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[Written for the New Northwest.]

A Lady Teacher.

"My dove! the bridegroom speaks. To whom? Whom, thinkst thou, meaneth her Ray, O my soul! canst thou presume He thus addresses thee?"

Yes, 'tis the bridegroom's voice of love, Calling thee, O my soul, his dove!

My soul, of native power bereft, To Calvary repairs;

Immortal is the rocky cliff, The secret of the stars!

Since placed these by the bridegroom's love, What evil can befall his dove?

My soul, now hid within a rock, (The "Rock of Ages," called), Amid the universal shock,

Leaves me, unappalled, A chert therein, prepared by love, In safety hides the bridegroom's dove.

O thou, who on the bridegroom's heart Didst as a dove come down,

Within my soul thy grace shed, Established there thy throne;

There shed abroad a Savior's love, Thou holy, pure and heavenly dove.

ELLEN DOWD, THE FARMER'S WIFE.

PART SECOND.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1872 by Mrs. A. J. Denwal, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington City.]

CHAPTER VII.

The morning dawned in heavenly beauty. Great sombre clouds hung over the Golden Gate and diffused their dripping fringes in the mists and rigging that adorned the restless, white-capped billows of the bay. They caressed the spires of the many churches and lay solemnly upon adjacent hills.

The mysterious patient of Ellen Dowd had risen from her couch, and stepping through the open window, stood gazing from the balcony upon the lovely scene. Ellen watched her furtively for several moments to satisfy herself that reason had resumed its sway over her long suffering brain, and then, ordering an invalid's breakfast, invited her to her private apartments to partake of it.

"And you didn't forget the poor, slandered, persecuted, sick, but impatient and rebellious grass widow?" Oh, how I hate that term of reproach! I have said many a time that I would rather die than be called by such an epithet. But I couldn't tie, neither could I longer endure my bondage; so I found the epithet fitted me more lightly than the yoke. But how did you happen to find me? I supposed myself securely hidden from all old associations until very recently."

"I have never lost you, madam—at least never in my own imaginations. You have blossomed into just such a woman as I knew you could become the first moment that I met you. No doubt you have had many eligible offers of marriage. I faint would add my name to the list. You may think my wooing very singular. I did not intend to speak to-day, but it is done, and I cannot recall my words. Will you be my wife?"

"Mr. Worth, be seated," was Ellen's calm reply, although her face was crimson and her eyes downcast. Her voice was steady and her manner firm. "I cannot give you an answer now." "My heart answers 'yes,' but prudence and good sense say 'wait.' Let us talk of something else."

The New Northwest

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FREE SPEECH, FREE PRESS, FREE PEOPLE.

A Journal for the People. Devoted to the Interests of Humanity. Independent in Politics and Religion. Alive to all Live Issues, and Thoroughly Radical in Opposing and Exposing the Wrong of the Masses.

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membered having said to her governess, "If I knew that you two were in league against me I would murder you." Hour after hour rolled on, and still she paced the balcony, with the halcyon glory of the gorgeous day wasting its beauties upon her unheeded. The door-bell rang with sharp, sudden, successive peals that startled her. Hastening to the parlor with a fluttering heart, and wondering much at her trepidation, she found herself face to face with a stranger whose handsome eyes gleamed familiarly upon her. He was tall and dark, with beaming kindly eyes, and a singularly melodious utterance.

"Have I the honor of addressing Mrs. D'Arcy Dowd?" extending his hand and looking wonderingly into the eyes of his hostess. "You have guessed my name, sir, but I do not recollect you." Ellen was trembling visibly. She made great exertion to control her nerves, but an unaccountable agitation possessed her. Where had she seen those eloquent eyes? Had they come to her in dreams when the dull realities of life, as she had found it, clothed themselves with the bright, pure habiliments of that which might have been?

