The New Northwest.

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The New Northwest.

A Journal for the People.
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Independent in Politics and Religion.
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.

Fifty Years Ago; or, the Cabins of the West.

"What a beautiful place that would have been for a cabin home in early times," I said, leaning out of the carriage; "now, if I had been living in those early days, that is where I would have pitched my tent."

"Where?" said my companion, looking about.

"Just there," I replied, pointing my finger in the direction of the prettiest knoll, below which the road wound with a graceful curve.

"Oh, well, you would have found the place occupied, unless you had come here before the year of our Lord 1813. That is where old Uncle Franks first settled; did I never tell you?" and my companion laughed heartily.

I laughed, too, but it was a joyous, glad laugh. I was pleased to know that the pioneers selected beautiful building sites.

Uncle Franks! and I never knew where the dear old man built before! I knew all about him, and Auntie Franks, and Jett, and Ruth, and Jack, and Nancy, and Simon, and Clark, their children; all men and women when I first knew them.

They had three children when they came here. They were very poor. Uncle worked for farmer by day's works and carried his wages home at night in a bag on his shoulder. He nearly always worked for corn, and at night he pounded it, and it was made into bread or mush. Aunt kept hulled corn on hand the year round. If she had not done so, they would have had nothing to eat except mush and corn bread, but this gave them a little variety.

We, with our good wells and springs and the unfailing cistern under the roof, can make hulled corn easily; but for five years the feeble mother of this poor family brought all their spring water the distance of half a mile. I am astonished at this when I take into consideration the fact of a growing, healthy family eating hulled corn nearly every day for years, the one moderate-sized iron pot in which it was cooked, and that she made her excellent hominy the old precise way that our great grandmothers did, without varying one atom; that it be thoroughly washed in clean water nine times.

When I said, "Why didn't Uncle Franks dig a well and spare his wife?" the reply was, "He was very poor; they had nothing to work with but their hands; the family was growing all the time, and it was just as much as he could do to clothe and feed them."

She had one feather bed that they brought with them from the East. She had long wanted a cow, and at last she made up her mind to part with the bed in exchange for a cow. Any woman can conceive how loth she would be to give up the only bed; but she said, drying her eyes on her apron, "We can't eat the bed, and we can soon learn to do without it. We are all tired enough at night to sleep on the ground, and the cow will bring us good milk and butter, and she will be such a good 'vestment."

Poor Auntie Franks! the bed that her mother gave her was given up and taken away and the cow brought home, and the little ones feasted on the good milk and butter. But one morning, when they got up, the cow stood under the maple all drawn up, and her mouth was foamy, and her cold tongue hung out, and her breath came as though she were pained.

"P'r'haps she's been out among the buckeyes; if she has, she's done for," said uncle, with his hands thrust down into his pockets.

The family stood round her greving. At last the mother said: "What say to sendin' for Gran'ther Jones; it may be that she's a little mite bewitched."

"Who'd do it?" was his answer; "you know nobody has nothin' agin us. We never harmed nobody," and he looked in her eyes with a questioning stare.

"I don't like the looks of that old creetur as lives on the Watkins place," said auntie, sticking her arms up against her sides. "Now, Gran'ther Jones would know whether she's a witch or not. He could tell without gittin' up off his cheer. Lord have mercy on us if she is! You see, Dan'el, I'll tell you what makes me mistrust. I was out on the hill beyont the Watkins place with Jett an' Ruth diggin' some sassafras root the other day, and we come upon the old creetur all of a suddent a settin' on the ground with a little brown paper in her lap, and she was whisperin' like and doin' this an' that an' t'other, like a body sortin' out seeds for a truck patch or garden, and as soon as she seed us she squawked out and hustled the little paper out o' sight in her bosom, and she was gone down the hill like a streak. Now, if that isn't jubus conduct, I don't know what is," and the wife looked up into her husband's face as though this last argument was conclusive.

The cow wouldn't eat anything, and so Jett was dispatched for Gran'ther Jones.

Now, this old man was very superstitious. He knew everything by the aid of his cards and his "mineral ball," and the queer-looking articles that he kept in a sacred little receptacle in the safest corner of the "old chest."

His grown children and grown grandchildren looked with holy awe upon "gran'ther's box." They were almost breathless when it was opened and they caught a glimpse of its contents, but this latter rarely happened.

