The New Northwest.

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The New Northwest.

A Journal for the People.
Devoted to the Interests of Humanity.
Independent in Politics and Religion.
Alive to all Live Issues, and Thoroughly Radical in Opposing and Exposing the Wrongs of the Masses.

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

The Bride's Story.

When I was but a country lass, now fifteen years ago,
I lived where flows the Overprock through meadows wide and low;
There first, when skies were heading blue and blossoms filling tree,
I saw the ragged little boy who went to school with me.

His homespun coat was frayed and worn, with patches covered over,
His hat—ah! such a hat as that was never seen before.
The boys and girls, when first he came, they shouted in their glee,
And jeered the ragged little boy who went to school with me.

His father was a laboring man, and mine was highly born;
Our people held both him and his in great contempt and scorn—
They said I should not stoop to own a playmate such as he,
The bright-eyed, ragged little boy that went to school with me.

Yet spite of all the sneers around from children better dressed,
My heart went out to meet the heart that beat within his breast.
His look was fond, his voice was low, and strange as it may be,
I loved the ragged little boy that went to school with me.

For years they had forgotten him, but when again we met,
His looks, his voice, his gentle ways remained in memory yet;
They saw alone the man of mark, but I could only see
The bright-eyed, ragged little boy who went to school with me.

He had remembered me, it seemed, as I remembered him;
Nor time, nor honors, in his mind the cherished past could dim.
Young love had grown to older love, and so today you see
I wed the ragged little boy that went to school with me.

SONORA HEWITT.

BY MRS. SUSIE WITHERELL.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by Mrs. Susie Witherell, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington City.]

CHAPTER XXI.

DEATH OF WHITE STAR.

As soon as lunch was over the family and their friends assembled to hear the completion of Catherine's story. Taking the seat she had occupied in the morning, she commenced her narrative.

"For six months after the death of Fleetfoot we lived on with but little change in any one excepting my idolized husband, on whom alone I had centered all my love, for was he not all I had in a strange land in that Louslana forest, with nothing but savages around me? But he seemed to be pining away—pining for his lost child. He grew weaker and weaker each day, and his flashing eye had lost its brightness and his fine athletic form its grace. One day, returning from the hunt, where he had been persuaded to go, he hung his rifle and pouch up, saying, 'I shull hunt no more till I get to the happy hunting ground.' I prepared his pallet, then bathed his head and gave him wine to drink. Soon, feeling a little refreshed, he exclaimed:

"'Oh, that my beautiful White Star might gladden the heart of her father once more; that Lenard might give her his parting blessing,' and sinking upon his bed, he seemed as if his breath was leaving him.

"Just then a rustling at the tent door caused me to turn, when I beheld my child, my lost child! With one bound she sprang into the wigwam and fell at her father's feet. I raised her, and clasping her to my bosom, imprinted kiss after kiss upon her cold brow. In my transient joy at again beholding my child, I had almost for a moment forgotten my husband, when, turning to him, he seemed to be gasping for breath.

"'Lenard! Lenard!' I screamed. 'Oh, Lenard, live, breathe on, do not die! Live for the sake of your peerless White Star, who kneels before you! For the sake of your Catherine, who has no one to love her but you!' and sinking beside him, I tried to breathe new life into his fast fleeing soul.

"'My child back? White Star here? Thank the Good Spirit at last! My wife! May the Good Spirit bless you both!' was all he uttered, and his soul had gone to the land of the blessed.

"'My father! oh, my father! He cursed me not,' and throwing herself across the body of her father, White Star lay in a deathlike swoon.

"How White Star recovered I know not, for I was like one bereft of reason. Seating myself beside my once idolized Lenard, I fixed my gaze upon him with a deathlike stare. How long I would have remained so, or what the consequence might have been, I cannot say, had not my daughter, on recovering, compelled me to lay down, when utter grief soon sank me into a heavy slumber, from which I awoke greatly refreshed and more composed and rational. That same day I prepared him for the tomb, when he was buried with Indian pomp beside his forefathers, and where I hope to rest when I shall be no more.

