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CHAPTER IL

THE BARBECUE The eventful morning of the glorious Fourth dawned brightly clear and oppressively hot. At an early hour the make their appearance on the grounds the pleasure of the meeting ?" at Chincapio Oaks, prepared to make a

Not far from the speaker's stand, which was an uncouth temporary platnot far enough away to enable the ce- the growd, that ended in an interrolebrities who were to occupy it to sit gation point on the upward scale. out of range of the smoke from the barcasions for the gastronomical delectaof the Scriptural injunction to the nify it by saying aye."

sterner sex to "est the herb of the field." farther in the shaded grove than the seats or platform, was a pit, seven feet form," said Mr. Ingleton, dryly, amid a in depth, and four by eight in breadth general clapping of hands. . and length, in the bottom of which was a glowing bed of oaken coals, and across reddening to the roots of his bair. the top a frame-work of fron rods, upon beef, balves of mutton, whole pigs, triumphant. He well comprehended turkeyn, geese, ducks, chickens, prairie the young man's perplexity.

"But I will be expused," was the em-

The "boss," or superintendent, of the awering to the subriquet of Dave, the the blazing heavens, and the blistering fat, white-headed, ebony-skinned oracle air was fast meiting down the choicest of the neighborhood, with a flery brand visude on the waiting tables, adding in his forchead long since healed, but uneasiness about the dinner to the other leaving a frightful scar, which it was cares of child burdened bousewives. bis custom to hide under a red cotton "I'd try to read, if I were you," whis handkerchief on ordinary occasions, a pered Tirzah, bluebing with discomcovering which was now discarded on fiture. account of the intense heat, that, aggra-valed by the fire from the barbecue, had demanded an impossibility. John caused the perspiration to pour in streams from his oily cutiele, and fall have intelligibly read his glorious

John Tugleton, the senior, sat bolt up right in the speaker's stand, Impatiently awaiting the orator and reader of the day, who were to come in a buggy from a city a dozen miles away.

The news that Captain Hardine had forbidden his family to attend the bar-becue had spread through the entire comnunity, not excepting the village of Chincapie Oaks, with whose denizens the sounty folk usually had little symsathy and less of companionship When, in defiance of paternal flat, the junior Hardine came proudly marching to the front with bluehing, pretty, piquant Tirzah Ingleton upon his arm, rejoiding and astonishment. These young people had been known to have been surreptitionaly "keeping company" for a year past, but not dare to disobey the arbitrary mandate voice : of his father, lu any case.

Involuntarily there was a ge whom and young John Ingleton, the Marshal of the day, as was also well known among the young people of both village and county, there was a strong attachment. But 'Lize was nowhere to seen. The Marshal rode proudly through the grounds, and really made a doome picture as he mt on his big horse with a majestic air, his fine figure displaying a tri-colored sash, and his broad-brimmed hat turned up threecorner-wise, exhibiting a handsome forehead, lighted by restless eyes of

bluish gray.
The musicians, whose instrument rare a fife and a drum, favored the audi-

e New Northwest.

FREE SPECCH, FREE PRESS, FREE PROPLE.

VOLUME IX.

PORTLAND, OREGON, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1879.

added seet to many a sharp and waiting charger and drew very near, his hat

of him, beside the dignitary's daughter, listened eagerly, with his lipe parted.

Tirzah, who sat demurely in the front, "Look at brother John," whispered Tirsah, who sat demurely in the front, ber eyes cast down in maidenly modesty, and her whole being surcharged triumph.

with transparent happiness.
"The hour has already arrived for the beginning of the exercises, and the gentleman who was to read the Declaration of Independence is not here," said Mr. Ingleton, blushing with vexaenizens of the backwoods began to tion and embarrassment. "What is

"I move," said the enaplain, in the same sepulchral tone to which he had favored his Heavenly Father with a half-hour's earnest advice, "that young form, with a rough, high desk in front John Hardine be invited to read for us. like a modern camp-meeting pulpit, but "Second?" exclaimed a voice from

"It is moved and seconded that young becue, stood two rows of long tables, Hardine be invited to read the Declaraponderously freighted with the divers tion of Independence," said the Presigood things which energetic house- dent, his voice fairly choking between wives are wont to prepare for festive og- rage and exultation-rage at Hardine's popularity, and exultation because he tions of their husbands, fathers, was aware that the invitation must be childhood up. The colored oracle so far brothers and lovers, in utter disregard declined. "All those in favor will sig- forgot himself and the barbeque that he

There was a very general vots, which Not far from the long tables, and yet was necessarily declared unantmous. "The young man will take the plat-

"We can't excuse you," said which were ranged as many quarters of President, his face livid, and his voice

phatig rejoinder.

