The New Northwest.

FRIDAY.....................JUNE 30, 1871.

COMING.

Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony are coming. Through the gallantry and liberality of Mr. Holladay we are enabled to authorize the above named world-renowned women to avail themselves of the privilege of a free pass in one of his steamers to this port. We shall soon be able to tell our readers just when they will come and how long they will stay. Let every town that wishes to honor its citizens by honoring these lecturers make speedy preparation to secure their services, and communicate to us without delay.

We bespeak for them in Portland a reception in keeping with the enterprise, hospitality and good sense of our citizens.

HEALTH OF FARMERS' WIVES.

We well remember that we once entertained the yet popular theory that farmers' wives were more healthy, happy and contented than any other class of women. Though brought up on a farm, with the vision of our pale-faced, weary and over-taxed mother ever before us, we yet failed to analyze the difference between her weary form and that of our city visitors, who always praised her many delicacies for the table, and who appropriated, as by prerogative, the coolest chambers and nicest nooks and corners of the rambling old farmhouse. Never did we realize, until the brunt of all such burdens came upon our own shoulders, how thankless and hopeless is the never-ending toil of a woman whose business it is to be both drudge and lady, attending to the numerous wants of her many guests, borne down by the suffering and toil and weakness attendant upon and inseparable from incessant maternity; cooking also for a concourse of hired men, and washing and scrubbing for everybody. This is the regular life routine of thousands of farmers' wives.

The result is the early death of more than half of them, and the sending forth upon the world large families of weak and nervous offspring, who, in their turn, will be yet more poorly fitted for the responsible burdens of life than were the weak, over-taxed mothers, whose lives were a constant succession of suffering.

Now there is no need that women should endure all this. Farmers' wives, from their apparent opportunity to breathe pure air and eat fresh and wholesome food, should really possess better health than those women who live in pent-up cities, where the air is vitiated, the habits unnatural and the food often unwholesome, because decaying and stale.

Says Dr. Hall: "Many a farmer's wife is literally worked to death in an inadvertant manner, from want of reflection or consideration on the part of her husband."

We know hundreds of farmers' wives who never have an hour's "help" in the house during the whole child-bearing period, except perhaps for a week or two at most, just subsequent to periodical confinement. And these women not only bear all the dread, anxiety and suffering incident to maternal responsibility, but they drudge and drudge until their best friend, the monster, Death, takes them from toil and suffering, and lays them down with folded hands and silent hearts to "sleep the sleep that knows no waking."

We do not wish to overdraw this melancholy picture. Visions of ruddy-faced and happy farmers' wives do sometimes flit before us, and we thank the careful and provident husbands who shield and comfort them; but we know that such women do not systematically perform double and treble menial labor all through their life, any more than do the well kept horses of the many men whose care-worn wives could well endure a tithe of the care and recreation that is ungrudgingly given them (the horses), by men who never once consider that their wives need equal protection.

OUR HALLS OF JUSTICE.

On last Sabbath afternoon, as ourself and husband were out on the street enjoying a quiet walk, our course brought us opposite the Court House, of which we had read so much during its course of construction, and concerning which our expectations were considerable. Our liege proposed to go through the building with us, and we of course consented. The building is beautifully situated upon high, sloping ground, commanding an excellent view of the city and surrounding country. Passing from the front entrance through the broad hall, perforated by the various entrances to different county offices, we found the view from the rear doorway quite as magnificent as that from the front. Retracing our steps, we proceeded up the circular stairway and entered the main hall, where, had not the fumes of putrescent amber sickened us, we should have been delighted with the orderly arrangement. All over the hempen carpet are stains of the vile juice of tobacco, and at every step the nauseating dust of departed quids offends untrained olfactories. We were favorably impressed by the lofty ceiling, deep windows, broad aisles and comfortable array of seats, and had the pleasure of hastily glancing over some legal documents that lay scattered on the tables.

