

# ADVERTISEMENTS Inserted on Reasonable

## NO STORY.

Again we are compelled to make the above announcement. Why the manuscript does not come to hand more promptly we do not know; but it is perhaps not strange, when the distance which the author is from here is taken gentlevess, and, more than all, her exinto consideration. We regret, but are and challenge my highest admiration

#### Ralph Wallingford's Affinity. BY SUSAN B. LONG.

daughters were already married and setthat much-abused individual, that the mother-in-law has really some rights of her own brusehold-having, I say, well pleased to secure this bright-faced one whit behind them in feeling satis-fied with her share of the good luck my mortal life, thus alone, without which had come to them all,

Some of Mattie's friends-for, though no near relatives, she had made many firm friends since she came to Lteach the district school-some of them shook their heads a little in a knowing way, and ventured the opinion that she might do better by waiting a little longer. Ralph was all well enough, perhaps; and he had a good home for her, and all that; but he was young yet. too young to know his own mind, they feared. It looked a little out of square for a fellow of twenty to marry a woman two years older; the disparity ought to be the other way. They guessed, too, that Ralph was inclined to be dogmatical and domineering; he had the stuff in him to make him so, they knew-it was a characteristic of the familythough they couldn't say that he has manifested those traits as yet. Time enough for that, though, yet.

Surely those traits never had appeared in his intercourse with Mattie; for had he not been one of her most attentive. respectful, and submissive pupils for the past two winters? And as to the disparity in their ages, no one, seeing them for the first time, as they stood befor-the minister in the village church, listening to the words that were giving them to each other till death should part them, he, with his tall form, broad shoulders and bearded face, and she with her rounded cheeks, varying color, bright, laughing eyes and girlish form.

of wives that ever lived; and this makes the sad truth all the sadder. Never, since I have called Mattie wife, have I Never have I known her ill-tempered or fretful. Her cheerfulness and kindness, ecutiveness, are something wonderful, unable to prevent, the break in the story. and respect. Ab I admiration and re-spect! A man should not stop at those and he brought his manuscript's to her

words when speaking of his wife. But to read and correct. what can I say? Am I so much an animal that because a woman makes good offee, because she can cook potatoes to

VOLUME VI.

Ralph Wallingford married Mattle Moore, the little schoolmistress, and though himself a very lucky fellow, as widow in good circumstances, whose on my buttons, and 'does up' my white in them when I was a great awkward tled in life, and who, contrary to the shirts, must I bestow upon her the rich-majority of mothers with only sons, was so well received, I felt encouraged the matter in the grammar that can be toward him from the first;" and much to keep on. It was a kind of recreation, well pleased to have him bring a bright faced, sweet-voiced, nimble-footed young companion into the dim old What are mere bodily comforts, if the allowed to say so; and that is the main house, to make light and music, and to mind must hunger and thirst for com- point. Your real genius seldom makes share her labors and her cares. And panionship? How I could luxuriate on much account of grammar. He dis-now, having asserted that two of the sour bread, frowsy butter, and muddy dains to work in harness." parties concerned in this match-for I will maintain, notwithstanding the multitude of witty but unkind remarks the humdrum walk of common, everywhich are continually being made about that much-abused individual, that the mother-in-law has really some rights in the elbows, if only she could go with that ought to be respected, that she really is a party concerned, especially when the *new* party is to be a member new and important theories-theories in the mirror opposite. asserted that both mother and son were and ideas which tend to make our lives companion aforesaid, it is no more than ful, blessing not only ourselves, but our country paper, dealing with subjects of fair to own that Mattie herself was not children and our kind. It is the knowl-

sympathy for my strivings for the 'true and the beautiful;' that I must ever be peared occasionally in the F. and D. hampered and bound down to the vul- she signed herself "Bee," and attracted gar details of farm life, in my hours of my days with sadness and strews my illow with thorns."

There, there, there ! Let us stop !

Don't let us read farther ! "Is the man a fool," do you say? who, as an Irishman would say, cannot be happy unless they are miserable work of a superior mind, either purabout something; and so, if they have nothing real to make them so, they imgine something. Now, Ralph Wallingford's days were

not filled with sadness, and there were no thorns in his pillow-not a thorn ! His digestion was good, he went whist-ing about his work, and he *snored* in his sleep at night! What more could the happiest man do?

