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The New Northwest.

A Journal for the People.
Devoted to the Interests of Humanity,
Independent in Politics and Religion.
Alive to all Live Issues, and Thoroughly Radical in Opposing and Exposing the Wrongs of the Masses.

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," "AMIE AND HENRY LEE," "THE HAPPY HOME," "ONE WOMAN'S SPHERE," "RADGE [illegible]DSON," ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

Gerald was not to be found. I learned on diligent inquiry that he had gone aboard the boat the night before, and was probably now at Walla Walla. His enforced fit of soberness had so awakened the slumbering manhood of his nature that he had not the effrontery to meet his family. I knew, by his being sober, that he was out of money and out of credit, for nothing else would have induced him to desist from drink. But I hoped that he would remain away till I would be allowed to recover some degree of financial prosperity, and this was all that I had any reason to expect.

George and Ethel, finding it useless to further oppose my plans, concluded to leave me to my own devices. The owner of the hotel, or boarding-house where we had stopped for the day, was seeking a new lessee, and it seemed providential that I should have thus called upon him at the opportune moment.

When we started back together to the ranche, my children and I, my arrangements were completed for a new beginning, and, in spite of my untoward outlook, I was not hopeless.

It was not without a pang of jealousy that I discovered I was an ingredient of very little importance in the cup of the young couple's happiness. They filled themselves to their satisfaction with the society of each other, and, while I was glad to see their pleasure, it was hard for me, as it is for every human being, to be always so philanthropic as to take no thought for myself. I could not bear to remain in sight of the man McCarty, who had taken such pitiless advantage of my husband's frailty to rob me of my home. I knew that Ethel was now provided for, and it behoved me to get a home as speedily as possible for Alice and the rest.

So we were ensconced in our new quarters as soon as we could get possession. Thanks to my excellent bargain with my son-in-law, made in the beginning of our work on the ranche, I was not wholly without means. He purchased from me my portion of the increase of our stock, and with this money I added new comforts to the little hotel, and prosperity, in an humble way, again smiled upon me.

Hotel-keeping was naturally my forte, and if I had always been allowed equality before the law, and had not been such a superstitious simpleton as to believe that I must be a living sacrifice to Gerald at whatever hazard to myself or family, I have no doubt but that I should long ere this have been one of the wealthiest of San Francisco's capitalists. And what is true in my case is doubtless true of thousands of other poverty-stricken women in so-called free America.

We had been several months in our new quarters before Gerald returned, but when he did again inflict his presence upon us, his behavior was simply horrible. Had he been one-half as troublesome when the children were all babies as he now became, he must have sometime killed us all. Poor fellow! How he did suffer with delirium tremens. He was no more responsible for his actions than if he had been a declared maniac, and so he should have been considered long before the crisis came.

But I strove, with all the energy of a proud and desperate woman, to hide the worst from the public. I wanted my house to have the name of being orderly, and I wanted, for my growing daughters' sakes far more than for myself, to keep up every appearance of respectability.

In Gerald's besotted insanity he conceived a fearful dislike to me. In my desperation I resolved, when he returned to us the last time, that, while I would never neglect to support and provide for him, I would never, under any circumstances, live again as a drunkard's wife.

Good reader, do you blame me? Or do you not rather wonder that I did not reach this conclusion and act upon it many years before I did?

But this determination, when I did make it, maddened Gerald, and prompted him to attempt to destroy my life. For a number of years he lingered about the hotel, a terror to the children and a horror to myself. He would watch every opportunity possible to catch me off my guard, and never seemed to have any other wish or ambition than to kill me.

And yet for years and years I stood this thing. Gerald would watch his opportunity to collect money from the transient custom of the hotel, and every dollar he could so procure he would at once invest in rum. But liquors of every kind at last lost their power to stupefy him. They only awakened the horrid microscopic reptiles that reveled in his blood, and magnified them into mammoth monsters through the inflamed lenses of his diseased imagination. Hobgoblins of unearthly shape and monstrous proportions grinned at him from his chamber walls. Snakes, hydra-headed and venomous, writhed in his bed, and fastened their fangs in his fingers' ends. His sufferings were as real and intense as though fact, instead of imagination, had portrayed and inflicted them. Sometimes he would escape from his room in spite of our vigilance, and inaugurate a reign of terror in the house that would only cease when daylight came, bringing with the blessed sunshine a power to exercise the demons that held the once strong man in thrall.