Then we invaded the domains of our legal tribunals, spending a few moments in the grand and petty jury rooms, and while there lost all wonder that men have a dread of the near advent of women jurors. One thing is very patent to us: they must purify the floors and walls of these Augean Stables of iniquity and vulgarity before they are fit places of resort for either men or women. We acknowledge that we were in a great hurry to escape from those rooms, as we felt that it would indeed sully us to tarry. Then we thought of our growing sons, and [illegible] they would soon be upon the stage of action as men, and we sighed for the renovating influence of woman in our courts of justice, and we hope and believe that this influence will permeate and purify those courts before our bonny boys shall be old enough to become sullied by contact with the vile scribbling that unblushingly shows itself upon the once pure walls of those now morally polluted rooms.

We earnestly ask sensible men all over the land if they believe that their houses or churches would be any purer than those so-called courts of justice if it were not for the renovative influence of wives and mothers? Encourage those wives and mothers to expand this influence, O, men of noble purpose, and we shall see if the accumulated filth of centuries will not vanish as by magic, and in its stead shall arise the goddess of Purity, who shall proclaim the glad tidings of moral decency throughout the broad area of our judicial and political domain.

WHY WOMEN ARE FRIVOLOUS.

Gentlemen complain of the frivolity of American women. They say that the average woman thinks more about the fashionable cut of her dress, the style of her hair and the height of her shoe heels, than she does of the affairs of State, the reformations of society, or the different avenues of trade and commerce.

We grant that all these assertions are true. We are sorry to admit this, but the fact is everywhere discernible. We know no remedy for the existing frivolity of women except increase of moral and pecuniary responsibility.

It is natural and also perfectly right that woman should bestow much care upon her personal adornment. Show us a woman who has no regard for cleanliness, beauty, or even fashion, and we will show you a woman who is a sort of natural monstrosity—a disagreeable compound of vinegar and aqua fortis, or else a vapid specimen of humanity who cannot arouse herself sufficiently to form an intelligent opinion. Our idea of a perfect woman is that she should be piquant, sprightly, agreeable, energetic, ambitious, affectionate; that her domestic world is in her home and household, loving her husband and looking upon him as her equal; loving, caring for and judiciously governing her children, bringing them to enjoy all the little endearments of a wise mother's love, that they may never let the germ of human kindness decay in their hearts. But this is not all that we claim for her. We desire that she be educated to some trade or profession; that she use the natural endowment of her brain in some remunerative avocation, training her mind to the full understanding of all matters of importance in the country and under the laws by which she is governed; that she fit herself to live independently of man, if need be—by his side, if so inclined; and in no way should she allow herself to become a clog or hindrance to her husband.

But the mass of women are not mentally firm or strong enough to come out from the trammels of custom and assert their womanly prerogative. Men must help them to throw off this state of feminine frivolity, and teach them the importance of the high duties that devolve upon them as the mothers of the race. Encourage them, dear brethren, to assume political responsibilities, and we shall soon hear less of their frivolity, or of your complaint that their minds run upon trifles.

SUPERANNUATED CUMBERERS.

Many people go plodding through this world with rueful visages and pouting lips, having an apparent and often expressed horror of all outward demonstrations of gladness. Such people are the gall and wormwood of society; the dread of all children; the abomination of the relatives upon whom they almost invariably depend for support, and the living incarnation of all things disagreeable. How we pity the fate of a family of young, exuberant, happy children who are doomed to spend what would otherwise be the happiest part of their lives in the charnel-house atmosphere engendered by a superannuated relative of the fortieth degree, whom the parents' pride will not permit to go where he or she belongs. We most emphatically declare that such relatives do not have claim enough upon the rights of children to cause the best years of their life to be embittered by the fault-findings of these vinegar-visaged dead-heads. Such people, who neglected in their early life to provide against the dependencies of age by marrying and raising families of children to call them blessed, and thereby failed in learning the necessary life lesson of love and geniality, should be cared for at the public expense. Infirmaries should be established for them in every State, where they might have no possible opportunity to turn the cream of happy childhood into the buttermilk of discontent.

