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The New Northwest.

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Devoted to the Interests of Humanity.
Independent in Politics and Religion.
Alive to all Live Issues, and Thoroughly Radical in Opposing and Exposing the Wrongs of the Masses.

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

SONORA HEWITT.

BY MRS. SUSIE WITHERELL.

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

CHAPTER XIX.

CATHERINE DE MIDCI'S STORY.

"That was well spoken for a falsehood truly! But how mistaken are his ideas regarding his 'untarnished character!'" said Catherine de Midei, as Norman was taken away by the officers of the law, while a scornful smile curled her lips, displaying once more those pearly teeth.

The guests came forward and congratulated the bride and groom whose happy bridal had terminated so abruptly; and then, turning to Sonora, who lay reclining upon the arm of Blanche, each one had some word of comfort to offer her, thinking that she at least must be the one to feel the effects of this mystery most, but, happy girl, a sweet smile rested once more upon her lovely face; and as a few of her most intimate friends endeavored to console her, she exclaimed:

"I never was happier! Thank God, my prayers are answered and I am free from that bad man!"

After partaking of some refreshments, the company at last disappeared to their home, some to pity and lament over the unfortunate and half-made bride, and others to wonder and comment upon the handsome groom and the mysterious stranger.

When they had all departed, except Mr. Colter, whom Harry insisted upon remaining, the Colonel came forward, and seating himself beside the unknown lady, said:

"Madam, will you now have the kindness to explain to us the nature of Mr. McIntosh's offence? and to whom we are indebted for its revelation? for I, as a father, have a right to know that which is so intimately connected with my daughter's fate and with the honor of my family."

"Certainly, sir," replied Catherine de Midei, rising, "all shall be explained to your satisfaction, and give you cause to be thankful that you are rid of a villain and a wretch so despisable!"

Mrs. Hewitt, who had recovered her feelings somewhat, turned to Catherine, saying:

"Let us first take some refreshments, and then we shall all feel stronger and more capable of bearing any shock which your recital may give," and rising, she led the way to the dining-room, where a magnificent dinner was served up.

For a time all else was forgotten save the health and prosperity of the happy young couple, who were scarcely more than the half-made bride, who equally received her share of the toasts and well wishes of all present.

As soon as dinner was over, they again repaired to the parlor, where, having comfortably seated themselves, they were prepared to listen to the story which their strange guest had promised to tell them.

"My tale is a true one," commenced she, as she seated herself and reclined one arm gracefully upon the table, while in the other hand she nervously grasped a small and narrow box, which she had taken from her pocket, and which seemed rather weighty for such a receptacle. "I was born of Spanish parents in the early part of the year 18— at Madrid, the capital of Spain, making me at the present time just thirty-five. My parents' name was Valerie, and I was their only daughter. From my earliest childhood I was considered handsome, and my friends never scrupled to tell me so, and thereby pamper my vanity. As I grew older I became vain and selfish, and considered myself a little superior to those around me. My dear but weak-minded mother indulged my every wish, and I only had to tease or bring a few tears to compel her to obey my slightest desire. My father was a true Spaniard, and his wrath alone did I fear. My two brothers, who were both younger than myself, I cared little about.

"When I was little over twelve years of age, my parents took me to behold that cruel and most horrible spectacle, a bull fight. Though I was but twelve, still I had attained the growth of a woman, and considered those of my age but children compared to myself. I had also early attained the feelings of a woman, and was not a stranger to the realities of love, though I had as yet never fixed my eyes upon one to whom I had any particular attachment. But in the arena I beheld my future husband, Lenard de Midei, or Speedfast as he was called among his people. Yes, he was one of the combatants. His tall and muscular form was clad in garments suitable to the feat he was expected to perform, and his magnificent locks were slightly covered by a tasty little cap, decorated with a bright crimson plume, which gracefully waved as he moved his head. I thought as I gazed upon him that I had never seen his equal. My cheek crimsoned beneath his gaze, and my black eyes flashed with the true fire of Spanish love, for, young as I then was, I resolved to win him, for I already loved him as few of you colder-blooded Americans can be aware of. My parents noticed the interest which I that day seemed to take, on account of never having done so before, for I had a natural abhorrence to anything of the kind, but the handsome young stranger absorbed all my mind, and kept my eyes fixed intently upon the ring. At last the infuriated animal was brought in, and the contest began. Owing to some unfortunate move on the part of de Midei, his foot slipped and he fell headlong in front of the bull, who, already maddened beyond measure, made a plunge, lacerating his flesh most dreadfully. A loud hissing was the last I heard, for I took so deep an interest in the stranger that I fainted.

