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LIFE'S SUM.

The day is filled with golden hours,
Which fly with winged feet.
To those who gather life's bright flowers,
With perfumed odors sweet.

The week is filled with gladness days,
Which pass with rapid stride,
To those who tread life's pleasant ways,
And rarely turn aside.

The month is filled with precious weeks,
Which all too quickly go.
To those who lack in fortunes freaks,
And know no tale of woe.

The year is filled with months so bright,
Which shine with hopeful glow.
To those who meet in fortune's blight
Have learned to feel and know.

But ah! the years are filled with care,
Passing with timely tread,
To those who wait with silver hair,
Whose youth long since hath sped.

Yet round and round the wheel of years
Turns on with even turn,
Passed to the time in prayer in tears,
That brings us to our turn.

O' restless wheel of years, turn on;
To-morrow's dawn will bring,
To-morrow's turn will bring the dawn,
To bright the dawning ring.

—A. Hamilton, in *Louisville Courier Journal*.

BREAKING A LOG JAM.

Rescue of His Brother by the Hero of Kettle Creek.

All through the autumn axes and saws were busy cutting and peeling logs in the great pine forests lying near Kettle Creek, and during the winter hundreds of men and teams worked, by daylight and moonlight, trailing them down the icy slides and banking them on the various landings. Now, at the end of the season, millions of feet of timber were piled along the stream.

Meanwhile, as was to be expected, some accidents had occurred; a falling tree had hurt one man, a misplaced skid another, and some of the workmen had been injured on the icy and dangerous trails and at the landings.

But the work next in order, that of the spring floating, was of a sort to make all former perils forgotten. For some of it, indeed, men were selected as for a forlorn hope on the battle-field, none but the most skillful and daring being accepted.

Even among these the preference was given to the unmarried—to those, that is, whose death would be least calamitous. Full of danger as such is, however, men did not shrink from it, especially as it came after a period of enforced idleness.

Upon one of the many landings, all at once five men were plying lever and cant-hook, were two brothers, William and Samuel Layton. They were young men. William was but twenty, and Samuel scarcely eighteen, but they were already recognized as the best men in camp.

Beginning as "peelers" before they were twelve years old, they had made their way up through the several grades, until they were now "jam-breakers," occupying the highest and most dangerous position known to the woodsman's craft. They were not large of frame, but were compactly built, and had not only unusual muscular strength, but that peculiar muscular action, which characterizes the skilled workman.

So far this spring they had been employed upon a "rough-and-tumble landing," so called by the lumbermen because the logs are run in from a trail track, and pitched down the bank hazardously. Breaking such a landing is especially dangerous, as a single log often holds back hundreds of others, all of which, the moment it is loosened, come tumbling after with dangerous suddenness. It proved to be so in the present case, and William Layton had already had one narrow escape from death, in consequence of having generously chosen a post of danger rather than let his brother take it.

But for two days past the work had proceeded without accident. The men waded about in the ice-cold water, rolling the logs away from the shores and bars—"sacking," they called it, and occasionally breaking an insignificant jam, but doing none of that special work which makes log-floating so peculiarly hazardous. They had been merely skimming; the great battles were yet to come.

On the third day, however, notice was received of a big jam at the Barbers, a rocky rapid four miles farther down the stream, and a crew of five men, including the Layton brothers, was sent to break it.

Piled in the rocky and gradually narrowing channels of the creek lay millions of feet of timber, wedged and welded into an almost solid mass by a pressure of flood and logs impossible to estimate.

It was an evil-looking job, but the men went at it not only without hesitation, but almost with eagerness. Carrying their floating levers, they sprang lightly over the logs, and were soon on the front of the first great jam of the season.

On the shore a crowd of men, women and children had gathered to see the jam go out. One gray-haired farmer, whose son was among the "sackers," prophesied that there would be trouble when the logs started; he was glad his son had smaller wages and less risk. "There's danger ahead," said he. "That's an awful ugly jam."

