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The New Northwest

A Journal for the People,
Devoted to the Interests of Humanity,
Independent in Politics and Religion,
Alive to all Live Issues, and Thoroughl
Radical in Opposing and Exposing
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," "MADGE MORRISON," "FACT, FATE AND FANCY," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

AT LAST.

The widow turned and gazed upon her brother with such a look as one might bestow upon an inquisitor applying the thumb-screw.

"Poor John!" she said, compassionately. "He's having his day of triumph now, but his utter humiliation will come in its own good time. I repeat, your Honor, that I am on good terms with my brother."

"Maybe she'd like to deny that she's treated me like a dog, many and many a time!" cried John Hardine, who at this juncture was mildly reprimanded by the Court.

"I am not perfect, your Honor," continued the witness, "and John has sometimes provoked me into retaliation for a moment, but I have always been sorry for it. He never wanted any favor that a sister could bestow but it was granted, and I have never harbored an ill feeling against him in my life. I would do anything that was right or reasonable to conciliate him now."

"Then why do you contend for the conditions of this fraudulent will?" asked John's attorney, sternly.

"Because, sir, it is *not* fraudulent! My brother knows that it is not!"

John Hardine did not dare to further insult his sister while in the witness chair, lest by so doing he should incur an already well-deserved fine; so he contented himself as well as he could by saying derogatory things in an undertone reflecting upon her chastity and honor, in hearing of a few congenial protectors of the sex—heaven save the mark!—who of course enjoyed his unsavory and unbrotherly aspersions to the uttermost—aspersions which they carried home to their wives at night, rolling them as sweet morsels under their protecting tongues, and causing those self-same wives to cut the acquaintance of Mrs. Tubbs on the very first opportunity.

It is little wonder that women at home form unjust opinions of women who are brought in contact with the world of men in their struggles for a livelihood. They have no opportunity to judge such women except through their husbands' expressed opinions of the class, and it is well known that men's domestic verdicts in such cases are never flattering, and rarely just.

The crucial cross-questioning to which the legatee was subjected elicited nothing further. Not that there was not page after page of questions and answers, which were spread upon the reports *verbatim et literatim*, the whole forming a voluminous document, so prolix as to preclude the probability, so Hardine and Hardpan thought, that Mrs. Tubbs or anyone else would ever bring them before the public in condemnation of the unjust Judge, who distorted the evidence to suit himself in an equally tedious adverse "opinion," which, it is hardly worth while to inform the reader, in due time became a law; an opinion in which the Judge scrupled not to set aside the law and the testimony, and by his own infamous fiat rob the widow of house and lands and bread; and it was not his fault that he did not also rob her of honor.

I have hitherto spared the reader the repetition of the tedious verbiage required by the law to beclouds the terms of a last will and testament with its ambiguity, and I will now spare him the tedium of commonplace verbosity that covered sixty pages of closely written foolscap, wherein the unjust Judge displayed the sagacity of a Simple Simon, the honor of a Modoc Indian, and the judicial lore of a Denis Kearney. The "opinion," once safely delivered, was hidden away in an official pigeon-hole, and the interested parties pocketed their contingent fees. One of John Hardine's attorneys, who was more learned and ingenious than the rest, was employed by Judge Hardpan to compile a "syllabus" for publication; and this the dear people read in the morning papers, and the mass of them dismissed it from their thoughts with a feeling of satisfaction. What was Mrs. Hardine's daughter to them, or they to Mrs. Tubbs? Had she not been judicially accused of a grave misdemeanor, and was she not appropriately punished by that same high tribunal?

The world wagged on as before with the rest of mankind, but John Hardine took possession of his sister's home and duly installed the Sappington's therein. Mrs. Tubbs and her children returned to Portland to battle once more with poverty and its added companion, disgrace. Judge Hardpan "set up" his protected wife in a handsome business in a country town with his share of the profits, and grimly grinned defiance at Justice. Judge Orlando proposed marriage, by letter, to the widow Tubbs, provided she would "bind out" her children, and received the rebuff he merited; while Tirzah Hardine, with the Sappington woman now living near her as a constant menace to her sense of honor, hugged her younger children more closely than ever to her sunken bosom, and continually coughed herself to a lower stage of health under the slow ravages of a lingering consumption.