"The day after the funeral ceremonies White Star and I sat alone together mourning over our loss, when, putting her arms affectionately around my neck, she said:

"'Mother, listen and forgive White Star, for she is soon going where her father is waiting to welcome her,' and nestling her head upon my bosom, she told me all that had passed during the eight months that she had been gone, for, as we suspected, she had fled with the stranger whom she so ardently loved.

"The stranger had taken her to an obscure village a few leagues from Baton Rouge, where, under the form of a mock marriage, he had made her his wife. He fitted her out with a wardrobe becoming his wife and presented her with a set of jewels, among which was a ring the exact counterpart of yours," looking at Sonora, "and fit emblem it was, a broken heart. Having done all this, they proceeded down the Mississippi to New Orleans, where they stopped, and where they had been ever since, till she had at last returned home to die. They had been married she truly believed, and had lived together about six months. Everything had gone on prosperously and nothing had occurred to mar her happiness save the knowledge of her abode, which he strictly forbade her from disclosing to her parents, telling her that he would soon return with her and together they would both be forgiven. Ah, but he didn't know my feelings. He had robbed me and I was a Spaniard.

"Everything looked bright and fair. He seemed all love and attention, and she on her part nearly worshipped him. Little did she, artless girl, think that he, a monster in human form, was plotting her misery and death; yes, for so it was.

"Returning one night from the gaming table, where he had remained later than usual, he found her weeping. Having lost considerable money, and being overheated with wine, he spoke rudely to her and demanded the cause of her tears.

"'Because White star was thinking of her parents, and felt so lonely when you did not come; but now she'll weep no more,' and going to him, she would have put her arms around his neck, but he roughly pushed her away from him, exclaiming:

"'Go home! go back to the forest wigwam! You are as free as ever! You have no claim upon me! Ours was only a mock marriage, for what signifies marriage to an Indian girl? Go back, for Many Canoes may pine for the love of his wild one!' and laughing a brutal laugh, he threw himself upon a couch and was soon fast asleep.

"At first she seemed stupefied, but, sitting down and collecting her thoughts, she realized her situation, for, though a wild Indian maid, she had been taught that marriage was a sacred rite, and to live together without the solemnization of its tie was committing not only a sin, but also a disgrace. First the hot Spanish blood of her mother and then the fiery revengeful spirit of her father called for vengeance. Then, subsiding into calmness, she drooped beside the villain whom she had called husband and seemed like one in a dream. Thus she sat till midnight, when, leaving all behind except the suit she wore and that one ring, she set out on foot to return to the home of her happy childhood without money, character or happiness. After a long and weary travel she reached home at the end of nearly two months—*to die*. As she finished telling me the story of her wrongs, she laid her head in my lap and said she loved the pale-face yet. Perceiving the superb dagger within my belt, she kissed the hilt as she recognized it. From that day she never smiled again. It was in the summer when she returned, and when the leaves began to wither, my beautiful one began to droop. One evening, when the pale moon streamed in at the open door, as she lay upon her little bed, she called me to her, and taking my hand, said:

"'Mother, the Good Spirit has come for your child, and is waiting to take her to the hunting ground of her father. I shall be happy there once more, but pale-face stole my happiness here and broke my heart. Though White Star is an Indian girl, still she loves but once and loves truly. Tell Many Canoes he he must not hurt him; it is my last wish. Mother, it grieves me much to leave you all alone, but the spirit calls and I must obey. Bury me beside my father and let me sleep in peace near my wild forest home that I loved so well, for I wish for no other spot. Let *him* not know that I grieved for *him*. They come! I hear the bugle! I must go. Farewell, mother!' and springing upon her feet, she fell back lifeless.

"I was alone—alone with none to love me nor no one to love. Oh, my God, that was sorrow! First I thought I would plunge this dagger into my heart and die with my idol, but in a moment revenge sprang up into my bosom and I resolved to have it, cost what it might, and I have accomplished it at last, and I care not to live longer."

As Catherine finished her story, she arose to her feet, and requesting her hood and cloak, prepared to leave, notwithstanding they urged her to remain. Telling them her mission was fulfilled, and that she had but one thing more to do, and that was to appear against Norman for the attempted assassination of herself before mentioned, she hastily departed, leaving the girls in tears and the parents in sorrowful amazement.

