The New Northwest.

FRIDAY.....JUNE 2, 1871.

HARDSHIPS OF FARMERS' WIVES.

We hope the well meaning farmers of Oregon will be disposed to deal leniently with us while we talk to them in a spirit of good-will about the hardships that are daily endured by the wives of most of them.

A woman who is engaged in the trying task of bearing and bringing up a family of children, should be allowed at least some of the seasons of rest and relaxation which all men, with common consent, accord to their brood animals, that seem to have a direct money value exceeding that of the mother of their children.

In these times of excessive maternity, thousands of women are never really well. The constant demands upon their constitutions in the exercise of the peculiar functions of maternity and nursing, to say nothing of the constant care of a houseful of babies, who inherit the mother's intensely nervous condition, and are consequently extremely irritable and always half sick, so absorb their vital forces that they cannot perform the household drudgery of a farm and do their duty in their maternal responsibilities without drudging out an existence, whose misery cannot be over estimated, and which too often ends in an early death, by which the children are robbed of their best and truest friend.

We do not say that this state of things is the result of man's selfishness or perversity. It is the natural consequence of their thoughtlessness or ignorance. Women, who never own a dollar, cannot of course exercise their individual tastes. They are not at liberty to hire help when it is needed, and many of them, from long habits of scrimping and hoarding (to secure means for a second wife to scatter), cannot themselves endure the expense of hired help.

Every observant man knows that a woman's rest is broken in upon during the night by nursing, restless, crying or ailing infants, until many of them do not know the privilege of an uninterrupted night's sleep for many consecutive years. No fact in medical science is more fully demonstrated than that insufficient sleep is the speediest road to the grave or mad-house.

Let no man who has one spark of human sympathy, or one iota of human judgment, allow his wife to be waked in the morning. Let her have her nap out, good friend, even if your great lubbers of hired men do have to wait a little longer for their breakfast. It won't hurt your hired men to work a little before breakfast, and it will vastly help the mother of your children to get a little rest.

No farmer's wife who is a mother should be allowed to do the washing for the family. Thousands of women have actually been crucified by the wash-tub. We are going to say something here that will startle you more, we fear, than our announcement that we shall vote. Washing is not a woman's work. It is peculiarly trying upon the most important functions of the procreative existence. It is especially weakening and trying upon the back and loins. The hot suds excites perspiration, which leaves the system in a condition to engender diseases peculiar to women. It is labor that requires strength equal to blacksmithing or making rails. Yet we have known many a strong man who would grudgingly devote a half-hour to the fretful baby who was crying for its natural nourishment, while the weak mother was struggling for life at the wash-tub, overheating the baby's food, sowing seed for her own and her offspring's premature decay—the man never once imagining that it was his duty to let the wife sit or lie down to rest with the baby while he vigorously applied the "grease of his own elbows" to the ridgy washboard. We have also known men who invariably help their wives at this hard work, and in our heart of hearts we bless them for it; but woman's overwork at the wash-tub will never cease till she exercises her own inherent immunities, and, like man, engages in the work which best suits her capabilities or inclination.

Mrs. Dunlway would have it that Judge Miller "deserted" his wife. This is not correct. She "deserted" him and applied for a divorce—and obtained it. We are told that the Judge idolized his wife, but was not in circumstances to live up to her standard of affluence; in other words the $'s were waning.—*Mercury.*

Now, we are just as much opposed to a woman who runs after strange gods as we are to a man who leaves his wife and family in destitution while he flirts with the object of his early love—spending money for her in carriage hire and theater going, while his outraged wife is struggling under the burdens of motherhood to earn the money for him to publish a lot of moonshine and fustian which he mistakes for *poetry*. It is of this that we accuse "Joaquin." Mrs. Miller applied for a divorce on account of *desertion*—and obtained it—and is now struggling to support the children of a truant father, while he is lionizing himself—or imagines he is—in the city of London. If a woman had done this, how the *Mercury* would hound her! Gently, gently, thou *Mercurial* knight.

