The New Northwest.

MRS. A. S. DUNIWAY, Editor and Proprietor

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TERMS, IN ADVANCE:

ADVERTISEMENTS Inserted on Reasonable

Miss Peverill's Pride.

"I never heard of such impertinence," said Agues Peverill, throwing down the Remember it's a woman's privilege to letter she held, and half crying in her change her mind. If you neglect us, vexation. "How dare he write such 'You shut your life from hunnier change things to me? What business has he to love me? He never would have dared write like this if-if papa were alive and we had not lost our

"You may thank yourself for this," said Grandma Peverill, looking over her spectacles with an air of concern. "You have amused yourself considera-bly with Harold Helper, to my certain knowledge. When one dances, or must pay the piper." "I don't understand you, grandma. When one dances, on

certainly never gave him a shadow of encouragement. I have guessed for some time that he-that he didn't dislike me, you know; but I never dreamed that he would dare say as much. Papa's clerk ! Why, I've seen him sweeping out the office, and his fingers as inky as Caddy Jellyby's.'

"Men are audacious creatures," ob-served grandma; "but if you knew that he didn't exactly hate you, you oughtn't to have accepted him as escort when you were learning to ride. When your papa brought him home to dine, you needn't have made yourself so attract-Ive, need you? You might have had a headache in your own room, or au invitation out. 'You needn't have talked pretty nonsense with him by the hour, while your father and I took our afterdinner naps, need you ?'

"One can't help flirting a little, grandma?"

"What, with one's father's clerk ? And no doubt one can't help working him slippers and braiding watch chains, either.'

"Why, of course one gives birthday and Christmas gifts to all one's ac-quaintances, even to old Biddy, the pauper. One doesn't expect them to presume on that, however.

"And so you think Mr. Helper is presuming when he offers you his heart's love and all his worldly prospects? Why so ?'

Served me right, too," "I think he is presuming, because the Peverills are not of his order, grand- He made himself intimate at the Pevmamma. They came over in the 'May-flower;' they are descended from Lord Peverill; they have graduated at colleges, have enjoyed elegant accomplishments ever since, and have never solled their hands with the grime of labor, Peverill while Agnes and Miles made while Mr. Helper's ancestors were illiterate mechanics, who murdered the king's English. Why, his own father shadow. was a stone-cutter. I've heard papa say 80.

"And supposing that yours had been a mechanic, what objection would you have urged ?"?

"Why, it's not a supposable case, grandmamma-a Peverill a stonecutter !!

"But supposing you were not a Pever-111 ?" "My imagination is not bold enough

for such a flight. You see, I have all the prejudices of my class. I would unhappiness sooner than marry beneath me. "Then I am to understand that you

consider yourself superior to Harold of arms. It is a crime in his eyes to be Helper. It is some years since he figured as your father's inky-fingered

mean to desert us," said she, "because the level of her lips. that foolish chit of an Agnes doesn't sider the question I asked you a year know when her bread is well buttered. ago, darling ?" And Agnes reconsidered. Mrs. Helper had been married a year and better, when it occurred to her, in an idle moment, to overhaul Grandma

You shut your life from happier chance, as the poet says. Nobody knows what may happen."

essly

gard.

garden.

her own possessions; and when she heard Harold calling her, she went "But I hear that Miss Peverill has enouraged Mr. Bond," said Harold, helpslowly out to meet him, with one of them crushed in her soft hands.

"And you're going to stand aloof and let little Miles Bond walk over you? Now let me tell you that I mean to "What have you there, darling ?" asked "And you knew it all the while!" she answered, irrelevantly; "you knew I was not a Peverill, descended from the Crusader; you knew that I had been adopted from a foreigh foundling asymake you and Miles executors of my will; so Pd like to keep on friendly

terms with you-don't you see?" "Thank you; but aren't we friends, near or apart?" lum! And yet you loved me! and yet "'Tis said that absence conquers love," you married me, Agnes Nobody !" and she laughed; "and haven't you heard of the virtue that resides in propinquity?" herself to be clasped in the arms of a

If Agnes sees Miles every day, and you stone once in six weeks, which do you think in it. stone-cutter's son, and found comfort she will be most likely to love best?" "It is not likely that she will ever

love me, whatever happens," said Harold. "Who said she would never love you? "But I may be the daughter of a cob-Aren't you worth forty Miles Bonds?" "Certainly not in Miss Peverill's re-

bler, of a pauper, or worse," she sobbed. "You are my wife, and I love you." "Then I would rather be your wife than the daughter of a king," said she, "Prithee, what do you know of he

regard, Sir Faintheart?' "Very little, to be sure."

