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FREE SPEECH, FREE PRESS, FREE PEOPLE.

Correspondents writing over assumed signatures must make known their names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

JUDITH REID; A Plain Story of a Plain Woman.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

I dispatched my letter to the postoffice and sat down within the recess of the lattice above to wait and dream and ponder.

What was life to me that I should struggle on thus wearily? Oh! so often had I asked this question and no answer came; and now—the thought was almost unendurable—the one problem of my life seemed to be in its solution, and my very soul was mute and apathetic. I knew not what to do.

Mrs. Lewis, my true and trusty friend, came tripping up the gravel walk, and bounding into the darkened room where I sat in silent agony, threw her plump, white arms around my neck in her irresistible, gleesome way.

"What now, Judie, dear? Hope you haven't been seized with another fit of blues? Well, well; this won't do! Your face is as long as a yardstick! What's the matter?" taking my two hands in hers and looking me in the face with an air of concern that ended in a ludicrous outburst of laughter.

"I have enough of trouble and annoyance to kill an angel! No wonder life goes hard with a poor, helpless mortal like myself."

"Tut, tut; nonsense! Look here!" drawing a roll of newspapers from the depths of her ample pockets and spreading before me the united eulogiums of a dozen men of note. "There; what have you to say to that?"

"Nothing. It don't amount to anything."

"Judith Smith nee Reid! I am ashamed of you! If I should merit such high commendation from the world of letters I should effervesce in rhapsodies."

"Guess it's well you don't receive them, then," I answered, with a bitter laugh. "Put these things away, please." I continued; "I want no such nonsense about me to-day."

The large, expressive eyes changed their animated expression to one of serious concern.

"Can I do anything to help you?"

"Maybe you can help me to elucidate this mystery," handing her the letter from the lover of my youth.

"The frank and honest features of my friend changed into a blank expression of bewilderment. I eagerly studied her as she read and was not surprised to see her countenance betray vivid consternation. It seemed that I was prepared for it by some mysterious premonition."

"Judith, do you still love that man?"

The voice was wavering and strange, and somehow reminded me of the timid flutterings of a frightened bird.

"That's nobody's business but my own, my friend."

"Oh! Judith Reid, it is my business, for I have many things to tell you."

"Let me listen, then. See, I am all attention."

My friend arose and paced to and fro through the parlor, wringing her hands sometimes and sometimes clasping them as if in prayer.

Then coming back to me she said simply: "Let me see that letter again."

not mean to taunt you. I am calm now; but you must tell me what Dr. Armstrong knows about this mystery and how he is concerned in it."

"Alas, dear friend! I do not know the whole truth. You have heard that William Snyder was arrested for forging my father's notes. Well, he remained for a number of months in the State's Prison as a convict, and was released after the discovery that a distant relative of his, who had skillfully imitated his penmanship, had been the malefactor."

"Then he was indeed entirely innocent! O, friend of my life, I beg you to prove to me that this is true!"

"My father will prove it to your entire satisfaction if he has not already done so."

"Your father will not talk to me about him. Freely as we have conversed upon other subjects, this one has always been avoided by tacit and mutual consent."

"Then don't blame him alone if you are equally guilty of silence upon this very important theme?"

"Mrs. Lewis, do you know Dr. Gordon?"

"Has my friend gone daft?"

"Your question doesn't answer mine."

"No, I don't know Dr. Gordon; but I should like to know who he is and what he has to do with this discussion."

"Do you believe in mesmeric fascination?"

"I believe it to be a very dangerous, but in many cases tangible and powerful influence; but why ask such a question?"

"Because I am either fascinated or desperately in love with the physician who attended me during my recent illness. Stay and hear me out. The love that was awakened in my intense imagination for that mysterious and gay young music teacher, who so fondly wronged me, has been my life-long dream. During all the hopeless years when I drugged and toiled as the legal concubine of the man whose name I bear, I never met an individual, whether man or woman, whose presence had the power to thrill me through and through. But I experience this sensation whenever I meet the man of whom I dream that it is necessary to analyze this feeling and learn just what it means, as I am resolved to make no more mistakes if I can help myself."

"My friend, do you believe that any mortal ever truly loves but once?"

"I am satisfied that nobody ought to love but once," I answered drearily, "but what am I to do?"

