

JUDITH MILES;

What Shall Be Done with Her?

BY MRS. F. F. VICTOR.

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CHAPTER VIII.

ENDING IN A KISS.

So Judith went back to her lonely, loveless, altogether hopeless and forlorn life with her father—vindicating before the public, safe from the law, but still guilty in the estimation of the only person whose good opinion seemed particularly desirable to her. Not only her father but herself. Worthy child of such a parent, how could she ever hope to have again such a friend as she had lost? She did not hope; she was given up to shame and despair.

Two weeks—a month—six weeks passed away; the summer was gone, and Boone had not yet returned. Miles began to be like a man distraught. When the half of July was past he was fretfully impatient; his mind being fully made up to return to Texas as soon after Boone came home as practicable. At the end of the month he was depressed and serious. When August was well-nigh gone he plainly betrayed by his irritable manner and haggard appearance that something more than impatience preyed upon his mind; he felt a fear he would not acknowledge that his son would never return. His gloomy eyes were bloodshot with gazing into the south to catch the first glimpse of the homeward-bound wanderer.

It is an error to presume that the man of culture has stronger affections than the simpler man. Very often the reverse is true, for obvious reasons: the unlettered man having fewer objects on which his love can be bestowed, and there being no frittering away of the affections. Boone was Jack Miles' "Abraham," for whom he would have died, yet upon whom in his stubbornness he would have blindly followed, and repent of his sin ever after in agonies of self-accusation. These agonies were already beginning to visit him. To cheat them of their force he spent whole days away from home on various pretexts but always riding toward the south in a vague, formless hope of finding relief in that direction.

Unjust, as self-accusing minds are sure to be towards those whom they have injured, Miles could not bear the sight of Judith's changed appearance and listless movements. If she was silent, he construed her silence into contempt; if she made an effort to divert his thoughts from Boone, he was annoyed by what he chose to think was condescension. Never was there a more intense compound of pride, self-will, suspicion and strong-feeling than this rude Texan.

It is not to be presumed that living in this atmosphere alone Judith was not influenced by it. Her sensitiveness became suspicion; her native delicacy an exaggerated pride. The only thing left in her life to keep it sweet was little unconscious Katie, and her smiling audacity and abundant love. She snubbed her father and teased her sister, fearless of rebuke; prattled of what she chose, and amused the unhappy ones against their will.

It was now September weather, with an air that was warm, soft and dreamy, above a landscape parched and dusty. Judith had forbidden Katie to play out of doors, and the child was restlessly skipping back and forth between the two rooms in the endeavor to find space enough for her activity.

"I say, Jude," cried Katie, suddenly stopping to peer under her hand at some distant object, "Mr. Shultz is coming! I reckon he's got me some dainties. Brush my hair, quick, Jude, and make nice curls! Mr. Shultz hasn't been here for never so long—a year, maybe. And the delighted child danced up and down on tiptoe to her sister.

"Hush, Katie," said Judith, nervously, turning a shade paler, and snatching a glance at her own black braids. "Perhaps Mr. Shultz is not going to stop here; you must not make so much noise about it, anyway." However, lest he might stop, Judith began hurriedly to smooth the curls he admired so much, and otherwise to put the child in order—keeping a detaining hand on her, lest in her eagerness she might invite a visit not before intended.

But it was soon made evident that a visit was intended. Mr. Shultz secured his horse and approached the house, so that Katie was soon permitted to meet him outside the door.

"Ah, Katie is it thou? How art thou, elfin? How many kisses, now, for what is in my pocket?"

Katie did not stint her kisses—she was too thoroughly delighted to have her old friend back again.

"That is good—that is charming," said the hearty German voice, to which Judith was listening in trembling expectancy. "Here now is thy sister, and thou must take me now to thy sister."

"Jude is in there," said the child, pointing to the sitting-room, but sitting down on the door-step to examine her newly-acquired property.

With this introduction Mr. Shultz went in. It must be confessed more awkwardly than was his wont. He could hardly have told himself what brought

him there, and being there, was doubtful how he should be received. Was it wise, he asked himself at the last moment, to renew the acquaintance?

"Good-morning, Miss Judith," he said, pausing in the doorway.

"Good-morning, Mr. Shultz," returned Judith, a slight flush tingling the clear white of her face; "will you be seated?"

"If I am welcome," he replied. "Tell me first if I am welcome."

"I do not know why you should wish to be made welcome, Mr. Shultz," said Judith, with a deeper blush. "You know what kind of people live in this house—incendiaries, and—liars."

