

IN THE MIDDLE WEST.

A Story of Life in the Great Mississippi Valley.

BY ALVA MILTON KERR.

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CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

Was not this condition the granite deposit of cause and time and law? The unchangeable arrangement of fate? The vacillations of luck beat by the ages into a verdict of iron? The wall thrown up by the sweep of centuries, and not to be thrown down save by love's noisless, melting currents, or new tides, mayhap, like waves of fire hurled reddening from the vents of force? Alas! for the hearts that must wait and bleed in any case!

And brooding there on the heights, with the sea and the great city at his feet, the young man, in his earnestness for the poor, felt, almost with a sense of desolation, how inexorable is the law of ownership, how valied and protected the channels of unfair acquiescence, and how withering and irresistible the spreading empire of property kingship. Perhaps he was deluded, said without a cause, tender for those not tender of themselves, and warm where indifference was well. Yet, nevertheless, if the faint, glowing joy of greed be thrust away from before the face, and we look long and keenly into the clear eyes of truth, we may see something there, perhaps, seeming to say that this youth's fresh young heart was not unmade soft, or his flashes of compassion wholly unlike the pity of a Christ.

CHAPTER XXIII.

In June, John Earling turned his face toward the West, climbing the glimmering craft-crowded Hudson by boat, and ever with its velvet-mottled progress feasting his eyes upon the palace-crowned beauties. What regal places! What paradises in empire the emerald sweeps mured back against the violet glow of ether! He felt it glorious, yet often his eyes closed heavily, and with a sigh he saw again the immemorial hats and robes of hunger that festered in the bygone and forgotten corners of the huge town he had left behind.

At length he left the water for the rail, and making for the West swerved toward the South, and with a kind of mixed delight and mingling within, got down from the train at Cincinnati, where he had months before. Then he had felt a sense of contamination, a sorrow wet with polluted blood, which still burned often across him, dying away into an unmarked desert with Mam's unbalanced odor. Something of the horror of those last days in Openstone had been loosened from him, or it were much as if the dried blood and tears upon his memory had been half worn by the thoroughness of new scenes and faces that had glided along his consciousness during those months of wandering. But still by times his fingers would clutch as he threw it from him with a sudden and unthoughtful gesture, as in Celeste's city, even her hallowed presence in that nightmare period of his life brought it rushing over him, and for a moment the thousand morning lights about him were blurred as in a mist, and he would stand in the water under the hill at Openstone seemed clear. Yet he survived at thought of her: she that had been vile! Could he ever forgive that? Even had he loved her, could he find it had only been the deadliness of a few days, innocent through ignorance, he thought. Ah, what inexpressible torment had been portioned out to her! Into what an abyss had she been tripped, and what woe and suffering lights were words wherewith to descend into the cavern of her wrong and illumine its hideousness!

At length, drawing heedlessly away from the city's heart, he came into a quieter part, but even in this region he noticed it but little. He had wandered so much about strange streets in these late months that he had come, when his thoughts were turned backward or toward the future, to a vision of objects little more than if he were in a room. So he walked on half thinking that he should presently go to some hotel, and straightway falling again into a reverie, the slumberous eyes of Mam, and the white-faced girl under the book-keeper's brow and the sky-like luminous orbs of Celeste, seemed glancing about the mental plummets with which he was straining to measure how much of life he had cared in truth for the lowly lamented girl, when suddenly Celeste came into the street farther up the residence-covered bluff and started down toward him. Her limping figure looked slender and fair against the blue of the sky, and when she saw John wearing a sudden light whitened across her face, her hands lifted a little as from a thrill through the heart and she stopped. He did not see her, as she regarded him if to go back, then she went on with her exquisite cheeks and chin flushing an almost invisible pink, and paused when she met him.

"You are a long way from Openstone, Mr. Earling! I am glad to see you," she said, with her frank smile and silvery voice.

"Ah, there was the voice which had followed him for years! and his thoughts ran about after words for a moment absently; then he recovered himself and said, with the suddenly stirred blood still mantling his face:

"Thank you, yes, I came to be sickened with the place; some very terrible things having occurred—Oh, yes, you remember them, yes; the last time I saw you were standing by—by—Mam's grave singing? Even in his lack of calmness he noticed the quick wave of feeling that swept across her face.

