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The New Northwest.

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Alive to all Live Issues, and Thoroughly Radical in Opposing and Exposing the Wrongs of the Masses.

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

CAPTAIN GRAY'S COMPANY;

—OR—

Crossing the Plains and Living in Oregon.

BY MRS. A. J. DUNIWAY,

AUTHOR OF "JUDITH REID," "ELLEN DOWD," "ANNIE AND HENRY LEE," "THE HAPPY HOME," ETC., ETC., ETC.

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Introduction.

Very nearly twenty years ago the author of 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 illiterate 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, imperfect education, affectionate nature, feeble strength, and romantic disposition, and having encountered many strange experiences "which made her tired and old before her time," Mrs. Duniway compiled her crude ideas in the form of a novel, many, 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 because of a desire to revise and correct the original work of both herself and the publisher, and partly because so often urged to do so by subscribers, that she feels under obligation to accede to their demands.

Dedication.

To the Pioneers of Oregon, and to all friends of the great NORTHWEST who desire to awaken an interest in our State and Washington Territory in the minds of the thousands of dwellers in the frigid climate of Eastern winters and the torrid temperature of Eastern summers, this revised relic of the reminiscences of her youth is respectfully dedicated, by

THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER XIII.

HUBERT.

Mr. Munson's business called him away unexpectedly, and his wife had ample opportunities during his absence to indulge her selfish caprices.

During the nights of his absence, Effie had to sleep in her bed-room to answer frequent calls, and wait upon the baby, and throughout the days an incessant routine of tread-mill duties kept her constantly employed.

A young gentleman called one day, about dinner time, and when the dinner bell rang, Effie, who had learned the rules of society, took Allie with her to the garden. She thought the handsome, dark-eyed young stranger must be Hubert Munson, but as servants do not get introductions to visitors, she could only judge by his resemblance to his father.

"Mother, who is that pretty, curly-headed girl in the garden? Why don't you invite her in to dinner?"

"I'm not in the habit of inviting domestics to eat with my guests. She is a girl who pretends that she never went out to service before she came to Oregon. Mrs. Clinton had her first and nearly ruined her by indulgence, and your father doesn't do much better when he's at home, though I've taught her to know her place when he's gone."

"Her place *ought to be* among daisies and sunshine and kindness, or I'm no judge of physiognomy."

"I do wonder if you are going to be as democratic as your father is? I'll cut off those shining curls of hers one of these days, and see what she'll resemble. She spends half an hour every morning in brushing them into ringlets."

Hubert knew his step-mother too well to openly oppose her whims, but his interest in the "golden-haired bird," as he mentally called her, was augmented by Mrs. Munson's unpardonable coldness. He hastily finished his dinner and went to the garden, where Effie was weaving a coronet of white rose-buds, and sprigs of forget-me-not, for Allie's head. He introduced himself; talked and laughed with Allie, and complimented Effie's skill in wreath-forming until she felt at ease in his presence. She had imagined him to be a stately, demure-looking lawyer, glorying in the dignity of his profession and unapproachable demeanor; but as she listened to his remarks, the thought of "how like his father" made her respect and love him with childish confidence.

"Come, Effie, come! I don't keep you here to play with flowers. Allow me to introduce you to the dinner table," called Mrs. Munson, from the nursery window.

Hubert took Allie and continued his walk in the garden, hoping that when Effie's duties in doors were done, she would come after him. But when, an hour after she had left his side, he saw her take a seat beside his mother at the nursery window, with her sewing in her hand, he gave up the idea of further conversation with her for that day.

The next day, when dinner was announced, Effie went again with Allie to the garden. Hubert looked at his mother with a meaning smile, and saying, "Eat your dinner alone, ma'am, I'll wait for better company," he mockingly bowed himself out into the garden and addressed himself to Effie.

"Why don't you eat your dinner, Mr. Munson?"

"Don't call me *Mr. Hubert* is my name in my father's home. I choose the company of birds and flowers always in preference to dinner, unless hunger is very impudent."

"Why, there are no birds in the garden."

"There are two, Allie and you."

Effie blushed at this unexpected speech, which she hardly knew whether to accept as compliment, flattery, or satire, and could think of nothing to say in reply. Hubert was a little confused at his own remark, and hardly knew what to say next.