"When I awoke to consciousness I was at home lying in bed, and my mother sitting beside me. My first question was, 'Is he dead?' My mother answered me in the negative, telling me also that my father suspected the cause of my indisposition, and was highly incensed at the idea of my falling in love with a man who had forfeited his popularity and deserved hissing from the arena; for you know," continued she, looking at the Colonel, "that bull-fighting is one of the favorite amusements of the Spaniards, and to have the champion beaten is considered a disgrace.

"But I had made up my mind to find out more about him—to seek him out, and if he was injured, to relieve him if possible. The next day I planned within myself that I would walk out and inquire who the stranger was and where he lived. Accordingly I started, and had just entered the gay promenade, when who should I see coming towards me but the subject of my thoughts, who at once recognized me. Dismissing my attendant, I accepted him as my escort during the remainder of my walk. His arm, which had been the most hurt, was in a sling, and a huge piece of sticking plaster covered a slight wound upon his left cheek. He informed me that his name was Lenard de Midei; that his parents were of Indian blood, and resided in the wilds of Lousiana in America; that he had been traveling over Europe, had stopped at the gay capital only on a visit, and expected to return in the course of a few months to the home of his parents. As we were conversing, a voice at my side caused me to start, and turning, I beheld my father, whose lowering brow betokened the approach of some terrible storm. Grasping me by the arm, he stepped between Lenard and myself, and taking him by the neck, hurled him to the ground. Quickly springing to his feet, while the Indian revenge could be plainly seen in his firmly set teeth, which he fairly gritted in his rage, with one blow from his unhurt arm he laid my father senseless before me. Then, turning to me, he asked:

"'Which will you do—go with the stranger or remain? Quick, for I must fly!'

"Without waiting a moment to consider, I replied, 'I am yours,' and before I scarcely knew what I was doing, found myself in a coach and driving rapidly out of Madrid. It was nearly night when we arrived at a small town outside of the capital. Stopping at a public house, Lenard left me, and soon after returned, bringing with him a priest, and shortly after I became the wife of one I had so strangely left all to follow. After partaking of a sumptuous repast, we again proceeded upon our journey—never stopping, only to take refreshments, until we were beyond the borders of Spain. We directed our course toward a small seaport town, where we engaged passage in a ship which was to start immediately for the United States. From that day to this I have never seen either of those dear parents, whose only fault was too much indulgence and kindness to their self-willed and wayward daughter. One of my brothers died since, and the other married, and is now living at Marseilles."

Mrs. Summers, who had listened to this much of her history in silence, exclaimed:

"And his name is Paralto Valeire?"

"Yes, madam," answered Catherine, her countenance lighting up. "Are you acquainted?"

"I am his sister-in-law," replied Mrs. Summers. "He married my only sister, Lily." Stranger still—soliloquized she, as Catherine proceeded with her narrative.

"As soon as we arrived in Lousiana, we proceeded at once to the wild forest which had been the home of my husband's childhood, and the description of which already suited my romantic fancy. His father, whose name was Fleetfoot, was the chief of his tribe, and his mother, Lucerta, was styled the 'God,' on account of her motherly kindness and good acts to all those who chanced to be thrown in her way. Fleetfoot frowned upon me, as Lenard introduced me, but Lucerta, putting her arms around me, said in her language:

"'May the Good Spirit bless you, my child!'

