HOME," ETC., ETC., ETC. (Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1839, by Mrs. A. J. Duniway, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington City.)

Written in 1866 and first published by S. J. Mc Cormick in book form in 1860.

Very nearly twenty years ago the auti the following story, having always lived upon a farm, and being wholly ignorant of all practical knowledge of the literary world, her associations confined to the liliterate and struggling pioneers of the land of her adoption, conceived the idea of entering in some way the world's arena of letters. Being possessed of fertile imagination, invested educations. , and having encountered many perioness "which made her tired and her time," Mrs. Duniway compiled and indeed all the Important incidents thereof, being founded upon facts, so grouped as to form a connected story. She has been induced to re-publish the work in these columns, partly use of a desire to revise and correct the nal work of both herself and the publisher y because so often urged to do so by

To the Pioneers of Oregon, and to all friend of the great Northwest who desire to awake tory in the minds of the thousands of dwellers in the frigid climsic of Eastern winters and the torrid temperature of Eastern summers, this revised relic of the reminiscences of her youth is respectfully dedicated, by

> CHAPTER X. ADA'S DREAM

Mr. Manefield had proceeded steadily on with but few delays from accident sickness, every day widening the dis-tance between himself and Captain Gray's Company. On the evening of the third of September he encamped on an elevated table land, in a dense pine forest of the Blue Mountains. Mountain fever had usurped the rights of the cholers, and was laying many low, bough the disease was not so generally fatal as the early pestilence had been. Mrs. Mansfield had been for several

days complaining of giddiness and slight lever, but the symptoms, she thought were not a larming.

After Ada had completed the necessary evening work, she strolled away into the dark pine forest, took a seat upon the smooth, round surface of a fallen trunk, that time had long before stripped of its bark, and looked toward the dark tree-tops, with an expression of chastened sadness.

Shadows darkened in the mountain through the swaying pines, and a soli-tary raven croaked forth its ominous from a bough directly over her loud calls to cattle, and the echees of cracking whip-lashes, added wildness to

A deep sigh from the hidden caverns of her spirit arose upon the air; and she thought that when it reached the treetops they caught up the sound, pas watch word to the neighboring pince, and with one accord they joined in banting the lamentations to which she copt up this ceaseless sighing, sighing. She leaned against a standing tree that served as a back to the seat she had

"I am weary-heart-sick. Jesus, prosect the loved and absent !"

She sleeps. Her dormant inward na ture, that saw so little light during the dark, day-cloud of suffering, such hid-den angulah of spirit, as the tried only can imagine, is now unveiled, and what

Day after day the dark pine fo pering unearthly blokerings into her lain here almost a week." inking soul. Death, on his pale horse, is riding past her, slaying to the right and left, with an awful scourge. He comes close to her; breathes a foul breath of sickening odor into her very postrile. A ferce battle ensues. She is denost overpowered by a grim archlend, who is about to strike a killing blow. She gaspe, she pants, she strugglee.

"Hark !" Upon the mouning air, while the grim er is yet striving at his deadly work, a welcome sound is coming. And the swaying pines join in a song of re-

The rearing winds strike a different key. Wild exclusions of delight,

meetings, embraces, tears. Silence reigns a moment, and this time the grand old trees break forth, chanting a

An angel form bends over her. "Sleep, maiden, aloep ! For the time is coming when thy powers of body and spirit will be overtaxed in ways thou ost not now imagine !"

The New Northwest.

PREE SPERCH, PREE PRESS, PREE PROPI.

VOLUME IV.

A still, calm peace within her soul, which for months she has not known or

felt, overpowers ber. She smiles. Raffled phantoms van-ish, and a strong arm and steady hand support her exhausted frame. "Miss Mansfield! Ada! Sure, yer

father's nearly seared to death about ye, an' yer mother's well nigh dead ! Wake up! Let's go to camp, if ye want to see

"O. Pat! I have had such an awful

dream !" twisted half off yer body, an' yer arms throwed back, as if ye meant this sleep

"Did you say ma was sick ?" "Sick ain't the word, ma'am. Yer na's well nigh dead for the fright o'

"Let's go to camp, Pat; I didn't in. you be happy."

