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The New Northwest.

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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.]

Though Absent, Thy Spirit is with Me.

BY STEPHEN MAYBELL.

Though absent, thy spirit is with me;
I see thee, an angel, in dreams;
In the silent midnight you're with me,
Till the sun in bright glory beams;
As over the woodland he rises
Behold, what a brilliancy then
Reflects in the jewels he prizes?
As each dew-drop sparkles a gem,
So thy love to my soul reflected
A pleasure 'twere cheerless without—
My heart had been gloomy, dejected,
And pining in sadness and doubt.

When some tender rose of the bower
Is torn from her sisters away,
Rudely snatched from each kindred flower,
Her beauties and fragrance decay.
So the heart declines from the hour
When torn from its loved heart away,
And thus, like the lone drooping flower,
It yields to untimely decay.
Farewell on this earth, then, forever,
Sweet angel, that smiles through my woe!
A little, and misery will sever
Thy mate from the prison below.

[Original.]

Epitaph on an Old Smoker.

They have a sensation in the shape of a "spirit poet" at Salem. Hear him:

Here lies a body that lately died,
Withered and wrinkled, old and dried.
The Scriptures say "all flesh is grass,"
But only a weed was this old ass.
Poorly he lived, by sucking chalk,
Till he died like an old tobacco stalk.
When we opened his head to find his soul,
There was only smoke and a mere-sham bowl.

ELLEN DOWD, THE FARMER'S WIFE.

CHAPTER VIII.

Preparations for a speedy removal went forward. The spinning wheel and cards, which had been borrowed from a neighbor on the prairie's edge about a mile distant, would be no longer needed, and, as there was nothing to spare of any particular value in the cabin, it was decided that nothing should be sold, but that their little all should become the property of Ziek Hamilton, who accepted it all the more readily because one of the four young girls, who was known to be in a decline, and who was at this time visiting with another poverty-stricken sister in Cherry Grove, distant some two days' journey from her home, was to return by autumn and take up her abode with him and Sarah.

Ziek Hamilton hitched his yoke of oxen to an ungainly sled—a wagon on wheels was a luxury to which he did not at all aspire—and repairing to the orphans' home, proceeded to load his novel midsummer vehicle with a pot, a kettle, a saucepan, four clumsy, home-made chairs, Peter Dowd's rifle, a few earthen dishes, two pewter bowls, six pewter spoons, a shovel, a broken mirror and two three-legged stools. The bedsteads were not worth removing, but the bedding was a welcome acquisition to Sarah's meagre store. The remains of one sack of meal, a half pint of salt, a jar of maple sugar, a piece of bacon and a few potatoes were the contents of the family larder, and constituted more than the usual supply of food in store at once. Ziek Hamilton threw the broom behind the door for "luck," and the girls went to work with heavy hearts to sweep the empty cabin.

It was a hazy, glorious, delightful day. A hickory tree that stood hard by the chimney above Bouncer's kennel waved its branches in the lazy breeze and cast its protecting shade over the lowly roof. It was but a sapling in Ellen's babyhood, but it had thrived and flourished until now it stood a fine, large, shapely shade tree, from whose branches depended a substantial grape vine swing. Ellen, who was as lithe and nimble as a cat, climbed by the aid of the grape vine into the branches of the tree, and seating herself against its body, burst into an uncontrollable flood of tears. A robin twittered in the topmost branches, and some jay birds chattered close at hand. Old Bouncer whined pitifully at the foot of the tree, and a pair of caterpillars, swinging by dimly visible threads, like cobwebs, almost brushed her cheek. Bird and brute and insect alike loved and trusted her. Clasping her arms around the tree trunk and pressing her tear-stained face upon its scaly sides, she gazed up into the deep green foliage and said aloud:

"O, tree! O, birds! O, insects! must I leave you? and forever? Will you miss your boon companion, who so long has loved and trusted you?"

The light breeze caused the silken leaves to rustle, but they gave no sound save a sort of gentle, murmuring sigh.

"O, what care I for fame, or wealth, or grandeur?" groaned the child. "I'd rather have my native birds and trees and flowers and you, dear, murmuring Mackinaw, with mother's grave and dear old Bouncer, than all the jewels ever brought to light by famed Alladin's lamp."

"Ellen! Ellen!" cried Kate, in an excited tone, "the carriage is coming! We mustn't keep the 'old folks' waiting!"