It was now Mr. Shultz that blushed. His courteous nature was touched and wounded.

"Miss Miles, how can you! Never, in my most secret thoughts, have I said that to myself. It is painful—it is an outrage."

"To call myself a liar? It is an outrage that I suffered from yourself, if I remember rightly—not but that I deserved it." She stood confronting him, the color once more all gone out of her face, that looked so white in contrast with the large, dark eyes and jetty lashes. What a change had come over the soft and blushing girl of six months ago.

Mr. Shultz sank into a chair, regarding her steadily, yet with a demeanor more or less puzzled; for this was a woman who confronted him, instead of the precocious child whom he had openly admired and patronized.

"Miss Miles," he said addressing her for the first time by her surname, "You do make me unhappy by your resentment. I do not like to suffer. I have no talent to be unhappy. Will you not forgive me?"

It was the old, frank, half-humorous way again, so hard to resist. Judith felt that at her heart, and sat down again, half-faint, her eyes on the floor.

"Forgive me! What had she to forgive compared with what he had forgiven? Could the account ever be settled—her father's account and hers? A moment's reflection showed her the emptiness of such a hope. She was irretrievably this man's debtor, and such must remain. The score could not be blotted out by fresh favors. No; she would not have his friendship, to which she had no right.

"Mr. Shultz," she said at length, her eyes fixed on her hands, twisting nervously in her lap, "you must not think me ungrateful for past kindness because I decline future ones. You have been the best, and only wise and thoughtful friend I ever had, and what little worth there may be in me I must owe to you. But I owe too much already to accept more. I give you up, knowing what I lose. It is best for you to keep away from here."

"But I do not see why—I do not see why! Your father's fault—I beg your pardon—is not yours, and you are distressing yourself on that account—I know it. And you are punishing me for a word," dropping his voice remorsefully, "but that is a mistake. Do not I know that you are truthfulness itself? Your poor attempt at falsehood could not deceive me. It told more than it concealed. And it showed me your noble heart, which pained itself for another. Do not tell me your worth is not your own. I know it for myself," he concluded, rising in his earnest, positive fashion, and standing before her.

But Judith, who found no room for pride or resentment here, was determined to debate herself.

"I am not fit to receive your kindness," she said. "I was not fit from the first. There is something I have wished to speak to you about—your books—I should like to return them to you."

"You will not have even my poor books? But they are not mine; they are yours. All the value they can have to me is their association with yourself. It may be much, but I will not have them for that."

"The time is coming, then," continued Judith, still nervously twisting her slim, white fingers, "that they will want an owner, for we cannot stay here much longer. Pap will go away as soon as Boone comes home, or"—she wanted to say, "as soon as he can give him up as dead," but her lips refused the utterance, and a few great tear-drops fell upon her hands.

Mr. Shultz was losing his habitual self-command. He had a genuine heart-ache for this unhappy girl. "Her brother, too," he muttered; "she sorrows for him," and failed to say anything aloud.

"When we go," continued Judith, "there will not be room in the wagon for such luxuries as books. Pap would not allow it if I asked him," she added with a little flush, and dignified lifting of her head.

"What is it I have done that your father so dislikes me?" inquired Shultz with some display of feeling. "You did speak against me at the examination—that I had injured your father purposely. But it was not so. I have tried to buy his land at a price that is enough for an improved land. I have always been his friend, even when he did say rough things about me. I had that piece of land put in wheat because it was an out-of-the-way corner, and could be made profitable so. If your father had waited for the cutting and sacking of the

wheat it would have been soon enough; his stock would not be suffering for water. I ask you now, what have I done?"

Happily his warmth and vehemence aroused Judith somewhat from her humility and dejection. A spark of the electric fire communicated itself to her.

"It is not what you have done," she said; "it is what you are, and we are. I do not deny"—looking up at him with a humid smile—"that I consider myself your inferior, in many ways. But we belong to a class that will not bear to have superiors. Pap has not education but he has pride, and anger—and injustice," she added in a lower tone.

"Yes, that is it. And will you have me bear this injustice? Will you say that I must—and that you must? Why does your father wish to leave California? There are many pleasant places, even if he likes it not here. It will not be better in Texas, and you will have had the long, hard journey for nothing."

"I know it," answered Judith, shuddering. "If Pap starts for Texas, we shall never get there; but our bones will lie along with Boone's."

