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The New Northwest.

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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.

JUDITH MILES;

—OR—

What Shall be Done with Her?

BY MRS. F. F. VICTOR.

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CHAPTER IX.

LEAVE-TAKING.

One bright November day, two months after the visit of Mr. Shultz spoken of in the last chapter, there was an unusual stir about the premises of Jack Miles; a constant coming and going, a litter of rubbish scattered about the entrance to the house, and, more significant than all, a heavy wagon stood ready to receive such household gear as the Western "mover" takes with him wherever he goes—beds, cooking utensils, chests of necessary clothing, supplies of coffee and sugar.

Some early showers had fallen—enough to start the grass—and on the first appearance of verdure Jack Miles had given the order to prepare for journeying. He would not even wait for such of the neighbors as promised to accompany him if he would defer his start until the spring.

"'Pears like yer in a powerful hurry, Jack," they said to him; "most ov folks don't start ter go on sech a mighty long journey 'fore the feed gits up right smart in the spring. 'Tain't safe, nuther, trav'lin' by yerself through the Injun country. Better stop till spring an' git a good ready."

"I've got all the ready I want, thank'ee," Miles returned. "Reckon thar'll be feed 'nuff fur my stock; an' 'beout the Injuns—the more ov us thar be, the bigger the dust thar'll be kicked up; an Injuns is allers a-watchin' eout fur a big dust."

"Waal, hope ye'll slip thru Arizony 'theout makin' any—that's what I hope."

Such was the general comment on Miles' undertaking. On the whole, Miles had the respect of his class, and their sympathy, too: for the neighbors guessed his feelings about Boone, though he never spoke of them. He had no need to speak of that which his emaciated appearance and constant melancholy made patent to all. The women sympathized as much with Judith as they could with one who demanded no sympathy, and lived upon so much more elevated a plane of thought and sentiment than themselves; manifesting their feelings by frequent and long visits when Judith was most occupied and least desirous of company.

Miles had disposed of nearly all of his stock, only reserving so much of a herd as would be needed to provision his family and the two or three men who accompanied him to take care of the cattle, with a few cows and calves that were to commence stocking another ranch in Texas. His land he had disposed of in a way which he chose to keep hidden from Judith, all negotiations concerning it with the Speddens having ceased with the destruction of the wheat. Nothing was left unsettled; but the abandonment of California was final.

Meantime what about Mr. Shultz? Two months had passed and he had not put in an appearance, as we had a right to expect that he should, at the residence of the Miles family. In these two months Judith had gone through many changes of feeling and opinion, as was natural she should. We can guess, too, that they had not made her any happier, or left her with any brighter anticipations for the future. She was now in that mood of mind where *any* change was desirable—no possibility much dreaded; a state which with some persons is falsely denominated resignation, but which we recognize in this case as despair. And unhappily for her, the future was really as dark as it seemed.

But on the afternoon of the last day of grace something happened, which was this: Judith was alone, sorting over some last articles which had to be packed, and fighting over for the hundredth time the battle in her thoughts whether to take or not to take her little chest of treasures derived from Mr. Shultz. Should she do herself the despite of leaving them to fall into vandal hands, as pride dictated, or smuggle them into the wagon, thus securing consolation for some lonely hours in camp, as inclination and feeling dictated? In the midst of this mental contest there was an arrival, and Judith listlessly dropped the articles in hand to see what officious neighbors were this time come to occupy her time and attention with their—to her—irrelevant talk. But the coolly-civil welcome half-formed upon her lips was forgotten, unuttered, when she beheld, standing in the littered passageway, Mr. Shultz.

"Ah," said he, as if they had met but yesterday, "I did hear that you were going to-morrow, and I have come to say good-bye. I see that it is true, and that you are indeed going."

"We are indeed going," echoed Judith, more occupied with the attempt to seem unconcerned than with her words. She did not invite him to enter, but waited as if expecting to be informed of the further occasion of his visit. In her heart indignation was contending with an irrepressible pleasure at again seeing his face and hearing his voice.

"You will not stay? Ah, well it is good that I, too, am going away. While you travel to Texas I shall voyage to Germany—to the faderland to see *mein vater und meine mutter*. Then I shall not sorrow so much to be left behind, as when I thought you would leave this pleasant California, and me alone in it. And still I am most sorry, should I come back and find you gone."