Mrs. Welden desired admission. Her

"It's past midnight, and we've een a-snorin' an' dreamin' yerself into a fit o' delirium an' the Virgin knows and the resigned, though sorrowful, what all. Whoop! Whoor! Hun-features of the bereaved widow amote her with anguish.

"Wby Pat! are you crazy?" "Divil the bit o' crazy am I. Su an' we was to give this signal if ye were ound; an' I've done me best."

A cheerful shout was heard in an to O'Donaldson's wild whoop, as he guided Ada through the darkness to the

"O, ma ?" The thought of her dreadful dream like an awful foreboding of coming sor-row, darted through her soul.

Mrs. Manefield had joined for hours in the frantic search. When she saw that Ada was safe, the reaction of hidden disease overcame her, and she sank powerless to the ground

Four days passed away and Mrs. Mansfield had given no sign of returning esson. At intervals she would break forth in incoherent sentences, and what Ada could glean from these outbursts of her mother's hidden being would agitate her severely.

Her mother, since the separation of themselves from their company, had not been happy. She felt that she had wronged her daughter, and conscience ad given ber no peace.

sees had dawned. Her husband and ity had devised for the benefit of the sufferer. She opened her eyes and cast a steady, rational glance at her daughter.

"Do you know me, ma?" "Yes, dear."

"Are you suffering much?"

"My soul is indeed sorrowfu.!, ever anto death, but I suffer no bodily pain. Do you know what my trouble is and

Ada could not reply. She had gathered enough from her mother's incoherent ravings to know what was the trouble, but when she would have spoken, ber tongue refused to articulate.

Mrs. Mansfield gave one hand to her daughter. Her husband grasped the the other and pressed it to his lips, while had become accustomed. Still she sat the other and pressed it to his lips, while and mused, and still the tall old pines the scalding tears fell upon the attenuated hand.

> "Ada, can you forgive me for the suffering I have caused you? If you knew the interest and sorrow with which I have marked your saddened countenance, you surely would be willing to pardon my unkind disregard of your afetions. Bring me your journal, dear. Here, darling, I have read the secret emotions of your wrestling spirit in these pages, which you thought were for no eye but yours. I would have talked but you were gone, I knew not where."

"Not last evening, Jane. You have "Have I ?"

Her voice was failing, but she nerved herself to unburden her troubled mind. "Time is short with me. Promise me,

Henry, that if Ada and Maurice live to meet again, you will not oppose their union when I am gone." "Certainly, dear, I'll promise, if you

ceire it; but I cannot give you up." "Yet you and I would have separa than ours ever have, because they have us make restitution and I will die in

father started, and a look expressive of baffled ambition, which he could not suppress, crossed his features for a mo-

him to come here, for I must see him." Maurice was already at the door of the

"Maurice !"

PORTLAND, OREGON, FRIDAY, JULY 98, 1875.

fore the phantom, whose bisses madden did not think it possible that it could be "I am yet alive, as you see; but O, upwards. Her request was made known and a blush, as he answered her look Maurice, to think we should meet like to the minister, and without further with an ardent kiss, made her look spirthis!" she replied, as she pointed to her mother, who was too deeply moved to the lovers kneel and exchange the mar-

The invalid raised her eyes and gave

blood from her body and was sending what remained, at a fearful rate, through the burning arteries. He besitated. "Don't be afraid to speak your mind.

If I am past recovery, I, of all others, ought to know the truth." "To be candid with you, then, "I think it is impossible for you to get

She looked lovingly at the youthful pair, who were bending over her with such deep concern, took Ada's hand, placed it in Maurice's, and said, "May

pale, subdued expression struck the dya-huntin' ye an' shoutin' an' hollerin' ing woman with remorse. She knew enough to wake the dead; an' here ye've that they had done wrong in leaving been a-morin' an' dreamin' verself into

"Mrs. Welden, will you forgive us fo leaving you? We were influenced by none but selfish motives and don't deserve it; but I cannot die in peace without your pardon."

"I have nothing to forgive, Mrs. Mansfield; don't let such fancies trouble you. It was your privilege to go ahead, and I never blamed you for doing what you considered best."

