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

A WOMAN'S EYES.

[The following poem is taken from the advance sheets of a new volume of Poems entitled "Apple Blossoms," by Hattie Tring Grist, world.]
'Mid the purple hills of the Indian sea,
A wonderful mountain rears its head,
And so magnetic 'tis said to be,
That the sailors look on its base with dread.
And many the tales you they tell,
Of how it will draw the bolts and bars
From the staunchest ship with its sorcerer's spell,
And cast it about—rent sails and spars.
And they say that a maiden dwelt near by,
On another side of the Indian sea,
Who had seen the ships like sea-gulls fly
Up against the mountain of treachery,
That she wept and wept and wept,
'Till deep within her a horror grew,
That struck to the core of her very heart—
Last seen she saw the ship and crew
To her heart most dear should fall a prey
To this terrible mountain, grim and grim,
And that she should see her lover lay
Stark at her feet as she watched for him,
And so the deep feeling of horror grew,
That she sat by day and she sat by night
Gazing up to the mountain blue,
And down to the sea at its base, so white,
And one bright day the good ship came,
Sailing up to these Indian seas,
Right toward the mountain with its crest of flame,
Which beckoned it on with its sorcerer's spell.
And the maiden's heart grew faint with woe,
As with anguished eyes she watched the ship
Sailing on in the evening glow
Into the fatal mountain's grip.
But the maiden's eyes, so dark and deep,
Such a counter sorcery did work,
That the ship swung back with majestic sweep
And lay at her feet in the evening's morn,
And the lower clasped the mast to his arms,
While the angry mountain leaped in flame—
But was powerless evermore for harm,
And lost in time its evil game.
' 'Tis a very fair, some may say,
But I, dear love, can well believe
When I look in your face this happy day,
And feel to my own soft lips cleave,
That a woman's eyes could do all this—
Yes, dear love, much more by far—
For the sorcery of your look and kiss
Might draw a soul from the farthest star.

JUDITH MILES.

What shall be done with her?
[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by Mrs. F. F. Victor, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D.C.]
CHAPTER II.
THE MILES FAMILY.
Judith was looking at the title-pages of her new books when the sound of her father's foot-steps in the passage-way startled her, and she dextrously moved them from sight with that instinctive desire to avoid contention upon a subject where agreement is impossible, which has been often imputed to women for duplicity. If duplicity it be, then it is the logical result of enslaved action in connection with a judgment or a will that cannot be enslaved. Though it is in the power of men to choose wives whose wills are free as their physical powers of resistance, is not given them to secure daughters always equally pliant; since to the daughter, as well as to the son, may descend something of the dominating qualities of the sire.
Besides, he said in vindication of Judith, that she was superior to the class in which she had been reared. Women of that class are too often vindictive, treacherous, cruel and lying. I do not impute it to them for blame. They are what their circumstances and education make of them. The men in the same class are vindictive, brazen, cruel and truth-telling—the difference being that physically they know not fear, hence no necessity for intrigue. If it were to serve a purpose against an enemy, the men could be treacherous enough. Out of this class—a well recognized one—came Judith Miles; out of it, but superior to it by some accident of blood, her faults were of it, her virtues were her own.
The mother of this girl had been a broad-browed, large-eyed, pretty and gentle woman, with natural perceptions of "the good, the beautiful and the true" in the narrow life it was hers to live. She never openly opposed her haughty, passionate and jealous husband; neither did she ever deceive him; but she shamed him often by the dignified patience of her submission into something like justice and gentleness. And Jack Miles loved her well and faithfully; mourning her loss after his own bitter and gloomy fashion, in silence. Perhaps it had made him a shade more careful of the feelings of his daughter, so early left motherless, and his memory sometimes reverted to times and scenes when his Kate had endured undeserved harshness, never to be atoned for now. Either that, or because he recognized in his children a spirit that more nearly matched his own, he rarely sought to subjugate their will in open conflict. In these rare instances, however, he had never failed to enforce unquestioning obedience; and Judith knew that only the total deprivation of her precious books would result from the discovery that they had been furnished to her by the obnoxious German. Therefore the books were hastily concealed beneath a brook of Katie's which Judith was making, and an expression of indifference forced upon the young face which should have been all ingenuousness, and under better circumstances would have been Judith knew at a glance that her father was in one of his worst moods. His tall, spare form was tense with

