

WE ADD OUR REMARKS.

The Records of an Unfashionable Street.

(Signed by "My Wife and I.")

A Novel

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On the opposite side of the way, the projected hospitalities awoke various conflicting emotions.

"Dinah, I don't really know whether I shall go to that company to night or not," said Mrs. Betsey, confidentially to Dinah over her ironing-table.

"Lands sake, Mis' Betsey," said Dinah, with her accustomed giggle, "how you talk! What you 'feared on'?"

Mrs. Betsey had retreated to the kitchen, to indulge herself with Dinah in tremors and changes of emotion which had worn out the patience of Miss Dorcas in the parlor. That good lady, having made up her mind definitely to go and take Betsey with her, was indisposed to repeat every half hour the course of argument by which she had demonstrated to her that it was the proper thing to do.

But the fact was, that poor Mrs. Betsey was terribly flattered by the idea of going into company again. Years had passed in that old, dim house, with the solemn clock tick-tocking in the corner, and the sunbeam streaming dusily at given hours through the same windows, with no sound of coming or going foot steps.

There the two ancient sisters had been working, reading, talking, round and round on the same unvarying track, for weeks, months and years, and now, suddenly, had come a change. The pretty, gay, little house-keeper across the way had flattered in with a whole troop of invisible elves of persuasion in the very folds of her garments, and had charmed and charmed them into a promise to be supporters of her "evenings," and Miss Dorcas was determined to go. But all ye of womankind know that after every such determination comes a review of the wherewithal, and many tremors.

Now, Miss Dorcas was self-sufficing, and self-sustained. She knew herself to be Miss Dorcas Vanderheyden, in the first place; and she had a general confidence, by right of her family and position, that all her belongings were the right things. They might be out of fashion—so much the worse for the fashion; Miss Dorcas wore them with a cheerful courage. Yet, as she frequently remarked, "sooner or later, if you let things be, fashion always comes round to them." They had come round to her many times in the course of her life, and always found her ready for them. But Mrs. Betsey was timorous, and had a large allowance of what the phrenologists call "approbativeness." In her youth she had been a fashionable young belle, and now she had a many flutters and tremors about her gray curls and caps as in the days when she sat up all night in an arm chair with her hair dressed and powdered for a ball. In fact, an old lady's cap is undoubtedly a tender point. One might imagine it to be a sort of shrine, or last retreat, in which all her youthful love of dress finds asylum; and, in estimating her fit as a far any scene of festivity, the cap is the first consideration. So, when Dinah chuckled, "What ye 'feared on, honey?" Mrs. Betsey came out with it: "Dinah, I don't know which of my caps to wear."

"Lands sake, Mis' Betsey, wear yer own. What's to heed?"

"Well, you see, it's trimmed with lilac ribbons, and the shade don't go with my new brown gown; they look horridly together. Dorcas never does notice such things, but they don't go well together. I tried to tell Dorcas about it, but she shut me up, saying I was always fussy."

"Well, laws! then, honey, wear yer other cap—it's a right nice un now," said Dinah, in a coaxing tone.

"Trimmed with white ribbon—" said Mrs. Betsey, ruminating; "but you see, Dinah, that ribbon has really got quite yellow; and there's a spot on one of the strings," she added, in a tone of poignant emotion.

"Well, now I tell ye what to do," said Dinah; "you just wear your new cap with them layback ribbons, and wear your black silk; that are looks illegal now."

"But my black silk is so old; it's pierced under the arm, and beginning to fray in the gathers."

"Lands sake, Mis' Betsey! who's agoin' to lock under your arm?" said Dinah. "They e'n't agoin' to set you up under one o' them sterry scopes to be looked at, be they? You'll do to pass now, I tell ye; now don't go to gettin' flattered and 'steriky, Mis' Betsey. Why don't ye go right along, like Mis' Dorcas? She don't have no me-gims and tantrums 'bout what she's agoin' to wear."

Dinah's tolerant spirit in admitting that a woman was, however, a real relief to Mrs. Betsey. Like various liquors which are under a necessity of working themselves clear, Mrs. Betsey found a certain amount of talk necessary to clear her mind when proceeding to act in any emergency, and for this purpose a listener was essential; but Dorcas was so satiated above such fluctuations as hers

—so positive and definite in all her judgments and conclusions—that she could not enjoy in her society the unlimited amount of discussion necessary to clarify her mental vision.

It was now about the fifth or sixth time that all the possibilities with regard to her wardrobe had been up for consideration that day. till Miss Dorcas, who had borne with her heroically for a season, had finally closed the discussion by recommending a chapter in Watts on the Mind which said a great many unpleasant things about people who occupy themselves too much with trifles, and thus Mrs. Betsey was driven to untoshen herself to Dinah.