What signified these polite phrases to Judith? Had she not a right to look for something different—something more? Puzzled and grieved, and half-suspecting that she had committed the mistake of misinterpreting past words and actions, she stood silent, not knowing how to continue or put an end to the conversation. Then the recollection of their last conversation and its ending rushing over her, she suddenly turned rosy-red, and in a fresh rage with herself and him. Anger always loosened Judith's tongue, and it did so now. Before she was aware she had made the attack:

"Mr. Shultz, there cannot be much regret to waste upon each other. You have come to say good-bye, and if you have nothing more to say, we need not be long about our farewells. I wish you a pleasant voyage, I am sure," and she straightened her fine figure with the air of a princess.

"That is unkind to me, Miss Judith," said Mr. Shultz, now on the defensive. "You do think I am not truly so sorry as I say to lose you, and you know not what things are in my heart. Neither can I tell you to-day the things I might venture to say a year—six months—three months from now. You have your trouble, and it is great for a tender girl's heart to have borne. But I have my trouble, too, which is not the same as yours. Heaven is good; some day it may all come right. Will you not believe in my friendship?"

The idea of a care for the cheerful, practical, healthy and broad-shouldered man before her was so entirely novel to Judith that she almost smiled incredulously. That temptation conquered, she, woman-like, began to feel pity for him and curiosity about him. But she kept these feelings well in hand, resolved to make no more mistakes which could result in humiliation.

"I have no intention to be unkind," she answered gently, and a little humbly, "and I do not reject a friendship that is sincerely offered. But how am I to understand words that do not correspond with acts; or how can it affect us in any way, when in all probability we shall never meet again?"

"God knows!" returned Mr. Shultz, more gloomily than ever she had known him to speak. "One thing I came to say: If it shall happen that you fall into any trouble on your journey, or after, that I can relieve, or if there is anything you wish, it is only for you to write to me here, and the letter will be forwarded to me, wherever I am. You will promise me this?"

Still Judith hesitated. There was something too vague about Mr. Shultz's explanations and demands for her to commit her faith to them. He saw the doubt in her eyes and replied to it.

"Let me beg you to promise this. You do not know how important it might be to me to get news from you. I ask it as a favor to myself."

"I promise," said Judith, yet not very earnestly, "since you wish it."

"You will not forget?" he said; "and now good-bye," holding out both hands as if to clasp hers.

"Good-bye," returned Judith, without allowing him to touch her hands, yet with the tell-tale color flushing to her face, and a tell-tale moisture in her eyes.

"She does not trust me," he said. "It is hopeless. But where is my Katie? I must say good-bye to her."

On being called the child came down from the attic where she was having a delightful rummage among the odds and ends of things so fascinating to childhood, and seeing her friend ran straight to him. Mr. Shultz sat down on a box and lifted her to his knee, Katie going through the usual formula of paying for what she found in his pockets.

"To-day thou must give me more kisses than ever before, because to-morrow thou art going to leave me, and some are for good-bye;" then holding the child to his breast he fondled her as if she had been his own. "Now thou will give me the last kisses—one for thyself and two for thy sister. Good-bye, *mein* Katie. Good-bye, Judith—beautiful and dear."

Thus departing, Mr. Shultz left the mystery of his conduct unexplained, and Judith's trouble was certainly not lessened by the intervention of some wild and formless hopes, or rather ghosts of hopes, between her and despair.

"O, Carl! Carl!" whispered the tempest-tossed girl, "*could* I have escaped this horrible fate that is before me and lived through life with you, a happy and honored woman? What is it but *my fate* that comes between us, and that I cannot escape?"

Casting a glance around upon all the evident signs of destiny, Judith sank upon her knees beside the half-filled chest and gave way to vehement weeping. Seeing her sister crying, Katie came and nestled into her arms with childish words of comfort, while Judith kissed her passionately, remembering whose lips had touched hers so lately, and blushing in the midst of her tears to own that she coveted those signs of love. "For we do love him dearly, dearly, don't we, honey!"

In the midst of this sad embrace Jack Miles interrupted them. He had been drinking some farewell cups with his neighbors, and was not in a sympathizing mood.

