The New Northwest.

FRIDAY.....FEBRUARY 16, 1872.

Mud Pies.

Tell me, little housewives,
Playing in the sun,
How many minutes
Till the cooking's done?
Johnny builds the oven,
Jenny rolls the crust,
Katy buys the flour,
All of golden dust.

Pat it here and pat it there—
What a dainty size!
Bake it on a shingle,
Nice mud pies!

Don't you hear the bluebird
High up in the air?
Good morning, little ones,
Are you busy there?
Pretty Mister Squirrel
Bounces down the rail,
Takes a seat and watches,
Curls his bushy tail.

Twirl it so and mark it so,
Looking wondrous wise;
All the plums are pebbles—
Rich mud pies!

Arms that never weary,
Toiling dimple deep;
Shut the oven door, now,
And soon we'll take a peep.
Wish we had a shower—
Think we need it so—
That would make the roadside
Such a heap of dough!

Turn them in and turn them out;
How the morning flies;
Ring the bell for dinner—
Hot mud pies!

Four Aces.

A THRILLING CALIFORNIA INCIDENT OF '49.

Spindle was a new arrival. The camp, with customary propriety, had dubbed him thus because he was so slim. On the same principle his awkwardness soon gave him notoriety. Nor this only; like One-eyed Tom, Spindle made one of the happiest hits.

Young, passionate, elated beyond degree with the splendor of his prospects, it was no surprise that he should court the pale-faced gamblers, who were the aristocrats of the camp. It was no wonder that they should discover his weakness and determine to "salt" him. Play? No, no; Spindle did not play; he only came in to watch the game; it was tiresome sitting there in the tent alone. "Try it; double your stake on 'threes;' triple it on a 'full,'" said a pleasant faced fellow, who was raking in a hundred slugs or more. Spindle was inclined to listen. "Tell you what to do," said the gambler, continuing, "go me halves for an hour, and see how you come out." He did so.

At the end of the hour he had won a "stake" of several thousand dollars. Spindle was fascinated. "I will double this to-morrow night," said he, mentally, as he left the gambler's tent. He doubled it. "This must be tripled," said Spindle, as he sought the tent again; two nights afterwards it was tripled. "Spindle means to break or be broken," said the bystanders one night, about a week after his original venture. "Look at the dust he is betting." He is indeed betting heavily. The rattlesnake has charmed him. Bet after bet, till the winnings of the week have left him; bet after bet, until its earnings are all gone—till the last "slug" is up, and he has but a single "sight" for it. Woe to him, for he wins! The tide is floating again, and Spindle is even. "Safe, safe," he remarks, betting a hundred "slugs" as a "blind" on the strength of his confidence. One by one the cards go round to the players. Spindle does not look at his, but gathered them under his hand on the table. "I see your 'blind' and go you a hundred better." It was "Eaglenose" who spoke—"Eaglenose, the lucky." Spindle looks at his cards. He has a first-class hand—four queens and a king; four aces only will beat him. Eaglenose can have but three of those, for he saw one on the bottom of the pack as the gambler laid the cards on the table; the gambler meant that he should see it.

"I see your bet and raise you a hundred better," replied Spindle. Eaglenose is uncertain. He looks wistfully at the gold, furtively at his antagonist, and very carefully at the cards in his hand. "He waits, he weakens," said Spindle to himself. "I thought he was 'bluffing.'" Spindle does not see the smile on the face of the bystander at the back of the gambler, or he would think very differently. Rising from the rough stool on which he sits, Eaglenose steps back in the tent and opens a strong wooden chest. Two bags of dust are taken from it, and the gambler staggers under the heavy load, as he brings it toward the table. Spindle sees a $10,000 mark on each of them. "Bet you them 'ere things," says Eaglenose, as he lays the two bags with the other gold. It is now Spindle's turn to hesitate. Can it be that he has the other ace? No, he will not think it; but what shall he do? He had not money enough on hand to "call" him. He does not wish to do this; it would be cowardly. "Ha!" says Spindle, "I have it now; I will bet my claim and the few thousand I have left against his pile, if it only be large enough." This to himself. Then to Eaglenose. "What's your pile?" "There are five more bags in the chest," said the gambler quietly; "what do you do?" "Bet my claim against your pile," said Spindle, intensely excited.

