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Correspondents writing over assumed signatures must make known their names, position, or no attention will be given to their communications.

HER LOT;

OR, How She Was Protected.

By Mrs. A. J. DENNEY.

Author of "JEROME BIRD," "RELIC DOWN," "AMIE AND HENRY LEE," "THE HAPPY HOME," "ONE WORD'S SWEETNESS," "MADGE MOURNING," "Etc., Etc., Etc."

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CHAPTER XVI.

Morning found me weak, stiff, and languid, but so much better that I felt that I might inaugurate the work I had visited Nevada City to attempt. I rose from my couch and made the toilet of myself and children, my habitation warmed by a glowing fire of pitch pine kindlings that my kind friends had prepared the previous evening, and lighted by the glowing sunshine that spread its quiet glory over the surrounding mountain tops.

The crisp, clear air was as pure as the crystal ether that pervades the immensity of space, and as exhilarating as the nectar of the Olympic gods; the reverberating mountains were alive with the hum of human industry; the hillsides teemed with human activity, and the gulches were fairly writhing under the excavating picks and shovels with which the miners probed them to the heart, in search of yellow ore.

I had emerged from my tent and had barely time to take a comprehensive view of the exciting scene, when Mr. Lillenthal surprised me by a tempting breakfast, consisting of coffee, hot cakes, and the Spanish dish of fried brains and capesne pepper that I will not attempt at this late day to call by its original name.

I should have been pleased to invite him to enter the tent and breakfast with me, but for propriety's sake I did not deem it expedient; and though I am sure he was a little disappointed that I did not, he learned to respect me for my conservative notions far more highly than he could have done had I not been extremely particular to show all appearance of familiarity or intimacy with him and every other man I met.

I am no advocate of prudishness or mock modesty. A little sensible discretion is at any time superior to a thousand rules of propriety. But I have no patience whatever with women who are habitually getting themselves "talked about." It is true that the best and purest may sometimes become unconscious victims of untoward circumstances, which make any course inconsistent with the proprieties of life, and I have never met but one man who failed to recognize and protect my honor, and—may the angels pity him, and our Heavenly Father have mercy upon him—that one man was my husband. But then he would never have fallen so low if it had not been for the drink.

Ab, me! Mr. Lillenthal was so busy during the forenoon that I had no opportunity to confer with him as to my future course; but I knew I needed the half-day's rest and the noon-day meal which followed, so I contented myself with the dreamy state of feverish yet restful happiness that proved a tonic as potent as the electric mountain air.

The noon meal was warm and comfortable outside the tent, and I dined with my benefactor by an outdoor fire upon the ground, our seats park-saddles, and our table a fallen log.

"Is it time for me to begin the preparations for my restaurant?" I asked, as we sat there under the blue canopy of God, and listened to the music of the sighing pines.

"There's no hurry," said my friend. "You'd better recuperate and get rested. You're like a jaded park mule."

I laughed. Such a doubtful compliment would hardly be appreciated in polite society, I admit, but its aptness amused me.

"It's had economy to work a jaded mule before he's had time to recruit his wasted energies," continued my practical patron.

"But I want to earn my livelihood, Mr. Lillenthal, and I've no right to put myself on a par with your mules. They are your property, and you have a right to protect them. I am nothing but a woman, I not only belong to nobody else, but I am not allowed to belong to myself. Women are an anomaly in the world's market."

"What do you mean, Mrs. Grey?" he said, the question, by its manner, conveying a reproach for what I plainly saw was displeasing to him.

I would not have told him had the heavens fallen. I wonder if the time will ever come to woman when the most important functions of her organism may not be looked upon by herself and others as a reproach, for which she must suffer untold humiliation through dread of its discovery, as well as the agony unpeppable which civilization, so called, has rendered an unavoidable accompaniment of the maternal relation?

"The quicker I get about my work the better, Mr. Lillenthal," I said, changing the conversation as abruptly as I had begun it.

"Very well, since you will have it so. Would you like a hotel on the plan of the Arizona House?"

I reflected a season before answering. The dread of my husband's interference in my plans rose up before me, and weighed upon my spirits like a nightmare.

