The New Northwest.

FRIDAY.....JUNE 28, 1872.

THE HARVEST SEASON.

The harvest season, that dread of so many farmers' wives, is again near at hand, with its busy toil in the hottest days of all the year. The introduction of machinery has rendered the labor of the man farmer comparatively easy of late years. Mowers, reapers, headers, threshers, etc., have taken the place of the hardest manual labor. But with the woman farmer the case is different. With her it is the same old routine of bake and stew and scrub from morn till eve. Seldom is any help hired for her department, even though there be ten, fifteen or twenty men hired for whom cooking must be done. This state of affairs is altogether wrong. The wife is as much entitled to adequate help as the husband, and should have it.

Many farmers do not mean to overwork their wives, and we wish to call their attention, in the kindest manner possible, to the fact *that they do*, feeling confident that as soon as they perceive the injustice done they will immediately rectify it.

Thousands of farmers' wives annually go down to their graves ere the prime of life is reached, victims of over-work. This is the only true explanation that can be given of the extraordinary mortality among our farmer women, who ought to be the healthiest in the country.

Then heed our advice, O farmer wise, and no more let your spouse be the victim of over-work during harvest season or any other time. Be sure that she is as well provided with help as you are, and that she rises from her slumbers refreshed and invigorated equally as much as yourself. By so doing you will prolong the life of the one whom you cherish, or *should* cherish, most of all on earth, and your children will rise up and call you blessed.

THE HORTICULTURAL FAIR.

The Second Annual Fair of the Horticultural Society, held Thursday, Friday and Saturday of last week, was a very pleasant affair. The exhibition in all the departments was very good. The attendance, though not large, was, we believe, sufficient to defray expenses. It should have had better patronage, though, as great pains had been taken to render the exhibition pleasant and entertaining for spectators. The exhibitors deserve great credit for the tasty display made.

With good management the Horticultural Fair may develop into an exhibition which will rival the State Fair itself. This latter institution is now run almost exclusively by the horse jockey element, to the disgust of sensible people. If the Horticultural Fair will only enlarge its sphere of operations so as to include exhibitors of all departments of labor, it will arouse an interest in its behalf which will make it a gratifying and permanent success.

OREGON RAILROADS.

The *Herald* just now is engaged in running a tilt against Ben Holladay, the object of which seems to be to gratify private malice more than to do public service. Mr. Holladay has, undoubtedly, presuming upon his money backing, committed many questionable acts, among the chief of which is his unwarrantable interence in elections. Like the *Farmer*, we here reiterate everything we have said in opposition to Mr. Holladay. But while we do this, we see no use in indulging in senseless clamor about Mr. Holladay's being on the verge of bankruptcy and financial ruin. If such be the case we shall all know it soon enough; if not, it will hurt the State as much as it will Mr. Holladay.

THE REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.

After all it seems that the Republican National Platform is the only one (Mrs. Woodhull's excepted) in any way recognizing the rights of women which will be put forth during this Presidential campaign. Whether its wishy-washy tone will sufficiently suit the Woman Suffragists throughout the country to prevent their putting a ticket in the field remains to be seen. The Baltimore Convention, which meets shortly, will do nothing but endorse Greeley and Brown. If no nominations are made by the friends of Human Rights, we apprehend that the great majority of them will support that party which comes *nearest* granting their demands.

DOUBTFUL.

There appeared in the telegraph news a few days ago an account of a most disgraceful scene at an anti-Woman Suffrage meeting, in which Mrs. Emily Pitts Stevens is represented as taking a prominent part, in San Francisco. As there have been a great many false reports about the brave, progressive women of California, of whom Mrs. Stevens is one, through the medium of the telegraph, we very much doubt the correctness of the account as published in the dispatches, and believe that advices by mail will place the matter in an entirely different light.

THE LABOR STRIKES.

The labor strikes in New York are being settled by compromise between employed and employers. This result is significant as showing the immense power of the ballot. Had these laboring men been disfranchised nobodies no attention would have been paid to their demands. It is folly to say that voting has nothing to do with the regulation of wages. Give woman the ballot, and her work will immediately command equal remuneration with that of man.

A MODEL(?) NEWS REPORTER.