Every column of a newspaper contains from twelve to fifteen thousand distinct pieces of metal; the displacement of any one would cause a typographical error. And yet some people lay claim to remarkable smartness if they can discover an error in a newspaper. When such people find a word with a wrong letter in it, they are so sure that they could spell that single word right that they are happy the whole day.

Geo. Q. Cannon, elected on the 25th inst., Delegate to Congress from Utah, is the editor of the *Desert News*, and is also an Elder of the Mormon Church. He is a polygamist of the most radical type.

Woman Suffrage in Connecticut.

The woman suffragists of Connecticut had a legislative hearing recently. Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker addressed the judiciary committee, who met in a room crowded almost to suffocation. In the audience there were about fifty ladies, who appeared in behalf of Woman Suffrage, that being the measure under consideration by the committee. The session was held in the Senate chamber, the usual place for the meeting of the Judiciary Committee.

Senator Woodard acted as chairman. Mrs. Hooker was first to speak, and the more she talked the more people crowded the doorways and reception-room, from which a door opens into the Senate Chamber. Necks were stretched and clothing suffered in the attempts of those on the outside to hear and see the champion of Woman Suffrage.

Her speech, the following of which is the brief, was listened to with the closest attention, not only by the members of the committee, but by the spectators:

MRS. HOOKER'S ARGUMENT.

Legislature should make it plain that the question of legality of votes in case of women is one to be decided by itself, on complaint of fraud or mistake or illegality of some sort in State elections, precisely as in case of men.

1. Women are a part of the *people* set forth in the preamble to Constitution of the United States. "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and posterity, do;" and also a part of the people recognized in Constitution of State of Connecticut, thus; "*The people* of Connecticut do, in order the more effectually to define, secure and perpetrate the liberties, rights and privileges which they have derived from their ancestors, hereby ordain and establish the following constitution and form of civil government."

As such they had now and always have been entitled to vote. Their right is a dormant one it is true, but there is no extinguishment of title to fundamental rights by non-use.

A man may have declined to vote at any election, State or national, for fifty years, but no one would think of contesting his right on that account. If, as some say, women have consented to be represented by men, and therefore *are virtually* represented, they surely have a right to withdraw such consent at any time and become *personally responsible*. If I may choose an administrator of my political affairs, it is plain that I may act for myself, in case my choice has proved unfaithful, or incompetent, or both.

2. Women are *citizens* of the United States and are thus entitled to vote, by virtue of the Fourteenth Amendment to the national constitution. See minority report of the judiciary committee of the House of Representatives, January, 1871. Also arguments by Mrs. Stanton and Mrs. Hooker before Senate judiciary, January, 1872.

3. Registrars, in refusing to register the names of women citizens desiring to vote, assume indicial functions not belonging to their office, and do virtually trample upon the most fundamental rights of American citizenship; and there is no appeal from their decisions and no release save by suits at law, involving much delay and heavy expense.

By our laws, every male voter must be of good moral character and able to read the constitution intelligently; yet thousands of men every year are registered and allowed to vote who fail to realize these qualifications. Registrars cheerfully put these names upon their list; boards of select men take no notice; officers of election receive and count these legal votes, all these functionaries leaving it to the Legislature to decide in cases of contested seats, or on complaints of fraud and illegality, who are not legal voters. How much more should the question of the legality of the votes of women citizens who are of good moral character, intelligent readers of and thinkers upon the constitution—honest tax-payers and obedient subject to the laws of the State, be taken out of the hands of these inferior officers, and decided by the State Legislature after full discussion by competent members of that body.

4. This may be done in various ways, among which I will suggest only two.

(*a*) A resolution may be passed by this very Legislature similar to the one proposed in the minority report of the House Judiciary Committee, which is as follows:

It is said by the majority of the committee that, "if the right of female citizen suffrage is vested by the Constitution, that right can be established by the Courts."

We respecifully submit that, with regard to the competency and qualification of electors for members of the House, the courts have no jurisiliction.

This House is the sole judge of the election return and qualification of its own members (article 1, section 5, of Constitution) and it is for the House alone to decide upon a contest, who are, and who are not, competent and qualified to vote. The judicial department cannot thus invade the prerogatives of the political department.

