

ELINOR NORTON.

BY MARY STANLEY SMITH.
CHAPTER XXV.

The old, dreary winter had passed away. Spring, with its blustering March winds, its April showers and April sun, and its fragrant May buds and blossoms, had come and gone; and now the June rains were scattering their lovely petals about the hospitable door of Elinor Norton's new home. Mrs. Duff had given up the most of the charitable work to her since the warm days had come, though she still cared for many who were near her, and felt a kindly interest in all those whom the Doctor and Elinor visited. The genial Doctor declared that Elinor was better than a regular assistant, and prophesied that when they became partners he would get nothing to do. She laughingly replied that the less he was called upon by the class of patients she usually visited, the richer he would be.

Elinor had studied faithfully under the Doctor's direction, and between that and work, outside and at home, she led a busy life—yes, and a happy one, though she cherished a dark-eyed, manly image in her heart, and daily sent earnest petitions heavenward in behalf of the man she loved. She would not permit herself to rejoice and grieve, and stifled all such feelings resolutely, by thinking of the misery about her and striving to alleviate it as far as possible. It was her constant thought to lighten her dear old friend's burdens in every way she could, and she was richly rewarded by the motherly affection the good lady bestowed upon her so unreservedly. All the tenderness Mrs. Duff had always longed to lavish upon a daughter she now gave to Elinor; and the latter was scarcely less dear to the fatherly heart of the kind Doctor. She proved herself so useful to him as a secretary that the Doctor declared he did not see how he had ever got along without her, and that he certainly never could again. Owing to certain projects in which he was engaged, his correspondence was quite extensive, and Elinor's quick, comprehensive mind made her an excellent aid to him.

This busy, quietly and cheerfully the summer days passed by, and Autumn came in all its pomp and splendor, with its numerous gorgeous hues floating from every tree that had stretched out only bare, ghostly arms when Elinor first came to the "City of Brotherly Love." She had formed some very pleasant friendships, here now among the Doctor's acquaintances, with people who prized her for what she was herself, who cared not in the least whether she belonged to "one of the first families" or the last, and who admired her for her determination to make herself at once useful and independent as a physician, with her thoughtful, selfless kindness made her beloved by all.

She always answered Frank's letters as she might have done had she been his sister—at least, as far as possible—though sometimes it was hard to refrain from letting him see how she longed for his presence. She repressed her feelings firmly, however, knowing what a trial it was for him to endure their separation, and to write as calmly as he generally did for her sake.

Dr. Duff had been to New York but twice since Elinor left there, and he, guessing pretty closely how matters stood, made it a point to see young Stoddard, of whom he had a high opinion, and tell him all about Elinor; and, when he came home, he made Frank the subject of his conversation. Mrs. Duff, gentle soul, could not believe that Dr. Stoddard opposed the marriage of the two, for she could imagine no reason why she should, and she was puzzled a good deal over the matter, for she felt sure they loved each other; but, with true delicacy, she forbore to question Elinor, saying to her husband:

"The dear girl has good reason for whatever she does, I am certain, and if she doesn't feel like talking about her trouble, I will not worry her with it."

But it was from no desire to keep Elinor's secret from her kind friends that Elinor refrained from speaking of them. Since her mother's death she had always been compelled to keep her own counsel, except about such matters as she would discuss with Frank, and now it was only a matter of time before she would speak to any one of feelings so deep and personal as her love and its accompanying trials. Sometimes, in her hours of loneliness, she felt that if the gentle woman near her were her own lost mother, it would be a relief to lay her head on the kind breast and weep away the pain in her heart and talk of the past; but she thought it would be selfish weakness to burden Mrs. Duff with such things, never dreaming that the kindly woman sympathetically grieved because her parents did not tell her "all about it."

Time passed on and brought Thanksgiving Day, stately without but cheery within, when all the younger folks, from the noble, gathered around the paternal board, with wives and little ones, for the Doctor kept his old New England habits, and still loved his family table.

Those who became acquainted with Elinor's neighbors of the family had not met before, and by every one she was treated with the greatest cordial-

ity and kindness. She thought she had never seen a family so uniformly kind, pleasant, intelligent and agreeable, and so respectful and affectionate to each other.

"But it is no wonder," she thought, as they separated for the night, "when the parents are so harmonious and happy, so perfectly suited to one another, and so utterly unselfish and devoted to the good of those about them. Oh, if all could and would live as they do, in such harmony with the laws of our being that it can scarcely be called obedience, there would be little sin, sorrow and grief."

