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EDNA AND JOHN:

A Romance of Idaho Flat. BY MRS. A. J. DUNIWAY. AUTHOR OF "JUDITH REID," "ELLEN DOWD," "AMEE AND HENRY LEE," "THE HAPPY HOME," "ONE WOMAN'S STRIFE," "MADRE MORIBUND," ETC., ETC., ETC.

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Woman's degraded, helpless position is the weak point of our institutions to-day—a disturbing force everywhere, severing family ties, filling our asylums with the dead, the dumb, the blind, our prisons with criminals, our cities with drunkenness and prostitution, our homes with disease and death.

CHAPTER X.

Edna had so thoroughly disciplined her mind to the idea that she must believe in her husband under all circumstances that it was long before she took real alarm from his idle habits.

John was not at heart a vicious man, and when half tipsy he was always supremely good natured. Edna's contempt for him in no way diminished as she saw him regularly appropriate her hard earnings to his own individual indulgences, but she only strove the harder to supply the fuel for the constant drain upon their resources, till at last she fell sick, and then the trouble came in earnest.

Aunt Judy, with whom the change in climate and surroundings had gone hard, was excessively rheumatic, and became utterly unable to supply the market with pastry, after Edna fell ill, and the family exchequer grew alarmingly empty.

"John," said Edna, one day, after a vain effort to arise from her bed to attend to the demands of her business had resulted in a relapse, "couldn't you learn to make the pies and doughnuts, and carry on the business till I get well again?"

"Do you take me for a woman?" John replied, with a manly laugh. "Then what are we to do, John? I've worn out my strength in your service, and am no longer able to carry on the work. Do you intend to let us starve?"

John could not comprehend the situation. So long as there was a meal ahead he was as happy as the day. "We'll be compelled to sell the team," said Aunt Judy, at last, though this conclusion was arrived at through many tears and misgivings, for the team was her only possession, and while she retained it she was not without hope that when the spring should come and the roads be again passable, she might get away from the mountain fastnesses and reach the settlements with Edna and the child.

In her own mind John had been given up as lost from the first hour that his drinking habits became apparent. "John," and Aunt Judy tried hard to speak cheerfully, "there was a miner here to-day who intends to engage extensively in flume making in the spring. I agreed to sell him our wagon and oxen. It will be a great trial, for while we had the team we had the means of getting out of this, you know. But we'll starve unless we do something. Edna is like to be down for all time, for what I know—thanks to your kindly care for her comfort! I'm rheumatic and used up, and with the snow all around us, the mines frozen up for the winter, and the only able-bodied member of the firm so disgusted that he isn't willing to work at making pies because he's of the sex that's able to plume itself upon dignity, I'll be compelled to close the bargain and part with the oxen right away. Now, I want you to go down to the bottom and get 'em up. Four hundred dollars will keep the wolf from the door till spring, if I have the handling of the cash."

But John did not go for the cattle that day, nor the next. He was always ready with some trivial excuse, and always promising to go to-morrow, but to-morrow never came, and at last the last loaf of bread was gone and the last mouthful of food of any description had disappeared.

John was not hungry. He was tolerably clever at draw poker, and the free lunches of the low groggery where he spent his hours of leisure, and they were not limited, seeing he was wholly without occupation, were regularly forthcoming; so, blunted as he was in his sensibilities by drink, he was incapable of an adequate conception of the real needs of his household.

If there is one place superior to all others in genuine liberality, that place is a mining camp. The little Idaho, the only child in the diggings, was an object of positive adoration among the bronzed and bearded men who had wandered far from the abodes of their loved ones, with whom was an ever-abiding and tender memory. Many of these men had left their homes to woo the fickle god of fortune, expecting soon to return; but with hopes long deferred by constant failure to secure the much-coveted wealth they had come in quest of, they yet lingered in Idaho Flat, eating and drinking, through the long winters necessarily spent in idleness in the mountains, the proceeds of every summer's toil.

Aunt Judy and John had had a fearful quarrel. Aunt Judy, in a fit of impatience, had had a good woman

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had vainly plead with her idle ward to fetch the cattle that they might be sold to save the household from starvation, he said, one day, with provoking coolness, "I don't see why you need to worry. The miners won't see the women and children suffer."

