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The New Northwest.

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The New Northwest.

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SONORA HEWITT.

BY MRS. SUSIE WITHERELL.

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CHAPTER XXII.

THE CONFESSION OF BLANCHE.

"Oh, Sonora, you should have been along last evening! We had a delightful time!" was Cordelia's first exclamation as her friend entered the breakfast room the next morning. "The play was without fault. I believe every dormant power within me awoke laughing at the comicalities of Burton, that original man."

"I am glad you enjoyed yourselves, girls, for I feared the past few days had marred the pleasure of your visit; but, dear Blanche, you do not look well this morning. Did you not rest well last night?" enquired Sonora, as her friend stood at the window, gazing out upon the morning beauties, apparently in deep thought.

"I have a slight headache only, caused I presume by a little too much excitement," replied Blanche, looking up. "I will go out on the balcony and take the air. I will return soon," and closing the door hastily behind her, she went out alone, more to hide her feelings than to alleviate her pain.

Ah, Blanche, you feared you would wring the heart of your true and early friend. But mistaken girl! you have crushed your own heart in trying to usurp the place which belonged to her, and to which you had no right. Better for you had you never seen Clarence Pierpont.

"Blanche looks very pale," remarked Sonora. "I hope she is not going to be ill."

"O, she has looked and acted like one in a trance ever since last night. After coming from the theater, we stopped at one of the oyster saloons on broadway, when whom should we see sitting opposite us but Clarence Pierpont, your old lover, I believe. He was with Isabel Stuart, an old schoolmate of mine, whom he introduced as his cousin. I was delighted beyond measure at meeting her, I can assure you, and partly promised to call on her this afternoon, providing I could get you to accompany me," said Cordelia.

"Clarence Pierpont in the city!" escaped from the lips of Sonora, while a vivid blush mantled her beaming face; then, recollecting herself, she added: "Why, I thought he was settled at the South, and at present engaged with his clerical duties."

"No; he intends spending the summer at the North. In the fall he is to be ordained pastor of the Divine Chapel at D——, Georgia."

Thus Sonora learned just what she most wished to know, but could not ask.

"He is in excellent health," continued Cordelia, little thinking she was making the heart of her friend overflow with happiness at this joyful intelligence. "He only arrived yesterday, and knew nothing of the affair regarding Norman until Isabel told him last night. I wish you could have seen him! He actually clapped his hands with such force upon the table as he exclaimed, 'Thank God, she has escaped the serpent's fangs!' that if it had been anything but marble, it would certainly have been split to pieces. I could not refrain from smiling, but Blanche looked as demure as a kitten, and really seemed hurt at my levity; but somehow I never did have any sympathetic feelings for any one in love," rattled Cordelia, as she picked to pieces an elegant little tea rose that lay upon the window-sill where she was lounging.

Sonora was too deeply engaged in thinking about the past to pay much attention to what Cordelia was saying until the latter part of her speech arrested her attention.

"Any one in love," thought Sonora. "According to that, Blanche does entertain some affection for Clarence, and my surmises were not entirely without foundation. Perhaps this is the cause of her pale cheeks and loss of spirits at times. It is a secret love like Gracie's. Dear Blanche! rather than hurt my feelings she has refrained from telling me, knowing that I still love him. I will resign all hopes of ever becoming his that he may, if possible, turn his love to Blanche; for I could not be happy if I thought my happiness brought sorrow to the heart of my dear, sweet friend. I will see her alone and gain from her the truth. Perhaps I may be the means of bringing back the roses to her cheeks." Thus reasoned Sonora to herself as the bell sounded for breakfast, and the subject of her thoughts entered with her father and mother.

That afternoon as the three girls sat sewing in Sonora's room, there was a tap at the door, and Rissey entered with a card.

"Dar am a ticket fer you, Miss Marsh," said she, handing it to Cordelia, "and de gemman is down stairs wid his horse an' wagen in de parlor waitin'," and was retracing her steps, feeling herself of great importance, when Cordelia, glancing at the card, exclaimed:

"Claude Montrose! Tell him, Rissey, I will be down in a moment."

"Yes, marm," and running down stairs at full speed, she opened the parlar door, and in the same tone which Cordelia had used, exclaimed: "Yes sar, Claude Montrose, she will be down in a minuit!" and slamming the door, left the exquisite Frenchman in perfect amazement.