"Yes, I remember it," she said, her eyes falling with a faintly withered expression as if in memory of a great pain or struggle. "It was the saddest, hardest thing I ever knew. I do not think the death of my own mother touched me more." Then she lifted her eyes to his again with something not unlike the earnest, pitying, anxious look of a child reading its sick parents' face. "You are not so well since then; does it not go away from you?" she asked, simply.

Then when he stammered, simply, about feeling quite well, the oddness of her query seemed to escape from her solitude into her sight and her face flushed and she looked away along the beautiful street before he could speak she turned again. "Will you not go home with me?" she asked, John Earling thanked her hesitatingly, but added, in his own way: "To be truthful, Celeste—Miss Bright—my errand in the city was to—"

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"You suppose in that case it would be ridiculous for me to decline your kindness. But would it not be pleasanter for you at some other hour?" She gave her neither lip a little pearly bite, as if the tidings that he came only to see her had given her a thrill; then she looked away, but when she looked back she had waited a little with her invitation. But though she looked down her eyes told that she had heeded the first part of what he had said, but she only answered somewhat scornfully with her lips.

"No, truly," her eyelids fluttered up again, "friends, who are strangers in the city, are welcome at any moment to our house. It's not long until dinner, and I'm sure you are hungry."

"Thank you," he said, laughing, "that's a carnal failing generally supposed to rule in Westerners, I believe! At least that's the question usually first asked, 'eat' and he turned and walked along by her side, sobering as he looked down upon her silken head.

In a moment the lovely face lifted itself with an anxious smile. "If Western people have larger appetites than the rest of the world, which I don't believe, it is because they work harder, I guess. Do you, as Mrs. Bower has often mentioned in her letters, and she said it was an American trait, and for that matter, it is by no means confined to our race, still give you, if not even time to know who lives in the town with you, or even the Sabbath Day to rest yourself?"

"Oh, I haven't worked at all for several months," he said, looking straight before him with a regretful expression. "It has been a great waste of time; yet, in another sense, it has been a gain. I presume I am not much the worse for it. I feel that time has a kind of unworldly value, though they really don't know why. I suppose it is inherited, or may be it is the attractive principle in the general rush that we feel always drawing and sucking us forward. Any way, I guess most live Americans, when they take time to enjoy themselves, generally feel sore over their generosity when it is past. If we could only live two lives at once, I fancy the world would be a better place, and I'm sure it would be a deprecating laugh."

"If you had them you would work them both to death, I believe!" she said, looking up at him with a chiding smile.

"So would the rest," he laughed. "Duality would only increase the heat. One after another has quickened his pace, hoping to outpace his fellows. I suppose, until the whole race seems to be in a state of ebullition, it would be fatal to try to walk."

She gave a troubled laugh. "Yes, the walker would only burn over and crushed. It is too sad. I see it every day. I go down in the city; dollars are not so hard to get as in the town; even it looks everywhere out of their faces; it's a strange, sad insanity."

He was looking down at the walk when he had noticed this inclination of her perspective; but it touched him pleasantly; he felt the pity in her voice.

"Yes," he said, "it is high-class commercial civilization, its demands seem to center upon the dollar; days, nights, Sabbaths, dreams; surely the beautiful moderation of the old years is lost. It varies very hot, now it is even by the sweat of your brain you'll see scorching stations, and he fetched a sort of eager bitter laugh, as if contemptuous of the object, yet restless for the work.

"Yes, and from it all, and in spite of it all, many do starve in more senses than one. It is a few days looking away. Then in a breath—Mrs. Bower mentioned that you had gone away from Openstone last winter; have you been away ever since?"

that he should like her, for in truth she was something very like sunshine. When she came back five minutes afterwards from showing John Earling to the guest chamber, Celeste was not visible, and with a smile she went lightly about the rooms looking for her. Presently she heard a low ripple of laughter in the little conservatory, and swept with a quick graceful motion to her.