Alice remained at home to watch over her father and prevent his taking my life till a dark-eyed stranger came a-wooing, and then she fell in love, and, in spite of her boasted strength of mind, got married and left me. But I did not blame her. Let her lot be what it might, I knew that she could hardly worst it by getting away from home.

But what, now, was to become of me? My twin daughters, who had grown up like two beautiful lilies, were away at school, for I had decided to educate them for a station beyond my own, and I had only my youngest, my Elise, with me, and she was now a tall and graceful child, almost verging upon the edge of what Americans call her "teens."

You may judge, good reader, that my life was hanging upon a thread. I performed prodigies of daily labor, such as I would not now dare to speak of were it not that I could, if necessary, bring the testimony of hundreds of eye-witnesses in proof of my assertions. Could I have handled my entire income, I might have been able to employ needed assistance. But Gerald grew very cunning about getting the money from travelers, and I was often in desperate straits in consequence about the necessary means to pay current expenses and keep the twins in school. So I economized by making a four-fold drudge of myself, not caring, save for my children's sakes, how soon my thread of life might break and release me from a detestable and literally unendurable bondage.

But we cannot always die when we wish, else a thousand, yes, thousands of women who read these columns to-day, would long ago have breathed their last as their only visible way of escape from conditions and surroundings they have outgrown.

I wore out my old clothes and was unable to purchase new ones, so I grew ragged, as well as wrinkled and prematurely old.

George and Ethel were very considerate of me for a long time, but your own children soon find their own families, and then they feel that they have enough to do without looking after you to any extent. And I never expected any help from my sons-in-law, and certainly never asked for it. I have no complaints to make on that score. They could not have taken Gerald in their homes, for I would not have permitted it. And it was not profitable for them to assist me much while he was on hand to squander whatever he could lay his hands upon.

One evening the weekly packet landed at our little wharf, and a man and woman, who somehow impressed me as though they might have been known to me in the long ago, came walking slowly toward the house, in search of lodgings.

They entered my little office and registered as Thomas Chatman and wife, and ordered their meals sent to their room.

For several hours I was too busy as my own cook, dish-washer, scullion and chambermaid, to pay their room a visit and fill their orders, but, after long waiting, I rapped at their door, bearing aloft a loaded tray containing a choice supper of quail on toast and other extras, for which I was resolved to make them remunerate me liberally.

I started when the door was opened, and well I might, for before me stood Elder Chalmers and the black-eyed blonde, for whose supposed murder my husband was once on the eve of being hanged.

"Elder Chalmers!" I exclaimed, in astonishment bordering on terror.

"Is it possible, or do my eyes deceive me? Surely this is not Mrs. Ethel Grey?" he said, forgetting the measured monotone in which he had addressed me in my youth, when his greatest endeavor had been to impress me with an overpowering sense of his own superior holiness.

"It is the wreck of Mary Ethel Graeme that you behold, sir, who, but for you and this strumpet, might be a prosperous and happy woman!" I retorted, scarcely knowing what I said.

The black-eyed blonde, upon whom years and dissipation were making rigorous inroads, uttered a little scream of defiance, but turned away as though conscience-smitten. And well she might. There I stood, a worn-out, broken-down rack of bones, my cheeks sunken, my back bent and clothes thread-bare, and she and this man had used my husband as a legal decoy to get possession, under the law, of the first ten thousand dollars that I had earned, a sum for which, had they not robbed me, I could through all my days have lived in easy circumstances.

"Your ill temper has ruined your husband and blighted your life," said the canting old hypocrite, his voice assuming the old monotone.

My unwelcome guests were welcome to all they could enjoy in my house after that greeting was over. I certainly made them as miserable as I knew how, and my temper did not improve during their sojourn, which was necessarily prolonged a week to enable them to embark on the next boat.

Gerald kept his room for very shame while they were in the house.

Poor old Chalmers! He had tried hard to preserve the vigor of youth, but his once upright form had a suspicious stoop, and his few iron-grey side-locks had turned snowy white with the advancing years. He was mortally jealous of his guilty companion, who seemed to stand in awe of him, as though he had her bound under the power of a mysterious secret. I really believe he had secret power over her. Indeed, I fancy that she is a murderer at large, and that he knows it, else I do not believe she could be ruled by him, for she is yet young as compared to him, and he certainly is of no advantage to her. But it seems as though some men were born to worry the very lives out of some women.

