Pacific Library

The New Northwest.

DUNIWAY PUBLISHING COMPANY, Proprietors.

OFFICE—Cor. Front & Washington Streets.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE.

One year ..... $1 00
Six months ..... 1 50
Three months ..... 1 00

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on Reasonable Terms.

# The New Northwest.

Free Speech, Free Press, Free People.

VOLUME IX. PORTLAND, OREGON, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1879. NUMBER 4.

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.

## ELINOR NORTON.

BY MARY SHANE SMITH.

### CHAPTER XXXIV.

"Well," growled Captain Talbot, as they reached his room, "how much longer are you going to keep me here about this trifling nuisance?"

And he flung himself into an armchair, and looked up at Frank and the Doctor with defiant hate.

The Doctor could scarcely restrain an angry exclamation, while Frank looked sternly down into the malicious face, and said, slowly and distinctly:

"We only want you long enough to arrange a little business matter, and then we hope never to trouble you again, nor to see you, either. You may think it a trifle to rake an innocent woman's reputation; doubtless it is, to such as you. But perhaps the results of your attempt in this direction may not seem so trifling. As you are aware, I hold the proofs of a crime that would send you to the penitentiary if I gave the word—"

"You have pledged yourself not to give that word, and a dear price I've paid you for it, too!" broke in Talbot, fiercely.

"You need have no fear that I will ever break my pledge," said Frank, calmly; "but it so happens that I also have ample proof of another crime committed by you, which proof will be sufficient to consign you to prison for the rest of your life, or perhaps—"

"It's a lie! You've got no such proof! There has been no crime committed!" stormed Talbot, with fearful oaths.

"Listen," said Frank, in a cold, hard voice that chilled the furious man into silence. "Do you remember the night of the 31st of December last? Do you remember the road leading north from St. Augustine, and who traveled it that night? Do you remember the orange grove and mansion of Mr. ——"

"Hush! For heaven's sake, hush! How did you know?—it is impossible!" interrupted the Captain, in a tone of abject terror, while great drops of perspiration started out on his livid forehead, and he looked away from Frank, on whom his gaze had been riveted, to the Doctor and the policeman, searching their faces eagerly to see if they, too, knew his guilt.

"No," said Frank, reading his look, "they do not know as yet, and but few do. It depends entirely on yourself whether anyone else learns the terrible secret or not. Now that you remember the circumstances I allude to, I trust it will not be necessary for me to relate all the incidents of that festal night."

"No! no! Not another word! What do you want me to do? I'll do anything!" said the wretched being, as he came close up to Frank and bent toward him entreatingly, his face absolutely ghastly in its expression of helpless terror.

Frank shrank back with instinctive disgust, as he said, grimly:

"I want you to take your polluting presence out of the country. I want you to be where you cannot again harm the woman you have tried to destroy by your foul slanders. Agree to this, leave as quickly as you can settle up your business, and never show yourself in the United States again, and the knowledge of this, and still other crimes, will remain confined to the few who already know of your misdeeds. Refuse, and I will deliver you up to the law at once."

"I will do as you require, if you will give up the proof you say you have got," muttered Talbot, without lifting his eyes from the floor.

"Do as you choose. I shall never do that," replied Frank, firmly.

Captain Talbot started up with furious oaths, but Frank calmed him soon by saying, quietly:

"What is your decision? I do not care to spend more time in this way. Will you go to the penitentiary or to Europe?"

The defeated villain started as if he had been struck, and, dropping into his chair, buried his face in his hands and groaned. At length he raised his head, lifted his bloodshot eyes to Frank, and said, hoarsely:

"I must consult a lawyer before I decide. I must have a little time to think. Send these men out. I must talk with you alone."

Dr. Duff shook his head warningly, and the policeman looked amused at the idea; but Frank said:

"Certainly, if you desire it, though I repeat that I can make no concessions. What lawyer do you wish?"

"Major Jones, of 976 J—— street," replied the Captain, after a moment's hesitation.

"Very well, he shall be sent for," said Frank. Then turning to his friends, he requested them to retire for a few minutes, and to have a messenger dispatched immediately for the lawyer.

They retired, very unwillingly, while Frank remained alone with Captain Talbot and heard what he had to say, which, however, it is not necessary to repeat here.

When Major Jones arrived, he and his client held a brief consultation, while our three friends waited outside in the hall.