The old man spoke nothing more than the truth. For nearly two miles back from the point where the obstruction occurred the stream was filled with logs in every conceivable position; logs standing on end, logs crosswise, logs lengthwise, woven and locked together, with here and there glimpses of the roily, gurgling waters that struggled slowly through the fetters of pine that hindered its course.

Every log was peeled, and below these slippery, treacherous timbers were the foaming waves and dangerous rocks of the swiftest rapid on Kettle Creek. To one unaccustomed to floating, it seemed certain death to be on that great jagged mass when it should go crashing down through the rock-bound channel immediately below.

But the five men, apparently careless of their danger, went vigorously at work upon the logs, which so far had proved immovable. It seemed a hopeless task, but somewhere there was a single log that, like a lock, held those miles of timber. If that could be found and loosened, the work would be done, and to that end the men labored and searched persistently. To the same end, also, "splash" after "splash" was sent down from the large floating dam just above, carrying acres of water as fast as it could escape through the huge flood-gates.

"They're going to give us a double splash this time," said Samuel Layton, as he came back from near the shore, where he had been talking with one of the tenders of the dam. "If we can't break it this time, we'll—"

"Try it again," said his brother. "We were sent here to break this jam, and we're going to break it before we leave. It's got to be broken, or the drive can't go through, and there isn't anything for us to do but just to stick here until we get it started."

"And then we'd better be off mighty quick!" said one of the other men. "It's going to be a bad place down there, and I'd a little sooner be on shore." As he spoke, he pointed to the boiling, swirling water that roared and dashed on the rocks below them.

"It is a rough place," William Layton replied; "but, boys, we have all been in rough places before, and we're always come out safe. And I guess we shall this time," he continued, after a moment's thought; "but we must be careful."

Then work began again, and scarcely a word was spoken as all hands piled their levers. Here and there a log was loosened a little, but there was small hope that the right one had been moved, when, after about an hour, work was received that the splash was coming. In a few moments the water held by two mighty dams, would spend its force upon the jam, and the workmen, as well as the crowd of bystanders, waited eagerly for the result.

In the excitement and apprehension that preceded the arrival of the flood little was said. The men were on the very front of the great jam, working with cautious energy, but ready at any moment to scramble for their lives, while the spectators looked and listened and feared.

But they had not long to wait. First, they heard the booming of logs picked up by the splash, and hurled against the rear of the jam. Then, slowly forcing its way through the sullen mass of pine, they saw the water held by two immense dams, coming steadily nearer. As it came, the logs were lifted by its giant force, and, with a crashing, mingled their sharp discord with the deep, continuous roar of the flood.

At last the water reached the head of the jam, and the excitement became more intense than ever. The men worked with all their might, while the people on shore almost held their breath. Creaking and rising and twisting, the logs seemed to be moving in every direction but the right one. Would they finally start down stream?

Every worker and watcher asked himself this question, and it was answered just as the head of the flood passed from under the logs; for the great jam then began to move forward, slowly and sullenly at first, then swiftly and resistlessly.

It was a grand sight, that huge body of moving timber, crashing and roaring, sweeping every thing before it with measureless force—a sight never to be forgotten. Great trees upon the banks of the stream were caught by the rushing mass, uprooted and carried along like straws; giant logs snapped like tiny alders.

There was a continuous roar, as of partially muffled artillery; an often recurring crash, like volleys of musketry; and the thousands of logs, like a resistless army, charged straight upon the five men, whose destruction seemed all but inevitable.

At the first symptom of the jam's breaking they, of course, started for the shore, jumping quickly from log to log, and evading, as best they could, the dangers that hemmed them in on every side. Now a huge trunk leaped suddenly out of the mass and ended over with an ugly blow; and the next moment another was hurled swiftly round with a vicious side-sweep by some unseen leverage.

In the face of such perils, and amid the roar of flood and the crash of timber, the men were bravely struggling toward the shore.

Fighting their way side by side in the most hazardous part of the jam, and several yards behind their companions, were William and Samuel Layton. Saftily, watchfully, they sprang over the booming, hurrying logs, and the anxious crowd breathed easier as they neared the shore.

