

(For the New Northwest.) Work and wait. In the battle-field of life...

JUDITH REID: A Plain Story of a Plain Woman. (Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by Mrs. A. J. Dunway, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington City.)

CHAPTER VI. The uneventful years rolled on, and I stood at length upon the threshold of womanhood.

My father-in-law found special favor in my father's eyes because he was, like himself, above "ideal foolishness."

"I guess you'll be jumping the broomstick next, Miss Jude," said a chubby stick with an incipient mustache, who was present at the wedding.

"Not I, indeed!" was my indignant rejoinder. "I have never seen a happy couple yet. People marry without thinking of what they are doing."

Nature had prepared me a charming retreat, which was of patient planting and willing had ripened gloriously beautiful. A half dozen paw-paw trees...

The voice was new and strange and musical. Whence it came I could not at first determine. Presently the curtain-like vines of my bowler door were parted, and a bright-eyed man...

"How dare you?" said I at length, angry enough to have annihilated him. "I beg your pardon," was the new-

deftly responsive, and he proceeded to appropriate the only seat in my possession. "What is your name, and what is your business here?" I asked, with the air of one who had a right to know.

"Oh, I'm doing the scenery of this delightful locality. But bless my eyes! I never expected to find anything so grand as this!"

"You like it then?" interrogatively. "Ah! don't you?" "Yes, indeed! Oh, I've spent so many happy hours here alone!"

"How do you employ your time?" "Sometimes I read; sometimes I knit; and sometimes I dream."

"You haven't told me your name, sir." "Ah! Haven't I?" producing a card upon which was inscribed, in clear, bold characters, the name of William Snyder.

"My little sister Nelly, Mr. Snyder," said I, timidly, as I made a seat at his feet for the crowing little sprite.

"That which, being rendered in plain English, meaneth something to eat." I answered, uncovering some snowy remnants of my sister's untrivial wedding cake, to which, in sober truth, the stranger knight did ample justice.

"The Queen of Fairy Bower supplicates her liege to show them," said I, waving my hand with an affected majesty that must have been superlatively ridiculous.

most girls and many boys are fed upon in early life as far from what will be unfolded and realized in their after-life that young people embarking upon the sea of matrimony are invariably disappointed.

But I didn't look for anything like this experience to come to me. Oh, no! Other people had made mistakes; I would avoid them. So I reasoned, like the veriest love-sick spoony of them all; and that too without the ghost of anything tangible upon which to hang my newly awakened hopes.

Reader, I here insert some nonsense which some judicious friends have advised me to withhold. I am not designing to tell an effective story, but simply to illustrate the silly, namby-pamby state of mind I was in, and the still more silly stuff with which my head was crammed.

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"Oh, sir knight, I must have this picture," said I, eagerly. "May it please your majesty, I would prefer to finish the sketch before presenting it for your most benign approval."

"The New Northwest."—This is the name of a weekly newspaper that has just commenced publication in Portland, Oregon. It is a neatly executed and well conducted paper, and certainly does credit to Mrs. A. J. Dunway, its proprietor, and we presume editor. It's the same size of the Union. For its motto it has, "Free speech, free press, free people," which is certainly a good one.

enabling the latest sketch and tearing it into fragments. The artist looked at me in blank astonishment. Then he puckered his handsome mouth in a prolonged whistle, and, rising from the grass, began to dust his broadcloth.

"Wee is me! My charmer hath undone me!" said he, with a mocking sigh. "Tell me, Jane Queen of Fairy Bower, how your subject can reinstate himself, and he will be most happy."

"Oh, I'm a wolf!" I said, in agony; "and this is the precious, doomed lambkin. William Snyder, stranger knight, you were a prophet just and true!"

"Give her to me!" I shrieked. With a sad smile he passed her into my arms, and without waiting to receive a word of thanks, he disappeared as before.

Men, by an unauthorized assumption of superiority and ownership of women, naturally fall into the unjust exercise of arbitrary and supposed inherent rights.

Let no one gather from these pages that my father was a hard man, or that he was particularly to blame for my mother's hard lot. He was the victim, or rather the consequence, of a wrong education; and my mother but hugged and clasped the chains that fettered her, religiously believing that she was thus performing a sacred duty for which reward in this world was not expected.

Typhoid fever patients are now treated in Germany with cold-water baths, of which an account is given in the *Lancet*. If the heat of the system rise to 104 deg., the patient is put in a bath at 59 deg., and kept there up to the neck for fifteen minutes.

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