

"A courtesan, having become weary of this life, attempted to reach the other before the night with the help of a physician...

"This past I fell! Alas! alas! and now my life's...

"Think they such as I can know no love? That my poor weeping heart no feeling hath...

ELLEN DOWD, THE FARMER'S WIFE.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by Mrs. A. J. Denney, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington City.]

CHAPTER IV.

"The children looked abashed. Evidently they had formed no other idea than that they would be solicited to follow their grandparents to their New England home, and were not prepared for a rebuff."

"Pears to me you might as well take 'em home with you," suggested Aunt Betsy. "Jacob and I took our nine orphans into our home-nest, and we raised every one of 'em to an age of usefulness."

"Child, do not worry. You shall keep your dog," and the old gentleman in his turn caressed the noble fellow, who expressed his gratitude in dog language...

The New Northwest.

are wonderful mysterious—that's certain.

"O, madam!" and the eyes of her companion took on a hungry, appealing look, "tell me all you know about my daughter. Did she—starve?"

"Why, bless you, no! Peter Dowd never let her get out o' dodgers an' deer meet. You had the same kind o' victuals for dinner to-day, I reckon. But how did your daughter ever happen to marry such a shiftless, good-for-nothing there! I said I wouldn't slander the dead, an' I won't, though it 'pears to me that Peter might have been a better provider. But it's always so with rummy matches. I never knowed one to turn out happy—no, never. An' I've had my share o' such trials, the Lord knows."

"Peter Dowd was the son of an old man with some money and great expectations. The Dowds were of a decayed Southern stock, and Peter's father was always looking for a legacy from some of his distant relatives; so he brought up his son as a gentleman, and he was a very likely, well appearing lad. I had no suspicion that our only daughter would ever think of marrying him."

"Dr. Goff, this is Miss Darcy, poor Ellen Dowd's own mother," said Aunt Betsy, nervously. "An' he's the same doctor that tended on her when she died."

Reverently Dr. Goff advanced to greet the stranger. He was a nervous, wiry little man, with keen, searching eyes and a thoughtful countenance.

"Doctor," said the lady, anxiously, "I trust that you, as a physician, can give me much information relative to my daughter's life and death."

"Indeed, my dear madam, there is little information to impart. Peter Dowd degenerated into a listless, lazy, unambitious loiterer. (You see I have none of Aunt Betsy's compunctions of conscience about speaking evil of the dead when they deserve it.) He got into the habit of lounging around the tavern, or spending his time with his dog and gun, and the habit became chronic and consumed his manhood. He never was cross to your daughter. He preferred to sit by and pet her occasionally, while she and the children were destitute. I do not agree with Aunt Betsy that it is at all strange that he should take a fancy to such a life, dreamless, thriftless mode of life. He had neither trade nor profession. He had no money and no credit, and the life he led in the back woods just suited him. Ellen seemed to cherish the dearest affection for him, and, but for her dying words, would never have revealed the fact that she was at all unhappy."

"Can you repeat her dying words?" "I can. She was fondling the tiny waif of a baby, that lay nestling in her bosom, and addressing herself to me, believing me to be her husband, when she exclaimed, 'It would be a Lord's blessing if our baby would never see daylight! Wouldn't you rather see her die than live to toil and suffer as I do?'"

Mrs. Darcy buried her face in her hands and groaned aloud. "It's strange that the daughter of such 'people' as you and your man should 'take up' with such a—'but I won't speak ill of the dead,'" remarked Aunt Betsy.

hind the legalizing cloak of marriage. Don't tell me that Ziek Hamilton has done anything else but debauch that poor, misguided child, whom he daily defiles under the (to him) protecting cloak of wedlock! I'm out of all patience with such cant and nonsense."

Grandmother D'Arcy looked up appalled. That was a quarter of a century ago, good reader, and public and private minds were alike unprepared to hear and consider the momentous subjects which are to-day so fearfully discussed in every lecture room and household.

"Don't tell me!" continued the Doctor, pacing excitedly back and forth before his listeners, "that Ellen Dowd could have done worse than marry this pig-headed, easy-going, good-natured, good-for-nothing lout!"