The robbery that John Hardine had exultantly expected would crush his sister to the earth but nerved her to renewed endeavor. When she returned to Portland, her well-known business capacity served her in lieu of other capital, and, with only the means to pay a month's rental, she secured a well-furnished lodging-house, where, by close economy and application, she was enabled to support her family handsomely. If her beautiful hair turned a trifle gray, and her clear complexion was seamed by faint semblances of future furrows, her wonderful eyes only beamed the more brightly, and her symmetrical form acquired a loftier and more elegant bearing than ever. Her parlors became the rendezvous of learned and distinguished gentlemen, and her sons and daughters grew rapidly in grace and intelligence under the able tutelage of the public schools and the associations of their mother's hired house.

A year passed rapidly away, and a State election was once more upon the *tapis*. Judge Hardpan was a candidate for office, his election this time being necessarily subject to the suffrages of his male constituents, rather than the partisan ruling of an interested Governor.

Mrs. Tubbs had been too deeply occupied in the struggle for subsistence, and seemingly too much interested in the cultured companionship of her friends, to lay plans for thwarting the ambition of her judicial robbers.

John Hardine had grown more confident than ever in the security of his ill-gotten wealth as the months had sped on, and he, in the capacity of Administrator, had absorbed the entire funds of the estate, leaving the other members of his mother's household without any further share than the Court had left to his sister 'Lize; and the infamous decision of the fraudulent Court was well nigh forgotten, when the re-nomination of the Judges brought the whole matter again before the public for readjudication upon the moral plane that, after all, is the tribunal before which every misdemeanor must come at last for final arbitration and settlement.

The fates, or fortunes, of the widow had thrown her entirely without the pale of the other characters in my story, leaving her to new acquaintances with which my reader will not be interested, as their individuality forms no part in the plot or plan of this o'er-true tale.

The political situation aroused my heroine to active mental effort. Unused as she had been, through all the years of her womanhood, to opportunities for intellectual culture, it was not imagined by any person, least of all by Judge Hardpan, that she would know enough to write, compile and publish a book. But the sequel proved that the wily official had reckoned without his host; and for weeks before the election an attractive little work was scattered broadcast throughout the State, entitled, "Mrs. Hardine's Will." It found its way to every post office, and was read in every farm-house. Merchants, bankers, artisans, women and children talked about it. The partisan friends of Judge Hardpan tried hard to suppress it. John Hardine published a manifesto in feeble defense of the robbery and the robbers. Newspapers in the Judge's interest threw editorial mud at Mrs. Tubbs, and inflated stump orators tried hard to impeach the veracity of her book. But she had gone to the records for her testimony, and in every paragraph had caused her pages to speak by authority. The expense of publication told heavily upon her slender purse, but she did not spare the facts nor hinder the free circulation of her work for financial considerations.

It was nearing election time, and excitement was at its height, when Mrs. Tubbs was aroused from her meditations in the moonlight at her bed-room window one evening by a fragile form that entered her doorway with a child in its arms and paused tremulously in her presence.

"Is it a spirit?" she asked, starting up in astonishment.

It had been long since she had seen an apparition of the kind.

"No, 'Liza. It is I, your poor sister, Tirzah Hardine," was the excited reply, as the visitor fell panting and coughing to the floor, and the little child, frightened by the fall, set up a piteous wail.

Mrs. Tubbs rang a bell and summoned her daughter to take the babe, and gathering the wasted figure of the mother in her strong arms, she laid her tenderly upon the bed.

"John didn't know I came," said Tirzah, gazing wildly around the room, as if anticipating pursuit; "but he told me he'd kill you, and me too, if Judge Hardpan wasn't elected."

"I'd be corry to think I'd have to live till he kills me, Tirzah. Don't be afraid," was the cheerful answer. "You are safe with me now, and you shall stay here just as long as you like."

"May I? Oh, 'Liza, you're so good! I know I'll get well, now I've come to you."

The words of encouragement that 'Lize would have gladly added died upon her lips. There was no mistaking the nature of that ominous cough, nor the hectic upon her sunken cheeks that was plainly visible in the moonlight.

"What do you think John will do when he knows I am here, 'Liza?"

"He'll let you alone, of course. He can't help himself."

"But he'll come and kill us."

'Lize laughed merrily.

"Dear 'Liza, I do believe you're getting young again," said Tirzah, fondly. "I used never to be afraid when you were with me, and I don't feel afraid of anything now. But couldn't you prevent John from knowing I am here?"