"'He either fears his fate too much, Or his deserts are small, That dares not put it to the touch, To gain or lose it all.""

"Haven't I put my fate to the touch,

Mrs. Peverill, and haven't I found that deserts are miserably small?" "Dear me! I see that you don't know

Yes' that women blow twenty ways of a Then I pity you. morning. Who knows but she is cry-No?

ing her pretty eyes out this minute, and wishing with ail her silly heart that Then I envy you. And yet hotels are the place to study she had it to do over again?" uman nature, and get your lessons by

"Miles knows," laughed Harold, "Come and see who knows best. An eart, too. I've been a hotel boarder for five years. old woman's advice isn't to be sneezed

When I began I was a quiet, modest litat. I refused my first lover myself, betle woman as ever you saw, but now well, never mind what I am now. cause I thought he'd come back and tease me into it, but he never did. In the first place it tries your temper.

had a fall.

The servants won't work unless they're And Harold did as he was told well feed; the waiters pass you by un-less they're bought; the call-boys never erill's as of old. He was there in sea-son and out of season. He bore with hear any bell rung by a guest who never

Peverill's papers, now that they were

"Love is not love, which alters When it alteration fluds,""

Mr. Helper had forgotten to burn the

letter which Grandma Peverill had

written to her executors, and so pride

Hotel Life.

Did you ever live in a hotel?

miling through her tears.

the caprices of Agnes and the conde-This spoils the temper. scensions of his rival. He was often left to the tender mercies of Grandma If I pay a hotel three dollars a day or everything, everything is to be

the garden or the river echo with their I won't be put off with hash when I songs. He came and went like a want quail.

When Agnes chose to lis-And if I can cat twenty-four buck ten, he let loose his enthusiasm; when wheat cakes, I will eat 'em, and that's she gave him the cold shoulder, he acall there's about that. cepted it without a murmur-as if one The servants use my brush, and unravel their kinky hair with my best

should be grateful for any gift of ber's-and fell back upon the old indy's unfailing kindness. One day, however, even Grandma Peverili failed him. She enmb I won't even swear to my tooth-brush. I send undergarments, with lovely frills, and tucks, and things, into the waked one day from a doze, and asked, "Is it really love?" glancing after the two, pelting each other with roses in the

wash, and they come back without the frills, untucked, and holey. There's starch enough in the ruffles sout my neck to scratch the epidermis of the point of delivery-who method-

"Time will prove-time, that unlocks all secrets and discloses all impostures. from the back of a hippopotamus, but there isn't enough in my petticoat to stiffen a mosquito's bill.

Miles is of the earth, earthy. He loves fine society and grandlathers and coats The soap—well, the soap is funny. Generally it's a piece of slate, hard as rass and smooth as oil. It never knew

"Will you recon- Sepulture of the Brooklyn Theater's Dead. Idealism On Saturday, December 9, the grief-stricken City of Brooklyn, the weather The tendency to fashion ideals is in-

being intensely cold, and the wind blowing a furious gale, buried its un-known dead, amidst the universal mourning and sorrow of all classes of citizens. Private and public buildings with fact. were draped with emblems of woe, and

funeral procession, and with a depressed air of repression and solemnity, indeed, are the spurs which urge us to accom-He was a nice young with a tone of saddened awe prevailing, plishment. To prop our aims with the

the immense multitude waited patiently for the procession to start. It was after

Forty-seventh Regiment on the right of the line and the Twenty-third Regiment in hollow square formation as a ment in hollow square formation as a

guard of honor, and surrounding the felt. Illustrating its prevalence we hearses. Seventeen hearses and forty-five undertakers' wagons, with from one that fresh enthusiasm builds; the old to four coffins each, followed, and after them came carriages with relatives and tion-not as a power to be curbed, but friends, carriages with ministers and of- as an evil to be resolutely set aside; and ficials, the Thirteenth Regiment closing all because men and women have cov-

the rear of the procession. Flatbush Avenue, on both sides, was attain, and crushed by disappointment, full of spectators, and there was scarcely admit safety only in the opposite ex-a window on that thoroughfare through treme.

