[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by Mrs. A. J. Duniway, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington City.]

ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The political campaign that followed was an exceedingly exciting one. And a lottery? Isn't it oftentimes a delu- dear to him than all else. Even his the odor of the arrest and trial of Colo- sion and snare? And yet, isn't it the petted political prospects were forgotten. nel Marblehead hung about him like a sim-all and the be-all of the imagina-pestilence. It made no kind of differ- tions of young people? Isn't it the re-higher. Another instant and the dreaded in the most honorable manner possible. amour between his brother-in-law and talk everywhere. But, thanks to the unexpected turn that persecutions some old maids. But no matter what martimes take, the attempt to make capital against Gus on account of the part he had taken in chastising his brother-inlaw, who was the responsible offender, aroused the women in his behalf, and they were so enthusiastic as to ensure

There is nothing that tends to create political majorities so rapidly as the en- tickets drawn are blanks. thuslasm of women. Colonel Marblehead was young, aspiring, intelligent, and handsome. Mothers who would have shrunk in affected holiness from Honorable Thomas Jones had made a the thought of casting ballots for themselves, did not hesitate to "electioneer" Martha Jones nee Marblehead baving "Become my wife, among their voting friends for their fachosen to become mortally effronted, this horrible auspense. vorite candidate; daughters who would and to cut his acquaintance as a friend have speered contemptuously at advo- and sister, then and there. He had imcates of the right of women to houest proved his farm, which joined his als- her daughter as to lose all thought of sexed," laid in wait to catch him in and a wife to keep it, he was comfortause all the arts of which feminine in- was a weighty one. genuity is capable to entrap him una-

sought alike to win his favor and do the way to the village for breakfast, him signal service as electioneers, Mar- when he paused for a while behind a the Brown did not appear. Perhaps for clump of bushes, attracted by the sound that very reason Gus fairly adored her. of beloved and familiar voices. And so What would have been his sensation if it was that he overheard the declaration render him homage I do not pretend to mitted, deposit an honest ballot of her say. Perhaps he would have been sated own for him. ence, as well as that of so many others, bimself, in concern.

maneuvered to captivate him, "she said, himself like this:

even while her face grew pale and her cheeks shrunken with the heart-sicken- and affectionate and intelligent, but I here your wife, you'd be law that it was the saked who made the laws. He and the laws as a shamed of me, and I'd be miserable. I has the like that it was the law that we must pay our taxes. We never could be content to be the wife of swered, "The General Assembly, put in law that we must pay our taxes. We never could be content to be the wife of swered, "The General Assembly, put in law that we must pay our taxes. We never could be content to be the wife of swered, "The General Assembly, put in law that it was the law that we must pay our taxes. We never could be content to be the wife of swered, "The General Assembly, put in law that we must pay our taxes. We never could be content to be the wife of swered, "The General Assembly, put in law that we must pay our taxes. We not that it was the law that we must pay our taxes. We not the law that we must pay our taxes. We not that it was the law that we must pay our taxes. We not that it was the law that we must pay our taxes. We not that it was the law that we must pay our taxes. We not that it was the law that we must pay our taxes. We not that it was the law that we must pay our taxes. We not taxes the law that we must pay our taxes. We not taxes the law that we must pay our taxes. We not taxes the law that the law as her law giver; who will trouble me and ready to honor me as your individ- and we were under no law, for "government offices," and her law giver; who will cook my mutton and darn my make an able and conscientious execu- socks and nurse my children as a wife bright eyes snapped with playful sauei- the men ail swore to, when they took tive; but I'll never stultify my innate and mother should." element of the masculine body politic too busy with number one for that. was to be fed by the unrepresented ele- "I want a wife to be a miniature ediway to their votes.

man is through his stomach. The old whatever I do is right." story of the superiority of Mammon is a O. Gus Marblehead, you conceite myth.

the season.

Women have worked for the churches There's nothing seifish about the men. in this way for hundreds of years, withtitled to any of the temporal emoluspirit of the age, are sometimes demand-But they were not awake, at the period would cut her now, and get even. tion, good reader, and cannot in any

Mattle Brown could have worked with perfect. oity belle stands so much in need, she was on the defeneive, she thought, and she would not demean herself, though imaginable.

