The New Northwest.

DUNIWAY PUBLISHING COMPANY, Proprietors.

OFFICE—Cor. Front & Washington Streets.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE:

One year.....$2 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, MARCH 18, 1880. NUMBER 27.

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.

MRS. HARDINE'S WILL.

BY ABIGAIL SCOTT DUNIWAY,

AUTHOR OF "JUDITH REID," "ELLEN DOWD," "AMIE AND HENRY LEE," "THE HAPPY HOME," "MAIDIE MORRISON," "FACT, FATE AND FANCY," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PESETO, CHANGE.

The early morning brought a welcome change into the dull camp life at the military post.

Lieutenant Ingleton was astir at the day dawn, under orders to draw largely from the choicest reserve stores of the commissary department preparatory to furnishing a feast for General Arburton and family, who were expected to reach the garrison by noon.

"There's a young lady in the case, too, young man, and before you're aware of it you'll be falling a victim to her charms," said Colonel Bateman, in a bantering tone. "She's a niece or ward of the General's, and is said to be handsome and accomplished. I wouldn't give the toss of a sixpence for the chances of your peerless wildwood flower of Chincapin Oaks, after this."

"Do you doubt my honor, Colonel Bateman?" asked the commissary clerk, who, since the title of Lieutenant had been conferred upon him, had, perhaps unconsciously, acquired a considerable degree of self-assertion.

"Who the deuce was saying anything about *honor*, I'd like to know? Have you so soon forgotten our conversation of only yesterday? Have a care, young man. It is a sorrowful but nevertheless incontrovertible fact that few men have been known to exercise much display of honor aside from their own changing fancies. The old saying that everything is fair in love or war, is particularly applicable to *love*, at least."

"Do you mean to tell me that there would be anything fair or honorable in my breaking faith with 'Lize Hardine, even if such a thing were possible as that I should ever be unwise enough to want to do it?"

"I mean to tell you, young man, that you'll be like all the rest of the sons and daughters of Adam—you'll follow your inclinations, if you can, no matter where they may lead you."

The conversation was interrupted at this point by the entrance of a private, who respectfully informed the Colonel that a pair of ambulances were already in sight, followed by a retinue of pack mules and mounted soldiery.

This was the signal for renewed activities in and around the barracks. Colonel Bateman prided himself upon sustaining his well-known hospitality and skill in entertaining company, and was now in the mood to do his very best to prove to his guests that comfort and even luxury were not so much dependent upon locality and convenience as upon taste and skill.

The commissary clerk's new title of Lieutenant seemed very commonplace to the young man, as from his desk in a secluded corner of the Colonel's quarters he furtively watched the cavalcade that, despite the toil and soil of frontier travel, presented a somewhat imposing appearance, as the escort halted on the plaza, and the ambulance, drawn by four horses (one of them very lame), containing the General and ladies, drove directly to Colonel Bateman's door, and the party proceeded to alight, amid the cheery greetings of officers and friends.

The hand of Lieutenant Ingleton trembled as he made his entries, and his brain grew muddled as he tried in vain to add the long array of figures before him on the written page. From his perch behind his desk he could easily observe all that was going on.

Colonel Bateman was looking his best and evidently feeling his happiest.

"The north room will be assigned to Miss Arburton as soon as we can make it ready," he said, heartily. "The notice was so short that we hadn't time to fit it up in anticipation of the pleasure in store for us. My commissary clerk has occupied the room, but he will gladly relinquish it for so superb an occupant."

"Commissary clerk be—" exclaimed the Lieutenant to himself. The concluding word was not uttered, even in a whisper; but I fear that if it had been it would have been something emphatically profane.

"Don't incommode your clerk, or anybody else, on my account, Colonel, I beseech you, or I shall be sorry that I consented to come," said a pipe-voiced girl from behind a traveling veil that completely concealed her features.

"Nonsense! Miss Arburton. Nothing that we can do for you will be considered in any other light than that of unmitigated pleasure. Here, John!" addressing the "Lieutenant," who felt as though the earth, in pity for his humiliation, ought to open its mouth and receive him bodily.

"Yes, sir."

The long column of figures seemed to fall to pieces and roll themselves away into hidden corners and play ruthlessly at hide and seek among the contracted corridors of his brain. Remember, reader kind, that it had been many months since John Ingleton had seen the face of a woman, and he possessed the natural love of his species for the sex, as well as the natural pride of his sex for his position. It was hard for him to be looked upon as a common servant, and by a woman at that. No wonder he was crestfallen.

