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A Journal for the People. Devoted to the Interests of Humanity. Independent in Politics and Religion.

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

A Judge of Character.

An attaché of the Mercury office who is young, and lively, and persevering, and who daily improves his stock of knowledge by severe application to study, has the least possible self-conceit, an article that does him no harm, and which every young man ought to possess if he expects to make his way in this world.

This writing, which is irregular and not sufficiently elegant, is a canister of this teacher is called, I might say slovenly. She buries things through, doesn't give that attention to her calling that the law requires, and evidently teaches not for love of the vocation, but the money it brings.

This one, taking up another bill, "is of a different type. Look at the bold curves, the freedom and grace exhibited, and you have a teacher who not only knows how to govern, but who possesses those faculties that must win success. That man is capable of explaining a problem in a manner to be perfectly understood.

This handwriting shows intellectual capacity, the ability to understand thoroughly what is taught, but from the fact that the letters are far apart and there is a mixture of several systems of penmanship, you must understand that this teacher is a failure, as can never win the confidence of her pupils, she will not trust any one, has few friends, is cold, distant, and reserved, and, I should judge, an old maid, to whom the bloom and freshness of youth has long been unknown.

"This," taking a scrawl of hieroglyphics, "is a peculiar case. That man has no business to teach anything but scientific branches. He is a born scientist, ever looking beyond and above, and caring little for the common customs and amenities of society; a genius in the rough, and destined to achieve honorable distinction. But don't let him hide his light under a bushel.

"This belongs to a delicate, refined, and sensitive creature, who is so dainty, so affected, so—so—sugary, that she ought to be eaten and thus rescued from the drudgery and monotony of school life. She is too weak a plant for her present sphere, and how she glows there more than I can tell.

"This one was born lazy, and ever since has been constitutionally tired. I will venture to say that if you go into her school-room you will find her yawning, and her pupils in a semi-somnolent state. Should you remain there half an hour, the chances are eight to seven that you will fall asleep yourself. She knows but little, and is not capable of imparting that knowledge to others. It's a wonder she can get up gumption enough to draw her salary.

"That will do," remarked the superintendent, whose face, for some reason, was as red as a beet; "I guess you've had a fair show."

"Well," remarked the other, "how near did I get to the truth?" The superintendent could contain himself no longer, but burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

"I don't see anything to laugh at," said our young friend, indignantly. "You don't? Well, then, to show how smart you are, I will inform you that I wrote all those names myself."

And then—but why harrow up the character student's feelings further? He got even, though. After peace had been restored, the superintendent said: "Now that you have made a failure, I will show you what I can do. I claim to possess that faculty myself."

The young man happened to have a check with him signed by a well-known citizen. The superintendent looked at it thoughtfully, read it "D. M. DoBrass," and gave it as his opinion that the gentleman was an ordinary business man, of limited education, and very ordinary generally.

"That's your opinion, is it?" returned the young man. "Well, then, that is the signature of one of the leading lawyers of San Jose," mentioning the name.

"Is that a fact?" exclaimed the superintendent; and the laugh was on the other side.—San Jose Mercury.

HER LOT;

OR, How She Was Protected.

By Mrs. A. J. DUNWAY. AUTHOR OF "SIXTY SEVEN," "ELLEN BROWN," "LAMB AND HENRY LARK," "THE HAPPY HOME," "ONE WOMAN'S SPOUSE," "MAGGIE ROBINSON," ETC., ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER XXX.

George was busily engaged in turning over the ashy earth of a new field for the reception of the seed for our staple production, wheat. He had rigged a gang plow which would cut three furrows at once, or six at every round, and had arranged a pair of wheels, with a spring seat above for his own convenience, from which he could manage his four-in-hand with perfect confidence; and so his work was progressing rapidly.

Much as I dreaded marriage on general principles, I was at last, and in spite of myself, becoming reconciled to this man's prospective union with Ethel, and I had taken him into my heart as only a loving and devoted mother can. And now that I was in trouble and perplexity unspeakable, I looked to him as my only earthly refuge. I am proud to say that I loved him; indeed, I would have been the basest of ingrates had I felt otherwise than devotedly attached to him.