"Wouldn't you like to attend school?" It was the only question he could think of to ask.

"Yes, sir, but I can't go till brother returns from the mines. He started a few weeks ago, and expects to be absent about a year."

"Have you a brother who is grown?"

"He is not yet seventeen, but he's a man in energy and a gentleman in principle."

Effie's cheek glowed with feeling as she spoke thus of her brother, and Hubert, who was not looking for such a spirited remark, was astonished.

"There is much genuine excellence in this little beauty, and it's bound to develop itself," he mentally ejaculated.

"Have you no father or mother?"

He had asked Mrs. Munson the same question, but she had replied that she did not "inquire into the antecedents and pedigrees of her domestics, and she could not see why he should."

Effie drew a locket from a pocket in the folds of her dress. "My father died when I was but eight years old. Mother died last summer upon the Plains. Here are the daguerreotypes of my mother, two brothers and myself, taken when we were in comfortable circumstances. It is almost the only vestige of by-gone days that I possess."

Mrs. Munson called her, and she tripped away to the dining-room, to meet her angry frown.

"The next time a meal is ready, I shall expect you to go to your room and sew until you are summoned," said her mistress, as she sailed out of the room, too angry to meet Hubert's mischievous smile with composure.

He examined the daguerreotypes with careful scrutiny. The locket contained four places for miniatures, and from each of these peeped a handsome, intelligent face.

Mrs. Goodwin's pale blue eyes, brown, glossy hair, firmly set lips and pleasing expression reminded him of a mother who for many years had slept in a silent tomb of an eastern cemetery. Herbert's bold, boyish, handsome face, and Willie's sparkling eyes and broad forehead he pronounced magnificent. But his eyes dwelt longest upon the dimpled cheeks, rounded shoulders, deep blue eyes, and clear complexion of Effie, whose likeness he pronounced his ideal of truth and loveliness.

Mr. Munson returned from California earlier than was expected, and his wife's scheme for keeping Effie secluded, even at meal-time, was broken up. He ruled in some things, and his intriguing wife knew that it would not do to oppose him when his will was fully roused. After his return, Effie was permitted to sit in the parlor and hear their conversation. Every word of Hubert's narrative respecting his life as a student and traveler she listened to with deep interest.

"Here, Effie, is the locket you showed me to-day," he remarked, in the evening. "You need not be ashamed of *your* family. I know a washerwoman's daughter who turns up her nose at honest laborers."

He glanced meaningly at his step-mother, whose mother he well knew had been a laundress, but she chose to ignore the fact, and nothing fired her temper so easily as the most distant allusion to her mother's plebeian vocation. She left the room in a rage, and the attack of nervous headache which lasted through the night, during which time she kept Effie constantly running to supply her wants, warned her mischievous step-son to refrain from such intimations in the future for Effie's sake.

"Father, are you going to keep that girl in constant servitude? I wish I was twenty-one. My money should protect her if it was at my disposal."

"She is too proud-spirited to be dependent. After she has lived with me a year, I intend to offer to board her with some private family, give her spending money and pay her tuition fees, as a reward for her extra trouble here. She will learn many things while here, which, though seemingly hard to bear, will prepare her for life's vicissitudes."

Hubert said nothing at that time for or against his father's views, though he could not forbear a thought that it was not half so much for Effie's good as for his wife's wishes and his own peace that he wished her to "prepare for life's vicissitudes."

Business soon called Hubert away from home, but his letters always contained tokens of remembrance for his father's *protege*.

"*A letter from Herbert!*" Effie exclaimed, one evening, as she met Mr. Munson at the door, holding up an envelope directed in her brother's well-known hand-writing.

"ROGUE RIVER OF JACKSONVILLE MINES,
June 8.

"EVERDEAR SISTER:—How I wish you could see mining operations for one day. I am swimming gloriously. The first day after my arrival, whom should I meet but Pat. O'Donaldson. 'A fool for luck' is the old adage, and I thought it was verified to a certainty, when, after prospecting for a few unfortunate days, I struck a rich mine where we are almost coining the precious ore. Pat is in work with me as equal partner. Don't get visited over this good news, for fortune is capricious, and may turn against me at any moment, notwithstanding the present flattering prospect.