"My heart went out to her at once, and always after I loved her as dearly as if she had been my own mother; but it was quite the contrary with Fleetfoot, whom the longer I knew the more I disliked, and, to tell the truth, I hated him, for the heart of the Spaniard knows but two feelings, love and hate. Though I had left my parents and all my friends behind me, and sought the dreary wild forest as my future home in preference to the gay and lively capital of Spain, still I never regretted it, for my heart and soul was bound up in Lenard, whom I fairly worshipped, and who idolized me in return. Yes, we were happy in each other, and with this we were content. We had been married a little over a year when our hearts were gladdened by the birth of a little daughter, whom her grandmother insisted upon calling White Star, notwithstanding we had her christened after my mother, Gertrude Valeire. From infancy she gave promise of great beauty, and as she grew, I resolved never to bring her up as I had been, but, on the contrary, to keep her as far as possible in ignorance of that beauty which had caused her mother so much vanity and her grandparents such heartfelt misery. Lenard would sit for hours listening to the innocent prattle of his child, or in teaching her the path through the mazy forest. Sometimes he would take her in his canoe and teach her little hands to use the oar as they skimmed lightly over the surface of the Mississippi.

"Before she was ten years old she knew every track of the wild forest, and could paddle a canoe almost as well as her father. She would many a day wander off into the most lonesome and deepest part of the forest in quest of herbs, whose medicinal qualities she thoroughly understood. After gathering great bunches of the different varieties, she would tie them in knots ready for sale in the distant villages; then, flinging them across her shoulders, she would trip along, humming some lively air, until she had possessed herself of all the wild flowers she could find; then, seating herself beneath the shade of some tree, would weave them into baskets and wreaths, some of which might have shamed the fair daughters of cultivation and refinement. Decking her brow with a natural coronet, she would resume her bundles of roots and herbs, while peeping out from beneath the green might be seen the gayest of earth's choice treasures. In this manner she would return, looking the very personification of some rustic queen. She was loved by the entire tribe, who were always ready to do a favor, or to bestow some rude gift upon their beautiful 'Star.' As she grew in years she became more and more beautiful. Her tall, graceful form was as pliant as the bending willow, and might often be seen in an attitude as graceful as it was easy as she stooped to aim her arrow, which art she was well skilled in. Oftimes when she would strike the mark, which she had arranged for her own amusement, she would clap her little hands and laugh with a glee which would make the old forest ring, and exclaim in her father's tongue, 'White Star bids fair to make a hunter,' and with a bound she would spring away into the woods as she carroled some wild Indian air. One of her favorite amusements was the guitar, and of which she was exceedingly fond. With this she would wander away for hours together, and when we would sometimes reprimand her for her truancy, she would smilingly reply, 'Oh, I have only been wooing the big tree, and mother must not frown, for White Star is so happy.'"

At this part of her story Catherine leaned her head upon the table and wept, for her heart seemed too full to proceed, as memories of her lost one rose before her. After a few moments, overcoming her emotion, she raised her head, while her large black eyes fairly flashed, so bright were they, as she cast them towards Sonora:

"But before she was as old as you, fair girl, her happiness was gone!" and springing from her chair with a bound which caused her listeners to start, continued, "Gone—yes, forever blasted, and by that fiend in human form who would have made you his wife, and who before he even saw you was wedded to one as fair, whom he cruelly deserted." Then, pacing the floor, as she tightly grasped the small box within her hand, she turned to Mrs. Hewitt, saying, "Madam, I am not crazy, though to have been so once would have been a source of happiness to my aching heart; but, madam, my child, my beautiful White Star, was my idol, as dear to my heart as you fair girl is to yours. Can you, do you blame me, for being nearly frantic? God forgive me!" and dropping into her seat again, she pressed her fingers to her forehead with such force that the prints of her nails were visible.

All present felt deeply for her in her grief, and suffered her to remain perfectly quiet for a few moments, while Harry rang the bell and ordered some wine, which he insisted upon her drinking.

