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THE HAPPY HOME:

The Musband's Triumph. BY MRS. A. J. DUNIWAY.

AUTHOR OF "JUDITH REID," "ELLEN DOWL AMIE AND HENRY LEE," RTC., ETC.

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CHAPTER XIII. The weeks and months rolled on. Bit

log, bitter winter-such a winter as Margaret had never encountered upon the Pacific Coast, although she fancied she had seen cold weather at Stonehenge sometimes-a winter that set its sun dogs high in the heavens and pletured its aurora borealls in the northern sky as a grand conflagration of immensity, dragged its tedious lengths over the Belitown moor, locked the river securely in the fastnesses of mighty ice-gorges, and drifted the snows, like low mountain ranges, along the fences in the clearings. frost-bitten toes of little Chris, her-And yet Mrs. Armstrong hovered between life and death. The nine days' gossip that had succeeded her marriage with a wealthy denizen of a far distan portion of the Republic, having subsided years before, everybody except the bereaved widow Jones, whose mother heart yearned after her missing lambkin, as only a mother's heart can yearn, and poor jilted Joseph Samson, who had for years cherished the most unreasons ble hope that every passing day was bringing him yet nearer to the consumeverybody except these had well nigh forgotten that Sally Jones junior had ever existed. Or, if they thought of wealth and luxury, in a land of verdure and sunshine, where sauds were literally golden, and riches were to be gathered without the asking. But the gossip occasioned by her strange return—penni-less, deranged and sick—endured throughout the winter.

Neighbors were very kind and very officious, as they are almost sure to the knows everybody else's business far bet-ter than they know their own.

Margaret was the wictim of many per secutions in the way of questionings from those who came to wait upon her step-mother. Lackily, the revelation made by Mrs. Armstrong to Mrs. Jones in the "dream which was not all a dream," which she had related to her prior to relapsing into a condition of coma, from which it seemed impossible to arouse her, had so far put the mother

When the child had found it impossible to longer hide the true state of life at Stonebenge farm from the knowledge of the anxious widow, she freely revealed to ber all that the reader knows concerning it, which, in addition to Mrs. Armstrong's "dream," fully couvinced her that her daughter, in yielding to mere mercenary considerations in breaking her troth with the one lover of matrimonial alliance with a man of wealth, had made a mistake, bordering closely upon the verge of crime.

Ab, reader, the day is coming, in the history of inevitable progression, when any other reason for the consummation of conjugal relations than the heavenbe everywhere held as a crime. But the sulting Samson. natural punishment that follows commission of such crime will not then be one whit greater than now. We all know that men and women are often wrecked for life upon the altar of matriunder a system of superstition that lays the responsibilities of the consumma-tion of an unnatural alliance upon the. Immustable, as though God, the Infulte, would desecrate the boly ordinance of an honorable union by libelous counterfeits upon marriage as it ought to be, and as it surely would be, were human laws and human knowledge in my daughter." accord with the perfect laws of nature

Among the throng of watchers who nightly congregrated in the home of ing half frightened to death. widow Jones to take regular turns in caring for the wants of the suffering in- sions, Margaret ?" queried Joe Same valid, Joseph Samson, the lilled, was always to be found. How he slept, or when, or where, was a mystery no one

He would spend hours at a time in playing with Fred and Chris, the two babies of Mrs. Armstrong, who grew

very fond of him.

Margaret was at first very sky, repell- like that again. Old Ike Armstrong's a ing ble advances toward a close acquaint- regular heathen !" ance with a maldenly reserve that became her finely; but good Mrs. Jones, who really loved him as a son, gradually, won the confidence of the girl, and the woman, losing all control of her temmany were the conversations indulged per. in by the three over the cooking stove in by the three over the cooking stove in the back kitchen, as the mother, unsponse, while Fred and Chris clung to abused continually; and I might hope, if it wasn't for having so large a family, Margaret's tongue, the many incidents Prolonged shrieks of agony were heard to get of her daughter's life, in the protected in the room of the sick woman, and a time." "God hath Joined her" to one who has

ge New Northwest.

