The New Northwest.

FRIDAY.....JULY 14, 1871.

OUR LIBERAL PATRONAGE.

We are constantly receiving condolence from distant friends, relative to our supposed martyrdom to the up-hill work of getting support for a reform paper. We are happy to be able to announce to all such that our prospects are brighter than those of any other newspaper of the same age that has ever been started in Oregon. Large numbers of new subscribers are flocking to our standard every week, and their timely remittances not only encourage us to renewed exertion, but will, if continued, soon enable us to enlarge our paper, and in the near future we shall be able to devote our whole time to the work, whereas at present less than one-fourth of our time is spent upon the paper, the remaining portion being occupied in "making a living."

Hon. John A. Collins, of San Francisco, one of our most highly prized friends, an estimable gentleman and an active and efficient worker in the cause of woman, writes: "I do sincerely hope that Oregon and Washington Territory will give the NEW NORTHWEST a support one-half equal to its merits. If you have not by this time learned that it is up-hill work to publish a reform paper, you have a more considerate and liberal people than those which constitute the ordinary inhabitants of States generally." We respectfully assure our friend that we have a liberal people. Oregon is the "hub" of the Pacific coast. Hitherto she has not had facilities for free communication with the outside world, and has consequently been represented by California, who has unhesitatingly appropriated all her greatness; but that day is past, and we shall be greatly surprised if Oregon does not emancipate her women before California, as a State, gets educated up to the sublime idea.

We proudly point to our liberal patronage as one grand evidence of the liberality and natural greatness of our people. We have been anxious for the success of our enterprise—now we are ambitious for a triumph. We are arranging a premium list which is destined to put *everybody* to work for the paper, and which will amply repay the getters up of small clubs as well as large ones. Let our friends look out for this list next week, and be prepared to work for it.

"THE STURDY OAK AND CLINGING VINE."

We do not believe in woman suffrage,—not however because we believe women as a mass less qualified to exercise the privilege in a sensible and salutary manner than the mass of men, so far as intelligence is concerned, but solely because we believe the entry of women into the political arena would result most unfortunately for them in many important respect, and in no respect more harmfully than that of divesting them of that peculiar sanctity which is at once their weakness and their strength, and which, while it exempts them from duties and trials devolved upon man, assures to them that homage and devotion and protection from men that is so essential to their natures, even as the support and protection of the sturdy oak is essential to the fair development of the up-reaching and encircling vine whose fruitful clusters upon it depend.—*Bulletin.*

Here we have the same species of insipid hash that has been served up to woman ever since we have had existence. Men cajole and flatter, while prating that they "protect" women, to whose thrift and foresight and self-denying heroism they owe whatever measure of success in life has been meted out them. We do not allude to the few prominent capitalists, like our railroad kings or manufacturing monopolists, whose skill in financiering has brought them princely fortunes, but to the great mass of men—not even excluding the writer of the above, to whose estimable wife we trust his own sense of justice causes him to accord much of his present prominence. We allude to women who toil early and late; who scrimp and eke and economise; who work and suffer and toil and moil; women who would rise often to eminence, wealth and prosperity, were it not for this overshadowing "protection" that keeps them at the wash-tub.

Women are fast learning the worth of empty compliments concerning their "peculiar sanctity." They know that they bear thousands of menial burdens in their physical "weakness," which, but for this so-called "protection" that circumscribes their opportunities, they might shift to the shoulders of servants, while they use the "intelligence" which the editor of the *Bulletin* admits that they possess in following some agreeable occupation suited to their strength of mind and body.

Women have seen the "sturdy oak and clinging vine" change obligations until they are accustomed to the change. The "clinging vine" is often a household drudge, while the "sturdy oak" is a pampered office-holder. We know many such; and we also know many rum-soaked "sturdy oaks" whose pestiferous rottenness can support no "clinging vine." If men were perfect there would be plausibility in the *Bulletin's* theory; but as they are not, it is sheer nonsense for them to prate of "homage and devotion," which does not pay store bills nor lighten menial responsibilities.

MISS PHŒBE COUZINS.