"And, is it possible, John Smith, that you are so far dead to all sense of independence honor that you would willingly depend upon the efforts and charity of strangers for your family's support?" John left the cabin, slamming the ponderous punched door with a clamor and bang that sent a thrill of nervous agony through poor Edna's temples and almost threw her into spasms.

"Aunt Judy," said she, speaking from a sudden impulse which a moment's reflection would have caused her to forego, "I'm afraid John has sold the team already."

"And what, pray, would he have done with the money?" cried Aunt Judy, the sudden start of surprise throwing her into a fresh tremor of rheumatic twinges. "I don't know, auntie. Please forget that I said it. God knows I would not misjudge John. I have chosen my fate, and it is as little as I can do to honor it. This is your own teaching, you know."

"Yes, poor child! But I little thought, when I counseled you to make the best of a bad and foolish bargain, by sticking the closer to it, that you would ever be the means of bringing us all to the verge of both starvation and disgrace!" It was a cruel taunt. Poor Edna, weak and helpless, and so full of her own miserable contempt for the weakness which was dragging himself and family to the lowest depths by drunkenness and profligacy that she was paying the forfeit of her disgust by a lingering and painful illness, could only answer by silent tears.

Little by little the whole truth leaked out. John had sold the team and squandered the proceeds of the sale at the gambling board. At first he was penitent, but a consultation with his friends at the groggery put a new phase upon his affairs, and he became insolent and abusive.

There was little law, except of the Lynch order, in Idaho Flat. Men were bound to each other by a code of unwritten honor, which the most of them instinctively respected, and woe to the transgressor who disregarded it. But, if they knew how to deal with each other as men, they were signally at fault when differences of opinion concerning property rights grew up between husband and wife, hence they could not interfere with the rights of Edna and John, or even of John and Aunt Judy in property matters.

Could Aunt Judy have proved that the property in question was hers, instead of John's, or, rather, John's wife's, it would have aroused the indignation of every miner to its highest pitch to have known that he had thus appropriated it; but the accepted idea that a man cannot wrong a woman in person or property, if that woman be his wife, was orthodox law in Idaho Flat, as it is in too many other localities in America where men are the sole arbiters of financial destiny.

"The team wasn't yours, but Edna's, and you needn't be putting on airs about it, Aunt Judy," said John. "I should like to know how you make that out?" was the old lady's helpless reply.

"I'm not always asleep when I'm supposed to be napping," continued John. "I heard you and old Mrs. Rutherford talking these things over together before we left the States, and I know that you're infringing on my rights every time you interfere in my family affairs!"

This was a blow to Aunt Judy's pride, but how was she to help herself? She was absolutely without proof that she was other than a pensioner upon the bounty of John. It was not customary for women to own property in their own right when there was a man at hand to claim it. How was it that she had been so blind?

But it is useless to follow the miserable family through the sickening ordeals of that terrible winter. Over the humiliation of Edna, the wrath of Aunt Judy, and the dissipation of John, let us, in mercy to the reader, draw a veil.

Partly upon the charity of the miners, partly upon the precarious earnings of John's gambling, but chiefly upon such slight income as Edna was able to command by her pastry cooking on such days as she was able to creep around the cabin, the family subsisted.

Spring came at length, bringing balmy sunshine and gentle breezes to allay the rigorous cold that had held carnival through the long months preceding her much-desired advent.

Work was resumed in the diggings as soon as the melting snows made water abundant, and soon the mines were literally black with searchers for the hidden ore.

With the return of pleasant weather came better health for Aunt Judy, whose rheumatic twinges gave way under the genial rays of the springtime sunshine.

The baby Idaho, or Ida, as the miners loved to call her, was the pet of the settlement, and her young life was a constant ovation in spite of her untoward surroundings. Edna idolized the child. "She came to me when I had nothing else," was her excuse to Aunt Judy for her deep attachment to the little wail-

which was never allowed to be out of her sight for a moment, lest some harm might befall her. But John, poor demoralized and maudlin fellow, became an object of such utter inward loathing that her whole life was a hypocritical farce.

