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THE GAME OF LIFE, OR, GOING AHEAD. BY JOHN S. SAGE.

There's a game named in fashion, I think it's called Eudais...

While watching the game, 'tis a whim of the hour's...

When great Gulliver proclaimed that the world...

When Kepler, with intellect piercing afar, discovered the laws of each planet and star...

Derided his learning and blackened his fame—'Tis he that's the player who sits alone...

Alas! for the player who sits alone, In the struggle of life upon kindred and friends...

Whatever the value of blessings like these, They can never come to us for our ease...

There is something, no doubt, in the hand you may hold—Health, family, culture, wit, beauty and gold...

Unless you've the courage to "Go it alone,"

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The New Northwest

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father was too poor to send her away to school, and the facilities for learning near home were very inferior; and Eunice lacked the determination to acquire an education herself.

So the days drifted by, and ere she had reached her eighteenth birthday, she attracted the attention of a young man in the neighborhood who was in every way worthy of her, and when he sought her hand in marriage she gave it willingly and her whole heart with it.

And thus she launched forth in the sea of matrimony, with her mind full of generous resolves and noble impulses, but with so little determination of character, that they were soon wrecked on the shoals of domestic difficulties, and here she began her real life.

The end of three years found Eunice and her husband with one child (having just lost their eldest), shattered in health, broken in spirits, and the remnant of their little fortune fast wasting away.

So they decided to try frontier life for awhile, with the three-fold purpose of recovering their health, brightening their spirits and building up their fortune.

And here, at the opening of our story, near the foot of the mountains, and less than five hundred miles from the shore of the Pacific, we find them. An infant daughter has been added to their little family, which partly consoles them for the child they lost. Their health is regained and they have fair prospects of bettering their fortune.

The lack of society is a great thing to cause a woman to turn her thoughts inward. And here, in this solitude, the better part of Mrs. Ogden's nature began to assert itself, and gave rise to the words that introduced her to the reader.

As she had grown older her force of mind had become stronger, and now the thoughts within her were not so easily quelled, but kept rising up until she resolved: "I will do something yet. I will make somebody of myself that the world shall notice. I can borrow books, and occasionally get a little time to read; and by the time we are ready to return to civilized life I may be learned enough to take my place among the aspirants for fame." How well she kept her word we shall see.

EUNICE OGDEN.

"Of for a higher sphere of usefulness! I feel such an unnatural longing to do something and be something that is worthy of more than a passing notice; something that will give my name a place among the gifted ones of our nation and win for me a bright crown in heaven. Surely I am capable of better things. What I daily accomplish—cooking, washing dishes, and chamber work—are all well enough, and very essential no doubt; but I have nobler aims and higher aspirations. I grant that it is a pleasant duty, and one that I do not mean to neglect, to train our two little olive branches in a way that will be an honor to their parents, but ought my own household to claim all my attention? Are there not others to whom I owe something? Have I no talent hidden in a napkin? But still, what time have I for any more than I already do? I am altogether overtasked with that kind of work, too, against which my feelings rebel. If I were rich now, I might hire that done, and employ my time in—what? What am I capable of doing? Alas! my education has been sadly neglected, and I fear I am unfit for anything but a mere house-keeper; and I am too old, if I had the means, to fit myself for anything more useful than my present occupation. But am I really too old? Let me see. I was twenty-two last birthday. Old? why, what might I not yet accomplish if I were not married, and did not have these two blessed babies? But husband and babies need no drawback. These are a still greater incentive to my work. I will try by the aid of the kind Father in heaven to be content with my lot. And should there be no path open for me to earthly fame, Lord, grant that my erring child may, by quiet deeds of love in her own little world, win for herself a bright crown in heaven."

Thus soliloquized Mrs. Ogden one bright summer morning, as she cleared away the breakfast things, and put her little sitting room in order.

This same Eunice Ogden was no ordinary woman. Being naturally very sensitive from childhood, she had ever been yearning for love and sympathy. Her mother died when she was only eleven years old—just old enough to appreciate her loss. For a while she lived with a married sister, who was bringing up a family of small children of her own, and consequently did not have much surplus petting for lonely little Eunice.

