A DESCRIPTION OF A DESC THE NEW NORTHWEST, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1880.

GOOD-NIGHT.

BY MARY H. HINGHAM.

God keep you safe, my little love, All through the night; Rest close to his encircling arms Until the light, My heart is with you as I kneel to pray. Good-night! God keep you in His care alway.

Thick shadows creep like silent ghosts

About my head ; I lose myself in tender dreams,

While overhead

The moon comes stealing through the window bars, A silver sickle gleaming through the stars.

For I, though I am far away,

Feel safe and strong; To trust you thus, my dear love-and yet-

The night is long-I say with sobbing breath the old fond prayer, Good-night! Sweet dreams! God keep you everywhere.

SHE SAVED THE TOWN.

BY JAMES CLEMENT AMBROSE.

I write history-and its narrative sits heavily on me. Why? That in its poison it has many parallels; in its antidote, few. How the years that whirl past us tangle our brains with wonder, that men will so often forsake the better impulses of human nature and cleave to the blasting passions which make it their sport and God's grief!

opens. Before it closes, I shall be admitted to the bar; the law student will become the lawyer; he will put up his shingle, and sweep out office for nobody but No. 1. And then-

"May you never be admitted to any 'bar' but the symbol of your profession !" broke in Agnes.

"Never !" stoutly returned Arnold Wilmoth. "Of course not ! Why, could I ever make such hazard of your love and happiness? of health, honor, prospects, and the mutual home we're to

have "I hope not, Arnold; but ever since the death from drink of young Ellis, who, in betrothal days, protested total abstinence as loudly as you do now, and meant it no less, I have a horror of these saloons. They are snares set beside stores and under offices to catch the innocent. Through their trap-door Ellis fell into the pit; his wife and

boy into hunger, rags, cold and shame." "My dear Agnes, you don't think I would de

"No; of course you don't intend to do so. But I wish you felt a little more afraid of it; not quite so confident of strength to defy temptation. I think fear of danger is near akin to safety; one who never ventures near the edge of Niagara never goes over the rapids."

"You're a good philosopher, love; and I love you much for your thoughtfulness. But please don't borrow trouble; let's talk of better things. You know, the best day of our lives is pledged to come soon after my settlement in business.

The conversation turned to marriage. Within idents of an Illinois vil-

sight of a new customer in the petted young lawyer, and set forth his "best," where best is worst.

At midnight the three more stalwart drinkers assisted Arnold Wilmoth to his own doorstep. His watching, anxious wife opened the door, and he staggered in and sank in a driveling heap at her feet. The triple escort slunk hastily back into darkness before the glance of the woman they had wounded-and were gone.

Arnold could not speak. He would not, if he could. Agnes did not utter a word. She breathed no reproach against him she loved. There was none in her heart. But the girlhood in her face gave place to grandeur in one moment. The heroic in her strong woman's nature came to the front; and there it has had the growth of seven years of practice. Not a tear nor a sigh escaped her. Henceforth to motherhood was added the halo of consecration to a great public cause, to the cure of a great public curse-intemperance. She seemed to have touched the hem of the garment of Divinity. She continued Agnes, the same loving wife and mother at home. She rose to be also a helper of humanity beyond home. Within her home she administered love still with familiar smiles. But away from home she set all smiles of gayety aside. Arnold's calamity she felt to be to her the hand of consecration; and she went forth to work with sterner stuff than smiles, to kill the cause of broken-hearted homes-the temptation which lurks in the sale of liquor by authority of law.

Arnold's boy lay asleep in his crib that night, seeing not his father's shame. The wife put the husband to bed; then spent in prayer what remained of the night. She felt a call to plead a ions which make it their sport and God's grief! sober cause. For that work she sought gospel "To-morrow, Agnes, the June term of court help. She got it. Next day she went among the Christian women of her acquaintence, and the result soon was a temperance prayer-meeting organized. Many people expressed surprise at the effort, as though drunkenness and its authorship were sins so large God would not hear prayer against them, or could not cast them into the ditch they digged for men.