Things were in this unsettled condition when one day an old gentleman with white hair and venerable mien approached the cabin, leading, and half bearing in his arms, the drunken head of the family, who, with silly smiles and voluble utterance, ordered Aunt Judy to prepare some food for the stranger.

The old lady was in the flour to her elbows, and so busy with the pastry cooking which Edna had long been unable to do that she was in no very amiable mood.

"I must say that I look like cooking food for strangers, don't I, now?" she asked, abruptly.

The stranger looked at her with a glance of surprise, and then, controlling his emotions with an effort of his will, said, pleasantly, "I beg your pardon, madam. I have no desire to intrude if my visit is not opportune. This man informed me that you accommodated travelers with food."

Where had Aunt Judy heard that voice? Had she ever heard it, except in her dreams? She turned deathly pale.

"O, sir," she faltered, "it's no trouble at all to get you a dinner."

"And then, in spite of her ruffled temper, the good woman smiled like a sunbeam, as she flitted hither and thither about her work, and so placed before him, on a snowy tablecloth, made of the bleached linen sacking of the flour used in the mines, carefully overseamed in the middle and as carefully fringed at the edges, one of the most savory meals ever gotten up from almost nothing, whether in the mines or out of them.

"Sir, will you be so kind as to tell me your name, and whence you are come?" The question was an abrupt one, and Aunt Judy was surprised at herself for having uttered it.

"I am known as 'The Stranger,'" was the abstract answer, "and I sometimes wonder if I am not the Wandering Jew."

"I like that," said Edna, from her invalid's seat in the corner, formed of a dry goods box covered with gunny sacks, her head resting against the rough, unheavened wall of the cabin, and her feet enwrapped upon a sack of beans, which a miner had given to Aunt Judy in exchange for a stipulated number of doughnuts and pies.

"And why do you like my title, if I may be pardoned for the question?" asked the stranger, turning from the room before him and looking inquiringly into the eyes of the invalid, who regarded him with an interest bordering on fascination.

"I like it because there is mystery and excitement about it. I like anything better than this plodding, humdrum life that brings nothing with it but toil, pain, weakness, weariness, and disgust."

"You see, Mr. Stranger, that my wife's imbibed ever so many foolish notions," said John. "She's concluded that she's smarter than I am, that she lowered her dignity by marrying me, and all that. Just as if I'm not giving her as good a home as any poor man gives a wife in these diggings! She's been laid up for three months, too, and I have supported her through it all."

"Yes, John, you are a most exemplary husband! Anybody can see that!" thought Edna, turning her face toward the unheavened wall to hide the tears that would start in spite of her effort to subdue them.

"Never mind trouble," said the stranger. "When you've seen as much of life as I have, and have learned that in spite of the lunks you get when depending on others for happiness that there is a perennial fountain within yourself, from which you can drink copious draughts of pure contentment, you will have found, not the philosopher's stone, but the still waters of a quiet life. One must live one lifetime before he learns the art of living at all."

"And how, pray, can you learn to depend wholly upon yourself, and live for no one except yourself, when you have others depending upon you and hampering your life continually?" "You do not understand me, madam. Husband and children are parts of your very self."

The stranger departed, leaving Edna in a maze of bewilderment. "True to one's own inner consciousness!" she murmured, "ah, me!" Aunt Judy sat down upon the pack-saddle just vacated by the stranger and closed her eyes in a dreary reverie.

"But for you, my baby Ida, I would curse God and die!" cried Edna, in her bitterness of spirit.

"Edna, you blaspheme! You make me shudder!" said Aunt Judy. "You must conquer such a spirit as that or you will have no rest here or hereafter."

"Auntie, did you ever see that man before?" "Edna, what a question! Are you crazy?" "I believe I am! Would to God I knew I were an idiot!"

"Idiot has very little sense of either pain or pleasure," said Aunt Judy. "It is very wrong of you to make such wishes. We are not always to live like this. If it were not for the legal hold John has upon you, which takes away your opportunity to control your own earnings, and renders me helpless also, we'd get along well enough. The trouble is not alone or chiefly that John is dissipated and improvident. The worst of it all is that the law, recognizing the husband and wife as one, and as that one the husband, you are not allowed to be the arbiter of your own destiny."