Bearset it to are Cotoner Martineau, before his encroacements until how he had there been such a person in exist-humiliates her till, were I in her place.

Hor was on the defeneive, she thought, and she would not demean herself, though imaginable.

Hor was on the defeneive, she thought, and she would not demean herself, though imaginable.

re New Northwest.

FREE SPEECH, FREE PRESS, FREE PROPLE.

VOLUME VII.

PORTLAND, OREGON, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1877.

her heart were breaking. It was her duty to obey her mether, though, and cold. There, upon the grass, within six to believe what everybody can see and the two were on the lawn, gathering inches of Mattle's left hand, upon which know. I love you as my life, Gus; betwild strawberries for the approaching she had balanced her weight to hold ter than my life; better than all else. feast, when the above-mentioned con- sloft the mammoth berries, lay a huge But you could never-"

versation began. Mrs. Brown was shocked to hear her its head was elevated several inches access me of-" daughter express herself so firmly.

that will talk like that ?" she thought; unsuspecting mouse. though doubtless she would have re- An instant before Gus had been wonsisted the intimation that she had failed dering how he could best manage to portant step you propose, that I love in her duty, had any other person than give her the cut direct. Now he stood herself accused her of it. Good reader, what is matrimony, any-

ence to the public that he was acquitted gret and dissatisfaction of two-thirds of rattle would be instantaneous with the the old ones? Who would live without yet more dreaded incision of its fange. it? Where's the man that amounts to He did not dare to speak. What could upon the family scandal and peddled it a row of pins unless be's married? he do? To hesitate was fatal. To speak promiscuously from one part of the Where's the woman-but stay! Just in warning would only hasten the fatal State to another, till the disgrace of the now there rise before my mental sight strike. Summoning all his strength, the strange woman became common I almost wish they were all (the undeavor, he sprang upon the serpent with riage is, or how it terminates; no matter how many frowsy-headed, sunken- ering the rash intruder, rose from the

eyed, cracked-voiced, over-worked wives ground in indignation, you see; no matter how many soured husbands and inharmonious matcher, There was withering scorn in her look people will take risks in the lottery and tone. while time lasts, and this, too, in spite Colonel Marblebead had no home o

bis own any more. That notorious "unpleasantness" between himself and the rupture between his sister and himself, occes, not hesitating to bly provided for, but this last exception

He had feturned from the canvass of the State, and had spent the night in was fast approaching. But, among the number who thus his lonely bachelor's cabin, and was on been as forward as the rest to of his affianced that she would, if per-

and surfeited. Perhaps his vanity "Is it possible that I am in love with would have been so fed by her prefer- a strong-minded woman?" he asked

ing suspense of hopes deferred. "If I want a woman that will look up to me, even you unless you'd be proud of me, by a majority of the people." We told could go to the polls myself and deposit as her law river; who will trouble me and ready to honor me as your individ. him not a majority, not half the people. could go to the polls myself and deposit as her law-giver; who will trouble me and ready to honor me as your individ-

sense of honor by sycophancy, if I die The conceited simpleton didn't stop She had already forgotten her narrow whether we refused to pay taxes or not on the rack to maintain my self-respect," to analyze the whys and wherefores of escape from death, in the excitement of We wanted him to tell us what he inshe said to her mother, in response to the fact that every one of the imaginary a reviving joy. that matron's faltering suggestion that children that passed in review before she should take a prominent part in a him were counterparts of Martha Brown Pd willingly vote for you if I could, but the next morning and drove off three certain feast day, wherein the ruling and Colonel Marblehead. He was far I wouldn't do as other women are doing cows to sell them again at the auction-

ment of the serving body feminine, that tion of myself," he continued, "only not The prejudice of his sex was strong of the calf we are raising. But he was they might the more readily find their so intelligent and strong-willed. She must hold herself in readiness to do my The easiest way to reach the average bidding, and must always believe that After that important legal decision has

ape, what claim had you upon the The last great gathering before the motherhood of humanity that some bird," thought the suitor, who really June election was in a grove hard by woman should spend a fifth of a century felt himself entitled to pardon for any the minister's home, and Mrs. Brown in bearing and rearing a weaker edition amount of selfishness because he had was one of the most active of the many of yourself? And what recompense do just saved her life. officiating women who were to find you propose to award such a mother for their way to the votes of men by filling her unselfishness after you have found make a sensation, my pet." their stomachs with all the delicacies of your ideal and taken her from her author without a liceuse? O, no, reader.

