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SONORA HEWITT.

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

CHAPTER XX. THE ELIZABETH OF WHITE STAR.

The next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, the family once more assembled in the parlor to hear the completion of Catherine's story, which they were anxious to hear finished, not only on account of its connection with Sonora, but also that Harry and his bride might proceed on their tour, which had been deferred the day previous in consequence of the confusion attending Norman's arrest.

Catherine, whose mind was now more composed, but whose eyes plainly showed that she had passed a sleepless night, seemed much dejected. She had lost that fierce wild manner which had characterized her before, and she now appeared to a much better advantage. Her large and truly magnificent eyes seemed to droop with a melancholy languor, as they rested upon the three young girls before her, and then casting a look upon Mrs. Summers and Mrs. Hewitt, would leave a heavy sigh, as she seemed to be contrasting her position with theirs. "Happy mothers!" she murmured as she commenced her narrative.

"The big tree which I spoke of in connection with my child was a majestic oak, which grew in the center of a dense forest of cottonwood trees, and whose branches, spreading out far and wide, formed a magnificent shade. Here old Fleetfoot had fixed a rude but comfortable seat, for the accommodation of his only and darling grandchild. She seemed the only being for whom he evinced the slightest affection. The choicest game was always laid at his feet for her reception, and the longest scalp of the pale-face was hung at her girdle, though she fain would not have accepted the latter, for her heart was too tender for an Indian maiden's. An elegant skin of the panther was spread beneath the oak, and here, with the guitar, singing some of the songs of her mother's land, or the still wild ones of her own, she would sit for hours, with Fleetfoot at her feet listening, wrapped in silent admiration at the clear rich voice which made the woods echo, for the Indians have a peculiar lingo for all kinds of music, and are never more delighted than when listening to its sweet strains."

"When White Star was about fifteen summers old, Lucreta was called away to the happy hunting ground, as they style what they suppose to be heaven, and where she certainly went, for she was a true Christian in heart, though she was a squaw, born and brought up in darkness; still she had an instinct within her which pointed out the right path, and whose straight and narrow way she faithfully followed. Next to my husband and child, she was my truest friend, and dearly did I love my Indian mother. Fleetfoot was always kind to me while she lived, though that he disliked me was plain to be seen, and as soon as death closed the eyes of his Lucreta, so soon did his hatred towards me show itself. In every possible way he did seek to torment his, even trying to turn the affections of my idolized husband against me. In this, however, he failed, which seemed to embitter him still more against the hated Spaniard, as he called me. But White Star was his pet, his idol. For her he would do anything, and he would often talk to him and try to win part of his love for her mother, but his answer to all her pleadings was:

"Don't speak of pale-face. Fleetfoot hates the Spaniard!"

"Do not think that I bore his hatred lamely, for I did not, but resented it to the fullest extent, for the hot blood of my country boiled within my veins, and had it not been for Lenard, wicked as I then was, I would have killed him, but thank God I was restrained."

"A year passed. There had been but slight change in our wigwam since the death of Lucreta, save that my beautiful White Star had grown thin and more transparently beautiful. Her complexion was a clear olive, with eyes and hair of raven blackness, and now and then the clear blue veins might be distinctly traced beneath the skin. Her cheeks had lost that bright carmine tint which they had always worn, and her eyes were not as sparkling as in days gone by, neither was her step so elastic, though she appeared cheerful and ever gay. Lenard noticed the change as well as myself, and feared that some secret disease had fastened itself upon her vitals, and was eating away the life blood of his darling, but true cause. Since the death of Lucreta Fleetfoot had ceased to visit the big tree as formerly, and I had often noticed that many Canoes, a young chief of the tribe, was the attendant of my child. He was a brave and noble young man, about twenty years, and had always appeared like a brother to White Star, though as they grew up together, I perceived something more than brotherly love, as he watched her every movement. Every act of his was one of love. He had decorated her little apartment in the tent with the choicest skins, and every morning, at the break of day, would spread the fragrant wild flowers

at her door, that she might inhale their perfume with the first draught of morning air. But for all these delicate attentions, which to you in civilized life seem small, but which showed his true though unspoken love, yet she seemed not to entertain the slightest regard for him more than one of her earliest friends. Her proud spirit seemed to revolt against an Indian husband, and often, when joked about by many Canoes, she would haughtily exclaim:

"When White Star leaves the wigwam of her father, it must be to gladness the home of a pale-face!"

