

SONORA HEWITT.

BY MRS. SUZIE WITFORD.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It is the night before the wedding. Everything is prepared—the bridal train, with all their gay appendages. The tables are spread in an adjoining room, laden with the richest gifts friends and money can procure.

The Colonel and his wife were delighted with Harry's choice, and freely gave their consent to the union, which was to take place at the same time with Sonora's, when the youthful couples were to start immediately for Mrs. Summer's home at the South.

Everything was at last arranged to their satisfaction, and the elder part of the family had retired, leaving the lovers, with Blanche and Cordelia Marsh, together with Claude Montrose and Andrew Colter, the former a friend of Norman's and the latter of Harry's, who were to act as groomsmen on the following day, in the parlor to enjoy themselves alone for a while.

"Well, come, let us talk over the wedding affair, for that is what we are here for. Harry, stand up there," taking him by the shoulder; "and Miss Summers, allow me to escort you by his side," as he offered her his arm laughingly.

"What was that?" asked Sonora, as their merriment ceased. "Hark! there it goes again!" and listening, a heavy groan was distinctly heard in the back parlor opening upon the conservatory.

"Perhaps it is Blanche fallen asleep among the flowers," said Harry, jokingly. "You know she is very fond of the beautiful! I will go and see," and proceeding to the conservatory, looked cautiously around, but could perceive nothing at all forth such a sound.

"Come, Dell, sing us another of your sweet songs," said Harry, leading his beautiful betrothed to the piano. "It will dispel these nervous fears."

"What a happy fellow my friend Norman is in the possession of the lovely Miss Hewitt. I quite envy him his happiness."

"Do not envy him, but go thou and do likewise," responded the jovial bachelor. "There are plenty of ladies in the land, and there never was a Jack without a Gill."

"Thank you; you are complimentary, but upon my soul! I think I shall 'set my cap,' as the saying is, for the charming brunette, Miss Marsh," replied his comrade.

"Ah, I see! Well, I wish you good success in your undertaking," said Andrew, as they ascended the stairs of the hotel, where, wishing each other good night, they separated, the one to his bed, to seek rest in peaceful slumber, and the other to the gaming table, for Claude Montrose was a libertine and a gambler.

Andrew Colter was, as we have said, a bachelor. He was born in the good old State of New Jersey, and was, at the time we introduce him, about forty. His round rose face always had a smile for a friend, and wherever he was he was the life of the company.

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up, she exclaimed, "To-day! Can it be possible that this is my wedding day?" and sinking back upon her pillow, she remained for a while buried in thought. At length she arose, and falling upon her knees, she once more invoked the blessings of God to aid and strengthen her in that dreaded hour when she should stand before Him and give her hand without her heart.

Mrs. Hewitt, Harry and Norman were in the garden, cutting some of the early spring flowers and enjoying the fresh breeze. The Colonel stood at the window, looking over the morning paper, but as his daughter entered laid it down, and coming towards her, said:

"So this is the last morning we shall breakfast together for a long time, my pet?" and putting his arms around her, drew her towards him.

Sonora leaned heavily against her father's breast, but her heart was too full for tears, and she remained perfectly quiet, scarcely breathing, though the hand which rested in his trembled a little and felt so icy that the Colonel raised his child's head to see if she indeed breathed. Sonora raised her eyes and met those of her father fixed upon her with such an affectionate look that she for a moment lost her command, and would have thrown herself at his feet and begged him to let her be released from the snare which seemed to be cast about her just then.

Her mother and the gentlemen entering caused her to release herself, as she returned the morning salutation. Harry was the only one who noticed her agitation—nothing regarding his idolized sister escaped his watchful eye.

The breakfast was passed over with great merriment, even Sonora joining in with the rest, for a moment forgetting her own feelings. The morning was passed by the girls in the little boudoir of Sonora, looking over and rearranging the dresses and the numerous trinkets which were to adorn the fair forms of the brides. Lunch being over, they all repaired to their rooms to dress for the wedding, which was to take place at four o'clock.