And it is perfectly proper, in our opinion, for the House to pass a declaratory resolution, which would be an index to the action of the House, should the question be brought before it by a contest for a seat.

We therefore recommend to the House the adoption of the following resolutions:

Resolved by the House of Representatives, That the right of suffrage is one of the inalienable rights of citizens of the United States, subject to regulation by the States, through equal and just laws.

That this right is included in the "privileges of the citizens of the United States," which are guaranteed by section 1 of article 14 of amendments to the Constitution of the United States; and that women citizens, who are otherwise qualified by the laws of the State where they reside, are competent voters for Representatives in Congress.

WM. LOUGHRIDGE.
BENJ. F. BUTLER.

Such a resolution would silence the unjust proposal that women shall contest their cases in the courts before they are allowed to appear at the polls. The manifest constitutional and democratic proceeding is: appearance at the polls, illegality of votes declared by the legislature, appeals to the courts.

(*b*) A bill may be passed that shall entitle women citizens to be recognized as electors of President and Vice-President under the same conditions and situations as are prescribed for other electors.

Here is the form of such a bill, which recently passed the Senate in the State of Maine by a vote of fifteen to eight—and which failed to pass the House by only four votes—and this vote I am informed by a member of the Legislature "was wholly spontaneous and given without debate."

An act abolishing all law discriminating between female and male suffrage in the election of President and Vice-President of the United States.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, as follows:

Section 1. Every female citizen of the United States of the age of twenty-one years and upward, with the same exception as is applied to male citizens in section 1 of article 2 of the Constitution of this State, having her residence established in this State for the term of three months next preceding any election for President and Vice-President of the United States, shall be an elector for President and Vice-President of the United States, in the city, town, or plantation where her residence is so established, in the same manner as now provided by law for male citizens in such election.

Section 2. The provisions of sections 78 and 79 of chapter 4 of the revised statutes, shall apply to this act so far as may be necessary to carry the same into full effect.

Either of these methods might come within the provisions of article 6 section 6 of the State Constitution, which declares that "Laws shall be made to support the privileges of *free suffrage*."

An old Democrat, a delegate from Orange county, Ind., was seen leaning against the wall of a building a few minutes after the adjournment of the Convention, weeping bitterly. When interrogated by a kind-hearted gentleman, who was passing, as to the cause of his trouble, asking at the same time if he could serve him in any way, the mortified and deeply humiliated old man replied: "No, my good man, you can't do me no good. God knows I wish I was dead; for forty long years I've been votin' the Democrat ticket, and I've made an affidavy that I'd stand by the party, and here they have gone and passed orders to vote for Horris Greeley, and I've got to do it or break my affidavy! And that ain't all, Mister; I've raised nine sons, and they're livin', and I've spent many and many a night reading Hendricks' and other Democratic speeches to them children—and very lately too—to teach 'em what an everlastin' old nigger thief and lyin' hypocrit old Greeley was, and now they're all gone back on me, and I've got to go home to them boys and tell 'em that their old dad's been lyin' to them all his life, and that old Horris Greeley is one of the Lord's anointed!" And the poor, deceived, and almost heart-broken old man, bursting into tears again, trembling with emotion, went his way, saying only, "This is too much to bear; I believe it will surely break my heart."

AN EASY LESSON IN PHYSIOLOGY.—Supposing your age to be fifteen or thereabout:

You have 150 bones and 500 muscles; your blood weighs 25 pounds; your heart is five inches in length and three inches in diameter; it beats 70 times per minute, 4,200 times per hour, 100,800 times per day, and 36,722,200 times per year. At each beat a little over two ounces of blood is thrown out of it; and each day it receives and discharges about seven tons of that wonderful fluid.

Your lungs will contain a gallon of air, and you inhale 25,000 gallons per day. The aggregate surface of the air-cells of your lungs, supposing them to be spread out, exceeds 20,000 square inches.

The weight of your brain is three pounds. When you are a man it will weigh about eight ounces more.

Your nerves exceed 10,000,000 in number.