Mrs. Hewitt, turning to her, said, while her own voice quivered with emotion:

"Madam, let me beg of you not to proceed any further this evening, but wait until to-morrow to finish that which we are all anxious to hear, for you need rest. Remain a guest with us to-night, who henceforth will always be your friends. You are already too much excited over your wrongs for me to allow a further recitation of them at present; therefore, dear madam, take my advice. To-morrow we shall all feel in better spirits to listen to that which concerns not only yourself, but our own honor and happiness, for I for one am truly, yes, almost too happy, to think my daughter has escaped from the fangs of the serpent."

"And I for another," exclaimed the Colonel, his ruddy face beaming with smiles as he took Catherine's hand. "I must now offer my thanks to you, dear madam, for your kindly interference this afternoon, and will join my entreaties to those of my wife—that you remain a guest with us to-night, and to-morrow finish your interesting though sorrowful history."

All hands now joined in and persuaded her, till at last she yielded a reluctant consent, though she absolutely refused to remain with the family during the evening and partake of any enjoyment, preferring to retire to her own room, much, however, to the regret of Blanche and Cordelia, who were deeply interested in White Star.

Sonora waited upon her to her room, where, receiving a fervent kiss upon her fair brow, was turning to depart, when Catherine, perceiving the ring which Norman had placed upon her finger over a year before, when he parted with her at the depot, she grasped her hand, exclaiming:

"That ring—how came you by it? Did *he* give it to you?" and without waiting for an answer, wound her arms affectionately around Sonora's neck, as she wept out "good night, good night," and releasing her, she waived her hand. Then, closing the door, Catherine de Medei was alone.

Life's Brightest Hour.

Not long since, I met a gentleman who is assessed for more than a million. Silver was in his hair, care upon his brow, and he stooped beneath his burden of wealth. We are speaking of that period of life when we had realized the most perfect enjoyment; or, rather, when we had found the happiness nearest to being unalloyed. "I'll tell you," said the millionaire, "when was the happiest hour of my life. At the age of one and twenty I had saved up $800. I was earning $500 a year, and my father did not take it away from me, only requiring that I should pay for my board. At the age of twenty-one I had secured a pretty cottage just outside the city. I was able to pay two-thirds of the value down, and also to furnish it respectably. I was married on Sunday—a Sunday in June—at my father's house. My wife had come to me poor in purse, but rich in the wealth of her womanhood. The Sabbath and the Sabbath night we passed beneath my father's roof, and on Monday morning I went to my work leaving mother and sister to help in preparing my home. On Monday evening, when the labors of the day were done, I went not to the parental shelter, as in the past, but to my own home—my own home. The holy atmosphere of that hour seems to surround me even now in the memory. I opened the door of my cottage and entered. I laid my hat upon the little stand in the hall, and passed on into the kitchen—our kitchen and dining room were all one then. I pushed open the kitchen door. The table was set against the wall—the evening meal was ready—prepared by the hands of her who had come to be my helpmate, in deed as well as in name—and by the table, with a throbbing, expectant look upon her face, stood my wife. I tried to speak and could not. I could only clasp the waiting one to my bosom, thus showing her the ecstatic bliss of my heart. The years have passed—long, long years—and worldly wealth has flowed in upon me, and I am honored and envied; but as true as heaven—I would give it all—every dollar—for the joy of the hour of that June evening in the long, long ago."

DIRECT YOUR LETTERS CAREFULLY. The *Postal Record* says that during the past year there were sent to the Dead Letter Office nearly three milllions of letters. Sixty-eight thousand of these letters could not be forwarded, owing to the carelessness of the writers omitting to give the country or State; four hundred thousand failed to be sent because the writers failed to put on stamps, and over three thousand were put in the post office without any address whatever. In the letters above named were found $92,000 in cash; drafts, checks, etc., to the value of $3,000,000. There were over thirty-nine thousand photographs contained in the above letters. Of course, nearly all the money and valuables were returned to the owners, but much needless delay, many charges of dishonesty might have been saved if the writers of the letters could have been a little more careful, and taken the precaution to see that their letters could have been a little more careful, and taken the precaution to see that their letters were in mailable condition before despositing them in the post office. It is more than probable that nine tenths of all the complaints, losses and delays, which are laid to the post office department, are, in reality, due to the carelessness of the letter writers.