In less than an hour the old magician hove in sight. He came in a creaking little wooden wagon drawn by an old sorrel horse whose mane and tail were snarled and matted almost into felt with burdock burrs. Indeed, the tail hung as clubby and substantial as the tail of a musk-rat. Gran'ther was very old and exceedingly corpulent. He could hardly bear to feel the weight of his clothes about him, and that required him to dress in a manner somewhat peculiar. His back and shoulders were covered by a brief garment, made like our grandmothers used to make sailors or roundabouts for their boys, only that it was very large and fit him like a loose, light husk. His trousers were something gathered on to a band to button round his portly dimensions; when he walked the band was buttoned, when he rode or sat they were worn entirely loose and lay about him like careless drapery, his shirt generally on the outside, or out and in, just as it happened. Shapeless big moccasins and a very wide, low, soft, wool hat. This time the call was urgent, for Mrs. Franks was his granddaughter, a favorite one, too. He drove as fast as circumstances would allow, his long, white hair and his excess of snow-white shirt streaming in the wind.

As soon as he was seated and the particulars of the occasion made known, the family remembered the first rite of hospitality, which was to bring out a half-gallon jug of Slater's best fourth-proof whisky, and hold it up to the eager lips that wet themselves unctuously and smacked and partook again with a relish that was pleasurable to look upon.

"Well," he said, in a cracked old voice, looking around, and then the cow was driven up to the door where he could see her.

"Turn her head this way," he said. Then he opened his big sacred box, took out a piece of dingy, soft muslin, on which was inscribed cabalistic characters, laid it across his knees and opened a paper in which were two needles with flat heads. One of these he ordered to be stuck in the band of his shirt, back of his neck, and the other in the hem of his left trousers' leg. Then he took out some white-looking gum, wet it with spittle, and rubbed it over the region of his heart.

"Watch if the cow rolls up her eyes or makes complaint," he said, as he began to make bows, very slowly at first, and then they came faster and faster, until the poor old man looked like a ninny. Suddenly he stopped and wet the white gum again and rubbed it on his forehead.

Just then the cow lolled her tongue over to the other side of her cold, wet mouth and moaned as if in pain.

"Satisfied," he muttered, and signaled to have the curious needles removed. "She's clean bewitched, there's no doubt o' that," said he, giving an upward hitch to the band that constituted a part of his trousers. "Have you any idee of any possessed creeter hereabouts; anybody you'd mistrust?" he asked.

Then Susan Franks, with staring eyes and twitching hands, related her meeting on the hillside with the queer creeter who lived on the Watkins place.

"Do you know anything about her? Tell all you know," said he, leaning back.

"A man with two pack horses brought her and her hous'old stuff and left immediately. People don't take to 'er nor she to them," was the reply.

"Well, we must find out if she be one possessed," said the poor old man, "an' if she be, we'll know how to manage her. If she be in league with a evil one we'll find it out and give her her jest deserts," and the grim, wise old astrologer gave his refractary trousers' band another hitch.

Such people believed that witches were sold unto the devil; that they entered into a compact and that the bargain was usually in writing and signed in the witch's own blood.

One point in witchcraft was the belief in stated meetings of witches and devils by night, called Witches' Sabbaths; that, first annointing her feet and shoulders with a salve made of the fat of murdered and unbaptized children, the witch mounted a broomstick, distaff, rake, or the like, and making her exit by the chimney, rode through the air to the place of rendezvous. If her demon lover came to fetch her, he was represented as sitting on the staff before and she behind him. At the feast to which they all assembled there were viands, but no bread nor salt, and they drank out of ox hoofs and horse skulls, but the meal neither satisfied nor nourished. After eating and drinking, they danced to music played on a bagpipe with a horse's head for a bag, and a cat's tail for a chanter.

At the conclusion a great goat that had participated was burned to ashes, and then the ashes were divided among the witches to raise storms with. They returned as they came, and the husband was kept from being aware of his wife's absence by a stick laid in the bed, which he mistook for her.

The power that the devil gave them was exclusively directed to work evil, to raise storms, blast crops, inflict racking pain on an enemy or make him pine away in sickness. This latter was done, usually, by making an image of wax and sticking it full of pins or setting it away to melt before the fire.

If a witch attempted to do good, the devil was enraged and chastised her.

Taking a small vial out of his little box, Gran'ther Jones, on the point of a penknife, lifted out some of the oily contents, which he rubbed on one side of a stick, mumbled over it, and then laid it down beside him. Then he took some charcoal, that had been made out of burned bats, and made some marks on a fragment of white paper with it, folded it up neatly, tied it in a cloth, and laid it down beside the stick. Then he called Dan'el Franks up to him, and tying a snake-skin round Dan'el's hat, told him to go to the house of the strange woman, lay the oiled stick on her doorsill, throw the marked paper down her chimney, and then hide behind her house with his hat drawn down over his face and stay there fifteen or twenty minutes, and then come back and report what he had seen and heard.

