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Correspondents writing over seas and signatures must know their names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

MRS. HARDINE'S WILL.

By ARTHUR SCOTT DUNWAT, AUTHOR OF "SUNSHINE," "GOLDEN DAWN," "AUNT MARY," "THE HAPPY HOME," "MADGE MORRISON," "WAGS, PATS AND PANTS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER XX.

The matting excitement in California had reached its height, and Oregon was by no means exempt from its influence. Among the men who caught the auriferous fever was Israel Sappington, whose claim was located adjacent to that of John and Tirzah Hardine.

Tirzah could not, for her life, conquer the terrible aversion she had conceived for Mrs. Sappington, even before she had met her. Her husband looked upon this peculiar fancy as only a woman's disagreeable whim, and possibly it was the perversity of the human nature that is inherent in the best of us that moved her to so dislike a person who had not injured her.

Mrs. Sappington was not handsome. She was not even passably well looking; but she had a large physique and commanding presence, and an insinuating way of attracting and controlling the attentions and admiration of men.

It did not take Tirzah Hardine many days to learn that Israel Sappington was a thoroughly subdued husband, whose wife continually led him captive at her will. But, had she overheard the poor man's empty boast to John Hardine of his manner of subduing refractory women, she would have spared herself a considerable amount of secret sympathy for his real state of subjugation.

As I have but little to say of this man hereafter, I may as well inform the reader here and now that, though he had the feeblest of Government of an extensive domain, large enough, if situated in some countries, to be a principality, yet he proved so thrifty as a financier and so indolent as a laborer that he not only allowed his claim to pass from his control, but, as the years passed on, he became hopelessly involved in debts and mortgages, until he was finally left in utter poverty, and lived by subsistence upon a forty-acre corner of his once broad possessions in a little house belonging to John Hardine.

During the summer, while the senior Hardine and family were on the overland journey to Oregon, John and Tirzah received no tidings of them. The mail in those days was transported by the Panama route, and about all the news that reached the valley of the Willamette came by way of the Pacific Ocean.

Israel Sappington, after having caught the gold fever, left his wife and child under the guardianship of John Hardine, and was absent all the season. Tirzah was much at home as the summer advanced, and, as John was very often absent, she was generally alone, and always despondent and gloomy.

The autumn finally came, and the Hardine family were hourly expected to arrive. "Where are you going to day, John?" asked Tirzah, one hazy September morning as she moved languidly about the cabin and struggled with a weight of household cares that pressed heavily upon her.

ungately form of John Hardine the Senior, followed by his train of wagons, three or four in number, and accompanied by Tirzah, who walked nervously beside him, her great eyes on the alert for the familiar visage of her lonely sister-in-law. Another moment and Tirzah and Tirzah were in each other's arms, the latter sobbing like a weaned child, and the former trying in vain to soothe her by gentle words and cooling tenderness.

"Joe and Sally are in the hindmost wagon, dear," she said, cheerily. "I don't know as you've heard it, but they are married, and old Mother Ridgeway's with 'em, and they're all dying to see you. And there's my mother, just getting out of the forward wagon. She's almost as well as ever now. You see, the journey has done everything for her. She was better before we'd been on the Plains a week, and it wasn't long till she could walk a mile as easy as any of us. But how are you? And where's John? You don't talk a single bit."

"I haven't had a chance to tell you yet," said Tirzah, smiling through her tears. "You've monopolized the business. 'How are you?' exclaimed the senior Hardine, advancing and offering his hand. Tirzah accepted the proffered greeting with a feeling akin to that of one who grasps a serpent.

"What's John?" "The innate pride of the wife's womanhood involuntarily asserted itself. As the wife of John Hardine she would not stoop to defend him in the presence of another. She preferred to sacrifice her principles by telling a lie instead.

"He was not looking for you so soon, or he would have gone to meet you," she said. "And then, seeing that it was necessary to make a more definite statement, she added, 'He had to repair some fencing about a mile from the house, and he took his lunch-box this morning and went away to attend to it. He will return to-night.'"

