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The New Northwest.

A Journal for the People.

Devoted to the Interests of Humanity.

Independent in Politics and Religion.

Alive to all Live Issues, and Thoroughly Radical in Opposing and Exposing the Wrongs of the Masses.

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

[For the New Northwest.]

Lines Dedicated to the Herald Editor.

'Tis said by those who ought to know
That Woman's Rights are sure to go,
Though Uncle Ike is trying hard
To hush the songs of every bard.

Now, Uncle Ike, what is the use
To waste your time in such abuse?
You know you're but a harmless foe,
And that our cause is bound to go.

But now's your time to try and win
The women's portion. Then begin,
Face right about and advocate
The doctrine you have scorned of late.

Espouse our cause, help work it through,
And we will more than pardon you,
For women are forgiving souls,
And ought to vote at all the polls.

Accept our cause, because 'tis just;
You'll never know a better trust;
We ask for naught but what is right,
So with us work with main and might.

Give us each day some wholesome cheer,
Good words and works, and no strong beer,
No champagne or sparkling wine—
We take but ten to sip or dine.

And should you fear your wife might like
Some other man than her dear Ike,
We think you are mistaken, man;
We know she won't—she never can!

And each of us will prove as true
To our dear Ike as she to you;
For most of wives are true as steel,
Through Woman's woe and welcome weal.

And yet the vain, self-righteous man
Would sigh, "Ah, me! when wifey can
She'll leave me, and this home of bliss,
And all for naught but Free Love's kiss!"

Beautiful tribute to wifey's fruit—
Living so virtuous because she must!
But by-and-by she may go astray
Should Woman's Cause e'er win the day!

What slanderous thoughts of faithful wives!
Who for their homes would sacrifice
Their all of pleasure, all of joys,
To train aright their girls and boys.

Think you Chaffin and Woodhull
Will all our sacred ties annul?
And must we all to ruin run
Because our Congress sulled on one?

Forget you there's a Brigham Young?
(Long years ago he should have hung.)
Yet did your wife ever fear you'd take
Ten wives and go to Great Salt Lake?

For shame! Stop all this hue and cry,
Or give us better reasons why,
For women are as pure as men—
What right have you to assume that?

But, Uncle Ike, such men as you,
Were good to say, are very few;
True, some spoon, but with respect,
And show some sign of intellect.

For your own sake, cease your abuse—
To us 'tis neither harm nor use—
But may recoil on your own head,
And then thou'rt—our sincerely.

Your notes, PATIENCE PLAINTIFF.

PORTLAND, Nov. 3, 1871.

JUDITH REID;

A Plain Story of a Plain Woman.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by MRS. A. J. DUNIWAY, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington City.]

CHAPTER XXX.

The wailing winter soon winged himself away; and spring, rejoicing through alternate smiles and tears, coquetted with the elements as if she fain would influence them to nestle longer at her feet. March, the first born of the season, now turbulent and blustering, and again radiant with brightness, yielded to the balmy April days and betook himself to his annual sleep, while April smiled and sang his lullaby.

Our children had been partly successful in their attempt to gather their orphaned studies under our spacious roof. Four of the half-dozen whom they had contrived to bring were domiciled with us, while the other two—one a girl, and my mistake, whom I really preferred to all the others, and the other, a strong and noble, but uncouth and ignorant boy—were kept at home; the one to rear a young family of half-brothers and sisters for her selfish, sensual father and his helpless, ignorant young wife; and the other, to follow the plow on an unremunerated farm hand, to provide the same young family with food and clothes.

It was in vain that we urged, the father to provide other help for his farm and household. "He knew his own business best," he said, and so that girl and boy are clothed to-day in ignorance, with their future life and prospects darkened and their sense of justice fearfully outraged, because circumstances, over which they have no control, combine to circumscribe their opportunities.

When the world becomes one-half as wise as it must be in order to compel man and woman to further the best interests of humanity, society will socially ostracise a man—and the law will interfere to protect his children—who is so deeply encrusted in his own selfishness that he sacrifices the well being of the older members of his household to his ungoverned animal instincts.

