

OUR BOYS' VACATION.

As everybody will attend the Annual Fair next week at Salem, and as our boys naturally want to be included in the list, we have decided not to issue the NEW NORTHWEST on Friday, October 13th.

NECESSITY FOR A NEW PARTY.

Hon. Carl Schurz, one of the most prominent members of the United States Senate, a man of fine abilities, and one who, more than any other, has the power to influence the German vote of this country—himself being of that nationality—recently made a very significant speech at Nashville, Tennessee, in which occur the following pointed sentences:

Mr. Schurz was emphatic in his disapproval of the policy of the present administration, and in his frequent expressions of apprehension of the result of our Republican institutions to follow its perpetuation in power, the only detraction from which he considered to be through the co-operation of the sincere patriots of all parties in a political organization which would insure the obliteration of sectional bitterness from the national politics.

Our contemporary of the Oregonian, in reviewing the above, takes Senator Schurz to task for obtaining his present position through the influence of the Republican party, and then "wanting to spurn it from him."

Before existing political parties can be broken up and a new organization formed, there must be a condition of things which calls for such a change.

Now, applying this test, let us see if there is no plausible reason for the formation of another great political party.

The issues at present existing between the Republican and Democratic organizations are differences more in name than in fact. Especially is this true since the adoption of the "New Departure" by the Democratic party.

The Republican party, stimulated by the recent astounding disclosures of fraud in New York city, at present manifests unwonted activity and vigor, and should no third party appear on the political field to contest for the Presidency, will most likely win in the choice of a Chief Executive in 1872.

Hence it is that this idea of a new political organization is so full of terror to our Republican friends.

With no positive or well-defined issues existing—as we have shown—the struggle between the two great parties of today has necessarily narrowed down to a disgraceful scramble for the "spoils" of office.

The legitimate sequence is the daily exposure of gigantic frauds made of corruption in high places, confined to no one party or particular locality, but heralded from all portions of the Union.

Is there no remedy for all this? Are these parties, corrupt and rotten as they are, to continue, like twin leeches, to sap the life-blood of the nation for an indefinite period of time? Is not the "time ripe" for an organization of the honest people of this country to de throne the almost innumerable army of political plunderers now reigning over our land?

It is high time a party of principle was organized. The demand for such a party is most urgent. Wherever it is organized multitudes who now work meekly in the political harness will be found to agree with the brave, ringing words of Carl Schurz quoted above.

But this new party, to permanently succeed, must espouse some other issue than the mere correction of abuse in office. And here, gentlemen, you who are dissatisfied with the rank corruption now infesting our politics and who wish to remove it, is your golden opportunity: In forming your new party incorporate into its platform and advocate through your newspapers and from your rostrums the right of woman to vote.

That this demand will be conceded to, sooner or later, there is no question, and if you are wise you will be the ones to share the honor and benefits of woman's complete political emancipation.

FAIRS.

We've been attending fairs quite regularly of late; so regularly, in fact, that we have had no time to write of what we saw, and consequently are compelled to waive our comments upon the different exhibitions until the State Fair is over, and we will then endeavor to serve them all up at once.

SOLICITUDE.

We hope, for the sake of the prosperity of Bro. Brown, of the Albany Democrat, that he will soon be at his post again. A few weeks' longer mismanagement on the part of a certain play-acted Republican will send that paper "where the woodbine twines."

THE WALLA WALLA FAIR.

On the morning of the 18th ult. we availed ourselves of Captain Atmworth's proverbial hospitality and, accompanied by Miss Anthony and others, proceeded to the Dalles, where Miss Anthony lectured to an intelligent and deeply interested audience.

The morning was one of those excessively foggy ones that only serve to render darkness visible. A dead calm settled itself over the murky Willamette and the fleecy atmosphere enshrouded the steamer Onocenta like an impenetrable pall. It was nine o'clock before we swung loose from the moorings of the dock and guided our steamer's head into the gloomy darkness. Carefully we ploughed the waters and joyfully we at last emerged in bright and balmy sunshine.