a window on that thorough the thorough in the spectacle. A long row of partly fin-ished brown-stone-front houses at At-lantic and Flatbush Avenues presented an especially noteworthy appearance, seeming, as it did, almost all windows, and every window thronged by as many will countenance no friendship not in persons as could get a peep from it. perfect harmony with the same; and so As the coffins passed, many upon the sidewalks did reverence to death by baring their heads, and frequently women ing for as truly rational ends.

obbed aloud. The march was a terrible one, for its human emotions that we find the best oppressive gloom, the deadly cold, and illustrations of this phase. Take the

he grief on every hand. The head of the procession entered gagement; here is a broad margin for talk to the congregation as are posthe Twenty-fifth street gate of Green- irrationality and mistakes. Man in wood Cemetery at 2:45 o'clock, the bands at the moment playing dirges that mingled their tones with the mournful tolling of the cemetery bell. Review With the total states in the second states of the total the source of the total total the source of the total total total the source of the total total total the source of the total total total total total total the source of the total total total total total the source of the total total total the source of the total total total the source of the total total total total total total the source of the total tota Battle Hill, where the arrangements ward to a perfect future-a fool's para-

for the interment of the bodies in one dise it may be aptly termed. For when common grave had already been made, is the highest point of ground in the cemetery, and is situated but a short but husks-few sufficiently wise to ac-

distance from the gate by which the procession entered. Here a circular tionally expect. The curb is needed trench had been cut, seven feet deep and here to restrain such rampant premises, thirteen feet wide, nearly surrounding a round sodded space ten feet in diame-that happiness is unattainable save by ter, upon which the projected monuidealizing flesh and blood.

ment is to stand. One by one the hearses and undertakers' wagons passed Again, probably no two human beings, upon unison in marriage bonds, find each other the exact specialties find each other the exact specialties here to night to help any fallen women they fauched before; in a greater or less -or fallen men," she added, looking sigup the main avenue, each, in turn, stoping there long enough to discharge its ghastly frieght and then moving away

good in view, and retaliates upon her his legs could carry him, while his face deepest, and the vacancy needs most to previous imaginations with the most was beaming like a carnation rose. The be filled. Whatever may be the reason, cally placed them in a double row, the heads all pointing luwardly, on the bot-tom of the trench. At length the coffins were all in place. To the 79-containing 101 bodies-

A Journal for the People. Devoted to the Interests of Fumanity. Independent in Politics and Religion. Alive to all Live Issues, and Thoroughly

The New Northwest.

Radical in Opposing and Exposing the Wrong of the Masses.

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

Second Marriages.

love. The widow who lays aside her

revered, where her dark days placed her, and descended to the ordinary common-

place level of life. It is not in India

her husband's funeral pile. Equally are

overtures is thought to have forfeited a

The foundation of this unformulated

is strong as death, we say, with a sup

plement in our hearts, to the effect that it ought to be stronger. Its silver cord

hould not be loosened, though the an-

gels stretch it over into the shadowy land whither our beloved have been

Nothing is more characteristic than the very general sentiment of disappro-bation with which women regard a secherent in human kind ; few persons so nection with the meeting at the Taber-Properly comprehended, idealism is about the great building trying to pick upon it. Talk to the loveliest of her sex were unaped with flags were half-masted. Notwithstanding the bitter cold, thous-ands were in the streets to witness the

Announce the engagement of such a one in any circle of friends, and the He was a nice young man, a modest plishment. To prop our aims with the same, to rest them in the nearest ap-proximate state, is our most available perience with which most of his brethfeminine portion will immediately begin to count the months and years since the death of his former wife. There two o'clock when the military, preceded by a squad of mounted police, neared Flatbush and Sixth Avenues, with the

> "How have you enjoyed the meetbeing conscious of a tolerant pity for the helplessness and loneliness of a male ing ?" said he.

"Oh, very much," she replied. "Nothcreature left to take care of himself, or ing could be more affecting. to battle through the world with children. It is to women that they look for

'Do you like Mr. Moody's preaching?" "I think he is the greatest living fidelity beyond the reach of another evangelist," she returned. "You believe what he says, then?"

said the reporter.

"You believe what he snys, then?" id the reporter. "Most assuredly I do," she answered. "Are you ready to leave your life of n, then, and try to reform?" "*What*?" exclaimed the lady, looking "*What*?" exclaimed the lady, looking

rather blank. "Are you ready to reform?"