"Remove the traps from the north room, John, and build a fire and order clean bedding, and see that everything is in capital order for Miss Arburton's comfort," said the Colonel, his tone and manner that of a very high official addressing a very low subordinate.

John Ingleton blushed with wounded pride and baffled self-appreciation. He had never before been humiliated by anybody in the presence of ladies. Colonel Bateman had never before addressed him as a servant, nor permitted others to do so, when among the common soldiers. But now he was forgetting himself.

The young man saw that resistance would be worse than useless, and he obeyed the order with apparent alacrity, though he could not help inwardly and indignantly saying:

"It's the first time I ever knew myself to be addressed as a chambermaid."

"The middle chamber, next to mine, shall be made ready for you, Mrs. Arburton, and the General. I'll call a servant immediately to attend to it. 'Pon my word, I'm sorry we didn't know you were coming in time to have all these things arranged beforehand."

"I assure you it's of no consequence, Colonel," said Mrs. Arburton, graciously.

John Ingleton saw, as the lady removed her veil, that she was stately and tall and well-preserved, with a genial face and kindly manner that made him long to know her better.

The room that had by courtesy been his own was a general receptacle of the various odds and ends of a bachelor's apartment, and contained fishing tackle, hunting gear, old clothes, boots, firewood, etc., and was certainly not an over inviting place in which to install a lady. The crestfallen occupant proceeded, however, to make it as presentable as possible, though, in truth, it seemed to Miss Arburton that the servant, as he knew she regarded him, was a very long time about it. The door was slightly ajar, and he could see the occupants of the Colonel's sitting-room, as, with wraps removed and faces glowing, they sat before the blazing fire and recounted incidents of their journey from a yet further interior post, from which the General was now absent on furlough.

"Do you not find this military life on the border intensely disagreeable?" asked the piping voice of the young lady, which evidently addressed itself to the host.

"Not at all so, Miss Arburton. On the contrary, I find it intensely enjoyable. I have my books, a violin, a flute and a banjo. These are excellent company, especially as I am favored with a commissary clerk who is a capital reader and natural violinist. We have plenty of solid comforts, gotten up in homely fashion, and have no cause to complain."

"Really, Colonel, you quite interest me. When shall I be permitted to behold your commissary clerk?"

"You saw him but now, Miss. I addressed him as 'John' and sent him to prepare your room. I call him 'Lieutenant' among the boys."

"When will he be ready to entertain us?"

"This evening, Miss. We always have the evenings to ourselves."

John closed the door softly, but listened attentively at the keyhole.

"I observed him," remarked the other lady. "He's a splendid-looking fellow, though somewhat awkward. He did not seem to relish his position when you called him 'John'."

"No; possibly not. The truth is, I've rather spoiled the fellow, and thought I'd let him down a little. He comes of a stock of land-poor and land-proud Westerners, who pride themselves supremely upon being lords of the soil, though nobody but themselves can see that they have anything to be proud of."

"How long have you had him in your employ?"

"About a year. He came to me when I needed a clerk, and I consider myself fortunate in securing his services. He's a capital companion, as well as servant."

"O, Colonel!" and the quaking eavesdropper knew that piping voice again, "you must introduce me to this young Lieutenant. I'm half in love with him already."

"Fie, Ethel! For shame!" said Mrs. Arburton.

"Auntie, you needn't worry. The Colonel and I shall get on grandly, and the young Lieutenant shall be my cavalier."

"*I hate her!*" said John Ingleton, under his breath. "She's a pert, insipid Miss, and I'll be glad enough when the furlough's over, and they leave us in undisturbed possession of our bachelors' rights."

With this he turned his attention to the work before him, and soon had the room in tolerable order, with the wood piled securely in the corner, the fishing and hunting paraphernalia under the settee, and the hammock designed as the young lady's couch dressed anew in white blankets and an army pillow, the latter quite the worse for wear and dirt. The fire burned brightly on the hearth, the litter was carefully swept among the ashes, a camp stool was placed before the fire, and the room was ready for its new occupants.

The young man entered the presence of the ladies with his heart throbbing till he could fairly hear it.

"My room ready, John?" asked the young lady, in a supercilious way that poorly comported with her former declaration that she was "half in love with him already."

"*It is*, ma'am!"

He answered slowly and with an air of lofty submission that became him well.

