

less fretting and incessant scolding. Care-laden fathers return home at night, and, feeling that in some way the whole world has gone wrong, they seek relief for themselves by giving harsh expression to their ill-natured impatience, and the little ones in the family circle are the sufferers. Elder brothers and sisters, too, visit their troubles upon defenceless heads. At school it is too often the case, that sick, overworked teachers make their innocent little charges feel the heavy weight of their own physical and mental anguish. The fact, that all this is unintentional, does not diminish this cloud in Fairy-land, nor does it leave upon its darkness a single rainbow tint.

I have attempted to prove that there are clouds in fairy-life. If I have made manifest the shadows of a few of these, I have shown that children, as well as women, have wrongs to be righted. Wrongs, too, which cannot be effaced by the changing of a single clause in the Constitution, nor by the political influence of the world's mightiest men.

#### OUR FRONT PARLORS.

On a bright, sunshiny afternoon, we locked our office-door and strolled out Morrison street, thence down Yamhill, up Taylor, and so on, until we had traveled a distance of sixty-eight blocks. All of this part of Portland is used for residences, is thickly settled, and will average, with cross streets, which were constantly in our view, about four dwellings to the square block, making in all about 272 residences which came under our observation. Two of these were undergoing a process of calso-mining and painting, and one had a sign "To let" on, and can therefore not be taken into consideration here. Out of the other 269, only eighteen, including our own residence, had the appearance of being occupied—that is, the shutters were open and the blinds raised, to admit God's first gift, "Light." The other two hundred and fifty-one residences, many of them the homes of people who count their possessions by the thousands, were shut up tight, and we should have believed the owners were away from town had not our ringing of door-bells acquainted us with our mistake, for we were always promptly ushered into expensively furnished fam- ily sepulchres, otherwise known as

front parlors. Now these parlors are not to be lived in, they are solely for "company." They may be sat in occasionally and respectfully gazed at, but no familiarities may be taken with the furniture. They do not invite lounging. They confer little sense of ease. The chairs are always on dress parade. They never stray an inch from their places. The books on the table are likewise accurately and regimentally disposed. Everything bears the impress of the last funeral. It is a sad, solemn, and often gloomy place. The front blinds, with the exception of "cleaning day," are never opened. A dim, sepulchral light straggles through them. The sun is an unwelcome intruder. If allowed to enter he would cheer up matters and disperse some of the poison of dampness which slowly gathers day by day—but he would fade the carpet. Health, cheer, light and even life, in the house-keeper's estimation, are trifles when compared with the perpetuity of the colors on her carpet.

These front parlors are costly shrines consecrated to gloom, silence, and obscurity. The family live, move and endure being in the kitchen. The furniture acquires no individuality through use. The chairs and tables are as bright and shiny as when they came from the upholsterers. They have no character. In the comparatively few parlors which are lived in, every household appliance develops certain features, the result of use and usefulness. The arm-chair of pater familias has a dignity worn upon it; the maternal rocking-chair looks easy, gracious and accessible; the table covered with opened books and papers seems endowed with mental activity and vigor, the pictures on the wall look as if imbued with satisfaction as a source of constant pleasure to human eyes; the remaining chairs scattered about, even when not occupied, seem on sociable terms with each other, and the opened piano suggests the hospitality of harmony.

But for the parlor which is not lived in, the shut piano suggests a screwed-down coffin. The ever empty arm-chair seems a well-dressed chief mourner, the other chairs are pallbearers. The pictures are without heart or soul, and the table might as well be a pulpit. Everything seems

eternally sitting wrapped in sombre contemplation and meditating a dreadful judgment on somebody. Company can never warm up and be enlivened in such a place. The influence of days and days and weeks and weeks of a sad, gloomy, brooding solitude is too strong. Skeletons and ghosts haunt the room. You cannot see, but you feel them. Jokes only weakly fizzle there, wit splutters and dies out, humor is frightened and flees, because the room and its furniture have not been educated in their parts.

It is but an upholsterer's show. Hundreds of these domestic tombs are surreptitiously kept up in our city. They may be known at once by the long rows of closely shut blinds on the outer walls. Occasionally they are lit up like the little tomb chapels in Pere la Chaise on All Souls' Day. Men and women buy from time to time out of their hard earnings some new ornament and dedicate it to the fetich of the sad and gloomy front parlor. But they live in the kitchen. The kitchen is the stockhole in which much of the work is performed to man the dignity of the sepulchre.

The family lives in the atmosphere and rattle of stoves, pokers, scuttles, tongs, pumps, suds, frying-pans, peeled potatoes and buckwheat batter. The entire family mind is ever crammed full of things. Because even when away from the stockhole for a limited period the stoves, pokers, tongs, scuttles, peeled potatoes, suds, frying-pans and buckwheat batter are still in remembrance ever present realities. The real use of a front parlor is that of a cheerful refuge and rest from these things. But a prevalent custom has converted it into a tomb. These parlors need only a gravestone erected in the centre to make them consistently complete. On it should be inscribed: "In memory of Life, Light and Cheerfulness, who starved to death in this place long ago, long ago!"

Goldendale, in Washington Territory, is growing rapidly. It has doubled in population within a year. The inhabitants of the town number 500. The farmers in that section are putting in more wheat than heretofore, and have an excellent season so far. Stock buyers are driving off a great deal of stock to market, and pasturage is green and inviting to the many herds of cattle abounding there.