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A CERTAIN YOUNG WIDOW.

She is modest, but not bashful, and easy, but not bold. Like an apple, ripe and sweet. Not too young, nor yet too old. Half inviting, half repulsive. Now advancing, and now shy. There is mischief in her dimple. There is danger in her eye.

She has studied human nature. She is schooled in all its arts; As the mistress of all hearts. She can tell the very moment When to sigh and when to smile. O, a maid is sometimes charming. But a widow all the while.

Are you sad? How very wretched. Will her handsome face become. Are you angry? She is wretched. Lonely, friendless, fearful, dumb. Are you married? How her laughter. Silver-sounding, will ring out. She can lure, and catch, and play you. As an angel does a trout.

Ye old bachelors of forty. Who have grown so sage and wise; Young triflers of twenty. With the love-look in your eyes. You may practice all the lessons Taught by Cupid since the fall. But I know a little widow all. Who can win and fool you all.

I WILL GO TO MY FATHER.

CHAPTER I.

A little old fashioned chamber, and a little old fashioned occupant. A prim tiny room full of quaint treasures and fanciful unorthodox devices; a prim tiny head at the window, full of quaint treasures. A young girl, with a fanciful unorthodox idea. A head which the moonlight touched rather sadly, as Nettie O'Neill raised the blind and looked up; beyond the unremoved white blinds opposite; up beyond the thin on which the moonlight glistened white and wet; up beyond the pale moon itself, arching the strip of deep unorthodox blue which hung above the narrow quiet street.

Perhaps the wistful, childlike eyes could read no answer there to the one great question which troubled them, when Nettie drew the blind down again, as languidly as she had raised it, there was a great sadness on her small face. She moved her dressing table back into its place before the window, lighted her candle again and, standing in its light at her narrow chest of drawers, opened her desk.

Each thing had to be taken out separately that it might be put in properly afterwards, "old maidish" as Nettie used to say.

First the little square embroidered case with "postage stamps" worked elaborately on one side, and containing the one stamp still, which had been put into it at its manufacture. Then the beaded penwiper, the ink-stains on which were so scrupulously confined to the black cloth, leaving the scarlet dazling and unsporting. Then, a little flat bag of thin white silk, which she had bought at the black letters across it; and that was set aside too, for in it there lay only four letters, and though they were neither yellow nor crumpled nor worn, they were within six years as old as the girl who handled them so tenderly. Then came a second little bag, of blue silk, labeled "unanswered" in white letters, very bulky in appearance, for there lay but one unanswered letter in it.

This Nettie drew out and slowly opened. It was but one sheet of note paper and barely filled, yet it took her a long time to read. Perhaps she was not used to skimming; or perhaps the lady like epistles over the delicate, tender affectionate terms were new and delicious to her who lived on those four letters which her dead mother had written to her fifteen years before. Perhaps she was trying to read in the straight black lines (as she had tried to read in the glimpses of moonlight heaven) an answer to that doubt which puzzled her.

Almost unconsciously she turned back when she had finished, and read the last leaf aloud to herself— "As I say, dear, I should have urged all this before, but I waited until you should be of age, that no one might have any right to interfere with your decision. We are waiting to welcome you, Nettie, my child, and longing to do so. Write and tell me when to send for you. I should not like you to come alone." Your cousin Graham, who has not much to do at home here, will be very glad of the excuse for a journey to you. Do not send me any scribbles, for I cannot listen to them.

"Nettie, love, do you think your mother would have countenanced the life you lead? I do not care to mimic the matter. If it is your father, he has lost all claim to your gratitude or love by his own conduct. I do not care even to remember that you are alive in a wretched way, alone living in a wretched way, alone with a man who is very rarely at home with you, and who, when he is, is very rarely sober. If he is not, your mother would have wished, my dear I, is this the life

you can bear to think she looks upon? I know her choice would be that you should come to me. My heart bleeds for you, my poor little lonely girl, and I can feel how she would rejoice to see you here at Greenfield with us. Who so proper to be a mother to you, Nettie, as your mother's only sister? Come and be a daughter to me, and a sister to Graham, the only cousin you have in the world; and in coming you will do the only good that is in your power to the man I am ashamed to call your father. Remember that any scribbles you may urge I shall look upon as insults to your mother's memory, and I only expect to hear how soon Graham may fetch you.

"I am, dear child, your own loving aunt," ELLEN LYTTERTON.

There was a long silence in the room after Nettie had read these words aloud to herself, then the candle was snuffed with a quick, resolute little hand, and Nettie, still standing against the high drawers, began to write the fifth answer she had composed to this letter, which had only reached her two days before.