WOMANLY DELICACY.—Above every other feature that adorns the female character, delicacy stands foremost within the province of good taste. Not that delicacy which is perpetually in quest of something to be ashamed of, which makes merit of a blush, and simpers at the false construction its own ingenuity has put upon an innocent remark; this spurious kind of delicacy is as far removed from good taste as from good feeling and good sense; but the high-minded delicacy which maintains its pure and undeviating walk alike amongst woman as in the society of men, which shrinks from no necessary duty, and can speak when required with seriousness and kindness of things at which it would be ashamed to smile or blush.

BLEEDING AT THE NOSE.—This is commonly a harmless affection, although individuals have repeatedly been known to have died from it. In childhood and early youth it is idiophatic, dependent upon active congestion. In old age it is sympatomic and the result of passive congestion. When habitual, its suspension betokens disease or danger.

Various means are adopted for its control—raising both arms over the head and holding them for a time is usually successful. The best remedy, when it can be obtained, is a bunch of common tansey held to the nose, and the aroma snuffed up into the nostrils. How it is we do not know, but we are certain it stops the nose-bleed.

Buy Good Books and Papers.

In the homes of the rich there are always plenty of ornaments, costly furniture, and expensive, if not fine pictures; but it is much less common to find good libraries. American wealth expends itself less frequently in this direction, because a taste for books must be formed early, and many (who have made their own money) had little time in youth to acquire a habit of reading. Yet the Americans are a reading people, though it may be feared from the trash which sells well and amply rewards its producers, that the public taste is more voracious than delicate. The coarse pictorials and the vulgar, stupid magazines and weeklies that abound and prosper, and thrust themselves on public notice from every book-stand, afford no very creditable indorsement. Yet those whose business it is to take special cognizance of the progress of American literature, observe that the quality has risen, not, perhaps, in proportion to the quantity, yet in a degree that is highly honorable to a literature of which a critic said, but forty years ago, "Who buys an American book?" What we need, is—the more liberal encouragement of good literature, the avoidance of the bad. There are people who think themselves or their children well employed if they are reading. Often sheer illeness, or any innocent amusement, would be more profitable. To sit for hours listening to foolish talk, mere light gossip, would not seem improving to any one. But trash is worthless, written or printed; often has an imposing appearance. But bad books, trival books, silly books, are company to the reader, and by the company he keeps his mind is affected. All know this of living companions. It is quite true of books. * * To much that is published to amuse the passing hour, we cheerfully accord all the merit we can find it in; but one of the highest functions of the literary critic in journalism, is to separate the wheat from the chaff in the abundant harvest from the field of literature. If those who buy for themselves or others, will exercise a proper discrimination in the choice of books, they will find the profit of it to themselves, and give the profit of their purchase to those who deserve it. * * Bad books are the worst companions; stupid books are the dullest; foolish books are the silliest. Avoid bad company, is a maxim that applies to books as well as men:—*Philadelphia Age.*

Woman's Friendship.

It is a wondrous advantage to man, in every pursuit or avocation, to secure an adviser in a sensible woman. In woman there is at once a subtle delicacy of tact and a plain soundness of judgment which is surely combined to an equal degree in man. A woman, if she be your friend, will have a sensitive regard for your character, honor and repute. She will seldom counsel you to do a shabby thing, for a woman friend always desires to be proud of you. At the same time, her constitutional timidity makes her more cautious than your male friend. She, therefore, seldom counsels you to do an impertinent thing.