"There, auntie, you've said enough! When I take a notion to monopolize John's pantaloons, I'll let you know it."

"Poor child, if you could monopolize your own own petticoats, I'd have a little more interest in life," was the sad reply.

[To be continued.] A Plea for Short Skirts.

A "Dress Reformer" makes the following plea for short skirts, in an Eastern paper:

I am not a strong-minded woman, and if I had a "Lord of creation," who ruled wisely in my kingdom, I should never seek the public to complain. I have no such tyranny to combat, but a far worse one—the tyranny of woman's dress. I do not wish to cast off skirts and take to the masculine garb, but I do wish to have women themselves made and clinging to the dirty fashion; well, if so, women never care for a fashion when the gentlemen dislike it. The fashion of long skirts must have originated with some lady who had extremely long feet; but all the girls, no matter how pretty, good digestion, or true beauty and grace—until they cease to carry around after them a bedraggled, muddy skirt.

You may say no one denies us the right to wear our skirts as short as we please, that women themselves made and clinging to the dirty fashion; well, if so, women never care for a fashion when the gentlemen dislike it. The fashion of long skirts must have originated with some lady who had extremely long feet; but all the girls, no matter how pretty, good digestion, or true beauty and grace—until they cease to carry around after them a bedraggled, muddy skirt.

As for holding up the dress, that is worse than all, a really modest girl can not walk along the street facing all the corners looking up, and hold up her dress high enough to keep it clean, and putting modesty aside it requires at least four hands to hold up a fashionable dress. I submit these few thoughts to you, hoping that they may bring the thoughts of some sensible woman, if all sensible people are not out of fashion, to the subject of short dresses, if they cannot be universally worn, if they could at least be worn on the street.

My dear sisters, these dresses can be made to look very beautiful, and if you do not really enjoy it, why just squeeze them into pretty boots; never mind the pain; it is a less evil than to sweep the dirty street with a silk dress. All feet, left as God made them, uncramped by tight shoes, have a beauty of their own, no matter if they are "number ones."

DOMESTIC LIFE OF THE PRESIDENTS. Washington was married but had no children. Adams was married and had one son, whom he lived to see President. Jefferson was a widower, his wife died twenty years before his election. They had six children, all daughters, of whom only two survived infancy. Madison was married but had no children. His wife was the most elegant woman that ever adorned the Presidential mansion. She survived him, and was for many years a widow in the society of her friends. Monroe was married, and so was John Quincy Adams. Jackson was a widower, and so was Van Buren and Harrison. Tyler was a widower when he entered office, but soon after married the heiress, Miss Gardiner, of Cincinnati. He was the only President that married during his term of office. Polk was a married man, and his wife survived him a number of years. Gen. Taylor was a widower. Pierce was a married man, but Buchanan was a bachelor. The social condition of such men as Lincoln, Johnson and Grant needs no reference, except to add that Grant is the first President who had a daughter married while in office.—Cincinnati Gazette.

The President of Michigan University says of women students in his recent annual report: "These are distributed as follows: Medicine, thirty-seven; law, six; homeopathy, two; literature, sixty. The experience of the last year confirms the opinion we have been led to form by the experience of previous years, that women who come here in good health are able to complete our collegiate or professional courses of study without detriment to their health."

The widow of Daniel Webster, who is now reported as an octogenarian and living at New York City, and, after ten years withdrawal from outer life, attending church regularly on Sundays, was Caroline Bayard Leroy, the daughter of an eminent New York merchant. Mr. Webster's first wife, the mother of his four children, was Grace Fletcher, of Hopkinton, N. H., and died in 1828, and Mr. Webster married Miss Leroy in 1829.

OBSERVATIONS OF A WORKER.

[The following communication addressed to the Yamhill County Woman Suffrage Association at its recent meeting by Mrs. J. DeVore Johnson, of Oregon City, should have appeared several weeks ago, but was unfortunately mislaid.—Ed.]

I have only at this late date found myself honored by your communication of the 28th ult., which has followed my various addresses during a prolonged absence from home. I confess myself flattered by your invitation to aid our common cause, and consider myself bound to respond, though the measure of my help must necessarily be small.

