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HER LOT;

How She Was Protected. BY MRS. A. J. DENNEY. AUTHOR OF "SIXTY BIRTH," "ELLEN DOWNS," "AMIE AND DENNY'S MEN," "THE HAPPY HOME," "HONOR WOMAN'S EPITAPH," "MADAM MORRISON," "KING, KING, KING."

CHAPTER XII. The tourist who visits San Francisco at the present time, with the glare and glitter of its million illuminations greeting him by night, and its countless attractions of architecture, trade, and elegance displayed by day on every hand, can form but a very faint idea of the old Mission that first greeted his eyes, when, after rounding the promontory and entering the Golden Gate in the never-to-be-forgotten autumn of '49, we beheld a forlorn succession of billowy sand hills, covered here and there in the distance with groves of live oak, and occasionally frowning above the water's edge in wind-worn, castellated bluffs, against whose precipitous sides the wild waves beat a mournful wailing, with never a fog whistle by day nor a revolving light by night to guard the adventurous mariner from the dangers that would even yet beset his way but for these modern innovations upon the ocean's erewhile unbroken solitudes.

The discovery of gold in California had but then become of world-wide interest, and the influx of immigrants from all parts of the world began but a few days after our arrival. The commodities and comforts of modern civilization were almost wholly unobtainable, and the few articles of necessity which immigrants were able to purchase commanded fabulous prices. For several days my husband wandered about, looking in vain for employment. Like everybody else who beheld the nuggets of virgin ore brought in daily by the miners upon whom the fickle god of Fortune smiled, he became badly smitten with the gold fever; and I confess that I was just about as eager for the vicissitudes of a miner's life as he.

Thanks to my good constitution, elastic spirits, and the invigorating influence of the California climate, my health was again excellent. I was even stronger than when, in my childhood's days, I had made hay in sight of Bothwick woods, or dived peat in the edge of the bog overlooked by Bothwick torrens. In a few days our first dollar was gone, and my husband, realizing the hopelessness of the situation, gave way to intoxication, and felt himself justified. What would have become of our children if I had done likewise? And yet women are called the weaker vessel.

There's many an anomaly in this world, and woman's imaginary dependence and incapability are not the least of them. For several days my husband lounged about our boarding-house, incapable, owing to his frequent potations, of doing anything, or even of talking intelligibly. The hotel, so-called, where we had taken lodgings, was a canvas tent, or, rather, a succession of tents, with the most primitive possible accommodations, and help of every class was as scarce as boarders and lodgers were plenty.

Our landlord was a busy, florid, and fussy German, with just enough of knowledge of English language and American manners to count currency by gold dust standards, calculate his profits, and make his charges according to the quality of his guests. As we were without money, we were soon without hotel accommodations of any sort, and, slight as our protection from the winds of the bay had been in the tent, we found, when adrift in the open street, that a canvas covering was better for our needs than nothing.

I think my husband realized something of my distress when, with our little all stowed away in a couple of trunks, we sat down together upon a hillock of sand, the wind blowing a gale, and driving the fine, flinty gravel into our faces, while poor disfigured baby Gerald cried wildly with hunger and pain.

"I can't see you and the kids suffer, little woman; and it's out of my power to aid you while I stay here. Guess I'll go gold hunting," said my husband, desperately.

"And will you take me?" I answered, my heart fairly in my throat.

"Are you an idiot, little wife?" The look of scorn he gave me was even more cutting than the question.

I hung my head in confusion, and really felt giddy of having said something exceedingly foolish.

"If I go to the diggings foot and empty handed, it will be as much as I can do to get along alone!" he added, doggedly.

I began to weep silently.

"None of that!" he exclaimed, angrily. "If I was only alone in the world I'd have no trouble to get a living. You know well enough that I was comfortably situated when I married you, and I was in favor with Her Majesty, and was a visitor at the homes of lords and dukes."

The New Northwest.

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FREE SPEECH, FREE PRESS, FREE PEOPLE.

"And I was a young maiden, care free and without children," I could not help replying. Perhaps the remark was an injudicious one, seeing I was wholly in his power; but was he not the aggressor? He looked at me with a furious glare, as a maniac or a wild beast might. I remembered that he was half crazed with drink, and it was no wonder that I was frightened.

"I beg your pardon, Gerald," I said, shrinking back to avoid a blow; and still fearing the glare of his eye, I gathered both children in my arms and started toward the inn from which we had just been ejected.

I expected he would follow me, but he did not. I wandered aimlessly around for an hour, not knowing whither to turn, with baby Ethel in my arms, and leading baby Gerald most of the time by the hand. Then I ventured back to the spot where our trunks were left, and found a note beside them, couched in bitter language, informing me that I was henceforth to go my own wild way without my husband. I did not think I had ever been wild, or that I deserved to be thus accused. And I now know that I did not deserve such treatment. But I then imagined myself guilty of some very grave misdemeanor, I really could not clearly imagine what.