After a few years her father married a widow with several small children, and then of course she was placed under the care of a step-mother, who, although a very kind, good woman, had no very exalted idea of rearing girls.

Eunice passed her time as most girls do in the country. She was sent regularly to the district school, where she acquired a tolerable knowledge of the ordinary branches of the English language. This and nothing more. Having a natural taste for reading, and there being no one who was sufficiently interested in her welfare, and at the same time capable of selecting reading most suitable for her, she fed her taste on fiction and romance. She often felt a strong desire to live a better life. She longed to be famous in the world of literature. But here the lack of sufficient education stood in her way. Her

could detain her she had hurried on to my side, and touched my arm.

"Are you Mrs. Ogden, the author of 'The Game of Life'?" she asked.

"I am Mrs. Ogden, and I write sometimes," I replied; "and do you wish?"

"You'll excuse my speaking to you, but I did so want to tell you how much good your last article in the Star did me and all my neighbors. O, you do not know how eagerly we search the papers for something from your pen. And when we have found it, how we devour every word, finding nothing that does not encourage and elevate. Your name is fast becoming a household word among us."

"Can you imagine my feelings as I took the good woman's hand and thanked her for her kind words of praise? And when her way diverged from mine, she pressed my hand and said, 'God bless you, Mrs. Ogden, and may He grant you many days to brighten our lives with your sweet and tender words from your pen.' Do you wonder that my eyes moistened with tears, or that my heart was too full for utterance; or that I could but silently return her hand pressure at parting?"

"I know this much," said Lina, her own eyes full of tears, "that you are the truest woman I ever knew. You must be very happy, and you richly deserve to be."

"Come in often, Lina," was Mrs. Ogden's parting salutation half an hour later. "You are always welcome."

"There is no place I would prefer to go," said Lina, as she went down the steps.

And now, readers, we will also take our leave, with the knowledge that hard as were some of Mrs. Ogden's endeavors to reach the eminence on which she now stands, the pleasant thoughts that now fill her mind are well worth the struggle.

Are there not many women whose minds are often crowded with such thoughts as Mrs. Ogden had on the morn on which we first made her acquaintance? And would it not be well worth while for such to make a trial and see what they can do?

They may not all succeed as well as she, but they will at least be happier for having made the effort.

Fashion Notes.

No change in gentlemen's fashions is to be noted. White sealskin is a new fur which will be much worn.

Monograms on note paper have gone completely out of fashion. Everything is riding the summer, and the skirts of riding habits should only be fourteen inches longer than the ordinary dress-skirt.

Pumps and black silk stockings, with scarlet cloaks, are the proper things for gentlemen's fall dresses.

The blue colors with white spots, so much worn during the summer, still continue in favor in heavier materials. Bodices high at the back and square in front are en vogue. With these are worn the Medici or Francis ruffles, which are quite the rage now.

Buttons are worn immensely large, and embellished with blue steel cut into an imitation of diamonds. Undersleeve studs of carved wood are also much in fashion.

Bows for the hair and neck are worn more than ever. Black gros-grain ribbon, embroidered with wreaths of roses, buds and daisies, is much used for this purpose.

Watered ribbon sashes are very popular. Side sashes have a succession of long loops, and two uneven ends hanging from the belt on the left side, quite far back.

Corsets and Christianity.—A lady who had charge of a young ladies' Bible class, speaking of defective home training, said that her best pupil, 18 years of age, had caused her the most acute anxiety. Rain or shine she was always at her post. The girl's whole soul seemed absorbed in the straightening out of intricate theological problems; and yet, said the teacher, "the girl was so pale and was that I was afraid every Sabbath would be her last in class. One day she fainted, and in trying to restore her I loosened her dress, and what do you think I found? Corsets so tightly drawn that a full respiration was impossible. I removed them and found that the girl's ribs actually lapped! I took her to her mother, a very prominent and useful church member, and stated the case without reserve. 'Well, you see,' said the parent, 'Fanny never had any figure. I shouldn't be surprised if the lacings were drawn a little too tight. Her waist is naturally so large that it is almost impossible to make anything fit genteelly on her, now is your class prospering, Miss? I hope you are drawing many souls to Christ!'