Your skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one fourth to one-eighth of an inch in thickness. The area of your skin is about 1,700 square inches. Each square inch contains 3,500 sweating tubes or perspiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a little draintile one-fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length of the entire surface of your body of 201,166 feet, or a tile ditch for draining the body almost forty miles.

MRS. STOWE ON POLYGAMY.—A little while ago a party of influential ladies and gentlemen from the East, visiting General Morrow at Camp Douglas, started an interesting conversation on the subject of Mrs. Stenhouse's new book on polygamy, "Tell it All." In the course of that conversation it was agreed to call upon Mrs. Stenhouse, and suggest to her to write Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, soliciting from that famous woman, who did so much in her Uncle Tom's Cabin to demolish slavery, a preface to the great book now in hand on polygamy, which, it is to be hoped, will be, though in a more limited sphere, not less potent against the barbaric twin relic of slavery. The author of "What I know about polygamy" wrote to the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and the following is the answer:

BOSTON, July 1, 1872.

"MY DEAR MADAM:—I received your letter, and, as I am to be traveling this summer, and I have written at once a short preface of a general nature which I hope will answer your purpose. I am happy to be able to do the least thing which can show how heartily I sympathize with the effort you are making. May God bless both it and you is the prayer of, Yours ever truly,

H. B. STOWE."

How fond some of our male cotemporaries are of criticising a woman, in tones of fulsome eulogy or disgusting abuse, and how eagerly they lay hold of anything that can possibly be construed into double meanings for the purpose of gloating over her weakness and indulging in their own sensual tendencies. It is indeed a daring, aggressive spirit who can assume to meet these male scandal gobbling washerwomen of other people's linen in the public press, and any stirrer up of social or political soil must expect from such Darwinian species much harrowing, rolling and spading, and some "wild-cat" speculating before realizing a profitable harvest.—*Pioneer.*

A husband can readily foot the bills of a wife who is not afraid of being seen footing the stockings of her husband.

Greeley's Denunciation of Himself.

The following was addressed only last year by Mr. Greeley to Frank P. Blair, when the latter was playing "Liberal Republican" in Missouri:

"Sir: You formerly adhered (I then thought you belonged) to the Republican party; you are now among the bitterest of its enemies. You fought against the rebels in our late civil war. You have since been a candidate for a high office on whom they staked all their hopes and hates and efforts. You were a Union Representative in Congress throughout the four years which directly followed my utterance, of 1860-61, but you did not then whisper an objection to them, nor to my working hard for the election of your brother to fill a place in Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet; but you are now again in Congress, with all rebeldom at your back, and you persistently assail me for those utterances before you are fairly warm in your seat. In this you are true to your life-long guiding star—self interest—and again my inclination coincides with your purpose. You would like to be the next candidate of the rebels and pro-rebels for President; and I, for reasons which nowise flatter you, wish success to that aspiration; so I gratify your desire for a controversy. Nay, more, I assure your new friends that, in spite of past vacillation, they may trust you so long as they care not to thwart your ambition. You never thought of leaving the Republicans till you sought the Speakership at their hands and were denied it; and you will be equally true to your present confederates until they in turn shall have set your heart.

General, I long ago learned that principles were inconvenient, and that he who makes his own aggrandizement his aim must wear them loosely or put them aside altogether. I doubt that you would ever have attained your present dizzy elevation had you permitted yourself to be encumbered with them. But I am old-fashioned and cannot change my camp or my flag with your admired facility. H. G."

It would be difficult for any one to more correctly sketch the present position of Mr. Greeley, and it shows clearly how little he at that time knew himself. Like one of old he was ready to exclaim, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" Yet like his prototype he is exceeding all that he condemned in Frank P. Blair. He *thought* Blair formerly belonged to the Republican party. We *thought* Mr. Greeley did, but he, too, is now one of its bitterest enemies. He, too, fought the rebels. He is now their candidate for the *highest* office on whom they stake all their hopes, hates and efforts. He now has all rebeldom at his back, and is fiercely assailing his former associates, *before* he has got into his seat at all. In doing this is he not also true to self interest? Can he give one rule for Blair and adopt another for himself, when he exactly counterparts Blair's acts? Blair would have liked to be and Greeley *is* the candidate of the rebels and pro-rebels for President. He in fact has snatched this coveted prize from Frank, whom he denounced for desiring and seeking it. We think the rebels may trust Greeley Blair's coveted place so long as they will gratify his ambition. No man can show more willingness to grant all their desires in return for their votes. He never thought of leaving the Republicans until he sought the Presidency and knew they would not give it to him. The lesson he long ago learned in reference to principles he is now putting in most vigorous practice. He has been enabled to shake off his old-fashioned integrity, and to change his camp and flag with admirable facility. How little he thought when he penned those withering lines that they were so soon to apply to himself.—*Iowa Republican.*

