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A Journal for the People. Devoted to the Interests of Humanity, Independent in Politics and Religion. Alleviate to all Live Issues, and Thoroughly Radical in Opposing and Exposing the Wrong of the Masses.

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

Gleanings.

A successful portrait of General Thomas, the lamented "Old Pap," has been painted by the brush of Miss Ransom, of Cleveland.

Hannah Matilda Dodd, deceased, gives \$1,000 to be expended in medals for the best girl graduates of the Boston High School.

Mr. Greeley has recently been interviewed by the dairymen, and in response to an inquiry said: "The best butter is undoubtedly an old man's."

A writer says: "It is not the drinking, but getting sober, that is so terrible in a drunkard's life." Why get sober at all, then, says old Smuggles.

Rector's daughter (to Sunday school)—"Oh, you have an older brother; well, how old is he?" School-boy—"Dunno, miss, but he just started off seaward."

A drover who sells his cattle by live weight always gives them as much water as they can drink before driving them to the scales. That is his way of watering stock.

An old maid suggests that when men break their hearts it is the same as when a lobster breaks one of his claws—another sprouts out immediately, and grows in its place.

The Norwegian clergy are fond of their grog. The preacher takes his spirits in the vestry, after his labors, and at clerical gatherings wine, beer and punch are liberally provided.

A little girl went into a drug store, the other day, and said to the proprietor in a half whisper, "If a little girl had not got no money how much chewing gum do you give her for nothing?"

"Six feet in his boots!" exclaimed Mrs. Beebe; "what will the impudence of this world come to, I wonder? Why, they might as well tell me that the man had six heads in his hat."

Advices from Paris say that two-thirds of the priests in Paris are ready to follow Hyacinth's example—as soon as they can find the essential American widows with \$75,000 apiece.

What is the fashion, Annie? Fashion is something that causes Betsy, who goes on wheels all week when the sun is shining, to wear gloves and carry a parasol on Sunday when it is cloudy.

"No, sir," said a woman, pleading for her husband, who was before the police judge for beating her with a poker, "the wags' always that way. There was a happy time when he only struck me with his fist."

Lord Bacon says, "But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth; for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love."

A lady, who says that her opinion is based upon a close observation, says that men, as a rule, regard their wives as angels for just two months—namely, a month before marrying and a month after burying her.

Devotion to public opinion was evinced by a lady, aged 60, who had married a man of correspondingly appropriate age, because "he comes about my house so much, if I don't marry him people will talk."

They are boasting of a hen in Virginia which has just hatched a four-legged chicken. For eating purposes, the most likely to a chicken the better; but when it comes to scratching in a garden, give us chickens with the minimum number.

A high-toned young gentleman at Brentville, Virginia, has been indulging in the safe amusement of shooting the intimate friend of his sister through the bars of a jail. We doubt if this would be considered good form even among the Fijis.

A situation-seeking young lady noticed an advertisement for one to do light house-keeping. She wrote immediately to the advertiser, asking where the lighthouse was, and if there was any way of getting to the shore on Sundays?

There is but one temple in the world, and that is the body of man. Nothing is holier than this high form. Bending before men is a reverence done to the revelation in the flesh. We touch heaven when we lay our hand on a human body.

The New York Tribune speaks of the Woman's Journal as being "conducted by several very estimable ladies of both sexes." It has, therefore, the advantage of a large number of other journals, that are conducted by ancient grannies of the masculine sex.

Dickens says: "I have known vast quantities of nonsense talked about men not looking you in the face. Don't trust to that conventional notion. The man whose eyes are always looking at you is anything but a good fellow."

The seat can be readily tamed, and becomes very affectionate. It may be taught many things, such as slinking hands, bowing and fute-like, and the cry of the seat is soft and flute-like, and some certain sounds which are common to all languages, such as pi-pi or mo-mo.

Spinks says he knows just the kind of a dwelling that his wife wants, because she has described it to him. She wants "a house large enough to accommodate eight persons, with a parlor, dining-room, five bed-rooms, nursery, bath-room, closets in every room, bare made good kitchen, ornamented cellar, high attic, all on the first floor."

