

EDNA AND JOHN:

A Romance of Idaho Flat.

By Mrs. A. J. DUNIWAY.

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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 deaf, dumb, the blind, our prisons with criminals, our cities with drunkenness and prostitution, our homes with disease and death.—(National Centennial Equal Rights Protest.)

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Territory of Idaho had recently been judicially divided, and Circuit Court was now to hold its opening session in Idaho Flat.

Several young lawyers who had struggled long with legal technicalities in their, at last, successful endeavor to be admitted to the bar in the States, and who had struggled longer with less successful effort to obtain clients in their native haunts, had recently come to dispute possession with Mr. Brief, while older lawyers, broken-down politicians, ex-judges badly out of date, governmental employes, and not a few men of more than ordinary ability, as brains go, but badly deficient in purse and public appreciation, flocked hither and thither in the Territory to prey upon theupidity and credulity of those who might have needed justice, but they seldom got it when appealing to the law.

"Be composed," said a lawyer once to a client on trial for grand larceny. "No doubt you will be treated justly."

"Faith, sir, and justice is the very thing I'm afraid of," returned the Hilbernian, who, had been a native American, would have felt little fear on that score.

Several of the new Territorial officials brought their families to Idaho Flat, and society began to assume some of the phases of older civilization, though there was yet one sad drawback to morality among the majority of men, and that was nothing less than the scarcity of good women.

Nature always seeks an equilibrium. When humanity interferes with the equalization of masculine and feminine forces by removing the restraining influence of one sex from the other in any of the departments of life, from the domestic to the educational, social or religious to the legal and governmental, the channels of life become vitiated, and nature, in the only effort left her to restore the equilibrium thus disturbed, will send bad women where the good are not plenty, and the feet of her whose "steps take hold on hell" will too often lead the unwary into pitfalls of his own creating, to hold him captive ever after at her will.

Idaho Flat became the rendezvous of abandoned women who were bent upon spoils. Money was plenty, for gold abounded in the river beds, and gold and silver was in the gorges and on the very mountain tops.

Mrs. Rutherford, wholly unaccustomed to the vice and immorality that flourished before her eyes, was thoroughly horrified with what transpired daily. Women whom older and more settled society would have sent to jail for lewdness, flaunted their silks and jewels before her face and seated themselves at table to be fed like queens.

"I couldn't stand it, Edna!" she exclaimed in indignation, as these people multiplied in their midst.

"I make the bread and clothing and shelter for all of us by feeding the men who support them, mother. They are just as good as any man who visits them."

"But I will order the very next bad woman out of doors who comes here to get her dinner. I'll have no such baggage around."

"Then I will order every man away who is seen in their company, mother. Did you notice the costly diamond ring that one of them sported this morning? That was presented her by a government official who pays me a round price for board—his board and hers. That man is feasted and feted in the best Washington society every winter. He has a big salary with perquisites, and leaves his poor dupe of a wife at some obscure country village every summer."

"You see," he continued, "John had to have some place to stay, and when you turned him out he went over to Sol's, and as he had no money, he gave his note. Mr. Brief has been his counselor all along, and John gave him his note of hand also. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Stop that guffawing, or I'll dash your brains out!" cried Edna, in a frenzy of indignation that made the sheriff fairly tremble.

"Brief sold the note to Sol," he continued, sobbing down, "and Sol got judgment on this property, and the cheapest thing you can do is to get out."

"But John has never raised a finger to earn a dollar here. Everything in the house and about it belongs to me."

"That's the very reason you don't own it, madam. If you weren't a wife now! But you are, you see, and everything you own isn't yours at all, but your husband's. If you'd been as sharp, you'd

The New Northwest

VOLUME VI.

PORTLAND, OREGON, FRIDAY, MAY 25, 1877.

NUMBER 37.

FREE SPEECH, FREE PRESS, FREE PEOPLE.

kitchen, dining-room, and everywhere. Her Mongolian help had found the work too hard for him when Court met, and, when increasing crowds of men materially increased the kitchen efforts, had taken French leave and no other help was to be had.

The harvest that Circuit Court brings is never to be despised by the inn or boarding-house keeper of a country town, and those engaged in that business in Idaho Flat were no exception to the general rule.