William Cullen Bryant's paper, the *Evening Post*, is known as a fair and independent paper, which avoids the usual clap-trap fabrications of political campaigns. It opposed Grant as long as the Liberal movement, in its opinion, promised something better. It is published in New York; and speaks what it knows of them who surround and control Horace Greeley. And in its Thursday evening editorial it says:

"There is no escaping the fact that Greeley is supported by the disreputable and most dangerous classes of the population everywhere. Surely this is not accidental, and if not accidental, it is not totally meaningless. If sometimes reputable men enroll themselves in his party, the cases are exceptional, while it is universally true, almost without any exceptions that the most objectionable characters, the political bummers, the men bankrupt in reputation, the camp followers of all political parties, the roughs and rowdies of the slums of all the cities, as Greeley himself has so often described them, are rallying everywhere around the Greeley standard. The decent men are shocked at the companionship which is forced upon them. The more reputable journals are shamefaced to acknowledge themselves in such company. The people who flock around Greeley, do so simply because the Democratic party comes into power with him with the ability and means to reward its followers, or else the cunning and corrupt men of all parties are gathering about him from all quarters because they know that the administration of affairs under him will be in the hands of the worst of men, over whom a man so weak, so vacillating, and so unable, can exercise no control; against whom, even if he were always of honest purpose, he would have no defence except the poor one of his low, selfish cunning."

DRINKING.—No man ever became a drunkard, lived a drunkard's life, died a drunkard's death, and filled a drunkard's grave, as a matter free choice. No one ever became an excessive drinker who did not begin by the habit of being moderate, a very moderate drinker. If it were the habit of all not to take the first step and thus not become moderate drinkers, the unutterable horrors and woe, the destitution and crime, which result from this master evil of intemperance, would cease. Wives and children and friends and communities would not mourn over loved ones thus dishonored and lost. But it is the habit of drinking becoming the law of their being and of their daily life, the lack of resisting power resulting from this terrible thraldom, the fever of habitual temptation and appetite, which causes that yearly death-march of sixty thousand of our people to the saddest of all graves, followed as mourners by half a million of worse than widowed wives and worse than orphaned children.

Only a Cup of Coffee.

Fields sparkled like snow in the sun. Away in the distance rose the mountains, bare and brown. Close by the railroad track stood the rough station buildings, and two or three adobe huts where refreshments were offered to travelers. The express had thundered by an hour before, and now the third class came leisurely up and stopped. Out stepped the passengers, intent upon breakfast. One family had brought their provisions with them, making tea and coffee, as they wanted it, on the stove in the car. But most of the company were men who did not know much about helping themselves. One slender lad, Harry Minturn, sat in a seat at the other end of the car until all around him had gone out; then taking out his purse, he carefully counted its scanty contents. It had taken weeks of saving to get enough to buy the ticket for the East, and his margin was small when that was done.

"Bread and butter this morning," he said, as he joined the crowd outside. A few steps off he saw a modest little shanty, which seemed to have nobody near it.

"That's the place for my money," thought Harry. Entering, a delightful odor of coffee greeted him. Just the smell seemed to warm him, and his hand in his pocket felt the bits longingly. Alas! he knew just how far they would go, and just how many meals they would buy; and Harry had learned that it is safe never to spend your last penny, and honorable to scrimp and save, and even appear mean, so that you do not go in debt. The jolly young fellows who sang songs and told stories in the cars would have lent him money, careless whether it was ever paid. But Harry would as soon have begged as borrowed.

An old woman sat knitting in a chair by the stove. She gave the lad a chair and asked him what he would have.