Contrast the genial deportment of the aged grandparents of a happy family with the exacting bitterness of the bachelor great-uncles who depend upon their distant relatives for support, and be warned, O, men and women whose elongated visages take an extra stretch at the idea of being hampered by a family, by our well matured resolve to agitate the vexed question of what shall be done with these cumberers of the ground, until they shall be denied the privilege at the home of all distant relatives of turning any more of childhood's cream to buttermilk.

We learn from the Wyoming *Tribune*, published at Cheyenne, that Mrs. Stanton lectured at Denver on the 23d and Miss Anthony on the 24th of this month.

Some unlicensed quadruped, in passing up Washington street, late on Saturday evening, became frightened and [illegible], with a [illegible] against the bulletin board upon [illegible] the NEW NORTHWEST [illegible] itself and tore it apart, leaving there an unseemly smear. How Mrs. Duniway wished she were a man, so she could do a little "cussing" in an appropriate manner.

The above choice morsel is clipped from the columns of our courteous neighbor of the *Herald*, whose politeness will not allow him to carry on an esthetic argument with a lady contemporary. O, consistency, thou art indeed a jewel!

RECORD OF RECENT EVENTS.

Laborers in Jamaica are reported in a starving condition.

Lima dispatches state that an extensive coal mine has been discovered on the Bolivian frontier.

Efforts to suppress the Bolivia revolution are unsuccessful.

Panama dates to Friday last announce that the railroad directors have notified the Government that they will hereafter refuse to pay the annual assessment of a quarter million of dollars, and offer instead to allow the Government a certain proportion of the proceeds. The Bogota journals are urging the Government to complete the railroad.

The Prussian army corps system will be adopted by France.

Napoleon thinks his son will be his successor to the throne of France when he arrives at majority.

Gambetta recently delivered a speech at Bordeaux on the re-organization of France.

A London dispatch says the Fenian Burke was released on condition of reporting yearly to the magistrates.

The Communists of Paris are quiet, but the organization is kept up.

Marshal Serrano has been entrusted with the organization of a new Spanish ministry.

There is some prospect of a fresh complication in European affairs. Germany and England are passing sharp diplomatic words in reference to which is the best entitled to the possession of Heligoland, a small island in the North Sea. The possibility of a war between these powers is not an improbable contingency.

The California Democratic State Convention at Sacramento on the 21st and 22d was a very harmonious gathering. Gov. Haight was re-nominated by acclamation.

LETTER FROM HON. T. W. DAVENPORT.

HOME HILL, June 23d, 1871.

Mrs. A. J. Duniway—Editor New Northwest:—Presuming that you are the person who is most to blame for sending to my address the weekly issues of your ably edited journal, I take this method of saying that "you did not mistake your man," and that you can continue my name upon your books, always remembering that if I do not prepay, I shall not grumble at being charged the extra dollar at the close of the year. I thought, when I first heard of your venture into the arena of journalism, that a few words of encouragement, even from myself, might not be out of place, and intended to write to you in that spirit, but the most casual perusal of the first two numbers of the NEW NORTHWEST convinced me that you are perfectly able to take care of yourself, even in competition with those redoubtable knights of the quill, Scott, Crandall, Clarke, McPherson, Semple, O'Meara, or any other editor on the Pacific Slope.

Indeed, if anything in that direction had been needed, the able, manly and courteous introduction which you received from our mutual and esteemed friend of the *Oregonian* rendered anything that I could say wholly superfluous.

Of course it is unnecessary for me to write to you that I endorse the NEW NORTHWEST, with its declared great purposes. I shall do more: I shall support sometimes by agreeing with its opinions; at others, by criticising its departures, if it has any.

