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The New Northwest.

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

SONORA HEWITT.

BY MRS. SUSIE WITHERELL.

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CHAPTER XXII.

THE PRISONER'S ESCAPE.

"Well, Alice, are you satisfied that Norman is a rascal, though his name may sound aristocratic and his air is quite a distinguished one?" asked the Colonel, as the door closed upon Catherine.

"Never mention his name to me again, I beg of you, my dear husband," replied Mrs. Hewitt, rather crest-fallen. "I never was so deceived in a person before. But, thank Heaven, our child is saved from so dishonorable a union!" she exclaimed, as she threw her arms around her daughter, while the tears dropped from her eyes.

"I sincerely rejoice with you, my dear friends," added Mrs. Summers. "I must see that woman once more, for I have taken a deep interest in her. Perhaps I can persuade her to visit her brother in France, in company with myself, where I intend going shortly."

"And, mother, for so I must now call you," said Harry, smiling, "we will take a trip with you, providing 'Dell agrees."

"Which would suit her exactly," replied the happy young bride.

"That's a bargain then," said Harry. "We will start for the South this afternoon, where we intend spending a month or two, as we promised, and then heigh-ho for Europe! And suppose you go along, Sis," added he, as he turned to his sister.

"Thank you, dear brother, for your kind invitation, but I would prefer remaining at home to keep papa and mamma company, for you know they would be very lonely should we both leave for so long a time."

"Ever thoughtful, sweet sister," said Harry, patting her on the head. "But come, mother, let us take luncheon. It is nearly twelve o'clock by my watch, and we are to take the cars at one."

"Certainly, my son, I will see that it is ready immediately. I had almost forgotten that you and my newly-made daughter were to leave so soon," and rising, she left the parlor.

Harry, Cordelia and 'Dell stood looking out of the window, commenting upon the various pedestrians. Blanche, who had taken Mrs. Hewitt's seat, was rejoicing Sonora over Catherine de Midei's opportune arrival, leaving the Colonel to entertain Mrs. Summers, when Rissey, opening the door, exclaimed, as she showed a double row of ivories:

"Massa Hewitt, dar am two perliceman at de front door, waitin' to 'scort you 'long wid 'em de same as Massa Norman yisterday!" and throwing the door wide open, revealed to view the same two officers who had taken charge of Norman.

"Good day, sir," said one of them, coming forward and bowing to the Colonel. "The prisoner whom we captured yesterday has escaped, and we are on track of him. He was said to have been seen coming in this direction last night between the hours of eleven and twelve, and knowing no reason to the contrary, we thought perhaps you had him secreted. We shall therefore be obliged to search your house."

"Which you are at liberty to do; so walk in gentlemen," answered the Colonel; "but as to me secreting so notorious a villain as he is, I assure you I have not, neither do I know anything of his whereabouts, and the only thing that alarms me is that, now he has escaped, he may not be brought to justice and feel the severe penalty of the law which he certainly deserves. But how did he escape?"

"Why, you see," continued the first speaker, "he threw the officers entirely off their guard by his indignant submission, telling them that to-day he would bring forth witnesses to prove his utter innocence of the charges made against him—gentlemen whom he said had known him from childhood. He then asked the favor of a more comfortable apartment than a prison cell, saying he would pay for every accommodation, and much more which I cannot remember. Seeming to feel greatly distressed to think that he had even been suspected of so gross a crime, and at a moment, too, when he supposed himself the happiest of men, the judge, taking pity upon him, ordered him to be removed to an upper room of the prison, which was done and a sentinel placed at the door to keep guard. About nine o'clock last evening he requested some refreshments to be brought to his room, handing the jailor a ten dollar gold piece to procure them with. In the course of half an hour or so the jailor returned with the desired articles, and placing them upon a table, was turning to depart, when the prisoner grasped him by the throat and placed a small vial to his nose, containing, it is supposed, chloroform. This is all we know about it, save that he served the sentinels in the same way and thus made his escape. When the jailor revived, he found himself lying upon the floor. Picking himself up as quickly as possible, he looked around, but the bird had flown. Rushing from the room, in his fright he stumbled over the sentinel, and thus brought him to his senses. They searched everywhere, but in vain, and we were sent in pursuit. We were told by a colored woman who sells hot corn in front of the Toombs that she saw a man coming from the prison directly towards here, when she, turning a corner, lost sight of him; so we, supposing it might be the one we are in pursuit of, received orders to search your house; but, feeling confident that he is not beneath your roof, we will retire," and bowing politely, were departing, when Harry remarked:

"If you could first find the woman who brought you here yesterday, perhaps she would be of great service in assisting you."

"True enough! true enough!" exclaimed both in a breath. "She is to appear to-morrow as witness, and till then we will proceed no farther."

Mrs. Summers, speaking low to the Colonel, desired him to send for Catherine to come to his house once more, saying she knew of no other way for a letter to reach her, as she was to leave that day for the South. The Colonel did as he was requested, and the officers, promising to do all in their power towards finding Norman, bade them good-day.

As soon as they were gone, luncheon was announced, which having been hastily dispatched, Harry with his bride and her mother entered the carriage and were soon on their way to their sweet sunny home at the South, leaving Mrs. Hewitt, the Colonel and the three girls feeling quite lonely after their happy sojourn with them.

"Well, girls, now that all excitement is over and we are once more alone, suppose we have a little music," and opening the piano, the Colonel led Blanche to it, telling her she must not refuse, but sing one good old-fashioned song for him.

Just as Blanche had finished her song and was about giving place to one of the other girls, Andrew Colter and Claude Montrose were announced.

"Go on! go on!" exclaimed the jovial Andrew, as he saw Blanche leaving her seat.

"You are a little too late; I have just finished," replied she, laughing. "But Miss Marsh will favor you; will you not, 'Delia?" and she cast a supplicating look towards her cousin.

"I will play, but I seldom sing; it requires more exertion than I am fond of," answered Cordelia, as she took the seat offered her and began playing a brilliant opera.

"That was superb! I have *such* a penchant for music! Do be kind enough to favor me with another as good," said the young Frenchman, shrugging his shoulders, as Cordelia finished. Reseating herself, she played one or two waltzes, and then gave place to Sonora, who favored them with several songs.

As the last was ended, Andrew turned to Blanche:

"Well, girls, what do you say to an evening at Burton's? After the melancholy termination of yesterday's happiness, we all need something to cheer up our spirits, and I know of no antidote as good as a hearty laugh at the comical Burton. Mr. Montrose and myself called purposely with the intention of inviting you three young ladies. So what do you say? Come, 'Toodles' will do wonders toward making us lively."

"Oh, I should be delighted!" exclaimed Cordelia, with more animation than she had exhibited for some time, as she silently caught the gaze of Claude fixed upon her.

"And I, for another," chimed Blanche. "Let us go, Sonora."

"I feel so perfectly happy to think that my unfortunate bridal terminated as it did that I need no other restorative to my feelings, and must therefore decline your kind invitation, preferring to remain at home in quiet," was the gentle reply of Sonora.

"I do regret exceedingly, Miss Hewitt, that you cannot make one of our happy party," said the exquisite Claude; "but I fully appreciate your delicate feelings, while I lament the sad career of one whom I unfortunately considered a friend. Poor fellow! Really he is to be pitied," and he flourished a highly perfumed handkerchief.

Sonora made no reply, for she already disliked this fop, and doubted his character almost as much as Norman's, though he pretended to be so indignant at the conduct of the latter. She said nothing, though in her heart she had a strong suspicion that he had assisted Norman in his flight.

"Well, young ladies, we will call for you at an early hour," said Andrew, as they arose to leave.

"We shall be in readiness," replied Blanche, as they followed them to the door, when the young Frenchman tipped his hat as he gave Cordelia a lingering glance which might have done credit to a knight of the olden times.