The San Francisco telegraph news reporter who makes up the Oregon dispatches is a brilliant genius in his way. As a general rule he sends a batch of stuff about Tim Jones and Jim Flanagan, or some other real or imaginary persons, having a fist fight on Larkin street, and proceeds to detail to his own satisfaction the various particulars, finally concluding with the gratifying intelligence that Jim or Tim, or both, as the case may be, were hauled up before the police judge and fined or sent to jail. And thus goes on through half or three-quarters of a column an account of hoodlums, prize fighters, pickpockets, etc., about whom the people of Oregon care not a fig, while news matter of importance is kept back, only reaching us by means of the slower but surer and more reliable mail.

But this is not our funeral, as it more directly concerns the daily press, and we should not have alluded to it at all but for the manner in which everything relating to women is dished up. The other day this model(?) news reporter went out of his way to give a judicial decision in Mrs. Fair's case. Alluding to the change of venue asked for by the defendant he gave it as his decision that an impartial trial could be had in San Francisco, as there were *one hundred and sixty thousand jurors* in that city, and certainly, out of that number, twelve unprejudiced persons could be found! It will be seen at a glance that this astute judge reckons every man, woman and child in San Francisco as a juror!

But this reporter is in the full zenith of his glory when describing a Woman Suffrage Convention. The poor fellow is so fearfully exorcised lest some woman will get his position that he is almost frantic. His latest attempt at witticism is an account of a man going crazy from the effect of the recent Pacific Slope Woman Suffrage Convention. If there is a single person in all San Francisco whose brain has been turned by Woman Suffrage Conventions, that person is this same San Francisco telegraph reporter.

YOUTHFUL ARROGANCE.

No class of objectors to Woman Suffrage are so arrogant as the striplings of twenty-one, just arrived at their majority, who claim that they are the protectors and representatives of women. Just think of one of these smart young fellows, without a dollar in the world, and ignorant as a mule, perhaps, claiming the right to represent industrious, intelligent, property-owning and tax-paying women citizens!

Can youthful arrogance farther go?

ALL ABOUT KITES.

Just now the boys are flying kites. That reminds us that Mr. Holladay, who can't bear to see anybody else have something that he hasn't got, has purchased him a kite, which he calls the *Bulletin*. The peculiarity about this kite is that it has two tails, called respectively the *Oregonian* and *Era*. The *Northwest* breeze, however, which prevails in this quarter, is decidedly unfavorable to flying operations with this kite.

"THE ILLIBERAL LIBERALS."

There can no longer exist a doubt but that the women delegates at Cincinnati were shamefully treated. An article entitled "The Illiberal Liberals" will be found elsewhere, which we wish all the friends of the Human Rights cause to read. They will be able to make up their minds then as to whether the Cincinnati Convention and nominees have any claims upon them for their support.

TAKEN OUR ADVICE.

Friend Upton, of the Lafayette *Courier*, has taken our advice. He don't publish any more Investigating Committee Report. We surmise, however, that the peculiar result of the late election has something to do with the matter. Somehow or other the Investigating Committee Report didn't exactly carry Oregon for the Democracy.

DECIDEDLY COOL.

The *Herald* says that "a Mr. Maybell" was chosen as poet for the Fourth of July celebration in this city. Considering that Mr. Maybell's articles have been the only ones of any interest in the *Herald* under its present management, that kind of treatment has the appearance of being decidedly cool.

NOT QUITE REPENTED.

The *Bulletin* having accused the *Willamette Farmer* of repenting its action during the late campaign, the latter journal, in very strong language, indorses and reiterates everything that appeared in its columns. And that's the way Holladay's man Friday gets floored.

O BOYS! BOYS!

Those little boys of the *Bulletin*, *Oregonian* and *Era* are at it again! This time they have pitched on poor old Uncle Ike. O boys! boys! how could you! But be careful the old man don't stumble and fall on you, though! You never could get out from under him!

MRS. WOODHULL'S ACCEPTANCE.

Mrs. Woodhull has written a letter accepting the nomination for President, in which she promises to revolutionize the present state of affairs and turn the world upside down generally. "Whom the gods destroy they first make mad."

WIFE-WHIPPING.

The Vancouver *Register* says there are several men in its section of country who whip their wives. Wonder if tar, feathers and fence rails are scarce in that vicinity?

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., June 8, 1872.

DEAR NEW NORTHWEST:

Traveling as I am, from one point to another, to reach lecturing appointments, I find it impossible to find time or opportunity to write you as often as I wish. I believe I sent you full records of the Boston Woman Suffrage Anniversary, since which time I have been so constantly on the wing or on the rostrum as to have little time for necessary rest.