"No, dearie. I'll write to him tonight and tell him all, so he won't be looking for you. There's no danger that he'll search for you when he knows you are with me."

"Maybe so, sister. I've been so weak I couldn't work much for ever so long, and he only cared for me for what I was worth as a scullion. I guess I'm safe here till I get well."

"Yes, poor child—till you get well," said 'Lize, sadly.

"How do you think the election will go, 'Liza?"

"Against Judge Hardpan, of course. The people are always on the side of right when they know what is the right."

"But, oh, 'Liza, I wish you hadn't published that book."

"Why, sister?"

"Because it has made John so cross with me and the children. He acts as if we had done it."

"He won't be cross with the rest of 'em, now that you're away, Tirzah. We'll install you right here in my comfortable room, and I'll take care of you, dear; and we'll live over the old days, and we'll both grow young again. I want you to be just as happy as a bird and as care-free as a pansy. John won't trouble you. Rest easy on that score. My house is filled with gentlemen lodgers, who honor and respect me, and they will see that my guest is honored also."

The change, to Tirzah, from the bare, unsightly walls and floors of her unfurnished country home to the cultured elegance of her sister's house was like a realization of heaven. Nothing that would in any way jar her sensitive nerves was allowed to intrude upon her presence. Once, only, did her husband attempt to visit her. But 'Lize would not permit it, and did not let her know that he had come.

The changed appearance of John Hardine when he did come—his sad eyes, unkempt hair and beard, and general air of despondency—affected 'Lize strangely. The words of censure that welled to her lips died unsaid. Evidently his great possessions had not brought him happiness. He was silent and constrained in his sister's presence, and felt relieved when the brief interview was ended. He was sorry that she had not reproached him; and for the first time in his life his conscience troubled him sorely.

"Be sure your sin will find you out!" said the solemn monitor in almost audible tones, as he descended the steps of his sister's house and joined Judge Hardpan on the street, while both of them looked wretched and crestfallen.

"Did you give the jade a piece of your mind, John?" asked the Judge.

"No, hang it! Do you know, Judge, I've wished a thousand times that I'd let her keep that cursed farm? I've never been happy a minute since I got it away from her."

"You didn't tell her so, I hope."

"Not much! I'm not quite a blasted idiot, if I have been a knave."

"Do you really believe I'll be elected, John?"

"I don't see much show for it now, sure. The very devil's in the people. All brought about by 'Lize's meddling, too. If you're defeated, she'll manage to get the case re-opened, and then good-bye to my prospects for holding the property. Confound the luck!"

"Did you see your wife, John?"

"No; and I don't know as I cared to. I've been a low, mean, contemptible wretch, Judge, and she knows it. 'Lize says she can't last long, and I won't bother her with the presence of my own carcass the balance of her days. That Sappington she-devil has been my ruin. If I should lose the property you saved for me by setting aside my mother's will, I wouldn't be worth a dollar. Everything else I have on earth is mortgaged."

"Ah! How did that come?"

"I don't know, hardly. The woman led me into it by degrees. Things haven't prospered with me lately. My last wheat crop was a failure. Your wife will always adapt herself to your circumstances, Judge; your mistress, never. I never had another friend like poor Tirzah Ingleton."

The election day came and went, rewarding the unjust functionary who had abetted the robbery of a dead mother's grave to the shades of private life and the resources of his wife's country store.

Mrs. Tubbs did not exult over his defeat among her friends as they had expected she would.

"Poor man!" she sighed. "I don't know what will become of him! He's lived so long at the public crib that it will go hard with him to stand back during the rest of his life. And I do pity poor Mrs. Hardpan, for I know by bitter experience how hard it will be for her to support him and endure his complaints. No man was ever yet supported by his wife but he thought he was abused and wronged by her."

After the election Mrs. Tirzah Hardine sank rapidly in spite of her loved sister's unceasing care.

"Don't grieve for me, 'Liza," she would say, tenderly, "for it will all be right by-and-by. John will be brought to poverty yet, for he will need its sad experience to open his heart and conscience and lead him to repentance. It is this that comforts me. I know, now, that I cannot recover, and I'm no longer afraid of John. Will you send for him and the children?"

"Yes, dear sister."

The door-bell rang with a tremulous jerk, and a portly gentleman was admitted into the sisters' presence.