"Two slices of bread and butter, if you please."

"Nothing else?"

"That's all," said Harry. The great round of corned beef and cold mutton were not for him.

"Looks hungry, poor boy!" said the woman to herself. "Something near the size of my Jim."

She cut two generous slices from her large loaf and put plenty of butter on them. Over her glasses, now and then, she watched the appetite with which he ate.

"Rather dry, now, isn't it?"

"Oh, no," said Harry, "I never tasted anything better."

"Won't you take a cup of coffee with it? Do."

"Madam," said Harry, "I've three thousand miles to go, and just enough money to take me there. Home is at the other end. I've enough for bread this morning, but not enough for coffee. I'll thank you for some water."

"Boy," said the widow, "I have a boy off at sea somewhere near your age, and some day, on his way to me, he may have to go on short rations. Now you be my Jim this morning, and have your breakfast."

I wish you could have seen the big blue and white cup into which she poured the yellow cream, and stirred the sugar, and filled up with foaming coffee. I wish you could have seen Harry drink it, and then, when she wouldn't take a bit from his store, just put his arms around her neck and said:

"Well, mother, if you won't tak anything else, you must let me kiss you for Jim."

It rumpled the cap-border a little, but it did the old lady good, and the hands from the road coming a moment after, found her more chipper and cheery than usual.

The fields are there yet, glittering with alkali; the brown adobe huts, the unpainted shanty, and the bare rugged cliffs in the distance. Old Mother Malloy still makes her bread and coffee for the railway folks, and waits for Jim to come in some day. Harry, westward bound again, with business before him and funds in his pocket, is intending to stop at that station to take a love token to that good old heart that gave him in his need what seemed like nectar, though it was only a cup of coffee.

PARADOXIES.—Water thrown into a red-hot metallic vessel does not boil, as we should expect, but quietly gathers itself together, forming a more or less perfect sphere, and in that condition floats about gracefully on the surface as it slowly evaporates away. If at the same time a very evaporizable substance, as liquid sulphuric acid is thrown in, the water may actually be frozen in a red-hot vessel.

Water boiled in a glass flask until the upper part of the vessel is entirely filled with steam, and then dexterously corked before air can gain admission and placed in cold water, recommences to boil. The boiling is produced by cold instead of heat, and the experiment is known as the culinary paradox.

If steam from boiling at 212 degrees is passed into a solution of salt in water, the temperature of the salt solution steadily rises, passing two hundred and twelve degrees, reaches the boiling point of the solution, and finally the latter also boils at a temperament as high and even higher than 250 degrees, according to its nature. There we have the extraordinary result of obtaining a higher temperature, say 250 degrees, from a lower one viz: 212 degrees.

If there is anything in nature that possesses a positive character it is light. Yet the physicist may so reflect the light from a given source so as to cause it to destroy itself and produce darkness. In like manner two sounds may be made to interfere with each other and either produce silence or increased intensity of sound, at the will of the operator.

A few weeks ago a very old man died in London, at the age of ninety-one. He bore an extraordinary resemblance to the first Napoleon, and boasted to the hour of his death of having won the battle of Jena. The following was his story, which, however true or false, was universally accepted: "During a critical moment of the battle, Albolino (this was the old man's name,) seeing the soldiers begin to waver, mounted a horse and galloping in front of the troops, cried out, 'I am your Emperor! Forward!' His corporal's uniform and his resemblance to the Emperor created such enthusiasm in the ranks that they pressed forward and the battle was won; not, however, before the Prussians had noticed the cheat, and Albolino was seriously wounded. He lived upon a pension in Paris until quite an old man, and then went to end his days in London."

Gleanings.

A woman at Chelsea, Ill., has died from a spider bite.

"One of those things no fellow can find out"—a good husband after 11 P. M.

A rattlesnake bite was cured lately at Fayette, Ill., by liberal applications of mud!

A Peoria dentist announces that he extracts teeth with great pains. Most dentists do.

Leisure is sweet to those who have earned it, but burdensome to those who get it for nothing.

It is an error to imagine that women talk more than men. They're listened to more—that's all.

Josh Billings says very truly, "You'd better not know so much than to know so many things that ain't so."

