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The New Northwest.

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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.

FACT, FATE AND FANCY;

OR,

More Ways of Living than One.

By MRS. A. J. DUNIWAY.

AUTHOR OF "JUDITH REID," "ELLEN DOWD," "ANIE AND HENRY LEE," "THE HAPPY HOME," "ONE WOMAN'S SPHERE," "MAMIE MORRISON," ETC., ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

Adolphus Carp, Esq., was a grand specimen of the *genus* Anglo-Saxon, whose opportunities for getting on in the world had been so many and fortunate that he had long since learned to look with small degree of allowance upon any and every person around whose paths of life the tangled briers of difficulty had formed a hedge which in either climbing or clearing they found it necessary to invoke the intricate and uncertain assistance of the law. It mattered not to Adolphus Carp that he owed his own prosperity to the very adversities of others which he held in such supreme contempt. It was enough for him that they needed his service, that to him there was money in the venture whether it succeeded or not, and that it made no difference to anybody whether he returned value received for the fee exacted, if only his service were accompanied by voluminous briefs (a paradox which the legal fraternity can readily comprehend) especially if said briefs were backed by sundry long-drawn efforts at argumentative oratory. Adolphus Carp was an orator, and per consequence he never lacked clients.

The knowledge that he was to be retained on this occasion by a beautiful and accomplished young woman with a thousand acres of land in fee simple, land lying hard by a railroad station, and certain to become, at no distant day, the site of a considerable inland town, was knowledge of an altogether agreeable character. Not only would he have unlooked for opportunity to secure a good business, but the chance would not be wanting to make an effective speech before the District Court, a speech which would certainly enhance his already flattering prospects for a coveted seat in the United States Senate. Adolphus Carp might have been elected as Representative long ago, but his ambition was of too lofty a nature to allow him to accept a position in the lower House. He preferred instead what the printers call "fat takes" in his regular profession.

"My dear madam," smilingly exclaimed the urbane disciple of Blackstone, while Grace sat fluttering before him as a bird might when under the fascination of a professional tamer of its species, "by what authority did you receive the title to your lands?"

"My father's and mother's authority and signature, sir."

The barrister rubbed his hands.

"So far, good. And to whom besides yourself, or rather with yourself, did you say these lands were conjointly conveyed?"

"I did not name anybody, sir."

"But you should understand that if I am to try the case and assist you out of your difficulty, I must first know all about the facts. Your counsel might make a blunder that would be fatal to your interests through neglect upon your part to acquaint him with the minor details. Would you prefer to counsel with me alone?"

"No, sir. This lady is my confidential friend."

"That's the way women are always making fools of themselves," said Adolphus Carp, *solto voce*. "I'd prefer talking the matter over with her without the interference of outside advisers, but it will never do to tell her so, and I must accept the situation as I find it." Then aloud, "Have you a husband, ma'am?"

"I suppose the law will say I have, sir."

"*Ah!* that complicates matters. You see, there is a wide difference between a woman as a *femme sole* and the same woman as a wife, or in a state of *coverture*. It will be necessary for me to see your husband."

"Your business is not with him, but with me, sir."

"Pardon me, madam. You ladies are proverbially ignorant concerning everything pertaining to the law. Men, you see, make the laws, and look after your interests for you, and in so doing they protect you better than you could protect yourselves."

The urbane Adolphus Carp leaned back in his chair, placed his fat, white thumbs in the arm-holes of his very plethoric vest, and smiled benignantly upon the victim of protection who fluttered on in embarrassed silence. "Now, don't be afraid, my dear madam. Tell me everything. There are three classes of professional gentlemen from whom the married lady has no secrets."

"Indeed?" responded Grace, as her eyes involuntarily sought the eager gaze of her mother-in-law.

"Indeed!" echoed the urbane lawyer.

"And who are they, pray?"

"They are the lawyer, the physician and the minister."

"Then, sir, I beg to be excused. I never will be an orthodox married lady if such are to be the conditions. I never heard of such a thing before."

Adolphus Carp, Esq., had lost a measure of his power. But he angled skillfully to recover his hold.

"Of course I do not mean to say that you should disclose anything concerning which you might have conscientious scruples, madam. A wife is never called upon to criminate herself."

Grace rose to her feet in sudden anger. The skillful angler had mistaken the bait for once.