"A world in miniature is here. I never was in Sodom, but from what I have read of that iniquitous city, I think Yreka or Jacksonville would well compare with it. I should have stated before, that I went first to the Yreka mines, thinking that those of Oregon were not so good; but I could do but little there, and did not tarry long.

"To give you a description of the daily routine of wickedness that shocks the uninitiated, would be an injustice to your unspotted imagination; but as an idea of life in the mines will interest you, I will give you a brief description of my own experience and observation.

"The first thing I did after the gust was reached and O'Donaldson found, was to unpack and liberate my ponies and erect a tent of fir boughs, green with foliage, as a repository for my provisions, gun, etc., etc., etc.

"We became discouraged, when, at the expiration of the fourth day of search, 'without raising the color,' as the miners say, we started for the tent not knowing what to do next. I struck my pick into the ground and gathered up some nuggets, with which to cook our supper, and when, with an armful of wood, I stooped to extricate the pick from the earth, up came a piece of the shining lucre! You needn't tell anybody, but when I picked up that first piece of virgin gold, I shook as if in an ague fit. Its value is about two dollars. I have found other pieces much larger, but the first one I regard as the pivot upon which my fortune was turned.

"We prepare our own bread, beef and coffee. I wonder what Maurice would think if he could see the quantities of bacon and lard that are consumed in the mines. I do the cooking and Pat washes the dishes, consisting of a frying-pan, bread-pan, two tin cups and plates, and a pair of jack-knives. Don't laugh. We are as well provided with hardware and cutlery as the oldest miners are. A few bake bread in skillets with lids to them, but scientific miners pronounce them green.

"My pocket Bible, which since our mother's death I am sorry to confess I had seldom opened, proves a welcome friend on Sundays, when I can retire to the mountain 'gulches' and remain alone for hours.

"I had retired one Sunday from the idly busy throng, when I chanced to open my Bible at the fly leaves, where I found some pencil lines traced upon a sheet of tissue paper, so neatly folded that I had not before discovered it. How my heart bounded as I perused the last lines my sainted mother ever penned! I will transcribe them for you, as I cannot part with the original document:

"'PLATTE RIVER VALLEY, June 18.

"'Sometime, my dear children, when you are turning the leaves of this book of books, this little piece of paper, the last your mother will ever trace, will meet your moistening eyes. I feel that my pilgrimage upon earth is almost ended. When I look upon my loved ones, who will so soon be left to struggle on with toil and poverty alone in this cold world, my heart bleeds with compassion. But 'when thy father and mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up.' You, my dear children, have heard me repeat this precious promise, perhaps a thousand times, but never did I feel the force of the sublime assertion so plainly. When I reflect upon this promise, I feel that though the parting is terrible, yet I can resign you almost willingly.

"'My dying admonition to you, my dear, my eldest born, is that you will preserve your precious integrity, and strive while you live to honor the religion of your parents. Your brother and sister will hearken to you as their elder brother, and, my darling son, I trust you! Don't neglect the mental improvement of Effie and Willie and yourself. Be not eager to amass worldly possessions, but strive to lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven, where moth and rust doth not corrupt, and where thieves break not through and steal.

"'My mortal remains will moulder to dust in the desert, but if spirits are permitted to return to earth, I will be often near you. Adieu, loved ones, adieu.'

"I hope, my dear sister, that the admonitions of such a mother will not be lost upon us, but that our lives may prove an honor and blessing to her memory.

"I will often write you, and the responses will be most anxiously looked for. When I collect gold enough to pay for our education and give me a start in business, I will return to you. Perhaps I cannot return before next spring, as I am determined that this attempt at mining shall be my last. Your loving brother,

"HERBERT."

Effie read the letter with emotions of joy and sadness.

"God of my mother," she exclaimed, fervently, "enable us to be indeed, 'as seed to serve Thee!'"

After tea Effie took the letter into the parlor and gave it to Mr. Munson.

"Would you like to read it?" she asked. "I think it's very interesting, and it's just like Herbert. One moment he will be full of boyish animation, and perhaps the next he will be talking like a preacher. And his letters are just like his conversation."