When the last doubt was cleared way, the excitement which had nerved per relaxed, and the dying woman sank back upon the couch in a deep, tranquil

Mrs. Gray, Mrs. Green, Mrs. Sam Green, and Effie, next came to her side, out the sleeper was unconscious of their visit. Effic and Mrs. Welden embraced da and mingled their tears with hers. Excited as she was with different and onflicting emotious, Ada longed to be does," said Mrs. Gray. alone. She had not cared to visit the "Well, Mansfield's l'arnt somethis's scene of her strange dream since that that's a fact. If he'll not right hereaffeeling impelled her to seek the spot bim goin' with us."

upon the fallen tree. Flashes of alternate heat and cold burned and chilled life. She kept up until her mother

great sorrow! It is too much !"

that sought her?

blood faster to the maiden's heart. He baughty queen, in a gilded chamber, grave, and their own happiness in each gold, with maids of honor attending other. She lay in his arms, silently, as upon her most trivial wants, ever enif a delicious trance filled her soul. Her joyed more hallowed peace, or better father came toward them, and, as he looked upon the trusting, blushing face did this young wayfarer, as she dreamed of his daughter, who realized a joy which he had in years of business and The third morning after her marriage smote him with the remembrance of mountain gorges and more level table-the trouble he had caused her, when no lands had been safely passed, and the he had pursued.

were sitting, he took his daughter's Effic said, the bride of a few days. und.

"Will you forgive us, pa?" Ada asked.

awoke the ne xt morning with some ap-

the couch with an I nquiring look. Mr. Mausfield, Ada and Maurice all paid earnest attention to her attempts

Maurice's, as she had done the mo before, and made the in understandable wished to see them married.

Ada trembled with sorrow and agita tion and made no reply. She turned deadly pale and would have fallen, had forward and not Maurice caught her in his arms.

Mr. Marshall soon approached the dying thought could only emanate from her woman, who looked at him and pointed lips and eyes, rippled her pale features, time for thought or preparation, he bade

Maurice her hand. "Will I get well, the mother's brow, and the face as sumed the ghastly look of death.
"Must my bridal day be one of mourn-

ing ?" Ada asked. Mrs. Mansfield pressed her daughter's hand, smiled-a peaceful smile of Love and Hope-looked fondly at her bus-

band, and again the thin hand raised toward Heaven. "Would you like to have a fu ermon?" as Maurice, as he looked from eyes of his weeping bride. "Perhaps." he continued, "your ma would like to

give us a text of her own choice, as a

foundation for a sermon." "Blessed are the dead who die the Lord,' is one of her favorite funeral texts for suitable occasions. Ma. is this text your choice?"

Her mother smiled approvingly and closed her eyes. So peaceful was the transition from a mortal state to immortality, that for some moments none but Maurice knew that the spirit had

emigrants who had been passing, and a olemn and instructive discourse was listened to with marked decorum-a matter worth mentioning, when we consider that half of the congregation, at least, openly denounced all belief in the Christian religion. Mr. Marshall, who had no time to lose, as his family provisions were getting low, hurried on after service, and was not seen by the company again.

Captain Gray gave the mourners all the assistance in his power, though he confessed to his wife that if it had not been for Ada, Mansfield might have finished his journey alone.

"I think it ain't right to leave 'em, now they're in trouble; besides, Miss Welden'll have to leave if Maurice

able night; but now a strange ter, I guess I won't saymothin' against

For two days Ada's life was do The winds were sighing in the same of by her anxious friends and loving melancholy strain through the rustling bushand. The anguish, mixed with her pine boughs, when she again sat down sudden cup of joy, shook her healthy her agitated frame. The loud beating buried; and then, the tumultuous feelof her heart as it fluttered wildly against logs about the great attachment of her its prison walls, kept time to the rush- inner being having subsided, exciteing tumult of her conflicting thoughts. ment gave way, and she was left power!