"Do you suppose there is any possibility of that old scoundrel getting away from us by means of the window?" said Dr. Duff, in a low tone.

"Not the least," said Frank, while the policeman looked up quickly, laughed lightly, and said, *sotto voce*:

"That would be the best thing for us that he could try; but he's too smart for that."

At length Frank was called in and informed by the Major that his requirements would be complied with.

Captain Talbot seemed too dejected to talk, but sat apart in gloomy silence, while his lawyer made a last effort to secure better terms for him.

"It is useless," replied Frank. "I cannot give any assurances as to Captain Talbot's safety, unless he leaves this country as soon as possible and remains away. If he returns, it is at his peril."

"And those documents?" said Major Jones, persuasively.

"Are in safe keeping, and will remain there; so it will be useless to employ assassins to follow me again," said Frank, turning sharply to his enemy as he uttered the last words.

The wretched man gazed at him an instant in a dazed sort of way, and then muttered:

"Have you got him too? The miserable coward, did—"

"Hush! Stop, Captain; you don't know what you are saying," broke in his lawyer, hastily, adding, presently, "this trouble is upsetting you badly; you must be very careful what you say."

"Remember," said Frank, "all the conditions, and observe them faithfully. I and my witnesses will not forget them, you may be sure. And if anything should happen to me," he added, significantly, turning to Talbot, "it will not make a particle of difference to you, for everything is so arranged now that, should it ever be discovered in the future that you had uttered one word against Miss Norton, your punishment will be sure and unavoidable. Now, if you assent to all the terms, and promise to be out of the country in a reasonable time, I have nothing more to say, except to advise you to cease your systematic warfare upon innocent women. If you do not, you will certainly be overtaken by frightful retribution some day. You cannot always escape."

So saying, Frank turned and walked away, followed by curses and execrations. He joined his friend and left the hotel, after charging the policeman not to lose track of his man till he was on board the outward-bound steamer.

Captain Talbot remained for a three-day's visit, and in due time it was announced, much to the surprise of his set, that Captain Talbot had sold his elegant residence, disposed of all his property, and sailed for Europe.

### CHAPTER XXXV.

When December snows once more with clinging draperies enrobed the City of Brotherly Love, Elinor Norton began her final preparation for her life-work. Even Dr. Duff was satisfied with the apology tendered her, and those who had so cruelly wronged her by their ready belief of foul slanders were soon won to appreciation and admiration by her quiet, modest, lady-like deportment, her conscientious faithfulness in her studies, and her evident genius for her chosen profession.

"She is the peer of any student in the class intellectually, and the superior of every man here morally and spiritually, while her bearing and manners place her above all other ladies who have studied with us."

So said Professor Marston, rather enthusiastically, to Professor Grimsby, one day, not long after the opening of the session.

"Yes, I don't know but what you are right, Marston. She is certainly a very worthy young woman, and quite exemplary in her conduct," admitted the exacting Professor, who had been the last of all to admit that good women might, from the purest motives, wish to avail themselves of the advantages offered by a first-class medical college.

And now, at last, all obstacles removed, Elinor pursued her studies with untiring energy, and gladdened the heart of her faithful old friend by her rapid progress, while Mrs. Duff leaned upon her more and more as the changing seasons rolled on, and each succeeding Summer seemed more trying, and each Winter longer and more chilling, to the dear old lady, who had so unselfishly lived for others more than threescore years.

Thus it was that Elinor's cares gradually increased as time passed, until, by the time she had completed the course of study, had graduated with high honors, and felt that she must look about her for a business location, both the Doctor and his wife felt that they could not possibly do without her.

"My dear child, why should you leave us now?" said the Doctor, earnestly, when she spoke of the necessity of "getting to work." "I used to jest about taking you in as a partner; but now, you see, it is no joking matter. Go in with me, then, instead of searching for a new place, and make us the happiest old couple in Penn's woods. I really don't see how mother would live without you now, after having you all these years, and you couldn't be cruel enough to want to deprive me of both of you at once, could you?"

"Oh, my child, how can I live without you, sure enough?" broke in Mrs. Duff, without waiting for an answer. "What have we done that you want to leave us in our old age?"

"I don't want to leave you, my dearest, best friends," said Elinor, struggling hard to keep back the tears as untecming for a young M. D., and not succeeding very well, as she put her arms about her adopted mother and laid her head on the faithful shoulder, so ready to bear the burdens of another.