The house was darkened from top to bottom in the latest fashion of the day, and the gas turned on full force, till all within doors was literally in a blaze of light, for in this, like everything else, Mrs. Hewitt insisted upon having it her way, and nothing would do but the extreme of fashion. Sonora's desire was that she might be married quietly, without any ostentatious display, but not so with her mother, who wished her friends to think that her daughter had made a brilliant match, and brilliant indeed it seemed.

All was splendor, wealth and magnificence, and as the few friends who had been so highly honored as to be invited began to assemble, all seemed happiness and gaiety. A line of carriages was drawn up before the door reaching half way around the park. The Rev. Dr. of Grace Church had already arrived.

When Sonora, who stood gazing out of her window like one in a dream, was told that all was ready, and that Harry was waiting to take the lead, Norman came forward and smilingly offered her his arm, which she took without raising her eyes or appearing to notice any one.

At length the rustling of silks announced the appearance of the expected brides, who were dressed precisely alike. Their dresses of richest white moire, covered with one of the most elegant point lace, and a veil to match, which swept the floor as they walked, gave to them an almost royal appearance, and indeed their dresses could scarcely be excelled even by the royalty themselves. A magnificent set of pearls was their only ornament, save those of natural orange-huds, which lightly held the delicate fabric upon their heads.

Blanche and Cordelia were each robed in elegant but perfectly plain white silk dresses, whose ample skirts gave to them a majestic appearance. They wore no ornaments of any kind, with the exception of a delicate wreath of jessamine upon their heads. Harry and Adele took the lead, as they were to be married first, followed by Andrew Colter and Cordelia Marsh; then came Norman and Sonora, followed by Blanche and Adele, and behind all walked the Colonel, his lady and Mrs. Summers.

Harry and Adele with their attendants took their places upon the floor, and in a few moments were joined together by the holy tie of matrimony. Stepping back a little, they made room for the other party in front, who immediately took their places. Norman appeared perfectly composed, but Sonora, whose face was the same color as her dress, seemed so agitated that it was with difficulty she could gain command enough over herself to remain standing. The ceremony was nearly through, and the minister had just pronounced the

sentence, "If there are any present who have anything against this union, let them now speak, or forever after hold their peace," a rattling was heard in the hall, and in an instant a female figure, enveloped in a large cloak and hood, rushed into the room exclaiming:

"I—I have—stop! I, Catherine de Midler, forbid the marriage of Herbert Norman Burke, my would-be murderer, the murderer of my daughter, from proceeding further," and throwing the cloak and hood upon the floor, revealed a tall and graceful form, arrayed in a most becoming suit of mourning. Proceeding at once towards Norman, who had neither moved nor stirred, but seemed perfectly paralyzed, she stood still with her arms folded, eyeing him with a look such as might make the stoutest heart quail.

Blanche and Cordelia were trying to restore Sonora, who had fainted the moment she had heard that voice, for she recognized it at once as being "Old Katy's."

Mrs. Summers was trying to console Mrs. Hewitt, who had lost all command of her nerves and was screaming, "Oh, my child! my dear child!"

The venerable minister had seated himself, and with the guests, seemed perfectly awe-struck.

The Colonel and Harry advanced at once to the side of the strange lady, for so she was, notwithstanding she had assumed the appellation of "Old Katy." Turning to the Colonel, she said:

"See that he escapes not," pointing to Norman. "Think not that I came here to make a disturbance without a cause, but thank me that I saved your child from becoming the wife of that villain," and sinking upon a lounge, she seemed utterly exhausted for a few moments.

Norman, whose teeth fairly chattered, tried hard to speak, but his tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth, and grasping the back of a chair, leaned heavily upon it, while Claude Montrose remained standing beside him. Claude seemed to whisper something, and at last Norman stammered out:

"Wh—what means this intrusion? Wh—what right have you thus to interfere in my business, and which does not concern you, whoever you are?"