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stigma upon His "wisdom, power, jus-tice, goodness and truth."

Dr. Snodgrass, the physician who at-

tended Mrs. Armstrong, was a delicate little soul, who very much prided himself upon being a finished disciple of Esculapius. He had graduated at a western rural college of many pretensions, and his garnered store of learned widely he had mistaken the case in his phrases proved to be overpowering evidence to his illiterate associates at Belltown that he fully understood his pro-

Margaret, who had never been ac quainted with any other physician ex-cept Dr. Harding, who had always eschewed a vain parade of his attainments, conceived a very strong dislike to Dr. Snodgrass, which was overruled by everybody except the faithful friend. Joe Samson. She was busy one day by the kitchen fire trying to warm the frost-bitten toes of little Chris, her-Samson entered, riding Fred upon bla back, where the child was perched at his own request, enjoying the fun to

"What do you think of the doctor by this time?" asked Margaret, as she alternately chafed Chrissy's toes and blew warm breath through her hands upon the little feet.

"I call him a stuck-up fool," was the decided reply. "If Mrs. Jones will dismiss him, and the pack of meddling somehow the little life, with its frail busy-bodies that fill the house constantly tenderness and feeble helplessness, called building of a home in which the widow's with confusion, and leave you and me up the latent mother-sympathies of its daughter was to be installed as queen- alone with her mother to manage the grandmother's soul and awakened in case, I believe she'll recover; but, mark her a desire to preserve the little waif my word, she'll never get well-at least from death. It was a daughter, too, she'll never get her reason while this and as such awakened memories of the her at all, it was as of one living in house is turned into a tavern and the days agone, when her own daughter lay fires into log heaps around which every- as helpless as this birdling, in the arms body gathers to see who can whisper of a doting father, long since gone to his

> "Why don't you say all this to grandma?" asked Margaret. "You know I the house of visitors, and indirectly rehave no authority here. If I had, I'd suited in sending the learned physician doctor and all, and we'd see if time and she who sat silently beside the sufferer's rest and good attention wouldn't bring bed, stroking her pale hair caressingly, her back to her senses."

> "Pears to me getting married ain't beauty. always what it's cracked up to be," haid "Mamma, you never saw anything Dinah, coming in from the clothes line, like it! Its eyes are clear, and delicately up to be. I'd rather be a cullud gal an' you remember the shells?" stay single forever, than to be Mrs. Somebody a few years and be sent home them. Where's Fred and Christy?" used up like Miss Sally."

upon her guard, that she was enabled to kitchen from the sitting-room, carry- blankets like white kittens in a rug. ist Margaret greatly in parrying the log in the tongs a red-hot brick, which You'll see 'em to-morrow if you won't cool for use about the invalid's bed. "The Lord sends affliction upon them He loves."

> "Then I'm sure I don't want him to love me!" exclaimed Margaret.

"Mercy/" ejaculated Mrs. Jones, who standing in the doorway and watching the hot brick as it lay steaming on the snow, was in position to her every word. dreamily. "What a little heathen you are, to be her youth for the purpose of forming a sure! Take care that your turn don't come next!"

"There's no danger if the Lord don't love me, according to your reckoning," laughed the child.

The steaming brick was transferred to the custody of an attendant, and the anxious mother lingered near the stove Her mind ain't strong enough yet to ordained one of an exalted affection will for the purpose of confidentially con-

"What would you do for her if you had full say-so ?" she asked ear-

"I'd dismiss that popinjay of a doctor the first thing, with his pompous airs d in ignorance and perpetuated learning, and, in his hands, it is a dan-

> "But I'd offend the neighbors, and they're very kind. I hate to dismiss the doctor, too, for he's doing all he can for

"Let 'em get offended au' be darned !" said Margaret.