The man who demands love, respect, and confidence where he evokes none is simply requiring the impossible, and fully deserves the failure in his expectations which is sure to follow all unreasonable exactions. It was no more the fault of myself or him that I loved the betrothed of my darling than it was our misfortune that I could no longer love or honor Gerald, my once lovable and honorable husband.

George saw us coming, and reined up his horses to await us. Ethel blushed as he raised his sash that from his broad and bronzed forehead and turned his kindly eyes inquiringly upon her. "Anything wanted?" he asked, earnestly, and I knew that it was only because I was present that he did not call my darling by his own pet, endearing name of love's own coining.

"George, do you know whether or not Gerald filed or legally notified upon our claim in the land office to do, as agreed, and as I gave him money to do, when I found I could not do it myself because I would the head of a family?" I asked, somewhat incoherently.

"I suppose he complied with the law, as a matter of course, though I never examined the records. I might have done it when I registered my own claim had I considered it necessary."

"But suppose he failed to register; what then?"

"The claim would be vacant, of course."

"And could another person notify, register, pay fees, and possess it?"

"I suppose he could, if he were the head of a family."

"Then I am again a pauper?"

"Nay, Mrs. Gray?"

"Because a burly, ignorant peasant, with a wife who is quite as much as himself, has filed upon this farm as vacant property, and jumped our claim to it?"

"Impossible."

"But true, George," said Ethel, quietly.

George dismounted from his seat on the plow, and stood for a moment reflectively swinging his whip. "It all may be just as you say; for if the Captain took a fancy to spend the sum you gave him to legally secure the homestead for whisky, cards, or women, he would not have scrupled to do it, and the chances are that he did so choose, and so did not scruple. Very strange that I did not think of this before," he added, musingly.

I wrung my hands in silence. I was getting along somewhat in years, or at least in decrepitude, and I lacked the hope and elasticity that had sustained me under similar and yet different experiences in San Francisco, Nevada City, and the valley of the Willamette.

George untied the horses from the plow, and gathering the reins, drove them before us toward the house.

"Don't worry, mother darling," he said, tenderly. "Surely it isn't as bad as you say."

"Alas, my son!—it was the first time I had called him 'son,' though he had called me 'mother' often—'I have no room to hope for anything better. It's the old experience over and over again.' 'But no man who is a man at all would thus deprive you of a home and the means of subsistence, mother dear.' 'Men, clothed in men's habiliments, and endowed with men's power to make laws, have several times thus robbed me of my all and denying that they are men do not deprive them of existence, nor lessen their power to rob me,' I said, bitterly.

George again endeavored to reassure me by declaring that his faith in human nature would not allow him to imagine that a thing so perfidious as Bill McCarty could be allowed to live in the garb and guise of a man; but I shook my head and set my lips firmly together, and endeavored to prepare my mind to endure the lot of a woman who

struggles for a livelihood under the republican form of a government that professes to guarantee to all its citizens the equal protection of the laws."

George went out alone to hold an interview with my new despoiler, and Ethel and I entered the house with hearts so full of indignation and outrage that we could neither talk nor weep.

Alice, more impetuous than either of us, readily found her tongue. "Men talk about the freedom and justice of American institutions!" she exclaimed, hotly. "Why, I'd rather be the blackest slave that ever picked cotton in Cuba, or the poorest chimney sweep that was ever stifled in the flues of Edinburgh, than to be the wife of any man in Oregon!"

"Why, Alice?" asked her sister, who for obvious reasons did not harbor her objections to matrimony.

"Because in marriage—take mother's case, for example—a woman loses her identity and becomes only the legal mistress of a man!"

"Absurd!" said Ethel; "you shock me!"

"I speak the truth, sister. How do you know but that your adorable George may wrong you some day just as badly as my father has wronged my mother?"

"I know he won't because I've tested him, and I rely upon him as a man of honor and philanthropy."

"But suppose he fails you? what then? What redress have you? You surely will not wait to seek relief in the divorce courts?"

"George McDonald will never betray my trust," replied Ethel, loftily.

