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The New Northwest.

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

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

The Twins.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

From a beautiful lake in the mountain
Two rivulets came down,
With a rustle and flutter like ribbons of blue
By delicate breezes blown.

O'er beds of golden histre,
In the shadow of rock and tree,
They sang the same tunes with their silvery tongues
And clapped their hands in glee.

O'er rocks with moss mantled
They eddied and whirled like a waltzing pair,
Till hand in hand with laughter and leap
They mingled their misty hair.

O'er the self-same ledges,
Singing the self-same tune,
They passed from April to breezy May
Towards the fields of June.

They whirled and danced and dallied,
And through the meadows slid,
Till under the thick grass and flowers
Their future course was hid.

I saw two beautiful children
Of one fair mother born,
Like two young clouds of golden hue
That smile on the brows of morn.

The same in age and beauty,
The same in voice and size—
The same bright hair upon their heads,
The same blue as their eyes.

Singing the same song ever
In the self same silvery tone,
They passed from April to breezy May,
Towards the fields of June.

They whirled and danced and dallied
The beautiful tales amid,
Till under the same thick leaves and flowers
Their future course was laid.

SONORA HEWITT.

BY MRS. SUSIE WITHERELL.

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

CHAPTER XXXV.

SONORA AN INVALID—A WEDDING IN VIEW.

The day following her visit to Blanche Sonora complained of a headache, which seemed to baffle all attempts to cure it, and at last she yielded to persuasion and allowed her mother to send for Dr. Meadows, their family physician, who pronounced her suffering from a severe attack of brain fever. Prescribing for her and ordering perfect quiet, he left, promising to call next day; but long before he arrived she was raving in wild delirium. Calling first upon her parents to rescue her, and then lamenting the absence of Clarence, she passed the night till dawn, when she relapsed into an uneasy slumber. All was done that could be by anxious and sympathizing relatives, who feared their troubles were only commenced. For nine days she continued in this state, during which time she unconsciously divulged the secret of Blanche's love, and whose name she was constantly calling upon. But her naturally good constitution at last gained the victory, and she was pronounced out of danger. As soon as the joyful tidings were given to Clarence, who had postponed his return home on this account, he began once more to make preparations for leaving. He was expected to enter upon his ministerial duties, and his little flock were anxiously awaiting his presence. Commending his betrothed to the care of the Almighty to be restored to her friends, with the joyful hope of again beholding her in a few months, never again to be parted except by death, he bade farewell to those friends with whom he had spent some of the happiest and some of the saddest moments of his life.

* * * * * *

"Why, 'Nora, you are looking splendidly this clear, cold morning," cried Robert, as he and Harry entered the breakfast room two weeks after the departure of Clarence. "I guess your ride yesterday, to say nothing of a certain letter, has done you more good than all old Dr. Meadows' prescriptions."

"You are right, Herbert; I feel like a new being after that drive, and I have made arrangements for another gossip to-day."

"Where now, my pet?" asked her father, just then entering, followed by Mrs. Hewitt, Mrs. Summers and Adele.

"To Captain Marsh's. You know, papa, as Cordelia is so soon to leave us, it is but fair that she should devote her time to Blanche and me for a while. Do you not think so too?"

"You two young ladies are no doubt very important personages just now," broke in Harry, nudging Robert, as they seated themselves around the table, while Lodi passed the chocolate. She was attired in a neat delaine dress, over which she wore a large gingham apron. About her neck she wore a collar whose snowy whiteness contrasted strangely with her browned complexion and her really splendid hair, combed nicely and put up in a becoming way. She looked at least ten years younger than when she first appeared to our view. As she left the room, Robert remarked:

"Have you ever noticed, auntie, the striking resemblance between Lodi and my father's portrait?"

"I have several times thought she looked very much like some person I had seen, and now you mention it, I agree with you."

"Perhaps she may prove to be a relative of ours," said Harry, drawing down his mouth and looking at his mother rather comically.

"Stranger things than that have happened, my children," replied the Colonel, eyeing Lodi closely as she entered the room.

