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The New Northwest.

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

HER LOT;

OR,

How She Was Protected.

By Mrs. A. J. DUNIWAY.

AUTHOR OF "JUDITH REID," "ELLEN DOWD," "ANNE AND HENRY LEE," "THE HAPPY HOME," "ONE WOMAN'S STORY," "MADGE MORRISON," ETC., ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER XXI.

When again I grew conscious, my husband was bending over me, ready to catch the first gleam of my returning reason. Mr. and Mrs. Motley were also near with my children, and Dr. Saydenham was not far away. But I did not realize that I had been ill or unconscious. Everything was confused in my brain, and I thought I was in Melbourne. I had forgotten all about the trial.

"Gerald, is it you? and are you sober? and do you love me?" I asked, my voice so weak as to be almost inaudible.

"Yes, my precious darling; I am here, a sober man and free. I was honorably acquitted, thanks to your dreams and endeavors, and I call God to witness that I will never again allow myself to touch or taste or handle the intoxicating cup."

It was a great blessing to me that I believed in my husband's earnest promise. It gave me hope and strength and courage, and enabled me to convalesce, as I could not otherwise have done. But it would have proved a far greater blessing had he only had sufficient moral and physical strength to have successfully resisted his diseased appetite to the end.

Ah, me!

Very gradually I recovered my accustomed strength, and yet more gradually my shattered memory. For a long time everything connected with the trial under which I had sunk unconscious was to me as a more than half-forgotten dream. But gradually glimmers of the past came back, and among the first of my confused remembrances recurred that vision of the coal-black eyes and pale-blonde hair that had haunted me before my merciful season of temporary oblivion had occurred, to save me from hopeless insanity.

As soon as I tried to ingratiate with questions, but I soon saw that the task of untangling my dilemma through him was destined to prove ineffectual. He was uniformly kind to me now, and sought to anticipate my slightest wish, but his only reply to my numerous interrogatories was:

"Wait till we get well and strong before we ask too many questions."

But my mind was not to be thus appeased. The curiosity of my sex which is said to be inherited from our mother, Eve, is possessed by me, in common with all the sons and other daughters of women, and the more I pondered over the vexed question, the more anxious I grew to unravel it, until finally I would be put off no longer—at least so far as Mrs. Motley was concerned.

"You treat me as though I were nothing but a half-witted child!" I said, sobbing fitfully, and accompanying the complaint with the usual exclamations of bitterness indulged in by peevish persons.

"But we only want to restore you to health, little one," was the cooing answer, as the good woman sought for the hundredth time to pacify, without satisfying me.

"But I'm not an idiot, Mrs. Motley, and I know I can't get well till the mystery of that murder is cleared up," I said, bursting again into tears, and calling my best friend heartless and unreasonable.

"Well, little woman, I more than half believe you'll get well all the more quickly from knowing all about it, but the doctor's order is imperative, you know. He said we must not talk to you nor let you ask questions."

And Mrs. Motley looked so exceedingly wise, mysterious, and discreet that I saw I was gaining my point.

"And you won't tell him if I tell you all?"

"Of course I won't."

"Then, my dear, to begin at the beginning, do you remember anything about Elder Chalmers?"

"*Remember?* O, Mrs. Motley! Can I cease to remember the fact that I so loathed him that I cursed my dear innocent baby Gerald with his looks and manners? And can I forget that Gerald, my husband, made the poor child a hopeless cripple in his drunken rage, because he could not bear to see the striking resemblance to Chalmers, for which he alone was to blame?"

"There, little woman; I feared to talk to you, lest you'd get excited, just as the doctor said you would."

And Mrs. Motley placed her hand playfully over my mouth with a "sh-e-e-e," after the fashion of school children in their glee.

I subdued my rising temper with a determined effort, and smiled faintly.

"What *of* Elder Chalmers?" I asked, as patiently as I could school myself to speak.

"That woman, Isabel Martinez, was his friend and ally, and it was proved during the progress of the trial, and indirectly through your dreams and ravings, that she was not dead, but hidden away, the better to screen the old reprobate, the unlawful custodian of your quintuple eagles, from public suspicion."