"Excuse me," said the Colonel, rising. "This, Miss Arburton, is my companion and friend, Lieutenant Ingleton. Allow me to introduce you, with a hope that your acquaintance with each other may be mutually agreeable."

"I beg pardon," replied the young lady, offering her hand. "I mistook you for a servant. But I'm sure I can't imagine how I came to be so stupid. Can you, auntie?"

Mrs. Arburton looked the surprise and displeasure she felt.

"Mrs. General Arburton, allow me to present my friend, Lieutenant Ingleton," said Colonel Bateman, blandly.

The lady acknowledged the introduction with a gracious smile.

"I hope you'll excuse my niece, Lieutenant. She's a little spoiled, I fear," she exclaimed, in a tone that might have been intended for sarcasm, praise or apology.

General Arburton entered at this juncture.

"I've been overlooking the horses, Colonel," he said, abruptly. "My off leader has an ugly sprain in the shoulder, and won't be able to travel for many a day."

"Uncle," exclaimed the piping voice, "congratulate us on our good fortune, won't you? We're in *excellent* company."

"Of course you are! I knew what was what when I decided to bring you out on a visit to Colonel Bateman's post. But I'm deuced sorry about that off leader."

"Uncle, allow me to introduce my new friend, Lieutenant Ingleton," again piped the young lady.

John Ingleton extended his hand with a deferential air.

The General acknowledged the introduction, but that was all.

"Colonel, have you any medicine of any sort that would be likely to subdue the pain in my off leader's shoulder?" he asked, abruptly.

"Never do you mind uncle!" exclaimed the young lady, with a saucy toss of her head. "He's always having *horse on the brain!*"

"And I assure you, Miss Arburton, that I share fully in your uncle's weakness—if it be a weakness—in that particular, if in no other. The horse is the noblest of all the lower animals, and the most valuable. There is nothing else under the sun that bears so many burdens with so little complaint. If I can be of any assistance to you, General, I shall be most happy," said the Lieutenant.

"Good! You're just the man I wanted to see. And now, ladies, if you and the Colonel will excuse us, and the Lieutenant will accompany me, we will see at once if something cannot be done to render my poor patient comfortable. He is suffering terribly."

John Ingleton mechanically followed the General to the stables, where his aptness in caring for the poor suffering animal was sufficient to excite the titled dignitary's highest praise. A thorough washing of the swollen muscles in hot soap suds, accompanied by active friction with the hand, in time subdued the inflammation, and the grateful brute manifested its satisfaction in many intelligible ways.

"Many a horse knows more than many a man," said the General, dryly.

"Which isn't very much of a compliment to some men or some horses," replied the Lieutenant.

"But it's a high compliment to both yourself and Selim. How came you to know so much about horses, young man?"

"I don't know. Natural, I guess."

"Which way of guessing makes me reckon you're a Yankee."

"It is now my turn to guess that you are from the South. Do I reckon correctly?"

"Yes. The Yankee always guesses, and the Southerner always reckons."

"I guess Selim will be all right now, General. You must be nearly famished by this time. Let's return to headquarters and see if lunch isn't ready."

All day long, as it seemed to John Ingleton, the guests did nothing but dress and lounge and nap and eat. The luncheon occupied one hour of the day, and the dinner three. The young man had never before been initiated into the mysteries of any of the fashionable ways of killing time. His usual hour for retiring for the night had long been past before the last course of the late dinner had been served. Miss Ethel Arburton had kept up a continual flow of small talk during the evening, and John was so tired of her insipid nonsense, and so vexed with giving up his room for her accommodation, that when, at last, the evening's folly was over, and he retired to such rest as he could get upon the office floor, the sad, sweet eyes of 'Lize Hardine seemed to peer at him through the distance and gloom of the night; and over again he said to himself, as he thought of Ethel Arburton:

"*I hate her!*"

[To be continued.]

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

[FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.]

NEW YORK, February 30, 1880.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

The leading topic of the week in this city, as well as in most other parts of the world, has been the Irish famine, of which there apparently is no abatement. Meetings have been held in almost all large American towns, but in no case has the political side been permitted to come to the front, the purpose being evidently to help the sufferers in a practical way and at once. Many of the contributions, especially those from Western towns, have been sent direct to the afflicted districts, to be distributed through local church channels.