Conversation upon various topics and the approaching marriage of Robert and Cordelia, which was to be solemnized on the approaching Sabbath, occupied them during the rest of the meal.

As they arose from the table and were about to disperse, the Colonel said:

"Children, as there is no particular amusement on hand this evening, suppose I entertain you with a true story."

"Oh, delightful! do!" exclaimed they with one accord.

"'Tis a story of my own life," continued he, "and may not only prove interesting, but may also be the means of unraveling the mystery, Robert, of the resemblance of Lodi to your father's likeness; so to-night after supper you may consider me at your service, one and all," and closing the door, the old gentleman retired to his library.

"Well, Dell, I shall leave you to keep your mother and mine company to-day, for I am off in a few moments," said Sonora.

"What is your hurry?" asked Harry. "Better wait till they are up."

"Oh, never fear. They rise early at the Marsh's, you know; besides it is best to go early and return early, though I anticipate no more danger from kidnappers, but I wish to be on hand in time to hear papa's story; so *au revoir* till my return," and throwing on her cloak and hood, she descended the steps, followed by Samp, who would allow no one else to drive, thinking himself a sure protection from all harm.

All was bustle and preparation at the Marsh's, and Blanche, who had imbibed a little of the contagion, was stirring about here and there, while her cheeks looked as blooming as in days past.

Cordelia, who had lost much of her languor and inactivity since her ludicrous elopement with the incognito "Claude," was busily engaged in sundry domestic arrangements when Sonora entered.

"Oh, good morning, *ma chere amie!*" exclaimed she in a lively tone. "I feared you would not come, the air seemed so frosty."

"Oh, Jack Frost has pinched my cheeks, you see, and brought back some of the lost color," replied Sonora, glancing in the mirror before her and smiling; "and besides, I could not miss spending one more day with you before you assumed the matronly title of Mrs. Robert Hewitt."

A rosy blush mantled the brow of Cordelia as grandpa entered the room, saying:

"But not quite so romantically sounding as Mrs. Claude Montrose—hey, puss?"

"Now, grandpa, you are too provoking," replied Cordelia, tossing her head and pretending to look very indignant. "I shall never hear the last of that affair. Every once in a while Robert asks me when I have heard from 'dear Claude,' and laughingly adds, 'Oh, of course it was not the five thousand but the dear girl that he cared for.'"

A merry laugh from Blanche, who stood peeping in at the window that opened upon the piazza, caused them to look that way, when whom should they see accompanying her but Andrew Colter.

"Good morning, all. Do not be frightened at my sudden appearance. I was in this neighborhood on some business, and thought I would call and inquire after the health of all parties and whether you had heard any more from that 'dear Claude.'"

"There it goes again!" exclaimed Cordelia. "Do have mercy upon me. I have long since repented of my romantic notions and my acquaintance with 'Monsieur,' to say nothing of my thankfulness towards my preserver."

"Had you given 'Monsieur' the title of 'rascal' you would have called him what he truly is, for he has lately merited another name, which, though not quite so bad as stealing young ladies, the name of 'forger,' is quite sufficient to give him an entrance into a large mansion called the penitentiary, where he will have several years to repent of his crimes, and perhaps reform."

"Good!" exclaimed grandpa, clapping his broad palm upon the table. "You see how the wicked are punished in the end, while those who endeavor to do right generally come out victorious, even though they may pass through the fiery trials. Claude will very likely finish his career in the State prison, and Norman has already finished his, having been killed by the hand of Catherine de Midel."

"Are you quite certain of this latter assertion, Captain?" asked Andrew Colter.

"As certain as this: Sonora, you know, was a captive with the Indians. She was rescued by her friends, Catherine being one of their number. Norman fell into the trap he had set for others, and became himself a prey to the Indians. They intended to burn him at the stake, but Catherine determined to see him dead ere she left him, and plunged a dagger into his heart, and our friends left him dead on the camping-grounds of the Natchitoches."