"I shall not need your services, Mr. Carp. Good day, sir."

"You retained me, madam," he said, rising, while the urbane smile relaxed a little of its smoothness, and betook somewhat of the character of a grimace.

"I did not, sir! I shall investigate the law for myself. You may go."

The urbane grimace changed to a smile of sinister triumph.

"My fee, madam. You have evidently forgotten," he said, softly.

"How much, sir?" and Grace felt her strength failing.

"I don't want to be hard on a lady, madam, and as you are evidently a novice in business matters, I will be exceptionally easy with you. I guess ten dollars will be about the thing."

This was a costly experiment in her present circumstances, but Grace met it, like the heroine she was, though it took her last dollar, and left her with her watch in pawn, and herself wholly at the mercy of her landlord.

"What do you intend to do now?" asked Mrs. Snowden, as soon as they were alone. She had been dumb in the presence of the august barrister.

"I'm sure I don't know. But I don't propose to be insulted as a simpleton, nor patronized as a baby, either. I've planted myself upon the dignity of my own womanhood, and there I propose to stay. By to-morrow's stage I will send for my father. He'll help me out of my trouble if anybody can. I'm out of money, but the landlord will trust me. I didn't mean to let my father know what I was doing, but I find I can't get on without him. When my daughters get to be women they shall not reproach me for having brought them up as novices; that's some comfort," and Grace beat an uneasy tattoo upon an antiquated chair-back and heaved an involuntary sigh.

"Won't you return with me to my home, my more than daughter?"

"No. It is not best. You are in the throes of bankruptcy, and I would not add a feather's weight to your present burdens."

"But I thought you would be willing to do something for me. You said you would."

"I must first get possession of my deeds."

"But *how?*"

"No matter. I have an idea."

"I'm sorry you dismissed the lawyer. I wanted to know how to manage about settling my husband's business."

"Didn't Adolphus Carp, Esq., protector of women and expounder of Blackstone, inform us that a married woman was in a state of *coverture*, and therefore not a *femme sole?*" said Grace, laughing dryly.

"He said something of the kind, but I didn't understand it," was the perplexed reply.

"Of course you didn't; for didn't he tell us that the intricacies of the law were not to be comprehended by the feminine idea?"

"Child, you mystify me."

Grace laughed again, half spitefully.

"The world's a mystery, justice blind, and humanity's a knave and a fool," she exclaimed, bitterly.

"But I don't know what to do first," said Mrs. Snowden, dropping a tear or two on her pudgy hands and breathing hard in her perplexity.

"Go home, mother dear, and get a good night's sleep. I'll dispatch a horseman for my father, and we'll have him here by nine o'clock to-morrow. If you're afraid to trust yourself with the settlement of the business, the creditors will doubtless make him assignee."

"Oh, my child! you have lifted a burden from my shoulders. How can I ever repay you?"

"I am not working for pay, Mrs. Snowden, but to help myself and others out of a miserably ugly predicament."

"Very well. I will trust you. I hope your father will not refuse to assist us."

"My father will come."

Once alone, Grace rang for pen and paper and hurriedly addressed a note to Captain Emerson, requesting him to visit her without delay.

The landlord was very obliging, especially as there was promise of a goodly fee behind the service, and a horseman was dispatched who passed the stage at the ferryboat, the two fugitive inmates little dreaming that he was the bearer of a message from Grace to the host whose hospitality they were seeking.

"Confound the luck!" exclaimed the Captain, as soon as he had read the missive, which he did, aloud, for the benefit of his wife, who could not read "'ritin,'" and to whom the three r's, readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic, were alike an impenetrable mystery.

"You must go this very night, daddy," said Mrs. Emerson, while mingled dread and astonishment dried her eyes, and her love for Grace filled her soul with heroism.

"But I'm tired out with a hard day's work, and I don't relish a ride of twenty miles before I can get any sleep," replied the Captain. "It seems that the devil owes some men a grudge that he can only settle by paying them off in sons-in-law."

"But Grace is alone at a tavern. Her letter says so. I wouldn't sleep a wink knowin' it unless you'd go to pertect her."

"If women had a little common sense, they could take care of themselves," said the Captain, dryly; but he began to hunt his Sunday boots, and Mrs. Emerson knew that he would answer the summons of his daughter in person in spite of his adverse grumbling.