"Whoever I am!" exclaimed Catherine de Midler bitterly. "You pretend to do me no wrong, but walking towards him she raised her thick and glossy black hair from her forehead and revealed in his gaze a deep scar. "Do you know that? Do you know me now? Ah, my time has come, Norman, and I will have my revenge," and turning to the company, she continued:

"Think me not wild or crazy, though my troubles have nearly made me so, but attribute my excitement, my frenzy, to a mother's wrongs. I am no witch," looking at Blanche and Sonora, who had partly recovered, "though I assumed that disguise to better enable me to carry out my purpose of finding out the wretch, and whom I have at last found," giving Norman another look. "When you have heard my story you will not blame me." Then, turning to Colonel Hewitt, she continued: "I arrest you expected son-in-law on the charge of an attempt to murder me in the neighborhood of your county seat at Bridgeport on the night of — over a year ago."

A half-uttered groan from Sonora, and another from Blanche, were the only sounds that disturbed the death-like stillness.

As Catherine opened the outside door, there rushed in two police officers, who, laying hands upon the "aristocratic" and superbly moustached half-made groom, said, "You are our prisoner."

Norman's countenance betrayed the inward fear, though he pretended to be very brave and to feel highly indignant at such proceedings as he turned to Colonel Hewitt, saying:

"Sir, there is some mistake here. This woman takes me for some other person, though she calls me Norman; still I know not to what she refers; neither have I the honor of the other names which she sees fit to designate me by; but rather than prolong a scene, already so obnoxious to the feelings of those present, as well as casting a gloom upon this happy couple," looking at Harry and Adele, "I will retire with these men, who, of course, must perform their duty. My friend, Mr. Montrose, has kindly offered to accompany me, where I shall have an opportunity of proving all things satisfactorily, and of clearing a character which has never before been tarnished even by a suspicion, and turning as he waved a graceful adieu, he allowed himself to be hand-cuffed and escorted on each side by an officer of the law, while his friend walked behind.

MOUNT SHASTA.—The Yreka Union says: "All the travelers who visit this country for the first time go into raptures over Mount Shasta. It is not a curiosity, but something greater. It is one of the grand sights of the world; in some respects, perhaps, the grandest. It is true there are higher mountains, but we know of no other so robed in grandeur. Other mountains are high because placed on lofty pedestals. Mount Shasta, like a single dome, rises solitary and alone from the common plane of the earth. You stand in the plains of Shasta and your eye sees it from summit to base at a single glance. You see before you, rising out of the plain in which you stand, a dome which reaches 12,000 feet heavenward above you."

Who Named Oregon?

Who named our country, and when was it named? are questions which will be asked with increasing interest as we develop and increase in the coming years. There seems to be no definite history which transmits from the past a record of those incidents which led to the early voyages and narrates their results, but we know that twenty-one years after Columbus landed at San Salvador the first discoverer, Balboa, crossed the Isthmus of Darien and claimed the Pacific ocean as the dominion of his Spanish sovereign. Following up the conquest of Mexico, not long after that time, Cortez built and launched ships at Tehuantepec, which explored the north coast, and these Spanish navigators sailed as far north as Vancouver's Island, explored the waters of Puget's Sound and left their names for the Straits of Fuca and for the islands which now are in dispute between the United States and Great Britain.

At an early day, the whole country purchased with Louisiana from the French, and lying West of the Rocky Mountains, was called Oregon, and was so denominated by Jonathan Carver, one of the early explorers of the interior.