"Well, 'Delia, acknowledge that you are in love with Claude; I will venture to say he is with you," said Blanche, laughing, as the three wended their way to Sonora's little room to have a good school-girl chat, a privilege they had been denied for the last few days.

"Well, if it requires no more trouble than that to fall in love, why, there is no knowing what I may do," replied Cordelia, yawning.

"Dear 'Della, take my advice and do not favor the attentions of that Frenchman, for I feel confident he is no better than his chum Norman Burke, as I shall call him in future," said Sonora, as a chill passed over her frame.

"Oh, you of course are prejudiced, dear 'Nora, on account of his close proximity to Norman," said Cordelia, coloring slightly. "I think he has every appearance of a gentleman, and I discover nothing in him to dislike. However, I am not in love."

"Better not be with him," thought her friend, though she said nothing more.

Cordelia, taking up a novel, threw herself upon the sofa, and was soon buried in its romantic pages, while Sonora helped Blanche to arrange some articles of dress in connection with her evening's toilet.

Andrew and Claude, true to their agreement, were on hand at an early hour. Never did Cordelia appear more lively or Blanche more lovely than they did on this evening—and so thought the gentlemen as they handed them to the carriage, which was soon on its way to the scene of pleasure.

Our heroine, with a mind as composed and tranquil as the unrippled wave on a calm summer day, sat conversing with her parents. Different subjects had been discussed when Mrs. Hewitt, who seemed to be in deep thought, turned to her husband, saying:

"What do you suppose I was thinking about?"

"Well, I really can't tell, Alice?"

"I was thinking of Mr. Pierpont."

"Of Mr. Pierpont, hey?" answered the Colonel, glancing toward his daughter, whose cheeks for a moment flushed crimson, then, the color retreating, was succeeded by a deathly paleness, as she sat with her eyes seemingly riveted to the floor.

"Yes. I have been contrasting his conduct with Norman's," resumed Mrs. Hewitt. "I have changed greatly within the last few days, and should I ever meet him again, shall consider him one of my best friends, and shall do all in my power to retrieve the conduct I once exhibited to him. I admire his principles, and consider him an upright, noble-minded Christian, which was always my opinion, notwithstanding I once despised his poverty; but as 'experience is the best teacher,' I have learned a lesson, and in future shall consider but secondary in comparison to good principles and unsullied reputation and true mental worth, a man who can bring nothing but good looks to recommend him; and I know Clarence Pierpont to possess the three qualities I have mentioned."

"Bravo! Nobly spoken, my own dear Alice," said the Colonel, taking the hand of his wife and imprinting a hearty kiss upon it. "I always knew your heart was right, though you tried to teach it something that it could not learn."

Sonora, whose heart leaped within her, could not speak for joy, till her father, noticing her countenance, came towards her, and placing her head against his breast, said:

"Did you hear that, sis? Do not weep, my pet. Your father has long read the true state of your heart. Cheer up, all may be well yet! I am going to write to a certain person, I need not say who, to invite him to spend a few weeks with us at our summer residence. There will be nothing in that, you know, for we expect your cousin, Robert Neville, who will be lonely without a companion. I will make all necessary apologies, and if he loves you truly, he will overlook everything in the hope of seeing you once more. So cheer up, my little one. Your father has not forgotten that he was once young."

Sonora, whose sobs were distinctly audible, looked up into her father's face with a look that spoke far more than words, and kissing him affectionately, arose, and taking a seat beside her mother, wound her arms around her neck, murmuring:

"Mother, dear mother, you have made me so happy!" and bursting into tears, they wept together, while the Colonel, feeling his own emotion choking him, left the room to regain his wonted composure.

Just then a loud ringing at the door-bell caused the mother and daughter to start.

"Who can that be at so late an hour?" asked Sonora, drying her eyes.

Before she had scarcely time to recover herself, Catherine de Midei sprang into the parlor, exclaiming:

"He has escaped! he has escaped! My revenge is still incomplete! Ah! but I will have it yet!"

"Calm yourself, my good woman. Every endeavor will be made to re-capture him, which no doubt will prove successful," said the Colonel, who had admitted her.