This talented, spirited and accomplished young lady, having overcome difficulties that would have appalled most of our would-be eminent young men, has been admitted to the Missouri bar, and is now engaged in successful practice as a lawyer. She combines vivacity with legal acumen, and common sense and womanly intuition with unbiased judgment.

Miss Couzins is represented as being an exquisite woman, charmingly beautiful, who has declined to become dependent upon any man or set of men for her substistence, choosing rather to remain responsible for the expense of her own wardrobe, as well as the arbiter of her own tastes in its different specialities. It is asserted that the Missouri masculine members of the bar are finding new attraction in their previously dry profession, and some of the wives of these disciples of Blackstone are becoming jealous of the handsome pupil of Kent and Chitty.

At a banquet recently given in St. Louis in honor of this charming young lady bachelor of laws—what a misnomer!—a number of the shining lights of the profession assembled to do her honor.

We shall see if Miss Phœbe Couzins does not embellish her erudite occupation with vases of flowers on the tables, hanging baskets in the windows and pictures on the walls, which men would never think of. And she will do this, too, without neglecting the hard work and intense application necessary to success in her chosen profession.

CANDOR AND FAIR DEALING.

The *Christian Advocate* of two weeks ago published a reprint of Madam Dahlgren's anti-suffrage letter, which it copied from our columns, expressing approbation of our evident desire to give all parties a hearing. We waited one week in expectation that the *Advocate* would be consistent enough to give its readers some of our most cogent reasons for granting the ballot to woman. All of these reasons are so telling, plain and palpable that he who runs may read and comprehend them; yet this zealous *Advocate* of Christianity sees fit to utterly ignore them, although its editor knows full well that the only hope for the correction of public abuses is in the regenerating influence of women, which must be brought to bear in our political circles, as well as in our social ones, if the millenium is ever ushered in upon the earth. Will our brother of the *Advocate* be so good as to exercise a little of the "disposition to do justice to all parties concerned" which he says he is so deeply gratified to behold in us?

WHAT SAITH THE "HERALD?"

The *Herald* of the 11th inst. contains a very sensible letter, which we heartily endorse, in which the injustice of trying a negro by a jury *not* composed of his peers is very able discussed.

If the negro Ward were a woman on trial for her life, would this man's rights correspondent feel that a jury of men would be other than a packed jury? Would he censure in appropriate terms the flagrant injustice of trying a *woman* by a jury not composed of her peers? Can we hear from him through the columns of the NEW NORTHWEST? or will his views get airing in the Portland *Herald?*

SERMON ON THE BOOK OF ESTHER.

It was my pleasure on Sabbath evening last to accept the invitation given me in the morning's paper, and at the appointed time found myself one of the many assembled at the Unitarian Church to listen to a lecture by the Rev. Mr. Eliot upon the Book of Esther. After an appropriate voluntary from the choir, reading of the Scriptures and prayer by the Pastor, and singing by the congregation, Mr. Eliot announced his subject, stating his intention of making the Oratorio which had so ministered to the pleasure and substantial culture of the people at large the occasion of some practical remarks.

He felt that few who were present at any time during the rendition of Esther could doubt that the drama (for this is a drama) could be made a mighty instrument for good; that the actor (for these our friends and neighbors, members of our community and of our own household, were for the time actors) might be pure and true, a minister of good, one of the many forces working to advance God's Kingdom in the world; that a narrow prejudice had prevailed to shut men's minds against acknowledging the fact that many of the purest, the truest, the most lovable and the most loved had been actors.

He then spoke of the Book of Esther, the strange fact that the name of God was not once mentioned in it, and no recognition of the fact that His hand had wrought out this mighty deliverance of the Jews. Many, among whom Martin Luther stands prominent, denied its right to a place in the Canon, while the Jews held it in high esteem, and with many impressive ceremonies were accustomed to read it from first to last at the feast of Purim. However the question might be decided, no one could read the book aright without a strengthened conviction that God ruled in the affairs of men.

He felt that had he had the moulding of the Oratorio he should by no means have left out Vashti, the deposed Queen—the representative woman, not only for her time but for all time—who, rather than forfeit her womanhood by appearing at a drunken debauch at the bidding of her lord, chose to forfeit not only the King's favor and her throne, but even life itself, if need be.

