

A Pair of Bloomer Girls in Wisconsin.

In our rambles "Up the Chippewa," in Northern Wisconsin a few days ago, we chanced upon a husky, brown-faced girl plowing out a twenty acre corn-field. She was rigged in a snuff-colored "bloomer," with a straw hat and good, honest number seven boots. She was evidently all girl, and working with a will. She had been in the field since early morning, taking long strides behind a spirited horse, with the lines thrown across her shoulder, and both hands firmly at the plow. It was just "good fun," she said, to take care of twenty acres, and away she strode through the long rows—turning corners, kicking over sods, and never a rest or "whoo," till the dinner horn sounded across the field. On inquiry, we learned that our cornfield heroine was one of two New Hampshire girls, who migrated with their parents to Eau Claire some dozen years ago. They bargained for a quarter section of wild land, and set about making a farm. There were no boys in the family. The girls were young, bright, healthy and full of pluck and vigor. Their mother dressed them in bloomers and gave them their choice, indoors or out. From the start they took the place of boys; they were not afraid of dust or sunshine; they never complained; they never tired out; they seldom missed a day from the fields throughout the seasons, from earliest spring to latest autumn. As they grew older, they grew tough and wiry, and were alike ready at handling teams, breaking colts, building bridges, opening roads, fording creeks, clearing meadows, loading hay, binding grain or mounting a hay stack. In good seasons they cut eighty tons of hay and eighty acres of grain. In rainy seasons they had to bring out their grain by hand, carry it on poles, knee deep through sloughs and marshes. In winter they attended school and took care of sixty head of cattle, drawing hay from the swamps in the coldest weather. They hired no help except at harvesting. They did their own trading and marketing, and could never be outwitted by any of the store chaps at Eau Claire. The girls are now 18 and 20 years of age, and have done more farm work than any two boys in the county. Their father, beginning with nothing, is now rich, with broad fields and thousands of ready stamp, mostly achieved through the grit and energy of his daughters. During the present season the girls have "let up" a little on the out door accomplishments, and are only cultivating twenty acres of corn for their own consumption. They have built them a spacious residence. They attend balls and parties, go troutting, drive their own teams, and occasionally give the boys a chance to show their spunk and gallantry. Of course such girls are objects of excitement and interest in their neighborhood. They are looked upon as "capital prizes," and young fellows are ready to break their necks for them. They are now right in their fleshed bloom, with thoughts of love and romance, and what may seem strange, they are neither coarse nor masculine in appearance. They are simply robust, truth, sprightly girls, with resolution in their eye and plenty of good sense in their heads. It may be interesting to female politicians to know that these Chippewa Valley girls never whim or decline about their "rights" or "position." They show tough work to be done—work most difficult in our Western country—and nothing odds of nobody, they went bravely on their moseys and did it. They have made no noise about it. They have not pledged at conventions. They have never sat with Miss Anthony or Lucy Stone Blackwell. They have fairly won a much higher seat among the leaders of American industry.—*Evening Press, cousin.*

Lower Branch—Every body over us to Long Branch who had a mind to, and has got plenty of money.

Before starting in is adviseable to draw all your funds out of the bank.

Take advantage on mortgage on your property.

Collect all the money that is owing to you.

Borrow all you can of your friends.

You will find no difficulty in spending it all in Long Branch.

Long Branch demands of beach and hotel.

The hotels run along the beach, and the beach runs along the hotel.

It is on a map of Long Branch, just draw a circle like as long as you like, and suppose the hotels are on one side; the beach on the other.

The beach at Long Branch requires a philosophical study at long time.

You are wonderful sight.

The gaudy, over-butterflies have changed into shabby looking girls.

And where ever where, have those lovely figures girls?

There is no destination about the hotel.

They take you in in the indolent table manner.

They are wonderful hotels, some of them are very good.

There you go to them.

The length of the buildings is to be compared to nothing, unless it be the length of their tails.

They are not to be compared to nothing.

They are not to be compared to nothing.