking, mopping, etc.

And then, the children! I usually dress too small children with occasional assistance to a third, while the girl, or the "man of the house" prepares the family breakfast. As soon as supper is fairly over, and an hour or two passes before mamma has time for anything but good-night care of the little ones. While children are small, they require

the attention of some one many times a day, and constant oversight. In families where a child's nurse is never employed, and where mothers take pride in doing all their "own work," a woman gets praise if she has an "excellent nut for turning out her children!" The woman who allows herself to be "hindered" by any calls for sympathy in her children's pleasures and sorrows is supposed, by many, to be lacking in fidelity as a housekeeper.

Cannot any person of sound mind perceive that a baby is work and care enough for the woman who is the baby's mother, till its days of actual babyhood are over? No; there are very few women or men who can understand this at the present time. But better days are surely coming for mothers and for babies, and so for all!

I suppose there are people who really like to hear of mothers doing such an amount of work, outside their regular motherly duties. They look back upon the "good old times," when our grandmothers baked, brewed, scrubbed, and spun and wove from morning till night, while unnumbered babies clung to their skirts and lay in their laps, as the very paradise of existence. Such people would find more pleasure in Thales, if she had not only done all her housework and sewing, and child-nursing, painting pictures, practicing music, learning new languages, etc., but had also become a model ancestor in Thales, once in two or three years. Couldn't she do as much as that for her country's sake?

There may be women, even in our day, who bring forward with such frequency, and do all their own housework. The country is full of broken-down, nervous remnants of womanhood. But this model Theodosia had time also for music, painting, literature, languages, society, hospitality!

Here is something better. It is the best way I have read "concerning women" in many a day. Jennie June! Bless her! She has done too much; but she gets up and confesses it, for our sakes. Does she indeed love humanity too well to allow herself to be set up before us all, as a heroine of the times—an example to stimulate other women? We have all read of her wonderful achievements in the triple career of writer, housekeeper, and mother. I, for one, thought it more of her doing so much; but when I read her own words—that she feared she had done harm by making it seem possible, and profitable, to carry on housekeeping and maternal duties, and literary labors at the same time, when it was not, I wanted to send my love to the brave woman for speaking those true words from his own lips to the present moment. Said he:

"I must consult a physician immediately." "Yes," replied his wife, anxiously; "you must go to Dr. Curran this very day. Start right away—do, dear; don't defer; pray don't!"

"There, that's just like a woman," replied the husband, "you always think that I can't leave my business at any moment."

"But," rejoined the wife, "only think of the danger of delay; you are going to put it off until it is too late. You will die, I know you will! Oh, dear, oh, dear! I know you will," she cried, hysterically.

"Well," said he, angrily, "I can't nor shall I leave my business to-day, so there is no use in making a fuss, and marching firmly to the hat-rack he invested himself in coat and hat and left for his place of business."

As he passed out the night my hostess burst into a merry laugh; and seeing my look of surprised inquiry, remarked, "You know Henry is rather notional, and I find it best to humor him. I think she was right, for during my stay I heard nothing more of Henry's ailments. His wife's prescription no doubt proved more efficacious than any which Dr. Curran could have administered."—Hansen's Record.

The Curse of the Hour. There is too much lying. On every hand we meet with exaggeration, equivocation, deception. We call it all lying, and we are right, for the quality, and various one iota from the strictest fact and truth is indeed a liar.

The expression agrees most solemnly to deliver a trunk for you at a certain place by a certain hour, and he declares it the day after the time promised, and thus lies. The grocer promises to send you the best tea in the market. He takes the first his hand falls upon without any care for the quality, and dispatches it to you without a twinge. He is a liar. The printer promises to do your work cheaper than it can be done elsewhere in town. He forgets his promise—changes your proof, and deceives you. The tailor agrees to deliver a suit of clothes without fail by six in the evening. You get them in the morning, and the tailor is a liar. The dentist pledges his word that it will be all right, and he is all right for a dozen years. The billings come out in six months, and the dentist lies. A man over the way is in need of a temporary loan. You lend him a small sum, which he promises to repay to you without a twinge at a given time. He keeps it a month over the time, and is a liar. An auctioneer tells you that a piece of furniture is by a master artist, when he knows that it was painted by a fourth-rate painter. He lies, and is not worthy of trust. A salesman lies about his goods. A bootmaker lies about your out any day. The jeweler lies about your boots. The gossip at the dinner-table tells exaggerated stories to astonish the ladies, and is nothing but a liar. The florist assures you that his flowers were picked in the morning, when they are really two days old. He lies, and will lie about anything. The book publisher advertises that his book is selling by the tens of thousands, when he has not sold a thousand. He is a liar, and one door off from the murderer.

Everywhere, everywhere we hear lying, lying. Men and women who would knock you down if you called them liars, lie every hour. Deception is the rule rather than the exception. Canvassers lie about insurance companies. Brokers lie about stocks. Editors lie about politics. Esquimaux and misrepresentation rule the hour, and are the curse.

Grammatical GIBB!—A young lady says that a gentleman ought to never feel discouraged when the "momentous question" is negatived by the object of his choice, for in life, as in grammar, we "always decline before we conjugate." Subscribe for the NEW NORTHWEST.

The grumbler is one of the most unfortunate of beings; he travels the worst roads, drives the worst horses, drawing the worst vehicles under the sun. He enters the worst of dinners, especially at home, and wears the worst clothes of any live man.

He spends most of his thoughts in wondering why he is not Alexis, or the Prince of Wales, or the President of the United States, or the Grand Mogul of somewhere, instead of plain John Smith, Jr.

To the discontented man his wife, heaven help her, is a constant source of annoyance. She is too tall or too short, too grave or too gay, too voluble or too reticent, in fact it is doubtful whether a companion imported directly from the celestial regions would be a complete success in his eyes.

If she goes with him to an evening entertainment or for an afternoon visit, he spends the hour and a half, or more, in grumbling because she does not sing like Mrs. A., or play like Mrs. B., or dance like Mrs. C., or talk like Mrs. D., and ends by complaining because she is moodily silent, and won't answer what he asks and he wonders why she looks so sad and careworn, why she does not welcome him as gladly or laugh as cheerily as before marriage; why she has the habit of starting nervously too late, and he is obliged to ride, or walk, or talk with him. Poor man! he is continually planting briars by the way! What wonder if he reaps a plentiful harvest of them!

Does our grumbler travel, he meets with more hair-brained escapes, comes in contact with more villainous people who make him the sole object of their vile intentions, who do him wrong, from his superior discernment he succeeds in eluding, than Lady Lang or Von Humboldt ever encountered.

The best way to cure a discontented man is to help him out of his grumblings with him that he is the most unfortunate person living, and he will very soon undertake to prove that he has quite as much to be thankful for as the most of people.

A friend whom I was once visiting had the misfortune to have a husband who was always exaggerating the ills of life. One morning he had breakfast as usual, and a hearty meal, and just before he closed his eyes he fell in his chair, saying that he was unwell; and forthwith began to lament upon his many ailments, which he declared that he felt that he was not long for this world; it was his fate, but he was resigned. Here he recounted a number of incidents to prove that an evil genius had followed him from his infancy to the present moment. Said he:

"I must consult a physician immediately." "Yes," replied his wife, anxiously; "you must go to Dr. Curran this very day. Start right away—do, dear; don't defer; pray don't!"

"There, that's just like a woman," replied the husband, "you always think that I can't leave my business at any moment."

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