"If there is anything on earth I do hate with my whole soul and body, it's them self-same 'old folks!'" was the quick retort, as she descended from her perch and ran to the pebble-strewn banks of the Mackinaw to wash her face and eyes.

Her sisters were not particularly sorrow-stricken over the proposed removal. Unlike Ellen, they had formed no deep affection for the objects of nature, with which she had long held close communion. The prospect of plenty in lieu of poverty, education in place of ignorance, and ease instead of toil, so filled their brains with undue excitement that they had little time for grief.

Ellen bathed her head and face in the clear, blue, lazy water, and then, bidding the Mackinaw farewell, ran to the resting place of her dead parents, and throwing herself upon the ground, refused to be comforted.

"It's just like the D'Arcys," said the old gentleman, with a melancholy smile. "There isn't enough of the Dowd blood in Ellen to color a poppy seed. Don't see how I will endure the other girls, but this one's all right."

The few garments and important keep-sakes of the children were deposited in a little trunk, finished with a fawn skin covering and brass nail heads, which the D'Arcys had purchased at the village, and which was snugly stowed away in the capacious carriage boot.

Neighbors by the dozen had collected to see them off. The children were great favorites in the community, and their friends had, one and all, committed deeds of kindness, which they duly appreciated.

Good-byes were exchanged, and all were ready for the journey save Ellen and the dog, who clung to the grave of the child's mother and refused to leave it. Grandmother D'Arcy begged the grandfather, sisters and friends to let her manage the case alone. Slowly and feebly she proceeded to the grave, and, kneeling down beside the child, clasped her prostrate form in her trembling arms. For some moments the two neither spoke nor moved. At length, slowly arising from her prone position, the old lady lifted her voice in prayer:

"O, thou Father of the fatherless, I beseech Thee to open the fountains of loving kindness in the heart of this dear child and incline her affections unto thy long bereft servant, that the pangs of a rude parting of the days long gone may be forever healed. As I loved and cherished this poor child's unfortunate mother, I do promise Thee, Almighty Father, that I will love and cherish her. Only let her love me, and I will not ask for other boon."

Ellen, who had taken no notice of her grandmother's mute caresses, now arose from the ground to her knees, and, clasping her brown, bare arms around her neck, dropped her face upon her bosom and sobbed aloud.

"Will you *love* me, grandmother, dear? And will you be as my own mother now and always?"

"I promise before Almighty God and these silent witnesses that I will love and cherish you as long as you will let me. Now, will you go with me?"

"Yes, grandmother, I will go."

Embracing the grass-grown mounds for the last time the child arose and meekly accompanied the old lady, followed by the dog, who seemed to seek to hide his own emotions to spare the feelings of the others.

At length the last good-bye was spoken, and the carriage and its occupants, with Bouncer in the front, departed for the home of old Ziek Hamilton, where Sarah, poor child, lay suddenly ill of nervous prostration, and where Aunt Betsey Graham and Dr. Goff kept watch and ward.

"Yonder they come," said Ziek, gazing at the cloud of dust that arose in the highway half a mile distant. "And if that old meddlesome cuss dares to meddle in my affairs as he did yesterday, I'll boot him—that's flat!"

"Please be kind to them, Ziek," said a feeble voice from the bed. "You know they're my mother's parents, and it would have broken her heart to know that one of her children would mistreat them."

Ziek laughed, a lazy, wicked, brutal laugh.

"Guess I'll learn 'em some manners, the stuck up nobodies!"

Sarah burst into tears.

"I say, Ziek Hamilton, if you dare to say one unkind word to that dear old couple, I'll see that your wife and children are taken away from you and placed under their protection!" said Dr. Goff.

"You're a *nice* man, Doctor Goff! a *wonderful* nice man! To talk about meddling in another man's business! See here!" shaking his huge, bony fist under the Doctor's nose, "I'm *head* in this establishment, and if you don't like the way I manage my family affairs, you're not asked to take any stock in the concern! I employed you to doctor that woman and get her on her feet again, and here you turn and dictate to me about other matters! You'd better dry up!"

Sarah lay nervously clutching the bed clothes, occasionally giving vent to a hysteric sob.

"'Pears to me men might know better than to worry this poor sick child in this way," said Aunt Betsey, indignantly.