An expression half of astonishment and half of indignation overspread the

only that the wife is thought most of who is willing to immolate herself on lady's countenance. "What do you mean by reforming ?" there communities here, where she who is a "widow indeed" occupies a

"I mean leaving your disreputable

life," he replied. station quite unapproached in its ex-The lady looked at him steadily a ceptional reverence, and where she who moment, and then said: "I think the seems to listen again to matrimonial The lady looked at him steadily a managers ought to send only such members of the Christian Association out to little of the traditional esteem with talk to the congregation as are pos- which sympathy had invested her.

sessed of a little common sense, and I ntend to tell them so." It was the young mau's turn to stare respect we all feel for true love. Love

"What managers?" said he. "The managers of these meetings," she replied.

"I've nothing to do with the meet-gs," said he. "I'm a reporter." ings," said be.

"Oh!" said the lady.

"Yes!" returned the reporter. "Then," said she, "I will tell you have been a member of an orthodox

taken. We miscalculate the length of laborious days, lightened by happy memories, but dimmed by present tears. omething that you can make a note of. hope I am a respectable woman. I and vivid the impressions of kisses unrenewed, of touches no longer tangible, church ever since I was eleven year old. of voices hushed. We do not estimate I have done all I could to all Brother Moody in these meetings, and I am ing there long enough to discharge its ghastly frieght and then moving away by Battle Avenue. From each, one to four coffins were lifted out. Twelve if it be permitted to work. In illustra-tion, we have two opposite types. One six carrying each one up the steep in-cline to the trench, and lowering it to eight other employes-four on each side of the point of deliger-were hold.

the man in the maturity of his powers

is often quite other from the selection of his youth. No doubt in a second mar-

riage there is less of the element of fall-

ing in love, and more of sober judgment.

The youth was won mainly by the

He lived near

whether



He Made a Mistake

An amusing incident is related in con-

clerk, remember. Since then he has written a book, he has invented a machine, he has lectured to scientists. Wherein does your superiority consist? What have you been doing in the mean time ?"

Bond."

"You don't mean-"

"I mean that I shall probably marry "I mean that I shall probably marry Miles Bond some fine day, if nothing it mean the breeze. But Harold lishappen

"Marry Miles Bond !" repeated grandmamma, as if she had said that she was already far away. going to marry the Khan of Tartary. "You seem to be astonished, grandmamma,"

monde as his wife, don't you see ?" For It must be confessed that since Mr. Pev-erill's death and insolvency the beau monde had looked coldly upon his pretty daughter, in spite of the Peverill

'Is it necessary for me-to deny the soft impeachment, when I have almost made up my mind to accept another ?" "When I was a girl-" began the old

lady, "You loved brocades and brocatelles as well as your granddaughter."

"But I did not sell myself for 'them. And so you are really engaged to Miles terests," said Harold, filing the paper Bond, and there's no help for it ?"

You see, grandmamma, one besitates to rivet the chain, as they say in novels. And then Miles says he will wait ; he won't hurry me; he'd rather wait a century in sweet suspense, as he calls it, than to be refused at once. But I suppose it will all end one way."

"And what will you answer to Harold quondam lover. Helper ?"

that he ought to have known better."

no fuss about it; he merely assured her here, and say it served me right ! I re- ting and hedging were discussed with that her happiness would always be ceived a note yesterday, (you could avidity. Evidently society needs imdearer to him than his own.

"That's the letter of a gentleman," was from Miles), and what do you think? said grandma, "if his father was forty He says in it—there, turn your eyes