"What /" exclaimed the widow, look-"Where did you learn such expres-

kindly. "I don't know. From the boys at ome, I guess. But 'darn' lan't swear-

"It is nothing else !" said the good woman excitedly; "and I'll send you to I found a clump of daisies. As soon as the poor-house and get somebody else to the baby came I said, 'If Sally's willing,

"You're his mother-in-law !" retorted

the child with spirit. "Leave the house this instant!" erled

matrimonial condition to which woman feeble wall broke upon the cars of the

With the birth of a tiny new life into made her life a mockery of lies. Dear the troubled attachethere of the Jones' to me, and would have loved me, and I reader, we never touch upon this ques-

nst mind of the suffering mother. the libel upon God and His loving kind. Amid the rush of cares that thronged I deserve my fate! Poor Joe !" and the

makes such matches, fastens as a human Jones, the incipient quarrel between stigma upon His "wisdom, power, jus- berself and Margaret had been nipped in the bud.

Mrs. Armstrong awoke to conscious ness with her mind tolerably clear. Excessive illness had left her very frail in-

widely he had mistaken the case in his charge, very demurely bowed himself out and returned no more. He doubt-less found it necessary to practice his great learning in some more appreciative quarter.

To the surprise of Mrs. Jones, Margaret understood the duties of nurse to both mother and child most fully.

Joe Samson, houest fellow, retired his bachelor quarters with another load upon his heart, inwardly cursing the day of his own birth, and bewailing the fickleness of all women. The invalid was made comfortable

and for many hours was allowed to slumber peacefully, only being sufficiently disturbed at intervals to prevent the insidious inroads of the sleep that knows no earthly waking.

Reason had dawned upon the mother with the first feeble wail of the little babe that prematurely, and all unbidden, came into the world where there emed no earthly room for it.

But barbarism and civilization alike adapt themselves to circumstances, and reward.

It was Margaret's order that cleared say 'get out ! s-cat !" to every meddler, to more enlightened quarters. It was and praising the baby's marvelous

where she had been banging up the wet blue as the sky in April, and its little linen with, mittens on. "Pears to me hands and ears look as pink and pure as gettin' married ain't what it's cracked the shells we saw at Panama. Don't

"At Panama? Yes. I dreamed abou "In bed and asleep, mamma, dear. "We are all liable to sickness," re- made 'em white nightgowns of cantonsponded Mrs. Jones, as she entered the flannel, and they're tucked away in

> "Where's your father ?" "Out hanting, I guess. Did you know your mother was here ?"

"I dreamed about it. When did she "While your fever was so bad, you didn't know ber. Shall I call her in?" "Yes," and the invalid closed her eyes

Margaret glanced at the sleeping baby with a longing look, as if loth to leave it, and hastening to the kitchen, exclaimed, "Mrs. Jones, do come in just

now. Mamma thinks she's in Stonebenge, and she wants to know when you got there and how you went. Just humor her fancies and praise the baby. reason about anything else but the baby. I made her believe father was hunting. Be very careful about what you say to her."

"Why, child, where did you get you wkill 201

"From sister Mattie, I guess. Mamms mony, made legal by statutes which are and big words. He's imbibed a little was like this when Fred was little, only not so bad, and Mattie wouldn't let any-

Mrs. Jones was quick to act upon th suggestions of Margaret.

With her face wreathed in sympathetic smiles, she entered the chambe kissed her daughter lovingly and called attention at once to the little babe that lay upon the pitlow in a wilderness of laces and ruffles, the very same which twenty-seven years before had enveloped her own wee body within the same chamber walls.

"Is it a girl, mother ?"

"Yes, dear, and would you believe it? was steaming a hot brick in the snow to-day, and where the snow was melted take care of the children if you ever talk we'll name her Daisy;' for you know like that again. Old Ike Armstrong's a daisies are so pretty, and such a com-

> "Mother, you may call her what you like. But I am sorry she isn't dead." The mother was inexpressibly shocked.

