

SONORA HEWITT.

BY MRS. SUSIE WITHERELL.

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CHAPTER IX.

CLARENCE AND BLANCHIE ALONE.

The night following the events recorded in the previous chapter, Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt sat together in the pleasant little sitting room. The Colonel, with his feet encased in a pair of slippers of his pet's make, sat in his large morocco-covered chair, enjoying a lengthy detail of the coming election.

Harry, with his chair tipped back, seemed to be engaged with his own thoughts, as he picked to pieces the remains of a quill toothpick.

Mrs. Hewitt was busily engaged looking over a box of kids which she had purchased before leaving the city.

"It seems to me, Alice," said the Colonel, laying down his paper, "that Mr. Pierpont left us rather abruptly. Why did he not wait until to-morrow, after the picnic?"

"I am sure I cannot say why he did not remain, but I presume he left because I did not choose to consider him the affianced lover of Sonora," answered Mrs. Hewitt, jerking on a pair of flesh-colored gloves, and not even raising her eyes.

"The affianced lover! Did he then propose for her hand?" asked the Colonel, very much surprised.

"He did, and I told him that Sonora was too young to think of such things for two years to come yet; and besides, I did not wish her to be engaged to any one for so long a time. I wished her to remain perfectly free to choose for herself."

"You mean for you to choose for her," interrupted the Colonel. "Why did he not speak to me upon the subject? I think it would have been as well to have conferred with both."

"Well, that was another of his oddities, I suppose. Then, because I did not see fit to say yes, he flew into a passion, packed up and left, without even saying good-bye, though he left a little note to that effect, and thanking us for our kindness to him during his sickness."

"Well, this is very strange conduct. I never thought he would act in that manner," said the Colonel, taking up his paper. "But what does Sonora say?"

"Oh, she is suffering a severe headache from last night's entertainment, and does not think much about it. She seemed rather surprised when I told her he had gone, but told me, if I did not wish to give her pain, never to refer to the name of Clarence Pierpont, and I am sure I have no desire to do so. She is so strange I can never tell anything about her. I thought she did think something of him, but it would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to find out, I guess, and rising, she appeared to be deeply engaged all at once in looking over some sheet music, which lay upon a table on the opposite side of the room."

"Well, well, I hope my little pet does not care anything for him, though I was inclined to think she did," observed the Colonel, thoughtfully. "Did she ever say anything to you, Harry?"

"Never, father. You know it is rather a delicate subject. Clarence told me all about it," and he gave his mother a look which brought the blood to her cheeks. "He said he thought it best to leave without bidding Sonora or any of the family good-bye, though he commended me to do so for him. I promised him I would follow the day after the picnic. Poor Clarence! He is a noble fellow! I wish I was half as good," murmured Harry, as he relapsed into his former silence.

"Queer," uttered the Colonel, as he went on reading. Then, stopping again, he turned to his wife: "Alice, do not influence Sonora. Let her choose for herself."

"I certainly shall not; but you will allow that it is right for a mother to advise her daughter for the best?"

"O, certainly, but Sonora is so gentle and submissive that she has only to express your desires, and she is ready to yield implicit obedience, even should it be at the risk of her own happiness," said the Colonel, as his wife left the room.

Harry still remained perfectly quiet, though his thoughts were busily at work within him. At first he thought he would acquaint his father with all as Clarence had told him, and perhaps he would be the means of making his sister happy; then, again, not wishing to create a scene, and make his mother appear less than before in the eyes of his friend, he concluded to let it remain a secret between him and Clarence, and trust to time and circumstances to make all things turn out right, and perhaps better in the end, for, should Clarence fail to be all that he seemed, he could at least not be the means of causing that sister, who was so dear to him, a life of unhappiness.

Ah, Harry, better had you let your first thoughts exert their sway. How many hours of anguish would you have saved a sister's heart!

Leaving the Colonel to enjoy his paper, and Harry to meditate over his friend's heart affairs, we will transport our readers to Blanche's home that same evening.