"Do you believe your brother to be dead?" asked Mr. Shultz, regarding her with wonder and pity. "And can you calmly consign yourself to the fate which you think has overtaken him? Miss Judith, you surprise me more and more. Pardon me—but only a fool or a heroine could dare such a chance as that; and that I do not think you the first, you know. It may be heroic, but I do think it wrong so recklessly to disregard yours if."

"My fate is not in my own hands," answered Judith, sadly. "Where Pap and Katie go, I must go."

Mr. Shultz was struck with an idea. He had not much hope of its usefulness, and he blushed rather to propose it; but after a few restless movements about the room he ventured upon it.

"If you wished it, I could prevent your father leaving California."

"How?" inquired Judith, wonderingly.

"I could cause suit to be brought against him. I do not know what that would prevent him, if the result was the same as before."

"It would not be the same. You could never do it again!" With so much meaning that Judith started up, her face dyed with blushes.

"You do not propose this thing to me?" she asked, after a moment's hesitancy.

"If you believed so, why have you not done this before?"

"Why, indeed?" returned Mr. Shultz, shrugging his shoulders. "Had not you suffered enough? Why put your father in prison? He will not burn our wheat again. Do not I know that? But if he is not satisfied with what already he has done, and will carry off you and Katie from me forever, perhaps he is best to be shut up, and he studied the changing countenance of the astonished girl before him with characteristic coolness.

It required some time for Judith to arrange her thoughts. Not that she had the least idea of sending her father to prison; but the audacity of the suggestion, together with the knowledge that Mr. Shultz possessed this power for her, without exercising it—for she could not help acknowledging he was more than right in his conclusions—was more than she could take in at once. She ought to be angry with him, and she ought to be grateful to him. What she finally made up her mind to say was this:

"I am under obligations to you, I perceive; but I do you the justice to believe that you never meant to propose that I should gratify myself at the expense of Pap's freedom. Bad as you may think me, I could never do that."

Mr. Shultz smiled, half-humorously, half-sadly. "What is that the English poet, Mr. Browning, has written, 'The world's male chivalry has perished out, but women are knight-errant to the last.'"

"You have resolved to be knight-errant. You will go and put yourself in the way of perils, and if you perish in your adventures, count it so much duty and glory. Is it not so?"

"What does it matter?" asked Judith, dependently. "I can imagine a life I should like to live—a beautiful life, full of pleasant things. I believe I would try hard to gain or keep such a life. But this one that I live now is neither beautiful or pleasant. If I die by violence, I am no wretched a better fate than Boone," and again the tears of bereavement filled her eyes.

"I do trust you are mistaken about your brother," said Mr. Shultz, his face and manner full of sympathy. "In these adventurous countries men are constantly disappearing, to re-appear again, after years, perhaps. You must not grieve away your youth. I do perceive," he added, with that mixture of mirthfulness and common sense which infused itself into his gravest talk, "that the roses of your cheeks have turned to lilies all too soon. It is too soon for lilies at sixteen. Besides, you accept death too easily. That is not natural or healthy. You are overtasked. You have too much care for your age, and you feel everything too much." Then realizing, as he beheld the hopeless expression with which Judith listened to his little lecture, that there was no apparent remedy for this state of things, he turned himself to continue in a different

tone: "O, yes, I do preach to you—you who cannot help yourself! I do wish to be eighty years old, or to have a wife and house that you and Katie could come to me. My wife and I—we should be good to you, and bring the roses back."

Judith looked up to see him smiling down upon her curiously. Irresistibly a fiery little demon of anger took possession of her. She hated him for wishing to be old; she hated him for wishing for a wife, who should adopt and patronize her. Mrs. Shultz to patronize her, indeed! She would die in preference!

"I do not want what you say," she cried out, passionately. "I do not want to be taken care of, or have your wife good to me. Did I not tell you that there had been too many favors already? And now I tell you that you need not marry on my account; for I can live as I always have, and my Pap's house is good enough for me." Then finding herself on the point of crying, and covered with shame for her angry utterance, Judith fled into the kitchen.

Mr. Shultz did not follow her, but called Katie to him and entertained himself with her prattle for five minutes. At the end of that time he dismissed the child and made-believe to be gone, which movement, as he expected, brought Judith from her retreat. Her cheeks were a bed of roses now, and her trembling lips carnations, while the dew had not quite disappeared from the softly-beeching eyes.

"Mr. Shultz," she said, with a return of her old diffidence, "I am ashamed and sorry. What makes me so bad I cannot tell, but I hope you will forgive my rudeness."