Full well I know that this doctrine is a very unpopular one to preach. Friends and kindred who have patiently watched the unfolding of this history have sometimes begged me to desist, saying that, while the things of which I speak are true, they should only be published in medical works and revealed to physicians and patients, while the mantle of secrecy should be thrown over all these facts.

Friends and brethren, this is an age of improvement. It is not alone the wise and prudent who need the light. The path of duty should be revealed to every son and daughter of woman who essays to work in the great field of humanity, whether the harvest for which they toil be selfish gratification or a high-born desire to do in all things unto others whatsoever they would that others, in like circumstances, should do unto them.

The next great lesson that man must learn is the control of his sensual appetites. And the first step for him to take in order to acquire this great lesson is to loose the bonds of personal *obedience*, with which he fetters woman, that thereby she, and not himself, may control the much abused functions of motherhood, which should of right belong as much to every wife whose business it is to clothe man with Immortality, as it belongs, unquestioned by her mate, to every brute which perisheth. I do not write these things to gain applause. I chronicle them because they are *true*, and because the world has need of them. And if, while the outside world condemns, I sometimes gain the approbation of the weak and lowly, for whom indeed these things are written, I care nothing for the contumely of those who, being pierced by truth, cry out because the lance strikes home.

Here is a testimony from one of the much abused, sadly outraged mothers of the race, which is to me far greater guerdon than would be applause from thousands who, occupying high places, would seek to bestow upon me empty honors for other work which would avail the people naught.

"God bless you," writes this lowly woman, "for your fearless teachings. Had I known, just twenty years ago, the truths that you to-day reveal, I should have conscientiously controlled my person and saved the world *six drunkards*."

Friendly reader, *think of it!* How many noble, suffering wives and mothers, in this so-called land of freedom, live every day a living death, because they are bound hopelessly and helplessly, by law and custom, to endure the selfish embraces of wicked husbands, whose numerous children are thrown upon the world, amid its snares and temptations, with an inheritance of vitiated appetites and ungovernable passions; who, in turn, as life is, are to take the place of their vice-ridden fathers, as progenitors of immortal souls.

"The *secrecy* of medical works," indeed! The very rocks and stones should all cry out against this damning shame!

My husband entered eagerly into my many plans. He devoted himself to the superintendence of the children's studies, and I, meditating he long experience as cook and housekeeper, devoted certain portions of every day to their instruction in the frugal arts of life. Thus the days and weeks wore on apace. Our house grew grandly beautiful under the skillful hands of my artistic husband.

He had a private office, in which he spent part of the day alone, which I had no curiosity to pry into, as I had one of my own and was therefore satisfied. The reason women are so curious and meddlesome about men's affairs is because they have generally so little occupation for their own active imaginations.

"Judith," said my liege, one day, "why do you never ask permission to visit my private office?"

"Because," I answered, "I reasonably concluded that you would not want a 'private office' in name unless it could be such in fact."

"Well, my dear, I have been engaged for a long time upon some work, which is now ready for your inspection. Will you come and see it?"

Wonderingly I followed him to his studio, and there upon canvas were two exquisite oil paintings, executed with a skill which I did not dream that my husband possessed.

The first picture riveted my eyes with such intense attention that I felt recalled entirely from my present self. The scene was a gorgeous display of summer clouds, white, gold-tinged and roseate, against which rose the rounded maple tree-tops of my childhood's home. An opening among the trees revealed a rapid rivulet, which burst in angry fury over an abrupt declivity, and boiled and bubbled in the deep abyss below. Hazel, brake and sumac grew in wild profusion at the water's edge, and on the little lawn in the foreground figured, as I had always kept it in the summers of my youth, the rose-embowered inclosure called "Jude Reid's Fairy Bower."

Blue vines were used to tie the foliage away from the bower door, and sitting on the grey stone seat was the same quaint and homely maiden, in her scant, homespun gown, awkward shoes and heavy tresses, with the same wild, wizard eyes and fierce expression which had roused me to a fury when I saw them in a sketch made by my lover in the days long gone.

I was struck dumb with olden manners. Kneeling down beside my husband, I raised my hands in mute appeal to the great Father, upon whom for years and years I had but seldom cared to call.