"O, you little minx!" she cried, drawing her out from among the flowers and gazing smilingly into her face. "You are very deep indeed. Isn't this the Western orphan boy you told me of after you had been to Openstone a long time ago? Ah! ah! I begin to see the other seekers have always, small and great, been sweetly shaken off. Ah! ah!" and she gave the pink cheek next to her a little pinch with her finger tips and laughed.

"Don't you like him?" asked the girl, giving up her laughing posture for a quick, eager look into the conservatory.

For answer the other soberly faced, she saw the look in the clear, appealing eyes, and with a mist rising into her own, drew the slender girl close against her and held her there with the silken head resting against her neck. Then she kissed her tenderly, and with her arm about her they went out, the younger with her eyes upon the carpet, and the elder looking out before her with a tear slipping down either cheek.

John Earling found the dinner hour almost poignant beyond words, save that Celeste seemed a little shy. He had never known much that was lovely in domestic life, and now, after his years of the little room under the roof of Bower's block, and the daily aguerie-like methods about the public board of the Openstone Hotel, the chaste and tranquil atmosphere that enveloped Mrs. Brayton's snow-table parlors, and the very grateful sense. He felt the spirit of his surroundings enter and took him like a sweet perfume, and talked on in his line, quiet way through what seemed to him the first hour of happiness he had ever known. Celeste was ready with smile and listening ear, but not with many words, while the young man and Mrs. Brayton got on very fast and smoothly together. Something in the way he made him tell them of the beautiful things he had seen, with such language as only a poetic insight creates, and with such a relish as comes alone of an unshaken heart. Then, helped on by the elder lady, he unconsciously established his pity for the poverty and wretchedness he had seen, and Celeste through her luminous eyes seemed to come very near to him.

After that, the lucid June days began to stretch away, with the first sense of soft delight increasing in the young man's blood until he felt life, with its fair surroundings and daily privilege of looking upon Celeste's face, a very delicious thing. Now and then his natural inclination toward the girl wrenched at him, and he said to himself that he had come to be only an idler, a sort of pleasure-enfeebled shirker in the game of life, yet he had had so little of gliding success, he took his lips away from the bright blue when at last he held it in his hands. He said to himself he should be going, but the soft law that held him and that he did not recognize, was too strong for him. Then he had a sudden, established interest to take him away, why should he not enjoy a little? Then, too, the pure, motherly regard of Mrs. Brayton, a thing denied him in his previous life, was very comforting. In a few days he had told him of her son, lost in the war before he had come of age; of her daughter, a young wife in Cleveland; of her own husband, once a merchant in the city, who had failed and died, leaving her an income ample for her needs and something over with which to ease her heart of his charitable promptings. Then she told him of Celeste's life, an absorbing theme to him and strange and new in its relations. How Celeste's father had been a Colonel in the war, and lost his life leading a charge on the field of Antietam; then how the wonderful wife, and another who took her child and entered the service as a soldier's nurse; of the brave, helpful life she led, of the mother's heroic deeds, of the child's carrying water to the wounded in the Wilderness, of her wound in the limb, and of the death which left her limping through life, of the mother's life and death as a newspaper correspondent at Washington when the war was over, and Celeste coming to Cincinnati to share her home.

The narrative touched the soft-hearted, bravely-loving John Earling as with invisible fire. It seemed to him he could feel Celeste's wound, and see the blue-eyed, bird-like child with cups of water in her hands, and see her sink to the dying upon the field of carnage. It thrilled him; where had he been in that heroic hour? Working out his supposed debt of gratitude in Joel Whitney's store? Though it was not, yet his own home, his living, his going, and his coming, were all things that came to him. Prompted by loving pity, he thought that he had never been capable! Ah, the noble daughter of the dead soldier! This, arch, shy, gentle, slender, green-eyed creature, it is possible, such strength and selfless fire lay back of all her chaste and soft docility? Surely he was only a boy, he thought, and did not yet know much of women.