The mother of John Hardine now advanced and spoke to Tirzah, followed by the two younger Hardines, and Joe and Sally Ridgeway. She received them all with composure, till it came the widow Ridgeway's turn to advance and greet her.

Tirzah grew sadly white. For a moment the present, with its sights and sounds, vanished from her sense, and vision, and the spiritual home of her own widowed mother, and her own inability to aid her in her loneliness and destitution, passed before her understanding. The bargain her parents had made with John Hardine; his violation of the contract; her mother's bitter anguish at the enforced separation from herself; her father's solitude and her husband's flat that had presided her from going to her mother in the time of her great sorrow; her own life at Chiloseph Oaks; her hurried leave for John—all passed in rapid review before her inner vision.

Then she was recalled to a consciousness of the present—of John Hardine and the unprincipled woman with whom she knew he was even now spending the hours. Her head swam, her feet grew light, her knees smote together. She remembered nothing more.

Then there was hurrying and bustle and confusion. Nobody knew where John Hardine was, or how to find him. No neighbors' houses were in sight, no physicians were available, and no one knew what to do. But it was plaitly evident that a crisis was at hand.

hours of her early married life, until now the very shadow of the trailing wing of the Death Angel was upon her, made him stand before the invisible hand of Omnipotence, a self-confessed second Cain. He took Tirzah's hand, all seemed and worn with toil—till without recompense, except to himself, toll without love, and unaccompanied by justice—and pruned it against his cheek.

"Tirzah! Don't you know me? I am John—your own husband! Won't you speak to me? Just once! Just one little word!" he cried, his voice choked and husky, and his tears falling like rain.

But, instead of the answer he sought, and for which he would at that moment have freely given all he possessed upon earth, there came another and yet another convulsive throes, and John, who could bear no more, rushed wildly away from the scene of suffering.

Morning brought quiet to the camp and cabin, and consciousness to Tirzah, whose struggle for life had been crowned at last with victory, though it had left her weak and shattered, like a rose-tree after a hurricane.

"Bring my baby to me, please," she said, in a low whisper. "The wee, wee wail was laid upon her bosom, and Tirzah said, lovingly: 'You're something tangible to love now, sister.'"

"Is it a boy?" the mother whispered. "Yes—a boy." "Thank God!" "I should have thought you would prefer a girl, Tirzah."

"No, it is better as it is. My boy, being a boy, will not be compelled to desert his mother when he gets married."

"Really, now, you must not talk," said Tirzah. "I am your nurse, mother is your doctor, and we are all your friends. You are not going to be without neighbors and friends any more. Remember you are too weak to talk; but wouldn't you like to see John?"

"I know she wouldn't, but I told John I'd inquire," said Tirzah to herself, as she nudged about the little cabin and kept watch over her patient, not forgetting the work of the dairy, in itself a sufficient occupation for an able-bodied man.

"O 'Lie! You can't mean it!" "Yes, I mean it." "Who's the lucky man, Tirzah?" and Peter Tubbs felt that he would gladly kill his rival, if he could only do it with a wish.

"John Ingleton, the brother of Tirzah Hardine." "And do you really love him, Tirzah?" "I do, as my very life."

"Why, Tirzah, didn't you know that John Ingleton was already married?" "If Tirzah Hardine had been struck with a thunder clap, she could not have been more completely stunned. But she gave no outward sign, except that she was very pale, and her voice, when she tried to speak, was constrained and hard.

"Have you proof of this, Mr. Tubbs?" she asked, after a painful pause. [To be continued.]

LETTER FROM NEW YORK. FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT. NEW YORK, March 11, 1880. TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST. A reaction in the speculative market of which I have heretofore written, has set in. It seems to have rather left our shores now for Europe, as we read in the papers that England and her neighbors are plucking up a spirit and entering on a season of sanguine ventures; but, while we have lost the excitement of sudden fortunes, the country shows a firm and steady progress and prosperity in business which is of the utmost consequence.