"Then, again, there's Jack," she added; "I'm agin' I don't know what he'll think of our both being out; there never such a thing happened before."

"Lands sake, Mis' Betsey, jest as if Jack cared! Why, he'll stay with me. I'll see arter him—I will."

"Well, you must be good to him, Dinah," said Mrs. Betsey, apprehensively.

"Ain't I allers good to him? I don't set him up for a graven image and fall down and worship him, to be sure; but Jack has good times with me if I do make him mind."

The fact was, that Dinah often seconded the disciplinary views of Miss Dorcas with the strong arm, pulling Jack backward by the tail, and correcting him with vigorous thumps of the broomstick when he fell into those furors of barking which were his principal weakness.

Dinah had all the sociable instincts of her race, and it moved her indignation that the few acquaintances who found their way to the forsaken old house should be terrified and repelled by such distracted tumults as Jack generally created when the door bell rang. Hence her attitude toward him had so often been belligerent that poor Mrs. Betsey felt small confidence in leaving him to the trying separation of the evening under Dinah's care.

"Well, Dinah, you won't whip Jack if he does bark? I'd say he'll be lonesome. You must make allowances for him."

"Oh, laws, yes, honey, I'll make 'lowance, never you fear."

"And you really think the black dress will do?"

"Jest as so long as I'm here a ironin' this 'ere cap for yer. Why, honey, you'll look like a pictur, you will."

"Oh, Dinah, I'm an old woman."

"Well, honey, what to you be? Lands sake, don't I remember when you was the belle of New York city? Lord love ye! Them was days! When 'twas all comin' and goin', houses a-prancin', houses full, and letters family a-tumblin' over each other jist to get a look at ye. Laws, honey, ye was wath lookin' at in dem days."

"Oh, Dinah, you silly old soul, what nonsense you talk?"

"Well, honey, you know you was de hand-omest gal g'one. Now you knows you was," said Dinah, chuckling and shaking her portly sides.

"I suppose I wasn't had looking," said Mrs. Betsey, laughing in turn; and the color flushed in her delicate, faded cheeks, and her pretty, bright eyes grew watery with a thought of all the little triumphs, prizes and regrets of years ago.

To say the truth, Mrs. Betsey, though past the no ntime of attraction, was a very pretty old woman. Her hands were still delicate and white, her skin was of lily fairness, and her hair like fine-spun silver; and she retained still all the nice instincts and habits of the woman who has known herself charming. She still felt the discord of a shade in her ribbons like a false note in music, and was annoyed by the slightest imperfection of her dress, however concealed, to a degree which seemed at times wearisome and irrational to her stronger minded sister.

But Miss Dorcas, who had carried her in her arms, a heart broken wreck and shed from the waves of a defeated life, bore with her as heroically as we ever can bear with another whose nature is wholly of a different make and texture from our own.

In general, she made up her mind with a considerable share of good sense as to what it was best for Betsey to do, and then made her do it, by that power which a strong and steady nature exercises over a weaker one.

Mrs. Dorcas had made up her mind that more society, and some little change in her modes of life, would be a benefit to her sister; she had taken a strong fancy to Eva, and really looked forward to her evenings as something to give a new variety and interest in life.

(Continued next week.)

An Irishman was brought up before justice of the peace on a charge of vagrancy, and was thus questioned: "What trade have you?" Sure, now, yer honor, I'm a sailor." You a seafaring man? I question whether you have ever been to sea in your life." "Sure, now, and does your honor think I came over from Ireland in a waggin'?"

The nearest analogy of the amnesty debate was made by Mr. Morrison. He said: "Whenever they speak we get the best of them; whenever we speak they get the best of us."

"ALL SAME HELL."

This morning a Chronicle reporter observed a dejected Putee buck standing on the curb of South C street and (wonder of wonders!) holding in his arms a baby! The brave glanced uneasily about him as if fearful his degradation would be observed, and seemed to take anything but kindly to his charge. Presently two squaws emerged from the house behind him, each carrying a papoose on her back, and the three waddled off down the middle of the street. The reporter shortly afterward had the honor of shaking hands with Captain Bob, the Putee swell, resplendent in green blanket and plug hat, and sought consolation of the baby puzzle. The Captain smiled several inches and affably explained that the reporter had witnessed one of the domestic penalties of the tribe. When twins are born to a buck who is not favored with grown-up daughters, he is by Putee law obliged to take charge of the superfluous infant until it is able to walk, when it reverts to the care of the mother. The unfortunate brave is thus subjected to a practical slavery for two years, as he hugs the wickiup very closely, being in a chronic state of mortification and disgust. From the manner in which the Captain chuckled and grunted during the explanation, it would seem that the father of twins becomes the butt of the wags of the tribe. "Two papooses," concluded Bob, as he gasped wistfully at the worn coat of the reporter, "so good. He all same hell."—Virginia Chronicle.