I will tell you, now, just what did ail 13115 im, or what he thought ailed him. But I must do it in my own way, and I fear that I am already, like Mrs. Wilfer, "a little wearing." It had been their practice, his and Mattie's, till within aid : the last three or four years, to spend without showing pique." their evenings in reading together-usually Ralph read while Mattie "spun," . c., sewed or knit. Books, magazines, newspapers-travels, theology, ethics, ction and science were in turn read wrote her a short note, saving many end enjoyed by them both. As the time went on, and Mattie's cares and duties increased, Ralph became the sole reader, "Might he not hope for a reply and Mattie was almost entirely dependince. ent upon him for everything in the way d literary pabulum that she obtained. Unfortunately, about this time, Ralph fell in with the writings of August-Compte, and of some other social reformers in our own country. He be-came greatly interested in them, and rought them home to read to Mattie. She listened to them for two or three come personally known to a lady o evenings, and then told him she feared such acknowledged literary abilities." He did this for the purpose of giving t was time and trouble wasted, with her, for she was positive she should never understand "Compte's Positiveer a hint that there was a Mrs. Wallngford, for he did not wish to appear sm," and that much of the stuff that nder false colors, he said, and though the other authors said about "social Mattie had not authorized him to say reedom," and "soul affinities," and the auything in her behalf, and was ignor-'higher law of marriage," etc., seemed ant of the whole thing, in fact, he had o her the merest trash, to call it by no said only the truth; she would feel it an worse name; and that, for her part, she bonor. He sent the note under cover to the had so little time to devote to mental ulture, she should prefer to hear him editor of the Farmer and Dairgman, read something else. Ralph endeavored with the request that he would forward o explain what she did not understand, it to his fair contributor. He got foolshly impatient, for a man in his and to combat her opinion in regard to the rest; but she insisted that there was tion, before the auswer came, and when so much that she could comprehend and t did it was far from being satisfactory. The "Bee" was greatly indebted to him for his flattering opinion. "He did her quite too much honor in proappreciate, and which would do her good, that it did not seem worth her while to puzzle her brain over ideas and peculations which she felt would make posing a personal acquaintance; but her er neither better nor happier. udgment assured her that, under exist-After this there was a gradual falling ng circumstances, it would not be wise way from their habitual evening read her to divulge her real name;" and ings, until they were at last entirely discontinued, for Ralph became so inwith a few words of compliment to his own success as a writer, the note closed. terested in his "Positiveism" and kin-He was sure it was written in a feigued ired subjects, that he gave up other lithand; at least, it was written backerature almost entirely; and, besides, about that time, too, he took to writing handed; otherwise the form of the letters seemed familiar. for the papers, and had less time for Well, he felt the rebuff keenly; but he reading, he said. Of course this was not quite pleasant for Mattie; she rehought of her all the more. He wished he knew what those "existing circumgretted the loss of I er reading, and she stances" were. Were they unhappy? regretted more Ralph's being led away by strange doctrines; but she had within Nothing she had ever written would in dicate that such was the case, but rather her such a well-spring of hope and faith the reverse; though that proved noth--yes, and charity, too-I may as well ing. No one was going to make their give her the whole three-that she could private griefs and trials the subject for not be gloomy over it, even if she had newspaper articles. He did not. wished to, which she did not. She said otherwise, of course. He finally settled later, for I fear I am bestowing too much it was perfectly natural that an ardent, upon the belief-merely because it time upon a commonplace little woman enthusiastic mind, like Ralph's, eager to investigate and acquire, should gather was situated very much as he wasmake good bread and butter, and who in some tares with the wheat; but that feit no "longings" but to fulfill her he would be able to distinguish which united to some good, plodding, but unappreciative soul, with whom she could was which in time-trust him for that. uave no real companionship. ily, and her fellow-beings at large. I He was a noble fellow at heart, and wouldn't go wrong always. help they might be to each other, if he And so she "toiled, and spun," and could but overcome her objections to a nursed, and petted, and cheered the inpersonal acquaintance. How they might valid mother, and read snatches of Mrs. strengthen, and encourage, and sympa-