Dr. Goff arose in a nervous, excited manner and began pacing up and down the puncheon floor. Ziek, with his bent back resting against the jamb-stone, his chin dropped upon his breast, and his hands in the depths of his deerskin trowsers' pockets, gazed at him and grinned defiantly.

"I tell you kindly," said the Doctor, at last, trying to control his voice, "that woman never will be well while you treat her worse than any brute is treated by her mate!"

"That's purty talk to give me, old Goff. I almost raised that woman—her and the whole b'ilin' of 'em. And I've always fed her well and clothed her decent. What more does any woman need?"

"*Rest*, Ziek Hamilton! Such rest as is by common consent accorded to any animal except woman when engaged in the high duties of motherhood and the depletion consequent upon lactation. If that poor child were shielded by the law from your *abuse*, she'd recover her health without medical treatment. But as it is, and as you won't hearken to the voice of reason, I see no chance for her to recover unless she leaves you!"

"Leave *me*, indeed! *Wh-e-ew!*" giving a sort of prolonged puff with his breath, which started the straggling locks from their resting place on his forehead and scattered them in all directions over his pate. "I'd like to know where in thunder she'd fetch *up*, if she'd undertake that game, with all these younguns?"

"'Pears to me the world is turnin' up side down," said Aunt Betsey, stroking the sick girl-mother's hair. "Nobody ever talked like that when my family was growin' up."

"If you *did* live through all your burdens your children didn't," was Dr Goff's reply.

The carriage with the D'Arcys and the children now neared the cabin door.

"Won't you go out and meet 'em, Ziek?" asked Sarah, timidly.

"Not if I know myself, and I think I do!" was the coarse answer.

The meeting was sad and the parting grevious.

"Is it possible that I shall never see my mother's home?" said Sarah, through her tears. "O, grandmother, I've dreamed of her home and longed for it all my life. I think I'm crazy, sometimes."

"You're only silly—that's all. It takes a smart woman to go crazy," retorted her legal *head*, with a sneer.

One hysteric spasm followed another for an hour or more, during which Aunt Betsey and the Doctor applied such restoratives as they were able to command, with very little effect. Nature grew utterly exhausted at last, and, yielding to a powerful lotion, the poor girl sank into a heavy slumber. Her sisters kissed her unconscious lips and thin, wan hands, and hurried away, while the old lady wept in uncontrollable anguish.

"There's D'Arcy blood in this dear lamb," said her grandfather, through his tears, as he kissed and stroked the the patient's pale, unconscious face. "I'd give the world if I could take her with me!"

Again Ziek Hamilton's shaggy face beamed with a triumphant grin. "You couldn't have her if the world was yourn to give," he said, maliciously.

The parting over, Aunt Betsey and the Doctor followed them to the carriage, where they vowed to the old couple and the sorrowing girls that they would shield the sufferer as far as the laws of the State would permit.

"Bouncer! Where's Bouncer?" said Ellen, as her grandfather gathered up the reins to start.

A low, deep howl startled them, and Aunt Betsey, entering the cabin, found the faithful dog with his fore paws upon the inanimate breast of Sarah, whose face and hands he was licking tenderly, stopping only to give vent to his feelings in the howl they had heard.

Sarah gradually became aroused to consciousness. Her eyelids twitched nervously and then flew open, and, gazing fondly upon the noble animal, she said faintly:

"Good-bye, Bouncer; you must leave me. Ellen couldn't live without you. It makes no difference as to what becomes of me. Go, Bouncer, go," and the poor dog, thus bidden, left her side, and, climbing into the carriage, buried his head in Ellen's lap and closed his eyes in silence.

"I say, mister," said Ziek, maliciously, "when you start agin to visit your relations I hope you'll have manners enough to mind your own business."

The journey to the New England home of the grandparents occupied many weeks. Turnpikes were unknown, steamboats were a myth, railroads had not been conceived, ferries were scarce, inns were rare, and accommodations in private families along the highway were primitive in the extreme.

(To be continued.)

The prospects of medical education for women are brightening. The medical faculty of Moscow, Russia, it is stated, have not only decided that the privilege of acquiring a thorough medical knowledge would be of utility to women, but have "resolved to admit them to the educational courses and lectures of the University, and to the privilege of following all the labors of the Medico Chirurgical Academy."