"Simply put this recent fascination far away from you. The very idea is unworthy of you."

"Can't you give me any further information about the lover of my youth?"

"Alas, no! I have told you all that I can tell."

"Then, madam, look here!" and my manner grew as imperious as my words; "go forthwith to Dr. Armstrong and say to him that it is necessary that I should see him at once."

"Mother will not willingly allow him to visit you. Remember, dear Judith, the gossip has been steadily at work for weeks in the attempt to sully your good name; and my weak mother has added fuel to the fire. Don't you think it best for father to remain away?"

"Of course I think no such thing! Madam, do you believe that I would forget my honor? If so, leave me now and never cross my lonely threshold more!"

"No, Judith, dear, not that; but do you not think it necessary to avoid as far as possible the unjust suspicions of society?"

"This from you? A child of Dr. Armstrong's? A woman who has always pretended to care nothing for the vague opinions of the world so long as she was doing right? I'm losing faith in individuals, confidence in friends and hope in God!"

"Judith Reid, can this be you? Have you taken leave of your senses?"

calmed its tumult, and said to turbulent emotions, "peace, be still."

Suddenly a mellow light illuminated the apartment and settled over my sombre garments as a halo. Then a darkness that could be felt enshrouded me for a moment, which was gradually dispelled by a limpid radiance, from which a hazy substance gathered form and features, and the beaming eyes and long white beard, for which I had learned to look in eager expectation, appeared once more upon an airy canvas. But the expression of the face was sad, and the once sweet smile betokened bitterness.

"O, William! William! will you not forgive your waiting Judith?" I exclaimed, aloud.

But while I spoke the vision vanished, and I could not again recall it.

A domestic entered and, turning on the gas, busied herself a few moments in rearranging the disordered books and papers on the center table.

"Ma'am, I'm compelled to give you warning," said she, nervously.

"Why, Nanette? Haven't I always been a kind, indulgent mistress?"

"O, yes ma'am, and the bright quadrangle laughed merrily, "but you see, I b'leve this house is haunted."

"Nonsense, Nanette! The spirits of the living may haunt the house sometimes, but I have never yet been able to call up the wraiths of any who are dead."

"Well, ma'am, it may or mayn't be superstition, but I'll leave her this day week. I thought it best to give you warning."

"What have you seen, Nanette?"

"I haven't seen nothin' partic'lar, 'cept your 'actin', ma'am; but I heard you call a man's name just now, and when I turned on the gas your eyes was just startin' from their sockets. Don't get angry, please, but I'm afraid you're a witch."

"I could not restrain a hearty laugh. "It's no laughin' matter to me, ma'am, and the girl beat a retreat to the kitchen, muttering as she went."

Presently Minnie came in, sobbing as though her heart would break, while Winnie and the boys remained in consultation in the latticed porch, and I could see that they were all in trouble.

"What's the matter now, my dear?" I asked, tenderly.

"Oh, mother! what do you ever do that's wicked to make people talk about you so?"

"Why, what are people saying about me?"

"Oh! Nelly Brooks wouldn't play with us, because she said you were a bold, bad woman! She told Jim Hodges that you once married a forger and got a divorce; and that you broke my father's heart, and broke him up in business, and oh! I don't know what all! And the girls slight us at school and say naughty things about us, and oh, dear! I wish we were all dead!"

"Poor children! How I pitied them in this trial, which was to them as real and biting, and consequently just as hard to bear, as are the more weighty tribulations of the children of a larger group."

"We are going back to Oregon! That's flat!" said master Ben, who was as impatient as his mother; and they all came moodily into the room and acquiesced in Ben's determination.

"But I have a situation here that brings us bread and butter. It is necessary that I remain and attend to it. If I could follow my own inclinations I would start for the Pacific coast next week."

"Situation be blowed! I'll work at any sort of menial employment you can find for me, if you will go," said Young America.

"What, my child? Would you give up a situation where you are learning an honorable profession for the sake of getting out of the way of a few busy-bodied tattlers?"

act of mine, to ply me with such investigations?"

"O, mother! no! Forgive me for asking such a question."

"You were quite right in asking it, my child. I do not believe in one code of morals for adults and another for children. You have perfect right to sit in judgment upon your mother's acts, and perfect right to hold her to strict account for anything that may appear amiss."

"Then you won't be angry with us, mother?"