The death from consumption, in Brooklyn, in great poverty, of Mrs. Jennie Herndon Tyler Collins, the wife of a workman in the Brooklyn gas works, a daughter of Col. W. W. Tyler and a grandniece of the late President Tyler, has caused considerable comment. The story of Mrs. Collins' life is a singularly sad one. She was born in Richmond in 1848; her girlhood was passed on her father's plantation in Mississippi; she was educated in a convent; and in 1872, when her cousin, John W. Stevenson, was U. S. Senator from Kentucky, she was introduced into Washington society. It was soon after the last event that she made the acquaintance of Jennings and married him. A few months wrought the misery and downfall of the bright, vivacious and intelligent young girl. She married Mr. Collins in October, 1875, and has not since been recognized, it is said, by her family, because she married below her station, though Collins is quoted as saying that he was not always poor. The room in which she died was unarpeted, and the bare walls spoke of poverty and almost squalor.

With lengthening days and warmer sunshine, equestriennes bloom again. Central Park and Fifth avenue are dotted with ladies mounted on steeds more or less innocent of aspect, and equipped in the usual well-known costume of tight-fitting broad-cloth habit, with tiniest of linen collar, small stovepipe hat, and veil according to discretion. It is an open question whether horseback riding is to be considered especially conducive to the health of women. Exercise in open air, that is neither too cold nor too hot, as it frequently is in America, of course promotes strength. But equestrianism, skating, dancing and walking, carried into excess, as they are likely to be by those most devoted to athletic pursuits, doubtless entail more maladies on women than are brought about by an absence of exercise. Still, the danger of pedestrianism's resulting in accidents is much lessened by early familiarity with its perils; and the aptitude of the pupil for the diversion in question is more easily determined in youth than later in life. There is almost the same difference between a natural and an artificial rider that there is between a natural and a mechanical musician. The ease and security of a rider's seat are largely gifts of nature, and skill as a horseman depends much on intuitive knowledge of a horse and great liking for the animal.

We are now advanced in the Lenten season, which, however, is by no means exclusively devoted by the great majority of Gothamites to the usual religious observances during the forty days set apart for mortifying the spirit, resting the body, and building up the brain by phosphoric diet, with the much-abused feminine recreation of preparing Easter toilettes. Last week numerous and sundry were the organizations of skating clubs and walking and riding parties among the elite of this most staid and decorous cosmopolitan city; and rest assured that these are to be no one-horse affairs, but regular approved social events, smiled upon alike by clergy and heads of households, and will bear close investigation as to the nature of amusement, the character of the *menu*, and the style of costume. AUGUST.

WHY GAMBETTA BROKE HIS ENGAGEMENT.—Gambetta is a bachelor; but he has not lived so long without having at least contemplated marriage. The story of his engagement to an heiress in Western France, and its sudden breaking-off, give us a fresh glimpse of his character. From the time of leaving his humble home at Cahora till his rise to the highest rank of public personage, Gambetta lived with a loving, devoted aunt, who had followed him to Paris, and who made a pleasant home for him everywhere he went. She was at once maid of all work and his congenial companion; and he was as attached to her as she to him. His engagement to a handsome and accomplished girl, with a dot of seven millions, was a shock to the good aunt, but she yielded gracefully to the inevitable. When the arrangements for the marriage were being discussed, the young lady took it into her head to make it a condition of their union that the aunt should be excluded from the new establishment. She was not elegant enough to adorn gilded salons. Gambetta explained how much his aunt had been to him; the rich beauty was only the more obdurate. Gambetta took off his hat, and, with a profound bow, said, "Adieu; we were not made to understand each other." And the marriage was put off forever.—*Good Company.*

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

[FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 30, 1880.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

It is rarely that we are treated with as eloquent a eulogy by a Senator as that of Senator Voorhees upon Brumidi, the recently deceased artist of the Capitol. A Congressional speech usually is as destitute of oratorical graces as a lawyer's argument before a jury upon some dry, knotty legal quibble, and Senator Voorhees' efforts are not exceptions to this rule. But on this occasion he allowed his fancy full rein, and paid the deceased a tribute sparkling with beauty and sentiment. The Government was indebted to Brumidi some $500 for extra work retouching the canopy of the dome, which moneys could only be paid the heirs under a resolution, which the Senator introduced, and which, of course, was adopted without debate. Mr. Voorhees referred to the artist's services in adorning the Senate committee rooms and panels and corridors with pictures of men and animals and birds of America, whose merits, as works of art, would suffice in Europe to make him famous, and to entitle him to a burial place with the nobility and the great, and said: "The birds, especially, are all there, from the humming bird at an open flower to the bald eagle with his fiery eye and angry feathers. I have been told that the aged artist loved these birds as a father loves his children, and that he often lingered in their midst as if a strong tie bound him to them." We have often thought that the aged artist was mentally so engrossed with his art that he knew little else, hence can appreciate the orator's fine idea of the old man's love for his works. It is possible that he will be remembered through his art, as Mr. Voorhees said, long after we had ceased to exist as a nation, and even after the Capitol itself had crumbled into ruins. Yet so little attention was paid him in the last obsequies, through the entire absence of demonstration and of attending strangers, that it seems Brumidi's greatness, like that of Milton's, will not be really recognized till long after his death.