one of the best of women and truest him in his higher intellectual pursuits." many such thoughts to pour out. He did sometimes indulge in flights of sentimental balderdash and trancendental position that she had quite as much the since I have called Mattle wife, have I for since he had set up for a literary had occasion to complain of the least character he must have his "study," of much encouragement from his correneglect of any wifely or domestic duty, course-while Mattle sat below stairs, spondent as he had counted upon. In are the writer of those articles in the and darned little socks, and patched lit-tle aprons, and told little stories, and sung little songs to her little brood of plained that she wrote with a certain "Yes, Ralph," she answered; and especially to my invalid mother, her sung little songs to her little brood of plained that she wrote with a certain right-eyed, rosy-cheeked little ones. But with all bis conscious superiority in her newspaper articles; that the lat- "You see, I never should have thought bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked little ones. of intellect, Raiph was glad to avail ter were more satisfactory to him than of doing such a thing, but for looking

"You are a perfect little bundle of rules, you know," he said, as he laid the

FREE SPEECH, FREE PRESS, FREE PROPLE.

PORTLAND, OREGON, FRIDAY, JANUARY 26, 1877.

time felt that he was not a stranger;" more, in the same strain, that was highly pleasing to Ralph, of course. Next he volunteered her the informa-

tion that his wife, "though an excellent woman in her way (gunpowder and cannon balls never should force him to say any ill of her), was totally unsatis-factory to him as a companion; that he with me, I think."

was emphatically alone, as far as the for his confidence by being told in reply brute withal, and neglected her shame-The most of his articles were written fully, and treated her as an inferior at

uobler, broader, truer, and more beauti- for the Farmer and Dairyman, the all times." reditable productions.

It was not very long after this when a new writer, evidently a woman, ap-

first one before her.

some little comment by her style. Her both toll and relaxation; it is the knowl-edge that this most ever be so, that fills at irregular intervals, and exhibited swered it by saying that he would never only moderate talent and culture, now and then flashing up in little gleams of sentiment, or subsiding into bits of ten-

der pathos; just such, in fact, as any "Is the man a fool," do you say? bright, genial, well-read woman possess-indoubtedly, and there are others like ing a good common education could im, and women, too. Men and women write. But Ralph seized upon them at posely disguised under a garb of rustic-ity, or else not yet fully developed. He read them to Mattie at first, and was avish in his praise of them; but she said she was very sorry to say she could not discover anything extraordinary in them. "They were well enough, she supposed, but there were plenty of wom-

u who could do as well-bis sister Augusta, for instance, or-she herself, per-Ralph laughed a little ironically, and

"Now, Mattie, don't be absurd 1 But never knew a woman yet who could ear to hear another woman praised

He avoided any furthur reference to "Bee" in Mattie's presence, but he men-tioned her quite frequently to his jour-nal; and at last, after due deliberation. and pretty bright dresses, and all chat-tering and twittering like so many thrushes long before he had given the -she lives so convenient to the office of

many of her private letters. But mat-ters in this respect mended as the weeks. I had one of them before me, it occurred to me that I could do as well as that, if

Finally, Ralph ventured the startling, though not strictly original remark- to try. So, by snatching a few minutes he had seen it somewhere, picked it up at a time-I could think them out about would never be printed; but after that VOU SI

New Northwest.

"But there was no reason why I should have been kept in the dark about them," said Ralph, glad that there was something of which he could complain. "You read all of mine before they were

"Yes, but you know, Ralph, you ridihigher and nobler elements of his being were concerned;" and he was rewarded and I felt a triffe hurt about it, and then -well, I think you have not been quite ppen with me, Ralph, in all things." Ralph dropped his head and continued his walk

"And those letters!" he said, with an effort, after waiting in the hope that she vould introduce the subject of them

Then oh! how Balph's sympathies did gush! "He knew it! He had felt and decisive overhauling of the whole from the first that something of the matter, and know at once, and for all, kind was the case; but they must both be strong, and hopeful, and wait," etc. just in what degree he stood committed in her judgment.

Ratph did, once in awhile, ask him-self how he would relish it if Mattie were carrying on a correspondence of I am glad to say. I had nothing to do with them save the first short note in reply to your first-Augusta wrote all know it, and-well, he declined to dishe others."