"I wonder what he wants," remarked Cordelia, as she threw down her work, and placing a sprig of myrtle in her shining braids, left the room to meet the gentleman who had called to invite her to ride.

After a few moments absence she returned, her face all aglow with pleasure.

"Well, girls, I am going to take a ride. I would much rather do that than sew any time."

"With Mr. Montrose?" asked Sonora. "Be careful—I think your heart is in danger. That he has already become one of your admirers there is no doubt; but be careful, 'Delia, and take a friend's advice, and do not accept his addresses, for I feel sure he is not at all worthy of you."

"You estimate my superiority higher than I do myself," laughingly answered Cordelia. "I have no fault to find with Mr. Montrose, and am willing to admit that I like him better than any other of my gentlemen acquaintances; but as to falling in love, why I do not think I ever could, though I am perfectly willing he should if he is silly enough, for it will save me the trouble of hunting a lover, and you know it is quite unfashionable to be without one," and she threw the delicate lace over her shoulders, and taking her gloves in hand left the room.

"What strange ideas 'Delia has upon some subjects," remarked Blanche as they watched the carriage drive off. "I am afraid if she should ever marry, she would make her husband very unhappy."

"Well, I sincerely hope she has not become fascinated with Claude Montrose, for something tells me he is no better than his companion Norman Burke; but I really think she does care something about him," answered Sonora.

"You are right, dear Sonora. He is not a person her mother would approve of at all. I hope when we return home next week she may forget him altogether."

"But it is no easy matter to *forget* after your affections have been won," remarked Sonora, eyeing Blanche, whose cheeks paled a little as she replied:

"True! too true! But by great command over our internal feelings, and not permitting them to have their own sway, we can in a great measure curb our affections, and at least show by the exterior that we *strive* to forget, as in your case, Sonora. In order to obey a parent's wish, you endeavored by your outward conduct to convince some that you had forsaken one who won your first pure love. Is it not so, dear Sonora?"

Sonora, bursting into tears, put her arms around Blanche's neck as she sobbed out:

"Blanche, have you ever tried to forget?"

"Forget, my dear friend! What have I ever had to forget?" and leaning upon Sonora's breast, they mingled their tears together.

As soon as Blanche could recover her feelings, she raised her head as she said:

"Sonora, I have much that I would tell you. We have always imparted our little secrets to one another, but one great secret I have kept from you, and that is—do not blame me—you must not, cannot forgive me when you know all—my love for your Clarence—Clarence Pierpont!" and hiding her throbbing temples beneath her hands, neither spoke nor moved for several moments.

"I suspected it, dear Blanche, long ago. Blame you? No, I love you for it, for though he was, and is still dear to my heart, I have resigned him and could wish him no greater happiness than to know he was happy in the return of my dearest friend's affection," replied our heroine with a strong effort to conceal her own feelings.

"Noble, generous girl, hush! You know not to what a sinful creature you are speaking. Did you but know all the base deceptions which she whom you call 'dear friend' has practiced upon you, you would hate, scorn, yes, spurn me as a vile thing from your presence!" exclaimed Blanche spasmodically. "Not only have I tried to win your lover from your side, but I have also been guilty of base falsehoods; and this is not all, for it was through my instrumentality that you came so near wedding that heartless villain, though, as God is my witness, I thought him an honorable man. All this I have done, and for what? To win the love of a man who will despise me in the end, for Clarence told me he should ever remain true to you and could never love another. Think not that I asked him for his love—no, I have never stooped to that! But by telling me all his love for you, and requesting me as a friend to inform you of his fidelity, he unconsciously blasted my dearest hopes forever, for they were dear, though at your expense. Now hate me! curse me! and despise me! I deserve it, for had he proved false, you never would have received this confession, and I should have usurped the place which belonged to you," and kneeling before her friend, she hid her face in her lap, while she sobbed convulsively.

For a time Sonora seemed perfectly stupefied at Blanche's disclosure, for, though she had suspected her love for Clarence, still she had never for a moment doubted her faithfulness to her; but the gentle, submissive spirit of Sonora had yet to learn the fiery, passionate one of her friend, and by her own amiable and lovely disposition exert an influence over her, and under whose benificent power, together with a Higher one, Blanche at last yielded her heart to God.