The elder lady's eyes were by no means dry, and even the practical, jocular old Doctor dashed away a few stray drops that somehow had fallen on his coat cuff, although it was a glorious, sunlit day, without a cloud to mar the blue serenity of heaven.

"Why do you distress us by talking about going away, if you don't want to?" Mrs. Duff found voice to say, presently. "I can't think why you should."

"Because I felt that I ought not to be dependent on your kindness any longer. There is no other reason," said Elinor, earnestly.

"Oh, you proud, silly child! Can you feel that way after all this time?" said Mrs. Duff, reproachfully, while the Doctor, thinking of the tireless efforts of his young friend to save them both every step and every care she could, said, with deep feeling:

"My child, the dependence is just the other way. We put more on you than we ought, I fear; so don't have such a thought as that, but, if you can stand it, stay with us and share our labors and our home."

So at length it was all arranged satisfactorily, much to the delight of the old folks, and perhaps equally so of Elinor herself, for her affectionate, home-loving nature had shrunk painfully from leaving the truest home and friends she had ever known since childhood, and she was deeply touched to learn that she was held so dear by those she loved and revered, and thankful to feel that she could conscientiously remain with them.

The new firm proved to be a success in every respect, as, contrary to her expectations, Elinor found abundant work to do, for, while some women sneered and scoffed at the idea of a woman physician, many others were thankful indeed that they could now consult with a lady of education and refinement, capable of sympathizing with them and understanding them, as even dear, good old Dr. Duff never could.

"Ah, you are taking all my practice among the mothers and the babies," said he, laughingly, one day, as the three sat at dinner. "How do you manage so soon to displace me in families on whom I supposed I had a life lease?"

"I could have had no chance to displace you as you say, if you had not first sent me to these places in your stead, pleading illness or press of business," said Elinor, quickly. "And it is only because I am a woman that anyone prefers me to you, I know, Doctor," she added, earnestly.

"I always knew our girl would make a good doctor, from the way she acted the first time she ever went with me to see some of your poor patients," said Mrs. Duff, and she looked sharply at Elinor and then at the Doctor, saying, as she did so, "I believe you two are just alike in one thing."

"Is that all?" laughed the Doctor. "What may it be?"

"Well, I think you would both rather work for nothing than for pay. I really think you don't take as good care of rich patients as you do of poor ones that never can pay you a cent in the world."

"Oh, well, mother," said her husband, smiling, "we get enough to eat and keep us comfortable, don't we? And rather more, I think, since our girl has been helping to support us."

"Indeed we do," said his wife. "Don't think I am finding fault with either of you for being like the blessed Savior."

And the mild blue eyes gazed almost reverently at the two so dear to the aged heart.

It was a busy, active life that Elinor lived during that first year of practice—full of hard work and harder trials; but it was good for her, and every hardship had its counterbalancing blessing. She was not spared the thing she had most dreaded; but she learned to endure it better than she ever thought she could, though misconception of her motives always continued to be one of the hardest things she had to bear. Many and many a time, after working hard to alleviate pain, or even to save the life of some miserable inhabitant of a "tenement," she had listened with burning cheeks to coarse and brutal comments upon herself as she hurried past the besotted wretches, some of them miscalled gentlemen, whom whisky, as well as natural vileness, had made insensible to the charm of purity and refinement.

At such times, she would draw her veil closely over her face and hasten along the street toward the friendly shelter of her home, feeling much like poor Godiva, as she sped trembling through the slightless town for the sake of the suffering poor she would succor at any cost to her own pure, shrinking soul. Like that noble lady, too, perhaps she felt rewarded for her sacrifices when the feeble tones of some poor suffering mother blessed her for saving a darling child, or a husband, with veneration and gratitude in voice and face, thanked her for the restoration to health of a beloved wife.

Laboring zealously and intelligently, our friend had many such rewards, even in the early part of her practice, for she possessed not only the technical knowledge necessary for her duties, but that peculiar, indescribable quality so essential to a true physician, that is, the power of sensing, mentally, the hidden workings of that wonderful piece of mechanism in which dwells the human soul. Marvelous, indeed, it is in its complexity, its perfect adaptability to its multiform "environment," its wonderful resisting and recuperating power—in short, in its perfect adaptation to the needs of its spiritual occupant—and most marvelous to the one who most studies its wonders.

(To be continued.)

## GIVE THE GIRLS A CHANCE.

BY MRS. H. A. LOUGHARY.