"Augusta ?" he repeated, immensely euss it farther, any way. In due time, Ralph again proposed a meeting; and this time the "Bee" readelleved, for "conceited prig," "brute, tc., etc., had been rankling in his mind ily acquiesced. So it was arranged that, as the annual fair of the Agricultural for sometime. They sounded so like Augusta; and he did hope Mattie did ot think quite so meanly of him as Society was to take place in a few weeks, the interview should take place during that time. In the floral departthat.

"Yes," Mattie continued, "Gusty ment of the Agricultural Hall, Ralph was to find the "Bee" standing by one appened to come here the very day 1 got your second letter, and without con-sidering very much about it, I let her of the north windows, dressed in a gray suit and carrying a blue parasol, and with a white rose in her hand. Time, second day of the fair, 11 o'clock A. M. You see, I intended then to ead it. confess the whole to you in a little while, and should have done so, but for Never, in the spooneyest period of his adolescence, had Ralph labored longer over the parting of his back hair and er-she said it was too good a chance to teach you a lesson. There was noth-ing so good for a man when he had the tie of his cravat, than he did that tarted out to make a fool of himself as to help him along with it, till he had gone far enough and then bring him up same second morning of the fair. Mat-tie and the four children (for they were

all to go that day, rather against Ralph's wishes, but it didn't matter much) were all ready, and in the carriage waitlog, the children looking like so many animated blossoms, with their take some of it out of you. She wanted you senseless idiot, that's my chemisparkling eyes, rosy cheeks, sunny curis me to promise to correspond with you;

IRREVOCABLE LAW .- The money world, in one hundred years, would reduce to starvation ninety in every hundred of maukind, if it were not that nature fights the legitimate result by giving to the money-usurer profligate sons to scatter what he has hoarded. This the white table spread with wholesome may be demonstrated by calculating and delicate food; the cheerful circle interest at current rates, compounded, ture humanely fights the barbarism of white as the drifts outside; and the society by cursing the son with the many other nameless blessings of a civfather's sius, and thus mitigates the evil. Society can never approach order as a sin and a crime for a man to claim or appropriate to himself that which he did not produce-to reap where he did for words to express. It is poetry that not sow. This must be understood and applied literally and practically to life. There can never be much advancement among the working classes until all classes become working classes, and thus relieve the overworked, and give them leisure for mental culture. As it is the so-called cultured classes regard as genteel, to ride on the backs of the so-called uncultured classes, which do

The New Northwest.

A Journal for the People. Devoted to the Interests of Fumanity. Independent in Politics and Religion. alive to all Live Issues, and Thoroughly Radical in Opposing and Exposing the Wrong of the Masses.

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

### A Woman Suffrage Triumph.

The ladies can now rejoice; they have a substantial decision in favor of their political rights which cannot help being of great use to them in future discussion. The Supreme Court of Iowa has decided that they can hold certain offices-not by virtue of any special law, but because there is nothing in the Con-stitution which says they shall not. This is a great point gained.

The case in which the decision was made was that of Cook vs. Huff. 'Two years ago Miss Elizabeth S. Cook was elected superintendent of schools in honored house," and then sprang to his Warren county, Iowa-a fine, rich feet, yelling, "Villain ! villain! county, with a college and excellent county, with a college and excellent schools. Her opponent was John A. Huff, who was beaten by a large majority, but he adopted the factics lately made famous by Mr. Cronin, of Oregon.

ble on account of sex, and that he, having the next highest number of votes, was entitled to the office.

case was brought decided adversely to both parties; to Miss Cook because she was a woman, and to Huff because a majority of the votes cast were against him

to very kindly, preferring to huddle up in the middle of their bed and yell. The en to hold the office of county superiatendent, and providing further that the question of sex should not be held to disqualify any who had been elected to the office.

> and holding that Miss Cook is entitled. to the office, without regard to the law passed in 1875, on the ground that there is nothing in the Constitution prohibiting it. As to the retroactive part of the law, which legalized the elections and acts of others who had held the office. the Court held that the Legislature had power to pass such a law, or, in other words, there being no inhibition to the Constitution against women holding the office, and the Legislature having the power to have authorized their election

now to do what it had power to do before. The law was therefore constitutional.

fice in the State, in which the word 'person" is used in the law creating and lefluing its duties. This will include everything except that of members of the Legislature and Judges of the Supreme Court .- Toledo Blade.

