

Table with 2 columns: Term, Price. Includes rates for one year, six months, and three months.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on reasonable terms.

MARTHA MARBLEHEAD.

By Mrs. A. J. DUNWAY. AUTHOR OF "MIRTH-REID," "BLISS-DOWN," "AMIE AND HENRY LEE," "THE HAPPY HOME," "ONE WOMAN'S SPHERE," "RADGE MORRISON," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII. Mrs. Marblehead ordered a hack, and drove away in the direction of the Treasury Department, and, once installed in one of the principal offices, held a long private consultation with a confidential clerk, of the purport of which the bystanders were ignorant.

"You may rely upon my fidelity, madam," said he, as she departed. Days and weeks passed away, and the Major became more depressed and humble. He no longer held his head erect as before.

Meanwhile, Thomas Jones grew more and more openly defiant of public opinion. The strange woman who had charmed him with her siren subtleties coveted his entire income, and greedily and remorselessly appropriated it. Even Washington society was scandalized by the marked attention of the rising secretary of the husband of Mrs. Major Marblehead to a well-known wanton.

Thomas Jones lost all interest in his business. He cared nothing for his employer's constituents, and seemed to care less than nothing for the welfare of his family.

I have become convinced, after years of careful investigation of the phenomena of love, that it is nothing but a disease; that, like whooping-cough, mumps, measles, and scarletina, it is a sort of necessary evil, attacking humanity at intervals along the road of life, with seldom a renewal of the same malady in the same form in a single individual. The disease named as all members of the same family, not even excepting the small-pox, which is a great-grandmother of the others, while love, worst disease of the lot, is complement of all. I have not adopted this decision willingly. Indeed, my inclinations and tastes are all against it, and it was only after many years of independent study of ever-recurring examples to test the truth of this theory that I reached the foregoing reluctant conclusion.

Sometimes a very young person, not yet out of his teens, becomes afflicted with love. This is the "mumps phase" of the malady. The patient loses his taste for victuals, and a violent fever rages for a day or two, or for a week, at farthest. But that is all. The agony is soon over. A little further on and he will have the whooping-cough phase. This lasts a little longer, and is a little more effective, but he recovers. The measles, chicken-pox, and scarletina stages are more trying to the constitution, but they rarely prove fatal. The patient usually marries in the scarletina phase; and then, if he or she be of a high moral nature, perfectly healthy in identity and conscientiousness, they may escape the contagion of the small-pox phase, and thus steer clear of the calamity of spiritual disfigurement for life.

But Thomas Jones, unfortunately for himself and family, was especially weak in the region of conscientiousness. Had his scarletina stage of love been met and cured by its counterpart phase of the same disease in the woman he married, he would possibly have escaped further inflictions of the malady. But, alas for him, he was sinned against, as well as sinning, and the confluent type of small-pox love became his consequent reward.

Usually, men in this stage of the love malady have sufficient regard for the appearance of a healthy state of morals to refuse to take the siren with whom they are infatuated into their own homes. But the fever reached the brain of Thomas Jones, and reason (what there was of it) forsook its throne. Martha, his wife, wrote him frequently concerning the children. One of the little girls was ill, and called constantly for papa. Wouldn't he come and make her a little visit while Congress was not in session?

He sought counsel of his mother, who advised him to let her do so.

"She can pass as your mother's sister's daughter; and you'll be the envy of all the music neighbors of Chehalis with your aristocratic relatives." "But Martha, mother, what of her?" "You can easily enough hoodwink her. The last thing a woman will ever admit is the inconstancy of her husband; besides, you must be a good boy, and be very discreet, you know. Of course I have every confidence in you. I do not believe there is anything of evil in your thoughts, my son. The lady is intelligent, brilliant, and cultivated, and her society will do your wife and children a world of good. That she fancies your company is an evidence that you are a genius, my boy."

O, Mrs. Marblehead, mother of Thomas Jones, how could you? Didn't you know better than to act thus wickedly and blindly? Would you have been an unsuspecting had the conditions been reversed, and your second husband's daughter had occupied the situation of your first husband's son?