So much has been said and written about "Our Girls," that it would seem that the subject is an inexhaustible one. We can scarcely take up a paper, book or magazine but we see some of the following articles, "Hints to Girls," "Advice to Mothers," "Lessons of Economy for Wives," etc. Almost any beardless boy feels quite competent and authorized to advise wives in the duties of housekeeping, and mothers how to train their children. Notwithstanding all that has been said and written, much of which is mere cant and undue criticism, there is a much-needed reform in the manners and customs of training girls.

Now, I hope none of the girl readers of the NEW NORTHWEST will think that they are about to receive another castigation, for it is the fathers and the mothers, and society in general, that I propose to address. I am interested in the dear girls, for I am the mother of girls, and feel that few perhaps are more pained than I to see the misdirected ideas and wrongs resulting therefrom in the training of our girls from birth to womanhood and wifehood—yes, farther back still, to their prenatal conditions. To abrogate some of these, I submit the following: First, give them a sound and healthy organization and right conditions of living through childhood; second, give them a comprehensive education; third, give them employment; fourth, give them money; fifth, give them property; sixth, give them the power to protect property.

In my opinion, none of these propositions is so important as the first. Every child born, whether girl or boy, is entitled to a sound organization, physically and mentally, and parents ought to feel that they have no moral right to bequeath sickly, dwarfed, poorly-organized children to society. Society is made up and dependent on individuals, and individuals are dependent on society. This fact suggests another, that individuals are entitled to a pure and healthful society in which to live. Not a puny babe can wail and suffer and die without to a greater or less extent affecting society, if it is but to touch and pain the tender cords of sympathy. The dreadful mortality among children is truly appalling. Wherever we go, we are brought into the association of sad and bleeding hearts. Some one of the dreadful maladies which choose children for their victims has suddenly swooped down into a community, like a terrible simoon, snatching a victim here and there ere we can realize the fact. There is certainly a wrong somewhere. Children *ought* to be born to live. Parents should give their children such pure and healthy surroundings and conditions as will contribute to their comfort, health and happiness. Give them pure food and drink, good clothing properly adjusted, pure air, exercise and recreation, and we have thrown around them a powerful safeguard. Our girls of the present day are placed in a hot-bed and pushed from the cradle to the grave. Almost as soon as they drop their baby robes, they are pushed into tight-fitting garments, stiff laced boots, embroidery, laces, and crimping pins, which rob them of many of their natural, healthful, girlish sports and exercises. At too early a period they are pushed into schools, exposed to so many of the dangerous surroundings and influences of school-rooms, and their premature minds overtaxed with task duties. Added to this they must have painting and drawing, or some of the fine arts. Music has become a kind of mania, which almost everybody is attempting, while only the few make it a success. It is fashionable, and every little girl, before she enters her "teens," in addition to her already over-taxed mind and body and unnatural surroundings, must be doomed to spend two or more hours each day "practicing" in one of those uninviting places called parlors, where scarcely a ray of light or gleam of sunshine ever enters—too nice for a living room, and not fit to be sick or die in. In childhood they are pushed into society, assuming the places and occupations of women. Instead of our laughing, sporting, rollicking, frolicking Susans and Frankies and Mamies, they are merged into "Miss Morse," "Miss Jones," or "Miss Smith." From fifteen to eighteen they are pushed into matrimony, to assume the responsible duties of wifehood and motherhood before the organs of either mind or body are fitted for such positions—because society requires it, and the laws, which mothers did not make, permit it. Oh! how we are pained to see the many poor girl-mothers, the roses faded from their cheeks, the brilliancy from their eyes, and they ready to be pushed into the grave and called old before they have reached the age of well-developed womanhood. This proposition has been noticed largely from a negative standpoint, but you see the drift of the argument.