# The Season and Zone of Homes.

One stronger reason than all others or being glad that we live in the temperate zone, is that it is the zone of

Greenlanders and Laplanders, it is said, each consider their own country the fairest the sun shines upon, and charming stories of domestic life have come to us from these icy latitudes. But the Esquimaux and Kamschatkans, and those inhabitants of extreme Arctic

regions who must live in snow-huts, or monopoly and usury systems of the burrow underground for warmth, cannot know the rich and tender mea word "home" has for us.

How much comfort there is in ou

cosy houses alone-in the clean, warm

room, perhaps with a glowing fireside:

around the lamp at evening; the books,

of the long, snowy night, in beds as

dized home! These the children of the

There is more poetry in a really beau-

tiful home-life than in the finest natural

scenery; but it lies too deep in the heart

is felt rather than spoken. A happy

family is helping to write, each for the

enjoyment of the rest, by little deeds of

mean so much more than words. This

home-poem is all the more delightful

because it does not ask or need admira

home is a poem which every one of

tenderness and self-sacrifice.

eternal snows must do without.

Mr. Darbigne didn't go home uutil very late Saturday night, and when he reached his domicile he let himself in

Mrs. Darbigne's Chemiloon.

NUMBER 20.

with a latch-key, and stole softly up stairs so as not to disturb his family. A night lamp was burning in his room, and Mrs. Darbigue was sleeping sweetly. As he was removing his coat, Mr. Darbigne suddenly stood still, frozen, rooted to the spot with horror sublime and rage. Then he fell on his knees, and holding his hands toward the ceiling,

shricked: "Ob, Heaven, have mercy on this disyour life or mine !"

Mrs. Darbigue sprang up in bed, screaming, "What is it? Oh, mercy, mercy! madman, what is it?"

And the children in the adjoining room woke, and shricked and howled and wept in piteous terror, while Mr. Darbigue charged round and round the room, with a revolver in his hand, diving into the closet, plunging under the bed, upsetting furniture, chasing Mrs. Darbigue out of his sight, and calling on his innocent babies to fling them-

selves out of the windows and save their lives from misery and shame, a preventative that the babies did not take uproar aroused the neighbors; they kicked in the front door and rushed up stairs and seized the raving Mr. Dar-

bigue, pounding him on the head with a chair-leg and wresting his revolver from his reckless grasp, and then they

demanded explanations, "Find him for me," said Mr. Darsigne. "Set me face to face with the villain and I'll drink his heart's blood

Oh, madness, madness! Oh, shame shame! shame! Flud him for me or kill me. He's in this house this very minute.

"Who ?" they all yelled. "Who is "Yes," wailed poor Mrs. Darbigue,

who had hurriedly dressed herself in a tog cabin quilt; "who? in heaven's uame, who "On, oh, oh !" yelled Mr. Darbigne. "You hear her, men, you hear this per-fidious woman? Who? here !" he

sbrieked, pointing with his trembling ingers, while the words shot like flery arrows from his pale and foam-flecked

ups. "Here! The man who wore those trousers !!? All eyes looked toward the chair or

which they hung, and then with one wild, heaven-piercing yell of laughter, the crowd of neighbors let go of Mr. Darbigne and went tumbling over each other down stairs, howling in derision, and splitting the midnight air with

roars of unextinguishable laughter. The children who had trooped into the room went giggling on to bed, and Mrs. Darbigne, flinging herself on the pillow, screamed hysterically :

"Oh, Darby, Darby! Marmaduke you'll kill me yet; I know you will! Oh, you old fool! Crawl into bed! Oh, 1001 !"-Danbury News.

iast admiring glance to his image in the mirror, the last touch to his collar, and range all that with the editor without see," she went on, in answer to Ralph's on existing capital and the increase look of inquiry, hesitating and looking thereof, for a hundred years. But nawhat you might be led on to say-I knew that your mind wasn't-" (Ralph wineed) "I didn't know but you might oe betrayed into saying something that or decent civilization, until it is regarded "But had you no curiosity ?" Ralph afraid that I might sometime coax it it as both honest and pleasant, as well out of her, in spite of my better judg-

He claimed that Miss Cook was ineligi-

The Circuit Court before which the

Miss Cook appealed to the Supreme Court. In the meantime, the Legisla-

The Supreme Court rendered its decision on the question last week, re-versing the case of Cook vs. Huff, and

at any time, it was therefore competent

This decision is regarded as establishing the right of women to hold any of-

would have hesitated to say that he was, at the least, five years her senior.