This was in the fall of '73. A few months later came across to prairies of Illinois the example of Ohio women. 'The inspiration of their "crusade" for temperance went West, took early root, and has grown up with the country. Under that, woman is not waiting for her seed to bruise the serpent's head, but is doing the bruising herself. Agnes Wilmoth headed a praying band, carrying prayer and sacred song into the saloons of her village; and some surrendered. She learned where Arnold had taken liquor on that night, and had the joy of seeing it soon converted into a tin-shop.

When the "crusade" crystallized into the present greatchain of Woman's Christian Temperance Unions-National, State and local-Agnes became the efficient President of her village Union, laboring to add law to moral sussion as a power for sobriety. All this time she passed not a word with her husband on the cause of her new zeal for temperance. He knew. She never upbraided him with the woe of that night. But she persuaded him to abandon political speaking; she persuaded him to convert their little library into a law-office, for such work as he must give their evenings to, so that he might not appear in public places at hours when the evil and its friends are most potent.

If ever, after that night, liquor passed Arnold's lips, its worst effect did not last him all the way home. But Agnes saw no certainty of safety at grossly, except my father. Ludovica was home, while temptation held the form of saloons. She felt that eternal vigilance was the price of a sober husband.

every woman of the village was there, and none voted to keep the jug and the glass where they would be handy for husband or lover.

The saloons went out of power as the women went into power. There was joy in the cottage. There was public jubilation and praise aloud bestowed upon her name-Agnes had saved the town.

THE BERNHARDT GUSH.

"PUCK'S" SOULFUL YOUNG MAN GIVES HIS SWEET IMPRESSIONS.

I have seen Her.

A woman-a fragile, delicate woman, vibrant with the impulse of genius-utterly and supremely vibrant.

When I first heard that She was coming here, I weptawhile. Then I went to my sister Ludovicashe who comprehends me best of all.

"Ludovica," I said, "She is coming." I showed her the journal—the paltry, vulgar sheet immortalized and glorified by the mention of Her name. I mean the name of Sarah Bernhardt. When I write her, I mean my sister. When I write Her, I mean Sarah Bernhardt. crown her with capitals. Would I could have

them gilt. "Hyperion," she replied, pressing the sheet to

her bosom, "we have hever fived until now." "Ludovica," I said, "we have lived; but we

have not pulsated."

I rushed to my father. He does not comprehend me, my father. His soul is strangely gross, considering that he is my father. The sordid dross which furnishes us with means of subsistence he earned-I blush to own it-he earned in servile trade. Pork, I think it was-he traded in the lifeless flesh of swine in some barbarian Western town-Cincinnati, meseems.

I told him all. Heaven alone knows what it cost me to express to him my desire in that commonplace language which alone he understands. When it was done, he frowned. I knew he would. He thought at once of Dross. His words, low unaesthetic, still ring in my ears:

"Season tickets, sixty dollars. Seven in family. Seven times six is forty-two. Four hundred and twenty dollars. It's powerful dear, Abe."

He always calls me Abe. My first name is Abraham. It is his. I do not recognize it. My mother gave me the name of Hyperion. That name symbolizes my soul. I call myself A. could obtain on the way she passed on ward not Hyperion Gush. But my father has never passed beyond the Abraham stage of culture. My whole being quivers whenever he utters the hideous word. But what can I do? I have not a mind that can descend to low, material money-making. I cannot free myself from his gold. I must suffer, to subsist

I told him that he need not go to see Her. He could stay at home. That would reduce the paltry sum. He coarsely replied that four maidens and a matron needed an escort.

"Am I not an escort ?" I asked,

"No !" he said,

But he yielded. Ludovica wept, and he yielded. The base preliminaries were accomplished-I know not how-and the hunger of my soul was satisfied.

. .

I rose pallid-feverous-thrilled. I went down the point, and a few hours later she learned that

in. The keeper of the bar was delighted at the ing for prayer-then voted as they prayed. Nearly norance, in unholy alliance with prejudice, are to be allowed to sit in judgment on this supremest evolution of the triumphantly perfect femininity of the nineteenth century? My soul sickens at the thought.

Yet there were beings who blasphemed. My father said :

"I have seen Rachel and I have seen Bernhardt, Give me Rachel."

