The New Northwest.

FRIDAY.....AUGUST 2, 1872.

Sixteen and Forty.

BY FRANK.

Love him? Why, yes; I suppose that I do;
He is generous, noble and stately of mien;
And he does me much honor—you know it is true—
In wedding grave forty with giddy sixteen.

Just look at the diamonds he's given to me!
These bracelets, this necklace—they're fit for a queen.
I'm contented enough; for, darling, you know
One is easily bought at the age of sixteen.

Oh, yes! I've had visions—I tell you the truth—
Of "love in a cottage," and romance ne'er seen;
Of a bride and a groom in the bloom of their youth—
I suppose it's a fancy of dreaming sixteen.

Time was—by the stories I've read and been told—
That to wed with gray hairs was not common, I ween;
When the shafts of Dan Cupid, though polated with gold,
Had little effect on the heart of sixteen.

I've a rose long since withered, a curl of dark hair,
And a photograph—trifles I carefully screen
From the prying eyes of "Madame la Mere;"
They are all that remains of my dream of sixteen.

"A bride of the period" the rest of my life,
That I am unhappy no person has seen;
My bridegroom has bought him a fashionable wife,
And this is the fate of the girl of sixteen.

—Waverly Magazine.

Women's Steps.

BY KATE TRUE.

"There it is again, the old song, 'I'm so tired.' I wonder if all ladies sing it?

"If I ask you to play or sing it is always, 'I'm so tired.' And as to a social game of cribbage or whist, you will play a short rubber, and run off to your everlasting sewing, leaving me to amuse myself. I do not wish to find fault, my dear, but it does seem to me a wife might exert herself a little and make the evenings pleasant for her husband, after he has been bothered with business all day. The simple truth is *women take a great many unnecessary steps.*"

These were the very words uttered by Hon. James Huntley to his beloved wife Elizabeth, one winter evening.

James Huntley, the successful business man, the courteous, dignified, elegant gentleman, and a universal favorite with the ladies; Elizabeth, his wife, once blooming and still lovely, had just put the three Huntley saplings in bed, with infinite labor, and much assistance from nurse, and now, when Fred had taken his last drink of water, baby had cried herself into the arms of Morpheus and out of his mother's aching ones, she had walked slowly down stairs, thinking how glad she would be to retire herself, but conscious of the duties still to be done and anxious to join her husband for a little quiet chat, the one bright thing after her bustling, weary day. She entered the library with her mending basket in her arms, hoping her husband would offer to read aloud while she attacked the haunting household demon; but no, his words of greeting were:

"Well, Lizzie, I thought you were never coming down. Why don't you let nurse get baby to sleep?"

"For the good reason, Jamie, that I am its mother, and poor nurse has her hands full with the others. Do you want anything?"

"Yes, I've been waiting here two good hours to hear you read Wilson's speech, you read so much better than I do, and besides it does me good to lay off and smoke."

"Sorry to disappoint you, Jamie, I must work. All the contents of this basket must be attended to before I sleep, and really, dear, I am very tired."

Then the Hon. James expressed his views concerning tired women as stated above, and threw himself on the lounge with his cigar in his mouth, rattling his paper rather more than the occasion demanded.

Lizzie drew her basket near her and put out her hand to begin operations, when an imperious voice said:

"I wish you would have the goodness to move that table with the drop light a little nearer; a man can't read in the dark."

Oh, Hon. James, just think of it! you, the "elegant society man," "the devoted husband" and "polite gentleman" addressing your wife in such a manner! Did we not see you, one week since, walking throught the elegant conservatory of our friend, Mrs. Jones, and did we not hear you tell her "your wife was a model woman, and highly accomplished?" Did she not urge you to bring her there and you promised it! for "your darling Lizzie was very fond of flowers." And here you are thinking only of self, and ordering her to move a heavy table for your accommodation, while your words and manners are such as you would not dare use to one of your servants.

I am drawing your picture from life, and you must not find fault with the drawing because the wart on your nose is so prominent. If the wart did not exist my eyes would not see it, and you and all the Huntleys are at liberty to touch up the picture and improve it if you wish.

Lizzie Huntley moved the table and sat down again. A blur passed before her eyes, and a little stab of pain shot through her, but not a word passed her lips.