Clarence, upon leaving Colonel Hewitt's, ordered the driver to stop at Captain Marsh's, whereupon grandma would not hear to his going, but insisted upon his remaining till the next day, when they would escort him to the cars in their own carriage at an early hour. At first he declined doing so, offering several excuses, but at last, overcome by their kindness, he accepted their invitation, and was soon a guest at the homestead.

Old Mrs. Marsh was delighted at the idea of entertaining the child of her earliest friend, and Captain Marsh shared her joy in doing his utmost for his young friend's pleasure and comfort. But how was it with Blanche? Ah, her heart leaped with joy at the simple thought.

"Surely fortune favors me," thought she. "I have the game in my own hands now!"

Never had she appeared to better advantage in the eyes of Clarence than she did on this day.

The family remained together during the afternoon with the exception of Grace, who had been confined to her bed with a violent headache. The old people, retiring early, left Blanche to entertain Clarence, which opportunity she was glad to embrace. During the evening he gave her to understand how matters stood between him and Sonora, and taking the letter out of his pocket, which in his haste he had forgotten to leave with Harry, gave it to Blanche to hand to her. Blanche appeared to deeply sympathize with him, but added in a joking way "that Sonora would soon get over her distress in the presence of the fascinating Norman McIntosh, whom she told her she greatly admired," and then remarked:

"I do not see how she can like that vain, self-conceited man. But Sonora Hewitt is a strange girl. I cannot fathom her."

"And do you really suppose Sonora thinks anything of Mr. McIntosh?" asked Clarence, suspicion beginning to be aroused within his breast.

"Suppose so," said Blanche. "Why, did you not see for yourself last evening how very attentive he was, and how delighted she appeared while listening to him? I overheard several remarks with reference to them. Mrs. Hewitt told me," continued the designing girl, "that the Colonel was delighted with the course things had taken."

"Say no more, Miss Levere, if you would spare me pain. Can it be possible that she, who appeared so innocent, pure and lovely, could prove so treacherous? Is she, too, allured by cursed gold?" exclaimed Clarence, passionately.

"Forgive me, Mr. Pierpont, if I have said ought to cause you pain. It was unintentional, I assure you. I thought you were fully aware of it before."

"Had I been," interrupted Clarence, "I should not have gone thus far and laid myself liable to ridicule from those who could set this base," and rising, he politely requested a light, as he wished to retire. Then, taking the hand of Blanche, he said: "Miss Levere, or Blanche I will call you, as it sounds more familiar, and our parents, you know, were friends, therefore let us be; Blanche, I shall ever thank you for the kindness you have done me this night by telling me of that which I ought to know. Be kind enough to return that letter to me, as I do not wish to flatter a heartless coquette."

"Be careful, Clarence, that you do not that which you may rue. Sonora is a lovely girl, notwithstanding she is a professed destroyer of hearts," smiling one of her sweetest and most bewitching smiles.

"Say no more, Blanche. Never mention her name to me. I would rather suffer wrong than to be guilty of doing a wrong or know that one heart bore a scar which I had inflicted," and taking her hand, kissed it, as he uttered a gentle good night, closing the door after him as he went out.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Blanche, as she heard his retreating footsteps upon the stair-case. "Rather suffer wrong than do wrong, hey? Well, I wouldn't—not when there is such a prize. I'm sure it is worth winning," and throwing herself into the rocking chair, continued, "How fortunate that he should stop here this afternoon. Blanche, let us be friends." That is one stepping stone towards my plans. What will Sonora say when she finds herself jilted for her most confidential friend, Blanche Levere? Yes, I feel sorry it is true, and perhaps I am doing her a great wrong; but then, on the other hand, it will be doing her mother a kindness, for she is opposed to her daughter marrying a poor man; and she will no doubt thank me for ridding her of him. Vain, weak, proud woman! She knows not yet, all the years that she has lived, that money is but dress compared to the pure love of a devoted heart. She never loved, it is plain to be seen. The Colonel won her by his title and gold. Gold! yes, gold! Well, I have enough for both, and have him I will, or die in the attempt! Blanche Levere loves but once, and once only! I have him in the right path. 'Tis easy enough to arrange matters with Sonora, and she is so pure-minded that she will never suspect me of having a hand in it. Let me see," mused she; "next Thursday is the picnic. Norman will be there. I can arrange all then. I must not let Grace

know anything of this at present. I can satisfy grandma and grandma by telling them Clarence and Sonora have had a falling out, and Grace too; and tell them never to mention either name to one or the other, as it calls up unpleasant memories. They will never suspect their darling Blanche, never! Yes, I have it all arranged for Thursday," and jumping up, she exclaimed, with a sarcastic laugh, "I guess I take after my grandmother!"