"It was my winsome, blue-eyed Winnie who addressed me now."

"Angry, my darlings? No!"

"Well, I have had enough of this! Let's have some music that will drive dull care away," said Minnie, starting up.

"I turned off the gas and noticed that the out-door air was flooded with the limpid radiance of the moon and stars. Throwing a shawl over my head, I wandered out alone into the shrubbery."

A grove of maples a few yards away nodded to me in the zephyrs as though inviting the company of a sympathizing friend to their grand solitude."

A screech owl gave forth a warning note from the nearest tree and made me pause and listen."

Two men were sitting together on one of the rustic seats.

Their conversation was guarded and earnest, but I could occasionally catch a word."

"I say," said one, "the time has come when she must know the truth. The blood of all the Reids is up, and she will ferret out the facts or die."

Prudence would have sent me out of the grove and back to the house, but that silent monitor had forsaken me, so I stepped quickly out in the path and confronted the strangers, saying fiercely:

"The blood of all the Reids is up! Tell me by what right you thus invade my grounds!"

The men looked up, in consternation, and I was as much surprised as either when I recognized Dr. Armstrong."

I lost all presence of mind. Fearing that I would lose all my good resolves by acknowledging allegiance to a mysterious power, which I would not be able to resist, I turned and hastened to the house, double-locked the doors and crept shivering to my bed, and lay there, thinking, thinking, thinking."

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

This department of the NEW NORTHWEST is to be a general vehicle for exchange of ideas concerning any and all matters that may be legitimately discussed in our columns. Finding it practically impossible to answer each correspondent by private letter, we adopt this mode of communication to save our friends the disappointment that would otherwise accrue from our inability to answer their queries. We cordially invite everybody that has a question to ask, a suggestion to make, or a scolding to give to contribute to the Correspondents' Column.

J. P. E., Olympia, W. T.: Your remittance was received all right.

H. H. W., Washington Co.: The names of subscribers and money you sent is received.

M. R., Olympia: Yours of Oct. 10th with postal order, came duly to hand.

Mrs. M. E. F. wishes to know if it is customary for the NEW NORTHWEST to pay beginners for their maiden literary attempts. To which we answer that it is not. Until a person has established a reputation, his or her literary labor must be unremunerative. It is worth something to have a medium at hand through which to establish, on a firm foundation, a valid claim as a writer of genius. The path to success is fraught with toil and care, but the goal once reached honors and remuneration come quickly. No paper in Oregon (or on the Pacific coast, we might add) pays for voluntary contributions, and but very few in the East.

Woman and Her Clothes.

A great deal has been said and written lately about "Woman's Mission," "Woman's Suffrage" and "Woman's Rights;" but one of the greatest needs of this country is a hope woman, one who is able to attend to the management of her household and who does not feel herself altogether dependent upon servants. Said the wife of John Adams, in a letter written to a friend in 1800, when she was sixty-five years of age:

"No man ever prospered in the world without the consent and co-operation of his wife, and it is an indispensable requisite that every American wife should herself know how to order and regulate her family, how to govern her domestics and train up her children. For this purpose the all-wise Creator made woman a helpmate for man, and she who falls in these duties does not answer the end of her creation."

Half a century, with all its reforms and improvements, have passed away since these words were written, yet the advice is not inapplicable to the present time. In the days when Mrs. Adams flourished, a young lady's education, no matter what her rank in life might be, was not considered completed until, among other useful accomplishments, she was able to make a shirt and knit a pair of stockings. It is true that the sewing machines have done away with much of the necessity of sewing by hand, still we are of the opinion that every young lady should be able to sew. The girls of the serial has, however, "a soul above buttons," and any young man marrying one of them, and expecting his wardrobe will be kept in better order than when a teacher will be woefully disappointed.

"I think I see myself sewing on buttons or mending any man's clothes," says "Emily Jane," conceitedly; "and as for darning his stockings, it isn't likely I'll do that, when I never could take the trouble to darn my own!" No, indeed, if a man wants that sort of thing, why don't he marry a servant-maid?"