In his description of the natural novelties of the National Park, Judge Maguire introduced a number of fine views—some for the first time. They were photographs of nature, illuminated and magnified. He gave the following description of a mud volcano: "About 250 yards east of the Devils Den is an immense mud volcano. Its crater is sixty feet across. I stood on its ugly rim just before an eruption. The black, sulphurous mud first surged in great waves from one side of the great crater to the other, returning, seemingly, by under currents, when they would again surge over in greater volume and violence, the muddy mass rising higher and higher with each convulsion. When the crater was nearly filled I hastily retreated, rumbling thunders shaking the earth beneath my retreating steps. Having gone nearly to the Devil's Den, I looked back and saw a huge black column of mud—all of forty feet in diameter at the base—rising from the crater ninety or one hundred feet high, when it branched into all directions, covering a radius of immense extent with the nauseating sediment."

CHINESE VOTERS.

There are about 3,000 Chinese boys in California—born in the State—who when of age, will have the right to vote. Then as the Chinese voters increase and multiply the Melican man will figure for their support at election time and John will find himself more respected than he has ever been before. Some day the Chinese vote will outnumber all others put together. Ah! Me. Then there will be trouble. The Caucasian will never allow himself to be out voted by the slant-eyed pig tailed Mongolian—never. He will maintain his natural supremacy as the white men do in Mississippi.

"LIKENS THE MAGNET TO JESUS." The revivalist, Hammond, illustrates an argument with a horse-shoe magnet and nails of various sizes, from a tack to a spike. He likens the magnet to Jesus. The tacks typifies little children, and he shows how readily they cling to the magnet. A simple touch, too, attaches the shingle nail, which he likens to a youth. The larger the nails are less and less effected, until the big spike—a tough old sinner of the most intractable kind—will not stir under the influence.—N. Y. Sun.

THE YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

A sensation was roused at Wilkesbarre, Pa., on Tuesday by an unexpected denouncement at a wedding party. A wealthy German citizen gave an elegant banquet in honor of his daughter, who was to be married Wednesday to a young German. While the festivities were at their height, the young lady excused herself for a moment from her affianced and passed out the front door, where a carriage was in waiting containing another admirer, a young Irish man, and the two were driven to an alderman's office, where the marriage ceremony was hastily performed. The happy couple left on the midnight train for the wedding trip.

A DIALOGUE FOR THE PERIOD. Disappointed creditor—"This is the fourth time you have promised that little bill you owe me, sir." Tranquil debtor—"If I pay you the greenbacks you wouldn't have anything but promises." Non-plussed creditor—"Yes; but they will be paid sometime." Tranquil debtor—"Pay you the same day. Bye-bye, Mr. Smith."—Boston Times.

In singular contrast to Mr. Blaine's hot and hasty passion in the House debate was the cool, considerate logic of the Hon. Sunset Cox. He didn't lose his consistency once. There he stood, calm, immovable, and unexcited, dropping now and then from his classic mouth a gem of forensic eloquence. "Oh, Blaine, dry up," sparkles with the monosyllabic brevity of Laconia, but it is not worth considering beside "Bel-low away; you are a hyena." This is one of the best that Mr. Cox ever uttered. If his papa and mamma had taken him to a menagerie when he was little, or if in later life he had attended a few State fairs, he might have learned better than to talk of a bellowing hyena. Hyena's don't bellow, they laugh—and so does Mr. Cox.—Hartford Daily Current.

Of the \$70,000,000, or thereabouts, of annual production of gold and silver in the United States, considerably over one third is contributed by Montana, Idaho, Oregon, Washington and Wyoming. And the development of the mineral wealth of the territory named is as yet in its fancy. Over one-half of the gold and silver product of the country now comes from the two States of California and Nevada. The mines there have been worked and they have had means for the economical transportation of their machinery and productions. We are looking with great confidence to the Black Hills, Big Horn, Powder river, etc., for the development of gold and silver mines of unsurpassed richness, and we can now but faintly comprehend the vastness of the wealth awaiting industry in our northwestern territories.

Col. Richard Henry Lee, who has been chosen to read the declaration of independence at the opening of the centennial exhibition, is practicing law at Milwood, Va. He is the grandson of the Richard Henry Lee of the revolution, a nephew of Attorney General Lee of Washington's administration, and a cousin of General Robert E. Lee. He entered the confederate army as a lieutenant of infantry in the "Stonewall" brigade, and was wounded, after which he served as a judge advocate of the second corps of the confederate army of northern Virginia until the close of the war.