A stylish bonnet can be obtained from Paris for $126. Indulgent husbands will cut this out to show their wives.

King Amadeus, of Spain, has signed a decree providing for the gradual abolition of slavery in the colonies of Cuba and Porto Rico.

The public should remember that the rate of postage upon transient newspapers to any port in the United States is now only one cent.

A writer, in giving advice to bathers, remarks that it is only good swimmers who get drowned at the beaches. They venture out too far.

A little boy in Buffalo bled to death from the effects of a wound in the leg, caused by a glass bottle which was thrown at him by a playmate.

Of a miserly man who died of softening of the brain a local paper said: "His head gave way, but his hand never did. His brain softened, but his heart couldn't."

In Switzerland a milkmaid who is a good singer gets more salary than others, because under the influence of music cows "give down" better and give more milk.

A wise physician once said, "I observe that every one wishes to go to heaven, but I observe also that most people are willing to take a great deal of disagreeable medicine first."

Mrs. Mary F. Snow, of the Pacific Slope Woman Suffrage Convention, says that a great many more men than women, proportionately, seem to realize the enfranchisement of women.

A man incarcerated in the Tombs has been figuring in chalk on the walls of his cell. It read: "In New York city the spires of 342 churches, worth $41,150,000, point heavenward. I am here for stealing a loaf of bread for my starving child."

In deference to leap year, the women of Viroqua, Wisconsin, conducted the Fourth of July celebration. The marshal of the day, orator, reader of the Declaration of Independence—all—all were lovely women, while the brave men looked on and admired.

The servant of a Prussian officer one day met a crony, who inquired how he got along with his fiery master. "Oh, excellently," answered the servant; "we live on very friendly terms—every morning we beat each others coats; he takes his off to be beaten, and I keep mine on."

The remains of a woman and her newborn babe were found in the fifth story of a Pittsburg warehouse last week. She had been deserted by her drunken husband, and left to give birth to her child and then die alone, and remain unburied till the stench of decomposition attracted attention.

A young woman once married a man by the name of Dust against the wish of her parents. After a short time they began to quarrrel, and she attempted to return to her father's house, but he refused to receive her, saying, "Dust thou art and unto Dust thou shalt return." And she got up and "dusted."

A clergyman who was recently discoursing upon the alarming increase of intemperance astonished his audience by exclaiming: "A young man in my neighborhood died very suddenly last Sunday while I was preaching the Gospel in a beastly state of intoxication." Moral—clergymen should study grammar.

A good story is told of a clergyman in a Massachusetts town who forgot his notes on Sabbath morning, and as it was too late to send for them, he said to his audience, by way of apology, that this morning he should have to depend upon the Lord for what he might say, but that in the afternoon he would come better prepared!

ADVENTURE WITH RATTLESNAKES.—A simple minded farmer in Arkansas had an adventure with rattlesnakes, a few weeks ago, which might have proved fatal to a wiser man. He was looking for some stray cattle, and on jumping from a rock upon a pile of loose stones, he suddenly found himself in the presence of a family of rattlesnakes. The reptiles played a lively tune with their rattles, hissed, coiled themselves in attitudes of defence, and seemed ready to dart their fangs into the farmer's flesh. Their conduct struck him as so ludicrous that he stood still and roared with laughter. Peal after peal issued from his throat, and the rattlesnakes, utterly astounded, began to uncoil and creep away, and soon disappeared in the crevices of the rocks. The simple-minded farmer then wiped his eyes, which his laughter had filled with tears, and went home and told the story of his adventure, which he persists was the funniest thing he ever experienced in all the days of his life.

Some people are as careful of their troubles as mothers are of their babes; they cuddle them, and hug them, and cry over them, and fly into a passion with you if you try to take them away from them; they want you to fret with them, to help them to believe that they have been worse treated than anybody else. If they could, they would have a picture of their grief in a gold frame hung over the mantle-shelf for everybody to look at. And their grief makes them ordinarily selfish—they think more of their little grief in the basket and in the cradle than they do of all the world beside; and they say you are hard-hearted if you "don't fret." "Ah! you don't understand me—you can't enter into my trial!"