Mrs. Rolles has knocked one "objection" entirely out of sight by the statement that an invention has been prefected in Boston by which the cradle can be satisfactorily, securely and contionously rocked while the women go to vote.

The Queen Augusta is said to be the most intelligent sovereign in Europe, more of a diplomat than her husband and not an unequal match for the Premier, whom she has frequently conquered in political intrigue.

ONE TYPE OF MANHOOD.

BY CONSTANCE.

There is a class of men who do not hesitate to declare that they could not enjoy the society of women possessed of intellectual capacity equal to their own. Perhaps it is worth while to remark that such persons, being the only judges in the case, would, in all probability, never find women equal to themselves.

It seems to annoy this type of manhood exceedingly to perceive any degree of mental ability in woman; he seems to think that in proportion as she is intellectually endowed that he is robbed of his birthright—just as though All Wise Providence did not know upon whom to bestow his jewels.

O, man, if thou hast been parsimoniously dealt with, having received but one talent, whereas thy sister has received ten, we pray thee do not hide it in the ground, lest when thy Master calls thee to account therefor, it, too, shall be taken from thee and given unto her.

It is a well known fact that intellectual endowments, combined with moral culture, render the possessor more noble and magnanimous in his nature than those who are not thus favored. It is ever the really gifted and cultivated whom trifles do not annoy, and who ever meet misfortune with a brave heart uncomplainingly.

But how is it with man in regard to the associations of his own sex? Does he choose those as companions whom he considers inferior to himself? Were he to answer that question in the affirmative, he would virtually acknowledge that the tendency of his soul is forever downward (which we hope is not true in many instances). Nay, rather does he strive to ascend the ladder of greatness by holding to the hands of those who are above him. If this is the case with regard to the inclinations of men toward each other, why should not the society of intellectual women be more desirable also. Can it be that they think as did Dean Swift, that in proportion as woman is educated her respect for man will diminish? Or that, considering herself his equal, she will cease to worship at the shrine of his greatness, thus depriving him of that pride which he has heretofore enjoyed on account of his supposed superiority?

We would have more sympathy with this class of men were it not that, while they deplore the encroachment of woman upon their heritage—or that which they claim to be theirs—they never fail to unmercifully criticise her ignorance and folly, and often accuse her of such, when in reality her conduct is worthy the highest commendation. "Alas," they say, speaking of an associate whom they consider unhappy in his domestic relations, "what a man he might have been—what a wealthy and influential citizen—had it not been for his ignorant, extravagant, ungovernable wife." They grow eloquently pathetic over the miseries of hen-pecked husbands, just as though such a class of men really exist, which we do not believe any more than we believe that there really existed in ancient times that class of women called *Amazons*, who perpetrated all the acts of cruelty upon their husbands and children of which they are accused. Now these men tell us, with the most agonizing terror depicted in their countenances, that the women who advocate woman's rights are nothing but veritable Amazons, who, when their rights are obtained, will render the men of the nation as physically deformed and mentally degenerate, as they are now morally so.

While we would not have men withdraw their sympathies from those of their own sex who have been unfortunate, we would have them consider that, while man has all the avenues to fortune and fame open to him, woman is not thus favored; and if his vices and follies are excused on account of his misfortunes, how much more ought hers to be on account of her condition in life. Does he ever think, while pondering over the deficiences of womankind, of what *she might have been* had her soul been led from the depths of folly and mental poverty by the inspiration of some grand theme for thought and action in life? Man cannot know by experience—and we fear that he seldom tries to imagine—the misery that a soul must endure having the consciousness of power, and at the same time being debarred by the usages of society from exercising it in the way that the divinity within dictates.

There is nothing more destroying to the human organization, both mentally and physically, than a continual devotion of the energies to labor which is uncongenial or distasteful to the performer; and the women of the world, whose occupation in life is optional with themselves, are remarkably few; and we will venture to say that where physical hunger numbers its victims by the thousands, that starvation of soul numbers them by tens of thousands.

We fain would believe as divines sometimes tell us, that each sacrifice here prepares us to enjoy a nobler existence hereafter; but we cannot think that God delights in human sacrifice, and reason tells us that each worthy endeavor here is but a stepping stone to something higher.