"Well," said Mrs. D'Arcy, "she would go with him at all events, and I was glad to have the sanction of the law to cover her transgression."

"Sanction of the fiddlestick! If she and the poor shuck who ruined her had known that neither law nor gospel would sanction a match at her tender years, they would not have dared to attempt it."

"Well, Doctor, you must admit that Ellen might have been allowed to disgrace if she hadn't been allowed to marry. When my Sally ran away it well might break my heart. She was the last one, her brothers an' sisters all bein' dead, an' I felt so lonesome and dreary like, while a great heavy pain tugged away at my heart strings; but after all that was a comfort that was Kier Slooim's legal wife, an' in no danger of bein' ruined by his wiles."

"Poor child! I pronounced her ruined, soul, body and spirit, the first time my eyes beheld her," said the Doctor, sotto voce; but he did not have the heart to further wound the feelings of the sorrowing and childless mothers; so he bade them good day and disappeared in the foot-path that wound away through the hazel thicket, while the astonished women gazed after him in wonder and amazement.

"Pears to me it would be a very strange world if we didn't have the law of marriage to protect the young people from the disgraceful consequences of their own foolishness!" exclaimed Aunt Betsy, indignantly.

"I'm sure I can't see wherein or by what means the marriage law protected my poor Ellen!" was Mrs. D'Arcy's comment.

"Why, Miss Darcy, don't you believe in marriage?" "A bitter smile played around the thin and tightly set lips of the bereaved mother, but she answered meaningly: "I have adhered to the strictest letter of the marriage law for more than two score years. Let my life be my answer, madam. But this law too often interferes with and undermines the laws and regulations of the home. For instance, the fond mother of a beautiful young girl may enjoin and enforce strict obedience from her as a minor until some hot-brained animal chooses to make her his legal mistress, and then a short ceremony of a few awful words of the law takes the child from the protecting influences of the home-nest, which, while it makes of her an accused nonentity, renders the further attempts of parents to protect their darling futile, null and void!"

"Well, Miss Darcy, you talk like a preacher, an' you tell the truth, too; still I must say that it was a great relief to me when my Sally's hot-headed impudence was shielded from the world by the laws of the land."

her face, lit up her bright, wild eyes under an electric fire. "O river, grove and log cabin, how I do adore you!" soliloquized the child. "Every pebble on your banks, dear Mackinnan, has told me its own history. Every bird and tree and bush and flower says a sad good-bye. Bouncer, dear, faithful darling, must we leave all these?"

The dog, thus addressed, set up a mournful howl. "You know all about it, don't you, Bouncer?" crossing the log end clasping his damp body in her arms. We're going to leave everything we love and everything that makes us happy, just to please relations that we never saw before this day!" and Ellen bowed her head upon the dog and gave way to an uncontrollable flood of tears.

Gradually her keener sorrow spent itself, and wending her way at last to her favorite playground, near her parents' graves, she sat in silent communion with her own sad heart. All unused as she had ever been to congenial society, the child had spent her life almost alone in the midst of the companionship of her sisters.

"Bouncer knows more about me, and more about what pleases me, than every body else does," she often said to Uncle Jacob Grahm, who was her firmest friend.

"Everybody else but Bouncer thinks that I'm a good-for-nothing, idle, lazy child. But Bouncer knows when I'm busy, if nobody else does. He'll lay still for hours with my head pillowed on his side, while I gaze up into the clouds or tree tops and build such glorious castles as the world has never seen," said she, when at last she entered the cabin, where her sisters were engaged in the preliminary preparations for a speedy removal.

"I'm afraid the world will never see your glorious castles, Nell," said Kate, with a light laugh. "It won't realize its loss, then—that's some comfort!" quickly retorted the child.

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 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.

F. S., Walla Walla: You are right. Your name and another gentleman's are so nearly alike that we mistook one for the other. Lost our memorandum for the evening in which you reminded us in your last. Hence the mistake.

J. W., Walla Walla: Editorial MSS goes through the post-offices at the postal rates for newspapers, but the MSS of private contributors requires letter postage.