"Air ye a-cryin' an' a-mournin' to leave this yer God-fursaken ranch?" he quickly inquired. "Ye've got no more speerit nor ter stay hyar 'till the ddrnation railroads an' Yankees an' Dutchmen an' Chinamen stomp ye in the ground! Waal, sech as *yew* mout live 'mong the d—d 'ristocrats an' Chinamen, ef I'd 'low it; but blame me ef I will! The sooner ye'uns gits shet ov 'em the better. 'Tain't no place fur honest men nor honest wimmin no more. Katie, quit yer cryin'. Jude, yew 'tend to yer bizness. The boys 'ill start on tonight with the stock, an' the wagon's got ter foller right sharp in the mornin'."

With this parting objurgation of the country that was too civilized for him, Jack Miles proceeded to assist his daughter in the final adjustment of their mutual possessions in the wagon. This labor completed, they had one night more of shelter beneath a roof—the only one they were to enjoy of home, for—who could say how long?

On the following morning a covered wagon drawn by four mules might have been observed by the curious, moving slowly along the road leading southward across the Spedden estate. It contained the household goods of the Miles family, with little Katie seated in front beside her father, well pleased to have begun a series of daily journeyings in that—to her—novel and delightful manner. A little in advance proceeded Judith, well-mounted, and riding with careless ease. In the rear followed a little herd of loose animals, riding-horses and two cows. The main herd were several hours in advance—a pleasant arrangement on account of the dust. And so the die was cast; and so men go wilfully "into the jaws of death, into the mouth of hell," dragging their unresist ones with them.

The huge sun-bonnet which Judith had prepared for the protection of her complexion hid, on this morning, a face disfigured with weeping—the last unrestrained tribute of tears upon the altar of home, love and hope. Must we not pity Judith Miles? With her youth, her passionate heart, her imperfect mental and moral training, yet with those generous gifts from the bountiful mother Nature, whose possession, in her circumstances, made them more of a curse than a blessing.

If we could have imagined some other conditions for this journey than those already described, it could not be found in our heart to pity any one participating in it. That portion of California through which the trail leads the traveler furnishes at once a charming climate and scenery unsurpassed for beauty or grandeur. Nor was the season Miles had chosen unfavorable, provided the rains did not come so heavily as to render the streams impassible.

The southern end of the San Joaquin valley, the Kern river, the Tejon Pass, leading by a narrow defile between the Sierras and Coast Range into the lovely Los Angelos country, the San Bernardino plains and mountains, all, up to the Colorado river, is a continuous panorama of alternating easy grace and stupendous grandeur. In such a journey is entertainment, health and mental growth. The traveler who can live for weeks among scenes like these, in an atmosphere like this, which infuses fresh life into blood and brain, without having learned anything that will make him broader in his judgement, or nobler in his aspirations, is but a poor senseless clod whom no process of education could elevate or purify. The gifted and accomplished Theodore Winthrop felt this when he testified that in the presence of mighty Nature the conventionalities of society became contemptible, and man was lifted out of himself to learn and acknowledge hitherto unfelt capacities for growth. The broader civilization of the West, whose pioneers lived for years in saddle, canoe and tent, confirm the belief in these influences that are like healthy young blood in exhausted veins.

To those healing, strengthening and softening influences we commit our heroine.

[To be continued.]

Douglas Jerold's "spittoons for two," though a very good joke, has been thrown into the shade by an eminent professor in one of our colleges, who recently remarked to the senior class that, if it was necessary for them to spit so much, he wished they would bring spittoons to the recitation room. Accordingly, at the next recitation, in marched the sedate seniors, each bearing a spittoon, which, as they sat down, were deposited at their feet. The professor, not in the least discontented, very patiently conducted them through the lesson, and at its close said: "I am very glad, gentlemen, to see that you are so attentive to my wishes; and as there is some danger of your spittoons being broken or lost between recitations, you may carry them to your rooms at such times—bringing them with you when you come here to recite again!" It is needless to remark that the members of the class saw that the point of the joke was decidedly in favor of him of the spectacles and lore.

Daisy's Mission.