"Excuse me for not sending up my card," said a familiar voice. "I really could not tarry——"

"*John Ingleton! Is it possible?*" cried 'Lize, in astonishment.

"*At last!*" he exclaimed, in transport, as he clasped her in a close embrace.

"At last!" echoed his sister Tirzah, to whose bedside the lovers advanced, and then knelt before her in a mingled ecstasy of joy and pain.

[To be concluded next week.]

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

[FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.]

NEW YORK, July 31, 1880.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

It is considered quite the correct thing in these days to speak of New York as being entirely empty, and if you catch a man with any pretensions to knowing what is what walking under an umbrella on the shady side of the street, he will be pretty certain to explain that he is merely in town for a day or two to cut off his coupons or collect his dividends, or upon some other equally delicious errand. But no stranger walking along Broadway at four o'clock in the afternoon, or protecting his endangered life and limbs by dodging carts, trucks and horse cars in the lower part of the city, would believe that the city was any less crowded than usual; and these sojourners among us provide the shopkeepers also with plenty of lucrative occupation, preventing them from losing heart during these arid heats and the absence of their regular customers. No city streets in the world present a more cosmopolitan and varied appearance than those of New York in Summer. The dark-skinned Cuban with blue-black chin elbows the blonde sons of Albion in bob-tailed plaid suits, and the keen-faced New Englanders make a strong contrast with the swarthy Southerners in broad-brimmed hats, each with a knob in one thin cheek, representing concealed solace.

The splendid success of the Coney Island experiment has stimulated other enterprises, until we now have, in seaside resorts near the city, privileges such as no other metropolis in the world enjoys. Rockaway Beach has been so improved as to make it a formidable rival of Brighton, Manhattan and the other Coney Island attractions. Long Beach, just beyond Rockaway, puts in a strong claim to popular favor, and, with its railroad accommodations and grand new hotel, its success is not doubtful. It will probably soon find rivals springing up along the slip of coast still remaining unutilized west of Fire Island. Besides these splendid seaside resorts, open to the full sweep of the Atlantic Ocean, there are other places, without leaving the soil of our own State, offering health and recreation to visitors from the metropolis. When we go outside the State, the advantages of New York as a Summer city are, of course, largely multiplied. There are Long Branch and the other places along the Jersey coast, all enjoyable, although no better for bathing or sea air than our Long Island resorts, and less easy of access. There are many beautiful places along the Connecticut shore of the Sound, and there are the Orange Mountains across the North River within sight of the city.

Undertakers, with a grim sense of humor, daily inundate Dr. Tanner, the faster, with their business cards.

AUGUST.

STATUE OF PENN.—The crown of William Penn's hat, which is to adorn his thirty-six foot statue surmounting the lofty tower of the new Philadelphia public buildings, will be just 535 feet from the pavement. This is higher than any other tower yet constructed. Trinity steeple in New York City, which seems so towering with its height of 284 feet, shrinks into significance in comparison with the lofty spire which is intended to be the crowning glory of Penn square. The highest towers which have yet been constructed are those of the Cologne Cathedral, which have at present a height of 524 feet 11 inches, or 10 feet 1 inch below Mr. Penn's proposed hat. As, however, the Cologne towers are still unfinished and rise at an ultimate altitude of 576 feet 9 inches, the Penn square tower may never enjoy the distinction of being the highest in the world.

The results of sounding over the bed of the Atlantic have made clear, it is believed, the existence through the middle of the ocean, extending from north to south, of a sunken ridge, often less than 1,000 fathoms from the surface, while on either side the water has a depth of from 3,000 to more than 3,450 fathoms; so that the elevation of the ocean's bottom required to make these depths on dry land would bring up between them a mountain range from 9,000 to 13,000 feet high. The higher points of this sunken ridge now form the islands of the Azores.

LITTLE "RHODY."

[FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.]

PROVIDENCE, R. I., August 1, 1880.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

The last was indeed a gala month for the Little Rhodians. Our gallant Brigade of Militia have just returned from their annual camping out, which is intended to be made as thoroughly imitative of real camp life as any imitation can be of a reality. We rather think that they would find the privations incident upon real camp life very different from this "tenting upon the beach," where they are catered to by our city caterers and are not even deprived of the smell of the savory, succulent, luscious bivalve, that *god* of true Rhode Islanders, the clam.