"A dreadful fate indeed! Then I must have been mistaken, though I certainly thought I saw him in New Orleans a short time ago, and I thought, too, he recognized me, for he retreated from my view as quickly as possible, and though I followed him up closely, could gain no further clue."

A shudder passed over Sonora as she thought of the fearful scenes she had witnessed, and then after all the possibility of his again crossing her path; but it was only for a moment that she suffered herself to be disturbed with thoughts of one who had caused her so much trouble.

"Well! well! perhaps he holds a charmed life," said grandpa. "However, we'll take good care that he never gets possession of our little pet here," tapping Sonora on the shoulder. "So let us make ourselves easy upon this point, and I'll get my paper which contains a paragraph not very flattering to the gentleman we allude to," and hastening from the room, grandpa soon returned with the paper, which we have seen before.

Glancing it over, Mr. Colter said:

"Ah, this reminds me that I saw Miss Vernon to-day, who has just returned from Europe after paying a visit to the sister of the original McIntosh, and she deeply regrets that through her recommendation of one whom she certainly thought to be her relative, she is in a measure blamable for the access of a villain into good society. It seems this Norman Burke was a distant relative of the McIntosh's, but through some misdemeanor had been disowned. Partly through revenge, and better to aid him in his nefarious designs, he had assumed the name of his relative, whom he somewhat resembled, and whom he supposed would never return or was perhaps deceased. Thus he palmed himself off upon the public, and succeeded in deceiving even the most discerning; but it is to be hoped that he has at last met with his just punishment, sad though it was, and will trouble us no more."

As Andrew finished speaking, grandma and Mrs. Marsh entered. After exchanging the usual salutations, grandma insisted that he should remain at the wedding, which was to be rather private, according to the wishes of Cordelia, whose thoughts reverted back to the death-bed of those dear sisters who had been with them but little more than one year ago. Accepting the cordial invitation, Andrew was soon installed beneath the hospitable roof of Captain Marsh, who thought nothing too good for one who had saved his thoughtless grand-daughter from a fate worse than death.

"Suppose, Mr. Colter, that you and I walk over to Colonel Hewitt's and leave the ladies to arrange matters and talk over the event which is soon to rob Claude of his dear five thousand," said the old gentleman.

"Now, grandpa!" and Cordelia shook her finger.

"Well, as I was intending to see the Hewitts before I left for Europe, which will be in January, we may as well go now as any time. So come, Captain."

"Are you going so soon?" asked Blanche, who had learned to regard the jovial bachelor more as a brother than a stranger. "I do not know as we can spare you until the return of summer," added she, glancing meaningly towards Sonora.

"Oh, an old bach like I will scarcely be missed from so merry a party," laughingly replied Andrew, closing the door.

Grandma and her daughter-in-law repaired to the kitchen to aid in the art of certain particular cakes and other culinary secrets, which were being successfully carried on under their superintendance.

"Mr. Colter is the very personification of good nature," remarked Sonora as the trio entered Cordelia's room to complete the trousseau of the bride elect.

"A noble, generous man, and one whom any woman might be proud to call her husband; and do you think our Blanche here was honored by an offer from him, and she actually had the coolness to refuse him," said Cordelia, and giving utterance to a thoughtless, giddy laugh, she ran down stairs to attend to her pet canary, whose cage she had left standing on the dining room table in close proximity to their favorite "Maltese."

"That is news to me, my Blanche," said Sonora, who was yet in ignorance of Andrew's offer, which was made on the night of Cordelia's projected elopement.

"Yes, I refrained from telling any one except 'Delia. I thought it best to let it remain a secret, but she has thoughtfully divulged it. I esteem him highly as a friend, nay, almost a brother, still I could not become his wife, for you know my heart lies dead within me. My ill-fated passion I need not repeat to you; but it is all gone and I now regret my foolish wickedness. Clarence is now to me one of my dearest friends, one who is dear to you; even had he reciprocated my feelings and I been happy in return, I should not have enjoyed life long, for, 'Nora, my days are numbered; yes, I know it and regret it not. I only wait my Father's call. Soon I shall see Cordelia married, and then can I live to see you united to the one you have so wisely chosen, I can depart in peace to that blissful shore where my parents are waiting to receive me."