The usual festivities being over, Charles, the eldest, who was, like his father, a physician, hurried back to his patients, in an inland town, leaving his gentle wife and merry children to enjoy a week's visit at grandpa's.

George, the next son, was a comfortably settled farmer, living not very far from the city. The luscious Jersey peaches, with many other good things the city family enjoyed every summer, came from his neat, thrifty, well-ordered home, where flowers, books and music divided the attention of his sprightly, intelligent wife and himself with crops, cattle and chickens, and the household cares were lightened by suitable help, as well as needed labor-saving implements. His wife laughingly told how his face clouded up with indignation one day when an over-worked neighbor woman, whose husband's farm was perhaps twice as large as his, sat down wearily in their bright, cosy sitting-room and sighed: "Oh, if I could only have things like you do, I wouldn't mind it, and don't see how you can, either, it costs so much to live, and prices are so low nowadays."

"Well," George said, "if I can afford to buy tools for my own sake, I can for my wife's use too. She needs them just as much as I do. I have to have help to do my work because there is more than one man can do without killing himself, and my wife has to have help for the same reason. It doesn't cost any more for help during the time of year she needs it than it would cost me for drinks and cigars during the year. But I don't drink and I don't smoke, so I can afford it, you see."

Then Mrs. George, afraid the poor woman's feelings were hurt about her husband, said, quietly:

"And then we dress very plainly, too, and put what we save into pictures and books, because we love them, and they do us and the children good. So you see we don't really spend any more than our neighbors, for we don't have it to spend."

"Well, I dunno," said the tired woman, smoothing down the folds of her flashy dress. "I suppose he couldn't get along anyhow without his liquor and tobacco, and I like to dress up when I go anywhere because I can't at home, with all them children and pigs and chickens to see to, and all the other work to do, and hired hands, and nobody but me to do it."

"Then," said Mrs. George, with a bright look at her husband, "we gave it up, and began the usual round of inquiries about potatoes, cabbages, etc.; at least, I did, for George went off, and that woman sat and told about how long it took her to ruffle and founce the children's Sunday clothes, and how one fell into the bog-pen when they came home from church the first time the clothes were worn, and how all the rest got splashed and spattered in getting her out, and all the fine clothes were ruined, until really I got clear out of patience, and was thankful when it was time to get dinner for the poor, sickly-looking children who have no mother to care for them and train them, but only a faithful, ignorant drudge to work for them."

Elinor listened to this talk with great interest, and thought that the two rosy, happy children playing with grandpa would never reproach their pleasant mother with neglecting their education and culture for the sake of senseless luxury, though they were dressed prettily and, above all, comfortably.

But George Duff and his pretty wife have gone back, with their romping children, to their pleasant home, taking with them a promise from "Aunt Elinor," as Charles and Jamie named her the first time they saw her, to come and make them a visit in strawberry time, for she had never been there. The little boys thought almost as much of coming to see "Aunt Elinor" as grandpa, and it was not for lack of warm invitations from their parents as well as themselves that she did not go. It was only that she did not as yet care to go anywhere or interrupt, even for a day, the work and study she had undertaken.

Henry Duff was a thriving merchant in a Western town, and he and his family were to Elinor during their visit as good and kind and intelligent as those of the family with whom she was better acquainted.

Walter, the youngest, was a earnest, enthusiastic, liberal-minded, wide-souled young minister, "a man after her own heart." Loving and hypocritical as he did witness and oppression, he spoke out in ringing denunciation of all forms and manifestations of evil in men with a force and energy that carried conviction to many a heart, and commanded the respect of all who heard

him. He preached in a plain little church in an un fashionable part of the city, and his parents, and Elinor, in converse with them, passed by imposing edifices with brilliant organs and costly music Sabbath after Sabbath, and listened to his faithful presentation of the gospel of Jesus. Often, as Elinor heard the soul stirring appeals he made for honesty and purity of life, for justice and charity to the oppressed, the destitute and the wronged, she longed for Frank to be there, that he might be convinced that some ministers did not fear to speak the truth to those under their care. Still more did she wish him there, when, as was often the case, the young preacher spoke of the love and sympathy of our Heavenly Father for all His weak, wandering children, and urged, with power and feeling, the reasons for believing in Him, for trusting Him, and for trying to walk in the footsteps of the Savior, "who went about doing good."