Magnetic chills ran through my nerves, followed at first by a sort of impenetrable darkness, which was after a time succeeded by a mellow light that seemed to radiate from the form and features of my husband. Gradually I lost all consciousness and sank away in a kind of sweet forgetfulness, from which I seemed to awake at last and find myself in a distant land. Tropical fruits and flowers flourished in the balmy air. Great stillness of curious design were latticed with the fruitage of the vine. Pagoda-shaped summer house, in which strange birds, the like of which I had never before dreamed of, shook their gorgeous plumage in the mellow sunlight or warbled songs of gladness in the olive groves, while at my feet the deep green of the lawn contrasted pleasingly with every tint and shade of color which the mind can picture.

Soon the scene changed, and in a wretched hovel by the way-side I could see a man stretched upon a mattress and suffering with some loathsome ailment, the exact nature of which I could not judge. His imprecations, threats and groans were horrible. I listened, and my blood ran cold.

"Cursed be the false society that ostracises the victim of man's lust, or love, or ambition! Anathemas forever rest upon his head!" he raved. "O woman, mother of my sad existence, thyself a victim of mischeds of man, how savagely art thou avenged! Turn thyself in thy narrow house and shout! The woman whom my father preferred before thee, after thou wert all his own, is now the victim of that father's son! 'Dishonored?' he calls himself—that haughty father—ha! ha! ha!—and men and women will bow down and pity him! Nobody pitied thee, my mother dear, when in the agony of thy great shame the cold world turned its back upon thee, and thou wert cast a maniac into a prison cell, to expiate thy great misfortune behind its iron grates and in its fearful gloom!"

Convulsions overcame the suffering wretch and stopped his ravings for a little while.

A woman, clad in widow's weeds, her hair disheveled and her chalk-white face all haggard, now stood beside the cot.

"Get you gone! I loathe, I hate, I *scorn* you!" yelled the sufferer. "Go back to your false husband, who denied me and my mother all her life, and say to him that you were as good as he! Ask him how he likes trickery and falsehood when the shaft strikes home? Soon, very soon, my clouded lamp of life will cease to shine! Here is gold! Yes, gold! ha! ha! ha! Part of the first ten thousand out of which John Smith and I bamboozled Armstrong, has been idle many years. Take it and speed you back to him! But stay! don't go till I am gone to my long home! You needn't tarry long." Another awful imprecation escaped the raving man, and he sank herself convulsed with agony.

Beside him stood the haggard woman with disheveled locks, her bare arms reaching out to heaven as if in mute appeal.

Turning slightly, I could scan her features closely, and I recognized the once imperious wife of Dr. Armstrong, now so changed and hopeless in her dumb, appealing agony as to almost defy identification. Hovering over the cot I dimly viewed a radiant, beautiful woman's face and figure, so animated, ethereal and heavenly that it at first appeared as a delusion; but as my eyes were riveted upon her face, I obtained a better view. With her pure, white hand she soothed the sufferer's brow, and pointing upward with a gaze of eager expectation, seemed as if she would beseech him to place his trust in the near-by future. I tried to avert my gaze but could not; and as I stood, engaged in the scene, the beaming face came close to that of the haggard woman, and I heard her say, in tones all sweet and womanly, "deal gently with the lover of my lifetime and the father of my son."

Sharp pains darted across my brain and down my spine. Deep darkness again encompassed me and I awoke, to find my husband kneeling beside me in his studio, chafing my ice-cold hands, and begging me in tones of tenderness to arouse and recognize him.

"I have seen them dear," I said abruptly.

"Seen whom, darling mine?"

"Have seen Dr. Gordon and Mrs. Armstrong. He is dying and she is by his side, and both are wretched."

"Judith, are you crazy?"

"I think not."

"Well, what is the matter, then?"

"I'm sure I cannot tell you. I only speak what I know, and testify of that which I have seen."

"But, my dear woman, you have not been absent from this room."

