The New Northwest.

FRIDAY.....OCTOBER 20, 1876.

DIG FOR IT AT HOME.

Would you have the shining metal?
Do not, o'er the wide world roam,
Following a fleeting phantom—
Stay and dig for it at home.

Do not heed the luring story
Treasures distant hillsides hold;
Ten adventurers, disappointed,
Stand for every ounce of gold.

Wishing still for something better,
Many fancies youth will rear;
Mountains of the yellow mica
In the distance gold appear.

And the longing is contagious,
Drinking from a leaden cup,
For the means of grander living,
On highways to pick it up.

But Dame Fortune is too fickle
In her train afar to roam;
Would you win her golden treasure,
Stay and dig for it at home.

In the land that lies before you
Find your wealth by honest toil;
Never votary disappointed
Rightly sought that generous soil.

Only faint, weak hearts, repining,
Cast away the good at hand,
Fortune's smiles will rarely crown them
Sought for in a distant land.

But success rides on before you;
Grapple it and you will win;
Lo! even now the mists are rifting
And the tides are rushing in.

Let no foreign expedition
Lure your restless steps to roam;
Gold is nearer than the mountains—
Stay and dig for it at home.

Edith Crofton.

BY E. H. BLISS, M. D.

There dwelt, at the time my story commences, in a suite of rooms situated in a modest brown stone front, located on a fashionable, though by no means conspicuous street in the town of L——, a widow lady and daughter, madam and Edith Crofton, as they were known by a few choice friends.

Both mother and daughter were fine, well-bred people, while the daughter possessed not only rare beauty, but also an exquisite musical talent, which made her much sought after by people of high rank and cultivated tastes.

Sweet Edith Crofton! What pen could do thy beauty justice, or delineate the spell that ever came over those that paid thee homage? Surely not mine, for though I knew thee well, yet age placed a barrier for a stronger affection than friendship between us. If rare cerulean eyes, that seemed to change with every emotion, and a wealth of sunny tresses, smoothed over a well-formed brow, a brow that bespake thy genius, a brilliant, clear complexion, pearly teeth, and thin, curling lips, could give thy appearance as then, still thou wouldst be as undefiled as the angels. There was an unspeakable delicacy of expression in the fair contour of her features which had once told of an exquisite, high-wrought organization—a creature sensitive to the slightest breath of harshness in the common moods of life.

In the uneventful flow of her young existence passing under the loving eye of her mother, it seemed as if no severing hand could ever come in between. They were not people given to ostentatious display, attended but few receptions, and received only a chosen coterie of friends. Still those who knew of them in a casual way at fashionable gatherings of the *elite* would in some manner manage to pay their regards, happy, indeed, if successful in entering the circle of friendship.

Such as proved themselves worthy, Edith and her mother treated most graciously. It would seem, knowing and understanding in the truest meaning of the word character as she did, very strange that that same knowledge should have been the misguiding power after all.

Tears start in my eyes even now, old and gray as I am, as I think how, after all these years, this should have been; how that in the bright spring time of her life Edith Crofton should have made such a mistake, and all for the sake of love, that old, old story, that has been, and always will be, for aught the present and the past shows, the great dictator of people's minds. Smile as we may at the demonstrative devotee of Cupid, or the unwise and rash who fall headlong into the abyss of affection, wholly lost for the time to sober thought, it does not for a moment alter the truth that deep-rooted love knows no power of reason.

So when the young and handsome captain—an Englishman—was announced as the suitor for Edith's hand, a strong feeling of distrust came over me. For the first time in her life I felt that Edith Crofton was acting against the dictates of her mind. That feeling was made stronger upon my introduction. I could see that the mother shared my views, never appearing at ease in his presence, and, when the interview was over, sighing audibly, while Edith went to the adjoining apartment and seemed lost in a beautiful extravaganza from Faust.

"Well, what do you think of the captain?" softly asked the widow.

I felt that I was not called upon for a candid reply, so said, in a general way, that he appeared quite distinguished.