He remarked that Ahasuerus was no other than Cyrus, called the Great, and yet he was in his estimation the least of the characters which the book presented.

Haman, the ruler of the provinces, was doubtless a man of no ordinary parts, who from small beginnings had worked himself up to be the King's right hand. He was a man to be admired for his ambition, will-power and sagacity, if not for more noble qualities.

The name Mordecai, he observed, means *the little*, but in this case was not applicable to the man, for here he is not only a man of piety, but also of far-seeing shrewdness. He knew the time would come when the Jews would need a friend at court, and showed his wisdom in gaining for Esther the place of the deposed Queen.

Of Queen Esther he spoke in highest praise. In the history of the world the salvation of nations has again and again depended on the courage and devotion of some woman. In this instance the fate of all the Jews depended upon this beautiful woman, whose beauty enabled her to make victory out of what would otherwise have been defeat and death.

Take it all in all, it was a rare treat, thoroughly enjoyed by the congregation, who doubtless departed not only instructed, but also strengthened in the conviction that right and truth shall prevail, whatever may oppose.

RECORD OF RECENT EVENTS.

Foreign affairs are reported quiet.

Elections in Paris will be held on the 26th inst.

The Army everywhere vote the Republican ticket for Assembly.

The present harvest of France will fall below the usual average.

The French ship Severance has been totally wrecked on the coast of Cape Good Hope. One hundred and fifty bodies washed ashore from the wreck.

A special says that considerable anxiety is felt at Washington concerning the future movements of Admiral Rogers, relative to the Corean difficulty.

The plans for the San Pedro breakwater are completed and sent to Washington for approval.

The Hibernians of New York having threatened a riot if the Orangemen should proceed with a picnic and parade which the latter had planned, the city authorities interposed and prohibited the proposed display. Evidently New York city needs the presence of a standing army to protect law-abiding citizens from violence.

Gov. Hoffman has since issued a proclamation giving any and all bodies of citizens desiring to do so the privilege of celebrating, and says they will be protected by the military and police.

The latest advices represent that a riot is going on, and that two Ribbonmen (Orangemen) had been killed. Severe fighting is going on in some quarters. The police, backed by the military, are endeavoring to disperse the rioters with partial success.

LATEST.—Bloody times in New York. One hundred and fifty people are reported killed and wounded. The organization of a Protestant League is talked. The roughs of New York evidently need the benefit of a little wholesome grape and canister.

LETTER FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

June 24th, 1871.

Mrs. Duniway:—I have just received a few numbers of the NEW NORTHWEST, sent by a lady friend, and as I sit in my log cabin here, away from all society, twenty-five miles away from a post-office, on the banks of the blue McKensay, my heart is filled with gratitude to you for putting yourself in the front ranks of the Army of Progress, and sending forth a paper devoted to human improvement—for whatever tends to elevate woman must necessarily improve mankind generally.

I hope you may be prosperous beyond your most sanguine expectations, and in order that you may all intelligent women, as well as men, should put shoulder to the wheel and help to roll onward the car of progress; for to take the stand you have and never weary requires an amount of physical, as well as mental stamina, that, unfortunately, but few women of this boasted nineteenth century possess. And you are no doubt fully aware of all the blame and censure you must endure from all, but mostly from those you are trying to elevate. The world's reforms have always had to endure persecution. The greatest reformer the world ever knew said of himself, "They hated me without a cause." And I am sorry to say that it is from women that you may look for the most opposition. For as a rule the American man is inclined to be more generous than *just* in his judgment of the works of woman. This being true, it is much to be deplored that so many women waste so much time in scolding men, rather than making the most and the best of themselves and of the advantages, opportunities and powers God has given them. It has been so customary for women to confine themselves, their thoughts and their talents to the social circle, that it seems impossible now to make them believe, or the world acknowledge, that they are capable of conducting a business of any magnitude.

How little do they realize that it requires far more tact and skill to make the machinery of a common household run smoothly than to be the general of an army! I think I hear many a woman say, "That's so!"