"We have heavy bills to meet, mother, and I am depending upon this harvest season to pay for our winter's wood and lights, and many other necessities that must come. I want to build an addition to the house, also, and I can't afford to turn away a single boarder, so we must make hay while the sun shines. Everybody's money will help us along, so don't be squeamish, but just help me out this month and we'll get several hundreds ahead."

Mrs. Rutherford and Sue Randolph each heeded the advice thus freely given, and the hotel became a place of safety and noise and money changing, which Edna would never have consented for it to become had she been permitted by her legal head, or even advised by her minister, to keep up legitimate and wholesome amusements of the intellectual character that she had at first inaugurated.

But, as we have said, she was busy to her eyes in work. In all the married years of her life she had not felt so free and happy. Business was unusually brisk, even for a mining town. There were many intellectual legal gentlemen in attendance at the Court, and though her time was all taken up with her culinary cares, she managed to keep herself and children tidy and apparently comfortable, so that she was ready at any moment for a brilliant sally of wit or a brief dissertation upon legal technicalities, mining stocks, theology, philosophy, or recipes for cooking.

The county sheriff was a very important personage in Idaho Flat. He was short and obese, with a thick neck and fleshy jaws set squarely upon shoulders slightly rounded, and he carried a pair of flabby fat hands with the digits in his pantaloon pockets and the stubby thumbs protruding awkwardly. From the day that Edna had first met him he had been her pet aversion. True, his habits were more correct and his conduct more circumspect than that of her boarders in general, but there was an air of selfishness, and a want of fine sensibility about him that was particularly offensive to her feelings.

He had a habit of making broad asides of the truth as they were broad in utterance, and clinching the same by a coarse guffaw that would silence, though it always failed to convince, those holding a different opinion.

"I have a document in my possession, that particularly concerns you, Mrs. Smith," he exclaimed, as, thrusting his burly figure inside the kitchen, he broke into a loud ha! ha! ha!

"A document concerning me?" cried Edna, rubbing the flour from her hands, and reaching to take the paper from his pudgy digits and pudgier thumb.

"I wonder if John isn't applying for a divorce?" she asked herself, and then came the pleasing reflection that divorces were easy to obtain in Idaho Flat.

But Edna did not comprehend the import of the mysterious document. It was loaded down with the ambiguous technicalities that usually overshadow papers of its ilk, and after a moment's reflection she looked enquiringly at the officer for an explanation, while a dark foreboding, as undefined as dismal, crept into her heart.

"It's a writ of ejection from these premises by old Sol, the saloon-keeper. Ha! ha! ha!" said the legal protector of women.

"I don't see how that can be," replied Edna, turning deadly pale. "I never owned him a dime in my life."

"But, madam, John Smith and Mr. Brief have been boarding at his chebang all summer on the strength of John's claim upon this business. You'll have to liquidate. Ha! ha! ha!"

"But I shan't!" exclaimed Edna. "So there!"

The guffaw that followed was so exasperating that Edna refrained with difficulty from belying the officer with her rolling-pin. But she felt instinctively that she was at the mercy of the law, and wisely held herself in restraint.

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have let everything be held in the name of Sue Randolph, or your mother, for both of them are without husbands, and they can hold property, you see. Ha! ha! ha!"

"My mother I as often said that woman's degraded, helpless position is the weak point in our institutions to-day. She says it is a disturbing force everywhere, severing family ties, filling our asylums with victims, our prisons with criminals, our towns and cities with prostitution, our homes with disease and death. I never saw the force of this abominable truth as I see it now. I have toiled like a galley slave to build up and sustain this business and maintain myself and children. It has not occurred to me once this summer that my being a wife by a fiction of law, under which I have found no protection, would render it necessary for me to put my earnings into other hands than my own for safe keeping, else I would have done it and defied the law. As it is, I am powerless. But what am I to do?"

"Just what this writ advises, madam. You are to vacate the premises at once, to satisfy the judgment."

"Leave my house this minute, sir!" said Edna, folding the paper and resumming her rolling-pin. "You can't put me out under a writ of ejection under thirty days after having given ten days' notice. I know a few things about law when I stop to think of them, if I am a woman."

"So'll be madder'n thunder!" soliloquized the sheriff, as he waddled away to carry the news to him and Mr. Brief and John.

"How strange that I should have been so blind!" thought Edna. "I knew, or might have known, that John Smith, as my husband, could commit no recognized or punishable crime by robbing me of my earnings; but here I have been toiling and accumulating for months as though unconscious of existing facts. Luckily I have a few hundred dollars hidden away. I intended to use that money toward liquidating bills; but Sol, or whoever gets the house, may do that. I'll save all I can during the next thirty days."