The widow seemed somewhat relieved at my answer, and volunteered me a description of his antecedents.

"I learned that he was reported in first circles as being nobly born, holding a commission in the English army, and apparently without moral mar or blemish; yet," and I could see that she hesitated, while a quiver came into her voice, "I don't more than half like him, and told Edith so."

"What! does Edith encourage his attentions, with the undisguised avowal of your disapproval, madam?"

"No, not that, not that," she said. "I never have told her to wholly discourage his coming here, but it seems as if they talked too much, and of other things than events of the day."

"Then, madam, to speak plainly, I have my doubts about his being anything more than a mere adventurer, and as that accusation cannot be verified at present, you should at once break up the growing intimacy."

We parted with the understanding that I was to be called upon in the advent of difficulty arising in getting rid of the captain. Soft strains of music floated through the hall as I stood buttoning my gloves—now low and soft as the cadence breathed over an evening sea, an evangeline waltz, weird, shadowy, almost unreal, in its superb playing. I shuddered at the hidden meaning conveyed in those passages by the player tingled on my ear. What would be the result? Two cultivated souls (the captain was refined and unprincipled) meeting, and on the brink of a divine passion. Faugh! it must not be.

Days passed, and the widow sent word that Captain Morris visited them no more. She had firmly forbade Edith's receiving him, and to all appearances the would-be suitor was *non est*.

She appeared in a much better frame of mind when next I called, and evidently relieved at her success. Edith herself looked a little careworn, I thought, and a trifle red around the eyes, as if it had cost her a pang to give him up.

"Time will make things much the same as before," we thought, that is, her mother and I. Of course one must not expect to get over a first love at once.

Alas! how little, indeed, sometimes, are our convictions verified. Affairs were soon completely reversed.

The next morning after my visit a letter was laid on my table, and I saw it was the widow's handwriting. It read:—

"*Mr. Hall*:—Come at once. Edith has gone away, and I know not what has befallen her. Come, for old friendship's sake, that we may, if possible, devise a speedy way to find her. Captain Morris obtained admittance last night in my absence; I fear he has been the cause of her departure. E. C."

What should I do? Indeed, there was but one thing that I could do—follow the wishes of the widow and find her child—if possible, to bring to bay the man whom we both felt would desert her at last.

By the aid of the telegraph we learned that two persons answering our fugitives' descriptions had been seen in New York entering a covered carriage, whence they proceeded waterward.

That was the clue that sent me on their track, and across the ocean in the next steamer, arriving in Liverpool weeks and weeks before information came that my prey were disembarking from a sailing ship in the river Thames.

On to London as fast as the iron horse could go, but again to be eluded. They had gone to Paris. There, after months of search, I gained a clue which took me to a house in the Latin Quartier part of the city.

It was a tumble-down old affair, with quaint cut-glass casements, through which the light of day rarely shone. It was a house of refuge, I had learned before starting upon my errand. At the door they informed me it was a private resort for the insane.

"Great Heaven! A mad-house, and Edith Crofton here!" I exclaimed.

"What! Edith Crofton?" shrieked the old woman, in my ear. "No such person here—none but gentlefolks occupy this house!" And she made a motion to slam the door in my face.

"Not so fast, madam; you may be mistaken, and so may I. Is there not a fair-haired lady among your patients?"

She paused for a moment, and seemed to recollect that I, being a foreigner, might afford something in the way of remuneration. A few coins elicited the fact that there *was* a young American lady among the patients who had been placed there by some benevolent people. She had been deserted by an officer, so they said, left penniless and destitute to roam the streets of Paris. Twice she had leaped into the Seine, and been resuscitated only with the greatest difficulty. The wretch who abandoned her left no money or means to further her miserable existence. It had satisfied him to see his fatal power working around her heart, until, tired of the marriage, he deserted her in a strange city. Imagine her misery to find, at last, the whole bitter fact lying in one word, "deserted," before her! And she had loved him with such a love as could forgive most minor sins, but now he had left her, left her to starve or die in the streets. Was it then a matter of wonder that the brain, chafed by neglect and sorrow, should at last go crazed, and she, a poor, wandering outcast, at last drift to a mad-house?