father's clerk, and had taught her chess winter evenings-days when she was out of me to marry him, and I promised. Only to think of it! A Peverill, a de-ter and the chest of the "supe-ter and the converted women go? There is, to be sure, an Erring Woman's all on the next of the "supe-tor" sex. It is certainly a modest connot so worldly-minded, and more ro-mantic, and didn't guess the worth of position and long descent. Perhaps she regretfully remembered the remembered the control of the dead. Life itself is a position and long descent. Perhaps she regretfully remembered the control of the dead. Life itself is a position and long descent. Perhaps she regretfully remembered the control of the dead. Life itself is a position and long descent. Perhaps she regretfully remembered the control of the dead. Life itself is a position and long descent. Perhaps she regretfully remembered the control of the dead. Life itself is a position and long descent. Perhaps she regretfully remembered the control of the dead. Life itself is a position and long descent. Perhaps she regretfully remembered the control of the dead. Life itself is a position and long descent. Perhaps she regretfully remembered the control of the dead. Life itself is a position and long descent. Perhaps she regretfully remembered the control of the dead. Life itself is a position and long descent. Perhaps she regretfully remembered the control of the dead. Life itself is a position and long descent. Perhaps she regretfully remembered the control of the dead. Life itself is a position and long descent. Perhaps she remembered the control of the dead. Life itself is a position and long descent. Perhaps she remembered the control of the period of the dead. Life itself is a position and remembered the control of the period perio regretfully remembered the spring jointure disappointed the poor youth. The sudden beravement that now chills possess large estates in Spain, Italy, fallen. Switzerland, Corsica and England. As the man whom you wish to marry your the quickening of human sympathy is the possess large estates in Spain, Italy, fallen. when he made a quaint album for her heir." of pressed sea-weeds-she had it hidden

away somewhere now. much to beart," said Harold. would never do," she said, half alond, answering some unspoken i "I should always be hankersome unspoken in it."

thought. "I should always be hanker-ing for family and money. One must ing for family and money. Use must 'I was thinking whether or no you "I was thinking whether or no you love as any thing; Oh, if my father had you had changed you mind, sir; whether batting with which their Centennial only been a stone-cutter, to

silver s mouth.

""But what is love made for, If it is not the same Through joy and through sorrow, Through glory and shame ?"

"It looks like it," gasped Harold.

Then she fell into a dose again. The shadows draped themselves about her; a toe, and accepting the attention of Miles star came out and leaned to look into the window; a late bird twittered on a spray near by, and made a sudden gush of music through the place; the murmur or so of perfume. tened alone, for Grandma Peverill was

It improves them. A few weeks later Miles Bond and room who whistles, and he comes in Mr. Helper were engaged looking over late, and smokes. the private papers of the late Mrs. Pev-I can stand a cigar, and there's a kind "Exactly; there's a pair of us. I shall be entitled to consideration in the beau monde as his wife, death on the beau erill, as her executors. That modest of romance about a pipe, but the fellow smokes a beastly pack of nasty cigar-eites every night of his life, queathed to Agnes. Presently Miles raised his eyes from the paper he had that, though. been inspecting. "A rascally piece of business," he grouned, between his teeth. Should he quietly light his cigar A woman in a hotel is isolated from ereation. It she's old and ugly, she might as

pretty daughter, in spite of the revente coat of arms and the luxuriance of the family tree. "Then you do not care a fig for Mr. "Then you do not care a fig for Mr. well be in a desert. If she's young and pretty, she'd bet ter be. I'm old and ugly, and that's what's who could trace their lineage to the Conqueror! A thousand times no! He the matter .- Illustrated Times. made a desperate resolve, and passed the POLITICAL GAMBLING .- It is not credsheet to Harold. It was merely a letter from the late Mrs. Peverill, setting the great question of electing a Presi-dent should have been turned into a forth a certain family matter, which she had deemed it wise that they should

know, not as executors, but as lovers. "Of course this will not affect your in-

"Well, not really engaged; I won't give my word-at least not quite yet. You say arrunded least not quite yet. "It might not," sucered Miles, "if I were not a Bond, with family credit to field to be greeted by these men in public sustain."

"And yet," said the other, "Shakspeare tells us that

"Love is not love, which alters When it alteration finds,"

"Shakspeare be hanged !" quoth the

never play cards, and to whom dice are The following week, when Mr. Helper an abomination, possessed themselves

"Heaven only knows. It will not do dropped in to pay his respects to Agnes, of pool-tickets on the most approved to tell a man who offers one his heart he found her watering her bed of mig- plan. Clerks staked their salaries for nonettes and pansies. "Nor that you will not marry him because his father was a stone-cutter." Mr. Helper accepted his refusual, I must tell somebody! How dear tempting game, Fashious and scandal terms and terms however, with a good grace. He made grandmamma would laugh if she were were discarded for the nonce, and bet-

> scarcely call it a billet-doux, though it provement.-Jewish Messenger.

The popular consciousness has been

"You don't seem to take the affair consequent upon this fearful calamity, there may be a permanent addition to

"Because my heart wasn't concerned in the popular heart .- New Age.

