

NORTHWEST ITEMS.



But a grief
Mild and brief
Unfolds in the heart of Good Cheer.

A sorrow breathes over the lips,
The eye with a mist-drop is peared.
A sigh for humanity's slips,
A tear for the ill of the world.

For the deep
Can not sleep,
And shadows all through it lie curled.

But the woes of the world are its gains;
Let gladness come back to the lips;
Let praise come in by the wains,
Let blessings go out by the ships.

And the gay—
Let them pray,
Grapes are better for gentle frost nips.

Do not sorrow; give thanks, Life is growth;
Sweet Good is built upward by ill;
The Spirit of Life works in both;
Sharp Need is the parent of will,
And the stings
Error brings
Prick us up the invisible hill.

Imperfection is one of earth's laws,
A principle rousing us here;
In the yoke with perfection it draws
Mankind to the end of the sphere,
And one pain
Turns to gain
In the gentle old age of the year.

A. M. KERR.

A LADY DETECTIVE.

And How She Exposed a Man's
Duplicitous.

(Written for this Paper.)



MISS ALICE GARTH rang the street-car bell with a sudden and nervous twitch. She was not in the habit of looking out of the window when riding, but perhaps a kind Providence (she afterwards thought) directed her to do it on this and a former occasion.

She alighted almost before the car came to a halt, so anxious was she to fully satisfy herself regarding what her eyes had seemed to see. She bound her thick blue veil tightly around her face, and was glad she had worn her new fall suite, hat, wrap and dress, for she must not be recognized.

It was the calm evening of a mellow October day, and Miss Garth was returning home from calls upon some friends in the suburbs of the city. The cars had just made a curve into Lewis street, which bore a rather unsavory reputation, on account of its gambling dens, saloons and brothels, where her eye caught sight of Mr. Arlandt (at least she feared it was he) coming out of a large and fashionable gambling house.

"Still, a hundred persons might look like him," came as an afterthought, as she followed the gentleman almost with a feeling of fear and shame. But she must know. Once before, as intimated, upon happening to look out of the car window on this same street, she thought she had seen Mr. Arlandt entering one of these gilded haunts of vice, but she had dismissed the matter as unworthy the gentleman, and called it simply a case of striking resemblance.

But encountering the same thing again, she resolved to sift it. It might be vital to the happiness of her dear friend, Kate Weldon, and her much-loved brother, Will.

You see, Will and Kate had once been engaged—also Alice and Kate's brother, John—making quite an inter-family affair of it. The double wedding was to have transpired the coming Thanksgiving; for on that happy occasion more members of both households could be brought together than upon any other.

The young ladies had been busy at their wardrobes during the early summer, and many preliminary arrangements had already been made in anticipation of the joyous event, when there came a break between Will and Kate.

"I don't know how it happened," explained, or tried to explain, Will to his sister Alice, with whom he always talked over his love affairs and private matters, "but I think Kate was a little jealous at first, because I waited on Miss Mallby while she was away; and so, to spite me, she accepted the attentions of Mr. Arlandt to the theater, and some concerts. Of course, we talked it over; but, both feeling a trifle hurt, neither would boast the flag of truce, and so it is."

"I am so sorry, Will," said Alice, her sisterly eyes filling with tears.

"So am I," acknowledged the young man most sorrowfully. "I haven't had a good night's rest since I loved Kate, and it will kill me," the

works at Dubuque. No person was injured and the building was but slightly damaged.

Charles J. Pfaff, a well-known business man of Grand Haven, while talking with friends recently drew a revolver and fired it into his body. He was dead before the rather dubious inquiry.

"Can't go too often or she would go back on me," was the reply.

"Plenty of money, eh?"

"Plenty."

"Well, then; I advise you to walk pretty straight, or you'll get left," was the wholesome monition; "I hope you don't go there in this condition, old fellow; and as Alice caught their breath in passing and glanced at their glazed eyes, she fully understood what the "condition" was.

"No, indeed; I don't indulge only on off nights," was the response, "and not very much then. Came near losing my place" once on account of it, and since then been a little careful; but, you see," with a burst of confidence, doubtless due to his intoxicated state, "I proposed to Miss Weldon last night, and I'm so deuced afraid she'll miteen me, I'm taking a little to brace up. Of course, she isn't the only one I've got in tow, but she's got the most cash, and if she accepts me I'll let the other flicker; I'll doubtless know to-morrow night."

As soon as the gentleman (if this is not a misnomer) had passed, Alice turned quickly and followed them again, closely enough to overhear their conversation. She was shocked and chilled. Could it be possible that her dear friend, Kate, was receiving the attentions of such a fellow—a gambler, drunkard, and quite probably a libertine?—and that a crisis between them was so imminent? The thought almost stunned her!