Ringling for a light she retired to her own room to sleep, and perhaps dream of new plans for the ruination of her friend's happiness.

(To be continued.)

A "PERFECT" WOMAN.
BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

"Married, are you? Well, I suppose I ought to congratulate, but feel more like condoling with you. However, every one to his own taste. May you never live to repent of your bargain!" and handsome Burt Lloyd gave Allen Newcome's hand a hearty shake, while a half sarcastic smile hovered around his lips.

"And may you live to repent of your confirmed celibacy. With your income and prospects it's a shame, old boy, that you were not married years ago," was Allen's laughing rejoinder.

"I'm waiting," said Burt.

"For what?"

"A perfect woman. Find me one, and I promise you I'll marry her at once."

"A perfect fiddle-stick! Suppose the thing possible, however, how do you know that she'd accept your lordship?"

Burt glanced at the mirror opposite with a smile of great complacency.

"With my income and expectations, as you just now suggested, I'll run the risk of that. I'll leave entire disinterestedness out of the list of her perfections."

"You are incorrigible, Burt. But I must go."

Allen Newcome took his leave with the mental comment that his friend's self conceit needed a decided rebuff, an opinion which would have received confirmation had he seen the supercilious smile that curled Burt's lips a few moments later, as he read a dainty note just brought in to him. He threw it aside scornfully, as he muttered, "An invitation and a snare. No, I'll not accept. Miss Belle—Oh, these women, how they bore me with their attentions! Will I ever, I wonder, meet with my ideal—my perfect, womanly woman?"

More than a year later Burt Lloyd, still a confirmed bachelor, received rather gladly, it being sultry August weather, an invitation from his friend Allen to visit him at his summer residence, a quiet country place by the sea-side. He fancied, too, there would be no other company. But in this he was mistaken. Quite a gay little party was already there, among whom he created quite a sensation by his polished though slightly sarcastic manner, his aristocratic bearing and reputed wealth. His friend Allen, however, did not allow him to be bored with their company a great deal. Hunting and fishing kept them out of doors much of the time for two weeks, at the end of which time he was rather agreeably surprised to find that the crowd of butterfly visitors had flitted to other fields of pleasure, leaving as guests only himself and a Miss Hart, a cousin of Mrs. Newcome's, whom he had heretofore only observed enough to remark how rarely beautiful and child-like she was. And, like most men, Burt Lloyd's perfect woman was to be in a great measure a mature child—a child's purity and innocence, combined with a woman's discretion and efficiency.

A few days of drizzling rain put an end to his out-of-door pursuits, and that was how he came to notice Miss Hart more particularly, and to find her a pleasing, piquant study. The odd experience of being baffled in that study made it doubly interesting to him.

Her face was the face of a trustful, innocent child—one of rare blonde beauty, showing in its swift changes of color every varying emotion; soft, brown, velvety eyes, whose long, dark lashes were such a contrast to the heavy coils of golden, satin-smooth hair which adorned her small, shapely head. Her mouth troubled him most to read. It was most too large for beauty, and the lips, though full and red, bespoke firmness and decision; but her voice was sweet, low and harmonious, and her laugh was the happy laugh of a care-free girl. She sang, too, not with power, but with rare pathos and feeling, as she played. Dressed always becomingly, yet charmingly, yet never appeared to give a thought to any of the details of dress; never betraying until she was asked that she held any opinion upon any subject under discussion, and then surprising all by the amount of information she could give; never seeming busy or hurried, yet accomplishing a great deal in a very little while. To these peculiarities added the fact—strange inconsistency of man!—that she treated Burt Lloyd with an unstudied but clearly apparent indifference, and you will not be surprised to learn that ere a month's time he had begun to question whether his ideal dream of a perfect womanhood was not possible of realization, and whether Amy Hart was not the embodiment of that possibility.