By female friendship we mean pure friendship, those in which there is no admixture of the passion of love, except in the marriage state. A man's best friend is a wife of good sense and good heart, whom he loves and who loves him. If he have that he need not seek elsewhere. But supposing the man to be without such a helpmate, female friendship he must still have, or his intellect will be without a garden, and there will be many an unheeded gap even its strongest fence. Better and safer, of course, such friendships where disparity of years, or circumstances puts the idea of love out of the question. Middle life has rarely this advantage; youth and old age have. We may have female friendship with those much older and those much younger than ourselves.

Molière's old housekeeper was a great help to his genius; and Montaigue's philosophy takes both a gentler and loftier character of wisdom from the date in which he finds in Marie de Gournay an adopted daughter, "certainly beloved by me," says the Horace of essayists, "with more than parental love, and involved in my solitude of retirement, as one of the best parts of my being." Female friendship, indeed, is to a man the bulwark, sweetener, ornament of his existence. To his mental culture it is invaluable; without it, all his knowledge of books will never give him knowledge of the world.

SHALL A WOMAN PRACTICE LAW?—Some weeks since we noticed the application of Mrs. Nettie C. Tator for admission to the bar in the county of Santa Cruz. The application was made in March, but a law passed during the last session of the legislature, limiting admissions only to the Supreme Court, went into force last April 1st, and Judge Heacock was of the opinion that it prevented his jurisdiction in the matter. So Mrs. Tator withdrew her application, and will make it in the Supreme Court of this State. We were in hopes to have seen this matter passed upon favorably, as it is eminently just that all pursuits, trades and professions should be open to women as to men. Thousands of women are compelled to earn a livelihood, and they should have all the opportunities for so doing that men have. The professions are of a lighter character of labor, and women who have the mental calibre to adopt them should be free to do so.

The law of this State very unjustly limits admissions of attorneys to white male citizens alone; but in the report filed in the County Clerk's office by the majority of the Committee, Judge Hagan and Col. Heath, it was maintained that under the provisions of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, the State law was null and void; for in that Amendment all persons born in the United States are declared citizens. And it further says, "That no State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of a citizen." And they further held that as any trade, pursuit or profession fell among the privileges and immunities of citizenship, therefore, under the provisions of that Act, she was entitled to admission.

We hope soon to hear of a favorable decision in this matter from the Supreme Court, or a speedy repeal of the State law.—*San Jose Mercury.*

Some of the largest steamships burn eight hundred tons of coal crossing the Atlantic.

Relative Capacity of Boys and Girls.

The writer of what follows is a lady who is doing more for the public schools of Grand Rapids, Mich., than any other lady in the city. Her method of instruction is novel, but founded on common sense. She makes each child think that nothing is taught is not understood. Nothing is learned by rote. Therefore her opinion is invaluable.

You ask me, "Do you find any difference in scholarship between boys and girls?"

I answer that as my classes are at present, I do. But my reply, without explanation would surely lead to a wrong impression on my experience.

My class having the greatest number of girls, nearly all speak the English language at home. My class of boys are largely Hollanders. My girls spell best, my boys read best.

During the year, feelling a deep interest in the question of woman's capability of receiving the same kind of mental food as man, I have tried to experiment carefully and watch closely the results obtained that I might if possible, discover the great "mental unlikeness" of the two, so plainly discerned by Rev. Todd and Hatfield; but I have wholly failed to make such discovery. At one time, I was ready to make the decision for rapidity of acquirement in favor of the girls; but I found by more careful observation that I had not been sufficiently careful in my analysis of the reason for the difference. When the time came for pupils to rest, or do anything they wish—as I often allow them to do, I noticed that the girls because more accustomed to indoor life, would keep on with their study, while the boys would gladly avail themselves of the offered rest.

And now, at the close of the year of comparison. I am *fully convinced* that there exists in natural capability of acquirements of knowledge "neither male nor female, but that all are one" in power to receive the offered blessing of intellectual no less than of spiritual life. If a difference exists anywhere save in the imagination of pulpit or platform orators, it must be developed in those later years, when the world, alas! teaches to young girlhood in so many forms the soul-dwarfing lesson, that the great deep mystery of being can only be rightly understood by unwearied conning of latest fashion-plates, and that woman's life is of importance in a direct ratio of number of flounces and yards of ruffling. Very respectfully.