"So my mother once imagined," answered her sister, quickly. "But when he did betray her trust, she had no possible redress under the law, as his wife. Her only hope for justice lays in the probability of his death, or the disgraceful disclosures of his meanness that will make her a grass widow. Suppose the man who had so wronged her had not been her husband. Don't you see that she might then have restrained or, through the law, compelled him to respect her rights? I, for one, will never marry till a woman can be herself and yet be a wife."

While we were discussing this question, George returned. His face was pale and his lips compressed, and I knew he was suffering from intense excitement.

"Anything new?" I asked, tremulously.

"I wonder where father is," said Ethel.

"Off somewhere drunk and asleep, as usual," exclaimed Alice.

It was idle for me to reprove that girl. You might as well try to stop a whirlwind. And yet I wasn't sorry that she had so much spirit. It made me hope that she would never be imposed upon as I had been.

Gerald had not been at home for several days; but his absence was nothing unusual, and we were generally only glad to get rid of him to concern ourselves about his return. Just now, however, we wanted to see him badly.

"I think," said George, "that he is over at the village. You know that's a great place now for drunkenness, for there's a host of miners in to spend the coming winter. Guess I'd better take a horse and go and fetch him."

None of us objected, and he was soon mounted upon one paltry and leading another toward the distant village.

As soon as he was well out of hearing, the new proprietor and legal owner of our real estate approached the house to take a closer view of the appurtenances belonging to his farm.

It must be admitted that his inventory was a pleasing one. Every one of our rambling rooms was carefully papered and primitively finished. The walls were frescoed with autumn leaves, and the windows festooned with growing vines. Comfort and thrift ruled everywhere. How our hearts throbbled with indignation as he consulted with his stately spouse, admiring this, criticizing that, and exulting over something else.

"There's no use in talking," said Alice, vehemently, as she watched their boorish behavior. "I know that no man has any more claim, in fee simple, upon the acres of God than he has upon the air of the globe. Under a natural and therefore equitable ruling of earthly affairs, possession and cultivation of the soil would constitute the right to occupy and control, but never to own it; and never under any circumstances should one person be permitted to drive another from his own home because of some written technicality that lies hidden away in the archives of some stupid court. There is in this broad country land enough for all, and the only reason this fellow wants to occupy this homestead is because we have invited him, and the only right he has to it is vested in a false conception of honor and justice."

Her words attracted the attention of the legal proprietor of our homestead, and he, knowing there were no men upon the premises to protect us by physical force, grew suddenly brave and virtuous.

"Mie, do you mean to insinuate that I am not honest?" he asked, with a loudly air.

"I don't mean to insinuate, but I do declare that you are a villain, a thief, and a robber!" replied the spirited girl. I really feared that he would strike

her, as I knew we were in his power. But he quailed and his voice faltered, and he began some tame apology.

"Bill, are you going to take an insult from a chit of a gal like that?" exclaimed the hitherto silent spouse.

This taunt nerved him. There is nothing that wakens the "bully" in a coward like a reminder that he deserves the title.

Schuetzenfest was completely stopped at its opening by the heavy rains, which barred all out-door sports, but the succeeding calm weather enabled the Germans to turn out as only can the patriotic, beer-loving German. He takes his wife and children every year with him to this sovereign of his "fatherland," as religiously as the Jew of old took himself and family to the feast of the Passover, and the offerings of lager in one case are as fervent and devout as were the offerings of the lamb or the first fruits in the other. This is the week for camp-meetings, and it is rarely that they in combination with Schuetzenfest, do not give us a rainy season like the one just over. The Potomac was nearly as high as last December, but subsided without doing much damage.

One of our citizens, Columbus Alexander, of whom we wrote last week, always has an eye open for his tax chances. He refuses to pay his taxes from principle, and resists payment to the last, and this obstinacy made him quite a thorn in the side of the lawyers who are so glibly swallowing down the remains of the Jay Cooke estate, so they bought him off by paying face value for his claim, which principal and interest amounted to about \$15,000. Our people are asking the commissioners why he should receive in full, when they must be content with a five-per-cent. dividend and rendered lawyer's bill covering the remainder? The failure fell heavily upon our people, for there were sufferers who lost their all, and it gives no comfort that a curb-stone broker and money-shaver should be made an exception.