"You don't remember me?" queried the stranger, speaking slowly and gazing at the bewildered woman with a mute appeal to her recollection, rendered doubly impressive by his own poorly suppressed agitation. Ellen clasped her hands over her face and stood for a moment in silent reflection. "I had hoped, though why I cannot tell you, that you would recognize me at once. I am sorry to bring up reminiscences which I would to God you could forget forever, but do you remember the foreman of a certain jury, who, in the long ago, dared in the face of almost irresistible circumstantial evidence to add the weight of his humble convictions to the eloquent plea that a certain persecuted little woman made so ably in her own behalf?"

"Mr. Worth, is it possible? I have never met or even heard of you since!" Ellen stopped abruptly. A marriage ceremony that she would have forgotten, with its unpleasant associations as well, passed before her mind in a distinct panorama. "Yes, I remember," said the newly found acquaintance. "Business in the East required my presence immediately after that time, and when I returned to the West I found that you had taken your departure for the setting sun."

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Repelling the advances of her agitated suitor with an imperious wave of her shapely hand, once disfigured by the most unbecoming toil, Ellen proceeded to inform him of the presence of her mysterious governess in the house. Edgar Worth sprang to his feet. "Is my mother here?" he asked excitedly. "She escaped from me at the hotel in less than an hour after the steamer landed. I have had the police on the look out for her ever since she got away. Why, Ellen, she is as mad as a March hare!"

"Is my old governess your mother, Edgar Worth? Will wonders never cease? Tell me all about her, do!"

"Yes," said a voice, "and old Killingsworth, the 'singing, grinning ghoul' you used to talk about, is Edgar Worth's father. I am not mad, my son Edgar. My mind is shaken, I know, and sometimes I say unreasonable things, but if I can make my home with Ellen D'Arcy Dowd, and spend the remainder of my days in atoning for the sorrows that your wretched father caused her, I shall be sane enough. Edgar, because I loved you I permitted that old man, who, being your father, had a legal right to take you from me if I did not do his bidding, to contract with this poor child's grandfather for her hand in marriage and the D'Arcy estate. He said our marriage was false. He threatened me with exposure and disgrace. I never lived with him one hour after he declared that I was not his legal wife; but he threatened to take you from me forever, Edgar, if I should ever hint to Ellen Dowd the relations we

borne to each other. But I found I was his legal wife, and when I would have warned you, Ellen, he sent me to an insane asylum. Oh, I was crazy then! It was no wonder they put manacles upon me. Ha! ha! ha!"

With tender, sympathetic tones and wooing, tender words the lunatic was quieted, and after a time persuaded to retire to her room.

Quiet once more reigned in the house. The gorgeous beauty of the day was gone, and the quiet evening stole over the city while yet these two lingered, living over the mysterious parts of each other's history, unraveling here and there a tangle in their lives' uneven threads.

Edgar's father, a miserly, unattractive mortal, possessed of wealth, had stealthily married his mother when but a child and carried her from her sunny home. Why the strange match was made he did not know. His father had been unsuccessful in speculations. Failing to secure wealth with his first matrimonial alliance, he had denied its validity, and to screen her boy from the blight of illegitimacy, the poor mother had been frightened into silence in regard to the relation that had existed between them, even while her husband was making overtures of marriage with a weak old man who fancied that he was protecting the grandchild whom he was destroying by pledging her hand and body to endure a galling, hated yoke.

(To be continued.)

CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

BY MARY GOODSELL.