"I cannot risk so much indebtedness, Mr. Lillenthal," I said. "You are very kind, and if I were my own master, as every human being ought to be, especially when struggling for their own maintenance, I should not hesitate to so far presume upon your confidence in my ability and integrity as to accept the full limit of the assistance you proffer. But, under the circumstances, I cannot do so."

"Then, if you will not let me help you, what next do you propose?" he asked; and I could see that his pride was wounded.

Above all things men most delight in befriending women in a patronizing way. And this is not always because of their selfishness, either. I believe that unperverted manhood delights in protecting dependent womanhood; and I thoroughly honor such men as Colonel Ingersoll, who assert that women should have all the rights and immunities of men, with the additional right of protection, a right which men do not use for their minority is past and woman has protected them till she has brought them up to maturity.

"I have a great favor to ask, Mr. Lillenthal," I said, hesitatingly, "but it can only come through you with certain restrictions, as I wish to shield you, or, rather, see you shield yourself from the legal power that Captain Grey is liable to enforce upon me at any time. You must remember that I am a bondswoman."

"You ought not to be," was the impulsive answer.

"A great many things exist that ought not, Mr. Lillenthal, but we are compelled to deal with what is, rather than what ought to be."

"Well?"

He looked at me with the usual puzzled air, and waited for me to proceed.

"I should like you to erect a rude habitation for me, that I can use partly as a shelter for my children, and partly as a kitchen and dining-room. Then I must have a range built, and some tables and dishes, and I will keep a restaurant. You must not sell me the house and fixtures, for then they would be my husband's, and he could deprive me of the power to repay you. But you may lease them to me at such a price as disinterested parties may deem just and proper, and I will pay you at the end of every month the rental price of your investment."

"I must say you are becoming a shrewd business woman," was the matter-of-fact response.

my honor, and I would not stand it. It now seems that it was very foolish in me to quarrel with my benefactor, and I am surprised that I did it, but I was nervous, weary, despondent, and ill, and it was little wonder that I did it.

But Mr. Lillenthal was a gentleman. A kinder heart never beat under a rough exterior. And I only wonder that he did anything more for me. For two or three days I strictly avoided him. But I was compelled to live upon his bounty, and I contented my conscience by doing the camp work, and in that way earning my own and my children's food.

Some workmen after a while came near the camp and attacked a fallen tree with whipsaws. I could not ask questions, but I wondered if Mr. Lillenthal intended to comply with my proposition. In a few days the doubt was settled, for a rough building, with walls of plank, roof of shakes, floor of heavy puncheon, windows of air, and fire-place of rocks and clay was erected; and every suggestion I had made to my benefactor was followed to the letter. A range was built for me in a detached kitchen, tables, dishes, and stools were provided for the dining-room, food in raw material was furnished in plenty, and there was nothing left for me to do but to take possession and meet my part of our mutual contract as a business woman should.

Then I began to see that I could not consistently ignore my magnanimous friend. Yet he did not look at me, and how to humble myself to open the way for a reconciliation was more than I could see. But I did it.

"Mr. Lillenthal, you were right when you called me a fool!" I exclaimed, as I walked bravely up to him and addressed the back of his head as he stood silently contemplating the progress of the work.

He turned, looked at me inquiringly, and bowed respectfully.

"I have no right to quarrel with you," I continued, "and I want you to forgive me for treating you so shabbily, if you can."

"Never mind, little woman; it's all right," said the noble fellow, proffering his hand in a cordial way. "And here," taking a package from his pockets, "is the lease, that only awaits your signature to give you formal possession of your new business. I have spoken to a French cook, who will call to see you in an hour or two, and there is a Spaniard in my employ who would accept a situation in the kitchen as scullion. I presume you'll want to wait upon your own tables."

I had no words to thank him. Woman-like, I could only weep.

"Never mind, little woman; it's all right!" I had a mother and sisters in the old country, and I'm only doing by you as I would want others to do by them under similar circumstances. Never mind."