From an intimate acquaintance with the principal journals of the United States, and espicially with those of this coast, for the last twenty years, I am fast coming to the conviction that we will be obliged to rely upon the NEW NORTHWEST, and other journals edited and controlled by good and intelligent women, as educators of the people for the future, until society has become so improved that a man editor can conduct a paper and be fashionable without sliding into the debauching train of habits that never fails, sooner or later, to separate him from his originally high and progressive purposes, and carry him away into the embrace of babbling popularity. Madam, please take a few observations on the course of some of the ablest newspapers that we have known, and decide if I am not correct.

The common lot of man editors in the city, and you know that is the place where editors "most do congregate," is tippling, gormandizing, drunkenness, debauchery, and I might go on with other words expressive of the exact truth, but I will end this sentence by saying moral and intellectual death, which is enough, and infinitely more than ought to be true.

It is morally impossible that a man who spends his nights away from his family, in the beer saloon, in the hurdy gurdy saloon or fancy house, can long run a journal on the *up grade* of human progression. Now and then we find a man as strong in the individuality of correct habits and pure principles as to resist all assaults of fashion and popularity. Greeley, Bryant and Beecher are isolated but good examples of this kind.

Thousands more started right but they have ignobly fallen in the battle of life. Sam Clarke, of the *Statesman*, said in his paper a few days ago that a man (*i. e.*, editor), might as well be out of the world as out of fashion.

Think we had not better try to get our friend Clarke to take that back?

Please to take his case under treatment and see what can be done for him. It was once fashionable for chivalric Southerners to cowhide editors. I wonder how our friend likes that *fashion?*

With many wishes for your success, I remain Yours truly,

T. W. DAVENPORT.

LETTER FROM MRS. BELLE W. COOKE.

SALEM, Oregon, June 26th, 1871.

Mrs. Duniway—Dear Friend:—I was talking with a friend yesterday about a lady of my acquaintance, who was left with several little children to maintain, and no one to help her.

"She does not understand dress-making, fine sewing nor clear-starching; besides, her health would hardly admit of her engaging in either occupation. She has a babe that would hinder her from teaching, had she a gift for it. Now, what can such a woman do?" said I.

"Marry again," said my friend.

"Her experience has been too sad to make that an inviting prospect," I replied. "She is smart and attractive, and might, no doubt, do well if she had the advantages of good society, but what poor widow with a family of dependent children, and she struggling for food and clothing, is likely to be pushed forward into the society of the better class? This," said I, "is the strong point in the woman question that I urge. If a woman could get equal pay for equal labor, and find easy access to that kind of labor for which she has a taste and a talent, would it not be far easier for her to take care of herself when the need came for her so doing?"

"But women," replied my friend, "are not naturally as self-reliant as men."

"Ah," said I, "do you know this? Has she not been taught the 'clinging vine' theory until she can hardly be said to be her natural self? Centuries of such education must have had its natural effect upon womankind, and the wonder is that she is even self-reliant."

"I think most women who are so are generally coarse and unrefined."

"Do you mean that for me?" asked I. "I think I am self-reliant. I have embarked in an enterprise of very doubtful success, which requires considerable money, and I have earned that money myself, besides taking care of a large family."

"I give it up," said my friend." "I see you are in favor of 'woman's rights,' a question I have not had settled before."

"Well," said I, "I am glad you are satisfied; and you may think as you choose." BELLE W. COOKE.

Kitchen Aids.

Of course every farmer must have a reaper and mower, a horse-rake and a drill, and all the other labor-saving inventions, just as rapidly as he can pay for them, even though they are stowed away as dead property the greater part of the year. Such things are necessary, and the wife, perhaps, gets along with a new dress less, that the husband may have a labor-saving machine. But how about labor-saving machines and inventions in-doors? A woman who has a sewing machine, a machine to do the churning, and one servant as "help" is usually the most favored house-keeper in the neighborhood. You may look a whole township through, and in nine cases out of ten, the labor-saving affairs are brought to the help of man first. It is no wonder that good mothers are so scarce, stepmothers so common, and invalid women not a rarity. "A woman's work is never done," is a true proverb, with by far too many housewives.