Good sir, you who have always had an idea that you supported your wife in idleness, who think and say that "she has no more right to be worn out with work than a butterfly in a cowslip meadow, and that you could accomplish all she has to do in two or three hours and *a half*, and sleep and lounge away the remainder of the day like a prize fattening beef!"—try it one day, and see! You know nothing of the secrets of wheels within wheels, or the causes of the inner jar of the smoothest running household machinery. There is many an intelligent woman who could better do what her husband has to attend to than he could take her place in the house. Now if women show so much energy and perseverance in the sphere that has been allotted to them, why not say to them, "well done, good and faithful servant. Thou hast been faithful over a few things, we will make thee ruler over many." Indeed, there are certain vocations that come peculiarly within woman's sphere, for "her work is work upon mind, upon soul, upon heart. It is here especially to teach, to entertain, to soften, to refine humanity."

Why should she be limited to the social circle exclusively, when the more persons who can be brought under her influence the better?

Your correspondent B. R. L. has plead our cause so well that it leaves but little for us to say. If all men were like him, intelligent and honest in the expression of their opinion, there would be no need of discussing this singular question. But alas! all men are not what the God of Nature designed them to be, noble, wise and true. If they were there would be more dependence to be placed upon them, and you would find a remarkable thinning out of the ranks of the advocates of woman's rights, for there would be no need of asking for what we should already possess.

MARIE.

The Holly Water Works.

[From the Oregonian, July 11th.]

A few weeks ago a citizen of Portland addressed a letter to the Holly Company at Lockport, New York, asking for special information in regard to their system of water supply and fire protection. Following is the letter received in reply.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., June 27, 1871.

DEAR SIR: We are in receipt of yours of the 12th inst., and have mailed you some pamphlets, reports, etc., by which you will see what we have done and are doing. We have now under way a set of machinery for Atlanta, Ga., which is to force the water five miles and up an elevation of 566 feet, and from the top of this elevation throw streams for fire purposes 80 feet high. We are also making machinery for Denver, Col.; Des Moines, Iowa; Allegan and Big Rapids, Mich., Portsmouth and Ironton, Ohio, and several other places. We should be glad to put in machinery on the Pacific coast. The cost of water works on this plan is less than any other, and the water purer and better. All the machinery is duplicated to guard against accident, and the fire protection so complete that no fire has ever reached a second building in any place having this machinery, and in *every* place the rates of insurance have fallen from one third to one-half upon the introduction of this machinery. At Binghampton and other places, which have in use this plan of filtering, it continues to work perfectly and to the satisfaction of all. Their wells are capable of furnishing twenty millions of gallons per twenty-four hours, and the water takes from the wells is always clear, even in times of high flood, when it is very muddy in the river, and is not visited by fish or reptiles, as nothing can reach the well except by filtering through the gravel.

The cost of works like those at Binghamton, having a capacity of 2,000,000 gallons per day, and distributing the same throughout the city, whose greatest elevation is about 60 feet, is for machinery at our factory, $32,000. To this the freight and cost of setting up would have to be added. The population of Binghampton is about 15,000 and rapidly growing. We make six sizes of machinery to run by steam power and the same by water power. The pipe for this size varies from four to twelve inches in diameter, but will not average much, if any, over six inches. It is of cast-iron one-half inch thick, and should be guaranteed to stand a pressure of 300 pounds per square inch. The cost of pipe at the principal factories is about $50 per ton. The cost of hydrants is $40 each for single discharge and $50 each for double discharge delivered here.

The cost of repairs for machinery at Binghampton has been nothing for the three years it has been in use. The saving in insurance alone will pay the entire cost of water works on this plan in from two to five years. This system tends to stimulate manufacturing, and also has a most beneficial influence on the health and comfort and beauty of the place, as it is possible to have fountains anywhere. Your expense for fire department will be reduced to cost of hose companies, and water can be put upon a fire in from one to three minutes. Shall be glad to hear from you at any time.

Yours,
CHARLES KEEP,
Secretary.

Waller's Vote and Bush's Subscription.