In 1848, when at Valparaiso, Hon. J. Q. Thurston, as he informs us, became acquainted with a Spanish gentleman named Juan de Fuca, who had been inquired of him what fact or incident in connection with early Spanish voyage made in the sixteenth century, could have suggested the name Oregon, and the Spanish mission which was the medium of such suggestions. The answer was that in the Spanish language the word Oregon stands for a plant the fruit of which is called Oregon, and which is much used for compounds of lead bruiser and the like. He speaks of it as the plant after which Oregon is named, and accepts as the true conclusion that the Spanish voyagers recognized it and called our country "The land of the Oregon," which has easily been corrupted into the name Oregon.

Mr. Parise says it is in respect to the Spaniards visited the shores of the Sound at Stellacoom, where the soil is barren and rocky, with heavy gravel, which is entirely suited to this plant. The wild arum from which it is derived, and of such land to thrive in upon the shores of the Straits and the Sound, especially at Stellacoom, where it grows in this day with such luxuriance that according to the natives it is very pungent, is sometimes quite overpowering.

It is said that the *libertad* of California have discovered, in connection with the Spanish mission, which was the medium of such suggestions, the only early voyagers to the north coast which prove of great interest, and if so, there should be an effort to secure for the honor, instead of what was given to Washington Territory, which bore alike at an early day the common name. No doubt much valuable information could be gathered from the historical records of old Spain.—*Willamette Farmer*.

Mrs. Kinney.

This young woman is only eighteen years of age, yet she was able to find the redress which the law does not give, by silencing forever the slanderer, the man Cummings, who had embittered her life, injured her reputation, and driven from her the husband whom she devotedly loved, by malicious falsehood against her fair fame. We are as much interested in this case as you are, and we are glad to see that the wife of the slanderer, who had embittered her life, injured her reputation, and driven from her the husband whom she devotedly loved, by malicious falsehood against her fair fame.

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James Fisk and the Newboy.

Stories of Col. Fisk are constantly in circulation—some true, others not; but a little incident which occurred not many months before his death is perhaps one of the most touching of any that have been given to the public. This one Mrs. Fisk takes especial pleasure in recalling, illustrating, as it does, her husband's kindness of heart and readiness of sympathy and help to those who needed aid.

Col. Fisk had a young boy, who was noticed in Twenty-third street a little crippled newboy, and one day he spoke to him in his bluff, off-hand manner: "Well, my boy, how's business?" "Not very good, sir," was the reply. "What's the matter?" "Why, you see I'm lame and I can't sell my papers very well."

"Not a very good lookout for you, is it? I saw you, how would you like to go into business with me?" The boy looked perplexed and eyed the Colonel curiously.

"I think we might strike up a bargain. You come to the Opera House at 11 o'clock this morning. I've got a plan for you. Now be on time." At 11 o'clock the boy was there, quite curious to know what the Colonel had in mind.

"Hilloa, boy, you're a good one. Now see here, do you know a good place for a paper stand?" "Yes, sir, tip-top." "What is the name of the place?" "Down here at the corner." "How much will a stand cost?" "Lots of money—much as fifty or a hundred dollars." "You don't say so; why that's a fortune. Do you think there's money to be made there?" "Yes, it is. It's a first-rate place."

"Well, I've got a carpenter to make the stand for you. The price of the stand will take care of it and we'll be partners; you and I will go into the paper business." Col. Fisk arranged with the boy what part of the profits he should receive, and sent him on his way rejoicing. The plan was very successful. Trade was good, and every week the boy carried his share of the money to his partner. Seeing the boy's determination, Col. Fisk quietly put the money aside, and one day gave it all to the boy, resuming his former position as a paper carrier.