"Though I had married a son of the forest myself, my heart bounded with gladness that my child was not inclined to follow my example. Having received some education, I had imparted it to my daughter, together with the few accomplishments which I possessed, one of which was singing, and in which she excelled, for her voice was melody itself. I was therefore delighted to think that my beautiful one was fitted to grace the home of the white man equally as well as her fairer sisters who had been reared in the lap of luxury and refinement."

"One day, taking her guitar as usual from its place, she hung the ribbon round her neck and left home for the old tree, which was not over half a mile from our home. As soon as she was gone a thought struck me. 'I will follow her and seek to learn this secret, which seems to pray upon my mind,' and which I felt was caused by the attentions of Many Canoes, whom she felt loth to offend by the rejection of his hand, but whom she could not love. Proceeding but a short distance, she was met by Many Canoes, with his rifle slung over his shoulder, was just returning from a morning ramble. Accosting her with a friendly salutation, he presented her with a pair of fine quails, which, with a deer, constituted that morning's trophies. Taking them, she thanked him, and throwing them across her shoulder, she went on her way. Arriving at her rustic lodger, she hung her guitar upon a branch, and seating herself, she began plucking the feathers from her gift. Having cleaned them nicely, she tied them together and hung them beside her favorite companion. Then, rising upon her tiptoes and shading her eyes with her hand, she looked toward the distant city of Baton Rouge, murmuring something to herself, which to me was inaudible. Presently a low whistle was heard, and placing her fingers to her lips, she answered it, when, stepping forth from a small cleft of trees, appeared a handsome young stranger, a pale-face. He appeared to be about twenty-five years of age."

"White Star, my beautiful! and in a moment she was in his arms. Imprinting a fervent kiss upon her lips, he led her to her seat, where taking one beside her, they conversed in tones too low for my acute ears. Thus they sat for over an hour, when, taking down her guitar, she sang to or three of the wild and passionate songs of my own native land. Then, hanging it around her neck, she arose and seemed to be going, when I heard him say:

"Promise me, White Star, my beautiful one, that you will be mine, and I swear by you bright sun you shall never regret it! I will be true to the home of the pale-face, where naught but love and kindness shall be thy companions. Only promise that you will be mine and I am happy," and kneeling before her, he took her little hand and kissed it.

"Rise, dear Herbert; do not kneel to White Star. The Indian girl loves pale-face better than her own life, but should she wed him, the anger of Many Canoes would be fiercer, who has also asked her hand in marriage. But White Star loves him only like a brother, no more, and dropping her head upon his bosom, she looked up in his face with a sweet and pleading look, as if waiting for an answer."

"Herbert Norman Burke fears not the anger of the red man, sweet maid," was the reply. "Only promise to be my bride ere I go, and I ask no more," pressing her to his bosom.

"I will, I will, I heard her say.

"After giving her one long kiss, he gracefully waved his hand, and in a few moments was lost to view."

"Resenting herself, she wept in silence, till at last, seeing me step forward, she started to her feet, exclaiming, 'Mother!' and falling upon my neck, burst into tears. Seating myself upon the elegant skin at my feet, I motioned her also to sit down. Drawing her to my breast, I enquired the cause of her sorrow, when she related to me the story of her love for the pale stranger—telling me how she had met him six months before while gathering wild flowers; how he had met her day after day unknown to Many Canoes, who had sworn vengeance upon all the pale-faces with whom he should chance to meet; how she had played and sung for him, and how he had won her heart and asked her to become his bride, and ended by telling me that she never could be happy without him; that she had no love for Many Canoes."

"How my heart beat as I listened, why had he met her so clandestinely? Why had he not wooed her in her home? Were his intentions good? Did he think he could trample upon the

heart of my child because she claimed kindred blood to the Indian, the wild man of the forest? Such thoughts as these passed rapidly through my mind before I could answer her.

"When the pale stranger comes again, my child, bring him to the wigwam of your parents. There you will receive your answer; my reply; then, taking the birds from off the branch, I took her by the hand, and together we walked home."