"Oh, cheer up, sweet Blanche. Cordelia's remarks have made you a little blue. You know 'the darkest hour is just before the dawning of the day.' You do not know how much happiness may yet be in store for you. You remember you have promised to again act as bridesmaid upon the event of my marriage, which I hope may prove a happier day than the one which brought so much gloom to our hearts. '*I have something sweet to tell you*,' as the song says. Clarence joins with me in wishing you to take up your abode with us in our lovely southern home, which he is now preparing. Think of that, dear Blanche; we are not to be separated," and she threw her arms lovingly around her friend. "Come, now, you must not say no. Your grandparents can spare you since they are to have Cordelia remain with them. The balmy air will soon restore you to perfect health, and nothing shall be lacking that can be done both by Clarence and myself to render you as happy as happy can be, for we both love you as a dear, sweet sister."

"Darling girl, your thoughtful kindness overpowers me and brings to mind more forcibly the mean treachery I would have practiced upon you. You have indeed 'heaped coals of fire upon my head.' It will give me the greatest pleasure to spend my few remaining days with the friend of my childhood, and I gratefully accept your generous offer and hope to make amends for the past by contributing to your future happiness."

Here they were interrupted by the return of Cordelia, carrying in her arms her favorite cat. Dropping him carefully upon a soft cushion, she drew out a little table, and seating herself beside it, said:

"Now, girls, I am mistress of ceremonies—at least so you have been trying to make me think—and I want your opinion about the trimmings, so come sit up here and examine this box of laces."

Here let us leave them for the rest of the day. When Samp arrived at dark with the carriage for his young mistress, we find Blanche in quite gleeful spirits, looking almost as cheerful as her cousin, upon whose heart care and trouble had never left their impress.

[To be continued.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. M. M., Salem: Your subscription will expire with number 43.

Martha A. H.: Dress-making is overdone in this city. Try to learn telegraphy, phonography, or some other light, remunerative business. We are sick to death of this demand for situations as dress-makers.

Nancy G.: We know of no situation in that line. We don't know to whom the *Herald* alluded in its account of the woman who had gotten rich in Portland in the real estate business. We rather guess the item was sensational.

Harry: Certainly. If you can decide about the terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad, go there at once. Fell a tree and proceed to erect a habitation. Sell corner lots and you'll make lots of money—*provided* you don't get fooled in your venture.

Hattie: Your hand-writing is fair, but your orthography is abominable. The idea that you can get such articles printed, much less paid for, is absurd.

Susan: Don't fret for Susan B. Anthony. Depend upon it, she knows just what she's doing.

Mrs. H.: Your dress goods is called frougee. We can match it. You could trim prettily with bias ruffles of black silk, pinked at the edges, and sewed on with a very slight fullness.

TEA DRUNKARDS.—Dr. Arlidge, one of the pottery inspectors in Staffordshire, has put forth a very sensible protest, says the *Lancet*, against a very pernicious custom, which rarely receives sufficient attention, either from the medical profession or the public. He says that the women of the working classes make tea a principle article of diet instead of an occasional beverage; they drink it several times a day, and the result is a lamentable amount of sickness. This is no doubt the case, and, as Dr. Arlidge remarks, a portion of the reforming zeal which keeps up such a fierce and bitter agitation against intoxicating drinks might advantageously be diverted to the repression of this very serious evil of tea tippling among the poorer classes. Tea, in anything beyond moderate quantities, is as distinctly a narcotic poison as is opium or alcohol. It is capable of ruining the digestion, and of generally shattering the nerves. And it must be remembered that not merely is it a question of narcotic excess, but the enormous quantity of hot water which tea bibbers necessarily take is exceedingly prejudicial, both to digestion and nutrition.