Masculine free lovers are gloating over the rumor that Victoria Woodhull is a woman after their own heart. We humbly hope they are mistaken, yet, should this sorrowful shame prove true, as, alas, it so often does where men high in political aspirations are concerned, we see no reason why all progressive and noble-minded women should be made to bear the approbrium any more than we see why McFarland's, or Crittenden's, or Key's libidinous proclivities should be shouldered as burdens upon the backs and consciences of all noble, and progressive and aspiring men.

The NEW NORTHWEST complains that young women are not accorded equal pay for equal work. We think they are; so far as the business of typesetting is concerned we know there is no discrimination. Women receive the same price per 1,000 ems that men receive. But it is complained of them by publishers at the east that girls cannot be relied upon as regular hands, because they stand ready to exchange their case for a husband on the slightest provocation, and that is the last of them in the printing office. Can the NORTHWEST remedy this failure?—*Salem Mercury.*

Just so long as men claim a controlling and property interest in their wives, just so long will those wives remain unable to fulfill their contracts.

No wonder "it's the last of woman in the printing business" when their husbands assign them to the kitchen and keep them there. Let woman exercise the same right as man to follow that business which may suit her best. There are few who will voluntarily abandon the printer's case and its emoluments for the wash tub and its backaches. We do not see but that men "marry upon the slightest provocation" quite as often as women do. Indeed, we sometimes conclude that it takes a man and woman both to complete the marriage contract. We do not recollect that we ever heard of a woman getting married unless some man was on hand.

The *Democratic Era* is the most readable paper we get. Its articles upon the woman question are more voluminous and very nearly as good as our own. We sometimes think that it is hardly necessary to run two equal rights organs in one community, and have almost made up our mind to propose a consolidation. The following from the *Era's* San Francisco correspondent is plain, practical and to the point:

So far as I am concerned individually, I would be very much gratified to have the women vote if they so desired. Everybody else votes, why shouldn't women? With all the noise, and bluster, and prejudice over, about and towards the subtle constitutional question, one's common sense teaches him that his wife or daughter is quite as well fitted to vote as the ignorant man, white or black, who exercises this precious privilege. This voting is a manly pursuit, of course. But scrubbing, washing, cooking and kindred pursuits, are manly, and yet no one objects to a woman usurping his rights in this direction. I have seen, for example, a poor, weak creature, inclined to consumption, on her knees mopping up the tobacco spit from the marble floor of a hotel, and I never yet saw a lord of creation grow indignant at such encroachments upon what God Almighty intended he should do. On the contrary, I have seen these lords of creation step over or around the female thus engaged in abominable usurpation, with sublime indifference.

We have purposely abstained from giving an opinion concerning the Fair tragedy—farther than to condemn the lustful and hearty eagerness with which so many agents of the press have collected every revolting relation of the unhallowed lust of the sinful parties and scattered them broadcast over the land, thereby sowing the seeds for further violation of law and decency; but the following, from the New York *Herald*, contains a point which is so sharp that we must call our readers' attention to it: "The simple fact is: Mrs. Fair, owning herself, took a guage of her wrongs and judged them with her own judgment. Had a father, brother or husband, or some male creature settled the matter for her, how different would be the public feeling; or had she followed the noble example of man, and taken for her victim one younger than herself—one wholly unacquainted with the ways of the world—and, instead of nobly killing him, left him to the charities of the world—then, indeed, she might have hoped for a moiety of clemency from a jury *not* composed of her peers."

To enforce the Amendments to the Constitution, Congress passed a law, in 1870, imposing a fine of $500 and damages to the same amount, and the costs of several months' imprisonment, upon any one who should obstruct any *citizen* from voting. Therefore, we say, let all women vote. If any one forbids them he will find that the full measure of the law will be meted out to him. But we look for no such thing. Gentlemen know too well which side of their bread is buttered to commit this folly. There is not a scratch of a pen against women voting nor a word conferring suffrage upon men to be found in the Constitution. Sex is not mentioned, but *all* persons are declared *citizens* who are born in the United States or subject to the jurisdiction thereof. Women have, therefore, the same political rights as men.