D. E. HENRY.

A Portrait of Henry Wilson.

The following pen portrait of Henry Wilson, is by Miss Laura Ream, in the Missouri *Democrat:*

Let your readers imagine a man just past the meridian of life, but with the years resting lightly upon his head. A tall, sinewy, square-shouldered man, with a hand as soft as velvet and as firm as friendship, and a figure admirably proportioned—there is in the pose of the head the suggestion of an ear always inclined to the plaints of suffering humanity. It is a round, shapely head, with the organs of benevolence largely developed. The broad forehead as clearly defines the qualities of order and causality which are essential to practical results, and beneath the crown of brain we have soft brown eyes—pure wells of virtuous thought—which have the quality of carrying conviction to every heart.

A large nose, in artist parlance of the general order, neither Roman nor Grecian, gives character to the smooth, round cheeks and the mouth more worthy of trust. The lips are mobile in the sense of generosity and tenderness, but are less expressive of courage, self-reliance and firmness. It is a mouth to be trusted forever. A decisive chin completes the perfect oval of a face which is shaded by soft gray hair, worn long and thrown back from the temples. The face is smooth shaven, and a roseate complexion indicates the healthy old age of a well-spent life. The morning we saw him he had been in the Senate until four o'clock, and had taken no rest, but he looked as fresh and strong as a boy from his morning bath. This, too, is only the day but one after his nomination to the Vice Presidency, and he is as serene as a summer sky. His voice is round and full, with an organ depth of tone which insensibly commands attention. It stereotypes, to use a figurative expression, the truthful language of the age. Withal, my pen has failed of its purpose of it has not conveyed to your readers the idea of a great and good man.

EXCELLENT INTEREST RULES.—For finding the interest of any principal for any number of days, the answer in each case begin in cents, separate the two right hand figures to express it in dollars and cents.

Four per cent.—Multiply the principal by the number of days to run, separate the right hand figures from the product, and divide by 9.

Five per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by 72.

Six per cent.—Multiply by number of days; separate right hand figures and divide by 6.

Eight per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by 75.

Nine per cent.—Multiply by number of days; separate right hand figures and divide by 4.

Ten per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by 36.

Fifteen per cent.—Multiply by number of days, and divide by 24.

Eighteen per cent.—Multiply by number of days; separate right hand figure and divide by 2.

Twenty per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by 18.

WOMAN'S DRUDGERY.—The Hygienic system is pre-eminently the cause of woman—both as respects the preservation of health and the treatment of disease. A simple and wholesome plan of cooking would relieve her of one-half of her present hard toil and drudgery, while it would promote the health of every member of her household. At least four fifths of all the money expended for medicines and medical advice are paid because of the disease of women and children. And nine-tenths of all care, nursing, night-watching, and privation of sleep and rest because of sick children, are performed and suffered by women. The Medical Society in New York, which, on one of its festive occasions toasted woman in the following words, had truth if not poetry at the basis of the sentiment: "Woman,—God's best gift to man, and the chief support of the doctors.—*From Science of Health.*

Farmers' Boys.

There is a native manliness and independent nobility about farmers' boys that is rarely ever witnessed in those who grow up in cities. The city boy may be more polished, and perhaps a little quicker with his mother tongue, but sound him and you will find that he has not the depth of mind or the manliness of character that are generally possessed by the hardy country boy. The latter is nature's child, he is strong, fearless and independent, his faculties are healthy and active, and he readily masters the lessons that are spread out so abundantly around them. He studies the works and beauties of nature, and being unhampered by the rules of conventionality, he seeks the natural course of things he does not understand, depending upon himself for the solution of his most difficult problems; thus he becomes self-reliant, common-sense and practical, and when he goes out into the world he deals with men on those principles. He understands human nature, too, as he has learned it from his own disposition and his keen observation of the conduct of other people, and, his common-sense telling him that human nature is and always has been the same, he knows exactly how to approach men when he wishes to gain his purpose.