Why, my child?" she queried sadly, "Because the house is overrun with bly abuse myself!" children now. Freddy and Chrissy get to get back to you in Belltown, some-

"Poor child, poor child !" "No, don't pity me. I deserve my fate. Joe sameon would have been kind to me, and would have loved me; and I Joe was poor and old Ike was rich.

ness which the accusation that He and hedged the pathway of good Mrs. tears trembled on her lashes and then rolled down her pale cheeks lazily. Dipah appeared, carrying in her hands a bowl of delicate broth.

"Why, Dinah! where did you co from ?" queried the invalid; much in-

"From the kitchen, of co'se. Just drink this, honey ; it's jam up."

"It seems as though I were at home again! I wonder if I ever will quit dreaming !" she exclaimed as she drank sparingly of the contents of the bowl and dropped her head languidly upon the pillow. In obedience to a look from the mother, Dinah left them alone.

Mrs. Jones busted herself about the chamber, putting everything to rights, replenishing the fire and straightening the bed and pillows.

easy slumber, and when she awoke her but when you endeavor to straighten it angry bowling of the wintry wind and as in the steel.

"Has your father come yet, Mattle?" ueried the awakening sufferer. "Not yet," the mother answered,

keeping her face in shadow. knew we were all dying. The baby's a wife.' girl, did you say, Mattie?"

"Yes, a sweet little girl; and if you are willing we'll call it Dalsy."

lae I wish she'd come !" Controlling herself with a strong

fort, Mrs. Jones moved forward into the light, and bending over her daughter, kinded her tenderly, uttering soothing words of sympathy and love... "My darling child, you have not been

wholly dreaming. Your mother is with you. Here I am, my child. You have een very ill; but you are better now. If you will promise to be very quiet and not get excited in any way, I will tell you a story. Don't you know your mother ?"

"I'm afraid it's only another dream, And I have had so many. Let me put my hands upon your face.' Once upon a time, " began the mother,

a fair young young girl lived in Belltown. She was the only daughter of a widowed mother, and the village belle. Her mother doted on her and the girl of the earth in all sorts of positions, grew somewhat wayward. She had a Some were vertical, some slanting, and lover, too, this village belle, and he was poor, but honorable and industrious, for he looked forward to a time in the near once were flat, got up edgewise and in future when he should be able to claim all other ways. We must take their his bride and surround her with such word for it. There was nobody there to comforts as she had been accustomed to

"All went well until one day at a picnic in the Belltown woods, the young lady met an oldish man with plenty of money and large possessions. A widower he was, with a dozen chilfren; and the mother was alarmed ecause her daughter seemed to fancy sim. To make a long story short, the young lover was discarded, the old suitor was accepted, and the mother found her home left to her desolate, for its light had gone out and the deep shadows of loneliness stole over her

"Time passed, and letters came more and more infrequently, and always vague and unsatisfactory. Then they eased altogether, and the mother mourned her child as dead.

"One day in the wintry autumn, as the mother sat beside her lonely fire, a Me child rapped at the door. It was the step-daughter of the old-time village belle. The mother followed her to the wharf, where she found ber daughter body except necessary attendants, 'The patient is better off alone. We prefer not to have ber brain confused by company.'"

body see her for two weeks but herself sick and partially deranged, with fwo darling little boys beside her. The sick patient is better off alone. We prefer not to have ber brain confused by company.'"

body see her for two weeks but herself sick and partially deranged, with fwo darling little boys beside her. The sick woman was taken to the mother's home, pany.'"

and after weary months of pain and the pany.'" darling baby came to bless its mother and restore her poor, dazed senses. Do

"Oh, mother, is it you?" and the pale reature raised her thin hand to the maternal face and fluttered her fingers over the tearful cheeks.

"Yes, darling, I su your own dear nother, and you are safe at home with

Freddy and Chrissy and little Dalay."

truth when he said to Mattie, months efore, in the seclusion of Stonehenge barracks, "That woman detests that man. She needs the placing of a contineut between herself and him."