This type of manhood admires very much the character of Dora Spenlon (in Dickens' David Copperfield), considers her a model wife and deplores the departure of such from society. Well, we must acknowledge that they are most exquisite toys, while youth and beauty last, for the amusement of men when weary of business occupations, and the society of his peers. But alas! there is nothing so fair but that in time it must fade, and what can be more disgusting to a person of natural refinement or cultivation than a matron of sixty imitating, by artificial means, the beauty and address of youth, of which Mrs. Skewton affords a fair example, and as the Miss Doras can have no claims to beauty of mind, they must of necessity become objects of ridicule in old age.

We would sympathize with our dear brothers in their prospective bereavement, did we not have the assurance that a more noble type of womanhood will arise to comfort him, whose attractions will not diminish with years, but when the hand of Time shall have written wisdom upon her brow and placed the silver crown upon her head, they would blush to point the finger of ridicule at the "Old Woman," for such is the epithet universally applied to those of the wiser sex who have, through ignorance or lack of forethought, committed a blunder. Though we should believe woman guilty of all the ridiculous acts and sayings which men attribute to her, we very much fear that man is not far behind her in the same, if the truth were known.

Doubtless that class of illustrious "Forefathers" enjoyed the same consciousness of superiority to the women of their time when

"To mill each went forth, with his corn on his nag,
And a STONE in one end to balance the bag!"

Surely none of Mrs. Partington's sayings ever equaled this one act in ludicrousness. No doubt some good old lady, well skilled in the economy of household labor, was the first one to suggest, in due deference, of course, while she magnanimously suppressed her risibility, the propriety of making a division of the corn, for which humane act we fear she failed to receive credit.

SALEM, Feb. 15, 1872.

A FRONTIER HORROR.

A few years ago a man was living with his young wife in Mankato, Minnesota. He was intelligent and successful in business, until the passion for drink enslaved him, and his business and reputation were both wrecked by its satanic influence. He was forced to seek a new home for his little family, and his wife, bred to luxury, accompanied him to the frontier in the hope that the removal from temptation would free him from the grip of the habit which cursed him. Here they lived for several years, his abstinence from drink being broken only by an infrequent and occasional debauch when he visited some of the nearest towns. Early in December he told his wife that business compelled him to go to ——, and that he would be absent several days. She, about to be confined, with several helpless children and a scanty supply of wood, fearing that the insatiate clamor of appetite was the motive which drew him away, entreated him to stay, but in vain. He left. Soon after, one of those severe storms of December—doubly severe on the unsheltered prairie—came on. Before its close she was entirely destitute of wood, and the terrible alternative was presented to her of passively freezing to death with her little ones, or seeking assistance from the nearest neighbor, three miles distant. She courageously chose the latter, and leaving her three shivering little ones with nothing but a mother's yearning love and a prayerful blessing, she started out to seek relief. The next day she was found half buried in the snow, dead, a new-born infant at her side. The three children were found dead in the house. This, while the once fond husband and protecting father was away revelling in the delirium or dozing in the stupor of drink! No words can add to the horror of this tale, but beside the unspeakable agony of that dying wife and mother, how trivial our common losses, griefs and sorrows seem.—*La Crosse, (Wis.) Republican, January 6th.*

Yet there are women—wives—who are so selfish and unfeeling that, because they have fond and sober husbands themselves, decline to seize the ballot, and, joining their less fortunate sisters, and with the good and true portion of men who would gladly assist them, vote out of existence those terrible rum holes where so many husbands, fathers, brothers and sons are ruined, dragging with them into misery, destitution and death so many suffering wives, mothers, sisters and daughters of our land. God will smite their guilty consciences in the great day of His reckoning when he shall ask them, "Where are the sick, the destitute and in prison that you ministered unto on earth?" made so by this soul and life destroying traffic in strong drink, permitted—because women will not vote against licensing the pestilence. Better that community should support the rum-seller in a house of correction than that he should further ply his trade of destruction and death.

MRS. M. E. L.

SALEM, Oregon.

Miss Mansfield complains to the police that her house has been watched day and night since the murder of Fisk, by strangers. She cannot go out for fear of personal violence. The officers promised to give the case attention.

What a record of human folly, superstition and ignorance a paper would be, that should contain all the contributions sent to its editor!

Parepa Rosa is making a first-class prima donna out of an Irish girl she picked up in a St. Louis hair-cloth factory.

OUTDOOR VS. INDOOR WORK.