The following characteristic story comes to us well authenticated, and we think will bear being put in print for the benefit of future generations who may be similarly situated:

By way of introduction, it is necessary to state that in 1858 Bush was running for public printer on the Democratic ticket and was hard pressed on every hand. He had his say at and about everybody in the State for seven years in the *Statesman*, and now that he was before the public for office, many a one who had felt the sting of his unmerciful lash was working might and main to get even by assisting to beat him at the polls. The great National-Democratic-Abolition party, composed of Kelly, O'Mearn, Dryer and their diverse followers, was formed almost exclusively to beat Bush and put an end to his long lease of power. O'Mearn was nominated against him. Bush then, as now, lived at Salem, the Methodist stronghold, but for many reasons was not a favorite with them. However, Bro. Waller, who always looks ahead, voted for him. Some years afterwards Bush gave Waller $400 for the University at Salem. Not satisfied with this, the latter continued to solicit Bush for another donation, and by way of a personal appeal, always reminded him that he had voted for him in 1858. Not long since Bush replied to this appeal in this wise:

"Well, Mr. Waller, I know you voted for me; you may remember of telling me that before. And as yours was about the only Methodist vote that I got, I have always felt grateful to you for it; but as to pecuniary considerations, you must remember that I have already given you $400, and that is a good deal more than I was paying for votes at the time." *Earnest comes.*

LAWYERS.—The Boston *Times* is rather hard on Boston lawyers in the following story: The other day, an old lady entered the office of a distinguished man of law, leading a vicious-looking youth. She said:

"Squire, I called to see if you would like to take this boy and make a lawyer of him."

"The boy appears rather young, madam," said the lawyer. "How old is he?"

"Seven years, Sir."

"He is too young—decidedly too young. Have you no older boys?"

"Oh, yes, Sir, I have several; but we have concluded to make farmers of the others. I told my old man I thought this little fellow would make a first-rate lawyer, so I called to see if you would take him."

"No, madam; he is too young to commence the study of the profession. But why do you think this boy any better calculated for a lawyer than your other sons?"

"Why, you see, Sir, he is just seven years old to-day; when he was five he'd lie like all natur; when six he was sassy and impudent as any critter could be; and now he'll steal everything he can lay his hands on."

The Boston Protective Union for Working Women, after paying its necessary expenses, reports that they have $517 remaining in the the treasury.

(Original.)

Willie's Song of Freedom.

WRITTEN FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1871.

Air, "America."

Freedom, to thee we sing;
Then let our glad notes ring
Over land and sea,
Till all our Yankee boys
Leave their rude sports and noise,
To learn the higher joys
Of liberty.

Freedom is ours of right,
Her honor and her might
To us belong.
Invoke this lovely Maid
The Mind and Working Hand
Shall swell with triumphs grand
Our yearly song.

Freedom to live and grow,
Freedom to think and know,
Our Fathers won;
Then let us claim their dower
By manhood's noblest power,
And build the loftiest tower
Beneath the sun,

Sacred to Human Right,
Thy honor and thy might,
Majestic man!—
Whence our great light shall flow
And set the world aglow
With truth it yet must know
By grace or ban.

Out from the present spring
Eagles of bolder wing;
All freedom human
That through the ages pined,
At length restored, refined,
Endowed with heart and mind,
Is crowned by Woman.

So shall each rolling year
Bring light more fine and clear,
With nobler law.
Quick, with true human fire,
O, may our souls aspire,
Forever high and higher!—
"Excelsior!"

FRANCES H. MCDOUGAL.

Was She to Blame?

BY MRS. JULIA A. CARNEY.

"I do declare," exclaimed Mrs. John Smith, "if that Mrs. Marshall isn't the most shiftless woman I ever knew! She's the poorest housekeeper in the village."

"Yes!" chimes in Mrs. Jones, "she is the miserablest wife ever man had. Who wonders her husband has no energy?"

"Not I!" responds Mrs. Smith, "he never has a dinner fit to be eaten, nor a room to sit down in when his work is done. His clothes are never mended until it is too late to make them look nice, and the children are always in a squall when he comes home. Poor man! I pity him from the bottom of my heart."

