LORD ST. LEONARDS.

A Member of the British Nobility Found Guilty of Criminal Assault.

A London cablegram says: The trial and prompt conviction of Lord St. Leonards for a criminal assault upon Miss Emma Cole has been the principal sensation in London to-day. The trial took place at the Middlesex Sessions in Clerkenwell, and was presided over by Sir Thomas Chambers, M. P. for Marylebone, and Recorder of the city of London. The court-room was crowded with spectators, who were attracted by the novel spectacle of a peer of the realm being placed in such an unenviable position. Lord St. Leonards was attended by his brother, Mr. Walter Sugden, and was ably defended by Edward George Clarke, Q. C., M. P. for Plymouth, who is one of the leading criminal counsel at London. He made a powerful speech for the defence, dwelling especially on the admission by the pretty complainant that she had once had a lover with whom she was unduly intimate. The jury was out but a very few minutes, and returned a verdict of guilty as indicted and without any recommendation to mercy. This result was fully expected, and, indeed, was regarded as inevitable from the conclusiveness of the evidence. The Recorder remanded the prisoner and announced that sentence would not be pronounced until the June session of the court. No appeal is contemplated by the counsel of Lord St. Leonards, but his few remaining friends are busily engaged in preparing affidavits to support a motion in mitigation of sentence. It is expected that the penalty imposed will be comparatively light, perhaps a year in Millbank, which, it is recalled, is just the term of imprisonment served by Col. Valentine Baker for a simiar offence with much greater palliation.

Emma Cole was a domestic servant with Mr. S. Crawford, a casual acquaintance of Lord St. Leonards. On Tuesday, in the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Crawford in London, the prisoner went to Mr. Crawford's house at about eight o'clock, and the prosecutrix answering the door, he requested to be furnished with a piece of string to tie up his dog. She, seeing that he was intoxicated, attempted to shut the door; but the prisoner forced his way in and entered the drawing-room, where he roughly took hold of the prosecutrix and attempted to drag her toward a sofa. In doing so she was bruised on the breast and on one of her legs. She escaped from him, and the prisoner left house, and she informed a man named Detmar, who was at work in the garden, of what had occurred. Shortly afterward Lord St. Leonards returned to the house and requested to be given his short clay pipe that he had left on the drawing-room table. Mr. S. Crawford stated that he had received an excellent character with the prosecutrix, who had conducted herself in the most satisfactory way since she had been in his service. He had been previously cautioned against Lord St. Leonards, and his acquaintance with him was of the most casual character, as he had never seen him before the previous Sunday, when he walked towards Twickenham with His Lordship, who entered his house to take some refreshment, and whom he could hardly get rid of.

BRITISH GAME.

Crusade Started Against the Great Preserves of the Noblemen.

A London cablegram says: A new land reform is being agitated in Great Britain. It has for its motto the dictum, "The game preserves must go." The organization of a society is proposed to secure laws to compel the cultivation of all lands suitable for agriculture and unnecessarily withheld from tillage in England and Scotland, for the purpose of "making Great Britain more nearly self-sustaining and less dependent upon American and other foreign markets for cereals, fruits and vegetables." The movement is aimed chiefly against the immense preserves for deer, grouse, partridges and pheasants in Perthshire, Argyllshire and Inverness-shire, in Scotland and in Yorkshire and all over the west coast in England. In these shires such proprietors as the Duke of Argyll, the Marquis of Breadalbane, Lord Willoughby D'Eresby, Mr. Williamson of Lawers, and Mr. James Duncan of Benmore, each hold many thousands of acres, which are kept fallow solely to provide sport for aristocratic huntsmen. These preserves furnish princely incomes in rentals to their proprietors, and it is pointed out as an iniquitous and absurd inequality in the laws that these lands, aggregating hundreds of thousands of acres, do not pay a shilling of taxes towards the poor rates, while the farmers and householders are taxed more heavily in consequence.

Latest from Ireland.

On April 26th Dr. Riggs, medical officer of the Armagh Union for a lengthened period, died at his residence in Armagh.

Mr. Wm. Millar Kirk, owner of Keady and Darkley Mills, county Armagh, died on April 30th at Gorey Park, Wexford.

At the Killarney Presentment Sessions on April 30th the project to construct a railway from Headford to Kenmare was approved of.