Poor Edith Crofton! how like her of old, and yet how changed! Her once dark, expressive eyes were dull and meaningless now, as if the beautiful light of day had been forever shut out from them. I fancied she might improve under skilled treatment, which proved true; but never did her reason return to its basis again.

Obeying the wishes of her mother, I brought her back. But few recognized in the quiet, deeply-valled lady who sat on the steamer's deck in warm days, a victim of hard, relentless fate. Her mind was only a little o'erbalanced, and she harmed no one by her soft mutterings of silks and palaces and gaudy things that he had promised her. How his promise was fulfilled should be a warning to every noble-minded but impulsive maiden in the land.

It was also my painful task to bring her to her old home and mother. But I could not bear the meeting—the words of anguish—the entreating prayers to speak to her as of yore. So my mission ended, I betook myself back to my humble lodgings.

Years now have numbered themselves on the tablets of time, creating a new generation, who pause and sometimes laugh as the mother and daughter wend their way slowly by. It is only the sober ones who drop a tear as her story comes to mind, and sigh that one so young and beautiful should have had such a melancholy fate.

Harriet Martineau as a Woman.

For my own part, I intensely regret her avowal of her latter convictions, if it were only on account of the false view that it has generally given of her character. People began to speak of her as "hard," "unchristian," "cold," "a man in petticoats," etc., whereas no more gentle, kindly, and, if I may say so, "motherly" nature ever existed than that of Harriet Martineau. She delighted in children, and in the friendship of good wives and mothers. One of her chief virtues, indeed, was a simple domesticity, that gave her a wonderful charm to those who prefer true gentlewomen to literary lionesses. To my mind Harriet Martineau never seemed to greater advantage than with her knitting-needles in her hands, or, like "Sarah Battle of blessed memory," playing at the wholesome and athletic game of "cribbage," which the writer of these lines had the honor to teach her. How many a time in the summer nights have I sat with her under the porch of her beautiful cottage, looking at the moonlit mountains and the silver Rothay, which she loved so well, although she never heard its music. "It is all so beautiful," said she, on one occasion, as we looked upon this charming scene, "that I am afraid to withdraw my eyes from it, for fear it should all melt." Her love of the beauties of nature was intense—as keen as her sympathy with human wrongs and struggles. It was when she had first built her lovely little home at Ambleside that the incident occurred which I think I revealed to the American public years ago—upon no such sad occasion as the present—how, being in want of turf for her lawn, and unable to procure it, two cart-loads of that rare commodity were thrown over her wall in the night, with a few ill-spelled words to the effect that this was the gift of a poor poacher who had read her "Forest and Game-law Tales." This instance of gratitude—albeit the man had probably stolen the turf to show it—was very dear to her, and moved her both to tears and laughter; for her sense of humor—though she always affected not to possess any, and to regret its absence—was keen enough. Perhaps she enjoyed nothing so much that arose out of her literary fame as the letter the schoolboy wrote to her when she lay dangerously ill, and "The Crofton Boys" remained, in consequence, unfinished:

"MY DEAR MISS MARTINEAU:—I am very sorry to hear you are so bad. I hope you will get well; but I do hope, if not, that some of your family will finish 'The Crofton Boys.'"

This notion of a hereditary taint of authorship always tickled her very heart-strings.—*James Payn in Harper's Magazine for October.*

The Law of Newspapers.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.

2. If any subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newspapers from the offices to which they are directed, the law holds them responsible until they have settled the bills, and ordered them discontinued.

4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publisher, and the newspapers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers from the office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

6. The postmaster who neglects to give the legal notice of the neglect of a person to take from the office the newspapers addressed to him, is liable to the publisher for the subscription price.

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