It is an old quip upon women that they cannot keep secrets; but the fact is they are the only part of humanity that can. A wife keeps a husband's secret incomparably safer than he does hers. We calculate there is one drunken wife to about four hundred and ninety-nine drunken husbands. In gambling, licentiousness, lying, cheating, hypocrisy, covetousness, there is pretty much the same proportion. Yet of the four hundred and ninety-nine wives, four hundred conceal, cover up, silently endure the terrible secret, while the one husband mourns over his wife's fraility in the study of his pastor and to the ear of his friend, and probably complains of it to a court of law. It is the same between brother and sister. The secrets that a woman talks about are of the kind that are unimportant and mostly agreeable to her. But of serious secrets she is as reticent as the grave. That is our observation, and in our various relations of physician, minister, and unordained lawyer, we have had run for a great deal of observation.—*Weekly Manual.*

We could keep the above fact a secret, and accede to saying—"A woman cannot keep a secret" but we think it is best to refute all such slanders. And we are pleased to see the press of the country acknowledging woman's capability in a direction where she is so terribly misunderstood and so commonly slandered.

We hooked the above selection and its sensible remarks from a copy of the Dallas *Republican*, which we found on file in the Portland Library rooms. Here's our hand, brother *Republican* Long may you flourish.

We wonder if every aspiring "sinner" who comes to Portland to live is left so destitute of the means of grace as we have been? Not one member of the Portland clergy has, as yet, called upon us except the honorable pastor of the Unitarian church.

Brethren, if we are doing a good work, we think you might come along and give us a little encouragement. If we are not doing a good work it is your duty, as ministers of the Gospel, to come and convert us to better things.

If you are not certain whether our work is good or bad you ought to look after it and make a decision. Our preaching already reaches the eyes and understanding of as many people as the combinded efforts of the whole of you; and, as we only want to exercise an influence for good, we think it is your duty to counsel us that we may know what you would have us to do.

RECORD OF RECENT EVENTS.

At last we are rejoiced to be able to chronicle the suppression of the unhappy Paris insurrection. The Commune, which we understand to mean something like our communities of laboring people, becoming frenzied by the long siege and their consequent privations, in a spirit of uncontrollable madness, desecrated their newly acquired freedom, and forfeited their right by insurrection and revolt. For weeks, the tidings that daily reach us, by telegraph, have revealed a tale of horror which we find it difficult to imagine. But, as we go to press the glad peans of peace is proclaimed in the doomed city and the fratricidal war has ceased. Numerous executions are being made. It is reported that Rochefort has been executed. It is feared that sickness will ensue on account of the effluvia arising from the great number of dead bodies in and around Paris.

Railroads are resuming business; victorious troops are marching back to Versailles; and Paris, under military restraint, will have a little time to collect her scattered senses and survey her wide-spread desolation.

The vandalism that would destroy such a historic monment as the column in the Place Vendome; the recklessness which would plunge their own long beleaguered city into utter desolation; the frenzy that proves itself incapable of rational self-control or reasonable reflection, alike proclaim the melancholy fact that France is not capable of self-government.

The legislature at Versailles has announced that all capitulations made during the war would be investigated by a council of war.

There are reports of the discovery of letters of leading members of the Paris Commune disclosing conspiracy against Belgium. A plot has fortunately been discovered, which, had the Communists proved successful, would have enabled them to escape from Paris and proceed to Brussels, where the horrors of Paris would have been repeated. Victor Hugo has been banished from Belgium, the Government of that country having become convinced that he was connected with the plot.

A *Tribune* special says: "I walked across Paris last night and never saw anything so desolate. The saddest feature is the condition of the women and children."

The public debt of the United States has been reduced $3,000,000 during May.

Vice President Colfax who has been dangerously ill is recovering.

Woman Suffrage Convention.

As we go to press the Pacific Slope Woman Suffrage Convention is in session, and will probably close the session this, Thursday, evening, its third day, though urgent requests have been pressed on the management to continue it for another day. This Convention has been characterized by far the largest woman suffrage gathering ever held in this city or on this coast. Its interest has been increasing from its organization to this writing. The delegations have been unusually large, particularly from the different counties in this State.