It was dark when the Captain set out for the city on horse-back, and darker yet when he met the diligence. So he did not see the senior and junior Snowdens on their way to his house, else he would without doubt have broken the well-known commandment against blasphemy more times in the next ten minutes than he would have asked forgiveness for in a lifetime.

"Trouble never begins with youngones till they get marriage in their heads," he exclaimed a hundred times during that lonely ride. "Children are just like pigs. Let one get of 'em turn his nose in a feeding trough, and a dozen more 'll be after trying the experiment because of the very squeal he makes."

Thus ruminating while hurrying along the highway, the Captain made better time than he had reckoned, and he was surprised when he reached the ferry to find that he had already ridden half the distance without thinking of the weariness of which he had complained at home, and over which his good wife had been secretly lamenting from the very moment of his departure.

The moon had by this time risen well in the heavens, and was flooding, with a silver radiance, the cottage on the hill where John and Lillie were sleeping in innocent unconsciousness of the Captain's approach.

"At all events, Lill hasn't made a fool of herself in choosing a husband," he exclaimed, aloud. "John's a deuced clever fellow if he isn't a Solomon; and the old folks 'll make 'em comfortable, I reckon; but I'd a deal rather they'd go to makin' a livin' for themselves."

"Hellos! Hellos the house!" he cried, in a deep, back-woodsman's voice, which wakened the sleek house-cat and well-kept dog from their slumbers in the vine-clad porch, and roused the happy chickens to a crowing mood in the comfortable copse hard by.

John Anders came to the door in his shirt sleeves and rubbing his eyes sleepily. He was accustomed to these nocturnal interruptions, and often ferried travelers across the water without remembering anything about it on the following day. But his surprise at meeting Captain Emerson awakened him thoroughly. He listened to the Captain's story with more interest than he would have confessed.

"I hope Grace won't come to any harm, father," he said in a husky voice. "But I must own that the chances are against her. Poor girl. She deserved a better fate."

"I know, but it can't be helped. She was bewitched with the young scamp, and now she must accept the consequences."

"The old s amp and the young one have together departed for parts unknown, I take it," said John. "I ferried 'em over in the stage about two hours ago."

"The deuce you did."

"Yes. They appeared anxious to avoid conversation. Possibly they're fleeing from justice."

"Poor Grace," said Captain Emerson.

"Poor Grace," echoed John Anders, "poor Grace, poor Grace," and the words repeated themselves in his heart long after Grace's father had disappeared in the shadows, as he leaned over the railing of the little boat and watched the fishes at their gambols in the limpid water.

Grace did not expect her father to obey her summons before morning, and the landlord advised the eager Captain not to disturb her from her slumbers. But he did not know, nor did the Captain dream that the excited girl did not close her eyes but once in sleep during the entire night, and then the voice of John Anders sounded in her soul, and his sad eyes thrilled her with a nameless fear. Who can fathom the mysteries of sleep?

(To be continued.)

Queen Victoria likes Dickens' novels and some little of George Eliot, but her chief favorites are Wilkie Collins and William Black. Scott she reads and re-reads. She does not particularly like the novels of Beaconsfield, Thackeray and Lord Lytton.

No man has come to true greatness who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gives him he gives him for mankind.—*Rev. Phillips Brooks.*

Benjamin Franklin was not a prophet, but no prophet ever uttered truer words, when rightly balanced, than these: "God helps them that help themselves."—*Congregationalist.*

In Great Britain last year no fewer than 5,314 books were published, of which 3,750 were entirely new works, and 1,584 new editions of old ones.

Gerald Massey writes of Charles Lamb that he was a teacher of his time, and had no commanding or immediate influence on his contemporaries.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