*Give them a comprehensive education.* In these days of literary advantages and attainments, and at a period when girls are allowed equal advantages with boys in many of our schools and colleges, it may seem unnecessary to urge the education of our girls, were it not that we mean one more comprehensive than a text-book education. That we leave with our educators, except that it is hardly wise to leave our girls to pursue such a course as the usual stereotyped routine of a college education. There are many things to be considered—the time, the mental and physical forces, the adaptation of each to certain studies, and, as far as possible, the future application of the same. But there is not so much objection to the course usually pursued as in the manner and circumstances in which it is pursued. Owing to an ignorance or neglect of the laws of life which govern our minds and bodies, there are but few of our girls that go through college who do not come out physically wrecked, their health so shattered, and consequently their mental forces so exhausted, that they are unable to receive the benefits of the application of their knowledge, and many die, their talents covered in untimely graves before their education is completed. They possess the jewels, but, alas! no casket to hold them. Our girls need to be taught economy and the knowledge of business, trade and commerce such as will call into question their individuality and independence of thought and character. Teach them the duties of wives and mothers—the science of housekeeping. A girl is but half educated, though she may have conquered all the sciences and fine arts, if she is ignorant of domestic and useful knowledge, whether or not an application of such knowledge is demanded of her. One of the great errors in regard to the teaching of our girls is the "cramming" process invariably adopted, which has a tendency to destroy the taste for future study. Education is a constant process of development, and therefore a life work. A well-trained mind in a strong body will expand and develop from youth to old age. One strong reason why so many of our girls are so easily satisfied with useless, trashy reading, that does not tax the minds, is because of the "cramming" process.

*Give them employment.* In less than a single decade the time will come that a girl who has no business, trade or profession will be in line with such men of to-day, "tramps." We are disposed to look with suspicion upon the man who presumes to pass in the ranks of society with no special profession, trade or business that is remunerative. It will soon be as true of girls. Nothing can be more elevating to the character of our girls than honorable employment. Idleness is the parent of vice. Such have been the changes within the last few years relative to woman's work and position in society that we find very many avenues opened up to our girls which were closed to women when we were young. In addition, girls now have an almost equal place in educational labor, and the doors of medical, law and theological schools are opened to women. Trades are also available. Mothers, we should begin early to watch the natural developments of adaptation in our girls for certain professions, trades, or businesses, and educate them specially for the positions which will suit them, and aid them in securing such places. It is useless to educate an artist for a teacher or banker, or for one naturally domestic to be urged into the editorial sanctum or the lecture field. Let no girl feel that it is right or safe to leave the parental roof to enter into society destitute of the means of a lucrative employment. The time for girls to be bequeathed to society as parasites, to be petted and supported, is well nigh past; it will soon be a dishonor, as it should be, rather than something to be proud of. This naturally brings us to the consideration of our next proposition.

*Give them money*, as it is given to their brothers, when they earn and are entitled to it. Every child, as soon as it can count ten cents, should be taught the real value of money, and should have a separate purse in which to deposit its little earnings and gifts; as soon as a few dollars are accumulated, have it appropriated for something useful and durable, or loaned for interest. This is the only way to teach our children the value and use of money. We are often reminded of the extravagance of girls. This is largely because they never have enough money of their own earnings at their disposal to know its real worth. This fact is detrimental to the present happiness and future prosperity of our girls. Many of our industrious better class of young men refuse to marry because they feel unable to support these girls of extravagance and idleness, who are utterly unable to support themselves. Many unhappy marriages are the result of this helplessness of girls, who have neither occupation nor money, and marry for a home and a support. They are sent out into society without a dime in their pockets; they must enjoy the pleasures of the social world, which cost money, and therefore they are brought under obligations to young men of doubtful character, who readily spend money for the pleasure and entertainment of such girls. We should as much avoid sending our girls into society for a single day, without money sufficient to make them independent and safe, as we would avoid a pest-house. As soon as the duty of giving our girls employment and money is generally adopted, we will have but few girls marrying for a home. Men want partners for wives instead of "clinging vines," that are a constant tax upon their pockets and their time; and, moreover, we will have a more useful and independent type of womanhood when it need not any longer be said that women, because they are women, are unfitted for business transactions and to assume responsibilities and liabilities. Because of this wrong usage practiced by women, and adopted by society, special legislation is thought to be necessary for women, which not only places women in the catalogue with idiots and criminals, but robs them of their money, their property, and their God-given right to self-protection and self-government.

## How Cain Got His Wife.

A few years ago, says *Harper's Magazine*, while the Alabama and Chattanooga Railroad was in progress of construction, it was a favorable field for colored preachers to labor and take up collections "for de spread ob de gospel." Among these a frequent visitor was old Father Helms, from Tennessee, whose vivid eloquence and practical "spoundin' ob de Sacred Word" were very attentively listened to by large congregations of the sable race, with no small delegation of interested white listeners upon the outskirts. Upon one occasion, assembled in a lovely Alabama grove, he addressed his congregation thus:

"Ladies and gentlemen ob my beloved congregation—Havin' cotched a bad cold de odder evenin', I shan't attempt to preach to yer dis Sabbath mornin', but will read a chapter from de Bible, and 'spound it as I go along."