"The next day many Canoes was with her, and each succeeding day for a fortnight did he linger by her side, hoping to gain her love. But the more his affections for her increased, the more she disliked him, till at last she refused to be in his company any longer, and remained at home daily instead of walking, as was her usual custom. At last, as we had not heard nor seen anything of the stranger for a month, Lenard and I began to think he had given her up, when one evening towards sunset we missed our pet from the wigwam. Looking up, I perceived her guitar had also gone. Always knowing where to find her, I proceeded towards her trysting-place, but no trace of her was to be seen, though her guitar hung in its usual place. Thinking she had wandered away into the forest in search of flowers, I set down to wait her return, when I beheld this (taking the dagger before mentioned from the box lying upon the mat at my feet. Picking it up, I examined it wonderingly, and found the initials H. N. R. marked upon a gold plate. Surprising at once to whom it belonged, I placed it in my belt and awaited the return of my child. But the sun sank behind the western hills, and yet she came not. At last, thinking perhaps she had returned home, intending to leave the companion of her solitary hours for the next day's amusement, I retraced my steps homeward, feeling a deathly sickness creeping over me. At that night Lenard and I waited, and at early dawn set out with many others of the tribe in search of our too dearly idolized child. We traversed the forest far and wide, but found her not. We entered the far off villages, but could gain no information of her whereabouts, and at last was forced to believe that which we had at first suspected, that she had eloped with the strange pale-face. Alas for us! Our home was now made desolate. Fleetfoot and many Canoes swore vengeance, and resolved to find her, but after a weary search of over a month, returned unsuccessful. The old man was insoluble, seeming to take it to heart even more than her father did, who was seldom heard to speak after her loss, though the canker was eating his life's blood. Soon after Fleetfoot was taken ill and died, cursing the white man who had stolen the Star from his wigwam. This event cast a still deeper gloom over Lenard, though I in my heart rejoiced that he whom I disliked was no more."

"As it was now lunch time, Mrs. Hewitt proposed that they should go down and take some refreshments, which they did, though Blanche and Cordelia would fain have heard her tale through without the interruption.

"CLOUD BURSTS.—The Truckee Republic, in reference to the cloud bursts which occasionally occur in the Sierras during the summer season, says: 'So sudden is the flood that where not a drop of water has been seen for weeks or months, a huge, turbulent, overwhelming torrent comes pouring down, carrying trees, rocks and everything in its way. One of these floods thus pouring down a steep, dry mountain cañon frequently shows an advancing front of bushes, bushes and boulders and similar debris twelve or fifteen feet high. Woe to any unlucky teamster who happens to be passing with his loaded wagon along the bed of the cañon. Those who understand matters are able to guard against the impending calamity by getting their wagons out of the ravine and up on the hillside as far as possible, or if they have no time to do this they will unhitch their animals and give them a chance to escape. Instances are known where one of these cloud bursts has occurred on some broad slope, where, having no ravine to carry off the water, there has plowed and torn a channel for itself of great depth and extent.'

"Good SERVANTS.—Dean Ramsey tells us of one who was privileged to use the familiarity of an old friend. He had been so frequently censured for a certain fault that his master at last lost patience. 'John,' said he, 'you and I must part.'

"And what will you be gain?" asked John. "In sure ye'll get no place like home," not supposing it possible that he should go. An old Scotch lady had a servant, whose great failing was an irresistible curiosity to become acquainted with the secrets of the family life, and to whom she carried a letter to the indignation without endeavoring in some way to become acquainted with its contents was a temptation too powerful to resist. On one occasion his mistress called him. 'No, Andrew,' said she, 'here's a letter I wish you to take at once, and you may lose no time on the way. I'll e'en read it to you before I seal it up.'

"A man at Gloucester, Mass., at the request of his wife, consented to give her all the five-cent pieces he had in his pocket each day. He supposed the money would be spent in hair pins, needles, or such like trifles, but was astonished three years afterwards, on the anniversary of his birthday, to receive from his wife as a present, a gold watch worth \$100, purchased with the accumulated five-cent pieces."

"While the sugar cane contains nearly twice as much sugar as the beet root, in the process of extraction more sugar is obtained from the latter than the former."

Education and Employment of Girls.

Nothing so tends to the degeneracy of womanhood as a life of laziness and indolence—also for wealthy husbands, upon whose riches it is useless to depend, and then life with no object beyond raising a family, whether tasteless in that direction or not. It is not only bad for physical health, but is bad for moral also. A very serious and common mistake in the training of our girls is the neglect of the faculty of the hand. It is not only bad for physical health, but is bad for moral also. A very serious and common mistake in the training of our girls is the neglect of the faculty of the hand.