This is the festive season of excursions everywhere "under the sun," by land or water. The palace steamers Massachusetts and Rhode Island run their nightly trips to and from New York, and twice or thrice a week the public are invited to enjoy their magnificence by daylight and a trip "outside" to Martha's Vineyard (now Cottage City), or perhaps out upon the "ocean wave" below and around Block Island. These excursions are most highly prized by the stay-at-home brigade, and we are sometimes of the opinion that they have altogether the best of it. Certainly one day of such fresh, healthful enjoyment is more invigorating than a fortnight of frivolous hops and dinner parties at those resorts where fashion reigns preeminently.

Twenty-five years ago (so *old* people tell us), "going out of the city" meant something sensible; families of wealth really left the crowded cities in pursuit of health and rest. We will not deny that Saratoga and Newport are more healthful than New York in mid-summer; midnight dances and the daily round of fashionable full-dress and folly will not at these places exhaust one as the same amount of criminal frivolity would at this heated season in our crowded cities. We say *criminal*, and we mean it. At this heated season, when health is held by such a slender thread, we do believe it wicked for persons to unnecessarily expose themselves to the liability of injuring their constitutions. Wealth imposes obligation, and when the class that possess the greater amount of this world's goods realize this fact, they will better do their duty to themselves and those beings less fortunate as regards this world's goods. The poor must work, must expose themselves to the heat and turmoil of life and its attendant evils; but the rich should make the most of their release from these obligations and show us the beautiful sight of what we might be with leisure to properly care for our health mentally and physically.

The poor and the stay-at-homes here in this cozy little city of Providence, which a late writer tells us "fifty years ago had more the appearance of a village by the sea than of a city, and which the *little* boys that have taken the census inform us now has 104,700 inhabitants," are so well situated and so bountifully supplied with healthful parks and gardens that they easily convince themselves that they are perfectly contented at home, or they would be were it not that so many of the lilies of the field who "toil not, neither do they spin," must really go to some fashionable resort to live over again in mid-summer the elegant pleasures of the past Winter. It is no wonder to me that the laboring husbands and fathers of these beautiful but unfragrant lilies should scorn the request of woman to be recognized as man's equal in the political field. As long as a man must endure the confinement of the office, store, or shop, even if thereby he gains a handsome income; so long as that income cannot be received without that labor, or would be greatly diminished were he to fail in that constant attention, *it is not right* for wife and daughters to reside in a three-story palace with from two to four servants to relieve them of all care, as, dressed in elegance, they sit in magnificently furnished reception rooms and receive their elegantly attired callers, who are, of course, other wives and daughters of equally hard-worked men.

One fine lady in "reduced" circumstances—*i. e.*, carriage sold and coachman dismissed, and now only *one* man-servant and *two* maid-servants—said, "Since brother had to go into the office, we have breakfasted at half-past seven, and it is so hard!" Men who handle their goods and personally wait upon customers should not support their families in imitation of blue-blood grandeur and build handsome cottages by the sea or at Saratoga and patiently endure the loneliness of a deserted home, as they plod along with a shrewd eye for an extra good bargain that may furnish the last extravagant indulgence asked for.

But we have wandered somewhat from what we at first intended—a descriptive allusion to our lovely parks, our *oases*, where the exhausted may breathe. In the heart of the city, between the railroad station and the old State prison, is our earliest park, or Cove Promenade. In our childhood, a visit to this city was never complete without at least one trip around this lovely circular promenade, with its plain wooden benches beneath each of the double circle of beautiful, woods-like trees that stood like trusty sentinels at equal distances from each other. Then we would look down upon the limpid water in the Cove Basin; but Fashion and Fate have set its glory far in the past; it is not the thing at all to go there, inviting as the ever more beautiful shade trees really are. To-day the gem of a plateau, leading by a flight of wooden steps, bordered by rustic balustrades, off and up from Broadway, and christened Sans Souci, entertains the class of people that once patronized the Cove Promenade. Its beauties are so tempting that everybody goes, yet it is most essentially the middle class, or the by necessity pedestrians. The carriage aristocracy will drive to the old-time aristocratic, dusky streets upon the east side (where for ages *our* blue blood has stagnated), and from Prospect Terrace will witness the glorious views for which that place is famous at sunset; or they will follow those same dusky avenues yet farther east to Blackstone Park, the shady banks of the historic Seekonk, or to that charmingly beautiful "city of the dead," Swan Point Cemetery. A more charming drive than either of these three could hardly be imagined. If westward one would prefer to go, there is Reservoir avenue, leading to our magnificent and expensive water works. Or one may spend many happy hours driving or riding through Roger Williams Park, the beauties of which, if described, would alone furnish a long letter to the NEW NORTHWEST; we may sometime do so. It is said that Nature has done more for us there than it did for Central Park, New York. What possibilities for us if well endowed!