"And how was it all discovered?"

"Partly, as I said, through your dreams and ravings, and partly through testimony wrung from the canting old hypocrite himself, whom you will be glad to know is now at San Quentin, serving out a three years' sentence for obtaining money under false pretenses."

"Thank God!" I ejaculated, fervently.

"You will pardon me, Ethel dear, but it seems to me quite inconsistent in you to praise the Lord for the incarceration of Elder Chalmers, when you were ready to screen your husband, whether innocent or guilty."

And Mrs. Motley looked at me reproachfully, and with pity.

"You mistake my motives, my precious friend," I answered, earnestly. "My husband was on trial for murder, of which I knew he was not guilty, and I was determined to see him vindicated. Besides, he is, or was, a slave to a diseased appetite, and was not responsible for what he did while under the influence of rum. He is now truly penitent, and I have a wife's abiding faith in his complete reformation. We shall be happy yet."

"You precious, hopeful, and deluded simpleton," said Mrs. Motley, trying to speak playfully. "Don't you know that there is about as much chance to cure a drunken man of his constitutional infirmity as there is to cure a case of hydrophobia?"

"The Lord God omnipotent reigneth," I answered, with a devout emphasis that made my friend smile sadly.

"If the Lord can cure evils so effectually when his attention is called to them, or he is coaxed to do it, I cannot see why he doesn't prevent them altogether," she exclaimed, in reply. "Prevention is certainly better than cure."

"Mrs. Motley, I believe you are growing skeptical!" I exclaimed, in astonishment.

"No, dear," was the quiet answer. "I do not doubt the wisdom and mercy of our Heavenly Father, but I clearly see that we do not always comprehend his laws. I am provoked with you because you do not protect yourself from Gerald, rather than to depend on God to do it for you. If I thrust my hand into the fire and keep it there, I do but mock my Creator when I ask him to protect me from the pain that naturally follows."

"I don't understand you, Mrs. Motley."

"Well, my dear, I mean just this. You know your husband is a confirmed inebriate. You know he is liable at any time to be attacked by spress, and when he is in his cups your life, your children, and your property are in constant jeopardy."

"Then what would you have me to do?"

"Protect yourself."

"How?"

"Under the law."

"Alas, dear friend, there is no protection for women under the law except through the divorce courts, and you know an Englishwoman prefers death to divorce."

"We are all governed a great deal more by prejudice than common sense," said my friend, reflectively.

"*Mrs. Motley, would you advise me to leave my husband?*"

The supreme loftiness with which I asked the question provoked a laugh in response.

"Of course not," she said, earnestly. "Women are made to be beaten and robbed and trampled under foot by drunkards. Why should they complain?"

This sarcasm was a revelation more potent to me than any other method of reasoning could have been. And yet I was determined to cleave to Gerald, and I had faith in him.

"Tell me more about the trial, Mrs. Motley. What did my dream have to do with acquitting my husband?"

"In your delirium you seemed to be always talking with the woman of whose murder he was accused, and you were so positive that she was not dead, but a living accomplice and companion of the hypocritical ex-Elder, that my husband was constrained to thoroughly investigate the matter, and he proved that you were right."

"But I have been certain all along that the creature was dead."

"Yes, you have thought so in your normal senses, but in your delirium you have seen differently."

"Absurd!"

"I know it seems absurd, but the fact remains, nevertheless, that you so plainly explained all the minutiæ of the plot laid to entrap your husband and screen the guiltier parties, that Judge Downy was constrained to give heed to your ravings, and the result was that he unearthed the whole scheme. Elder Chalmers, who for pretense makes long prayers, and disfigures his face that he may appear under men to fast, had raised a stop thief cry through the police to divert public attention from himself."

"But you don't mean to say that Isabel Martinez was infatuated with that old reprobate?" I said, incredulously.

"There is no accounting for taste, little woman. It is not more wonderful than that you should be so deeply infatuated with Gerald Grey that you cannot shake him loose after he has robbed, insulted and maligned you, and crippled your child."