In due time the man returned. Gran'ther, who had been sitting leaning on his staff, now rallied, and, looking up, said: "What say?"

"The creeter was a-carryin' on 'mazingly," was the reply; "she was cryin' an' moanin' an' makin' all sorts o' noise, e'en a'most like one demented."

"All right, she's a witch sure—least-ways all the symptoms p'int that way. We'll manage her, or there's no truth in truth," said the old man, putting the snake-skin back in his box and closing it carefully. Then he took out of his bosom a little parcel, which he unrolled, and within was a small, compact ball of hair, or hairy calculi such as is occasionally found inside of the stomachs of old cattle, formed perhaps out of the fine hair that lodges on the tongue when they are licking themselves, and clings together and becomes secreted in the stomach, and is never removed unless by curious human hands after the animal is dead.

Astrologers and fortune-tellers and superstitious people ascribe supernatural powers to this worthless accumulation. Gran'ther Jones was one of those; he could hardly have existed without this most wonderful of all divinations.

While he was performing with this singular ball, he gave orders that the cow be watched closely. By this time she was lying down stretched out stiffly, with her eyes rolled up.

After awhile gran'ther stopped swinging the ball and muttering incantations, and gave orders that the poor brute be made to stand upon her feet. It was attempted, but without a successful result.

"Take a shoveiful of coals and pour on her side," said he, peremptorily.

It was done, but the poor thing made no effort to rise, and gave no sign except a prolonged, piteous, quivering cry.

"That was the devil's cry," said gran'ther, with a cracked laugh, and then he beckoned to have the "joog" passed and it was held up, and he drank with the utmost satisfaction.

But such details are repulsive, and should be forgotten. Suffice to say, the cow died, and the feather bed was gone, and the poor family were poorer than ever.

One day gran'ther was at Dan'el Franks' house, and Susie was making hominy, and using pailful after pailful of spring water from the fountain half a mile distant, when the old man said to one of the boys:

"Go git me a stick of witch hazel, and be sure you git it off'n the sunrise side o' the bush, an' I'll see if it would be proper for your pa to be diggin' a well hereabouts."

Buttoning the band of his nether drapery, and having the other garment all a-flutter in the wind, he broke a forked stick from the witch hazel, and began walking slowly up and down the lot in which the cabin stood, holding the stick in a certain position between his two hands. Suddenly it began to turn; he stopped; it moved slowly round; when in a loud, nose-y voice he cried out:

"Does my Maker tell me there is water here?"

Then he informed Dan'el that he could strike a good vein of pure, soft water by digging twenty-five feet. But Dan'el had to earn bread for the family, he had not time to earn water too, and so the well was never dug.

But alas for the fate of the woman who was shunned, and despised, and persecuted as a witch!

In those days alms-houses had not been built in the West. There was need enough for them, but the poor pioneers could not stand the taxes. So when it was known that Goody Leet was sick, and suffering, and dying, and all the while declaring herself an innocent and a wronged woman, then some of the neighbors of the better class sought her in her cheerless, dark, lonely cabin, and found her to be an object of charity and sympathy.

It was hardly to be supposed that any of those poor families could afford to take her into their homes and treat her as one of them without a trifling recompense, and though it did look very hard and inhuman, and we cannot quite be reconciled to the fact, yet a notice was stuck on the door of the blacksmith's shop, saying that on the 9th day of October, 1813, Mistress Goody Leet, an infirm woman, would be sold to the lowest bidder for the term of six months.

On that day Goody was put into a little wooden wagon and hauled to the lower riffle, where the blacksmith's shop was located, and she was sold as a pauper by public outcry.

This was the iron that entered her soul. A man mounted on a stump, raised his hands, and his voice, and his powers of eloquence, said all the fine words he could think of, and all the pretty phrases, and the poor creature was sold to the lowest bidder. A lazy, ignorant old couple made the bid, and hauled her off to their cheerless home in the creaking little wagon, amid the solemn silence of the motley assemblage.

Goody was quiet. For days she would sit and lean on her thin talony hand, and she would open a little brown paper that she carried in her bosom, and cry over it softly and silently. But one day she refused food and drink, and the next day she did the same, and persisted in it calmly yet positively day after day. Kind women could not prevail on her to eat, sympathizing men besought her to without avail; and one morning, when the old couple looked upon their charge, she lay peaceful and with pitiful countenance as one in pleasant slumber. All plainness and homeliness were obliterated, and a rare beauty, lost and faded for long years, had come back again.