SACREDNESS OF TEARS.—O, speak not harshly of the stricken one, weeping in silence! Break not the deep solemnity by rude laughter or intrusive footsteps! Despise not woman's tears; they are what make her an angel. Scoff not if the stern heart of manhood is melted sometimes into sympathy; they are what help to elevate him above the brute. I love to see tears of affliction. They are painful tokens but still most holy. There is a pleasure in tears—an awful pleasure. If there be none on earth to shed a tear for me, I should not wish to live; and if no one might weep over my grave, I could never die in peace.

The strongest argument in favor of the co-education of the sexes is afforded by the way in which the young women acquit themselves in the colleges to which they have been admitted. Oberlin, Antioch, and Michgan Universities, all bear testimony to the good scholarship, modesty and fidelity of their female pupils, and their excellent influence upon the manners and morals of the other sex. A single fact like this outweighs a world of fears.

Interesting Reminiscence.

Beriah Brown, editor of the Seattle *Dispatch*, had the good fortune to be intimately acquainted with the late Horace Greeley, some forty years ago. In a late number of his paper he gives to the public the following interesting details of his early intercourse with the departed philosopher, author and editor:

More than forty years ago we were an apprentice in a printing office in Erie, Pennsylvania. One day at that time a boy apparently about sixteen years of age, though nearly twenty, came to the office in search of employment. A more unattractive or unpromising specimen of humanity could rarely be met with. His unkempt hair was the color of tow; his face perfectly colorless and as inexpressive as a lump of dough; his speech whining and stammering from excess of bashfulness, and his dress in keeping with his person—coarse blue cotton roundabout and trousers, blue stockings, brogans, and a cheap felt hat. He had a white swelling upon one leg, which was not then cured, and which crippled him for life, giving him a painfully awkward gait, and, upon the whole, a more pitiable object we never saw, or one which appealed more powerfully to our unsophisticated sympathies. When he had gone away, disappointed in his application for work, he was the subject of much jocular comment in the office upon the style of boys seeking to become printers, the proprietor jokingly proposed to employ him if we would sleep with him. We took him at his word, and went in pursuit of the forlorn boy, with the chivalrous purpose of taking him under our special protection at all hazards, but found he had already engaged with Mr. Sterrett, of the Erie *Gazette*, at ten dollars a month for a year. We did not, however, surrender the care of our protege, several years our senior, but instituted ourselves his champion against the ridicule of all the printer boys in the town, and a more grateful, and faithful and affectionate friend we never found through life. When he had faithfully served out the year for which he had been engaged with Mr. Sterret, no offer could induce him to renew the engagement; he had determined to go to New York to seek his fortune. With the savings of his year's wages he bought his father a yoke of steers with which to clear up and cultivate forty acres of hemlock land on the then wild borders of Pennsylvania, in Chatauqua county, bought himself a new suit of clothes at a cost of less than ten dollars, and started on foot for New York, with but five dollars in his pocket, and actually reached his destination, partly on foot and partly on canal boats, keeping his traveling expenses within his means, with a few shillings left when he arrived in the city.

THE SPIDER'S BRIDGE.—One chilly day I was left at home alone, and after I was tired of reading Robinson Crusoe I caught a spider and brought him into the house to play with. Funny kind of playmate, wasn't it? Well, I took a wash-basin and fastened up a stick in it like a liberty pole or a vessel's mast, and then poured in water enough to turn the mast into an island for my spider, whom I named Crusoe, and put on the mast. As soon as he was fairly cast away, he anxiously commenced running round to find the road to the mainland. He'd scamper down the mast to the water, stick out a foot, get it wet, shake it, run round the stick and try the other side, and then run back up to the top again. Pretty soon it became a serious matter with Mr. Robinson, and he sat down to think it over. As in a moment he acted as if he wanted to shout for a boat, and was afraid he was going to be hungry, I put a little molasses on the stick. A fly came, but Crusoe wasn't hungry for flies just then. He was homesick for his web in the corner of the woodshed. He went slowly down the pole to the water and touched it all round, shaking his feet like pussy when she wets her stockings in the grass, and suddenly a thought appeared to strike him. Up he went like a rocket to the top and commenced playing circus. He held one foot in the air, then another, and turned round two or three times. He got excited and nearly stood on his head, before I found out what he knew, and that was this, that the draught of air made by the fire would carry a line ashore on which he could escape from his desert island. He pushed out a web that went floating in the air, until it caught on the table. Then he hauled on the roap until it was tight, struck it several times to see if it was strong enough to hold him, and walked ashore. I thought he had earned his liberty, so I put him back in his woodshed again.—*Hearth and Home.*