A few steps further the two chums entered one of the numerous gambling parlors on the street, and her detective work could be carried no further. She now, for the first time, had an almost benumbing sense of its risky and perilous nature—on such a street, unattended and following two such characters!—and she shivered and blanched with fright as she quickly hailed a home-going car.

It would be difficult to portray Alice Garth's state of mind as she tried to make herself realize what she had seen and heard. Sometimes it seemed as though she must have dreamed it all—it was so startling. But before she had finished the ride, she was in a more rational frame of mind. She knew there was no mistake about the matter, however terrible it appeared, and she had come to the sober conclusion that she had a duty to perform in the matter—hard and difficult as it might be.

"I must see Kate; I must see her to-night," and, passing her own door, she rode a few blocks further down the avenue to Mr. Weldon's.

"Why, Alice Garth!" exclaimed Kate, "how glad I am to see you. I've been so lonely all the evening. But isn't it late for you? Why how pale you look, and you are trembling," coming under the chandelier of the reception room. "Has any thing happened?" and she put her arm with old-time fondness about Alice and led her to the lounge.

"No, let's go to your room, Kate, where there will be no danger of interruption, for I have something very important to tell you," trying to be composed.

She was glad Kate was so approachable to-night, more like her old self, for that was favorable. As the girls, or perhaps we should say, young ladies, sat on the bed, that place so sacredly dedicated to youthful confidences, in spite of all maternal edicts—the soft rays of the full moon falling upon them through the open shutters—Alice seized Kate's hands warmly in hers and said kindly, but with evident pain, "Kate, I saw and overheard something to-night, that I think you should know, for it has to do with your life happiness. It is concerning Mr. Arlandt."

It was not difficult, though the moon had just then passed behind a feecy white cloud, to discern the agitation and pallor, not to say confusion, that overspread Kate Weldon's bright, pretty face, at the mere mention of her admirer's name.

"And I have faith in you to believe," Alice continued, "that you will not accuse me of wrong motives in attempting this unpleasant task or duty." Then she disclosed all that we have related to the reader.

Long before the recital was finished, Kate's face was hot and burning with mortification—her heart beat loud and fast, and she wished she could drop out of sight forever. She was dumb with shame and surprise. Soon after Alice began, she had dropped her head on her shoulder, but now she tore herself from her friends' tender embrace, and buried her aching head with its throbbing temples in the pillow.

"Oh, Alice," she at last broke out in sobbing agony, "I am disgraced beyond recovery—I wish I were dead!"

"Don't say that, Kate," implored Alice, with unaffected sincerity, "for we are glad you are spared to us—doubly spared, we hope."

Again there was silence, broken only by the moans of poor Kate, in whose heart the varied and pent-up emotions of months were now giving way.



ALICE TURNED QUICKLY

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—It is said that Colonel Cody's share of the profits of the American Expedition was \$1,000,000. What a terrible farce I have acted, and but for you I might have wrecked my whole life!"

"Why, Kate, did you really think of accepting Mr. Arlandt?" was the almost breathless inquiry.

"I — did," she hesitated, "I have been so unhappy since Will and I separated, I was ready to do any thing."

"I HAVE BEEN SO FOOLISH."

Then he seemed a very nice young man and quite fond of me, but oh—oh—!" Still I have been so foolish and, and, I deserve my fate!" and her distress was truly pitiful.

"Let me help you, Kate, all I can," said Alice with endearing tone.

"It's all over now—it's too late," was the heart-broken reply.

"I don't understand you. You can not still think of having more to do with Mr. —," but a deprecating, recoiling gesture from Kate prevented Alice from repeating the already hateful name.

"No—never!"

"And tell me truly, do you still love brother Will?" something impelled her to ask.

"After all that I have done, I do not wonder you ask; but could you look into my heart of hearts, you would know that I have ever been loyal to him—I have, Alice, but I can never look him in the face again—never," and the most visionary projects of isolating herself from the world, filled her distressed mind.

Alice's heart beat light at this, for she was sure a day of reconciliation was not far distant—"brother Will need not go away and the double Thanksgiving wedding could take place as planned."

But this happy climax was not the main thought, as she tried to comfort and soothe her tempest-tossed friend, the genuineness of whose sorrow and humiliation she could not possibly doubt.

Alice soon felt she ought not to leave Kate, and sending a note by a servant to her parents, explaining her absence, she remained with her.

As the long night wore on, poor Kate grew more and more distressed, and at last flighty and irrational. Alice was alarmed, and naturally blamed herself. "Yet, if she dies to-morrow," she found herself reasoning, "it would be better than to marry such a miserable fellow."

It is not strange that quite a severe attack of brain fever followed, for Kate had been living an unnatural, excited life for some time, and now came the reaction. Friends and relatives hung over her in prayerful anxiety, and it is hardly necessary to state that her old lover, Will Garth, was one of the most constant and faithful watchers by her bedside. And when the delirium was at its height no one could soothe her like him.