The sessions of Tuesday and Wednesday were devoted to business, and the evenings of those days to speeches, which were entertaining and spirited, instructive and eloquent. Prominent among the speakers were Revs. Messrs. Benton, Gage, Smith, Loveland and Harkness, Mrs. Denio, Mrs. Stevens, Mrs. Snow, Mrs. Drinkhouse, Mrs. Benedict, Mrs. Collins, Misses McConnell, Kimball, Humphries and Crane. Miss McNeil read from Sargent's "Woman Who Dared," with artistic and dramatic skill. The next *Pioneer* will be largely occupied with a somewhat extended synopsis of its proceedings. In another column may be found a brief report of the organization of the Convention and some of the numerous letters read from distinguished workers in this movement in the United States and Great Britain. We publish in this number only those from Florence Nightingale, Rev. Samuel J. May, and Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

Resolutions embracing numerous practical points were adopted, first among which was:

"That the woman suffrage movement, as its name imports, is a public one, and is designed to secure political enfranchisement of woman; but it contemplates no war upon religion or any of the established institutions of the country."

The large numbers attending this Convention, its harmony, earnestness and enthusiasm, the somewhat altered tone of the press, demonstrate that the cause of woman suffrage is rapidly growing in public confidence on this coast.—*S. F. Pioneer. May 19th.*

The Pacific Slope Woman Suffrage Convention which commenced on Tuesday morning, the 16th inst., adjourned *sine die* at one o'clock P. M., on Friday, May, 19th, having held seven business sessions, besides three large evening meetings, which were devoted exclusively to speeches. The interest, large at the commencement, continued to increase to the last. A strong effort was made to have the Convention continue its sessions through Friday and Saturday, but the large Hall in which it was held had been let for a concert on Friday evening, and a continuance therefore was deemed impracticable.—*S. F. Pioneer, May 20th.*

San Francisco has 807 manufacturing establishments, with $15,523,000 capital, and 15,000 employees.

Sensible and True

Woman's helpless dependence upon man degrades her in every sphere of life. It is her dependence upon man that enables him to secure her implicit love and confidence, and finally ruin and turn her an outcast upon society. It is his position and influence in society, and her want of that position and influence, that interprets his deed of infamy as her eternal disgrace, while at the same time his standing in society is not in the least affected. Nineteen-twentieths of the victims of prostitution have been brought to their present misery through the infamy of men. They obtained their deepest love and most implicit confidence, and then illustrated their boasted guardianship of their honor and fate by ruining them and kicking them down to the deepest sinks of iniquity. And they have no redress—no hold upon society for relief. And still men say that the vote is not the way for them to obtain redress. Will such men tell me how they are to obtain their rights? Are they to expect men to grant those rights when they do all that they can to defeat them in securing them?

Men officiate in every capacity down to waiters, clerks, cooks, etc., without an objection from women, but the moment a lady undertakes to extend her field of usefulness, these chivalric guardians of her destiny exhibit their modus operandi of guarding her interests by shouting, "strong-minded," "blue-stocking," "dirty skirts," etc. Courteous style to treat ladies, is it not? I have seen in a San Francisco paper the epithet of virago applied to a lady of respectability, because she differed in opinion from the writer thereof in the decision of the Fair trial. One of the strongest arguments against granting woman the vote is that politics are too corrupt for her. I look upon that as one of the strongest arguments that can be offered in favor of giving her the vote. Woman's moral influence is an absolute necessity in that sphere of society, in order to clean the Augean stable.

The natural prerogatives of human beings in no way depend for their existence and sanction on the incidental circumstances of place, condition or sex, and the institutions of art have no right to violate those natural prerogatives.—*S. F. Pioneer.*

Woman and Wine.

A writer in Scribner's Monthly uses the following strong language, which will be responded to by the women who have suffered all over the land:—"Of the worst foes that women have ever had to encounter, wine stands at the head. The appetite for strong drink in man has spoiled the lives of more women—ruined more hopes for them, scattered more fortunes for them, and brought them to more shame, sorrow and hardship—than any other evil that lives. The country numbers ten thousands—nay, hundreds of thousands—of women who are widows to-day, and sit in hopeless weeds, because their husbands have been slain by strong drink. There are hundreds of thousands of homes scattered all over the land, in which women live lives of torture, going through all the changes of suffering that lie between the extremes of fear and despair, because those whom they love, love wine better than they do the women they have sworn to love.