"Mother you spoke of somebody "Joe Samson #"

"Yes. Poor Joe! I treated him badly nce; but, oh, I did so much more terri-"Joe has been here regularly during

your Illness, my child." "Where is he now ?" "Gone to his home." "Is be is be-married?"

"No, dear; Joe Samson will neve marry. "Is Peg here?" "Who's Peg " "Peg Armstrong—old Issae's daughter. I thought I heard her scolding Chrissy."

"She is here, darling, but she doesn't

"When may I see Joe Samson ?"

"When you get well, my precious hild. You muen't talk any more now. Go to sleep. I'll take care of Daisy. Just rest easy and contented. You shall

never leave your mother any more." The recuperative powers of woman are wonderful. An eminent writer says that man's capacity as compared to woman's to recover from bardship of abuses, may be aptly represented by submitting pig-iron to the same treatment which you sometimes bestow upon refined steel. So long as the steel is not broken it will ply back to its place when the pressure is remoged; no matter how long or strong the strain upon it. But the iron does not possess this power. Mrs. Armstrong again fell into an Bend it and it will not always break. mother sat beside her listening to the the power of rebounding is not present

watching auxiously for her waking mo- Be that as it may, that balmy spring ments to determine whether or not the time brought fresh bloom to the cheeks awakening would be another dawn of of the long afflicted wife of Isaac Armstrong. Merry child voices resounded through the hoouse, and the inquisitive gossip of the neighborhood contented itself with shrugs of virtuous shoulders, and an occasional "I told you she'd rue "Dear me ! he'd hunt, and hunt, if he the day that made her old Armstrong's

[To be continued.]

The Garden of the Gods

"That sounds very much like mother's voice. I've been dreaming of her lately.

My! how the storm rages! Shut the door, Mattle, please. I wish I could quit dreaming about my mother; or of the famous mountain known as Pike's of the famous mountain known as Pike's Peak lies the "Garden of the Gods." It is a small vailey, just on the edge of the Rocky Mouriains, and is completely surrounded by a high, perpendicular wall of white sandstone. There are two entrances through this wonderful wall; one of them, the larger, is called "The Beautiful Gate." It is a narrow gap in a mass of rock more than one hundred feet high. As you enter you look over a valley fenced in on all sides with white sandstone; and, nearly opposite, at the top of a hill, is another small gateway, half concealed by a huge rock about the stre of an ordinary cotrock about the size of an ordinary cot rock about the size of an ordinary cot-tage. This mass of rock is so balanced on the edge of the slope that it looks as if it might jump off and go thundering down the hill while you look at it. The Garden of the Gods abounds with beautiful trees and foliage, and, towefug amid this loveliness, are some of the most extraordinary over such

of the most extraordinary, queer and fantastic shapes ever made out of rock. Ages ago, when this part of the world was in a state of terrible commotion, vast layers of rock were forced up out some were crisscross and mixed up gen-erally. Learned men say that was the way these layers of sandstone, which

Trees and shrubs, after a time, grew up around, and the disturbed earth had peace. Then came the mountain winds and the long autumn rains. The wind blew the sand against the rocks, which were so soft that you could dig holes in them with a strong jack-knife. The wearing of the sand and wind and water against these stony surfaces carved them into all sorts of wild and funny shapes. Ages and ages passed away, probably. Ages and ages passed away, probably, before these grotesque sculptures looked

as they do now:

Here and there among the trees rise up fautastic shapes like spires, towers and steeples. Some of the fanciful and steeples. names given these are "Montezuma's Cathedral," "Cleopatra's Needle," "Washington Monument," "The Cathe-"Washington Monument," "The dral Spires" and "Needle Rock."