When Effie retired to rest she dreamed of golden mountains and gorgeous splendor, such as in her day-dreams she had never imagined. She arose next morning feverish with an excitement which Hubert's unexpected arrival only augmented.

At his request she gave him her brother's letter and busied herself with household duties, trying to stay her beating pulse with extra bodily exertion. When the fever cooled, a feeling of extreme lassitude overcame her. She strove against it; but the day was exceedingly warm, and about noon she sunk upon the floor of the dining-room exhausted.

Mrs. Munson at first accused her of pretending to be ill, but finally became alarmed and sent for Dr. Gwin. He came, but prescribed no remedy except gentle exercise and quietude. She followed his directions and was well as usual in a few days.

"I don't see why I don't have as good a chance to get well as other folks have," said Mrs. Munson to her husband and Hubert.

"I see through it all," replied her husband. "You have money with which to pay doctor bills. Effie has not, and nature cures her."

"Absurd!" she retorted, angrily.

"Do you believe that Dr. Gwin would have gone away without prescribing medicine, if Effie had been a rich man's daughter?"

"Do you believe doctors are so dishonest?"

"Many of them are. Of course they must have a living, and it is to their interest for folks to be sick."

"I shall take medicine, at all events," was the reply.

"I wouldn't be the walking apothecary shop that you are for all the wealth of the Union," said Hubert.

"When I need a lecture, I'll apply elsewhere for it," was the spiteful rejoinder. And Mrs. Munson left the room.

"Father, have you read Herbert Goodwin's letter to his sister?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Because it's a gem in its way, for a boy of his age to compose. His jovial disposition, softened by a fullness of delicate feeling and elevated by a nobleness of soul, speaks in every sentence. I tell you, father, Effie Goodwin's family is, or rather has been, one of no common mould. And more, I tell you plainly that that girl's destiny and mine will be linked together. I would like to see her mind well stored with useful knowledge, but if she cannot be educated, when she gets old enough to marry, I'll take her as she is. I tell you this so that you may decide how she is to be treated in your house."

"Your mother cannot spare her now. When her brother returns she will have time enough to attend to her studies."

"She works like a galley slave! I'm tired of seeing a girl of her age ruining her form by lifting children, when she ought to be dividing her time between the meadows and the school-room. If you tell mother what I have said, she will be more exacting than ever. She doesn't treat her any too well now."

"Well, well, my son, I *had* hoped that you would not think particularly about the girls for some years to come."

"Have you ought to say against my ideal, father?"

"No; I feel a fatherly interest in the girl, but cannot say that I am pleased with your determination. However, I am glad you have been so frank."

One of the wonders of the world is the undeniable fact that second wives, no matter how great their faults, always exert an unbounded influence over their husbands, such as the patient and loving "first wife" seldom thinks of assuming. Husbands of second or third wives are not aware of this, but the fact is apparent to all beholders. Second wives and step-mothers are often the embodiments of perfection, but whether they are or not, is all the same with the enamored consort.

Munson could not keep his son's secret without the help of his wife, and she gave him no peace until he agreed to tell his son that unless Effie remained with them as a servant during the time for which she had been engaged, he would not consent to the union, but would do all in his power to prevent it.

Mrs. Munson grew more petulant and unsettled than ever. Effie could do nothing to please her, and the numerous scoldings she received were very hard for a proud spirit to endure.

A note of a few lines was concealed in her trunk, which she found time to read and re-read every day—the only words of love that Hubert had yet bestowed upon the trusting lone one, whose spirit cried out night and day for *love*.

Reader, let us glance at a letter, that on a rainy, dreary Sunday in August Herbert is reading in his tent with an expression of deepest interest:

"I wrote you, my dear brother, in my last epistle, a description of Hubert Munson. What do you think? The accomplished, worthy and noble young man has declared that he loves me and isn't ashamed to own it.

"You will think me young to be dreaming of love, but the self-reliance I have had to cherish is fast transforming the thoughtless, laughing child into a calm, reflecting woman. In stature, I am almost grown; but in intelligence and information, I am a child. Oh, how I long for you to come back and go with me to school!