For a time I sat as one turned to stone. The very agony of Gethsemane was upon me. Gerald, my husband, had abandoned me; Gerald, my baby, was crying for food, and tiny Ethel was gazing wonderingly at me with her great frightened eyes, as though she dimly comprehended the fact that there was no place in the wide world for her.

I shot my eyes to hide myself from my children, and lo! and behold! Bothwick castle, with its moat and drawbridge, and Lord Bothwick and Ethel Graeme passed before me in a panorama like unto that which I had sometimes seen before, while overhead there glared upon me, in a fury of malicious rage, a pair of lustrous eyes, Oh, those eyes! What could they mean by gazing at me thus? And why did I sometimes see Bothwick castle with my own eyes shut?

I wonder if, there are ministering angels. I have heard a great deal about them during these later years, so much, indeed, that I have almost lost faith in them. But there were no Spiritual mountebanks in those early days of my life, and I never doubted enough to even raise a question as to the genuineness of my own mental visions until latterly. Then, too, I once implicitly believed that I could hear angels' voices. Sometimes I doubt the evidence of my own inner senses now, because I have so often been deceived by those who, professing the same or parallel experiences to mine, have proven themselves charlatans and deceivers of the worst order. But all that is neither here nor there. Let the phenomena I saw and felt and heard come from what source they may, they have never failed me in the hours of my sorest need; and though it is now a number of years since I have been blessed with frequent second sight hallucinations, if such they be, yet I love to remember the many times when some sudden, unseen aid has come to me, lifting the clouds from my path, and permitting the rays of heaven's light to illumine my path, erewhile blacked with the densest gloom.

The voice I heard was so still and small and strange, and yet so powerful, that it seemed impossible that it should be inaudible to the physical ear; and yet it was so, the voice that I heard while yet it seemed that I could hear not. And it said suddenly and authoritatively:

"Keep a boarding-house!" "I'll do it!" I cried aloud, as I rose to my feet and started toward the hotel from which we had been ejected in the morning, still clasping tiny Ethel to my bosom, and leading baby Gerald by the hand.

"O'ho! do 'dat, mamma!" asked baby Gerald, springing forward as though he, too, felt the inspiration of a new, mysterious impulse.

"Keep a boarding-house, dearie. And you shall help mamma, and be her man, and her darling, won't you?" I answered, not knowing what else to say.

"Es, mamma. An' maybe God'll send me another good eye in place of my bad one, an' make my back strong," the darling replied.

"Ah, me!" In a little while I paused, panting and flurried, in the presence of the landlord, who was busily engaged in weighing gold dust in exchange for the primitive dinners and more primitive lodgings with which he entertained his guests.

"What now?" he asked, pausing for an instant to gaze at me and the little ones, and turning again as quickly to his nicely-balanced scales, as though not expecting a reply.

"I want to go into business, Mr. Lillenthal, and I want you for a partner," I exclaimed, scarcely knowing what I said, or why I had the temerity to say it, yet feeling brave from very desperation.

"Ah, indeed?" he replied, shaking the gold dust he had weighed from the deerskin purse in his hands into a glass jar on the counter.

"Yes, Mr. Lillenthal. My husband has abandoned me, and I'm left wholly dependent upon my own exertions for a livelihood, and I want you to take me

into business with you as a partner." "Any money?" was the laconic query. "Not yet; but I will make money. How much is your establishment worth?" I replied, looking around me in a business-like way, while baby Gerald begged softly for bread.

"I refused ten thousand dollars for it a while ago, ma'am; but if you want a partnership, and really mean business, I'll sell you the half for five."

"And what chance will you give me to make payments?" "The best in the concern. You can come right in and take possession, with your two kittens, and get a young squaw to take care of 'em; and you can take charge of the beds and chambers and linen closets, and oversee the washing, and keep a general eye on things, and I'll allow you half that's made, your board and the keeping of the kittens deducted, till I've had my five thousand. After that we'll divide profits, and share and share alike. But, mind you, that drunken lout of a husband don't get any show here!"

Of course I fully interpret his words for you, kind reader. They were spoken to me in a mixed German and English jargon, which a less anxious person than myself might have failed to fully comprehend.

"My husband has gone to the diggings, sir, and left me to my fate. You needn't be at all afraid of him."

"All right, then. Begin at once. And you'd better see if the dining-room's all right before you go to your own room."

"I'll begin my work as soon as I have fed my children," I answered, cheerfully.