Her resolve thus taken was followed for a week, and then came a legal injunction forbidding the boarders to pay their bills to Edna, and there was no alternative but to lose the result of her summer's toil and begin preparing anew in the autumn for the near approach of a rigorous winter.

"When the Lord loveth He chasteneth," said Mr. Handel, with a sanctimonious air, as soon as he learned the facts.

"I should say that whom the devil despiseth he destroyeth," was Edna's prompt rejoinder.

"I am sorry, my dear madam, that you do not accept your trials in a meek and quiet spirit," observed the preacher.

"And I am surprised that you are such a consummate fool!" was the impulsive retort.

"What?"

Mr. Handel would have been scarcely less surprised had the heavens fallen. He had long felt it his pastoral duty to call upon Edna once or twice in every week, and had never failed to share her hospitality board. She had always been pleasant, passably courteous, despite some of her betrodous vagaries, of which he constantly warned her.

"I've done what I could to keep you in the straight and narrow path, Mrs. Smith, but I find you constantly drifting upon the breakers. You know what the Scripture saith. He that, being of reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without mercy."

"Leave the house this minute with your mocking cant!" exclaimed Edna. Indeed, she was nearly crazed, and no wonder.

Let any reader of these pages who would elude her put himself in her place and see if his human nature would not instantly rebel. It is very easy, always, to bear other people's troubles with fortitude. It is our own that come to us to stay.

"A wful as a divorce, Edna, you will be compelled to get one, or starve," said Mrs. Rutherford, while the thought that her beloved daughter, in whom she had so long indulged more pride and anticipation than in all else in the world, would be that loathsome thing, a "grass widow," was enough of itself to prostrate her on a bed of sickness.

Another week elapsed, and Edna, with her mother, Sue Randolph, and three little children, was again evicted from the diminutive cabin where she had begun her struggle for bread when she had first settled with Aunt Judy in Idaho Flat.

"Men are constantly placing a premium upon crime," said Edna, bitterly. "See how much better off a fallen woman is than the wife of a bad man. Those courtesans you were complaining of, mother, are safely housed and fed in the very hotel from which I, though toiling sixteen hours out of twenty-four, to keep it going, have been driven as a criminal. Do you wonder that I despise men?"

"That's wicked, daughter. Pray do not talk like that. Your father was a man, and you have brothers and a son."

"Don't quote my father to me, mother. You know I would not own him for years before he died."

"Which was very unfilial of you, my child. The girl that fails to honor her

father or mother need not expect prosperity or happiness. Your father did what the laws and customs of men empowered him to do, and he thought it was all right. True, it was not right, but his intentions were good. I cannot bear to have you blame him."

"Well, mother, one thing is certain, and that is that I shall sue for a divorce at this sitting of the court. If I wait till spring, John will have another chance to rob me, for no man can be punished for impoverishing his wife."

"And so you are to be a grass widow! O, Edna!"

"Don't reproach me, mother. I cannot bear it. I would rather be a dead carcass than a grass widow, if I could have my choice, but men do my choosing, and I cannot help myself."

Edna's application for a divorce upon the ground of the habitual drunkenness of her husband was followed the next day by an application for a like decree from John, the alleged cause being improper association with Mr. Handel, the conscientious Christian missionary. Each complainant prayed for the custody of the children, and the lawyers looked for a good harvest, and the public for an attractive and disgraceful scene in court.

[To be continued.]

The "Blue Laws."

The famous "Blue Laws of Connecticut" have been brought to the light of the boasted nineteenth century, and a true copy of the same may be seen by the curious at the office of the County Clerk of Multnomah county. The following are some of the sections thereof:

Sec. 9. No food or lodging shall be given to a Quaker, Adamite, or other heretic.

Sec. 10. No one shall cross a river without an authorized ferryman.

Sec. 11. No one shall run of a Sabbath day, or walk in his garden, or elsewhere, except reverently to and from church.

Sec. 12. No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep houses, cut hair, or shave on the Sabbath day.

Sec. 13. No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath or fasting day.

Sec. 14. Whoever publishes a lie to the prejudice of his neighbor, shall sit in the stocks, or be whipped fifteen stripes.