Dr. Franklin recommends a young man, in the choice of a wife, to select from a bunch, giving as a reason, that when there are many daughters they improve each other, and from emulation acquire more accomplishments, than a single child spoiled by parental fondness.

This is a comfort to people with large families.

THE NOBLEST REVENUE.—Revenue is a monetary triumph which is also a noblest virtue, and is the noblest while forgiveness, a perpetual pleasure of all revenges, evered by remorse.

It was well said by a Roman emperor, that he wished to put an end to all his enemies by converting them into his friends.

Mrs. D. Clair R. D. Evers Spettigue, of Boston, spoke in Washington, Vt. recently on "Love and Marriage." The lecture was set ten minutes earlier than the usual hour in order to give the gentleman who introduced the lecturer plenty of time to call off her name.

The Flight of the Birds.

BY ALICE CARY.

Last night I sat beside the pane, And heard across the mist of rain The wild birds twitter low,

And thought how soon the feathery nests, Now warm with little speckled breasts, Would all be filled with snow.

I saw the withered wet leaves fall, And eried, God shield and save ye all, Black birds, and blue, and brown;

And all ye tribes of noisy things, With linings on your warm wings Soft as the thistle-down.

And ye with top-knots on your heads Of cotton-grains and snarled reds, And tongues so wild and loud;

God save, I said, in kindest care, Seeing ye drift along the air Like autumn-leaves.

And ye in airy and rosy coils, And ye with ruffles all in curls, About your necks aslant;

When April sends her lamps of dew, To light her darkened daisies through, God shield ye, darlings mine,

And ye, with muffled tender throats, And ye with white and spotted coats, And ye that hold in scorn

Soft music, and wide summer gleams Sit by your doubles in the streams, Snapping your bills of horn.

And let what will my life befall, I still shall love and need ye all; Nor can my heart make choice,

Or hold the nightingale preferred Above the cuckoo, less a bird Than "just a wandering voice."

There I pray, and can but pray, Lest keep, and bring them back when May Shall come with shining train,

Thick brooded with fields of wheat, And buttercups and pink plinks sweet, And yellow bees, and rain.

Yes, bring them back across the seas In clouds of golden witnesses, The grand, the grave, the gay;

And if they tarry will, I beg, Keep me alive once more to see The glad and glorious day.

SONORA HEWITT.

BY MISS SUSIE WITHERELL.

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

CHAPTER XXX.

SONORA AND LODI FIRM FRIENDS—A NARRATIVE.

Thus the two who had been so strangely thrown together became confidential friends. Neither moved or spoke for some moments—the one overcome by her sad feelings and the other with joyful hope. At last Lodi broke the silence by saying, as she wiped a few falling tears:

"Listen, and when you know something of my life you will not hate the lone Indian woman for bearing you away to become the bride of a man whom you do not love; for I felt glad to think another heart must ache as well as Lodi's."

"About twenty years ago, when I had seen but sixteen summers come and go, my father, the great chief Sauntee, and myself went out hunting for game. We had wandered far away from our wigwam, and were belated in the forest, where we had to remain all night. It was a bright night, and the face of the Great Spirit looked down from the full moon upon the hunting grounds below.

Throwing ourselves beneath a large tree, I told my father I would watch first; but feeling tired and forgetting my promise, I was soon sound asleep beside him. It must have been past midnight that I was aroused by a low growl. Starting to my feet, what did I behold but an enormous wolf with my father in his claws! He had seized him by the throat, killing him instantly. Though I knew no fear, I had never been known to run from danger, still, for the first time, my courage seemed to have entirely forsaken me, and I stood almost riveted to the ground with horror, as I beheld the wild beast gloat over the mangled remains of my once loved father, and expecting to receive the same fate every moment. Suddenly my thoughts returned to me, and grasping my arrow, which lay upon the ground, I was just in the act of shooting, when I heard a loud report, and the wolf fell dead at my feet.

"When next I remembered anything, I found myself leaning upon the arm of a young Indian. Soon realizing all, I could not restrain the vivid blush which stole over my cheeks as I gazed upon the handsome face of my unknown protector.