The meeting of the Brooklyn Presbytery, which is to be held to-day, promises to be very animated and interesting. It is probable that action will be taken looking to the punishment of Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, pastor of the Brooklyn tabernacle, for an alleged departure from doctrinal rules and usages, and for various actions which have awakened criticisms of his Presbyterian brethren. Talmage seldom attends the meeting of the Presbytery, and apparently takes but little interest in the proceedings. For a long time complaints have been made of his indifference, but the opposition to him has not taken any tangible form until within a very recent period. After the last meeting of the Presbytery, about a month ago, some of the clergymen composing the body held an informal consultation in regard to his recent conduct. Special stress was laid on the sensational style of preaching in which he has of late been indulging more than ever. A general sentiment of disapprobation was evoked, especially with regard to what some of the clergymen claimed were glaring isolations on the policy of the church on the part of the tabernacle preacher. Some of his shortcomings spoken of were his visits to haunts of vice, and his pictures of gilded sin so vividly presented to his congregation. Nothing definite was determined upon in consultation, although the brethren came to the conclusion that it was high time some action should be taken. The feeling of opposition to Mr. Talmage, which has been seething for some time, has nearly bubbled over since the Presbytery last met. His sharp thrusts at his contemporary pulpiters have aroused a storm of indignation not only among the clergy, but laity as well, and in some quarters the demand that he be disciplined has been earnestly made. It is understood that the developments in the trial of the tabernacle suit against Mr. Gelson are discreditable to him, and they will probably form a portion of the charges which it is reported are to be presented against him. It is also claimed that Talmage has practically ceased to be a Presbyterian.

Legend, precedent and custom agree to make the typical alderman a symbol of happiness and well-fed content, and it cannot be denied the alderman of Gotham has the rotund complacency which agrees with his class. These city fathers cost $100,000 a year, and all they had to do was to issue licenses to peanut-stands and apple women, look pompous and gather in any perquisites which suit hearty old men like them. But behold, on Thursday Dean's bill sounded the tocsin of aldermanic reform, and more pomposity has disappeared in thirty-six hours than was ever know to evaporate in that length of time before. Stomachs have gotten too small for capacious waist-coats, and heads are set at three degrees less elevation, while the owners no longer look like the possessors of both sides of the street, as was their wont.

Saturday afternoon about 3 o'clock Annie Bartel, the Westchester milk-maid who set out on Monday to beat Madam Anderson's famous walk, broke down completely and was carried off the track in a distressingly painful condition. The task she set herself was to walk 3,000 quarter miles in 3,000 consecutive quarter hours. She completed one-sixth, or 141 miles. Her walking to-day was all done with difficulty. Her limbs were stiffening, and her feet were blistered and sore. Her shoes were cut almost to pieces, an attendant waited on her along the track with smelling salts, while another person kept her from falling. Shortly after noon she presented a shocking appearance. Her face was a sickly hue. Discolorations of flesh were noticed behind her ears, dark places showed round the eyes, her arms dropped to her side, her walk was a painful limp, although she was supported on both sides and almost lifted round the track. The doctors looked grave, but still she kept on dragging her suffering body over the dirty saw-dust. The room towards 3 became densely crowded; the atmosphere was suffocating, but the physicians ordered all windows closed. The excitement increased, spectators jostling each other to get a sight of the miserable spectacle. The poor creature, after each quarter-hour walk, was thrown into the arms of those waiting to receive her on the track, and as she plodded along she cast her eyes pityingly at the gaping crowd, as if to implore help. Amid murmurs and cries of "Shame," one of the persons interested in the show laid hold of her by the arm and waist, and forced her speed so that the two last quarters she made were covered in seven and a half minutes. She was then carried off. When the buzz of excitement had subsided, Dr. Little said, "We have decided to take Miss Bartel off the track for a short period. She is suffering from circumstances over which we have no control." At 5:45 o'clock it was definitely announced that Miss Bartel was off the track for good. She was completely broken down and semi-unconscious. Her extremities were cold, her tawdry suit hung loosely about her body, the attendants were chafing her hands, and her face wore the appearance of death.

The Windsor Hotel, on Fifth avenue at Forty-ninth street, sold at auction recently under foreclosures of mortgage, was erected at a cost of $1,500,000. It contains 500 rooms, the principal of which are elaborately ornamented with rich woods, frescoes and costly hangings. It has been a very fashionable resort for visitors, the hotel having given entertainment so far in the course of its brief career, to any number of wealthy Americans and people from abroad, and to hordes of British and French lords, and also to Don Pedro, Don Carlos, of Spain, President Lerdo, of Mexico, Lord Dufferin and the King of the Sandwich Islands. The property was erected in the flush times, and has been badly embarrassed since the return of an era of economical living. Too far up town for convenient access by business men and visiting politicians, it has not caught a very large part of the enormous tide of merchants and public men of other places constantly flowing into and out of the city, and the property has not paid. Last winter the hotel got into such straits that it led to the melancholy event of the suicide of Mr. John F. Daly, who kept it.