She was learning her life lesson in the wrong way. With her great unselfish love she had fancied all troubles sent are troubles to be borne with patience. She had yet to learn that trials sent us by the All-wise are the only ones under which we should "suffer and be strong," but trials and troubles of men's devising are to be fought against in just indignation.

On top of the work basket lay a letter, a plump, crumpled letter, which Lizzie had tried all day to find time for reading; she had brought it down intending to ask James to share it with her, but the little cloud "no bigger than a man's hand" had arisen in the domestic sky. She looked at her husband, and decided he was not in a favorable mood just now; she would read it to him again.

Underneath the letter was the usual medley which accumulates, you know not how, but never fails to accumulate in mother's basket when mother is the "head of the household," as she should be.

Two pairs of shirts for James, to be cut out more in the neck—he remarked but yesterday "he did not see why such a little thing could not be done, he had spoken of it forty times,"—forty meaning in a man's voculary twice. Lizzie had taken them in hand at once, and would have completed them but for uning the sewing girl to attend to it, but was curtly told to "do it herself and then it would be done right."

Two shirts, eight pairs of stockings, a sheet with the corners snapped out with the wind, James Junior's pants with a ventilator at the knee, a "shirt's wife" with the band rent asunder, a stringless pudding bag, a pair of driving gloves for the Hon. James, and her own more dainty ones.

Was it not a cheering prospect? Even the seamstress had her evenings and had gone out for a walk. Cook took her two or three evenings out with unfailing regularity, and nurse likewise; but Lizzie never knew one hour of time to call her own. She had tried it for a year or two, determined not to degenerate, but the hour for "practice" became "the children's hour," and French and German were neglected while she attended to the practical matters of daily life.

Every one in the household had her allotted task but Lizzie: hers was always to do over the half-done tasks of others, perform many self-imposed ones, and do her utmost day by day,—a conscientious woman who began her married life with the determination to do everything well, and all she could. She had done her very best for her family, and the very worst for herself.

To-night she looked again at her husband, who had now fallen asleep, and said, half reproachfully, "I wish I had more time to devote to him. He cannot be more tired of this horrid sewing than I am; it is a worry. By the time Jamie is well fitted up, Fred is out at the elbows, and baby is a constant applicant for tucks let out. I never find time to look after myself until I am driven to it. I wish I could run away from it all for a few weeks, as Nellie suggested in her letter. I have tried three times to read it and failed."

Yes, the postman had left it in the morning, and Lizzie had taken it from the servant between her thumb and finger, then held it in her teeth, and at last transferred it to her pocket; for on its arrival, baby was proving himself anything but "a well-spring of pleasure," having made an attack on a pail of water left for a moment near the door. Nurse was at hand to to mop up the carpet, while mamma attended to the rubbing down and reconstruction of this son of Adam. Going to her own room after quiet was restored, Lizzie opened her letter and entered heartily into her friend's plans for the summer, but just as she reached the never-forgotten "my husband says," the door burst open and the frantic nurse exclaimed, "Oh, come quick, please; Master Laurence has swallowed a penny."

Down went the letter. After an hour's struggle, a dose of physic, and a series of screams, the penny was discovered reposing between the child's bib and dress.

Still trembling with fright, she was called upon to repeat her directions to the seamstress: "Did she say two tucks and one ruffle, or two ruffles and one tuck?" That weighty matter decided, Lizzie went to her room.

Master Fred, an irrepressible youth of three years, had taken advantage of the open doors and excitement in the nursery, and made a raid on mamma's room. When mamma entered, she saw the letter on the floor made into a ball, her work basket upset, a bottle of Bay-water had wasted its sweetness on the Brussels carpet, her tooth-powder was scattered about promiscuously, books and papers were thrown down, and about the floor such trifling adornments were seen as half a dozen clothes-pins, a tin pan, a broken-nosed baby, a rubber ball, a feather duster, and the last Bazar with the fashion plates as much disordered as the hair of a fashionable belle. The little culprit stood in the corner, peeping out with an expression compounded of impudence and fear, the former predominating. Frequent repetitions of "you naughty boy" caused an additional display of dimples, and the irrepressible youngster marched off with nurse, looking triumphantly at the scene of his late exploits with an assurance which seemed to say, "Didn't me fix 'em all nice?"

At last order reigned, and Lizzie attempted again the persual of her letter only to hear, "We need a yard and three-quarters more of this trimming for baby's dress."

