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

Two children friends, And one of them fair, And one of them dear, And each of them dear, While of those friends, As they come and go, Which one is dearest I scarce may know. One walks in beauty of color and form, With a step like music beside mine own, And my heart beats quick and my pulses thrill, At her lightest touch or her softest tone. And one sings songs of another land, Of great endeavor and noble strife, With the 'loud of the loud' lying close at hand, And the starry crown of an endless life. Singer and song so strangely sweet! The soundless music drops faint and far, Like a distant strain from the golden street, Or the splendor of a falling star. No discord jar in her happy strain; Sweet thoughts do not, but live always; No part of parting, or deadly pain, But life and love in an endless day. O sister, friend—so pure, so true— Let thy sweet song with me abide; Guide me the weary journey through, Till Heaven shall bring us side by side. And thou, sweet friend, whose hand I press, Whose voice so fills and thrills my heart, Long may thy loving friendship bless, Ere evens the shadow fall on part, May, 1872.

SONORA HEWITT.

BY MRS. SEAM WITTELLER.

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CHAPTER VI.

THE PARTY.

Samp, according to orders received the night previous, had saddled Jetty and Beppo, Harry's fine sorrel, and had them standing before the door awaiting their riders just as the golden sun made his appearance above the tops of the surrounding hills. After seeing Blanche safely restored to her grandparents, Sonora had promised her she would ride over bright and early to see how she felt after so unexpected a bath. Clarence had offered to accompany her, for she thought she should then have an opportunity of knowing exactly the state of his heart with reference to Blanche—and it was better to know at once than to remain in anxiety. "Good morning, Sonora," was the first greeting, as she met Clarence on the stoop, all ready for his ride. Lovingly indeed she looked as she stood upon the steps ready to mount, with her little silver-mounted whip in one hand, while with the other she held up the skirt of her elegant riding habit, displaying the neat little garter. The sun, as it shone upon the dark green cloth and coquetish little velvet cap, formed a striking contrast to her fair, open countenance and rich brown curls, hanging around her shoulders like a mantle. "Good morning, you see I am waiting, like a dutiful knight," said Clarence, as he assisted her upon her horse. Then, mounting his own, the two started off in a graceful canter. They met old Mrs. Marsh at the door, hanging out Blanche's pet canary to enjoy the morning air. She informed them that her granddaughter was quite well, with the exception of a cold, which she had taken the previous night. "But come into the house and take breakfast with us," and the dear old lady led the way, while the two followed. "We will come in a few moments," said Sonora; "and I will leave you, grandma, to entertain Mr. Pierpont, while I run up stairs to see Blanche and Gracie. We have promised to return to breakfast."

leman whom I met at a party once handed me a bud, saying at the same time, 'Till this bud fades will my friendship for you never decay.' I took it, placing it in my hair, and thought no more about it until I began preparing for bed. I took it out and found it to be artificial! I have preserved it ever since, nearly forty years. "Well, that was rather romantic," said Clarence, placing the beautiful bud within the button hole of his vest. "Have you ever met the gentleman since?" "Never, though I have heard he married and resided in Georgia." "Which he certainly does," said Clarence, "and is at present living. I have heard him relate the incident a number of times to his wife, and laughingly wonder if Ida Clare was still living. The identical gentleman is my uncle, and I may say my father, for I lost my own when a child." "Then he was your mother's brother, for his name is Warren Winship?" "Precisely so, dear madam. That is my uncle's name."

"Do I, then, indeed behold the child of my long lost friend, Cora Winship?" and placing her hand upon the arm of Clarence, the old lady eyed him from head to foot, till finally, not able to control her feelings as the remembrance of old times came back, she seated herself and wept.

Clarence, not willing to intrude upon her feelings, wandered around the garden to await Sonora's return. In a few moments he turned, upon hearing the voice of Blanche. "What! Grandmother in tears! Look out, Mr. Pierpont, you are a dangerous fellow," said Blanche, with more meaning than one, as she turned to inquire the cause. "I verily believe you have been making love to grandma. I shall acquaint grandma as soon as I see him," and sitting down beside her, inquired the cause of her tears. "Do not be so trifling, Blanche," said the old lady. "Sit down, children, and I will tell you a little story," continued she, looking at Clarence, "and then you will know why I wept."