There are always those ready to write the history of great men and women; those standing expectant, waiting to chronicle their great deeds and clothe them with undying fame. Such women as Joan of Arc and Charlotte Corday, women who have departed from their usual position and seem to be of different natures from their sisters generally, are more eagerly taken as the theme of the historian. Invoking the aid of Clio, his muse, and soaring with her through the realms of fancy, forgetting, meanwhile, the realities of life, he is filled with enthusiasm, with admiration; he rejoices to record their mighty deeds, their heroic actions. And, the soft glances of romance over all, he places them upon the pedestal of fame, as heroes, as models, as almost more than mortal. We find this tendency to hero worship developing itself especially in this age. We also find a tendency to elevate this nearly unnatural character, to the depreciation of true unobtrusive greatness which seeks no high-sounding titles and great notoriety. True greatness need not exert itself to be known. Its influence is felt naturally as the genial influence of the sun. A woman whose life is spent in trying to benefit others, whose motives are pure and unselfish, need not fear lack of appreciation. She will be loved and honored by her family, her friends, by all who know her, if she is not known to the world at large. Among the many such women who have lived we find Charlotte Bronte, one who is known to many, but perhaps not so widely as some less deserving of honor. She is perhaps best known as the author of "Jane Eyre," this being her most celebrated work. The history of this woman's life, her writings, and especially her character, are interesting because of her hardships and sufferings, her peculiar temperament, the cultivation of her intellectual powers in the face of so many difficulties, and her wonderful genius. Her home was in the northern part of England; it was known as Haworth Parsonage, situated in the little village of Haworth. Left motherless at an early age, and her father not allowing her to associate with the village children, her life was very lonely; and it was a life tending to cultivate a thoughtful disposition. Her father was a minister, and is described as having been very eccentric. He subjected his children to a severe course of discipline which told upon their character as well as their health in after life. Of her life at school and difficulties in gaining an education we will say but little, as time will not permit a lengthy detail. Her school life was attended with much suffering, as the schools were in unhealthy situations, and not well regulated. She attempted teaching, but on account of poor health, failed. Still, in spite of all these difficulties, she succeeded, by studying and diligently applying all of her time, in gaining a good education. When she was not at school, she remained at home cheering her father, attending to her home duties, and devoting her leisure hours to study and writing, though longing for better opportunities of developing her mind, yet never repining or complaining of her hard lot. She reminds one of some sweet flower, seeming strangely out of place among the bleak, barren hills of Haworth, yet cheering all by its beauty and fragrance.

Although she had written both poetry and prose from an early age, on almost every variety of subjects, and with marks of considerable genius, she did not succeed well in any of her writings until the publication of "Jane Eyre." In the publication of this work in 1847 she more than realized her fondest hopes. It was reviewed in the most celebrated literary magazines of Eng-

land, and spoken of and praised by all. It was read with equal interest by the educated and uneducated as well. It was some time before the author was discovered, as heretofore she had written under an assumed name. Great was the astonishment of the literary world when the author was found to be an obscure country girl, whose name was known to but few. This book fully deserves the fame it received; for, beside the story being one of intense interest, there is an undercurrent of philosophical thought all the way through, giving the most profound views on subjects of the greatest interest. The story is that of a little orphan girl going through life nearly alone; struggling for truth and right, and the highest attainment of all, a beautiful, perfect character.

In her heroine, "Jane Eyre," we find, as it were, a mirror of herself, clear and truthful. Here are pictured her own thoughts, feelings and purposes; her struggle for knowledge; her experience and sufferings at school. From this book we may judge better of the character of the author than we could from volumes of history of her life. First in the character of the orphan, her own strong love for the beautiful, the weird, the romantic; her hungering for human love, especially a mother's. Her genius also appears in early life, just as she represents in "Jane Eyre," in relating stories to her school-mates; such ghastly, weird, marvelous stories, that her listeners sit scarce daring to breathe. Right here we may see what an influence one's surroundings in early life may have upon their character. Her home was in a desolate place, within or near an old churchyard. Her window overlooked the old church with its gloomy surroundings; its mouldering slabs of marble; the old moss-covered monuments, partly fallen away; then away in the back-ground the bleak moors, and high, barren hills. Imagine the white moonlight playing over such a scene, throwing its distorted shadows around over the graves, and the old monuments standing out like great, white spears. What wonder, being accustomed to such scenes as this, that her mind should have been filled with strange, wild fancies manifesting themselves in her writings in after years. In this book she expresses her religious views so simply and clearly, yet with such depth of wisdom and extent of views, as to contrast strongly with the narrow-minded fanaticism, which she portrays well in her "St. John Rivers." It seems strange that, with all her clearness of perception and strong faith in religion, she should have always felt a lack of assurance and even doubted at times as to whether she was a Christian. There is no strong mind, however, but that hesitates and examines before accepting great truths. As Tenney says of one of our

"Perpetual in faith, but pure in deeds, At last, he beat his music out. There lives more faith in honest doubt, Believe me, than in half the creeds."