Elinor thought the young minister himself tried to follow the Divine example as much as any one she ever knew, for both he and his young wife were ever laboring for the welfare of the suffering and the destitute, and he was untiring in his efforts to improve the spiritual, mental and physical condition of those who most needed his pastoral care. It is no wonder that a close and tender friendship grew up between these three persons, so much alike in their main characteristics and in their purposes and aims in life. Never before had Elinor known one who seemed so truly a sister. Never before had she been acquainted with a man who seemed to her so much what a Christian gentleman and a minister ought to be. She was no longer isolated. She could converse with these two friends more freely than she had ever done with anyone else, even her dear, adopted mother, for there was more complete sympathy between the three younger friends, and a more perfect understanding of each other's tastes and mental and spiritual experiences.

Walter was a noble specimen of a man, and his wife was a lovely, delicate woman, who won all hearts by her grace and sweetness of manner, even more than by her beauty and cultivated mind. They had been married but a short time when Elinor came to Philadelphia, and she did not see them till they removed in the Spring to the city from the little village where Walter had won his bride, and where she had always lived. The cordial kindness with which they met Elinor, and their quick appreciation of her character, and consequent respect and affection, could not but win from her in full measure the same sentiments in return. She keenly enjoyed an occasional visit to their little home, so simple, but tasteful and charming in all its appointments; and yet, was it strange she never felt so lonely as when, after these visits, she found herself picturing just such a home, in which a dark-eyed, dark-haired, bearded man was sitting before the cheerful evening grate, talking in low, deep, musical tones to her, and looking with tenderest love into her eyes?

Thus it happened that Walter and Annie often wondered why Elinor came so seldom, when they all enjoyed these visits so well. Annie asked her one day, but she only said, quietly:

"I do not feel so much like work after indulging in so much pleasure, and so of course I must deny myself."

Her friend knew from the Doctor and his wife, a part of her story, and Annie's quick intuition divined the rest. So she knew very well what feelings prompted the reply, and her own happiness made her more tender and loving to her lonely friend.

Some natures seem rendered more selfish and exclusive by an absorbing affection, while some are never at their best among their fellows till the heart's fountains are unsealed by the magic touch that transforms the careless, indifferent man or woman into the faithful, patient, self-denying being that will endure and do anything and everything for the sake of the loved one. Some are selfish to all others while they have the beloved one with them, and are only roused to sympathy with others by the bitter pain of bereavement. Still other, kindly and gentle in their daily lives, are rendered hard and cold by grief, and suffering that seems to them more than they can bear. Rare natures are those which, in sunshine and in storm alike, hold steadily to their way, comforting and cheering those about them in time of trial, rejoicing with them in hours of gladness, and shedding the tear of sympathy in the dark night of desolation and anguish.

Such a nature had Annie, the young minister's wife, and she was a blessing to all about her.

Reminded by these friends, and working faithfully day and night, Elinor passed the time that yet remained before she could start college with the new class, which would contain a number of ladies. She looked forward to the important day with mingled feelings of hope and anxiety, but she was totally unprepared for the announcement, which was made to her, and which fell upon her like a thunderbolt hurled from a cloudless sky.

[To be continued.]

A TEMPERANCE ESSAY.

BY MISS KATE B. WOLFENBUTER.
READ BY MISS KATE B. WOLFENBUTER, AT THE LADY'S SOCIETY'S MEETING, FEBRUARY 1879.

It would seem that the temperance theme was well-nigh exhausted; but so long as governments permit the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages, just so long the temperance people will talk. Our object in assembling here this evening is the same that has caused almost countless numbers to congregate in various other places the world over; namely, the putting down of an evil which in its disastrous results to mankind is beyond computation. No other list of evils can compare with it. War, pestilence and famine are compelled to acknowledge its superior power, for they only hold sway at periodical times, while this king of terrors has constant control over its victims. And yet, it is so shielded and draped in fascinating, harmless appearing forms that those who tamper with it are lost before they realize that they are in danger.

The annual drinking bill of the United States is estimated to be seven hundred millions of dollars. Just imagine how many school-houses this would build, and how many orphans it would educate. In twenty years the compound interest on this sum would amount to more than twenty-five billions of dollars. The amount of money thus expended in these worse than useless beverages is indeed fearful, appalling to contemplate. But this money bill is the smallest item in the list. When compared with the sorrow that is entailed upon the human family, it sinks into insignificance.

