

WHY SHOULD NOT WOMAN VOTE?

The opponents of Woman Suffrage often ask, "Why should woman vote?" The question has been satisfactorily answered time and again. We now propose to ask the opposition a counter question, "Why should not woman vote?"

Is it because she is not as intelligent as man? No. That theory was exploded long ago, and is now only held by those antiquated fossils who believe the earth is flat, and that the sun, moon and stars all revolve around it every twenty-four hours.

Is it because she has no interest in the Government? She is not only subject to, but punished by the same laws as man, without participation in their adoption, and pays taxes without any privilege of saying what shall or shall not be done with the revenue so derived.

Is it because women are too pure to participate in politics, as some contend? Three-fourths—nay, nine-tenths—of the fallen women of the world owe what they are to the man-made laws under which they live.

But why go on anticipating objections? You will scarcely ever hear an advocate of the man's rights doctrine answer the question at all. The only objection is this: "You're a woman, and can't help yourself!" This is the argument which with many narrow-minded, bigoted men and women is their only stock in trade.

An aristocracy of sex which respects not intelligence, virtue or morality is an abomination to the civilization of the nineteenth century, and the sooner it is abolished the better.

THE INEVITABLE RESULT.

Under this head the Echo of Olympia, W. T., under date of April 4th, gives the following, which furnishes a principal argument in favor of prohibition independent of constraint:

PROGRESSIVE CHRISTIANITY.

The Pacific Christian Advocate of this city is among the progressive religious journals of the age. Several able articles—some of them we believe from the pen of the editor—have made their appearance in that paper recently in favor of women being ordained as ministers.

OH, NO! WOMEN HAVE NO BUSINESS CAPACITY!

Miss Susan King, who writes herself on being the stewardess real estate dealer in New York, and who is in the habit of writing to the editor of the Woman's Cause, says she is the founder. Her narrative of her experiences among the Mongolians is both entertaining and suggestive.

WHY IS IT?

How is it that the churches are silent on the question of woman suffrage? Why is it that they are silent on this, the most important question of the present time? Are the bishops and priests, elders and deacons afraid that the political emancipation will diminish her for the performance of her religious duties?

WAR! AND RUMORS OF WAR!

And now comes the Oregonian and says that the Republicans of Multnomah will elect their ticket by 600 or 1,000 majority.

At last a statue is to be erected to the memory of Col. E. D. Baker. An appropriation for the purpose will be made by Congress.

WOMEN AS BUSINESS MANAGERS.

It is often asserted that women have no business capacity, and yet some of the most successful traders among us are women.

To illustrate: One of our best agents—a lady residing not quite a thousand miles from Portland—is in the habit of taking cord wool, or anything else she can turn to her own use, as subscription to this paper, forwarding the money therefor, when to ask the cash down would be, almost inevitably, to meet with a refusal.

CORRUPTION OF PARTY POLITICS.

The present campaign in Oregon is very illustrative of the peculiar kind of honesty which pervades our politics. Never before was there anything like the buying and selling of votes which now characterize the operations of our politicians.

THE CANAL AND LOOKS SWINDLE.

It now transpires that the State is to be enormously swindled in the manner of constructing the locks at Oregon City. The King who have the work in charge have said a great deal about the P. T. Co's proposition to build the locks of stone, iron and wood, claiming that their own proposition to construct the locks entirely of stone, iron and cement justified the Legislature in discriminating in their favor to the tune of \$75,000.

PEOPLE'S TICKET.

A People's Ticket, composed of disaffected Republicans and Democrats, has been put in the field. The following are its nominations for the principal offices: For State Senator, Al. Zieher; for Representatives, Frank Dekum, Walter Moffet, E. D. Shattuck, R. J. Ladd; for County Clerk, Ben. L. Norden; for Sheriff, E. Corbett; for Treasurer, B. G. Whitehouse.

SOME SERIOUS QUESTIONS.

The Willamette Farmer lately is doing noble service in dealing blows at corruption right and left. Of course it has the whole partisan press down upon it for its independent, manly course, but the people will sustain it for all that.

WAR! AND RUMORS OF WAR!

And now comes the Oregonian and says that the Republicans of Multnomah will elect their ticket by 600 or 1,000 majority.

WHY IS IT?

How is it that the churches are silent on the question of woman suffrage? Why is it that they are silent on this, the most important question of the present time? Are the bishops and priests, elders and deacons afraid that the political emancipation will diminish her for the performance of her religious duties?