As for her, the surprise she may have felt in the evident, persistent and perhaps slightly patronizing admiration of herself by Burt Lloyd was never shown by word or look. She neither sought nor avoided him. If he found her at leisure in the parlor and asked for some music, she sat down to the piano with the ready obedience of an obliging child, and at the close of each song looked up at him with frank eyes, as if expecting the appreciative smile he was always ready to bestow. If, on the other hand, he had haunted in vain all day the house and garden in search of her, and on her appearance in the evening told her so, she made no apologies and looked no surprise at his infatuation. Nor if, after one of those long silences so frequent with her, he sometimes raised his eyes from book or paper to meet hers, so unfathomable in their dark depths, fixed upon his face as in study of him, did she change color or exhibit any trace of discomposure.

Her calmness piqued, tormented, embarrassed him, and yet he found himself day by day more and more in love with her. Still I doubt if he would have dared his fate so soon as he did but for an accident which occurred just as he was about to bring his visit to a close. He accompanied her one morning on a horseback ride. They were returning and near home when his horse took sudden fright at something, reared, plunged and threw him. When next he awoke to consciousness Amy Hart was kneeling by his side, bathing his face and hands in cool water, her face very pale, but the mouth firm and quiet.

"Are you much hurt, do you think?" she asked.

He tried for answer to rise, but found himself helpless, his arm broken and his foot sprained. He groaned with pain.

"Don't stir," she said quickly, "I will manage for you."

Fortunately, she had thrown a shawl over her side saddle that morning. Her horse stood quietly by, his was a mile or two away. She folded the shawl into a pillow for his head, and then ran down the road a few steps to where she remembered a turn in the road. These she called, and then returned to his side and washed off with her handkerchief in a roadside brook the blood and dust from his face. In a few moments the men were there. She showed them how to make a litter, and then instructed them how to lift him on it with least pain to him, after which she mounted her horse and rode away for a surgeon. Suffering as he did, Burt yet found time to note the celerity, the deftness, the clear-headed way in which all this was done, and she seemed in his eyes more perfect than ever. During the week of illness that followed he saw very little of her, but dainty messes of her manufacture, and vases of flowers whose coloring, arrangement and perfume refreshed his fastidious taste, kept her in daily remembrance.

He was down in the parlor again in a few weeks, but he had set the time for his return to the city ere he found time and place to declare his passion and plead his suit. It was one afternoon when they had the house to themselves that he did so. Mr. and Mrs. Newcome had gone to make some calls, and there was no fear of interruption. He was half surprised at the ardor and impetuosity with which he made the declaration. Once she held up her hands warningly and begged him to stop, but he paid no heed until the confession of his hopes—fears he had none—was made. Then, as he looked into her face, he grew suddenly fearful. For the first time in his life his self conceit failed him. Could it be possible! He had dreamed that his "perfect" woman was to lift up to him, after such a confession as this, a face full of blushing, blissful happiness, was to nestle close into his open arms and murmur a rapturous "yes." But this woman was looking at him with quiet, studying eyes, and her smile puzzled him as she said:

"Believe me, Mr. Lloyd, this is altogether unexpected. I am sorry if anything I have done has led you into this indiscretion. Perhaps I might have been a little more reserved in my manner toward you but for Allen's repeated declarations of your confirmed celibacy—his declaration that until you found that impossibility, a 'perfect' woman, you would never marry."

"But Amy—let me call you so—I have found my perfect woman. Even the little I have seen of you convinces me that you are all, may more than I dreamed of in my ideal."