The bet was taken. Spindle threw his cards on the table with a half paralyzed motion and a face whiter than the tent above him—four queens and a king. Eaglenose filed his off, one by one—three aces, a king, and an ace. Not a word was spoken by either, and Eaglenose had no reason for so doing. A few moments afterwards the ruined miner staggered to the door of the tent, passed out into the moonlight, and the game goes on as ever.

Half an hour later, Spindle sat in his tent alone. Before him was the picture of a fair, sweet face that had won his love a few years back. Nobody sees him weep while he watches the play of light in those eloquent eyes. You could step in, and step heavily, too, without startling him. He is lost in reproachful thought, lending down to despair. All that he had hoped to do was vanished. Last night, rich in gold, to-night bankrupt. Why, then, should he live? He can hear the roar of the Yuba as it tumbles over the cliff only a mile above him. He steps out into the open air; the cataract glimmers in the distance, and the sound of its waters soothes and fascinates him. Nobody will miss him; why should he hesitate?

He moves toward it with eager bound and determined purpose. Up the rocky hill—up, up, up, till he stands on the edge of the precipice, far above the fall. He looks at the white tents in the distance; hate is blazoned on every one of them. He looks at the white spray, far, far, below him; a hundred phantoms beseech him to come to them. A pause, for an instant only, a whispered something—was it a prayer? A quick, terrible leap, then the same moonlight as before shone on the flower-clad hills around, on the white tents of the sleeping camp, and on the whiter face of the cataract.—*Overland Monthly.*

It is dangerous to be "highly spoken" of in Cincinnati. A baby was left at a rich man's door, the other night, with a note, saying: "Having heard you spoken very highly of, and also that you were extravagantly fond of babies, I have brought you this treasure."

Man and Woman.

BY DANIEL SCHINDLER, EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN RADICAL.

Differences are not necessarily variances, and not every difference includes an antagonism. Differences between persons or things to be radical, and, so to subordinate, or put the one into bondage to the other, must rise in different planes of being. Such are the differences that subsist between vegetable and animal life, and again between animal and human life. Each of these orders of life includes a specific purpose, comes about in answer to a specific creative thought, and has, therefore, its specific sphere of agency and privilege. And whatever differences one may see in such specific sphere, they are not collective nor variant; they are not proofs of inferiority on the one hand, or superiority on the other; they do not mean that one has more or less privilege than the other. They are only the bass and alto, the tenor and treble that blend in one song, that swell up into the choral symphonies of one hymn. They may be differences of sex, they may be differences of physical conformation, of temperament, mental and moral tendency, but as there is right development and a coming into normal conditions, they all accord, complement each other, and are made mutually helpful. And not one can say to the other, I have no need of thee, or I am more than thou.

The differences of the sexes are not essential. Trace them to their sources, and you have accord, the male and female element poising in the unity of one Nature. They are not altogether unlike the difference between the tongue and the groove. It would be impossible to tell which came first into the artist's mind. Simultaneously they must have entered his consciousness. By itself, neither means anything. They differ, nevertheless. And yet the one takes the other. They unite in one thing. They complement each other. Yet neither loses its individuality in the other. Out of mere differences, therefore, no man can construct an argument. Unless they rise out of different creative intents, they are invalid for an argument, and may as well be turned against the man as the woman.

For the ends of a Human Economy the man and woman elements have each become the basis of an individual, personal life. And that there is no radical unlikeness between them, and that the one is not over the other, in point of personal privilege, is further seen in their vital resemblances. In God, the masculine and feminine elements exist under one will. And even in the human sphere one always sees the man uniting the masculine and the feminine, and the woman uniting the feminine and masculine. And it is common also, to see the man dominated by the woman and the woman dominated by the man. For sex of character does not alway conform to sex of body. In its most intrinsic sense, its exists, often, contrary to the physiological indications. If, therefore, sex is to determine the matter of franchise—or any other question concerning persons—then the feminine man ought not to vote, and the masculine woman ought to vote. I mention this in passing to show how utterly shallow and arbitrary is the argument that undertakes to determine franchise by sex. No male but has the female element, no female but has the male element. And I do not want to see the man who has not the female element, or the woman that has not the male element. And what God's meaning in this solemn fact is, is quite clear to all eyes, except those of politicans and priests. It is God's way to utter his voice against all tyrannies of one sex over the other, and to assert that personal rights are eternally the same for each. For this lying of the male element across into the sphere of the female, and of the female across into the sphere of the male, makes it impossible to draw the line of demarcation between the two.