So accustomed are women to doing their work in the old-fashioned way—by the pure virtue of back and elbow power—that they look askance at new fangled things, and believe it is more bother to use machinery than to do the work in the old way. The saving of physical strength seems an unheard or unthought of thing. So long as woman can drag around she usually does, although she arouses as many aches and pains from their lairs as there are window panes in the house.

Women do not begin to take one-quarter the time for recuperation that men do. Men sit around evenings, read, smoke, play games, or gossip; while the women of the house sew or knit, darn stockings, crochet, tat, or are busy in other ways. To snuggle down into an easy chair before the fire, and play with the tassel of her apron string, or simply listen to some one's reading, would seem to most farmer's wives as sheer laziness or wicked waste of time.

We do not believe women are so well able to endure incessant labor as men are. And if it is not good for men, how much more pernicious is it to the physical health of women? So we argue that labor-saving machines should come first to the house-wife, because she is the weaker, and because in her health and comfort and happiness, the happiness of the whole household lies, more than in that of any other member of it.

The way in which very many people "practice economy" is quite like one's eating more than he needs, for the "sake of saving it." That which saves health and time is economy. That which conduces to human happiness is Divine economy. That which is a saving in the end, even if an extra expense at the beginning, is economy. So household conveniences are economies of which the two paramount ones are those of water and wood.

We feel the wrath in us wriggling itself to pounce down upon those Gentiles who, year after year, postpone the wood-house arrangement, or the cistern-building, or bringing the water in the well to a civilized get-at-able state. A man who allows his wife to be a hewer of wood and drawer of water to an unaided extent, ought to be—well, excommunicated from his church on Biblical grounds; for "a man who has failed to provide for his own household is worse than an infidel."

We knew a man once, (he lives yet; hope he will read this paragraph), who prayed night and morning, preached on Sundays, and was a rich farmer besides. His wife milked the cows in all sorts of weather, cut most of the wood, built the fires, churned, "economized" and died of consumption in the prime of life. He put a weed on his hat, tried to resign himself to the "dispensation of Providence," when he ought to have been tried for woman-slaughter in the first degree and sentenced to chop wood and milk cows in the rain all the rest of his life. We don't quite believe in capital punishment, which is why we didn't suggest hemp and the gallows.—*Mary E. A. Wager, in Rural New Yorker.*

A SINGULAR REMEDY.—Whenever Burke found himself indisposed, he ordered a kettle of water to be kept boiling, of which he drank large quantities, sometimes so much as even four or five quarts in a morning, without any mixture or infusion, and as hot as he could bear. His manner was to pour about a pint at a time into a basin, and to drink it with a spoon as if it had been soup.

Warm water, he said, would relax and nauseate, but hot water was the finest stimulant and most powerful restorative in the world. He certainly thought it a sovereign cure for every complaint, and not only took it himself, but prescribed it, with the confidence of a Sangrado, to every patient that came in his way.—*Dublin University.*

CHEAP PLEASURE.—"Did you ever study the cheapness of some pleasure?" asks one. Do you know how little it takes to make a multitude happy? Such trifles as a penny, a word, or a smile, do the work. There are two or three boys passing along—give them each a chestnut, and how smiling they look! They will not be cross for some time. A poor widow lives in the neighborhood, who is the mother of half a dozen children. Send them half a peck of sweet apples, and they will be happy.

A child has lost his arrow—the world to him—and he mourns sadly; help him to find it or make him another, and how quickly will the sunshine play over his sober face! A boy has as much as he can do to pile up a load of wood; assist him a few moments, or speak a pleasant word to him, and he forgets his toil, and works away without minding it. Your apprentice has broken a mug, or cut the vest too large, or slightly injured a piece of work. Say "You scoundrel," and he feels miserable; but remark, "I am sorry," and he will try to do better.