Whether the little sigh that followed this tirade did come from the bottom of her heart we leave the reader to judge. It was a well-known fact that, before the aforesaid Mr. Marshall met pretty Lizzie Lewis, he had been a welcome guest at the house of Mrs. Smith's father, and it had been currently reported in the village that John Smith had been accepted, in chagrin, when the more favored lover proved inconstant.

These things were well known in the sewing circle, where all this gossip was going on, but no one ventured on opposing remarks, for Mrs. Smith was the wife of one of the few men of comparative wealth that the little village possessed. "Comparative," for men are deemed immensely rich in a small town or village, whose whole property would not amount to a year's comfortable income in a city.

Mrs. Foster, at whose house the sewing circle was holding its session, was a new comer in the village. She was a lady of high culture and sympathising heart. Being herself a housekeeper of undoubted excellence, she could not afford to defend one whose character in this respect was assailed.

"Come! come! ladies," said she with a thoughtful smile, "you are cutting up that poor woman's reputation faster than you do the pieces for that quilt. Isn't it almost time to be sewing them together again? It may be pleasanter work, besides being more serviceable."

Some receiving the gentle rebuke kindly, as it was intended, a few among whom were included Mrs. Smith, seemed inclined to resent and debate the matter.

"Well, for my part," said Mrs. Smith tartly, "I think if a woman neglects her husband and children in that way, she must expect to be talked about."

"Are you sure she does neglect her husband and children?" asked Mrs. Foster quietly.

"Sure!" was the indignant reply. "Are not the children always ragged and dirty? And don't he always have to wait for his dinner, and hold a squalling baby while she hurries it up?"

"As for the children," said Mrs. Foster, now really roused for the defence, "I happen to know that the little crowd are all carefully bathed every morning, at all seasons, and in hot weather every night before retiring. It is not their mother's fault that they dig in the dirt all day, while she is busy with other work, and their rosy cheeks and bright eyes would indicate that they are far better off than those who are kept clean by being deprived of air and exercise. With regard to the husband, I would simply ask if it is such a hardship for him to amuse his own baby a half-hour's time while his overtasked wife hurries up the family dinner? Had we not better give a little pity to her, who is obliged to take care of it all day in the midst of so much work, and all nigh, when she so much needs rest?"

"I declare I never thought of that," murmured several ladies with pitying looks.

"She might, at least, wash her own dress once in while," spitefully replied Mrs Smith.

"It would be very easy for you, Mrs. Smith," responded the defender of the absent, "to order your servants with a calico dress, that is, if you ever condescend to wear one. It is not quite so easy for a poor woman who has but the one cheap print to keep it always clean and whole, in the midst of so much dirty work, and with that little crowd of children claiming every moments notice."

"I declare, Mrs. Foster, you are quite a Woman's Rights woman!" said Mrs. Jones, anxious to turn the conversation, and hide Mrs. Smith's too apparent discomfiture.

"Any kind of rights you please, Mrs. Jones," said Mrs. Foster, smilingly, "so they be really rights, and not usurpations. I will not even restrict you to human rights as some have done, for even the birds of heaven and the beasts of earth have their rights also, as sacred in the eye of their Maker as our own. The woman who gives her whole time to her family, and even overtasks her slender stock of physical strength for them, while her brain is constantly occupied with a routine of petty economies, and her temper grows irritable through want of sleep and the constant strain upon her nervous system, is often condemned by us as a poor housekeeper, because she cannot work the miracle of accomplishing certain desirable results with insufficient means. Meanwhile, other women, with ample means, few or no children, and every kind of convenient arrangement in their houses, perhaps well-trained servants, or womanly daughters to assist, are complimented as capable housekeepers because neatness and order reign in their households."

"Meanwhile the careless or indolent husband, who spends money enough in tobacco in a few weeks to buy his wife a decent dress, or in a few months a sewing machine, a wringer, or some other assistant in her labor, and who wastes time enough in lounging around smoking the vile weed to lend her a helping hand occasionally when some heavy work is to be done, is really pitied as a martyr, because he has to wait half an hour for his dinner, or tend the worrisome child whose nerves have been tuned to agony by that very tobacco smoke."