In the suspected little brown paper in her bosom was a flossy flake of infant's hair, and a coarser slip beside it, of dark brown, was a man's hair, treasured and beloved, both. The tale they might have told could only be guessed.

Mary, with long and patient waiting, the poor persecuted pauper, a lady born, had sought and found a friendly refuge by starvation.

SHE THOUGHT SHE KNEW.—The passengers in the sleeping-coach were just dozing off when something howled out:

"Ow—wow—wow!"

"Great dragons, there's a young one aboard!" growled a fat man from his berth. "I'll bet a hundred dollars none of us can get a wink of sleep to-night!"

"Wow—wow!" whined the child.

"There he goes again," growled the fat man. "I never travel but I run across some one's offspring."

"Who's that talking?" called the mother of the child in a loud voice.

"Me!" answered the fat man. "Why didn't you either leave that child at home or stay home yourself!"

"Are you talking to me?" demanded the woman.

"Yes, ma'am, I am! I say it's a shame to bring a sick child into a sleeping-car to disturb twenty or thirty people."

"Are you a father?" she asked.

"No, I haint."

"Nor a mother?" she continued.

"No, ma'am."

"Well, sir," she said, as she poked her head out between the curtains, "when you've been the mother of eleven children, moved forty-eight times, and lived in nine different States, you'll begin to think you know your business. I know mine; and if this baby wants to howl he's going to do it, if I have to come over there and take a ton and a half of conceit out of you."—*Delaware County American.*

There is no index of character so sure as the voice. There are some tones, brilliant and gushing, which impart a quick and pathetic sensibility; there are others that, deep and yet calm, seem the just interpreters of a serene and exalted intellect. But the rarest and most precious of all voices is that which combines passion and repose; and those rich and restrained tones exercise, perhaps, on the human frame, a stronger spell than even the fascination of the eye, or that bewitching influence of the hand, which is the privilege of the higher races of Asia.

The editor of the Chattanooga *Times* is tearing his hair because the intelligent compositor made him announce that "Rev. W. W. Simpson would preach at $10.45."

Mrs. Beeton's Hints on Kitchen Economy.

Cleanliness is the most essential ingredient in the art of cooking, a dirty kitchen being a disgrace both to mistress and maid.

Be clean in your person, paying particular attention to the hands, which should always be clean.

Do not go about slipshod. Provide yourself with good, well-fitting boots. You will find them less fatiguing in a warm kitchen than loose, untidy slippers.

Provide yourself with at least a dozen good-sized, serviceable cooking-aprons, made with bibs. These will save your gowns, and keep you neat and clean. Have them made large enough round so as to nearly meet behind.

Never waste or throw away anything that can be turned to account. In warm weather, any gravies or soup that are left from the preceding day should be just boiled up and poured into clean pans. This is particularly necessary where vegetables have been added to the preparation, as it then so soon turns sour. In cooler weather, every other day will be often enough to warm up these things.

If you have a spare kitchen cupboard, keep your baked pastry in it; it preserves it crisp, and prevents it from becoming wet and heavy, which it is liable to do in the larder.

In cooking, clear as you go; that is to say, do not allow a host of basins, plates, spoons, and other utensils to accumulate on the dressers and table whilst you are engaged in preparing the dinner. By a little management and forethought, much confusion may be saved in this way. It is as easy to put a thing in its place when it is done with, as it is to keep continually moving it to find room for fresh requisites. For instance, after making a pudding, the flour-tub, pasteboard, and rolling-pin should be put away, and any basins, spoons, etc., taken to the scullery and neatly packed up near the sink, to be washed when the proper time arrives. Neatness, order and method should be observed.

Never let your stock of spices, salt, seasonings, herbs, etc., dwindle down so low that, some day in the midst of preparing a large dinner, you find yourself minus a very important ingredient, thereby causing much confusion and annoyance.

If you live in the country, have your vegetables gathered from the garden at an early hour, so that there is ample time to make your search for caterpillars, etc. These disagreeable additions need never make their appearance on table in cauliflowers or cabbages, if the vegetable in its raw state is allowed to soak in salt and water for an hour or so. Of course, if the vegetables are not brought in till the last moment, this precaution cannot be taken.

Be very particular in cleansing all vegetables free from grit. Nothing is so unpleasant, and nothing so easily avoided, if but common care be exercised.