Passing Vancouver with its beautiful site and tidy surroundings, steaming our way up the broad Columbia, and taking mental notes of every passing landmark, we soon found ourselves among the rolling hills of the grand Oregon, where beauty sits in silent majesty, where mountains hob-nob with trees and boulders, and the dark, deep gorges file away in the impenetrable distance, carrying tidings maybe of the busy world below into the fastnesses of the eternal rocks where spirits and silence reign. All day our mind is occupied with these weird fancies, and we take but little heed of the din and bustle and hurry around us.

Eight o'clock at last, and the town of Dalles is reached. Runners from the two hotels jostle and crowd us in the darkness, disturbing the equanimity of belated lecture goers and making the evening hideous with their discordant yells.

Getting into the nearest hack we drive to the nearest hotel, to find that our baggage has been left behind, the people congregated and waiting for the coming lecture, and everything in commotion and confusion.

Miss Anthony is capable of composing herself and making a good speech upon any occasion, no matter how adverse may be the circumstances, and the people of the Dalles, who were accommodated in Mr. Condon's well-appointed church, were treated to a lecture of one hour and a half in length, with which they were so intensely gratified that upon our return one week afterwards another delighted audience assembled for another discourse, which was as well appreciated as the first.

(But at the rate we're running we won't reach Walla Walla this week, and we started out to write of Walla Walla rather than The Dalles.)

Taking the morning train past the wild wonders of The Dalles and around Cape Horn, we reached Celilo, where we boarded the steamer Tenino, and were once more steaming up the Columbia, through a barren-looking region of seemingly interminable undulation, abruptness, boulders and oddity, where, in spite of the forbidding aspect of the country, the fat cattle of a thousand heads come down to drink, bringing in their sleek sides and playful gambols evidence unmistakable that the fat of the land is spread for them in these grand solitudes.

Be patient, reader. We have not forgotten that this article is headed "Walla Walla Fair."

Umatilla is reached, and here we spend the night. What once was known as a thriving commercial town is now a rocky succession of sand hills, and what once were streets and stores and dwellings look now to be abodes of owls and bats. Trade has taken another dreary, and this dilapidated town bewails its wind-worn raggedness and weeps o'er days departed. A few prosperous and responsible business men are here, however, and we wish them joy of all they get in Umatilla.

With the early dawn our steamer is off again, and for three or four hours we stem the rapid current, and at last we reach Wallula, which looks like a ragged fragment of rock, tattered Umatilla which the wailing winds had waded to this barren rock and left in desolation.

As this God-forsaken spot is now the head of navigation, we here met the stage, a huge, ungainly omnibus, with six fine horses and a manly driver, who handled the lines with that dexterity for which his class are so particularly famous.

Miss A. mounted the outside of the lumbering vehicle. We tried the seat beside her for a while, but soon yielded to the burning sunshine, exchanged with not an unwilling humber and seated us beside a placid Chinaman, who seemed oblivious to all surroundings. Oh, that Walla Walla road! Pen cannot paint or picture portray it! Driving up a long and narrow grade upon the rugged hillside, where a careless move would upset our coach and land us in eternity, we suddenly meet a loaded prairie sloop, drawn by four horses with a leader of the male fraternity.

Our driver stops suddenly to give the teamster opportunity to get out of the way of the coach.

"Hold on, good friend; you'll smash my hub to smithereens!" yells the busy teamster.

One of his horses, a piebald, rat-tailed caricature upon well-kept horse-flesh, rears and dodges as if he expects the great stage coach to devour him bodily.

"Your horse is young and skittish," says one of our passengers.

"Young! d—n me! he's seventeen years old."

"Ah! I see; he's quite a colt."

Everybody laughs and we are by this time disentangled from the disagreeable proximity, and on we go, through the stifling dust and over rocks and ridges, down sidelong declivities and up steep descents, feeling all the while an intense longing to plant our feet upon terra firma and trust horse-flesh nevermore.

But the long ride of thirty miles is over now, and we drive up to the Walla Walla inn, looking like pilgrims to

A GENUINE PLEASURE.

We enjoyed the great pleasure upon one of two evenings of the past week of meeting large numbers of our Albany acquaintances at the Court House upon the occasion of Miss Anthony's lectures in that thriving and beautiful city.

