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Keep it Before the People.

Keep it before the people, that this world is moving on. That darkness is fading and light will yet be won. The darkness of past ages shall quickly be won.

SONORA HEWITT.

BY MRS. SUSIE WITBERRELL. [Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by Mrs. Susie Witberrell, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington City.]

CHAPTER XIII.

DEATH OF CATHERINE DE MIGNY.

It was about four months after the events recorded in the last chapter. The holidays had been spent with all the glee and varied pleasures which so happy and united a family were capable of enjoying.

The Christmas garlands of evergreen were beginning to look faded as the bright spring sun shone in at the windows of Colonel Hewitt's comfortable and magnificent library. The trees were once more waving in their vernal splendor, while the perfumed air was redolent with the breath of crocus, hyacinth, narcissus and many other sweet spring flowers.

The old halls at Captain Marsh's had again echoed to the tread of youthful feet, and the walls had once more vibrated to the sound of the ancient sire's voice as he laughed a heartier laugh than usual, while the lively jokes were handed about, and the cup of foaming cider was drained in honor of the New Year.

All this had passed by, and though there were less signs of merriment, and quietness seemed to reign within the homes of our friends, yet they were not idle, nor were their hearts so inflated with past pleasures that they were incapable of enjoying the present; in the contrary, all seemed to feel new life and vigor as the feathered songsters warbled forth their glad peals to welcome in the first month of spring.

It was the close of March that we again meet our heroine. Once more we find her in her little boudoir, where we first became acquainted with her. Her rocking chair beside her in a cozy little room, looking so ethereal that the once gay and thoughtless Blanche, a sweet, little smile resting upon her lips, and the cheek as she listens to the words of Sonora.

"How much has passed within the last three years—much of joy and much of sorrow. I often think, dear Blanche, I am not half thankful enough for the share of happiness I have been permitted to enjoy. Our hearts by nature are

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Working Woman.

not, and whispering a few words to Blanche, among which might be distinctly heard "ghosts" and "Injuns," and casting a very loving look, displaying a double row of ivory, Jinks was soon on his way back, while not far behind him rode Sonora and Clarence. Blanche and Cordelia were already mounted waiting to receive them for a ride to the mysterious stranger. They were not long in arriving at their destination, and Clarence led the way into the little cottage, which, notwithstanding its poor and dilapidated state, still retained about it an air of comfort and neatness.

"Oh, say I was so, dear Sonora. If you feel so unworthy and inadequate to the task you have chosen, how is it with me—I who would have been so sinful—who had it not been for your sweet and gentle influence in leading me to seek a Higher Power, would still have led a rebellious and useless life?—I who would have crushed all your earthly happiness? When I think of all the misery I would have brought upon you, and did in a measure, I feel as if nothing could ever wash away my guilt, and for you still to remain the same loving and affectionate friend, I can truly say that you have indeed heaped coals of fire upon my head. Were you to withdraw your friendship, I fear I should sink into such utter insignificance in my own humble opinion that I should be less prompt in the discharge of my duties towards my Father than I am now."

"You know what the apostle says, dear Blanche, 'There are diversities of operations, but it is the same God that worketh in all.' Think always of this. Do not take me as a pattern. I may have more power given me over my feelings, more capable of controlling my passions, while for you it may be a more difficult task, and consequently you are deserving of far more credit. The divine power operates on different minds in different manners. It is not the most gentle and amiable who are deserving of the greatest praise, but he who of the fiery passionate nature keeps back the angry retort, even though it be at the expense of incensing his own heart. Such, my friend, will have their reward."

Blanche made no reply to this comforting remark, but sat almost motionless with her eyes fixed upon the carpet, looking so sad that Sonora could not forbear putting her arms around her as she said:

"Oh, we shall be so happy, dear Blanche, together in our Southern home. There is but one drawback—that is to leave my parents and yours, but then we can often visit them, and during their absence we shall be all in all to one another, for Clarence says you must be our own dear sister. You should hear him tell how he has a suite of rooms fitted up so comfortable and pretty, with roses and jessamine trained so gracefully over the windows, on purpose for the reception of somebody. The windows of the little sitting-room look out upon one of the most fairy-like lakes, upon whose surface floats the most graceful craft you ever saw; and guess now what the name of it is? Why, Grace, and he says it is entirely your own, for he knew you would love the name. There! shall we not be happy? And then you know we are to have aunt Maggie to spend part of the time with us. Oh, I shall be so happy! I fear I am getting too glad to leave my dear old home, and imprinting a kiss upon the cheek of her friend, Sonora perceived not how Blanche bit her lips as she forced a smile, nor how great was the effort to keep back the tears, which swept downward and clustered round the heart, there to sink deeper the sorrow already implanted.