M. B., W. T.: Have forwarded the letter as you requested. Address, Portland.

Mrs. M., Corvallis: Registered letter received. Thanks. Hope soon to hear of your daughter's recovery. Will write you privately soon.

Mrs. L. M., San Francisco: Your letter, with good words of cheer, is gratefully acknowledged. Glad to hear of your good prospects. — is married. Guess you saw the notice in the papers.

[For the New Northwest.] THE WAYS OF LIFE.

BY CONSTANCE. CHAPTER II.

"A mother could not have been a more tender nurse than was uncouth Bridget Flanagan. I learned to love her in those long, weary days. It was through her kind care that health returned. I never saw either aunt or cousins until I was able to go to the nursery. Never shall I forget some of the remarks that were made by my young cousins on my first appearing among them."

"O, Bridget, I thought you said she was a real beauty!" cried Anabel, a tall, slender girl of eleven. "Why, she is just as homely as can be. I wouldn't be such a scare-crow for anything!" "Hain't she got awful eyes, though?" exclaimed Master Fred.

Bridget did not heed these comments. She was busy quieting the year old babe, that had been frightened nearly into fits by the appearance of his strange cousin.

I covered my face with my hands that they might not see the tears that were coursing down my cheeks. I was sadly disappointed. I had anticipated so much pleasure in the company of the children. I did not expect to see a great deal of Carrie, for she was three years my senior, and quite a belle in fashionable society. But I longed to give Anabel a sister's place in my heart. As soon as I could I went to my room, and taking down a small glass that hung on the wall, I took a view of myself the first since my illness. I did not wonder at their remarks, for certainly I was a fright. I knew that I had lost my curls, but had no idea that sickness could make such a change in one's appearance.

I soon learned that I was not to associate as an equal with my cousins. Indeed I was forbidden to claim relationship. At first my place of usefulness was in the nursery, to tend baby and hear Fred and George say their morning lessons. I was far from being happy. There was only one thing that reconciled me to my lot—that was my love for Bridget. But when I had recovered my usual health, my Aunt, for economy's sake, dismissed Anabel's music teacher, and gave me the situation. She knew my parents had given me every opportunity to cultivate my one gift, and there was not a better musician of the same age in the city.

For seven long years I was an inmate of my Uncle's house. I had seen Carrie go forth a bride to a new home. Anabel was now a lovely young lady, admired by all her acquaintances. But in all that time little change had come for me. I had, however, heard of my mother's death in the last year.

It was on the occasion of a Christmas party when all the wealth and beauty were present. Fortune-seeking misses and mammaes were all eager to get a glimpse of the great traveler and author, who was to-night to make his first appearance in their circle.

The house was crowded. I had retired to my own room. What had I to do with the gay throng below? My task was done when I saw Anabel ready to receive the company. Late in the evening my Aunt hurried into my room, saying: "Kate, you must come down. We have some new music that the guests are all dying to hear, and there is no one that will undertake it."

"But Aunt," I pleaded, "I cannot play before a room full of strangers." "You must not think of the company. Come, they are all waiting!" And without letting me even smooth my hair, she led me to the drawing-room. Stopping at the door to whisper, "You must leave the room as soon as you are through at the piano," she conducted me to the music stool.

How out of place my black dress seemed in that brilliant assembly! The contrast brought sad memories to my mind. But glancing over the music, I proceeded to entertain the company. One piece after another was called for. I was getting tired, and there seemed no prospect of my leaving the instrument. But my Aunt came to the rescue by proposing some new amusement. As the crowd moved away, I heard a gentleman ask, "Who is that young lady?" My Aunt answered, "Anabel's music teacher."

After complying with her wishes I felt this unkindness severely; but now was my time to leave unnoticed. I arose and crossed the room. A gentleman stepped forward and opened the door as I passed out. He slipped a card in my hand. I was surprised at such boldness, but hastened to my chamber to see what it could mean. On glancing at the card I saw the name of William Wilson, the playmate of my childhood. It seemed that even after this length of time he had not forgotten me. I could scarcely resist the temptation to run down and speak to him, but I knew my Aunt would never forgive me for taking such a liberty.

vant come and said there was a gentleman below wishing to see me. My heart told me who it was, and sure enough on running down I found Willie. It was the first time in all those seven years that a gentleman had called to see me. I had not been in the parlor long till my Aunt and Anabel came in. Willie, seeing my Aunt's look of displeasure and my embarrassment, remarked that we had been acquainted in childhood, and that he recognized me the evening before, but I had left before he had a chance to speak to me.