Last night I held a very successful meeting in the Hall of Representatives in this city, and it was all the more interesting from the fact that the Republican platform, just received before going to the lecture, and which I read from the rostrum amid much enthusiasm, declares emphatically for "universal suffrage," and says "the demand of the women for an extension of their rights is entitled to respectful consideration." For the first time in the history of our Nation a great political party has come to the front with a declaration of its adherence to a real Republican form of government, and though we are compelled to admit that it does in a very weak and rather vague manner assert its support of woman's claim to the ballot, yet the phrase "previous condition of servitude" includes all *mothers*, even if a doubt be raised as to their belonging to any "race, creed, or color."

Since the Cincinnati blow out, which resulted in the setting of the sage-hen of Chappaqua on the dimly prospective Presidential nest, the women engaged in the suffrage movement have redoubled their energies, and bearing down upon the Philadelphia delegation in a body, made them realize that woman as a political power can be no longer successfully ignored.

The evening previous to my leaving New York, after returning from Boston, I was attracted by a profuse display of posters, hand-bills and "gutter snipes," announcing that a "Real Reform Meeting" would be held in Steinway Hall that night in repudiation of Grant and Greeley, and in favor of Revenue Reform and Free Trade. William Cullen Bryant, David A. Wells, and other prominent free traders were announced as speakers, and promptly at the appointed hour a score of ladies and over a thousand gentlemen assembled in the Hall. William Cullen Bryant presided, taking his seat amid the enthusiastic applause of a large portion of the audience. The speeches were all scholarly, dignified, courteous, cutting, concise and conciliatory—these different and incongruous elements blending continually in a humorous and exceedingly *pointed* manner.

I listened until, like the preacher in the Salem Temperance Alliance, I was in a "divine fever" and wanted to make a speech; so I wrote upon the margin of a copy of the NEW NORTHWEST a request, addressed to the President, to give me five minutes for remarks. A friend at my side carried the paper to the edge of the platform and handed it to a reporter, with the request that he pass it to the Chair, which he agreed to do; but we noticed that after giving each of the half dozen reporters a look at the journal he "tabled" it, and there it lay. My friend finally sought access to the rostrum and spoke to the secretary, who said, "Certainly; bring the lady to the platform." I declined to go until the Chair could be consulted, and then the decision was that "it was too late, and he feared I could not hold the crowd, but that if the application had been made earlier," etc., etc. So I let my fever effervesce in a letter to the *Evening Post*, in which I embodied a resolution which had been scribbled on the fly leaf of my pocket book to throw as a *bomb*, and which read as follows: "Universal Suffrage and universal Free Trade are, and of right ought to be, one and inseparable."

To see men of the brain and culture of which the speakers on the platform gave evidence gravely mounting a one-legged hobby horse and floundering about in quest of a Presidential candidate with only one idea, and that merely a financial one, was to me only one of the many amusing instances of politics run mad, for which the one-sexed political obligarchy are rapidly becoming infamous.

ATLANTA, June 9.

I was all ready for the train to this place from Springfield, thinking my work was done for the present in the Illinois Hall of Representatives, when a committee of gentlemen called upon me and requested me to give some lectures on Oregon; and their request being backed by a financial consideration which in the present depleted state of my greenback exchequer I felt particularly called upon to comply with, I agreed to return to Springfield after having filled appointments in Atlanta, Lincoln and Delevan, where dear friends of other days are living, and with whom I am enjoying life as well as any doting mother can who has not kissed her children for six long weeks. Thought last night that I would telegraph home for news of them, but when I reflected that it had only been one week since I had heard from home by letter, and that the advance pay of four yearly subscribers would go for the telegram and its answer, I gritted my teeth, clasped my hands and vowed I'd stand it another week, though the effort cost me many sighs.

My dear lady readers, if you think an itinerant stump speaker's life is always an easy or pleasant one, try it and see.

I wrote while in New York to the Democratic State Central Committee of Oregon, asking them to send up a delegate to the coming Baltimore Convention who should be instructed to urge a Woman Suffrage plank into their platform. We shall see what they will do. Probably they will gather encouragement from the fact that the Republicans still live after their feeble indorsement of woman, and may thus be emboldened to do better by us than the party in power has dared to do; but I have little hope—progression is not an inherent element of the Democratic mind.