"I'm sure I did not say I had been, dear. But I do say that I saw them. He is dying. She is haggard and miserable. Your sister—his mother, and Dr. Armstrong's victim—bent above him, begging Mrs. Armstrong to 'deal gently with the lover of her life-time and the father of her son.' These were her words, my darling, as I hope for mercy."

My husband began pacing up and down the room. "Judith," said he suddenly "let us note the day of the month, so that we may investigate this matter. I am inclined to believe that you have just experienced a phase of clairvoyance. We shall see."

I arose from the lounge and stood again before the painting, through which I had recalled my former wierd and elfish self. Again I stood, transfixed, but my husband seeing me again about to yield to some unaccountable influence, led me to the other picture, which was a life-like portrait of myself as he had seen me often, in imagination, when far away.

He had painted me in a kneeling posture beside the resting places of my dead. My dress was plain and coarse, but the wild eyes and lustrous hair were gracefully beautiful. The heavy tresses fell in wavy profusion over the slender form, and the brown hands were reached toward heaven in appeal and agony.

"O, William, when did you find time to complete these pictures?" I asked, while I wept for very happiness.

"I finished them here, but made the outlines of both when in Rome. The first represents you as I saw you in your Fairy Bower, and was sketched wholly from memory. The second was inspired by a momentary glimpse of you, when I, in far-off Italy, was so impressed by thoughts of your possible trials, that I felt that I must fly to meet you. I had become so deeply psychologized by the constant thought of you that I felt that space could not longer separate us. I once described to you the strange sensation with which I was the day overcome. When the first agony of bereavement overcame you, and you knelt beside the grave of Nettie, you were attired just as you are pictured here. My Judith, you are extremely impressional. I have deeply investigated this subject of psychology and clairvoyance, but after all I am only able to acknowledge that I cannot satisfactorily account for it. I suppose that Spiritualists would call you a medium," and he kept on pacing up and down the floor.

"Well, what say ye that I am?" said I, playfully, as I clung to his arm and looked inquiringly into his handsome face.

"A model *woman*, noble, staunch and true," he answered, with a smile.

"But do *you believe in Spiritualism?* You know I always want to probe to the very foundation of any subject when I get on my investigation cap."

"I am not prepared to denounce it, darling."

"But, husband, dear, I have heard of so many ridiculous phases of this so-called 'religion;' have seen so many people's heads turned with it; have known of so many ridiculous 'manifestations,' so-called; ideas which seemed far too foolish for a sensible brain to entertain for a moment, that I am deeply disgusted with the whole movement."

"Understand me, Judith, dear. I do not say that I am or am not a believer in Spiritualism. I am not satisfied about the *nature* of what you term 'so-called spiritual manifestations,' but I do know that, from the clairvoyant revelations you have made to me to-day, I shall be warranted in conveying to Dr. Armstrong some immediate tidings relating to his wife and son."

"But, husband, I have no idea *where* they are. Wouldn't it be cruel to torture him and Mrs. Lewis with such unsatisfactory revelations as I have made to you? I assure you that I have not sufficient faith in what I saw to think it worthy of attracting their attention."

"You were enthusiastic enough over it a little while ago, my dear."

(To be continued.)

The celebrated and very clever Dr. Abernethy, of London, once opened his mind to an American, who sought advice in his sufferings from dyspepsia:

"I'll be hanged," said he, "if I ever saw a Yankee that didn't bolt his food whole, like a boa constrictor. How the deuce do you expect to digest food that you neither take the trouble to dissect nor the time to masticate? It's no wonder you lose your teeth, for you never use them; nor your digestion, for you overload it; nor your saliva, for you expend it on the carpets instead of on your food. It's disgusting; it's beastly. You Yankees load your stomachs as a Devonshire man does his cart, as full as it can hold, and as fast as he can pitch it in with a dung-fork, and drive off; and then you complain that such a load of compost is too heavy for you. Dyspepsia, eh? Infernal guzzling, you mean. I'll tell you what, take half the time to eat that you do to dravel out your words, chew your food half as much as you do your filthy tobacco, and you'll be well in a month."