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So, then, we say, let the education of our girls provide for the possible position of self-help in the noisiest possible way. The duties of millinery and mechanics alike should be made distinctly to understand that all the love romances lie, and that there is no such thing as making a compact with fortune. This is a warning to the mothers and many of their foolish non-sensical notions, and the wicked caste idea it encourages, killed as the rank social weed it is. You will hardly find a girl who will not, in a parent who will allow it, except under the most dire necessity of a scanty purse. What a shame to our Christianity is this! A fine lady, in her silks, boasts that she has had all the galleries of Europe, speaks three languages, can draw from nature, and we know not what else; yet she and her child are perpetually being taught by a mother who is ever teaching or hammering the multiplication table into a class of little know-nothings in called! Sure enough, the millennium has not come yet.—Balance.

A QUEER FISH.—The members of the Australian Expedition, if unsuccessful in the primary object of their mission, say some strange things along the shores to the north of the continent of Australia. Mr. Foord tells a wonderful story, amply attested by witnesses, of a fish with four hands. This extraordinary creature was found crawling on a piece of coral in the bottom of the sea. "The body was that of a fish," said Mr. Foord. "The Royal Society on January 23, 1872, voted to accept of his report, but his four hands, which were placed on the corals, were not seen." "The body was that of a fish," said Mr. Foord. "The Royal Society on January 23, 1872, voted to accept of his report, but his four hands, which were placed on the corals, were not seen."

"The little island," he said, "upon which we pitched our tent was overrun with them, and what was most extraordinary, they were every color from black to yellow, and some torrid shell."

"COLOR BLINDNESS.—A recent meeting of the Boston Society of Natural History, the methods of testing patients for color blindness and for loss of the power of color perception were explained. An instrument invented in Germany for testing color blindness was exhibited and explained. This instrument consists of a rotating apparatus of colored segments. In the center is a circle, one-half black and one-half white; outside of this is a ring half red and half green, then another ring of violet and red, then the outside ring of violet and green. When rapidly rotated the center appears to be colored gray—that is, black and white mixed. To a green blind person the middle ring will appear gray, that being the result of a mixture of violet and red. The outer ring will appear gray to the color blind patient, and the inner gray to the color blind. By the use of this instrument it is evident a large number of patients can be simultaneously examined for one or more kinds of color blindness.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"A SCIENTIFIC REVIEW.—A terrible scientific review was recently taken by a young chemist named Orlando, Fat of Berlin. He loved a young lady, but she loved another, who was a tailor. Orlando owed him money, and sent word he would give it if he had his tailor and his money. Orlando visited him in his laboratory. The invitation was accepted, and Orlando slyly got them to take part in electrical experiments. He bade them to raise their hands, but Orlando saw the sparks between the girl's fingers and the other into the tailor's hand, and then joined currents. The lovers fell to the ground in convulsive throes, and Orlando fled. He reported the matter to the police and gave himself up."

"A LESSON ON HUMILITY.—A farmer took his son into a wheat-field in harvest time. 'See, father,' exclaimed the boy, 'how straight those stems hold up their heads! They must be the best ones. Those that hang their heads down, I am sure, cannot be good for much.' The farmer plucked a stalk of each kind, and said, 'See here, my child! This stalk that stood so straight, is light-headed, and almost good for nothing; while that that hung its head so modestly is full of precious grain.'

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A Right Recognized.

Before the woman of Utah enjoyed the elective franchise those who clamored loudest for its being extended to them were parties who had no political axes to grind, and who were filled with the bitterest feelings of animosity against the people of Utah. They foolishly imagined that if our sex in this territory had the franchise, they could lead us by the arts which politicians are accustomed to use, to turn against men whom we had tested through long years of trouble and sorrow, and follow the exercise of no other hypothesis than their urgent demands on Congress to bestow the right of suffrage upon us be explained. For when the Territorial Legislature did enact such measure, and it became law by the signature of acting-governor Mann and the approval of Congress; and when they found that we could not be so easily misled, and that they were more than able to stand the test of the courts, and endeavored to have our votes declared a nullity. But the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of Desha vs. Brown, in plainness, what power was vested in a Territorial Legislature. Then, finding that the highest tribunal in the country had declared that the acts of the Legislature, when not disapproved by Congress, were of binding force; and as the elective franchise was conferred upon the women of Utah and was subsequently valid, their next move was to demand the right which they had so violently denied and disputed. At the general election, on the 3rd inst., the candidate put forward by the women of Utah was elected by the ladies who would not support the People's ticket; and thus quietly but pointedly they acknowledged a right they could no longer gain by. But what shall be thought of the women who refuse to recognize every right to other, which they claim to exercise themselves, and yet talk of their respect for republican government and the glorious principles enunciated in the Declaration of Independence! Their political honesty to-day is on a par with the "philanthropy" of a few years ago that urged the extension of the right of suffrage to the women of Utah and both are arrant hypocrisy!—Women's Exponent.