Ever morning he walked with her down the hills through the sweet June air, and together they boarded a car, and riding further into the town, got down at the door of the School of Music where she taught. These little trips were very much to him; he found for then she was in his care, and while ever silent as to the slight lameness and its hallowed cause, the touch was infinitely tender with which he aided her. Then she was less shy, he thought, as in truth she was, being carried away by her presence and the rosy weather from her instinctive attempt to hide the beautiful flame that burned within her. Sometimes he would return and visit with Mrs. Brayton, and would drive with her to look after her charities, or wander away to the green heights in Eden Park and read and loiter, looking down over the vast shimmering vista of city, river and rolling hills. Then presently he found that the beautiful court-house, that palatial hall of justice which, afterwards thought to be empty of its ruling Goddess, went down in flames encircled by a mob, held within its walls the finest law library in the West, and there he began to feast him. So within a day or two he came to feel that he was at work again and his conscience left off its twitching.

It is in pocket-picking about the same as in every thing else. A man never succeeds until he gets his hand in.—Harford Sunday Journal.

TO BE CONTINUED.

STILL QUARRELING.

The Republicans of New York and Mr. Blaine Cutting One Another's Throats. A recent interview with Senator Miller has stirred up a hornets' nest in the Republican ranks, and in the judgment of many of the Herkimer statesman's friends he has seriously impaired his chances for a re-election. In the interview in question Mr. Miller took occasion to defend his mistakes as a party leader. He declared that he was not responsible for the Republican reverses in this State since his elevation to the Senate five years ago. His advice had been disregarded. He charged the defeat of Mr. Blaine in 1884 to the National Republican Committee. He refused to accept the advice of the State Committee last year, which, he says, was controlled by his friends, and took the counsel of Thomas C. Platt.

The interview has brought forth a good deal of vigorous denunciation from the members of the National Committee, in particular from B. F. Jones, of Pittsburgh, the chairman of the committee, and from Stephen B. Elkins, who was the committee's executive officer. Mr. Elkins, in conversation with a friend, said: "I regret Miller is the last man to impute the defeat of Blaine to the National Committee, and you may put it down for a fact that the influence of that committee will be used against Miller in the coming Senatorial contest. We have direct proof that previous to the National convention of 1884 Miller worked secretly to prevent Blaine's nomination, with the idea of bringing himself forward as a compromise candidate. Then, after Blaine was nominated, Miller and his friends made a special effort to secure New York for the organization of the National Committee here was the most serious problem that confronted Mr. Blaine's friends immediately after the Chicago convention. The National Committee and the New York State Committee were called together on the same day at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. In the State Committee there were three factions about equal in strength—the half-breeds, who were controlled by Miller and his friends, and the Arthur and Blaine supporters. The Platt men had earnestly supported Blaine's nomination, and they were unqualified in favor of his election. The Arthur men were disgraced and sore. Mr. Miller induced his half-breed friends to place the organization of the State Committee in the hands of men who had been bitterly opposed to Blaine's nomination. We thought then that Miller's action was prompted by his opposition to ex-Senator Platt.

The Union convention of 1884 was largely against General Arthur and could have been controlled, for Blaine was a man of shrewd management. Mr. Miller refused to consult with the leaders of the Republican party there, and so dallied with his negotiations with the Edmunds men that he was beaten. The National Committee took the ground that its duty was to consult with all leading Republicans. Platt, Cornell, and other men of their following were constantly in consultation with Mr. Jones and his committee. Miller demanded that the committee take no advice but his. They did not regard that as a wise policy, and Miller walked in his own shoes. Chairman Jones has a right to feel indignant when charged with infidelity by a man in Miller's position. No man ever worked harder or more faithfully in any cause than Jones did for Blaine. He worked like a hero, and if he had received the vast co-operation of all Mr. Blaine's supposed friends in New York, Blaine would have been elected in spite of Burchard."

Mr. Elkins and other prominent Republicans allege that Miller schemed in an underhanded way for the nomination at Chicago and was deeply mortified at the miscarriage of his plans. His recent attack on the National Committee is said to have been actuated by the direct refusal of the committee to help him in his Senatorial contest.—Chicago News.