Hell-Roaring Bar was neither a pretty nor euphonious name, nor a reverential one; but, considering the character of its dwellers, it was an exceedingly fitting one for the locality that bore it. A six month's residence there convinced me so thoroughly of this fact that I could not conscientiously have changed a single letter of the name, even had I possessed the power to do so. Not that it savored of sulphurous odors; not that the roarings of its apparent patron saint were ever heard echoing among the cañons that encompassed it; but for sinfulness, and wickedness, and riotous debauchery, it was peerless among all the mining camps I had ever visited in California.

I was sent there in the summer of 1853, by a San Francisco firm, to close out a business that was drifting into involuntary bankruptcy, and a long dusty ride found me there early in June of that year. A view of the camp from the mountain had not impressed me favorably with it, and a nearer acquaintance only confirmed that first impression; but, like a half-reluctant bridegroom, I had resolved to take it for "better or worse," with but slight hope, however, that it would prove any better than it looked.

"Hello! deacon. What do *you* want in Hell-Roarin'? Preachers don't stand much show in these diggins. You ain't wanted; better git!"

This was my greeting. I had just alighted from my mule, tired and out of humor, and felt half-inclined to resent the brusque, unmannerly salutation, but did not. It was not a consciousness of the truth that quieted me, for my appearance was certainly slightly clerical. True, I had a perfect right to differ in opinion with the speaker, for of a verity this was just the place where preachers were wanted, and just the place they should stay; but, making no professions of godliness, I held my tongue for a moment. I looked up; a brawny and powerful figure confronted me, and I prudently held my temper. I replied blandly that I expected to remain there awhile, and suggested with all meekness, that appearances were sometimes deceitful. Soon the Bar was agrog with curiosity, and a crowd gathered. And such a crowd! Great broad-shouldered fellows, dirty and unshaved, deeply marked with chronic dissipation, whose every second word was an oath; striplings whose tongues were volubly impudent and early trained to blasphemy in imitation of their elders, gathered around, while I unsaddled my mule in so awkard a manner as to excite derision.

These people weighed everything, like their gold-dust, in their own scales, and, measured by their standard, I was regarded as a worthless impostor. I had "store clothes" on, and this fact alone was too much for the fixed conventionalism of the Bar. Buckskin and gray flannel assumed a dignity in early times among the "honest miners" more unyielding, more exacting, than purple and fine linen. My "boiled shirt" was considerd an infraction, and therefore the Bar was affronted. "Deacon" was echoed from mouth to mouth. Bets were offered and freely taken that I was a psalm-singer; a gambler, with a "dead thing," or "waxed keerds;" a lawyer; a doctor; anything but a horse-jockey, or a gentleman. Although nettled with the uncourteous reception, I could not afford to fall out with my new neighbors. Beating my dusty hat against my knee with a well-assumed swagger, I turned quietly, and asked if the Bar was dry? And the Bar *was* dry!

With a whoop, the crowd adjourned to the saloon—a rickety, clap board institution, furnished with a few stools and rough tables—and the Bar drank—first with myself; then with Joe Miles, the proprietor; then with the bluff individual who had first accosted me. Pressing through the crowd, he held out his big, rough hand, and taking mine, he led me forward with something of a triumphant air.

"Boys," he said, "I take it all back. This is my old skipper; came out with him from Boston in '46. He ain't no preacher—he spends his money like a man, and don't whine. Anyone that don't like him can call on Bill Thorp. That's me, boys! Let's take suthin'."