The days wore on, and the packet came in sight that was to bear them away, and then I breathed more freely. Did not the very presence of that old hypocrite blight the countenance of my first born? And was it not primarily his fault that I was now without a son to care for me in my old age?

They paid their bill—a round one—without protest. Indeed, I believe they would not have returned a word if it had been ten times the amount; and as they went their way, snapping and snarling at each other like a pair of enraged cats, I could not help remembering Ethel Graeme, my kinswoman, and saying softly to myself, "Dear cousin, you are thoroughly avenged."

I was recalled to my cares in the house by the horrible screams of Gerald, my husband, whom I found writhing again under the terrible malady of *mania potu*.

Poor fellow!

Through a grating in his door, which I had caused to be made to enable me to pass him food and drink when in his paroxysms, he was glaring like the maniac he was; and oh! how pitifully he entreated me to take his life and end his misery.

"I have blighted your whole life, Ethel. I kidnapped you in the beginning. Then I married you that I might atone; but I didn't know! I didn't know! I didn't know!" he cried, his voice dying away in piteous wails, as you have sometimes heard a child's when in the power of an enraged parent, who, with upraised whip, stands waiting to repeat again and again the cruel blows. But it was conscience that was whipping Gerald with a cat-o'-nine of scorpions.

Ah, me!

I reached him a portion of rum, but when he essayed to take measure from my hand, he dropped it, as though it were an adder that had bitten him.

I wish that every young man in the land who dallies on the edge of the precipice of moderate drinking could have heard the temperance address that my poor husband delivered, standing there, as he believed, among a writhing school of venomous reptiles.

(Concluded next week.)

Lucy H. Hooper, in the current number of *Lippincott's Magazine*, says of the Empress Eugenie, now an old woman: "With her whitening hairs she might have worthily worn the triple dignity of her widowhood, her maternity, and her misfortune. She has chosen instead * * * a head wadded with false, yellow hair, a face covered with paint and powder, a mincing gait, and the airs of an antiquated coquette." Herein let some of our weak leaders of fashion see the obvious lesson. To grow old gracefully is a difficult art, but no immortality nor continued happiness can be founded on mere beauty, dress, or show. Educate the soul.

Even the Jewish women are beginning to be tainted with woman's rights notions, as they ask that the benediction, "Blessed art thou, O Eternal, our God, that thou hast not made me a woman," be expunged from the Jewish ritual.

There are 534 women in Lowell who pay a tax on property of $1,000 or over. Their property valuation is $2,402,500, and their tax last year was $35,070 81. They are circulating a petition for the right of suffrage.

No one has been able to explain why it is that a man feels he is more likely to get up in time in the morning by keeping his watch or clock half an hour fast.

The church of Millstone, N. J., is now one hundred and twelve years old. In 1866 it celebrated its centennary. The present church edifice is now fifty years old.

A German woman of Pittsburg, about 50 years of age, has worked at the trade of blacksmith, as a helper to her husband, for the past nine years.

Our so-called ancestors, the monkeys, couldn't have been so ignorant, after all. They were all educated in the higher branches.

Dr. Holmes says that crying widows marry first. There is nothing like wet weather for transplanting.

OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDNECE.

LETTER NUMBER ONE.

THE SCOTTISH LAKES.

Glasgow has a remarkable history. A hundred years ago it was a small city of less than 50,000 inhabitants and without importance, but to-day it is the commercial metropolis of Scotland, and has a population of 600,000. Its inhabitants have shown a remarkable enterprise in building up manufactories, and in developing the mineral resources of the neighboring counties. The almost numberless tall chimneys with their clouds of smoke, and the continual noise of numerous iron works, remind us of our own Pittsburgh.