"Forgive me, maiden, if Lodi had been too bold or offended you. He did all in your defence."

"Forgive him! Could I do otherwise?"

"I arose to my feet, and though I deeply mourned for my father, whom I sincerely loved, still I could not help feeling an inward pleasure as I gazed upon the youthful stranger at my side. Taking me by one hand, and my bow and arrow in the other, he led me to his wigwam of my father.

"The light of the moon threw a ghastly ray as it presented to our gaze the dissected bones of my father with the bleeding animal lying beside him.

"Stop till I bury my kindred," said I, and covering his bones with stones and leaves, and moistening it with my tears, I left him to rest in solitude, while I returned to my mother and home in company with the stranger. I need not tell you that I loved him, for this would scarcely reveal to you the depth of my passion. I had received a rude education from books that my mother had in her possession, and of which I was very fond, and was there-

fore delighted with a companion who could express his ideas in the tongue of civilization, for, rude as I was, I felt above my station.

"For two months he tarried with our tribe, and I grew more and more attached to him, till at last he seemed necessary to my happiness. Though he had never spoken a word of love to me, still his every action showed it, and he was ever ready to grant my every wish—would linger at my side to anticipate my slightest bidding. One night as we sat in our usual place beneath a grand old cottonwood tree, which grew close to our wigwam, he looked up to the moon as he said:

"When your moon is again that size, Lodi will be far away."

"Away!" screamed I, as the bare possibility of such a thing crossed my mind. "Whither would you go?"

"To the strange and noisy cities of the white man. Lodi would see more, that he may become wise and great."

"Would Lodi seek a wife from among the pale-faces?" asked I, quizzingly.

"Though Lodi might love a pale daughter, yet such a thing as marriage has never entered his mind. He seeks not yet a wife."

"My head dropped upon my shoulder. The bright dream of my young life was gone so soon. He loved me not. Could it be? Could I have mistaken friendship and kindness for love? Such thoughts as these ran rapidly through my bewildered brain, though I stirred not a muscle, so lifeless did I feel. At last he took my hand, saying as he did so:

"Lodi shall never forget Lodi; he loves her like a dear sister. Does she love him as well, or will he be forgotten when he is gone?"

"Fear not, Lodi never forgets. Her memory is as strong as her pale sisters. She will always remember her strange brother who saved her life and made her so happy for a while," answered I, rising to conceal the feelings which I gave my love unasked. Bidding him good-night, I watched him enter the wigwam of our chief, when I threw myself upon my pallet and cried myself to sleep. The next morning when I awoke he was gone.

"For two long years I heard nothing of him, when one day, happening to be at Baton Rouge, I saw him enter a hotel with a sparkling, beautiful white girl, scarcely as old as myself, upon his arm. I knew at once, from his tender, careful look, that she was his bride. Casting one long, lingering look upon him and her, whose countenance was stamped forever upon my memory, for I already hated her, I turned and retraced my steps towards my home, feeling more dreary and desolate than ever; for hope—the hope of his return and love—that had before brightened my pathway, was now gone, and I cared not what became of me. From that hour I hated every pale daughter, and determined to sadden the heart of the first whom I should happen to meet with. You are the first."

"But troubles and the lapse of years have softened in a measure my heart; and when I looked upon your young, innocent face, I brought to mind my own youthful days, how sad my heart had been, and I thought perhaps there was one you loved as fondly as I did him, and for whom you pined. Then I resolved to be kind to you and return you to your parents and friends, for Lodi had but a short time longer to live and must do deeds of kindness if she would sport in the happy hunting grounds."

As she finished her narrative, the poor old woman dropped her head in the lap of her prisoner, and together they mingled their tears. It was a picture enough to melt the stoutest heart. The bright morning sun of a warm October day shone cheerfully into the open tent. An elegant skin of the leopard was spread upon the ground, and upon this a bright scarlet mat, on which our hero, in her wild Indian dress, was seated. Her long brown curls floated around her head in wild disorder, and her lovely eyes were suffused with tears. One arm was thrown lovingly around her Indian friend, while the other supported her head. Lodi gazed with upturned eyes upon Sonora with seeming idolatry.