Putting her arms around her, Sonora raised her friend's head as she replied:

"Dear Blanche, do not suffer on my account; it pains me. I love you now just as well as ever, though while listening to your recital my angry feelings rose up for a moment; but that has passed, and your open confession for the wrongs you would have done me is amply sufficient to restore all confidence, and to merit not only my forgiveness, but also that of Him who knoweth the secrets of all. Dear Blanche, look up and let me point you to that blessed Father who has always been my friend, and to whom I have gone in every sorrow. Put your faith in him, my friend. 'He is our very present help in time of trouble.' I freely forgive all you have done to me, but pray, O, *pray* for His forgiveness for the falsehood of which you have been guilty, and of which I prefer remaining in ignorance, for that is far the worst crime you have committed," and Sonora, raising the head of Blanche, pillowed it against her breast as she continued pointing upwards. "Would that I could lead you to the foot of the Saviour and persuade you willingly to take up your cross and serve him. Far, far happier would you be. Will you try, dear Blanche? It is His strong arm that has sustained me in all my trials. Try for my sake and seek Him, and more for the sake of He who did for you."

Thus spoke Sonora as she tried to calm the agitated girl before her, and to bring her to feel the importance of an all-seeing God.

"Dear, dear Sonora, can I ever feel gratitude enough towards you for this? Can I ever love you as you deserve to be?" exclaimed Blanche, looking up with a happy smile upon her face. "O, I feel at peace once more. My own sweet friend, you have made me comparatively happy again; and now I have one favor to ask of you. If ever you and Clarence meet again, promise me that you will never tell him that which I have told you, not while I am living. I feel that I could not bear that he should know I loved him so wildly, even degrading myself by stooping to falsehood so base to win his love, when he confided in me as a friend to both of you. I feel that this would be too humiliating. Promise me and I am content."

"I promise to keep your secret as long as you wish it."

"Enough; I am satisfied. Mould me to your will, my own dear, loving friend. Would to God that I were like you!" exclaimed she, as the sound of approaching footsteps caused them to rise, and going to the door, Sonora beheld her mother.

"Any admittance into this sanctuary, or am I an intruder?" playfully asked Mrs. Hewitt.

"Always welcome, my own beloved mother," answered Sonora, as she drew forth the small easy rocking-chair.

"So 'Delia has forsaken your society for a ride. Do you not feel slighted, Blanche?"

"Not in the least," answered she, smiling, "though I should have felt heartily glad had Cordelia slighted the gentleman by refusing his invitation."

"You express my sentiments exactly, Blanche—he is not worthy of her. The very fact of his having been, and I think still is, the companion of that bad man, is enough to insure the dislike of any sensible person; and I hope I am included in that list since I have learned to look deeper than the mere golden surface. But doubtless Cordelia will soon forget him when she returns to Bridgeport. Blanche, I think you had better postpone your return home for a couple of weeks, when we will accompany you. It will be as well, will it not?"

"Oh, yes, I have no objections. Grandma will be consoled for my absence by aunty's society, and I will make amends when I return by making all the noise in my power," answered Blanche, and she laughed that merry laugh of old.

"Now, girls, what do you think I came up here for?"

"We cannot guess, dear mamma. Do tell us," and Sonora seated herself on a low stool at her mother's feet.

"Well, then, I have a little happy surprise for you, Sis," said Mrs. Hewitt to her daughter; "and perhaps for you likewise," glancing at Blanche, who was reclining upon the lounge before her. "After dinner I took a walk down Broadway to do shopping, and whom do you think I met? I bowed, and he returned it very politely, and would have passed on, but I extended my hand, and of course he could do no less than to take it. After conversing a few moments, I invited him to call and renew the friendship, which he replied he 'should be most happy to do at some future day, but at present was still a poor student.' I felt the rebuke was no more than I justly deserved. I informed him that we were all in good health, and gave him an invitation to spend a few weeks with us at Spring Brook this summer, for which he returned a polite 'Thank you,' as he wished me good-bye. He is stopping at the Stuart's, who are relatives of his, and appeared to be in great haste to join Isabel, who was making some purchases."

The sound of carriage wheels put an end to all farther conversation upon this subject by causing them to run to the window, just in time to see Claude Montrose as he gallantly escorted Cordelia up the stoop, where, ringing the bell, he hastened to the carriage, kissing his hand to her with all the grace of a true Frenchman.