The greatest men of every calling and all ages have been farmers' sons, and they will be until the end of time; and the secret of their success is their self-reliance, united with industrious, temperate habits. They have neither the time nor the means to study the sciences and fine arts.

There is still a brighter future for farmers' boys. The great improvements that have been made in farming implements do away with a large portion of the heavy and disagreeable labor that formerly could not be avoided, and enable one man to do as much work as two or three could in earlier periods, so that now farmers have more time to read and improve their minds and become familiar with events that are transpiring in the world. The great increase in books and periodicals and the low prices at which they are offered furnish additional facilities for obtaining knowledge, and if farmers take advantage of them as they should, we will soon find our most polished gentlemen and cultivated scholars among the youth of the country.—*St. Joseph Reflector.*

Verdict of a Jury of Boys.

When Dr. Nathaniel Prentice taught a public school in Roxbury he was very much of a favorite, but his patience at times would get nearly exhausted by the infraction of school rules by the scholars. On one occasion, in a rather wrathy way, he threatened to punish with six blows of a heavy ferule, the first boy detected in whispering, and appointed some as detectors. Shortly after, one of these detectors shouted,—

"Master, John Ziegler is whispering."

John was called up and asked if it was a fact. (John, by the way, was a favorite, both of the teachers and his schoolmates).

"Yes," answered John, "I was not aware of what I was about. I was intent on working out a sum, and requested the one who sat next to me to reach me the arithmetic that contained the rule I wished to see."

The doctor regretted his hasty threat, but told John he could not suffer him to whisper and escape the punishment, and continued:

"I wish I could avoid it, but I cannot without a forfeiture of my word, and a consequent loss of authority, I will leave it," continued he, "to any three scholars you may choose, to say whether or not I shall remit the punishment."

John said he would agree to that, and immediately called out three boys.

The doctor told them to return a verdict; this they soon did, after a consultation, as follows:

"The master's word must be kept inviolate. John must receive the threatened punishment of six blows of the ferule; but it must be inflicted on volunteer proxies, and we, the arbitrators, will share the punishment by receiving each of us two of the blows."

John, who had listened to the verdict, stepped up to the doctor, and with outstretched hand, exclaimed—

"Master, here is my hand; they shan't be struck a blow; I will receive the punishment."

The doctor under pretence of wiping his face, shielded his eyes, and telling the boys to go to their seats, said he would think of it. I believe he did think of it to his dying day, but the punishment was never inflicted.—*Teacher.*

HOW TO KEEP THE BOYS.—An intelligent and thrifty farmer says: But for the co-operation of my boys I should have failed. The eldest is near twenty-one, all the boys in the neighborhood, younger, have left their parents; mine have stuck to me when I most needed their services. I attribute this result to the fact that I have tried to make their home pleasant. I have furnished them with attractive and useful reading, and when night comes, and the day's work is ended, instead of running with other boys to the railroad station and adjoining towns, they gather around the great lamp and become interested in their books and papers.

BE PATIENT.—Be patient with the children—poorly organized children, nervous children, irritable children, that tend to fret and grieve. Be patient with children that are obstinate and ugly, whose lower nature seems to be more developed than their higher. Be patient, that, if possible, you may be able to counteract, or restrain or bind that evil in them which otherwise may come rolling over with accumulations to curse the coming generation. And, moreover, when you are saving them you save yourselves; for the very discipline and self-denial which are required to train those who are difficult to train, reacts and makes you better.

A recipe, telling little people how to ruin their health:

1. Sleep in bed late.
2. Eat hot suppers.
3. Turn day into night.
4. Never mind about wet feet.
5. Have a dozen doctors.
6. Try all the new quacks.
7. If they don't kill, quack yourself.
8. Wear unseasonable clothing.

And if this don't make you sick, then you'll do to run at large, and have your own way in everything.

The gem cannot be polished without friction, nor man perfected without adversity.