The other three were already safe, and anticipating the escape of all, a cheer went up from the excited people. The cheer was ill-timed, for scarcely was it given when a log whirled swiftly round and swept Samuel Layton from his feet.

A cry of horror broke from the crowd as the brave young lumberman fell to what all thought must be certain death, and many turned away from the terrible sight with a heart-sick pang. In that mad torrent of crushing timber rescue seemed impossible.

But there are times when even the impossible must be attempted, and William Layton was not a man to be found wanting in such a crisis. In a moment he was by his brother's side, trying to drag him from among the logs in which he had been caught. Excitement doubled his strength, but it was all in vain. One leg was held as in a vise, and no human power could get it free.

Meanwhile, the slightest misstep, the unlucky fall of a log, any little accident, meant certain death to both men. "It's no use, Will," said Samuel. "I'm fast here and can't get out. You can't help me and it's no use our both going. Save yourself, if you can. And," he added, "say good-bye to mother and the rest, and tell the boys I wasn't afraid."

"Don't give up, Sam, don't give up; we'll get out yet, or, if we don't, we'll stay together," was the reply.

The fall, the swift attempt at rescue, and the conversation had taken place in a scanty minute, but during that time the jam had gone many yards down the stream, and was now in the rapids. Fortunately the men were near the shore, where the current was least swift, and where the movements of the logs were not so violent as in the middle of the stream.

But on either side were banks of precipitous rocks, and it was many rods to a place where it would be practicable to leap ashore. More than this it was impossible that they should go far without such a change in the timber around them as would crush Samuel; indeed, it was almost miraculous that he had escaped so long. Only some unseen weaving and binding of logs underneath the surface of the jam had protected him, and when they struck the rocks, as they soon must, nothing but death could be expected.

In that moment, when all seemed lost, when the shadow of death was almost darkening their bright, heroic young faces, the cruel timber trap relaxed a little its hold upon the imprisoned boy, and in a moment, with his brother's stalwart help, he was pulled, with one bootless foot, upon the top of the logs.

What a glad shout rang out over the water and above the roar of the jam, when the fearful, excited watchers saw both men riding the logs again! They were still in deadly peril, the chances were against their escape, but, thank Heaven, their case was no longer hopeless.

"In a moment we shall be against the bank," said William, "and our only chance is to jump on to that ledge of rock, and cling to the bushes till the boys can help us out. Can you do it?" "I don't know; I'll try, but my leg that was down in the logs I can't use."

"I'll help you," William said, "and I guess we can make it." They did make it. Just as the logs reached the bank William jumped, half dragging his brother, who sprang as well as his disabled leg would permit him to do, and in a moment both were on the narrow, slippery ledge, clutching the small hemlock bushes, while the logs went thundering by, scattering the icy spray over them and almost sweeping them away.

But they were not long left in this precarious position. Their comrades, assisted by some of the other men, hurriedly secured ropes which were let down the rocks, and first Samuel, and then William, was drawn up the cliff. When both were quite safe, how the men and women and children all crowded around them to shake hands, to ask questions, and to praise the courage of the young man who had run so fearful a risk for his brother's sake!

"It was only what anybody would do," he said, blushing and half-inclined to run away from the compliments lavished upon him. "I should have been a coward if I had done less. And," he continued, "Sam is hurt and needs help. We must look after him."

It was true that Samuel's leg was badly bruised, but for the present he was too happy to be conscious of the pain. Indeed, the people could hardly have "looked after him" better than by filling his ears, as they were now doing, with the praises of his brother, the hero of Kettle Creek.—*H. E. Marsh, in Youth's Companion.*

CHRONIC TEA-POISONING.

Conditions Under Which Tea-Drinking is Positively Harmful.

There is no doubt that one of the essential elements of tea, as well as of coffee, is a violent poison; but we can not hence argue that all tea-drinkers are slowly poisoning themselves, for the action of an elementary substance is modified by its combinations. Still, tea-drinking is harmful under certain conditions.