"Be seated, dear madam," added Mrs. Hewitt, "and excuse me one moment," and hastily leaving the room, she returned with Mrs. Summer's letter, which she handed her.

Catherine read the contents, and placing it in her bosom, said as she arose to go:

"Piralto Valerie, the husband of Mrs. Summer's sister, is my only brother, and though dearly do I love him, still I never expect to see him, for I cannot accept this kind invitation," and reseating herself, she briefly related the story of Josephine Minturn, the lovely wife of Norman Burke, as we have already heard it, stating the manner in which she became possessed of the facts, which were as follows: Many Canoes, who had been in search of Norman for the last ten years, as well as herself, had traveled through the greater part of Europe, when passing through Marseilles, he became weary and stopped at a cottage to get some refreshments, where, relating some of his adventures, he mentioned the name of Norman Burke, when the lady, who happened to be the identical Josephine, requested him to relate all he knew about her husband. In return she told him her own true story, which only served to embitter Many Canoes still more, who immediately upon returning to the United States informed Catherine of it, and she, with this added to the wrongs of an injured mother, had pursued him ever since. Once in the meantime she had seen him entering a hotel in New Orleans, but e'er she could wreak her vengeance upon him, he had become aware of her watchful vigilance and eluded her grasp. Then more and more maddened than ever, she had followed him till now, and just as she thought him safe within the walls of a prison, he had again escaped, and where should she turn? She knew not.

"You had better remain with us to-night, dear madam. Take my advice and give up the pursuit of so heartless a villain. He will meet his just reward, depend upon it," said Mrs. Hewitt, endeavoring to calm the excited woman before her.

"Never! so help me God, never! till I have my revenge of the wrong done my child, my beautiful White Star, who, though an Indian maid, was as dear to the heart of her mother as the child of the pale-face. And can I obtain it no other way, I will plunge this dagger into his heart!" and laughing a bitter laugh, she threw open the door, and before they were hardly aware of her intention of leaving, was gone, none knew where.

"Poor, poor woman, how I pity her!" exclaimed Mrs. Hewitt, as her husband closed the door.

"She is indeed worthy of sympathy," answered he. "I fear she may be led to commit a deed for which she may have cause to repent. I do sincerely hope that rascal may be re-captured, not only that he may be punished, but that she may be satisfied, for this is all she asked, though she is determined to be revenged some way," and taking up the evening paper, the Colonel endeavored to direct his thoughts in a different channel, while Mrs. Hewitt and Sonora sat at the window enjoying the bright moonlight as they thought of the future in hopeful anticipation.

LADYHOOD.—A pleasant and clever writer in Tilton's *Golden Age* furnishes the following exquisite limning of "the true lady:"

From the lady there exhales a subtler magnetism. Unconsciously she circles herself with an atmosphere of unruffled strength, which, to those who come into it, gives confidence and repose. Within her influence the diffident grow self-possessed, the impudent are checked, the inconsiderate admonished; even the rude are constrained to be mannerly, and the refined are perfected; all spoiled unawares by the charm of the flexible dignity, the commanding gentleness, the thorough womanlinsss of her look, speech and demeanor. A sway like this is purely spiritual. Every sway, every legitimate, every enduring sway is spiritual, a renancy of light over obscurity, of right over brutality. The only real gains we ever make are spiritual gains—a further subjugation of the gross to the incorporal, of body or soul, of the animal to the human. The finest, the most characteristic acts of a lady involve a spiritual ascension, a going out of herself. In her being and bearing, patience, benignity, generosity, are the graces that give shape to the virtues of truthfulness. In the radiant reality of ladyhood the artificial and the conventional are naught. Different from, opposite to, the superpositions of art or the dictates of mode, is the culture of the innate, the unfolding of the living, as different as the glow of health is from the cosmetic stain that would counterfeit its tint.