A RING OF SATURN LAID.—Professor Struve, the distinguished astronomer of Pulkova, has been for years watching the rings of Saturn; and the inner one of the three rings, an obscure, partly transparent mass of what appeared to be vapor, has been seen to approach the planet and to which its distance from the other rings, which seemed to be fluid in character, or perhaps made up of myriads of small bodies, moving together like the streams of meteors which supply the periodic showers. But during the several months past it has fallen more rapidly, and finally the attraction of Saturn entirely overcame the centrifugal force and closed upon the body of the planet, forming a belt which gradually diffused over its surface, so there is now no trace of the ring left. Is this to be the fate also of the other rings, or will they ultimately gather into satellites, as has more commonly been supposed?

THE EARTH'S CRUST.—It has long been believed that the earth is composed of a molten mass enveloped in a solid crust, but the thickness of the crust has remained a subject of vague conjecture. Prof. Thompson, however, now shows to the British Association that no thickness less than 2,000 or 2,500 miles would enable the crust to resist the tide-gathering forces of the sun and moon. A thinner crust, he says, would be bulged up by a tide within the molten mass like the tide of the ocean. Experiments bearing upon this interesting point have lately been made during the operation of sinking a shaft at Wigan, and in which it was found that the temperature of the strata, which, at a depth of 361 yards, was 64½ degrees, rose to 90½ degrees at 808 yards. The rise or increase of temperature exhibited in this case was about one degree Fahrenheit for every 54.87 feet descent into the earth.

A comfortable seat—the lap of luxury.

CORRESPONDENCE.

This department of the NEW NORTHWEST is to be a general vehicle for exchange of ideas concerning any and all matters that may be legitimately discussed in our columns. Finding it practically impossible to answer each correspondent by private letter, we adopt this mode of communication to save our friends the disappointment that would otherwise accrue from our inability to answer their queries. We cordially invite everybody that has a question to ask, a suggestion to make, or a scolding to give to contribute to the Correspondents' Column.

A farmer's wife, Eastern Oregon: We noticed several accounts last summer of sugar having been made from watermelons, and we have no doubt but that in your climate, where melons seem almost indigenous, the manufacture of sugar could be made a source of large revenue. We one time, when living upon the farm, tried the experiment of boiling four gallons of watermelon juice down to one, and the result was a very beautiful syrup, rather thin, but clear as amber; and we believe, if we had had melons enough to continue experiments, that we should have made excellent sugar. Sugar beets are extensively cultivated in some parts of California, and we have learned that the manufacture of sugar from this vegetable is already considerable.

George H.: The Theatre Comique, Varieties, Gayeties, etc., are low, infamous, so-called places of amusement, where, as respectable men and women do not enter, we cannot tell you what is going on. Of one thing, however, we can speak advisedly. They are dens which are a lasting disgrace to our city, for, if they were suitable places of resort, gentlemen and ladies would meet each other there as they do at other places. We are told that frail, lewd women dance and sing at these dens and that crowds of men and boys visit them; but further we cannot describe them. Stay away.

Mollie G., Portland: The man who, knowing you to be engaged to another, would presume to ingratiate himself in your favor proves by the very act that he is unworthy of you. He is endeavoring to obtain that which is not yours to give, namely: your plighted troth, your sacred honor, without which man is less than man and woman less than woman. Marriage has no power to bind the connubial contract. The ceremony *announces* it, and that is all; the vows are made before, and if you cannot be true to an engagement, we beg you, do not marry at all, for, if you break *one* vow, you will want to break another, and there is no other chain that galls and frets the spirit like distasteful wedlock. Tell your new lover that you have wavered once and fear that you will again.

WOMAN PRESIDENT.—In answer to the question propounded by the *Golden Age*—"Shall the next President of the United States be a woman?"—the Charleston *Republican* says: "Thinking it all over, we don't know but what it shall be a woman. Where's the objection? It depends very much, it strikes us, on what kind of a woman it shall be. If she be young and beautiful, raven tresses, marble brow, pearly teeth, finely chiseled nose, a rosebud of a mouth, really kissable, and all that sort of thing, so often given of their heroines by the novelists of the romance school; and if she had the intellect of a Bacon or a Webster, and knew how to hold her tongue when important state secrets are to be kept, then where would be the objection? Mind, we don't say there would be none, we only ask what the objection would be? Anyhow, all must admit that such a President would give a live interest to governmental affairs. But we repeat, it very greatly depends upon the kind of woman."