Washington, D. C., August 9, 1878.

Rapid Advance of Women in Business Pursuits.

It is very curious and interesting to watch how fast and how far the work of the world is falling into the hands of the women. It is because women are very gradually but better learning how to do the business, which is a large one. Quite recently she had "Mrs." painted in before the Christian name of her husband, whose simple Quaker cognomen had occupied it before. When the matter was jokingly referred to by a customer she said: "I did not do it before because my friends thought it would injure the business, but now I know it will not. People are just as ready to buy and sell with a woman as with a man, and I think it is more honest to let it be known that it is I whom the public have got to deal with, and not my husband."

The other day a very nice-looking young woman called at the house of a friend to execute some orders in regard to the covering of furniture and the putting up of summer window curtains. Her appearance was so thoroughly good and fitted to her work that my friend could hardly believe she was the person. It is expressed, as she phrased it, too much "culture." She proved, however, to be the woman superintendent of one of our most fashionable furnishing and decorating houses, and lightly climbed a step-ladder and got on the outside of a window in the furtherance of the object she had to accomplish. My friend, who is a lady of observation and aptly dressed, became very much interested in her, and noticing a plain gold ring on her finger, asked if she were married.

"No, thank God," was the reply. "Why are you thankful that you are not married?" asked Mrs. H.

"Because I have two sisters who are married," she said, "and I have to work, not only to support myself and my mother, but to help support their children."

This will be found about the position of every superior working woman in New York, and tells the story why the Steward house had to remain empty or be filled by persons who had no claim upon it. Few men marry now-days with any intention of fulfilling their natural obligations and properly supporting a wife and family. When they are not ancient widowers, who can afford to buy a young girl as a luxury for their personal sympathies, they are generally thoughtless and selfish young men, who would rather be taken care of than forced to assume any responsibility. The majority, who are capable of earning a living, do not even contemplate marriage. The clue offer them the "comforts of a home," and they prefer to spend their money upon themselves. This is well enough, so far as they are individually concerned, until they have reached the age when a personal sympathy and companionship are worth more than anything else in the world, and then they begin to regret their lost opportunities.—Baltimore American.

Middle Morgan is the cattle and stock matter of the New York Times, rides a horse to perfection, and makes admirable speeches at agricultural fairs.

low, square, unprepossessing appearance, of coarse, offensive address, and wears shabby, filthy clothing. The Germans, Israelites and trade unions disown him, and he seems the veriest outcast, fit only for stratagem and spoils. He says he left Germany because he could not talk treason and violence on the sidewalk.

Schuetzenfest was completely stopped at its opening by the heavy rains, which barred all out-door sports, but the succeeding calm weather enabled the Germans to turn out as only can the patriotic, beer-loving German. He takes his wife and children every year with him to this sovereign of his "fatherland," as religiously as the Jew of old took himself and family to the feast of the Passover, and the offerings of lager in one case are as fervent and devout as were the offerings of the lamb or the first fruits in the other. This is the week for camp-meetings, and it is rarely that they in combination with Schuetzenfest, do not give us a rainy season like the one just over. The Potomac was nearly as high as last December, but subsided without doing much damage.

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THE INDIAN WAR OF 1856-6.