Finding that things had taken an unexpected turn, I immediately took advantage of the new situation. Thorp stood sponsor for me, and his emphatic assurance of my unpreacher-like character and proper disregard of the value of money put the Bar in a good humor; so I explained my business, and hoped to deserve well of the boys. And I won the friendsip of these people; not by pandering to their tastes or falling into their practices, but by minding my own business. While abstaining from rubbing against their prejudices, and scrupulously avoiding all interference with their pleasures, I sympathized with them in all their little troubles, and they respected me. The Bar, by day, did not seem to be a very bad or boisterous place; in working hours it indulged in a feverish rest. But it was by night that it shone in full glory of its appropriate name. Then it was that the vampires that sucked the blood of honest labor came forth. Short-card men, poker-sharps, monte-dealers, faro-dealers, and others of the fraternity, sneaked out to pray on the earnings of the day, and the Bar ran riot. It was then that great strong fellows, who were wearing out their lives in a daily conflict with nature—tearing open the mountains and wrestling with the streams—that others might wear the gold they won, would gather round the gaming-tables, to "try their luck"—and this thing called "luck" in the early days was a strange thing. Existing on the superstition that is found in the composition of every man, in a greater or less degree, it was a phantom that haunted all classes, and entered into all human calculations. Luck shamed reason and set at naught all mathematical certainties, and forgetting that a man's luck was much of his own making, it was followed with a persistent fatality that led the feet of too many into bad and dangerous places. It was the scapegoat for all sins and shortcomings. It was the rock upon which were built the golden castles of the hopeful future; the shifting sand that carried away with it the unfruitful and disastrous past; the harvest whose sheaves of promise often yielded only bitterness and disappointment. In these tilts with fortune the Bar drank deep. If it was dry by day, it was unquenchable by night. If luck was with the boys, they drank, and dallied with it; if against them, they drank still deeper, and cursed it.

Altogether, the Bar was a wild and abandoned place; but attrition with these people taught me that there are solvents for even crystallized wickedness—that there is no cloud so dark as to be without a single streak of silver, no nature so rugged as to be impenetrable, or beyond the reach of humanizing influences.

I had been domesticated in my new home about a month, when a circumstance took place which seemed to change entirely the whole routine of Hell-Roaring. There was an arrival one morning, and the Bar throbbed with a new sensation; a quiet, unassuming lady—a Mrs. Hampton—and her little daughter, who sought rest and health in the mountains. Mrs. Hampton was widowed, but no one inquired into her history. She was welcomed as a new and strange element among so much wild, reckless life, that brought back memories of mother, or sister, or sweetheart far away, and the Bar was pleased. The boys christened the little daughter "Daisy," and she was well named. From this day a marked change took place. Everyone desired to be well thought of by the new-comers; dress became an object of solicitude; drunken yells rending the quiet night were less frequent; spirit of evil seemed to be quelled, and the Bar was on its good behavior.

Little Daisy was everywhere as a ministering angel. If there was a sick-bed in camp, Daisy was beside it with the little luxuries that the land of woman only knows how to prepare. If a poor fellow was about to "pan out" his few last sands of life, Daisy was there, to wet the parched lips, to fill the poor, neglected heart with hope, or to write the last message to loved ones over and beyond the plains. Quiet and unobtrusive Daisy moved about in her ministrations. As she passed the saloon on her errands of mercy—her brown hair neatly folded over the pale forehead, her little basket of "goodies" on her arm, and a word and a smile for every one—oaths half uttered would be choked back, and rough and brutal jests shrunk unspoken, as if ashamed in her presence. Even Oregon Sis—to whom a blush was a stranger—would hang her head silently when Daisy was near, and her eyes would swell—perhaps, poor thing! with looking back to the old days among the apple-blossoms, when she, too, was pure and innocent—at least, I thought so. Somehow, the Bar was not so dry as formerly; and Joe Miles, its ruling spirit, neglected his business, and said he was sick of whisky-selling. He laid aside a six-shooter, that, reports said, had served him only too well on more than one occasion, with the remark "that the Bar was so quiet now, it wan't no use to carry it." Joe was very particular now as to his personal appearance, dressing in the once despised "store clothes," and took to solitary rambling about the neighborhood. It was noticed if Daisy had occasion to pass along the dangerous trail through the cañon, Joe was there with his strong hand to guide her. If she crossed the foot-log over the turbulent stream, a sturdy arm was generally there to support her, and more than once Joe was found in earnest conversation with her, or reading the books with which she supplied him. Joe finally sold out the saloon, and invested in a mining claim, which he was industriously working when I closed out my business and left the neighborhood.