Dr. William N. Ballard, of Boston, read an article on the subject at a late meeting of the Massachusetts Medical Society, which the society recommended for publication. A year and a half ago the author published a paper, giving the results of somewhat extended investigations on the subject. These were that the poison is not readily eliminated, but accumulates in the system; that its prominent effect is on the young and those who are in a depressed physical condition; that the average amount of Oolong and Somehong teas (medium grades) needed to produce injurious symptoms is a little less than five cups a day, and that the most common symptoms are loss of appetite, dyspepsia, palpitation, headache, vomiting and nausea, combined with various forms of functional nervous affections, hysterical and neuritic.

These results have been confirmed by further investigations—mostly among women who are accustomed to drink a considerable amount of tea daily, without taking adequate food, and when in an exhausted condition. The vigorous and well-nourished and those actively engaged in the open air are not often similarly affected.

The nervous disturbance, due to chronic tea-poisoning, is of a peculiar character. Says Dr. Ballard: "The normal condition of the nervous system is disturbed and replaced by a condition of hyper-excitability, or of a less stable equilibrium. This is shown by their want of calmness, their general restlessness and irritability, and the desire to be constantly moving, while, at the same time, there is a subjective sensation of a loss of self-control, and of inability to act slowly. Such persons are subject to exaggerated efforts from ordinary impressions; they are startled, jump at unexpected noises or sensations, or, in other words, react too freely to slight external influences."—*Youth's Companion.*

—The grand total of lands newly filed on and purchased by immigrants arriving in Dakota during the year 1887 closely approximates 2,667,281 acres, or 4,168 square miles, an area quite four times greater than Rhode Island, about three times that of Delaware, or nearly that contained within the boundaries of Connecticut. The vacant area now open to settlement is stated to contain 23,811,445 acres, of which the Devils Lake district has 1,482,298 acres; Grand Forks district, 800,000; Fargo district, 281,960 acres; Aberdeen district, 802,875 acres, and Waterbury district, 112,625 acres.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY.

He Squelches Mugwump and Tells How to Reduce the Surplus.

(Toledo Blade.)

"Ye hev a bet in the Cress Roads, with his name is Gogoby, which is our only Mugwump, thank Heaven. Gogoby is wun uv them men which was born with a hille under the seat of ther trousers, which a cold wind is constantly rumin' agin, makin' us an er coarser respect to his candidate for Governor electiohn. He is a Republikin, which is to say he voted for the hitein Larkin, in 1860, becuz of corrupshen in the Democratic party, and hev bin votin the Democratic ticket ever since. He is wun uv them Reformers which blong to wun party and alius votes with the other. He leaves his party to purify it, which sich fellers alius do list to the extent uv their gittin out."

"I knowed he wood vote for Cleveland, and I knowed that ther wood be no peccu till he got a otha."

Gogoby had heard that I was to be allowed a Deputy, and he lost no time in puttin in an application for the position. He set up claims that he had bin a candidate for material ance in the checkbook uv Cleveland, and under the Civil servis Rules he was entitled to the place. "I mitte," sed he, "hev lade clame to the Postoffs itself with perfect propriety, and hev bin a candidate for material ance to the place, and an content with a subordint poseshen. You hev the apple—I am entitled, at least, to the core."

I answered Gogoby by relatin a anecdote. I wunst saw two boys strugglin over a apple which had escaped from a farmer's wagon. The biggest boy thrust the littlest aside, and eperched the prize, when the little wun whined, "Well, Jim, you hev the apple—at least you'll give me the core."

"Samywood," sed the big boy, driven to a magnificent rage, "I'll strafe thro the center uv the fruit, 'I don't think ther ain't otha to be any core."

"If I am permitted the sweet boon uv a Deputy, I see no reason why I shooldnt puttin on the salery list, and draw ther salery myself. The surplus wood be reduced that way es fast es any other, woudent it?"

