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MADGE MILLER.

Madge Miller, on a summer day, Walked, as usual, her pleasant way. Her dress was tidy, her apron white; Her face was sweet as the morning light.

The Astorian

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mountain, with four bold peaks, stands in the distance like a watchful sentinel, guarding the loveliness at his feet.

Between the river and the hills in the background stretch the wild meadows of this section, still covered with a rank luxuriance of tall grass, which is now exchanging its green for the more sober russet tint of autumn.

The winding river is shut out from view by a miniature headland that juts out abruptly and is faithfully reflected in the glassy surface. Below, to the left, we see the peninsula upon which the seaport of Oregon is built; back of us stands the forest, looking much the same probably as it did when Lewis and Clarke cut from it the materials for the rude cabins they built here sixty-eight years ago.

Now, if the editor of the NEW NORTHWEST or any of its readers can find my guide and my "Lookout Mountain" when they visit Clatsop, they may enjoy just such a treat as I did. After bidding good-bye to the kind friends who have conferred so much pleasure upon me, we will retrace our steps through the forest path, to the banks of the "River of the Pioneers."

On we go, winding along the hill-side as before, until we come down to the sandhills that announce Clatsop Plains. Then a walk of a mile across the sand ridges—some grassy and attractive, and some bleak and barren—suddenly, on reaching the top of a forbidding desolate-looking one, highest of all, old ocean, in all its majesty, rolls its surf at our feet.

have been made what they are by the lecturer or his brother men. Not long ago, I noticed that in our Board of Health a motion was made to remove from the City Hospital all women with venereal diseases to the social evil hospital.

Second: I propose that in every town, the woman who believes in Woman Suffrage shall make it a religious duty to visit every man in their town who is a political sinner against women, with such appropriate fidelity as the women of the Church use to convert the sinners of their parish.

The Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association will furnish tracts containing the able arguments of George F. Hoar, George William Curtis, Marvin F. Eastman, Henry Ward Beecher, John Stuart Mill, and Samuel E. Sewall, in favor of the political equality of women.

But before closing this letter I want to say that the Bible teaches us that if there be any crime or sin which God punishes more than another, it is prostitution. During that time, you know, a life can hope for happiness here or hereafter; no such man can be happy in his family.

The following from the Woman's Journal in reference to the St. Louis social evil ordinance, will be of interest to our readers. The Rev. Mr. Elliot alluded to is father to the Rev. T. L. Elliot, of this city. Both father and son are famous for good words and works.

or out of it, as circumstances render advisable, to secure the nomination of such men to the Legislature, as are known to be friends of Woman Suffrage, and who are sufficiently courageous and conscientious to maintain their opinions.

I shall therefore undertake this work in my own neighborhood, and I give my hand in pledge to every other, near or remote, who will co-operate with me in this long and arduous warfare, by helping it to be just.

Woman's Influence in the State. "We need woman's moral influence in government, to aid in the suppression of vice and intemperance," said the good and reflective Bishop Simpson recently, at a Methodist Conference.

A full quarter of a century has elapsed since the discussion for Woman's Rights here in St. Louis, and we have held meetings and Conventions innumerable. We have appealed to the pulpit and to the press. We have over and over petitioned the Legislature of our State, and we have urged our claim in every Convention for the amendment of State Constitutions which has been held, for the last thirty years.

A New Method. There's how nice and cozy this is. I'll sell the beans, while you pare the apples. Let you take this big apron, please. Thank you. What I was going to ask you is, why is there so much said about woman's work? Why don't we read and hear essays and speeches about man's work?

and strength of body and mind. "But do you think this thing will justify itself?" There are so many prejudices in regard to woman's position in society.

Why, bless you, these prejudices are mostly myths. There are no formidable ones existing, except in the imagination. For instance, Dolly Ward awhile ago professed that she wanted to engage in a certain work which is generally monopolized by men, though just as appropriate for women, and she could have had the chance, too, as I knew. But she cried, "Prejudice!"

But, sister Hope, what are we to do? We are written at, and talked at, and when we have to feel that we are not science wrought up to the point of doing something tremendous, we just look at our husbands and children and household, which we do all alone, and say, "What greater work can you do?"