"Oh, I had such a splendid ride," exclaimed Cordelia, as she actually for the first time in her life ran up stairs into Sonora's room, where, throwing her bonnet on the table and herself upon the lounge, she added, "but it is a toil after all when the pleasures are over."

Mrs. Hewitt smiled as she said:

"Well, 'Delia, you mean to take the world easy, any how. Blanche has concluded to prolong her visit for a few weeks longer, till we return to our seat. I suppose you have no objection to remaining a little longer," added she, with a roguish look.

"No, none at all," answered Cordelia, returning the well-understood smile and look. "I am content anywhere, providing I can enjoy myself. Oh, by the way, girls, I have partly promised to accompany Mr. Montrose to the 'Dusseldorf' to-morrow. I have always had a desire to examine some of its fine paintings, and this is the first opportunity I have had of visiting it, especially with one who says he is intimately acquainted with many of the first artists, whose pictures adorn the interior."

There was no reply made to this, but an omnious shake of the head by Blanche caused a slight frown to settle upon the handsome features of Cordelia, who, arising from her position, sauntered to her room as the bell sounded to prepare for supper.

OREGON

State Agricultural Society and its Management.

Mrs. Duniway:—I have for a long time been aware that a majority of the public (for the reason that they have never taken the trouble to inquire) are ignorant of the plan of the organization of this Society and of its management, many supposing it to be a company formed for the purpose of money-making solely; others, that it is in some way under the control of the State; still others, that the property is held in shares, which can be bought and sold, like those of other incorporations; that those who receive the large sums of money at the Fair and in no way accountable, and that many make "a good thing," by fraud, etc. etc. Please allow me space to correct, if I can, the wrong impressions gained, which tend to keep many from becoming members of the Society, or from aiding in its management.

The Oregon State Agricultural Society is an incorporation, made such for its own protection solely. It has no shares which can be bought or sold—no dividends to declare or profits to divide, but holds its property and improves it for the benefit of its members *and the people of Oregon*. Its officers are elected annually, by ballot, and every member is entitled to vote. The officers, so elected, meet in January of each year, make rules for the annual Fair, and adopt a list of premiums. There are no other meetings, except during the Fair, but at that time the Board meets every day, and the Society every evening of the week. The Board of Managers have almost unlimited power, to make such regulations as they may deem best, *not contrary to the expressed instructions of the Society*. They cannot, however, sell or transfer the Society's property to others, but it must remain for the uses and purposes of the same, to wit: "To foster every branch of agricultural and mechanical industry, mining interests and the fine arts, and to add to the happiness of home life." All meetings of the Society and the Board are public, and all proceedings are published, including receipts and expenditures of the year, so that those who desire can easily ascertain the progress the Society is making.

MONEYS RECEIVED BY GATE-KEEPERS.

Much has been said in regard to the opportunity for gate-keepers to appropriate the funds of the Society at the annual Fairs. On this point, I deem it proper to say a word. All gate-keepers receive their tickets from the Secretary, who charges them with the same, and on Saturday of Fair week they are required to settle their accounts, and return the tickets charged, or their value in money. On each evening of the Fair, the Treasurer calls upon the ticket venders, and receives such amounts of money as they may have from sales of the day, giving them a receipt for the same, which is passed to their credit on settlement. All persons or officers in the employ of the Society who in any way are allowed control of the funds the same, are subject to similar rules.

The Secretary and Treasurer of the Society are required to give bonds for the faithful performance of their duties, and those bonds are held by the Society, through its President, until their accounts are examined and approved by the Board of Managers and Finance Committee at the January meeting, so that fraud is next to impossible if any were designed; besides, those who sell the tickets are selected with reference, first of all, to their honesty and general character. I do not believe that $5 was ever lost through the gate-keepers, but I am firmly convinced that if the money was in the Treasury which has been taken from the Society by passing tickets and badges through the enclosures, and in various ways I could name, defrauding it of its means, there would be no account of indebtedness against the organization to-day.

MONEY IN HANDS OF THE TREASURER.

Premiums and expenses of the Fair, (paid before its close) generally leave about $2,500 in the hands of the Treasurer on Monday following Fair week. This sum is in a few days reduced by payment of bills and premiums, until $200 or $300 only remain, and small outstanding accounts and premiums generally find the Treasury nearly empty before the January meeting, so that often there is barely money to pay the mileage and per diem of the members of the Board; but while this is true, it must not be forgotten that from $1,500 to $1,800 is annually expended for improvements on the Fair Grounds, *and paid for*, which leaves the Society at the close of each fiscal year, better prepared to meet the demands of the public.