When you have done peeling onions, wash the knife at once, and put it away to be cleaned, and do not use it for anything else until it has been cleaned. Nothing is nastier or more indicative of a slovenly and untidy cook than to use an oniony knife in the preparation of any dish where the flavor of the onion is a disagreeable surprise.

After you have washed your saucepans, fish-kettle, etc., stand them before the fire for a few minutes, to get thoroughly dry inside, before putting them away. They should then be kept in a dry place, in order that they may escape the deteriorating influence of rust, and thereby be quickly destroyed. Never leave saucepans dirty from one day's use to be cleaned the next; it is slovenly and untidy.

Empty soups or gravies into a basin as soon as they are done; never allow them to remain all night in the stock-pot.

In copper utensils, if the tin has worn off, have it immediately replaced.

Pudding-cloths and jelly-bags should have your immediate attention after being used; the former should be well washed, scalded, and hung up to dry. Let them be perfectly aired before being folded up and put in the drawer, or they will have a disagreeable smell when next wanted.

After washing up your dishes, wash your dish-tubs with a little soap and water and soda, and scrub them often. Wring the dishcloth, after washing this also, and wipe the tubs out. Stand them up to dry after this operation. The sink-brush and sink must not be neglected. Do not throw anything but water down the sink, as the pipe is liable to get choked, thereby causing expense and annoyance.

Do not be afraid of hot water in washing up dishes and dirty cooking utensils. As these are essentially greasy, lukewarm water cannot possibly have the effect of cleansing them effectually. Do not be chary also of changing and renewing the water occasionally. You will thus save yourself much time and labor in the long run.

Clean your tins with soap and whitening, rubbed on with a flannel, wipe them with a clean, dry, soft cloth, and polish with a dry leather and powdered whitening. Mind that neither the cloth nor leather is greasy.

Do not scrub the inside of your frying-pan, as, after this operation, any prepation fried is liable to catch or burn in the pan. If the pan has become black inside, rub it with a hard crust of bread and wash in hot water, mixed with a little soda.

Punctuality is an indispensable quality in a cook; therefore, the kitchen should be provided with a clock.

If you have a large dinner to prepare, much may be got ready the day before, and many dishes are a great deal better for being thus made early. To soups and gravies, this remark is particularly applicable.

To all these directions the cook should pay great attention; nor should they, by any means, be neglected by the *mistress of the household*, who ought to remember that cleanliness in the kitchen gives health and happiness to home, whilst economy will immeasurably assist in preserving them.

A lady at Bedford, who lived near a church, was sitting by a window listening to the crickets which were loudly chirping, the music from the choir rehearsal being faintly audible, when a gentleman dropped in familiarly, who had just passed the church, and had the music full in his mind. "What a noise they are making to-night!" said he. "Yes," said the lady, "and it is said they do it with their hind legs!"

A Grateful Widower.

Sir Walter Scott used to be fond of telling the following story of his cousin "Watty." Watty aforesaid was a midshipman in the British navy. On a certain occasion he and his messmates had gone on shore at Portsmouth, and had overstayed their leave, besides spending all their money and running up a bill at the tavern at the point. Their ships made signal for sailing, peremptorily calling all hands on board, but when they would have started the landlady said:

"No, gentlemen, you cannot escape without paying your reckoning." And, to confirm her words, she called a bailiff and his *posse* to take charge of them.

The midshipmen felt they were in a bad scrape, and begged to be released.

"No, no," said the resolute matron; "I must be satisfied in some way. You must be aware, gentlemen, that you will be totally ruined and disgraced if you do not go on board in time."

They groaned bitterly, for they knew that she spoke the truth.

"Well," she continued, "I'll give you all a chance. I am so circumstanced that I cannot well carry on my business as a single woman, and I must contrive somehow to have a husband, or, at all events, I must be able to procure a marriage certificate. Now, the only terms upon which I will set you free are, that one of you shall consent to marry me. I don't care a snap which it is; but, by all that is holy, one of you I will have for a husband, or else you all go to jail, and your ship sails without you."

The vixen was not to be coaxed or entreated. Tears and prayers were of no avail. After a time the poor middies agreed to draw lots. Watty drew the matrimonial slip of doom. No time was to be lost. A marriage license was speedily procured, and they went to the nearest church, where the knot was tied. The bride, on her return to her tavern, gave them a good dinner with plenty of wine, and then sent them off in her wherry. Of her own accord she had proposed to her husband that, as the marriage certificate was her chief prize, he was at liberty to live apart from her forever if he so chose.