With this he turned and abruptly left me, and I retired to my own rude but comfortable apartment to thank God, the giver of every good and perfect gift, for the priceless boon of one disinterested friendship.

Again my work went on, and I prospered as I had done in San Francisco. Everything bore inflated prices, and the demand for meals prepared under the supervision of a woman was extraordinary. And, even at the seemingly exorbitant rates I exacted for serving customers, my tables were always full.

One evening a gentleman with a distinguished air, whom I knew to be one of my own countrymen by his style and accent, entered my dining-room, seated himself at a table, and ordered dinner. I was attracted to him by a strange, mysterious curiosity. He looked at me inquiringly as I gazed at him, and I wanted much to ask concerning his name and name of his restaurant. But I was so constantly on the alert to preserve my reticence among so many men that I did not know how to open a conversation, now that I desired it.

But certainly I had somewhere seen that face, or its counterpart. The more I pondered, the more completely was I puzzled, and the more puzzled I grew, the more anxious was I to know more of my guest.

"No, no; it cannot be! You are not my sister, Ethel Graeme," he said, resuming his seat; "but the former residence and the coincidence in names is peculiar."

"Did you know Elder Chalmers?" I asked, imagining I had conceived a clue. "The casting missionary who married Ethel Graeme?" he asked, as if the question were only half directed to myself.

"The same," I answered, seating myself at the little table and leaning forward, in my eagerness to unravel a former mystery, forgetful of my peculiar reticence among strangers.

"Do you know anything about his wife? Is she living?" he asked, his voice and features betraying intense emotion.

You know, good reader, how deeply I had been concerned in the lovely Ethel, wife of Elder Chalmers, whom we had buried at sea. You remember the sad scene at her burial, and the deep desire that possessed me to know more of her history; and you need not wonder that I was so deeply interested in my stranger guest that I forgot all else than that he had known her.

[To be continued.]

A Crime Against Humanity.

We hope our subscribers in New York and Brooklyn will lose no time in appealing to the governor to remit the inhuman punishment just inflicted upon a starving mother. The facts as reported need no extended comment. They make remembrance the duty of every true-hearted woman.

The case of Mrs. Margaret Sullivan, the poor forsaken wife and mother who was recently sentenced to the State Prison by Judge H. H. Hunt, of New York, for three years, for abandoning her three-weeks-old babe on a doorstep, excites the profoundest sympathy of thousands of mothers everywhere.

The unfortunate woman, on the night of her arrest, after having wandered through the lower wards with her child in her arms, and being refused food and shelter by all whom she asked, in sheer desperation, placed her babe on a doorstep. An officer, who had been watching her movements, took her into custody after she had moved away but a few steps. He asked her what she had done, and she replied, with tears streaming down her face, "I was so hungry, and my baby was so cold, and her garments were soaking wet. I had no words to thank him. Woman-like, I could only weep."

"Never mind, little woman; it's all right!" I had a mother and sisters in the old country, and I'm only doing by you as I would want others to do by them under similar circumstances. Never mind."

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OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

To THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST: The National Academy of Science is in session at the Smithsonian Institute with nearly a full attendance of its members. By the act of Congress, the membership is fixed at one hundred; of this number, several have died since last year, and the academy held requiem services one evening since convening, at which eulogistic essays were read. The regular proceedings of the academy are rather uninteresting to the unlearned, for they consist of the reading of papers upon various scientific subjects as foreign and incomprehensible to the ordinary intellect as so many metaphysical theses. It is a pleasure, however, to drop into the lecture-room and note the appearance of our savans, even if their words be beyond our ken. The venerable President of the Smithsonian, Professor Henry, presides. Professor Agassiz is one of the most entertaining lecturers of the body, for he has his father's peculiar fascinating manner of illustrating a dry, abstract point, such as the period of antiquity to which a fish bone should be assigned, with common, easy, graceful language that a listener feels himself at home with the speaker. Others of these philosophers are not so entertaining, and the visitor soon ceases to care whether the scientific chair is split or not by the speaker.