Mr. Gogoby will not git the Deputyship, if I know myself, any more than the mugwumps git rich things in the case. Gogoby indifere mugwump kerried wuz under his own hat, and we aint payin for sich sile servis. Ruther give us Barney McGinnis with his gin mill in the lower wards. He is a central vote, and is entitled to othah boodle.

Besides all this, our throats hev bin so stretched by the long years uv expectancy, that I ruther think the apples which we hev picked up will slide down, cores and all, into the gutter, and be washed away by the distinguished. I know mine wood of my apple was all core.

Speekin uv the surplus in the Treasury which is worryin the intels uv statesmen just now, I see no otker way for any wun at all to go on and fix up the tariff es you want it, without reference to surplus. A surplus is wun I want to tackle. I never tackled a surplus in my life. Es a roof the economic moonlighting into which I hev lived generally enjoyed consere treatshes. Deficiencies I hev encountered a plenty, but never a surplus.

Now wud we want to do? Clearly a surplus isn't Dimecratic, and must be got rid of. Raise the saleries uv all post-offices, and uv all othah uv every class. Increase the number uv deputies, and don't be too particular in auditin accounts.

Ingerate a system uv improvements in the imporement of the South, where the Dimecratic party mostly is. Black-water Seeshun Creek, and fence it in so that entle may not impede navigashen by drinkin the water head in reservoir. Dot the South with Custom-Houses and Post-offices, and see that only Dimecrats uv good standin git contrax.

Pay off Southern claims for war damages, and likewise pashun Southern soljers the same as Northern, alius datin peshunsh back to the date uv voluntarin or betn draft.

There are other ways uv reduckshen, but this is my ije in general.

I am entirely satisfied that if the kentry will keep us in power four years more they will be no otker way to get rid of the surplus. It will melt gradually, rap, rapidly. I wonder that there is a dollar in the treasury now, but it must be remembered that we hev'n't got contrals uv the Sennit yet.

Can't we be trusted with a surplus? Wuz there any surplus in the treasury in 1861, when we turned over the kentry to Larkin? Redoons surplus comes naterally to us. It's our best hole.

Bacon remarked that he keered nuthin for the return uv the Southern flags, ex that wuz a peccu uv sentiment; but to increase my salery, which he got anyhow, wuz suthin practice. He wuz in favor uv that way uv reduckshin the surplus.

I don't think ther is any occasion for worryn about it just now.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, (which is Postmaster and likewise Surplus Reducers.)

MORMON DEMOCRACY.

The Latest Move of a Party Concealed in Sin and Organized by Crime.

Had the Democratic party been conceived in sin and organized by crime, its history for the last thirty years could not have been different. During that eventful period it has been the natural resort of every vice in politics and every evil in society. It has fostered the slave trade; it has enforced ignorance; it has encouraged lynch law; it has outraged the ballot; it has assailed Republican institutions with violence; it has resorted to bloodshed as a means to a partisan end; it has stood for free whisky and its associated evils; and, in turn, all these influences have resorted to it for protection and given it a great proportion of its power.

It is proper, therefore, that when another organized evil petitions the Congress of the United States for recognition, it should select a representative Democratic Senator for its champion. Senator Call asks that the request of Utah for admission as a State be given a respectful hearing. He misstates the case. It is polygamy, not Utah, that asks admission. It is a monstrous evil, bounded by no State or Territorial lines, that asks the honor of recognition in the sisterhood of States. For the present it may be content to abide within the boundaries of Utah. But like slavery of old, give it a firm foothold anywhere, and it will reach out until it shall permeate all the surrounding States with its poison.

The Republicans of the Senate properly met the danger at the very threshold, and emphatically placed the seal of their condemnation upon it. Senator Edmunds, as usual, was alert in detecting the insidious approaches of Mormonism. Senators Paddock and Stewart, who know from personal investigation the real purpose of the polygamists, exposed its objects, and promise to follow up the attack.