I visited the Bar once again. Down the wild Sierra, by the same tortuous and rugged trail that I had traversed nearly two years before; winding among the same lonely pines, rich in fragrance and standing like sentinels in the mountain passes; through the same groves of laurel and manzanito, glistening like waves of emerald and silver in the noonday sun, full-blossomed and wondrous in their beauty, I approached the Bar. The place seemed changed. A few little white cottages peeped out from among the rich oak foliage, spots of ground were under cultivation, and the hand of industry had been busy. The clap-boarded saloon stood in the same old place just as I first had seen it, but its dilapidated condition showed that the institution was poorly patronized. A crowd had gathered near it—not such a crowd as in olden time, but a sober and quiet one. Everyone looked anxious to tell me something, but no one spoke till I found my old friend Thorp. Taking my hand kindly, he led me aside, and for a moment was silent. "Well, Cap," he said earnestly, "things is rough on the Bar; they ain't like they was when you left. She's gone—that's Daisy—and things ain't gone right for some o' the boys ever since. Yes, Cap, it *is* mighty rough!"

I asked where Daisy had removed to.

"O, no, Cap, you don't understand. The old woman, she went back to Sacramento—broken-hearted, they said; but Daisy, she's gone; called for, taken up among the stars where she belonged. We miss Daisy, Cap. She got round some o' the boys, and she made them promise to knock off their grog; I hain't touched it since, and I've saved a little. If she'd only stayed, this thing wouldn't 'a' happened." "You see, Cap," he continued, "here's how it was: One o' the boys got badly hurt in his drift across the creek, and one morning Daisy started over to take him somethin', and it was a-runnin' bank full, and the log was slippery, and—well, we found Daisy a mile below, with her brown hair all tangled among the willows, and her blue eyes kind o' pleading for help; and we brought her back—poor thing! There wasn't a single drink taken on the Bar that day, Cap; it seemed to go agin' the boys. And Oregon Sis—her that we all thought so bad—she combed out the tangled hair, and she knelt down and kissed Daisy, and went two miles a-foot up the meadows and got flowers and put them in the little blue hands, and—that's where we laid her, Cap—up there, where you see them with pickets."

For some time the poor fellow could say no-more, but sat with his face buried in his hands.

"And Joe?" I asked.

"Hush," he said, pointing to the saloon, "Joe's in there; his sand's about panned down—shot, night afore last, in a row. Joe's a-passin' in his checks, sure! You see Joe went to the bad. He sat by the old foot-log, melancholy-like, and wandered up and down the creek, and no one could do anything with him, and he took to drink again; and the cussed temper came back, and he got to quarrelin' with everybody. Night afore last, he got in a row with Portegee John, in a poker game; they both drawed, but John was too quick for him, and Joe's bad hurt. The doctor says he ain't got no livin' show. Maybe you would like to see him, Cap."

We went together into the room where the wounded man lay. The broken windows were darkened with blankets, and on a rough pallet we found the poor fellow, breathing heavily, and two of the boys fanning him tenderly as a mother would have done. The ashy face and heavy drops of sweat that gathered on the forehead, told the unspeakable agony of the sufferer, and showed that, sure enough, Joe's sand was nearly run out, and he beyond all human leechcraft. We had not meant to disturb him, but his ear, quickened by pain, caught our stealthy footsteps, and, turning round, he recognized me.

"O," Cap," he said, "you have come at last. I knew she would send some one to talk to me, as she used to—to tell me about that blessed land where Christ lives—Him that she just made me understand a little, when she left us. And pray for me, Cap, and ask Daisy to forgive me for letting the devil come back, and for forgettin' all that she taught me. She told me, if I would only believe all she said, that I would go to a glorious land that was way beyond the stars. She's gone there, Cap, and I believe every word of it now. Oh, can you pray? She taught me, but I've most forgot how."

If ever I felt like praying, it was then. If ever I felt able to ask forgiveness for a poor, wayward, shattered soul, trembling on the brink of the Unknown, about to be weighed in the balance of the Eternal, it was at that moment. Soon there was silence unbroken, save by a few smothered sobs among the bystanders; but a quiet, peaceful light rested on poor Joe's face. "Come close," he said in a low tone; "I feel better, now; I know that I am goin' to where she is, and somehow I don't feel so much pain. Tell the boys to lay me beside her; there's room enough, and then I can find the way to where she is. And, Cap," he whispered as he reached his hand under the pillow and drew out two pictures, "put these on my heart, they belong there; poor old mother and her—the only two who ever knew how to reach it. Write to mother how it was, and that if I did forget her, I never will again. When I'm gone whisper to Daisy that I believed it all, every word of it; that I found the road at last, and am comin'. Yes, Cap, I'm goin' to Da....."