"Dear me! Mrs. Foster," laughed some of the ladies, "what a public lecturer you would make."

"I should pity your husband," said another, "if he were a user of tobacco."

"Or if he ever offended you in any way," sneered a simpering old maid, who believed that the least difference in opinion was a proof of matrimonial infelicity.

The circle soon after broke up, leaving Mrs. Foster to reflect that if a few were offended with her for thus expressing her opinions firmly and earnestly, there were, probably, many present too timid to rally around her, upon whom her words might be as good seed to reappear in the harvest field of life.

Lizzie Marshall sat alone in her dirty kitchen, nursing her fretful baby. The child was teething, and having been left to the care of the older children through the day was now determined to have its mother's attention. By dint of resolute and continued crying it had gained its purpose, although the weary woman looked with a sigh from the long line of clothes just hung to dry to the tubs of suds left to scrub the floor, and thought of the supper not yet begun.

She had seen the ladies pass her house that afternoon upon their way to and from the sewing circle. They passed lightly along, chatting gaily with each other. The few who looked towards her humble home did so with a sneer or word of disapproval, such as "washing this late in the week;" "In the suds, as usual;" or something as little complimentary.

One of these lightly uttered remarks had reached Lizzie's ear, as she stood partially concealed by a clump of bushes, upon which she was hanging the last pieces of the wash.

Words are keener than swords. This one little sentence had wounded Lizzie worse than a blow. As she sat there in the gathering twilight, with her half-sick babe in her arms, she felt willing to have it die, lest its after life should be one of toil like hers. Only for a moment she loooked back upon the happy girlhood which knew no care, and the tears fell thick and fast.

A gentle rap on the door, and then Mrs. Foster appeared. Seeming not to notice her agitation, she seated herself by Lizzie's side, and took the now quiet baby in her arms.

"Is baby better to-day? You should not do so large a wash in one day, or you will worry his food. You try to be too smart, dear! I noticed your long line of clothes from the window, and as I had looked for a larger number than come to-day, I thought you would let me bring you in a luncheon, lest you should tire yourself still more in getting supper. You really must take it, for baby's sake. Nursing mothers must take all the help they can get. Those who have no such treasures to be proud of may be proud about something else, if they like."

The child knowing, as every child does, the tone of genuine kindness, was nestling down in her arms as if in its own cradle.

"He will tire you," said Lizzie, "Susy will rock him to sleep! Here, Susy! Susy!"

The little girl came in with a discontented air, for she had been trying all day to amuse or hush him.

"Susy! Oh! No, indeed!" said Mrs. Foster, smiling pleasantly to the little girl. "Susy will spare me the baby for a little while, and lay the dishes on the table for her tired mother. See, there is a white cloth already spread. Put the dishes on neatly, my little girl, and then run over to my garden, and get a nice little bouquet to make it look bright. I love flowers on the table, don't you, Susy?"

"I love flowers everywhere!" exclaimed the child eagerly. "If mother only had time to plant them, and take care of them as you do, I should be so glad."

"Mother has prettier flowers to take care of than any of mine, so you must do that yourself. Come in next spring, when I am planting my garden, and I will give you some seeds, and tell you how to manage them. You had better get your father to give you a corner of the yard for a little flower-bed. I will give you some bulbs this autumn, and early next spring some rose bushes and other hardy shrubs, which will keep you supplied with flowers all the year."

By this time, the child with light steps and smiling face had prepared the supper table, and now stood hesitating.

"Please, Mrs. Foster, I am afraid I might gather some you did not intend to have broken or injure some of your nice plants."

"I will go with you, dear, as baby is now sleeping nicely. Don't have him rocked much, Mrs. Marshall. It causes tendency of blood to the brain, and makes him only more fretful when he wakes. Let me help you lift this tub of suds outside the door, and leave the floor unwashed till morning, won't you, dear? Then you can rest a little, till your husband comes to supper, and it won't look half so sadly to him as an overworked wife."