There is an undertone of melancholy underlying all her pure, sweet nature; manifesting itself throughout all of her writings, softening the most brilliant passages; felt through all like some, making a minor chord in music, making the whole more beautiful. She has been accused by some for a tendency to what is known as modern Spiritualism; but any one carefully reading her writings, will find this to be false. This misapprehension only rises from her superior refinement of mind, her clearness in defining sensations and power of expressing nice distinctions, fine shades of thought, which so few possess. This is shown well in a passage where she speaks of a calm evening, and where some sudden noise breaks in upon the silence. She says: "A sudden noise broke in on the fine ripplings and whispers that on so far away, and yet so clear; which effaced the soft wave wanderings, as in a picture, the solid mass of a crag or the rough hole of a great oak, drawn in colors dark and strong, on the fore-ground, efface the aerial distance, the acute hills, sunny horizon and soft clouds where tint melts into tint."

Her skill in reading and portraying characters is equal to that of Shakespeare. There is nothing unnatural in the story as one often finds in Dickens and Thackeray, no incongruities, but harmonious throughout. This is a book designed to accomplish good in the world. None can read it without experiencing a feeling of moral elevation, of desire for purity and strength such as she pictures in her heroine. It is, as some one says, "A book that sets hearts beating pure as well as fast." About the time of the publication of this book the author was called to pass through severe trials; the disgrace of her only brother and the death of her two sisters transpiring within the same year. For a while she was almost overcome by these troubles so cruel, so unexpected. But seeing her father's grief, she restrained when in his presence trying to comfort him, the night and darkness only witnessing her sorrows. It seems sad that just when her joy at the success of her work might have been so great, it should have been marred by so great sorrow. But thus it is with us all, in the midst of light cometh darkness. Just as in a calm summer day, we hear the roar of the distant thunder, and see the cloud increase that at first was no larger than a man's hand; then comes

the storm in all its fury; just so unexpectedly comes sorrow. In 1849, at the earnest request of her friends, she visited London. There she was received into the highest society everywhere, was introduced to all the great authors of the day, and acknowledged as one of the brightest of the many literary stars.

She is described as having been very quiet and retiring in her manners, though when drawn into conversation, evincing remarkable conversational powers. She was small, almost child-like in appearance. Her features were irregular, but accompanied by sweetness of expression as to compensate for all lack of beauty. There was always a pensive sadness about her mouth and eyes, which lent a superior charm to her face. The whole face was expressive of intellect and the purity of the soul within.

She appears to have been entirely unaffected by the honors so lavishly bestowed upon her during her visit to London, and returned home the same dutiful daughter as before, loving her home and its duties. In this again she shows her superior qualities of mind; having so much clearer apprehension of duty, looking so far above all motives seen by the world at large, as to be entirely unaffected. After her return from London, she still continued writing, and her productions were always well received by the public.

In 1855 she married a curate of her father's parish, and had lived with him but a few short, happy months, when her bright young life was ended—that life so short yet so full of good works, that it seemed a long one. She lived so earnestly, labored so faithfully, that she accomplished more than many do in their three-score years and ten. But now ere her life seemed scarce yet begun, it was ended.

So passed away the hope of the literary world and the pride of her native village. Now "All was ended, the hope, the tear, and the sorrow. All the beating of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing."

Then all the longings for goodness and truth are satisfied, all the ideals of beauty and perfection realized. As the morning mists roll away before the rising sun, so all doubts and troubles vanish before the glorious light of the great All Father. She had sounded the shallow of time, and found them to be as nothing compared with one wave that breaks upon the shore of the great ocean of eternity. Gladly would we trace her course in that land of light and joy. Gladly would we know her thought as her eyes first opened on these scenes of wondrous beauty. But why seek to read these veiled mysteries, for, as Mrs. Browning somewhere says:

"Death quiet unfollows us, Sets dreadful order between the live and dead, And makes us part as those at Babel did, Through sudden ignorance of a common tongue."