My Aunt replied, "I am sorry I cannot induce her to go into society. She is so singular. I can do nothing with her. But perhaps if you will use your persuasive power's you may be more successful than I have been."

Before he concluded his call he had an opportunity to whisper in my ear, "Be ready, Kittie, at three o'clock to take a sleigh ride with me!"

As the hall door closed on him I started to leave the room, but my Aunt requested me to be seated, she wished to speak with me. She commenced: "I have set my heart on a match between Mr. Wilson and Anabel. As you have long been an inmate of our house, out of gratitude you should assist Anabel in securing so distinguished a person for a husband. Being acquainted with Mr. Wilson, it is in your power to render us a great service."

I answered, "Mr. Wilson has invited me to take a sleigh ride this afternoon, and if an opportunity offers I will remember you."

Punctually at the appointed hour the sleigh was at the door. Scarcely was I seated till he asked, "How is it, Kittie, that I find you in this situation?" "I then gave him a history of how my mother had deserted us on the very evening he had left our house, and of my father's failure and death.

"You must have suffered greatly, Kittie. I wish I could have come to you sooner." "But," I inquired, "Where have you been all these years?"

"When I left your father's house," said he, "I went straight to Illinois. There I was very fortunate. I had not been in Springfield twenty-four hours till I found my father's only surviving brother. He welcomed me as though I were a son old bachelor that he was. I was sent to the best schools in our land, and then at the age of eighteen he took me to Europe. While at St. Petersburg he died, leaving me all his worldly possessions. But the memory of a dark-eyed girl hastened my return to my native land. Neither the wealth of London nor the gaiety of Paris had any charms for me unless shared by her. Kittie, you know who I mean. My chief object in life will be to make you happy. May I have that right? You know we have always loved each other."

I answered: "I was this morning instructed to use my influence to make a match between you and my cousin Anabel. She is handsome, and her family one of the best in the city. I am a poor orphan, without home or friends. A man in your position should look for a wife nearer his equal."

"A fit!" he exclaimed, "for equality as known in fashionable life! Give me a true and loving heart. That is all I ask. But you have not answered my question. Do not keep me longer in suspense!" Placing my hand in his, I said, "You are very dear to me, and I only wish I was more worthy of you."

"There, there, that will do," he said. "You have made me a happy man. But what is to prevent us from having the ceremony performed to-night? I know you do not wish longer to be dependent on your Uncle's bounty, and I would like to introduce my wife to Mrs. Steadman. If she thinks to catch me for her daughter she will find I prefer worth to beauty."

"If we are to be married," I replied, "I am just as ready to-day as I will be to-morrow!" The horses heads were turned toward the city. It was not long till we found the house of a clergyman, and in a very short space of time I was transformed into Mrs. Wilson. It was dark when we alighted at my Uncle's door. Willie ushered me into the parlor. My Aunt was the only occupant. He then had the pleasure of introducing his wife. I was amused to see her look of surprise, but she soon found speech, and turning to me, cried out, "You are a selfish, deceitful creature! Is this the way you repay us for our kindness to you? We took you out of the streets, you might say, for had it not been for us you would have been a beggar!" "Madam, this woman is my wife. Whoever insults her insults me. If this is the treatment she receives from her relations it is the last time she will trouble them."

I read it aloud to Willie. When I finished he burst into a laugh. "That is fine," said he. "I understand the game. It may be an advantage to the family to be able to claim such a connection. If it could not be Mr. Wilson my son-in-law, it is my niece's husband."

"How shall I answer it?" I inquired. "It is not necessary to reply, and it will be time enough to visit her when she needs our assistance."

"But she has asked my forgiveness, and you know we must forgive as we would be forgiven."