Colonel Marblehead was about to out thinking of themselves as being en- pass the women by unnoticed. What really to be f peer? maybe his supewas it to him if they felt like breaking rior? ments of their toil. But they are wak- their backs to gather strawberries ing up at last, even in the church, and wherewith to coax voters to elect him? dear?" he asked, in an injured tone. are coming to the front to-day as teach- Wasn't it nice to see them keep in their "Because it's a serious matter, Gus. ers and preachers, and imbibling the sphere? Besides, his pride had been se- If I should marry you, and should find, verely wounded by Mattle's refusal to after a little while, that you looked ing and even receiving recompense. see him the last time be had called. He upon me as a sort of dependent, whom it

Manced, with no cloud between them. any woman who was nothing to him her own person, or as Mr. Jones' equal.

snake coiled. Mattie did not see it, but "Stop, dear. Surely you wouldn't

from the center of the coil, and with ita "What mother that does her duty by glittering green eyes it was watching No; I don't mean that. I should never her family has ever reared a daughter her as a cat will sometimes watch an accuse you or any one else without the

transfixed with horror, not daring to speak, and yet impelled to save the life how? Is it fate? Isn't it folly? Is it that suddenly grew more irresistibly

so many unhappy married women that and risking his own life in the enhappy ones, I mean) the oldest kind of a sudden bound and crushed it beneath

Mattie screamed in terror, and discov

"Sir, how dare you ?"

"I beg your pardon, Miss Brown," he of the fact that nine-tenths of all the said, spologetically, pointing to the writhing reptile, that lay quivering at

his feet. "O, Gus! You've saved my life." "I hope so, Mattle. And now will you have mine ?"

"How, Gus ?" "Become my wife, darling, and end

Mrs. Brown, who had been so terrified upon discovering the narrow escape of wooing, lest they thereby become "un- ter's till, with the exception of a house, being the odious third party to a scene where only two are company, suddenly recovered herself, and moved harriedly away, but not till she had beard enough to convince her that some sort of a crisis

"Let me protect you always," pleade

writhing serpent. Mattie did not reply. Her silence euuraged bim.

sense of honor by sycophancy, if I die The conceited simpleton didn't stop She had already forgotten her narrow

"I told my mother a while ago that to elect anybody to office."

Colonel Augustus Marblehead winced. upon him. But love levels all distinctions, that is to say, before marriage. created a power absolute, the case is dif-

"Is that your highest motive, my lord ?"

Gus could have bitten himself, in his self-denunciation. Was this woman

"Why will you question my motives,

was your duty to provide for and protect. of which I write, to anything of the Martha had just gathered a fresh only because you had promised to do it, kind; and they demanded nothing for handful of the searlet fruit, and was while I was not expected, because of inthemselves, from either church or state, ealling her mother's attention to its su- efficiency, to yield an adequate return, save the, to them, blessed privilege of perior size. In spite of his resolve, I should weary of myself, and die. Supsowing for others to reap. That they Colonel Marblehead feit his resolution pose, for instance-I don't want to anare outgrowing this state of ignorant fatting. Certainly he had never seen so noy you, darling," her voice faltered as unselfishness is a matter of congratula- pretty a picture. The exercise of gath- she pronounced the endearing word; it ering the berries had flushed her cheeks was so sweet, and, she thought, so apway be attributed to the supposed de-generacy of the times. till they fairly rivaled the blushing propriate; "suppose I should be situated fruit. The abandon of her pose was as your elster Martha is. She was Marthe Marblehead once, you know; and a will to supply the culinary elements "What a pity," he thought, "that so she gave up had necessary to elect her idol, had he been superb a creature should utter such a prospect of personal advancement and honors, and took a subordinate position quite as readily bad he been only her Not but that he agreed with it. Had as Mr. Jones' wife; not as Mrs. Jones, in But now, with that morbid sensitive— made such a declaration, he would have reheas, of which the rural maiden so often honored her for it, and would have reheas so much to spare, and of which the
hearsed it to Mrs. Colonel Marbiehead, before his encroachments until now he

An instant, and his very blood ran makes herself appear by pretending not GLIMPSES OF SOUTHERN TRAVEL.