Some kind souls are left in Detroit. A boy ten years of age, leading a lively little dog, called at the Central Station, and asked if that was the place where they shot dogs. Being answered in the affirmative, he said, "Well, please shoot my poor little Dan. He's an awful good dog, and he plays with the baby all day; but father's dead, and mother's sick, and I can't raise money to get a license." Then turning to the dog, the boy stroked him saying, "Poor dog! how Billy will cry when you're dead!" Great big tears rolled down the boy's face, and in a little time those around him made up a purse sufficient to save his dog, and a person went with him after a license. The boy's eyes sparkled at his unexpected luck, and he spoke to the dog, he cried out, "You are saved—let's go right home to Billy!"

Asking for Money.

One of the very best wives and mothers I have ever known once said to me that, whenever her daughters should be married, she should stipulate in their behalf with their husbands for a regular sum of money to be paid them, at certain intervals, for their personal expenditures. Whether this sum was to be larger or smaller was a matter of secondary importance—that must depend on the income and the style of living; but the essential thing was that it should come to the wife regularly, so that she should no more have to make a special request for it than her husband would have to ask for a dinner.

This lady's own husband was a diner, and she was a most generous disposition, was devotedly attached to her, and denied her nothing. She herself was a most accurate and careful manager.

Now it so happened that I had myself gone through an experience which enabled me early to comprehend this feeling. In early life I was for a time an apprentice to a friend who paid me a fair salary, but at definite periods; I was at liberty to ask him for money whenever I needed it. This seemed to me, in advance, a most agreeable arrangement; but I found it quite otherwise. It proved to be very disagreeable to ask for money—it made every dollar seem a special favor; it brought up all kinds of misgivings, as to whether he could spare it without inconvenience; whether he really thought my services worth it, and so on. My employer was a thoroughly upright and noble man and I was much attached to him; but the annoyance that he ever refused or demurred when I asked for money. The knowledge was simply in the process of asking, and this became so great that I often underwent serious doubts as to whether I really thought my services worth it, and so on.

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Woman's Rights.

That woman has certain rights that even the lords of the soil will not deny is a proposition that admits of no question. It is of these rights that we talk. It is a woman's right to be supplied with labor-saving appliances to assist her in the labor of the house. The husband purchases a mower at the expense of several hundred dollars, while he exerts the good wife to make his shirts, the boys' pants and girls' dresses, in the old-fashioned way with a needle and thread, when a sewing machine can be bought that a girl of nine years can run for \$50. If such a purchase is mentioned to her, she is told that the man who is poor, and the oats across the way will hardly pay for cutting, and the whole matter was treated as if a luxury that could easily be dispensed with was asked for. This spring a more reasonable proposition was for the farm that cost perhaps \$125; but who thought of buying a knitting-machine that cost \$25. And yet socks wear out and old needles must be run each evening of the week, to keep the family in socks, while with one of those machines a year's supply for the family might be prepared by one of the youngsters in a few afternoons. The same machinery that is a new wagon, but the old wash-board is brought out regularly every Monday morning, and no washing-machine is ever thought of. A washing-machine that does the work of a girl, but at the same time the old book is good enough for the "women folks" to draw the water with, when for \$6 a good iron pump could be provided that, with proper usage, would last for years. And so it goes, one year after another, and the wife becomes old and wrinkled, and the girls register vows that they will never live on a farm.

Now it so happened that I had myself gone through an experience which enabled me early to comprehend this feeling. In early life I was for a time an apprentice to a friend who paid me a fair salary, but at definite periods; I was at liberty to ask him for money whenever I needed it. This seemed to me, in advance, a most agreeable arrangement; but I found it quite otherwise. It proved to be very disagreeable to ask for money—it made every dollar seem a special favor; it brought up all kinds of misgivings, as to whether he could spare it without inconvenience; whether he really thought my services worth it, and so on. My employer was a thoroughly upright and noble man and I was much attached to him; but the annoyance that he ever refused or demurred when I asked for money. The knowledge was simply in the process of asking, and this became so great that I often underwent serious doubts as to whether I really thought my services worth it, and so on.