In whom is vested the right to desecrate our souls and bodies? Do parents hold the moral right to allow their minor sons the free use of the streets at night, where impressions are constantly being made on their young minds, which will sooner or later lead them into the dazzling pitfalls located on nearly every corner? Have our older sons a right to frequent these places which lead to physical and mental death, well knowing their parents are in an agony of fear for the result? Was the right ever given, and if so, by whom, to our husbands and fathers, to spend their time far into the night, and money so long as they have it, in frequenting places which bring them and us no return but degradation, thereby defrauding the home and the wife and children of the presence and support which they have promised before high heaven to stay this terrible scourge. Nothing short of sheer desperation ever inaugurated and carried through a campaign like that. That it amounted to so little was not the women's fault. The great wave rolled off and the traffic for human souls went on. If the crusaders, with the tens of thousands of their temperance sisters who did not approve of that means of reformation, could have deposited their ballots against the traffic, then would we have been far nearer success. Do not think for a moment that I consider the enfranchisement of women as the only remedy. But I do think our temperance brothers stand greatly in need of our legal help.

While conversing a few days ago with Dr. Atkinson, I made mention that it was truly discouraging to temperance workers to feel that the success that should crown our efforts yet seemed so far in the distance. But he answered, "Not so; not so. Nations cannot much longer afford this wholesale slaughter of their people. They must prohibit the manufacture of alcoholic drinks, or be bankrupt. But," said he, "the temperance people must continue to work." And now let me ask, what have we been doing in Colfax? I don't mean Good Templars, but temperance people generally, of whom I know there are many here. Judging from the number of places where whisky can be had in our town of 500 inhabitants, I am inclined to think our work has not been very laborious. It is my impression, friends, that, with the combined effort of the temperance element here, we could have kept this almost wholesale traffic out. It is not becoming wholesale? Our public drinking dens remind one of the spider's parlor, where the spider may be seen at all times watching for the unwary fly that may be buzzing near; and they are springing up with too rapidity all over our pleasant little town. Let us hope that in the excess of numbers they will soon starve each other out.

But in the meantime we must not be idle. Those of us who find it no hardship to steer clear of the quicksands of intemperance must be ever on the alert to lend a helping hand to those who are drifting on that dangerous shore. Let our voices always, and under all circumstances where necessary, be heard on the side of temperance. Do not think, because we can resist temptations, that there is nothing for us to do. All the more is it required of us to be always ready to help those who are so unfortunate as to have acquired the fatal appetite, and by all just means to help them.

Our power prevent others from ever indulging, even under the most grievous circumstances, in the tempting cup.

Not banished by wine, will some again, and come with a deep sigh, leaving the pleasure, and the stain which never will, never again, be washed out.

There is no other way for us, but to abstain from the use of intoxicants. Let us have been successfully reeducated in other ways. There is no doubt in my mind that the use of tobacco in excess is the high road to the use of, or want of, alcoholic drinks. Right here, I think, lies the secret of there being so many more men who use alcohol than there are women who use it. I was going to say that most women have too much native cleanliness to contract the offensive habit; but I cannot in justice say that so long as they will persist in sweeping

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FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.
NEW YORK, August 2, 1879.
TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST.

New York is now never quite so deserted as formerly, even in the midst of the warmest Summer days. It is more common than it used to be for very well-to-do people to stay in town, and only go out for short trips, the system of living in flats, and the opening way of Coney Island as a fashionable resort being principally responsible for the change. There was always more or less of trouble in leaving town for the Summer season, as the household must be broken up, servants discharged and the members separated, to come together again with habits and ideas modified and perhaps injuriously disturbed by the Summer's experience. The regularity—the fixity—upon which the actual performance of family life depends was thus subject to annual shocks, which some are only too happy to avoid by availing themselves of such mitigations of midsummer heats as are within their reach, and retaining the safety and comfort of their homes. Besides this class of residents, many Southerners find in New York all the requirements of a watering place, in its nearness to the seashore, and the freedom and convenience of space and proximity to large stores, which cannot be found at the regular Summer resorts. To such an extent is New York inhabited, that an effort is made to maintain a little sort of social life. Parties are made that do not assemble under the blazing light of a chandelier, but meet and dine together at Manhattan or Brighton Beach, take moonlight saile up the Hudson, or enjoy a promenade and a cooling glass of lemonade at a Summer garden concert. The young ladies, daughters of professional men principally, who stay in town, find it not so much of a sacrifice after all, for the young men are not at Saratoga, and but in a limited way at Newport. They are in city stores and offices, earning their salaries, which they cannot afford to relinquish, and are only absent for the week or ten days' vacation, which is the limit of the holiday time afforded them. There are but few resources, of course, at this season. The theaters are intolerable, and friends "in town" scarce. It is, therefore, an agreeable surprise to find young ladies at home, charming in Summer muslin and fluttering ribbons, ready to entertain and be entertained, glad to show off their accomplishments in connecting cooling drinks, and suggesting an altogether new ideal of home life, with the happy circumstance of which the thermometer is not allowed to interfere.