"What under heaven were you think-The question which now absorbs the larger half of Philadelphia is what to do with the immense amount of cotton

To the

tom of the trench

There's a plane in the parlor, but no had been brought by relatives and Opposed to these active dealers in idealism is that class of humanity too Not that it isn't played on, for from almost filled the trench. Sixty German wary-too distrustful to become simi-

ically placed them in a double row, the heads all pointing inwardly, on the bot-

not. I haven't mentioned the bugs nor Maennerchor, led by W. Groschel, stood them, or hopeless that they did ever ex- complain of if they deny her the mental to do with his decision. the loss of my cologne. I feel that these old hotels are entitled to a bug or so,

of the extended funeral oration which cal extremes. But there's a young man in the next he had prepared for the occasion, an

nounced that the extreme cold would preclude the possibility of its delivery, and merely said a few brief words on the uncertainty of life and the blessed hopes of immortality. Then the benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Mr. Odell, It dries his blood-not that I care for and the ceremony concluded with the singing by the Germania choir of Kuhlu's beautiful choral, "Above all Summits there is Repose."—Illustrated Times.

> HIDING HIS TRACKS .- There were vigorous inquiries at the post office the other day for the chief clerk, and when the Captain's face appeared at the window the inquirer asked :

"Has a cross-eyed woman been here itable to the intelligence of the age that asking for letters addressed to me ?" The Captain hadn't seen her.

"Well, she'll be here this afternoon. vast field of profit for the gamblers, and She's my wife, and she's a little weak that in this city alone two millions of in the head. She's got a notion that I dollars should have been staked on the ret love letters from a woman in Canget love letters from a womau in Canissue, and left in the hands of men who ada, and she'll be here to ask for my are out of the pale of decent society. mail,

Gentlemen who would have been horri-"Well ?" "Well, I don't get any such letters, of as acquaintances, and would have ejected them into the street if they ever course, but you mustn't give her my mail. She might get one with a draft called at their residences, made confi-dants of these gamblers, and entrusted in and not know its value. Just say to her that you never knew of my receivthem with large sums of money. Peoing a letter bere, and that you have reple who are openly opposed to lotteries, peatedly heard me say that I had the best wife in town." "But I don't know you."

"Never mind that. In dealing with an insane woman it's best to be soft and many weeks on the issue of the day, slick and smooth. Just shake hands band as I am."-Ex.

> very stout, and no longer dyes her hair, which has taken on a pepper-and-salt

vary, some of them reaching nearly \$15,-000,000, and others falling as low as ing; but there must be a way opened, a the forces of tenderness and humanity \$5,000,000. The Emperor was what the practical path marked out for them to American housewife calls a "good provider."

"My business is to talk," said a stump-

speaker; "I deal in words and sen-tences." "Yes," said a voice in the only been a stone-cutter, too!" Grandma Peverili met Mr. Helper in the street later. "I hope you don't the street later. The hotels and the street later. The hotels are street later. The hot

brought now, were added two which men as a king, to whom, perforce, the else, except possibly the unfortunate re-

"Lovely Woman." In according to woman the palm of

early more till dewy eve children thrum it and brides peek at it. Don't think me freiful. I really am not. I haven't mentioned the hurs nor y to which they lay claim them-They will tell you that Mary same choir. They went to the same upon the central grass-plat and sang ist-in either case sacrificing much pos-Abt's "Repose." The Rev. John Parker sible realization to an absurdity lacking selves. They will tell you that Mary read the Protestant Episcopal burial in fruit. This class amuse us by their Somerville among the scientific, Rosa church. Neither had emerged from the service. The Rev. Dr. Putnam, instead sincerity, yet merit pity in their fanati- Bonheur among artists, the host of erudites of adolescence, or knew to prime donne among musicians, "George what manner of man or woman the soul Ediot" among novelists, are only excep-tions to the rule, and prove nothing in plighted their troth and took on them the fallen women of Chicago to reform, and Mr. Moody has preached an excel-by some masculine mind are not supetioned they have exhibited a willing- were at twenty-five, entirely overlook-

solemn vows. Whether in the closefavor of the sex. Hamerton has the An invitation has been extended to further audacity to assure us that ness of daily companionship they would women who are not impelled to study become knit and blended into a completeness which is possible only to dual ity when love unifies it, or rior at the age of fifty to what they they would find life hopelessly halved, uess to turn from the path they are pur-suing if some feasible plan is devised to enable them to go on successfully. There is no trouble about the sentimen- as well as the maturing and developing a caprice. Love should be real and pure, but it should be deeper than a senbeg this wretched class to embrace re-ligion, and all rejoice over the reports as to be quite without the impulse from eyed at the chances it has for developin the papers that even one has been rescued from her dreadful life. But one among us required daily to use her is based upon tastes, pursuits, aims, and education in common.-Harper's Bazar.