"About fifty-five years ago I was just the age of Sonora. Cora Winship and I had been friends from childhood without ever having a word or feeling to mar that friendship till she was seventeen, one year older than myself. It was a bright, sunny afternoon in the fall of the year that we walked out together to have a good long interview, preparatory to my leaving for boarding school in a distant city the following day. I shall never forget—the bitter feelings which stirred my bosom as we sat together under the old oak tree at the foot of my father's garden. She had long had a lover, Walter Mount, and this day she told me all—how dear he was to her, how he had sued for and won her love, and how happy she should be when, at the close of another year, he would return and claim her as his bride. Walter Mount had long been the idol of my heart, though he had never given me the least reason to think that he thought any more of me than a friend. But I determined to win him from Cora, and so I did. He was in business at the same city in which I attended school, and Cora, unsuspecting girl, gave me a letter to give him. After opening it and reading it, I substituted another in its place, telling him she had ceased to love him, and would soon be another's. Did I win him by this means? No, but I won his hatred for a while. At first he could not bear to see her friend, but at last became a little more reconciled to his sad disappointment, and called on me, giving me all those little keepsakes which she had given him to return to her—all but her picture; this he said he could not part with until death. Cora received them in silence, and from that day never mentioned his name; but a gloom had settled upon her young heart. Six months later, at her mother's desire, she gave her hand to Charles Pierpont, and one year more I wept bitter tears over the grave of my dearest and earliest friend. Walter lived just six months longer, and then died of a broken heart. He was buried with her picture upon his breast and her love within his soul, and no doubt in heaven their spirits commingle. This, Clarence, (for so I must call her child), is the history of your mother's life. And girls," said the old lady, wiping her eyes, "take warning by me, and be true to one another."

Sonora could not refrain from shedding tears as Mrs. Marsh finished. The circumstance seemed peculiar, and called forth thoughts which she tried in vain to banish. Blanche stooped to examine a choice rose, while a haughty smile curled her lips, and she asked: "Grandma, how came you to find out that Mr. Pierpont was in any way connected with your former life?" "Merely by accident," she replied, and she related the incident of the rose-bud. "Strange things occur in this world," remarked Sonora, and winding her arm around Blanche's neck, said, "Let us be friends forever."

"Forever! If we are not, it will be no fault of yours; but they say, 'What is allotted cannot be blotted,'" said Blanche, and putting her arm around Sonora's waist, the two friends, destined to be rivals, stood looking at each other. Grandma walked into the house, leaving the young people alone. At last Sonora, turning to Clarence, said: "I think we had better be going. Breakfast will be waiting, I fear."

"I think so myself," replied he. Then, looking at Blanche, said, "I am very glad to find you in such good spirits this morning. I was fearful your fright might produce sickness."

"Thank you," she replied, "for taking so much interest in my welfare. My heartfelt thanks are due to you, Mr. Pierpont, for the preservation of my life; and—" "Say no more, Miss Levere. It was no more than my duty, nor more than any other gentleman would have done. I am only happy to see you safe and well beneath the roof of those who fondly love you. This is recompense enough," and offering Sonora his arm, turned to depart. "I shall expect you early on Thursday morning next to complete arrangements, and so on; so do not disappoint me, dear Sonora," said Blanche. "I shall be here if my life is spared," was the reply; "so good-bye till then."

Hastening down the walk, Clarence and Sonora were soon upon their horses once more.

"What a handsome couple," muttered Blanche to herself. "Strange that I never heard the name of Pierpont before, when it was so intimately connected with grandma. He loves her, no doubt. How sweetly he said, 'I was fearful your fright might produce sickness.' He takes a little interest in me, anyway, or he would not come over to inquire about me. I'll win him! Yes, I will! I guess I take after my grandmother," and laughing a low laugh, she added, "My toilet shall be without fault on Thursday, and then see what Blanche can do. Ah, my friend, I pity you, but 'love must go where it is sent,' and humming a lively air, she ran in to her breakfast, which was waiting.

As Clarence and Sonora rode along slowly, side by side, the former remarked: "What a handsome girl your friend is, Sonora. If she only had the disposition which characterizes one whom I hope one day to call my own, she might be said to be almost perfect; but, on the contrary, I think her vain and trifling. She lacks that 'one thing needful'—her heart has never been regenerated by the all-saving grace of God. Would that she could exert some of your gentle influence upon her, my dear one, and bring her to the foot of the cross."

"I fear I would prove inadequate to the task," answered Sonora. "Though my heart is often willing, still the flesh is weak, and when I undertake to convince her of the follies of this world, and point out to her the glory in anticipation of those who serve the Lord, her arguments always over-balance mine, and she generally hushes me with, 'O, do not speak of such foolish subjects. There is plenty of time.' Perhaps if I should talk to her it might make an impression."