"There are women by thousands who dread to hear at the door the step that once thrilled them with pleasure, because that step has learned to reel under the influence of the seductive poison. There are women groaning with pain while we write these words, from bruises and brutalities inflicted by husbands made mad by drink. There can be no exaggeration in any statement made in regard to this matter, because no human imagination can create anything worse than the truth, and no pen is capable of portraying the truth. The sorrows and the horrors of a wife with a drunken husband, or a mother with a drunken son, are as near the realization of hell as can be reached in this world, at least. The shame, the indignation, the sorrow, the sense of disgrace for herself and her children, the poverty—and, not unfrequently, the beggary—the fear and the fact of violence, the lingering, life-long struggle and despair of countless women with drunken husbands, are enough to make all women curse wine, and engage unitedly to oppose it everywhere as the worst enemy of their sex."

MRS. FAIR—MOTION FOR A NEW TRIAL.—The attoneys of Mrs. Fair have served upon the counsel for the State a copy of their statement and bill of exceptions, on which a motion for a new trial is based. The document, which appears in detail in the *Alta*, is quite voluminous. The summary is as follows:

The defendant asks for a new trial on the following grounds: That the jury received evidence out of Court, other than that resulting from a view as provided by law; that the jury separated without the leave of the Court, and that they were guilty of misconduct tending to prevent a fair and due consideration of the case.

That the verdict was decided by means other than a fair expression of opinion on the part of the jurors.

That the Court misdirected the jury in matters of law and its instructions and charges.

That it erred in refusing to give the instructions asked on the part of the defendant.

That the Court erred in its decision upon questions of law which arose upon and during the course of the trial.

That the verdict is contrary to law and evidence.

That the minds of the jury were prejudiced and blasted against the defendant by means of the fine of $240 imposed upon her in their presence and hearing.

Newly discovered evidence material to the defendant, and which she could not with reasonable diligence have discovered and produced at the trial.

That some of said jurors had expressed an unqualified opinion as to the guilt of defendant at the time they were accepted and sworn on trial.

The mother of the Rothschilds, the widow of old Anselm, lived to the age of four score and fifteen, the cheeriest and brightest of old women. In the year 1859, an American traveler was exploring the antiquities of Frankfort-on-the-Main. The Jews' quarter, then and now a specimen of the intolerable vexation to which the hated race was subjected for many years, contained, within a narrow, ill-paved street, a framed building of singular neatness, upon which every improvement it would admit seemed to have been made. Seated in a large arm-chair, behind the small, diamond-shaped panes of glass that filled the windows of the structure, was a venerable lady engaged in knitting a stocking. She had outlived three generations, and yet her eye was not dim, nor her mind clouded. It was the ancestress of the Rothschilds—the mother of Meyer Anselm Rothschild—then eighteen years dead—the lineal head of the greatest commercial family known to the world.

Out of the six million owners of real estate in the United States, more than two-thirds are farmers.

Mrs. Frances Anne Kemble is in Rome.

Gleanings.

Olive Logan is thirty-two years old.

Mutual friends—Kerosene and coroners.

The hire class—laborers. The lore class—scholars.

A clergyman in Connecticut boasts the title of Rev. Hezekiah Fiddle, D. D.

When does rain become too familiar to a lady? When it begins to patter on the back.

Stars are the best astronomers, because they have studded the heavens since the creation.

"Well, Bridget, can you scour tin-ware with alacrity?" "No mum, I always scours them with sand."

He who has not forgiven an enemy has never yet tasted one of the most sublime enjoyments of life.

The Emperor of Russia will go this year to Germany to attend the silver wedding of his sister, the Queen of Wurtemburg.

Punch says "What in a woman is called curiosity, in a man is grandiloquently magnified into the spirit of inquiry."

An advertiser wants girls for cooking. One that knows what he's talking about replies: "You would like them raw when you get accustomed to them."

A man went into the office of *Zion's Advocate*, in Portland, and inquired if Mr. Zion was in. He probably wanted to "blow him up about not getting his paper."