I wish Oregonians who for twenty years have been afflicted with a chronic growl about the weather had some of my chances to get drenched by eastern rains. Three times since coming east of the Missouri river have I been unexpectedly caught in such a torrent of rain that I became as wet as a drowned Cayuse charger. Such rains as the classic land of Webfoot would be ashamed of are continually deluging the country, and the immediately following heat so rapidly enhances the growth of vegetation that the whole middle West is in a perfect wilderness of tangled green. Dear old Illinois, which Boston and New York style *new*, you know, is a very Eden of emerald and floral beauty; and though she cannot by any means equal our fair, pleasant, breezy Oregon, she is homelike and stately and magnificent, and I breathe her balmy air and gaze upon her prairies with a realizing sense that I am a welcome visitor to

"The home of my childhood, that dearly loved spot
Which memory retains while all else is forgot."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDITOR NEW NORTHWEST:

I thought I would ask your advice upon a subject in which I am interested. It is this: I am greatly opposed to the use of tobacco, a habit to which so many young men are addicted, and which I think is very wrong. Now the young man of my choice is a user of the filthy weed. That is the only objection I have to him. But I dread the idea of uniting myself for life to a tobacco user, and I thought I would ask your advice. Now don't tell me to ask my mother, for I did, and she told me to ask you. Aunt says that if he does not think enough of me to quit the habit he isn't worth having. But he says that if I don't think enough of him to take him as he is that he will go. Now what shall I do? We take your paper, and I should be glad to have your answer through its columns. MOLLY E.,

Salt Creek, Oregon.

Answer.—If the young man really loves you he will cheerfully abandon for your sake the use of the filthy weed, knowing as he does that you abhor it. Unless he is willing to comply with your wish in the matter we advise you to let him "go."

C. M., Chicago, Ill.: For information concerning Oregon we refer you to Mrs. Victor's "All Over Oregon and Washington Territory." The work can be ordered through us, or of Williams & Myers, 93 Front St., Portland.

Mary S.: Thanks for the subscribers and money.

Mr. O. S. Phelps, a gentleman well known in this community, and who is constantly sending abroad all manner of Oregon publications, has handed us the following note, which explains itself:

ALBANY, N. Y., March 23, 1872.

Oliver S. Phelps, Esq., Portland, Oregon:—I am directed by the Trustees of the State Library to present you their thanks for your donation of "Captain Gray's Company," by Mrs. A. J. Duniway, one volume, and to state that the same will be duly acknowledged in their next Annual Report to the Legislature.

By order, I. B. WOOLWORTH,

Secretary.

No authentic advices have reached us from this Convention. The telegraph informs us that there was serious division in regard to Mrs. Woodhull. We expect full advices for next issue.

The editor of this paper will not be home as soon as anticipated—probably not before the middle of July or first of August. For latest tidings from her see Editorial Correspondence.

For a most cutting sarcasm upon existing customs and practices see the article with the above heading on the first page. It cuts right to the quick.

Love Letters.

The words recall blue ribbons, locks of hair, miniatures and dead roses, and they are as various as the hands that write them and the eyes they are intended to bless.

Sometimes they carry balm; sometimes they bear disguised poison. They may be traced in honest truth and fealty by a rough red hand that has no grace to lend the misshapen letters, save the beauty of true love in coarse disguise; and then again a soft white bit of symmetry may hide a lie in glowing tenderness and send it like an asp hid in a rose's heart to carry death to some believing breast. Some yellowed by years and rendered absurd by altered circumstances are brought out of forgotten nooks to fill the evening hour with laughter at their pollysilabled vows and verbose adjectives; and others never see the light except in tearful eyes, or feel a touch except a passionate pressure to faded breast that claims no other idol.

Love letters! There are women whom the world calls single who are as truly wedded to a tear-stained package as if it really were the being that it represents to them—who live in the old sweet time these missives once belonged to, and who keep their heads apart from the dull reality that makes up their present world. Years may have passed, and nothing have remained the same save the dear dream that never knew reality; yet held in their love-life by their fragile paper-bond, they dwell in that fair, unsubstantial spring-time, while autumn fades and winter, cold and heavy, reigns abroad in all the world.