"But he is my lawful husband, and the father of my children, and I love him; and he is, or has been, the unfortunate victim of a diseased appetite, and I won't hear my best friend speak evil of him!" I said, indignantly.

"There! there! little one. You have talked enough for one day," and my friend again placed her hand playfully over my mouth. "There is no law or gospel to prevent a man or woman from being a fool, if so disposed. Now go to sleep, and be happy."

I closed my eyes languidly, and lay there thinking, thinking.

"Surely," I soliloquized, "my husband will never again essay to injure me. I have given him so much proof of my devotion that he will consider it his duty, and it will certainly be his pride to protect and honor me hereafter."

But, alas! for the vanity of a wife's expectations under such circumstances. The truth is, as I now know, through reasoning by the light of my sixty years, that any man who will abuse his wife without provocation, or even persistently, when provoked to it, is so far devoid of principle that he is not capable of experiencing the lofty emotion of unselfish gratitude.

Gerald was obsequious, penitent, and kind enough when his selfish needs and aims inspired the feeling and conduct, but he never imagined the moral emotion of protecting and caring for me for my own sake. And I had done so much for him!

Ah, me!

In a few weeks I was again ready for my old-time duties, and as our funds were exhausted, I turned with longing eyes toward Nevada City, where I expected to again resume my former business.

But Mr. Lillienthal was so thoroughly disgusted with me because of my loyalty to Gerald that he would not renew my lease, and nobody else would trust me, so I found it necessary to look in some other direction for a livelihood. Strange that it did not occur to me to depend on my husband, seeing I so implicitly trusted him, but he seemed to me like a helpless child, for whom it was my duty to provide to the uttermost. And yet, I considered myself an orthodox "clinging vine," to be supported and protected by the laws and usages of men! Verily, there are none so blind as them that will not see.

My husband had lotted much upon my restaurant, and when he found its supplies cut off he again took refuge in his cups. But he was not cross, as he had been, and I was not so much afraid of him as formerly.

Mr. and Mrs. Motley returned to their charge, as missionaries among the miners, so provoked with me for clinging to my husband when it was plainly no benefit to either myself or children for me to do it, that I had little hope of ever meeting them again.

But it was necessary to do something. We were out of money, Gerald was drunk, and our room rent was over due.

About this time there was a good deal of excitement in California about the donation land law that had recently been passed for the Territory of Oregon, and I conceived the idea of removing thither.

My husband seemed to have no care for the present or the future, and the management of the enterprise devolved wholly upon me.

Thanks to Judge Downy, I was not without influential friends, and I was able to secure a position for my husband as commander of a steamship, in which we embarked for Portland, where we landed, after a rough voyage, on a raw and foggy November day. Gerald had been sober during the journey, and had directed his very liberal wages to be paid over to me. But for this timely relief I do not know what would have become of us, for he fell again into his cups before we had been ashore an hour. I left him in charge of the obliging landlord of a primitive hotel in the very primitive city, and with my children accompanied a party of land-hunters up the Willamette to a point above Oregon City, and from thence with teams across the country to a level expanse of wood and prairie land, where I decided that our future home should be.

I should like to tell the reader exactly where he may find that old donation claim—long since the property of my legal protector's creditors—but I do not want my identity to be too apparent, for family reasons. My children are over sensitive about our early misfortunes and their father's infirmity, and I will spare their feelings so much as my duty to the public will admit, so I will not be too explicit as to my real name or erewhile whereabouts.

There are hundreds of other donation claims in Oregon so much like ours that when I have described one you may know all about the rest; and which particular one belonged to us is no matter.

[To be continued.]

You are a coward if afraid to tell the truth when you should do so. You are a coward when you insult the weak. You are a coward if afraid to do right, if you shrink from defending your opinion, from maintaining that which you know to be just and good; and you are especially a coward if you know certain things of yourself and dare not to own them to yourself.

Utilization of Babies.

BY PETROLEUM V. NASBY.

It wuz Tupper, I believe, the immortal Tupper, which wrote, "a babe in a well is a housespring of pleasure." I like Tupper, for ther ain't no nonsense about him. His poetry is ez easy to read ez proze, and he never goes meandrin off out uv the grasp uv the intelleck uv the most humble. You kin digest Tupper ez easy ez you kin pumkin pie. But I don't intend to stray off into the field uv criticism.