AN ABUSED MAN. The Republicans Now Admit That Secretary Bayard Is No Hot-Headed Blunderer. While the Blaine organs, inspired by the arch-disturber himself, were abusing Secretary Bayard for what they termed his cowardly policy in relation to the seizures of American fishing vessels by the Canadian authorities, he was pushing forward with skill, judgment and vigor the American side of the question, and manifesting a spirit of moderation worthy of the great country he represents. Blaine, Everts and other demagogues accused him of trucking to England and sacrificing the rights of our fishermen by not protesting a rupture with the British Government. Mr. Bayard remained silent under this fire, quietly attending to his duty in a far more practical and vigorous manner than his detractors recommended. When the proper time came he laid the matter before Congress and carried his friends with him, and his reaction in his favor, even on the part of those who most violently abused him, and it is now universally acknowledged that the course of the State Department all through this fishery dispute has been eminently wise and patriotic. Even the New York Tribune, which most fiercely assailed Mr. Bayard, is forced to acknowledge: "The State Department has argued various phases of the fisheries question with lucidity and logical acumen during the year. It has had a strong case, and with the powerful aid of Mr. Phelps has forcibly presented it." This is a change of heart from an unexpected quarter and shows that truth must prevail even where falsehood is most cultivated. But the Tribune might spare its advice to the Administration in urging commercial retaliation against Canadian vessels in American ports. It criticizes the Administration for preferring diplomatic methods to aggressive action. Fortunately, for the country, the Administration does not propose to use such an extreme policy, unless as a last resort, and selects the safer and more satisfactory method of conciliatory argument. The State Department does not intend to submit to the Canadian Government's arbitrary

interpretation of the treaty of 1818, the only agreement on which the question can be discussed.

The only treaty that had brought peace and prosperity to her fishermen was deliberately sabotaged by the Republicans, and when Mr. Bayard endeavored to serve the interests of American fishermen, by making an arrangement with the British Government, by which the fishermen should have the spring and summer fishing and enjoy privileges and opportunities without expense, he received only abuse for it. The Republicans refused to entertain his project for a joint commission to settle the points in dispute and Mr. Bayard could only fall back on the treaty of 1818. The beneficent treaty effected by Hon. Wm. L. Marcy, in 1854, brought about a peaceful settlement of difficulties similar to those which now confront Mr. Bayard. The Republicans chose to abrogate this treaty in order to place a grievous burden on the shoulders of the incoming Administration. Mr. Bayard is making a bold stand for the interests of our fishermen, but a great deal depends upon Congress. If that body refuse to consent to a commission to get at the damage incurred and the way to remove all difficulties, it is not Mr. Bayard's fault. He has proved himself one of the ablest statesmen that ever guided the affairs of the department, and he disregards attacks and slander, his whole mind being absorbed in the faithful fulfillment of his duty.—Albany Argus.

HAS HE FORGOTTEN?

What Will Kill All of Mr. Everts' Presidential Aspirations. A dinner consisting in part of Boston brown bread, Boston baked beans and Boston crackers was lately eaten in St. Louis by the members of the New England Society of that town. This somewhat arid diet, it appears from the published reports, was relieved and bedewed by the eloquence of Senator Everts, and a copious draught of cranberry cider. The occasion was also enlivened by the nomination of Mr. Everts for President of the United States. Mr. James Richardson, of St. Louis, introduced the New York Senator as a statesman who had filled the highest office in the land but one. The people of the "United States," added Mr. Richardson, "are awaiting his will and pleasure to adorn and exalt the Executive chair." There was a good deal of applause and considerable laughter when the waggy gentleman expressed the general understanding of Mr. Everts' position in regard to the Executive chair, namely, that it is he who is waiting the will and pleasure of the people of the United States before seating himself therein.

Mr. Everts, however, seems to have taken the nomination in earnest. He proceeded to develop his theories of popular government, and made an unmistakable bid for the Western vote. His remarks were excellent, and there is only one passage in the printed report of his speech which we do not quite understand. He intends to run for President, we infer, on a platform declaring the inviolability of American suffrage. Every man is free and equal. Every citizen has an equal voice in the Nation's councils. "What an upheaval of society there would be," exclaimed Mr. Everts, "if any man lawfully a citizen by the laws and constitution of the country should be prevented from voting or told that his vote when received would not be counted?"—N. Y. Sun.