We pity dreamers and their moonshine pictures, their bits of memories and mementoes, their love-words written or recalled as spoken, and faces whose limning fades as the real one had faded long ago under the coffin lid. And yet such trifles are heart treasures, as surely as gold and silver are riches to the purse; and as long as there is a world of dry goods and roast beef, so long shall old love letters find hoarders and prizers, and so long shall the past and present be bridged by the heart-dreams of the words written in the by-gone times.

Some one says: "There is but one way to be happy, but there are a thousand ways to be wretched."

[From the New York World.]

Illiberal Liberals.

To the Editor of the World—Sir: Pursuant to a "call" issued by the Liberal Republicans of Missouri for a mass convention to meet in Cincinnati, O., May 1, two ladies, well-known advocates of the woman suffrage movement, feeling that they were included in the broad and liberal invitation to "all Republicans who sympathize with the reforms proposed" to meet at the said time and place, went there in good faith and applied for admission to the convention. The illiberal action of the convention in regard to them is well known to the public, but the flimsy pretext upon which their rejection was based may not be so well understood. Miss Susan B. Anthony, of New York, made application to the chairman of the New York delegation for admission, and was kindly received, courteously treated, &c., but assured that there were many more delegates in attendance upon the convention from New York than that State was entitled to votes therein, and that should she be admitted as a member of the delegation it would in nowise enable her to become a member of the convention, or entitled to vote as such. This was sufficient to convince Miss Anthony that the New York delegation had at least a reasonable objection to receiving her, and ended her efforts in that direction. Laura DeForce Gordon, of California, however, was not met with any such plausible rejection of her claim to a seat and vote in the convention, since there was found in all the thousands in attendance but a solitary man from the Golden State of the Pacific. This man seemed to appreciate his importance as a delegate, entitled to cast the entire vote of the State of California, and determined to rule out all other applicants. At this arbitrary refusal on the part of the delegate to recognize her claims, Mrs. Gordon appealed direct to the convention, and in a brief and neatly worded letter stated that she had responded to the "call" of the Missouri Liberals and complied with the requirements therein stated, *i. e.*, being a Republican and sympathizing with the objects of the convention, therefore asking to be received as a delegate from the State of which she is a citizen. The matter was referred to the Committee on Credentials, of which the one man from California was a member. None were allowed in the meeting of the committee except its appointed members, and none of the rejected delegates from California were permitted to present their claims. When the committee made their "report" to the convention at its next subsequent session it was resolved, "That in the absence of such credentials as the committee deem necessary they cannot report Laura DeForce Gordon as entitled to a seat and a vote in the convention, but tender to her, as to other ladies present, the courtesy of the hall," &c. Now, what credentials had the committee or the convention a right to demand of a member of a mass convention? Mr. Tilton in the last *Golden Age* (May 18) says: "The committee on credentials did not admit her to membership for the simple reason that she was not a voter." The committee did not intimate even in the faintest possible manner what credentials were requisite to membership, neither did the "call" for the convention intimate that any credentials were necessary, since it was for a mass convention and not a delegated one. Had the "call" invited only "all voters" who sympathized in the proposed reforms to meet, &c., it would have debarred women, as a matter of course, from participating in its deliberations; but, unquestionably, under the invitation to "all Republicans who sympathized," &c., women were as eligible as men, notwithstanding Mr. Tilton discourses so wisely upon the "ineligibility" of the ladies in question. He further says: "When one of the ladies rose and addressed the chair, she was as much out of order as if she had arisen in the House of Representatives at Washington and addressed the Speaker." Mr. Tilton fails to inform his readers of the fact that the "lady (Mrs. Gordon) who addressed the chair" did so when the motion to adopt the report of the Committee on Credentials was pending, and while the "report" on the motion was open to discussion, and so decided by the chair, as will be seen in the reports of the convention. Mr. Tilton says that "she was not recognized." "Neither would any man have beed recognized in similar circumstances." Oh! Theodore, were you so intent upon your pet scheme of foisting the potato-raising philosopher upon the convention as a candidate as to be ignorant of the fact that a man—Nickelson—a rejected delegate from California, had been addressing the chair and presenting his claims to the convention as a protest against the action of the Committee on Credentials? Was not Mrs. Gordon as much in order in attempting to press her claims to the convention as Mr. Nickelson was in his? Both were rejected by the committee as entitled to seats and votes in the convention, yet the impartial (?) chairman, Carl Schurz, did recognize a man, though "in the same circumstances," and allowed him to address the convention in a ten-minute speech; yet when Mrs. Gordon, following immediately upon Mr. Nickelson's address, desired to be heard, according to the reports of the convention, "Mr. Schurz studiously paid no attention to her, carefully avoiding, when practicable, to look in her direction." This continued until she secured momentary attention through the courtesy of a delegate (one could well guess it was not Mr. Tilton) who attracted the president's eye and waving his hand towards Mrs. Gordon said: "Here is a delegate from California waiting to be heard." Senator Schurz then recognizing her said, he would state with very great regret, that the committee had decided she was not a delegate. So had it decided that Mr. Nickelson "was not a delegate," and yet the chair had recognized him, "a man in similar circumstances," and listened to what he had to say, and the next moment "studiously paid no attention to her, and carefully avoided when practicable to look in her direction." We should judge, by the sensible action of the women at their recent convention at Steinway Hall in passing resolutions denunciatory of the Cincinnati Convention and its nominees, that Mr. Tilton will have to give some other reason, rather more credible than the flimsy pretext that the ladies were not voters, since that was not stipulated in the "call" as the cause of their rejection by the great liberal convention at Cincinnati.