Babies wuz allus my espeshl avershun. A baby is a thing to be taken care uv, not a thing to take care uv anybody else. Babies are expensive, and he who has his quiver full uv that kind of arrers must expect to devote himself religiously to them, and by jiminy so much neglect them. Taking care uv others and neglectin myself was never my best holt. I am well adapted to bein taken care uv.

It wuz, therefore, with feelins uv profound disgust I saw the first uv the Nashys impendin. I didn't like it. I objected to it, not only on akount of myself, but on Mariar's, the wife uv my buzzum. That excellent woman wuz a milliner, and I felt that it wuz enuff for her to take care uv me, without bein piled onto her the burden uv another; and, besides, woodent the cost of caring for that additional one lesson my comforts? I am not selfish. I knowed that a woman with a child coodent care for her customers and git thro her house-keepin ez well with a child ez she cood without. Ez it wuz, she could give her whole time to me and the shop—the takin care uv me ez I ought to be cared for. I murmured.

"My deer," said Mariar (it wuz the fust, and she wuz still lovin) "My deer, it's a fine boy, and can't you take some comfort in the reflekshun that in your declinin years you will hev some one to leen upon? Think of that."

"My deer," I replied, promptly, "I ain't a discountin the fucher. The present is good enough for me, I thank you. A bird in the hand is worth a good many in the bush, and I can't see the pint uv takin that boy thro scarlet fever, mumps, measles, colic and other diseases incident to childhood, uv payin for books, schoolin, close and et cettery, on the hope uv his takin care uv me in my seer and yaller leaf. I hev to take the chances uv his bein a billiard player, or uv studyin medicine, or uv turnin reformer, or any uv them unprofitable ockepashuns."

I sed this to let Mariar know that I wuz displeased, so that she would be more keerful to please me in everything else.

But what she sed sunk deep into my heart all the same. Ef John, wich is wat we named the boy, shood grow up and shood inherit the disposishun uv his sainted mother, he would support me, and possibly through his earnest efforts I could go thro the balance uv the valley and shadder in comparative comfort. I wuz finally reconciled.

Time rolled on, and there wuz another added to the fold, wich wuz a girl.

"Mariar," wuz my remark, "this is too much. The boy was an incubus, but I have borne it, looking to the fucher. But wat kin a girl do? She is an expense from the time uv her birth till she gits off your hands. I shudder when I think wat that puny girl will cost us, and wat we hev got to go thro on its account."

And in a bitter mood I sot down with my head in my hands, like one whose fucher is gloomy. Up spoke Mariar ones more:

"My dear, Imogene will grow up into a fine woman, and when she is twenty-four—"

"Why not seventeen?"

"Seventeen be it. When she is seventeen she will marry a rich old man. Yoo kin do better out uv a son-in-law than yoo kin out uv a son, for the son-in-law will be in love with the girl, and a man in love kin be made to do anything. For your sake, deer, I hope all our children will be girls."

Agin I pondered. It wood not be a bad thing to hev a rich son-in-law, to whom you cood go and borrer ten dollars every time you needed it. Wat son-in-law in this Christin land wood let his father-in-law, the awthor of his wife's being, go dry for the lack of a few paltry dollars? And besides, if he didn't like it and saw any chance uv the old man's drinkin' hisself to death, he wood hasten that conclushen. Wat a glorious deth! I accepted the dawter, and bore Mariar's increest labors to provide for it with resignashun.

Need I narrate how one follered another in rapid succession, how the number increest till there wuz ten uv them, and how eagerly I looked forred to the time when I shood rest from Mariar's labors and sit down under their vines and fig trees and enjoy life?