The will of the late Earl of Chesterfield has been proved, the personal estate in England and Ireland exceeding £4,500. Mr. Alex. M. Stewart, J.P., is the principal legatee.

On April 28th, in the nail factory of Queen's Bridge, Belfast, Edward Shaw, 18 years while working at a machine called the washer, had his arm caught in the belt and almost torn from the socket. He died shortly after.

At Limerick on the 3rd inst. the tenants' interest in two farms was sold. In one case a farm of 65 acres, held under lease at a rent of £112 10s., was sold for £2,250; in the other a farm of 85 acres, also held under lease at a rent of £111 9s. 6d., was sold for £2,000.

When a dog belonging to John Speer, of Sea Isle City, N.J., gets hungry, he goes to the beach and digs clams. Mr. Speer says that when the dog paws out a clam he tosses it into the air so high that the fall will break the shell.

"Yes, her father kicked me out of the house, but I got even with him," said a Philadelphia youth. "In one week I sent three book agents to interview him."

LATEST FROM WINNIPEG.

Lively Times Among the Indians—Another Discovery of Gold—A "Detective's" Ruse.

Another gold find is reported from Rat Portage.

Robe, proprietor of the Theatre Comique, has absconded, leaving his troupe penniless.

The stone cutters are still on strike. Both employers and employees are determined not to give in.

The Temperance Alliance met to-day, when reports favorable to the passing of the Scott Act were received from different sections of the Province. A mass meeting will be held to-night.

A Winnipeg, Man., despatch says: Indian Head telegram: One of Piapot's runners passed here to-day going to the Crooked Lake, Long Lake, Indian Head and File Hill reserves to rouse all the Indians. Things are beginning to look serious. It is generally expected that there will be trouble at Sundanaes.

T. P. Dey, an alleged detective, has been arrested at Calgary, charged with having victimized several persons by pretending to start a cattle ranche and borrowing money on the strength of it. He had a blank book of Canadian Pacific Railway passes, which was taken from him. He is from Ontario, his name being assumed.

A Winnipeg despatch says: Mr. Owen E. Hughes, of Stobart, Eden & Co., an old trader from the West, arrived last night. He pooh-pooh's the sensational reports sent east regarding Indian troubles. He says Pieapot is tired of bacon and flour, and being hungry, as usual, and his people suffering from scurvy, he went where he could get fresh fish and also to participate in the sun dance. He anticipated no trouble whatever.

Letters patent of incorporation have been issued incorporating W. T. Benson, Alfred Patrick, A. P. Patrick, Edward Baynes, Robert Walsh and Alma Baynes as the Mount Royal Ranch Company, limited. Capital, $50,000.

Hon. Mr. Norquay arrived last night. The Legislature assembles on Monday.

Latest Northwest News.

The Winnipeg stonecutters' strike continues.

The Portage paper mill has recommenced operations.

Calgary calls herself the Denver of the Northwest.

A 13-pound pike was caught by an angler at Brandon.

A Post-office Saving's Bank will probably be opened at the Portage on the 1st July.

Early sown wheat in the Portage district is up, and is in a flourishing condition.

W. J. James and Victor Robertson, barristers, of the Portage, have formed a partnership.

Jacob Falconbridge, formerly of Whitby, Yorkshire, died suddenly yesterday from the effects of drink.

A man, supposed to be Craig, the escaped prisoner, was brought into Winnipeg from the far West last night, and proves not to be the man.

The White Mud river and Stony creek are literally swarming with fish, and fish spearing is the order of the day.

Selkirk boasts of having more unpainted houses than any other town of its size in the Dominion. Hope it's the same with girls.

The North American Contracting Company have completed the construction of the C. P. R. line from Calgary to the thirty-third siding, and handed it over to the company.

A number of actors induced to come to Winnipeg from New York to play in the Standard Theatre, now closed, are penniless. They will be given a benefit next week to enable them to return home.

At Neepawa the market quotations are: Wheat, No. 1 hard, 70c.; frozen, 45c. to 50c.; oats, 20c.; potatoes, 30c. to 40c.; butter, 22c. to 25c.; eggs, 20c.; wood, $2 50 per cord; beef, 10c. per pound; fresh pork, 8c. per pound.