"I shall be far too happy! happy indeed!" was her reply as she returned the kiss and arose to depart, saying she feared she had kept her grandmother waiting already too long, as she had promised to return very soon. Sonora refrained from urging her to remain, knowing she would be depriving her grandparents of a pleasure which they highly prized, of having Blanche with them all they could before she left for her new home.

Blanche had hardly dismounted in front of her own door before Jinks, the still faithful lover of our sable friend Blanche, came up, respectfully saying: "Miss Blanche, just now as I was cummin' past dat little hut where Cato used to live, I heerd sum'n' awful. I ain't a bit 'fraid of ghosts, nor nuffin', so I done gone right in, and dar on de bed layed a woman, white 'nuff to be a ghost sure 'nuff, sayin' all kinds of do re mi's. I run jist as fast as dese old legs could take me to get some of you to come dar rite quick and see 'bout it. I told her I'd git my young missus, 'cause I know'd you was always 'frighted to go where dar was any distress, so I told her to stay dar till I come back. I don't reckon she could git far 'way, anyhow," and panting for breath, Jinks waited for an answer to ease his wondering mind.

"Well, Jinks, I am glad you did not flee from signals of distress, but stopped to learn their cause; and now hasten over to Miss Hewitt and inform her of it, and ask her to accompany me to Cato's cottage. Be as quick as possible."

Before she had scarcely given her orders Jinks was on his way, not only much to the first to inform them of "sumfin' awful," but also to get a glimpse of his adored Blanche, who was soon to become Mrs. Jenkins Bradkins.

After delivering his message to Sonora,

and in the meantime, she would deliver all of the whole human race in England—or, I should say, Great Britain—we have 916,162 women who can never, by any possibility, find husbands at home. These women must, therefore, become self-supporting; and as well acquainted with the disadvantages of the sexes in the United States; but although there is an excess of men, I have already learnt from what I have seen in America that there is the same necessity for enabling women to earn money here as in the old country; though to some extent it seems to me that they have a better chance of doing so. For instance, while we count our female doctors on the fingers of one hand, I find several well established reputations in every one of our principal cities, and while a few female writers in England are occasional contributors to our daily and weekly papers, I find them in New York the principal members of the staff. Gradually, however, even in conservative England, the old assertions are being abandoned—that woman's claim to fair chances of livelihood is a novel and an exaggerated one, and that young men struggle with equal difficulties. People are beginning, though slowly, to acknowledge that efforts made to enable women to earn their own money, and to pursue their own paths of duty, are not made with a view of removing them from their "proper sphere" and natural duties, but in order to save them from positions into which they are now driven, to the detriment of their highest instincts and their physical health and development. There has never been any dislike in England to the employment of women in the lowest branches of industry, but their introduction into places of responsibility and trust. Until my friend the Earl of Shaftesbury brought the matter before Parliament, women were allowed to work in mines in Staffordshire, and in the iron works of the hour, the clay which is to be converted into porcelain. Only three months before I left England, I spent a day in our potteries, and there were women and girls, doing heavy work, and lifting enormous weights, their physical strength was being drawn upon to an extent, but they were carefully excluded from the lighter branches of the business; they were freely used as beasts of burden, but no encouragement was given them to undertake any skilled labor. And yet, by the way, we are told that women cannot serve in haberdashery shops, because they are too weak to lift the hales of goods. In Liverpool and Dublin women earn six pence a day by carrying immense loads of sand; nearly 50,000 hawk fish, fruit and hardware through the streets of London, their average earnings varying from 30 cents to \$1 a week.

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ITEMS EVERY MAN SHOULD READ.—We have probably all of us met with instances in which a woman has been spoken against the reputation of woman has been magnified by malicious minds until the cloud has become dark enough to overshadow her whole existence. To those who are accustomed—not necessarily for the best—to read with thoughtlessness, to speak lightly of women, we recommend three hints as worthy of consideration: "Never use a lady's name in an improper time or in a mixed society. Never make any assertions about her that you think are not true, or illusions that you think she herself would blush to hear. When you meet men who do not scruple to make use of a woman's name in a reckless and unprincipled manner, shun them, for they are the very worst members of the community—men lost to every sense of honor, every feeling of humanity."