A WARNING TO CIDER DRINGERS.—A small South Welsh farmer one day said to his medical visitor, "I cannot think what has come to me, doctor; I can't sleep o' nights, and the least thing sets me all of a quiver. I wish you would give me something to take for it." "I wish," answered the doctor, "I could take away from you something you take. You have got, or are getting, delirium tremens." "Nonsense, doctor!" the other replied, "that's quite impossible. I have always heard that delirium tremens comes from strong drink. Now, I never take anything stronger than our home-made cider, and only this little cupful at a time." "True," said the doctor; "but how many times in the course of the day do you go to the cider cask, there, close by, under the pantry shelf? How many times a day? Tell me that!" "How many times, doctor?" he replied, trying to consult his memory, "I really don't know. I never counted them, doctor. I never thought of that."

TRANSFUSION OF BLOOD.—A very interesting case of the transfusion of blood from one person to another recently took place in Berlin. The patient was a man 28 years of age, who had been poisoned by phosphorus, having taken a solution of the ignition mass of eight bundles of matches. A transfusion of five hundred cubic centimetres of blood, which had just been taken from three persons in good health, was effected in a vein of the arm, five hundred centimetres of the patient's own blood being at the same time taken from an artery. An improvement in his condition at once set in, and he was able to leave his bed soon after.

According to the *American Chemist*, a solution of three parts of borax and two and a half parts of sulphate of magnesia will render dress fabrics fireproof.

Sex Versus Humanity.

The great evil which women have to complain of is that they are always regarded as *women* rather than as *human beings*, endowed with the same faculties, the same needs, the same interests, and the same responsibilities, as are all the race, and consequently requiring the same freedom of action, and the same protection from government. In order for them to develop their powers, they must have freedom in all directions. It matters little whether the chains that bind them are laws or customs, public sentiment or absolute control, for the one is just as cramping to the mass of human beings as the other. A few in all classes will rise above the controlling influence of custom and public opinion, but only a few; and, with the training which has kept woman in a subject state for so many generations, it is not to be expected that she would in many instances brave the ridicule and scorn that is heaped upon her whenever she steps out of the narrow groove in which her life has run for centuries.

In the treatment of woman, sex has taken the foremost place, and all else has been made subservient to it. That sex modifies the character, and determines it to be different in many ways is clear, but that it should be regarded as so powerful that the whole nature is changed by it, so that the needs and aspirations, nay, even the personal rights, are affected by it, is an extreme exaggeration.

When women are regarded as a part of the human family, and not as *women*, we shall see the dawn of a brighter day, both for men and women; for all which tends towards greater justice, and complete equality in the treatment of the race tends, inevitably, to the development and elevation of woman.

Are not the interests of all classes so intimately bound together that it is impossible to separate them? Are not women a part of every family, of every church, of every State? and is not their life a part of the life of every community? How then can they be dwarfed and not dwarf men? Are not all men children of women, and are they not dependent on their mothers for a part of their hereditary qualities?

How blind, then, is the selfishness that seeks to subject one-half of the race, in order to dignify and ennoble the other. The fable of the dog and the shadow is a good illustration of the result.

That women are different from men, superior in some ways, inferior in others, is only a proof that they complement each other, and that both are needed in all that interests the race; and when their united action is felt in making laws and executing them, in education, in the ministrations of religion, in the healing of the sick, and in all the organized charities and penal institutions of the world, we shall see the grand harmony that God designed when he made woman a help-meet for man.

MERCY B. JACKSON.

NOW.—If I were to give you a motto to go through life with, one that would stand you for warning and counsel in any strait in which you might find yourselves, I would give it in this word, *Now*.

Don't waste your time and your strength, and your opportunities, by always *meaning* to do something—*do it*. Only weakness comes of indecision. Why, some people have so accustomed themselves to this way of dawdling along from one thing to another, that it really seems impossible for them to squarely make up their minds to anything. They never quite know what they mean to do next, and their only pleasure seems to consist in putting things off as long as possible, and then dragging slowly through them, rather than begin anything else. Don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it, from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is, take hold at once and finish it up squarely and cleanly; and then to the next thing, without letting any moments drop out between.