The income of the Government under the existing tariff and revenue laws is enormous, and, unless taxes and tariffs are reduced, will find the treasury before the end of the current year with a surplus sufficient to very materially reduce the national indebtedness. Some days the receipts at the treasury are nearly or quite a million dollars, and they rarely fall below six or seven hundred thousand dollars. If the present business prosperity continues, and no changes are made in the revenue laws, there will probably be a surplus of millions upon millions. Last year we were enabled, out of the surplus, to pay an unexpected draft of \$55,000,000, occasioned by the generosity of Congress toward those who have risked their lives in their country's defense. The payments for arrears of pensions, justified by the last Congress, have already amounted to something like \$35,000,000, and it is calculated by careful and expert judges that \$50,000,000 more will be used for the same purpose before all claims arising under this new legislation are satisfied.

Fifteen Chinese from San Francisco arrived in New York yesterday, and more than one hundred others are expected to-day. It is reported that this is the beginning of an exodus of Chinese from the Pacific Coast, in view of the attitude of hostility toward them there. They are taking advantage of the low rates from San Francisco to the East.

The illustrious villain, Ole Bull, was entertained on Wednesday night by Mr. Edwin Booth at his residence on Madison avenue. A number of gentlemen and ladies, prominent in social and artistic circles, assisted at the reception. Mr. Booth proposes to sail for Europe in June if the health of his wife will permit. His chief object is to obtain much needed rest and relaxation, but it is probable that he will play for a short time in London and Berlin. A proposal of the projected visit of Mr. Henry Irving to America, it may be stated as a somewhat curious incident that in 1861 Mr. Irving, at the Manchester Theatre, played the Ghost to Mr. Booth's Hamlet. Since then the two actors, each of whom has attained such widespread and deserved reputation, have not met each other.

Social gaiety, except musicals and dinners, is at very low ebb, and the time of the beau monde is given up to selecting and ordering Spring costumes, agonizing over the conflicting merits of painters and no painters, trains or short skirts—and prayers. The churches have rarely been better patronized, nor have the shops ever sold such expensive and beautiful goods. As straw shows which way the wind blows, so a few of the imitations shown to a chosen dozen of people indicate what will be the ruling fashion of the hour. AUGUST.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 12, 1880. TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST. The House still has its wife wool-gathering over its new rules, which, though adopted after protracted discussion, prove startling blocks to even such old parliamentarians as Speaker Randall and Mr. Conger. There is a constant and puzzling collision between the new and the old rules when interpretation is desired, and, as a consequence, the whole body of senators at times, when at sea and in ignorance as to what course to pursue. These difficulties and friction will, of course, disappear when after more experience and discussion, the legislative wheels get duly lubricated, as it will indeed be a tough subject that won't revolve under the appliances of such hair-splitting as Messrs. Randall and Conger. Mr. Kelly raised a breeze by stating that, for the first time in his sixteen years of Congressional life, he had been corruptly approached for the purpose of controlling his vote in the Committee on Ways and Means; and in the House, on the sugar bill. This sugar question is, and always has been, a bone of contention in and out of Congress, and serves to show the impossibility of having one rule for the whole country. Prior to the war, the South insisted "Free Trade" on its banners, and yet forced a prohibitory tariff on the country on sugar. To this the North demurred, but, on the other hand, it secured its tariff on iron.

In 1856, the political parties had virtually two platforms—one of protection in the North, and free trade in the South, bearing sugar, of course, in the latter section. The same old fight is coming to the surface again, and the chapter recited by Mr. Kelly is only in keeping with those of anti-bellum times.