The HEATHEN BUDDIES.—A Buddhist priest, desiring to raise money for a temple at Sanghai, came to Shanghai for the purpose of collecting contributions. The temple had been started two years ago, but the zeal which had raised \$4,000 of the \$13,000 that were requisite subsided, and it was felt necessary to resort to more energetic means for raising the balance. Accordingly sent throughout the province to beg assistance. The priest who was detailed for Sanghai labored for weeks without success. This is evidently a bad place for begging contributions. With a devotion more than worthy of the cause, he determined to create a sensation, and thus excite interest in his mission. He announced that he would give his converts, and was to be held in a wooden box for seven days, during which period he would remain in an upright position without food or sleep. He was accordingly placed in a cage of iron bars and a high—just sufficiently large to admit him standing upright. The bottom of the cage was studded with nails so that his feet should be held firmly between the nails to rest on, and a couple of slight bars in front formed a rest for his arms. The native public were invited to peep at the genuine character of the martyrdom, and a large number of themselves if they pleased, and about 30 people brought padlocks of various kinds and secured the door as many times over. The cage was close one, with a few open bars near the bottom for the admission of air. The cage and the enclosed priest were placed in a temple situated on a great thoroughfare.

During the seven days thousands of people passed in and out as spectators, religious exercises being conducted meanwhile by the priests of the temple. The poor man endured his painful incarceration with remarkable fortitude, the only relief afforded being an occasional cup of water, and he emerged at the expiration of the seventh day looking little the worse. On examination his pulse was found to be 60, and was steady, his skin, though hot, was moist. After his release the cage was broken up and sold piecemeal to the Chinese, every nail bringing more than its weight in silver. The desirable result of calling forth liberal subscriptions was obtained, amounts from \$50 downward being freely paid by wealthy Chinese.

BE SOCIABLE.—Men isolate themselves from society, and many no more and do not care to be, and are the most uncomfortable of human beings. Byron says that "happiness was born a twin," but the phrase, though pretty and poetic, does not go far enough. We are gregarious, and are not intended to march through life either in single or double file. The man who cares for nobody, for whom nobody cares, has nothing to live for that will pay for the keeping of body and soul together. You must have a heap of embers to have a glowing fire. Scatter them apart, and they will be cold and dim and cold. So, to have a brisk, lively life, you must have a group of people to cheer each other, to afford mutual encouragement, confidence and support. If you wish to live the life of a man and not of a fungus, be sociable, be brotherly, be charitable, be sympathetic, and labor earnestly for the good of your kind.

ANECDOTE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.—A gentleman relates that many years ago he was on a visit to the Isle of Wight, and during his walks he strolled into the quiet churchyard. Near a grave in the corner of the church-yard he noticed a lady with a little girl—the latter about twelve years of age—to whom she was relating the story of the Dairyman's Daughter, whose remains lay beneath their feet. As the lady proceeded with the narrative, he observed the little girl lift up her eyes, filled with tears, and heard her say that she would try and be as good as the Dairyman's Daughter had been. After planting a lily on the grave, they walked slowly away. The gentleman, upon making inquiry, found that the lady was the Dutchess of Kent, and the little girl her daughter. The latter is now the Queen of England.

TO YOUNG MEN.—Lay it down as a foundation rule, that you will be "faithful in that which is least." Pick up loose nails, bits of twine, clean wrappings, and put them in their places. Be ready to throw in an odd half hour or hour's time, when it will be an accommodation, and don't seem to make a merit of it. Do it heartily. Though not a word be said, be sure your employer will make note of it. Make yourself indispensable to him, and he will lose many of the opposite kind before he will part with you. The young man who will watch the time to see the very second their working hour is up, who leaves, no matter what state the work may be in, at precisely the instant; who calculates the extra amount they can slight their work, and yet not get reprimanded, who are lavish of their employer's goods, will always be first to receive notice when their time is full, and their services are no longer required. Remember that you are not a slave. Then serve your employer as a friend; in due time he will be true to you.—*Boston Investigator*.

AN ANECDOTE OF FRANKLIN.—In a speech before the House of Lords and Commons, Franklin was interrupted by a scion of nobility with vociferous cries of "Confound him down; confound down that American mechanic." He was brought up at the hammer handle!

Calmly looking at the lordling, Franklin said, "It is fortunate for you that you were not, for your abilities never would have raised you above it!" The philosopher and statesman continued his eloquence without further interruption.