A WOMAN IN THE GALLERY.

BLACK SHEEP.—Archbishop Whately once puzzled a number of clever men, in whose company he was, by asking them this question: "How is it that white sheep eat more than black?" Some were aware of the curious fact; others set to work and tried to give long and learned reasons; but all were anxious to know the real cause. After keeping them wondering for some time he said: "The reason is, because there are more of them."

A young lady from the rural districts went to Des Moines to see an elephant. In the street car the conductor said to her: "Miss, your fare." "Well, if I am," she replied, "I don't want any more of your impertinence."

Sitting up for Her Boy.

Here and there through the village a few lights flicker like pale stars through the darkness. One shines from an attic window, where a youthful aspirant for literary honors labors wasting the midnight oil and the elixir of his life in toil, unless it may be save as patience and industry are gained, and give him a hold upon eternal happiness. Another gleams with a ghastly light from a chamber into which death is entering and life departing.

One light shines through a cottage window from which the curtains are pushed partially aside, showing a mother's face, patient and sweet, but care-worn and anxious. The eyes gazing through the night, are faded and sunken, but lighted with such love as steals only into the eyes of true and saintly mothers, who watch over and pray for their children; who hedge them in from the world's temptation, and make of them noble men, and true and loving women. It is nearly midnight, and the faded eyes are strained to their utmost to catch the far-off sight of some one coming down the street. The mother's listening ear loses no sound however slight that breaks upon the stillness that reigns around.

No form seen, no quick step heard, she drops the curtain slowly, goes back to the table where an open book is lying and a half knit sock. The cat jumps up in her chair, and yawns and shakes herself, and gradually sinks down again into repose. No one disputes her possession of the easy chair. Up and down the little room the mother walks, trying to knit, but vainly; she can only think of her son, and wonder and imagine what is keeping him. Her mind pictures the worst, and her heart sinks lower and lower. Could the thoughtless boy know but one-half the anguish he is causing he would hasten at once to dispel it with his presence.

She trembles now as she listens, for an uncertain step is heard—a sound of coarse laughter and drunken ribaldry; her heart stands still and she grows cold with apprehension. The sound passes and dies away in the distance. Thank heaven, it is not he, and a glow comes over her, and once more her heart beats quickly.

Only for a moment, for the clock on the mantle shows on its pallid face that it is almost midnight. Again the curtain is drawn aside, and again the anxious, loving eyes peer into the darkness. Hark! a sound of footsteps coming nearer; a shadowy form advancing shows more and more distinct; a cheery whistle, a brisk, light step up the pathway; a throwing wide open of the door, and the truant boy finds himself in his mother's arms, welcomed and wept over. He chafes at the gentle discipline; he don't like to be led by apron strings; but he meets his mother's gentle questioning gaze with one honest and manly, and makes a half-unwilling promise, and in after years thanks heaven again and again that he had a mother who watched over him, and prayed for him.

He knows better than she now, the good that was done by her sitting up.

STOP AND THINK.—Girls, stop and think! What about? About whatever you are doing. If you are at work in the kitchen, and need some articles from the pantry or cupboard, stop and think of all the articles you may need from there in the next few minutes, and make one journey do for half a dozen. And perhaps you may think of several things that can be returned to their places at the same time, thus making a double saving of time and muscle.