You employ a man; pay him cheerfully, and speak a pleasant word to him, and he leaves your house with a contented heart, to light up his own hearth with smiles and gladness.

As you pass along the streets, you meet a familiar face; you say "Good morning," as though you felt happpy, and it will work admirably in the heart of your neighbor. Pleasure is cheap. Who will not bestow it liberally? If there are smiles, sunshine and flowers all about us, let us not grasp them with a miser's fist, and lock them up in our hearts. No, rather let us take and scatter them about us, in the cot of the widow, among the groups of children in the crowded mart, where men of business congregate, in our families, and everywhere. We can make the wretched happy, the discontented cheerful, the afflicted resigned, at an exceedingly cheap rate. Who will refuse to do it?

One of the London magazines notes as among the odd social phenomena of the present day the class of women who are the professed despisers of men. This set of modern man-haters is recruited from three classes mainly—those who have been cruelly treated by men, and whose faith in one-half of the human race cannot survive their own one sad experience; those restless and ambitious persons who are less than women, greedy of notoriety, indifferent to home life and holding home duties in disdain, with strong passions rather than warm affections, with perverted instincts in one direction, and none worthy the name in the other; and those who are the born vestals of nature, whose morals fall below the sweeter sympathies of womanhood, and who are unsexed by the atrophy of their instincts as the other class are by the perversion and coarseness of theirs. By all these, men are held to be oppressors and enemies; and even love is ranked as a mere matter of the senses.

It may not be denied that women have just causes of complaint against men. They have many, and so long as human nature is what it is, strength will, at times, be brutal rather than protective, and weakness will avenge itself with more craft than patience. But that is a very different thing from the sexual enmity the modern man-haters assert, and the revolt which they make it their religion to preach. If women will believe that, on the whole, men wish to be their friends, and to treat them with fairness and generosity, they will find the work of self-protection much easier, and the reconcilement of opposing interests greatly simplified.—*Washington Star.*

IRON MANUFACTURE AT CHEYENNE.—The town of Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, the "Magic City of the Plains," has peculiar and natural facilities for the successful manufacture of iron, possessed by few other points in the country. This somewhat sweeping assertion we propose to establish by a few facts and figures that cannot, in our opinion, be controverted.

Seven or eight miles south of Cheyenne, on the Denver Pacific Railway, is a large deposit of excellent "kidney" iron ore, easily accessible. Thirty miles west, at Dale Creek, is an abundant supply of "red hematite" ore of the finest quality. Twenty miles to the north is the celebrated Chug Mountain, an inexhaustable mass of the purest magnetic ore yet discovered. This ore contains over ninety per cent. of the protoxide of iron, and is ten per cent. richer than any ore now used. These three varieties comprise all the ores in general use, and are combined or used separately, as occasion may require, in manufacturing the different grades and qualities of iron.—*Wyoming Tribune.*

THE BEST WAY TO ADVERTISE.—The best and cheapest mode of advertising in the world is that in the newspapers. Every successful advertiser will say this. Seed strewn there—if the seed are good for anything—always bring up a crop of some value, generally a hundred fold. Placarding dead walls and showering hand-bills among the people are auxiliaries in advertising; but it is doubtful whether, as a rule, they more than pay the expense, while there is no doubt that they are a nuisance. The blankest of dead walls is only disfigured by posters, provoking, in the well-regulated mind, a sense of aversion to the man who so advertises, and the articles upon whose excellencies he expatiates; while as to hand-bills, nothing so prejudices a citizen against going to see any show or buying any goods as the ugly slips of paper thrust at him from all quarters eloquently recommending him to do those things.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