To the tourist the city has few attractions. The chief of these is the old cathedral, which was built in the twelfth century and is one of the few in all Scotland which survived the mad fury of the populace during the Reformation. The building is very large, more than three hundred feet long, and most of its carvings and interior decorations are in a fine state of preservation. Its crypts are the finest and most massive of any in the kingdom. But the pride of the cathedral is its beautiful great stained glass windows, of which it has forty-four, from twenty-five to thirty feet in height, each representing some well-known Bible event. These windows were made about ten years ago at Munich, and are the perfection of modern art. Adjoining the cathedral is the necropolis, or cemetery, beautifully laid out and containing many fine monuments. Conspicuous among these is one to John Knox, whose body, however, is buried at Edinborough. We noticed also that of John Dick, the eminent theologian. Other things in the city, worthy of mention, are George Square with its colossal monument to Sir Walter Scott; Glasgow Green containing a fine monument to Nelson, England's favorite hero; and the new university buildings. In one of the poorest streets in the old city we are shown the quarters once occupied by Cromwell.

The most noticeable thing about the city to an American just landed, is the massiveness and solidity of the buildings, for they are mostly of cut stone with tile or slate roofs. There are almost no buildings made of wood and but few of brick, and the streets are all paved with stone. This gives an impression that the city is built to stand for all time, and accords with our generally accepted opinion of Scotch thoroughness. Yet miles and miles of streets with stone houses and stone paving, everything stone, gives the city a monotony of dull color which finally becomes wearisome, until the eye longs for some bright color, and for even a little outside paint. Strolling down to one of the public squares, one evening, a member of our party found an excited crowd of two or three hundred working men discussing the merits of Protestantism and Catholicism. One had been making a speech on the subject, and was reading proof passages from a small Testament. Some one gave notice that the next night there would be a discussion on the favorite Scotch theme—foreordination. In what American city, or any city in the world outside of Scotland, will you find day laborers discussing until late at night questions in theology and metaphysics?

The increased length of the day, owing to the extreme northern latitude, is plainly noticeable, for I was able to read fine print by daylight after 10 o'clock at night, while daybreak comes about 2 o'clock. Indeed, in clear weather the morning and evening twilight almost overlap. The policeman with his pot-shaped cap is everywhere, a constant terror to the evil disposed small boys, who at once take to their heels when the cry is raised, "The bobbies are coming." I knew a worthy American lady who on her first day in Glasgow in an innocent way asked, "What kind of a musical instrument is a bobby?"

Leaving Glasgow by early train, we soon reached Balloch on Loch Lomond, where we take steamer for Inversnaid, near the opposite end of the lake, a sail of nearly thirty miles. A Scotch mist, as it is politely called (we should say a rain storm), soon settled down upon us, and although it was the Fourth of July, and we had on our overcoats, we were shivering in the cold wind. The Highlanders have a saying that "when Ben Lomond puts on his night-cap the rain will come down," and as we looked up toward the mountain and saw his head obscured with clouds, and the rain falling around us, we decided that there *are* weather signs which are true. Sailing up the lake which is surrounded by Scotland's highest mountains, we are in the midst of scenery scarcely equaled by any lake in Europe, Maggiore in Italy, alone excepted.

Nearly every mountain pass, rock and village is associated with some of Scott's characters. We see Balloch castle, beyond a ruined fortification, a traditional stronghold of Fingal; a beautiful wooded island, the deer park of the Duke of Montrose; Rob Roy's prison; a rock from which he dipped refractory captives in the lake until they were willing to pay the required ransom, and his cave, which also sheltered Robert the Bruce. Near Inversnaid is the ruin of a fort once commanded by General Wolfe, the hero of Quebec. At Inversnaid we take coaches for Stronachlacker, on Loch Katrine. These coaches are the few remaining from the famous old English coach system, the drivers being dressed in red coats, plug hats, and high-topped boots. The four horses are started up the steep hill at a full run amid the fearful snapping of whips. About this snapping of whips, I have yet to see the country in Europe where the drivers of all sorts of pleasure carriages are not provided with long whips which they delight to snap almost constantly. It seems to be a sort of understood arrangement between the driver and the horses, that the cracking of the whip means nothing more than to give the passengers the impression that the driver is whipping up his horses and going very fast.

Shortly after leaving Inversnaid, we pass the ruins of the house in which Helen McGregor, Rob Roy's wife, was born. The drive of two hours was over a desolate country, in the midst of high mountains whose sides are covered for the most part with heather, that merciful provision of nature for covering unsightly rocks and rugged mountain sides. Occasionally there was a little pasture for sheep and a wretched-looking stone house. The trees were few in number and mostly scrub oaks. Peat, which is abundant, is the only fuel. To an American the country looks forlorn, and it is his constant wonder why any one should fight either to gain or defend it.