It is wonderful to see how many hours these prompt people contrive to make of a day; it's as if they picked up the moments that the dawdlers lost. And if you ever find youself where you have many things pressing upon that you hardly know how to begin, let me tell you a secret: take hold of the very first one that comes to hand, and you will find the rest all fall into file and follow after like a company of well-drilled soldiers; and though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished if you can bring it into line.

You may have often seen the anecdote of the man who was asked how he had accomplished so much in his life? "My father taught me," was the reply, "when I had anything to do, *to go and do it*." There is the secret—the magic word *Now*.

EFFICACY OF PRAYER.—A brief but bold essay recently appeared in the *Contemporary Review*, on the question whether the Deity does or does not give a practical assent to the human prayer. The article throws down one of the most daring challenges, even in this doubting generation, and to a people who have listened to the speculations of such men as Comte, Herbert Spencer, Tyndall, and Huxley. This essay is prefaced by a note from Professor Tyndall, and though appearing as anonymous, is known to have been written by a man of great eminence in his own high profession. The writer suggests a plan to obtain an accurate measure of the degree in which prayers for the sick alter the bills of morality. He would place in a particular hospital a number of persons suffering from diseases which have been ascertained to cause on an average a certain number of deaths. All believers in the efficacy of prayer would then be invited to beseech, during four or five years, that the Almighty would specially interpose on behalf of those patients. If the prayers were answered, the death-rate would, of course, be less than in the hospitals that were not so highly favored, and scientific men would detect the influence of a spiritual force beyond their province, and appreciable by none of their gross tests. The believers in a special Providence are challenged to fight a battle on the field of statistics.

Dr. Johnson once silenced a notorious female backbiter who was condemning some of her friends for painting their cheeks, by the remark that "It is a far less harmless thing for a lady to redden her own cheeks than to blacken her neighbor's character."

Finney on Woman's Preaching.

Rev. Charles G. Finney, of Oberlin, a venerable Christian minister of undoubted orthodoxy, has enrolled himself among the advocates of woman's preaching the Gospel. He declares that the Holy Spirit calls not alone upon men to convert and save, and, looking back over a life-long experience in the ministry, he adds:—

I could name scores of laymen whose exhortations and conversations have been instrumental in converting hundreds upon hundreds of souls. This enduement was not at first, nor has it been since, confined to the male sex. Women have possessed it, and very often in a remarkable degree. Paul had his female helpers in proclaiming the Gospel, whose usefulness he was frank to acknowledge. In every age of the church, and especially wherever revivals of religion have existed, this power has been given to women as well as men. I am rejoiced to know that the American Board is learning more and more the power and usefulness of female labors in the missionary field. However men may interpret the Bible, whatever prejudices may exist in any branch of the church against the public gospel labors of females, the fact remains that God imparts to females, often in an eminent degree, the power to win souls to Christ. I have myself known a goodly number of women who have been amongst the most efficient laborers for souls that I could anywhere find. I could name women of diverse ages and culture upon whom this power from on high rested in a degree too manifest to be overlooked or denied. This enduement, then, is not confined to either sex. This power has been possessed by both young and old, by young converts and by ripe Christians. Many have possessed it from their first conversion, whilst others have failed to obtain it until they have been in the church for many years. I have known ministers, who have labored many years without it, at last come to possess it in an eminent degree. Facts undeniably prove that this enduement of power from on high is and has been a gift common to Christians of all ages and sexes and of every degree of culture. It appears, then, that all Christians, by virtue of their relation to Christ, may ask and receive this enduement of power to win souls to him. It is evident that the promise was not originally made to any particular individuals, to the exclusion of others. It is also manifest that the bestowment of the gift has not been confined to office, age, or sex. So far as my observation has gone, I have found it to exist as frequently among laymen as clergymen, and nearly as often among women as men, and quite as often among young converts as older professors of religion. Had I room in your columns, and health and strength to perform the task, I could summon a cloud of witnesses as proofs and illustrations of what I here assert.