The ship sailed, and the young gentlemen religiously adhered to the oath of secrecy they had made previous to drawing lots. A year after, at Jamaica, a file of English papers reached the midshipmen's berth, and Watty, who was carelessly looking them over, was attracted by the account of a robbery and murder, and the execution of the culprits at Portsmouth. Suddenly leaping to his feet, forgetful of his oath in the excitement of his ecstasy, he cried out: "Thank heaven! My wife is hanged!"

REPRESENTED OR MISREPRESENTED? Honorable members of the last legislature assured the women of Massachusetts that "they are fully represented at the polls by their husbands and other male relatives."

The following actual conversation is a practical illustration of such representation:

Lady to her husband—"My dear, when does your Republican caucus meet to make nominations? I think I will go with you."

Husband—"Oh! no. It would never do; you would not be welcome there; and besides, I represent you."

Wife—"As you are not willing that I should go, will you speak in favor of having a Woman Suffragist nominated as our representative?"

Husband—"Why, no. How can I, when I am not in favor of Woman Suffrage myself?"

Wife—"If you vote to suit yourself, and directly opposed to my wishes, please do not say any longer that you represent me."

Husband walks away to meditate.

Are wives represented by such husbands?

And the women who have no husbands to (mis)represent them, and whose power of influencing votes must be still less, how, I should like to be informed, are they to be represented?

Many ladies would attend the caucuses, if they only felt that they were welcome, even if they have not the right to vote there.—*Exchange.*

SHORT SERMONS.—When all else is lost, the future remains.—Bovee.

Jealousy dislikes the world to know it.—Byron.

Diligence is the mother of good luck.—Franklin.

Self-trust is the essence of heroism.—Emerson.

Light and lust are deadly enemies.—Shakspeare.

Manners are stronger than law.—Alexander Carlisle.

True joy is only hope put out of fear.—Lord Brooke.

A foe to God was never a true friend to man.—Young.

Many good purposes lie in the churchyard.—Philip Henry.

Who gives a trifle meanly is meaner than the trifle.—Lavater.

Human knowledge is the parent of doubt.—Lord Grenville.

Hate no one; hate their vices, not themselves.—Brainard.

We forgive too little; forget too much.—Madam Swetchine.

Literature is a great staff, but a sorry crutch.—Walter Scott.

The less we deserve good fortune, the more we hope for it.—Moliere.

Genius makes its observations in short hand; talent writes them out at length.—Bovee.

Of all wild beasts, preserve me from a tyrant; and of all tame, a flatterer.—Ben Jonson.

A BOY'S CONUNDRUM.—A little squint-eyed Chicago boy pranced up to his mother one day last week and said:

"Ma, hain't I been real good since I I've begun goin' to Sunday School?"

"Yes, my lamb," replied the mother fondly.

"And you trust me now, don't you, ma?"

"Yes, darling," she replied again.

"Then," spoke up the little innocent, "What makes you keep the cookies locked up in the pantry the same as ever?"

A blind girl recently sent to the Emperor of Germany an exquisitely worked table cover, wrought by her own hands, and to show that she expected no return, omitted her address and simply signed herself "A Blind Girl in Switzerland." The Emperor caused her to be sought out and sent her a valuable brooch and a letter of thanks.

Miss Dimity Seeks Political Information.

Miss Dimity knows all about it now. She languished a long time in ignorance, and felt her situation keenly, but at last she is wiser and sadder.

She always wanted to talk politics and belong to some party; but how could she when she did not even know the difference between a Democrat and a Republican? She looked anxiously through all the papers to gain some information on the subject, but the only plain statements she found were that the Democrats are all liars and swindlers, and the Republicans all thieves and scoundrels. Finally she asked her papa about it, and he looked at her over his spectacles and said: "A Democrat, my dear child, is—by the way, you left lumps in the heels of my stockings when you darned them last week. Girls now-a-days are good for nothing." Then she asked her big brother, and he said: "That's easy; ask me a harder one. A Democrat supports the government as long as the government will support him, and a Republican lets no guilty man escape until he has crammed all of his pockets and the crown of his hat."

She next asked her sweetheart; but he turned pale, and, falling back on his chair, fanned himself furiously while he gasped: "Emmeline, my love, I hope you are not getting strong-minded. I could not think of marrying a woman who knows more than I—than other women."

Next she asked a wise and learned man, and he looked pompously at her and said: "Too deep, my dear, too deep; difference in the platforms; very complicated subject; could never explain it to a woman. In fact, it's so deep that I don't exactly under—ah, believe you could understand it."