That mothers will thus cover up the transgressions of their sons, even from their own observation, while with Argus eyes they spy out and censure every act and suspect every motive of the daughters of other women, is only one of the many evil consequences of woman's dependent, unnatural position in life.

Mrs. Marblehead possessed inherent elements of character that under the best conditions would have developed her into a good and philanthropic, though always imperious and ambitious woman. But, under the false surroundings of a tempestuous spirit, that had been thwarted and hampered, in all honorable directions, she had become the designing and unscrupulous knave the reader knows her to be, and she cared for nothing in which she did not possess a selfish interest.

"Wife, did you know that Thomas intended to take that vixenish widow home with him to Oregon?" asked the Major, after the twins had embarked for Panama.

"Yes, husband. I thought it would be a capital idea for Martha and the children to have a companion for a few months who would be able to polish up their manners."

The Major groaned.

"Have you another spasm of piety, my lord?" Perhaps the woman would not have swayed so ruthless a scepter over her husband's head if he had not felt himself to be a hypocrite. At all events, he offered no further open resistance, but he did what proved, under all the circumstances, to be a very unwise thing. He wrote his daughter, giving his own savage opinion of Thomas, and more than hinting that the fellow's relations with the siren were of a questionable character.

It is one anomaly of woman's nature that she can never be honest with herself and the world about her domestic troubles until she has tasted the very dregs of persecution over and over again.

I have sometimes had a woman come to me under the triple curse of destination, jealousy, and discord, bearing in her face and on her body the marks of conjugal violence, and relating a story of conjugal cruelty that made my nerves thrill and flesh creep, while my heart would fairly overflow with unfeigned sorrow and sympathy; and I would listen to her tale of woe, and plan some way to relieve her suffering, and that, too, when my head and hands and heart were overburdened with my own business; and after I had arranged for her subsistence and fed her up for a few days, till she had forgotten what it was to be hungry, I have caught her surreptitiously conveying the substance I had gathered for her to her worthless lord, to enable him to eat the bread of idleness, even while he was defaming her and denouncing me, accusing us both of every crime in the social catalogue.

Again, a woman has come to me with her eye blacked from a drunken husband's violence, and, expressing a hatred and fear of her master that bordered on frenzy, so enlisted my sympathy that I have recommended her to a place of refuge, only to find her, after a few days, returned to the "romit" again, content to wallow for another season in the mire of domestic discord. And then, through some thoughtless or gossiping neighbor, I have learned that every expression of disapprobation I had been led by her story to use concerning her husband had been retailed to him as the wicked imagining of my own uncharitableness.

"Then, I hear you ask, good reader, 'why do you think it worth while to expend sympathy or kindness upon women?'"

Because, I answer, there is hope for them, even yet. Woman's heart has so long been cultivated at the expense of her head that the wisest of us are absolute ninny when in love. We have been trained from early childhood, as well through the inheritance of example from our own subjugated mothers as from the love-stick sentimentality gathered from men's novels, that woman's lot is one of continued sacrifice. With many of us the notion, false as it is, works well enough, for our husbands, we fondly believe, are better than average, and we are not compelled to endure more than outraged nature can bear.

Our belief and example are contagious. Men praise it and women fester it. But let some woman's husband prove as bad as the law will let him be, and that woman will yet cling to her ideas of self-sacrifice. Her determination to rebel is only a spasm now and then, and woe be to the friend that will dare to protect her till she has suffered over and over again the pangs of hunger or the stripes of bodily punishment.

Martha Jones nee Marblehead had got her new house completed on her own domain. It was a model farm-house, rambling, roomy, and convenient. The kitchen was in easy reach of the dining-room, wood-room, cellar, pantry, and family bed-room. There were closets and pantries here and there, and cuddies everywhere. The site chosen was a gentle eminence, overlooking the maple and willow-fringed Chehalis on the one hand, with the fertile valley that it drained, sailing in a luxurious loveliness, from which occasional white farm-houses peeped in serene composure, while on the other hand bold mountains, capped in the distance by perpetual snow peaks, lent a charm of magnificence to the view that should be seen to be appreciated.