The effort to push this Utah admission scheme will prove to be more lively than interesting to its Democratic backers. A Mormon elder in advance divulged the plan contemplated. He said that an understanding was had with the Democrats that they should favor admission in return for Mormon political support. Thus another inquiry is to be yoke-fellow

with Democracy. The Mormon elders want their bill of admission tacked to those of Dakota and Washington in order to coerce consent. This would be history repeating itself, following the old line of admitting a slave State as a condition of creating a free one. But times have changed and the people have changed, although the Democratic party pursues the same business, as in earlier days, of propagating iniquity.

Polygamy will not become a State in the Union so long as the Republican party has the power to prevent it.—*National Republican.*

CLEVELAND'S POLICIES.

How the President Has Insisted the Loyal People of the Country.

The first decidedly sectional measure of policy adopted by the Cleveland Administration was the order for the return of the Rebel flags. This order, in consequence of the uprising of Northern loyal sentiment against it, was recalled soon after it was issued. Had it been carried into effect, there would not, by this time, have been a vestige of the Democratic party left in any Northern State, and Andrew Johnson's Administration would have been made respectable in history compared to the disrepute into which that of Cleveland would have fallen. This was the first tribute offered by the Cleveland Administration to the disloyalty of the South; and the fact of its recall does not alter the character of the motive and impulse under which it was originally tendered.

A second and more practical sectional movement of the President was the appointment of the ex-Rebel Lamar to the vacant seat on the bench of the United States Supreme Court. All that was obnoxious in this appointment was not at first apparent. But as his record was explored it showed him to be an unregenerated and malignant rebel still. He voted "no" on a resolution in the Senate affirming the validity of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Constitutional amendments, and it is to be presumed that, if he should go upon the bench, he would hold the same opinion there. He has denied that Jeff Davis was a traitor. He was a maligner of Abraham Lincoln. He once took an oath to support the Constitution of the United States, and afterward violated it by serving in the ranks of the rebellion. His conspicuous unfitness for the place from lack of qualifications is hardly denied. This was the second distinctly Southern measure of Cleveland's Administration.

It was recently reported that the Secretary of War, who first recommended that the rebel flags should be restored, now proposes to destroy the rebel archives in the possession of the United States—that is, the original papers captured from the rebel War Department at Richmond and elsewhere in the South, from which the printed record of the rebellion has been made up and is now in process of publication. This work of destruction may have been quietly accomplished without making it the subject of a public order, like that relating to the rebel flags. This is the third distinctly sectional measure of the Cleveland Administration, but it may be still incomplete.

How much more would be done in the same direction during the second term of a Democratic Administration, if the Democratic party should be retained in power, we can not tell. But from what has been attempted in the past, we may conjecture what would be accomplished in the future, if President Cleveland should again be elected to his present office.—*Chicago Journal.*

DRAFT OF OPINION.

When men see that each for all is Republicanism, and that each for self is Democracy, they will know for which side eternal forces fight.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The President is beginning to hear from the wool men in a way he can not fail to despise; and it isn't "all cry and no wool" either.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Civil-Service reformers should not forget that Eugene Higgins resigned of his own accord to take a better office. He was not dismissed from his place for spoils practices. He took all his honors with him.—*Chicago Journal.*

Hitherto the Republican campaign speakers have made no effort to gain a lodgment in these (Southern) States, which are largely Republican in sentiment. Is it not time that the effort should be made? To submit to fraud is not the way to arrest it.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The difference between the Republicans and Democrats is simply this: That while the Republicans propose to advocate measures to keep down the surplus the Democrats intend to use the fact of the surplus as a hurrah cry to make a general assault on the principle of the Protection policy.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

Mr. Cleveland and the Free-traders behind him propose to scale down the tariff without regard to the rights of American working-men and with a sole concern to reduce the duties to a basis of revenue only. In this position Mr. Cleveland is squarely antagonized by the Republicans of Iowa.—*Des Moines (Ia.) Register.*