Well, Mary, I will run down town for it, the girls are all busy now." The errand done, after a hurried walk, Lizzie finds it to be the children's dinner hour, and with motherly care she usually joins them, taking baby down for a frolic.

Throughout the day these little worries, little cares, and constant steps were kept up, and Lizzie thought of the evening not as a time for idleness, but quiet toil after confusion.

So Lizzie laid the dreaded shirt in her lap and read the letter. Huntley snored and no doubt dreamed of some spot where women are never tired.

How cheerily Nellie wrote! "If you will come," she said, "we will exert ourselves to make you once more the happy, vivacious Lizzie."

How delightful it would be to go over the well known paths with this dear friend. How thoughtful John was concerning Nellie's comfort and happiness! James used to be in the old days,—was it her fault now? She hoped not, it was so hard to look after everything and do everything well, and she had kept faithfully the promise to herself to do all in her power to make home happy.

What would James say if she proposed a vacation? Just then the door-bell rang, and their neighbors, Capt. Blunt and wife, came in; Capt. Blunt, an old classmate of Huntley's, and his wife, one of the solid, motherly women, whose life flowed in easy channels.

The noise of entering did not waken James, and Blunt proceeded to perform that task in his usual manner.

"Come, sir, get up; this a pretty way to entertain your wife while she works for you. Good thing for you she hasn't the pluck of my little woman, or you would get a cold bath for presuming so."

Huntley roused himself and looked stupid, "I guess I did forget myself."

"Guess you did? not much doubt on that score. Polite, aren't you? Who was it, Lizzie, who used to visit you five nights out of seven and stay till after midnight? Never smoked cigars and snored then, did he?"

"Jamie gets very tired, and this stupid work makes me poor company."

"Poor fiddlestick! What does he do to tire himself any more than you, or half so much. But that is just like a woman, always making excuses for her husband."

Nannie Blunt proposed going up stairs to take a peep at the babies, for Nannie's youngest was at this very moment winding zephyr for a charming young lady, and Nannie's great heart took in all the little ones and her stout arms were always open for "Auntie's pets."

The two women went up together and soon became deeply absorbed in conversation, Nannie borrowing a thimble and attacking some of the stockings.

"No use for you to tell me to put it down, dear child, for I shall not. What are friends good for if they cannot help one another over the rough places? The fact is, Lizzie, you are killing yourself with over-work, and who will thank you?"

So the women talked and worked, while down stairs Capt. Blunt gave Huntley what he called "a good going over."

"Fact is, Jim, I have been just ready to thrash you at any time in the last six years, all the more because you are my old chum, and the husband of my favorite cousin."

"What are you driving at?"

"Simply this: you are killing your wife by inches, a kind of murder the law does not reach, and all the more common because women are the silent sufferers."

"Killing my wife? Are you crazy?"

"Not at all. Lizzie is combatting daily with an amount of labor it would sicken you to perform, without the stimulus of kind words or encouragement, and with the constant spur of her own natural ambition and desire to do her whole duty."

"That is not my fault. She can have more servants if she needs them, and when a man is willing to pay for it, I don't think he should be blamed for her persisting. I am sick of hearing her say 'I am so tired.'"

"Then never let her feel it. A large number of servants only increase a woman's cares."

"Well, women are always taking unnecessary steps. I have told Lizzie so repeatedly."

"Yes, I heard you once, and in ten minutes you asked for a certain paper, and instead of getting it yourself, you allowed her to go up stairs for it, although she told you where to find it. You have remarked frequently that the women of the present generation lacked stamina, and yet with your superior strength you allow her to carry your heavy boy up stairs instead of taking him yourself."

"Why dosen't she ask me?"

"Ask a father to care for his child and his mother? Did you ever wait for her to ask you to open a door in the courting days? Would a woman with proper self-respect stoop to ask a favor or attention which properly belongs to her, and which is, or should be, a gentleman's pleasure to bestow?"

"Lizzie never complains."

"No, and never would; it is only women of coarse natures who do that, or in any way disturb the harmony of home. Because she has borne your selfishness quietly, she deserves the greater kindness from you. Such men should catch a Tartar in the matrimonial drawing. Superior women invariably endure in silence until endurance is no longer possible, and then it takes keen suffering and bitter pain to make her acknowledge her idol clay.