He then read the fourth chapter of Genesis, after which he continued his remarks:

"De odder evenin' I tuk for my tex' de tragedy in de garden of Eden—de killin' ob Abel and de cuss and drivin' out ob Cain. And after de sermon one ob yer smart young darkies—one ob dese thin-skinned, saleratus-complexioned darkies—steps up to me, and says he, 'Fader Helms, yer disremembered to tell us who Mr. Cain married down in de land o' Nod; was it his mudder?' Dere was a grinnin' crowd ob no 'count, triflin' niggers wid him, an' I 'spected at once dat de white folks had sent him up to ax de question. I was so overcome with a sense ob de sinfulness and great 'sumption ob de sinners, bofe white and black, dat I could say nuffin. I had nuffin to say. I tuk the question under prayerful consideration, an' de answer were made plain. I'm gwine to 'spound dat part ob de Scripter to yer.

"Who Cain's wife was, and whar he got her, is plain to de all-seing eye ob faith. In the Garden ob Eden Cain raised right smart crops of garden truck and such. But after de slewing ob his Christian brudder Abel, we don't read ob his workin' no mo'. He tuk his gun and dogs and went down into dat sleepy, lazy, no 'count section ob Nod, and loafed aroun' dat country; an' havin' lost all ob his self-respec' and pride ob family and state, de nex' we hear ob him he had got so low down an' trifling dat he married a gal ob one ob dese no 'count, poor, white-trash families which de inspired 'postle didn't consider fittin' to mention in de Holy Word."

The reverend "'spounder" gazed around upon his admiring congregation with an air of triumph, and a brother struck up the hymn, "Whar, oh! whar, am de Hebrew chillen?"

Good stories are always born twins. We all remember the quaint story of Rufus Choate, who, when told that if he pursued his hard work he would ruin his constitution, replied that the constitution was gone long since, and that for years he had been living on the by-laws. And of Sheridan the counterpart is told. He was somewhat given to indulgence in strong drink. When remonstrated with and told that the quantity of brandy he drank would certainly destroy the coat of his stomach, he quietly poured out another glass, and replied: "Well, then, my dear friend, there is nothing for my stomach to do but to digest in its waistcoat."

Talk of the bravery of the sterner sex! Do you remember the first time you asked her, "Will you take my arm?" while you trembled all over like the narrative of a stump-tail dog, and experienced the sensation of having swallowed your Adam's apple, what did she do? Why, she took your arm as coolly as she would eat a pickle.

Some persons have a great faculty for getting on in the world. The little shaver who stood at the foot of his class when we were schoolboys together, now proudly guards the left field in some crack base-ball club, and is playing for a fielding average of .976.—*New Haven Register.*

It was at Nantucket, the other day. On the way up from the boat one of the party asked the driver, "Do they play 'Pinafore' here?" "Guess not," was the answer of the benighted islander, with a puzzled look, "but they play billiards."—*Boston Transcript.*

"No," said a Texas lawyer, as he placed a couple of loaded Derringers on the table before him, "the fact that this witness is a desperate man, will not deter me from asking him such questions as I may deem proper."

A new field for the speaking telephone has recently been discovered by utilizing the American barbed wire fences as local lines connecting distant farm-houses, and practically uniting the farming populations.

Wound no one's feelings unnecessarily; there are thorns enough in the path of human life.

## SUMMER'S DONE.

BY MRS. L. P. WHITON.

Thinner the leaves of the larches show,
Motionless held in the languid air;
Pinnies by waysides the sweetbriers grow,
Wide bloom laying their gold hearts bare,
Languishing one by one;
Summer is almost done.

Deeper-hued roses have long since died;
Silent the birds through the white mist fly;
Down of the thistles by hot suns dried,
Covers with pain those vines growing nigh;
Little brooks culmer run;
Summer is almost done.

Later the flush of the sunrise sweeps,
Shortening the reign of the slow-coming day;
Earlier shade of the twilight creeps
Over the swallows skimming away;
Crickets their notes have begun;
Summer is almost done.