This one should be posted; this should be the real one; but— How hard it was to know exactly what to say! She wrote, slowly and carefully, that she could not go; that her first duty lay with her father, asking who was to live with him, or care for him, if his own daughter would not? Whose duty or pleasure, (put in rather a gulp), ought it to be, if not hers?

She signed her name with many words of love and gratitude, read the letter over twice, folded, sealed and addressed it, put on the low stamp out of the perforated case, and tried to think of infinite vacancy, and so fell asleep. But trying to think of nothing is the very way to think of everything; and the puzzled little head upon its pillow was so far from sleep as the thoughts were from sanity. The words could keep so wide and wakeful in the moonlight. Their lids might have been bad fitting ones for their perfect incapacity for keeping closed, while the quick ears were open to every sound. They need not to have been very quick though to catch the sound that broke the silence at last; a peal that clashed through the hoarse with a peremptory impudence. Nettie sprang out of bed and slipped on her dress with nervous, hurried fingers, then ran noiselessly down stairs and unlocked the door as the bell startled the silence once more.

"Have you kept me waiting long enough yet?" was the sneering greeting she received, as she passed her, steadying his steps with difficulty.

Such a stonching, pitiable figure, despite its height and good proportions. Such a mean, unmanly face, despite its regular features and soft gray hair, that it did well to hasten out of the shaded moonlight into the gloom of the little passage, where the girl stood with bare feet on the worn floor-cloth.

"You told me never again to sit up for you, father. You said you should have my key."

"Did I?" he drawled, fumbling in one pocket. "Then why didn't you give it me?"

"You took it with you," said Nettie, quietly, as she stooped to bolt the door again.

"Don't argue with me. Where's my supper?"

"It's just one o'clock," the girl said, very low, without raising her head; surely you have supper?"

"That's no business of yours. Get me some hot water."

"Not to-night, father," whispered Nettie, coming nearer to him. "The fire is out, and it is so late for me to light another."

For an instant, a silly softened look stole over his face at her touch. In the next it was gone, and something he little guessed of was gone with it. He gave her an impatient push.

"Get the girl up to light it, then, and you go to bed. I never can see what you are in the house. Call the girl up, I say, and let me have some hot water. You seem to me to forget who is master here."

"Would you rather I remembered that, than that you were my father?" asked Nettie slowly.

"I would have you remember I am both," he answered, trying to strike a light, but failing in the attempt, and as he did so, muttered words which made Nettie shudder, as the chill night air had no power to do.

"Well, what are you staring at?" "I was trying," said the girl, turning her eyes slowly away; "I was trying to do as you say—remember that you are both. I will light the fire, if you really mean it to be lighted."

"Am I a fool to say it if I do not? Make haste about it."

The great clock of St. Martin's was striking two, when Nettie stole

back into her little bedroom—dark now, for the moon had glided away to look on other sights—and the two heavy strokes vibrated through her like two heavy beats of her own heart, as she stood hesitating a minute, on her cold bare feet, the hard, wicked words she had been listening to ringing round her in the darkness.

Striking a light, she opened her neat little desk once more, and began to write. Neither slowly nor carefully this time, and putting in no word that was unnecessary, no love, no word of thanks. She only said:

"I will come—I will follow this letter at once. No need to trouble any one to fetch me. I have thought, and thought, and perhaps it is best."

Your grateful, NETTIE O'NEIL.

Nettie did not read this over. She folded it hastily, moistened the gum, and fastened the envelope with much unnecessary pressing. Then she found she had no stamp, her only one having been put on the long letter she had written three hours before.

Never mind, she could take it off in the steam of the kettle in the morning, only—suppose she should be tempted to post the first! It would be safer, perhaps to destroy that one, preserving only the stamp; so she tore the elaborate, carefully written letter into fifty fragments, and burnt them all. Then once more the small face lay upon its pillow; and the dawn, creeping in with its cold, sweet smile, found the wide, desolate eyes, searching—searching still!

Twelve! St. Martin's bell tolled each stroke loudly, while the sunshined danced around the gray old tower, and even made a few slight, fickle attempts to reach the low windows of the formal houses below, and lo! in cheerily.

Twelve o'clock, and Nettie sat at the table waiting breakfast, her hair and her dress neat and prim as ever; her work in one idle hand, as she leaned over the prettily arranged breakfast table and softly moved with the other a spray of fading flowers, what is now generally conceded, that a strictly prohibitory law cannot be enforced in large and compact towns and cities.

During the first year the Commissioners issued 664 licenses of all classes, thus slightly reducing the number of places where liquor was sold. Since then the Commissioners have been able to further reduce the number, so that not more than 450 licenses are now issued.