MRS. Gordon has been laboring in Contra Costa since the closing of the Bazar, and has organized a Woman Suffrage Society in the more eastern part of that country. The Woman suffragists in and about the town of Antioch now have it in contemplation of celebrating the Fourth of July, not in burning gunpowder, beating drums, or in making boyish noises and clatter generally, or in boasting of rights and liberties nominally possessed by less than half the population of the country, but by sensibly demonstrating their appreciation of personal freedom and of national equality and liberty, by meeting and considering the best means to be adopted to secure and preserve these inestimable blessings, both for themselves and their fellow citizens, from the Lakes to the Gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific Oceans.—*S. F. Pioneer.*

Wonders will never cease. At least we so judge from the following paragraph in the New York *Times*:

"Boston voters viewed with astonishment two women distributing votes at two of the polls in that city on election day."

The chief wonder about the above is that it should excite any wonder at all. Why should not women as well as men be at the polls on election day? Are they not citizens? Have they not an interest in the Commonwealth? Are they not governed by the laws? Have they not an interest in the laws by which they are governed? The *Revolution's* only regret about the fact mentioned by the *Times* is that the women were simply "distributors" of votes; they should have been actual voters.—*Revolution.*

HOW TO PICK FRUIT.—Pick apples before fully ripe, pare all over, slice from each side to the core—the thinner the slice the quicker they will dry, and the higher price they will bring. All pared and sliced fruits should be dried in the shade and out of the wind, to preserve a light color, on which very much depends the price.

Peaches should be picked before too ripe, slice toward the center, so that when dry the slices will not be thicker than the blade of a table knife. Be very particular and dry them a light color. Dark peaches are always dull sale at half price or less than bright ones. Peaches, if not peeled, should be cut in halves.

Take the seeds out of cherries and dry without any admixture of sugar or syrup, and dry thoroughly. The damper they are, the less price they sell for. Cherries not seeded are of little value and dull of sale.

Blackberries, Whortleberries and Raspberries should not, in picking and drying, lose any of their juice; the pulp is of no value.

Damsons and other plums should be dried without seeds.

Remember, that neither peach nor cherry seeds, apple cores or peelings, sugar, syrup or water, will sell for dried fruit. By carelessly or intentionally leaving or putting them in, you will in the price have to pay for sorting, where it can be done, and lose the amount paid for freight on the portion of no value.

Keep the fruit clean, and do not forget the fact that the better it is prepared the quicker it will sell, and the higher price it will bring. Lastly, pack in nice, clean barrels, boxes or bags.

WHERE THE SUN DOES NOT SET.—The following graphic passage is from the description of a scene witnessed by a Mr. Campbell and his party, in the north of Norway, from a cliff one thousand feet above the sea: "The ocean stretches away in silent vastness at our feet; the sound of its waves scarcely reaches our airy lookout; away in the north the huge, old sun swung low in the horizon, like the slow beat of the pendulum in the tall clock of our grandfather's parlor corner. We all stood silent looking at our watches. When both hands came together at twelve, midnight, the full, round orb hung triumphantly above the waves, a bridge of gold, running due north, spanning the water between us and him. There he shone in silent majesty, which knew no setting. We involuntarily took off our hats; no word was said. Combine if you can, the most brilliant sunrise and sunset you ever saw, and its beauties will pale before the gorgeous coloring which now lit up the ocean, heaven and mountain. In half an hour the sun had swung preceptibly on its beat; the colors changed to those of morning; a fresh breeze rippled over the flood; one songster after another piped up in the grove behind us; we had slid into another day."