It wuz a terrible strain on Mariar, and I sympathized with her. The children cost money ez well ez labor. Them children cost me ez follows:

Board uv my mother-in-law three weeks, for each	$18 00
Medikle attendance, each	5 00
Soothin' syrups, carminative balsams, castor and sich, each	50 00
First outfit for child	5 00
Strong ax heads for child	10
Loss uv wife's services for three weeks	40 00
Clothin, schoolin and medikle attendance, et cettery, till theyood house for themselves, each	500 00

Or, say in round numbers, $600 each. Multiply this by ten, and you hev the comfortable sum of $6,000, wich these addishuns to the census subtracted from Mariar's earnings, wich wuz just that amount taken from me. But ez it wuz going on, I never rebelled or murmured. Ez I loooked at John I remarked to myself: "Yoo will be a lawyer and will win distinkshen and fees. That distinkshen I will share and the fees likewise. Mariar, you shall marry well, and your husband will be my prop and stay." Sammy I destined for the ministry, Tom for bankin, and the others, down to the girl in the cradle, I had arranged in my mind's eye so ez to make me an incum.

Ez I looked over them children I felt rich. I looked upon them ez an investment, better than life insboorance or savings banks. The luv uv a child for its parent is more certain than bank or life insboorance. They may break, but nacher can't be wiped out nohow, and is certain to endoor. And in most states there is a law compellin children to take keer uv their parents, whether they want to or not.

And so, communin with myself, I let Mariar work for them children as much as she chose to. I found myself lookin with solicitood on them offsprings, and I saw to it that they wuz kept in good condishen and not exposed to any disease that wuz likely to prove fatle. My solicitood went so far on one occasion when one uv em wuz ill, I actilly went and split oven wood rather than let Mariar drop that child and do it herself, wich had allux been her dooty and privilege.

A father's luv is the most techin thing in nacher. Hundreds uv nites hev I laid in bed and permitted Mariar to git up for catnip tea when I really needed sleep, and her arisin disturbed me; and the warm water I hev allowed that woman to bring from the kitchen nites for them children, would never be believed. Like a troo father, I made sacrifices for them children. I felt the dooty uv economisin that they might enjoy advantages, and to that end I steraly refoosed to let Mariar pay for a pew in the church she belonged to, and at once cut off her annoual subscripshen to the Furrin Mishuary Society.

"Mariar," I remarked, pintin at the ten, "the heathen is not only at our door, but they are inside thereof."

Well wood it hev bin for me ef I had never allowed myself to be over-persuaded in this matter. Mariar sunk under the labor uv carin for them children, and went to her long home, despite the advice I had given her for twenty-five years concernin the proper management of them. I drop a tear to the memory uv that excellent pervider. She wuz my stay for a quarter uv a century. My second wuz better lookin, but the minit she wuz married she closed the shop (I have allux married milliners) and insisted on my supportin her. My third wuz weakly—I wuz took in with her—and couldent work. Wat a contrast! Mariar frekently put a mortgage on her fixters to supply the father uv her children with the necessaries uv life. Alas! them fixters are all gone, this many a year.

Time rolled on, and Tom reached the age uv twenty-two and was admitted to the bar and got into a good practis. Now, I sed to myself, I shel reap my reward. The first fee Tom got I promptly asked him for ten dollars, wich wuz to hev been the first drop uv the golden shower wich wuz to foller. Tom looked at me a expression that boded me no good, and turned on his heel and walked away. Not a dollar wood he give me, tho he did squander sume of his money on his younger brothers and sisters, and aboosed me one day for not givin em a better chance. He wuz hard-harted and ungrateful.

Imogene did marry a rich old man at eighteen, and moved in a brilliant speer. Confidently I approached her husband on the subject of takin up my abode with them, and passin my declinin years in comfort, but he remarked he'd see me further first, and he wuz ekally outreasonable on the subject uv temporary relief. Finally he informed me that he didn't marry me, and Imogene quite agreed with him, and I departed sick.

Louiser married a week-minded young man, from whom I cood hev borrowed money, but for the insurmountable fact that he bed none and never did. He wanted to return to the parentle roof, but I indignantly refused.

Joolius got to be a mechanic, but he hed his own family to support, and Abner taffed me to scorn when I came upon him, insistin that he wood do as much for me as I had ever did for him.

Samyool, from whom I did expect suthin, flouted and jeered at me, and when I insisted and talked of parentle authority and sich, absolutely threatened me with a brick.