Now it comes in order for me to note the vital and substantial resemblances of the sexes spoken of already in a more specific way. Has the male a human body? So has the female, and of kindred susceptibilities to pleasure and pain. Has the male an intellect? So has the female, and so essentially the same that one communicates its thought to the other as understandingly as does one sphere communicate its gravity to another. Has the male speech? So has the female, and just the same, coming to each in the same spontaneous and mysterious way, and bearing from one to the other messages of truth, heraldries of faith, and the tender freightages of love. Has the male an understanding, a conscience, a power of intuition, a reason, a will, a moral faculty, a religious sense, a spirit? The female has like rich and divine endowment, answering sweetly and eloquently across to that of her brother.

Now, it is this endowment of moral, intellectual and spiritual faculty that assumes personality. Personality, at least in human beings, is the condition of liberty. Liberty culminates in the free State. The free State culminates in granting full range to the exercise of all the faculties of the rational person. The rational person has the native right of franchise in entire indifference to the matter of sex, complexion or physiological conformation. The State does not create nor confer this right. It is inborn, God-given, inwoven into the person in creation, and exists prior to and is condition of the State. It comes from personality, and is the innate heritage of the soul.

If not so whence our own Republic, with its millions of sovereigns, whose fathers talked so of "inalienable rights" —rights that dawned up in their inmost spirits from their profoundest depths, that kings paled on their thrones and despotism blanched throughout all the earth? The State may regulate the franchise for safety's sake, and in the interest of the common weal, but the right of franchise inheres and antedates the State. And the State's right to regulate must forever turn upon the *morals* of the voter. Otherwise the State becomes tyrant and only needs the pretext or the opportunity to vest itself in a king. The question to be asked is not what is the sex of the voter, nor what is the color or shape of the voter, but is the voter a person, a soul, in self-consciousness of the ideas of justice and liberty. And to all such the pathway to the ballot-box must be thrown open wide and kept clear of hindrances, though they be poor as Lazarus, and fragile and timid as children, though they be black as night, or tender, delicate, fair and fragrant as angels.

A party rose in England during the sixteenth century, opposed to the king, and favorable to popular forms of government in which the people would themselves have a voice. They adopted as their motto the words: "We hope in God;" the first letters of each word making the word "whig." Thus this word, so common among ourselves, had its origin in republican principles, a century and a half before the adoption of the American Constitution.

A Pittsfield (Mass.) woman makes her living by assessing regularly on the liquor dealers of the town $16 apiece. They pay it readily rather than stand a prosecution under the Maine law.

Coming to grief—meeting trouble half way.

Grit.

When you see a fellow mortal
Without fixed and fearless views,
Hanging on the skirts of others,
Walking in their cast-off shoes—
Bowing low to wealth or favor,
With uncovered, abject head,
Ready to retreat or waver,
Willing to be drawn or led;
Walk yourself with firmer bearing—
Throw your moral shoulders back;
Show your spine has nerve and marrow,
Just the thing he must lack.

Myself.

I am: how little more I know!
Whence came I, whither do I go?
A centered self that feels and is,
A cry between the silences;
* * * * * * *
Between the cradle and the shroud,
A meteor's flight from cloud to cloud.

A Woman's Dreams.

She sat alone in the moonlight, her beautiful cheek resting on her hand, so soft and white and dimpled. You could tell, as you looked at her, that her thoughts were far away, and that she was thinking of something beautiful. Her eyes were wistful; her lips were softly pressed together; the dimple in her chin remained, that little rosy cleft, that impress of Love's finger. She was less glowing than at times, but none the less lovely. I thought to myself as I looked at her that she was nearer Heaven than we coarser mortals, and I longed to know whither her pure heart turned itself. I approached her; she did not hear me. I spoke; she did not answer. I touched her softly on the arm; she looked up and smiled, a far away smile, such as an angel might have given.

"You are thinking very intently," I said.

She answered, "Yes," in a subdued tone of voice, as though that which was on her mind was too holy for discussion. But I persisted.

"Will you tell me what your thoughts were?" I asked.

She shook her head. "*You* could not understand," she said.

"I could try," I said humbly; "I am coarse and rude, I know, but I could strive to comprehend."