BAD TEMPER .- There are few things more productive of evil in domestic life than a bad temper. It does not matter those women who have been in the once. She had a father and mother habit of leaving every question to the what form that temper may assume, both living when she entered upon her decision of some male dictator who are whether it is of a sulky kind that mainlife of shame. Both are dead now, and weak in this respect, and throw dis- tains perfect silence for many days, or the madly passionate, which vents itself "If we meet no gods," says the sage,

In absolute violence. Ill temper at any "it is because we harbor none;" and we age is a bad thing; it never does any hold, but she would try to learn. She can do plain sewing. Who will receive Miss Kate Munson into their household? he has been very foolish, and knows that others see it, too. Bad temper in

"For your handful of female astrono- the aged is, perhaps, the most trying of mingle with our children, and where the strange quiet will form such a strik-ing contrast to the glare and excitement with the objector may say, "we can count our tens of thousands," without remem. aflame with the fires of anger and pasbering the centuries during which his sion. Since anger is useless, and an un-We know that the allurements of vice sex had the start of ours, when letters speakable misery to its victims, why

Miss Susan B. Anthony lectured last Sunday evening at Investigator Hall, Eugenie Bonaparte has grown old and Eugenie Bonaparte has grown old and tion to reform must be supported by the void and kindness, or it is the world and the sciences thereof, that the understand the science of the support of the science of the s New Age.

The Revolutionary war cost \$135,193,-703, at which time the population was about 4,000,000, making about \$33 80 per capita. The war of 1812 cost \$107,159,-003, and at that time we had a population of 7,500,000, or about \$14 35 per capita. The war of the Rebellion cost The young woman who was chosen \$3,000,000, at which time we had a population of 31,400,000, or about \$95 60

some of the class, and there will be a new election of class-officers. The con-duct of a minority of the students who which the United States imported a full The entire coffee crop of the world

> Why are energetic men like emetics? Because you can't keep them down,

hesitate to deprive him if it did not im-Switzerland, Corsica and England. As The words of Mr. Moody have fallen pugn the justice of our Creator, as well

What assurances, what promises, what resign, owing to the clamor raised by

ent sermon to them. So far as ques-

tal part of the business. We can all of her intellect by the lessons of every beg this wretched class to embrace re- day, though she may be so unfortunate

The Magdalens of Chicago.

rescued from her dreadful life. But how about the practical part? Miss Kate Muuson has led the life of a pros-titute for five years. She wants to re-form. She will reform. She is determined to quit her horrid avocation at she has no kindred willing to receive credit upon their sex.

her. She does not know a great deal bout the practical work of a house-

Taking the repentant girl by the hand associates, whether accidental or sein the Tabernacle is one thing; taking her into our families, where she will

of a five years' life of sin, is another. are great, and that the girl's continu-ance in her reformatory course is doubt-ful. Her earnings will be scanty, her dress poor, her position in scanty for the start of ours, when letters speakable misery to its victim were prohibited to women, and they should it be indulged in at all? Miss Susan B. Anthony lectu

dress poor, her position in a worldly

almost sure to fail her. Who is ready the original powers of your mind are the inalienable right of each citizen to hue. The Prince Imperial is "a good-looking young man," with a flourishing home, and watch over the reclaimed only that such as fell to your share times a stone-cutter." "Pshaw!" said Miss Agnes, tearing it into fragments; but, curiously enough, which he uses with much interest in the Florence art galleries, where he at pres-tion? We do not doubt there are such,

for the personal property, estimates upon many hearts among this class as His wisdom. that ache to accept the promised bless-

> one of the class-day officers at Middlefollow, or preaching will be in vain. town University has been compelled to per capita.

women?

President White, of Cornell, admits took part in these proceedings was un- third part.

lected.

encouragement can be held out to these