But, of course, the half-human looking objects that gave a name to this curious garden are most likely to attract attention. The names by which they are known are as fantastic as the shapes are known are as fantastic as the shapes themselves. One, a figure of a woman, draped and standing mournfully alone, has many names. It is called "The Mourning Bride," "The Widow," "The Old Maid," and by other titles, any one of which may happen to stick to the pathetic figure, that might be called "Lot's Wife," only it is a pillar of stone instead of a pillar of sait. Then there is a huge water-worn bowlder, that looks for all the world like a gigantic frog in the act of getting ready to jump. You get tired looking at this stony frog. He seems just about to leap, but he never does. He has been in that position for I don't know how many hundred years, and he has not jumped yet.

has not jumped yet.
On one part of the wall, where the white sandstone is mixed with red, is a white sandstone is mixed with red, is a gigantic head of a buffalo. There is rests—horns, ears, postrils and all-glowering down at you, just as if it were a petrified mammoth buffalo's head stuck up there as a trophy, as the head and antiers of deer are sometimes hung up—trophies of the chase. Another singular group is "The Nun and the Seal." You will have no difficulty in "Where's Mr. Armstrong?"

"Thousands of miles away."

"Thank Goff?"

Thank Goff?"

Thank Goff?"

"Thank Goff?"

Thank Goff?

Thank Goff?"

Thank Goff?

Thank Go may it might be called "The Hight of Impudence." It is about fifty feet high.—St. Nicholas.

DON'T BE TOO CRITICAL-Whatever you do, never set up for a critic. We don't mean a newspaper one, but in pri-vate life, in the private circle, in society. vate life, in the private circle, in society. It will not do any one any good, and it will do you harm—if you mind being called disagreeable. If you don't like any one's nose or any one's chin, don't put your feelings into words.—If any made to suit oue taste, remember that. Take things as you find them. Even a dinher after, it is eaten, cannot be made any better. Continual fault-fluding, continual criticism of the conduct of this one, and the speech of that one, the address of the other and the opinions of tother will not make home the happiest place under the sun. If you are never the said with any one to the will be a second to the speech of the sun. pleased with any one, no one will be pleased with you. And if it is known that you are hard to suit, few will take

scold Chrissy. She's very kind to A Plucky Woman and her Persuasive

The incident I am about to relate came to my knowledge a few weeks ago while traveling in the interest of my business,

and if you think it worthy you can give it space in your paper.

The principal actors in this affair reside in a small town in Indiana, and are composed of the railroad agent, his wife, and a man that keeps a gambling den in the town, where a few selected friends meet to while away the leisure hours and chance their surplus cash—and, as will be seen, some cash that was not surplus—on the turning of a card.

A little less than a year ago the aforesaid railroad agent was let into the secret by which he could and did gain admission to the dear of the 17 mg. thenceforward he has contributed largely to the support of the same, while his wife and children have been left to sufwife and children have been left to suf-fer for the necessaries of life. From his first introduction, he, like the fabled "Bill Nye," played a losing game, and if his opponent across the table was not a "Heathen Chinee," he was too well schooled in the "ways that are dark and the tricks that are vain" for an unso-phisticated railroad man. Finding his own earnings insufficient to keen the own earnings insufficient to keep the game going, he took from the funds of the company three hundred dollars, and that like the rest, was soon lost. Being the money, they were not slow in find-ing out that he was a defaulter. The company was about to remove him from pany was about to remove him from the situation he had held in their confidence, when the rumor reached his wife's ears, and the truth revealed to her that he had not only been getting his wages (a thing he had denied to her), but had taken from the company's funds money that had been entrusted to his keeping and spent it. How she his keeping, and spent it. How, she did not know, but was not long in finding out, for she went at once to the of-