A little girl, busy in making a pair of worsted slippers for her father, said to a young companion near her, "You are very lucky, you are; your papa has only got *one* leg."

A remarkably hard drinker, who was expiring, begged one of his friends to bring him a goblet of water, telling him, "On our death-bed we must be reconciled to our enemies."

Eve was the only woman who never threatened to go and live with mamma; and Adam was the only man who never tantalized his wife about the way mother used to cook.

"Pompey," said a gentleman to his servant, "I did not know until to-day that you were whipped last week." "Didn't you, massa?" replied Pompey, "I knowed it jist de time it occurred."

A negro preacher, referring to the Judgment Day in his sermon, said: "Bredren an' sisters, in dat day de Lord shall diwide de sheeps from de goats; an' bress de Lord, we knows which wears de wool!"

A little girl in Ohio, about three years old, after being corrected the other day for something she had done, said: "Ma, I wish whipping cost something." "Why?" replied her mother. "Because," said little pert, "you never give me anything that costs something."

New Jersey has one railroad to every eight square miles, Ohio one to every eleven square miles, Illinois one to every sixteen square miles, Iowa one to every thirty-nine square miles. Five east and west lines, in construction or completed, carry freights to Chicago.

An attorney once asked Lyman Beecher: "Supposing that the parsons and the devil should litigate a case, which party do you think would gain it?" "The devil, no doubt," replied Mr. Beecher, "as he would have all the lawyers on his side."

A would-be school teacher in Alabama recently replied to a question by one of the examiners, "Do you think the world is round or flat?" by saying, "Well, some people think one way and some another, and I'll teach round or flat, just as the parents please."

A young gentleman, after having paid his addresses to a young lady for some time, popped the question. The lady, in a frightened manner, said, "You scare me, sir." The gentleman did not wish to frighten the lady, and consequently remained quiet for some time, when she exclaimed, "Scare me again."

There is a man in Buffalo who has registered a vow never to make a "humane society" of himself again. He took off his coat and leaped into the canal to save a lady from drowning, when a pickpocket stole ten dollars from the coat, and the rescued one got mad because he pulled her chignon off in getting her out.

Mrs. Lucretia Mott, who is now drawing nigh her eightieth year, has lately formed a determination to make with her own hands, and to present to each of her children, a rag carpet. As a protest against the too prevalent gray of the Quaker style of ornamentation, Mrs. Mott is making those carpets of bright rags.

An old lady, slightly blind, while engaged in a futile attempt to sew buttons on young Augustus' new jacket, remarked: "Drat these buttons! I can't find the holes, and they split all to pieces every time I stick the needle into them." To which replied young Augustus: "Now, look 'ere, granny! you just let my peppermint-drops alone. You've split more than half of them already."

The captain of a schooner on Salt Lake says his vessel was recently caught in the vortex of a maelstrom. At one time the deck was lower than the water outside the whirlpool, and he ascribes his escape to a stiff wind which came up at the time. The noise of the waters as they descended denoted that a mighty, airless cavity below gave strength to the suction. It is natural to suppose that there is a subterranean outlet to Salt Lake, as it is fed by several considerable streams.

PROUD OF HIS MOTHER.—It was a cold night in winter. The wind blew, and the snow was whirled furiously about, seeking to hide itself beneath cloaks and hoods, and in the very hair of those who were out. A distinguished lecturer was to speak, and notwithstanding the storm, the villagers very generally ventured forth to hear him.

William Amnesly, buttoned up to his chin in his thick overcoat, accompanied his mother. It was difficult to walk through the fallen snow against the piercing wind, and William said to his mother:—

"Couldn't you walk easier if you took my arm?"

"Perhaps I could," his mother replied, as she put her arm through his, and drew up as close as possible to him.

Together they breasted the storm, the mother and the boy, who had once been carried in her arms, but who had grown so tall that she could lean on his. They had not walked very far before he said:—

"I am proud to-night, mother."

"Proud that you can take care of me?" she said to him with a heart gushing with tenderness.

"This is the first time you have leaned upon me," said the boy.