And when I said some poor words of witness to Her incomparable excellence, my sister Jenny said that I did not know what I was talking about. I think that for one unworthy minute my sister's mind dwelt on the fact that she understood French and I did not.

I can write no more. A swooningful beatitude takes possession of me. I think of Her, and I am utterly and uncharacterizably gone

Yours faintfully. A. HYPERION GUSH.

1500

P. S.-I must add to this some brief tribute to the grandeur of the only man who has fitly worshiped Her in the vulgar newspapers-Jehan Soudan

Such divine abnegation of manhood and reasonsuch utter falling at the feet-such supreme servitude of abasement, I have never yet seen. Would I could prostrate myself with him. And how choicely and spiritually sweet in him to spell Jean Jehan. A. H. G. ------

A TOUCHING STORY.

A rare example of constancy, courage and devotion combined has just been furnished by a brave young peasant woman, born and bred in a remote hamlet of the Vosges. Marie Hagart, this heroine in humble life, bade adieu to her husband some months since, and saw him start for the great city of Paris in the hope of obtaining employment there. But almost upon his arrival in the capital he fell ill, and, being without either funds or friends, was taken to the Hospital de la Pitie. The news of his illness reached the hamlet where his wife lived, in the course of time, and the latter, listening only to the promptings of her heart, determined to join her sick husband at once. She was utterly destitute. To travel by rail was therefore out of the question; so she started on foot with a baby in her arms, just two francs in her pocket, and a journey of one hundred and three leagues before her. Braving hardships of every description, sleeping by the roadside or in could obtain on the way, she passed onward, nothing daunted, for the city where her husband lay sick. She had lost her way several times, her clothing was in rags, her shoes were gone, but her courage remained undiminished, until a few evenings ago, when, footsore and weary, she found herself at Charetin, when she sank down in the streets overcome by her sufferings, exhausted from want of food, and exclaimed, faintly, "Mon Dieu! I can go no further." Mother and child were conveyed to the police station, revived, warmed and tended, after which the poor woman related in a few words her touching story, seemingly astonished that those who listened to her should express admiration for her conduct. Kindly persons offered the young woman the assistance and shelter her forlorn position required, but her absorbing thought was to obtain news of the man for whom she had traveled so far. The The supreme night drew near. The day dawned. Police Commissioner undertook to satisfy her on

lage were married. Love conquered even the fear of Agnes, in spite of her keen perception of the danger which always sits at table with temptation.

A barrel of cider stood on tap in the cellar of Arnold's father. Agnes knew it. In the Wilmoth family even beer had not been reckoned among the infernal spirits; Agnes knew it. And her fears were the fruit of knowledge; but she hoped. When did not a young and loving woman

hope? A year of married life. Good clients come to court with Arnold; prosperity salutes him; he is proud of his success, and Agnes is proud of him. The man at the mast-head seems to shout, "All is well !"

Two years of married life. A little lad in the likeness of Agnes has just spread his tiny sails on that perilous voyage, from the cradle to the grave; and in the sweet and sacred mysteries of earliest motherhood, Agnes finds the supreme happiness of the perfect woman.

Arnold is glad; but he is not gay. His success at the bar has been such that business now seeks him; he is crowded; he is under mental strain to "keep up;" he is often at his office of nights preparing cases for trial; the "occasional" glass of beer has become a steady habit.

Another year is gone; and the grind for money increases. Arnold stands in practice beside men twice his years at the bar. He is thrown much into the companionship of men long since weaned from that holiest human anchorage, a wife's affections. He is a bright young orator, and politiclans of all grades in evil habits press upon him to plead the party's cause in the pending campaign.

In such plague-breathing company he goes to speak at night in a neighboring town. The people are pleased to admiration; but the leaders are bent on making a brother beast of the man who has gratified them. To "treat" to that which "stingeth like an adder," is their ideal method of manifesting gratitude. Into the cross-roads grocery, with a saloon in a jug under the counter. they persuaded Arnold to go after speaking, "to brace up," they said, "for the cool ride home.