A letter from Major Marblehead was something Martha rarely looked for now. It had been long since she had had a remittance from either her husband or father, and the letters of the former were as curt and unsatisfactory as those of the latter were infrequent. But everything was in order now, and she felt a triumph in her work that only needed the commendation of the absent members of the family to render it complete.

But to all the insinuations of busy tongues Mrs. Marblehead turned an indifferent ear. None were so foremost as herself in paying homage to the beautiful stranger. She not only gave her the prettiest room in the house, but she placed the best of everything at her disposal continually.

Everybody pitied Mrs. Jones, and mentally voted her a simpleton. But the wife was not as blind as she appeared. Long before there was the least suspicion on the part of Jones that she even guessed the truth of his alienation, she intuitively knew it all. Yet she was too angry with her father for having given her a warning to even answer his kindly-intended letter.

"I will show him how to meddle in my affairs," she said, and her manner of "showing" was to ignore him altogether.

Strange to say, she began to realize a deep affection for her husband as soon as she felt that she had cause for jealousy. If she could have continued in the belief that no other woman would ever smile upon him, she could have hated him to the end of life's chapter.

But as Thomas Jones increased in rascality, he seemed to her, to improve in intellect and appearance, and she grew passionately devoted to him.

It was "my husband" here, and "my husband" there, till other women, whose hearts had no show for getting to Washington, dubbed him "My Husband" for a nickname.

There was a marked contrast between the two women. Mrs. Jones would have been beautiful if she had never been overworked, and had been properly cultured and cared for. But there was as much difference between her appearance and that of the stylish "cousin," in whom everybody thought her foolishly blinded, as you will ever see, good reader, between the well-kept racer of the turf and the scraggy freighter of the Rocky Mountains. The simile may not strike you as an elegant one, but I do assure you it is most appropriate.

They had been to church one Sunday; the elegant racer, hanging to one "wing" of the office-holder and the freighter clinging limply to the other, the observed of all observers and the butt of everybody's winks and nods and innuendoes, while they vainly imagined themselves the envied of all the environs, when good Mrs. Brown, the male-toter's wife, resolved that she would do her duty at whatever cost, and inform Mrs. Jones of the real state of affairs as they appeared to her neighbors.

Her daughter, the bright-eyed idol of the disconsolate nominees for the Legislature, accompanied her in the rickety carryall in the afternoon, and they made a call upon Mrs. Jones, which, I am happy to say, resulted in good in one way, for while Mrs. Jones was indignantly insulting the good woman who was seeking to do her a Christian kindness by pointing out the skeleton in her household, which she was determined that she would make believe she could not see, Martha Brown, who was enjoying a vacation, was riding out with Gus Marblehead, who had, long ere they returned, kissed and compromised with her after the manner of lovers, and indulged for an hour after in that blissful silence that comes of perfect happiness.

The best spare chamber in the house was set apart for the new arrival. True, the furniture was not of the grandest. The available funds of the concern had been absorbed in substantial improvements, and there was to be little further income from the farm till after the next harvest.

But Martha was a genius in her way. She was as deft with jack-plane, hand saw, and hammer as most men, and the foundations of bedstead, chairs, lounge, and chest of drawers were soon prepared. Wall paper and chintz did the rest. The rough bedstead, when curtained with the pretty chintz, and hung in deep festoons, edged with ball fringe, was really a marvel of beauty. Chairs made of barrels sawed in halves, in such a way as to form both back and body, were

bottomed with burlaps and cushioned to match the bed. A lounge, as rough in form as the bedstead, was as deftly covered, and even the carpet was of the chintz, which, well varnished, made an effect both pleasing and durable. One unaccustomed to the "snake shifts" of the border can have little idea of the ingenuity that necessity conceives, when backed by an ideal taste.

