

A Journal for the People. Devoted to the Interests of Humanity. Independent in Politics and Religion.

Correspondents writing over assumed signatures must make known their names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

The New Northwest.

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MRS. A. J. BUNWAL, Editor and Proprietor.

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Over the Hill to the Poor House.

By W. M. CARLTON. Over the hill to the poor-house I'm trudging my weary way...

Over the hill to the poor-house—I can't quite make it clear! Over the hill to the poor-house—it seems so horrid queer!

What is the use of heaping on me a pauper's shame? Am I lazy or crazy? Am I blind or lame?

I am willing 'an' anxious 'an' ready any day To work for a decent living, and pay my honest day's wage.

Once I was young 'an' 'an' some—'I was, upon One my cheeks was roses, my eyes as black as coal.

And when to John I was married, sure he was good and smart, But he never all the neighbors would own I done my part.

And so we worked together; and life was hard but gay, With more and then a baby to cheer as on our way.

So we worked for the children, and raised 'em every one, Worked for 'em summer and winter, just as we ought to've done.

Strange how much we think of our blessed little ones! I've never died for my daughters, I'd have died for my sons!

And when, exceptin' Charlie, they'd let us down, When John he nearer 'an' nearer come, 'an' dearer seemed to be, The Lord's love he come one day 'an' took him away from me.

She was somewhat dreary, 'an' hadn't a pleasant smile— She was quite conceited, 'an' carried a heap of pride.

But I ever I tried to be friends, I did with her, I knowed. But she was hard and proud, 'an' I couldn't make it go.

She had an education, 'an' that was good for her; But when she looked on mine, 'twas cart'ring things too fur.

So I was only a few days before the thing was done— They was a family of themselves, and I another one.

And in a very little while one family will do, But I was left independent, and was big enough for two.

And I never could speak to suit her, never could please her eye— And I made me independent, and never didn't try.

But she was terribly staggered, 'an' felt it like a blow, When Charlie turned up 'an' me, 'an' told me I could go.

I went to live with Susan, but Susan's house was small, And she was always a-hintin' how snug it was.

And when with her husband's sisters, and with their children three, 'Twas easy to discover that there wasn't room for me.

For Thomas's building 'd cover the half of an acre lot, But all the children's reason me—I couldn't stand there cause—

And when I went to Thomas, the oldest son I've got, For Thomas's building 'd cover the half of an acre lot.

By having his wits about him and a plentiful supply of eggs, Mr. Joseph Hall succeeded in saving the life of his wife last week, in Portland, who, in a fit of abstraction, had swallowed a dose of corrosive sublimate, thinking it was laudanum.

Lawrence Minor, the colored man recently appointed to a Professor's chair in Alcorn University, Miss., by the Governor, was taken from the laboratory, per location of poison on a steamer, to perform the scholastic duties of a Professor.

Laurel oil is said to exterminate house-flies. Also, by burning dried pumpkin leaves placed by them out. The latter will also relieve one of any further trouble in taking care of any birds and pets of that character.

Northern men who have been making geological survey of Huts County, Ga., report immense iron deposits in that county.

THE STATUS OF WOMAN.

BY PROF. CLARKE.

Woman is treated with respect, and as the equal of man, just in proportion to the degree of civilization and enlightenment attained. The savage treats her as his servant, and no better than his horse or dog.

Woman is either the inferior, equal or superior of man. The time has gone by for arguing the inferiority of woman, even in our partial civilization.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

The Department of the New Northwest.

This is a department of the New Northwest, a general vehicle for exchange of ideas concerning any and all matters that may be legitimately discussed in our columns.

Dr. Geo. M. R.: The communication from Mrs. E. Oakes Smith has been received. We publish parts of it, but the main article is too long for our columns.

M. M. M.: Thanks for the poem and accompanying letter. Mrs. M. A. H.: You can do better. You would not be pleased with the article yourself if we should print it.

D. N.: A careful perusal of the "Advocate" has led us to decline their publication. The MS. is at your disposal. The article could be carefully re-written and made first class, but it is too hastily and in some places bunglingly executed to do the writer credit.

Martha: "Time" and "Rhine" are not legitimate rhymes, and the singular nominative does not agree with a plural verb. It will take long practice and much hard study for you to make a writer.

Miss C.: Bah! Not "A girl of fifteen" has no right to be thinking about the boys. You'd better be making rag babies and building dirt cabins. In five years from now, if you have improved your time as you ought, and developed your physical frame as you should, you may begin to look out for a husband; but we beg you to postpone the matter for that length of time.

"Ambitious!" Your sex will not prevent you from homesteading a claim, but you must be twenty-one years old before you are entitled to do so. Mollie: Kid gloves the exact color of the dress are not considered necessary. On the contrary, a bright contrast is much worn; but to insure harmony gloves should be worn to match the gloves in color.

D. J. W.: Subscriptions received. Wish you "insult" us with a thousand subscribers. Should have written to you long ago had we not been so busy. "C. G. Lonesome?" Something less than a corn of letters await you at this office. What shall we do with them?

Woman's Rights.

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Allow me to give my platform of Woman's Rights, begging pardon for the use of a very unpolished term, which I use for the sake of brevity.

All I claim for woman is the removal of the interdict. A woman is a citizen. Now she is denied the rights of citizenship and all the fundamental rights of centuries will not adjust her relations harmoniously in the world till this injustice is removed.

To Keep Clean of Bed Bugs.—Send your way of keeping clear of bed bugs. I never scold my bedsteads as it spoils them. Clean the bedsteads by wiping them off with a damp cloth, then beat the white of two eggs to a froth; add one ounce of quicksilver; beat thoroughly, and apply with a brush.

To Cook Green Corn.—Cut it from the cob; put an ounce of butter in the skillet, and when right hot, put in your corn and cover closely, cook fifteen minutes stirring occasionally. Half a pound of water, the steam and butter will cook it sufficiently. When done, add one cup of sweet cream.

To Make Hard Soap from Soft.—Take seven pounds of good soft soap, four pounds sal. soda, two ounces borax, one ounce hard soap, and half pound water. To be dissolved in twenty-two quarts of water, and boil about twenty minutes.

To Make an Eolian Harp.—Take a horse hair or a piece of sewing silk; let it reach two-thirds or all the way across the window. Tie a little splinter to each end and stretch it across the window, sticking the splinters between the two sashes, then wait for the wind to blow and hear the music.

To Keep Flies out of Butter.—Sometimes the simplest remedies are the most effective. A friend tells us that three generations of his family have, by simply putting a small bit of bread into the butter on the table, been saved the nuisance of flies getting into the butter. Three or four days' experience of another friend assures us that the remedy is effective.

The District Schoolmaster. By JOSH BILMINGER. There is one thing in this basement world that I always look upon with mixed feelings of pity and respect.

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