In many instances it would be better for him if he did, rather than a helpless young woman who, when she is not going around making calls, and promenading the streets with acquaintances equally frivolous, throws herself on a sofa, tired to death, and interested in nothing, unless she happens to think of some new variety of dress to wear for exhibition at the opera or theater in the evening. It is a thankless office to point out faults, and all the more when women are the subjects of our criticisms; for, however outrageous their proceedings, they ought not to be publicly spoken of, nor honestly dealt with; and truth is an offense which can never be forgiven. There is, however, great necessity for a reform of some kind, or men of moderate means will no longer dare to marry. It is perfectly well known that dress has become an all-absorbing passion with our women. They go to the opera; not understanding one word of the performance, and confessing they don't care a pin for the music, simply to display a tailored dress, which they wear a week of careful thought and preparation. They get up a different style, but equally elaborate, to parade the streets and go to church on the Sabbath, in the hope to outshine some of their neighbors who have preceded them in the same way. In short, dressing themselves takes up all their time and seems to be the sole object of their existence. To such an extent has this habit become a passion, that the subject of dress been carried among American ladies, that grave moralists have held some of our beautiful countrywomen resident in Paris responsible for no small share of the luxury and extravagance which has become the order of the day during the latter portion of the second French Empire. It is useless to tell us that men are to be blamed for all this rivalry in dress, which occupies the minds of ladies to the exclusion of more profitable things; and which, besides, so often involves expenses far beyond the income of the father or husband, who is called to foot the bills, thus causing them endless annoyance. Women dress for women, not for men, and are martyrs, in many cases, to their clothes. A man knows, to be sure, when a woman, to his taste, looks charming; but whether the lace she wears costs one dollar a yard or one hundred, he is ignorant of the total expense. No so with women, who look with undisguised scorn on a dress, no matter how becoming, if it happens to be cheap, and an imitation lace, no matter how pretty, is an abomination in their eyes. When we consider the vast amount of time utterly wasted in the superfluous trimming of dresses now in fashion, and how long it takes to put on properly all the pailers, frills and furbelows belonging to them, we cannot wonder that the occupation of a young lady who desires to be considered in the proper mode should be how to best arrange her finery so as to make the greatest display. Nor is there likely to be any reform until, as a writer on this subject says:

"Girls are taught that it is better to possess a pair of healthy lungs than a taper waist; better to walk erect than to have small feet in pinching, high-heeled boots; better to be free from headache than to wear a chignon, and better to have brains inside one's head than dead men's hair outside of it. That it is better to have a convex chest of one's own than that obtained at a modiste's; better to have square, plump shoulders, made by some food and lively exercise, than automation pads furnished by a dressmaker; better to have bright lips, ruddy with healthy blood, and bright eyes beaming with intelligence and health; better to have the earnestness of the forehead and the earnestness of the cheeks, the taper of the fingers and the pink of the rounded nail should follow the process of unabused nature than that they should be produced by degraded art."

POTATO BLIGHT.—It is rumored that there is another potato blight in Ireland. It is said to be spreading to an alarming extent, and the prospect is that thousands of families, whose chief reliance is upon the potato crop, will be sufferers by its failure. Fortunately for that unfortunate country, her friends of kith and kin in America, can be counted by hundreds of thousands, who have not only the will but the means, to aid her, if the statement of the potato crop failure should prove true to the extent apprehended.

Cheerful Saratogans, when the funeral bell begins to toll, bet on the age of the deceased.

Vanished Years.

Who can look back upon the vanished years without a sigh of regret for the many beautiful remembered joys that the years now vanished brought to us, but can never return to us again?

To one, it is the memory of a child's gossamer fingers, straying over the face and hands; of clinging arms about the neck, and the pattering of tiny slippers feet over the stairs or down the hall. It is the music of a sweet, innocent voice, floating in rippling laughter, or precious baby words from the past along the vanished years into the tide of the present.

To another, sweet, loved faces float suddenly from the mist of the vanished years. As if the daisies grew not between the closed eyes and our own, they meet us again with the same never-forgotten glance of tenderness, and we ask of the vanished years if they have given back to us our own, or whether the spirits of the air take form, sometimes only to vanish, leaving us only our memories. Half forgotten songs float dreamily back to us, and the memory of a woman's smile or a manly voice has thrilled many a heart with an intensity of emotion that only a presence from the vanished years could bring.

Youth, beauty, love and happiness all belong to the beautiful vanished years; and looking forward brings not the satisfaction that we find in silent, sweet communion with the past.