With these eyes, can we see so far, that that lone grave in the old green churchyard at Haworth, over which the bleak winds sweep and the white moonlight plays just as they did before. But we may derive benefit from this example of a beautiful life. We never see a beautiful character without admiring it; and what we admire we instinctively imitate. Thus we see that we may derive benefit from all great lives. Then let us read our lesson taught by this. Let women know that they can be intellectual, be wise, attain a perfect character, and if they have no higher motive, gain fame without despising home and its duties. Let them know that woman's greatest exaltation is not in changing, but in elevating and purifying her nature and becoming as truly womanly as possible. And then there is another lesson that we may learn. Do not be discouraged by difficulties through life, difficulties in any undertaking, in gaining knowledge that many have experienced and succeeded perhaps the better for having. Let us not be overcome by troubles and sorrows but go on hopefully as she did, recognizing in all a higher power, a Divine Providence. Though we know not their import, still let us trust.

"Let us be patient, these severe afflictions, From the great, the good, the true, and true, But of times dark disguise."

"We see but dimly through the mists and vapors. Amid these earthly damps: What seem to us but funereal tapers May be heaven's distant lamps."

ONE WIFE QUITE ENOUGH.—We clip the following from a California letter to an Eastern Journal: An incident of crossing the plains in the early days was told by a clever lady at the breakfast table one morning in "Frisco." A Dutchman and his wife had traveled West and arrived at Salt Lake, where they halted for a few weeks. The Mormon got around the old Dutchman and coaxed him to their ranks. After residing one night in their canvas-covered wagon bed, the good Dutchman broke the matter to his better half, hinting to her that the Mormons told him he had better "stay, settle among dem, and take some more wives." "How many wives you think you wants?" asked Katrina. The Dutchman thought "five more would make a half dozen already," whereupon the old wife got her pawns boddie, and slipping from it what the Dutchman called the "prest-board, wich was made of Wisconsin hickory, was very tough," and she laid the hickory beam and fast on the old man, who, shuffling out of the wagon, fell in a ditch. The old man got up, said his "stomach was very cold, but his back it was warm." His wife cried out, "how many wives you think you wants now she fool?" But the Dutchman felt and expressed that one was enough.

Labor and Capital. I have been watching some stone-cutters at work next door. The boss is absent. Three men have been at work all the morning splitting off a mass of granite. It is very plain that if one of the men had taken the separation of that mass of granite by contract, he would have earned a goodly sum of money. But these ingenious creatures have already given three hours to it, and it is pretty clear that they intend to make half a day of it. I don't know what the workmen themselves receive per day, but the occupant of the premises has to pay five dollars per day for each of these skilled laborers. So the cracking off of that piece of granite costs him seven dollars and half. I would make a wager of five to one that either of the three men could do it in twenty minutes. I am not writing the paragraph to complain of the lack of work, but to remark that the system of work by the day. It is utterly demoralizing. It is bad altogether.

Last summer I resolved upon two small sub-cellars under my own house. They were excavated by hand, and situated in a very favorable position. The first was excavated under the management of a boss, who charged me by the day for his men. His bill was \$39 50. Falling upon an unemployed workman, I asked him to dig out the other cellar for a definite sum. He suggested \$50, but we finally fixed on \$8. Patrick tried hard to finish the job in one day, but he failed and had to work two hours next morning to finish it.

Nine-tenths of the troubles between labor and capital would disappear at once if you would labor could get at the workmen directly, and not meet everywhere a boss who so manages that the laborer shall perform but half a day's labor, while we are required to pay in many cases at least three times as much for the work performed as we should have to pay if we could make our contract with the workmen themselves, who in their turn would often double their wages, and, in doing so, even more precious to them, preserve their sense of manliness.

