The New Northwest.

FRIDAY.....OCTOBER 31, 1873.

REPUBLICANS, ATTENTION!

If your wives and mothers had had a vote in the late Congressional contest your candidate would have been elected. Defeat after defeat will overtake you until you shall be compelled to arouse from your present lethargy and say in self-defense, "Our people shall be free." You can see how badly your enemies fear the work of women in politics. They treat her just as they treated Fred Douglass and other wise colored men in their days of vassalage. Though they accuse her of having a "black skin, woolly head, thick skin and long heels," they heap upon every woman, whose character is above reproach, every vile, filthy and prurient epithet with which their filthy minds is gorged if she but dares to demand her freedom. But you Republicans are direlict in duty. You made promises, by which you, as a party, regained your present Administrational favors, and repudiated them when you got the offices. You deserve defeat and disaster and you will meet your deserts until you set your trammeled allies free. Now, be admonished by the defeats that have overtaken you, we pray. And remember, if you do not turn right speedily from your present apathy in this regard, woman, as an avenging Nemesis, will say of you, in a shrill small voice that will hurl you from your fat positions forever, "Ye knew your duty, yet didi it not!"

If Fate had not decreed that the dead Democracy should rise no more, we could look to that party to grasp the oar that could speedily propel their floundering boat. But no power in heaven or earth can open the blind eyes and unstop the deaf ears of this sleeping dotard; and unless *you*, O, Republicans, shall speedily do justice to the Constitution, to justice, to freedom and honor, your ship will sink forever and a new party will arise, with woman's star in the ascendant, and its reign shall be glorious.

CHIVALRY.

We learn by the daily papers that Bud Thompson, a disreputable bully who figures somewhat noisily in obscene journalism, visited Forest Grove on last Sunday, in company with M. V. Brown, a fellow bully, and Matt. Bledsoe, a pardoned Penitentiary convict. This Bledsoe was pardoned because he was needed by His Excellency, the Governor, to vote and work for the election of his associates among Federal ex-officials who for a fear that they might commit "bigamy" by voting for respectable Republicans, turned to be Democrats and took the *Oregonian* along with them. Thompson, Brown, Bledsoe, and another hoodlum named W. H. Trotter, met by previous arrangement in Forest Grove, and while there, these four chivalric *bloods* pounced upon Frank Myers, former editor of the *Independent*, and beat him in a cowardly and brutal manner, quite characteristic of the rabble to which they belong.

It appears that Bud Thompson had rented rooms for a brace or two of courtesans in Salem during State Fair week, and somebody wrote to Myers, informing him of the fact, which he published.

It would have been easy to disprove the charge, if false, as the hotel register will show the facts, but it seems the high toned *chis* did not dare attempt it; so, to appease their honor (?) this hoodlum quartette sought out the boy that they did not dare to meet where he could have prospect for fair play, and attempted to avenge their soiled reputation by the last and only argument of men of their ilk. The *Bulletin*, we are pleased to say, speaks of the cowardly assault in the most manly and condemning terms; but the *Oregonian*, since it has become the champion for men of Matt Bledsoe's standing and association, commends the brutal villians in its strongest language and most exultant style.

We are no apologist for Myers. He is simply a reckless journalst, whose style of pitching into everything and everybody is far from commendable, but as two wrongs never make one right, we are surprised to see even the *Oregonian* leveling itself to the plane of these would-be Southern bloods who think that aspersions upon their reputation can be atoned for or revenged with shillalas.

We have risen above every idea of corporal punishment for personal indignities except one; and we confess that we have been sometimes tempted to consider that: If a man, intrenched behind the privileges of the law which he makes, but in which women are allowed no voice, so far forgets his superior advantage as to slander a woman as Thompson, Brown and Buys so often slander us, we are not sure but she is justified in chastising the scoundrel with the rod or whip; but among men where equality of position and privileges exists, none but a coward, a ruffian or a bully will attempt the physical argument as an antidote for his sullied reputation.

BUSINESS LIKE.