We venture the assertion that in no other city of its size upon the Pacific coast can be found so many intelligent, bright and agreeable women as are to be met in Albany. The men are also sensible, enterprising and gentlemanly; and the faces of all were so beaming and home-like that when we stood before them we didn't want to talk, but would have immensely enjoyed a good, old, camp-meeting shaking of hands all through the large assembly. The brains and worth of Albany all favor Woman Suffrage, just as intelligence and moral stamina do everywhere. The whiskey rings are opposed to us, and so are a few ignorant old fogies and a soft-pated preacher or two, who (the preachers) live off of the exertions of a few honorable, church-going women. But from the way in which the roughs of the city rallied to the standard of their silly anti-suffrage champion, we opine that the fogies and preachers here alluded to will be glad to get out of such company. We'll carry Albany by a large majority in '72.

THE ADVOCATE AND THE BIBLE.

Our worthy brother of the P. C. Advocate has become seriously affected over the fact that Miss Anthony will not fight his battles unless he is willing to fight hers. He has persistently refused to openly espouse the Woman Suffrage movement, although he cannot but know that upon the success of this movement hangs the destiny of human progress. But let somebody throw the Bible as a stumbling block in woman's path, and he immediately expects a Woman Suffrage lecturer to unpeck her progress, but he even expects and demands that she shall at once endeavor to help the Church to sustain its Bible doctrines right in the face of the fact that he will not use his influence, as editor of a Church organ, to induce the people who read his journal to uphold the just equality of the sexes.

Gently, gently, good Sir Bro. Advocate. When you begin to fight our battles and help us on to victory, it will then be time enough for you to ask us to help you fight yours. We believe and know, and can prove, and have proved, the Bible to be a staunch Woman's Rights organ. It is your business, as the conductor of a religious newspaper, to fight your own Bible battles. Miss Anthony and herself have all we can do at present to clear out obstacles from our path to the ballot.

When we have won this victory it will be time enough to ask us to help you win a victory wherein you have already marshaled the bitterest of our enemies, as well as many of our warmest friends, as your adherents and co-workers. Yet, strong as you are, financially and numerically, you ask us, in our comparative weakness, to cast overboard all our helpers who do not adhere to all your religious ideas. This we cannot afford to do, even had we the disposition.

We welcome to our ranks the aid of all who will work for our political emancipation, just as you welcome to your ranks everybody who believes in your one idea of the atonement.

WHAT WE SAY.

We notice a long letter from Portland in the Albany Democrat signed X. (Xantippe?), which is remarkable for nothing but scurrility and baldness. We give its closing paragraph as a specimen, and ask our readers to judge between what the NEW NORTHWEST says and what Xantippe teaches:

I will close this letter by referring to a fact which will go far towards rebutting all the foolish nonsense about "woman's rights" than whose volumes of arguments. A noted female advocate of that dogma in this city has been perambulating this State with Susan B. Anthony, leaving her two young boys to run around the streets without a mother's care, and as a consequence they have been figuring in our police court for stealing pumpkins. What will the NEW NORTHWEST say about this?

Simply this: When all mothers find employment for their young and growing sons as we have, there will be no gangs of idle ruffians running loose in the streets to entrap children into mischief. Under man-made laws the city of Portland is so dirty and vile that children who have honorable employment cannot go into the street for a little needed exercise without being led into temptation by the children of mothers who "have all the rights they want."

And the NEW NORTHWEST has to say further that never will its efforts to awake woman to a sense of duty abate until it shall be made a penal offense to bring up boys in idleness.

Our fifteen-year-old boy (not boys), who was thoughtlessly betrayed into the company of a boy of man's rights of spring, is so mercilessly ashamed of himself over it that the NEW NORTHWEST is willing to trust him hereafter to keep better company.

SUCCESS IS COMING.

Our friend of the Bulletin isn't half so rabid a man's rights man as he thinks he is. Read the following, dear friends of human rights, and satisfy yourselves that he is with you in principle and sentiment, and will so proclaim himself whenever he finds that public opinion will permit him to keep further silence:

SUCCESS TO HER!—Mrs. H. A. Johnson, a short-hand reporter and one of the most rapid writers in the world, is a candidate for Engraving Clerk of the California Assembly, with a prospect of election. May she succeed, is the wish of all who know her.