When the sufferer recovered, no one could have told when or how, so quietly but surely does nature do her work, they found their hearts perfectly re-united.

And on the coming Thanksgiving Day, there was the happiest of double weddings in the handsome parlors of the Garth mansion. Both family circles were complete, a noteworthy event in itself, and all hearts were overflowing with gratitude—two in particular.

The happy couples stood under two beautiful evergreen arches, bright with choice flowers. While the minister pronounced the solemn marriage service and everything attested the good and executive ability of those who did the planning of the affairs.

After congratulations, carriages took the party to the home of the Weldon's where a most delicate and delicious supper was served.

"And we owe all this joy to you, Alice, it was your detective service," said Will and Kate as they affectionately kissed her, smiling through their tears of happiness.

"And everything has come off, sis, just as you planned," laughed her brother a little mischievously.

ESTELL MENDELL.

—Bessie, what scratched your arm in that way?" "Mamma, I hit it with the cat."—Exchange.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The person who holds spite must believe in a queer God.

There is no part of the housework that is as exhausting to the housewife as the sweeping of carpets, and, to the majority, sweeping day is the most dreaded of all days of the week. On this day, in most houses, the rule is to commence at the top, and sweep, each room in order, to the bottom of the house. Once a week each room in the house must receive a thorough sweeping, whether it really needs it or not. A chamber that is occupied but a few hours in the day and night does not require to be swept as often as the family sitting-room, which is in constant use; yet it receives a thorough sweeping each week, the same as the much used family-room. Every thing must be removed from it and the carpet thoroughly brushed. There is no necessity, unless the chamber is used very much, of sweeping it thoroughly oftener than once a month. To be sure, where there are children, there is, usually, more sweeping to be done than where the room is occupied by adults, owing to the litter that the little ones make, from paper, bits of cloth, etc., although they may be in the room but five minutes. A slight brushing once a week is all a chamber needs, and for this kind of work a good carpet-sweeper is much better than a broom, although for sweeping thoroughly, the broom still stands at the head of all other inventions. For a slight brushing of tapestry, Brussels or any of the heavy grades of carpet, the carpet-sweeper does the work as well, is less fatiguing to use than the broom, and raises but very little dust. For the latter reason it is particularly useful for an occasional brushing of a room in which are many small ornaments, as they need not be removed, and this, alone, will save a good many steps and considerable time.

To sweep a room thoroughly, all articles that can be conveniently removed take into another room. Cover up all ornaments and furniture remaining in the room, roll up the curtains as far as they will go, close all the doors and open the windows. If the wind is strong and blows into the room, it will be necessary to open the windows at the top only. Take Indian meal and dampen it so that it will adhere nicely together, but be sure that it is not too wet. Test it by squeezing it tightly in the hand, and if every particle is damp so that it clings together, and yet no water can be squeezed from it, it is ready for use. Scatter it all over the carpet, using plenty of it, and being careful not to step on it when sweeping, as it may make an ugly spot. With a good broom commence to sweep at one corner and work toward the door going out. Come over that you should sweep with the wind, but as this is usually done to carry off the dust, there is no reason for this rule applying where the Indian meal is used properly, as it gathers up the dust, leaving very little to rise and settle anywhere. After the room has been swept thoroughly, take up the meal and dust in a dustpan. Never brush the sweepings of any room into the entry or another room, but take up each room's sweepings separately. Close the door after taking up the sweepings, and allow what little dust there may be to settle before dusting any thing. Going over the carpet with a cloth or sponge wrung out tightly of ammonia water, rinsing it often, will brighten the colors, but unless the carpet is very dirty the meal will do the work very well. To be sure, where there are any grease spots, the meal will have no effect on them, and the ammonia is just the thing. Saturate the spots with pure ammonia, and rinse off with clear water. This usually succeeds in removing them. Some prefer to encase the broom in a damp cloth when sweeping, claiming that it does not raise any dust. This is a very good plan for an invalid's room, and in this case can not be too highly recommended, but for a living-room it is not good. In the first place, the corners and along the walls the carpet must be swept with a dry broom, for if not, every where the damp broom touches on the paint, after being on the carpets will make a muddy streak, which will necessitate a wiping of the mop-boards after sweeping. Then, unless the cloth is taken off and rinsed often, the damp dust becomes mud, and must of a necessity be worked back into the carpet. There are other objections, and on the whole the plan is not a good one even for light sweeping. A carpet swept in this way will look dull and muddy, and though it may keep the dust from settling on the furniture, it will in a short while ruin the carpet as far as looks are concerned. Too promiscuous sweeping of the carpet should not be indulged in, for it wears out both the carpet and housewife.—Boston Budget.

—Don't blame the cow for kicking if you will persist in milking when the finger nails are long.