"boss," or superintendent, of the
Mutterings of discontent were heard
oue, was an ancient negro, anin all directions. The sun rode high in

sometimes in unpleasant proximity to country's immortal bill of rights if his the tempting visude over which lie was life had paid the forfeit of his failure. Early in his thus far uneventful caree Weary, prespiring housewives, with he had exhibited considerable taste for paraded through the grounds, the drover; and John had inherited a share former with knots and streamers of of her intelligence and some desire for red, white and blue in their hats and the meager cultivation that had been oution-holes, and the latter with resettes her early heritage. But his mother had to match conspicuously displayed upon no books in her Western home save the the insteps of their home-made shoes, Bible (his father had no use for even doubtless to attract attention to their that); newspapers he rarely saw, and, elaborately clocked stockings. Married having to encouragement or example, men gathered themselves together in the son did not care to pursue his squads to talk of the crops, the weather, natural literary tastes, and they had the tariff, free soil, Federal sovereignty, long lain dormant. He certainly abolitionism, pro-slavery and State lacked the genius of a Burritt, the assidutty of a Lincoln, and the aspirations of a Baker ; and, lacking these, it is not to be wondered at that he had little knowledge of books, especially when it is remembered that his father, who allowed him, without a protest, to swap chewing-gum from the mouths of the children-both black and white-of the landless poor to his own patrician molars, so strongly objected to his meeting them upon a plane of equality in thes chool-room that he had preferred that he should grow up in ignorance beside them rather than compromise his fancied dignity by associating with

them over rudimentary school-books. There was an interval of painful suspense, and then a siender youth in a loose fitting suit of home-spun and home-made butternut Jeans arose from a seat bard by John and Tirzab, and, removing a hat of braided wheat straw, imagined that John, Jr., would openly exclaimed in a clear and almost childish

"I beg pardon for intruding, but, if wages as my mother, or any other the committee will allow me, I think I married woman," said the youth. "Nemental inquiry for 'Lize, between can read the Declaration of Inde-

> Ingleton, with an upward slide to his Women don't need liberty like de men, tone, and bending forward with an air nohow. Does yo' muddah live in dese of kindness, as though interrogatively pa'ts ?" answering a cry of distress.

prefer not to announce my name," he hibited as trophies of his culinary tri-replied, 'in a faltering voice. "You umph, his broad laughter, so charactermay introduce me as the stranger." "Very well, Come forward, please. There is no time to lose."

The musicians, whose instruments were affe and a drum, favored the audience with a martial air, the chapian offered a fervent prayer, a choir of netrained voices ang "Hail Columbia" in high soprano, the moderator Edgeted in his seat, unegay whispering went the rounds, children graw impatient, housewives fretted, and atill the expected reader of the Declaration of Independence of the Declaration of Independence of Independence of the Declaration of Independence of Independence of the Declaration of Independence of Independence of the Independence of Independence

raised reverently. A look of blank astonishment at first took possession of his feet and addressed the crowd, his his face, but, as the reading progressed, in the secret, and her lover, the Murshal voice trembling. John Hardine, Jr., a smile of satisfaction unconsciously of the day, for whose sake, quite as bad chosen a seat immediately in front overspread his countenance as he much as her own, she had dared to ashad chosen a seat immediately in front overspread his countenance as he

> Tirasti to her lover, with a gaze of discovery of the plot, and there was "Never mlud," returned young Har- tween them.

dine. "Don't attract attention in his direction. You'll make the people

had not been necessary. Nobody else had thought of observing the peculiar manner of the Marshal of the day. The reader's voice increased with the in-spired majesty of the theme. Rustic lovers forgot to whisper silly nothings. and rustic sweethearts forgot to listen for them. Men forgot crops and poli-tics, women forgot the loaded tables, and even the tired babies forgot to cry. It was as though a weird, outrancing spell had been cast upon the multitude. Every word attered, and every thought invoked or awakened was a new revelation, even to those grown old in years, who had heard the Declaration read on every Fourth of July from their left his post to listen.