Even Thomas Jones, late from the glitter and glare of the Capital, could not but be charmed with the country home that awaited him. Small difference was it to him that to all that here met his eye, and which, without a compunction of conscience, he could appropriate as best suited him, he was not morally entitled, for he had not given a thought to its production or maintenance.

He introduced his "cousin" in the most natural way in the world. She accompanied his family to church, and to all the little diversions the place afforded. She was an excellent judge of human nature, and knew how to make herself thoroughly agreeable. She was useful, too, in a hundred ways, and she had not been an inmate of the house a month before the entire family pronounced her a general favorite.

True, the neighbors "straggled" their shoulders, looked wise, and gossiped, after the manner of neighbors the world over.

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the face. When a married couple make their bed, it's all the same to me, whether it be down or nettles, in the future."

But Martha Brown did not hear. Her heart was beating a wild tattoo of happiness, and what cared she for the torment of the married?

[To be continued.]

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

Within a very short time the several divisions of Professor Hayden's Geological Survey of the Territories will return to the headquarters of the organization at Washington, D. C., laden with the rich results of another successful expedition to the far West. The achievements of this survey are increasing in importance each year, and the developments made by it within the last ten years have not been equaled by any similar organization, either in this country or Europe, and certainly no body of men have received higher encomiums for eminent scientific service than this, and we are confident that the people of this country, as well as those of Europe, will have a higher appreciation of the work of the survey as it proceeds and progresses in its valuable work, revealing to the people of the world the vast, untold resources of the American continent. The survey has been making an examination of the country north of the fortieth parallel, and the width of the area reaches from Rawlins's Springs to Ogden, and from the fortieth parallel to the Yellowstone Park. Mr. G. R. Becher, in charge of one division, occupied the country along Snake River and near the Park. Mr. Becher will complete about 8,000 square miles. Mr. Henry Garnett, in charge of another division, occupied the country about the sources of Green River, and cover about 10,000 square miles. Mr. A. D. Wilson, in charge of the triangular party, traveled across and over the entire country examined by the different divisions, and constructed a network of primary triangles, occupying and locating all the prominent mountains within the territory surveyed. The expedition this year will be able to reveal some most important information, as the country examined

proved to be rich in mines and resources for farming, the climate excellent, and the whole region quite accessible. Large collections of fossils of various kinds, as well as minerals, were made, and numerous botanical and natural history specimens were also collected. The office work will soon commence. The preparation of the reports for Congress will be pressed forward, and the final reports reduced to form all in time to prepare for the exploration of other unknown fields next year. The real value of Professor Hayden's labors are virtually unknown to the people, simply because his reports are not put in general circulation. Every school library should have one, and we would urge its superintendent to address a letter to his Congressman, asking that a copy of the Hayden survey be sent to him for public use. It is a report that every intelligent, thinking boy will read, and with profit, for it will teach him most valuable lessons of our own country's greatness. It is a strange feature that our libraries, intended for the benefit of the American youth, should have so much of Europe and so little of America in them.

GENERAL MATTERS.

The city is fast filling up with members of Congress and their families. The names of quite a number appear on the registers of our hotels, and many others have taken quarters in their own and in various boarding-houses. The chairman of the committee on military affairs, General Banning, with his wife and family, are at the Riggs House. His presence here at this early date is required, in consequence of the preparation of the army bill which his committee must consider prior to the convening of Congress, in October. As the extra session has been called principally with reference to providing for the army and navy, many important matters are to be considered by the committee in charge of the military and naval affairs. It is the intention of the chairman thereof to thoroughly mature and prepare their appropriation bills before Congress convenes, and it is reported that they will endeavor to put them in such shape as will cut off all debate, and insure immediate action in Congress. We very much doubt the power of General Banning, or any other committee-man, to accomplish this, inasmuch as every member, particularly those who have never been here before, have their trunks loaded down with speeches which they expect to deliver upon the matters of army and navy, and, like wind-mills under a good head of wind, when once started, Congress will not cease its debate upon those matters till compelled by the heated weather of next summer and approaching elections. Between hair-splitting on certain Constitutional points, attacks and defenses of the President's policy, and the adjustment of the differences between Tweedledee and Tweedledum, which are involved in the gold and silver issues, you may expect a long and laborious session of Congress, even though not a mite of real national good is accomplished.