If you are cooking, stop and think of everything you will need before you begin that batch of bread or pies, instead of being obliged to take your hands out of the dough two or three times to run down cellar after butter or lard, or into the pantry for sugar or nutmeg. If you have a quantity of sewing, or other work to do, stop and think what will be needed first, and what you could do without in case of hindrance, instead of doing perhaps the least necessary thing first, and finding yourself at the last moment in a hurly-burly to finish what you must have. And so with everything you do, stop and think whether you are doing it in the most convenient and profitable manner or not.

We often hear people speak of women who "turn off work" very fast. I once asked a woman who bore such a reputation how she did it. "By thinking what I am about; by killing two birds with one stone, and making one step do the work of half a dozen," was her reply. Of course it would not be profitable to think longer about anything than it would take for you to do it, unless it was for the sake of forming the habit of thoughtfulness. But do not try to think of one thing while doing another, unless the work on hand be very monotonous indeed.

When I was a school-girl, I thought it a great advantage to do two things at once, and my grammar shows the effects of being held in my lap while I churned, or propped up behind the table while I washed dishes. But I learned that I could neither study nor work as fast, and that it paid to do one thing at a time. So keep your thoughts on the work you are doing.—*Exchange.*

STAGNANT WATER AND MILK.—It has been known for a long time that milk left standing in a room where patients are sick becomes permeated with the subtle poison of the disease. Contagion has also been spread through milk, by reason of persons recovering from sickness attending to the labor of the dairy. The kind of grass or fodder on which the cows feed also give a peculiar flavor and quality to their milk. In addition to these facts, it has recently been demonstrated that the most startling consequences may ensue from the animals drinking stagnant water. Professor Law, of Cornell University, has examined, with a microscope, milk of an unusually ropy appearance, and found it full of those fungi, or vegetable organisms, that abound in stagnant water. On inquiry, he found that the cows from which it came had only stagnant water to drink; and further investigation revealed the fact that the blood of the animals teemed with these fungi, and that the cows were in a feverish, unhealthy condition. The warning which this discovery ought to convey is very simple. It is the duty of dairymen to see that their cattle have a supply of pure, sweet water. They use such a great quantity of water that a judicious concern for the health of the community should induce them to employ none but the very cleanest.

One of the strongest characteristics of a "nice girl" is tidiness and simplicity of dress. She is invariably associated in mind with a high frock, plain collar and neatest of nice ribbons, bound with the most modest little broach in the world. I never knew a "nice girl" who displayed a profusion of rings and bracelets, or who wore low-necked dresses and splendid bonnets. Again, there is nothing in this world half so beautiful, half so intrinsically good, as a "nice girl." She is the sweetest flower in the path of life. There are others far more stately, far more gorgeous, but these we merely admire as we go by. It is where the daisy grows that we like to rest.

One of Brigham Young's wives has absconded. It was only by accident that her absence was discovered.

A RICH ONE.—Max Adeler says: "Down in Wilmington they have a law against the storage of nitro-glycerine and other explosive chemical compounds within the city limits. And so the other day a certain individual, who had a grudge against a man named Smith, informed the authorities that Smith had large quantities of congealed protoxide of hydrogen secreted in an outhouse in his yard. Two policemen proceeded to Smith's to make an investigation. Smith denied the allegation. He said it was a sheer fabrication; that the man who asserted that he had protoxide of any kind around the place was a sinner in whom the truth was not to be found. But the policemen insisted upon examining the premises. Smith said they shouldn't. A conflict ensued, and after Smith's head had been mashed into jelly, and lumps raised upon him, and his arms broken, and chops enough for a small family's dinner had been bitten from his leg by the policeman's dog, the officers laid him on the sofa to recuperate, and started for the yard. They found there only the ice house packed full. It occurred to them then to go around to the drug store and ascertain the nature of the congealed protoxide of hydrogen, so that they would know it when they saw it. They learned that hydrogen in that shape is merely ice. And poor old Mr. Smith has now brought six or seven suits against the city for damages—one for each ruined arm, leg, head and nose. But all the policemen are now studying up chemistry."