BY MRS. CARRIE F. YOUNG.

To the healthfulness of outdoor work, whether in the garden or field, we can bear testimony.

Once in our farm life a field hand grumbled at the hard work and intense heat. He said we "had a cool, easy place in the kitchen." Myself and the little children were doing the cooking and washing dishes for sixteen in the family.

"Very well, Frank, suppose we change work a week."

"All right. Glad of the chance."

"But remember, sir, ten loaves of bread to mold and bake every morning, besides ever so much other cooking; wood to bring; water to pump; tables to set; knives and forks and spoons to scour; dishes to wash; floors to sweep and scrub; windows to polish; callers to wait on; chickens to feed; eggs to gather; ashes to take up; lamps to fill; cows to milk; churning to do; butter to work; pans to scald; vegetables to clean; dish towels and cloths to scald after every meal; coffee to grind; washing and ironing to do; and, with head and back aching, if you have half an hour to sit down, there is the basket of socks to mend, and a pile of shirts waiting for buttons! I tell you, sir housekeeper, it will not do to neglect socks and buttons when women (poor fellows!) work so hard in the harvest field! The man housekeeper who neglects buttons and socks must not expect to have the love or respect of his wife or hired hands very long!"

He laughed at it, and congratulated himself on the cool, pleasant kitchen.

From the dinner table we gathered dishes? No, not much! We gayly repaired to a hay mow on the north side of the house, and—the first time in months—had *two* hours' rest (the rule of the farm). We dreamily watched the shadows on the mountains, bathed in the misty haze of high summer time; we saw the swoop of the hawk from high, far-sweeping circles, as he discovered an unguarded chicken; we watched the slow-sailing fish hawk, dropping like a shot, and swiftly rising, bearing in his talons the struggling fish. O, how blessed to lie still and listen to the songs of the birds in the grapery, and the black-birds' chatter in the corn-field!

"The teams are coming! Come, my daughter!"

And in loose, neat American costume—high-topped, easy boots, gauntlet (antelope skin) gloves (every field hand wore them), and broad-brimmed straw hats—rake and barley fork in hand, *we rode* out to the field.

Poor Frank! How we pitied him, scouring knives and washing dishes; cake to bake; potatoes to prepare for yeast, and supper to get for ten white men and six Indians!

One of us raked after the load, and the other tossed the bearded grain. True, we did not lift as much as the men, but we were twice as spry—that made it even. We raked as clean and as fast as any hands in the field. Building the stack had to be learned, but there was just as much pleasure in doing it as there was in scrubbing a floor—and not half the liability to take cold!

While the first half of the afternoon and the last half of the forenoon were hot, causing the perspiration to roll off our faces and arms, we were breathing free air—free from the smell of soap-suds and kitchen odors. Our faces were brown, but not scorched as they had been every day for weeks over the hot cooking-stove. Our hands were hard, but not blistered and red and swollen, as they often were with doing the weeks' ironing.

From the barley field all hands went to the bottom land, to work with sharp hoes in the cabbage field. Only three acres and a half to be put in order. Day after day we kept our rows even with the men. The same was true in the onion field and among the strawberries.

Again and again we measured strength in the work of irrigation, with long-handled, round shovels. It was not so exhaustive or taxing to mind, body or nerves to work all day and half the night by the irrigating ditches as it was to do the washing for a family of ten.

The men who got three dollars in the harvest field never worked so hard as did the woman cooking the dinner in the kitchen. We do not mean to say that therefore men must work in the kitchen and women in the field; but we do mean to encourage any woman who has a piece of land, and a natural love of farm life, to hold on to it and learn to cultivate it. If by the labor of her hands she can produce a bushel of wheat, it will bring in the markets of the world the same price given for the wheat grown by man. We do mean to encourage men who think house-work "so easy," to change work a week or a month with their wives, and try it!

The third day, poor Frank proposed to swap back! He believed he had enough of kitchen work. Do not flatter yourself that we allowed him to do so! No! no! we were too well pleased with our bargain! But we did volunteer to provide an extra hand—an Indian—to wash and scour, gather and clean vegetables, scrub floors, etc. After that Frank managed to keep the tables white, and did the work in pretty good style. But he never found time to mend socks or sew on buttons!

After the first week we allowed ourselves one hour of delicious do-nothing for morning, and devoted the second hour to our stocking basket.