There is now barely three-fifths of the number of saloons in the city that there was when a stringent prohibitory law was upon the statute books and a determined effort made to enforce it. Another gratifying feature of the workings of the new law is that the number of arrests for drunkenness in the city is steadily on the decline. There were about 900 less arrests for 1876 than in 1875. In 1876 the City of Providence paid into the State Treasury for licenses the sum of \$51,660 06, and the total amount thus paid in during the year was \$60,736 39. With such a showing one is not likely that Rhode Island will abandon her licenselaw.

Drinking Places in our Large Cities.

New York, with a population of approximately 1,000,000, has 5,700 saloons, or one to every 175 of its inhabitants. Chicago, with nearly 500,000 population, has about 2,000 saloons, or one to every 250 inhabitants. Boston, with 500,000 population, has only 1,200 saloons, or one to every 291 inhabitants. Cincinnati, with about 325,000 population, and its large German beer-drinking element, comes pretty close to Baltimore, with 1,100 saloons, or one to every 155 inhabitants, and Philadelphia about 800,000, 2,700 saloons, or one to every 206 of its inhabitants.

How the Deaf may Hear.

About 1728 a merchant of Cleveland, named Finsen, who had become almost totally deaf, sitting one day near a harpsichord, while some one was playing—and having a tobacco-pipe in his mouth, the bowl of which rested accidentally against the body of the instrument—was surprised to hear all the notes distinctly. By a little reflection and practice, he again attained the use of this valuable sense; for he soon learned—by means of a piece of hard wood, one end of which he placed against his teeth, while another person placed the other end on his teeth—to keep up a conversation, and to be able to understand the most whisper. The effect thus described is the same if the person who speaks rests his stick against his throat or his breast; or when one rests the stick which he holds in his teeth against some vessel into which the other speaks.

What this country needs just at present is a sure and speedy process of killing the man who never thinks of shutting the door behind him.

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

Restriction vs. Prohibition.

EXPERIENCE IN MICHIGAN AND RHODE ISLAND.

About the same time that the Michigan Liquor Tax Law went into effect, a license law went into operation in Rhode Island says the *Detroit Free Press*. In the latter State, as in the former, it succeeded a strict prohibitory law. The intent of the law was to regulate and restrain the sale of intoxicating liquors, so as to produce the traffic to the smallest amount. In speaking of its workings, the Governor of Rhode Island, in his annual message, says: "For the previous year the so-called 'prohibitory law' had been in force. Many of the provisions of this law were harsh, tyrannical, and unpopular, and the attempt to execute it by a body of paid officers, the State constabulary, proved an utter failure. Many of the proceedings were unwise, and resulted, in one instance at least, in nearly bringing our State authorities into violent conflict with those of the United States. This proceeding, by a recent decision of the Supreme Court, was declared to have been illegal, and a verdict for damages was given against the officers." The attempt to enforce the law filled our courts with hundreds of what were called 'liquor cases,' and to such an extent as to practically exclude for a time the other business interests of the State from obtaining a hearing.

It was at this time that the Board of License Commissioners, under the License Law, were appointed in the City of Providence. The Commissioners, on entering upon their duties, found over 700 places in the city where intoxicating liquors were sold openly and in defiance of law, "this proving" the Governor says, "by a year of active and energetic trial, what is now generally conceded, that a strictly prohibitory law cannot be enforced in large and compact towns and cities."

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Seven Wonders of the World.

The seven wonders of the world are among the traditions of childhood, and yet not one person in a hundred can name them. They are the pyramids of Egypt; the temple of the walls, and the hanging gardens of Babylon; the Chryselephantine statue of Jupiter Olympus, the most renowned work of Phidias; the temple of Diana at Ephesus, which was 220 years in building, and 425 feet in length, by 220 feet in breadth, and supported by 117 marble columns of the Ionian order, 60 feet in height; the mausoleum at Halicarnassus, erected to the memory of Mausolus, the king of Caria, by his wife Artemesia, 354 b. c.; the Pharos at Alexandria, a light-house erected by Ptolemy Soter, at the entrance of the harbor of Alexandria, 450 feet high, and seen at a distance of 100 miles; and lastly the Colossus at Rhodes, a brazen image of Apollo, 105 Grecian feet in height.

Learn to Creep Before You Walk.

One of the evils of this age is the haste with which young men rush into business on their own account. Formerly, young men worked their way up slowly from post to post, and seldom attempted to carry on business for themselves until they had become acquainted with it. There were great advantages in this course. They learned business thoroughly; acquired habits of economy; and were satisfied with small gains; but a great value on safety; distrustful speculations; and so, as a rule, went on prosperous to an old age of competence.