The joys, the happiness that has been ours is still, for faithful memory is ever going backward to the vanished years, and bringing to us our treasures that have been.

But in looking forward we see only what we are, and our past experience tells us that hopes fail. Perhaps there is nothing in the past of a person who has reached the quiet middle years of life that so brings mingled sadness and smiles as the recollections of youth's first love.

How real it all seemed then; and yet how is the vision changed?

The girl that seemed an angel then is only an ordinary mortal now, faded and renewed, and claiming the manly right of worshipping every angel in maidenly guise.

And from the relics of the departed years is drawn the curl of shining hair that was such a talisman to us.

It is just as bright, just as golden now, and it coils itself about your fingers just as prettily, reminding us in its almost animated curling of the coquettish grace of our early years.

But, alas! the years in vanishing have stolen from it its talismanic powers, and to-day it is only a lock of woman's hair, shorn before the silver threads began to linger in sad, silent tokens of the cares and weariness of the earth life.

And a thought of silver hairs brings us back to the present, and glancing in the mirror we find them plentifully bestowed upon ourselves, and smile as we wonder if the girl to whom that curl belonged has kept that shining lock of bright chestnut hair we gave her in exchange.

Only the vanished years can tell. Do they tell us of a broken vow that made two lives a failure?

Why, then, did that golden hair rest upon the happy security against the breast where it leaned when a lover's hand severed the shining curls?

Alas! we gather only the beautiful memories from the vanished years: Our treasured and cherished memories we consign to the past, and say, "Let the dead bury their dead," and clasp more closely the sweet cherished memories that were exquisite in the reality.

How sacredly we treasure them! How we linger with them! But lingering with the vanished years brings us to silent grass-grown graves and mossy tombstones, and thence to tears.

So we fold away the treasured memories of the past, and though the straying baby fingers may nevermore stray over our faces, hands and hair, nor the tiny feet make music over the stairs and down the hall, or white-haired age grow young again, nor broken vows be renewed, yet anything belonging to the vanished years return to us, we are hastening on to them. Earth life is only a shadow of the substance that the second life affords.

Eternity is before us, and who shall say that in the eternal years all shall not be restored to us.

A good story is told of the sparkling Miss Kate Stanton, of Providence, R. I., the young lady who is announced to lecture this coming season on the interesting subject, "Whom to Marry?" This effect: Some two or three years ago, while residing in New York, she was imprompted by one of her numerous suitors, (a wealthy and somewhat haughty New Yorker, who thought it honor enough for a queen to receive his offer) to marry him; and getting slightly out of patience with his pressing suit for the twentieth time, she said to him, "John, I have declined to accept your offer a score of times, as gently and as delicately as I could; but it is of no use. You know I like you as a dear, good friend; and your perseverance is worthy of reward, I gratefully acknowledge. Well, there are at least forty good men and true on the same plane in my affections with you. To be perfectly just, I suppose I must accept the first proposer in point of time, first; when he dies, the next, and so on. You are about the twenty-fifth, say, on the list. If you will be patient, and make me love you too (for I will marry for love only), I'll take you in your turn. Could you propose a more equitable plan?" John was forced to bow to the justice of Miss Stanton's proposition, and is said to be waiting patiently, although she has not, as yet, of course accepted the first offer. John is not a lawyer; Miss Stanton is; that is, she is preparing for the bar; and it is supposed that John in assenting, overlooked the fact that in her proposition she set no time for commencing! It is evident that as a lawyer Miss Stanton will not lack skill in drawing a contract.

A French girl, only twelve years old, neatly and tastefully dressed, has surprised the people of Vermont by her skill in the use of an ax. She cuts and piles up a cord of wood daily.

There are in the United States 153 monasteries, or religious houses for men leading the monastic life of the Roman Catholic church, and 336 convents or cloisters for women.

Economical women clerks in the departments at Washington have almost acquired an independence in four years.

The Suicide.

His eye was stern and wild, his cheek was pale and cold as day. Upon his lightened lip a smile of fearful meaning lay. He mused awhile, but not in doubt, no trace of doubt, but with unflinching gaze he gazed. It was the steady, solemn promise of resolute despair.

Once more he looked upon the scroll, once more its words he read. Then calmly, with unflinching hands, he folded before him his lot: I saw him bare his throat, and seize the blade, and forth I sprang. And grimly, 'twixt the tempered edge he was so soon to feel.

