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The New Northwest.

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Independent in Politics and Religion.
Alive to all Live Issues, and Thoroughly Radical in Opposing and Exposing the Wrongs of the Masses.

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

"A MODEL MARTHA."

BY MRS. L. H. HOLLY.

Martha Griswold had been a member of her Uncle Harry Griswold's family ever since she could remember. Indeed, she had been its most happy member, for, being of a healthy, cheerful nature, she did not morbidly brood over dependence, but thankfully took the goods the gods provided, which, in her case, her uncle being wealthy, was measure full to overflowing. Such a calm, steady ray of light in the house was she, that every one counted the hours when she was absent. Her aunt had often remarked to her husband that she hoped Martha would remain single, for she did not know how in the world they could do without her. It looked now as if this would be the result, for Martha had been engaged to Gerald Allison for seven years, and for his love she had, much to the ire of her uncle, declined many brilliant offers.

Gerald Allison was a poor clerk, who had long looked forward to an advancement in his salary, but each year came round with the old story, bringing with it the ever poignant disappointment of being unable to offer a suitable home to the woman whom he had chosen from all the world as his.

It came to be an old story that Gerald should come and go, though her aunt and uncle had little liking for him, as is often the case of the prosperous to those less successful. To Martha's aunt and uncle the idea that she and Gerald would ever marry was utterly preposterous, and her uncle had once said to her, in the heat of argument:

"This tardy lover of yours will keep all others away, and at last leave you himself."

"I would as soon believe that you, who have been a father to me, would turn me out of doors in a pitiless storm," she answered, in her low, soft tones; but faith spoke in them.

Martha lacked beauty, yet she possessed a gracious charm of manner that won more enduring affection. She had a pure, fair complexion, large blue eyes, clear and true as a child's, and a wealth of blonde hair, which she disposed of in braids that in glossy softness crowned her head. She was below the medium height, and given to *embonpoint*. Gerald was her entire contrast in appearance and temperament, being tall, dark, and remarkably handsome, given to extravagant flights of fancy and frequent fits of depression. Although they were contrasts in this, yet they were one in all noble and ambitious thoughts, in all generous aims for improvement.

It was Christmas eve, and the snow came down in soft flakes like white doves, as Gerald, covered with a mantle of the same, presented himself at the hall door, returning right merrily Martha's Christmas greeting, as light of heart as a boy. But as she stood there, so daintily fine in beautiful raiment, her face trustfully tender, it struck him, and not for the first time, that he was wronging her. How could such as she combat the wolf at the door? And when in the parlor, he sighed, drearily contrasting its splendor with the poor comforts he could give her.

Martha, hearing the sigh, said cheerily, though the tear drops, those little messengers of sorrow, trembled and glistened at the end of her long lashes:

"Is it to wait another year, love?"

"Oh, Martha!" he cried, seizing both of her hands, "I have been blindly selfish; but, my darling, I must not sacrifice you. You are not made for the drudgery of a poor man's lot," and he dropped his head in his hands in utter hopelessness. "I cannot ask you to wait for me any longer," he continued, a break in his voice, which is so touching in a strong man.

At first the quick blood of sensitive feeling had crimsoned Martha's face; but her faith was so strong in him that she could not doubt, and her heart, so womanly tender, was filled with compassion for him. She put a soothing hand upon his head, which he took and pressed upon his eyelids, and she felt tears upon it.

"Could we not?"—she said, and faltered; and he, looking up, saw she could not meet his glance.

"Could we not what? Can it be, love, that you are willing to leave all these gew-gaws, and share a crust with me?"

When he read her candid answer in her sweet face, he felt blessed beyond deserving that she should thus love him above all earthly things.

"You are just throwing yourself away, Martha," her uncle said; "you will always be as poor as a church mouse. Gerald has a fine poetical nature, as you say, but will that earn him a way in the world? I'd give a good deal more for the old-fashioned word 'spunk.' You are young and romantic, but I tell you that it will be no play-day with you. You will earn your name of Martha before you have been married a year; and when the cold winds blow and penury pinches, you will regret the warm nest you have left."

"No, uncle, I fear nothing. We have temperate wants, and with diligence we will succeed. The poor are more contented than the rich, and in that, at least, we can have a mine of riches."