"I half believe that Mrs. Munson suspects Hubert's attachment for me, for she is crosser than ever, and contrives innumerable devices to keep us from meeting. Mr. Munson treats me kindly, but he begins to affect condescension in his graciousness, and my proud spirit inwardly repels forced affinity. I wonder if I ever will be free?

"Don't think your sister is despairing. Far from it. Although the life I am leading is distasteful, yet it might be worse, and perhaps I need this trial to strengthen me for still greater ones.

"Little Allie is my pet and plaything. Blessings on her innocent existence! No worldly considerations can throw a shade of darkness between us. I wonder what makes most grown up folks so cheerless? How willing our mother was to listen to what we once considered heart-troubles. One consolation remains to us: you have me *for* a heart-tried friend, and I have you for the same true blessing. I can't believe that Hubert possesses the least vestige of worldly selfishness. How much his name sounds like your own! But you will say 'that a girl not yet fourteen had better be thinking of pantalettes and pinafores than Cupid's arrows.' Well, I think so too, though I've been captured before I knew it.

"But my mistress is calling and I must bid you adieu. Do write soon, for your letters are like beams of sunshine in my dreary way.

"Your loving sister, EFFIE."

(To be continued.)

LONGEVITY OF LITERARY WOMEN.—It is really remarkable how many cases of longevity occur among women who make authorship their occupation in life. Miss Martineau, Miss Bremer, Mrs. Howitt, Mrs. Strickland, and Mrs. Browning—all either living or not very long deceased—were born almost at the beginning of the century. Madame de Stael lived to be fifty-two, Mrs. Bradstreet fifty-nine, Ida Pfeiffer sixty-one, Miss Mitford sixty-nine, Lady Wortly Montague seventy-two, Miss Edgeworth eighty-two, Miss Opie eighty-four, Madame d'Arblay eighty-five, Mrs. Somerville ninety-one and Madame de Genlis ninety-six.—*Scientific and Home.*

MEMORY IN BIRDS.—A carrier pigeon which was captured in a balloon during the siege of Paris, and sent by Prince Frederick Charles to his mother, recently escaped from captivity and returned to the house of its former owner in the French capital. This is certainly a remarkable instance of the retentive memory of the home animals, to which it would appear difficult to find a parallel case. The bird must have kept its former haunts in its recollection for nearly five years.

LETTER FROM WASCO COUNTY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

Since it pleased you to print an extract from my last private letter to you, stating that we had changed our location for this county, perhaps a short description of our present situation will not be uninteresting to your readers, besides showing just how a person can live and still be happy.

Having to give possession to the purchaser of our little cabin in the busiest stock-hunting time, of course it was impossible to erect another until late in the season, and so we have been living in a camp for nearly a month. I wish I could accurately describe to you the little cañon in which our camp is located. It is the weirdest, wildest place imaginable. Huge cliffs of basaltic rocks rise up perpendicularly on each side, while several sparkling springs of clear, cold water gush out from their base, causing as much speculation as to their source. Birch and willow border these little spring branches, while little groves of the beautiful quaking asp here and there dot the open spaces. A solitary pine towers his majestic head high above the cliffs just opposite camp, and the wind moans and sighs among his branches, reminding us of the roar of the Pacific, as heard from the summit of the Coast Mountains.

And now I must tell you of the camp itself. Owing to the frequency of thunder-showers during the summer months here, it was necessary to provide some place of shelter from their dampening influence. Nature had taken that matter in hand years and years ago, and had provided a place secure from as heavy a storm as is likely to come. In one of these cliffs of rocks mentioned above is a large recess or kind of cave that we have taken possession of, and at present serves us for bed-room and general storage-room, while a lumber-shed built in front answers for parlor, kitchen, and dining-room. Now, Mrs. D., after reading this description, how would you like to exchange your residence on B street for ours in Wasco county?

There has been considerable sickness in this community this summer, owing to the fact, perhaps, that we have had an eminent Oakland physician located in our midst. He left, recently, on account of his own ill health, for his former home, and simultaneously most of the sickness disappeared. But, seriously, every one very much regretted his departure and hope he will soon recover sufficiently to enable him to return, for besides he and his lady born being almost perfect in the unsophisticated eyes of us barbarians, he doubtless saved several lives during his short stay here.