One gets a splendid view of the section of the great rocky barrier from the Mounted Police barracks at Calgary. The snow-clad cones and sierras look only a dozen miles distant, but they would still be that distance with a hundred miles thrown in.

A Broadview special says Piapot has sent runners to the Crooked Lake reserves summoning all the Indians to the sun dance, saying if they fail to come he will consider them enemies and declare war against them. They will probably go.

A Westbourne telegram says: Extensive prairie and bush fires are raging in this neighborhood with considerable loss to settlers. W. H. Taylor and H. Wolf were burned out last evening. Their barns, granaries, houses and contents were totally destroyed. Loss, $3,000; no insurance.

GIGANTIC ICEBERGS.

Some of the Perils that Navigators of the Atlantic Have to Meet.

A St. Johns, Nfld., correspondent telegraphed on Saturday last: A gigantic iceberg, borne upon upon the Arctic current, entered the Bay of St. Johns this morning, and now spans the Narrows, foreclosing, to the eye, all ingress and egress; still, it is distant near two miles from the harbor headlands. The steam tug Mason, with a party of excursionists on board, steamed round it this afternoon, and occupied, without a stoppage, exactly one hour and two minutes in the circuit. Seen from the elevated signal station it shows eleven small lakes on its almost level top surface, and two beautiful cascades tumble down over its sides. Its western end is ashore on George's Ledge. A mammoth iceberg, estimated at not less than seven miles long, passed south of few days since, forty miles distant as seen from the block-house over the harbor of St. Johns.

Dar neber wuz a man so smart dat dar wan't somebody else smarter.

Brooklyn patrol waggons are to carry stomach pumps for suicides.

The mills of the gods grind slowly, but satisfaction for all the mean things said about the policeman will come around in time. The Supreme Court has just reinstated two New York policemen dismissed five years ago, and has ordered their back salary to the amount of $5,000 to be paid to them.

Latest Scottish News.

The late Mr. W. Cunningham, writer, practised in Coldstream for over fifty years. He was greatly esteemed in that vicinity.

Mr. Thomas Gibb, the oldest inhabitant of Markinch, died on the 28th ult., aged 90 years.

Colonel Hicks, who was married the other day to Miss Legertwood, daughter of the Sheriff-clerk of Aberdeen, has died suddenly while on his marriage tour.

Mr. Charles Dalrymple, M. P., has accepted the invitation of the Mid-Lothian Conservative Association to contest the county in the Conservative interest.

The Duke of Roxburgh has been appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Roxburghshire, in room of the late Duke of Buccleuch.

The other night three young children were found sitting on their door-step in Port Glasgow. There were no food, fire nor light in the house, and their mother was dead and their father had been sent to prison.

An Alloa minister has just been giving his views on this text: "As the partridge sitteth on eggs, and hatcheth them not; so he that getteth riches and not by right shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool."

The announcement that Mr. Gladstone will visit Mid Lothian in the autumn has been followed by another intimation of importance. Lord Salisbury will also go to Scotland in the autumn, and will address a Conservative meeting in Glasgow.

The other day while a woman in Gourdon, Kincardine, was cleaning a small size skate, of the species known as a "thorny," she discovered in its stomach a plain gold ring, bearing the Hall stamp, but no other mark

The following inventories of personal estates have recently been given up: James Shepherd, druggist, Aberdeen, £24,553; John Fraser, bootmaker, Aberdeen, £18,160; James Tullock, shipmaster, Aberdeen, £6,847.

Margaret Georgeson, 65 years of age, was found on the 4th inst. in the room in which she lived at Woodside. She is believed to have died of starvation. There was scarcely any furniture in the room, and no bed of any kind.

In compliance with the wish of the congregation of Dingwall Free Church the remains of the Rev. Dr. Kennedy were buried on the 1st inst. within the shadow of the church where he had ministered for forty years. About 6,000 people were present.

A CALIFORNIA SENSATION.

A Midnight Intruder Who Tickles Females' Feet.