In due time the reading was completed, and, amid a general clapping of hands, the little band struck up "The Star Spangled Banner," the roll of the drum covering the retreat of the reader, who quietly resumed his place in the crowd, and seemed to recognize no-

And now there was a new sensation. The orator of the day had arrived some migutes before, but the original readerdid not come at all, so the assistance of to hear, the stranger youth had been most timely.

The orator in question was an ex-Senator, whose services for the day bad been procured from quite a distance, and at considerable expense by the ommittee. The oration was on those stereotyped productions to which the American people have now listened regularly for a century. The exordium was an apostrophe to individual liberty. It's argument was based upon the Decaration of Independence and the history of the revolutionary war; and its peroration was a glowing panegyric upon personal freedom.

The stranger vouth drauk every word in seeming self-forgetfulness, his great eyes glowing. Never but once was be babes in their arms and tired little books. His mother was a New England seen to remove his gaze from the oblidren tolling and crying after them, woman, who had met and married his speaker, and that was when the Mar-

The speaker sat down and wiped perspiring forehead, and the fife and from struck up the stirring notes of the "Marcelliaise."

Dave, the oracle, returned to his barecue, still shaking his head. stranger youth followed him.

"Massa strangah, dab be mo' good, ound fact in dat ph'loe'phy dan white folks practice, sho !" said the pegro. Liberty's a mighty five thing for dem dat's got it; but a niggab like me vhose time and wages belongs to his Southern massa till be buys his liberty that his massa hain't got no right to no-

how, can't see whah it fits his case." "You're as free in regard to work and groes are servants without wages, and o are wives."

"But de case alu't parallel, sonny.

The youth did not reply, and Dave The youth blushed and shook his who could not concentrate his mind on more than one idea at a time, turned "I am a stranger to you all, and, as his entire attention to carving the my life will never be a public one, I savory meats which he proudly existic of his race, ringing out above the combined shouts of children, the de-

John Ingleton, the sector, was in sore justice and liberty that will live to echo forth the sublime fact of personal and maked longingly toward the burdenest ables, and the savery oder of the bar-sona rose above the stiffing aroma rose above the stiffing aroma rose above the stiffing aroma from the amoke of caken seah, bringing

Eliza Hardine rigidly preserved her save her brother and Tirrah, who were sume the disguise. But they were under continued restraint for fear of the little chance for exchange of words be-

Once, when the dance was at its height, Tirzab, who was so full of her own happiness that she could well The hint was taken, though its giving afford to be amiable, and who was dancing with ber brother, affected endden dizzinese; and, no lady being near to take her place, she asked the stranger youth to become her substitute.

"You darling!" whispered John Ingleton, when he "swung his partner." as did all the rest, to the useal "call" of the professional expert, who had been employed for the occasion at a fancy price-"you darling! whatever made you dare to read the Declaration of Independence in that public way ?"

The lover could not hear the faint reply, but he noted the gentle pressure of the stranger's hand, and he was satisfled.

Sally Hardine was waiting for the lovers at the home of poor Joe Ridge-

"Sh-se se !" answered the youth ; "what was that 7 I saw a crouching figure youder."

"Nonsense, love! It was only your fancy. Good-night."

(To be continued.)

THE DRESSMANN'S LOVER.

Only this one dear boon I ask,
That you will give me your a dr
That in your smiles I yet may bu
And gain new life at each cares

The blushes mantle on your cheeks; Deny me sos, it's dread foulard; I've pressed my suit for days and weeks, And sent you letters by the yard,

Off at your feet I've knelt and braid, But you have cut me short and squ It lace with you, but I'm a frayed You will not make up to me mir.

It's sashy pale has grown my face, Though all thirgs look most navy blue; I'll collar mine or I will face. Whatever evils may ecru.

The fervent enthusiasm of the orator was contagious. The weary women forgot the spoiling dinner, and enjoyed the address. Men were in transports, and children were hungry. Dave, the oracle, shook his head. The speaker closed with these lines, the inspired utterance of one of America's beroes, who years aftet gave his life a willing sacrifice for the perpetuation of the liberty he loved so well.