A sickness crept upon my heart, and dizzy spun my head. I could not speak, I could not cry, I felt benumbed and dead; Black, by lovers struck me dumb, and froze my senses o'er; I closed my eyes, utter fear, and strove to think no more.

Again I looked; across his face a fearful change had passed; He seemed to rave—on cheek and lip a flaky foam was cast. He raised on high the glittering blade, then first I saw the fatal gleam (as she called it) "Hold, madman, stay the frantic deed!" I cried, and forth I sprang. He held, madman, his headied not one glance around I gave. And ere I could arrest his hand, he had begun to—slay!

The Printer's Epitaph.

Here rests his form within a case. I need not state its condition. To be reset, and re-composed. A new revised edition.

OLD CLOTHES.—Sneer not at old clothes. They are made holy by long sacrifices; by careful foldings away that they may last until the dear ones are provided for. If many an old coat could speak, what tales it would tell of the noble heart beating underneath. Yonder rusty garment would repeat the struggles of a devoted father whose son is earning laurels at the college hall by day. How he counted his farthings, and how he choked down his pride, that his boy, his noble boy, might yet win him honor. That faded shawl, folded tightly over those spare shoulders? Year after year has the mother cleansed and mended, and laid it carefully away (as she called it) "good as new," that her blue-eyed daughter might have an education. And the mother smiles over the dim dusky-patterned ribbon and prim old merino that were cleaned up to enable her to buy Bessie a pretty bonnet, and a dress such as she deserved! Oh, that blessed denial of aspiring poverty! Hallowed be the old bonnets, old cloaks, old coats, aye, and old shoes, when such love points to them as mementoes. More than one bright and shining light, like the sun, owes its brilliancy to old clothes; more than one star in literature, philosophy and science.

One of our exchanges says that in Wyoming "the ballot-box was first opened to females." We dislike the word "female" in this connection; it is a little too indiscriminate. We are at a loss to know, since the Darwinian theory has propounded itself, to what class of animate beings he refers. He might have referred to the mate of that noble animal, the horse, or the mate of the buffalo, the cow, which roams the plains of Wyoming at her leisure, and would not mind thrusting her nose into the ballot-box if it came in her way. It is, no doubt, a very fine recommendation for Wyoming that women are entitled to vote; but women are fastidious, and do not care to be represented by the whole female world, even of Wyoming; it takes in too large a class.—*Revolution.*

The Christian Union puts the matter of paying women less than men for doing the same work, in this compact way: "The labor which a person offers for sale is a commodity, like any kind of merchandise. Suppose a man and woman offer each a bushel of wheat, or a pair of calves, for sale, the goods of the one being of the same quantity and quality as those of the other. Would any one pretend there was any 'justice' in offering the woman a lower price for her cloth or calve than the man for his? The case is precisely parallel, so far as justice is concerned, when the commodity offered is productive labor."

Mrs. Duniway's paper, the NEW NORTHWEST, has forced the press of Oregon into a general discussion on the woman's suffrage question. Mrs. Duniway is a complete mistress of the subject and fully up to the requirements of the situation.—*S. E. Pioneer.*

Rev. Robert Hall, the great Baptist minister of England, when asked how many sermons a preacher could conveniently prepare in a week, replied: "If he is a man of pre-eminant ability, one; if he is a man of ordinary ability, two; if he is an ass, six."

Mrs. S. Colt, of Albany, has edited and is now revising the press of the most useful and interesting guide-book that has been prepared for the information of travelers in the State of New York. It is said to be as entertaining as a novel.

Henry Ward Beecher says: "It will scarcely be denied that men are superior to women, as men; and that women are immeasurably superior to men, as women; while both of them together are more than a match for either of them separately."

"Going, going, just a-going," cried out an auctioneer. "Where are you going?" asked a passer by. "Well," replied the knight of the hammer, "I'm going up to the Zoological Gardens, to tell the managers one of their baboons is loose."

One of Disraeli's admirers, in speaking about him to John Bright, said: "You ought to give him credit for what he has accomplished, as he is a self-made man." "I know he is," retorted Bright, "and he adores his maker."

A Chinese photographer in San Francisco, being upbraided by a lady customer because the picture didn't suit her, replied thus: "No how handsome; how can?"