"Contentment never made the kettle sing, nor furnished the meat for the frying; but it's a rare tidbit for poetical souls to starve upon."

These words, somewhat impatiently spoken, ended a long discussion between Martha and her uncle.

The wedding day had been appointed; and, as Gerald owned a little farm about ten miles distant from the city, Martha's good sense suggested that it would be better to be comfortable farmers than poor city folks, for the farm would be a dependence. Sleeping or resting, their crops would be growing.

"What a wise little woman," said Gerald, half in earnest, half in jest. He could not endure the thought of Martha drudging on a farm; but, in spite of protestations, he at last fell into Martha's plan happily, saying, "Of all avocations, it is the one I should choose for myself; but I fear for you."

"But I am perfectly healthy, and have a strong heart for any fate with you; and then, I have expected to marry a poor man for the last seven years, and I have not been idle, but have endeavored to render myself a competent, practical housekeeper. Do not be frightened," she added, laughing at his wonderment, "but I wish to impress upon you the fact that we shall need no Phillis to break our harmony—and the dishes."

Soon after this conversation, Gerald took a ride to the farm and inspected the house. Upon opening the door, he was oppressed by a mouldy smell, and found it little fit to be the habitation of man. However, patience worked its reward at last, and, cleaned, papered and painted, it presented an agreeable aspect. But Gerald was troubled in spirit, for he had expended his small means, and not a piece of furniture had he bought; and Martha, seeing a cloud upon his brow, coaxed from him his dilemma.

"Oh!" she cried, merrily. "Auntie has given me a store of old cast-away furniture. There are piles of it in the attic."

He looked forlorn enough. Had he brought her to such extremity as this?

"Come and see our treasures," she said, and roguishly tantalized him with the sight of a misshapen mass of furniture, which she declared triumphantly to be all her own. "Ah!" she said, "you have yet to learn, love, the magic of paint, glue and varnish."

Then, more gravely, she extolled an old kitchen range that lay there, and displayed different merits, until he went away half comforted. But at night he had the nightmare, and dreamed that the furniture took human shape and battled with him.

The wedding ceremony was performed at the house of Martha's uncle, who looked like an astrologer foretelling her doom; and the aunts and all the cousins sighed most lugubriously over tear-wet handkerchiefs. But, as a bit of comfort amidst this general wretchedness, Martha's uncle put three hundred dollars into her hand at parting.

"For pin money, my dear," he had said; but she thought, "It shall be for a rainy day."

Gerald and Martha were glad to escape into the open air, as they started to the farm, "upon their wedding tour," as Martha humorously called it. The winds blew bleak, and the carriage jolted over a rough road, and Gerald feared for Martha's discomfort; but one look at that dear, unruffled face, and his faint heart took courage.

"Through storm and tide, we shall reach a sunny shore at last, love," he whispered; and love and hope cast their halo of glory around them.

The day before his marriage, Gerald had taken to the farm the furniture which Martha had selected from the *debris* as useful to them, which consisted of a kitchen range, a parlor stove, a drum, two dozen chairs, three old lounges, three arm-chairs, two rocking-chairs, a kitchen and a parlor table, three bedsteads, several wash-stands, half-worn mats, and many bright pieces of carpeting. Gerald put up the stoves, and with stove polish and hard labor did justice to them; for, from rusty, unsightly things, they became as bright and fine as new; and in a man fashion he put things to rights as much as possible. But how scant and dilapidated looked the appointments! He thought sadly that it was a forlorn place to usher a bride into. But what a bright-faced bride entered his door with him, not at all cast down, but blooming with health and hope! A bright fire soon crackled in the kitchen range, and its cheery warmth seemed to say, "Welcome home." Martha, divested of bridal array, set about making preparations for their simple repast.

"Oh, my dear!" said Gerald, repiningly, "it is a shame for you to do such kind of work."

"Why a shame, my husband? Indeed, it would be a shame for me to keep help, when I am so strong and well, without an ache or pain. Be not cast down, for my lot is one I have chosen, and I propbesy that it will be a happy one."

What premonitions of ill could prevail against such a smiling faced prophetess, strong and brave at heart as any warrior? What wonder that the little misty doubt clouds were frightened away, and that they set themselves down to their unostentatious meal like happy-hearted children, for there was a guest called love at their table who is often a stranger to more sumptuous repasts.