"It is easy forgiving you," that gentleman returned, smiling into her humid eyes; "but why will you not be friends with me, if I marry? I do think that I cannot live without you; so, either I must marry and take you for my sister, or I must—"

"Pap's coming," called Katie from her lookout, and what it was that Mr. Shultz was about to declare he must do in the other case remained unexplained except by one rapid action. He enclosed the girl's form in his strong arms, held her one moment closely to his breast, and kissed her lips repeatedly.

"Go, go," she cried when she had struggled herself free, more concerned to prevent a meeting between her father and Mr. Shultz, than to hear what explanation he had to offer for his conduct.

With a hasty adieu, he turned away, kissing his hand to Katie, and was gone. Judith retreated up stairs, taking Katie with her, anxious to prevent the mention by the child of the name most obnoxious to her father. So great was her uneasiness and so constant her efforts to keep Katie amused until the visit was forgotten, that no time was left her to reflect on what had happened, except in that agitated, fluttering, surprised way, which kept her cheeks aflame the whole afternoon.

But with the night came counsel. In the silence and darkness of her little chamber Judith remembered and thought. She remembered what Boone said to her, that a good and true man "would not make up to a girl only one of his own sort," and felt that it must be true. Pride and selfishness were aroused by this line of thinking, and she was, oh, so wretched and resentful. Directly she remembered the uniform kindness and delicacy which characterized Mr. Shultz's behavior during the two years of her acquaintance, and it seemed unlikely that he should depart from it in the way she blushed to think of. Had he not always treated her with respect, as if she had been a lady, except—? Was it possible he could mean to offer marriage to her after that? He had said he could not live without her; could he—dare he mean anything else but marriage? Was he treating her as it had been hinted he had treated Señora Inez? No wonder Inez had tried to shoot him dead! She felt as if, could that suspicion be true, she could kill him with her own hand. Then came thoughts of what her father would do or say, should Mr. Shultz really wish to marry her. She knew he would never consent; but would he go away and take Katie with him? Or could she allow him to go away alone, broken-hearted, as she suspected him to be? If it was possible to quit the life she was living for one she might live with Mr. Shultz, her ideal would be realized. To love and live with him would be education, society, everything! Not only to her, but to Katie, who need not then be dragged from frontier to frontier as she had been and might be again, if not saved by Mr. Shultz.

From half-waking dreams of this possible heavenly future, Judith slid away into such a soft, refreshing sleep as she had not known for weeks.

(To be continued.)

A man in Iowa was brought before a Justice of the Peace, charged with kissing a young lady. "My force and violence against her will," the young lady, who was very handsome, gave her testimony in a modest, straightforward manner, after which his honor gave the following decision: "The Court in this case sympathizes with the defendant, and will therefore discharge him with out fine, imprisonment or reprimand, because the Court, while this case has been in progress, has been obliged to hold on to both arms of his chair in order to keep from kissing the complainant himself."

THE CLOSING SCENE.

BY T. B. REAR.

(The following poem is pronounced by the Westminister "Review" to be, unquestionably, the finest American poem ever written.)

Within the shadowed recesses of leafless trees,
The rustled wing inhaled the dreamy air,
Like some tanned paper, in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray hairs looking from their hairy pillow,
Over the dim waters, widening on the vale,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the hill the wind the whistle falls.

All sighs were mellowed and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed further and the streams
As in a dream the distant woodman bowed
His winter head with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, crevice armed with gold,
Their banners bright with many a martial
Now stood, like some sad, beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar, in Time's remotest blue.

On shambly wings the vulture tried his
Feet and claws, as he soared over the vale,
The dove seemed heard his sighing mate's complaint,
And the star was shining in the light.

The village church vane seemed to pale and
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Woman's Place in Nature.

* At the Woman Suffrage Convention in Salem, (Mass.) Nov. 18, Lucy Stone said:

"I went into the first Coliseum in Boston. It was festooned all over the top with our National Flag. There were flags to the right of me, flags to the left of me, and as I looked up among their gay folds, I knew that in all our country, there is not a mountain so high, or a valley so deep, that I could stand on the one, or go down into the other, and holding the hand of my daughter, be protected by the flag in my right to my child, as every father is protected in his right to his child. In bitterness of spirit I could not help exclaiming, 'The flag is nothing to me!'"

In our time, when men watched with breathless interest the telegraphic announcements, to learn the fate of any battle, over and over, I have said to myself, 'What is it to me? I have no country, and no hope for a country. What is the flag to me?'"

What was Lucy Stone to the flag? What was woman to the Coliseum? Save for woman this nation had been a majestic failure. The one flag of all the nations combined could not have saved it; no other power could have saved it.