"I scolded Lizzie once for not making you bear your full share of family cares, but she only said in her gentle way,

"'Don't blame Jamie, cousin, he never was used to it, and as to asking him to do little things for me, I cannot. *The attention which is not prompted by love I do not desire.*'

"The truth is, Jim, you are committing this kind of murder just as hundreds of others are doing, thoughtlessly and selfishly, but surely for all that.

"Lizzie is ready to work her little fingers off for you and her little brood, and you let her do it and even increase her work.

"If she proposes an evening at the opera, a concert or a lecture, you always think it too damp or she is too tired, when the truth is the house seems like a prison to her, and she is longing to get out of it and rest. She is shut up here with a thousand nameless worries, while you go out and freshen yourself by contact with your fellow-men, listen to the news of the day, chat a little, smoke a good deal, and entertain friends in your office. If business is brisk, you work your clerks harder and pay them well for it, and perhaps put your own shoulders to the wheel a little. Then you come home and eat a nice dinner which she is very anxious about lest it should not please you, and then while she is doing the hardest work known to women, caring for her babies, you lounge and rest, or fall asleep in the library.

"Do you remember last winter when your book-keeper was sick, how you worked until nearly morning for a week?"

"Yes, and rough it was, too, working night and day."

"Then think of Lizzie. She has not had a full night's rest since little Jamie came, and now the others add to her anxiety. You expect her to be your companion, to entertain yourself and friends, to dress handsomely, receive gracefully, be an accomplished housekeeper, a model mother, a ready seamstress, and oversee all matters concerning the house. This she does with such help as your income admits of, and our unfortunate, unskilled servants can afford her. No matter how tired night finds her! Mothers know well their most precious hours are those when the children are safely tucked in bed, and the house quiet. This is her golden opportunity to gather up the raveled edges of the domestic work and prepare for the coming morrow.

"You do not think the nurse should be trusted with baby at night, and you do not consider yourself equal to it, simply because you have not taken a proper view of it; for the good Father never gave man children for him to impose the entire care of them on the mother. As I tell Nannie they are *our* children and I must do my part of the labor as well as enjoy my full share of the pleasure.

"Lizzie's slumbers are disturbed, her health injured and her spirits broken. Many a woman goes to her grave a so-called victim of consumption, whose life is worried out of her by ceaseless labor and the slow 'nagging' of a selfish man."

"Don't you put it strong, Capt.? I don't believe men are quite so heartless, although I confess I can see now that my wife has rather a hard life of it; pure thoughtlessness on my part, and Lizzie takes things so quietly."

"No, I don't put it a whit too strong. Look at my white hair and remember that I should have made the same mistake you have done, if it had not been for a good old friend. He came to me one day when I had been married a month or two, and gave me some advice I never could forget.

"'Blunt,' he says—'You have a young and pretty wife, see to it you take care of her; more women die of starved hearts than the world dreams of. Don't let yours—and above all, don't boast and brag about your wife in company, and fret at her at home. When the children come, remember "women are the weaker vessel" and don't put all the care on her frail shoulders; if the babies have to be cared for at night, remember who cares for them all day, and, Blunt, keep up all the little attentions you used to pay her in the old days. If a man wants his wife to look young and fresh he must take care of her.'

"That is about what he said to me, and I have acted on it; Nannie keeps up her part well; the result is we are a happy old couple—and my boys didn't have a step-mother."

"Well, Capt.," said Huntley, "If I am the sinner you say I am, I must beg Lizzie's pardon."

"Right, my boy, and while you are about it, just talk a little less about *women's unnecessary steps.*"

Hon James Huntley has gone to the beach this season with his family; rumor informs us he is extremely devoted to his wife, and Lizzie has rosy cheeks, and smiles once more as she used to.—*Salem Observer.*

A clergyman said to a man burying his fourth wife, "The Lord has indeed afflicted you." The mourner, sobbing, replied, "Yes, yes, He has," and pausing a moment and wiping his nose, he continued: "But I don't think the Lord got much ahead of me, for as fast as he took one I took another."

The Fort Wayne *Sentinel* makes the following cheerful announcement: "A coffin room has been established on Wayne street, in the rear of the *Sentinel* building. Any one feeling like attacking the editor will save his relatives trouble by coming round that way and selecting his box."