"Shall I do, or do you miss Phillis?" inquired Martha, looking demurely across the table at her husband.

Gerald laughed, and yet declared it was a shame.

"But, Gerald, I do not intend that my housework shall engross my whole time. I shall so plan it that I may have time for things just as essential. Let us not be in such a race after wealth that we curse with care and overwork our present; for wealth is, more often than otherwise, purchased at the price of happiness, health and conscience, and we can ill spare these from our life. Let us be diligent, and yet not forget the mental and spiritual needs, nor yet crowd out those cheerful recreations and diversions that keep the heart young and the physical being healthy."

"Yes," replied Gerald, his eyes dreamy and far-seeing, "we will fashion a life of our own, not after any prototype. We will seek for a competence; and with prudence, which is another name for Martha, at the helm, can we not reach it, without being too tired to feel life's beauties and benedictions?"

Martha, within her heart of hearts, said Amen.

The next morning, Martha, having arisen early, found her morning duties done while yet the hours were golden, and she and Gerald took another inventory of the house. Below there were a kitchen, a store-room, a parlor and parlor bed-room, and above two large sleeping apartments. Besides the kitchen range and a large corner cupboard, with glass doors, which displayed her neatly arranged and shining dishes, were a table, six chairs, an arm-chair, a rocking-chair, and an old-fashioned lounge.

"This room," she said to Gerald, "shall be the pleasantest and cheeriest for daily use. The arm-chair and rocking-chair shall be cushioned with bright chintz, in which you and I can take our afternoon siestas, and the lounge shall be cushioned with the same. This floor and the chamber floors shall be stained a dark walnut, and there shall be in the center a large, bright rug; and I have some tempting fruit pieces, which shall be hung up here, of purple grapes and luscious peaches; yes, and some dreamy landscapes, hinting of distant mountains and green woodland haunts."

Martha took Gerald from room to room, gaily enthusiastic, where many would have been disheartened; and, when she had furnished in prospective, to her liking, all the other rooms, she came at last to the parlor.

"This room," she said, "we only need for hospitality's sake, in which to entertain our friends."

Here there were half a dozen chairs, a lounge, and a side-table for books.

"These old chairs and this lounge will come out by our furbishing into ornamental pieces of furniture, and we will cushion them with bright Brussels carpeting. The floor shall be carpeted, and the windows shall be hung with curtains of bright moreen, over which I will festoon white lace, and they shall be tied with scarlet cord and tassels. It shall be a charming little room, into which our friends, coming once, shall be incited to come often."

"It looks as visionary as an Arabian night's dream; but when such a practical little woman holds the rod of enchantment, it is bound to be realized."

But Gerald looked somewhat incredulously, with a smile of amusement, at the battered furniture, hardly able to hold itself up; yet as time went on, to his wonderment, all the transformations that Martha had predicted had taken place; for Martha was not one to idly dream and plan, and not put into effect. Books, pictures, and many fanciful devices that she had made in the leisure hours of her girlhood, gave the last finishing touches, and all was harmony; and Gerald declared that the cushions were deep and soft enough to tempt the drowsy god himself to nap upon them. And, although engrossed in their various duties, they did not neglect the observances of their plan of life.

They took their restful hours, and their evenings they devoted to improvement, intermingling their readings and grave discourse with kindly chit-chat; Martha in her daily strolls taking note of Spring bud and Summer bloom. Returning from one of these walks, with flowers in her hand for botanizing, she said:

"The women of this age are all dying for want of sunshine and out-door air; sickly and spiritless, they give birth to a still more ailing race; dying for want of air, which nature freely offers to all; dying between four walls, and only a closed door between them and health. But there are none so blind as those who will not see."

"Yes, my Martha, and we shall have to leave them to dig their own sorry graves," added Gerald.

Gerald and Martha arose before the sun. They worked with energy, accomplishing more in the several hours that they devoted to labor than those who droned lazily the whole length of the day; they worked with heart, for there was the well-earned reward of rest awaiting them, and which their conscience permitted them to take.