keenest ire. His great black eyes glowed with an evil light. Even Katie had found out that he was in no mood for dalliance, and remained skulking behind him as he entered the house, watching her opportunity to slip past him to her sister's side, where she nestled silently.
But childhood is not proof against a duce, even when awed by a mysterious terror; and Katie, who spied one of these sweets lying under the table, made a sudden dive for it, forgetting all else in her excitement. Her father noticed the action, and understood it.
"Durn his ugly Dutch pictur!" exclaimed Miles, wrathfully, stopping to gaze in a sort of blind rage at Judith. The action gave him the appearance of having suddenly discovered his daughter's remarkable beauty, and of being a good deal struck by it; though nothing was at that moment farther from his thoughts than the recognizing of any excellence in Judith, or anyone else.
Judith, who was used to these appearances, avoided his gaze by commencing to brush Katie's curls around her finger.
"Whar d'ye git that that thing?" asked Miles, his countenance changing from angry reverie to scornful inquiry.
"Du you mean this, Pap?" returned Judith, with well-assumed carelessness.
"Boone brought me this when he was down to San Bernardino. Look at this pretty handle with a woman's face on it."
"Never seen no such woman as that, nor never will. Why, you've got yer hair fixed up like that—red ribbon an' all. You'd better just twist it up the way yer mother did her'n. That's the only way I ever seen any decent woman's hair fixed. An' you needn't curl Katie's hair so much, nuther. Better let it be, nat'el. I don't want no highfalutin' ways in this yer house. Boone hed better be savin' his money to take him to Arizona."
"Pap, don't make Boone go to Arizona. I wish you wouldn't; it's such a dreadful country; and I read in a newspaper that the Indians were killing everybody they found away from the settlements, and in them, too."
"Wa-al, I reckon a Miles knows how ter fight Injuns. What's more, d'ye reckon I'm a-gwine to stay hyar, along o' the Dutch an' Yankees, as is comin' thick as grasshoppers, with the grain-farmin' an' ther gang-plows an' headers an' railroads, makin' the country onft ter live in? Wish I'd staid in Texas an' fit the d-d Yankees, 'stead o' comin' ter California, whar they're thicker'n ever, so!"
"I think this is a nice country, Pap; and I wish you could be contented to stay here," said Judith, with a sigh.
"The Yankees will start a school, right away; and Katie can get an education so easily. And she's so peart, you know, Pap," she added, with a design of softening her father on the educational question, and so causing him to temporize. If she had ever a final hope of success it was extinguished by his answer:
"Katie kin git all the larnin' I want her to have from you and Boone. You can read an' write, an' that's besides for a gal. Boone kin cipher, besides, an' that's enough for a man. I'm not gwine to be ketched in a surround, an' draw to terms, like a herd o' antelope, by no number of Yankees an' Dutch."
"I should not think you could go away and leave mammy's grave," sobbed Judith, forgetting in her terror of the often threatened Arizona the discretion she usually observed in referring to her mother.
That grave had been made within three months after the emigration to California, and might never have been needed but for the exhausting toil of the journey that had left not enough vitality with which to fight the battle for two lives afterward. Jack Miles had never been able to forget that Kate had urged him to wait another year in Texas, and that he had willfully refused to grant her the respite. This reference to her mother was so audacious, under the circumstances, that Judith was frightened, even before her father replied in a tone of intense passion:
"By God, Jude, if you were not her darter, I'd pack you out o' this yer house quicker'n lightning! I don't want to hear you ever speak her name to me ag'in—recollect that."
"O Pap, I'm so sorry!—I did not mean—please forgive me!" cried Judith, now thoroughly penitent, as well as frightened and grieved. She cried to deaf ears, however. Her father never turned his head, but strode heavily out of the room, away from the house, mounted his horse tethered a little way off, and rode across the prairie as fast as the animal could carry him.
Judith stood in the porch, with flushed cheeks and tearful eyes, gazing after him. Her thoughts were not all penitent thoughts. Some of them were bitter enough, as they accused her father, not altogether unjustly, of unnecessary harshness towards her for this fault. She had not meant to offend him—only to prick his conscience in such a way that he might be brought to relent towards Boone and herself. But in her excitement she had spoken unwisely. She could not but own, too, that her reason for wishing to remain in California were some of them independent of fears of the Apaches, or tenderness for her