A USEFUL WOMAN.—Jane Bell went, singly and unaided, to the North Carolina coast, in 1863, where she "became convinced that there was as much missionary work to be done at home as among the foreign heathen, and settled herself down to a life's work among the poor whites of the islands, resolved to teach them not only to read, but, more desperate task, to work. She established a free school at Beaufort, and another on Harker's island off the coast, to which is attached a farm. Having been blessed with a strong body as well as will, she has not only taught, but cooked, planted, plowed, sewed and reaped with her own hands until the wilderness has blossomed, if not into roses, into figs and vegetables, to the amazement of the natives, who for generations have been quite willing to starve if clamming and fishing were not practicable. In the nine years of her steady labor in this place she is reported to have wrought a singular change in the habits and condition of the islanders; they have not only received a measurable degree of education, but have learned to wish for work, to accomplish it with skill and patience, and in dress, habits, religion and the minor morals and manners, have risen in the scale of civilization. Miss Bell has now an agricultural school at Beaufort, and she asks for aid from liberal people everywhere.

IS HE RICH?—Many a sigh is heaved, many a heart is broken, many a life rendered miserable by the terrible infatuation which parents manifest in choosing a life companion for their daughter. How is it possible for happiness to result from the union of two principles so diametrically opposed to each other in every point as virtue is to vice? And yet how often is wealth considered a better recommendation for young men than virtue? How often the first question asked respecting the suitor of a daughter is this, "Is he rich?" Yes, he abounds in wealth; but does that afford any evidence that he will make a kind and affectionate husband? "Is he rich?" Yes, his clothing is purple and fine linen, and he fares sumptuously every day; but can you infer from this that he is virtuous? "Is he rich?" Yes, he has thousands floating on every ocean; but do not riches sometimes "take to themselves wings and fly away?" And you consent that your daughter shall marry a man who has nothing to recommend him but his wealth? Ah! beware! The gilded bait sometimes covers a bearded hook. Ask not, then, "Is he rich?" but "Is he virtuous?" Ask not if he has wealth, but has he honor? Do not sacrifice your daughter's peace for money.

ANECDOTE OF TOM CORWIN.—When the late Tom Corwin was quite a young man he was elected a member of the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, and early in the session he brought in a bill for the destruction of the public whipping-post. He made an earnest speech in favor of the measure, to which an elderly member replied as follows: "Mr. Speaker, the gentleman is not as old as I am, and has not seen as much of the practical operation of the system of punishment which he desires to abolish. When I lived in Connecticut, if a fellow stole a horse, or cut up other anties, we used to tie him up and give him a real good thrashing; and he always cleaned right out, and we never saw anything more of him. It's the best way of getting rid of the rogues that ever was tried and without expense to the State." Mr. Corwin, who never failed to carry his point by a joke, if the argument was against him, only made a brief reply: "Mr. Speaker, I have often been puzzled to account for the vast emigration from Connecticut to the West; but the gentleman last up has explained it to my satisfaction." It is almost needless to say that Mr. Corwin's bill passed by an overwhelming majority.

ABOUT WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—Rev. Dr. Chapin, in a recent discourse on "The Crown of Women," said:

"The condition of obligation and the condition of rights are inseparable. To exercise these, women must have cope and opportunity. Her obligations compel her to demand her rights. She has a right to develop her nature to the utmost of its power. Whatever power denies this is tyrannical. Woman has the right of doing and being the best she can. The question of woman suffrage was above ridicule. Throwing ridicule at it was like firing pop-guns at a thunder-storm—it may be funny, but it is not forcible. Even if women were to vote, God would still hold society together as he holds the heavens together. Women should be free to do the work she can do. She has claim to the highest education. In conclusion, the preacher counselled young women to be strong, true and faithful, not mere queens of society, but first in acts of mercy and charity, and first in a readiness for all good work."

There must be a line drawn somewhere. Milk is a good thing, and water is a good thing, but each has its separate vocation. They do not work well together. Boston has discovered the fact, and has resolved that henceforth her water shall be kept free from lacteal influences. In a city like the Hub, where cold water kings it so proudly over all other beverages, it will not do to have its brilliant transparency clouded by contact with milk. And to avoid this the milk brought into Boston is to be sealed up in cans and sold at a fixed price, and the streams which flow from the cow and the Cochituate are to be kept apart forever.

A California lunatic fancies that he is the original Abraham. Recently he carried a sheep to one of the highest hills near San Francisco, and sacrificed it on an altar of stones and earth.