Many a good woman's character has been ruined and her heart broken by a lie, manufactured by some villain and repeated where it should not have been, and in the presence of those whose little judgments are not so sound as they are in circulating the foul and bragging report. A slander is soon propagated, and the smallest thing derogatory to a woman's character will fly to the wings of the wind and magnify its circulation, until its monstrous weight crushes the poor unfortunate victim.

INFLUENCE OF A SMILE.—There is nothing which makes the human face so attractive as a bright smile. It breaks over the countenance like the sunlight through the rain cloud after a shower, and it enlivens all upon whom it rests. A countenance, ever so staid and impassable and hard, often becomes softened, vivacious and charming under the influence of a smile. There is something indescribable about a smile, and a great deal of character is often exhibited in it. No man or woman with a really bad heart ever possessed an open, smiling face, which brought peace and gladness with it. Beware of the man who never smiles, for "the motions of his spirit are dull as night, and his affections are as dark as Erebus."

MARRIAGE AND WOMEN.—A recent writer has discovered an alarming decrease in marriages, and he says it is because women are becoming unpopular. Their extravagance, their stinkiness, also, pride, lack of a good heart, and bigotry, these and other failings are given as a reason of the decline of civility and rise of dislike. There is probably one woman in the world whom the writer likes, and the difficulty is the thing is not reciprocal. Hence, do not let the Chicago Tribune hold that there is truth in the remark, and proceeds to explain it: "Whatever women are," says the Tribune, "the latter have chosen to make them dolls, and they have, to say truth, offered no strenuous opposition. A woman who thinks is a woman who dares. Her efforts to do something more than a beautiful animal have been met with derision. Such treatment naturally drives her to extremes. She cultivates the head at the expense of the heart. Then we sigh for the good old wife and mother of a century ago, and ignore the fact that she was an ignorant, who would be painfully out of place now. It is a cheering sign that so many women have overcome these obstacles, and fairly forced their way into deserved prominence. The whole sex will follow them in course of time. We may, justly enough perhaps, sneer at the average woman of to-day, but her grand-daughter will be something more than a housekeeper or nurse."

Chance is an unseen cause.

Silent Orators.

A FINE THING, FOR HIDDEN.

It is very well known that the President does not possess what is vulgarly called "the gift of gab," but he cannot make an extempore speech, nor, we believe, a speech of any kind. His life has shown that he can face a hostile force, when bullets and cannon balls are flying about like hail, with perfect coolness and self-possession; but an array of upturned faces, though ever so friendly, puts him out of himself; he hesitates, stammers, and, finally, retires as dumb as an oyster. There is many a shallow-witted, empty-headed fellow, who has never done a solitary thing to redeem his life from perfect contempt, who will talk on his feet by the hour, on almost any subject; and yet this silent, quiet soldier of ours, who has performed achievements that will live by the side of the most renowned in history, is comparatively tongueless.

It is a great convenience and sometimes a pleasure, to others as well as to ourselves, to be able to improvise, to extemporize, or to utter a word of counsel, but it is no merit to be able to do it, much less a disqualification or disgrace. Some of the most intellectual and cultivated men that the world has ever known have shared the inability with less gifted mortals. Our most philosophical and learned President, Jefferson, whose writings are regarded as models of style, who served as Executive to Congress, from oral into written discourses, because of his aversion to the former, while our most active and energetic President, Jackson, was almost as incapable of making a speech as President Grant is of writing a word. Artists, like literary men, are supposed to have some degree of *nos*, but who that has been invited to one of their symposia cannot recall some pithy saying, which he has heard among them has been got upon his lips?

eloquence is charming, and the faculty of easy and graceful utterance to be desired by all men, just as every woman ought to be furnished with exquisite skill, but it is no more creditable to a man not to be a Demosthenes or an Everett than it is for a woman not to be a Nilsson or a Lucca.