My own experience with plumbers and steam-piping would prove a still stronger argument in favor of the idea I am urging.—*Die Lewis in Today.*

Miss Anthony's Sentence. We apprehend the sentence in this case brought disappointment to Miss Anthony, if to no one else. "The judgment of the Court is that she be fined one hundred dollars and the costs of the prosecution, and then, as if impressed by the conviction that the prisoner was but a helpless, unprotected woman," in the grasp of masculine law, the Judge added, figuratively to all the weaker sex, suffragists included—"There is no order that you stand committed to the fine is paid." The interpretation of that little bill need not trouble you, Miss Anthony. Of course we would not let a man off so easily, but seeing you are a woman, etc., etc. And all this when she asked no clemency of the court and demanding the rigor of the law as her right as an American citizen. The recognition would have been gratifying even if conveyed in a sentence to prison, certainly more palatable than this dismissal like a wilful naughty child who is given one more chance for reformation without the rod. But Miss Anthony, mind you, does not promise "never to do so again," nor declare her sorrow and purpose of amendment. She is not coming back from Canada with thoughts of entering a Protestant Sisterhood, or of offering her services to the Foreign Missionary Board, nor even of healing the wounds of political martyrdom in "feminine pursuits and womanly cares." It is not in the least, if ever, war that will give in something besides a gentlemanly obedience and polite dismissal. We are not informed where the next Suffragist "conviction" will hold forth, but we shall all know when the trumpet call is sounded, and greater than ever will be the gathering of women to the standard which has only gained recruits by this prolonged trial.

Judge Seiden has earned a happy fame in conducting the defense, and Miss Anthony may reasonably rejoice in the lustre his forensic eloquence has given her cause.—*Rockier Express.*

Turned-up Noses. Mrs. A. turns up her nose at something Mrs. B. does or has done, and Mrs. B. lives to see the day when she turns up her nose at the same conduct in Mrs. A., forgetting the record of her own history.

Thus is the air continually more or less filled with inconsistent turned-up noses, when really there is no occasion for one to think himself or herself better than another.

Truth reveals that mortals are all erring, and one time or another every one is guilty of that which memory would rather blot from the record.

It sounds well for people to aver in lofty style that they never did anything of which to be ashamed. There is not, and probably never was, a person so perfect that to a greater or less degree he or she has never done wrong, willfully or ignorantly. In either case a blush of shame is but a slight token that the spirit has realized higher and better things, and has risen above the possibility of committing the same error again.

Women are at a decided disadvantage in regard to shortcomings. But naturally no better than men, they are expected to be angels. If by any chance there is occasionally found a woman whose wings have been soiled by the sordid or other evil influences so ripe in this world of men, she is instantly and forever branded.

Faults which are excused in men become crimes when committed by women, for when the supreme court of society finds them guilty and deserving of banishment for life.

To crave the license which society gives to men will not mend matters at all, but if women would look with a little more complacency upon all grades of her own sex, the yoke of injustice would not wound quite so deep or frequently as now.—*Elm Orlow.*

The Shah is so dainty in his diet that nothing but gold fish and silver eels are good enough for him.

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How Alum is Obtained.

In some portions of Europe alum stone, a grayish colored mineral, is found in large quantities, from which the best alum of commerce is produced. It is a stone which is obtained from quarries by blasting, and, when exposed for a short time to a moist atmosphere, becomes friable and eventually crumbles to pieces.

The first process in the manufacture of this variety of alum is the erection of parallel piles of these stones, arranged in regularly formed layers, on each side of which, and in close proximity, channels are excavated and filled with water. A gentle heat is then applied, and the water sprinkled over the heaps at frequent intervals. By this treatment the stones are gradually converted into a pulvverize, but the moistening is continued for several weeks, as it facilitates the separation of their constituent elements. When completely pulverized, the powder is thoroughly washed in vessels especially prepared for this purpose. This process causes a subsidence of earthy ingredients, and an evaporation of all volatile foreign substances. The liquid is then withdrawn into smaller vessels, and allowed to remain undisturbed until the alum appears in the form of crystals, which is usually the case in the course of a few days. This is termed Roman alum, and is regarded as the most valuable variety in the market, because possessing fewer impurities than any other. It can be readily recognized by the album that seen on the surface, which is imparted to it by the presence of minute particles of the sulphate of iron.