KESIAH SHELTON.

A Remarkable Dream.

The following appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1826:

Being in company the other day when the conversation turned upon dreams, I related one, which, as it happened to my own father, I can answer *for* the perfect truth of it.

"About the year 1731, my father, Mr. D—— of K——, in the County of Cumberland, came to Edinburgh to attend the classes, having the advantage of an uncle in the regiment then in the castle, and remained under the protection of his uncle and aunt, Major and Mrs. Griffiths, during the Winter. When the Spring arrived, Mr. D. and three or four young gentlemen from England (his intimates) made parties to visit all the neighboring places about Edinburgh, Roslin, Arthur's Seat, Craig Miller, etc. Coming home one evening from some of those places, Mr. D. said:

"'We have made a party to go a-fishing to Inch-Keith to-morrow, if the morning is fine, and have bespoke our boat. We shall be off at six.'

"No objections being made, they separated for the night.

"Mrs. Griffiths had not been asleep long when she screamed out in a most violent and agitated manner, 'The boat is sinking! Save, oh, save them!'

"The Major awoke her and said, 'Are you uneasy about the fishing party?'

"'Oh, no,' she replied. 'I had not once thought of it.'

"She then composed herself and soon fell asleep again. In about another hour she cried out in a dreadful fright, 'I see the boat is going down.'

"The Major again awoke her, and she said, 'It has been owing to the other dream I had, for I feel no uneasiness about it.'

"After some conversation, they both fell asleep; but no rest for her. In the most extreme agony she again screamed, 'They are gone! the boat is sunk!'

"When the Major awakened her, she said, 'Now, I can not rest; Mr. D. must not go, for I feel, should he go, I should be miserable till his return; the thought of it would almost kill me.'

"She instantly arose, threw on her gown, went to his bedside, for his room was next their own, and with great difficulty got his promise to remain at home.

"'But what am I to say to my young friends, whom I was to meet at Leath at six o'clock?'

"'With great truth you may say your aunt is ill; for I am so at present. Consider, you an only son, under our protection, and, should anythin happeng to you, it would be my death.'

"Mr. D. immediately wrote a note to his friends, saying he was prevented from joining them, and sent his servant with it to Leath. The weather came in most beautifully, and continued so till three o'clock, when a violent storm arose, and in an instant the boat and all who were in it went to the bottom, and were nevermore heard of, nor was any part of it ever seen. I have often heard the story from my father, who always added, 'It has not made me superstitious, but with awful gratitude I can never forget that my life, by Providence, was saved by a dream.'"

A PECULIAR PEOPLE.—Mr. Tremlett, the British Consul at Saigon, mentions as a remarkable peculiarity of the natives of the country that they have the great toe of each foot separated from the others like the thumb of the hand, and it can be used to much the same purpose, though not to the same extent. This distinctive mark of an Annamite is not, however, usually seen in the vicinity of Saigon, but is now confined to the inhabitants of the more northern section of the empire, where the race has remained more distinct. This peculiarity is the meaning of the native name for the Annamite race; and that the name and peculiarity are of great antiquity is shown by the mention in Chinese annals 2300 B. C., as that (or those) of one of the "four barbarian" tribes that then formed the boundaries of the Chinese Empire.

The relationship of a man and a woman is easily discovered in rainy weather, according to the Albany *Journal*. If they are lovers, the woman will have all the umbrella, and the man won't care how wet he gets; but if they are married, it is just the opposite.

Augustus Dabble (artist)—"Don't you think it is about time I exhibited something?" Severe critic (examining Dabble's latest production)—"Yes; a little talent, for instance."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Charles Dickens' Own Story.

The great story-teller, who has so often roused our sympathies for the hardships and struggles of the boys of his imagination, and who has done real boys a lasting service by his terrible picture of "Dotheboy's Hall" (so that any such cruelty now draws down its prompt punishment, as was seen in one of our large cities not so long ago), has left us a leaf out of his own story, which may serve to put a brave heart into some boys who think their lives a little hard, or who are impatient and restless under difficulties. We will read it in his own words:

In an evil hour for me, it was proposed by a cousin who owned a blacking ware-house, that he should take me into the business, I to make myself useful for a salary of six shillings a week. The offer was accepted by my father, and on a Monday morning I began my business life.