"And would you not feel a little hurt should I have any private conversation with her?" asked Clarence, as he looked Sonora full in the face. "In an instant the blood rushed to her brow, as she answered, 'Not upon such a subject as that, Mr. Pierpont. I deem the interest of the soul a subject at all times to be freely spoken upon, and to whom one pleases, providing they know it is agreeable and right.'"

"Pardon me, dear Sonora, if I have offended you. I meant nothing. I asked you purposely, because I thought you felt rather sensitive last evening when I unintentionally paid a little more attention to Miss Levere than etiquette called for. I meant nothing, I assure you, for though I admire your friend's brilliant beauty and ready wit, still I would not exchange them for the noble, pure and Christian heart of you, my darling one. One look upon your gentle eye is worth more to me than a thousand glances from the flashing black eyes of Blanche Levere," and he pressed her hand with a lover's grasp, as he helped her to dismount at her own door.

Sonora said nothing, but gave him a smile which spoke more than words, as she hastened to her own room to prepare for breakfast.

Thursday evening had at length arrived, and proved all that Blanche had hoped for. The moon, in her last quarter, shone full upon the massive pillars of the homestead, making it look grand indeed, surrounded, as it was, with elegant shrubbery and trees of nearly a century's growth. Lights shone from every window, and music resounded through the large, old-fashioned parlors and halls, making the walls echo with their merry peal.

In Blanche's little dressing room stood Gracie, arranging a delicate wreath of cypress in her cousin's hair. "There!" said she, as she finished. "Look at yourself, Cora, and see if you don't think you'll ensnare the heart of some merry bachelor to-night. 'Whose heart is bright, but lonely,' and 'sues for a gentle wife.'" "O, nonsense, Gracie. I think you had better apply that to yourself, for I am anything but gentle," and standing

before her mirror, she surveyed herself over her kindy assisted us the morning who so hardly became frightened and ran away?" "He certainly does," replied the Colonel. "I thought so when he first entered the room. Perhaps Sonora is already acquainted with his peculiar name, and he gave her a particular smile, saying, 'I will go and see.'" Mr. McIntosh at once recognized the Colonel, much to Sonora's astonishment at first, but her father soon informed her that he was the gentleman of whom she had heard her mother speak. She thereupon treated him more as a friend, and taking his offered arm, proceeded with him to speak to her mother. Mrs. Hewitt was delighted beyond measure at meeting him once more, and more so to think her daughter had already formed his acquaintance, and seemed pleased so far. Now, thought she, she will get over her love of Clarence, for this gentleman is so much more captivating. (To be continued.)

[From the New York Tribune, May 15th.] The National Woman Suffrage Association.

AN AGGRESSIVE CAMPAIGN—THE FIFTEEN—A

The National Woman Suffrage Association opened its annual convention in the President's hall, New York, last night. The Convention was opened by Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, who presided. Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker stated that the Convention was called to nominate candidates for the President, but that Mr. Steinway, the owner of the hall, had refused to allow any political nominations to be made there. In opening the Convention, Mrs. Hooker said: "We are not here today to rehearse old arguments for woman suffrage, which we have advocated for the last 25 years, but to inaugurate a new political party. It is not probable that during this Convention we shall nominate candidates. But we propose to take the initiative steps for a Convention of new forces, such as we have never had before. The politicians who are afraid that our support will not be given them say that our cause is so holy, and should be kept so high in the clouds that we could never see our flag. [Applause.] But now we propose to descend to the practical business of life. To-day we are combined with the Liberal Reformers, with the Prohibitionists, and the Internationalists—with all classes of men who will help to roll back the constitutional doors that we may enter and enjoy the rights that belong to every free citizen of the United States. [Applause.] We claim, under the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, that we are citizens of the United States to-day, and we have as good a right to go to the polls as any man, black or white, lettered or unlettered. We do not propose any longer to petition national legislators for the right. We intend to go to the polls, register our names, and if our votes are refused, we will contest in the Supreme Court of the United States. We are to consider the platform of a new party to-day. We condemn the platform of the Republicans, which amounts to nothing but a series of platitudes and empty promises. The following platform of the Convention, which was regarded by some as a clever parody of the Cincinnati platform, was read by Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker: "We women citizens in the United States, in National Convention assembled at New York, proclaim the following principles as essential to just government: 1. We recognize the equality of all before the law, and hold that it is the duty of Government in its dealings with the people to insist on exact justice. 2. We demand the immediate and absolute removal of all disabilities now imposed on rebel and colored citizens, and that universal suffrage and universal amnesty result in complete purification of the family, and in all sections of the country. 3. We demand for the individual the largest liberty consistent with the public order, for the State self-government, and for the nation adherence to the methods of peace, and the constitutional limitations of power. 4. We demand a thorough civil service reform as one of the pressing necessities of the hour. Honesty, capacity and fidelity, without distinction of sex, should constitute the only valid claims to public employment. The first step in this reform is the one-term President, and the election of President, Vice-President and United States Senators by the whole people. 5. We demand that no form of taxation be just or wise which puts burdens upon the people by means of duties intended to increase the price of domestic products, and which are unnecessary for purposes of revenue. Taxes should be laid on the necessities, but upon the luxuries of life, that the rich and the poor may bear the burdens. 6. The highest consideration of government honor, and the highest government interest requires a thorough reform of the present financial system. The interests of the people demand a cheap, sound, uniform, abundant, and elastic currency, to be a permanent measure of value, based on the wealth of the nation. This will be found in the issue of currency, or certificates of value by the Government for all duties, taxes and imposts whatever, which shall be legal tender for all debts, public and private; such currency to be the lawful money of the United States, and convertible at the option of the holder into Government bonds, bearing a rate of interest not exceeding 3 per cent, and to be convertible into currency at the will of the holder. 7. We remember with gratitude the heroisms and sacrifices of the wives, sisters and mothers throughout this Republic in the late war; the grand sanitary work they did in the hospitals, on the battle-fields, and in gathering in the harvest at home, have justly earned for the women of the country the generous