mother's memory. Still she was a good deal angry with her father. Why should he be so determined to go contrary to the views of other people, and the wishes of his children? Was he always to keep on going from place to place and dragging those who could not resist him farther away from things desirable?
Wild thoughts of rebellion presented themselves to her. If he wanted to "pack her out of the house," she would anticipate his wishes, and go without further leave. But where? To whom? To leave Katie? No; she would stay with Katie, happen what might, until she should be eighteen; and then—and then—the vagueness of her speculations as to what might happen then drew Judith into a reverie so profound that, standing leaning against the rough boarding of the house-wall, with dreamy gaze fixed on the far-off mountains, lying sleeping like sphynxes in the sun, she failed to observe the approach from a different direction a tall and handsome young man with a certain likeness to herself, and a yet more remarkable one to her father.
"A penny for your thoughts, Jude!" said the youth, whose loose frame and smooth chin indicated about nineteen years. He was clad in check-woolen shirt, buttered-colored pantaloons, top-boots and broad-brimmed straw hat; not a handsome dress, but worn so handsomely that it did not seem to matter about a better one.
"O, Boone," cried his sister, seizing his outstretched hand; "I'm so glad you have come!" The slight tremor in her voice told Boone that something had gone wrong with her.
"Whar's the matter, Sis?" added the lad, encircling her with the disengaged arm in a manly and protecting manner that went straight to the sore young heart. Judith leaned her head against his shoulder and indulged in a little shower of tears—not bitter tears this time.
Katie, who was within hearing, engaged in some busy mischief, attracted by Boone's voice, now appeared upon the scene and immediately proceeded to answer a question not addressed to her, after the manner of children.
"Pap's been a-sassin' her"—but as if that was of no great significance compared to another, this announcement was followed by another one, to-wit: "And Mr. Shultz has been here, and brought me a paper of dolers!"
"So it's all about the young Dutchman, is it, Jude?" queried Boone, laughing, yet as if not quite pleased.
"Mr. Shultz came to see Pap again about the land," answered Judith, with the hauteur of a sensitive person who feels a wrong implied—not named—and releasing herself from her brother's arm.
"Did they come to any agreement?" inquired Boone, earnestly.
"No. Pap will have a bigger price, or will not sell; and he is very angry with Mr. Shultz for trying to get it for his own price; and he was cross to me; and I said something that was wrong, which made him very angry with me; so he's gone off—I don't know where, and—O, Boone, I am the unhappy girl in the world, I do believe!"
The announcement of her unhappiness seemed to relieve Judith, for she smiled after making it, as if she felt how absurd it was for sixteen to be helplessly miserable. Boone smiled, too, sitting down on the door-step. It was an uneasy smile for a boy's face, covering an evident though unacknowledged anxiety.
"If I was two year older," said the boy, after an interval of thoughtful silence, "I'd strike out for myself."
"Thar's just what I was thinking when you offered a penny for my thoughts," said Judith, pinching herself beside him on the step.
"But you must not think of striking out, Jude; you're a girl, and it's different," returned her brother with masculine superiority.
"Not when Pap tells me he'd 'pack me out of the house quick as lightning,' if I were not my mammy's daughter?" asked Judith.
"You must have made him very mad, Jude," answered Boone seriously. "I hope you and Pap won't fall out, for I always depended on you and Katie to smooth down the quills when he feels porcupinish. Was it about Mr. Shultz?" asked Boone, watching Judith suspiciously.
"It was Mr. Shultz who first made him angry about the land. Then he said something about sending you to Arizona. I was frightened about that. Then he said he would not stay here, anyway, among the Yankees and Dutch; and I forgot myself, and said something about deserting mammy's grave. Then he was fearfully angry, for you know he is sore on that subject; and that was what made him say what I told you. I was to blame, I suppose; but it's hard always to do right when Pap does wrong—and it is wrong for him to worry us so, and threaten to send you to Arizona. I shall die if you go to that hateful country, I know I shall!" and the color once more flushed up into Judith's cheeks, to cool which came two or three great tear-drops in slow succession rolling over them.
"I'm not struck with the Arizona fever, that's sure," returned Boone, looking away lest sympathy for a girl's tears should endanger his firmness; "but I