His companions were three professional party barnacles. They were used to being away from home ; used, being away, to forget home ; to sncer at it as a good place to go back to only when they could go nowhere else; to jest of woman's love as a trifle for men to trifle with. In their philoso-phy, she had no right other than to minister to man's pleasure, and no right to complain that his pleasure was of the brute's brutish, at the cost of her happiness in home, life, good name, husband, children. Need I add, they were also used to strong drink?

With their philosophy, they ridiculed the honest protests of Arnold in favor of wife and home till he took whisky into his stomach-the devil into his head. I cannot tell you how, even after they had blackguarded away respect for Agnes and fire babe, he, standing alone, consented it." to be cursed in the cup. But he did. It is the mystery of temptation. Is it lack of the courage to love ourself better than one's companions?

One afternoon in the Winter of '78-'9, Arnold came home to tea early. Said he: "Agnes, what is 'Home Protection?" I see bills up for an ad-I see bills up for an address to-night at the Presbyterian Church by Miss -- on 'Home Protection.' Is that a new name for temperance ?"

"That's what temperance is," said Agnes. "It is a new movement, originated by Miss now President of our State Union, to petition the Legislature to give us women a legal voice, a joint vote with men, on the one question left to the local option of each town, whether it will liwomen here have already signed the petition. I've circulated it for a week, too,"

'Do men sign it ?'

"Plenty of them."

"Is to-night's speaker worth hearing ?" "She isn't worth missing. She is princess of the platform."

'Any admission fee?"

"Not a cent."

"Well, well, you temperance women are the most public-spirited body I ever knew ! I think

I'll attend, if I can have your company." "Certainly; but you'll have to sit in a pew, while I preside at the meeting, being President of the Union here."

"Ha, ha, ha! This is progress, surely !" and Arnold laughed again at thought of "the fast times," and with a good deal of secret pride in the ability, as well as the beauty, of his wife.

Arnold Wilmoth learned a great deal that night. He learned much of what women suffer by what men drink. He learned a new and grand respect for woman as a philanthropist, as the friend of man-as the heart of home, broken when home is broken.

He signed the Home Protection petition. His was one of the 175,000 names annexed to it within the State, and which almost persuaded the Legislature to enact its prayer into law. But it did

Again good women were at work. Agnes and her colleagues still wanted law on their side; they went to law and found it already. It made each | life; they had even touched Her hand-had looked town an independent little dukedom in matters of | in Her eyes. temperance, to settle it for itself, and by such method as the town board might prescribe.

What opportunity for local exertion ! Agnes whisked her mental dust-brush about that old statute till it was clear reading to her. Then she submitted it to Arnold. He said :

"My temperance treasure, you are right; for temperance that statute is a bonanza. If the village trustees make women co-umpire with men on the license issue, why I don't see any help for

Then the local Christian Temperance Union, of which Agnes was President, united a host of good men and women in petition to the village trustees When the quartette had driven into the streets to let the people say whether saloons should be licensed-kept open by law beside their homesto let the people say whether saloons should be to know that he had been a fool in the hands of and to count women as part of the people. The false friends, and crazy enough to wish to drown that knowledge in renewed folly. All places of moral business were closed, but up to an open sa-

garbed in sage-green. Ludovica's soul is like to before her arrival.-London Evening Standard. mine. Corisande, my second sister, has a soul, but it expands more fully in ecclesiastical wise. She said:

"I would not prostrate myself at Her altar, Hyperion, were it not that She has a face strangely and sweetly like St. Ermengarde's. I take it for a symbol.

Joan is my third sister. She said :

"This woman has brought men to her feet. She has asserted the supremacy of Woman. Therefore I love Her."

Joan thrills for the supremacy of Woman. I do not thrill for it; but it is beautiful. My youngest sister is named Jane. It is a paltry name, and she cense saloons and permit the sale of liquors, or not. And, so far, we women seem to be almost wholly on the 'not' side. I and many other little soul. She is almost devoid of soul. She said: "If you are all going to be aesthetic and cry, I

had rather stay at home with papa. I mention this only to show how little soul she

has. How coarse the words look, written,

When the evening came on, I felt divinely feeble. When Ludovica came to me in my atelierfor I follow in the divine footsteps of Jones-Burne-Jones-I paint-when Ludovica sought me in the atelier, I swooned. Ludovica comprehends my soul. She swooned with me. When we revived, I said:

"Ludovica, I fear this is too much." "Hyperion," she said, "I fear it utterly is."