An interesting debate arose in the Senate upon a motion to repeal the law prohibiting the appointment of ex-confederates to the army and navy. Mr. Edmunds forced the debate, as he said, for the purpose of settling the matter, and, as usual, he and Mr. Thurman antagonized. These two great men "lock horns" upon nearly every question arising in the Senate. Both are lawyers of pre-eminent ability, and can split hairs with the nicest possible discriminations between tweedledee and tweedledum, and, differing as they do in politics, they necessarily oppose each other on all issues with the slightest political bearing in them. The debate was not concluded, and it is not likely the statute will be repealed in advance of the coming Presidential contest, inasmuch as this repeal involves an immense amount of political capital, which, like the "bloody shirt" cry of past campaigns, may have an immense weight for the opposition. Not many doubt that under the next administration, no matter who becomes President, the army and navy will be opened to the South as well as to the North. Yet just now neither party will assume the responsibility of breaking down existing distinctions. Mr. Thurman, however, took advanced ground in favor of repeal.

The House is rapidly bringing its revision of rules to a conclusion, and will soon possess a new code. Some of these rules are great improvements upon the old, and others are obnoxious. For instance, no appropriation bill should contain any provision not strictly pertaining to appropriations; and yet the new rule is even more unrestricted than the old, through which has crept some of the most pernicious legislation of the past twenty years. Had the President power to veto clauses of an appropriation act, it would matter little what swindling riders were tacked upon it in the rush of the last hours of Congress.

Cincinnati bore off the palm in the recent struggle among our cities to secure the holding of the coming Democratic Presidential Convention. We had hoped Washington would be selected, inasmuch as we think it the better place, all things considered. But, as the Committee could not resist the fascinations of Cincinnati beer and pork, and concluded to give that city the preference, we cheerfully submit to its decision, and will hold our impossible bronze horses on costly pedestals and glorious hash-houses for the benefit of those who, in the future, may be blessed with finer and more appreciative tastes than the present members of the National Democratic Committee.

Last week we referred, in pretty plain terms, to Admiral Lee, who obstinately blocked the way to our securing a School of Design by refusing to sell a vacant lot adjacent to the Corcoran Art Gallery. The Admiral's friends are coming to the front in defense of his pig-headedness, and argue that, inasmuch as he was loyal during the war, while Mr. Corcoran sojourned in Europe during its continuance, the Admiral has now a perfect right to be destitute of all public spirit and patriotism. Perhaps so. Yet when we reflect that, did we need that particular lot for a school for a dozen or two of rag-muffins and rag-pickers, it would be summarily condemned, and the Admiral be paid only about half what Mr. Corcoran offers; and further, that many soldiers and sailors, with fine war records, having since turned into contemptible or criminal citizens, the arguments of the Admiral's friends carry little weight against the fact that he wilfully bars us from a donation of half a million dollars for educational purposes in the high school of art. As a Union soldier, I would ask what has past loyalty to offer in extenuation of present want of philanthropy? DOM PEDRO.

REMARKABLE GIANTS.—The teeth and bones of the fossil elephants found in Europe were assigned, in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries to giants, and many are the stories which were commonly reported about them—as, for example, that of the giant of Dauphine, in the reign of Louis XIV. His remains were discovered by a surgeon, who stated that they were enclosed in an enormous sepulchre covered with a stone slab, bearing the inscription *Teutobochus rex;* and that in the vicinity there were also found coins or medals, all of which showed the remains to be those of a giant king of the Cimbri, who fought against Marius. However, the original owner of these bones, though not of the coins, was proved to have been an elephant. The story of Teutobochus is even excelled by that of another giant, called the giant of Lucerne, whose remains when dug up were examined by a celebrated Professor of Basle, who described them as of human origin, and was skilful enough to put them together so as to resemble a giant no less than twenty-six feet high. For some time the deluded people of Lucerne paid homage to this elephantine prodigy, until the scales were removed from their eyes by Blumenbach, who pronounced to their astonished senses that the giant, as it lay in state at the Jesuits' College, was but the skeleton of an elephant.