"We shall not be broken down before our time, miserable, discontented gold-heapers; but we will gather the honey-laden flowers as we pass along, with which to sweeten the bitterness of age," said Gerald and Martha.

"But how much time they waste," said one neighbor to another, as they sat busy over their patchwork.

"I am sure that they only have what time there is," said the other, taking up theme; "and they have a knack of getting more comfort out of it than most folks, I can tell you. I have known women to buy yards of calico and tear it to pieces to make quilts; and if that is not an abominable waste of time, I do not know what is. God has given us so much time, and he who spends it the most wisely is the best off, I wot."

So Martha made some converts; and a few seeds dropped by the wayside sometimes grow delicious fruitage, which may be scattered world-wide.

The Summer was waning when one day Martha's aunt said to her husband, with tone and droop of mouth most sorrowful, "Let us go and see poor Martha;" and they set out, fully prepared to condole with her, Uncle Harry, on generous thought intent, having filled his purse. But when they reached the gate, there stood Martha as joyous as any girl, not the faintest suggestion of loneliness about her; and Gerald was handsomer than ever, for happiness sat well upon him. They had just bade good-day to a famous Judge, who, with his intelligent wife, had been spending several days with them; so Martha had not been languishing in obscurity, as her uncle and aunt had imagined; but friends had sought them out, and coming once had come again. Uncle Harry and wife passed a most charming day. Martha's aunt declared the house a perfect gem.

"Indeed, I did not think to find you so well situated," she said, evincing some surprise.

"But thereby hangs a tale" (thinking of the rejuvenated furniture), said Gerald, laughing heartily.

At parting, Martha said:

"Do come out and stay with us awhile and get recruited; you look so worn out and weary, auntie."

"Come often and bring the children," added Gerald.

They gave glad assent, for their hard pride was all swept away; and those who came to pity went away almost pitying themselves.

Gerald and Martha sought out the best and easiest methods for doing their work and systematized it. They never used up their vitality by long-continued, exhaustive labor; and whereas many of their neighbors arose in the morning with too little strength or animation to do a good day's work, they retained the vigor, zest and ready accomplishment of youth. Martha, although she provided nourishing food for the family, yet did not waste her precious time in making pastry or rich dishes to tempt the appetite beyond its needs, and thereby she saved to herself many priceless hours. Although with ideas far beyond their neighbors, yet they did not obtrude them. Still, if called upon, they were not afraid to express their opinions against the popular one, which was that all time not spent in work was squandered, and that money and good cheer were the chief end of man.

"Life thus spent," said Martha, "is little higher than that of the brute, and will pass in weary repinings; whereas, if spent as God intends that it should be, from the midst of labor a prayer of thanksgiving will flow from our hearts unceasingly."

Martha was always glad to give advice to the inexperienced housewife, to lift a load from the weary sister; for many said to her, "I do not see how you manage." Yet this wise and skillful matron did not become egotistical in her superior knowledge, but said that she was blessed by nature with strength and health, and that by temperate habits and prudence she had preserved the same. "And that," she said, "is the charm that brings happiness."

When time filled the house with rosy boys and girls, she and Gerald were not all nerves and irritability, but even amongst their grandchildren were hale and hearty, and able to enjoy with fresh hearts their youthful pleasures; and Martha in her beautiful old age was beloved as in her youth.—*Woman's Journal.*

CLOTH FROM THE DOWN OF BIRDS.—An ingenious Frenchman, M. Thierry Girees, has devised a method, and invented machinery, for the manufacture of cloth from the down of birds. The down may be worked either by itself or in mixture with wool, silk or cotton. The goods produced, whether exclusively of down or mixed with fibrous material, present entirely novel features and characteristics. It is found that the down, whether of the swan or any other bird, will take any shade of dye, from the most delicate to the deepest color. The cloth is very warm, more so than wooleu, and may readily be made impervious to moisture. It has been found best, as a general thing, to mix the down with some fibrous material, and for most uses wool is preferable. In its preparation with wool, in order to make an intimate mixture, oleic acid is used, in certain fixed proportions, during the first stages of the manufacture—in sorting and carding. It is carded, spun, woven, fulled and teaseled down by special machinery, invented for the purpose by M. Girees. The cloth is much like velvet; the "nap" of the mixed material, after it is finished, consists mostly of down. Shearing and dyeing is effected in the usual way, and, as already stated, this "down" cloth takes any shade of color. *L'Ingenieur Universel*, of July 2d, gives an illustrated description of most of the machinery employed in this new article of manufacture.