Much has been said of the intense heat of the fires which destroyed Peshtigo, Menekanne, Williamsonville, etc., but all that has been said cannot give the stranger even a faint conception of the reality. The heat has been compared to that engendered by a flame concentrated on an object by a blowpipe, but even that would not account for some of the phenomena. For instance, we have in our possession a copper cent, taken from the pocket of a dead man in the Peshtigo Sugar Bush, which will illustrate our point. This cent has been partially fused, but still retains its round form and the inscription upon its legible. Others in the same pocket were partially melted off, and yet *the clothing and the body of the man was not even singed*. We do not know any way to account for this, unless, as is asserted by some, the tornado and fire were accompanied by electrical phenomena.—*Wisconsin Paper.*

MISERIES OF INDOLENCE.—None so little enjoy life, and are such burdens to themselves, as those who have nothing to do. The active have only the true relish of life. He who knows not what it is to labor, knows not what it is to enjoy. Recreation is only valuable as it unbends us. The idle know nothing of it. It is exertion that renders rest delightful, and sleep sweet and undisturbed. That the happiness of life depends on the regular prosecution of some laudible purpose or calling which engages, helps and enlivens all our powers, let those bear witness, who, after spending years in active usefulness, retire to enjoy themselves. They are a burden to themselves.

The question of free schools, as against parochial or private schools, is no longer in doubt, even in benighted Arkansas, for a Mrs. Cooper has taken the stump in favor of the former, and every one knows that in such a cause woman is irresistible.

Subscribe for the New NORTHWEST.

Concerning Married Women.

HOPETON, Oct. 10, 1871.

MY DEAR ANNA:—And you received the announcement of my betrothal with surprise, you say. Why so? Is it any worse for "May and December" to unite their blossoms and frosts to-day than for the strange phenomenon to occur a few years later, when the wife is December and her husband May, in a remarkable state of preservation? I tell you, *machere*, that one thing even I have observed, and this it is—every wife, I know, looks at least from ten to twenty years older than her husband; and so I resolved that when "in the course of human events it became necessary for" me to fall in love, I would order *la grande passion* to flow towards some senior of mine by at least thirty years. The desire of my heart is gray-haired and bearded, and he walks with a cane! Given thirty years the start, ought a moderately slow woman to reach "the sere and yellow leaf" a day sooner than the dearly beloved?

Can you tell me, Anna, why brides lay aside youth and vivacity with their orange blossoms? Can you, clearer-visioned than I, explain why they lose all interest in "Harmonic Societies," in private theatricals, in whist and dancing? When did a bridegroom ever fold his regard for such amusements in his white vest and swallow-tail, and lay them away in a lavender-scented chest, for his eldest son to contemplate? Men are never too old or tired to join "sweet sixteen" in her pastimes—it is astonishing how gout and spectacles can play croquet with a nimble-footed, bright-eyed maiden—very astonishing how obesity of sixty years' accumulation can "trip the light fantastic toe" with a coquettish damsel as extra weight! Equally wonderful it is, when the human voice ought to be marching solemnly through Old Hundred or Dundee and resting tremulously on each note, as if it hardly dared venture beyond, to hear it rippling demisemi-quavers and sentimental rhymes with the bell of the evening! Why, bless you, Anna! their wives' voices piped a shrill treble years ago, and they would no more attempt a glee than they would a skipping rope! Think of a newly-fledged youth begging the dear old lady for one more song or one more minuet, as her dear old husband begs the like favors from the "lately-come-out" young lady! Again I ask, Anna, why is old age so uninteresting in a woman and so irresistible in a man?