WISDOM IN MAKING LOVE.—Men naturally shrink from the attempt to obtain companions who are their superiors; but they will find that really intelligent women, who possess the most desirable qualities, are uniformly modest, and hold their charms in modest estimation. Do not imagine that any disappointment in love which takes place before you are twenty-one years old, will be of any material damage to you. The truth is, that before a man is twenty-five years old, he himself does not know what he wants. The more of a man you become, and the more manliness you become capable of exhibiting in your association with women, the better wife you will be able to obtain; and one year's possession of the heart and hand of a really noble woman is worth nine hundred and ninety-nine years' possession of a sweet creature with two ideas in her head, and nothing new to say about either of them.

HOW TO SEE THE WIND.—A contemporary says how this may be done: "Take a polished metallic surface of two feet or more with a straight edge—a large handsaw will answer the purpose. Take a windy day—whether hot or cold, clear or cloudy—only not let it rain or the air be murky; in other words let the air be dry and clear, but this is not essential. Hold your metallic surface at right angles to the direction of the wind—*i. e.*, if the wind is north, hold your surface east and west; but, instead of holding the surface vertical incline it about forty-five degrees to the horizon, so that the wind striking glances and flows over the edge (keeping it straight) as water flows over a dam. Now sight carefully over the edge at some minute and sharply defined object, and you will see the air flow over as water flows over a dam."

"WHAT, NEVER?"

I can never forget her dark-blue eyes,
Like the summer sky when the day has fled,
Nor their sudden look of sweet surprise,
Nor the low, soft-spoken words she said.

I can never forget the murmured words,
For they lifted my soul from its maze of doubt,
When she said, in the voice of the singing birds,
"Young man, vamoose, or I'll fire you out!"

The woman who can sit still and smilingly entertain a male visitor, perceiving all the time that he has succeeded in wriggling all the pins out of her new tidy, and is at that precious moment calmly sitting on it, and will be probably for the next hour, is sure of a reward in the next world if she does not receive it in this.

When, upon inquiry after a young lady's health, we learn from her own lips that she is "nicely," we know that she was born in New England, and that she would be "purty well" out West, and "totable" in the South.

An exchange tells of a young lady who, in writing to a confidential friend, stated that she was not engaged, but that she saw a cloud above the horizon about as large as a man's hand.

They say Mrs. Langtry can be more graceful in stubbing her toe than most women can in throwing a kiss.

During the year 1879, twenty minor planets were discovered, and their number is now 211.

An Ohio newspaper speaks of a man being bruised by "emphatic gestures of a mule."

A New Haven factory showered upon the world 22,000,000 fishhooks last year.

"The poet Burns," says the San Jose *Mercury*. Let him. Most of 'em ought to.

When you bury an old animosity, never mind putting up a tombstone.

An eagle on a ten-dollar gold piece is worth five hundred in the air.

Old Ocean indulges in storms merely for wreck-creation.

GOOD-NIGHT WISHES.

BY THOMAS MACKELLAR.

A blessing on my babes to-night,
A blessing on their mother;
A blessing on my kinsmen light,
Each loving friend and brother.

A blessing on the toiler's rest,
The over-worn and weary,
The desolate and comfortless,
To whom the earth is dreary.

A blessing on the glad to-night;
A blessing on the hoary,
The maiden clad in beauty bright,
The young man in his glory.

A blessing on my fellow-race,
Of every clime and nation;
May they partake his saving grace
Who died for our salvation.

If any man have wrought me wrong,
Still blessings be upon him;
May I in love to him be strong,
Till charity have won him.

Thy blessings on me, from of old,
My God! I cannot number;
I wrap me in Thy ample fold,
And sink in trustful slumber.

DIVIDED.

BY HELEN M. BEAN.

Were we too happy in our Eden, that the
tempter, with baleful eyes,
Should creep in, so subtle and wary, in such
an allaring guise?
I dreamed not of lurking danger, with the
smile of God over all,
When my sun seemed to suddenly darken
with a shadow as black as a pall.