AUGUST.

New York, Feburary 3, 1879.

First Causes.

We chanced to find in the *New Era*, a journal published in Portland, Maine, an article on the death penalty, which so manifestly deals with first causes of criminal action that we quote a portion of it, asking therefor the candid consideration of our readers:

It is known that there are many persons who could not be roused by any circumstances—could not be placed in, or forced into any circumstances—that would cause them to raise their hand against another's life. In such persons the capacity of murder does not exist. But it is also as well known that there are many other persons who are not so susceptible to passion, and in whom passion often becomes ungovernable, who may, under very ordinary exciting circumstances, strike another dead. Now can it be said that these two classes of individuals are equally responsible for their acts when subjected to circumstances that in one cannot, and in the other do, force on to murder? In one, the capacity exists; else it could not be forced to action. In the other it cannot be forced to action because it does not exist.

So the question here comes up, Why have some individuals the capacity to murder, while others have it not? Ask and answer, Why some have hot and violent tempers while others have them not, and the former question is also answered. It is because they were so born—they inherited them—took them from their parents. "The parents have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth have been set on edge." But how can mothers, who are themselves incapable of murder, and who never murder, transmit to their children the capacity to murder, that, under certain circumstances, may be roused to action? Why, by the very fact and influence of judicial murder upon them while in the gestative period. No mother, while performing this part of the maternal duty, can read the awful story of cool and deliberate taking of a life by the State, or know that it is to be, or has been done, without a thrill of horror pervading her, and this has its influence on her unborn child. That mothers "mark" their children is a too well established fact to be disputed by even the most ignorant. If children can be "marked" with an inveterate and unconquerable desire for drink, they may by inveterate and ungovernable passions, and by the horrors of a hanging scene that fixes in them the capacity to take a life. Those who have studied most into the philosophy of this power of the mother over the child are fully convinced that almost all the murders that are committed may be traced directly to some incident in the life of the mother while in the gestative period, of which the murderer is the result.

Character is not acquired. It is inherited or stamped on children prior to their births. It is true that education may develop what is inherited; that the evil tendencies may be restrained and the good encouraged; but it is also true that the good which is wanting at birth cannot be engrafted into the character, nor the bad that is possessed be wholly eradicated by any process of development. These subtle laws are not generally understood; but they exist nevertheless. The principle on which they act is, however, well known and understood in other things, and being so, should set the seal of doom upon the gallows. Every mother, at least, should raise her voice against the continuation of this curse on motherhood; should demand, if not for the sake of the already condemned and those who have the capacity in them to murder, then for the sake of unborn generations, that this relic of barbarism be not re-enacted in this State, or no longer blacken the fair face of American civilization in other States.

Mrs. Smith, of this city, found a fishhook among her husband's papers and determined to destroy it. So she resolved to burn the fishhook up, and for this purpose cast it into the stove. The next morning Mr. Smith in digging out the "clinkings" found the fishhook in the ball of his thumb. After the surgeon had removed it, he put it into his vest pocket, with an idea of showing it to his acquaintances. He sauntered down street, when an unexpeditious colored woman swept by him and was suddenly brought to with "a round turn." The hook had worked its way partly out of his pocket, and its point caught in the bodice of her dress. The situation grew momentarily interesting to bad boys who infest the thoroughfare, and they hailed Smith's efforts to liberate himself from the Liberian custody with hoots of delight. Finally the dusky female swung clear and went dashing down the street. A policeman attempted her arrest, but was arrested himself by a fishhook in the hollow of his hand. The hook is now in the station-house, waiting to have something done with it. Any person desiring a permanent situation to take care of a fishhook should make immediate application to the proper authorities.—*New London Telegram.*

Chloride of soda is common salt.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

Senator McCreery's speech in favor of the transfer of the Indian Bureau to the War Department was the great event of the week. Senator McCreery has not made many speeches in Congress, but he is known as one of the ablest debaters in either House, and the announcement that he was to discuss the Indian question brought out the largest audience of the session. The galleries were packed, and every available space of the floor below occupied by members of the Houses and others who enjoy the privileges of the Senate chamber. The speech was a pointed and exhaustive presentation of the transfer side of the controversy. One of the hardest hits in the speech was its reference to the cloak of the church so wickedly used to cover outrages and rascalities. The various agencies are supposed to be assigned to, and in a measure under the control of different denominations, and the agents appointed are understood to represent the church to which the particular agency belongs. Church influence is required to secure an appointment, and the whole business is managed in the name of Christianity. Yet what a burlesque and what a disgrace it all is.