A Greater portion of the Senators and

members of Congress have taken horses for the session, and the winter promises to be more interesting in matters of reception than any one since the war. It would seem difficult to excel those of last winter; it was Grant's last winter in the White House, and he and his Cabinet made it one of much greater display than any preceding. But the people were so much engrossed in President-making, and thereby unsettled generally, that the same interest was not taken in gallop as we now have the promise of. We expect one continued round of them during the whole winter, until Lent comes with its delightful rest and relief. Secretary Everts has rented the magnificent residence of Mr. Hutchinson, President of the Alaska Seal Fur Company. The other Secretaries have taken large houses, with the exception of Secretary Sherman, who still lives in his own, and all are informed by Mother Grady, are preparing for a busy and brilliant season. We have been particularly pleased by the visit of the gifted American artist, Miss E. J. Gardner, who has been passing several days at Willard's Hotel here as the guest of her friend and colleague in art, Mrs. Morrell. These two ladies occupied the reception-room of the first floor, and placed upon its walls several of their best pictures, and, as a consequence, their rooms were thronged with visitors during the stay of Miss Gardner. The success of Miss Gardner in her artistic career should be particularly gratifying to her American friends. No French artist has met with equal success, for she has never had a picture rejected by the exhibition critics in Paris, while several of her pictures have been placed in the highest rank. Out of the accepted paintings, the critics select a few for certain choice positions, and Miss Gardner has always been one of the favored. Not more than two out of seven pictures offered to the exhibition are accepted, hence the peculiar merits of her paintings may be appreciated by Americans. She is small, rather delicate in appearance, has a pale, clear complexion, and fine features, with short black hair, which curls close to her head. In this respect she favors Vinofe Ream, but in others reminds one more of Anna Dickinson when she first entered upon her public career. Miss Gardner remained here but a few days, and is now on her return to Paris. She has been there a number of years, and we presume will make it her home, as her great talents far higher appreciated there than here. She has sold three of her paintings in New York for several thousand dollars each, and yet we regret to acknowledge, were it not for her Paris reputation, her works would be "but a woman's," and would be worth, say, forty dollars each, with the frame thrown in.

RENEWING THE CURSE.—Dr. Benjamin Rush, in his lecture on "Intemperance," says that most drinkers deprave their tastes by tobacco before falling into the constant use of intoxicating drinks. In 1828, having then removed to Philadelphia, he once met a young man, at the land from Philadelphia to that city had become so poor from the culture of tobacco, that nothing would grow upon it except, perhaps, mullein stalks and cinquelandia, and he had been remedied with plaster of Paris and clover seed, and when the latter was in bloom it was plowed in, and the land reclaimed and rendered fertile as it is at the present time. Just now the Agricultural Society of Herk county has offered a thousand dollar premium for the best acre of tobacco that shall be raised in the county. Townships which border on Maryland were made desolate by tobacco culture in Maryland. I knew a blooming girl from the country, in whose complexion the rose and lily were charmingly blended, and who had the bluest blue eyes I ever beheld. Necessity compelled her to leave her home, and she found a place in a cigar factory. One year from that time her skin underwent a change, became tawny, and her face grew thin, and her very eyes assumed a tobaccoish glaze. Fortunately, she had a friend, who found relief from her injurious occupation and soon married a farmer. She did not long enjoy the change, for the tobacco poison had become rooted in her system, and brought forth its destructive fruit in the course of a few years, rendering her insane, and she was for some time confined in an asylum.