ANECDOTE OF DANIEL WEBSTER.—Mr. Webster was full of fun and humor at times, and when in company with a few intimate friends he unbent, and exhibited his wonderful versatility of talent, to the delight of all listeners. He had marvellous narrative powers, was a capital mimic, and imitated a broken dialect to perfection. He was not an unamiable man, and never said a malicious thing in his life; but when perturbed or uncomfortable, either from indisposition or the effect of exuberant conviviality, he was as inapproachable as a porcupine, and often indulged in peevish exclamations and satirical remarks.

I once heard him describe a visit that he made to the elder Adams, at Quincy, a few months before his death. The venerable sage, then ninety years of age, received him with cordiality, thanking him for his civility in coming to see him. He was lying in bed, supported by pillows, a heavy, plethoric man, inclined to dropsy, and drawing his breath with much difficulty. He seemed to pump up his words, Mr. Webster said, from a great depth, and spoke in short sentences.

"How are you, Mr. Adams?" inquired his visitor.

"Feeble, and nearly worn out," was the reply. "The old tenement is in a state of dilapidation, and from what I can judge of the intentions of the landlord, he is not likely to lay anything more out in repairs."—*Harper's Magazine.*

"Mother," said a little girl, who was making her doll an apron, "I believe I will be a Dutchess when I grow up." "How do you expect to be a Dutchess, my daughter?" "Why, by marrying a Dutchman, to be sure," replied the girl.

Habits and Dress of American Woman; or Home Talk with Young and Old.

The intimate relations existing between dress and our habits of life, must impress even the commonest observer, while to the reflective mind, they suggest many topics of absorbing and vital interest. The influence accorded to dress at the present day, opens up not only subject matters of reform, but becomes suggestive of many homely and practical inventions.

Even under the pressure of all the combined intelligence of the age, the young mother still feels at a loss as to the really best manner of dressing her new born babe, so as to secure for it present comfort and future health.

Long before the first hour of breathing existence, down to the last breath which suffering humanity draws, through infancy, middle life and old age, the female sex is martyred in a thousand indescribable ways, *to the harness it wears.*

Truly, woman's dress, though exuberant and flowing, plain, fanciful or elegant, still remains, from first to last, simply and absolutely a harness, which nearly stifles the poor body it encases.

The puling infant striving to kick off its various encumbrances—covered with innumerable layers and folds, and blanketed up to steaming proportions—is only fighting out nature's law of *liberty*. Baby protests with scream upon scream, against the discomforts which a fond mother heaps upon it, and so on to the bitter end. When babyhood finally casts off its leading strings, meretricious and false-hearted social opinions maintain powerful sway over the young and growing girl.

Incipient womanhood is befooled and belittled by a multitude of notions upspringing from its own fertile brain, or gathered up as a holocaust from the past, to be yet further eliminated and strengthened by the Juggernaut of society. Even as the poor pagan mother will toss her infant into the Ganges, or lay her own abused body under the wheels of a destroying god, so do thousands of mothers at the present day sacrifice, full as ruthlessly, the precious burden of humanity which Heaven entrusts to their care.

Led on by a false estimate of the worth of externals, many a mother neglects to urge her grown up daughters through a persistent course of household instruction—instruction in those details with which she herself has been forced to become familiar. Therefore much of the valuable time which young girls should devote under the eye and experience of a mother, to preparation for the future which awaits them, is frittered away in the valiest of all pursuits. Running after the last fashion—swallowing reprehensible novelties—neglecting to lay up those treasures of valuable information which the needs of the future will demand at their hands.