Marriage ought not to make a woman prematurely old—it should not be the grave of her ambition, the extinguisher of her dreams. Maternity should not change the current of her life and make it flow through solitary places, till at its close it is only a narrow, sluggish stream, nearly dried up. If anything can widen and deepen her whole being, it is the gift of children; but it is a fact that with them come so many cares by night and day that the mother is laid upon the altar of her love, a slowly consuming sacrifice. While yet her husband is in the hey-day of vigor, still enjoying society with a keen relish, more the admirable man than in his younger days, because a large experience is added to his graces and he can humor the whims of society to its heart's content, his wife simply endures what he enjoys or renounces social entertainments altogether. There are exceptional instances, of course, where women are the devotees of pleasure, women to whom home is a prison and husbands "old fogies"—but they are comparatively few. J. G. Holland did not draw on imagination for his "Jeremy Trafn." There are degrees of such recreant men, and he chose the highest in sin. I have in mind the lowest. Men who cannot help keeping young, more than their wives can help growing old, and in showing their preference for fresh, young society, never suspect themselves guilty of disloyalty.

I blame women for such a state of affairs. They forget that love is a delicate plant, that does not thrive well on barren soil. Because it once takes root is not proof positive that it will come to fruition without sunlight and spring airs. "She won me by her rare musical talent," said an amateur in music of his wife, "but since our marriage she does not care to play or sing, and I am forced to go from home for enjoyment." Said another benedict, "Would you believe that my wife ever read so finely as Miss Lawrence? She did, and took my heart by storm by her recitations; but her tongue has forgotten its cunning and her voice its witchery. Since we twain were made one she has not read a line of poetry—I am afraid life has settled down into the plainest prose." There is no need of repeating any more. You and I have heard numberless such confessions. They were never made in a fault-finding spirit. The fact was accepted as the inevitable effect of marriage.

The wife has excuses for her faded, jaded look. "Is it any wonder that I seem old and spiritless," she asks, "when you consider what I do? All this housework, these children and sewing, and only two pair of hands to do all, and one pair belongs to an inefficient servant! I wonder I am not in my grave!" She does not complain of any one. She has a vague notion that marriage is a sort of baggage-car, and she solely responsible for all its freight! She started wrong. I shall not. If I have one accomplishment, I shall give it up with my latest breath. If I possess one attraction, it shall be sedulously guarded. So, Anna, if you visit me, (as you will of course), do not think to be the belle of the croquet ground. I will wear as trim a boot as you if I am made a cripple for life! I confess you excel in music, but I can beat you at whist. Housekeeping shall not add a feather's weight. I will be ready to shut the house when my husband shuts his store. Whenever I find him his own bookkeeper, salesman and errand boy, I will be my own cook, laundress and seamstress. Not before will I be a "compromise car," ready for every track and every kind of freight! So you see I know where married women fail, and knowing, I shall be a fool if I do not profit by their errors. Having too many irons in the fire has converted thousands of happy brides into nervous, fretful women, health, beauty, spirit, all gone. Spare me such a fate!

Last week our old schoolmate, Mary Ferguson, died. At her funeral, I overheard a neighbor wondering "what made her give out so soon." "Why," said the stupid man, "she's allus been stout—done her own work ever sence she's been married, and had three children in five years, too! What did she die of?"

"She died of *deadness*," I angrily answered, borrowing a word from my little niece, who once told me of what diseases her large family of dolls died. After exhausting the list, she found one dead doll, still unprovided with any excuse for dissolution. At last she looked up brightly and said, "And this one, Aunty, died of *deadness!*"

I shall not die of "*deadness*." Yours as ever, FAITH GRISWOLD.

Grace Greenwood at a California Circus.

On Saturday night for a "lark" we all went to the circus. It was a California circus in inception and development, and, like most things belonging to that great country, it is stupendous. I am sure I never saw such magnificent performances, equestrian and acrobatic—and I have always had a Dickensy weakness for the ring—for the sawdust and tinsel, and the hoops and the hurdles—for the pie-bald horses and riders, so bold and dashing, yet so serene and grave—and the clown with his ancient jokes, and the ring-master with his eternal circular tramp and his whip of infinite crackiness. In London I sought Astley's before Convent Garden.