"It, with the firm resolve to wear no chain, You dare all perit and endure all pain; if, with eternal vigitance, you tread in the true paths of your time-honored dead, Long as the stars shall deck the brow of night, Long as the stars shall deck the brow of night, Long as the stars shall deck the brow of night, Long as the stars shall cease, and time likely and the speaker as the speaker and down and wiped his perspiring forehead, and the fife and

Men are hard run for something to say when they will stand up and declare that the misery, hunger, starvation, wretchedness and poverty now so prevalent in this land have been caused by an over-production of the good things of life—such as hay, corn, oats, wheat, all kinds of fruit, horses, hogs, cartle, sheep, etc. Such men are to be pitted. We'll not burden them with the management of affairs any longer, but put in their place men who do not believe that much rain will cause the creeks to go dry; that if the cows give much milk we will have no butter; that if we raise much corn we can't fatten our hoge; that if we raise much wheat we will have no flour; that if we keep on raising children the population of the country will decrease.

Garibaldi's daughter, a girl twelve years of age, was taking a sea-bath re-cently at Civita Vecchia, when a young man who could not swim got out of his depth, and at his cry for help the girl swam toward him, caught him is he was sinking, and brought him eafe to

Grace Greenwood says that, "among its other admirable manufactures, New England produces the best educated girls, the truest wives, the noblest mothers, and the most glorious old maids in the world."

combined abouts of children, the de-mands of waiters and the clatter of crockery.

All the axes and buckes we found in the ruine of Pompell are of light make, as if constructed for women's use. Those old ancients knew their little business.—

I LOVE BIR POR HIS ETES.

BY MADGE NORMS. They praise the baby's dimpled hands, His brow so broad and fair.
They kiss the dainty rose-bud mouth, Caress the sunny hair.
His lisping words, his tottling steps, His smiles they praise and prize, They love him for his cunning ways, I love him for his eyes.

The wealth of golden-tinted curis
Old Time will streak with snow;
The reac-bud mouth so dainty curved
To sterber lines will grow.
The fleeting years will mark with change
Each feature now they prize.
So we only the savest eyes I love—
I love him for his eyes.

Those wondrous, wondrous, soutful eyes,
How strange the spell they fling
Unconsciously sround my heart;
What memories they bring!
What buried hours come thronging back
A distant, dearer clime—
Another pair of love-lit eyes,
Another Summer-time.

O baby, take your eyes away, They burn into my heart! I'll also you once, and say good-by, And hide the tears that start; But through the years to come and go,
The changeful scenes to rise,
'll love him for his eves
'I love him for his eves

> Red Riding-Hood. A THANKSGIVING STORY. BY AUGUSTA DE BUBNA.

Miss Dorothy Driscoll folded her plump hands over her shining silk apron, and congratulated herself that "The Day" had passed off very pleas-antly. She had invited her little nameantly. She had invited her must sake, Dorothy Bell-Dodie, for shortway's widowed mother when they returned together in the wee small hours of the morning.

Her own young heart had been widowed by the death of Joe's brother in the early Spring; and now she had nothing to live for, she said, except the bappiness of others.

"Some day you'll be my own, and then I'll have the power to protect you always," said young Ingleton, addressing 'Lizs, and completely forgetting Sally, who turned away, pretending not to hear,

She lived alone in a dear little cottage, and everything always went on so sys-tematically and perfectly well-ordered that it was a relief to Dodie, after the

Grayville was a trim little village, fences, and churches which children play with sometimes—the cottages were so very white, the shutters so very green and the fences that surrounded each little houseso very peaked and tidy. Dodie had arrived in the afternoon previous, and was met by Miss Dorothy, who greeted her warmly, saying, as she stooped down to embrace the little figure, which was obliged to stand on tip-

toe to receive the kiss,
"What a little mite you are still!

there wasn't a prettier girl in the country. How old are you?"

"Nearly eighteen, Miss Dorothy; but indeed I am not so very little; the boys measured me the other day and I am almost four feet," and Dodle held hereif very erect as she trudged on beside Miss Dorothy's height and breadth.