There has been the longest spell of the hottest weather I think I ever experienced, and although there have been several thunder-storms, they have failed to cool the air but little.

Ranchmen are at present busy with their hay and grain harvest. Both crops are generally very heavy, owing to late rains.

The glorious Fourth passed off quietly in this neighborhood; but at Ochoco they did their best to celebrate in grand style. It was with great pleasure that I read the flattering notice in the *Bulletin* of the Rock Island celebration, and judging from that and other newspaper notices, presume it was *the* celebration of the Willamette Valley.

That in the Centennial year we shall truly celebrate the independence of the *whole* American people, is the heartfelt wish of E. E. S.

Wasco county, July 27, 1875.

HOW THUNDER SHOWERS COME UP.—In order to convey a more definite idea of our theory, we will choose a certain locality which may serve the purpose of a diagram to our demonstration; and this locality shall be the region of West River. This river takes its rise among the forests near the summit of the Green Mountains, at a height of some 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, and, flowing southeasterly forty or fifty miles, empties into the Connecticut river about ten miles from the southern boundary of the State.

During a hot summer day the sides of the deep valley of this river reek with intense heat, and cause a flow of moist air upward toward the summits of the mountain ridge, from the valley of the Connecticut, and also from the sea. This moist air, meeting with the general current from the southwest, piles up an immense mass of cumulus cloud, of many square miles in extent. So long as the intense heat prevails, this cloud increases in size; grows blacker and blacker with its dense vapor, and casts a gloomy, lurid glare over the face of Nature, darker than that of any eclipse. The vapor, pushed up by the ascending currents of heated air, attains to a great height above the sea, where the temperature is very low. But finally, when the heat begins to decline, the accumulated vapors, no longer augmented or sustained from the valleys below, fall in rain.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

ATTEMPTING TOO MUCH.—Vain attempts are being made, in defiance of the teachings of the past, the laws of animal life, and the admonitions of painful and present experience, to accomplish mental and moral work, as though the body were spiritual and not material. The time necessary to sleep is grudgingly given; digestion is performed with the possibility of working both night and day are tried; food is buried down the alimentary canal as though the stomach had committed a capital crime and deserved to be stoned to death; exercise is neglected or hurriedly performed, as if the body could exist in health without it; confined and impure air is habitually breathed, as if there could be good blood without good air, or permanently good thinking and healthy feeling without good blood.

One of the Lost on the "Schiller."

To the American reader the list seemed mainly to include Germans, and it had a somewhat foreign and remote aspect. But among those names there was one of an American woman, young and of singular promise, of whom one of the most eminent surgeons in Boston said: "Had she lived she would have been sure to stand in time among those at the head of her profession. The usual weapons of ridicule would have been impotent against a woman who had reached that supreme position which Susan Dimock would certainly have attained." She was born in North Carolina in 1847, and in 1861 Miss Zakrzewska, well known as a most thoroughly trained and successful physician and surgeon in Boston, received a letter from the young Carolinian of fourteen, stating that she had always preferred medical and surgical books to all others, and asking advice and directions for fitting herself for the practice of the profession. Miss Zakrzewska replied as if to a fanciful girl, and thought of the matter no more. But the girl herself quietly continued her studies, and her family having left the State during the war, and being settled in Massachusetts, she applied to Miss Zakrzewska five years afterward—at the age of nineteen—to enter the New England Hospital as a student. Twice she applied for admission to the medical school of Harvard University, but was refused. Yet her genius for the profession she had chosen was so evident, her qualifications so remarkable, that her teachers and friends advised her to enter some European school, for which her general accomplishments and knowledge of languages peculiarly fitted her. She went accordingly to the University of Zurich, and, after studying for three years, graduated with high honors, and then went to Vienna and Paris, devoting herself especially to surgery. At Vienna a noted German physician said to an American friend that he had always thought lightly of women as physicians, but he had seen a young American woman in the school whose intelligence, devotion, and aptitude, were such that he began to feel that he was wrong.