don't know as you ought to feel so unconcerned if Pap sets his head on my going. I reckon the mines are a good cattle-market. And if we all have to go—why, there are other people there who find something pleasant about the country, or they wouldn't stay. Isn't that so, Sis?"
"Perhaps so," Judith was forced to admit. "But, Boone, don't you encourage Pap to leave this place—promise me you will not," she pleaded earnestly.
"Encourage him? No. But what difference will it make? What he orders, that we'll all do. And I'm going to do it cheerfully, Jude. Who knows but I shall make my fortune in that very country you've such a dread of? Come now, let's believe everything is for the best! I'm awful hungry, anyway. If you were a good house-keeper you'd know its almost noon, and be thinking of my dinner. Katie, Katie, come and get some wood for Judith, quick! I'm so starved I can't get up—scout now!"
Thus Boone refused to be dejected, and tried to keep up the spirits of his sister; but in truth he was not well pleased with the look of affairs, as Judith secretly understood. She felt grateful to him, all the same, and went with alacrity about the preparation of their simple dinner of bread, bacon and coffee.
Jack Miles did not come home until evening. He had recovered his self-possession, and spoke kindly enough to Judith, though declining to take any supper. He held Katie in his arms until she fell asleep and was carried off to bed. Then, when he was alone with Boone and Judith, he simply notified them that he had decided to send a lot of beef-cattle down to Arizona, and that he expected Boone to be ready in three days to start with them. To this order there was no remonstrance or reply; none was expected; none would have been of any avail. Silently the family separated; the father to his couch in the kitchen, Boone to the loft over it, and Judith to her chamber over the sitting-room.
Boone tapped softly on the thin partition of cloth and paper by which Judith with womanly delicacy had secured to herself something like privacy in their rude dwelling. "Jude," whispered he; "don't you fret. I'll bring you back a sack of gold, and we'll go on a journey by ourselves up to Frisco; and I'll trick you out gay as a red wagon—see if I don't!"
"Boone, I shall die—I know I shall," returned Judith, and crept into bed beside Katie, meaning to grieve in darkness and alone over the coming separation, but falling asleep instead.
[To be continued.]

The New Era.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN ILLINOIS.
In April last, the State Legislature passed an act, which went into force in the following July, providing "that any woman, married or single, of the age of twenty-one years and upward, and possessing the qualifications prescribed for men, shall be eligible to any office under the general or special school laws of this State." What has been the result? At the very first election where women have had an opportunity of availing themselves of this law, they have done so in the most liberal manner. They were on hand early at the nominating conventions, and where they failed to get nominated they were on hand to get on the part of the stronger sex, they exercised the sovereign right of voting, and entered the field under their own colors, bound for a free fight and no favorites with no other platform than the very practical one, "Let the best woman win." At the recent election there were thirty-four ladies running in thirty counties of this State for the office of County Superintendent of Schools. In Alexander and Mercer counties two ladies ran against each other; and in Cass county there were three contesting the field, and the victor got nominated. Through lack of courtesy on the part of the stronger sex, they exercised the sovereign right of voting, and entered the field under their own colors, bound for a free fight and no favorites with no other platform than the very practical one, "Let the best woman win." At the recent election there were thirty-four ladies running in thirty counties of this State for the office of County Superintendent of Schools. In Alexander and Mercer counties two ladies ran against each other; and in Cass county there were three contesting the field, and the victor got nominated. 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