What was it that told her who it was Maurice, in traveling hours, was compelled to remain at his post as ox-driver, "O, Maurice! To think that the joy while Ada remained in the carriage of our meeting must be damped by this with her father. The seats had been A strong arm encircled her waist, and rouche form of the carriage-bed had passionate kiss—the first the lovers been made level by an array of pillows, able to walk, came to her wagon, praised and indulged—sent the thrilling life-over which a mattress was laid. No the haby, and desired the privilege of spoke of hope, of happiness beyond the surrounded by hangings of crimson and

activity almost forgotten, his heart had dawned. The rough and perilous

had once more rolled around. Another thought troubled him. No Maurice, with the true devotion of wife when she was first attacked, and he forts to make his bride as comfortable could not banish the idea that if Mau- as their crude circumstances would al-rice had been there in time, he might low. As soon as he had attended to the pressing business of the evening, he went Advancing to where Maurice and Ada to the the carriage where lay in state, as halts, and asserted his right to be no-

"You feel better this evening, dee "Yes, Maurice. I believe I shall be able to cook pa's breakfast for him in

ttering one word that he meant to say, be turned and left the lovers alone.

"We had better return to camp, Maube fares well. You shall keep free from rice. Poor ma! If she could live, my care of any kind until the roses bloom cap of happiness would now be full." again upon your cheeks. My wife shall The invalid slept for many bours and have an opportunity to be a healthy woke the next morning with some appearance of convalencence. But alss:

pearance of convalencence. But alss:

pou'll have enough to do, without understanding the last flashes of her earthly dermining your constitution by toiling the last flashes of her earthly when you can hardly stand alone. You thinks I need?"

Ada's father had purchased and given though she said to herself, "If her, as a bridal present. His name designation when you can hardly stand alone. You said biage will emit just before it expires.

"O, ma! you i rok so much better this may take exercise anywhere but over the fire. I protest against your attempting to bend over the smoking over and boiling tea-kettles until you have objected, but her tongue was paralyzed. She can run two hundred yards with ease. But her tongue was paralyzed. She can run two hundred yards with ease. But was not "bis turn" to had halted but a short distance from the majors halted, she took the "piggin"—one her father had manufactured from its place in the wagons halted, she took the "piggin"—one her father had manufactured from its place in the wagon and proceeded to milk the cow. She thought sand between the fire. I protest against your attended from its place in the wagon and proceeded to milk the cow. She thought sand halted but a short distance from nothing. As it was not "bis turn" to had halted but a short distance from Captain Gray's Company, and Effic and may take exercise anywhere but over

with an ardent kiss, made her look spiritually beautiful.

"Life may not prove all sunshine. There wi pome Park hours for all. But when the weary yes Of life's unfolding mysteries glide swift!

"I declare," said Mrs. Gray, "if Ady didn't git a man to take care o' her then I'm no judge of such things! If Sam was half as careful o' my Polly, I'd think she was in a streak o' luck when she got him. Though he's good as most of the men, if he does expect her to carry the water and dig a place to fix the fire, while be's a-loungin' under the wagon a-smokiu' his pipe. Joseph Gray ain't no better. It's a blessed fine thing that we're able to stand it-that's some "It always looks to melike imposin' o

em as you like to have 'em do," said Mrs. Green. "I've seen more'n one man that the minute he come in would have to hold the children, or bring in water, or maybe go an' milk the cows. I wonder how any man of continon sense can stand it. Daddy wouldn't." "If Polly'll have to learn such lesson as that, I hope she won't live close to you when we're settled. It does very well for girls to do milkin', an' carry water, an' chop wood, and sick like, bekase it makes 'em bearty like. But when a woman has a family of children, an' always a baby to fret her life out, a man o'rt to be ashamed to let her do hard work. The way a feller begins is the way he'll be mighty apt to hold

out," said Mrs. Gray. "My boys was raised to see wor work, an' they'll have to do it, if they live with 'em," was Mrs. Green's reply. "I know one that I won't see work so hard much longer, if she is yer son's wife," retorted Mrs. Gray.

"She's got her head in the no she's can't help berself," retorted Mrs. Green, getting very much excited.

"Ob, if yer goin' to git buffy, I'll husb; but I'll see, after this, whose girl Polly " said Mrs. Gray.

"An' I'll see whose boy Sam the reply. Mrs. Gray would not agitate the mater, when she thought a quarrel was brewing, and she went to her work,

nuttering to herself, "If there ever was curse, a mother-in-law, over a girl Acr'n, there'd be different talk in that woman's mouth." Morning came, and Mrs. Sam Green

by its incessant equalling. The young mother smiled and blushed.

the baby, and desired the privilege of giving the "emigrant" a name. "Sam says we'll call him Toby, an' I guess it's settled," Polly said.