The little steamer "Rob Roy" carries us over the pretty Loch Katrine, which reminds us strikingly of our own Lake George. We pass "Ellen's Isle" and the "Silver Strand," where the fair heroine is represented as first meeting the Knight of Snowdon. In less than an hour's time we are at the end of the lake near the "Goblin's Cave," where Douglas is represented as hiding his daughter when he took her from Roderick Dhu's island. For a mile we ride through the "Trossachs" or "Bristling Territory," a narrow, rugged gorge, so called from its many pointed rocks. This is the very center of the "Lady of the Lake" region, and filled with romantic interest. We pass Loch Achray and soon cross a small, single-arched bridge where,

"And when the Brigg of Kirk was won
The headmost horseman rode alone."

Soon after on an eminence

"Duncraggan's huts appear at last,
And peep like moss-grown rocks half seen,
Half hidden in the copse so green."

Not far beyond is "Coilantogle Ford" which was "Far beyond Clan Alpine's outmost guard," the scene of the encounter between Roderick Dhu and Fitz James.

Riding several miles farther we reach Callander, where the train for Sterling awaits us. Near Callander we pass through a forlorn-looking village, where the wretched inhabitants still speak only the original Gaelic. There is a settlement of the same kind near Sterling. This whole region through which we have been passing was studied carefully for years by Scott, as a preparation for his landscape descriptions in "Rob Roy," "The Lady of the Lake," and "Waverly." The scene of Wordworth's "Highland Girl" was also laid near Inversnaid. Deprived of these historic and romantic associations, the region would lose much of its interest.

O. R. BURCHARD.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

A few days ago our detectives obtained information of a daring plot to rob the office of the Metropolitan Street R. R. Co., located in Georgetown, and took immediate steps for the capture of the burglars. The time of the premeditated attack was about midnight, after the last car had been stowed away for the night. Owing to the many night entertainments of the season, the cars have been running later than usual, and it was supposed the company's safe was stored with an unusual amount of the coveted cash. Accordingly, when the silence of night began to make the locality of the office lonesome, and now portentious, the officers, with some of the company's officials, had stealthily concealed themselves about the premises. Twelve o'clock came, and soon after muffled sounds were heard in the rear, then the forms of five masked men, two colored and three white, were seen, who, passing through the car-house, approached the door and suddenly burst it open. Entering, they proceeded to the safe and were about to begin operations, when, discovering a concealed officer, one raised to shoot him, but his arm was dashed aside by one of his confederates. The detective at once fired upon the would-be murderer. This was the signal for a general onslaught from those awaiting outside. Then for a few moments the building rang with the fast-repeating pistol shots and the noise of the desperate encounter, as the robbers endeavored to crowd their way through to the street and escape. Three succeeded, but, it is thought, bearing serious wounds, while two were stretched upon the floor, one fatally wounded, who has since died, the other disabled by a bad wound in one of his legs. The latter it was who gave the information of the intended robbery to the police. He has since stated that it was the purpose of the killed robber, his brother and the two colored men, to kill the watchman in charge of the office, and commit whatever other murder necessary to their purpose. The parties are all known to be hard cases, some of them penitentiary birds. The officers participating in the affair acquitted themselves bravely, and, though exposed to imminent peril, stood to their posts. Fortunately, none were injured.

Another storm burst upon us last week more terrific than that of the week before. Its greatest fury, however, was expended on and west of Fifteenth street, sweeping through Georgetown, where the greatest damage was done. Houses were literally lifted from their foundations and carried to some distance, whole streets of trees leveled to the ground, and house-tops profusely scattered around. It is said to be the heaviest storm that has ever visited this city.

Our postal service is fast striding to perfection, as is evinced by the three late important steps. First is the registering of third-class matter; next the transportation of coin by mail, a shipment of forty tons of silver from Nevada having been already made; and now the consummation of the Universal Postal Union Scheme, by which nearly all of the nations of the earth have agreed to exchange correspondence. There is no doubt but the whole civilized world will enter into the arrangement. Secretary Thompson is proving himself an economical and prudent executive of his department. The appropriation Congress made for the navy in its economical fit was entirely too small, but the Secretary is chronically opposed to deficiency bills, and, to avoid them, he has divided the money allotted to him in seven different funds, to correspond to the different divisions of his department, each of which is required to carefully expend its funds so as to make it reach over to the next appropriation. He also makes use of all the old iron and fixtures, instead of selling them, as heretofore, at a great sacrifice. This is administering government affairs like a wise man looks after his private interests, and is calling forth expressions of satisfaction on every hand.