Nature is governed by no law outside of her own necessities. No woman can become a wife—no woman can become a mother, without being constrained to a consideration of the laws which govern her being. How recreant to duty then, does that wife and mother prove who neglects due admonition and affectionate, urgent, persuasive instruction to the daughters given to her charge.

"If ignorance be bliss, 'tis folly to be wise"—but we have yet to learn that ignorance and bliss are synonymous terms, in relation to a proper and intelligent recognition of the laws of God.—*Sicily Jane in San Jose Mercury.*

MOTHER EVE'S SERVANT GIRL.—"Can any of you tell why, when Eve was manufactured from one of Adam's ribs, a servant girl wasn't made at the same time to wait on her?" Because Adam never came whining to Eve with ragged stockings to be darned, a collar button to be sewed on, or gloves to be mended, "right away, quick, now!" Because he never read the newspaper till the sun went down behind the palm trees, and then, streaching, yawned out, "Ain't supper almost ready, my dear?" Not he. He made the fire, and hung over the tea-kettle himself, we'll venture, and pulled the radishes, peeled the bananas, and did everything else that he ought to. He milked the cow, fed the chickens, and looked after the pigs himself. He never brought half-a-dozen friends home to dinner, when Eve hadn't any fresh pomgranites, and the mango season was over. He never stayed out until eleven o'clock to a "ward meeting," hurrahing for an out-and-out candidate, and then scolding poor Eve because she was sitting up and crying inside the gate. He never played billiards, nor drove fast horses, nor choked Eve with tobacco smoke. He never loafed around corner groceries, while solitary Eve was rocking little Cain's cradle at home. In short, he didn't think she was especially created for the purpose of waiting on him, and was under the impression that it disgraced a man to lighten his cares a little. These are the reasons that Eve did not need a hired girl, and we wish it was the reason why none of her fair descendants did.

THREATENED FAMINE IN IRELAND.—There are serious apprehensions in Ireland of another famine. The Irish peasantry in some parts of the Island are writing to their friends in this country that the utmost anxiety prevails in regard to the food supply, and that fears are entertained of wide-spread and terrible destitution. Information derived from entire different sources leads to the conclusion that there is too much reason for the prevailing apprehension. A writer in an English journal who has made a special tour through Great Britain for the express purpose of ascertaining the condition of the crops, and who is recognized as an authority on such subjects, estimates the value of the potato crop to be less by seventeen millions of pounds sterling than that of an averaged year, and of this loss more than one-half falls on Ireland. If this estimate is correct it may be considered certain that great distress will exist the coming winter among the poorer classes, who depend principally upon their potato patches for subsistence. The wheat crop of Great Britain is also likely to fall short of an average one.

Mrs. Moore, an industrious woman of Topeka, Kansas, earned money enough to support a good-for-nothing husband and bring a niece to live with them. The husband eloped with the niece and she is now nicely rid of both.

If you should be asked when a cat is like a teapot, you might reply, "When you're teasin' it."

Wedding Trips.

The custom of taking a bridal trip seems to have been derived from the birds, though no improvement upon their fashions, which is rather a courtship tour than a wedding journey. Theirs is not a lonely, dually, selfish affair, but the joyous migration of happy flocks, where the fluttering, coquetting young folks are matronized and patronized by the steady old couples, who keep out an indulgent but ever-watchful eye, to see that coquetry shall not degenerate into flirtation, and are ever ready to administer an admonitory peck or flap to any young scapegrace of either sex who shall show a disposition to trifle with the affections of another. But when courtship has given place to marriage, there are no more frolicsome journeys, but a general sitting down to the serious concerns of life, anxious searchings for and consultations about the location of their future home. In these, Mr. Robin gives it as his opinion that the cherry tree, being excellent foraging-ground, would be the best spot for their nest; but Mrs. Robin declares that cherries attract too many savage red squirrels to make it a safe place of abode. So they finally decide upon the heart of the low, thick lilac bush, as being near the house where crumbs are plenty, and having neither fruit nor height to tempt those rampaging squirrels who have no sort of conscience, and prefer pretty blue eggs to any other kind of diet, the shameless things! Then follows the happy nest-building, the wearisome season of hatching, and the toilsome time of filling the ever-empty, craving mouths of those ugly, rapacious youngsters, who will in time grow pretty and venturesome, and must be taught to use their weakly ambitious little wings. And all this while the happy, loving ways of Mr. and Mrs. Robin are most delightful to see. But from the mating-day we do not find them talking of aerial voyages, until after their children are fairly launched in life; though a trip to Canada would cost them nothing—no railroad tickets to buy, no extortionate hackmen to pay, nor long hotel bills to frighten the feathers off their pretty little heads.