The Hon. John P. Jones, of Kentucky, the Senate held over until next winter, after the Presidential contest, was able to argue by Messrs. Logan, Carpenter, Bayard and Randolph, who have covered the whole ground in issue in their extensive paper and non-speeches. No one, of course, has had his convictions changed by this debate. But it answers a political purpose. It is a pity that the entire matter cannot be buried forever, without thrusting it into the arena of politics. Porter was a good soldier. But there can be no question as to his failure to do his whole duty at Bull Run, just as with McClellan. Let him be pardoned by the President, and thus, in connection to full citizenship, the political feature given his case will be removed.

Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, made a slight ripple in the Capitol current by threatening to resign his seat because of the refusal by the Democrats of the House to allow him to state, in a legitimate speech, the grounds of his opposition to the Twenty-first rule, which permits a rider on an appropriation bill. It would be a misfortune to lose him, and we doubt whether there is a Republican in Congress who would not deeply regret his exodus. Though not a parliamentarian in that fighting sense which puts Speaker Randall where he is, and makes Mr. Conger leader of the Republicans, yet he has a perception of parliamentary law which gives him great strength as a counsellor. When, in the Forty-fifth Congress, the Republicans prevented the introduction of bills, it was Mr. Stephens who suggested the successful floor movement of the petition box, through which all bills could be brought before the House. He is undoubtedly a man of power and of great use, hence his resignation is to be deplored.

On the surface, President-making here seems to have no particular excitement in it. But the under current sets strongly, indeed, and each candidate is exerting all his strength to secure favorable influences for himself. No matter into what company one goes, the topic of conversation will inevitably drift into that of the next Presidency. Washington is peculiarly a city of politicians, and it is as natural for a Washingtonian, whether a congressional journeyer or a visitor, to discuss White House matters as for a fast horse man to "talk horse."

It is naturally the uppermost subject of thought here, hence it is irrepressible. Mr. Blaine has resumed his card receptions, and weekly gathers in his parlors hundreds of politicians of both sexes and parties—color-blind excepted. He is an astute politician, and it is a shrewd move for him to mingle with those of his class in leisure, in advance of the coming struggle at Chicago. He is in fighting condition this year, as he is not handicapped, as in 1876, with personal attacks, and we do not doubt will be heard from at Chicago next June as he was at Cincinnati in 1878. None of the other candidates are deviating from their usual outward course, though their friends are hard at work polling wires.

The anomalous political position of Virginia is a source of concern here, as no politician can now predict from what has occurred there, how the State may cast its electoral vote this Fall. The warfare between the adjuster and the adjuster elements is so bitter and so moribund, and withal so extensive, for it brings under its influence all the voters of the State, that no party with any application to force dissent into the traces of election day, unless some unknown healing appliance is discovered. DOX PADO.

Facts Connected with the Wives of Some of the Presidents.

European queens all live in history, but the wives of American statesmen pass away almost without record. Mrs. Martha Washington was a plump, pretty, sprightly little woman in her youth, but settled down into a plain, domestic wife, who looked simply after the servants. She was far from an educated woman, and, though she kept her own accounts, was a very poor speller. General Washington was very rich; Mrs. Washington was very rich, and her three children by her first husband were heirs to great wealth.

Washington's mother was plain, illiterate, energetic, strong-willed lady, who preferred her own broad acres, and declined to go and live with her great-grandson. "Thank you, George," she said, "but I desire to be independent." When General Lafayette called, she was at her work, and her old son-in-law, who had just returned from his tour in France, said to her, "I should not pay you so poor a compliment, Marquis, as to say to change my dress."

Thomas Jefferson, of Washington, married a widow, Mrs. Martha Skelton, who had considerable property, but he did not save her great husband, who died deeply in debt, owing to his excessive devotion to his country. She was a lady of cultivated literary tastes, and her husband's great estate, had six children, of whom only two survived. He died before he ran his great career, and she lived to see him die. He resided a widower for forty-four years, down to his death. Of course she never saw him in the White House.