Everything passed off harmoniously, until Mrs. Sam's convalescence, when, as usual, Sam took no further notice of camp work. He had applied himself ties for a few days, that Mrs. Gray had about marrying at that age than you began to hope there would be no need of

her interference. the trouble he had caused her, when no lands had been safely passed, and the But now Toby was a week old, and other motive than false pride could possibly have been his excuse for the course the Umatilia River, for camping-time youthful mother had gained the ascendency over effects of recent suffering, so that she again began to assume the task of preparing food, and performing the not the least of which was minding the baby, who, though very good when the ticed by infantile vociferations that cerstentorian lungs of his Grandpa Gray.

an' carry water any more. He has to ty-one, you'll go into rhapsodies about drive oxen all day, an' he's had a pretty somebody with eyes almost white, and hard time of it for a week. I think it's nothin' more'n right for him to rest a laughing gaily at his boyish earnestwhile "

When the wagons halted, she took the and we'll see mere roay faces."

I will feel as well in a few days as hook and line to go fishing, not heeding the cries of the baby, whileh had been of rest."

No; she doesn't; but / do. She has enough of fatigue and anxiety through the day, without having to worry herwelf to death at camping hours to fix up estables for men folks. I do the inbortous part of the work and let her do the polishing."

nothing. As it was not "bis turn" to go off with the cattle, he prepared a captaln Gray's Company, and Effle and Ada decided upon a call at their camp. The young lady in question was an orphan girl about Effle sage. She had been adopted by a bachelor uncle, who was taking her with him to a new country.

"Herbert and Florence had both better blood was up she would carry her point or die.

"Sam Gray" where he was orphan girl about Effle and Ada decided upon a call at their camp. The young lady in question was an orphan girl about Effle sage. She had been adopted by a bachelor uncle, who was taking her with him to a new country.

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NUMBER 48.

took it for granted that his chores about him in his notions, and one great worry reply, but took 'the water-pail and stick as his daddy." started off, like an obedient boy. Polly Mrs. Gray had no trouble with San cries. Prolonged rest was certainly resolved to settle it. ecessary to completely restore ber

Catching cold was Mrs. Green's only dread, and Polly had not been permitted Sam and Polly alone? Polly ought to from her round face, and the yellow should fret about it do." escaped from the ample cap and hung in uncouth braids about her a long bit, myself, to see 'em pull hair,' boulders. The dark and numerous replied the Captain with a grin. s man, for a woman to put as much on freekles, somewhat bleached by the markably prominent about the nose and git mad an' go off-I'm sure I wouldn't in the white sea of her inexpressive fea- 'em again. I've talked to Sam about

won't help the matter much."

Mrs. Gray took no notice of her dis satisfaction. It was enough for her to young people. They might be jist ready know that her daughter could get rest to tear each others' eyes out, an' let you when it was needed, and Sam, like a dutiful son, did his best to oblige his both turn an' give us blizen for our

So Mrs. Green contented herself with side thrusts at Polly, who was so sensitive that, rather than have received the re of her husband's mother, she would have worked like a galley slave. But Mrs. Gray laid down rules and stood ready to defend her daughter when nec-

woman, ye'll live like a slave a few years, an' then die an' leave a raft o' children. Ye ain't stout, no way, like Mammy Green, an' it's no use a-talkin', ye can't stand it."

Thus the mothers-in-law, who were such firm friends in their life as peighbors, could not agree as relatives, and each learned to almost despise the other. Maurice and Ada watched the confliet with curiosity.

"Aren't you glad," said Herbert, "that that won't take her own part, is one, I you are away from kin folks, so that fair soon to surpass them. Nor is this to know. If Sam was mine and Polly you can do as you please? Here are be wondered at. A very few years ago, it was a rare sight to see a married womtwo women almost ready to pull hair wrappings, which the youthful father Mrs. Stanton, you have chosen a mate delighted in calling "Papa's boy," without that troublesome accompaniseemed determined to attract attention ment. When I marry, I am going to follow your example."