Melindy, my fifth, got to be a milliner and never married. Ez a last resort, I proposed to live with her and take charge of her biziness, as I had a large experience.

"Excuse me," wuz her bartlis remark. "I ain't ma."

And so I wuz cast off from all of em. The memry uv their mother riz up like a wall between them and me, and them ez shood have cared for me ez she did.

And so on down. They showed great alacrity in gittin away from me, and an indispoisishen to return wich I never cood account for. In speekin uv the family, they wuz allus profoose in reverin the memry of their mother, wich didn't need it, but they didn't reveer me, wich did need it, a particle. Then I reanized:

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To hev a thankless child."

My children are most all of em in good circumstances, and their children are well clad and well cared for. I am a lonely old man, dependin for a subsistence on my borrowin capassity among strangers, a precarious and dangerous method uv livin. My investment didn't pay. The $6,000 that them children cost my various wives wood, ef I hed it now, give me a decent inkum, and enable me to live in comparative comfort. It wuz the mistake uv my life, and I am too old to begin agin. And so life is to me a weary dreem, and my fucher is overcast with leaden clouds through which I see no rift. May heaven forgive my wives and my unnatural offspring.

THE STEWART WOMAN'S HOTEL A FAILURE.—The Stewart Hotel for women in New York City is no longer to be kept open for the exclusive benefit of ladies who earn their own living, as was intended by its founder. After two months' experience it has proved a failure, the class of ladies for whom it was erected not responding in sufficient numbers to warrant its continuance. The building is, therefore, to be changed into a general hotel for all comers, and alterations are now being made for that purpose. The building was commenced by Mr. Stewart in 1869, and took nine years to construct. In his will ample provision was made for its furnishing and running expenses, until it should either succeed or fail. It cost to build, finish, and furnish, $3,700,000. There were accommodations for 1,000 women. The expenses are very heavy, gas costing $9,000 per year, water $2,000, and taxes $22,000, besides the enormous payroll of the army of employes necessary for so large a structure. Exclusive of the above expenses, the hotel has cost, since its opening, $500 per day more than the receipts from boarders, and Judge Hilton, manager of the Stewart estate, is unwilling to continue the experiment longer. As soon as the necessary changes can be made, it will be opened to the general public.

A Sunday school boy, upon being asked what made the tower of Pisa lean, replied, "Because of the famine in the land."

A lawyer is to be hanged in Texas. Good beginning. Go on.

A Talk with Whittier.

When you see Whittier, you see instantly it is the Whittier of the pictures, only more thin and gray. The pictures give you a larger head, yet not so fine in the lines that mean most to a man of genius; and no picture can give you the eyes, smaller than those we see in the portrait of Burns, but dark, intense and tender, and when he speaks of what touches him intensely, all aglow with the light of his soul, such eyes, indeed, as you only see now in a picture by one of the great old masters, whose genius I used to think, as I wandered through the galleries, was more wonderful in that than in anything else that has come to us from their hand. There is a hint of the Quaker, you notice, in the cut of his dress, but not in the color, which is black, not new at all, but so spotless as to make you wish he would take all your new garments and put them through a course of training for a few months, that they might get the habit of looking as pure and sweet as that when you came to wear them; a Quaker in his speech, yet using "thee" and "thou" with such a sly, sweet grace as to make you wonder whether the finest manners may not lurk, after all, within the homely old Saxon terms; quick with his words, contrary to all his traditions and training, and with no hint of the sacred singsong his sect has always held in such profound esteem, especially in meetin'.

When we had done with our greetings, we struck first, I cannot tell how, on the fathomless subject of the nature and destiny of the human soul. My friend and myself took the sunny side of the way, Whittier the shadowy. We tried to make out a case that should center first and last in the Divine love. He stood fast by the human responsibility. We marshaled our picked forces for a Divine election of all souls at last to the everlasting life. He matched us with the freedom of the will, through which a man may elect himself to the doom of the lost, and persist in that to the end. We fired our last shot: "He shall go after the sheep which is lost until he find it, and bring it on his shoulders rejoicing." He feared that the habit of wandering would carry the day again whenever the hapless thing got its chance to break away; there would be no overcoming of the freedom of the will, to wander off or to stay by the Shepherd even in the green pastures and by the still waters of God. It was a most pathetic and touching little struggle of two to one. Still, Whittier stood when we had done where he was when we began, unspeakably solemn and tender, wishing, I thought, he could see what seemed so sure to us, but neither able nor willing to disturb the solid and strong convictions of a lifetime and of such a life.