"Inconstancy, you would say, Gus. shadow of cause; but I want it under stood between us, if we do take the imyou too sincerely, and respect myself too highly, for your sake as well as my own, to ever take a position that would subject me to the fale of Mrs. Franklin or Mrs. Henry Clay."

Colonel Augustus Marblehead had met the match he needed. It was well for him that they had quarreled years before. It was well for her that they had not married while both were young and unobservant of cause and effect. The thoughtless girl had ripened into a thoroughly self-reliant woman.

"I understand you, my dear," said, earnestly, "and I agree with you fully. I do not want an inferior, but a mate. I want your love, your kindness. I want you to keep me in the paths of steadiness. You are to be my guiding star. With you I shall be strong. Without you I am worse than nothing. Shall It be to-morrow ?"

"I have nothing ready," was the truly feminine reply.

"Then it's settled!" cried Gas, in transport, "for, whenever a sensible woman begins to consider her wedding outfit, it's an evidence that she is prepared for the ceremony. You are as nearly ready now as you will ever be."

"I believe you are right," was the sudden response, and the (wo walked arm in arm to the studio of the good minister, where father and mother, son and prospective son-lu-law agreed upon the plan of public surprise for the fol-

lowing day.
[To be continued.]

Taxation Without Representation.

upon the principle enunciated by the to us.

the oath to be made voters. He talked tended to do, but not a word would be say, and went off leaving us wholly in block, leaving us one little two-year-old heifer, which gives the least milk, not much more calm the next morning, probably owing to the advice of some friend of ours.

Or Course.—"Belles! My dears, the the eye resting upon them felt truly refelles of to-day are very pretty young freshed.

Women, but it's a great deal of fine clothes. The belies of my time did not clothes. Riding over a finely laid road and in "I'll hold my peace till I cage my belies of to-day are very pretty young women, but it's a great deal of fine clothes. The belies of my time did not depend so much upon what they wore. They were mostly tall, finely made young women," and the good dame here drew herself up involuntarily, for she hereeff was one of these belies in that past period. "I remember one of these belies." she was these belies," she went on. "She was the daughter of one of the Champlius, a five name in Newport once; one of them married Abraham Redwood's daughter, and one of the sisters danced with General Washington at the old daughter I speak of was a great beauty, and had all the gallauts far and near at and had all the galants far and hear at her feet. Men were not so afraid of marrying as they are now, and a hand-some girl like Sally Champlin was greatly run after, no suitor being ashamed to show his preferences very openly. Sally had rejected a great many fine offers, when one day there came a proud gentleman, who, meeting the same fate, did not take it as meekly as the others, and remonstrating with her, asked her for some more defluite reason than she had given him for his

st his independence, she turned upon him sharply with this answer:

"Sir, you seem to think that it is a very wonderful thing for a man to be rejected. I have refused twenty offers from this very sofa, sir."

We shouted with laughter at this climax, and then one of her listeners in nuived:

"What became of the man after this?"
"He became Miss Sally's husband,"
was the demure response.—Newport Cor-

We have at last reached civilization, and are resting wearled limbs upon elegapt easy chairs in a gorgeous drawingroom car. 'Tis truly refreshing, and K-has just said:

her hands with his face washed and hair combed, his clothing in ship-shape or-der, and a \$10 chromo under his arm. This all comes from knowing how. With a man it is different. He makes elaborate preparations and puts on the air of one who is getting an eighty-four gun ship ready for a two year's cruise. "A I could only travel in this luxurious way, I should not mind going South every winter." But the only place I ever care again

to see is dear little St. Augustine, and gladly would I exchange our sold, He collects the youngsters dude together in a heap, gathering them up from pretty much all over the house, and afdreary winters for the soft, balmy air of that sweet little place.

