

SUNDAY EVENING LECTURES.

One Pina Hall was thronged last Sunday evening by an attentive and intelligent audience...

THE PRESS ON IMPRISONMENT.

We have watched with considerable interest the various comments of the press concerning the incarceration of Miss Anthony...

Now, brethren, we must candidly declare that while your sophistry has the appearance of logic upon its surface, that surface is very thin indeed...

EGOTISM.

Not because we enjoy repeating the encomiums of our brethren—we think they'll bear us witness that we more heartily enjoy picking their fault-finders to pieces...

DECIDEDLY COOL.

A writer in the Woman's Journal, over the signature of Selwyn L. Stellas, a man who is evidently a ward politician and police court barrister...

INTERESTING REMINISCENCE.

Rev. A. F. Waller, the Methodist missionary and principal founder of the Salem University, who departed from this life a short time since with the full measure of his days crowned with deeds of goodness...

OH, WOMAN, HOW MUCH MORE "DARING"!

Oh, woman, how much more "daring" than "brave" you are! You refuse to recognize the superior "laws of the land," and obey instead "the laws of God and nature!"

WANTED—RELIABLE POSTMASTERS

This caption is called forth by the following letter, which we beg the reader to peruse very carefully:

LONG TOM, Oregon, Jan. 2d, 1873. There are several points in the above which require special attention. Ist. The (male) at the Long Tom office who compels the NEW NORTHWEST to lie there, displays a wonderful degree of masculine evasiveness in his determination to dodge his opportunity to give correct information concerning the present post office address of the lady whose name appears in his communication...

EGOTISM.

Not because we enjoy repeating the encomiums of our brethren—we think they'll bear us witness that we more heartily enjoy picking their fault-finders to pieces—but because we would encourage other women, who feel the inherent wish to enlarge their field of labor, and the inherent ability to accomplish much good if they but had the opportunity...

A FLAT DENIAL.

We see by our exchanges that Paulina Wright Davis, whom Mrs. Woodhull cited as authority in confirmation of her attack on Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton, is out with a positive denial of any intimacy with either family...

MARCHING ON.

A lady friend, writing from Salt Lake City, says: There has been one forward step taken by the ladies of Salt Lake, viz: The organization of a class of ladies to become proficient in the study of medicine...

THAT BOY.

The editor of the Laramie Sentinel rejoices in a brand new baby. The way he philosophizes over the "little stranger" while he does the work and "that nurse looks and prognosticates concerning certain signs" is a caution to men of less wit and sagacity...

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. K., Yreka: Very sorry we cannot comply with your request. The story is average, and with some pruning would be quite readable; but if we should undertake to purchase such we'd run entirely out of funds and ruin our struggling enterprise...

WANTED—RELIABLE POSTMASTERS

This caption is called forth by the following letter, which we beg the reader to peruse very carefully:

LONG TOM, Oregon, Jan. 2d, 1873. There are several points in the above which require special attention. Ist. The (male) at the Long Tom office who compels the NEW NORTHWEST to lie there, displays a wonderful degree of masculine evasiveness in his determination to dodge his opportunity to give correct information concerning the present post office address of the lady whose name appears in his communication...

EGOTISM.

Not because we enjoy repeating the encomiums of our brethren—we think they'll bear us witness that we more heartily enjoy picking their fault-finders to pieces—but because we would encourage other women, who feel the inherent wish to enlarge their field of labor, and the inherent ability to accomplish much good if they but had the opportunity...

The Soulless Nature of Monopolies.

Experience has thoroughly demonstrated that nothing but wholesale opposition can ever make private corporations mindfully of the people's interests. Especially is this true of railway companies. Once permit such a company to acquire a monopoly of the carrying trade, and straightway it becomes overbearing, tyrannical and oppressive...

THE WORK OF ONE WOMAN.

Robert Collyer tells the story of an old man living, nine years ago, in Dutchess county, N. Y., who owned a farm of about 300 acres, and had three children—a son and two daughters...

THE WORK OF ONE WOMAN.

There is a strange pain in coming suddenly upon the ruins of one's bygone youth—some lock of golden hair cut when your hair, gentle lady, was golden, which is so white now—some portrait painted when life was young, when the lips had the lovely color of the brow were of the reddest hue...

HOW A SHEWMAN GOT AN OFFICE.

The following conversation between a well-known official and his friend took place recently in front of the St. Louis custom house:

JEALOUSY.

JEALOUSY.—Jealousy is at once the meanest and the most unaccountable of vices. What belongs to us we shall have, inevitably; and what we want and have not, we shall never win by unreason; and if we are unreasoning, we shall not be loved, no matter whether any other takes our place or not...

KEEPING CHILDREN BUSY.

These restless little mortals are quiet only when they are asleep, and often not even then, for in dreams they are playing croquet, or galloping on horseback, or fondling their dolls. They need playthings just as much as they require bread and milk, and shoes and clothes...

THE WORK OF ONE WOMAN.

There is a strange pain in coming suddenly upon the ruins of one's bygone youth—some lock of golden hair cut when your hair, gentle lady, was golden, which is so white now—some portrait painted when life was young, when the lips had the lovely color of the brow were of the reddest hue...

HOW A SHEWMAN GOT AN OFFICE.

The following conversation between a well-known official and his friend took place recently in front of the St. Louis custom house:

JEALOUSY.

JEALOUSY.—Jealousy is at once the meanest and the most unaccountable of vices. What belongs to us we shall have, inevitably; and what we want and have not, we shall never win by unreason; and if we are unreasoning, we shall not be loved, no matter whether any other takes our place or not...

KEEPING CHILDREN BUSY.

These restless little mortals are quiet only when they are asleep, and often not even then, for in dreams they are playing croquet, or galloping on horseback, or fondling their dolls. They need playthings just as much as they require bread and milk, and shoes and clothes...

THE WORK OF ONE WOMAN.

There is a strange pain in coming suddenly upon the ruins of one's bygone youth—some lock of golden hair cut when your hair, gentle lady, was golden, which is so white now—some portrait painted when life was young, when the lips had the lovely color of the brow were of the reddest hue...

HOW A SHEWMAN GOT AN OFFICE.

The following conversation between a well-known official and his friend took place recently in front of the St. Louis custom house:

JEALOUSY.

JEALOUSY.—Jealousy is at once the meanest and the most unaccountable of vices. What belongs to us we shall have, inevitably; and what we want and have not, we shall never win by unreason; and if we are unreasoning, we shall not be loved, no matter whether any other takes our place or not...

KEEPING CHILDREN BUSY.

These restless little mortals are quiet only when they are asleep, and often not even then, for in dreams they are playing croquet, or galloping on horseback, or fondling their dolls. They need playthings just as much as they require bread and milk, and shoes and clothes...

THE WORK OF ONE WOMAN.

There is a strange pain in coming suddenly upon the ruins of one's bygone youth—some lock of golden hair cut when your hair, gentle lady, was golden, which is so white now—some portrait painted when life was young, when the lips had the lovely color of the brow were of the reddest hue...

HOW A SHEWMAN GOT AN OFFICE.

The following conversation between a well-known official and his friend took place recently in front of the St. Louis custom house:

JEALOUSY.

JEALOUSY.—Jealousy is at once the meanest and the most unaccountable of vices. What belongs to us we shall have, inevitably; and what we want and have not, we shall never win by unreason; and if we are unreasoning, we shall not be loved, no matter whether any other takes our place or not...