I have become firmly convinced that the much talked of "woman of the period" possesses one great virtue for which she is never given a word of credit; that is—patience. Why, just think of it! Doesn't she carry almost as much on her frail body as a man's enduring camel can carry on his back? Doesn't she erump and curl and scorch her own hair almost to death, and then twist it up in a sacred coil of just a triflingly diminutive waist at the top of her head, and cover that part of her body with twice as much as nature intended it should carry, in the shape of false curls, ribbons, and other ornaments, the heads of a dozen or more different women?

Woman's Work. There's how nice and cozy this is. I'll sell the beans, while you pare the apples. Let you take this big apron, please. Thank you. What I was going to ask you is, why is there so much said about woman's work? Why don't we read and hear essays and speeches about man's work?

of the patchwork quilt. In shewn of silver splendor, With glittering threads of gold, I've seen stars and long narrow bands that hung in halts of old.

It has no golden value, The simple patchwork spread; Its squares in homely fashion Set in with green and red; But in those faded pieces For me are shining gems.

A Protest Against Taxation. The California women are waking up to the injustice of "taxation without representation." The following notice appears in the San Jose newspapers:

First—That on this day, when the residents of this county are selecting their rulers, who are to govern, "by consent of the governed," we women, though obliged to conform to the laws by those officers who to-day are to be elected, made and executed, are not permitted to select our rulers.

Prescription of Race.—At Poughkeepsie, N. Y., two colored girls appeared on Monday morning at the white schools, asking admission. They were referred by the principal, a woman, to the school which was designed exclusively for colored children, but they refused to go and remained where they were till noon.

Rolling Passion.—There are persons now living in Bennington, who remember old Billy B., of whom it might be said, he furnished an example of the "rolling passion strong in death." When very ill, and friends were expecting an early demise, his nephew, a man, hired for the occasion, had butchered a steer which had been fattened, and when the job was completed the nephew entered the sick room where a few of his friends were assembled, when to the astonishment of all, the old man opened his eyes, and turning his head slightly, said in a full voice, drawing out the words: "What have you been doing?"

Queen Victoria's place at Osborne is her private property, purchased by her and the Prince Consort some thirty years ago. It contains about 5,000 acres of wood and park land, and the drives through the parks are the most charming. It is very rarely shown to the public. Her Majesty and family while in Osborne attend service every Sunday morning at Whipplingham Church, an ugly little chapel built in the palace park by Queen and Prince Albert. The royal pew, a large square inclosure, is plainly furnished with a row of stiff chairs upholstered with blue velvet. Her Majesty's seat differs from none of the others, but is placed immediately under a fine mural tablet to Prince Albert, erected in memory of the best of husbands, "by his broken-hearted widow, Queen Victoria."

Independent in Politics and Religion. Alive to all Live Issues, and Thoroughly Radical in Opposing and Exposing the Wrong of the Masses.

Correspondents writing over assumed signatures must make known their names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

THE PATCHWORK QUILT.

In shewn of silver splendor, With glittering threads of gold, I've seen stars and long narrow bands that hung in halts of old. And have hands wrought the lily, Stepped through the courtly dance.

A Protest Against Taxation.

The California women are waking up to the injustice of "taxation without representation." The following notice appears in the San Jose newspapers:

PROTEST.

We, the undersigned women, residents of San Jose, Santa Clara county, California, one of twenty, the others of nine years' residence, do protest as follows:

First—That on this day, when the residents of this county are selecting their rulers, who are to govern, "by consent of the governed," we women, though obliged to conform to the laws by those officers who to-day are to be elected, made and executed, are not permitted to select our rulers.

Second—That one is a widow, and one of the largest property holders in this city, that she is taxed for all her property for the support of a Government in which she is not represented.

Third—That having been refused permission to place our names on the Register, we are obliged to come to the polls to test the principles of our Government without having conformed to the Registry Act.

Therefore, wishing to vote the Republican ticket, and firmly believing we possess the inherent right to do so, we have come to the polls to protest that we are not permitted to select the officers of the Government under which we live.

S. L. WATKINS, L. J. KNOX, W. E. HUTCHINSON, S. J. HALL, M. H. MCKEE, L. M. JAMES, MARY H. HERRMANN, R. MONTGOMERY, H. MILLER, SARAH A. DAMON. SAN JOSE, Sept. 3, 1873.

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