While in Washington Territory a week or two ago we learned that Miss Peckles was elected Enrolling Clerk of the last session of the Territorial Legislature and that her work gave entire satisfaction.

She received for her services the sum of \$6 00 per day and mileage; and our legislative friend who gave us the information, says that it "is the wish of all who know her" that she may again be chosen for the same occupation during the coming session of that honorable body.

THE KINGDOM OF WOMAN IS AT HAND.

Glittering and glorious, like diamonds among pebbles, shine out the words of hearty cheer that greet our growing enterprise from many of our noble brethren of the press who have no fear that, by acknowledging the political equality of women, they will lose their wives or fall to sustain their present position as men of worth and influence. Brethren, not one jot or one tittle of your good deeds shall be forgotten, while to the scurrilous fates that whine upon our track we say in calm commiseration, "Be sure your sin will find you out."

MR. GERRY BRIEFLY REVIEWED.

By ISOLA WORTH. Editor NEW NORTHWEST: I had not intended using my pen to write in favor of Woman Suffrage, but I cannot resist the impulse to write a few lines in reply to a sermon preached by the Rev. E. Gerry at the Congregational church, Oregon City, Sept. 17th, and published in the Enterprise of Sept. 20th.

The second clause of his sermon in favor of "Baby Suffrage" was the most absurd theory I ever listened to. He seemed to feel deeply the outrage upon a young man of twenty years and eleven months, whom the law yet classes with "infants." Perhaps he has a twin sister; what of the "outrage" upon her? We know he has a mother who has no "two score of years, and yet it is his "outrage" upon her through all the years in which she bears the burdens of life to be classed with "infants." There is throughout the length and breadth of the land a feeling of superiority among the larger portion of men, and it was this very idea of superiority which first awoke my dormant thoughts in favor of Woman Suffrage. Mr. G. says that "children are a part of the people, and therefore should have a voice in the Government." If he heartily agrees with him in this, so soon as they shall have reached that age in which they can discern good from evil, and are capable of exercising that judgment. But the law does not hold that a woman ever reaches that age, yet if she violates any law of the country it holds her responsible. Is this right or just?

WOODHULL & OLAPLIN'S WEEKLY.

We scarcely ever take up a man's rights journal any more without discovering some delectable tidbit culled from the organ of Stephen Paul Andrews, bearing the above title. This man Andrews is a fanatic of the Satanic type, who seems to be the evil genius of Victoria Woodhull. These editors throw these dirty morsels under their journalistic tongues, and then spit them out in the face of public decency in a way that is a caution to common sense. We have stood this vile affront upon good morals as long as we feel able to bear it in silence. If we should garble and select the dirtiest nonsense in the Daily's Doings or Police Gazette—both men's rights journals of much wider circulation than Woodhull & Olaplin's Weekly—and should regularly serve them up as food to our subscribers, what would these same editors who quote the Weekly with such apparent gusto say of us? Brethren, for shame! Have you lost all sense of decency?

HOPELESS.

We have intensely enjoyed the perturbation of our frightened, weak-minded contemporaries during the past fortnight or so. Scattered to and fro and up and down in the valleys are divers and sundry quaking proprietors of man's rights hebdomads, who, finding it useless to attempt a further opposition to the cause of human rights by honorable discussion, are now seeking to throw dirt and slime upon the NEW NORTHWEST—hoping by this means to so distract public attention from the legitimate object of our movement that women of large apprehensiveness and weak intuitions may be frightened into saying that they "have all the rights they want." Ah, gentlemen! it will not do. Your quibbles, perturbations, flutterings and disclaimers are alike understood.

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Under this caption the Walla Walla Statesman thus discourses: A San Francisco paper says the "strong-minded business" is spreading worse than the cholera. To which we may add that the whole movement is worse than the small-pox and chills and fever combined. If railroads and "women rights" go together, we shall endeavor to reconcile ourselves to the fact that the Walla Walla people voted the railroad down.

We assure our trembling brother that railroads and Woman's Rights go wherever brains are rulers. Walla Walla already possesses a large share of active, sensible Woman's Rights of both sexes, and the railroad will follow as a natural consequence.

We are sorry our brother has such feeble appreciation of the useful and agreeable. "Everyone to his taste," as the old lady said when she kissed her cow.