On a calm day of last week a whirlwind suddenly sprang up in the center of a field in Murray county, North Carolina, demolishing a building and scattering the timber in every direction.

Gleanings.

A lady entered a drug store and asked for a bottle of Jane's Experience. In New Orleans, Prof. La Hache died, and his daughter was hopelessly blinded, by drinking water that had passed through leaden pipes.

The Chinaman minister who was hatched for kissing a fair parishioner will recover. It is paying pretty dear for a kiss, but it might have cost him more.

Mrs. Somerville, the well-known authoress of the "Connection of the Physical Sciences," now in her ninety-second year, was present and saw the late eruption of Vesuvius.

Woman blacksmiths abound in Staffordshire, England, and the hammer, be it ever so heavy, is wielded by their brassy arms with such force that an anvil scarcely lasts the muscular Vulcan a week.

A man at camp-meeting boasted that he had been married twenty-five years, during which time he had never given his wife a cross word or look. He omitted to tell his hearers that he dared not do the one nor the other.

"Owing to the peculiar arrangements of the programme, no piece can be repeated," was the answer Mr. White received from his landlady (with whom he boarded) when he inquired for the second piece of pie at dinner.

Woman govern us; let us render them perfect; the more they are cultivated so much more shall we be. On the cultivation of the mind of women depends the wisdom of men. It is by women that nature writes on the hearts of men.

An exchange says that Mrs. Gratz Brown is a winning lady. A more interesting question just now is whether Mr. Gratz Brown is a winning gentleman, and we don't know of anybody that it interests as much as Gratz himself.—*Boston Globe*.

The city of Brighton, England lately paid out \$5,000 for the collection of a woman for murder; but just as she was nearly off their hands, the doctors pronounced her insane, and the treasury of the town is now responsible for her support as long as she lives.

A Rock county, Ill., farmer recklessly publishes the following challenge: "I will bet \$11 25 that my hired man can take longer to go to the harvest field, get back to dinner quicker, eat more, do less, and beat my own horse in a race of fence, than any other hired man within fifteen miles of a dagstaff in Janesville."

"Why does the operation of hanging kill a man?" asked a medical professor of his class. "Because," replied one of the students, "inspiration is checked, circulation is stopped, and the blood suffices and coagulates the brain."

"Judges," said another, "it is simply because the man isn't long enough to let his feet touch the ground."

THE WARM GROUND.—"She died," said Polly, "and never was seen again, for she was buried in the ground where the trees grow." "The cold ground," said the child shuddering. "The warm ground," said Polly, "where the ugly little seeds are turned into beautiful flowers, and where good people turn into angels and go to heaven."—*David Copperfield*.

New Jersey has done a good thing in commuting the sentence of Lubie Garabrant, the half-witted murderer, from hanging to a life-term in the State Prison; and she has entered on her career in the most unconcerned manner it is possible to imagine. Evidently the prison is the best home she can have. But there is not something in the lot of society which requires a convicted homicide to be an idiot to escape the hangman's rope?

We met Scroggins this morning with a bundle of papers under his arm. We asked him if he wasn't getting luxurious. "I've got six ministers at my house," he said. "But you do not feed them on nuts and raisins?" we rejoined. "No," he said, "I do not; but when I get about half done, at meal time, I shove back, and they follow suit. Then I come down stairs and fill up between meals. By this means I save about one hundred dollars a year better for the ministers not to eat too much."—*Wiscasset Oracle*.

KANSAS CITY rejoices in the possession of a precocious four year oldster, who being placed in a closet by his father the other day, for disobedience of paternal authority, instead of crying, put his wits to work to get out. Calling to his father to come in and see what he had found, the unsuspecting paterfamilias walked in, while the four year old slipped out and quickly turned the key, leaving him to sweat it out. Presently the youngster called to his pa to know if it was not hot in there; nor did he let his father out until he replied in the affirmative.