Has Mr. Everts already forgotten how he happened to occupy the highest office in the land but one? Has he forgotten two very ingenious speeches which he delivered on February 5 and February 15, 1877, before a body known to history as the Electoral Commission, in which he told certain citizens of Louisiana and Florida that their votes, although received, ought not to be counted?—N. Y. Sun.

NEWSPAPER ITEMS. Jim Cummings is not the first man who has come to grief through writing letters.—Chicago News. An Ohio man has been arrested for stealing a locomotive. This is considered the most remarkable larceny product, if you are making butter or cheese, or simply peddling milk. But do not seek to secure warmth by the close confinement of your cows. There must be a free circulation of air in order to secure the good health of the cows and a sweet-flavored product. If with good ventilation, letting the air in at the head of the cows and out at the rear, you can not keep up the required temperature, then resort to artificial heating. It will pay. Once the arrangements are made for heating, the expense will be comparatively small, as a high temperature will not be required. The range of temperature for health and comfort is about fifteen degrees—that is, from forty-five to sixty degrees Fahr. Below this, cows standing in the stall will begin to shiver and feel uncomfortable; above, discomfort follows and they will begin to pant. It is much cheaper to burn fuel in a heater than food in the cow to keep up the animal heat.—Rural New Yorker.

Inventions That Are Needed. An English scientific journal enumerates the following as among the inventions which are specially needed at the present time: Macaroni machinery, good red-lead pencils, typewriters that will work on account books and record books, indelible stamp-canceling ink, a practical ear starter, a good railway car ventilator, better horse shoes, locomotive headlights, an instrument for measuring the velocity of wind currents, apparatus for measuring the depth of the sea without sounding by line, piano-lid hinge, good flush on the outside, good fluid in ink for draughtsmen, a good method for locomotives, a method of alloying copper and iron, and a molding material for iron and brass casting capable of giving a mold that can be used over and over again.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

—Albert Champion, of Livingston, County, Ky., stole John Mitchell's best team and cloped with Mrs. Mitchell.

MUGGINS' ADVENTURES.

Most Extraordinary Tales Which Contained One Indisputable Bit of Truth. It is singular the hallucinations that will get possession of a man when he has been drinking a little too much. Now there is Muggins, a temperate and truthful man as a rule, but when he is a little "off" for he gets that way once in awhile—he tells the most extraordinary tales of his adventures by land and sea—pure fabrications, all of them. He imagines that he has been everywhere, met everybody and seen every thing, when the fact is that he was born and raised in the village where he resides and was never more than twenty miles away from home in all his life. He has traveled "in his mind" all over the world, but the "spirit" is on, but mournfully repudiates it all the next morning.

"Then you wasn't on a four years' whaling voyage when a boy?" said a man to whom he acknowledged that his tales of the night before were all made out of whole cloth.

"Whale nothin'," said Muggins, gloomily. "I don't see why I need to tell that pesky lie every time I get full. The only experience I had in whaling was when I had whale me."

"You said you went before the mast." "It was a lie; the mast went before me, long enough."

"Never heard a more entertaining story in my life," continued the man, "than you gave me of going around the Horn."

"Well, I didn't go around any horn while I was telling it, did I?" "You said a terrible storm came up—every body just frightened to death except yourself. The captain told you to take the helm."

"Did I state where he wanted me to take it to?" said Muggins with bitter sarcasm.

"The thunder rolled, the lightning flashed—"

"In the pan."

"And there stood the Horn, perfectly erect and over one thousand feet high. But you got around it."

BOARDING-HOUSE LIFE.

How Many Newly Married Couples Drive Into Most Uncomfortable Conditions. Nothing is more usual in New York than for the man just married to take his young wife to no other home than a boarding-house. He does it in the world, and with the fixed determination to go to housekeeping just as soon as his improved prospects will justify him to indulge in an increase of expenditure. At present it is so nice to sit down to the table without any harassing fear of butchers' bills, no wrangle with untrained servants, no fear of a mother-in-law's superior wisdom in household affairs putting your verdant experience to the blush. It is so pleasant to go off just when you feel like it, on little flying trips to the country or a visit to some friend, without leaving a single doubt or care behind. You can calculate just to a nicety what your expenses amount to, and, consequently, indulge in many and unjustifiable little extravagances which had been a great deal better bestowed in a more useful cause. And, so, at the end of the year, though intensely weary of it all, you have drifted into this irresponsible, happy-go-lucky kind of existence, without any more definite course of action than when you first started.