"Well, I dare say what you lack in size you make up in quality, but I am very glad to see what there is of you, I assure you; I hope you will spend a pleasant Thankagiving; it will be dull, no doubt, with no one but an old maid to talk to; still, I like to hear all the girl-news going. I did hope I should be able to catch a beau for you, for I beard that my old, or rather, my young friend. Willis Woodman, was coming "said the gentleman. be able to catch a beau for you, for I beard that my old, or rather, my young friend, Willis Woodman, was coming home; but, as he did not come on this train, I dare say be is going to his grandfather's instead of his father's this

train, I dare say be is going to his grandfather's instead of his father's this Thanksgiving."

"As if I cared for a beau, Miss Dorothy!" cried Dodie, tossing her head indignantly. "Indeed, I am giad you and I are to be all alone. I don't like young men; the boys at home, as well as those I have charge of at school, give me a surfelt of masculfnity, so that when I want to have a real good time I always prefer girls, and 'maiden meditation, fancy free!"

Miss Dorothy smiled and shook her head at this uncommon state of mind—

head at this uncommon state of mind— at eighteen—but made no answer; she knew the time was coming, as it comes

But Dodie did enjoy the "quiet and tameness," nevertheless, and was so full of girlish sparkle and wit and meriment that Miss Dorothy almost feit a girl again herself. They went to the village church in the morning of course, and came home to a delificious dinner, with the pudding that Dodie remembered being so fond of when a child. Miss Dorothy recollected all her little namesake's tastes, and tried to gratify them. After dinner, Miss Dorothy said, as she washed the dainty Wedgewood out of which they had drank their after-dinner cup of tea, "I do wish old Martha Pratt had some of this pudding; she is so fond of my roly-polies, and I dare say her Thankegiving has been meagre enough."

"No, you were not so exactly like the little girl in the story as you are to-day; but let me carry the basket; I am going in the direction of Martha Pratt's coltage;" and fhe handsome young fellow walked along beside her, taiking volutly all the way. He was at college now, but he should graduate soon, and go right into business with his father. Was she at school yet?

Yes, she was at school. How soon should she graduate?

"Yes, every day, to teach."

"Yes, every day, to teach,"

"Oh," and he looked down with a tender smile at the little girl-teacher, with the thought, "Ah, yes; I remember now. Miss Dorothy told me about her father's sudden death, and her being obliged to sceept a position to order to

NITMERED 11.

her hat, and tied down under her dim-pied chin. "Basket and all, even to the pot of butter," she said, laughing. "I hope you won't meet any wolf, my dear?"

"Well, Miss Dorothy, if I do, I hope my story will spd like the new version of Red Riding Hood, where a kind wood-cutter chopping wood near, by, hears Red Riding Hood's screams, and comes to her rescue, and they get married and 'live in peace and are buried in a port of ashes," and Dodie kiased her hand, and ran laughing, out of the gate and up the road toward the piece of woods which separated old Martha Pratt's little shanty from the well-to-do village cottages. It was a bright, clear, cold day and the ground was frozen hard, and good walking. Most of the trees were stripped pearly bere of all follage, but here and there some few had escaped the sweep of the cruel Autumn winds, and still held up branches adorned with yellow, brown, and occasionally a vivid red patch of leaves. Crossing a field of stubble, Dodie was soon on her way through the woods. How pleasant it all seemed to the city glr!; this breezy breath of fine pure air! She took a keen delight in Inbaling the faint faded perfume that rose from the ground as she crackled the rustling leaves under her feet. Finding a comfortable-looking log in her path, she "Well, Miss Dorothy, if I do, I hope leaves under her feet. Finding a com-fortable-looking log in her path, she scated herself to rest half way; there was an opening cut in the woods just here, which gave her a picturesque view of the old mill and stream near by. Some men were building bonfires of dry leaves, and their gay songs and merry chatter reached her, and it all looked

"How I should like to stay up here a month, and not see a school-room, a school-book, a school boy again !" said Dodfe, with a sigh. Just then she felt something cold touch her hand that hung beside the basket at her side, and turning, Dodie beheld—what was it? Yes, it was a wolf!

With a piereing scream upon her lips, he was about to take to her beels and run, but found she was faint with and could not move, and the wolf was eying her hungrily; then, like a child, she covered her face with her hands and began to cry.