While there is so much talk about Presidential candidates, and so much doubt as to who is the "coming man," on both sides, it is interesting to gather up the various straws which indicate how the wind blows. The stands in the corridors of the Capitol, where pictures of prominent men are kept on sale, are good places to gather straws. The people who buy these pictures are not residents of Washington, but visitors to the capital from all parts of the country, so that the aggregate sales are a tolerably fair indication of the popularity of the different favorites. The keeper of one of these stands on the Senate side recently said to a friend of mine who inquired about the sales of engravings of the prominent men of to-day: "I sell the most of Thurman, Conkling, Ben Butler, Jim Blaine and John Sherman. You would be surprised," he says, "to know how great a demand there is for Butler's pictures. Of the five I have just mentioned, I think the honors would be divided between Thurman and Butler, next in the order would be Blaine, then Conkling, and then Sherman. I also have a great many orders for Chief Justice Waite. As for Hayes, I don't think I sell one of his to ten of Speaker Randall, and yet I am on the Senate side. There is but little demand for Garfield, but some for Sam Cox and Fernando Wood and Gen. Banks, but the principal sales are confined to those I have just mentioned. Of those who are dead, the greatest demand is for Andrew Jackson, Abraham Lincoln, and Chief Justice Chase, though there is a fair market for George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Daniel Webster, Secretary Seward, Secretary Stanton and General Thomas. You would be surprised to know, also, the number of engravings I sell of Jeff. Davis and General Lee. The sales of these two are not as extensive as those I have heretofore mentioned, but they are considerable. Grant for some reason don't sell well. It may be because every one has a likeness of him, but I sell three of Sherman to one of Grant; yes, General Lee outsells Grant." From inquiries at other stands, I learn that more pictures are sold of Senator Thurman than any other public man. The large sales of Butler's physiognomy may be accounted for from the general curiosity touching this most peculiar man, and the notoriety he enjoys from his eccentric public career.

Mr. Spofford, the librarian, has just made an important addition to the Congressional library. It is a complete file of journals published in Philadelphia from 1775 to 1877, in all, 107 volumes, and comprising the Claypoole *Advertiser*, *Poulson's Advertiser* and the *North American*, all well preserved and bound in calf. The bound volumes of newspapers in the library of Congress now number over 6,000, and in this collection is a set of the London *Gazette* from 1665 to 1879. There is but one other set in existence—this belonging to the British government. The question of providing additional room for the immense and magnificent collection of books now under Mr. Spofford's charge is still agitating the Congressional mind, but so far it is all talk. The building of which so much has been said is still visible in the mind's eye only.

As the end of the session approaches, all the sharks and lobbyists, who have little schemes in which they are interested, huddle together and prepare for a grand final rush. But the indications now are that the large raids upon the public Treasury will fail this session of even a respectful hearing. No time has as yet been wasted upon any of them, and there is little chance of their getting a show now, though there is usually great danger in the final rush. Both Republicans and Democrats, however, are very intent upon various moves upon the political chess-board, and neither side feels that it can afford to champion subsidies of any sort. The Democrats are organizing for a united and determined effort to repeal the test oath for jurors, and some obnoxious features of the federal election law. It looks as though the appointment of deputy marshals and supervisors of elections by the federal government would have to be dispensed with hereafter. There never was any constitutional warrant for these things. The Western Union Telegraph Company is making desperate efforts to defeat the measure to enable railroad companies to have telegraph lines and transmit messages for the public. If the measure passes, it will take a large amount of business from this monopoly, which has bought up every competing line heretofore established. FELIX.

Washington, D. C., February 15, 1879.

Making Happy Homes.