NO INTEREST IN THEIR WORK.—Light and trifling minds do not succeed in life, for the reason that they take no interest in their work. What they do is done mechanically, without thought or care, so that they "kill" so much time, and get paid for it. If they talk, it is about that which has no sense in it, showing clearly smallness of calibre and vacancy of thought. If girls or young men, they are or would be constantly on the "go" and chatter about very little somethings or nothings.

An hour in such company is enough. If it be young men of the same class, the weightiest discussions are on "how to make the hair grow" on their feminine faces, or about somebody's fast horse, fighting dogs, or the late runaway match of two silly youths. One seldom hears from them any reference to the real duties of life, or to the work by which they are to get a living. If a target company or a band of street minstrels passes the premises where they "work," all these "light-weights" rush to the doors and windows, leaving their duties, it may be, in confusion. Without exhibiting interest in their work, without application, without energy or perseverance, and with no economy as to the way in which they spent their time, is it surprising that their "efforts" are not appreciated by their hard-hearted employer? These eye-servants, these giddy human soap bubbles, are now "fixing things" for life. They are sowing the wind, and will reap the whilwind. Having "no interest in their work," they will come to naught, and perhaps assist in filling poor-houses, asylums, hospitals and prisons.

COME DOWN, FATHER.—Some one has paraphrased the song, "Dear Father, Come Home," as follows: Oh, father, dear father, come down with the stamps, my dressmaker's bill is unpaid—she said she would send it right home from the shop, as soon as the flounces were made. My new dress from —— is down in the hall, the boy will not leave without pay—I've nothing to sport with—can't go to the ball, so please send the shop-boy away! Come down! come down! Please, father, dear father, come down! Oh, hear the sweet voice of thy child, who cries in room alone; oh, who could resist her most pitiful tears? So, father, with stamps you'll come down. Oh, father, dear father, come down with the stamps, my curls are not fit to be seen—the hair dresser said he would not do them up unless I could pay him fifteen—he only asked twenty to give a new set, and take the old hair in exchange—besides, pa, my waterfall's awfully rough, and so my back hair will look strange. Come down! come down! come down! Please, father, for Britian come down.

A BRUTE.—A party of excursionists from Vallejo were returning home, when they met a wagon containing a man and his wife, the latter with a babe in her arms. As they met, a wheel of the wagon sunk into a rut hole, giving a severe jolt, which threw the woman and infant out in the road. Before the carriage could be stopped both its wheels passed over the woman, and also her child, whom she held in firm embrace. The Vallejo *Chronicle* says it is not known how much they were injured, as the woman's husband would not permit any of the excursionists to dismount to her assistance, declaring the accident was all his wife's fault. When the two parties separated the man was upbraiding and abusing his wife for being so awkward as to fall from the wagon! If the man had been holding the baby he would undoubtedly have thrown it down to save himself. That woman is entitled to a divorce.

Who Was Lola Montez?

A traveler in Limerick says: "Persons still living in that city says they remember Lola Montez in her girlhood, and speak of her beauty and kindness of heart as something not to be forgotten. The house in which she was born is pointed out—a rather dingy building in a narrow street."

A different story of her origin is there told from that usually accepted. Her name was Eugenie Moncton instead of Elizabeth Gilbert. She was the illegitimate daughter of a French officer and an Irish widow of position and brilliancy, who became attatched to each other in Paris. Her mother lived in Dublin, but went to Limerick to conceal her condition. The child was given to an honest and reputable family to rear as their own, receiving a liberal sum for her education and support. At ten the little Eugenie was sent to a convent in France, where she displayed remarkable precocity, and at thirteen was considered a paragon of beauty.

At fifteen she had formed a clandestine correspondence with a Spanish officer, who had seen her while visiting his sister at the convent. She eloped with him to Madrid, and, after living as his mistress for a year, was deserted by him. She then returned to Paris, where she had numerous *liasons;* and, while traveling in Italy, is reported to have fought a duel with an Italian Count, and wounded him, because he insulted her in the street.