REPUBLICAN COUNTY TICKET.

The Republicans of Multnomah have put the following ticket in the field: State Senator, J. N. Dolph; Representatives, J. B. Congle, J. D. Biles, J. F. Caples and Sol Hirsch; Sheriff, J. M. Caywood; County Clerk, W. M. Harris; Treasurer, Wm. Masters; Assessor, Jno. Dolan; County Commissioners, S. J. McCormick, C. S. Silver; Surveyor, C. W. Burrage; School Superintendent, Rev. T. L. Eliot; Coroner, T. J. Dryer.

THE WOMAN'S REAL ESTATE ASSOCIATION.

By reference to correspondence elsewhere from Mary P. Sawtelle, M. D., it will be seen that the Woman's Real Estate Association, of which she is President, is doing a noble work.

THE NEW YORK CONVENTION.

Nothing definite has yet been heard from the New York Convention. The man press of the country is noted for ignoring the Woman Movement, and the telegraph usually fails to mention anything of the great question now looming up before the country, or, if it does, only refers to it in terms of derision.

STILL TROUBLED.

The Walla Walla Union is still very much troubled about "Sister Dunway," and seems particularly anxious to be noticed a little by her.

LETTER FROM DR. MARY P. SAWTELLE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 20, 1872. DEAR NEW NORTHWEST: The brave, independent women of New York organized a Women's Real Estate Association one day last week.

"PATSEY" WRITETH AGAIN.

Dear Editor:—You no doubt are wondering why I haven't written to you sooner. The reason is simply this—I've been waiting for something to turn up about which to write.

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.

H. A. H., Phoenix: Your renewal fee is received.

Mrs. N. C. Salem: Poem received. Will appear next week.

Mrs. E. A. C., Nehalem: Your remittance came to hand. Your premium will be sent as soon as possible.

C. C. Watsburg, W. T.: Subscription received. Cannot inform you to whom you are indebted for the last year's NEW NORTHWEST, as it has escaped our memory, and our books do not show.

Mrs. S. W. M., Salem: You will have to settle the matter with Mrs. Dunway herself when she returns from the East, as she is the one with whom the affair was arranged.

E. C., Albany: Communication received, and subject matter noted and attended to.

Mrs. M. S. B., Olympia: Remittance received. The magazine will be sent as requested.

R. P., Dalles: Your favor of the 8th inst. received. Everything satisfactory. Thanks for your services.

Miss B. A. O., Roseburg: Many thanks for your efforts. You are entitled to great credit for the energy and activity you display in the cause. You must have an "office" in the good time coming.

Mrs. A. A. S., Silverton: Thanks for your kind letter. Yours is only one of many reaching us all the time.

M. A. C.: Examine our Premium List. You will then find what the inducements are to get subscribers for the NEW NORTHWEST.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE AND TEMPERANCE.

GERVAIS, OREGON, May 15, 1872. EDITOR NEW NORTHWEST: I have been waiting for some time to see if some one more able than myself would not take up the pen as correspondent from this place, but as none have undertaken the task, I will beg space for a few thoughts on Woman Suffrage and the Temperance question.

As women are among the foremost in the Temperance cause, and are laboring earnestly for the abolition of the liquor traffic, would it not be a good plan for our temperance advocates—especially the man portion of them—to advocate Woman Suffrage in connection with Temperance? We all know a large majority of the women are believers in Temperance, and if the ballot was put into their hands they would support no one for office except those who were known to be good temperance people in every respect.

Therefore, my temperance friends, I believe the surest, quickest and safest way to stop the progress of that army of sixty thousand that is marching down to the drunkard's grave annually is to give the ballot to the mothers, wives and daughters of this country, and in a few short years intemperance will disappear from our fair land forever.

Think, my temperance friends, of the misery and poverty daily caused by this traffic in alcohol, and then think of how easy it could be put down—and how willingly, too—if the noble-hearted women only had it in their power. And there is only one thing lacking, and that is the right of franchise. Why do you withhold or discourage it? Is it because the Scriptures say man shall rule over the woman, or that it is disgraceful for woman to speak in public, or that she shall not sit in church without a veil over her face? Now, is it not about as sensible to take the Chinese view and say she has no soul, and consequently has no rights that man is bound to respect? Ah, kind reader, I blush for humanity when sex is made a qualification by a Government that claims to be founded on Justice and human rights for the exercise of political rights—or rather natural rights, if you please, for all rights naturally exist, and the law only protects or restrains a person in the exercise thereof.