Shallow men believe in luck and circumstance; strong men believe in cause and effect.

THE ABUSE OF BABIES.

BY SARAH PRATT CARR.

These long hot days bring out all there is in us of sympathy and kindness, as well as of impatience and selfishness; and in no way is sympathy more called for than for the poor little abused babies; not the babies of the poor, but those of the well-to-do and the rich.

The little bare-legged, dirty-faced tot, whose mother does all the work of a household of six or eight, is in many ways the most fortunate of babies. He can sit in one little calico garment, on the bare floor, and kick and roll with perfect freedom. He can reach the pump handle and give himself a comfortable wetting two or three times a day, and he can laugh or cry unhindered, just as the notion takes him. If this independent little fellow could only live in a clean, healthy part of the city, and be fed with judicious care on coarse but nourishing food, his lot would be far better than that of his aristocratic brother on the fashionable street. As it is, he gets much more solid comfort out of life, though he may be more in danger of sudden death. The trials and troubles of these little bare-footed, incipient freemen are in most instances beyond remedy; but it is the children of the better classes, whose parents are able to do all that money can buy, who are crying out all the time with the touching, inarticulate voice of childish pain for the correction of a hundred abuses, which only requires a little thought and self sacrifice. These children are overwhelmed with a volume of clothes as useless as they are injurious, too long by half a yard if they are infant's dresses, too many and too heavy for hot weather, too light and too thin for cold weather, and too fine for any weather.

An infant is kept in its nurse's arms, when it should lie kicking in freedom on the bed or floor. A little child is beruffled and be-sashed until it can hardly walk, and then a nurse is put at its heels to see that none of the ribbons or ruffles are displaced. Every child-like, romping movement is suppressed, every childish scream hushed, till the tyranny of nurses and clothes becomes absolutely slavery.

But these are not the worst troubles. Babies are dressed by order of fond mothers until they are nearly smothered in lace and ribbons, and then tucked into dainty carriages and trundled off by thoughtless or over-loving nurses, no one knows where. If the children are pretty and interesting, so much the worse for them; they are noticed by every passer, kissed by mouths foul with breath from a disordered stomach or bad teeth, and hugged up to warm bodies from which their sensitive little natures will absorb more disease in five minutes than they would take from any air in an hour.

If they have colored nurses, they are often taken to the filthiest parts of the city and tossed about from one careless hand to another, until the little things ache from head to foot with the rough though good-natured fondling. If they are sick, and consequently fretful, they receive all the twitches and cross words (and perhaps blows) that their nurses are afraid to give them in presence of the mother. If the nurse is young, and receives some attention from the men of her own set, she will make the daily airing of her small charge a rendezvous, and while she and her lover are talking comfortably in the shade of some house or awning, the poor little helpless child is blinking its eyes against a torturing sun.

Oftentimes fearful risks are run in crowded streets and on dangerous crossings, and many a little sufferer from hip disease or a deformed back may have its trouble traced to some unknown fall on the street.

These are sad facts to contemplate; but every business man that walks to and fro from his store, and every promenader, can testify to their truth.

Small children that are taken for walks are compelled to go long distances, to stand on corners in the sun perhaps, are scolded and jerked, and then frightened into silence by the most dreadful threats. The most awful practices are indulged in by nurses before children, and oftentimes drugs are given to keep them quiet; very often the cheapest candy is given them—candy poisonous with all sorts of bad coloring—and many other things that are bad, often out of purely ignorant good nature on the part of nurses.

Now, the remedy for all this does not lie in a remorseless tirade against these same nurses; they are only human; they have their troubles and their grievances; and they seldom have any resource but the human though wicked one of venting their anger on the helpless children entrusted to them. Most of them are naturally kind, and suffer more patiently children's tyranny than would the parents, should the places of the two classes be changed. And much of the injury children suffer comes more from carelessness than from viciousness. The remedy lies with the mothers themselves. They must either take the time and the trouble to look after their children constantly, or they must accept the consequences of sickness, death, and, what is worse, moral taint. They must give up thinking only for style and beauty, and study only for comfort and freedom. Wherever a child's dress interferes with its free movements, it is wrong to allow such dress; and any mother, knowing this and still persisting in all sorts of hampering finery, is a criminal, and deserves any result.