A CITY OF WOMEN.—Mrs. Leon Owens, in her lecture on Siam, tells the following interesting story of a city exclusively to the residence of some nine thousand women, among whom no man but the King may enter. The inhabitants of this minor city are five thousand women of the royal harem, who are soldiers, artificers and slaves. This little world is administered by women as magistrates, who administer the laws of Siam. There is no appeal from their decisions. Prisoners are arrested by sheriffs of their own sex. If it is necessary to chain down the legs of the convicts, the children of the women of Siam are made to hold the chains. The women of higher birth are "sented" to the King; the slave women, many married, but their husbands dwell outside the walls of the city, if boys are banished from the city, women at six years old; only the girls remain. All the Oriental distinctions of age are scrupulously observed in this strange realm, except that the magistrates are chosen for personal character and wisdom. Mrs. Leon Owens speaks with great reverence of the woman who was Chief Justice, when she lived in Bangkok, and tells some remarkable anecdotes of the courage with which she enforced justice against offenders far superior to herself in social rank.

An English correspondent gives a description of a lunatic but a curious story is carried on at the present time in the Czars empire, and as he recently witnessed it at St. Petersburg, and whatever may be our admiration of the progress in general civilization, it is worthy of a harshly people, it seems that their system of disposing of the dead bodies of their friends could be improved by a little less noise and publicity, and the semblance, at least, of a little respect for the dignity of the dead. The service is conducted in a wholesale manner, and takes place in the morning over all the corpses that are to be interred during the day in the cemetery attached to the church, and all the bodies are placed in two rows, one for adults, the other for children under seven years of age, before which time they are held motionless in the cemetery, and the bodies, during the service. A few hysterical shrieks are heard, but the majority talk and laugh and bury the dead as soon as possible, in order to get at the funeral bake. —Chicago Times.

"COST OF THE HOUSE.—An official report, by the State Auditor to the Legislature of Massachusetts, shows that the cost to the State since it took possession up to Jan. 1, 1872, is \$7,000,000. This sum includes what has been paid on the original contract, \$1,477,000. It is estimated that it will yet cost for a railway from the west port to North Adams \$34,625, for interest on loans, premiums, commissions, etc., \$12,627,500—a total of \$52,122,500 up to March 1, 1874. Some reductions from this are to be made for sinking fund, rents, etc.; amount not stated, but not very large. This is, probably, the most precise estimate yet made of the cost of this great work.

"PHILOSOPHY.—Josh Billings says: 'If a man has got eighty thousand dollars at interest and owns the house he lives in, it ain't much trouble to be a philosopher.'

"THE PUREST JOY IS UNSPEAKABLE; the most impressive prayer is silent, and the most solemn preacher at a funeral is the silent one whose lips are cold."

"RESPECT EVERYBODY.—You have all read of Benjamin Franklin, and how he rose to distinction, and how he got on. But there is one anecdote which I have never seen in print. It was told me by a gentleman of Boston, who remembered the old house in which Franklin was born. 'When I was a boy,' said he, 'I looked at the old tumble-down building in Milk street, and imagined the barefoot boy sitting on the door-step, learning to spell from an old post bill.'"

"But there came another day, when Franklin was our ambassador at the court of France. A wealthy American lady, who was present at one of the frequent occasions made honor of Franklin, greatly desired an introduction to her distinguished countryman. It was obtained, and great was her surprise to hear him say: 'Aye, aye, we have met before. The world can not remember when, and Franklin added, 'You do not remember the barefooted little boy in Milk street, studying his lesson from the muddy post bill?'"