recognition of all their political rights by every true American statesman. 8. We are opposed to all grant of land to railroads or other corporations. The public domain should be held sacred to actual settlers, so that homesteads can be secured to every man and woman of all conditions by a congress of nations. 9. We believe in the principles of the referendum, minority representation, and a just system of graduated taxation. 10. It is the duty of Government to reward the children and criminal wards of the State; to secure to the one the best advantages of education, and for the other more humane legislation and better methods of reform. 11. We hold it the duty of the Government, in its intercourse with foreign countries, to cultivate the friendships of peace, by treating with all on just and equal terms, and by insisting on the settlement of all differences by a congress of nations. 12. For the promotion of these vital principles, and the establishment of a party based on them, we invite the cooperation of all citizens, without distinction of race, color, sex, nationality or previous political affiliations. Addresses were also made by Laura DeForest Gordon and Wm. Banks, after which Mrs. Slocum of Washington County, N. Y., said that she had been a reader of the Tribune from childhood, and had found it such a firm advocate of universal liberty, that she had come to think it an oracle. But she thought that the wrong course had been pursued in the cause of suffrage for women. Although she respected Mr. Greeley as a man, she regretted to say that she had, in her opinion, acted unwisely in this regard. The following resolutions were then adopted: Resolved, That the right to vote is a right of every citizen of the United States. It is the duty of all patriotic women citizens to exercise this right in the coming Presidential election, and the duty of all patriotic men to remove the obstructions now blocking the way. Resolved, That no woman with decent self-respect can aid with voice or pen in his election to the high position to which he is nominated. Resolved, That since the right to vote is a right of every citizen of the United States, it is the duty of all patriotic women citizens to exercise this right in the coming Presidential election, and the duty of all patriotic men to remove the obstructions now blocking the way. Resolved, That as Cincinnati has refused in the face of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, to recognize women as citizens, with the capacity to be legal representatives in a political Convention, it is the duty of the woman suffragists throughout the country to send their representatives to Philadelphia and Baltimore to demand of each in turn justice for women, and thus test the loyalty of Republicans and Democrats alike to the great principles of freedom on which our Government is based. Resolved, That we, the Woman Suffragists of the country, will work and vote with the great national party that shall acknowledge the political equality of woman. Resolved, That in case neither Philadelphia nor Baltimore shall recognize the full citizenship of women, the National Woman Suffrage Convention shall call a National Nominating Convention at such time and place as they shall see fit. The evening session was addressed by Mrs. Maria Gordon, Laura DeForest Gordon, and several others. At the close of the session several members of the Woodhill faction, apparently desirous of breaking up the Convention, loudly proclaimed their intention to call another day; but the matter was quietly settled by Susan B. Anthony, who, in a short speech, explained that the hall had been engaged for three days, and that they would meet again at 11 o'clock this morning.

Radical Reformers Needed.