"And admitting that," she interrupted, with a smile so mischievous that he began to think she was relenting, "what then have you to offer me in return for the perfection with which your fancy has invested me? How about my ideal, which you must admit I have as good a right to hope for as yourself? I have seen very little of you since I have been here. From Allen I learn that you are of good family, occupy a respectable position in society, that you are wealthy, and never disgraced by any public act yourself or your friends. Observation has shown me that you are ordinarily gentlemanly in your deportment, and I can see for my-

self that you are a finely formed, handsome man. But these are negative virtues. What positive qualities or virtues have you to offer me? The man who has for years refused himself the pleasures of a happy home because, among all the good and true women by whom he was surrounded, he failed to find an ideal woman, combining in one person all the virtues, with beauty and wealth superadded, ought surely himself to be able to offer her—this pure, high-souled woman of his dreams!—in himself all the high, manly virtues, a noble, unflinching courage, a life toned and tempered by the hard lessons of a conquered adversity, a chivalrous respect for all womanhood, a life kept pure through manifold temptations, a daring adherence to the good and true whatever might ensue. Have you these to offer me, Mr. Lloyd—me, the 'perfect' woman of your dreams?"

She had risen in her earnestness, and stood before him now like a vision of beauty, the dark eyes flashing 'neath their long, dusky lashes, the wealth of golden hair—arranged that day in girlish fashion—falling around her like a halo, the fair, rounded cheeks flushing and paling by turns. Never before had she looked so lovely as at this moment, when the tremulous, passionate tones seemed uttering words of doom, as she showed him the gulf which separated them. For once in his life he lost his self possession, and half stammered:

"I beg your pardon. I see my mistake, and thank you for your words, harsh as they seem. But I have always heard, have always thought, that a woman does not think of these things—that she marries for a home and protection. Because there was nothing against my character and standing, I fancied there was a great deal in my favor. But I believe I do love you heartily and truly! It is best to throw away a love like mine!" and he turned pleadingly toward her.

The color faded out of her cheeks, a weary, dispirited look stole into her eyes, and she sank into the luxurious depths of an arm-chair. With this change of mood, she grew to look suddenly older and jaded.

"Let me undeceive you, Mr. Lloyd. I am by no means the 'perfect' woman you fancy me. Good as you think me, I hate myself for the uselessness of my life and for the evil I have been compelled to do. If my past experience can help you, and through you the woman you will some day make your wife, I shall be more than grateful. When I say I am not a 'perfect' woman I don't mean to say that I am worse than most other men and women—only that there are no perfect women any more than there are perfect men. We can, however, make ourselves better or worse than we are by nature. You and I, Mr. Lloyd, with a light laugh, 'have perhaps made ourselves worse. Those 'perfections' in me which have won your regard are the result of deliberate study on my part, taught me through my knowledge of human nature. How old do you think me, Mr. Lloyd?"

He looked at her in a puzzled way, with his sensations in a strange whirl, as he answered:

"I have thought you about eighteen or twenty. I don't know this moment what to think—you seem so different."

"That was not a very sensible conclusion on your part, Mr. Lloyd. What kind of life must any girl of eighteen or twenty have led, do you think, to be able to guard her words, her thoughts, her feelings, as I guard mine? No, thank Heaven! at eighteen I was a different woman! Ah, how often have I wished that the good Lord had taken me to Himself in those days! I did so believe in everybody in those days, myself included! But that dream was put a sudden end to. Shall I tell you, to cure you completely of any lingering illusions you may have held regarding me, in what dreadful school I learned to seem a 'perfect' woman? It was under the tutelage of blows, insults and brutal outrage from the man who swore at the altar to 'protect, cherish and bless'—for, Mr. Lloyd, I am that dreadful thing, a divorced wife!"

There was now a mournful depth of woe in the starry eyes, around the sweet mouth sudden lines of care seemed drawn, and for a moment grey shadows appeared to enwrap the graceful form, but they passed in a moment as she went on:

"Don't think me quite a hypocrite. I forget all I can of that dreadful time. The shadows of the life that I led must ever remain with me, but I hide myself from every remembrance of it that I can. Even my husband's name is gladly ignored by me and my friends. My cousin gives me the shelter of her home and her own maiden name, which was my mother's."

"I sincerely beg your pardon," said Lloyd, or whose brow a cold dew had started as he thought of his narrow escape from marrying a divorced woman; "and since it must distress you, don't tell me anything more."