Poor Joe! the blessed seed of light sown by the little Daisy had taken root at last, and an unruly and turbulent spirit was at rest forever and forevermore.—*Overland Monthly for December.*

The Baby's Bed.

The baby should never be allowed to sleep in the bed between the parents. Several good objections must occur to every one. I need name but one. It must, when thus placed, constantly enhale the poisonous emanations from the bodies of the two adults. It should sleep in a crib by the side of its mother's bed. The best bed for all seasons of the year is one of oat-straw. The straw should be changed and the tick washed as often as once in two weeks. This gives little trouble, and involves little or no expense, while the perfect cleanliness and sweetness contribute not a little to the health. During the cold season a woolen blanket should be spread over the straw bed to increase the warmth. For covering of the little sleeper woolen blankets should be used, and all these blankets should be frequently washed.

Does he kick off the bed-clothes? Then fasten them to the sides of the crib with tapes or little knobs. The little chap may then kick ever so obstinately; he can't uncover himself.

The pillows should be straw! I forgot to speak of this in connection with the bed. The proximate, if not the original cause of a large proportion of deaths among American babies is some malady of the brain. When we suppose the death to result from dysentery or cholera infantum, the immediate cause of the death is an affection of the brain supervening upon the bowel disease. The heads of American babies are, for the most part, little furnaces! What mischief must come from keeping them buried twenty hours out of twenty-four in feather pillows! It makes me shiver to think of the number of deaths among these precious little ones which I have myself seen, where I had no doubt that cool straw pillows would have saved them.

The hair pillow is inferior to straw, because it cannot, like straw, be made perfectly clean and fresh by frequent change. *Do not fail to keep their little heads cool.—Dio Lewis in To-Day.*

AT HIS OLD TRICKS.—An American lady was recently shown through Newgate. On coming to the alley in which executed criminals are buried, the lady—who is a good Quaker—shuddered at that and the warden said:—

"You will notice here that ours is a great improvement over the American plan. In America they give the bodies of executed criminals to their friends, who, as likely as not, make a hero of him, and bury him with pomp. But these scoundrels dread being buried away in this alley, almost as much as they dread the gallows. This is a chief part of their punishment."

The lady having suggested that execution was quite enough, the warden replied: "Not a bit of it. I was showing our place the other day to a remarkably intelligent American who admired our arrangements exceedingly, only he thought we were to lenient. That gentleman said that the great mistake in America was leniency. 'Would you believe it,' said he, 'we caught a rascal in America the other day, whom we ought immediately to have burned, and we hung him. But we are coming to our senses, and we are now making arrangements to burn certain men for whom the gallows is too good.'"

"Will thee be good enough to tell me the name of the American gentleman who made the remark to thee?" asked the Quakeress.

"Ah! yes," said the warder, reflectively; "let me see—it was a Mr. Mark Twain!"

The lady gave a smile of relief and went off.

Two of the best conundrums we have ever heard were perpetrated the other day in a social circle of gentlemen, one of whom had a very bald head. One gentleman asked:

"Why is Mr. ——'s head like Alaska?" All gave it up.

"Because it is a great white bear place." Hardly had the laugh subsided when another asked:

"Why is his head like heaven?"

This was worse to get at than the other, and the answer came:

"Because there is no dying or parting there!"

Tight Dresses.

"Oh, I should die; why, I am so weak I can't hold myself up when I loosen or take off my corsets," said a young married woman to us. So you think you could improve upon God's plan of constructing the trunk of the body? He curiously adjusted and balanced the machinery of life inside of a framework of bones—some of them firm, others flexible—all clothed with flesh containing veins, arteries and nerves. Even the covering we call the skin is more delicate and beautiful in its structure than satin or silk. But God's wisdom is nothing to you? Oh, no! you know best, of course! and therefore attempt to improve upon His plan by putting ribs of bone and steel on the outside of this delicate network of pulsing veins, throbbing arteries and flashing nerves.

Do you not remember how the Chinese woman swathes, and wraps, and binds up the feet of her daughter until she is comparatively crippled, and, in our eyes, painfully deformed?