One of the uppermost questions in exchange circles is the prospective unprecedented demand on this country for food for Europe in the shape of grain, flour and provisions. The damage to and failure of the crops on the European continent, the exodus of farmers from Great Britain, the demand for supplies caused by the war in Africa, and several other causes, have led to an extra call this season on the farm products of this country. How much of this large trade is likely to come to New York is also agitating the minds of many. Heretofore, calculations could have been made with some degree of certainty as to the proportion of the export of produce which would pass through the hands of merchants in this city; but with the unusual facilities furnished by other ports for the exportation of the products of the United States, and the now almost perfect system of trade between Chicago and Cincinnati on the one hand, and Great Britain and the continent of Europe on the other, and at cheaper rates than can be made by New York dealers, no calculation can be made here until the business is being actually transacted. This condition of affairs not only affects the flour and grain trade, but also the majority of the provision merchants, many of whom regard the outlook with anything but cheerfulness, notwithstanding the increased demand which, it is apparent, will be made for American farm products.

The inquiry into the sheriff's office is developing a system of blackmailing that surely must lead to a thorough reform. It is very evident that, whenever a civil arrest has been made, the practice in the office has been to squeeze out of the unfortunate prisoner every dollar his pecuniary condition will bear for any privileges extended to him, and not to release him from the clutches of an officer until he has been paid as profusely as possible. The law provides that the fee shall be thirty-six cents for a bail bond; but any amount from twelve dollars upward has been extorted from the unfortunate prisoners. A hundred dollars for a day's liberty has been exacted from men under arrest by these remorseless sharps, and where a hundred dollars was not forthcoming, the privilege could be secured for ten.

A panic has been created among the downtown day gamblers by the new crusade of the Society for the Prevention of Crime. At first they were inclined to view it as a repetition of former virtuous spasms, but now they admit only the most approved habits. Four houses on Ann and Fulton streets have taken a vacation, and their proprietors are playing against the races at Brighton Beach and Saratoga. Such a

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complete pecting of approaches as is now deemed necessary by the few houses remaining open, has not been practiced for fifteen years. The question of a general cessation is under consideration by all professionals. The agents of the Society for the Prevention of Crime have lately been keeping a close surveillance upon the various faro banks, and followed clerks and other, who have been seen to enter, to their places of business and reported the fact to their employers. It is said that the system of espionage will be kept up until gambling places are closed.

On Wednesdays and Saturdays, Jewish visitors to Coney Island are most numerous. Yesterday, Jewish faces were plentiful among the thousands that thronged the hotel balconies, pavilion and plaza surrounding the music stand at Manhattan Beach. At first it seemed as though Christians and Israelites were nearly equally divided; but later in the afternoon, either because of a fairer estimate, or because the Jews had scattered over the island, it was seen that they numbered only about one-third of the persons in the assemblage. President Corbin says he objected only to those Jews whose manner is offensive to nice people. The company pays Levy \$150 a week, and one of the stock-holders is Julien Meyers. Some persons have written threatening letters to Corbin; but, on the other hand, he has received letters from many conspicuous and wealthy persons, approving his action.

Our Paper, a Journal published at Oakland by Mrs. Belle Lynch, launches into politics as follows:

As an independent journalist, we shall advocate such measures, support such candidates, and secure their success on the side of such parties, as in our judgment will insure to the best interests of the State. In the present chaotic state of political affairs, one can hardly be called partisan, which ever side he may take. Thousands of life-long Democrats disgusted by the cowardice manifested by the Democratic party at this time; disgusted at the political alliance with the Honorable Billings, in the endorsement of their candidate for Governor by the Democratic Convention, have openly and publicly declared themselves supporters in this fight of Hon. George S. Perkins and the Republican party, as it is the only well-organized party, presenting a bold barrier to the march of the communistic element in this State.