The worthy citizens living in the suburban districts of South San Francisco and Butchertown are greatly excited at present, but their excitement amounts to almost nothing when compared with their indignation. The peace of their homes has been suddenly shattered by the advent of a crank in their midst, and all the efforts of Officer Bennett and the other policemen stationed in that district have thus far been unsuccessful in ferreting him out. When the neighbors meet in the morning the first question they ask one another is, "Whose feet were tickled last night?" The cause of their uneasiness can be briefly explained. Shortly after midnight a few weeks ago a gentleman living with his family near the slaughter-house was awakened from his sleep by the piercing shrieks of his daughter, a young miss of 16 summers. He grabbed a revolver and hurriedly ran to her room, in the expectation of meeting a burglar. The girl was almost dead from fright, and in broken accents she narrated to her father the cause of the outcry. She had been rudely awakened from her dreams of innocence by a tickling sensation in the soles of her feet. When she opened her eyes she saw, by the aid of the pale moonlight, which was struggling through the bed-room window, a masked man standing at the foot of her bed. She shrieked, and the intruder sprang through the window, out into the yard, which is a few feet below, and made his escape. The father at first thought that the girl had been dreaming, but the cold night air wafted up from the bay, soon made him realize that the bed-room window was open and the adventure a reality. He closed the window and sat down on a chair to cogitate on the strange affair, when his teeth began to chatter. He started off for his own bed, to continue his meditation, when he discovered that the front door was open. He closed and locked the door, and when he reached his bed-room he found his wife closing the window in the room. A hurried investigation showed that all the windows and doors on the lower floor of the house had been opened by the midnight prowler. The next day the police authorities were notified of the nocturnal visitor. Scarcely a night passes now but that some female is awakened by the fiend tickling her feet. As soon as the victim wakes up the man makes his escape, either through an open window or door. In every instance the prowler opens all the doors and windows in the house before he proceeds with his deviltry. The man wears a wide brimmed hat, carries a dark lantern and has the lower portion of his face concealed by a towel or cloth. He never steals anything, or at any rate nothing has been missed from the houses visited, except in one case, where a towel was taken. It is probable that the fiend forgot his disguise that night and took the towel to use as a mask. A few nights ago a married lady felt the prowler tickling her feet. She quickly lit a candle, which the intruder as promptly blew out and then jumped through an open window. The officers have been searching for him and he seems to be aware of that fact, for he always selects a victim at a distance from where the officers are stationed. Unless he is caught in a short time the fair lassies in the locality infested by him will be compelled to wear their shoes in bed to prevent their having their sleep disturbed. Of late cows have been stolen from stables in the vicinity, and some of them have afterwards been found shot. Of the others no traces have been found, but whether the cattle stealing is a part of the programme carried out by the "feet tickler" is not known.—*San Francisco Call.*

The reason that all men honor love is because it looks up, and not down; aspires, and not despairs.—*Emerson.*

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Domestic Jottings that will Interest the Fair Sex.

DRESSES AND HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

Where Strawberries Reign.

As the strawberry season is at hand, a few ideas regarding the disposal of the delicious berry might be timely. Here is one of the best recipes for strawberry shortcake: One pint sifted flour, one-half teaspoonful salt, scant; one-half teaspoonful soda, measured after pulverizing; one full teaspoonful cream of tartar (omit if sour milk be used), mix together and sift two or three times; one quarter cup butter, one cup sweet or sour milk, or cold water. Rub in the butter, or melt the butter and add it hot with the milk, gradually mixing and cutting with a knife, and use just enough to make it of light spongy consistency. Either bake on a griddle or in the oven. When baked tea-open and spread each half of the cakes with softened butter. Put half of the cakes on a hot plate. Mash a pint of strawberries, sweeten to taste, put a large spoonful on each cake; then put another layer of cakes and whole berries, well sugared. Serve with cream.

Strawberry Charlotte.—Line a bowl with strawberries and fill with Bavarian cream. The cream is made up of one-quarter box gelatine, one-quarter cup cold water soaked together. Whip one pint of cream till you have three pints of the whip. Boil the remainder with one-third cup sugar, and when boiling add the gelatine. Add one teaspoonful vanilla. When the mixture is cold add whipped cream.

Strawberry Sherbet.—One pint berry juice, one pint sugar, one pint water, juice two lemons, one tablespoonful gelatine. Or, one pint preserved fruit, one cup sugar, one quart water, two lemons, tablespoonful gelatine.

Trivialities.