Until woman shall have great and worthy objects to employ her mind—until the doors of the numerous departments of society, such as education, art and production, law, medicine and divinity, commerce, invention and government, shall be as widely open to her enterprise and ambition as to man—until she shall, like her brother, be encouraged to become individualized, self-supporting and self-reliant—woman will, from a fixed law of her mental and moral constitution, be characterized by weakness and timidity, showiness and frivolity, gossiping and artfulness. When this freedom shall be granted her—when she shall be allowed to gravitate to those departments by the law of inclination, taste and capacity, instead of being forced into employments by customs founded upon the ignorance, interest and prejudice of the dominant class—then, and not till then, will woman find her proper "sphere."—*Col. Collins in the Pioneer.*

"A distinguished lawyer some time ago told us that a young Irish girl had called upon him to institute a suit for breach of promise against the man who had jilted her. They had a quarrel, and in this quarrel her lover had struck her. 'What did he strike you with?' interrogated our friend—'his hand?' 'His boot,' she replied. 'His boot?' demanded the lawyer, 'did he throw it at you?' 'No, sur; his fut was in it!' she replied. 'Oh! then he *kicked* you?' 'Yes, sur?' And would you marry a man who, before marriage, would kick you?' 'Faith and I wud, sur; for sure it's the disgrace for a girl not till be married!'"

The above story, which the *Sunday Dispatch* tells, contains the creed of the average woman, both of high and low life. The disgrace of marrying a brutal or vicious man seems less in her eyes than the disgrace of not marrying at all.

BONES OF CRAZY PEOPLE.—The number of bones broken in the English Lunatic Asylums has given occasion for a curious scientific inquiry; and it is now asserted that the ribs of crazy folks are more brittle than the ribs of the sane. Dr. Headon instituted an examination of the bones of twenty patients who died in the Carmarthen County Asylum. In nine of these cases "the very framework of the chest was found to be in an abnormal and diseased state." In two instances the breast-bone broke in removing it, and generally the bones were no stronger than stout card-board. In one case the surface-bone was so spongy and soft that it was easily crumbled up between the fingers. Some of the ribs were easily cut with a common knife, there being, through the action of the diseased brain, a wasting away of the phosphates.

POLITENESS.—Politeness is a capital which pays better than any other investment known. It can be acquired by any one without price, and when properly expended pays a most extravagant interest. It is surprising, therefore, that any one should fail to acquire some of the stock. Strange as it is, however, it is nevertheless true; and some people are every day seen who have not the smallest amount of it. They are rough, uncouth, unmindful of the feelings of others, and devoid of true friends. But to the polite person, no matter what his faults may be, a degree of forbearance is accorded, while his popularity is such as to secure to him scores of friends and admirers. This being true and patent to all, we wonder why any one should neglect to be polite and courteous to all his fellow beings on any and all occasions.

MISTAKES ABOUT EDITORS.—It is a great mistake to suppose that editors keep public reading rooms; that they have plenty of time to talk to all and everybody; that they are delighted to get anything to fill up the paper; that they have plenty of time to correct bad manuscript; that they are in duty bound to puff everybody; that they should know everything whether informed of it or not; that they have plenty of money; that they should notice every scalawag that travels; that they should have news when there is not news; that they should print every man's name who attends a dog fight; and should keep every man's name out of the paper who comes before the police court.—*Exchange.*

A Cleveland man was lately so mortified at his wife's asking him for pocket money before strangers, that he had to shoot her twice to keep her quiet.

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.—I shall never forget the feelings I had once when climbing one of earth's great pyramids in Egypt. When half way up, my strength failing, I feared I should never be able to ascend to the summit or get back again, and I well remember the help given, even by Arab hands, to draw me on further, and the step I could not quite make myself, because too great for my wearied frame. The little help given me—sometimes more and sometimes less—enabled me to go up, step by step, until at last I reached the summit, and breathed the pure air, and had a grand lookout from that lofty eminence. And so in life's journey, we are climbing, we are ascending. We are feeble. Every one of us, now and then, needs a little help, and if we have risen a step higher than some other one, let us from that eminence reach down for the brother's or sister's hand, and help another to stand beside us; and thus, joined hand in hand, we shall go on conquering, step by step, until the glorious eminence shall be gained.—*Bishop Simpson.*

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