fige and begged him to tell her what he had done with the money. Knowing it was useless to try to keep it from her longer, he told her where and how he had spent the money. Without a word of reproach she took from the dask a loaded revolver, threw her shawl over her bead and shoulders, left the room and went directly to the "Dive" where her husband had lost the money. On entering, she found the proprietor alone, and in a yery few words made the object of her visit known by telling him that her busband had lost three hundred dollars there, and she wanted him to return it. He politely informed her that her busband had lost the money there at gambling, but he "could not think of returning it." Taking her hand from under her shawl, she presented the eard that she expected to win in the game, and with the revolver cocked his in face knocking at their door, and that he was the destroyer of their once happy home, and that nothing short of the money or his life would induce her to leave the her the determination to do all she threatened, with the revolver still cocked and leveled at his head, he cooked and leveled at his nead, no counted out the money. She took it, left the room, and feeling all was not yet done, she took the first train for —, where the officials of the road kept their headquarters. On arriving there granted her. She told them who she was, and what had brought her there, was, and what had brought her there, gave them the three hundred dollars, teld them if they would let her husband remain in the office she would assist him, and assured them their business should not be neglected in the future. To their credit lie it said they returned

her home with the assurance that for the present her husband should not be mestic duty, but performs the duties and receives the wages of a cierk in the office of her husband, and as she moves bout the office making herself useful, making out waybills and receipts, she is at the same time very ornamental, for along with her other attractions she is the happy possessor of an extremely beautiful face, and as I watched her over the top of the paper in my hand, with her little child standing at her Jesk in a big arm-chair, toying with her pencil, I thought she was the happlest wife and mother I had ever seen.—Correspondent Indianapolis Herald.

UNNATURAL FAMILY RELATIONS. There are many astonishing and few admirable features about the religiou of: the Latter-Day Saints; but, without stopping to discuss them all, it answers the purpose of this article to mention a circumstance which came under our nocircumstance which came under our no-tice a few days ago, says a Gentile pa-per of Salt Lake. It is a sample of many such cases in Salt Bake City and throughout the Territory. In a conver-sation with a liberal-minded young Mormon, the writer asked him if so and so of the same name were his brothers. Stopping a moment, as if to study a puzzle, the gentleman then spoke of several of his brothers and sisters, remarking at the close that these were all

"But are there more of your family whom you do not know?" we inquired; whereupon the party proceeded to ex-plain that his father, one of the foremost of the priesthood, has many women and also a great many children; that under the polygamous system boys and girls of the same paternity grow up to ma-turity without ever meeting each other. They are, therefore, not mere ordinary friends, but as much strangers to on another as though born in different States. Surely this phase of the king-dom is not to be emulated, although it may afford a solution to the deetrine of Brigham Young, that a mun may rightfully marry his own' sister, as has been done in Utab. Bringing children up in ignorance of their consunguinity might help to carry out the idea.

THE COMING GATE.—We have been shown a design of an upholstered front gate, which seems destined to become very popular. The foot-board is cushioned, and there is a warm soap-stone on each side; the inside step being adjustable so that a short girl can bring the line of any given more. her lips to the line of any given mous-tache without trouble. If the gate is occupied at 10:30 P. M., an iron hand ex-tends from the gate-post and takes the young man by the left ear, turns him around, and he is at once started toward home by a steel foot. The girl can, if she likes, set this part at a later hour than 10:30.

The Hew Horthwest.

Devoted to the Interests of Humanity.

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Correspondents Writing over assumed signatures must make known their names to the editor, or no attention will be given to their

A Pitiful Case.

In the jail in Salem, Massachusetts lies a young girl of sixteen, awaiting her trial for murder. She was put to work in a boarding house by her step-mother, and while there was seduced. Turned out disgraced, her child was been without a walcome anywhere. born without a welcome anywhere. When it was two weeks old she was directed by her step-mother to take it to Boston to becared for by public charity. The poor child, ill, bewildered, stunned, not knowing where to go, threw the baby into the dock. She then returned, waiting out-doors all night, that her mother might suppose she had staid in

But the dead baby was found, the mother traced, and the sad story all confessed—her disgrace and discharge from the place where she was employed. the poverty of her parents, the describin of the young father, and the descrate act of drowning.