I am prevented from being with you at your meeting chiefly by a prior and important engagement to meet the Board of Managers of the Oregon State Agricultural Society at Salem. I doubt not that you rejoice to note that the officers of that society begin to value the services of women. From this time henceforward the ladies of Oregon will play an important part in the conduct of the State Fair—an institution which may be so managed as to conduce to great public benefit. Allow me to thank your attention to Article III. of the constitution of the above-named society. It provides in Section I. that "any person resident of this State, of the age of fifteen years," shall be eligible for membership. This provision ought to admit women to the society. Several officers of the society have urged me to join, though whether advisedly or not, I am unable to say. I shall test the matter in the meeting just at hand. If I am accepted as a member, I shall take pleasure in informing you. And I should then urge your lady members to obtain membership in the Agricultural Society at the next fair. Such a measure, I firmly believe, would redound greatly to the credit of the State by securing for its advancement the advantage of much talent and judgment that is now unavailable. I am convinced, moreover, that such a step would advance the interests of women as such. Everything that makes their value to the State apparent increases the prospect of their proper consideration, socially, politically, and every way. The prospect for this consideration was never so bright as now. I find myself inexpressibly encouraged after two months' exceptional opportunity for investigation of the subject.

It is absolutely astonishing to note the readiness with which the man of fair average ability and sense of justice is converted to the doctrine of equal rights when they are really brought home to him. Such conversions were apparently numerous at the called meeting of the Oregon State Woman Suffrage Association, recently held in Salem. I believe that all of our missionary work that is done in intelligence and fairness is abundantly fruitful. As a rule, men of good morals and education are unjust to women because they are really ignorant, incredible as that may seem. We must enlighten them. Education is always the hope of freedom.

I have said that reforms usually work from above downward. The demand for them may come from below, as an instinctive appeal. But in reality the most enlightened must be the most liberal. Let me illustrate. A man is sent to Congress by the suffrages of the people. He becomes the avenue of the desires and petitions of his constituency. He is made aware of hundreds of demands where perhaps any one man who makes a demand through him is aware only of an interest in his particular personal needs. Our Congressmen must examine data of every description in order to intelligently serve his constituents. If he is an ordinarily intelligent and conscientious man, he becomes thoroughly imbued with the spirit of reform. If there is anything wrong in the law, he is the one to know it and urge change. Not only does a Congressman become conversant with the needed reforms in his own State, but necessarily so with those of other States, because he must study them to vote upon measures introduced by fellow-Congressmen. What is true of a Congressman is true in a greater or less degree of a governor, a legislator, etc. Distinguished position must afford distinguished privileges of instruction. A man upon whom questions are forced, and who is literally required to act upon them, must know more in regard to them than a man whose occupation, like a woman's, does not of itself obtrude upon his notice any but his own private affairs. In support of my position, I call attention to the fact that very many men of high public position are notably advocates of equal rights. I believe this to be the case with the majority of them, and I think that this will become the rule when the women's claims have received as much impartial attention as other subjects. Submit this question fairly and persistently to the men that represent us, and their habits of observation and opportunities for the same will inevitably secure us their valuable advocacy. A person unacquainted with the facts would-to-day be astounded at the list of distinguished men among our friends. The weight which these men give to our cause is not measured alone by their personal efforts, which will eventually secure our success, if seconded by us. Position usually insures popularity. So I verily believe that long before the citizenship

of woman is fully recognized and guaranteed, it will have become popular to follow the distinguished men of the nation in advocating such a desirable state of things.

An encouraging indication of the times is the deference with which women's claims are already treated by public men, especially candidates. Such men now, when invited to address a convention of Woman Suffragists, invariably return a civil, and often sympathetic reply, when not long since the scantiest courtesy or contemptuous silence would have been considered allowable. During our late convention several gentlemen now prominently before the people sent very handsome letters. Hon. Richard Williams especially distinguished himself by a graceful and sententious epistle in which he considered himself pledged to woman's political advancement by party requirements, if by no others.

The day is not far distant when the crisis through which the nation is passing, no less than the inevitable enlightenment of the people, will enable us to witness the spectacle of the great political parties advancing woman's cause and contending for her aid. I venture to say that that aid would not have been refused by many men of either party, if it could have been legally used in the late Presidential election.