The wife of Major Behle, editor of one of our city papers, died recently under most painful circumstances. About a year ago she buried her youngest boy, to whom she was passionately attached, and since then has been declining gradually. Her health, hoping for death to come, that through it she might go to meet her favorite. Nothing could be done by her friends to relieve her melancholy.

We notice that Princess Salm Salm has again appeared on the surface, and in a French court figure as having duped some verulent fellow into matrimony, under the specious plea that she was the recipient of \$5,000 pension from Austria. In 1822 and 1823, we frequently saw her with Prince Salm Salm in the eleventh corps, as she was with him in the field whenever his division was not on the march. She invariably rode a spirited black horse, and on review days, when dashing over the field attired in dark riding-suit with set lips, her handsome brunette countenance lighted up with smiles, and black eyes flashing under her jaunty cap and red feather, she attracted no little attention from the soldiers, and many of them doubtless have a vivid recollection of her as of the hardships and sufferings of that winter and spring.

The number of outrages committed upon children within a few weeks past is fearful; five men and boys are now in jail awaiting trial for attempted rape upon small girls. Two of these criminals are married men, and their victims not over eight years of age. So closely have these brutal outrages followed each other that our citizens are getting aroused, and certainly uphold the courts for making short work of trials and convictions.

Mrs. Hooker, the great Woman Suffrage advocate, at a social gathering recently held at the house of Colonel Holt, the deputy commissioner of Internal Revenue, startled the guests with the statement that pistols should be carried by young women as essential to their protection, and that her own daughters were experts in the use of all kinds of fire-arms. Mrs. Hooker is perhaps more than half right.

One of the most interesting rooms for the Treasury visitor to enter is that of Mr. Brooks, the chief detective. Here is the rogues' gallery, in which are photographs of all persons arrested for counterfeiting, and a more motley crew, judging by appearance, cannot be found elsewhere. They are men, women, and children, and among these are negroes, Chinese, Jews, and faces indicating all nationalities. We should like to hear the criticisms of a physiognomist upon the collection, for there is every shade and shape of features, from the lowest type of humanity up to that which bears every evidence of talent and culture. Here also are many of the applicants which counterfeiting is done, costly engraving machines, dies for metallic money, etc. In large albums are specimens of all the counterfeit money that has been captured, from postage currency up to the thousand-dollar greenback. Some of these counterfeiters are very excellent imitations of the genuine; but the greater portion display little artistic merit, and could deceive only the ignorant and the poor. Another curiosity in the room is the "Liberty Bell." It is a small figure in the form of a bell about three inches high, and made out of residuum obtained by the burning of greenbacks. The colored ink used in printing greenbacks and currency have metallic bases, hence when immense quantities of money are burned, the metallic residuum is considerable. Out of one batch came this "Liberty Bell." Like its namesake at Independence Hall, it cannot utter a sound, but stands as a monument merely of the good accomplished through it in the past.

Our plucky little Dr. Mary Walker has been dangerously ill for some weeks past, but is now convalescing, and promises to reappear upon the streets as an unquenchable representative of free thought and reform. She was sent to

the Providence Hospital into one of the "free" wards upon the order of the government officials controlling, but the "sisters" placed her in one of their best apartments, and gave her their most careful attention. Much as we have ridiculed Dr. Mary for her eccentricities in the past, we are glad she has pulled through this attack as she did through the hardships of the war as nurse, and trust she may survive the attacks of newspapers for many a year hence.

One of the most persistent claimants before Congress is a Miss Carroll, of Maryland, who claims \$5,000 from the government for originating "Sherman's march to the sea." She informs us she first suggested the idea; that General Sherman merely carried it out as she indicated. It is difficult for us to understand why she should be paid.

FELIX. Washington, D. C., April 19, 1878.

The Whipping-Post.

The legislature of 1876-6 passed a law providing for the punishment of wife-beaters with the lash. Several convictions were had under this law, but in no case, we believe, was the judgment of the court executed, for the reason that such a mode of punishment was supposed to be in violation of our constitution, but exactly wherein, we are unable to discover. At any rate it was so declared, and there the matter ended.