She was arrested, brought before the

police court, waived an examination, and was then committed to the Salem jail to await her trial for murder by the

Grand Jury of the Superfor Court.
On the same day, Joseph Nicholson, nineteen years old, who was the father of the child, was brought before the same court, pleaded guilty, was fined \$35 and costs, and allowed to go at lib-

by a court and government all maseuline. Women say they have all the rights they want, and would not vote if they could; and men say they will protect us, and that we need not trouble

Meantime, this child of sixteen years, said to be of feeble intellect, is shut up in the one room in the jail which is set apart for female prisoners, with prosti-tutes for companions, without medical care which she greatly needs, awaiting her trial for murder.

At least one woman, with a merciful mother heart, is trying to provide something for her physical necessity. The mothers of Lynn and of Salem should take the case in hand, as women can, and see to it that at least proper physical care shall be given to her. One cannot help praying that the death-angel, kinder than men-made laws, could carry this weak, neglected child to the silent court where injustice is impossible, and where cruelty cannot enter. This case makes a new demand for public sentiment, which shall hold holds women, which shall pursue with added blame a man who selects a feeble-

minded child as his victim, with the fell purpose of leaving her to bear her shame alone. If sentence of feath is pronounced upon this child, there would be a grim harmony throughout if the \$25, paid by the father of the babe, should be used to build the gallows, and the seducer

should be the executioner of his victim When the ghastly spectacle was over, the gallows, with a card in large black letters setting forth the facts, should be sent to the Centennial Exhibition, where it should have a conspicuous place, as showing one phase of a masculine gov-ernment, which resolutely refuses to any voice in the laws they suffer under, or any jury trial by their peers. - Wore

Massacre of the Innocenta

There are many ways in which the? A massacre of the innocents is accom-plished. At this season of the year it is more frequently done by the exposure of the children, and more particularly of their limbs and extremities, to cold. of their limbs and extremities, to cold. A writer in the Boston Transcript gives the following description of what he saw in that city. The writer was walking at the West End in Boston, one bitter cold morning, and met a gentleman and a little girl, the latter perhaps four years old, the two being probably father and daughter. The writer says:

"The gentleman's dress was unexceptionable: a complete suit of broadcloth.

tionable; a complete suit of broadcloth, thick boots, surtout trimmed with fur, the collar turned up to protect the throat and face, for gloves and for cap, left nothing to be desired in the way of protection from the ley wind. The protection from the icy wind. The child's dress might possibly have been intended as an antithesis to the man's, and probably ladies would call it lovely. Beginning at the feet, the girl had on ankle-ties of blue Morsocco, with soles about as thick as ordinary wrapping paper; cotton stockings strained so tightly over its legs that the flesh was plainly visible; at the knees, a tape evidently secured the stockings to some garment above, but from the knee half way up the thigh the flesh was bare. A pair of drawers were evidently intended to protect the thighs, but what with starch and ornamental openwork, they might as well have been left at home, so far as correspond to the total part of the intended. far as carrying out that part of the intention was concerned. Around the waist were secured several white skirts or petticonts, boautiful in ormanentastood out at right angels to the body, and offered no protection to the abdo-men, which it was their office to warm. A silk sacque, very gorgeously trimmed, but giving no protection to the arms or throat, kid gloves (two buttons), a para-sol, and hat like an ornamented flower bed, completed the costume which was to protect that infant from as icy a blast t was ever my fortune to face. I was chilly with silk drawers, woolen stock-ings, broadcloth pantaloons, boots with soles three quarters of an inch thick, and beaver overcoat, and yet this baby was exposed to that cold with clothing insufficient for a summer's day. I presume the mother, when she sent her child out that day, thought there wasn't another in Boston quite so sweet, and unquestionably, so far as outward adorn-ment went, she was a success; but so far as protection was concerned, ahe might as well have been naked."

A little giff, while playing on a rail-road in Pennsylvania, a few days ago, got her foot so wedged in a frog that she could not release it. Her mother saw the predicament and heard an approaching train. She ran to the rescue of her child, but could not extricate the foot. The train came on, and although the en-gineer instantly applied the brakes, it was clear that it could not be stopped quick enough. The mother, finding that the child could not be less than maimed, held her as far off the track as she could