The letter I wrote Sajurday I said would be my last description of my Southern trip, but K—and M—are on his knees and looking around under the furniture for the other, (all of which comes from having undressed the child engrossing the povels, and as I feel like scribbling, will continue my "jottings the night before), he at length sits re-signedly down in a chair and, with a down," in hopes that they will yet be enjoyed by the home circle; and where have told K-, never mind how poor have your coses on."

The child, who is just then traveling the scrawl, it will be prized, and virtues given to it that it never possessed.

Our entrace to Washington Saturday night was something too lovely to be forgotten, the moon easting ber softened rays in one unbroken line across the good boy," says the father, with a brave read Potomac, the twinkling lights in the windows of the many homes upon its banks, and the massive dome of our country's Capitol shining so pure and that the youngster stops, turns, and white in the distance, as if it really were tacking slowly up to the now stern-browed parent, gradually gets within fulfilling its mission, protecting the quiet city beneath, made a scene truly brings him into position, where the eschanting; and our ride continuing so damp towel slaps around on the father's lovely in the chastened moonlight, I clean shirt front, and the stove wrench felt sorry when the many lights of Baltimore proclaimed we were nearing for that day our journey's end.

Our days lately have been a succession of lovely ones, adding beauty to an accompanying yell.

A voice from below, where the wife ful city, where yesterday we spent a and mother is busied getting breakfast, lovely, quiet Sabbath. In the morning joins in the chorus; and I attended service in St. are you doing to that child? Paul's Church, a curious looking edifice, that is, the exterior, but rich and hand- quick reply, in a short, ugly, desperate some inside. But I am afraid that K growl that silences all further inquiry. will scarcely ever again care to enter at foot and groaning awhile, squares the Episcopal church, for I am sure that in child around and begins the process of that one the top round of the "apostolic dressing him, which is mostly made up ludder" must have been reached, for the of dre Everybody has heard of the Smith singing was conducted by about fifty Sisters, of Gfastonbury, who steadily, chorister boys to surplices, and the side before, upside down, searching after and at great pecuniary sacrifice, have whole service was chanted, even the ser- the missing articles, and talks like the for a number of years resisted taxation mon; perhaps I should say, so it seemed

Declaration of Independence that "taxa" In the afternoon we took quite a long ning! Can't you let thinge be?" "Stop without representation is tyranny." walk, turning our footsteps through the reaching!". "Up, I say!" "Can't you we find in an exchange the following open door of the large cathedral, sitting keep still?" "Where's that other tion without representation is tyranny." walk, turning our footsteps through the watching!", "Up, I say!" "Can't you keep still?" "Where's that other account of a levy made by the tax-gaththere a while watching the devout erer last month, given by the Sisters Catholics whispering their prayers and pin?" "Stand up!" "There' by thou "Why did you refuse to see me the other day, darling?"

Mattle blushed, but did not answer.

"Did you mean that day's decision to be final?" he asked, his face close to be final?" he and sufferings endured so many years in that way?"

pure and white indicative of the nature of the man whose noble deeds it stands commemorating. And around it rise lenly, and after slamming and stamping the homes of the wealthy and, we hope, around the house after the liniment as big a noise as he can, he works him-

The houses are mostly built of brick, so beautifully laid and so exquisitely and mortification that, to spite himself, trimmed that to me they are bandsomer than the rows and rows of somber breakfast, brown stone that line the streets of New York. Some were painted a delicate gray or dove color, mountings and all, and were so pure, so beautiful, that with wonderful fidelity in all its details

this magnificent car we are going so to New York. He did not return, and

Traveling at this rapid rate will soon every clew as to his whereabouts. She bring us back to New York, where the returned to New York, and one day, kindly welcome of friends awaits our waiting her turn to get across, she saw return, and I truet, dear S.—, you will the object of her long search on the other side. She shricked his name and other side. She shricked his name and terminated.