Of late years this process has been too often reversed. Young men dash into business on credit; launch out into all manners of expense; speculate rashly, and end in bankruptcy.

The old adage, "Learn to creep before you walk," is one to which everybody should pay heed. It is especially applicable in these times. We like to see young men enterprising; but they should combine caution with their energy.

A ship is decked for use, a woman is decked for ornament.

Cash vs. Credit.

We received a circular from a grocer, a few days ago, which read as follows: "If you want to save from 15 to 30 cents on the dollar, and not pay for what other do not pay for, (as you do now if you buy where credit is given), trade with us. We keep the best quality of goods, and buy and sell for cash only."

Perhaps the percentage of saving named in the above is rather high, but the whole theory of this difference between the Cash and Credit systems is plainly set forth. By the one, you pay the dealer a fair profit on the goods you buy, and nothing more; by the other you pay a price sufficient to cover not only that, but to make up your proportions of all losses incurred by trusting those who fail to pay, whether from want of means or inclination. Besides this, there is the expense of extra help, as the salary of one man as book-keeper and collector must be added to the uncollectable debts, and the value of the use of money during the time that good and collectable accounts are left unpaid.

Ask any one of the numerous tradesmen with whom you deal, what is the amount of his losses during the year, and if you have not given the matter a thought before, we will venture to say you will be surprised at the figures. We have seen bills made out by some of the largest wholesale houses in New York, "Terms, 30 days—one percent discount if paid within ten days." That is the same as one per cent, for the use of the money ten days, or at the rate of eight or ten per cent a year. There are many houses who sell on sixty days' time, who make a rule to deduct five per cent for cash, which is paying at the rate of thirty per cent a year interest. But they only get the money from their best customers, and it is plain that those who will give sixty days' notes, rather than have the deduction for cash, must be working on limited capital, and there is at least a possibility that at the end of sixty days they will take sixty more before paying.

We are inclined to say a word relative to the want of strict honesty and the failure to keep their word as to pay in the commercial world, but perhaps it would be considered out of place. Our thought when commenting this was to induce our readers to look at the effect of the credit system on themselves, in their individual transactions, that they might see, first, how they can save money by paying cash for their purchases, and secondly, how they can save more by dealing only with those who, like our friend the grocer, "buy and sell for cash only."

Rural New Yorker.

The Effect of Oil in Calming the Sea.

A very interesting account of the application of oil to mitigate the rigging of the sea, and so relieve a vessel in a storm, has been received by the *Boatbay Mail*, in relation to the King George vessel of 1490 tons, which left Liverpool in June last for Bombay. When off the Cape of Good Hope she encountered a heavy gale from the north-west, which continued for some time. Tremendous seas broke over the ship, bursting in the main-hatch, washing away the watch-houses and boats, snatching in the front of the cabin, and destroying the captain's and officers' stores and clothing. A young lad, one of the crew, was carried overboard, and it was impossible to rescue him. The gale lasted for nearly five days, and though the vessel stood it very well, it was impossible to repair any of the damage, as the waves were continually sweeping her deck. At length the chief officer, Mr. Bowyer, suggested the trial of throwing oil upon the water. Two canvas clothes-bags were obtained, and into each two gallons of oil were poured, the bags being punctured slightly, and hung one over each quarter in tow of the vessel. The effect was over the poop and sides of the ship, but several yards away, where the oil had spread itself over the surface, and around the poop in the wake of the vessel, was a large circuit of calm water. The crew were thus able to repair the damage with greater ease, and the ship was saved from the tremendous shocks which she had previously received.

A Good Story.

A county gentleman living near Oxford had occasion recently to engage a new butler. Among the applicants was one with the very highest testimonials, and strongly recommended by an acquaintance of the gentleman. A personal interview was arranged, but somehow, notwithstanding the undeniable proofs of respectability and unimpeachable witness to character furnished by the applicant, the gentleman took a violent dislike to the new butler's appearance. There was something in the man's face and manner which produced a strong feeling of aversion in him, but he could not tell him this, and he was at his wife's end to know how to frame an excuse for declining his services.

At last a brilliant idea struck him. After a series of enquiries had elicited a series of most satisfactory replies, and there seemed to be absolutely no flaw in the man's character, the master asked gravely, "Can you swim?"

"Well, no, sir, I can't," was the reply of the unsuspecting butler.

"All! then," said the master, shaking his head, "I'm afraid you would do for me. In this neighborhood the floods are out for nine months out of the twelve, and my butler, as a rule, has to dive into the cellar for every bottle of wine I drink. A man who could not swim would be useless to me. Good morning!"

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