A little farther off upon a mat, whose color might have rivalled some canary, lay Rissey, her cheek resting upon her black palm, as she watched in perfect amazement the display of affection between her mistress and the strange woman.

Sonora broke the long silence that followed by asking:

"What was the other name besides Lodi?"

"De Midi. I cannot forget it," was the reply, as Lodi raised herself. "It is written here," placing her hand upon her heart.

"Lodi de Midi! The husband of Catherine! my preserver and friend!" exclaimed Sonora, clasping her hands, and she held her breath. "Speak! Does he still live? And his wife—does she still share his love? Answer me quick, girl!" and with a bound she sprang upon her feet.

"Calm yourself, Lodi, and I in my turn will tell you a story, and all I know concerning Lodi, whose wife

once saved me from being wedded to that vile man who persuaded you to bring me here."

"Say you so, fair girl? Had I but known this—but it matters not. Go on, for I fain would hear all concerning one whom I have loved my life-time," and seating herself again, she listened with eager attention to the history which Catherine had related on the day of the unfortunate bridal. As Sonora closed with the lamented death of White Star, Lodi, as she gritted her teeth, exclaimed:

"Wretch! Had I but known this before, how much sorrow and suffering I might have saved! Ah, but it is not too late yet. I will show him that even an Indian cannot be bribed with his cursed gold. He caused the death of Lodi's child! 'Tis enough! I would have died for him and his, though I once hated her for taking the place I pined for in his heart. But that is past, and I too will avenge the death of White Star! Fear not—you shall not become his bride while Lodowick lives. From this hour, girl, you have a friend in me. But hark you—Hard Heart must not know this. List! he would keep the pale girl to cheer his wigwam—to be his bride!"

"What! do I hear aright? Oh, too horrible!" screamed Sonora, now newly terrified.

"Even so. He knows my vow of hatred to the pale daughters and thinks you secure with him. His intention is to put the white chief to death, so that he may claim you as his squaw."

"Oh, horrible! Even more horrible fate! Save me, Lodi, save me, and I will make you rich and happy. My father—"

"I have no more, child! He comes. Look sad, I must be stern, dark and cruel; but fear not," and rising, she left Sonora's side and took a seat in a distant corner, assuming that same cold and wicked look which she had worn throughout the whole.

"Does the pale dove still pine?" asked Hard Heart in his own language as he entered the tent dressed in the full costume of a chief of his tribe, with his magnificent plumes of scarlet ostrich nodding gracefully as he turned his head to look upon her heroine.

"Still the same. She pines for the old doves in whose arms she would nestle; but leave her to Lodi. She will soon be glad to forget and become a willing squaw to the great chieftain who signs for her love. Have patience. The harder the battle the more lasting the glory," replied Lodi, in the same tongue.

"Tis well, then. Hard Heart is patient, knowing that he has her safe in the hands of a brave squaw, who will not be too timid. When the white chief comes I will beguile him, and when we become good friends, and the money is ours, then I will take his scalp to grace the belt of Hard Heart's blade. See?" and the deceitful savage chuckled a low laugh.

"As you say. 'Tis time he comes soon. I must not let the pale dove droop."

During this conversation, which was carried on in the Indian language, Sonora sat perfectly quiet, thinking, "Is my Indian friend to be trusted or not? Perhaps even now she is plotting my destruction." But with a firm reliance upon her father in heaven, whose watchful eye she knew was upon her, she felt safe.

Poor Rissey knew not what to make of the strange gestures and language of the Indians, and would crouch down with terror whenever one approached her; but with her eyes fixed upon the serene countenance of her young mistress, she determined to be as brave and composed as she, for she had been taught by her the love and fear of God, though her ignorance and superstition rendered her less capable of being resigned.

[To be continued.]

Charity—Its Objects.

The Great Teacher, on being asked, "Who is my neighbor?" replied: "A man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho," and the parable which followed is the most beautiful which language has ever recorded. Story-telling, though often abused, is the medium by which truth can be most irresistibly conveyed to the majority of minds, and in the present instance we have a desire to portray, in some slight degree, the importance of charity in every-day life.