HE KNEW ALL ABOUT IT

"I suppose there are plenty of saw-mills up in your state?" said a Chicago man to a party from Minneapolis, the other evening.

"Wal, I shud say thar wuz," replied the Minneapolis man. "Why, sir, Minneapolis is gettin' so dern full ov saw mills that you can hardly meet a man over there with more'n two fingers on a hand."

And sticking up a paw on which dwelt a lone digit as proof of his assertion, he quietly continued:

"I've shook hands with um myself."

The report that Mr. James Redpath proposes to tell all he knows about the Beecher Tilton scandal, is not received with delight by any of the newspapers. The Providence Press chronicles the report as a "ghastly fact," and suggests with much vigor that Mr. Redpath be made minister to China, and thus get safely out of the country before he can open his mouth or dip his pen into his inkstand.

The Herald correspondent telegraphs from Paris: "I have just learned that all the American officers in the service of the Khedive, except Col. Stone, are ordered to join the Egyptian expedition against Abyssinia. Gen. Loring will be the second in command. I am happy to report that the Colonel, who was reported to have fallen in the late massacre, is safe."

The receipts of the New York post office last year were \$33,000,000.

The lesson of the Whisky Ring exposures—Always take your whisky internally.

The pearl-barley mill of Engler and Sermond, Grand Island, Neb., was totally destroyed by fire on the 29th.

The Madisonian, which has stood alone in exposing Indian Ring rascalities of Montana, is supported in the work by all honest people of the Territory.

A Kansas man went out to subdue the Indians by kind and loving words last fall. They discovered half of him last week, and are looking for his legs and head.

Denver wants to know why every eastern man that deserts his wife comes right there to join a church, roll his eyes around and pretend that he isn't over eighty rods from heaven.

The Cincinnati Times believes that Alice Cary died because she could not marry the man she loved. Pooh! how easy it is for a woman to bustle up her pull-back and love some one else.

Owing to a blunder, another election for United States Senator will have to be held by the Legislature of Iowa. The vote was taken one week sooner than the law allows.

Ever since old Zach entered the Cabinet Mr. Grant takes his straight. The President used to use sugar, but Zach has persuaded him that sugar spoils the purity of the taste of the whisky.

Wm. Porter, of St. Joseph, gained a verdict against Hannibal and St. Joseph railroad, for \$12,000 for injuries received in the company's yard in that city in 1873. This is the second verdict Porter has gained; the first was in 1874, for \$10,000.

Deck Mangum, a noted guerilla on the Federal side during the late war was assassinated whilst at work in his field, near Savannah. Two masked men armed with shot-guns rode up to the fence and literally riddled him with balls, and carried the body off.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

This was the twenty-first woman with an umbrella and a green work bag, who had brought in "original poetry" to us. She looked straight at us and we quailed beneath her baleful eye. We knew she wanted us to insert a diabolical medley of words termed poetry. They all do. We had rightously wished that these old women poetesses might all be gathered to the land where parting shall be no more. We wished it when we looked at our desk and saw it strewn with their gross insults on our mother tongue. We wished it when our mail would be overflowed with them verses on the death of "our son Amindab" or "our daughter Jerusha" and we doubly wished it when we saw these females enter our office. This one plunged into her reticule and pulled out, we should think, about a quire of foolscap.

"Mister Editor, I want to get these 'ere verses printed. They were writ on the death of my boy Hezekiah. He was an onnatural smart boy, was Hezekiah, an' I writ out these verses myself, arter my boy up and died."

As we said before, this was the twenty-first, and a cold sweat stood out upon our brow as we gazed upon her.

"We don't want it, madam. We are a thousand times obliged to you. We know they are good, oh yes, and we know Hezekiah was a wonderful boy. But we can't print them madam, take them somewhere else, do."

"But these verses are uncommon good verses, Mister Editor, and it will be so soothing to our Hezekiah."

"We know they are good, madam. We know they are sublime. But we can't print them. Our paper is full, and we hate to crowd out our advertisements. We intend to publish a paper devoted to the muses some time in the future and then we will try to soothe Hezekiah, but leave us this time, madam, and take your poem somewhere else."

"But just you read the verses and you will print 'em, I'll warrant."

"We don't want to read them, madam. We don't like poetry. We never read it. We kindle the fire with Burns and sell Chaucer for paper rags. We loathe it. Don't unroll it, madam, we beg of you."

"Well, if you don't want to read my verses, you needn't," said the old woman with the green bag, and she hurried out the door.

We gave a sigh of relief, a long relieving sigh as if a great weight had been lifted from our mind, and ordered our devil to carry to the paper room the poems that had come by the last mail.—Exchange.