Then she went to an editor. They always know everything; it is a peculiarity of the profession. They can get up a theory and explanation of or remedy for anything, inside of forty-five seconds. She asked him, with suffused eyes, if he would please tell her the difference between a Democrat and a Republican. He looked a little startled at first, stuck his pen into the glue-pot, tumbled a pitcher of ice-water over a pile of exchanges, jerked up his collar, and was "himself again." He said: "A Republican has an office and wants to keep it. He thinks rag money good, hard money better, but either kind good enough. He thinks the country needs reform. Salaries are too low, and the people too inquisitive. He cannot buy a $2,000 team of horses on a salary of $1,500 a year, but some one must ask impertinent questions. His country is dear to him, but he is dearer to his country. A Democrat has no office, and wants one. He scorns to ask whether the money is hard or soft; he only gasps, 'How much?' He thinks the country needs reform. He wants change in office and change in his pockets. He holds his country's honor above price, and sells his own to the highest bidder. He—" but Miss Dimity put her hands over her ears and cried: "Please tell me the name of the other party, to which honest men and patriots belong."

Then that editor laughed an inhuman laugh, and said: "Long ago they took a lantern when they wanted to find an honest man. You had better borrow half a dozen head-lights and a garden rake, and go and look for that party. However, if you are a true patriot, you will work for the Republicans, for they all have cottages at Long Branch, and villas in Washington and Paris, and are pretty well supplied with funds; but the Democrats have been out a long time, their money is all gone, and their villas are mortgaged. It will be a dreadful strain on the Treasury, and—"

Miss Dimity did not wait for more. And now, when any one talks politics in her presence, she listens with that benign sadness that is born of superior wisdom.

"THE HEATED TERM."—A New York editor thus pants and gasps and expostulates with the fierce heat:

"Does anybody expect us to write editorials in these hot days, with 96, 98, 100, and we don't know how many more degrees in the shade? Whew! As we write, no zephyr fans our brow, no sable attendant waits attentive to our call. Apollinaris, water with ice? No. Guinness or Bass from cool cellarage and freshly tapped? Alas, no. Claret cup, spiced and redolent? No. Moselle or champagne? No. Juleps? Ah, no. Cobblers? No, not even a straw to excite pleasant recollections. We sit panting, sopping, mopping, and wonder if we are a phenomenal watershed. Our youngest will ere long be able to "paddle his canoe" over our remains, or sail his small bit of shingle in the puddle that will mark where once we stood. How we pine for heaven's floods to wet the sun-scorched earth; for some delightful draught to cool our parched throat; but all in vain! Hark! As we write, a heavenly sound fills the air. The thunders peal and rattle, and the clouds let loose their floods to our relief."

JENNIE JUNE'S PRAYER.—Jennie June is getting tired of the fashionable style of dressing now in vogue, and pleads for greater simplicity and plainness in the make up of ladies' dresses. She is down on pull-backs, flounces, furbelows, and the like. In a late fashion letter to the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, she says:

"For heaven's sake, what ever we do let us get rid of this mess of useless rubbish at the back of our skirt; of the inelegant, inconvenient, untidy, long, narrow turnoure, and adopt a style which at least does not destroy the fabric before it is worn, and does not depend on a cat's cradle of tapes and stitches for daily and hourly adjustment. This for a daily prayer for those who are not concerned about their daily bread would be timely and apropos:

"Oh, Lord! Thou hast fed the slave, and given the colored man the right in common with his brethren to vote. No other important subject being now before Thee, may it please Thee to pay some attention to women; and first of all try to teach them a little common sense in regard to their dress; and Thine be the praise for ever and ever, Amen."

A prudent mother of wealth and respectability, residing in Chicago, has brought up her accomplished and beautiful daughters to do washing and ironing. When questioned as to the cause of this somewhat unusual proceeding, the prudent matron replied: "Oh! it is always well to be prepared for any contingency. Perhaps some of the poor children may marry an Italian count."

Reflections on Great Men.