In 1872 she returned to Boston, and became resident physician and surgeon at the New England Hospital for Women and Children. As the surgeon whose words we have quoted said, "It was not merely her skill, but also her nerve, that qualified her to become a great surgeon. I have seldom known one at once so determined and so self-possessed. Skill is a quality much more easily found than this self-control that nothing can flurry." In her work she was thoroughly conscientious and self-reliant, and so gracious and accomplished and attractive, that the most skeptical could not escape the perception that a woman could be mistress of the medical and surgical profession, yet with all the charm of the lady absolutely untouched, as a man may be absolutely master of the same profession, yet be still the gentleman. Students and patients were deeply attached to her. Nor is this wonderful, for she had the wise and profuse sympathy which is the key to the heart. "I wish you," she said in one of her lectures in the training school for nurses, "of all my instructions, especially to remember this: when you go to nurse a patient, imagine that your own sister is in that bed, and treat her in every respect as you would wish your own sister to be treated." Nor did she permit any student to be present as a mere spectator at the treatment of patients, and this rule was uniform with the poorest as with the richest patients. Miss Dimock had asked five months' leave of absence to visit some friends in Europe, as a necessary relaxation before entering upon another term of three years' service. With a young friend of her own age—a daughter of Colonel W. B. Greene, of Boston, of rare character and accomplishments, and with all that life offers the young and beautiful and fortunate to live for—she sailed upon the "Schiller" and her body alone was found. It was brought home and buried in Boston. The pall was held by the most eminent of the surgeons of the city, and the Rev. James Freeman Clarke spoke with affectionate and tender eloquence of the dead. He read a letter which stated that when last seen Miss Dimock was kneeling on the deck praying aloud, and, as she knelt a sea broke over the vessel and swept her, with a group near her, out of human sight or aid. When she was taken out of the water her face wore a peaceful, even a happy, expression. The inhabitants of the islands were touched by its sweet repose, and the body was presently strewn with flowers by compassionate men and women. Even the rude fishermen who bore the body to the steamer which brought it home felt the same influence, one of them saying, as they left the bier, "We laid her down as softly as ever her own mother did."—*Editor's Easy Chair, in Harper's Magazine for August.*

HOW TO COAX SLUMBER.—If you are sleeplessly inclined when you lie down, as most people are at times, you may try with success some of the following plans of dropping off: Imagine yourself starting for a walk along some once familiar, but now half-forgotten road—say, for instance, the path that used to lead you to school. Go over in imagination every bit of the way, and endeavor to call to mind all the landmarks, such as houses, woods, etc. You will not have gone far before slumber overtakes you. Or, string a row of nouns together, the first that comes into your head—the names, say of people, professions, or animals—at first repeat them several times singly, and in the same order, as dog, donkey, parson, judge, etc.; then to each word attach some definition, as, the dog that barks and bites, the donkey with long ears, the parson in the pulpit, the judge in a wig. Repeat this over and over again; you will be able to retain the right definition to each noun for some time. Presently, however, you will waver and make mistakes. The dog will have the judge's wig, the judge will bark and bite, and in full assurance that there is nothing ludicrous or out of place in the confusion, you will drop quietly off to sleep.

The Albany *Argus* exercises itself after this fashion with the constitution of our English orthography: T-o-u-g-h-e spells tougue, and the man that first spelled it should have been tougue. A-c-h-e spells ache, and that's all you can make out of it. E-i-g-h-t spells eight, no matter how you depret eight the idea; and that a-i-e-l-e should spell the idea; and that e-i-g-n feign, is enough to make pay-day smile if the effort were not too painful.

Origin of the Express Business.

Travelers on the Long Island Sound of about thirty-seven years ago might have observed on the steamer running between Providence and New York an under-sized, delicately-built, sanguine-looking young man who accompanied the vessel on alternate trips, and constantly carried in his hand a small carpet-bag of half a bushel capacity. He was William F. Harnden, and his bag contained the beginnings of the express forwarding business of the United States, which, with the exception of the railways and telegraphs, now surpasses all other private enterprises in the world.