The five heavy rain-storms have demonstrated the imperfection of Washington's sewerage, and have aroused the whole city on that subject. Committees of our highest officers and most prominent citizens have waited upon the commissioners, recommending immediate action in the most decided improvements. The damage the city has sustained comes *apropos* to the purpose of the Congressional committee for the investigation of sewerage. Attention has been called to the London and Paris system. These, taken with the imperative demand for a radical improvement, will, no doubt, result in an entire change at an early day after Congress convenes.

FELIX.

Washington, D. C. August 16, 1878.

A Fair Partnership.

Mrs. Nottingham, being unable to get the means from her husband to supply her necessities, at last informed him that she should resume her profession of teaching, so as to be independent, as she was before she was married.

"You're not in earnest, my dear?" said Mr. Nottingham.

"Of course I'm in earnest. Why not? Do you suppose I intend to go on this way, begging and praying for every dollar I spend? I've been independent once, and I can be so again."

"No; but look here." Mr. Nottingham had risen, and was pacing up and down rather uneasily. "My wife can't go to teaching! What is it that you want?"

"What I can earn," proudly retorted Mrs. Nottingham.

"But put it into words."

"Well, then, look here," said Mrs. Nottingham, "I have always done the whole housework and sewing. Considered as a cook, I demand fifteen dollars a month; as a seamstress, five dollars; as your wife, and the lawful mother of your children, at least fifty dollars more. And then I shall not consider myself properly compensated."

"Whew-w-w! Let me see; it's nearly a hundred dollars a month?"

"I consider my services as worth that at least," said Mrs. Nottingham, with dignity; "but if you would rather hire a house-keeper, I will prosecute my original idea of opening a select school."

Mr. Nottingham walked up and down the room once more, rumpling his hair into porcupine fashion with his fingers.

"I'll consult Uncle Wetherbee," he said.

"Very well," said Mrs. Nottingham; "I'm quite willing to abide by his decision."

Uncle Wetherbee, a bronze-visaged ex-sailor, who was comfortably smoking his meerschaum up-stairs, was summoned at once. He came down rather slowly, on account of a wooden leg, and listened to the pleading on either side with great gravity.

"D'ye want to know my opinion?" said Uncle Wetherbee, when they had finished.

"Certainly," said Mr. Nottingham.

"Of course," said his wife.

"Then look here," said Uncle Wetherbee. "Matrimony's a copartnership of joys and sorrows, and it ought to be of money as well. My advice is, Nephew Nicholas, that you divide even with your wife."

"Divide—even!" blankly repeated Mr. Nottingham.

"Or, better still," went on Uncle Wetherbee, "take one-third of the money yourself, lay aside one-third for household purposes, and give the other third to your wife."

"Yes, but Uncle—"

"You asked my advice," said Uncle Wetherbee. "There it is, and I have nothing more to say."

And he stumped off up-stairs again.

Mr. Nottingham looked at his wife. His wife looked back again at him.

"Well," said Phœbe.

"I will try it," said Mr. Nottingham. "It seem a wild idea, but Uncle Wetherbee is a remarkably sensible man. Yes, I'll try it."

And for the next three years Mr. Nottingham remained in partnership with his wife on these unusual financial conditions.

"Though, for the life of me, I can't see what you do with all your money," said he to his wife.

"The very idea that has often suggested itself to me in regard to your money," retorted Mrs. Nottingham, laughing.

"I had intended to buy a house for you, if it hadn't been for this unexpected appropriation of my funds," said Mr. Nottingham.

"I can wait, dear," said his wife, serenely. "All in good time."

But one afternoon Mr. Nottingham came home early from business, and rushed up to Uncle Wetherbee's room.

"My dear Uncle," said he, "that house of Falkirk's is in market at forced sale. Such a bargain! Only three thousand!"

"Why don't you buy it, then?" said Uncle Wetherbee, scooping fresh tobacco out of his jar.