Miss Randolph, now at the head of a "Angels of God there was none," and young lady's school near Charlotte, Virginia, is a great-granddaughler of Thomas Jefferson, and among other ancedotes of the great "have-beens," relates this of a great-aunt, who once remarked, naively, of her husband, "Sure he's the politest man that ever lived; he learned their that he bad sailed for California to meet him. Arrived on the Pacific Coast, she found that her he's the politest man that ever lived; he learned fallen overboard just outside the Hands and been drowned. rejection. Saily was used to a very dif-ferent manuer from this, and, nettled even comes into the room without lookthe beach, carried to the coroner's office, and, not being identified, was interred in the public cemetery. A water-sodden pocket-book was taken from the dead man, which contained only a few letters written in French and unaddressed. The girl, hearing of this, went to the coroner's office and found that the letters were here. The waves had tardily and partially recompensed her devoted search, and she was able to find the grave of her lover.—New York Herald.

Girls should be warned of the danger they run in marrying railroad brake-men. An enthusfastic member of that fraternity, on being awakened the other night from a dream of an impending crash by a train, found himself sitting up in his bed, holding his wife by the ears, having nearly twisted her head off in his frantic efforts to "down brakes."

They are called "Indian supply contracts" because the supplies always contracts because the supplies always contracts before they reach the Indians.

Hore—A sentiment exhibited in the was able to find the grave of her lover.—New York Herald.

Aspirant to editorial bonors (slightly elevated)—"Is there an opening bere for an intellectual writer?"

A negro died at Lake City, Florida, which flow through the telegraph and press."

Hore—A sentiment exhibited in the was able to find the grave of her lover.—New York Herald.

A negro died at Lake City, Florida, which flow through the telegraph and press."

It is hard to see where a Chinese was a dog's tail when waiting for a opening for you. Turn the knob to the bond.

We have loved the lover of her lover.—New York Herald.

A negro died at Lake City, Florida, which flow through the telegraph and press."

It is hard to see where a Chinese was a dog's tail when waiting for a opening for you. Turn the knob to the bond.

We have loved the form the great currents of public life, which flow through the telegraph and press."

The New Horthwest.

A Journal for the People.

NUMBER 7.

Dressing the Baby.

eet-le attempt at good nature, says:
"Come, Freddie, come to papa, and

around in his nightdress, and playing

makes a bee line for the door, full of a

This sounds so much like business

plumps solidly down upon the top of his

"Immortal Julius!" he screams in

agony, nursing his foot with one hand and shaking the poor innocent with the

A Modern Evangeline.

while standing at a Broadway crossing

ran into the middle of the street, but a

policeman caught her and saved her from the wheels of the string of vehicles.

the Heads and been drowned.

while the body of a young man, dressed in sallor's clothes, was cast ashore on the beach, carried to the coroner's office,

with a damp towel and a stove

effort at patience.
The ohild keeps on its course.

"Fred!"

Devoted to the interests of Humanity. Independent in Politics and Beligion.

Alive to all Live Issues, and Thoroughly Radical in Opposing and Exposing the Wrongs ,

Correspondents writing over assumed signs tures must make known their names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their

Fugitive Husbands.

Under this caption Mr. Alden, in the New York Times, remarks:

When a woman goes to work to dress a two-year-old child, she does it in a systematic, business-like manner, and without any noise or fuse; and before you know it, the youngster is slid out of her hands with his face washed and hair There are scores and scores of wives in this and adjacent cities who have been widowed by the hard times. Left without natural protectors, they have courageously gone to work and taken care of themselves and those dependent on them. Four years ago many of them had busbands who seemed to be men; but the husbands, not strong enough to bear up against continued ill-fortune slunk away, leaving the women they had claimed to love, and the children they had brought into being, to fight the hard battle of life alone. Some of these deserted wives have been tenderly reared—have never known until recently what it was to touch the rough, cold edges of the actual world. But they have accepted the change heroically, and are sustaining the struggle as finer natures do when put to the test. A number of young wives, but a few months wedded, have been abandoned by men (generally speaking), who, having little earning capacity, and no sense of responsibility, found it inconvenient to support them after the lover's ardor