Your wife, deprived of all those charming little duties which constitute the chief pleasure of a married woman's life—those nice little plans for beautifying and embellishing her home, in which her faculties for the comfort of her surroundings find full scope, has either grown inert or listless, or has found other interests with which to occupy herself. At the best, it is a vague, purposeless dragging along of one day to another, in which routine has no part. The most important task of her life is how to kill time most effectually, or to dispose of the day in the least tiresome manner. Her proper vocation is missing, she knows no other duty than that of self-indulgence, till finally, when the time arrives for you to give her a home, she has lost all inclination, and prefers to live on as she has begun.

Perhaps, after this, the cause for so many divorces is not far to seek. There is no country in the world where people have so little reverence for their household gods, as in America. The most luxurious and elegantly appointed homes are broken up—generally for the most trivial reason in the world—with the same facility as one would fold up a tent, without the least compunction in parting with the thousand and one familiar objects, endeared by long usage and association. Thus the ruling power receives fresh impetus from year to year, and there is no fear of a decay of its supremacy so long as people will not recognize that the best welfare of a nation depend upon home influence and association—to the wife the home; to the husband the task of providing for it. If the former shirks her part of the marriage contract, it is surely excusable in the husband to shirk his responsibilities. The wholesome influence of numerous obligations, the necessary sense of weighty responsibilities, the beneficent restraint of home ties and duties, have no part in his life. The edge is taken off his ambition, because the chief incentive is missing. He is a regular nomad, with a nomad's life of life. His obligations and duties press but lightly on him, and he can pitch his tent wherever he pleases. His landlady is the only person he fears, because on her depends his material comfort. That is why he alternately cajoles and flatters her, meekly bows his head under her coarse despotism, abjectly accedes to her extortionate demand in "raising him," submits to the most humiliating imperfections from the servants, and, in short, lives a perpetual life of suffering, while vainly trying to delude himself into a belief that he is a free-born man, and an independent citizen.—N. Y. Graphic.

GROWTH OF SCIENCE. When Mankind Will Know More About Cause and Effect. The growth of science, not merely of physical science, but of all science, means the demonstration of order and natural causation among phenomena which had not previously been regarded as mere chance occurrences. Nobody who is acquainted with the progress of scientific thinking in every department of human knowledge, in the course of the last two centuries, will be disposed to deny that immense provinces have been added to the realm of science, or to doubt that the next two centuries will be witnesses of a vastly greater annexation. More particularly in the region of the physiology of the nervous system it is justifiable to conclude from the progress that has been made in analyzing the relations between material and psychical phenomena that vast further advances will be made, and that sooner or later all the so-called spontaneous operations of the mind will not, only their relations to one another, but their relations to physical phenomena, connected in natural series of causes and effects, strictly defined. In other words, while at present we know only the nearest moiety of the chain of causes and effects by which the phenomena we call material give rise to those which we call mental, hereafter we shall get to the further end of the series.—Huxley, in Fortnightly Review.

Cotton is the leading export article of the United States in value, and exceeded breadstuffs, next in rank, by \$28,775,807 in 1888, and \$34,084,100 in 1885 (great years). Yet the section of this great productive wealth is comparatively limited. The cotton belt includes Louisiana, producing 28 per cent. of the total crop; Tennessee, 19 per cent.; Virginia, 13 per cent.; Georgia, 12 per cent.; Texas, 11 per cent.; South Carolina, 5.4 per cent.; Alabama, 4.4 per cent.; North Carolina, 3.1 per cent., and Florida, 1.1 per cent.—Troy Times.

The baby: Blue eyes, like skies, Brown hair, like fair, Tiny nose, pink lips, Dimpled feet, so sweet, Cuddling way, some day Oras maybe, that's a baby.—Louis's Companion.