SOMETHING TO TOUCH THE HEART. Cleverly relates a story to this effect: Alexander, during his march into Africa, came to a people dwelling in peaceful huts, who knew neither war nor conquest. Gold being offered to him, he refused it, saying that his sole object was to learn the manners and customs of the inhabitants. "Stay with us," says the Chief, "so long as it pleases thee."

During this interview with the African Chief two of his subjects brought a cause before him for judgment. The dispute was this:—The one had bought of the other a piece of ground, which, after the purchase, was found to contain treasure, for which he found himself bound to pay. The other refused to receive anything, stating that when he sold the ground he sold it with all it might be found to afford.

Said the Chief, looking at the one, "You have a son," and to the other, "You have a daughter; let them be married, and the treasure be given as a dowry." Alexander was astonished. "And what," said the Chief, "would have been the decision in your country?" "We should have dismissed the parties," said Alexander, "and seized the treasure for the king's use."

"And does the sun shine on your country?" said the Chief; "does the rain fall there? are there any cattle there which feed upon herbs and green grass?" "Certainly," said Alexander. "Ah!" said the Chief, "it is for the sake of those innocent cattle that the Great Being permits the sun to shine, the rain to fall, and the grass to grow in your country."

A CHILD'S HOPE.—It was certainly pretty, but it was a very sorry spectacle. Children are naturally gay, and they frolic and dance and romp with a will. But childhood seemed to have been eliminated from these little folks. They were sallow and anxious and worn. And how stupid and sleepy they must have been next morning! And how unwilling, with no shining morning faces, they must have crept to school! And what poor little abused bodies they are, and how surely the freshness and charm of life are being destroyed for them! Yet Mrs. Ash sends her children, and what can Mrs. Bad, God and God do but send theirs? And if Mrs. Thompson's daughter has a silk dress caught up and flounced with lace and flowers, I know, my dear, that you do not wish to have your daughter disgraced, and I take care that our dear girl shall be as splendid as any of them! These are the lessons the children learn, and in turn, as parents teach. And it is curious that the American theory of everybody's being as good as anybody has the perversion, that everybody must dress and do as anybody does. Everybody who yields to the mania of extravagance for children makes it harder for everybody else not to yield. But there is no use in preaching about it, if only the pleasure of your company is requested at a child's hop. Then you see yourself. There is nothing more melancholy than such a spectacle at watering-place hotels. The forward rudeness of the poor little overdressed figures is pitiful. The breezy bloom of health upon the cheek, the plain, simple dress, the artless ardor of—all that is lost in the lovely age is wanting at the child's hop. —Harper's Magazine.

THE BOSTON TRANSCRIPT remarks, touching the subject of "Noble Wives," that Mr. Seward's fame began to wane upon the death of his wife, to whom he owed the vitalizing currents which bore him on. Disraeli married in 1830, and at once he began to rise to the stature he had reached. The Viscountess Beaconsfield is dead, and we shall see how much this extraordinary man also owed to the power behind the throne. How long must it be before a great woman can bring their powers to bear on first hand.

Gleanings.

How to serve a dinner right—eat it.

A belle doesn't always give the best "tone" to society.

Graves are but the foot-steps of the angel of life—Jean Paul.

Miss Tennie C. Cladin is out of the Colony of her New York regiment.

Mrs. Sinclair, the divorced wife of Edwin Forrest, comes into a large property by his death.

There are two things in this life for which people are never prepared, and they are twins.

An Arizona woman has had three husbands murdered within the last ten years, but isn't discouraged yet.

Miss Phelps says there is no use quarreling with a woman, the press, a railroad company, or the telegraph.

A woman named Mary Taber has acted as mate on a Missouri steambot for two years, earning \$45 per month.

Henry J. Raymond died June 18, 1869; James Gordon Bennett died June 1, 1872; Horace Greeley died November 29, 1872.

A young lady died in honor in the White House is a novelty in American history. The distinction will fall on Nellie Grant.

A crusty old bachelor says that love is a wretched business, consisting of a little sighing, a little crying, a little dillyng and a good deal of lying.

A man named Page asked a hotel-keeper at Omaha what time it was, and being told that it was 11 o'clock, he shot himself through the head.

A Judge, pointing with his cane to a prisoner before him, remarked, "There is a great rogue at the end of this stick." The man replied, "At which end, my lord?"

"Have you seen my black-faced antelope?" inquired the keeper of a menagerie. "No," said the visitor, "who did your black-faced antelope with?"