Among the changes needed in the existing order of things to simplify justice and equalize human rights we note the following: 1st. The abolition of the Grand Jury system. It is useless and expensive lumber, and its duties can be better discharged by committing magistrates. It gives the accused no opportunity to face his accusers, thus the reputation of innocent persons is often blackened by indictments founded in malice of one-sided witnesses. 2d. A change in the trial jury system from the manner in which the majority verdict—the same as in the State of Nevada. The idea of forcing men to agree is an absurdity, and is subversive of justice. Trial juries in criminal cases should be selected by the judge and the duration of the punishment, which should be divested of everything like vindictiveness, and be made reformatory wholly. 3d. The abolition of capital punishment. It is a relic of barbarism—brutalizing in its effects upon the public mind, and is not needed for the protection of well organized society. It prevents the culprit from making that reparation to society which he justly owes, and which he can only pay by a life of service to the State. 4. A change in the probate laws to give the widow the same control over the common property that is now enjoyed by the husband in case of the wife's death; and thus do away with the whole system of administration during the lifetime of either party to the marriage contract. Small estates are now absorbed by the expensive probate business, and widows, who are frequently more competent to manage business affairs than were ever their defunct husbands when living, are hampered by all sorts of unjust restrictions. 5th. A change in the law of descent and distribution, so as to take it out of the power of a man to dispose by will of more than a certain sum—say \$16,000—to any one person or purpose. 6th. Graduated taxation—exempting all homesteads, or implements of trade whereby a person obtains a livelihood, from the operation of a graduated scale of taxes upon all other property, until it reaches a figure beyond which it would be impossible to accumulate; thus preventing the aggregation of vast estates in the hands of individuals to the injury of the many. When these reforms are brought about—some of which, we apprehend, will be some considerably time hence—we shall have a few more to suggest.—Sun, Iowa Mercury.

conversion of all their political rights by every true American statesman. 8. We are opposed to all grant of land to railroads or other corporations. The public domain should be held sacred to actual settlers, so that homesteads can be secured to every man and woman of all conditions by a congress of nations. 9. We believe in the principles of the referendum, minority representation, and a just system of graduated taxation. 10. It is the duty of Government to reward the children and criminal wards of the State; to secure to the one the best advantages of education, and for the other more humane legislation and better methods of reform. 11. We hold it the duty of the Government, in its intercourse with foreign countries, to cultivate the friendships of peace, by treating with all on just and equal terms, and by insisting on the settlement of all differences by a congress of nations. 12. For the promotion of these vital principles, and the establishment of a party based on them, we invite the cooperation of all citizens, without distinction of race, color, sex, nationality or previous political affiliations. Addresses were also made by Laura DeForest Gordon and Wm. Banks, after which Mrs. Slocum of Washington County, N. Y., said that she had been a reader of the Tribune from childhood, and had found it such a firm advocate of universal liberty, that she had come to think it an oracle. But she thought that the wrong course had been pursued in the cause of suffrage for women. Although she respected Mr. Greeley as a man, she regretted to say that she had, in her opinion, acted unwisely in this regard. The following resolutions were then adopted: Resolved, That the right to vote is a right of every citizen of the United States. It is the duty of all patriotic women citizens to exercise this right in the coming Presidential election, and the duty of all patriotic men to remove the obstructions now blocking the way. Resolved, That no woman with decent self-respect can aid with voice or pen in his election to the high position to which he is nominated. Resolved, That since the right to vote is a right of every citizen of the United States, it is the duty of all patriotic women citizens to exercise this right in the coming Presidential election, and the duty of all patriotic men to remove the obstructions now blocking the way. Resolved, That as Cincinnati has refused in the face of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, to recognize women as citizens, with the capacity to be legal representatives in a political Convention, it is the duty of the woman suffragists throughout the country to send their representatives to Philadelphia and Baltimore to demand of each in turn justice for women, and thus test the loyalty of Republicans and Democrats alike to the great principles of freedom on which our Government is based. Resolved, That we, the Woman Suffragists of the country, will work and vote with the great national party that shall acknowledge the political equality of woman. Resolved, That in case neither Philadelphia nor Baltimore shall recognize the full citizenship of women, the National Woman Suffrage Convention shall call a National Nominating Convention at such time and place as they shall see fit. The evening session was addressed by Mrs. Maria Gordon, Laura DeForest Gordon, and several others. At the close of the session several members of the Woodhill faction, apparently desirous of breaking up the Convention, loudly proclaimed their intention to call another day; but the matter was quietly settled by Susan B. Anthony, who, in a short speech, explained that the hall had been engaged for three days, and that they would meet again at 11 o'clock this morning.