"Because I've only been able to lay up two thousand out of that deucedly small allowance of mine," said Mr. Nottingham. "Ever since I divided with Phœbe, according to your suggestion—"

"Yes," nodded Uncle Wetherbee, "according to my suggestion—"

"I've been a comparatively poor man," sighed Mr. Nottingham. "One can't lay up anything on such a pittance as that."

"Perhaps your wife thinks so, too," chuckled Uncle Wetherbee.

"Oh, that's altogether a different matter," said Mr. Nottingham. "I've been thinking I ought to reconsider that affair."

Uncle Wetherbee stared intently at his wooden leg, and said nothing.

"But," added Mr. Nottingham, "about that Falkirk place. It's a little gem of a house, and I've always wanted a house of my own. This rent-paying business don't altogether suit me. And I could give a mortgage for the thousand dollars if you would allow me to use your name as security."

"Oh, certainly, certainly," said Uncle Wetherbee, "use it as much as you like."

And Mr. Nottingham went off rejoicing.

But the agents in charge of the Falkirk place were exultant when he arrived.

"Two thousand dollars and a mortgage for the balance is very well," said one of those gentlemen, "but we had another offer this morning of cash down, and considered it our duty to Mr. Falkirk to close with it. Very sorry, but perhaps we might suit Mr. Nottingham with some other piece of property."

Mr. Nottingham went home sadly dispirited.

"What's the use of trying to save up money?" said he. "I'm going to give up after this."

"I don't agree with you there, dear," said Mrs. Nottingham. "I have been saving money for the last three years, and I have found it pays."

"You have?" said her husband.

"Of course I have. Do you suppose I spent all the money? Not a bit of it. I put the best part of it out at interest, always following Uncle Wetherbee's advice in my investments, and I've bought a house with it."

"What house?"

Mr. Nottingham's eyes opened wider and wider.

"The Falkirk house," said Mrs. Nottingham, her cheeks dimpled all over with satisfaction. "I completed the bargain to-day. My dear," stealing one arm around her husband's neck, "how do you think I have held up my end of the business?"

"Better than I could have done myself, Phœbe," said Mr. Nottingham, with a curious moisture coming into his eyes. "I am proud of you."

So the young couple moved into the Falkirk house when the first day of May came around, and the coslest room in the house, with a south window, and an open fire-place for a wood fire, was reserved for Uncle Wetherbee.

And Mr. Nottingham is never tired of telling his friends that his wife bought the place with her share of the business profits.

"The most charming woman in the world," says Mr. Nottingham.

Tim's Kit.

It surprised the shiners and newsboys around the post office the other day to see "Limpy Tim" come among them in a quiet way, and to hear him say:

"Boys, I want to sell my kit. Here's two brushes, a whole box of blacking, a good stout box, and the outfit goes for two shillin's!"

"Goin' away, Tim?" queried one.

"Not 'zactly, boys; but I want a quarter the awfullest kind just now."

"Goin' on a scursion?" asked another.

"Not to-day; but I must have a quarter," he answered.

One of the lads passed over the change and took the kit, and Tim walked straight to the counting-room of a daily paper, put down his money, and said:

"I guess I kin write it if you give me a pencil."

With slow-moving fingers he wrote a death notice. It went into the paper almost as he wrote it, but you might not have seen it. He wrote:

"Died—Litul Ted—of scarlet fever; aged three yers. Funeral to-morrer; gon up to Hevin; left won bruther."

"Was it your brother?" asked the cashier.

Tim tried to brace up, but he could not. The big tears came up, his chin quivered, and he pointed to the notice on the counter, and gasped:

"I—I had to sell my kit to do it, b-but he had his arms aroun' my neck when he d-died!"

He hurried away home, but the news went to the boys, and they gathered in a group and talked. Tim had not been home an hour before a barefooted boy left the kit on the doorstep, and in the box was a bouquet of flowers, which had been purchased in the market with pennies contributed by the crowd of ragged but big-hearted urchins. Did God ever make a heart which would not respond if the right chord was touched?
—*Detroit Free Press.*

No one living in society can be independent. The world is like a watch-dog, which fawns upon you or tears you to pieces.

If you can give your word to any one, how can you possibly keep it?

The average death rate in New York is 30 in 1,000.