Born at Reading, Massachusetts, in 1812, he was employed as conductor of the first passenger train that ran in New England, and was afterward promoted to the position of ticket agent on the Boston and Worcester Railway. The sedentary desk-work did not suit him, however, and in 1837 he came to New York in search of more congenial employment. At the corner of Wall and Pearl streets stood the old Tontine Coffee-house, a famous resort for the merchants and ship-owners of those days, and in connection with it there was an admirable news-room—a sort of Lloyd's or Garraway's—conducted by James W. Hale, a local celebrity, who afterward extended his fame by promoting a cheap postal system in opposition to the government. Mr. Hale was a man of varied experience and a genial disposition. He was one of the most active men of the day, and Harnden went to him for advice in seeking employment. Hale became interested in him, and in the course of a few days advised him to establish himself as an expressman between New York and Boston—a business never before transacted, and a name never before assumed.

As there have been other claimants to the honor of having originated the enterprise, and as Mr. Hale is still living, I will repeat a statement which he made to me in July last. There was never a day, he said, that inquiries were not made at the news-room for some person going to Boston or Providence. Some wanted to send small parcels to their friends, others letters or circulars; but the most frequent applicants were money-brokers, who wanted to forward packages of Eastern bank-notes to Boston for redemption. If an acquaintance was found on the boat, he was pounced upon without ceremony, and burdened with the packages, which were sometimes worth many thousand dollars. But if a friend did not appear, the things were often trusted to entire strangers, with the modest request that they would deliver them soon after their arrival. Merchants and brokers seeking gratuitous transportation for their letters contributed largely to the excitement attending the departure of the steamer, and many persons will remember the nights of anxiety they have passed on the Sound when such unexpected wealth has been temporarily thrust upon them. "When Harnden called upon me for advice," Mr. Hale stated, "I thought of the daily inquiries made at my office, 'Do you know anybody going to Boston this evening?' and I immediately advised him to travel between the two cities and do errands for the business men. I also suggested that the new enterprise should be called 'The Express', which gave the idea of speed, promptitude, and fidelity."

Harnden hesitated for several days, doubting whether the scheme would be profitable, but eventually he decided to try it, and bought the historic traveling-bag, which is still preserved in Boston. A small slate for orders was hung in the news-room, and the patrons of that institution were Harnden's chief patrons. The old merchants had become so accustomed to transportation of smaller articles without cost, that they did not readily observe the advantages that "the express" offered, and at the end of two months Harnden found all his capital absorbed. His receipts were less than his expenses, and he would have discontinued the service had not some friends procured free passages for him on an opposition steamboat. With the passage money as a subsidy, "the express" prospered, and the business so increased that Harnden soon engaged an assistant.—*W. H. Rideing, in Harper's Magazine for August.*

Give the Girls a Chance.

The only fair way for parents to bring up their children is to give the girls an equal show with the boys. We mean to educate them as they do the boys, and prepare them in like manner in all respects to rely upon and support themselves. This is the only true solution of the much-vexed question of woman's rights. The strong tendency of the age is to remove all the disabilities, social as well as legal, which have heretofore prevented women from competing successfully with men in all the different professions and industries. A girl, therefore, should be brought up in accordance with this spirit, taught that 'tis on herself she should rely on reaching that age at which boys strike out into the world; and not lean helplessly upon father or brother, waiting for that future model husband who is to come some day to provide her with "an establishment."

A woman must make, in our opinion, a better wife and a better mother for being educated to be self-reliant and self-dependent. Then, parents, look to it that your girls are thus educated; and then, when you are forced to leave them, you will feel the comforting assurance that whatever happens, married or single, they have the ability to support themselves, and are not liable to be thrown on the charity of a cold world. We have always at our college quite a number of young ladies preparing themselves for commercial life, but we want to see more of them, for they do not bear the proportion to the boys which we are so anxious to see. We treat the young ladies with the utmost impartiality, and pay to their training the same attention we give to the young men, and they reward us by proving the theory we advance, that women can successfully compete with men in mercantile pursuits.—*Heald's College Journal.*

SECRETS OF HEALTH.—First, keep warm.
Second, eat regularly and slowly.
Third, maintain regular bodily habits.
Fourth, take early and light suppers, or none at all.
Sixth, get plenty of sleep at night.
Seventh, keep good, cheerful company.
Eighth, keep out of debt.
Ninth, don't set your mind on things you do not need.
Tenth, mind your own business, subdue curiosity, and do not set up to be sharp.