Since writing a few articles on Oregon for the Tribune, I have received a quantity of letters, most all from business men, addressing me as "Dear Sir," asking information of Oregon, wanting to know what paper will give them the most correct information of that country.

M. P. SAWTELLE, M. D., Pres. Woman's R. E. Association.

P. S. As soon as the bill is printed we will send you a copy. We forward you this morning's Chronicle, containing notice of proceedings.

"PATSEY" WRITETH AGAIN. Dear Editor:—You no doubt are wondering why I haven't written to you sooner.

Dear Editor:—You no doubt are wondering why I haven't written to you sooner. The reason is simply this—I've been waiting for something to turn up about which to write.

Dear Editor:—You no doubt are wondering why I haven't written to you sooner. The reason is simply this—I've been waiting for something to turn up about which to write.

Dear Editor:—You no doubt are wondering why I haven't written to you sooner. The reason is simply this—I've been waiting for something to turn up about which to write.

Dear Editor:—You no doubt are wondering why I haven't written to you sooner. The reason is simply this—I've been waiting for something to turn up about which to write.

Dear Editor:—You no doubt are wondering why I haven't written to you sooner. The reason is simply this—I've been waiting for something to turn up about which to write.

Dear Editor:—You no doubt are wondering why I haven't written to you sooner. The reason is simply this—I've been waiting for something to turn up about which to write.

Dear Editor:—You no doubt are wondering why I haven't written to you sooner. The reason is simply this—I've been waiting for something to turn up about which to write.

Dear Editor:—You no doubt are wondering why I haven't written to you sooner. The reason is simply this—I've been waiting for something to turn up about which to write.

Dear Editor:—You no doubt are wondering why I haven't written to you sooner. The reason is simply this—I've been waiting for something to turn up about which to write.

Dear Editor:—You no doubt are wondering why I haven't written to you sooner. The reason is simply this—I've been waiting for something to turn up about which to write.

Dear Editor:—You no doubt are wondering why I haven't written to you sooner. The reason is simply this—I've been waiting for something to turn up about which to write.

Dear Editor:—You no doubt are wondering why I haven't written to you sooner. The reason is simply this—I've been waiting for something to turn up about which to write.

Dear Editor:—You no doubt are wondering why I haven't written to you sooner. The reason is simply this—I've been waiting for something to turn up about which to write.

Dear Editor:—You no doubt are wondering why I haven't written to you sooner. The reason is simply this—I've been waiting for something to turn up about which to write.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE AND TEMPERANCE.

GERVAIS, OREGON, May 15, 1872. EDITOR NEW NORTHWEST: I have been waiting for some time to see if some one more able than myself would not take up the pen as correspondent from this place, but as none have undertaken the task, I will beg space for a few thoughts on Woman Suffrage and the Temperance question.

As women are among the foremost in the Temperance cause, and are laboring earnestly for the abolition of the liquor traffic, would it not be a good plan for our temperance advocates—especially the man portion of them—to advocate Woman Suffrage in connection with Temperance? We all know a large majority of the women are believers in Temperance, and if the ballot was put into their hands they would support no one for office except those who were known to be good temperance people in every respect.

Therefore, my temperance friends, I believe the surest, quickest and safest way to stop the progress of that army of sixty thousand that is marching down to the drunkard's grave annually is to give the ballot to the mothers, wives and daughters of this country, and in a few short years intemperance will disappear from our fair land forever.

Think, my temperance friends, of the misery and poverty daily caused by this traffic in alcohol, and then think of how easy it could be put down—and how willingly, too—if the noble-hearted women only had it in their power. And there is only one thing lacking, and that is the right of franchise. Why do you withhold or discourage it? Is it because the Scriptures say man shall rule over the woman, or that it is disgraceful for woman to speak in public, or that she shall not sit in church without a veil over her face? Now, is it not about as sensible to take the Chinese view and say she has no soul, and consequently has no rights that man is bound to respect? Ah, kind reader, I blush for humanity when sex is made a qualification by a Government that claims to be founded on Justice and human rights for the exercise of political rights—or rather natural rights, if you please, for all rights naturally exist, and the law only protects or restrains a person in the exercise thereof.

Since writing a few articles on Oregon for the Tribune, I have received a quantity of letters, most all from business men, addressing me as "Dear Sir," asking information of Oregon, wanting to know what paper will give them the most correct information of that country.