DISGRACEFUL.

A creature who represents herself as a historian—of whom nobody has ever heard only as she blows her own trumpet—has been endeavoring to earn a cheap and dirty notoriety by pandering to the vicious element of man's rights men in Albany. A maudlin correspondent of the Portland Herald has imposed upon that paper a long review of what purports to have been a "lecture" given by this monstrosity. We cannot condescend to sully the NEW NORTHWEST with a true account of the abomination; therefore we waive further comment, hoping that this purring champion of masculine free-lovers will come to Portland and serve up a dish of her delectable hash in order that the people may see what manner of men give "immense applause" over her innuendoes.

MISS ANTHONY.

This irrepressible advocate of human rights met with most gratifying success at Albany. Her lectures were largely attended, and the deep and silent interest of her immense audiences was the most flattering tribute they could possibly pay to the sterling worth and genuine good sense of one of the noblest specimens of true womanhood it has ever been our good fortune to meet.

Miss Anthony and our "other half" are at present making a tour of the West Side. They hold a meeting to-night at Lafayette, and tomorrow night at McMinnville, and Monday night at Forest Grove. We will all proceed to the State Fair on Tuesday, where we look for further triumphs in our glorious cause.

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PROBLEMS FOR WOMEN.

Desiring to sit at the feet of the gentle woman who "shrink from the notoriety of the public eye" and learn from them, we ask them in all simplicity, the following questions, trusting that a regard for their own "peace and happiness," which they charge us with having placed in "grave peril," will lead them to give us answers good and true:

1. Dear ladies, are you the intelligent "working-women of the country?" and, if you are not, how can you understand their trials, their wants, or their wrongs, or judge clearly of the proper remedy?

2. Have you traveled through the land, visited the homes, and ascertained to a certainty that you "represent the sober convictions of the majority of the women of the country?"

3. Does the petition of 100,000 women of America asking for the privileges and immunities of citizenship, indicate only "exceptional discontent?"

4. Having the confidence you claim to have in the wisdom and integrity of the honorable legislators to whom you appealed against the "outrage" upon you, do you think it discreet or right to bring your personal influence to bear upon them to prevent their deciding a constitutional question upon its merits?

5. In showing that these rulers need your assistance upon the floor of the Senate to avert "grave danger to the general order of the country," and that you are willing to render it, have you not proven more than you mean? Did you not know that you were helping the one hundred thousand more, with your protest against them, than you could by being silent a thousand years?

6. Following the teachings of Holy Scripture, are you "keepers of the home?" Do you adorn yourselves with modest apparel—not with brodered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array?

7. Do you know that St. Paul's grave warnings were addressed to fashionable women, and not to those who ask for citizenship?

8. Is there an office in the gift of the people that would bring a woman more conspicuously before the public eye than working at a sewing-machine, and attend receptions and concert and conduct fairs, preside at tables, solicit strange men for votes, urge them to take chances, or even come in contact with them in riding upon the street-cars, walking on the public promenade, and in other ways women are compelled to do, jostling against them, and dealing with them in crowded markets while buying provisions for their families?

9. Is our President more the property of the people than our President's wife, when every young man who reports to the press may fearlessly reveal to the public the secrets of her dressing-room?

10. Do you watch anxiously for your own names, morning after morning, in the most conspicuous columns of the daily press to see whether the minutest article of the dress you wore the previous evening is properly described, and don't you sometimes wonder that such a faithful record is kept of what you wear, and that nobody seems to remember anything you say?

11. Can you enter into your delicate minds to conceive that the ladies who find in the same column their names held up to ridicule and contempt, their language and sentiments misrepresented, their aims misunderstood, their reputation wantonly attacked, yet who stand year after year in simple traveling dress, before large audiences, steadfastly maintaining the justice, and profoundly believing in the ultimate triumph of their cause, may be so sensitively and so lively bred, as finely organized as you?

12. If they were not inspired by a noble purpose, reaching far beyond all personal considerations, could they bear so much and bear it patiently?