"Don't you remember the next world in your lesson? It's the world after cheese. What comes after cheese?" "Mouse!" triumphantly exclaimed the puzzled pupil.

A knowing one says that it may be set down as a rule that the sentimental young ladies who scratch off poems about death and the grave have holes in their stockings.

Bulwer says poverty is only an idea in nine cases out of ten, and that there is really more happiness among the working men in the world than among those who are called rich.

For the third time within a period of nine years the Illinois Female College at Jacksonville has been burned. These repeated conflagrations are said to be the work of incendiaries.

"Home is the place for boys," said Spinks to his eldest pride and joy. "Yes," said the youngster dutifully, "I like to stay at home all the time, but ma sends me to school."

Miss Alexander, who was formerly connected with the California Theater, has made a hit as lecturer in Chicago. The subject of her first lecture was, "How I Became a Mormon," etc.

A young lady who was rebuked by her mother for kissing her intended, justified the act by quoting the passage: "Whatsoever ye would that man should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

Old lady to her niece—"Good gracious, Matilda! but it's cold. My teeth are actually chattering." Loving niece—"Well, don't let them chatter too much, or they may tell where you bought 'em."

Working Woman.

HER DISADVANTAGES IN THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE.

Miss Emily Faithful expresses in the *Freelance Companion* the following opinion: "The disadvantages to women who seek to earn a livelihood here and in England:—If any one could give a satisfactory answer to this question, she would deserve well of the whole human race in England—or, I should say, Great Britain—we have 916,162 women who can never, by any possibility, find husbands at home. These women must, therefore, become self-supporting; and as well acquainted with the disadvantages of the sexes in the United States; but although there is an excess of men, I have already learnt from what I have seen in America that there is the same necessity for enabling women to earn money here as in the old country; though to some extent it seems to me that they have a better chance of doing so. For instance, while we count our female doctors on the fingers of one hand, I find several well established reputations in every one of our principal cities, and while a few female writers in England are occasional contributors to our daily and weekly papers, I find them in New York the principal members of the staff. Gradually, however, even in conservative England, the old assertions are being abandoned—that woman's claim to fair chances of livelihood is a novel and an exaggerated one, and that young men struggle with equal difficulties. People are beginning, though slowly, to acknowledge that efforts made to enable women to earn their own money, and to pursue their own paths of duty, are not made with a view of removing them from their "proper sphere" and natural duties, but in order to save them from positions into which they are now driven, to the detriment of their highest instincts and their physical health and development. There has never been any dislike in England to the employment of women in the lowest branches of industry, but their introduction into places of responsibility and trust. Until my friend the Earl of Shaftesbury brought the matter before Parliament, women were allowed to work in mines in Staffordshire, and in the iron works of the hour, the clay which is to be converted into porcelain. Only three months before I left England, I spent a day in our potteries, and there were women and girls, doing heavy work, and lifting enormous weights, their physical strength was being drawn upon to an extent, but they were carefully excluded from the lighter branches of the business; they were freely used as beasts of burden, but no encouragement was given them to undertake any skilled labor. And yet, by the way, we are told that women cannot serve in haberdashery shops, because they are too weak to lift the hales of goods. In Liverpool and Dublin women earn six pence a day by carrying immense loads of sand; nearly 50,000 hawk fish, fruit and hardware through the streets of London, their average earnings varying from 30 cents to \$1 a week.

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When men urge that the introduction of women into trades and professions will diminish their wages, it is necessary to remind them that the progress of science and new forms of existence have given into their hands the former avocations of women. The baking, brewing, spinning and weaving have been transplanted from the homes to the manufactory; machinery spins, weaves and grinds, and men undertake to work in connection with labor which formerly occupied all the women of the homes, and enabled them without leaving their sacred precincts to contribute to the support of the family. When every garment was spun and made at home, domestic duties consumed the time of all the women in the household, but in the substitution of machine for hand labor the class of women requiring outside remunerative pursuits has grown larger and larger, and has latterly increased at an unparalleled rate. Our ideas, language and arrangements have not altered in any corresponding degree. We have forgotten that this woman formerly contributed to the support of the household, and assumed that every woman has been sought to be maintained in idleness by her father, husband, or brother. In the ranks of the English aristocracy some provision is made for the female members of the family, but you had not yet seen the narrow confines of this class you find hundreds of women compelled, like men, to seek their own bread. "And it is a terrible incident of our social existence," says the London Times, "that the resources open to women of gaining a livelihood are so few. At present, the language practically held by modern society to destitute women, is: Marry, stitch, die, or starve." I propose, in a second article, to refer to the special conditions in which women's industry can be well employed.