Darkened to mourning the sad-colored beech,
Empty the nests in the purple boughs lie;
Something elusive we never can reach
Deepens the glory of days going by;
Aftermath lies in the sun;
Summer is almost done.

Child, why regret that Summer must go?
Sweet lies the aftermath left in the sun;
Lives that are earnest more beautiful grow
Out of a childhood in beauty begun;
Harvest of gold can be won
Only—when Summer is done!
—[Wide Awake.

SINGLE MARRIAGES.—The best instincts of the noblest men and women in all climes and all ages have turned towards monogamy, or the devotion of one man to one woman and her posterity, as the wisest, most natural and healthy arrangement of the sexes. Young love, budding and blossoming in the sunshine of life, gladly and heartily volunteers promises of enduring and exclusive devotion. The world is right in holding that the manly man and womanly woman, the well-balanced minds, will find the path of least resistance in a constancy to such early vows. The high and holy consummation of all sexual love, in the perfect child, and the perfect future of Humanity, can be attained in no other system. In its progress toward such consummation true love brushes aside all obstacles or surmounts them with joyful ease. Nations who have adhered most closely to this system have subued all others.—*N. Y. Man.*

Mrs. Louisa M. Thomas, of Tacony, Philadelphia, has a beautiful farm of twenty acres under her management. She looks after everything about the farm, takes sample bags of wheat to the mills and sells her crop by it, and has twice received ten cents on a bushel more than any of her neighbors. She has four acres of wheat this season, under cultivation, but takes most interest in her cows, chickens and bees. Her cows are Jerseys, and her butter sells at 65 cents a pound on the average. She disposes of two hundred pounds of butter yearly and one hundred dollars worth of honey. Her chickens are of the pure Brahma breed, and she has a hatching house built after the plan of one used by a French lady near Paris. She sometimes raises one thousand chickens a year, uses many, and sells others at from $1 to $3 a piece. Mrs. Thomas is a finely educated woman and has traveled extensively in Europe and in this country. Mrs. Thomas is a strong Woman Suffragist.

WORTHY A MONUMENT.—The heroic spectacle of filial devotion which is presented to our minds by the noble defense of Judge Chisolm by his son and daughter is not excelled in history. The account should be written up for and inserted in the school-books of the country for the benefit of our youths, and a monument in commemoration of such devotion would grace the capital city. It is a subject for a grand historic painting which would clothe with glory the American artist who should do justice to it. In that scene, the antipodes of human nature are brought into juxtaposition, the highest and lowest that can sway the human heart. Let it live in history, though it be, as it is, at once the glory and the shame of our people.—*American Home.*

BORAX AND NITER FOR HOARSENESS. *La France Medical* remarks that these two salts have been employed with advantage in cases of hoarseness and aphonia occurring suddenly from the action of cold. The remedy is recommended to singers and orators whose voices suddenly become lost, but which by these means can be recovered almost instantly. A little piece of borax, the size of a pea, is to be slowly dissolved in the mouth ten minutes before singing or speaking. The remedy provokes an abundant secretion of saliva, which moistens the mouth and throat. This local action of the borax should be aided by an equal dose of niter, taken in warm solution, before going to bed.

Women are more prudent than men. As a rule, women are more faithful than men—ten times as faithful as men. I never saw a man pursue his wife into the ditch and dust of degradation and take her in his arms. I never saw a man stand at the shore where she had been morally wrecked, waiting for the waves to bring back even her corpse to his arms; but I have seen woman, with her white arms, lift man from the mire of degradation, and hold him to her bosom as if he were an angel.—*Ingersoll.*

Mr. Bright has been shocking the English people by telling them that their government of India is nothing but a despotism—as much so as if it were under a Czar and not under a Queen. More than one-half of the revenue derived from those 200,000,000 Hindoos is spent to support the Indian army.

The baby oyster is not much bigger than a pin's head at the end of a fortnight, and at three months old only the size of a split pea. In a year it will become as large as a five-cent nickel, and at the end of four years' growth is fit for the market.

The idea that you can read a man's thoughts in his face is all bosh. Look the man in the face who borrowed ten dollars from you a year ago "for a day or two," and it expresses nothing but blankness—the blankest kind.

A mother, noticing her little daughter wipe her mouth with her dress sleeve, asked her what her handkerchief was for. Said the little one: "It is to shake at the ladies in the street. That is what papa does with his."

If your lips would keep from slips, five things observe with care—of whom you speak, to whom you speak, and how and when and where.