A Democratic tariff policy had brought the country to a condition in which it had not a factory to make a gun, and hardly a mill to make shirting and clothing for its soldiers; Republican policy has made the country very nearly self-clothed, self-arming and self-furnishing. That is not a policy to be lightly set aside.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

Looking back to the time when the Democratic party went out of power in 1861 to enter into a wicked conspiracy for the destruction of the Union, and calling to mind the magnificent totals which express the grandeur, power, peace and prosperity of the Nation to-day, we are almost convinced that Senator Beck must have been inspired at the moment when, from his seat in the Senate, he declared that "the Republican party and its financial policy brought the country into its present condition."—*Cleveland Leader.*

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

The Few Who Lead the Many—A Species of Tyranny Which Enters Into All the Relations of Life.

While the question of the equality of man and woman continues to occupy at least one-half of the public mind, there is a point in connection with it of which it might be well to say a word. Woman's right to be considered man's equal in every respect. I think second to another, which she shares with him, and which he himself does not appear to value.

This, the heritage of every human being, is freedom. It is really astonishing that men and women, who will sacrifice so much and fight so tenaciously for certain indefinite rights, should remain blind to the fact of their own slavery to a social tyranny of the pettiest kind. There is no yoke so irksome as that of fashion in little things, nothing which adds so greatly to the daily burden of life as obedience to the dictates of that impersonal tyrant who has usurped the place of Mrs. Grundy, and who more or less enslaves the entire population of every village, town and city.

Everywhere, the mass of men and women are subjugated by the few. One or two leaders regulate the fashions for a set, and the remainder, like sheep, follow the leaders. This indefinable yoke enters into all the relations of life, regulates every detail, from the arrangements of a wedding to the patterns of china or the number of courses served at a meal. It establishes the time of our meals. In some towns every one dines later, in others every one takes dinner at twelve. It is the "way," and so in every thing. No matter whether fashions suit us or not, we bow to them, men just as much as women, being as our "set" does with the full consent and complacency and the satisfaction of a good conscience.

Not to amplify, I would only suggest, that when men and women are sufficiently honest to assert their right to absolute freedom in every thing, to freedom of opinion or of idea in relation to minor matters, to think for themselves (what not one in twenty does) upon religious, literary, social and political matters, to read books, not because they are "talked about" and everybody reads them, but for their intrinsic value, to have their own opinion about them and not adopt that of the critic, to go even without gloves when every one else wears them, to do as they like when no principle is involved, and as they individually think right, when it is a matter of principle, then they will be free; and, being free, with the absolute freedom of mind which is every one's right, men and women will stand upon the only possible platform of equality—the equality of thought. It is very well to claim freedom of opinion and equality of rights; but neither is possible until women as individuals think for themselves and act in small as well as in great matters in accordance with their own opinion, based upon their own actual thought, instead of accepting the thoughts and opinions of others ready-made.

This applies to the gravest questions, as of political suffrage, and to the smallest details of every-day life. Let us all strive to free our minds from the tyranny of social leaders, and to think for ourselves. Then we shall be in equal enjoyment with men of the only possession that can make life what it ought to be—absolute freedom of thought and opinion.—*Janet E. Ruess, in Woman's Journal.*

Miss Helen A. Shaver, senior professor of mathematics at Wellesley, who has been appointed acting president of that college, was born in Newark, N. J., but her home is in Ohio, and she is a graduate of Oberlin. For eleven years she has been professor of mathematics at Wellesley, and is in full sympathy with Miss Freeman's form of government. She is a thorough disciplinarian, and is remarkable for her executive ability. Wellesley is to be congratulated upon having so near at hand so worthy a successor to Miss Freeman.

Miss Vera Helyet lately lectured before the Finnish Women's Union in Helsingfors to a large audience, on the necessity of extending the field of women's work. She pointed out that, as about a third of the women in Scandinavia and Finland have to earn their own living, more kinds of work should be opened to them. Among industries suitable for women are mentioned watch-making, the manufacture of children's toys, shoe-making, silver-smith work, book-binding, chemical dyeing and cleaning, all kinds of work connected with cloth-making and pasteboard manufacture, glass-cutting, lithography, pattern-drawing, piano-tuning, stick and umbrella-making.