Any intelligent observer must already perceive indications of a growing disposition among politicians to consider woman's enfranchisement as a party measure. Almost every man who voted or talked for us in the last Oregon Legislature afterward claimed credit for the act, and also remembrance as due his particular party. This is as it should be. Such a disposition will help us; and besides, Woman Suffrage must soon become one of the great political issues of the day. Some political party will espouse woman's cause and achieve overwhelming success. Every great, successful, and permanent party must be founded on at least one vital moral principle. Equal rights is the grandest principle of human rights, and must inevitably and soon take its turn in engaging the attention of some political party.

If I had not already trespassed upon your time and patience, I should be happy to state my convictions and observations in regard to the present growth of liberality toward woman. Let it suffice to say that I am abundantly encouraged. An exhaustive study of the Oregon Legislature has convinced me more than anything else could of the nearness of woman's full recognition as a free American citizen. I hope I have not wearied you. Let me congratulate the Yamhill County Woman Suffrage Association as doing more for woman's enfranchisement than any other Association in the State. Its very name is a word of cheer.

Hoping for your success in the ensuing meeting, and desiring some time to meet with you, I have the honor to remain, Yours truly, J. DEVORE JOHNSON.

Bones of the Dead—To What Base Uses They Are Put.

Bones, new and old, wherever they can be picked up, are put to a variety of uses. The fresher kinds of shank bones are used for making the handles of knives, forks, and tooth-brushes. From some gelatine is extracted. When not serviceable for these purposes, they are crushed and powder for manure. Bone dust is worth from 25 to 25.10s per ton. Farmers buy it in large quantities for fertilizing their fields. The importation of this convenient fertilizer from foreign countries is immense. Stories are told of battle-fields being plundered for the sake of the decaying bones of the soldiers who had fallen. Researches for the material bone dust are carried on upon a large scale in the ancient cemeteries and pyramids of Egypt. Long ago, when the people of that country mummified the bodies of their relations, and stowed them ceremoniously away in caverns, they were not aware that they were only preserving them for manure in a distant European island. A correspondent of the Times, writing from Alexandria, facetiously remarks:

"Fancy mutton fattened on ancient Egyptians! The other day, at Sakhara, I saw nine camels pacing down from the mummy pits to the bank of the river, laden with nets, in which were femora, ribs, and other bony bits of the human form, some 200 weight in each net on each side of the camel. Among the pits were people busily engaged in searching out, sifting, and sorting the bones, which almost crust the ground. On inquiry I learned that the cargoes with which the camels were laden would be sent down to Alexandria, and thence be shipped to English manure manufacturers. They make excellent manure, I am told, particularly for Sweden and other turnips. The trade is brisk, and has been going on for years, and may go on for many more. It is a strange fate, to preserve one's skeleton for thousands of years, in order that they may be fine Southdowns and Cheviots in a distant land. But Egypt is always a place of wonders."

Sauvage is accustomed to tell, as the origin of "Hold the Fort," about Sherman's message signalled to General Corse, at Altoona, "Hold the fort—I am coming." The evangelist, however, does not quote General Corse's reply, which was: "I am short a cheek bone and an ear, but am able to whip all hell yet!"

Spriggs' wife woke him up at three o'clock in the morning to say that, upon the whole, she has decided to have a dark green suit and green velvet bonnet this winter.

Always in debt when there is no necessity for it.—The letter B.

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

Memorable Floods and Earthquakes.

The awful calamity in Bengal, intelligence of which comes to us by cable, is unparalleled in history. A number of islands lying about the estuary of the river Megna, which, in part of its course, is identical with the Brahmaputra, were entirely submerged by a storm-wave on the 1st of October, and nearly all their inhabitants were destroyed. As the wave swept onward for five or six miles inland, and as one island alone—Dahkin Shahabazpore—had a population of 240,000 people, probably not less than 250,000 human beings were overwhelmed in the catastrophe. With the exception of the great earthquake at Antioch, in 450 A. D., in which, according to Gibbon, 250,000 people perished, history affords nothing like so wholesale a destruction of life.