Ten years later, the verdict would have been the same. And Mattie's life, during these years, had not in the least resembled that of the lilies of the field She had toiled literally; and if I may use the word "spun," in a met phorieal sense, meaning making, mending, washing, and ironing, then I may say that she had both "tolled and spun." But she had done it all so bravely and cheerfully, had sung, and laughed, and chatted while she toiled, that while many a woman, though possessing her perfect physical health, yet less happily constituted mentally, would have drooped and faded, and developed prehave mature wrinkles and gray hairs, she was plump, fresh and rosy still. When complimented for her youthful looks, as she often was-for it was a rare thing to see an American woman of thirty-two, wife of a country farmer and mother of four children, with a trow and cheek unmarked by care, an eye undimmed by disease, and a laugh like a schoolgirl's-she made answer that she "suposed it was all because she was so happy. She didn't know how it was, but she never seemed to have any real trouble! She had the best husband and the brightest and sweetest children in the whole world, and everything pleasant and agreeable about her (excepting only the protracted illness of Ralph's mother; but she was always hoping she would be better); and as for work, why she gloried in it! She believed she was just calculated for a woman of all work -it suited her exactly."

She had, however, one regret-I will not call it a grief-besides the sickness of the mother-in-law alluded to, which was, that she found so little time for reading and study, of which she was naturally passionately fond. But, contrary to the habits of many women, in-stead of making the most of these two unhappy circumstances, in order to compensate for their scarcity, she seldom alluded to them, and never dwelt

upon them at any length. But of this I should have spoken -one without "aspirations," except to whole duty to her God, and to her famfear, I say, that I am taking up too much time with her, to the exclusion of one who, if we accept his judgment in the matter, was far her superior.

If Mattie, at the end of ien years, showed few signs of the flight of time, the same might also be said of Ralph. It is true, also, that he had "toiled and spun," (the latter metaphorically, also, of course), and he, too, to all outward appearance, was contented and happy. But he was not; or, he thought he was over his journal. Over that he could not; or, he thought he thought so, which pour out woes by the hour! Woes of amounts to the same thing practically, I suppose. He had "aspirations" and "longings," and so he kept a journal, and made that the repository of them, and a good deal besides, of which, by the way, he came in time to be ashamed.

For instance, this: "Eight years of genial marriage relation. ness; but oh 1 it is a sad thing when which is to cast a cloud over his whole wholly beneath him

Browning, and George Elliot, Dr. Hol-land, and Mrs. Whitney, while she plied thize each with the other! And Mattie too, he said, what a refining and elevatthe churn-dasher or put the baby to ing influence the occasional association sleep, and amongst it all she kept every- with such a woman would exert over thing so bright, and cosy, and sunny, that Ralph found it almost impossible while, notwithstanding the cool recepto be even decently miserable. Only He did so, and with better success this

made aware of their existence through the suggestions of his favorite writers. With these suggestions to assist him, nothing could be easier than to make out for himself a genuine case of uncon-Farmer and Dairyman. For the next two months, scarcely a

married life! And they have been years not devoid of seasons of happi- really knew his own mind, or was aware letters between them, friendly letters, of the day. a of its vast capabilities for loving-mar- and containing nothing especially inman becomes sensible of the fact that ried a woman older than himself; a teresting in any way; for, now that disposed of in their beds, and the mother cally cooked, the reluctant foreigner he has made the one great mistake uice, good little body, to be sure, but Ralph had found a "congenial soul" to was made comfortable for the night, in intellectual whom he could "pour out his highest and become fully thoughts and be understood," as he ex- "Am I to believe, then," said Ralph, enribly existence. I feel that I should status, now that he had become fully thoughts and be understood," as he ex-not say this, even to my journal-my matured, and who had proved unable to

omplimentary things of her articles. and hoping that he might be so fortuthe last caressing stroke to his flowing difficulty-and so, after awhile, I connate ere long as to make her acquaintbrown beard.