Mothers cannot think too much or watch too closely. Dress, food, surroundings, treatment, all that comes into a child's experience before it is ten years old, makes or mars the whole life. Then give them clean but plain clothes, good and simple food, sweet words, sweet looks, sweet thoughts, the utmost freedom consistent with proper moral training, and constant, untiring watchfulness. Let their plays, their airings, their sleep even, be looked after. Better that the dainty dress and shining carriage never be seen off the home square than that only once the little one should get a fall, a slap, or a moral scar. Better a healthy body and a lovely spirit than all the finery in the world.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

[FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.]

NEW YORK, August 21, 1880

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

The International Commission on the World's Fair to be held in New York in 1883 had a meeting yesterday, but did not do much but talk. The talk, moreover, was not particularly encouraging. It was stated by Mayor Cooper that all the great International Expositions heretofore held have had Governmental aid. The Centennial received from the city of Philadelphia $1,5000,000, and from the State of Pennsylvania $1,000,000, and an advance (afterward repaid) of $1,500,000 from the United States. Under existing laws, the city of New York cannot make a donation or subscribe to stock. If public aid is required, it will be necessary for the Commission to make application to Congress or to the Legislature of New York. Other speakers from different States urged the necessity of speedy action, especially in the States whose Legislatures meet biennially; and it was added that unless New York exerted itself, it would be useless to go before the people of the other States and ask for their co-operation. The squabble about a site should also be settled, and then the people of the country will begin to think the projectors of the fair mean business, and will no doubt give their co-operation to make it a success. From now to 1883 is a short time in which to get up a World's Fair; but Americans can do a good deal in two years when they set about it.

Our living celebrities are all out of town. Nothing remains by way of a sensation except the obelisk, and the average New Yorker knows more about faro than Pharoah. But interest is revived by the rumor that a nephew of Rawlinson, the great philologist, now traveling in this country, has discovered an inscription on the "needle" which refers to the New World. It speaks of the might and civilization of Atlantis, the continent of which Plato wrote, and which was supposed to lie west of the Andes and the Rocky Mountains. The vestiges of its civilization are supposed to be seen in the ruined temples of Guatemala and Central America. Buried under the quiet waters of the Pacific, the continent has left but little trace, unless it be found in this lettering on the famous obelisk. It may be only a rumor, but it is certainly a very curious one.

There is another sensation. It is not our murderers, of whom we have produced a crop of half a dozen since the recent hangings, but our cats. The gentle and melancholy Mr. Bergh has had his slumbers disturbed by feline songs, and is resolved that the cats shall be exterminated—when caught. On the other hand, all dealers in provisions, prudent housewives, saloonists and other tender souls aver that everything would be eaten up bodily (including babies of proper age) by the wharf or Norwegian rat, if it were not for poor pussy. Meanwhile pussy climbs dead walls and trees, slips down drains and glides up fences, and defies all the machinations of the cat-catcher. The midnight cry of the furry quadruped is as frequent as ever, and the solemn Mr. Bergh, who finds his profit in a society which needs money to run it and pays good salaries, is advised on all quarters to turn his attention to the thousands of human beings who suffer from want and sorrow in the great city, which to him seems full of brutes only.

Charity has its sensations, like everything else, and just now it proposes to build a home for intemperate women. Some of our best people are enlisted in the work, and there will be no lack of money for the purpose, and yet one hesitates to believe that it is necessary. If there is drunkenness in the social circles of the upper class, it is carefully hidden. None see it, but everybody who goes into society sees the quantity of drinking that goes on among our young men—sees the eyes and lips and faces brightened by wine—knows how liking is kindled into love of it—and cannot but wonder where it all ends. Does the organization of this charity tell the secret?

AUGUST.

The movement for the higher education of women at Oxford University has been so successful that it is necessary to enlarge Somerville Hall. A meeting conducted by Lord Aberdare was recently held in London for the purpose of providing for the enlargement.

STANDING TREAT.