There will be a few hours in that child's life of more exalted pleasure than he enjoyed that evening, even if he should live to old age, and should, in his manhood, lovingly provide for her who, in his helpless infancy, watched over him.

A Story for Boys.

"Ma, where's my sled?"

"Little Tom Waters borrowed it this afternoon to draw his sister over to Mr. Brown's."

"Where are my nine-pins? They aren't in the closet."

"Bessie has company in the parlor, and I gave her permission to play with them."

"Well, where are my skates? I suppose somebody wanted them, too; I'm to be cheated out of all my play," said Philip in a very ill-natured tone.

"Your father took them to the shop this morning to have them mended for your Saturday holiday," replied his mother, taking out the ginger-snaps she had just made from the large pan, and disregarding her son's petulance. But Phil's temper was roused, and even his father's thoughtfulness failed to mollify him.

"I don't care. I wish people would leave my things alone," exclaimed the cross boy.

"Philip!" said his mother reproachfully.

"Well, I *do*. What's the use of having things if one can't get the good of them?"

Mrs. Ames had observed for some time Philip's growing selfishness, and the unreasonableness which always goes hand in hand with it had pained her frequently of late. She had hoped it was only the consequence of too great indulgence during his sickness, two months before, and a fault which she could easily check, but her efforts thus far had been unavailing. She paused a moment after he had spoken, and glanced at his handsome face, at that instant seeming positively ugly by reason of the sulkiness which overspread it. Then she said cheerily: "Well, my son, there is no reason why you should not have your own things all to yourself if you choose. Of course if you are to have the entire enjoyment, you will also take the entire care of them."

"I guess I'd be glad enough to," answered Philip, a little surprised by his mother's matter-of-fact way of taking his remarks.

"Then I will resign all care of your property for the future, or at least as long as you wish," said Mrs. Ames, in quite a business-like tone, and going to the parlor she substituted a book of engravings for the nine-pins, and brought the box to Philip. Presently Tom Waters also brought the sled, expressing his gratitude for the favor in a very earnest manner.

Philip was quite elated by his new authority, and played nine-pins on the sitting-room carpet for at least ten minutes. Then he saw Dick Jones on the street and ran out to speak to him, and coasted until tea time. He came in tired and hungry, to find his nine-pins scattered from one end of the room to the other, as he had left them.

"Pick 'em up, Bess, won't you? I'm hungry as a bear."

"Bessie wanted to," remarked Mrs. Ames, "but I told her they were yours, and you preferred to take care of them."

Phil made no answer, but crept under the table and chairs to gather them up, while the family sat down to tea.

"I broke my sled, father," said Philip, after blustring the edge of his hunger with a delicious biscuit, "and left it at the shop for you to bring home with my skates."

His father looked up with an expression of great surprise, and answered:

"That is very awkward for you, Phil. Your skates are here and are not mended, I brought them home for you to attend to yourself. However, you can have your sled mended all the same, I suppose."

"But the money," faltered Phil, a horrible suspicion creeping over him. "How shall I pay for it."

"That's *your* lookout, of course. The sled is yours, you know," responded, Mr. Ames with the utmost coolness.

Poor Phil! A choking sensation began to seriously interfere with the progress of that second biscuit; but he had saved a few shillings for missionary money, and the thought of this as furnishing a way out of his dilemma restored his wanted serenity. As for the skates, they must remain unmended.

That night, when Philip was undressing, he did what boys are wont to do, wrenched one or two buttons from his clothes, and calling down to his mother, carelessly informed her of the fact, and threw his suit down the stairs for her to mend. The door opened immediately, and her pleasant voice called up to him:

"Here, Philip, I have put thread and needles and buttons on the stairs. They are *your* clothes, you know, and I am not to mend them, of course."

Phil pretended not to hear. But Mrs. Ames waited, and finally asked:

"Do you hear, Philip?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered the poor boy, repressing a great sob. The door closed, and Philip, feeling as solitary and deserted as if he were a hundred miles away from the dear home, dropped his head between his hands and cried bitterly. After a while he crept softly down stairs, and bringing up his new and unwelcome possessions began his task. It is needless to tell how many times the needles broke and the thread knotted, before the work was ended, and how sore his fingers were with useless stabs, and how the buttons burst off the next morning because he had sewed them on with single thread, and how he *pinned* his clothes and was pricked by the pins cruelly all the next day.