Dolly Payne was a Quaker and a widow when she married James Madison, and she died in 1818. Her father and mother set their sights high, and moved to Philadelphia, and there she married a lawyer named Todd. She was twenty, and he died three years later, leaving her with a few hundred dollars. Her mother-in-law, her mother-in-law kept her establishment. Among these boarders were Aaron Burr, then a senator from New York, and from Virginia. She was very beautiful and accomplished, and when she married Madison he was forty-three and she twenty-five. They had no children. When he became President, in 1809, the White House was just being built, and she was very attractive, and she was in 1810, aged eighty-two, surviving her husband thirteen years.

Mrs. Andrew Jackson was the wife of another man, John H. Donelson, of Kentucky, when young Jackson saw and loved her. Her mother, Mrs. Donelson, was keeping a boarding house at the time, having returned to Tennessee with Mr. Donelson, and Jackson was living in her house. Her father and mother set their sights high, and moved to Philadelphia, and there she married a lawyer named Todd. She was twenty, and he died three years later, leaving her with a few hundred dollars. Her mother-in-law, her mother-in-law kept her establishment. Among these boarders were Aaron Burr, then a senator from New York, and from Virginia. She was very beautiful and accomplished, and when she married Madison he was forty-three and she twenty-five. They had no children. When he became President, in 1809, the White House was just being built, and she was very attractive, and she was in 1810, aged eighty-two, surviving her husband thirteen years.

MILTON'S VIEWS OF WOMEN.—Milton's Oriental views of the functions of women led him not only to neglect, but to positively prevent, the education of his daughters. He would not allow them to learn any languages, but with sneer that "for a woman one tongue is enough." The time came when he would have given worlds that his daughters had learned the classic languages. He was blind, and could only give expression to his precious verses, through the eyes and hands of others. He then trained his daughters to read to him parcel-like, in five or six languages, which he could not see, and which they could not understand a word. He turned his daughters into reading machines. It is appalling to think of such a task. That Mary should revolt, and at last, after repeated conflicts with her father, learned to hate her father; that she should, when some one spoke in her presence of her father's approaching marriage, make the dreadful speech that "it was no new to her of his wedding, but if she could hear of his death, that was something," is unutterably painful, but not surprising.

Will some one please to state which is the greater horse, the "Cleveland" or the "Plymouth"?—[Sagora Democrat.] We must give some explanation. An explanation is a thing which is not in your collection?—[Cleveland Index.] And "Whose your choice for President?" While "Whose your choice for President?" is a question which, though well meant, is not in "Tard's" files?—[Cleveland Voice.] But greater than all of these? All will agree, I wend, that the only one of these is the "Boston Transcript."—[Boston Transcript.] Natural objects please in proportion as they are common, by fixing the attention more steadily on their beautiful differences. The same principle of the effect of novelty in exciting the attention may account, perhaps, for the extraordinary discoveries and the told-by-travelers, who, opening their eyes for the first time in foreign parts, are startled at every object they meet.—[Hort.]

It is stated that nearly every daily in Chicago has one or more ladies on the editorial staff.

THE HOME.

These departments of the New Northwest were first devoted to the household, law and general. Correspondents having no special recipes for any particular domestic occasion will confer a partial favor by contributing to this column.

INK, FOR COPYING PAID.—An ink which will yield a hundred or more copies from a gelatine pad may be made by dissolving rosamine in a cold saturated solution of oxalic acid. It must be allowed to dry spontaneously.

TO POLISH STUBS.—Mix half a pound of fine flour of emery powder with the same quantity of soft soap, and add a small piece of soda. Stirrer this over a slow fire for two hours, to extract all the moisture. Rub on with flannel, and finish with plenty of dry whiting.

FASTENING KNIVES IN HANDLES.—A writer to the English Mechanic tells us that knives with tangs should be put into a handle with powdered alum, the tang made hot so far as resin. Let the handle be wood, iron, ivory, bone, or glass. It will be immovably fixed unless the handle is split, and far more cleanly than resin.