It was very pleasant at Miss Dorothy's.
She lived alone in a dear little cottage, and everything always went on so syntematically and perfectly well-ordered that it was a relief to Dodie, after the wild, rather upside-down way of things A voice suddenly called out imperaceased spuffing at the backet and trotted wound about her, and her hands were gently pulled away, when she opened her tear-bedewed eyes to see a very handsome young man. With another fainter scream now, Dodie released herself from the affectionals will end like the new version, after all."

"Story?—en 1?—What is that?" asked Mr. Woodman.
"Why, I called Dodie Button." self from the affectionate embrace and haif sobbed, looking after the abashed

"is he a dog? I thought he was a "is he a dog? I thought he was a Hood, and they marry and live in peace wolf."

"Oh, no," laughed the gentleman, all respectable fairy story heroines and Not grown an atom, except in—ahem, "his name only is wolf, his nafure is well, if I were not afraid you would be amiable, and he is of the genus canis. I vain, I'd say what; but you are very like your mother, Dodie; I remember a child, and so undertook to quiet your ran off up stairs to conceal her embargust how she looked at seventeen, and the countries of the scarf she was folding up, and she had so undertook to quiet your ransoment.

There wasn't a prettier girl in the countries of the genus cans.

Dodie's cheeks were as scarlet now as the scarf she was folding up, and she should not be proved to the scarf she was folding up, and she should not be proved to the scarf she was folding up, and she should not be proved to the scarf she was folding up, and she should not be proved to the scarf she was folding up, and she should not be proved to the scarf she was folding up, and she should not be proved to the scarf she was folding up, and she should not be proved to the scarf she was folding up, and she should not be proved to the scarf she was folding up, and she should not be proved to the scarf she was folding up, and she should not be proved to the scarf she was folding up, and she should not be proved to the scarf she was folding up, and she should not be proved to the scarf she was folding up, and she should not be proved to the scarf she was folding up, and the scarf she was folding up, and the scarf she was folding up, and the scarf she was folding up.

ing," said the gentleman.
"Oh, then you are-" began Dodie,

with a blosh.
"Yes, I'm Willis Woodman, and you are—?" "Pm Dodle, Dorothy Bell, Miss Driscoff's namesake."

"No, you were not so cannot be day; little girl in the story as you are to-day; but let me carry the basket; I am going to the direction of Martha Pratt's col-

abould she graduate?

"I graduated over a year ago."

"What! and still going to school?"

"Yes, every day, to teach."

"Oh," and he looked down with a tender smile at the little girl-teacher, with the thought, "Ah, yes; I remember now. Miss Dorothy told me about her father's sudden death, and her being obliged to sccept a position to order to keep her mother and brothers;" and then he changed the talk to something pleasanter, and, almost before she knew it, Dodie stood at Mrs. Prati's garden gate.

gate, "I will wait for you outside," said Mr. Woodman; "Martha is a great talker, and she will keep us too long it taker, and she will keep us too long if I ga in."

"Oh, dear, dear, dear, what a cold day for you to come so far to bring a poor old woman a dipper," said Mrs. Pratt, when Dodie had delivered her memage with the baskst.

"Oh, but I enjoyed the walk; it was delightful," said Dodie, with atmost a aparkle in her imppy voice, and with a rich bloom of color on her sheeks and

"And how tempting it looke! How ind you are, Miss Dorothy," said Dodie, taking the basket and lifting up her red lipe for a kiss. "Good-bye, I'll mother," thought Dodie; but she answered, "Yee; there is a gentleman waiting for me."

A Journal for the People. Devoted to the Interests of Rumanity.

The New Horthwest

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 signs ures must make known their names to the Sittor, or no attention will be given to their

nother," thought Dodie; but she replied, "Oh, no, no sweetheart, Mrs. Pratt; only—only a gentleman."

"Who is be? any of our village boys?" asked curious old Martha Pratt.