WORK PERFORMED BY CONRACT.

Many suppose that a few favorites receive all the work to be done on the Fair Grounds or for the Society. This opinion, also, is not founded on fact. All work, of any considerable amount, is done by contract, and let to the lowest bidder, nor has favor ever been shown to any contractor or laborer on the improvements of the Society. The printing, also, is left to the lowest bidder, and has been for the last three years, every office in the State being solicited to compete for the work, and furnished with a list of the printing required.

AMUSEMENTS, ETC., ON THE GROUNDS.

Much complaint is made because the Society gives license to circuses, and amusements of various kinds. If the $10,000 in premiums, to say nothing of the expenses of the fair, and improvements annually made, could be paid for in promises, or on the 10 per cent. entrance or sale of tickets, there might be some show of reason in the complaint, but every dollar the Society agrees to pay, for premiums or otherwise, it *must pay*, else its patronage would cease and its organization be left at the mercy of the law. But while licenses are granted for places of amusement, which tend to vastly increase the revenue, and make "Fair week" an occasion of pleasure to thousands who come for pleasure only, nothing calculated to corrupt the morals of the people is allowed to occupy the ground with the knowledge or consent of the Society or its officers; and I doubt whether any one (who had character to lose) was ever materially injured in morals or otherwise by the licensed exhibitions of the Fair; though if money-making alone was the aim of the Society, $1,000 could be obtained for gambling tables, and other chances to fleece the public. That the devil can be found at the Fair, I think is true; but there is no justice in charging to the management of the Society all the vice and immortality which may obtain where 20,000 people are congregated for all sorts of purposes.

CONCLUSION.

That there are many things in the conduct of the Society and the Fair which might be improved, I shall not undertake to deny; but these will require time and money. That the Society will succeed in vastly improving its management, there can be no question; and if those who are ready to blame for seeming neglect, will take the trouble to inquire the cause, and assist the Society in the performance of its labors, we shall have far less dissatisfaction at, and a stronger interest in, our annual State Fairs. E. M. WAITE.

SALEM, Sept. 6, 1872.

P. S.—I forgot to say that no sectarian or party test is required for membership, nor is the discussion of any such questions allowed. The books are open to *every citizen of Oregon*.

Matt. Morgan's last cartoon represents Mr. Greeley surrounded by good little boys with school-books in their hands, intended to show that the election of H. G. is intimately connected with the spread of education and the prosperity of the common school system. When he sketched that able picture, Mr. Morgan had not read the proceedings of the Democratic State Convention of Missouri. In that convention a resolution in favor of common schools was so bitterly denounced that its author was compelled to withdraw it.—*St. Louis Democrat.*

Mrs. Tator, the first woman lawyer on the Pacific coast, has been refused admission to the bar of Santa Cruz, California. All such exclusions are clearly in violation of the Fourteenth Amendment, which guarantees equal civil rights to all American citizens. We hope Mrs. Tator will carry the case before the Supreme Court.

Farmers' Boys.

Not many years since a well known Ohio Congressman said to the writer, "A——, there is a vacant cadetship at West Point; there is also a midshipman to be appointed at Annapolis—both from our district—I will give your son choice of the places."

The generous offer was warmly made, and accompanied with many thanks for services rendered him in a political campaign; but on the writer's part without the slightest expectation of any return. The offer was therefore a surprise, and seemed so much to require consideration that it was a minute before I could answer him at all. During that minute I had time to call up memories of my own early struggles, lighting the way up through weary years of toil and waiting, and patient self-denial, into the possession of a business, without any friendly aid. My boy was seventeen years old, and could doubtless pass the necessary examination at either place; but then he was all the boy I had. I thought of the farm; the broad meadows lately underdrained; the winding drive-way newly graveled, with trees grouped alongside; the orchard and woods, and the cattle on the hillside; and I wondered who would take his place in our Robinson Crusoe kingdom if he went away. Then of what use had been all the pains and labor for beautifying and enriching the farm, if he were not to succeed to its management and enjoyment?

My mind was made up. The temptation was declined with thanks, much to the surprise of my friend, by simply telling him I was as able to educate the boy as "Uncle Sam," and thought I could give him fully as honorable a career.