Our staunch Human Rights friends, J. R. Walker and wife, at Forest Grove, are putting their theories into practice in a very sensible way. They have gone into partnership in the mercantile business with a fair prospect of success. There is one undeniable advantage in matrimonial copartnerships which the strongest man's rights advocate must acknowledge, and that is that if the husband or wife defrauds the firm, it is all in the family, anyway. Our young friends, knowing this, are confident that they will loose nothing by the dishonesty of partners. Mrs. W. is a neat and tasty milliner, and this accomplishment will add much to her success as a merchant.

A MOURNFUL STORY.

In looking through a formidable pile of exchanges which somehow will accumulate in the office during our journeys, until it becomes a Herculean task to look over them all and an impossibility to avoid overlooking some of the best items, we found an August number of the *Daily News* containing the following paragraph, which at once arrested our attention:

A DEGRADED WOMAN—A STRICKEN FAMILY.

Another case of the damning effect of drinking has come to light through the highway of the Police Court. The unfortunate creature, and mother of a family, is named Smoulden. Once this family lived in happy relations, and assembled round a pleasant hearth, never dreaming of the dark and miserable future awaiting their coming. At last the mother began using intoxicating drinks, and slowly, yet surely, the demon fastened his grasp upon her. Finally affairs were neglected, and wrangling and quarreling commenced. Slowly she descended the steps of degradation, until she has reached its lowest level. Her husband has left her and the family and gone into the country, where he is doing tolerably well. Last night she was found in a beastly state of intoxication, and carried to the City Prison for almost the hundredth time. A short time after she had been lodged in jail, the family of little children came in search of her. The oldest girl is about ten or eleven years of age, who carried a small child in her arms, and led another by her side. What a sad, sad sight. There, upon the prison floor, lay an unnatural mother, totally unconscious of her little children, so near to her, crying for bread. The sight was heartrending. The little child told her mournful story, as tears of suffering chased each other down her face. She said they had nothing to eat at home, and mother did not care for them. Policeman Brannan, touched by their childish grief, took them to a hotel, where he gave them supper, a bed and breakfast. To-day they were wandering around the jail, waiting for the law to punish this woman, whose life alone is not the only degraded and miserable sacrifice, but the life and happiness of her unfortunate little children. Such a creature is not worthy the name of woman or mother, and should be refused the care of the little ones.

As we read, our soul was stirred within us. Great Heaven! can these things be? And is *this* a Christian community? For what purpose do our many church spires point heavenward and our many church bells ring their loud acclaim of peace on earth and good will to men? While it is just cause for womanly congratulation that so few women, as compared to men, are ruined by the insidious worm of the still, yet we all see that so long as the conditions shall exist by which drunkards can be manufactured, just so long will many men and some women fall a prey to its depredations. As we write another vision, contemporary with the one of which the *News* told so feelingly, rises before our memory. The mother of a family of little ones, one an infant of three weeks, was uttering fearful screams. A policeman hastened to the spot, and bursting open the door, found the miserable wife and mother lying prone upon the floor, remaining for some minutes speechless. She pointed to a chamber door, which was barred, and bursting this open, the policeman found her drunken and besotted *protector*, "the law maker, guardian and head," (*a la* Fowler) half stripped of his clothing, and cursing fearfully. He was arrested, but refused to enrobe himself; so was escorted to the jail just as he was. As soon as the wife recovered sufficiently to be able to speak, she said that her husband had come in intoxicated as usual, and, after preparing himself for bed, deliberately *kicked her in the back*, all weak and helpless as she was, until he had rendered her fainting and speechless. It was the same old story, too. The man had been a good husband and they had been happy until "by using intoxicating liquors, slowly, but surely, the demon fastened his grasp upon" him. Yet the Government, this righteous, Christian Government, *licences protects*, and *regulates* the traffic in whisky, because the revenue from this source is immense. This man-made Government protects weak women, whose appetite for intoxication was doubtless inherited from a drunken father, whose wife, being in "legal subjection," could not avoid the curse—yes, *protects* them by permitting them opportunity for temptation; or worse yet, by opening sinks of legally protected and duly authorized iniquity, where these self-same protectors (?) may become intoxicated, and, going home to their helpless and unresisting wards, prostrate them in a speechless condition on the floo rby repeated *kicks in the back*. But our story is not yet all told. The masculine protector who was guilty of the above outrage was taken to the lock-up, and the next morning fined fifty dollars, the last cent belonging to the wife being taken to pay the fine and replenish the coffers of the man-made city treasury.