And would she not trust him with her real name and address?" He then carriage standing where you can have that she should burn your letters as a good view of the ring," he said to soon as she had read them, and never added a postscript, to the effect that "Mrs. Wallingford, although not so Mattie, as they neared the fair ground; tell me one word of their contents. You "and you had better remain there with the children this forenoon, and not go supply gifted in a mental point of view as the 'Bee,' and whose mind was althrough the hall till later in the day; most entirely absorbed in family matthe crowd will be less then, and I can ers, would still feel it a great honor to go with you better."

"Ob, never mind me and the children," Mattie replied; "we can take care of ourselves; only, some time during the day, you must come around and go with me to look at the poultry. I want to elect some new stock, you know." How many times Ralph consulted his watch that forenoon it would be hard to guess; but when it warned him that the

propitious moment was drawing nigh, he entered the floral hall, and walked. as unconcernedly as he could, down

oward the northern windows. Yes, there stood a lady in gray. She was looking out of the window, so that he could not see her face, but one hand, raised and resting against the window casing, held a white rose; so she must e the "Bee," of course.

No! How stupid! That was Mattle! What had sent her there just at that time? And how singular that she should have a white rose! And the children-how absurd !--all had white What did it mean ?

Just then Baby Dimple caught sight of him, and shouted "Pap-pa!" and Mattie turned and looked at him. There was a conscious, half-quizzical look in her face that told him that her presence there was no accident.

"You here, Mattie ?" said he, looking exceedingly foolish. "Why, I thought I-didn't-"

"Yes, I know," said Mattie, blushing, you were looking for some one else, erbaps; but won't five roses do better than one?" Then, seeing that the shot bad taken effect, she went on as though nothing was wrong: "O, Ralph, there Far is a lot of Black Spanish out here Such beauties! Go and look at them now, won't you? I mean to buy a trio. mited him best to think so-that she No use of any further bee hunting," she whispered. "You've found the whole hive!

It seemed to Ralph that there was a that, he began thinking what a mutual Baby Dimple in his arms, and walked tween them in regard to this foolish afbeside Mattie down the hall, without comprehending a word of her amimated table fowls.

The only palpable idea in with such a woman would exert over mind was, that Mattle was a perfect lit-ber. He would write again, after a tle "brick," to behave with so much tact and coolness, instead of making a tion with which his first overture had been met. fool of herself, as many women would. Not an inkling of the real truth illu-

mined his mind all that long afternoon. which he was happily ignorant until time. The "Bee" consented to corre- The "Bee" had betrayed him to Mattie, spond with him in a friendly way, but and they had arranged between them refused to give him her name. For the for her, Mattle, to meet him. That was "Bee," and through the editor of the ter-or, stay! perhaps Mattle had inter-

cepted their letters! Anyhow, his feelings were, to say the very least, any-

other self. It seems like in ratitude to keep pace with him, or to appreciate liarly enough he seemed not to have room and confronting Mattie, where ach when badly injured by strong drink. I pets.

wwn beard. "I shall drive right in, and leave the than anything else. I only stipulated down at the same time, "I didn't know

> you would regret sometime, and that it would be better for me not to know; and I knew Gusty, although she pretends to scold you, is wholly devoted to you, so that anything you might say would be perfectly safe with her.'

"Lots!" Mattie replied, laughing. That was why I made her promise to urn the letters and not tell me. I was

ment. "And do you actually know nothing the world's work. f what those letters contained ?" asked

Ralph, intensely relieved. "Hasn't Gusty told you anything ?" and he chought of the many disparaging things war for heroism. The truest courage he had written of this staunch, true little woman and for which he now felt almost capable of cutting off the hand by day, month by month, year by year that had done it and spurning it from rather than that which rushes to an asbim.

"Only one thing," replied Mattle, smilling, in spite of herself, "and that, she said, amused her so much that she must tell me. She said that you said (ull.-Philadelphia Ledger. that it 'seemed as though you must have known her for a long time-far back in the past,' or something like that. She said she could hardly refrain from answering that she had a very distinct reollection of you in bibs and a species of ing. inderclothing which she would not des ignate, whether you really remembered

Ralph sat with his head bowed, whistling softly and thoughtfully for a while, his fingers pulling at his beard, then he said, with a half laugh: "Well, every man must be a fool once in his life, I suppose. Better now than later, perhaps.