The only other convulsion of nature which can be compared to these is the great earthquake of 1783, in Calabria, which probably caused the death of at least 100,000 people, and was felt distinctly in a large part of Europe. Originating under the center of Calabria, the disturbance passed under the sea, and rolled up a mountain of water, which destroyed the city of Messina. On the morning of November 1, 1755, an earthquake in a large part of Europe, and in Lisbon; the sea retired, leaving the harbor dry, and then returned in a wave fifty feet high; in six minutes 60,000 people perished. The battle of Actium was fought thirty-one years before the Christian era, while the ground rolled and rocked under the feet of the soldiers on land as they watched the sea fight in which they could take no part. This convulsion of nature destroyed about 10,000 people.

In 1812, 40,000 persons perished in a similar manner at Caracas. Of memorable inundations the following are noted down: In the early part of the fifteenth century the sea broke in at Dort, Holland, and drowned seventy-two villages and over 100,000 people, and about a hundred years after a general inundation, caused by the failure of the dykes in Holland, is said to have destroyed 400,000 people. It is not too much to say that within historic times recorded calamities by flood and earthquake have killed off between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 people. Of all that have occurred in recent years, the flood in Bengal is by far the most disastrous.—N. Y. Graphic.

Ten Minutes for Refreshment.

Some of the most amusing passages in Dickens' American Notes, and in Mrs. Trollope's now half-forgotten book on America, are those which describe, with (it must be confessed) very little exaggeration, the habit of bolting down food which was once characteristic of Americans on almost all occasions, and which we regret to say, may still be observed at lunch counters in the middle of the day and at railway stations where trains halt a short time for refreshments. But the habit is no longer distinctively American. No people in the world are more prone to linger at table, when the business cares of the day are over and dismissed from the mind, than those very Americans who gobble up their noonday lunch with lightning-like velocity. They may be heard every moment lost to business by the necessity of attending to the demands of hunger; but when they have once bidden adieu to the bank, the counting-room, or the stock exchange, when once the hurry of the day is over, and business no longer claims attention, not even Orientals themselves enjoy leisure with so keen a zest, or linger with greater trepidation about the social board. The good Western Governor who boasted that he once gave a state dinner in his Legislature in fifteen minutes, was not longer claims attention, not even Orientals themselves enjoy leisure with so keen a zest, or linger with greater trepidation about the social board. The good Western Governor who boasted that he once gave a state dinner in his Legislature in fifteen minutes, was not longer claims attention, not even Orientals themselves enjoy leisure with so keen a zest, or linger with greater trepidation about the social board.

INTERESTING.—The manufacture of linen began in England, in 1255; the manufacture of paper from cotton rags 100 years earlier; the insurance of ships by means of a contract commenced about forty years after the birth of Christ; Venice commenced the banking business in 1156, the Bank of Genoa being established in 1407, the Bank of Amsterdam in 1609, the Bank of England in 1694; spectacles were invented in 1280; the art of weaving was introduced into England in 1330; muskets, in 1370; and pistols, about 200 years later; printing is a German invention, introduced by Gutenberg, at Mentz, in 1456; there are now published in the United States 8,129 newspapers, in England and Ireland 2,500, in France 1,000, and in Germany only 800.

KIND OFFICES.—Few things can be done to oblige others but at the expense of some convenience, gratification, or wish of our own; and he whose means are limited should seek to evince his attachment to friends or family by every little sacrifice in his power. We attend to large concerns for our own sake; we should attend to less ones for others. Our efforts to please others never fail to reward ourselves. There is nothing more lovely than to love to oblige others; nevertheless, it is the duty of a discreet man not to be so far overcome by his obliging heart as to promise as a thing that is desired of him, without considering whether he can or ought to grant it.

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.—The London Saturday Evening News says that spiritual manifestations are never heard of except in a select company in a private room, and under circumstances in which almost any amount of trickery may be practiced; that the voices of the spirits usually talk nonsense and bad grammar, and that there never has been a single occasion on which their supposed communications have been of the slightest importance.

Mr. Henry W. Sage, formerly of Brooklyn, has just given Cornell University 100 fine elm trees, which will be set out on the college campus.