A great deal has been said and written on the subject of indiscriminate giving, and many who have little sympathy with the needy or distressed make the supposed unworthiness of the object an excuse for withholding their aid; proportion of the milk of human kindness, in awaiting great opportunities to do good, overlook all their immediate duty it was the "widow's mite" which, amid the many rich gifts cast into the treasury, won the approval of the Searcher of hearts, and he gave his assurance that a cup of cold water given in a proper spirit shall not lose its reward.

Our design in the present sketch is to call the attention of our own sex to a subject which has, in too many instances, escaped their attention; for our ideas of charity embrace a wide field, and we hold that it should at all times be united with justice, when those less favored than ourselves are concerned.

"I do not intend hereafter to have washing done more than once in two weeks," said the rich Mrs. Percy in reply to an observation of her husband, who was standing at the window, looking at a woman who was up to her knees in snow, hanging clothes on a line

in the yard. "I declare it is too bad to be paying that poky old thing a dollar a week for our wash, and only six in the family. There she has been at it since seven o'clock this morning, and now it is almost four. It would require me two or three hours longer if I got her one fortnight, and I shall save fifty cents a week by it."

"Where your own sex are concerned, you women are the most exact beings," said Mr. P., laughing. "Do as you please, however," he continued, as he observed a frown gather on the brow of his wife; "for my part I should be glad if washing days were blotted entirely from the calendar."

"At this moment the washerwoman passed the window with her stiffened skirts and almost frozen hands and arms. Some emotions of pity stirring in his breast at the sight, he again asked, "Do you think it will be exactly right, my dear, to make old Phoebe do the amount of labor for half the wages?"

"Of course it will," replied Mrs. Percy, decidedly; "we are bound to do the best we can for ourselves. If she objects, she can say so. I should be glad to give you my own wages to spend as you like, but I will be glad to come, and in this arrangement I shall save twenty-six dollars a year."

"So much returned Mr. P., carelessly, and he went on to his study. Here the matter ended as far as they were concerned. Not so with old Phoebe, as she was called. In reality, however, Phoebe was not yet forty; it was only the early signs of old age, and her necessities allowed her no choice, she agreed to her proposal, and the lady, who had been fumbling in her purse, exclaimed:

"I have no change, nothing less than this three dollar bill. Suppose I pay you by the month hereafter; it will save me a great deal of trouble, and I will try to give you your two dollars a month regularly."

Phoebe's pale cheek wasted still more ghastly as Mrs. Percy spoke, but it was not until that lady's province to notice the color of her washerwoman's face. She did, however, observe the lingering, weary steps, as she proceeded through the yard, and conscience whispered some reproaches which were so unpleasant and unwise, that she endeavored to dispel them by turning to the luxurious supper which was spread before her. And here I would pause to observe, that whatever method may be adopted to recruit the exhausted and declining, it is better to do so justly done, so hardly earned, she disloyaled the positive injunction of that God who has not left the time of payment optional with ourselves, as the old man said, "The wages of him that is hired shall not abide with thee all night until the morning." Lev., 19 chap., 13 verse.

The plan of Phoebe was a day labor, and when she had accumulated the most of his earnings were for ardent spirits, and the labor of the poor wife and mother—the main support of her family—was thus being sacrificed to a few bottles of rum. A nine years, the youngest only eighteen months old. As she neared the wretched hovel she had left early in the morning, she saw the faces of her four little ones pressed close against the window.

"Mother's coming! mother's coming!" they shouted, as they watched her approaching. Through the window, she unlocked the door, which she had been obliged to fasten to keep them from straying away, they all sprang to her arms at once.

"By-the-way, you my babies!" she exclaimed, gathering them to her heart, "you have not been a minute absent from my mind this day. And what have you suffered?" she added, clasping her arms around the youngest, the oldest object, to her breast. "Oh! it is hard, my little Mary, to leave you in the tender mercies of children hardly able to take care of themselves."

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