THEY AND NOW.—Fred Douglass, in a letter to the men who placed his bust in the University of Rochester, says that it amazes him to look back over his life. He says: "I spent my youth in a white man's house, when a child, I might have been seen fighting with old Neph, my mother's dog, for a small share of the few crumbs that fell from the kitchen table; when I slept on the hearth, covering my feet from the cold with warm ashes and my head with a corn bag; only a little while ago dragged to prison to be sold to the highest bidder, exposed for sale like a hog at a public auction, and put out to live with Covey, the negro-breaker; beaten and almost broken in spirit, having little hope either for myself or my race; and yet here I am, alive and active, and with my race enjoying citizenship in the freest and prospectively the most powerful nation on the globe."

Of General Grant and his wife in their poverty-stricken days of 1861, a picturesque little story is told. He had gone from Galena to Springfield to get a captaincy in a regiment then being organized, and in a letter to his wife, Grant went to one of the Galena shops and asked for a barrel of flour on credit, as she had no money. Her request was refused, when a baker, who was also a merchant, approached and told her she could have anything she wished from his store. This kindness in time of need was never forgotten by Grant, and after his death she was given a bestow of substantial favors upon this good-hearted and patriotic grocer.

Blowing into the muzzle of a sub-gun is a standard method of producing newspaper items. It remains for a young lady in Hartford, Conn., to introduce a variation. The street-hose wouldn't work. The water was turned on at the spigot all right; but there seemed to be an obstruction. He placed his mouth completely over the end of the hose and blew just once. The pressure of the whole reservoir suddenly broke loose, concentrated into that one nozzle. The lad let go with his mouth, and he has not yet been relieved of the impression that his brain is water-soaked.

An Italian student declares that the fine perfume of delicate flowers exercises a healthy influence on the atmosphere by converting the oxygen of the air into that powerful oxidizing and, therefore, purifying agent, ozone. The essences found by him to produce the most ozone are precisely those which usage has selected as the most invigorating, such as cherry, laurel, clove, lavender, mint, juniper, lemon, fennel and bergamot. Anise, nutmeg, thyme, marjoram and hyacinth flowers, mignonette, belladonna and lilies of the valley also develop ozone.

A Virginia lady writes: "And now a few words to the girls who may read this. Be careful to whom you write and what you write. Many a loving, trusting letter is sent by a true-hearted girl, and is read by the receiver to a laughing crowd of men, and various remarks are passed about the 'silly girl.' I can conscientiously say, on the other hand, that I have never seen any sign of a girl showing letters promiscuously, even from a man she did not care for, though they are often shown to the one 'dear friend' in strict confidence."

A Scotch minister, in one of his parochial visits, met a cow-boy and asked what o'clock it was. "A'ween seven, sir," was the reply. "Well," remarked the minister, "I certainly thought it was more." "It's never any more here," said the boy; "it's just before it's again."

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Blowing into the muzzle of a sub-gun is a standard method of producing newspaper items. It remains for a young lady in Hartford, Conn., to introduce a variation. The street-hose wouldn't work. The water was turned on at the spigot all right; but there seemed to be an obstruction. He placed his mouth completely over the end of the hose and blew just once. The pressure of the whole reservoir suddenly broke loose, concentrated into that one nozzle. The lad let go with his mouth, and he has not yet been relieved of the impression that his brain is water-soaked.

An Italian student declares that the fine perfume of delicate flowers exercises a healthy influence on the atmosphere by converting the oxygen of the air into that powerful oxidizing and, therefore, purifying agent, ozone. The essences found by him to produce the most ozone are precisely those which usage has selected as the most invigorating, such as cherry, laurel, clove, lavender, mint, juniper, lemon, fennel and bergamot. Anise, nutmeg, thyme, marjoram and hyacinth flowers, mignonette, belladonna and lilies of the valley also develop ozone.

A Virginia lady writes: "And now a few words to the girls who may read this. Be careful to whom you write and what you write. Many a loving, trusting letter is sent by a true-hearted girl, and is read by the receiver to a laughing crowd of men, and various remarks are passed about the 'silly girl.' I can conscientiously say, on the other hand, that I have never seen any sign of a girl showing letters promiscuously, even from a man she did not care for, though they are often shown to the one 'dear friend' in strict confidence."

A Scotch minister, in one of his parochial visits, met a cow-boy and asked what o'clock it was. "A'ween seven, sir," was the reply. "Well," remarked the minister, "I certainly thought it was more." "It's never any more here," said the boy; "it's just before it's again."