M. P. SAWTELLE, M. D., Pres. Woman's R. E. Association.

P. S. As soon as the bill is printed we will send you a copy. We forward you this morning's Chronicle, containing notice of proceedings.

"PATSEY" WRITETH AGAIN. Dear Editor:—You no doubt are wondering why I haven't written to you sooner.

Dear Editor:—You no doubt are wondering why I haven't written to you sooner. The reason is simply this—I've been waiting for something to turn up about which to write.

Dear Editor:—You no doubt are wondering why I haven't written to you sooner. The reason is simply this—I've been waiting for something to turn up about which to write.

Dear Editor:—You no doubt are wondering why I haven't written to you sooner. The reason is simply this—I've been waiting for something to turn up about which to write.

Dear Editor:—You no doubt are wondering why I haven't written to you sooner. The reason is simply this—I've been waiting for something to turn up about which to write.

Dear Editor:—You no doubt are wondering why I haven't written to you sooner. The reason is simply this—I've been waiting for something to turn up about which to write.

Dear Editor:—You no doubt are wondering why I haven't written to you sooner. The reason is simply this—I've been waiting for something to turn up about which to write.

Dear Editor:—You no doubt are wondering why I haven't written to you sooner. The reason is simply this—I've been waiting for something to turn up about which to write.

Dear Editor:—You no doubt are wondering why I haven't written to you sooner. The reason is simply this—I've been waiting for something to turn up about which to write.

Dear Editor:—You no doubt are wondering why I haven't written to you sooner. The reason is simply this—I've been waiting for something to turn up about which to write.

Dear Editor:—You no doubt are wondering why I haven't written to you sooner. The reason is simply this—I've been waiting for something to turn up about which to write.

Dear Editor:—You no doubt are wondering why I haven't written to you sooner. The reason is simply this—I've been waiting for something to turn up about which to write.

Dear Editor:—You no doubt are wondering why I haven't written to you sooner. The reason is simply this—I've been waiting for something to turn up about which to write.

Dear Editor:—You no doubt are wondering why I haven't written to you sooner. The reason is simply this—I've been waiting for something to turn up about which to write.

Dear Editor:—You no doubt are wondering why I haven't written to you sooner. The reason is simply this—I've been waiting for something to turn up about which to write.

What Mrs. Giles Did.

BY MISS S. A. UNDERWOOD.

Mrs. Giles stood in the front yard, hanging up her Monday's washing; the last piece had found its place upon the line.

"Done at last!" said Mrs. Giles, speaking to herself—a habit in which she frequently indulged. "Now, if dinner were out of the way, I might find time to finish Leonard's suit this afternoon; I've had it around so long. If I only had a sewing machine, how much I could accomplish!" and picking up her basket she went into the house.

The prospect within was not very cheering—the wash-tub to clear away, and dinner to place upon the table. Just as she had begun to lay the table, Mr. Giles appeared at the door and said: "Put on an apron; that man will take dinner with us."

Dinner was soon ready and as soon dispatched, for ceremony was unknown in the Giles family. Mr. Giles and the stranger retired to the sitting-room, to discuss the merits of new reaper and mower, while Mrs. Giles remained and cleared away the dinner table. When she had finished and made herself ready for the afternoon, she went into the sitting-room. The stranger was still about taking his leave, and Mr. Giles was just saying:

"If you have anything new and better—anything that will make work easier and do more of it, I'm your man! I am in favor of all machinery that will lighten work for man," emphasizing the word man. "Why, bless you, look around my farm. It's run mostly by machinery."

"Profitable?" certainly replied he to an interrogation of the stranger. "More than pay expenses. Money in the bank," he added, never omitting an occasion of mentioning or small deposit he had in the city savings bank.

The stranger was gone at last, and Mrs. Giles sat down, with weary limbs and aching shoulders, to finish a suit of clothes she was making for Leonard's son, a lad of fifteen. Slowly and wearily the needle went in and out. Stitch after stitch was taken, but to little purpose. It did seem as if she would never come to the last one. But if it were progressed slowly, her thoughts flew fast enough. The last words of her husband lingered in her mind, and again and again they returned to her.

"Yes," said she at last, breaking forth into soliloquy, her usual habit when much disturbed in mind. "Yes, men can have their burdens lightened, but poor women may drag. Every year Mr. Giles has added something new to his farming implements, while I have to plod along with hardly sufficient utensils to cook a decent dinner—an old stove, without a boiler or what is called a cracked door. No wonder I can't bake a loaf of bread decently. Then here I have to sit and stitch for a week on this suit, when two hours on a machine would complete it."