"But I will, because I think it may perhaps cure you of some false ideas," she continued. "I married this man with the truest, purest love for him—I thought him so perfect, so manly, so true! He married me for my beauty and innocence, and I, poor fool, because I had no other dower to offer in exchange for his wealth and position,

thought him the best and truest man in the world—'my king,' I used to call him. He soon wearied of me, his latest toy, and mean as he was by nature he soon showed himself in his true colors. At first, when I knew only one or two low traits in the character I had deemed without flaw, I tried hopefully to reform him, and showed him plainly my horror of his words and actions. That incensed him, and I had to suffer in consequence. I was eighteen, Mr. Lloyd, when I married him, and I lived as his wife ten years—ten horrible years! Before I freed myself I no longer dared to show my detestation of him. I grew cowardly. I lied to him—I was obliged to, to save myself. I grew to watch his every movement, and pondered to his wishes with not one dissenting word, the while I hated him and loathed myself for my nearness to him. I smiled in his face while my heart was breaking. I watched and waited and schemed to get such evidences of his abuse and wrong doing as should free me before the law. He grew to trust me and to think me entirely callous to anything he might do, and so betrayed himself into my hands."

She drew a long breath and clasped the dainty hands tightly. "Two years ago the law gave me my freedom. I ought to have been free eight years before that. I would not marry any man, Mr. Lloyd, for I distrust all men. I only look forward to a life so useful that it may wash the stains of those dreadful years away from me. Strangest of all my sad experiences, however, is the fact that now I am irrevocably lost to him. This man, who hardly gave me a decent word for years; who struck me hundreds of times—always, the coward! when there was none to see; who forced me to witness his mad orgies with his brutal companions, and made me live in the house with his paramours—this man is now madly in love with me again. He haunts me with his professions of love and mad desire to win me back, and appeals to me by all those feelings which he murdered years ago, and which he dares to think me capable of holding toward him even now. This is why I am here in hiding, and this, Mr. Lloyd, is the life that has made me seem to you a 'perfect' woman. Would you like your wife to have such memories as mine to haunt you and her! I think not! Make yourself worthy, Mr. Lloyd, of the love of some pure girl—there are plenty of them around you—before ever you offer yourself to her. Don't ask of her more than you are willing or capable of giving in return. Prove to her, however, as far as possible, all that she has dreamed you to be, and thus save her from the bitter experience of my life. Promise me this, and you will help me to be happier."

She rose as if to close the interview, offering him her hand, with a wistful look in her eyes. He gave his with a new feeling of respect for her and for all womanhood.

"I do promise," he said earnestly; "and in spite of, or rather in virtue of, what you have confided to me, I still believe you to be a perfect woman. I recognize how impossible it is for you to be anything more to me than what you now are, but if you will permit me I shall ever be your faithful friend. You have told me some uncomfortable but wholesome truths, which, I trust, will ultimately benefit me. I thank you sincerely. Good evening."

"One word more," she said hurriedly. "Please do not refer again to my past history. I cannot bear it!" with a plaintive uplifting of her hands. "My only study now is to do what good I can, to shrink from nothing, and so to forget! It is as much as I can or dare to attempt. Good night," and she passed from the room.

Burt Lloyd went home the next day.

Two years later, on his wedding tour, Burt Lloyd surprised his young bride by stopping at a little out-of-the-way country town and calling, in her company, on the principal of a young ladies' school—a lovely but somewhat faded woman, with beautiful eyes and hair, whom he introduced as Mrs. Hart, and of whom he remarked, as they drove away after a long call:

"What there may be best of me in my treatment of you during the coming years of our lives, my darling, you may ascribe to that woman's influence upon me. But for her I should have remained a conceited jackanapes."

And thereupon he told the whole story.

LIFE AND ITS DANGERS.—Life is like a fountain fed by a thousand streams that perishes if once broken. Thoughtless mortals are surrounded by innumerable dangers which make it more strange that they escape so long, than that they almost all perish suddenly at last. We are encompassed with accidents every day sufficient to crush the decaying tenement we inhabit. The seeds of disease are planted in our constitution by nature. The earth and the atmosphere whence we draw the breath of life are impregnated with death; health is made to operate to its own destruction. The food that nourishes contains the elements of decay; the soul that animates it by vivifying, first tends to wear it out by its own action; death lurks in ambush along the paths.

What is the difference between a honey-comb and a honey-moon? One is made up of a lot of little cells; the other is one enormous cell only!