It has been said that great men speak of things, little men of persons. Certainly gossiping slander and scandal are more likely to occur where persons are under discussion than on the other plan. There is a process of education constantly going on in every dwelling, which care and thought can make an unspeakable advantage, and, at the same time, contribute to make a happy home. To keep objects of pure and high interest before the children's minds, in a natural and suitable way—to have them supplied with such books as will occupy and interest—to talk not so much to them as with them about objects—to take note of and encourage any advance they make, and to direct the flow—not of a part of—but of the whole of their life, physical, mental, and moral, without apparent interference or violence; this happy act, to be sought for, labored for, goes far to make a happy home.

Neither wealth nor high education is needed to do this. The tastes of children are naturally simple. Your child's wooden gun, cut with your own hand, perhaps, and made a link of connection between your little boy and you, may be more to him, more influential over his character, more potent in binding his heart to you while living, his memory to you when you are dead, than a costly gift, that had nothing to say of you, but that you ordered it at the store. And when you, living a loving, natural life before your children, and with them, bend the knee in their midst and speak of God to them, and of yourself, and the friends they know to be in joy or sorrow, there is a most blessed education going on—there is a powerful restraint being put on natural evil, there is a pleasant type of Heaven where the whole family that is named after Jesus shall be gathered together.

We would not willingly convey the impression that all the good feeling is to be on the side of the father, for much might be said to wives and others on the influence of temper and tone in making home happy. Meantime, my fancy roams through dwellings into which I have peeped; into quiet "parlors" where the carpet is clean and not old and the furniture polished and bright; into "rooms" where the chairs are deal, and the floor carpetless; into "kitchens" where the family live, and the meals are cooked and eaten, and the boys and girls are as blithe as the sparrows in the thatch overhead, and I see that it is not so much wealth, nor learning, nor clothing, nor servants, nor toil, nor niceness, nor town, nor country, nor rank, nor station as tone and temper that make life joyous or miserable, that render homes happy or wretched. And I see, too, that in town or country, in Ulster or Leinster, in Europe or America, God's grace and good sense make life what no teachers, or accomplishments, or means, or society, can make it, the opening stave of an everlasting psalm, the fair beginning of endless existence, the goodly, modest, well-proportioned vestibule to a temple of God's building, that shall never decay, wax old, or vanish away.

Home Work.

The following sketch is by Rev. T. K. Beecher:

"I declare that the woman who is able to systematize and carry on smoothly the work of an ordinary family illustrates higher sagacity than is called for by seven-eighths of the tasks done by man. Men take one trade, and work at it; mothers' and house-keepers' work requires a touch from all trades. A man has his work hours, and his definite tasks; a woman has work at all hours, and incessant confusion of tasks. Let any man do a woman's work for a single day—wash and dress the children—having provided their clothes the night before; see that breakfast is under way, to suit a fault-finding husband; the wash-boiler put on with water for the washing; the dish-water heating, and the luncheon brought out for the school-goers; a nice dinner in the good man's dinner pail; the beds made, after proper airing; the father's convenience exactly hit for family prayers; the systematic sweeping of the house once a week, and of living rooms once to three times a day—according to the number of men to bring in the mud—the actual washing and out-washing of clothes; the drying, sprinkling and folding, and to-morrow the ironing of the same; the sorting and mending of them, and providing for the new ere the old gives out; the making of bread three times a week, with cakes and pies intercalated judiciously; pickles, preserves, and cellar stores to be laid in, and not forgotten in their season; children's manners to be attended to; company to be entertained; her own person to be tidied up, to please *his* eye; the tired *him* to be welcomed and waited on by the no less tired *her*, and the home made cheerful; his trousers to be patched after he goes to bed, 'so he can put them on in the morning;' the children to be helped about their lessons, and reminded not to forget their Sunday-school lesson; the shopping and marketing to be done for the household; house repairs to be attended to, and matters in general to be kept straight around home. Meanwhile, 'Papa must not be hindered about his work,' because his work brings in the money. Yes, man's work brings in the money. But man's work does not so tax the head, and heart, and hand, as woman's work does."

WISDOM.—We do not become wise through books alone. No; not through books, not through travel, not through clever people, not through the whole world, if we do not carry in ourselves the slumbering power which calls forth out of all the individual parts the harmonious shape; or, to speak more simply, when we do not understand how to unite the end with the sensible deed.

It is when our budding hopes are nipped beyond recovery by some rough wind that we are the most disposed to picture to ourselves what flowers they might have borne if they had flourished.—*Dickens.*