The stained-glass craze in fashionable households is waning, and the opinion of intelligent people in that wholesale imitation killed it. Mourning papers bordered with real crape are already voted "common" because most prized by people whose delight is to make an exhibition of their grief and sorrow. Ecclesiastical clocks for bedrooms are the newest. They are made of olive wood in the form of a cathedral, and in the steeple is the clock, sweet chimes designating the hours. Sunshade handles suggest that the designers' fancies have run riot. Such a variety has never been seen, and there is everything from the owl perched on a bough to the good-sized pug sitting for a photograph. Glass salad bowls, with compartments underneath for chopped ice, something after the butter-dish style, are among the new things imported. The idea is not a bad one, and will no doubt be appreciated by epicures. Very natural are the artificial Easter lilies in pots now used for household decoration and at some fashionable weddings. At a little distance it is hard to say they are not genuine.

Some London Hair-Dressing Styles.

The fashion of arranging the hair still wavers between the classical knot and the coiffure a la Chinoise. The time of the former is no doubt passed, and the Chinese way of brushing the hair from the back up to the top of the head will effectively banish it when summer comes with its sultry days. The arrangement has, besides, this advantage in its favor, that it is far from being unbecoming. A loose-coiled knot at the top of the head fastened with a few glittering steel pins or held up by a high Spanish comb or tortoise-shell is well enough; the airy curls on the forehead add to the charm; but as tournures, gloves and other parts of women's apparel have grown during the last few years, there is some danger that the coiffure, too, might also take to growing in height—which would be a pity.

Pretty Ornaments.

I will tell the girls a cheap way to make two or three pretty ornaments. To make pretty paper mats, get two sheets of tissue paper of contrasting colors. Cut each sheet across where it is folded. Cut each of these pieces in two, making eight pieces in all. Fold each piece across the longest way four times, making it eight double and an inch or more in width, according to the size of the paper. Place four of the pieces, alternate colors, and "weave" the other four across them. The braided or woven part to be in the centre of the strips. Fasten the braid with a needle and thread, then cut the ends into fine strips, the smaller the strips the prettier the fringe. After cutting the fringe lay the mat on a table, take a damp cloth (merely damp) over your hand and rub the fringe round and round, then rub it round between your hands, this makes it crinkle up. Paste a piece of stiff paper under the mat and they are lasting and beautiful. The moths do not eat them, and a shake will dislodge the dust.

Take warm red (knit) woollen shirts. Cut them in strips as wide as ordinary dress braid, and knit them on needles the size of a lead pencil. The rugs can be made very beautiful by making a centre-piece, then knit strips of six or seven stitches long enough to go around them. The material is in every household, old veils of any color, bindings, etc.

To Make a Pretty Hand-Bag.

Mark the centre of a silk handkerchief or square of silk with a pin, then fold over each corner toward the centre, fastening them down with a stitch or two. Next gather all around, leaving a narrow heading. Two rows of gathers a little way apart make a place for the drawing strings, which must be drawn in. Then take out the stitches which held the corners. White lace pleated around the top looks pretty, or fringed out ribbon instead of lace. Put tassels or bows of narrow ribbon on the four corners that hang loose.

Hints to Housekeepers.

To Write upon Terra-Cotta Tablets.—Dip the clay tablet in milk, and then dry. When this is done you can write upon it as easily as upon paper.

A Cure for Sore Throat.—Take a teaspoonful of black currant jam or jelly; put it in a tumbler, and fill the tumbler with boiling water. Take this several times in the day, and drink whilst hot.

For Chilblains.—Take a turnip; boil it with the skin on; then take out the pulp, and beat it up, and add to it half a teaspoonful of grated horseradish. Lay this on a rag, and tie it on to the part affected.

Sago Jelly.—Put half a pint of water on the fire, to which add a tablespoonful of lemon juice, an ounce and a half of sugar, and a little lemon rind; let it boil till it looks quite clear; then pour into a mould; when cold it is ready for use.

Sugar.—As a matter of economy, many house-keepers use brown sugar for cooking, but the additional moisture which it contains more than equals the difference in price. Granulated sugar is the purest sugar for ordinary use, while pulverized is better for meringues and frosting.

Digestible Biscuits.—Take one pound of brown flour, then put it in a basin; add a pinch of salt; put two ounces of butter in a saucepan; add to it half a pint of water, and make it boil; mix it with the flour, and beat it up until it is quite stiff; then roll it out with pastry-cutters, and bake ten minutes.