Systematic compression of the foot or arm will not destroy life, but cripples the arm or foot. The vital functions of life are carried on in the trunk of the body. The lungs, liver, heart and stomach are vital organs. When their vigor is impaired we are sick or ailing; when the functions of one or more of these organs cease, we die. Compression of these is destructive of life, just in the ratio that it impairs the vigor of these vital organs.

You do not breathe naturally in a corset or tight waist. In natural respiration the diaphragm contracts at every inspiration, and forces the liver, stomach and bowels downward and outward—this outward motion, and the vigor and tone it gives to outside muscles, you have, in a large degree, for years prevented; hence, when released from steel ribs, your stomach feels weak. At each expiration, or outward breath, the diaphragm relaxes, and the abdominal muscles contract, forcing these organs back to their former position; thus keeping these vital organs in constant and perpetual motion. This, dear, little, thoughtless woman, is the reason you are weak. This is the way and why you have torpid liver and sallow skin. This is the reason you are debilitated, and don't know what to do with yourself.

Motion and room to breathe in are necessary to good digestion. You have gradually compressed the size of your waist, and pressed these vital organs back, until they are weak and flaccid—torpid. You are only a burlesque on a healthy woman, who runs over with energy, and cheerfulness, and health.

Repent—prove yourself by your works—burn up your corsets. Of firm drilling make short, loose fitting waists, high in the neck, short on the shoulder, with long sleeves. Place a large button every three inches around the bottom of the waist, and hang every skirt and pair of drawers to this waist. Do not allow anything to be tight enough to make a crease, or print in the flesh. You will very soon regain vigor and bloom.—*Journal of Health.*

THE MAN WHO MARRIES SENATOR THURMAN'S DAGUHTER.—There is Dick McCormick, whom they say Miss Thurman, the Senator's daughter, is to marry this winter, just turned forty-one, fresh in the face, straight of figure, gentle and winning in his address. He is yet able to get every two years the suffrages of the roughest miners among the Apaches, who make the *sine qua non* that he shall travel two thousand miles by stage annually to let them see him. A few years ago, as he was returning in this way across the desert, the stage driver, drawing his long whip-lash suddenly back to reach the leading horses, struck Mr. McCormick in one of the most liquid black eyes you ever saw, and with the pain he fainted. The desert alkali, glistening in the burning sun, so irritated the orb in the part of the journey remaining, that a long and dangerous illness followed in darkened rooms, and, when the young delegate reappeared, his hair was gray and one of the eyes which looked at gladdened friendship bore a slight resemblance to the Right Eye of the Commander's in Bret Harte's story of that name. At this period Richard—foreign traveler, editor, Washington correspondent—found favor in a pair of good eyes as bright as his own, and we shall soon have a contradiction of the adage that marriages are not made in—Washington.

Invention is not entirely confined to the Chinese. A Brookfield lady has had a goose pleasantly engaged on several eggs. It is a well established tradition that a goose will not remain contented on a nest unless there is a gander in sight. It is a beautiful illustration of the confiding and lovable dependence of the sex. About the time the setting was half over, the gander in this case died. Here was a dilemma. The eggs were not far enough gone to make good goslings, and yet rather too far to make palatable omelettes. She was not able to borrow a gander, and so she resorted to artifice. She took a looking-glass and placed it in front of the nest so the goose was able to see its own reflection, and being nothing but a goose, the sitting continued, and in course of time eight fatherless goslings mournfully entered Brookfield. This is not a subtile argument in favor of woman's rights, but a simple statement of an honest fact.—*Danbury News.*

The sleeping woman of Tennesse, sometimes known as the "Sleeping Beauty," recently died at the age of thirty-one. It is alleged that for twenty-four years she has slept most of the time, waking, however, frequently, and remaining awake a few minutes. Just after falling asleep she always seemed to be convulsed with pain, but when awake talked pleasantly and intelligently. Her case has excited great interest, and given rise to much investigation and discussion among scientific men. Some physicians believe that the affliction was merely a feigned one. It is said that the commencement of the difficulty was a series of chills; but whether the subsequent sleeping state was caused by the chills or by the medicine she took at that time, is a disputed point.

"My dearest uncle," says a humorous writer, "was the most polite man in the world. He was making a voyage on the Danube and the boat sunk. My uncle was on the point of drowning. He got his head above the water for once, took off his hat and said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, will you please excuse me?' and down he went."