Conversational Power.

Conversational power is a gift of birth. It is some men's nature to talk. Words flow out incessantly, like drops from a spring in the hill-side—not because they are solicited, but because pushed out by inward force that will not let them be still. From this extreme there is every degree of modification until we come to the opposite extreme, in which men seem almost unable, certainly unwilling, to utter their thoughts. Some men are poor in simple language. They have thoughts enough, but the symbols of thought—words—refuse to present themselves, or come singly and stungly. Others are silent from the stricture of secretiveness. Others are cautious, and look before they speak, and before they are ready the occasion has passed. In regard to language itself, the habit of reading pure English, and of employing it every day, is the best of every good talker. People always act more naturally in their every day clothes than they do when dressed up for Sunday; and the reason is, that they are unconsciously using the language they are conscious in the other. It is so in speech. If one allows himself to talk coarsely and vulgarly every day and out of company, he will most assuredly find it not easy to talk well in company. Habit is stronger than intention, and somewhere the common run of speech will break through and betray you. To converse well is in some things requires that you shall converse well as well as avoid on the one side vulgarism, all street colloquialisms, even when they are not vicious; for by words and slang sentences uttered when they are new, as soon as they become habitual they corrupt your language, without any equivalent amusement. On the other extreme, avoid magniloquence and high-flown language of every kind. Nothing is more tedious than a grand talker. Everybody laughs at a pompous talker, who lugs into his conversation big words and pedantic expressions. The best language is the simplest, which is so simple and transparent that no one thinks of the words which you use, but only of the thought or feeling which they express.

Conspicuous among the ladies who have become journalists in this country may be mentioned Miss Margaret F. Buchanan, of the Chicago Evening Post. For two years she has been the principal assistant, writing leaders on every conceivable topic, political, literary, religious, financial, etc., and doing any amount of small work in the way of dramatic and musical criticism. During the month succeeding the fire she wrote more than a column and a half a day. Readiness is her strong point. She is an Irish Catholic of the strictest sort, a Radical in politics, and a girl who is said to have never thought seriously of marrying. She knows so much about "leaders" that she probably don't want one to dominate her.

CLEAN OUT THE CELLAR.—As health is the greatest of earthly blessings, cleaning the cellar from all decaying vegetables and other impurities is the most important work to be done in the Spring. Give no sleep to your eyelids until it is done. A drummer went mad at Indianapolis lately, and puzzled his employer in New York by telegraphing to send an immediately one barrel condensed beef, thirteen steamboats, one medium white elephant, and ten gross of June bugs assorted.

A Boston lady, seeing among the religious notices that a certain clergyman would preach "D. V.," said at once that she would go and see him, presuming, as she did, that the subject of the discourse was "Dolly Varden."

Nothing sets so wide a mark between a vulgar and a noble soul, as the respect and reverential love of woman. A man who is always sneering at woman is generally a coarse profligate, or a coarser bigot. A young woman in masculine disguise completed four years of study and was recently graduated as a bachelor by the unphilosophical dons of a New England college. "Katy," said a landlady to her servant, "was there any fire in the kitchen last night while you were sitting up?" "Only a spark, ma'am!"

A bashful printer refused a situation in a printing office where girls were employed, saying he never "set up" with a gal in his life. An exchange, wanting to compliment a "live stock journal," says it is edited by a man whose head is full of live stock. Miss Ida Greeley, whose father is mentioned in a book on farming, was educated in a convent. Idleness and fashionable clothes destroy more young men than any other cause.

Pretty and pale and tired, She sits in her still-headed chair, While the blazing summer sun, Shines in on her soft brown hair; And the little book without, That she has opened to the open door, Mocks with its narrow cover, Had been an empty story.

It seems such an endless round— Grammar and A. B. C. The blackboard and the suns, The copy-books and the slates; When from teacher to little Jean, The lesson is given, and straight, Whether 'John' is in any case, Or Kansas in Omaha.

For Jenny's hair brown tress, As when she was in her first year, Where the front to his burning hair, Will keep with a quick bright gleam; And the teachers' words are still, Till her thoughts have wandered free, With a half unconscious sigh.

Her heart outruns the clock, As she smiles their faint, sweet seat, When their measure is in unison held, But their hands are on the grass, That fingers far behind, Or else who you would pass, Have patience, restless Joan, The streams and fish will wait, And patience, trim blue eyes— Scarcely mine, but for the flowers; So turn to your books again, And keep close for the after hours.