Then he said cheerfully to me: "I hear thee is lecturing this winter on Burns. I should like to hear thee. Burns is to me the noblest poet of our race. He was the first poet I read, and he will be the last. Our people did not care for poetry," he said, "when I was a boy. We had in our house an American reader, quite popular at that time, in which I found some pieces of the old school of singers; and, beside that, we had a poem called the 'Davidess,' (I hope I have struck the title) written by a 'Friend,' and held in great esteem by our body. But somehow these did not seem to touch me. They were not what I wanted. One day one of our preachers came to stay all night, and noticing, as we sat by the fire, that I was intent on a book, he said: 'I will read to thee, if thee like, some poems by Robert Burns. I have a copy with me.' So he got the book and began to read. It was the first I had heard of Burns, and my wonder and delight over what I heard are as fresh still as if it were yesterday. I had heard nothing up to that moment, it seemed to me, that had any right to be called poetry, and I listened as long as the old man would read. I noticed he left the book on the table, so I rose at gray dawn next morning and read for myself. I was hanging over the book when the friend came down, and then he told me he was going further to visit such and such meetings, would be back at such a time, and if I liked, would leave the book with me. Thee may be sure I gratefully accepted his offer. I read Burns every moment I had to spare; and this was one great result to me of my communion with him: I found that the things out of which poems came were not, as I had always imagined, somewhere away off in a world lying outside the edge of our New Hampshire sky. They were right there about my feet and among the people I knew. The common things of our common life I found were full of poetry. It was a new and a perfect revelation." He told me also what such a man only can say in good faith, that he could not understand what the critics mean when they say there are things in Burns not fit to be read, things impure and vile, the spume of a fallen spirit. "I never found such things," he said. "I read all Burns, every line of him, and while there is a difference, of course, to me every line is good." I know Whittier could not have thought, as he told me this, that Paul said once: "To the pure all things are pure;" and how purely true his commentary on Burns was the great old text!—*The Lakeside Monthly.*

The most perilous hour of a person's life is when he is tempted to despond. The man who loses his courage loses all. There is no more hope of him than there is of a dead man; but it matters not how poor he may be, how much pushed by circumstances, how much deserted by friends, how much lost to the world, if he only has courage, holds up his head, works on with his hands, and, in his unconquerable will, determines to be and do what becomes a man, all will be well. It is nothing outside of him that kills, but what is within, that makes or unmakes.

Goodness is goodness, find it where we may. A vineyard exists for the purpose of nurturing vines, but he would be a strange vine-dresser who denied the reality of grapes because they had ripened under a less genial soil and beyond the precincts of his vineyard.

The correspondent of the New York *Herald* says that the Paris Exposition is not knee-high to our great Centennial display at Philadelphia.

The gods help those who help themselves—men or women.

"Winding up business"—starting the clock.

Where Money is Made.

There are but three cities in all the United States where money is actually made; that is, where metals are coined. The principal mint of the United States is in Philadelphia. Here are made all the copper and nickle coins—one, two, and five-cent pieces—and a large part of the gold and silver coins used in the country. There are also branch mints at San Francisco and Carson City. And at these places gold and silver coins of every value are coined in great quantities.

Those of you who have been in Philadelphia will remember, on the north side of Chestnut street, near Broad, a Grecian building of white marble, somewhat gray from age, with a tall chimney rising from the center, and the United States flag flying from the roof. This is the mint.

Let us climb the long flight of steps and enter the building. On the door is a placard: "Visitors admitted from nine to twelve." The door opens into a circular entrance hall, with seats around the wall. In a moment a polite usher, who has grown gray in the service of the institution, comes to show us all that visitors are allowed to see.