It is needless to record all of Mrs. Giles' thoughts and words, as she sat stitching the hours away. A dim consciousness of her great wrong, and a faint determination to assert her rights was entering her mind. She had so long given up her opinions, set aside her needs, and fostered the selfishness of her husband, that it was hard to break through the meshes of habit and custom which will had for a long time woven around her. The afternoon wore away, and Mrs. Giles laid aside the unfinished garment to prepare the evening meal.

The next morning, at breakfast, she remarked to her husband that an agent for a sewing-machine had called the day previous, and wished her to try one of his machines.

"I told him he might leave one when he came next week," she said. "Mr. Giles laid down his knife and fork, and sat with utter amazement depicted on his countenance.

"A sewing machine!" he gasped, when he had recovered himself. "He needn't leave any of his new-fangled humbugs here, I've no use for them."

"You've got to have a sewing machine," she cried. "I don't see what need you have for a sewing machine. You could never learn to use it, or if you did, what have you to sew? Only my clothes and the boys'." Women nowadays are getting mighty handy with their wanting machines to do their work—too lazy to do it themselves. I suppose they want time to gab about and gossip about their neighbors."

"Why, Philip?" "Woman's work is nothing," continued Mr. Giles not heeding the interruption. "My mother had not as many conveniences for doing her work as you have, yet she always had her work regular and well cooked, and that is more than I can say for you. No, I don't want any sewing machine about my house. God made us good at sewing, and I want when he made women."

With this ultimatum he left the table, and taking his hat, he mounted his horse and rode away to look at the new reaper which he contended to buy. One by one the members of the family finished their breakfast and passed out, leaving Mrs. Giles alone. She sat with her head resting upon her hand. Her thoughts wandered back to the days when in the freshness of her youth she gave her heart's deepest and best affections to Philip Giles. Blinded by her great love for him, she saw not the extreme selfishness and coarseness of his nature. She implicitly believed all his promises, and heeded not the warning of her friends.

It seemed a long time since then, so many shadows had darkened her path-way. Darker yet seemed to grow life's rugged journey. She saw her six sons growing up around her in the midst of rough and evil influences, without the ability wholly to counteract them. Mrs. Giles remained a long time bowed over that breakfast table, praying with a sense of helplessness and a feeling of need, such as she had never before experienced. A loud rap at the door startled her. On opening it, she found Mr. Harris had called to pay off a note which Mr. Giles had often declared he should never be able to collect. "The poor wretch," he insisted, "will never be able to so much as pay his own debts while his wife spends all his earnings on such foolish things as washing machines."

Mrs. Giles informed Mr. Harris of her husband's refusal, but said she would attend to the business. When all was satisfactorily settled, and Mr. Harris had gone, Mrs. Giles sat for some time looking at the roll of money. A new thought came into her mind. Carefully placing the bills in her pocket, she went into the kitchen and hurriedly finished the morning's work, and then dressing herself, she walked down to the station, which was but a quarter of a mile distant. She was just in time for the morning train for the city, ten miles away.

At length a new thought came into her mind. Carefully placing the bills in her pocket, she went into the kitchen and hurriedly finished the morning's work, and then dressing herself, she walked down to the station, which was but a quarter of a mile distant. She was just in time for the morning train for the city, ten miles away.

What Mrs. Giles Did.

BY MISS S. A. UNDERWOOD.

Mrs. Giles stood in the front yard, hanging up her Monday's washing; the last piece had found its place upon the line.

"Done at last!" said Mrs. Giles, speaking to herself—a habit in which she frequently indulged. "Now, if dinner were out of the way, I might find time to finish Leonard's suit this afternoon; I've had it around so long. If I only had a sewing machine, how much I could accomplish!" and picking up her basket she went into the house.

The prospect within was not very cheering—the wash-tub to clear away, and dinner to place upon the table. Just as she had begun to lay the table, Mr. Giles appeared at the door and said: "Put on an apron; that man will take dinner with us."

Dinner was soon ready and as soon dispatched, for ceremony was unknown in the Giles family. Mr. Giles and the stranger retired to the sitting-room, to discuss the merits of new reaper and mower, while Mrs. Giles remained and cleared away the dinner table. When she had finished and made herself ready for the afternoon, she went into the sitting-room. The stranger was still about taking his leave, and Mr. Giles was just saying:

"If you have anything new and better—anything that will make work easier and do more of it, I'm your man! I am in favor of all machinery that will lighten work for man," emphasizing the word man. "Why, bless you, look around my farm. It's run mostly by machinery."