> Many of these fugitive husbands have gone to California and other new States -not because enterprise carried them thither, but that they might be far removed from the scenes of their broken faith and demonstrated shame. Probably their conscience (if such was not dead-ened) pricked them a little at the start; prick long; otherwise they could not have so wholly renounced their man-hood. If the times had been ordinarily prosperous, it is not unlikely that they would have kept their covenant and done their duty; but adversity pressed them; they had small power of resistance, and they went ignobly to the They are not so much scoundrels as weaklings; but oh! the inconceivable power of mischief that lies in weakness, greater often than deliberate

lainy entails. When the tide of prosperity sets in, some, perhaps many, of these marital fugitives will be sneaking back, with a plausible story, and beginn to be forgiven. Seeing how well their families. "Olmstead Molleson, what on earth "Ob, you be darned!" goes back the have got on without them, they will want to be partners in their success, charing the profits, but contributing nothing thereto. They will not be forgiven in most cases, we suspect; for their former wives will have time to learn how much better off they are in every way diseacumbered of such hus-bands. They have been competted to flugers and smooth porcelain buttons, a despise them, and to be grateful for deliverance even through mortifying defollowing:
"Turn round!" "Stand still!" "Hold will be willing to re-establish relations with men who have proved that they never deserved to have a wife. Women are divinely forgiving; they can forgive in a man they have ever loved; but the in him is weakness, for weakness, in a woman's eye, has no power to atone.

show his power. But Martha Brown tien rasped his sense of masculine superation and the power of lighted, showing that in darkness the your foot in that shape?" "Stop it!" that New England women do lose their church was recalling the fearful sorrows "Stop it, I say!" "Who stuck that pin clear complexions and rosy cheeks, and clear complexions and rosy cheeks, and in spite of the fact that the Polish ladies ago. 'Tis a strange religion, and it saddened me; I was glad to again breathe sees his wife looking down on him in a pertinent tips of which do turn up just "You, of course," says a cold, thin. Washington's monument, an lmmensely tail circular tower, with a life
size statue rising from the summit,
gleams white and pure in the sunshine,
pure and white indicative of the nature

taunting, exsperating sort of a way.

"I'd be ashamed of myself," she continued, "to go on in that way and get so out of patience with a bit of a baby.
You've been making noise enough to raise the dead, and his clothes look as if the streets in a quiet, dignified manner, affect the streets in a quiet, dignified manner, as if they were disdainful, if not unconfort. scious, of their charms. They are not possessed either of dollish or masculine faces, as the English and American ladies often are; they are not voluptuous or black-browed, like their sisters of bottle, and banging doors and making France and Spain, but a queenty sort of women, tail and graceful, and possessed of a colder type of beauty than bleoms on the Mediterranean—a type of beauty self up into such a state of measuress that makes me think of marble statues, Damascus bindes and aurora borealis. By the way, Bayard Taylor says he saw more handsome faces in one hour at the The story of Evangeline is repeated Warsaw races than he saw elsewhere during two years in Europe, and I do not doubt it. Moreover, I have never been in any country where the relations of the men and women of the upper this magnificent car we are going so rapidly that I have found it much more difficult to write than I did when traveling over those shocking Southern roads; and I can hardly believe that today we will in a few hours go over as many unless as required two days of travel in the land of "green peas and stravel in the land not return, and, stravel was steward-asserted the Havre steam-eas asserted of him. On the part of the most chivalrous devotion to come here in search of him. On the peas and the most chivalrous devotion to come here in search of him. On the part of the most chivalrous devotion to come here in search of him. On the part sure that a stranger entering the best

THE MAN WHO STOPS HIS PAPER .-Philip Gribert Hamilton, in his admirable papers on "Intellectual Life," thus talks to the man who stopped his paper: "Newspapers are to the civilized world what the daily house talk is to the members of the family—they keep our daily interests in each other, they save us from the evils of isolation. To live as a member of the great white race that has filled Europe and America and colonized or conquered whatever terri-tory it has been pleased to occupy, to share from day to day its thoughts, its cares, its inspirations, it is necessary that every man should read his paper. Why are the French peasants so bewil-dered and at sea? It is because they never read a newspaper. And why are the inhabitants of the United States, the inhabitants of the United States, though scattered over an area fourteen times the area of France, so much more capable of concentrated action, so much more alive and modern, so much more interested in new discoveries of all kinds, and capable of selecting and utilizing the best of them? It is because the newspapers penetrate everywhere, and even the lonely dweller on the prairie or in the forest is not intellectually isolated from the great currents of public life.