"When the gold has been weighed," says our guide, "it is locked up in iron boxes and carried in the melting-room, where it is melted and poured into molds."

A small piece is then cut off, and its fineness ascertained by a long and delicate process called assaying. This decides the value of the lot. The depositor is then paid, and the metal is handed over to the melter and refiner, to be entirely freed from its impurities and made fit for coinage.

And a hard time it has of it, to be sure. Nothing but pure gold and silver could ever stand such treatment. It is melted again, dissolved in nitric acid, squeezed under immense pressure, baked in a hot cellar, and finally carried to this dingy-looking room, at the left of the court-yard, where we have stood all this time. The metal is perfectly pure now, but before the final melting one-tenth of its weight in copper is added to it to make it hard enough to bear the rough usage which it will meet with in traveling about the world.

The room would be dark but for the fiery glow of the furnaces which line one end of the place. On these are a number of small pots, filled with red-hot liquid metal; and while we look, a workman lifts one after another with a pair of long tongs, and pours the gold in streams into narrow iron moulds.

We would gladly remain longer, peering in at the glowing fires and the swarthy figures of the workmen, but our guide is already half-way across the court, and we reluctantly follow, stepping aside to make room for a workman with his burden of silver bars which he is carrying to undergo the rolling process. The rollers give the metal the form of ribbons, from which another machine punches the planchets, which are the coins before they are milled and stamped.—*St. Nicholas for May.*

Why Not?

Thought, ambition, aspiration, hope, ideality, veneration, and all the attributes that go to make up the sum of human intelligence and human worth, are absolutely sexless. Genius is sexless. Many of the brightest lights in literature and art—in poetry, music, sculpture, painting—are women. It has been thus all along down the line of human history; and that even under a multiplicity of disadvantages that men have never had to contend with. Until lately the opportunities for higher culture have been closed to her. She has had to struggle against prejudice, oppression, and that most contemptible of all tyranny, fashion. Man, in his superior strength, in offering her his protection, has fed her vanity with his senseless flattery, until it is a wonder there is a self-poised, true womanly woman in all the world. Society, with its false lights and sunken reefs, has lured to intellectual ruin thousands of noble women. Instead of the companion, partner, and friend of man, strong in that intellectuality which is able to counsel and support, she has been made his brainless toy—his silly butterfly, all wings and gaudy tinsel.

But, thanks to the spirit of the age, woman is coming forward to take her place side by side with her brother man in the intellectual struggles of life. The old fogy notion that political, educational, or social rights should depend upon the nature of the sex, is coming by our best thinkers to be regarded as no more rational than that such rights should depend upon the color of the hair, or the weight of the person.

These thoughts are suggested by seeing the names of women enrolled among the membership of the State Medical Society that closed its session in this city Thursday. And why not? Who so well qualified to minister to the sick, and especially to the sick of her own sex, as the educated woman physician?

A few years ago a woman participating in the deliberations of a society of doctors would have seemed strangely out of place. The doctors themselves would have looked upon the innovation with horror, and fled in dismay from the hall. Now no one is disturbed at the thought. Men and women now quaff from the same fountains of knowledge, and no one is shocked. And why should they be? If a woman has the brains to master any science—if she thinks she can practice the profession of medicine, law, or divinity, why in the name of all that is just should she not have a chance to try it? If she can edit a newspaper, or manage a farm, or run a thrashing machine, we say give her a show. Stop underestimating her ability to do whatever she chooses to do, or thinks she can do. And above all stop speaking of her as the weaker and inferior vessel.—*San Jose Mercury.*

Cruelty is the offspring of mental idleness and beastly ignorance. It should be repressed, and not encouraged, as is too often the case with the unthinking. A thief who takes property from another has it in his power, should he repent, to make a full restoration. But the robber of life can never give back what he has wantonly and sacrilegiously taken from beings perhaps innocent, and equally capable of enjoying pleasure or suffering torture with himself. Every such death its own avenger breeds.

Show may be easily purchased, but happiness is always a home-made article.

A celebrated case—the printer's.