"A man who doesn't respect his moth as Ada, who now pronounced herself er-in-law can't love his wife," said Ada. "You talk as if you mean to marry before many days," laughed Maurice. "One would think the stakes were set, and you all ready for the fatal jump." "No, I'm not that far gone; but I saw a pair of black eyes, some raven curls, and a bewitching mouth the other day that set me to thinking about it. I will soon be sixteen years old, and you told

> ever did afterward." "But I wouldn't have owned it then. "And I will, you see ; that makes the

difference." "Where is your brunette beauty?" "In Captain Willard's Company." "Her name ?"

"You're very inquisitive, but as I be gan it, I guess I'll tell you. Florence Willard has caged my heart. Whether I have eaged here or not is, as yet, a matter of speculation. I didn't speak to ber; that is, not exactly; but I sent

Polly did as her mother-in-law re-quested, though she said to herself, "If Ada's father had purchased and given

"I won't dispute it, because you said

Regardless of what opposing parents rould do or say, he rushed forward and inspect the world have fallen, had deadly pale and would have fallen, had not liaurice caught her in his arms.

"There is a clergyman in a train just passing, and we can get him to perform the overheaping. I am certain I when the wan't able? Now, do ye jist passing, and we can get him to perform the ceremony, if you desire it," said her work and let her do the polithing."

"There is a clergyman in a train just passing, and we can get him to perform the ceremony, if you desire it," said her when the wan't able? Now, do ye jist when the wan't able? Now, do ye jist thought I saw your hame at the head the ceremony, if you desire it," said her work and let her do the polithing."

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"There is a clergyman in a train just passing, and we can get him to perform the ceremony, if you desire it," said her with the sellow girl, I didn't think ye'd let her work any one clee," anid Ada to ber husband.

"There is a clergyman in a train just passing, and we can get him to perform the ceremony, if you desire it," said ber when the wan't able? Now, do ye jist when the wan't able? Now, do ye jist the link ye'd let her work any one clee," anid Ada to ber husband.

"There is a clergyman in a train just when the wan't able? Now, do ye jist when the wan't able? Now, do ye jist the best if you up that fable were find so congenial a companion in the wan't able? Now, do ye jist when the wan't able? Now, do ye jist when the wan't able? Now, do ye jist the best if you up that fable were find so congenial a companion in the wan't able. The wan is the wan't able it wan in the wan't able. The wan is the wan't able to be the wan't able it wan in the wan't able. The

The New Horthwest.

A Journal for the People.

bevoted to the Interests of Humanity.

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

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

Sam was astonished. He had not injustice upon himself and family by meant to be unkind, but was thought- his determination to give offense to no When Polly went to milking, he one. His wife had little sympathy with camp were at an end. Poor fellow! of his nervous existence was that Sam. He had little idea of the trouble in store her eldest, in whom she had prided for those who set out to rear a family of more than all the other members of her fac-similes of themselves. He did not family, was what she called "as poor a

had almost given out in her exertions after the "ice was once broken" about over the milk-pall or piggin and was his duties as a husband and father, but glad to get into the wagon, when she the hostility between the two mothers soon succeeded in hushing the baby's became so marked that Daddy Green "Don't ye think, neighbor," he said to Captain Gray, "that it would be bet-

to doff her nightcap, for fear of such a know her own strength and business calamity. The color had all departed best, and I don't see why our women "Let 'em fight it out, Daddy. I'd give

ter for all of us if the women would let

"It worries me to see 'em quarrelin' week's lying in the shade, were still re- If it goes on this way, the young folks'll forehead, appearing as little dark spots blame 'em for it-an' we'd never see it, an' he says if Miss Gray won't med-"I never was used to seein' women die any more, he'll do his best to make waited on after the first week," said Polly comfortable. I don't b'lleve you'd Mrs. Green. "Polly's not over industri- like to see 'em go clear away from us ous, no-way, an' her mammy's advice any better an I would. I thought I'd speak to ye in time, for I do hate to have a fuss. There's no understandin' or me step up to part 'em, an' they'll

pains. I say, let young folks alone. The Captain related the conversation to his wife, who exclaimed, "Well, if thar'd a-been no meddiin' in the first place, I'd a-never said a word! But what does Miss Green do, but jest as Polly gits able to go alone, she must tell her that Sam's waited on her long enough, an' she must go to work like a nigger. I'll see Miss Green and make a bargain with her. If she don't walk the chalk, I'll find it out."