She left the cottage, but how had her short visit changed everything to Lizzie. She was rested both in body and mind, and the truth was, that the mind had needed it most.

It is so with most overburdened housekeepers! The hurrying round of little duties, each trifling, yet each necessary to the great whole, family comforts, presses upon the nerves, so jars the sensitive spirit, as often to destroy the very object it seeks to accomplish.

Lizzie's husband was so surprised by the neatly laid supper table and his little wife's smile of welcome, that his worried business look passed away at once, and when the little girl returned, bright and happy, with her bouquet of flowers for its center, no one looked under the pleasant supper table, at the tired woman's unwashed floor.

Weary wives! Busy mothers! blessed with too many of those treasures which yet you would not spare, to even know an hour of perfect rest until another day. You will be refreshed for more endurance to-morrow. Envy not the neatness that reigns in the childless home! For words you would not exchange places with that woman; therefore leave her in peace to the order and taste, and elegant leisure with which she wisely adorns heart's void. Bear what you may of life's burdens, and lay the rest at His feet who hath said, through the Psalmist, "who goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bearing his sheaves with him."

Mlle. Schneider is not dead. It appears she has been the victim of a poor joke; but it is to be hoped the moralizings of the newspapers over her demise will do her good.

HISTORY OF THE OLD RED CENT.—As the old "red cent" has now passed out of use, and, except rarely, out of sight, like the Old Oaken Bucket, its history is matter of sufficient interest for preservation. The cent was first proposed by Robert Morris, the great financier of the Revolution, and was named by Jefferson two years after. It began to make its appearance from the mint in 1795. It bore the head of Washington on one side and thirteen links on the other. The French revolution soon created a rage for French ideas in America, which put on the cent, instead of the head of Washington, the head of the Goddess of Liberty, a French liberty, with back thrust forward and flowing locks. The chain on the reverse was replaced by the olive wreath of peace. But the French liberty was short lived, and so was their portrait on our cent. The next head or figure succeeding this—the staid, classic dame with a fillet around her hair—came into fashion about thirty or forty years ago, and her finely chiseled Grecian features have but slightly altered in the lapse of time.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.—In planting or setting out the garden with plants, do not be content with the most common, and but few at that, but make a good selection and a good many of them. Set out ever-blooming roses, geraniums, gladialus, verbenas, dahlias, heliotrope, coleus, in variety; pinks, pansies, feverfews, petunias, and such others as may suggest themselves. Sow seeds of petunias, mignionette, asters, balsams, phlox drummondii, double syringas, candytuft, sweet alyssum, scarlet nasturtiums, double and single portulaca, sweet peas, larkspurs, marigold, and others. With these flowers well cared for, quite a respectable garden may be shown. In sowing the small seeds, be careful to make the soil very fine, and then cover the seed lightly. If the weather be dry, a little greater depth should be given. Purchase only the very best seed. Do not sow the seed until the ground becomes warm. Do all that is necessary to have the plants thrive, and they will repay for all the trouble.

HE RATHER GOT HER.—In a Western village a charming, well-preserved widow had been courted and won by a physician. She had children, among them a crippled boy, who had been petted, and, if not spoiled, certainly allowed great "freedom in debate." The wedding day was approaching, and it was time the children should know they were to have a new father. Calling the crippled boy, the widow said:

George, I am going to do something before long that I would like to talk about with you. I intend to marry Dr. Jones in a few days, and—"

"Bully for you, ma! Does Dr. Jones know it?"

Ma caught her breath, but failed to articulate a response.

TO REMOVE THE TASTE OF WOOD.—A new keg, churn, bucket, or other wooden vessel, will generally communicate a disagreeable taste to anything that is put into it. To prevent this inconvenience scald the vessel well with water, letting the water remain in it until cold; then dissolve some pearlash or soda in lukewarm water, adding a little lime to it. Wash the inside of the vessel well with this solution. Afterward scald it with hot water, and rinse with cold water before you use it. The reason for this is the ready combination of resinous matter with alkalies to form compounds soluble in alcohol.

The Vicksburg girl of the period, being called upon for some last "words" promptly remarked: "Bury me in a Pompadour waist, cut bias."

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