ITEMS EVERY MAN SHOULD READ.—We have probably all of us met with instances in which a woman has been spoken against the reputation of woman has been magnified by malicious minds until the cloud has become dark enough to overshadow her whole existence. To those who are accustomed—not necessarily for the best—to read with thoughtlessness, to speak lightly of women, we recommend three hints as worthy of consideration: "Never use a lady's name in an improper time or in a mixed society. Never make any assertions about her that you think are not true, or illusions that you think she herself would blush to hear. When you meet men who do not scruple to make use of a woman's name in a reckless and unprincipled manner, shun them, for they are the very worst members of the community—men lost to every sense of honor, every feeling of humanity."

Many a good woman's character has been ruined and her heart broken by a lie, manufactured by some villain and repeated where it should not have been, and in the presence of those whose little judgments are not so sound as they are in circulating the foul and bragging report. A slander is soon propagated, and the smallest thing derogatory to a woman's character will fly to the wings of the wind and magnify its circulation, until its monstrous weight crushes the poor unfortunate victim.

INFLUENCE OF A SMILE.—There is nothing which makes the human face so attractive as a bright smile. It breaks over the countenance like the sunlight through the rain cloud after a shower, and it enlivens all upon whom it rests. A countenance, ever so staid and impassable and hard, often becomes softened, vivacious and charming under the influence of a smile. There is something indescribable about a smile, and a great deal of character is often exhibited in it. No man or woman with a really bad heart ever possessed an open, smiling face, which brought peace and gladness with it. Beware of the man who never smiles, for "the motions of his spirit are dull as night, and his affections are as dark as Erebus."

MARRIAGE AND WOMEN.—A recent writer has discovered an alarming decrease in marriages, and he says it is because women are becoming unpopular. Their extravagance, their stinkiness, also, pride, lack of a good heart, and bigotry, these and other failings are given as a reason of the decline of civility and rise of dislike. There is probably one woman in the world whom the writer likes, and the difficulty is the thing is not reciprocal. Hence, do not let the Chicago Tribune hold that there is truth in the remark, and proceeds to explain it: "Whatever women are," says the Tribune, "the latter have chosen to make them dolls, and they have, to say truth, offered no strenuous opposition. A woman who thinks is a woman who dares. Her efforts to do something more than a beautiful animal have been met with derision. Such treatment naturally drives her to extremes. She cultivates the head at the expense of the heart. Then we sigh for the good old wife and mother of a century ago, and ignore the fact that she was an ignorant, who would be painfully out of place now. It is a cheering sign that so many women have overcome these obstacles, and fairly forced their way into deserved prominence. The whole sex will follow them in course of time. We may, justly enough perhaps, sneer at the average woman of to-day, but her grand-daughter will be something more than a housekeeper or nurse."

Chance is an unseen cause.

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

Gleanings.

How to serve a dinner right—eat it.

A belle doesn't always give the best "tone" to society.

Graves are but the foot-steps of the angel of life—Jean Paul.

Miss Tennie C. Cladin is out of the Colony of her New York regiment.

Mrs. Sinclair, the divorced wife of Edwin Forrest, comes into a large property by his death.

There are two things in this life for which people are never prepared, and they are twins.

An Arizona woman has had three husbands murdered within the last ten years, but isn't discouraged yet.

Miss Phelps says there is no use quarreling with a woman, the press, a railroad company, or the telegraph.

A woman named Mary Taber has acted as mate on a Missouri steambot for two years, earning \$45 per month.

Henry J. Raymond died June 18, 1869; James Gordon Bennett died June 1, 1872; Horace Greeley died November 29, 1872.

A young lady died in honor in the White House is a novelty in American history. The distinction will fall on Nellie Grant.

A crusty old bachelor says that love is a wretched business, consisting of a little sighing, a little crying, a little dillyng and a good deal of lying.

A man named Page asked a hotel-keeper at Omaha what time it was, and being told that it was 11 o'clock, he shot himself through the head.