No American custom causes more general surprise and amusement among traveling foreigners than that which is known in our saloons as "treating"—consisting in the entertainment of two or more with refreshments, for which one volunteers to pay. It is a pure Americanism. All over the Republic it is as common as in Europe it is unknown. There is probably no minute of a day in the year when two or three hundred citizens of any large city are not guzzling something stronger than water at somebody else's expense.

The casual meeting of two men who have never exchanged a word together is a signal for both to exclaim, "Come, let's have something!" and for both to dive down into the nearest subterranean cavity below the sidewalk (in the large cities, most drinking places are in cellars). The one who spoke first usually insists upon "paying the shot"—the word "shot" being a metaphorical reference to the deadly character of the contents usually taken into the stomach. If two old friends meet, the regular thing to say first is, "Let's drink to old times," and the resident must invariably "treat" the stranger. If a man be well acquainted, it is considered the princely thing to seize upon all his acquaintances as often as possible, take them to a saloon, and give them a complicated stand-up drink at the bar.

If there is anything more absurd than the habit of "treating," we are unable to put our finger on it. Men do not always "treat" one another to car fares because they happen to meet on the same seat. We never saw a man take out his pocket-book on encountering an acquaintance and say:

"Ah, George! Delighted to see you! Do take a few stamps! It's my treat!"

Do men have a mania for paying each other's bills? And is drinking together more "social" than eating together or sleeping together?

A traveler may go all over the continent of Europe, of Asia, and of Africa, without seeing any man except a Yankee offer to "treat." The Frenchmen are quite social enough, but when they turn into a *cafe* to sip their wine or brandied coffee together, each man pays for his own. When two Germans, long separated, meet, they will be very likely to embrace, and then to turn into an adjacent beer cellar, sit down and drink and eat pretzels and chat; but when they part again, each man settles his own score independently. The Italians are proverbially merry and generous, but each man pays for his own wine, macaroni and cigars. They would as soon think of transferring to each other their washerwomen's bills as their refreshment scores.

The preposterous fashion of "treating" is responsible for the terrible drunkenness in America. There would be as little need of temperance societies and as little work for the Good Templars as there is in Germany, France and Italy, if this pernicious and insidious habit were abolished. It is, take it all in all, the most unreasonable and the most pestilent custom that ever laid its tyrannical hand on civilized human beings.

Married Women Teachers.

Several years ago, Mrs. Pauline Swaim, editor of the Fort Dodge *Messenger*, sent out through her newspaper the following excellent points, to be carefully considered by acting School Boards. They fitted the "question" so securely in the common-sense nook that it has been preserved, and now, when the same question is agitating the present School Boards, we venture to assist their grave deliberations by republishing her suggestions. She says:

The New York Board of Education has a very singular discussion on its hands, concerning the advisability of prohibiting married women from teaching in the public schools. The argument, of course, is the old one of maternity, and we would advise the Board to gently drop the subject and let the matter remain where it is. Most married women know whether they can safely undertake the duties of teaching or any other public pursuit, and this knowledge is paramount in controlling their action. A ruling of this kind cannot but work great injustice in many cases, and is wholly without excuse in fact. If the New York Board of Education is anxious to tackle the social question in this direction, let them begin with the washerwoman. We apprehend that bending over a wash-tub six days in the week for a living, and washing her own clothes on Sunday, is not conducive to the child-producing qualities of a woman. The simple fact about all sex legislation is, that it is wrong and utterly at variance with the fundamental principle of all life and science. The natural laws of sex, as of science, will take care of themselves, and they of themselves should be judge, jury and decree. Let them alone, brethren.

NO SECRETS FROM MOTHER.—Some mothers, when they discover that their girls are hiding things from them, rebuke or scold. Innocent faults are always pardoned by a kind parent. You may not know, girls, just what is right or just what is wrong, yet. You can't be blamed for making little mistakes, but you will never do anything very wrong if from the first you have no secrets from your mother.—*Church Union.*

Alaskan explorers report one of the largest rivers in the world, the Yukon, as navigable for steamers two thousand five hundred miles, and five hundred from its mouth it receives a very large navigable tributary. The basin formed by the confluence is twenty-four miles wide. The Yukon is nearly as large as the Mississippi.