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Properly Rights of Women in California.

Section 914 of the new code of State laws reads as follows: SEC. 914. When a married woman, entitled to an estate in fee, is authorized by power to dispose of such estate during marriage, she may by will and other power create any estate which she might create if unmarried.

In a business point of view this section gives woman unlimited equality, since if she can procure sufficient capital to engage in any business, she can do so, and if she should, like man, succeed in amassing a fortune thereby, the law will not stand in her way, but enforce her her from her husband's control and give her the same rights which were imparted, rendering her safe not only from her creditors, but also from himself if he wished to appropriate her earnings.

The Los Angeles Star in commenting upon this amendment remarks that it is the corner stone of Woman's Rights," and adds that if the ballot is refused to women after this, society will be greatly in fault, since when woman proves that she is competent to engage successfully in the broad-earning avocations of life, she is certainly fit to vote. While we heartily congratulate the Star upon its enlightened views, which, after all, are only those of common justice, we aver that if being capable of self-support, or successfully engaging in the business avocations of life, be a fit test of full citizenship, then thousands upon thousands of women, of the length and breadth of our land are as fully entitled to the ballot as men.

Woman has proved that notwithstanding legal, social and educational inequality, she is capable of not only self-support, but of the maintenance of others dependent upon her exertions; and the reason why she is so seldom the architect of her own destiny, is not in these combined causes. With legal barriers removed, however, her progress freedom will be more rapid; so we bid our California sisters God speed. May they, through the protection of their laws, march rapidly on the road which shall lead to golden and green-back rewards; since, when they have discovered the philosopher's stone, the ballot will be theirs, and their poverty seems to be the chief obstacle in the way of its attainment.—Toldeo Journal.

To Imitate an Echo.—It is impossible for a ventriloquist to produce an echo in his own voice, as the sound, being so near, would cause the sounds to be blended, and would only produce one impression on the ear; and yet a skilled ventriloquist can with ease imitate, in a room, a mountain echo. We give the instructions, as it is very amusing: Turn your back to the listeners; whistle four or five short notes at a time, just as if you were whistling to a dog, then as quick as possible after the last note, and as softly and subdued as possible, be heard, whistle about a third of the notes, and so on, until you can be in the same note or pitch; just like cause the last note to appear; this will cause an echo at a great distance. This imitation, if well done, causes much surprise to the hearers. The same thing can be done by shouting any sentence, such as, "Hallo, you there!" or "Slip away!" Let your voice be formed close to the lips; in the same pitch or note, speak the same words very subdued, and formed at the back of the mouth. This is very simple, yet effective.

Lemons for Fever.—Says that walking encyclopedia of health knowledge, Dr. Hall: When persons are feverish and thirsty beyond what is natural, indicated in some cases by a metallic taste in the mouth, especially after drinking water, or by whitish appearances on the greater part of the surface of the tongue, one of the best "coolers," internal or external, is to take a lemon, cut off the top, to make over it some leaf sugar, working it down into the lemon with a spoon, and then suck it slowly, squeezing the lemon, and adding more sugar as the acidity increases from being brought to the lower point. Two or three lemons a day in this manner with the most marked benefit, manifested by a sense of coolness, comfort and invigoration. A lemon or two thus taken at tea-time, as an entire substitute for the ordinary supper of summer, would give many a comfortable night's sleep, and an awakening after rest and invigoration, when an appetite for breakfast to which they are strangers who will have their cup of tea for supper, or "relish" and "cake," and their berries or peaches and cream.

Antidote for Poison.—A poison of any conceivable description and degree of potency, which has been swallowed intentionally or by accident, may be rendered almost instantaneously harmless by swallowing two gills of sweet oil. An individual with a very strong constitution should take double the quantity. The oil will neutralize every form of vegetable or mineral poison with which physicians are acquainted.