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

Years ago, into a wholesale grocery store in Boston walked a tall, muscular-looking, raw-boned man, evidently a fresh-comer from some back town in Maine or New Hampshire. Accosting the first person he met, who happened to be the merchant himself, he asked:—"You don't want to hire a man in your store, do you?"

"Well, if I was to hire a man, it would be one that could do a good deal of work, and I would hire you for a year, at \$100 per month."

"Done!" said the stranger; and by this time every clerk in the store had gathered around and was anxious to join in the laugh against the man, who, walking to the sack, threw it across his shoulder with perfect ease, as though it was not extremely heavy, and walking with it twice across the store, he stepped quietly to a large hook which was fastened to the wall, and hanging the sack upon it, turned to the merchant and said:—"There, now, it may hang there till doomsday; I shan't never lay it down. What shall I go about, mister? Just give me plenty to do and \$100 a month, and it's all right."

Theodore Parker wrote thus sensibly on the marriage question: "Men and women, especially young people, do not know that it takes years to marry completely two hearts, even of the most loving and well-assorted. But man always thinks of marriage as a thing to be done in a moment, and he does not know that it is a process which takes years to complete. Marriage is gradual, a fraction of us at a time. A happy wedding is a long falling in love. I know young persons think love belongs only to the brown hair, and plump, comely crinoline checks. So it does for its beginning, just as Mt. Washington begins at Boston Bay. But the golden marriage is a patient, slow, steady, and day knows nothing of it. Youth is the tassel and silken dower of love, with its glad remembrances, and its rainbow side-turned toward heaven as well as toward earth, and its sunny, airy, and opposite in temper and general character, and such a marriage is commonly a good match. They do it instinctively. The young man does not say, 'My black eyes require a blue sky, and my white hair and my over-reverence requires to be a little modified with somewhat of dullness and reserve.' When these opposites come together to be wed, they do not know it each thinks the other just as it is. Men and women are married fractionally; now a small fraction, then a large fraction, then totally, and only so think in the New York Ledger on letter writing with the following sensible advice:

Do not begin a letter with an apology or an explanation. Time is precious. Letters are multitudinous. Men do not like to open and clean a letter like a fish before they can eat it. State your business in the first line. Then, when you wish to state your business, you can go on with your explanation, and apologies, which the receiver can read or not, as he pleases. Thus, if one writes, 'Dear Sir—I want to borrow a thousand dollars without interest or security,' and adds eight or ten reasons why, the reader does not need to read further than the first line.

Never begin thus: 'Dear Sir—You will be surprised to receive a letter from an entire stranger,' etc. Bless your heart, one now-a-days is surprised at anything else! Surprised! I am surprised when I do not get a peck a week. Here are a few rules which men should commit to memory, in corresponding with busy people:

1. Don't write at all.

2. When you can't help it, be sharp, short and legible to the end.

3. When you write on your own business, pay for the answer.

4. When you want money, don't begin with pteety or flattery. Beg first, and be pteety afterward.

5. Don't beg of any one with whom you are not personally acquainted. Die, but don't beg.

How TO OBTAIN A GOOD FACE.—A correspondent has some good ideas on the importance of mental activity in retaining a good face. He says, "We were speaking of handsome men the other evening, and I was wondering why R had not got the beauty for which he was so famous. He said, 'Oh, it is because he never did anything.' Said B; 'he never worked, though, or suffered. You must have the mind chiseling away at the features, if you want handsome middle-aged men.' Since hearing that remark, I have been on the watch to see whether it is generally true—and it is." A handsome man, who does not work but eat and drink, grows chubby; but the hard thinker has an admirable sculptor at work, keeping his face lines at the features, and constantly going over his face, endeavoring to improve, if possible, the original design.

On a calm day of last week a whirlwind suddenly sprang up in the center of a field in Murray county, North Carolina, demolishing a building and scattering the timber in every direction.