In summer time you would dress children lightly and loosely; but whenever it becomes cool, the legs should have warmer covering than the body, and the back should be dressed more warmly than the front. People take cold a thousand times by having thin, light covering on the back, while the clothing in front is heavily wadded, and of many thicknesses. Men wear woolen vests with a thin muslin back; they wear plaited, double shirt fronts, with one thickness on the back; the dress-coat is wadded and buckramed in front and lapped and buttoned, but the back is the single thickness of the cloth; the overcoat is heavily made in front, and sometimes that may be wadded across the back, but it is safe to say that people are dressed four times more warmly in front than they are in the back. Those who have any trouble with their lungs should remember that they take cold through the spinal region more readily than through the front of the chest.

That one may succeed in literature without the study of what is called English grammar is shown by the fact that scarcely any of the great writers and speakers of English, before the present century at least, were at all instructed in that much-valued "branch" of education.

Sunday concerts being prohibited in London, the managers of a society lately registered themselves as a religious sect, under the name of "Religious Recreationists," in order to evade the law.

A Michigan father writes to the faculty of Yale: "What are your terms for a year? And does it cost anything extra if my son wants to learn to read and write, as well as to row a boat?"

Where one woman scans the horizon for signs of the dawn of a brighter era, ten are scouting among their neighbors trying to borrow salaries.—Rome (N. Y.) Sentinel.

A man never knows how many friends he has until he embarks in the saloon business and sets up a free lunch.

Table with 2 columns: Term, Price. Includes rates for one year, six months, and three months.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on reasonable terms.

MID-DIRECTED ELOQUENCE.

It is not strange that Mr. Everts does not make any use of his farm. His Hotel Goodwin is in New York. He has failed because they were not content to let their workmen run the farm, but must needs put their own absurd ideas in practice. Mr. Everts failed because his manager is unable to understand him, and gets confused just as soon as Mr. Everts makes his appearance and begins to talk. Last year, for instance, Mr. Everts said to his manager, the very first morning of the summer vacation:

"Patsy, it becomes necessary, in view of the superabundance of foreign and deleterious elements among those green and waving uprights, to place the charger in front of the utensil with the bracing and numerous supports, and have the latter agitate the surface of the naturally productive soil."

"The astonishing density of various species of the human head," continued Mr. Everts, after a start of astonishment, succeeded by a period of profound thought, "is something, I am free to confess, much beyond my comprehension. I have consulted Lucy Stone frequently and alone three successive hours; I have even communed with the stolid and peculiarly happy idiosyncy of Golden Wells, but I never saw the like of this. It is worse than the jury in the Beecher trial. By the ghost of William Tell, the man is a puzzle."

"Is it a horse you want, sir?" said Patsy, a happy light dawning upon him.

"The exact purpose of the creation of man's language," pursued Mr. Everts, heedless of the interruption, "is something which will, perhaps, be revealed at some time in the far distant future. I should like to trace the theory of Darwin in this creature. I should like to compare him with the lower animals, happily, there are any lower. I wish I had an orang outang here."

"We haven't one on the farm, sir," said Patsy, with some haste. "They were sold by mistake, sir, last winter, along with the potatoes."

"Cease, barbarian!" said Mr. Everts, with towering scorn, evidently provoked beyond endurance. "Upon my soul, you have no little knowledge of farm work as the Hon. Ben. Butler has of politics."

Mr. Everts rushed wildly into the house.

"I think," said Patsy, after wasting another half hour in profound thought, "I think Master Everts wants me to harness the ox to the carriage, and put the colts to the hay wagon."

And all in the world Mr. Everts wanted, was that Patsy should cultivate the corn.

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Sunday concerts being prohibited in London, the managers of a society lately registered themselves as a religious sect, under the name of "Religious Recreationists," in order to evade the law.

A Michigan father writes to the faculty of Yale: "What are your terms for a year? And does it cost anything extra if my son wants to learn to read and write, as well as to row a boat?"

Where one woman scans the horizon for signs of the dawn of a brighter era, ten are scouting among their neighbors trying to borrow salaries.—Rome (N. Y.) Sentinel.

A man never knows how many friends he has until he embarks in the saloon business and sets up a free lunch.