She had acquired various manly accomplishments—especially in the use of arms—and suffering from the outrage offered her as a woman, she donned masculine attire the day following, and threw a glass of wine in the face of her insulter in one of the fashionable cafes of Milan.

After various adventures and intrigues she went upon the stage, and as an actress won the heart of the old King of Bavaria. After that her life became well known. Her mother lost all traces of her after her elopement, and tried in vain to find her. She left five thousand pounds to Eugenie in her will, but the sum was never claimed. She was more sinned against than sinning, and had good reason for hating men—though she did not hate them—who, from the first to the last, betrayed and abused her.

She had at different periods of her life large sums of money, which she either gave away with a prodigal hand or was robbed of by designing sharpers. At the close of her checkered days she was so fleeced by men she had benefitted and confided in, that she died in poverty and want. She now rests in Greenwood Cemetry, with nothing but "Elizabeth Gilbert" inscribed on her unpretending tomb.—*Sights and Sensations in Europe.*

LANCET'S PRESCRIPTION.—Dr. Lancet was a blunt old fellow and an excellent physician, and he never drove around an obstacle when there was need of going through it.

Matilda Jane had just come home from boarding school, and was not feeling well. She was troubled with a rushing of blood to the head, with dizziness, and with loss of appetite. In this condition she called in Dr. Lancet and asked him if he could help her.

"I have been trying to doctor myself," she said languidly, and with a faint fluttering smile, as the old physician felt her pulse.

"What have you been doing?"

"Well, I have taken Limpshin's sarsaparilla, and Knave's anodyne, and Hummer's pills, and Numhead's balsam, and Fooler's tonic, and None-such Expectorating cordial, and Dr. Flathead's universal verifying recuperator, and—and—"

"Goodness mercy," gasped the doctor, "and haven't any of these things given you relief?"

"No," replied the pining fair one, "they have not helped me at all. O, dear doctor, what can I take that will be sure to do me good?"

"What can you take?" repeated the old man, moving back and eyeing her from head to foot. "Take," he exclaimed, with a flush from beneath his shaggy brows; "dear girl, take off your corsets!"—*New York Ledger.*

THE MODERN PRESS.—The printer being asked what he printed, said he printed thoughts. When asked, how can you print thoughts, which are invisible, intangible things, his answer was, that thoughts live and work, and walk in things that make tracks, and with pieces of metal called types he could measure the track of any thought that ever made its burning footmarks along the pathway of ages. Thus thought, when measured by types, and touched by printer's ink, assumes form, takes on a body, and is clothed in garments of beauty, that makes it a living, working, intellectual, moral and political force in the wide world. Thought first works through the machinery of the human body, and reveals itself in the flushed face, the flashing smile, the tender glance, the musical voice, the graceful movement, or the gentle pressure of the hand.

It next works through the machinery of the printing press, and by it is stamped with immortality, and in all the newspapers is scattered abroad as leaves of the "Tree of Life for the healing of the nations." In the newspapers of the present day, more than in books or periodicals, is the mind-feed served up and distributed that is to satisfy the appetite and feed the strength of the teeming millions of the earth's rational population.

HOW TO POP THE QUESTION.—Pitts is a capital business hand. He examines the goods he is thinking of purchasing, and then says: "Well, I'll look around, and if I don't find anything that suits me better, I'll call and take this." Not long ago Pitts said to himself: "I'm getting rather long in years, and guess I'll get married." His business qualities wouldn't let him wait; so calling on a lady friend he opened the conversation by remarking that he would like to know what she thought about getting married. "Oh, Mr. Pitts," she replied, "that is an affair in which I am not so very greatly interested, and I prefer to leave it to yourself." "But," says Mr. Pitts, "you are interested, and my dear girl, will you marry me?" The lady blushed very red, hesitated, and finally, as Pitts was very well to do in the world, and morally and financially of good standing in society, she accepted him. Whereupon the matter-of-fact Pitts responded: "Well, I'll look about, and if I don't find anybody that suits me better than you, I'll come back."