By far the most accomplished performers that night were women, in especial two blondes, who did the most daring and astonishing things on the trapeze, and on the tapis, as acrobats, and, Oh, heavens! as tumblers! It was, to me, very dreadful—a startling, almost ghastly exhibition of Woman's Rights. An old-fashioned conservative could not have been more shocked when Elizabeth Blackwell went into medicine, and Antoinette Brown into divinity, than I was at seeing these women, in horrible undress, swinging and tumbling, and plunging heels over head out of their sphere. Still, it was something to see that women could be so courageous, so skillful, and so strong—could attain such steadiness of nerve and firmness of muscle, and still retain, with all their tremendous physical exertions, the beauty and grace of their forms and all the fullness and soft curve of youth! I had unmixed delight in the wonderful riding, skill and daring, quiet confidence and matchless physical strength, of a young California girl, called Pulley Lee. She managed, with the utmost ease and grace, four horses, having four younger brothers and sisters swarming all over her. She supports, in more ways than one, the whole family.

But the sight of sights was the crowd of spectators—between two and three thousand people of all classes and races—rougher, freer, noisier, than any pleasure-seeking crowd I had ever before looked upon, yet good-humored and merry, and sufficiently orderly for jollity. When in the early part of the evening there came up a sudden thunder-shower, and the rain beating in on the upper tier of benches drove hundreds down in the circle, just outside the ring, though there was a wild scene for a time, and some confusion, there was no strife, no accidents of any kind. The fun was most uproarious over the drawing of the prizes—fifty in number, mostly worthless. I held all the evening a delusive bit of paper in my hand, received at the door, and representing alternately, to my fond fancy, "a valuable watch" and "a fine calf." But my star was not in the ascendant in this strange sky. The watch went ticking off in the pocket of a modest young miner, who made good time out of the ring before a whirlwind of yells. The calf alone remained. It was neat or woe for me. Some ten minutes of mingled hope and fear, and I saw a Denverite lead the prize off in triumph, "amid the shouting multitude." I don't believe that lottery was managed fairly.

DRESS.—It has become the custom in England among old families and those holding an undeniable position in the social world, for the ladies to affect great simplicity of dress upon all except special occasions. This is the more marked now, when extravagance and display seem to be the ruling passion, and, alluding to the excess of ornament and finery so frequently adopted by the *nouveau riche*, an English lady of rank remarked, "I now leave that sort of thing to my maid."

The day has long since passed when social grades were distinguished by the costume, nor is it any longer necessary to wear gold lace on the coat to mark the gentleman. Such a fashion happily has become extinct, and it is a mistake to suppose that the world now accords its respect to those whose claims for distinction are based upon mere outside show, while, however, it is true that in respect to dress, it cannot fail to admire the becoming. Grace of person and of mind are what captivate, and diamonds and lace can hardly make the wearer more attractive, if these are wanting.

The enormous expense of dress at the present day is becoming a serious evil; it has caused many an aching heart, and it will be a happy day when fashion shall so order it that the lady is to be distinguished by her unarrayed apparel, lingering no longer in the glitter of a fictitious brilliancy of attire; it will at all events be a matter of rejoicing for the average *Pater Familias*.

A Melbourne, Australia, paper says: "The ladies are pushing their way into the colony. A few years back, at every restaurant and hotel in town, roughly-handed men were dispensers of the refreshments sought for the inner man. Smiling Hebes are now to be found occupying their places, and proving an agreeable change. The telegraph offices, according to Mr. Francis, are to be invaded by the ladies, and save Mr. Turner will be sure to give them a welcome at the Post-office. Lightly and deftly they will sort the letters, and will quench the inquisitiveness for which the fair daughters of Eve are proverbial. The Board of Education is following suit in giving a place for the ladies in their schools. At present only about one-third of the teachers in the colony are women, while in America out of ten teachers employed nine are women. An attempt is to be made to alter the proportion of women teachers, and in the coming year it is expected that a large number of young ladies will be engaged in instructing the youth of the colony."

SHARP PRACTICE.—A good instance of sharp practice is that of a man in Ohio, who was acquitted of murder on a plea of insanity. He had secured his lawyers by giving them a mortgage on his farm, but now repudiates the mortgage on the ground that he was insane when he made it, according to the showing of these same lawyers.

What chemical instrument is like a cutting reply? The retort.