Sec. 17. Whoever wears clothes trimmed with silver or bone lace, above two shillings per yard, shall be presented by the grand jurors, and the selectmen shall tax the offender at the rate of \$200 estate.

Sec. 18. Whoever brings cards or dice into this dominion, shall pay a fine of \$5.

Sec. 19. No one shall read common prayer, keep Christmas or Saint Day, make mince pies, dance, play cards, or play on any other instrument of music except the drum, trumpet, and the Jew's harp.

Sec. 21. The selectmen, on finding children ignorant, may take them away from their parents, and put them into better hands, at the expense of the parents.

Sec. 22. A man that strikes his wife shall pay a fine of £10. A woman that strikes her husband shall be punished as the court directs.

Sec. 23. Married persons must live together or be imprisoned.

Sec. 24. Every male shall have his hair cut round according to a cap.

GOOD AXIOMS.—Self-reliance is the spring of their judgment; a critic instead of waiting as Micawber did for something to turn up, exert your own energies, and turn up something yourself.

If self-denial cost us nothing, it would teach us little. A caustic writer said: "The power of self-delusion is heaven's blessing to fools."

It needs a long head to control a long tongue.

If you pride yourself on saying what you like, you will often hear what you do not like.

How many thoughts we waste; how much care and anxiety we expend in forming plans to meet emergencies that never occur.

It is best to buy good counsel cheap than repentance dear.

Never be behind time. "I have noticed," said Napoleon, "that it was the quarters of hours that decided the fates of battles."

People may tell you of your being unfaithful to your occupation of life, but heed it not; whatsoever honest occupation you follow with perseverance and assiduity will be found for you, and will be your support in youth and comfort in old age.

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill requires only our silence which costs us nothing.

In the worldly struggle, passive endurance is no less useful than active energy.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

To THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST: We are still speculating upon the extra session under the prolonged delay of its call. The Senators here are divided in opinion as to its length, yet all concede its shortness, should general legislation be avoided. The debate on the army bill need not necessarily be prolonged, and yet the proposition to reduce the army some 10,000 will meet with bitter opposition, much as all propositions to reduce have in the past.

When we came down to our present small army, we were told in the most pathetic tones that we would be swallowed up by somebody, the Mexicans, the Indians, the English, and dear knows who else, by means of our immense frontier and coast lines, putting us at the mercy of every attacking party, internal as well as external. But "we still live," and our success in that line leads some of our law-makers here to say that the army must still further be reduced, and especially so, since its presence is no longer needed to preserve the peace in the Southern States. Again, some of the hot heads are insisting that the Navy Department must again be investigated, in order to show where the Philadelphia navy yard sales and other moneys went. If these two propositions get drawn into general debate, your readers may expect a session running into August, as it is an impossibility for the forthcoming assemblage of our nation's orators to fully ventilate the issues inside of three months. Investigation accomplished so little during the last two years and promises so much less this summer, since there is no important election to be controlled by exposures of a defunct administration, that we can conceive of no reason for incurring the vast expense of another Navy Department ventilation, but it will give the irrepressible politician an opportunity to let off his buncombe speeches which he hires some penny a liner to write for him, and which costs "Uncle Sam" ten cents a line to insert in the Congressional Record. We have grown so impatient over the huge humbug called "Congressional speeches," that really we are somewhat exercised in mind at the great probability of having to endure a series of them during the approaching warm weather, and we can but hope we may be spared the affliction, say from after July 1st.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

Akin to the heavy subject of speech-making is that weighty matter called the Washington monument. This weighty structure has long been a disgrace to our nation, so that we regret the diversity of opinion which continues among experts as to the unsuitability of the foundations for bearing the additional weight. The government engineers have recently reported adversely, notwithstanding other army and civil engineers reported and believe to the contrary, hence we are as much at sea in regard to what should be done with the monument as we are in mind, after listening to a three days' debate in Congress upon some political question. The President very sensibly believes that it is a matter which civil engineers can determine much more intelligently and correctly than these West Pointers, whose knowledge of dirt is about on a par with what they know of concrete pavements as they are laying on our Pennsylvania Avenue. I concede that McClellan studied the art of handling dirt, its powers of resistance, etc., while digging before an imaginary foe of 150,000 muskets when there were but 10,000. But his theories do not apply to the foundations of the Washington monument any more than they did to the rail fence and a gopher hole bank, behind which the volunteer soldier had an ugly habit of burrowing somebody. The monument ought to be finished at once. Its plain shaft will be one of the most attractive features of the Capital, and as it is a national and not a city duty to finish it, we hope prompt action will be had for its completion.