Since then two years have passed. The lad is rapidly growing into manhood, broad shouldered and muscular as a young Hercules. Regular daily labor in plowing, and harvesting, and hauling has not interfered with rational enjoyments, but has given a keener relish for them. Should the time come, some day, when daily labor is no longer necessary for the making of a livelihood, he will enter on middle age with the *man* well developed physically, and with the *mind* stored with practical knowledge of husbandry. I don't know but this is as good practical knowledge to have on hand as any other, and as fitting for a gentleman as law, physic or merchandising.

The present summer we had a visitor—an old friend from the salty sea. He was rejoicing in a ten day's leave of absence, and enjoying himself like a school-boy at home on a holiday. The sweltering uniform and the regulation cap of the navy had been left in the lockers of the iron-clad he commanded, and he sailed up the drive into our place clad in the loosest kind of citizen's rigging, topped out with an exceedingly wide-brimmed straw hat, that he was pleased to call a "Greeley."

He said to me one day: "Old fellow, if I were the owner of your farm and stock, I would heartily exchange places with the Admiral. I could then be at home with my wife and children. During twenty-six years of service I have been seventeen years at sea. There is not a sea on the globe I have not sailed on and hardly a port I have not entered. I am tired of the service in time of peace; but I have no other profession, and no income but my pay. I have no future that is not like the past. I am subject to orders that may, without notice, change my plans. They can send me, at any moment, the Lord knows where."

These were despairing words uttered by a homeless man; no merely professional achievement or reputation could fill the void. A bold navigator and famous gun-boat commander, he is the pet of his superiors and their favorite officer to entrust with expeditions requiring skill and audacity. Though he will have an honored name in the annals of the navy, the sum of his life, as footed by himself, is a failure.

I thought of the Congressman's temptation, and told my friend the story. He pointed to the waving harvest fields and said that he too thought my kingdom wisely governed, and that it ought to pass to my successor by inheritance.—*Watchman's Journal.*

Mr. Horace Dresser has made an ingenious argument in the Jersey City *Evening Journal* to prove, first, that inasmuch as suffrage is, or ought to be, the concomitant of citizenship, therefore the State Constitutions and enactments which forbid women to vote are a nullification of the Federal Constitution, which guarantees to the people of every State a Republican form of government; and, second, that the President of the United States, being bound by his oath of office "to take care that the laws are faithfully executed," and to "preserve, protect and defend the Constitution," therefore he has power to remove all obstacles to the exercise of woman's right of suffrage by a proclamation similar to President Lincoln's edict of emancipation, and it is his duty to issue such a proclamation and enforce it. We cannot help smiling at the practical absurdity of such a proposition to the Executive, at a moment when he is sharply censured for having carried out the specific instructions of Congress by enforcing the Ku-Klux law.

Gerritt Smith, the veteran abolitionist, in a recent speech, speaking of the Republican party, says: "The condition of its continued existence and power is that it shall continue to be a reform party. Grandly did it begin its reformatory career. It fought for the life of the nation, and saved it; it fought against the guilty rebels of the South, and the more guilty rebels of the North, and conquered both; it fought against slavery, and killed it; it fought for the rights of the black man, and won them. Its work is not yet done. Many other reforms are urging themselves upon its adoption. Ere this it should have accorded the ballot to woman. The wide step in this direction, taken in the Philadelphia convention, should be followed up without delay."

The idea of reclaiming the Colorado desert by means of artesian wells has been broached. It is thought that a large subterranean stream runs under the desert, and that all that is necessary is to bore deep enough to strike it. Congress will be applied to for a grant as a recompense for boring these wells.

The following sentiment, given at a railway festival, shows the heart of a true man: "Our Mothers—the only faithful tenders who never misplaced a switch."

About Women.

Rev. Miss Smiley assisted at a camp-meeting on Long Island during July.

Miss Carlotta Patti sailed for America with Maurice Strakosch, on the 16th inst.

Miss Alice Bird has twice been invited to a professorship in the Iowa Wesleyan University.

Six ladies will be admitted to the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, at the next term.

Miss Rye is on her way from Liverpool with another lot of model servant girls for the Canadians.

Five young women were among the sixteen freshmen lately admitted to the University of Vermont.

Mrs. Barnard, a lady of some journalistic experience, has become managing editor of the Washington *Chronicle*.