"Profitable?" certainly replied he to an interrogation of the stranger. "More than pay expenses. Money in the bank," he added, never omitting an occasion of mentioning or small deposit he had in the city savings bank.

The stranger was gone at last, and Mrs. Giles sat down, with weary limbs and aching shoulders, to finish a suit of clothes she was making for Leonard's son, a lad of fifteen. Slowly and wearily the needle went in and out. Stitch after stitch was taken, but to little purpose. It did seem as if she would never come to the last one. But if it were progressed slowly, her thoughts flew fast enough. The last words of her husband lingered in her mind, and again and again they returned to her.

"Yes," said she at last, breaking forth into soliloquy, her usual habit when much disturbed in mind. "Yes, men can have their burdens lightened, but poor women may drag. Every year Mr. Giles has added something new to his farming implements, while I have to plod along with hardly sufficient utensils to cook a decent dinner—an old stove, without a boiler or what is called a cracked door. No wonder I can't bake a loaf of bread decently. Then here I have to sit and stitch for a week on this suit, when two hours on a machine would complete it."

It is needless to record all of Mrs. Giles' thoughts and words, as she sat stitching the hours away. A dim consciousness of her great wrong, and a faint determination to assert her rights was entering her mind. She had so long given up her opinions, set aside her needs, and fostered the selfishness of her husband, that it was hard to break through the meshes of habit and custom which will had for a long time woven around her. The afternoon wore away, and Mrs. Giles laid aside the unfinished garment to prepare the evening meal.

The next morning, at breakfast, she remarked to her husband that an agent for a sewing-machine had called the day previous, and wished her to try one of his machines.

"I told him he might leave one when he came next week," she said. "Mr. Giles laid down his knife and fork, and sat with utter amazement depicted on his countenance.

"A sewing machine!" he gasped, when he had recovered himself. "He needn't leave any of his new-fangled humbugs here, I've no use for them."

"You've got to have a sewing machine," she cried. "I don't see what need you have for a sewing machine. You could never learn to use it, or if you did, what have you to sew? Only my clothes and the boys'." Women nowadays are getting mighty handy with their wanting machines to do their work—too lazy to do it themselves. I suppose they want time to gab about and gossip about their neighbors."

"Why, Philip?" "Woman's work is nothing," continued Mr. Giles not heeding the interruption. "My mother had not as many conveniences for doing her work as you have, yet she always had her work regular and well cooked, and that is more than I can say for you. No, I don't want any sewing machine about my house. God made us good at sewing, and I want when he made women."

With this ultimatum he left the table, and taking his hat, he mounted his horse and rode away to look at the new reaper which he contended to buy. One by one the members of the family finished their breakfast and passed out, leaving Mrs. Giles alone. She sat with her head resting upon her hand. Her thoughts wandered back to the days when in the freshness of her youth she gave her heart's deepest and best affections to Philip Giles. Blinded by her great love for him, she saw not the extreme selfishness and coarseness of his nature. She implicitly believed all his promises, and heeded not the warning of her friends.

It seemed a long time since then, so many shadows had darkened her path-way. Darker yet seemed to grow life's rugged journey. She saw her six sons growing up around her in the midst of rough and evil influences, without the ability wholly to counteract them. Mrs. Giles remained a long time bowed over that breakfast table, praying with a sense of helplessness and a feeling of need, such as she had never before experienced. A loud rap at the door startled her. On opening it, she found Mr. Harris had called to pay off a note which Mr. Giles had often declared he should never be able to collect. "The poor wretch," he insisted, "will never be able to so much as pay his own debts while his wife spends all his earnings on such foolish things as washing machines."

Mrs. Giles informed Mr. Harris of her husband's refusal, but said she would attend to the business. When all was satisfactorily settled, and Mr. Harris had gone, Mrs. Giles sat for some time looking at the roll of money. A new thought came into her mind. Carefully placing the bills in her pocket, she went into the kitchen and hurriedly finished the morning's work, and then dressing herself, she walked down to the station, which was but a quarter of a mile distant. She was just in time for the morning train for the city, ten miles away.

At length a new thought came into her mind. Carefully placing the bills in her pocket, she went into the kitchen and hurriedly finished the morning's work, and then dressing herself, she walked down to the station, which was but a quarter of a mile distant. She was just in time for the morning train for the city, ten miles away.