Another variety of alum is manufactured from alum slate, a species of sandstone containing in large quantities of clay, which is extensively disseminated throughout different portions of the United States and Canada. In its preparation, the slates, like the alum rocks, are arranged in regularly formed masses and subjected to a certain amount of heat and moisture. At Whibby, where the most extensive manufacturing of Europe are located, these masses are often cut into blocks of one hundred feet square. Owing to the composition of these slates, twelve months, and often more, are required for the burning process. After an artificial fire has been continued for several weeks, no additional fuel is necessary, as the chemical changes in the ingredients will furnish sufficient material for combustion, and the alum is thoroughly pulverized in this process the powder is placed in large vessels of water, where the soluble salts they contain are washed out, after which the liquor is boiled, and, for the purpose of maintaining all impurities, condensed by the agency of heat into a powerful solution of copperas and the sulphate of ammonia or basic alum. This liquor, thus condensed, is then poured into wooden tanks, where the iron is chemically separated and a suitable alkali added (the basic alum not possessing the quality of crystallization), which causes the formation of crystals on the sides of the tanks. These are again dissolved, and the solution placed in casks, around the sides of which, in a short time, the alum crystals are re-formed and, as they become free from moisture, they are ready for market. It is estimated that 614 tons of alum slate are required to one ton of alum.—*N. Y. Mercantile Journal.*

Unaired Chambers.

The following sensible advice is given us by a correspondent in the Country Gentleman: "I pass some houses in every town whose windows might as well be sealed in with the walls for any purpose they have but to let in the air. They are never opened, summer or winter. In winter it is too cold; in summer the flies stray in, or, if they are netted, the dust sifts through the nets. Now, I can tell a person who is ignorant of having seen them when I pass him in the street—there is such a smell about his clothing. I always wish for a sniff of cologne, or heart-salve, or burnt feathers, or something of the sort, to 'take the smell' out of a house that is never aired. We are no nook and corner filled with stale odors of cooked meats, boiled vegetables, especially cabbage and onions, which, as the weeks go by, literally reek in their hiding places."

"Who has not wished sometimes to hang a new servant's clothing out of doors some frosty day, when it should be thoroughly aired? But I have seen the fine ladies come sweeping into church with their velvets and silks, when said velvets and silks gave unmistakable evidence of having been housed in just such shut-up chambers. Oh, what a tale that order of pork and cabbage tells about the lady's style of house-keeping! The very garments of the children tell the same story of uncleanness. It is bad to have unwashed clothes, but there may be an excuse for it. But what excuse can there be for unaired ones, when air is so cheap and free? There is death in such unclean chambers. Better a swarm of flies or a cloud of dust, better frost and snow in a room, than these intolerable smells. Dear girls, the first thing in the morning, when you are ready to go down stairs, throw open your windows, take apart the clothing of your beds, and let the air blow through it as hard as it will. There is health and wealth in such a policy. It helps to keep away the doctors with long bills. It helps to make your eyes sparkle and to make your cheeks glow, and to make others love your presence. Girls who live in close, shut-up rooms, can only be tolerated at the best in any circle."

RECIPE FOR MAKING A FASHIONABLE WOMAN.—Take one hundred and one pounds of flesh and bones, bore holes in the ends, cut off the small ends, bend the back to conform to the Gore head, as the taste inclines, then add three yards of linen, a hundred yards of ruffles, seventy-five yards of edging, eighteen of dimity, one pair of silk or cotton hose, six yards of floral embroidery, one pair of balmoral boots with heels two inches high, four pounds of whalebone in strips, two hundred and sixty yards of steel wire, half a mile of tapes, two pounds of cotton or wire hem-sphere, fifty yards of silk and other dress goods, one hundred yards of point lace, four hundred yards of fringe and other trimmings, twelve gross of buttons, one box of peach powder, one ounce of carmine, one bushel of hair, frizzled and fretted, one quart of hair pins, one pound of braid, one lace handkerchief, six yards of blue and white muslin, and let Pygmalion admire his handiwork.