Three ladies act as notaries public in Iowa. They are Miss Zoe Taylor, Miss E. C. Stebbins, and Miss Laura A. Berry.

"The charming Lotta" is abroad, diligently pursuing the study of French and music in the boarding school of a French convent.

Young ladies will hereafter be admitted to the collegiate department of Griswold College, Iowa, on the same terms as the young men.

The Academy of Sciences at Philadelphia has elected a woman to full fellowship, and there is also a lady on one of its active committees.

After a competitive examination, Miss Carrie S. Sheads has been promoted from a second to a first class clerkship in the Bureau of Statistics.

Chicago has a woman sexton. She does her duty well, but of course she cannot altogether escape complaint. It is not charged that she has too many relatives, or anything of that kind, but they do say that she reserves all the best graves for the young men.

Signora Aurelia Cimino Falliero De Luna, a well-known Italian authoress, has established in Florence a semi-monthly newspaper, entitled the *Cornelia*, devoted to the advocacy of Woman's Rights and the promotion of the education of Italian women.

A Mrs. Fuller left her father's house in Independence, went and laid her neck on the railroad track. A passing train severed her head from her body. She had been unfortunate in marriage, was deserted by her husband, and tired of life, and was probably more or less demented.

Latour, a celebrated actress in Paris, at a supper with several friends happened to make a bad pun. A gentleman cried out: "O! I beg you, mademoiselle, do not say such ridiculous things, it pains me!" "Pray, sir," asked the actress, "have you a patent right for making stupid remarks?"

THE FIRST PAIR OF BOOTS.—"O mother, mayn't I have some boots?" exclaimed little Summer H., as he bounded into the log cabin where Mrs. H. sat sewing, trying so hard to make new clothes out of old.

"Do say I may, 'cause Leland Ives has got some, and I'm almost as old as he is."

"But, my child, I've no money to buy them," and she sighed, for it was the autumn of 1857, that terrible year for emigrants.

"Money! money! Dear me, I wish I was made of money. But can't you think of any way you can get some?"

Poor mother! she had thought until she was dizzy-headed.

"Isn't there any way I can earn some?" and the little four-year-old straightened himself up proudly.

"Yes," she said finally. "You may sell all the eggs you can find in the corners of the fences"—

He was off before she could finish the sentence. Three hours afterward he came back, flushed with fatigue, but so happy. He had found a dozen, and had carried them to town a mile across the prairie—and returned with a *dime!*

"How many of *them* will it take for a dollar and a half?"

"Fifteen."

"O dear! Well, if the hens don't stop laying, I'll get my boots, though!"

Fifteen times did that little Hawkeye boy trudge across the prairie with his dozen of eggs—then he came back, O how proudly! for in his hands were his first pair of boots. He did not wear them for a week, but he carried them wherever he went; he ate with them; he played with them; he showed them to every neighbor; they were in his arms when he said his prayers, they were in his arms when he went to sleep. The first pair of boots! Will anything he may earn in manhood give him such pure joy?—*Guiding Star.*

KNITTING.—"I was just thinking, mother—" said Rachel.

"Thinking about what?" asked Mrs. Harland, seeing that her daughter did not complete the sentence she had begun.

"It was something about knitting. Mrs. Barclay said this morning, as she passed the window and saw me at work, 'That is soft and beautiful yarn, but not half so soft and beautiful as the yarn you are knitting into your life.' I've been thinking ever since what she could have meant, and it's just come to me."

"Has it? I'm glad you thought it out for yourself. What is merely told us often goes no deeper than the memory, but if we think out anything for ourselves, it becomes more real to us, and more our own. We understand it better."

"Yes, I am sure of that," replied Rachel.

"And what do you think Mrs. Barclay meant?" asked Mrs. Harland.

"I suppose she meant that our thoughts and feelings were like yarn, and that every day we were knitting them into our lives."

"I think that was her meaning," replied the mother. "If day by day we knit pure thoughts, and kind, gentle feelings into our lives, we shall not only form to ourselves beautiful characters, that will make our presence a charm and a blessing to others, but acquire a heavenly quality that will draw near to us, as like draws like, the angels of God with their protecting power, though we may not perceive their presence."

A tender thoughtfulness was in the eyes of Rachel. She did not answer, but looked down at her knitting, and as the soft thread passed through her fingers, she pondered this new lesson in the book of life.—*Children's Hour.*