Ham Steaks.—Cut some slices of raw ham, and put them into a fryingpan with half a teacupful of water. When the water has boiled away, and the stakes—which should be turned—have become a light brown, dredge them with flour, and pour over them the following sauce: Take a teacupful of milk, put it into a saucepan with a small piece of butter, a teaspoonful o mustard, and a dash of cayenne. Let it just boil, and pour over the ham.

Hominy and Milk.—Take a quarter of a pound of hominy; put it in a saucepan with a quart of water; then put it on the fire and stir until it becomes quite thick and absorbs all the water; then put it in a basin for use; then take one large tablespoonful of the prepared hominy, put it in a saucepan with half a pint of new milk, a teaspoonful of castor sugar, and a little grated nutmeg; make all boil; pour into a basin and serve hot. This is a very nourishing meal for an invalid.

Mean Honesty.

George came running into the house one day, sobbing as though his heart would break.

"Why, Georgie!" exclaimed his mamma, starting up in alarm, "whatever is the matter?" [Note—She said, "*what* is the matter?" but she would have said "whatever" had she known that her words would be seen in print.]

"I have done a naughty, mean thing," cried George, his tears breaking out afresh.

"There, dear, don't cry! Tell it all to mamma."

Thus urged, the little fellow told his story with downcast eyes and with many a mighty sob. He had found a pocketbook with ever and ever so much money in it. It had a name in it which showed him that it belonged to Mr. Soulless, the rich merchant, who lived five miles out of town. George had walked out to Mr. Soulless' place and found the owner in a state bordering on distraction. He had lost his pocketbook with nearly $1,000 in it. Said George:

"When I gave him the pocketbook he was *so* glad! He didn't notice me at first, but after counting the money and finding that none was missing he said I was an honest boy, and handed me a five-cent piece, telling me to keep that for my honesty."

"And oh, mamma!" continued George, "I can't help thinking what a mean little honesty I must have when it's only worth a nickel."—*Boston Transcript.*

They Speak for Themselves.

PICTON, Feb. 17.—This is to certify that I have used Polson's NERVILINE for rheumatism, and have found it a valuable remedy for all internal pain, and would greatly recommend it to the public.—N. T. KINGSLEY.

LEEDS COUNTY, Jan. 9.—We are not in the habit of puffing patent medicines, but we cannot withhold our testimony as to the great value of Nerviline as a remedy for pain. We have pleasure in recommending it as a never-failing remedy.—REV. H. J. ALLEN, BENJ. DILLION, and many others.

P. A. Churchill states: There seems to be no end to the success of Nerviline. I send you a few testimonials, and can send you plenty more if of use to you.

Sold by all dealers in medicine.

The Minneapolis *Canadian-American* says that Mr. B. HAGAMAN, owner of a bonanza farm, at Wheatland, Dakota, formerly resided in Burlington, Ont. He went to Dakota five years ago and is now the owner of about 40,000 acres of choice land.

What! Limping Yet?

Why should you go limping around when *Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor* will remove your corns in a few days. It will give almost instant relief and a guaranteed cure in the end. Be sure you get the genuine Putnam's Corn Extractor, made by Polson & Co., Kingston, for many substitutes are being offered, and it is always better to get the best. Safe, sure, painless.

How often has adversity developed strength, energy, fortitude and persistence that prosperity could never have produced? How often has the dignity of self-support and self-respect been gained when the dignity of an external prop has been removed.

—Last year's fashions are out of date, but last year's friends are still our own. This is why Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound never looses favor; every lady who knows its worth (and who does not?) feels that the kindly face of Mrs. Pinkham is that of an honored friend.

A very pretty custom, which has since been followed, was introduced at a fashionable wedding recently at the Savoy Chapel Royal, London. The choir formed a procession down the aisle to meet the bride and then walked back before her to their places in the church chanting a bridal hymn. A moral support is thus given to a faltering girl who has usually to walk up the aisle the observed of all observers, and overhearing, perhaps, remarks on the redness of her nose, or some defect in her dress, not very reassuring. After the ceremony, the choir again formed in procession and walked before the bride and groom down the aisle to the entrance gate.

You dream that it lies with us women to govern the destinies of men. We may indulge them with episodes, while they treat us to our destiny.—*Elizabeth Stoddard.*