The Pitte Queen.—The far West boasts of a modern Pocahontas, in the person of Sarah Winnemucca, the daughter of the chief of the Putes, which Indian tribe do her homage, as monarchial nations do their Queens and Kings. She is said to have acquired some education, reads English, writes poetry, wears the dress of civilized femininity, and is reported friendly to the whites.

Girls who are properly educated, who are early taught the lessons of self-reliance, who have placed before them a high standard of excellence to attain, will never stoop to be mere dolls for the display of the latest fashions, the but-terflies of life, gaily but worthless, but will become sober, earnest women, who are fitted to work out the high mission intrusted to them.

Miss Annie Lippincott, a daughter of Grace Greenwood, who has her debut on the lyric stage at Dowagiac, Mich., last week.

THE WIDOW OF SCHUMANN.—Bonn, Beethoven's birth-place and the burial place of Schumann, has had a three-days' musical festival in honor of Schumann, and to rear monuments to his memory, seventeen years after his death. The zeal of the composer's widow has chiefly promoted the affair. She is herself a great artist, a pianist of consummate skill, having manipulative powers of the greatest force, and possessing enthusiasm in her playing which excites her hearers immensely. Her fidelity has done much for her husband's fame. The orchestra at the festival consisted of one hundred and eleven players, and it was flanked on each side of the platform by 394 voices, (120 sopranos, 105 alto, 72 tenors, and 97 basses).

How to Edit.—The London Spectator has been asked by a correspondent, "What is the liability of an editor to his personal friends?" replies: "Strictly speaking, he should have no friends. He should be a man of his father, or if he disappears his neighbors, or criticise his wife's last book if he thinks it rubbish. The journalist is bound, as the Statesman is bound, to do his duty and take the consequences. He might be a little more genteel in his language, a little more apologetic in his tone, but the attack must not be deprived of its efficiency for any personal consideration whatever."

QUAKER PLUM PUDDING.—Take slices of light bread, spread them with butter and lay them in a pudding-dish, with alternate layers of raisins, until within an inch of the top. Five eggs might be used, with a quart of milk, and poured over the pudding salt and spice to suit the taste. I bake it twenty to twenty-five minutes, and eat with liquid sauce. The raisins should be in a little water before using, and the water and raisins put on the pudding.

STORIES.—A smooth sea never made a skillful mariner, neither do untroubled prosperity prosper a statesman. Qualify for usefulness and happiness. The storms of adversity, like those of the ocean, rouse the faculties, and fortitude of the voyager. The martyrs of the ancient times, in tracing their minds to outward calamities, acquired a loftiness of purpose and moral heroism worth a lifetime of softness and security.

Miss Annie Lippincott, a daughter of Grace Greenwood, who has her debut on the lyric stage at Dowagiac, Mich., last week.

THE WIDOW OF SCHUMANN.—Bonn, Beethoven's birth-place and the burial place of Schumann, has had a three-days' musical festival in honor of Schumann, and to rear monuments to his memory, seventeen years after his death. The zeal of the composer's widow has chiefly promoted the affair. She is herself a great artist, a pianist of consummate skill, having manipulative powers of the greatest force, and possessing enthusiasm in her playing which excites her hearers immensely. Her fidelity has done much for her husband's fame. The orchestra at the festival consisted of one hundred and eleven players, and it was flanked on each side of the platform by 394 voices, (120 sopranos, 105 alto, 72 tenors, and 97 basses).

How to Edit.—The London Spectator has been asked by a correspondent, "What is the liability of an editor to his personal friends?" replies: "Strictly speaking, he should have no friends. He should be a man of his father, or if he disappears his neighbors, or criticise his wife's last book if he thinks it rubbish. The journalist is bound, as the Statesman is bound, to do his duty and take the consequences. He might be a little more genteel in his language, a little more apologetic in his tone, but the attack must not be deprived of its efficiency for any personal consideration whatever."

QUAKER PLUM PUDDING.—Take slices of light bread, spread them with butter and lay them in a pudding-dish, with alternate layers of raisins, until within an inch of the top. Five eggs might be used, with a quart of milk, and poured over the pudding salt and spice to suit the taste. I bake it twenty to twenty-five minutes, and eat with liquid sauce. The raisins should be