"TEACH THE WOMEN TO SAVE.—There's the secret! A saving woman at the head of the family is the very best saving bank extant. She saves every penny daily, and hourly, with no costly machinery to manage it. The idea of saving is a pleasant one, and if the women would only do so, they would cultivate and adhere to it, and thus when they were not aware of it, would be laying the foundation of a competent security in a stormy time and a rainy day. The woman who sees to her own house has a large field to save in. The best way to make her comprehend it is to keep an account of all current expenses. Probably not much more than the woman in ten has, and this would be the expenditure of herself and family. Where from one to two thousand dollars are expended annually, there is a chance to save something if the effort is made. Let the women take the idea, set upon it, and she will save many dollars—perhaps hundreds—before she thought it impossible. There is a duty, yet not a prompting of a moral obligation, that rests upon the woman as the man."

"FANCY FERN ON DOLLY VALDRES.—When I say that the street dress of the majority of the respectable women of New York to-day is disgusting, I but feebly express my emotions. I say the respectable women, and yet, save to them who know them to be such, they appear leaves a wide margin for doubt. The clown at a circus wears not a more parti-colored costume; in fact, has a more variegated one. He is not to use a nautical phrase, not to interfere with locomotion; while their dresses, and disgusting humps upon their backs, and big ruffles upon their shoulders, and long and folds, and buttons, and clasps, and bows upon their skirts, and striped satin petticoats, all too short to hide their clumsy ankles—and more colors and shades of colors heaped upon one poor little fashion-plate body than ever was gathered in one rainbow—and all this worn without regard to temperature, or time, or place—I say this presents a spectacle which is comical. One cannot smile at the young girls, and are one day—Heaven help them!—to be wives and mothers!"

"SQUEALING AN IMPUDENT STREET DANDY.—A young gentleman, who wears good clothes, curls his hair, and waxes his moustache, is in the habit of flinging his hat upon the street, and peering impudently into the faces of the ladies who pass. He met his more than a match the other afternoon. A very neatly dressed and modest appearing young lady was passing. Of course our gallant friend led to look her indignantly in the face. She stopped and gazed at him with the greatest apparent interest—admiration and wonder were mingled in her gaze. He stood for a few seconds unblinking, and then said: 'You appear to find something to please you in my looks.'"

"'Can speak, too!' said the lady in evident amazement. 'You are not speaking the truth!'"

NEVER BEEN IN THE TOWN BEFORE.

"Can you direct me to the hotel?" inquired a gentleman with a carpet-bag, of a tall, thin man standing on the steps of a railroad station.

"Faith," was the reply, "'is jist it that can do that same. You see you jist got up that stairs till you come to Teddy O'Mulligan's shop—then—"

"But I don't know where Teddy O'Mulligan's shop, as you call it, is."

"Well, you honor, kape on till ye get to the apple woman's stand, on the corner of brick church, it is, and kape that on the right, and till ye get to the sign of the big witch, and, mind ye, don't fall down there; then kape on a little further till ye turn to the right or left, but by the bones of St. Patrick, I don't know which."

"The traveler turned in despair to a long, lean, hank Jonathan, who was standing close by, and made the same inquiry.

"'Maybe you're going to put up there?' queried Jonathan.

"Did you come from far off?"

"Yes, from Philadelphia!"

"Got any more baggage?" said the impudent Yankee.

"No, this is all," said the traveler, convinced that the only way to get the direction was to submit to the questioning.

"Going to stay long?"

"'Coudn't say," was the reply in rather a curt manner. "But I am in a hurry, and would like to be directed—"

"Wait a minute. You're a married man, ain't you?"

"No, I am not, and I won't answer anything until you have answered."

DEVIL'S PROLOGUE.

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"But I don't know where Teddy O'Mulligan's shop, as you call it, is."

"Well, you honor, kape on till ye get to the apple woman's stand, on the corner of brick church, it is, and kape that on the right, and till ye get to the sign of the big witch, and, mind ye, don't fall down there; then kape on a little further till ye turn to the right or left, but by the bones of St. Patrick, I don't know which."

"The traveler turned in despair to a long, lean, hank Jonathan, who was standing close by, and made the same inquiry.

"'Maybe you're going to put up there?' queried Jonathan.

"Did you come from far off?"

"Yes, from Philadelphia!"

"Got any more baggage?" said the impudent Yankee.

"No, this is all," said the traveler, convinced that the only way to get the direction was to submit to the questioning.

"Going to stay long?"

"'Coudn't say," was the reply in rather a curt manner. "But I am in a hurry, and would like to be directed—"

"Wait a minute. You're a married man, ain't you?"

"No, I am not, and I won't answer anything until you have answered."