"What a big mouth you have, grand-mother," thought Dodie. "I musto't

"Will you come to and see Miss Dog-othy?" asked Dodie, timidly.
"Thank you, I will come in and see Miss Dorothy—Bell," he whispered.
Miss Dorothy Driscoll had had her nap, and wakened refreshed. She was sitting in her little low rocker now, waiting for Dodie's return; and, as she smoothed down the shining breadths of her silk apron, she congratulated herself that the day had passed off so pleasantly.
"If Willis had only come, then all my
wishes would have been gratified," she
was saying to berself, "I know they
would fall in love with one another, and he is going to get into business as soon as be leaves college, and they might be married soon, and it's a match I've set

my heart on."

Just then the click of the gate sounded upon her ear, and presently, as if in an-Willis Woodman standing before ber. "Why," she exclaimed, rubbing her eyes as if to make sure she was quite awake, "Why, Willis? and Dodle?" looking first from one smiling face to

the other.
"Yes, both of us, Willie and Dodle," repeated Mr. Woodman, as though he liked the coupling of their names. "Well, where on earth-?" she began. "I found her in the woods,"

"I found her in the woods," quickly answered Willis; "she was frightened almost to death by Wolf—"
"A wolf!" cried Miss Dorothy,
"Yes, my dog."
"On dear! I see," laughed Miss Dorothy,
"Yes, "Yes," laughed Miss Dorothy,

"Story?—en 1? What is that?"
asked Mr. Woodquan.
"Why, I called Dodie 'Red Riding-Hood' when she started, and she said the new way of ending the tale was to animal that stood eying the couple at a bring in a wood-cutter, a Woodman, distance.

berges. Dodie's cheeks were as scarlet now as

end in that way, Miss Dorothy; for I assure you I have lost my beart at first Miss Dorothy smiled and nodded her head encouragingly, and congratulated berself secretly that the evening prom-

ised as well as the day.

"Oh, Miss Dorothy, he is just perfectly lovely," enthusiastically said Dodie, as she was helping Miss Dorothy set the tea-table, and Willis was out of doors bringing in some fresh wood. "Yes, he is a very pice sort of fellow; but I am real sorry to spoil your pleas-aut Thanksgiving," quietly replied Miss Dorothy, with a merry twinkle in her

Dodie looked surprised. "Because, of course," continued Miss Dorothy, "as you don't like young men, and hate boys, and are so surfeited with masculinity, it would have been much pleasanter for we two 'girle' to have had

"The Dodle, Derothy Bell, Miss Driscoll's namesake."

"Why, then were old friends too; I played with you one Thanksgiving Day when I was a little boy."

"Did you? I don't remember," stammered Dodle, who had played with no many boys in her lifetime that she never recollected one individually.

"Well, I do, and you were a little red dress and white spron."

"And hood? and basket?" asked Dodle, amilling.

"No, you were not so exactly like the little girl in the story as you are to-day; honey did time alone."

In spite of Miss Dorothy's regrets, however, Dodle never passed a more delightful evening in all her life; and as for Mr. Woodman, be was so thankful for the sweet gift the day had brought him, that he asked Dodle to spend all of her holidays from that day thenceforth with him as his wife. She gave him her "promise true," and the very next Thanksgiving dinner, eaten in Miss Dorothy Driscoli's little cottage, Mr. and Mrs. Willis Woodman were her honored guests.—Godey for November. honored guests .- Godey for Nov

> Garibaldits daughter, a girl twelve years of age, was taking a sea-bath re-cently at Civita Vecchia, when a young man who could not swim got out of his depth, and, at his cry for help, the girl awam toward him, caught him as he was sinking, and brought him as he was sinking, and brought him eafe to

"A Philosopher" writes to a foreign journal that "tooth-brushes and soap, reverence for women and children, and the fear of God, self-respect, and sweet speech and gentle manners, are all items in one and the same slow stage of uman development."

BOTH OF ONE MIND, -"If you don't stop your coughing," enid the Judge, "I'll fine you a hundred dollars." "I'll give your Honor two hundred if you can stop it," was the lawyer's reply,—One-onta Heraid.

Miss Mary E. Wells, of Hartford, Conn., took the prize of \$200 offered for the best entrance examination at Smith College, Northampton, Mass.

Sally Swan is a heroine at Granite, Nev., because she seized a buck by the bind legs and held it until her father ar-

The difference between a woman and an umbrella le that there are times when you can abut up an umbrella.

A soldier may not know how to dance all the round dances, but every is familiar with his squad drill.

Lord Beaconsfield boastethat be