Does he love that weak, soulless creature?
Does she seem to him quite divine?
By her beauty and art she has stolen the heart
that was once wholly mine.
How strange that a mortal so gifted should
stoop with the wealth of love,
And take to his bosom a viper, and fancy it
comes from above!

For, to eyes not blinded by passion, the trail of
the serpent is there,
In the sinuous grace of her motion, in the coils
of her lovely hair.
In the basilisk eyes that glitter, as with tri-
umph she turns to her prize—
Ah! there's nothing of heaven about her, save
the tint of her azure eyes.

As an actor on life's stage, I grant you she has
learned, and plays well her part;
She has made him believe that she loves him—
she, who has neither brains nor heart;
When the scales from his eyes shall be loos-
ened, heaven pity him on that day;
He will find that she's of the earth, earthy—
yes, made of the commonest clay.

If the darkly-fringed lids were but lying fast-
closed o'er the glorious eyes,
Never again to my own to be lifted, till I meet
them in Paradise;
If the grim reaper, Death, had but frozen to
marble the lips I have kissed,
If the dark, cruel grave did but cover the dear
form I lately have missed!

Ah! would God in his mercy but listen, I would
kneel in my wild despair,
And waft the noble soul heavenward, on the
wings of a passionate prayer;
And my heart would be full of rejoicing, for
men'ry would be joined with hope,
When my soul should escape from its prison,
no longer in darkness to grope.

When the vail of the flesh shall be lifted, all
sorrow shall then flee away,
No dark shadows can come between us in the
realms of eternal day;
When with him in the blessed hereafter, re-
deeming each promise and vow,
Will he seem to my glorified vision more no-
ble or god-like than now?

Character in the Voice.

We are very much given to forming estimates of persons by the tones of their voices, and, in the absence of other and better data, a tolerable judgment may be so formed.

It is said that Socrates judged the quality of a man by the tone of his voice, as may be inferred from his well-known "Speak that I may see you."

Dr. Durant has prepared a formula which embodies his conclusions on this subject, viz.:

"We perceive in a stutterer one that is easily enraged and as easily pacified, vain, officious, inconstant, and ordinarily quick.

"A person whose utterance is thick and coarse is malicious, cunning, and disdainful.

"A coarse voice indicates a robust physique, a great talker, quick tempered, though conspicuously discreet.

"A piercing, fine, or weak voice is indicative of timidity, cunning, and generally of quick wit.

"An attractive and clear voice expresses a man who is prudent, sincere, and ingenuous, but proud and incredulous; whereas a firm voice, without harshness, denotes a person who is robust, intelligent, circumspect, and benevolent.

"A man possessing a trembling and hesitating voice is timid, weak, vain, and sometimes jealous.

"A voice combining great sound and firmness indicates a man who is strong, audacious, rash, obstinate, and self-important.

"A sharp and rude voice, in singing as well as in conversation, denotes a coarse mind, inferior judgment, and strong appetites.

"A hoarse voice, seemingly the effect of a cold, signifies a person more simple than wise, credulous and untruthful, vain and inconstant.

"A full and sweet voice denotes a man who is peaceful, inclined to timidity, discreet, and self-willed.

"A voice at first grave and then sharp and piercing denotes the quick temper of an impetuous, arrogant, and impudent man.

"A soft, sweet voice is found in a person of a peaceable and suitable character."—*Phrenological Journal.*

A girl in Washington Territory, while walking on the edge of a lake, found a duck with its foot held fast by a mud-turtle. She released it, and fastened around its neck a little leather case containing a note describing herself as a duck of a girl, who wanted a husband, and would correspond with the finder. A man shot and killed the duck near Clinton, Iowa, and "opened a correspondence with the girl, which resulted in their marriage"—not a bit of it. He's a married man already, and as he told his wife about killing the duck, she has been watching his letters closely.

TURNING THE QUESTION.—Dr. Lyman Beecher was once examined before a theological council, and a test question was put: "Are you willing to be damned for the glory of God?" which he declined to answer in the affirmative. Then arose a hair-splitting and heated discussion, till at length Beecher struck a fair compromise ground by declaring that if the Divine Will decreed the damnation of the whole council, it would meet with his entire acquiescence.

"Give the Indians a show," says a Western paper. Yes; give them an amateur "Pinafore."

Yes, pie is the great destroyer. Whenever we are confronted by it we at once cry for quarter.