PREVENTING CHALKED STONES.—A good method for preventing chalked stones is to rub finely pulverized iron filings, mixed with water, into a thick paste, and filling the cracks with it. Then make a very hot fire in the stove. The cement will run into and fill the cracks very completely. The iron and the water give can generally be produced by doing so.

A pretty and easily-grown window plant may be obtained in the following manner: Break a round piece of coarse sponge, in a very hot water, and expand it. After squeezing it about half dry, place in the openings millet, and clover and barley grass seeds, rice and oats. Hang the sponge in a window where the sun shines a part of the day, and sprinkle it with water every morning for a week. Soon tender leaves will shoot out, and growing rapidly, will form a drooping mass of living green. If regularly sprinkled, it will retain its beauty for the blossoms of the clover.

LADIES ABOUT TO MARRY.—In marrying, make your own match; do not marry any man to get rid of him, or to please him, or to save him. The man who would do so, is a fool, and you will quite as likely go with you, and perhaps drag you along. Do not marry to have led a home and a quiet life, when by taking care of your own business, you can do so much for your own living. Do not let aunts, fathers, or uncles sell you for money or a position into bondage, tears, and lifelong misery, which you alone must endure. Do not place yourself habitually in the society of any man until you have decided the question of marriage; human wills are weak, and people often become bewitched, and do not know their error until it is too late. Get away from their influence, settle your head, and settle your mind alone. A promise may be made in a moment of sympathy, or even half-dreamed ecstasy, which must be recalled through years of sorrow, toil and pain.

CHEERFUL FAIR.—Carry the radiance of your soul in your face; let the world have the benefit of it. Let your cheerfulness be felt for good. Wherever you are, let your smiles be scattered like sunbeams. On the just, as well as on the unjust, they will do good. They will yield you a rich reward, for his happy effects will come home to you and brighten your moments of thought. Smiles are the higher and better responses of nature to the emotions of the soul. Let the children have the benefit of them; those little ones who need the sunshine of the heart to educate them, and would find a level for their buoyant nature in the cheerful, loving faces of those who lead them. Let them not be kept from the middle-aged, who need by encouragement they bring. Give your smiles to the aged; they come to them like the quiet rain of Summer, making fresh and verdant the long, weary path of life. Be gentle and indulgent to all; let the true, the just, the beautiful, the holy.

The names of great painters are like laughing bells; in the name of Vasquez you hear sounded the fall of Spain; in the name of Michelangelo, that of Venice; in the name of Leonardo, that of Milan; in the name of Raphael, that of Rome. And there is profound justice in this; for in proportion to the nobleness of the power is the guilt of its use for purposes vain or vile; and the nobler the power, the more surely it has its use, and used solely for the decoration of pride or the provoking of sensuality.—[Buckin.]

A few months ago a number of ladies, who were interested in relieving the wants of the poor, and in the promotion of temperance, opened a five-cent coffee-house in San Francisco. The experiments were so successful that three more establishments were opened, and in a few days the more successful. Hundreds of poor persons patronize these cheap coffee-houses, at which a roll of bread and a cup of coffee may be had for five cents. They are self-supporting, and a fifth has just been opened.

A lady was "passing round the hat" when she said to the benefactor of the poor: "This is for your beautiful eyes," says, gallantly, a beggar of the old school, dropping a five-dollar bill in the collection box. "Oh, thanks!" says the fair one, with profound courtesy; "and now I want something for the poor," holding out the box again.

An eminent physician says he cures ninety-nine out of every hundred cases of scarlet fever by giving the patient warm lemonade with gum-arabic dissolved in it. A cloth, wrung out in hot water and laid upon the stomach, should be removed as rapidly as it becomes cool.—[Lansing Republican.]

When a member of a convention utters the charge of nominating the chairman, he need not be discouraged. He can get mentioned in the papers by offering a resolution thanking somebody for the use of the hall. The road to fame is open to all.—[Boston Post.]

Rowland Hill said, when he once saw a boy on a rocking-horse, "Like some Christians—motion enough, but no progress."