The blacking ware-house was a crazy, tumble-down old house, abutting on the river, and literally overrun with rats. Its wainscoated rooms, and its rotten floors and staircase, and the old grey rats swarmed down in the cellars, and the sound of their squeaking and scuffling coming up the stairs at all times, and the dirt and decay of the place, rise up vividly before me, as if I were there again.

The counting House was on the front floor, looking over the coal barges and river. There was a recess in it, in which I was to sit and work. My work was to cover the pots of paste blacking—first with a piece of oil paper and then with a piece of blue paper, to tie them round with a string, and then to clip the paper close and neat all around until it looked as smart as a pot of ointment from an apothecary's shop. When a certain number of grosses of pots had attained this pitch of perfection, I was to paste on each a printed label, and then go on again with more pots. Two or three other boys were kept at similar duty down stairs on similar wages. One of them came up in a ragged apron and paper cap, to show me the trick of using the string and tying the knot.

I suppose my lodging was paid for by my father, but I had no assistance except the making of my clothes. I was so young and so childish, I could not resist the stale pastry sold at half price at the confectioners' doors, and I often in that way spent the money I should have kept for my dinner, and had to dine off a roll or a slice of pudding.

There were two pudding shops between which I was divided, according to my finances. At one the pudding had currants in it, and was dear. The other was a stout, male pudding, heavy and flabby, with great raisins in it stuck in whole, at great distance apart. Many a day did I dine on it.

When I had money enough, I used to go to a coffee shop and have half a pint of coffee and a slice of bread and butter for my tea. When I had no money, I took a turn in Covent Garden Market and stared at the pineapples.

I do not exaggerate the scantiness of my resources and the difficulties of my life. If a shilling was given me by any one, I spent it in a dinner or tea. I worked from morning until night, a shabby child. I tried, but ineffectually, not to anticipate my money and to make it last the week through, by putting it away in a drawer I had in the counting house, wrapped into six little parcels, each parcel containing the same amount and labeled with a different day. I have lounged about the streets of London, insufficiently and unsatisfactorily fed, and, but for the mercy of God, I might have been, for any care that was taken of me, a little robber or a little vagabond.

A Touching Appeal.

From a late issue of the New Orleans *Times*, we clip the following, furnished by a correspondent of that journal, which truly exhibits "the tender heart hid in the breast of a rugged man:"

There is nothing in the world so sad as human nature, and the tears come into my eyes now as I think of the pitiful story Tom told me as he smoked his after-supper pipe last night. The other day, just before I came home, Tom had occasion to make a journey. On his way back, and when the train stopped at the bay, he noticed a man getting into the car in front of him with a little baby lying in his arms. The baby seemed young, and the man gently rocked it in his arms, bending over now and then to kiss its little white face. After the train got under way, the conductor came to Tom and said:

"Come with me. I want to show you the saddest, strangest sight you ever saw in all your life," and he led the way into the next car. "Do you see that man over there?" said he, and there sat the man whom Tom had noticed with the babe.

A precious little bundle lay quiet on the seat in front of him, and, as these other two men watched, he leaned over, looked long and earnestly in the little white face, and then kissed the frail finger tips he held so gently in his hand.

"That baby's dead," said the conductor. "It died this morning at the bay. He couldn't bear to put it in a coffin, because then it would have to go without him in the baggage car, and so he is just carrying it home to New Orleans in his arms."

And the car rattled on—the boy called the stale slices of sponge cake and his cigars through the train—the passengers laughed, and smoked, and fought the mosquitoes—and he, stricken to the heart's core, sat there quiet and unheeding, watching over his dead child, kissing the fingers that would never again softly clasp his, looking down upon the white lids that had closed over the bright eyes as the petals of a sensitive flower close at night-time over its delicate heart, and the world was nothing to him.

A writer advises that girls who wish to have small mouths should repeat at frequent intervals during the day: "Fannie Finch fried four floundering frogs for Francis Fowler's father."

Talk about a bull in a China shop, why, we've seen a cowhide in a school-room.

Rosa Bonheur was once apprenticed to a dressmaker.