Soon after the death of Mox-mox, a number of Indians appeared on the hills at a safe distance from us and indicated a desire to see the interpreter. McB— accordingly rode out toward them, when they inquired for their chief, and were told that he was even then perambulating the camas-covered vales of the "happy hunting-grounds." On hearing this they simultaneously discharged their muskets in the air, as a signal to their comrades, doubtless, and, wheeling, dashed off among the hills, and immediately we were fired upon from rifle-pits, sunk during the night, on all sides of us, as well as from the dense thickets of willows that skirted the several small water-courses in the vicinity. Nor were they contented to act on the defensive only, but charged our position repeatedly during the day, and, though we had a good position for defense, they evinced a bravery in assaulting us that quickly disabused our minds of the idea that "one white man is equal to five Indians in battle." It is a thrilling sight to witness a charge by a band of yelling Indians. Let a hundred of these mountain scampers, painted and bedecked in their gaudy and fantastic manner, mounted upon steeds that for speed and sureness of foot are not excelled anywhere; let them come dashing directly toward you, carrying aloft their crimson streamers, brandishing their glittering weapons and cleaving the very heavens with their demoniac yells, and you will be satisfied with the first performance, and will not endure them. Often during the day did daring savages, singly or in numbers, dash toward us, almost with the velocity of the wind, whooping in a manner that is altogether indescribable, and must be heard to be realized. Then, throwing themselves on the sides of their horses, discharge their fire-arms, and, wheeling, be out of range almost before our ejaculations, consequent upon the resilience of our antiquated muskets, had died upon the air.

It now seemed evident that the Indians must be driven from their stronghold, or we must speedily be cut to pieces. Accordingly Captains Bennett and Layton undertook the hazardous task of driving them from a log house, while Captain Wilson and Lieutenant Jetties charged upon a dense thicket, from whence they were pouring a steady, telling fire upon us. I can never forget the imposing appearance of Captain Bennett as he started upon his march to death. Taking his position at the head of his handful of men and swinging his sword aloft, in a shrill voice he gave the command: "Company F, forward! double quick! charge!" And up the gentle slope he led them. Suddenly a blinding sheet of flame darted from the crevices of the cabin, and our gallant leader fell to rise no more. Lieutenant Burris died by his side. For a while the column wavered, but when Lieutenant Fellows sprang into the breach and shouted: "Forward and avenge your leaders!" all charged forward, not a man faltering, and gained the cabin to see the last Indian escaped on horseback.

I cannot recall at this writing the names of those who perished or were wounded in that fatal charge, but I doubt not many will read this imperfect sketch who still bear marks received at that cabin, or who will turn in memory to the time when the sad news reached them that near and dear friends had perished while gallantly contending against four times their number on that November day. Night at length mercifully drew her sable curtain over us, and we addressed ourselves to the sad duty of caring for the dead and wounded, many of the latter being in the agonies of death. We had gained some advantages during the day, but at a fearful cost. Bennett, Burris, Layton, Miller, Jeffries, Drew, Snooks and Gervais, all gallant officers, whose advice and example we so greatly needed, were either still in death, or so severely wounded that they could not participate in the morrow's struggle. And when it is known that the Indians seemed to be receiving reinforcements all the time, and that those who were hourly expected had not yet arrived, it will be seen that our prospects were by no means cheering. The third day the Indians seemed more careful of their precious lives, and though the day was signaled by many daring exploits of some of their number, they generally kept at a respectful distance from our venerable smooth-bored. During the day an Indian ventured too close, and his horse attempted escape on foot, but was soon run down, and after being shot through the spine, continued, while resting on his elbow, to discharge arrow after arrow with surprising rapidity, until a ball from a revolver not nine paces distant dispatched him. On this day Lieutenant Shepard, of Company F, was severely wounded in the arm while charging some rifle-pits, but he never left the field.

In one of the companies was a Crispin who seemed to wax desperate, and determined to cut himself loose from all restraint and put an end to the conflict at once. He accordingly proceeded to thread his way along a narrow trail to a patch of large trees on the hill-side. Here he took a position and commenced

pegging away at some red-skins full forty rods distant. Turning his head however, he caught a glimpse of a scarlet streamer floating in the air at no great distance from him, the interval speedily lessening. Then, to his excited eyes the surrounding bushes began to bristle with savagelances. Thinking the Indians had the upper-hand of him, that he was completely "sewed up," and that hour was to be his last, his heart went down into his boots, and he leaped it down the hill with all his might, measuring eight or ten feet at a stride, and reached his quarters out of breath, and a tight rub, as he supposed. But as it was generally known that the single streamer that had so suddenly dissipated his bravery was carried by the friendly hands of Captain Conroy's scouts, the boys eagerly grasped the opportunity of hammering the poor soul in a manner calculated to rasp the feelings of anybody who was not as obdurate as a lap-stone or a pair of pincers.