Upon the question of so amending the constitution as to admit of the use of the lash and whipping-post in certain cases, there may be an honest difference of opinion. Of one fact there can be no doubt. It has been fully demonstrated that there is nothing like it to deter a certain class of offenders from the exercise of their brutal and criminal propensities.

There are brutes in human shape upon whom the law of kindness makes no impression. Imprisonment, with good fare is something they rather enjoy. To the ordinary methods of punishment they are absolutely indifferent. The wife-beater comes under this head. Punishment by hard and imprisonment, and it only adds to the misery of his unfortunate family, who are deprived of his support during his confinement; and perhaps the wife is prompted to pay his fine from her scanty earnings at the wash-tub, or with her needle.

But the lash is an incentive to correct deportment that the most obtuse can understand. It appeals to about the only sense man has, and once applied, it seldom has to be repeated. It is a saving to the State in the keeping of the offender, who is set at liberty and is soon ready to go to work, if at all inclined to do so.

As to the kind of offenses for which the lash should be applied, of course nice discrimination should be made. At the head of the list we would place the wife-whipper; next we would place the disgusting wretch who haunts the twilight hours of the school-houses, and whose nameless offenses is not of unrequent occurrence the foot pad should come next; and last, but not least, the offenses for which the whipping-post should be provided at present. For the ravisher we would provide a separate punishment, one that we would enter into bonds to guarantee should be entirely effective.

We trust our constitution-makers will consider this matter; and though at first glance the establishment of the whipping-post may seem like a step backward in the march of ideas, we must ever bear in mind that there are yet members of the human race so low in the scale of humanity as to be beyond the reach of all correctives but the appeal to the physical causes.—Mercury.

The ballot would do them no good, but, on the contrary, prove a measure to unsex and masculinize them all. In her present sphere woman has a natural and powerful influence over the opposite sex. Why destroy what nature has so nobly created?—Margarette Appel.

What good does the ballot do you, Mr. Appel? Suppose you were deprived of it, wouldn't you stand up and howl? You can no more vote for another person than you can eat or sleep for that person. And then as to woman's natural and powerful influence over the opposite sex. We saw one the other day with her face battered by a drunken husband. Another we know whose husband squandered her fortune in stocks, and then left her and her children penniless, to shift for themselves. We are acquainted with others who have no one to represent them, and yet are compelled to pay taxes. The exercise of the ballot is simply a quiet and unobtrusive expression of opinion for or against public measures that affect woman's interests quite as much as they do man's. The enjoyment of that privilege would no more unsex a woman than to say yes or no in answer to a simple question. We have had enough of the foot-stuff about women exercising themselves who would exercise the right to protect their persons or property with their votes. Do they unsex themselves when they get up entertainments for the benefit of the poor? Or when they minister to the sick, or mingle with men in the social walks of life? But what's the use?—San Jose Mercury.

UNHAPPY MARRIAGES.—The universal expectation of married people is that their lives will always be happy ones. Deluded dreamers! They imagine that they are different from other people, and that when they enter the portals of matrimony, love, peace, and prosperity will ever be their attendants. Such had better consider themselves the same as others, but form iron resolutions that will keep them from the dangerous coast on which so many have been wrecked and ruined. Unhappy marriages depend upon many causes. Previous to marriage, many try to appear more intellectual, more amiable, or more accomplished than they really are. Depend upon it, that love brought into existence by a moonlight stroll, strengthened by deceit and fashionable displays, and finally consummated through the influence of intriguing friends, will fade in after life almost as fast as the flowers which compose the bridal wreath.

There being no hell, the Plymouth Church people have decided to let Mr. Beecher get along on one-fourth less salary.

Irish Pleasantries.

If the walls of the Dublin "Four Courts" could speak, how many a pleasant story and witty repartee and sparkling bonnet they could tell! Let me recall and string together some of these pearls of anecdote and wit, some of which, though perhaps not altogether new to lovers of anecdote, may well bear repetition.

The first Viscount Gullamora, when Chief Baron O'Grady, was remarkable for his dry humor and biting wit. The latter was so fine that its sarcasm was often unperceived by the object against whom the shaft was directed.