THE GOVERNMENT PRINTER.

John D. Defrees, the new appointee, bears his honors meekly. But he already has experienced some of the afflictions which render his office like that of the executive departments, a burdensome one indeed. Scores of women call on him daily, pleading with tears in their eyes and most pitiful stories of their poverty and sufferings, for appointment as folders, feeders, anything which would give them bread. But as he is powerless to aid, because his force must also be reduced, he can do no more than listen and rebuff. The recent discharges from the Treasury furnished these unfortunate to Mr. Defrees, and not until the great sea of life shall have absorbed them in some other channel, will they cease to importune for government positions.

THE JEWS.

The outrages upon the Jews in Roumania greet President Hayes as they did General Grant upon his assumption of the executive, and afford cause for delegations of that sect to plead for our interference. We need at the seat of the Turkish war a minister like Washburne, who can care for the neutrals as intelligently and successfully as he did for the Germans in Paris, in the war of 1870, and for which Germany now tenders a \$50,000 testimonial as a mark of her gratitude to him for his labors in behalf of her citizens. The Jews form

a large portion of our community, and having among them many men of high intellectual ability, they are quite an element of strength. One of them, Simon Wolf, is our recorder of deeds, and who went into the political field last summer to stump for Mr. Hayes. His lectures upon general and social matters have given him a national reputation among his brethren, and stamped him as a man of great intellectuality. He is but one of several here, and they are accomplishing more towards removing prejudice from the minds of Gentiles than the whole mass of "old Clo" men, who, by confining themselves to petty shop-keeping, lead the unreflexive to think the Jew is incapable of elevation.

Superfluous Men.

I claim no originality for my caption. It was suggested, of course, by Mrs. Livermore's "Superfluous Women," but aside from the qualifying adjective, her "Superfluous Women" and my "Superfluous Men" have nothing in common.

The world would be the loser if those superfluous women, mostly earnest, helpful workers in the quiet ways of life, should suddenly drop out of it, while the men I have in mind are superfluous, not on account of their number, but their character; they are useless, a hindrance rather than help to society, and the world would be better off without them.

1. Of these I will mention first the loafers. This is a large class comprising many grades, from the tramp to the genteel loafer, who belongs to a club and smokes the best Havanas, but they all have the same general characteristics. They are lazy, they have no visible means of support, and like the man who, being brought before the police court and interrogated as to his business, replied that his wife was a dressmaker, a large number are dependent on hard-working, self-sacrificing wives, mothers and sisters. They twirl their canes and their mustaches, they gossip, they flirt, they expatiate, they stand on the street corners, they frequent drinking saloons, and all places of high and low resort, they gamble, they bet, they talk politics, they vote (oh, yes, early and often), but their one distinguishing characteristic is their aversion to any kind of honest industry.

2. Habitual liquor-drinkers and confirmed drunkards. While there is life there is hope, is doubtless true of drunkards as of invalids, but it seems to require almost a miracle to eradicate the appetite for strong drink when once firmly established. This pernicious influence of this loathsome moral pest of humanity, the misery of wives and families, the poverty, the destitution, the crime, the little children continually brought into being by these wretched fathers to inherit their morbid appetites and diseased constitutions.

3. Closely allied to these are the licentious, the debauchees, the moral lepers of community, whose touch is pollution, whose breath is pestiferous, and who, besides their every day pernicious influence, are entailing upon future generations the horrible results of their vicious lives.

If the first class mentioned are superfluous, these are far worse. The first may be considered as parasites on the ship of state—the last two are leeches drawing the life-blood from the social body and poisoning the whole circulation; taken together, they are the drags and dregs of our civilization. Could they be banished by a series of honest earthquakes or accidents, what an incense would be removed from society, how would the atmosphere be purified, and progress and reform make giant strides towards a millennial age!

4. Again, there is a multitude of blatant pot-house politicians, demagogues and office-seekers, flibusters and the like who are a superfluity in the body politic. Could we be rid of them also, we should speedily have a united and prosperous people, an exceptional civil service, a model Republic, and a modern Utopia with all the modern improvements, including Impartial Suffrage!—Cor. Woman's Journal.

CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.—Friday a teacher in one of the district schools in this city was before Judge Pyper to answer for beating a pupil, a little boy ten or twelve years of age. The evidence was conclusive that the child had been cruelly flogged, his body exhibiting several welts and bruises inflicted by the defendant. The justice fined the teacher \$25. The day for severe flogging in schools is past, and fortunately for the youth of the country, the Professor Squeezes are seldom to be found in the school-room. A few years ago a teacher was considered by many parents as of little account unless he exercised a good deal of brutality in his school; but happily the guardians of children, as a rule, have learned that it is not necessary to flog intelligence into a child.—Salt Lake Herald.

The stream of Mrs. A. T. Stewart's benefactions, says the Church Union, instead of ceasing to flow, goes onward, and with increasing volume. Already she has made donations to fifty-two of our local charities, ranging from \$50 to \$2,500 and making an aggregate of \$74,500, and the intimation comes from Judge Hilton that other charitable institutions, if found deserving, will be made recipients of her bounty. Since the death of her husband Mrs. Stewart's donations—those of which the public have been informed—have reached an aggregate of about four hundred thousand dollars.

A young man who mistook a bottle of hair oil for a bottle of hair oil, concluded that dancing was a frivolous amusement, and kept away from a masquerade ball. But when inquisitive friends asked why he stayed away, he told an unvarnished tale.

From the moment a man desires to find the truth on one side rather than another, it is all over with him as a philosopher.—Harriet Martineau.

Ladies of the White House.

DOLLY PAYNE MADISON.

Dolly Coles Payne, brought up in the strict tenets of the Society of Friends, and married at 19 to Mr. John Todd, a member of the same sect, in less than a year after his death, and at the age of 23, married James Madison, and stepped from poverty to a position of affluence and wealth and station. In her luxurious home in Virginia she learned how to exercise generous hospitality and benevolence, and an indulgent husband allowed her the means of gratifying most of the fine instincts of a noble nature.

When Mr. Madison was appointed in Mr. Jefferson's Cabinet, he removed with his wife to Washington, and she frequently and ably played the part of lady of the White House. She became her own home; and, on her husband's election to the Presidency, his wife's presence in the White House was hailed by the social world as a benefaction, and there probably never was a person more generally loved. If sometimes smiled at by the fastidious or supercilious, within its walls.

With a little more elegance, there would have been nothing more to desire in Mrs. Madison. She had a certain amount of tact, infinite good nature, ready wit, and an unflinching memory of names and faces, which, with her warmth of heart, supplied many elements of popularity, and her reign was a joyous one. She filled the White House with young people, putting all at ease by her own ease, and her own a crowd of gayety, relaxing many of the ceremonious observances hitherto in force there, and making some innovations. Very fond of dress, yet never extravagant in it, wearing usually a turban and a gown of simple material, and repairing time's losses with rouge, she was rather a handsome woman, with sparkling eyes, and a tall, although, perhaps, too redundant figure. She was always a happy woman; and when adversity came she proved herself a most noble one. When the British approached the capital, she was one of the last to leave the city, having lingered to secure certain State papers and other valuable articles of public property, to the sacrifice of her own ease and comfort. She refused admission at an inn where she requested shelter, with her suite, at the instigation of those already sheltered there—people who had, one and all, shared her hospitality, but now chose to hold her husband responsible for the war and punish her; and, for a short season, she was subjected to great hardship; but, after the British had finished their dastardly and disgraceful outrages, she was one of the first to return. At the conclusion of Mr. Madison's term, she retired with him to their mountain home in Virginia, and there was the comfort of his declining years. After his death she returned to Washington, a place she loved, and there spent the last twelve years of her life. Congress had paid her a goodly sum for her copyright on certain of her husband's papers, and voted her a seat on the floor of the Senate; but she died in poverty, although honored to the last; and while always to be seen with her splendid green shawl, and her costly and beautiful jewelry, never forgetting her dignity or her great-hearted cordiality.—Chicago Ledger.

The Senses of Bees.

The senses of bees were the next subject of investigation, and we will give in brief the results which Huber reached. The senses of the bees' eyes are not adjustable; and, though they can see accurately to great distances, they seem blind to objects close by. Bees dart down to the door of their hives with a precision which is generally unerring; but if, from any cause, they miss the opening, they are obliged to rise in the air, in order to take another observation.

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