What is woman to the flag? Had woman never come to this country, every native American, man and woman, would be to-day half Indian, and the enlightenment of the age would have been retarded for centuries. Had woman only saved the purity of our race to the nation, there would be little courtesy in saying, 'What is woman to the flag?' But she has put her willing hand down deep into her own scanty pocket, and has relinquished the dearest treasures from her own heart's blood for its support and defense. Save for woman, the flag might wave in solemn sadness over the ruins of our southern cities where the teeming millions, the mighty, living fabric of society once stood.

Man is astonished at the amount of millions for which woman has asked. He inadvertently exclaims, 'She never earned it; she inherited it.' Who has not heard him proclaim loudly and long that 'Time is money, labor is money?'"

Who does not know that woman, more or less, often less than man, is a day's work for man? That fifteen hours more or less, often more than less, is a day's work for woman? That woman's work is as essential to the well-being of the race as man's work? Who does not know that every woman's day is a day of rest to man, and a fatigue day to woman?

For she is compelled to pick up the 'odds and ends' that man has thrown away from the six previous days, and to arrange for the coming six, precluding the possibility of rest?

Although she neither builds houses, ships, churches, palaces, monuments or monuments, yet she labors behind the scenes, fifteen hours a day, for the men who built these, at intervals of ten hours, in companies of hundred, or perhaps of thousands. Each one of these men is mightier and more important than the inanimate work by him produced.

What man would accept in exchange for his own life the mechanical productions of the world combined? And yet, how does he look upon woman, whom he has scarce begun to appreciate? Her work may be compared to the mighty ocean; surging and fro, in its living, dying, changing motion, forever and forever!

By the stern decree of nature woman is called to lay in her silent tomb, one of her dearest treasures, during each moment of time. By the decree of this same power, she adds a new-born babe to the world, during every second of time. This perpetual rotation fills her hands and heart with labor, pain, and anxiety, which only woman can know. These things are laid down scarcely even at death's door.

Taxed for her inheritance—"Woman has not earned it." A thousand million of human beings walk the earth to-day. Thirty-one million, five hundred and thirty-six thousand human beings, born of woman, die yearly. Thirty-one million five hundred and thirty-six thousand human beings, are born of woman every year. As to the rest, they are left to man to compare his labor with this. It only plays into woman's hands. Let him tell, if he can, what woman must do to earn her "widow's mite."

Let him tell, if he can, what woman has commissioned him to rule her destiny?

When man shall be brought to realize the full import of woman's position, and the stern facts that govern her, her own weary way, there will be a revolution in his feeling, until then, he cannot realize. Looking in amazement at the prejudices of which he has been so long a victim, he will involuntarily exclaim, "Whence came they?"

What have politics already done for woman? Snatched her from the mummy dust of Ages; clasped her in its hard but inspiring arms; and called her mighty intellect to the wonder and admiration of the world; prepared her to wield the scepter side by side with man, for whose immortal honor, and highest welfare, the time of her enfranchisement draws near.

MARY UPTON FERRIS.

WOMEN IN SWITZERLAND.—"There is a sad enough need of elevation of women in Switzerland," said the Zurich correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser*. "One hundred women climb each day to the splendid buildings which overlook the city of Zurich—the first fountain of learning in the republic; a thousand women toil from sunrise till late evening in the narrow lanes below, dragging heavy hand-carts, staggering under large burdens balanced upon their heads, sawing wood, or gathering refuse from the street with basket and shovel—in short, performing the most menial service that the lowest class of male laborers are condemned to do in America. I have often seen two slender women sawing oak and ash wood in the street, while a stout fellow stood by, leisurely splitting the sawn sticks. One poor old creature, the other day, sat upon the curb-stone, holding her saw reversed between her knees, and in utter weakness was rubbing the stick of wood upon it to saw it in two."

Everybody is fond of giving advice, and the following may be read with both profit and pleasure: Buy in the cheapest market. Sell in the dearest. The number of children your next-door neighbor may have is nothing to you. The number you have yourself is.

Work for Winter Nights.

By JESSE WARD BEECHER.

The long winter nights are coming, and those who have some thirst for knowledge will be pondering what they shall read; whether to spend money for sprees or for books, for useless physical indulgences, or for concerts, lectures, and other means of promoting sound information and intelligence. A few hints on the subject of reading may be timely.

To the question, what shall we read? it is impossible to return a very definite answer. It depends on what things are within your reach—on your health, your education, your occupation. To keep up with the world's current of knowledge one should read one or more good newspapers