A legal friend, extremely studious, but in conversation notorious for dullness, was once showing off to him his newly-built house. The bookworm prided himself especially on a sanctum he had contrived for his own use, so secluded from the rest of the building that he could pore over his books to private quietude without disturbance.

"Capital!" exclaimed the Chief Baron. "You surely could, my dear fellow, read and study better from morning till night, and no human being is one bit the wiser!"

In those days, before competitive examinations were known, men with more interest than brains got good appointments, for the lotteries of which they were wholly incompetent. Of such was the Honorable ——. He was telling Lord Gullamora of the summary way in which he disposed of matters in his court.

"I say to the fellows that are bothering with foolish arguments, that there's no use in wasting my time and their breath; for that all their talk just goes in at one ear and out at the other."

"No great wonder in that," said O'Grady, "seeing that there's so little between to stop it."

The father of the Lord Chancellor—afterward Lord Plunket—was a very simple-minded man. Kindly and un-suspicious, he was often imposed upon, and the Chancellor used to tell endless stories illustrative of his parent's guileless nature.

One morning Mr. Plunket, taking an early walk, was overtaken by two respectable-looking men, carpenters apparently by trade, each carrying the implements of his work.

"Good-morning, my friends," said the old gentleman; "you are early about. Going on a job, eh?"

"Good-morrow kindly, sir. Yes, we are, and a queer job,—the quarrel and most out-of-the-way you ever heard of, I'll be bound, though you've lived long in the world, and heard and read of many a thing. Oh, you'll never guess it, your honor, so I may as well tell at once. We're going to cut the legs off a dead man."

"What?" cried his hearer, aghast.

"You don't mean?"

"Yes, indeed. It's true for me; and here's how it came about. Poor Mary Nell's husband—a carpenter like ourselves, and an old comrade—has been sick all the winter, and departed life last Tuesday. What with the grief and the being left on my own with five orphans, and no one to earn bit or sup for me, the crafty one is fairly out of his mind—stupid from the crying and the grief, for as you see, poor Mary Nell was a tall man—nigh six feet we reckoned him. He couldn't get into his boots, so I cut the ends of his legs off, I think, sir, now I've told you our job, you'll say 'tis the queerest ever you heard of."

"Oh!" cried the old gentleman, "such a thing must not be done. It's not possible. How much will a new coffin cost?"

The carpenter named the sum, which was immediately bestowed on him, with injunctions to respect forthwith in the necessary purchase.

The business, however, took quite an unexpected turn. Mr. Plunket, on his return home, related his maternal adventure to his father, at which the latter, future Chancellor, then a young barrister, being at the table. Before the meal was ended the carpenters made their appearance, and with many apologies tendered the coffin they had received. He who had been spokesman in the morning explained that, on seeing the gentlemen in advance of them on the road, he had for a lark made a bet with his companion that he would obtain the money, which, having won his wager, he now refunded. Genuine Irish this.

A ROBY FUTURE.—They were in the bell-tower of the City Hall the other day, and she looked at the yellow-haired head on his agricultural shoulders and listened to the mighty "tick! tock! tick!" of the big clock.

"We don't want such a big clock as that, do we, darling?" she whispered.

"No, my little daisy," he answered, "as he begged her a little closer; "I kin buy a clock for \$2 which'll run three days to this clock's two. I've got her picked out already."

"We'll be very happy," she sighed.

"You bet we will! I've figured it right down fine, and I believe we can live on twelve eggs, one pound of sugar, ten pounds of flour, and one pound of butter."

"And you'll have a bank account?" she pleaded.

"I will, even if I have to buy a second-hand one."

"And we will keep a coachman?"

"Yes."

"And have a piano?"

"Yes, darling."

"And I can have some square pillows with shams on them?"

"Yes, my tulip-yes! We'll sham every darned thing from cellar to garret, have the front door painted blue, and—but he's got a look at some second-hand cook-stoves?"—Detroit Free Press.

General Sherman says "damned" is a good word when appropriately used, and he thinks he may have used it himself sometime.

An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions; he is neither hot nor timid.

Bookshelves are worn shorter this season.