And in a little while my work was running along as smoothly as though I had been trained for it through a decade of years.

The property, for one-half of which I had agreed to pay five thousand dollars, consisted of a succession of tents of various sizes and descriptions, containing camp beds and primitive furniture, the ground about them covered with sugar mats from the Sandwich Islands, in lieu of floors, and the walls adorned by tiny mirrors pinned against the canvas.

The entire property cost, in New York, not to exceed two hundred dollars, including dining-room furniture and office register. But California was the land of gold, and everything bore inflated prices.

Ordinary conversation could be overheard from one end of the hotel to the other, the cloth partitions acting rather as a conductor of sound than an obstacle to its transmission.

My first half-day's work was done, and I had retired with my little ones to my private apartment, when I overheard the following conversation in the dining-room:

"Lillenthal, you're an idiot." "Maybe so," was the quiet answer.

"There was no kind of need of your selling a half interest to that woman. Why didn't you just keep her as a chambermaid?"

"I wanted to give her value received," answered my benefactor.

"So you could, if you'd held on to your property," was the deep-voiced rejoinder.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST: The second trial of Cephas Jones, colored, for outraging the person of Miss Smith last fall, is now in progress, and promises another disagreeing jury, though her identification of him was perfect. Cephas and his brother bear strong resemblance to each other, and the defense put the two in the box asking her to identify her assailant. This she did unhesitatingly, though the district attorney himself was deceived and believed she had erred. Her correct-judgment and clear straightforward testimony is convincing to the mass, but the trumped-up evidence, which always appears at a second trial of criminals, will override her statements before the jury. One most painful feature in our criminal system appears in this trial, and should be remedied. Why must a young girl, who has suffered the foulest outrage and narrowly escaped death through the injuries received at the time, be subjected to the insults and sneers of a brutal cross examination in the presence of a court-room crowded with loafers who roll every taunt and filthy allusion as a sweet morsel under their tongues? Russia arrests every person found near the spot where murder is committed, and the world raises its hands in holy horror, and yet it is worse than our practice of compelling a witness to give bail for his appearance in court, a course which has in New York City often incarcerated the victim of robbery for weeks in prison, while the thief gets off scot free on straw-leg ball, and which subjects every witness to the ignominy of testifying in open court?

The interesting question before us now is, who holds the title to Arlington? The United States has held the property since 1864, buying it then at a direct tax sale, under a bid of about \$25,000. The amount of taxes assessed upon the property was \$98 00, and the excess of the bid over this sum was turned into the United States Treasury for the former owners. A deed in due form was given the United States by the tax commissioners, and, as the property has been in possession of the government ever since that date, it would seem its title was sound. But the courts have, in every instance where suits of ejectment have been brought by the original owners of other tracts sold under the "district tax" sales, ousted the purchasers; the government's title is thus narrowed down to the mere possessory one of might, not right. If the citizen cannot retain his purchase, of course the government must hold its title by exercise of power alone. Judge Hughes, of the United States District Court of Virginia, decides adversely to the government, and if the Supreme Court affirms his decision under the appeal which has been taken, Congress must restore the estate to the Custer's heirs, or repurchase. The heirs would prefer the latter course—at least they so express themselves—and as there are 30,000 Union soldiers buried in its cemetery, we presume the government will buy rather than remove the dead. Arlington is naturally a grand old estate. We have never seen one that seemed more nearly a home for a king. It contains 1,100 acres of land of sufficient fertility to support a family in splendor, while its natural beauty and contiguity to the city will necessarily render it an object of interest and attraction as long as Washington is the capital of our nation. In the center of the tract is about 100 acres of woods, composed nearly of original oak trees—the only grove left standing in the county by our troops during the war—and in this is the cemetery, which is enclosed with a high stone wall. The old family mansion stands in the center, and with its huge pillared portico, which is distinctly seen from the river and city, is of course noted by all visitors. Outside of the cemetery the land lies in commons, or is worked in patches by the freedmen, who still live in the score of houses remaining on the site of Mr. Stanton's freedman's village. Of course under the shimming, shiftless farming of these improvident ignorant freedmen, the land has become impoverished and desolate in its appearance, yet, under proper care, the whole farm would soon be as it was before the war, one of the grandest rural homes ever seen. If Congress retains it, as it undoubtedly will, then the whole tract should be laid out in a great national park.

Secretary Thompson rules again that the navy yard employees must work ten hours for a day's labor, at which there is much grumbling, though no strike as yet. Times are too hard here to permit any sensible man to stop work because of the two hours' exaction, but we anticipate trouble in the future. Experience under the eight and ten hours' labor regulation in our navy yard here shows conclusively that its laborers accomplish as much in one hour of the longer day as of the shorter, thus entailing two hours' absolute loss in results under the eight-hour system. It is no wonder Secretary Thompson adheres to his ten-hour rule.