We always think of great men as in the act of performing the deeds which give them renown, or else in stately attitudes of repose, grand, gloomy, and majestic. And yet this is hardly fair, because even the most gorgeous and magnificent of human beings have to bother themselves with the little things of life which engage the attention of smaller people. No doubt Moses snuffled and got angry when he had a severe cold in his head, and if a fly bit his leg while he was sitting in the desert—why should we suppose he did not jump and use violent language and rub the sore place? And Cæsar; isn't it tolerably certain that he used to become furious when he went up stairs to get his slippers in the dark and found that Calphurnia had shoved them back under the bed so that he had to sweep around for them with the broom-handle? And when Solomon cracked his crazy bone, is it unreasonable to suppose that he hopped around the room and looked mad and felt as if he wanted to cry? Imagine George Washington sitting on the edge of the bed putting on a clean shirt, and growling at Martha because the buttons were off; or St. Augustine with an apron around his neck having his hair cut; or Joan of Arc holding her front hair in her mouth, as women do, while she fixed up her back hair; or Napoleon jumping out of bed in a frenzy to chase a mosquito around the room with a pillow; or Martin Luther in his night shirt trying to put the baby to sleep at two o'clock in the morning; or Alexander the Great with his hiccoughs; or Thomas Jefferson getting over the fence to avoid a dog; or the Duke of Wellington lying in bed with the mumps; or Daniel Webster abusing his wife because she hadn't tucked the covers at the foot of the bed; or Benjamin Franklin paring his corn with a razor; or Jonathan Edwards at the dinner table, wanting to sneeze just as he got his mouth full of hot beef; or Noah standing at his window at night throwing bricks at a cat.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

THE GRAVE OF DICKENS.—Grace Greenwood, writing to the New York *Times* of her visit to the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey, says, with a tender recollection of the great novelist:

"It is a grand thing, doubtless, to be buried in Westminster Abbey, but it is a dreary sort of isolation in death for a social, kindly man like Dickens. No friend can come to keep him company; no child may be laid at his side. He loved light and warmth and color; all cheerful sights and sounds. Change was necessary to his alert spirit, and he should have been laid in some pleasant, open burial ground in or near the great city, with the sounds and movements of every-day life about him. That was the life he loved to paint. He never was at home with lords and ladies. He has gone into magnificent banishment here, where the perpetual tramp of strange feet, coming and going, is like the ebb and flow of a sea across the granite that shuts him down among unkindred dust, where no faintest influence of the sun, no intimations of the changing seasons can come. But they say his coffin was heaped high with flowers. Midsummer went down with him into the grave, and was hid away with him in fragrant darkness there. And on each anniversary of his death there are placed on that cold, gray slab the sweetest and brightest flowers of this festal month—crosses of white lilies and roses, 'pansies for thought,' 'rosemary for remembrance,' and always a peculiar offering from some unknown hand—a wreath of scarlet geraniums, looking in that shadowy corner like flowery flame, the very expression of passionate love and sorrow."

RECIPROCITY.—No man liveth to himself alone. To live and ignore the effects of our own conduct upon others, and theirs upon us, is impossible, for we are unconsciously moulding the surroundings and circumstances that will tell for or against us in time. Every act of ours is sure to affect the delicate workings of the social machinery, so that, although at the time we may think little of it, a few years will show us that the trivial circumstance has effected our whole course in life.

Beautiful indeed is the manner in which the Ruler of the Universe brings about certain results, and the better we understand the system, and the more we investigate the way men bring upon themselves the misery which they attribute to ill-luck, or the success which is, after all, only the reward of perseverence, industry, and a knowledge of mankind, the more we are convinced that knowledge is power, and, whether we are disposed to admit it to ourselves or not, we are governed by very trifling circumstances. He who increases the value of his own property increases the value of his neighbor's property, and in the same manner he who increases his own standard of morality raises the standard of morality among those who know him best. The gain may be small at first, and hardly appreciable, but, when the great balance is struck, he will find that he has been credited with this offering that he has made toward making the world better.

GOOD SOCIETY.—In a review of Ticknor's Life and Letters occurs the following passage: "Taking three men as roughly representative, Mr. Garrison, Mr. Parker, and Mr. Emerson were the three most influential men in Boston of the years between 1836 and 1860, and it is not uncharacteristic of what in America calls itself good society, that it had no part in any of them." The dreadful thing about this statement is that it is literally true, and that no perceptible social improvement has taken place since the latest date quoted. The trouble is not that the gentlemen mentioned lacked society, or that they were not admired, looked up to, and, to a certain extent, followed, but that good society—the mass of respectable people who live moral lives, reside in good houses, wear good clothes, succeed in business, go to church, educate their children, and subscribe to all charitable projects—have, nevertheless, so little sympathy with radical reforms, such halting appreciation of the real bearings of existing conditions, and such an aversion to intellectual effort which does not promise either profit or honor, that they repel the great minds through whose influence they and their children receive whatever mental elevation they may finally blunder upon.—*Christian Union.*