NUMBER 7.

Woman's Revolution.

I'll tell you of a fellow,
Of a fellow I have seen,
Who is neither white nor yellow,
But is altogether green;
And his name is 'Woman's Revolution,'
It is only common sense,
And his name is 'Woman's Revolution,'
But I hardly think I will.

Oh, he whispers of devotion,
Of devotion pure and deep,
And if seemed so very long a story,
That I almost fell asleep;
He thinks it would be pleasant,
As we journey down the river,
To go hand in hand together,
But I hardly think I will.

He told me of a cottage,
Of a cottage 'neath the trees,
And don't you think the fellow
Troubled down my knees;
While the tears the creature wasted
Were enough to turn a mill,
And he begged me to accept him,
But I hardly think I will.

He was here last night to see me,
But he never came so long a stay,
He never thought to go away,
At first I thought he was kind,
And now I hate him still,
But I hardly think I will.

I'm sure I would not choose him,
But the very devil is in it,
For he says if I refuse him,
He could not live a minute,
Now you know the blessed Bible
Plainly says we need no sin,
So I've thought the matter over,
And I rather think I will!

A Good Movement for Women.

Any one who opens to woman any new avenue to paying employment, or offers her additional facilities for acquiring and indusment for securing property, and thereby assists her to gain a competence and enjoy a condition of comparative pecuniary independence, does good service to the cause of woman, and confers a great favor upon society.

Mrs. M. P. Sawtelle, of Oregon, is earnestly engaged in a work that should commend itself to the hearty approval of the public. Through her persevering exertions a bill is now before the Senate with a fair prospect of becoming a law—a printed copy of which is before us—which enables the women of Oregon and the Territories, married or single, to acquire one hundred and sixty acres of the public domain in less time, with less trouble, and for less money, than men and heads of families can under the homestead law.

The land property rights acquired under this Act cannot be confiscated to pay the debts of bankrupts.

There is an abundance of rich and arable public land in Oregon to afford valuable homesteads to thousands of destitute, homeless and friendless women.

Commerce and great industrial pursuits have had a monopoly for subsidizing the Government long enough. It is time that the government of the people should look after the interests of those who are destitute and without employment. It is not enough to offer these lands to penniless women who are thousands of miles away. The Government should appropriate funds from the Treasury for the purpose, and offer inducements for enterprising and courageous women to possess themselves of its unoccupied soil.

Capitalists already, by numerous cunning legislative devices of their own invention, have gained possession of nearly all the unoccupied public lands which at present possess any considerable money value. They have things, greedy eyes on the balance, and with their spare hoardings mean to monopolize the remainder. These and their newspaper organs will, of course, oppose and denounce the movement of Mrs. Sawtelle. But this offers no reason for discouragement, but rather an additional one for more earnest effort.

—Pioneer.

The Sale of Women.

Most readers will probably be surprised to learn that there is still a regular fair in Europe, which is devoted exclusively to the sale of women as wives. Such, however, is the fact. It is held in the eastern extremity of Hungary, in a little province lost among the mountains, and inhabited by families to the manor born. Confined by nature in their deep valleys, and without any associations beyond the narrow circle of their own families, they have remained about half savage. They have retained the religion, the habits and traditions of their ancestors.

On St. Peter's day of every year, one may see in the streets of Kalis, coming from all sides, long trains of wagons, conducted by peasants dressed in their best Sunday clothes, bringing all sorts of furniture and household utensils. Droves of cattle and sheep follow the wagons, ornamented with new ribbons and bells. The young girls accompanying them are decked out in festival clothes, with brilliant colors and new fashions. The wagons are finally arranged in line along the sides of the road.

Here congregate all the young men of the country who are in search of wives, and the singular review begins—the young men filing along in front of the wagons.

The conversation is carried on with the father of the family.

"How much will you give?" he asks. "How many cattle are there?" asks the young man.

Then the girl's dowry is examined along with the cattle and sheep, and other fixtures. Meanwhile the young girl stands aside, motionless, awaiting the result of the inspection upon which her future depends. Sometimes the trade is broken, even when the girl suits on account of a lean cow or a cracked table.