[To be continued.]

OLD MAIDS.—There was a time, says the Pail Mail Gazette, when "old maids" were looked upon with an eye of pity, if not contempt, and it was thought that marriage alone gave women any claim to consideration. Of late years, however, there has been a change of opinion in this represed and upwarded women in this represed and upwarded women. in this respect, and unmarried women not only rank as high in general estimation as their married sisters, but bid about their son and daughter, who if left to themselves would do well enough. When I marry, I am going to eschew The character of the British matron has The character of the British matron has, in fact, completely changed; instead of being grave and decorous, she has become a hopping, skipping creature, delighting every one by her grace and activity, but at the same time fosing in weight, moral as well as physical, what she gains in enjoyment. In the meantime the spinster is rapidly rising—scorning flirtation, she leaves vain pursuits to the wife and mother. The Emperor of China has set a good example peror of China has set a good example in the encouragement of spinsters. Ac-cording to a Shanghai Journal, he has just decreed that special honors be paid to two old maids, one of whom lately died after a life of devotion to the memory of her betrothed; while the other, who is still living, declined in her youthful days to make a most tempting match, on the ground that she could not leave me yourself that you thought more ber home. Some few old maids in England have an equal claim to recognition of their merits, and it would both elevate and appease them if they were in like manner rewarded.

How to Write for Newspapers.—As a general rule, short pieces are best liked. A gentieman in a bank once told us when we asked him to subscribe for a certain Quarterly Review:—"Read a Review! why I never read anything longer than a telegraphic dispatch. But I will take it and send it to my brother in the sensity, who is a minister." The pub-HOW TO WRITE FOR NEWSPAPERS. country, who is a minister." The pub-

balts, and asserted his right to be noticed by infantiie vociferations that certainly reflected no discredit upon the stentorian lungs of his Grandpa Gray.

"Polly," said Mrs. Green, "ye've been able to walk a half-mile to-day, an' I had the curls."

"I prophesy that when you are twenty-one, you'll go into rhapsodies about try-one, you'll go into rhapsodies about the oxen all day, an' he's had a pretty somebody with eyes almost white, and hard time of it for a week. I think it's more'n right for him to rest a while."

Polly did as her mother-in-law requested, though she said to herself, "If Ada's father had purchased and given the said to herself, "If the isn't beautiful. This introduces a second idea. An article to be printed should absolutely have something in it. If professed argument, it should be something conclusive; if pathetic, it should moisten the eyes; if an anecdote, it should go brief that is a constant to the said of attempting a popular manner, and succeeding only in being more familiar than a man ought to be at his own tangent of the said of attempting a popular manner, and succeeding only in being more familiar than a man ought to be at his own tangent of the said of attempting a popular manner, and succeeding only in being more familiar than a man ought to be at his own tangent is a should be something in it. If professed argument, it should be something in it. If professed argument, it should be something in it. If professed argument, it should be something in it. If professed argument, it should be something in it. If professed argument, it should be something in it. If professed argument, it should be something in it. If professed argument, it should be something in it. If professed argument, it should be something in it. If professed argument, it should be something in it. If professed argument, it should be something in it. If professed argument, it should be something in it. If professed argument, it should be something in it. If professed argument, it should be something in it. If profe ble or degenerating into slang, or being very childish. Its Charybdis yawns for those, who, shunning Scylla, are deterthose, who, shunning Scylla, are deter-mined to have free thought, pith, and value in their writing, and so become too learned, or profound, or imaginative, or philosophical, for any but scholars or highly cultivated people.

LITTLE COURTESIES.—The art of "living together" pleasurably is greatly promoted by the habitual exchanges of the little courtesies of this life; they are never unimportant, never unacceptable, are always grateful to the feeling in every household. Shall brothers and sisters be less careful of the feelings of one another than those of a stranger? And, between a husband and wife, should there be less effort at gentleness of deportment, at suavity of manner and courtesy of expression, than is extended to outsiders, who have no special claims and may never be seen again? Shame upon any member of any family who neglects those affectionate attentions and those suavities of deportment toward the members of the household, and even to the lowest servant; which cannot fall to LITTLE COURTESIES. - The art of "liv-