And now, if any one supposes that I whole hive in his head, as he lifted am going on to tell all that was said begator. fair, they are mistaken. I might "point the moral," and enlarge upon the fooldisquisition on the respective merits of isbness and sinfulness of prizing only

White Leghorns, Black Spanish and that which is beyond our reach and, Brahmas as layers, good mothers or as probably, above our deserts, while we overlook, or neglect, or undervalue the unable to pay her board in a strange blessings which surround us in our daily city, so she made an arrangement with his walk; but I shall do no such thing, for I have made my story quite long enough;

> and shall only add that, from that time forth, Ralph better appreciated his three o'clock, got breakfast, then went bright little wife, and that, like the heroes and heroines in the old nursery away the dinner things, and then pretales, "they lived happy ever after," ----

SELLING SNAILS .- A tourist describe the sale of snails in the town of Trivoli, near Rome, as a source of much profit to the peasants of that district in rainy that the poor girl's clothing, while very weather, when this curious edible is neat, consisted only of a calico dress and week passed without the interchange of thing but agreeable for the remainder abundant in the olive groves. The fla- one cotton skirt. The girl, as soon as vor is pronounced delicious, That evening, after the children were than scallops or oysters. When artisti- aunt in Auburn, who will keep her till

> does not long decline this much de-Helf. spised crustacea. The cooked snail is further said to possess the quality of re-

tion from anybody outside. The poetry that people live in, of which they are a part, and which is a part of them, is always the most satisfactory, because it is the most real.

Think, little folks, of all the poems WHAT IS TRUE HEROISM ?- It is a and fragments of poems you know, that radically false notion to look only to never could have been written except u a country where tempest and sleet perhaps, is that which fights the battle and long hours of darkness drove men of life under adverse circumstances, day and women and children within doors, and kept them there to find out how dear and sweet a thing it is for a family sault, or defends the imminent breach to live together in love .- St. Nichol And of such heroism modern times are

Ex-President Wolsey of Yale College Nothing could be truer. The hod delivered an address at New Haven, a carrier who supports a family of eight few days ago, upon the use of the Bible children and two dogs on a dollar a day, as a text-book in public schools. While and does it willingly, displays more advocating the right and duty of the true heroism than is required to effect a state to educate the children in moral conquest on the battle-field. Gen. Bul duties in some form or other, he question will face a battery without blanch tioned very strongly whether the formal reading of the Scriptures did as much Ask Bullion to face an unpaid creditor four times a week, as Trowe good as to be justly regarded as essenthe brick-layer does, and Bullion would tial. He thought the children were not generally in a state of mind to receive grow low-spirited and take to poison in a fortnight. The heroism of the battle-field is kept up by the bass drums, clarnstruction from it, and that "if any of the inhabitants of a school district should object to its use for conscience tonets, and praise from the newspapers Such heroism may, or may not be, a matter of principle, but there is no sake, he would grant every indulgence consistent with school order, even to questioning the courage required in the permitting a lesson from some other prosaic duties of life-the bringing up work to be substituted in its place."of a family by shedding perspiration at Herald. the rate of 15 cents an hour .- Investi

IMMORTALITY,-Nothing can be more ad than to see a woman like Harriet A pitiful story is told of the efforts o Martineau or a man like Mr. Ranney a poor Auburn girl to get an education going under the yell with the assurance She wished to go to the Portland, (Me.) high school. She was very poor, and hat there is nothing in them worthy of mmortality. It may be all very well or a person whose instincts are so refined that a dishonorable act would be the proprietor of a boarding-house to do an impossibility to talk about annihilawhat she could to assist her, as payment tion, but the doctrine of a future life is for board. Every morning she arose at a restraint which we can't well do without. The practical operation of the general belief in immortality on the m life of the community is greater than pared the supper. After supper she cleared up and did other housework. we think. To die like a dog is an insentive to live like one. To be nothing The result was a break-down with tybereafter is to be nothing here. -Ex. phoid fever, and she was taken to the

nosnital. There the matron discovered Governor Jewell's younger daughter is said to be very charitable. She has \$2,500 a year pin money, and during her last winter in Washington spent nearly she is well enough, will go home to an all her money in supporting several poor familes, woom she daily visited m she cau again eudeavor to support herperson, and for whose wants she cared. the also organized a Dorcas society.

A Cincinnati fiend advertises for whose generous fingers made many garments for the poor. Thus writes the ad-miring correspondent of the Troy Times, men with fever and ague to shake car-