He could not skate that Saturday on account of his broken skates, and when he went for his sled, he discovered that he had not enough money to pay for it, and when he entered his room at night, it was in the same disorder in which he had left it in the morning. Philip was completely humbled by his miserable day, and by the prospect of always wearing clothes which were pinned together, and of sleeping, night after night, in a tumbled bed. Worse than all, he had seemed the whole day to be an outcast from that helpful, unselfish household.

His mother had also endured the punishment as long as she was able to bear it, and with an aching heart went softly up to her son's room. As she opened the door, she saw Phil with his head on the table sobbing like a homesick boy. In a moment her faithful arms were about him.

"Is my darling tired of his selfishness?" She asked.

"Give—'em—all—away—and—take me—back," sobbed Philip.

"Do you see that we *need others* to make *us* comfortable and happy, and that we ought to give as well as take?"

"Oh! yes—I—do," answered Phil with great energy.

Then his mother smoothed the tumbled bed and made the disordered room tidy and beautiful, as mothers know so well how to do, and Phil's lesson was never forgotten. —A. W. A.

MRS. DUNIWAY'S NEW NORTHWEST.—The second number of this sprightly and vigorous journal in the interests of woman suffrage and reform generally, just started in Portland, Oregon, more than equals our expectations, which were very considerable. The editorials are well written, short, pithy and to the point; the selections indicate industry, taste and good judgment. This number contains the opening of a serial story entitled "Judith Reid, or the Plain Story of a Plain Woman," which prophesies well for its future chapters.—*S. F. Pioneer.*

The law of Michigan, amended, provides that every wife, child, parent, guardian, husband, or other person who shall be injured in person, property, means of support, or otherwise, by any intoxicated person, or by reason of the intoxication of any person, shall have a right of action in his or her own name against any person or persons who shall, by selling or giving any intoxicating liquor, or otherwise have caused or contributed to the intoxication of such person or persons; and in any such action the plaintiff shall have a right to recover actual and exemplary damages. And the owner or lessee, or person or persons, renting or leasing any building or premises, having knowledge that intoxicating liquors are to be sold therein at retail as a beverage, shall be liable severally or jointly, with the person so selling or giving intoxicating liquors, as aforesaid. And the amount recovered by every wife or child shall be his or her sole and separate property. The women of Michigan will be gainers by this just law, and if the police records of that State are not less frequently embellished with stories of wives blackened and bruised by besotted husbands, the vendors of "fire water" can at least be made to smart, and not only the vendors but those who lease buildings for this iniquitous traffic. Now that two women in Michigan have discovered their rights under the Constitution, and dared to maintain them at the polls, there is no danger but what they and their wide-awake sisters will be apt enough at taking advantage of this new prohibitory liquor law.

To the Moon.

How beautiful is this 'ere night!
How bright the stars do shine!
And all natur sleeps in trankilness!
But this 'ere self of mine.

Our dog has quit a-barkin' now
At fellers a-passin' by;
Hese gazin' at the far-off mune
With balm and plaid i.

Wen vain the, thow pall-faced thing,
A hangin' in the skise,
Upwerd on wild, unrammeled wing
My thaut cuts dust and flise.

O cud I kwit this klod of kis,
And sore abuv the kroud,
I'd bathe my sole in heggsiancy
In yonder flessy kloud.

Our polts' hibern soles
Must mix with vulger kru!
Wudn't tha druther fli awa
And hyde from mortel vu?

Ah, yes! had I a pare of wings
To go to yonder mune,
I guss ide jest as lif sta thar
From now until next June.

And thar, a rovin' up and down
Threw perley flowers idle go,
Or listen to tinkliin' rills
Wat from the mountains flo.

[The above choice morsel of literature, it is hardly necessary to state, is stolen from the "Democratic Era." We don't know who that paper hooked it from.—ED. NEW NORTHWEST.]

It is rather hard to respect old age when one gets sold on a venerable pair of chickens.

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