I ate no dinner. Jenny brought me up some beef on a plate-a china plate-but I waved her away. She said I would be ill if I took no nourishment. I felt that she was material, but right. I therefore read a poem of Rossetti's-"The Love-Moon"-and was stronger.

When my father announced the hour for leaving the house, I said to Ludovica :

"Ludovica, what if we pray to some sweet saint to purify us for this sublime delight?"

"Hyperion," she made answer, "it were well." We prayed to Saint Ethelrida, and, supremely strengthened, went out.

When we sat in the theater, my soul was wrenched. In the first act of the play She did not appear; but others did, and the irretrievably and intolerably flippant audience about me made comments on the players. They were holy to methose players. They had seen Her in Her daily

She came.

I think the base folk about me beat their hands together and applauded. I was dumb. What word or sound had I wherewith to fitly greet the large and liberal beneficence of Her genius? With what movement of hands or rhythmic-beating feet, with what utterance of lips, could I hail Her vital and various intelligence, Her depth and ardor of feeling, Her forthright inspiration?

And in what words, or combination of words, shall I describe the unfolding of Her supreme incomparable perfection? Low and blunderingly presumptuous critics have dared, in their infamous and unspeakable insolence, to qualify the wholly sweet and sad matchlessness of Her triumph

What of that?

Has She not a pungent and fiery fidelity to

THE HUMAN EAR.-Imagine two harps in a room, with the same number of strings, and each string perfectly attuned to a corresponding one in the other. Touch a string in one, and the corresponding string in the other will give out the same sound. Try another string, and its corresponding tone will be sounded. So with all the strings. It would not matter how you played the one harp; the other would respond. No doubt the response would be weaker; that is what one would expect; but the response, as regards pitch and quality, would be almost perfect. Now substitute for one harp a human ear, and the conditions would, according to theory, be the same, except that the responsive mechanism of the car is much smaller than that of the responsive harp. In the ear there are minute chords, rods or something, in such a state of tension as to be tuned to tones of various pitch; sound a tone, its corresponding rod or chord in the ear will resound, perhaps feebly, but still with energy sufficient to excite the nerve-filament connected with it; the result is a nervous current to the brain, and a sensation of a tone of a particular pitch .- Good Words.

FEARS SHE WILL BE EATEN .- There is living at the house of Captain Means a girl about nine years of age, whose history is remarkable. An American vessel called at a small island in the Pacific ocean to procure water. The island was inhabited by cannibals. They brought this little girl to sell for the Captain's dinner, offering to prepare her for cooking if he would buy. The Captain bought her, and, afterward meeting Captain Means, gave her to him. She still believes she will be killed and eaten, and when strangers enter the house she clings to Mrs. Means and begs protection of her.-Millbridge Journal.

-------"THE SOFTEST THING."-A Galveston man met a gentleman from Northern Texas and asked how a certain mutual friend was coming on.

"He is doing very well," was the reply.

"What business is he at?"

"He has got the softest thing in the world. He bought a lot of Mexican donkeys at San Antonio for \$3 apiece, and clears \$27 a head on them." "Do they bring such high prices?

"No; but he lets the railroad trains run over them, and the company has to pay him \$30 apiece for them." -----

A story comes all the way from Atkinson, Kan., to explain why Clara Louise Kellogg has never married. In her school days she fell in love with a poor boy, and they exchanged vows of constancy. She went on the stage and made a fortune. He declared that he would not become her husband until his wealth equaled hers; and it has never done so, though he has struggled hard to increase it to the required amount.

"Emma R." asks the Springfield (O.) Tribune this question: "Do you think it right for a girl to sit on a young man's lap, even if she is engaged to him?" Whereupon the editor gets off a very extraordinary lie: "We have had no experience in the matter referred to." Why didn't he say: artistic truth, a stainless pathos? And is it to be received as a contingent or conoon they drove, after eleven o'clock. They went and the wash-tub, they gathered into early meet- ceivable possibility that these last offspring of ig- our girl and another fellow's lap, never."-Ex.