She smiled sweetly, but still with that far-away look in her dark eyes.

"No, not *coarse*," she said, "but you are a *man*. It is so different with me; were you a woman you would understand at once. Now perhaps you may smile, may laugh at me."

"Believe me *no*," I whispered; "I adore the beautiful, the true, the pure. Let me know your sweet thoughts."

She gave me her hand. "I will tell you," she said. "I have thought of nothing else all day. Last night I lay awake thinking of it. I am sure I must be right; but if I am wrong—oh! if I am wrong, Edgar, I tremble to think of it."

"*You* cannot be wrong," I said.

She gave me her other hand.

"You think not?" she said; "ah! but you cannot be so good a judge as a woman. I think, I believe—"

"Yes, yes," I whispered, bending nearer; "yes, Angeline."

"I am almost *sure*," she said, in accents softer than the ripple of falling water, "almost sure, Edgar, that blue fringe will look better on my new walking suit than purple velvet. Don't you think *so?*"

High-Heeled Boots and Crooked Chins.

It is worthy of note that, while a malignant hatred of Chinese is fomented under cover of hostility to their immigration, our women have fallen in love with Chinese costumes and customs, in some respects, and accepted them as models. The pictures of Chinese ladies, to which one has been accustomed for many years, bear a close resemblance to the American belle of the present day. The repulsive hump, the crippled feet, and the menacing gait of our women, if they do not fortify the Darwinian theory of the origin of the species from monkeys, at least give the appearance of retrograding monkey-wards. The dress, uncouth and deforming as it is is, would not of itself deserve notice; but the high heels, crippling the feet and distorting the limbs, are an outrage of grace on anatomy, on humanity, entitling the authors, could they be detected, to criminal responsibility. A convention of corn-doctors, in the interest of the trade, could not devise a better scheme for good times. Women whose pedals are solidified may escape with only corns of which we hope and pray they may have a full and tender crop. But that a whole generation of little girls should have their toes jammed into the points of their boots, to do the work of heels, and that their legs should be thrown out of natural balance, and the pliant bones bent into semi-circles, is a sacrifice to fashion which would disgrace a nation of Hottentots. Should the wicked custom hold a few years, there would not be a decent foot or an atheletic leg in our woman population, except among washerwomen and the like. And all this is a trifle compared with the mischief done to the pelvis, spine and chest, by the constrained attitude which the abnormal elevation of the heel must of necessity induce. Fashion is at best a cruel tyrant; but the whole history of capricious rule does not exhibit a grosser violation of natural law, and a more unpardonable assault on the beauty and health of woman, than the invention of *high-heeled boots.—Pacific Medical Journal.*

A LIVING DEAD.—Over in Brooklyn there is a young girl who, seven years ago, was thrown from a horse. Her back, if not seriously broken, had at least ceased to perform its function, her heart ceased to beat, and she was dressed for the grave, but about her face there lingered so much of life that her guardian and aunt refused to allow her burial. After a few days, wonderful as it may seem, she recovered the use of an arm, she breathed, and to this day she lives, her body perfectly helpless, the faculty of swallowing entirely destroyed. She has taken no food in the natural way since her injury. One hand is tightly closed, and the other she uses with an almost natural freedom. She is partially blind, and can only faintly utter a few broken words. Her body is wasted till it is the size of a child of six or seven, but her face is still pretty, and beares no sign of her fearful experience. She inserts a knife in the closed hand, and cuts sheets of wax into proper shape, and moulds it, colors it, and makes very beautiful wax flowers, lying upon her back with a raised shelf swung across her breast. Life is maintained by injections, and weekly surgical operations enable this unhappy young creature to remain on earth. As her parents left her well off, and she has an aunt whose devotion admits no mercenary thought, this young lady is comparatively unknown. But what a fate has befallen her—a living death—who can tell what can be the action of her mind, for she is incapable of writing much, or speaking but a very few words, and withal seems to have developed an unknown sense, for when her aunt enters the room with a letter she herself cannot read in the gloom of the apartment, the blinded creature, lying, perhaps, turned quite away from the letter, utters a strange noise and faintly speaks the name of the person from whom the letter comes. —*N. Y. Letter to St. Louis Republican.*

"Here lies a man who never had an enemy!" Then here lies a man who never had an idea.—*Wendell Phillips.*