Why Should Not Women Be Given the Ballot.

You distrust your dearest interests to woman. You confide to her keeping your honor, your children, the sacred interests of your home. Why fear to trust her with the ballot by which she can serve and defend all these interests? You call her the queen of home, and so she is; but without the ballot she is an uncorowned queen, and her sceptre but a broken reed. Call this the home of the free? So long as its women are classed with criminals, idiots and paupers, it never can be free. Oh, my brothers, do not your cheeks burn with shame at the spectacle of what you have reared your mothers, wives and sisters to? See them coming like suppliants to the polls where questions most vital to the interests of home are being decided by the votes of Tom, Dick, Harry and Sambo, to whom they offer coffee and cakes—it is all they can do—begging them to vote for the protection of your homes! Would not the ballot be as safe in their hands as in those of Tom, Dick and Harry, and could you not count on it as the bulwark of home? I tell you the time is coming when home, that little stone which political builders have so long rejected, shall become the head of the corner. Christ is the only true Republican, in His government there is no distinction of sex—neither Jew nor Gentile, bond nor free, male nor female, but all one in Christ Jesus.—*Mrs. Zetilda G. Wallace.*

CO-EDUCATION.

A Western College Which Proposes to Admit Women Probably Denied Admission to Its Walls.

Adelbert College, of Western Reserve University, at Cleveland, O., is said to be on the point of abandoning co-education, and either closing its doors to women altogether or relegating them to an "Annex." With Anna Arlor, Cornell, Boston and al-

most all the State universities of the West admitting women—with the drift of the age unmistakably in that direction—if Adelbert likes to make itself a little eddy in the onward stream of progress, and turn round and round, or even run backward for a time, the friends of Adelbert have more occasion to be disturbed than the friends of co-education.

The reason given for the proposed change is instructive. Girls have been admitted to Adelbert for four years, and according to the *Cleveland News and Herald*, they have more than held their own with the young men in scholarship. The Latin satutory in 1886 was given by a young woman, and so was the valedictory last June. But the trustees think that conservative young men, who do not like to study with young women (especially, perhaps, when the young woman surpasses them), avoid Adelbert because it is co-educational, and go to Eastern colleges instead. To entice in these conservative young men, they propose to exclude the girls. We can see only one advantage in the proposed arrangement. It will keep some of those conservative young men away from the Eastern colleges, which are afflicted with too many such students of their own. Young men of that stripe are a mediocre ornament to any college.—*Woman's Journal.*

ITEMS ABOUT WOMEN.

MISS BERTHA PIPER has been elected journal clerk of the Washington Territory House of Representatives.

THE Queen of Sweden is going to England shortly. She will pass several months at Bournemouth or Torquay.

MISS FIBRE COZZINS has announced herself as an independent Prohibition candidate for Governor of Missouri.

MISS ANNA DICKINSON has so far regained her health as to make it possible for her to start for Florida, where she will spend the winter.

MISS WILKINSON, of London, is a successful landscape gardener. She prepares plans for the laying out of recreation and play grounds for the Public Gardens Association, which are much admired for their beauty and economy, and herself superintends the manual labor.

MRS. MARY A. WOODBRIDGE, of Ohio, at the meeting of the National Committee of the Prohibition Party in Chicago, made one of the best presentations of woman suffrage from the prohibition standpoint that we have ever seen. We commend it to the special attention of Dr. Cuyler.—*Woman's Journal.*

Mrs. J. C. DRAHER, of New York, has given to Trinity College, Hartford, a large and valuable collection of photographs on glass, illustrating researches in physics, and especially in the study of the spectrum, made by her husband, the late Prof. Draper, of the University of the City of New York.

LOUISA M. ALCOCK says: "It is wise for women who have made a place for themselves in literature and journalism to cultivate not only their intellectual faculties, but practical ones also, and to understand the business affairs of their craft