Now, out of thousands of newly-married who will take the tyrannical customary wedding trip this season, how many will do so with a feeling of honest enjoyment? How many are there who will not secretly wish they were free to go at once, quietly and unobserved, to their nest-building?—*Christian Union.*

FRANCE AND PRUSSIA.—A Paris correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* relates the following anecdote—one out of a thousand, remarks the writer—illustrative of the moral hatred between the French and Prussians—a hatred which has lasted for ages, perhaps since the Rhine flowed between them, and which will probably last until the idea of a Federal European Republic has triumphed over all these fatal rivalries:

At Metz, recently, a little girl, 12 or 14 years old, was playing ball on some walk where there happened to be a Prussian General, accompanied by a couple of aids. The child's ball happened to roll between the legs of the General. He picked it up, and holding it out to the little girl, said to her:

"Come and get it."

"No," replied she; "I do not want it."

"Why not?" said the General.

"Because you are a Prussian."

"I am not a Prussian—I am a Bavarian."

"Ah!" said the little girl. "A servant of the Prussians, then. You can keep my ball."

She then went away, and the General, transferring his anger to the unlucky ball, which was not to blame, trampled on and burst it.

Perhaps, some day, the son of the General will marry the child, then a woman. It is possible that the sons of Barbarossa have a hard job. They were able, for a time, to hold the Adriatic a captive, but never to marry her as the Venetian Doges did. If Metz or Lorraine ever become Prussians in head, heart, or tongue, dogs will become cats, and Americans become again Englishmen, and the subjects of Victoria Regina.

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO A CHILD.—Said a young husband whose business speculations were unsuccessful. "My wife's silver tea-set, the bridal gift of a rich uncle, doomed me to financial ruin. It involved a hundred unexpected expenses, which, in trying to meet, make me the bankrupt I am." His experience is the experience of many others, who, less wise, do not know what is the goblin of the house, working its destruction. A sagacious father of great wealth exceedingly mortified his daughter by ordering to be printed on her wedding cards, "No presents except those adapted to an income of $1,000." Said he, "You must not expect to begin life in the style I am able, by many years of labor, to indulge; and I know of nothing which will tempt you to try it more than the well-intentioned, but pernicious gifts of rich friends." Such advice to a daughter is timely. If other parents would follow the same plan, many young men would be spared years of incessant toil and anxiety; they would not find themselves on the downward road, because their wives had worn all their salary, or expended it on the appointments of the house. The fate of the poor man who found a linch-pin, and felt himself obliged to make a carriage to fit it, is the fate of the husband who finds his bride in the possession of gold and silver valuables, and no large income to support the owners in gold and silver style.

At the close of his "Recollections of a Busy Life," written four years ago, Horace Greeley said: "My life has been busy and anxious, but not joyous. Whether it shall be prolonged a few or more years, I am gratified that it has endured so long. Looking calmly yet humbly for that close of my mortal career which cannot be far distant, I reverently thank God for the blessings vouchsafed me in the past; and with an awe that is not fear, and a consciousness of demerit which does not exclude hope, await the opening before my steps of the gates of the Eternal World."

A MOTHER.—One good mother, said Geo. Herbert, is worth a hundred schoolmasters. In the home she is "loadstone to all hearts, and loadstar to all eyes." Imitation of her is constant—imitation which Bacon likens to "a globe of precepts." But example is far more than precept. In its instruction is action.