The number of cities applying to have mints for coinage of silver established in them is rather surprising. Indianapolis has had a delegation before the Senate finance committee urging its peculiar advantages for such purpose, and a dozen other cities have done the same thing.

Women as Physicians.

Dr. Gaines thinks that women physicians "lower their character as ladies by medical surgical operations." Working in blood, and diseased, often putrid flesh, is not very agreeable to the average woman, or even still less to the more disgusting substances? Are none of them ladies? What about Florence Nightingale and many others from the so-called-better ranks of society, who have cheerfully devoted themselves to the alleviation of human suffering among the sick and wounded? What about the Sisters of Charity—both Protestant and Catholic—who spend their lives as nurses, and never hesitate at the most appalling spectacles of human misery and suffering. We well remember the scenes we witnessed during the late war, when the most wealthy, beautiful, and delicate young ladies, and even ones, too—did not shrink from menial, and what would, under other circumstances, been considered disgusting work, for our patient soldiers, who saved his life, and sent him forth, a new man, to fight again for the beautiful Southern land she loved so well. Was she less ladylike when on her knees, performing so grandly her labor of love, than when arrayed in her gossamer robes of beauty, she seemed the undisputed queen of the ball-room? No; her face and form to us seemed glorified; she was as that moment one of our blessed angels—for there are angels in mortal form. Away with such a stupid reason why women should not enter the medical ranks, as that offered by the unprogressive and unimproved Kentucky doctor.

On this subject the editor of the Louisville Commercial says: "No male doctors hold that it unsexes and debases women to be nurses; but yet female nurses nurse male patients, and some of them see more horrible and disgusting things, encounter more obscenity in word and deed, than any male doctor does. If any low-minded surgeon in the Crimea had said anything derogatory of Florence Nightingale and her companions, or, on either side of our late civil war, of noble women who went to nurse in army hospitals, his fellow-surgeons would have sent him to Coventry; would have tabooed him for life, if they hadn't devoted him to partial dissection on the spot. We would not care to be the man who, in a meeting of Louisville physicians, should make a sweeping assault on the character of the good women who do the nursing in the charitable and religious institutions of this city. The man who escaped alive, or without being applied for life, he would soon find that the air of this city had become permanently unwholesome for him." That editor is not totally depraved, or, rather, he is less totally so than some of our "doctors."

"Women," says Mrs. Dr. Crotter, truly and beautifully, "never do harm by entering any sphere. In the church and in the parlor, in the school chamber, in the hospital, they bring gentleness, refinement, and charity. They have even carried honesty into Washington city, and into the Treasury Department, where they count on any man's side the world is the better for it."

We are well aware that in advocating a scientific medical education for women we are in a very decided minority. But even here there is progress, and very rapid progress, too. Unfortunately, women themselves present perhaps the most formidable barrier to their own advancement. Education, which is the most part they have hitherto been, in the most superficial and unscientific manner, they are frightened at the new truths and ideas which are crowding in upon them, and still cling to the old customs which have held them down to mental slavery and social bondage—customs which, blessed be God, are fast passing away. A woman is rapidly asserting her mental and moral independence, and taking no mean place both in science and the arts. And the sphere of woman, both in art and science, will be a practical one; for, as science, and especially physical science, has been engaged in battering down old systems and undermining false foundations, woman, the producer, the replenisher of the ranks of humanity, will, working in harmony with man, the positive element in human nature, give him effectual aid in building up new and beautiful structures which shall endure forever. As, without both the positive and negative forces in nature, nothing can be perfect, so man needs the aid of gentle fellow-workers to smooth and beautify, as well as to strengthen all the works of science or art in which he is devoted. It is not good for man to be alone."—Mrs. Shindler, in Voice of Truth.

The Christian Life, a Unitarian newspaper of London, pleasantly notices the fact that Mrs. Uller and Mrs. Hale have been preaching here during the absence of the pastor, and remarks that such instances are not unknown among English Unitarians. All of which shows that we are on the advance guard on the question of the proper sphere of woman, as well as on other questions involving the reforming of old abuses.—Unitarian Advocate.

SAVES AT THE SPIGOT.—"We have to practice rigid economy these hard times, when grain is liable to come down to fifty cents," remarked a man to a crowd on the sidewalk, the other day. "I have stopped all my papers; cut 'em out; I times are hard. Come in, boys, and take a drink!"

Men are frequently like tea—the real strength and goodness are not properly drawn out until they have been in hot water.

"If there is no hell," asks an American paragrapher of the period, "how could an Englishman spell 'London'?"