The fourth and last day the Indians had dispersed into small bands, and our boys scattered over the valley, each squad fighting in their own way, and, except the capturing of a few horses and the "Pousan" Indians the half-breeds slew, the day was immeasurably barren of results. Next day not a hostile was to be found. Why they had withdrawn when they had been proven fully able to hold us in check, if not eventually to completely overthrow us, was a mystery. But, when scouting up the valley of Mill Creek we found where their village had stood but a few days previous, we understood all. They had completely overgenerated us. While we had been beating about, misled by false reports as to their whereabouts, they were removing their families and property out of the country. And, although we did not see it before, it was patent now that the reason why they so stubbornly contested every inch of ground with us when the four days' fight began, and gradually became less and less determined, was because the danger to their property and their families was diminishing with each succeeding day, and at length disappeared altogether. But if any proof of the duplicity of old Mox-mox was wanting before, it was now apparent enough. The direction he attempted to lead us away from, rather than toward, his native village.

As to the comparative losses of the opposing forces in this engagement, I have no positive information. Our loss was about a dozen. Theirs was estimated at a much larger number, but none certainly knew. I have since taken some pains to learn the facts from the Indians themselves, but with indifferent success. Stock Whitely, who led the Deschutes Indians during the first two days, stated to me some time afterward that their loss in killed during that time was about twenty, and that his hand suffered most because led by the most expert and daring commander. He stated that he was to have received a large contribution of horses for his services from the Umatillas, but that they failed to keep their promise, and he withdrew from the alliance before the beginning of the third day's fight, and had no personal knowledge of affairs after that time.

TAKING MUSIC LESSONS.—The sounds of blows and shrieks attracted a crowd before a house on Mullet street the other day, and directly a policeman came sauntering along. He seemed a trifle anxious, but yet made no movement, and one of the crowd exclaimed: "Why, in the name of heaven, don't you stop that?" "Is it a fight?" queried the officer. "Of course it is."

"Are you sure?" "Sure! Why, even a fool can tell that some one is being pounded to death."

"Perhaps so," mused the officer, "but you can't tell—can't tell. I jumped to once in just such a case as this, and found that it was a young lady taking music lessons instead of a row. Keep still, you boys, and let me see if I can hear crockery bang against the wall."—The Sunday Voice.

A FACT.—An editor is a man who lives on what other men owe him, until he starves to death. A subscriber is a person who takes a paper and says he is very much pleased with it, and tells everybody else that they ought to "subscribe." After he has "subscribed" about seven years, the editor writes to him and asks him to let him have \$1.50 (three dollars and fifty cents), and then the subscriber writes back to the editor and tells him not to send his old paper any more, for there is nothing in it, and then the poor editor goes and starves some more.

A widower had five grown daughters who wouldn't let him take a second wife. He gave up the wife, but bought a savage dog, and now won't allow a man to cross his door-sill. If he can't marry, the girls shan't, he says. But the girls will give in by-and-by. They can't stand that sort of thing forever.

Kimball, the church-debt raiser, was persuaded to attack the debt of a New York daily newspaper a few days ago, and he was thrown seven to eight. He sustained a sprained back and a fracture of the left clavicle. He says he is not a Sanson.

If poverty makes a man groan, wealth makes him yawn. When fortune empties us from labor, nature overwhelms us with time.

When an old toper is completely worn, he speaks in husky tones and makes a rye face.

Quiet men are painfully regular and punctual, but never seem to put out by other people's want of order. They are frequently consummate bores at a dinner party, wet blankets at a picnic, mere sticks at a ball; but excellent as officers, admirable as patriots, and much sought after by match-making mothers.

A man lately went into a provision store to purchase a corned tongue. The dealer handed him one, remarking that it was very nice, and, furthermore, that it never told a lie. "It is very evident," remarked the purchaser, "that it was never engaged in the provision business."

There is a Methodist church in Colorado which has not one male member. The business is conducted entirely by women, and there is a balance in the church treasury.

In France a party of editors have been hunting for years. Happy country! Over here the editors are hunted by tame bores.