"That was only a plea to write. She only asks forgiveness for what she did in my presence; not for the way in which she treated you for seven years."

"That afternoon we started for the Old World. For five years we led a wandering life. Then we returned to find America embroiled in civil war. I found Bridget Flanagan sick and out of employment. As I now had a home of my own, I could in a measure repay her for her kindness to me when I was a friendless orphan."

My Uncle's family was sadly scattered. Anabel had married a man nearly old enough to be her grandfather, and lived very unhappily. Frank and Fred had joined the ranks of the South, but after their first engagement Fred was sent home to die. When I review the past and see how one that passed his early youth in poverty and obscurity as a kitchen boy has made his way to his present exalted position, and another who was surrounded by every indulgence that wealth could procure sunk to a penniless orphan, and then ponder the changes in my Uncle's family—all remind me that such are the ways of life."

(Continued.)

Nature Against Woman Suffrage.

In a review of a chapter on Woman Education in Hillard's Sixth Reader, which classes woman's suffrage as a war against Nature, Henry B. Blackwell, in the Woman's Journal, after quoting some of the objectionable passages, says:

"As a tax-payer of Boston, I demand either that Hillard's Sixth Reader be excluded, or that this passage be expurgated. I am unwilling that my money should be used to pervert the minds of children by justifying the meanest and subtlest form of aristocracy—the political aristocracy of sex."

"The contempt for woman's intellect, which prevails society like an atmosphere, has its foundation in an unenlightened public sentiment. By a thousand such influences as the above, in the family, in the church, in literature, in society, even in the school, the minds of our children are warped and perverted from their very cradles, and then we are coolly informed that it is the masculine instinct to rule and the feminine instinct to obey, and that equal rights for men and women would be a reform against Nature!"

Against Nature! Why, three centuries ago, suffrage for lawyers, physicians, merchants, and manufacturers was thought contrary to Nature. Only noblemen were entitled to rule. Two centuries ago, suffrage for Baptists and Roman Catholics was contrary to Nature in Massachusetts. Only members of Orthodox churches were entitled to rule. A hundred years ago, suffrage for farmers, mechanics, and day laborers was contrary to Nature. Only the wealthy were entitled to rule. Ten years ago, suffrage for negro men was contrary to Nature. Only white men were entitled to rule.

It is time this scarecrow was abolished. Progress is a part of nature.—The Pioneer.

GEN. BUTLER'S WOMAN SUFFRAGE BILL.

The following is the text of the Woman Suffrage Bill, recently introduced into the House of Representatives, by Gen. B. Butler, declaring the women of the United States voters under the provisions of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution of the United States:

Section 1.—No citizen of the United States having the qualifications prescribed by law entitling such citizens to vote at any election in any State or Territory, shall be in any manner hindered or deprived of a vote at any election by reason of, or on account of, any distinction of sex.

Section 2.—That the provisions of an act entitled "An act to enforce the rights of citizens of the United States to vote in the several States of this Union, and for other purposes," approved May 31st 1870, applicable to enforcing the provisions of this act are hereby made applicable thereto.

EASLER SAID THAN DORE—I was standing at a railway station in the Black Country, one day, when my attention was arrested by an altercation between the station master and a large collier, the occupant of a third-class carriage.

"You must pay for the dog, I tell you," said the station master, pointing to a fine specimen of the bull type which sat handsomely and blinking serenely beneath the seat.

"I sho'," returned the collier curtly. "Then he must come out," rejoined the station master.

"Fetch him out, then."

The dog, seeming to understand it all, seconded his master's invitation by a slight lifting of the upper lip and a wicked gleam in his eyes. He went on by that train, and no fare was paid for him.

Tobacco Boys.—Tobacco boys will make tobacco men, with tobacco mouths, and tobacco breaths, and tobacco teeth, and tobacco pockets, and a general tobacco smell; and what is worse they will have tobacco appetites, which will crave tobacco enough in their life time to feed them, to buy a small farm and raise a small family. They will, moreover, spit tobacco all along their way through life, to the annoyance of their neighbors and the displeasure of their wives and families.

Preferred creditors—those who don't dun.