13. If they sought only the admiration of the multitude, would they not take their own way to win it?

14. We won't tell it without your assurance, but to believe whether any of your number are as sensitive as those "snobby shoulders, rounded arms, lustreous eyes, and powdered hair, made more dazzling by the glimmer of satin and the glitter of jewels, ravish the senses of the young men who are paid to serve up this display of charms in the newspapers for the public breakfast on Sunday morning?—Eoching.

Why a Woman Should not Vote.

She hasn't sense enough to vote intelligently. She never can have, because she hasn't enough brains of the right kind, and the few she has are in the wrong place.

She is only a reflector of man's wisdom, not an originator.

Horace Greeley says she oughtn't to vote. He cannot be jealous of Victoria Woodhull in the Presidential race. Darwin's theory won't work on her, she is not an original worker, but simply an invention, growing out of man's necessities, having an ancestral line ending in a "rib" taken from the last place through creation, as man does, "breathing material for his destiny;" whether that be food, woman or monkey. A rib is a good thing to show immense inventive resource upon, being an awfully dry beginning, but it is a poor ancestral root for intelligent voters.

She is only matrimonial bait. She was put here to serve man, not to rule him, being made for his comfort and convenience alone.

If she would vote to prohibit the sale of liquors, and break up half the pleasures and rights of her superior.

She is under Scriptural condemnation for coquetting with a male. She has paid that penalty, yet. The man shall rule over her. She must not oppose that sacred order.

Trishmen, Dutchmen, Negromen and Chinamen can become our brothers, women cannot. How can you place a man gone at night after billiards, cards, saloons, theatres and club-rooms, and it is no more than right that his "helpmate" should be uncomplacated by society, as it is uncomplacated by the smell of rum, tobacco smoke and sawdust without finding her perfumed with the same stench.

A woman is too weak to resist temptation. If it were not for the virtues of men what would society be?

Placing a ballot in a box would make the women "strong minded," which is clearly demonstrated by the immense amount of money and time expended that great freeman's right by voting "early and often."

Lastly, she would play the part of vine to man's oak, and twice as delicate tendrils around his gnarled form, without question or doubt, even confiding in the purity and wisdom of his intentions and acts, however much appearances may be against him; this is to be womanly, delicate and angelic. Voting implies equality. The vine assumes to be oak, and that spoils poetry. Let her stick to the kitchen, the nursery and the drawing; that's all she is fit for, all she can learn, all she aspires to, and all she ought to have.—Sun States.

By the time that a bar of iron, worth five dollars, is suitable for the balance springs of watches, it is worth two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Coleridge says: Intense study will keep any writer from being vulgar in point of style.

JOSH BILLINGS ON FREE LOVE.—I

behave in free light, especially among cats and dogs. I believe in free rides—on a gate. I believe in freedom of every slave on earth.

But free love is one of those kinds of freedom that it don't do to flimber with. If this world was a garden of Eden and full of Adam and Eve, and as they were when they was first launched, then I can imagine it might do for some other Adam to hold my Eve on his lap, and talk about his affluence and spiritual essence, and play lamb.

In them days, there want no human natur, it was all God natur. Human natur has been soaked so much since, it is less weak in a lot where the seed is poor, next to a meddlo, without much fence between nor eye poke on.

Free love wants more poke than any other animal. I don't believe in total depravity—unless a man has a good chance.

Free love is a good deal like drinking a six shilling gin for a beveridge. Beveridge is a Chinese word and means cusidness.

But the free love I have witnessed thus far, has existed between a villainous lecher on one side, and lunatic virtue on the other side, that has been deodorized out of its truth, and has lost all of its modesty and shame, in hunting after a confidish where sin ceased to be a crime.

The first free lover we have any account of was the devil.

OLD MAIDS.—A quaint and gallant writer some fifty years ago, says: "I love an old maid—I use the singular number, as speaking of a singularity in humanity. An old maid is not merely an antiquarian, she is an antiquity; not merely a record of the past, but the very past itself; she has escaped a great change, and sympathizes not in the ordinary mutations of mortality. She inhabits a little eternity of her own. She is Miss from the beginning of the chapter to the end. I do not like to hear them called Mistresses, as is sometimes the practice, for that looks and sounds like a resignation of despair, a voluntary extinction of hope, and a confession that perhaps perhaps they are made in heaven; some people say they are, but I am almost sure old maids are. There