Woman's Work.

Darning little stockings
For restless little feet;
Washing little faces
To keep them clean and sweet;
Hearing Bible lessons;
Teaching catechism;
Praying for salvation
From heresy and schism—
Woman's work.

Sewing on the buttons;
Overseeing rations;
Soothing with a kind word
Others' lamentations;
Guiding clumsy Bridgets,
And coaxing sullen cooks;
Entertaining company,
And reading recent books—
Woman's work.

Burying out of sight
Her own unhealing smarts;
Letting in the sunshine
On other clouded hearts;
Binding up the wounded,
And healing of the sick;
Bravely marching onward
Through dangers dark and thick—
Woman's work.

Leading little children,
And blessing manhood's years;
Showing to the sinful
How God's forgiveness cheers;
Scattering sweetest roses
Along another's path;
Smiling by the wayside,
Content with what she hath—(?)
Woman's work.

Letting fall her own tears
Where only God can see;
Wiping off another's
With tender sympathy;
Learning by experience;
Teaching by example;
Yearning for the gateway
Golden, pearly, ample—
Woman's work.

Lastly cometh silence,
A day of deep repose—
Her locks are smoothly braided,
Upon her breast a rose;
Lashes resting gently
Upon a marble cheek;
A look of blessed peace
Upon the forehead meek!

Pale hands softly folded,
The kindly pulses still;
The lips now know no smiling,
The noble heart no thrill;
Her couch now needs no smoothing,
She craveth for no care;
Love's tenderest entreaty
Wakes no responses there.

A fresh grave in the valley—
Tears, bitter sobs, regret;
One more solemn lesson
That life may not forget.
The face forever hidden,
The race forever run—
"Dust to dust a voice saith,
And woman's work is done.

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.

"Constance," Salem: Your excellent article is accepted. It is published in this issue. As to the "non de plume," we think the lady who used it had no intention of *stealing* it. We are certain it was used without the knowledge that any one else was writing under it. Care will be taken to prevent a like recurrence.

M. C. T., Springfield: Sorry you have not got all the numbers of the NEW NORTHWEST. Should they not come to hand please inform us, and we will forward them to you. Did not notice the article you speak of. Would reproduce it with pleasure if we had it. Women do intend to vote (at least they will go to the polls and offer their votes) at the election this year. Should our votes be refused recourse will be had to the law. This is the action many women in the East are taking. Got the letter you speak of.

Mrs. Mc., Oregon City: Your article will appear next week.

"A correspondent" prescribes coal oil as an effective remedy for chilblains.

TUNNELING UNDER THE SEA.—A scheme has been proposed for uniting Ireland and Scotland, so as to do away with the necessity of making a sea passage altogether. The entrance to the railway tunnel by which it is to be accomplished, on the Irish side, is to be from a point about midway between Cushendeen and Cushendall, on the coast of Antrim, and on the Scotch side at Glenstrone, from whence it would run through the head of the Mull of Cantyre. The total length of the tunnel under water would be fourteen miles three furlongs, and it is said that the ground through which it would have to be made is exactly suited for tunneling operations, and the sandstone for lining it can be had in any quantity on the Irish side. It is proposed to construct the tunnel for a single line only, the extreme depth being twenty-one feet, and the clear width at the level of the rails fifteen feet. It is proposed, however, to lay down three lines of rails, to accommodate wide and narrow gauge carriages. The proposed gradient at the entrance of the tunnel on the Irish side would be one in sixty for about five miles; it would then fall to one in eighty-two for about half that distance, and to one in 973 for about five miles in the center of the tunnel under the water, rising from that to one in 273, then to one in 113, then to one 70 for about the same distance as on the Irish side, which continues to the entrance of the tunnel on the Scotch side. The estimated time that would be occupied in completing the tunnel is, allowing for all contingencies, under six years, and the cost under four and a quarter millions. To pay a dividend of five per cent, the weekly earnings must be £42 per mile, and an estimate is appended to show that the gross earnings would be largely in excess of this amount, and that the mineral resources of the land in the immediate vicinity of the Irish end of the tunnel would be immediately developed. Nobody will be disposed to deny that a railway communication between the two countries would be a very desirable thing if it could be accomplished.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

Men are content to be laughed at for their wit, but not for their folly.