The husband of the erring woman "left her and the family" and "went into the country, where he is farming, doing tolerably well." The wife of the erring man stays by her family as a lioness by her young, and when her husband becomes unmanageable under the very laws that fasten his ruin, she is *robbed* that justice may be honored in the name of law and protection! And yet vain men and silly women prate of man's chivalry, and woman's security in trusting implicitly in him.

A PREDICTION.

One thing is certain: When we rise out of this financial revolution, it will be with Woman Suffrage *assured*. Our mission as agitators and educators is nearly ended. We must now take the lead of the masses and possession of the Government and in *blood and Revolution* establish justice and mercy—a true Republican and Democratic Government for these United States.

HORACE H. DAY.

The Benton *Democrat* is trying to coax its party, in advance, to employ us to conduct the next political campaign in the interest of the Democracy. Where's your respectable Woman Suffrage candidate, brother Head? We're ready to talk for him if you'll send him to the front. That's part of our religion. But don't be in too big a hurry.

JOTTINGS AND JOURNEYINGS.

As our readers will look for an editorial account of our part of the campaign, we will attempt a brief jotting of our journeyings, asking our readers to bear with us if we should grow prosy or prolix.

The evening of the second inst. found us at Salem snugly ensconsed in Mrs. Riley's Commercial Hotel, and at the hour appointed for the lecture we were met by a large and deeply attentive audience, in Col. Reed's Opera House. We were surprised and gratified at this reception, as friends had told us that such was the apathy of the public mind that no speaker could rally a respectable audience anywhere during the campaign. It was our first visit at Salem since the "Temperance Broil," and we glanced around us furtively on entering, half expecting Modoc Thornton to attack us as of old; but the superannuated warrior has gathered himself home to his Father in the subterranean abodes of the "ardent," and we failed to encounter his creaking voice and sinister countenance. "Thus passeth away the glory of the world." *Requiesat in pace*—whatever that may mean.

After the address we spent an hour in pleasant reunion with many friends who crowded up to greet us and renew their subscription to the People's Paper, and when, a half hour later, we sought our quiet room, it was with an humble, grateful feeling that some lasting good had been done to Freedom and Morality that we consigned our weary brain to sleep. The morning dawned clear, bland beautiful; one of those superb October days of which we can only say, "they are perfect."

Salem has the appearance of a quiet, inland Eastern city. Its people are remarkably progressive, liberal and intelligent, and we doubt if more genuine culture can be found in any Capital in the Union. We have here a very large subscription list, and it steadily increases, as old subscribers grow tired of loaning the papers that they wish to keep for files, and old borrowers grow ashamed of reading the NEW NORTHWEST at our expense.

Taking the train for Albany, we were soon in snug quarters in the elegant home of our staunch Human Rights friend, Mrs. M. J. Foster, who, with her worthy and influential husband and interesting family of sons and daughters, are always foremost in good words and works.

In the Court House in this place we had an excellent audience of Democrats and Republicans, who seemed unwilling to leave the hall after a lecture of near two hours' length. All the leading citizens of this place are subscribers to the People's Paper and, of course, we were among friends.

Albany improves slowly but steadily, and we remark with pride that really poor people are scarcely to be found in its borders. Its schools are in a very flourishing condition, and its business interests keep pace with its education.

Saturday's train took us to Eugene, where we had the Court House crowded with a fashionable, intelligent and happy audience. We were never better received anywhere; and if there were gentlemen or ladies present who fancied we were "out of our sphere" they certainly forgot it, or there is no language in beaming faces. But we did feel sorry for Buys, of the *Guard*. He went out and straightway buried himself in the *debris* of his paper. Poor fellow! Peace to his carcass. How we wish we had time to portray the beauties in and around this thrifty little city. But we believe we promised to be brief.

Sunday, and we were on the way to Roseburg.

Everywhere, as we looked abroad over the broad expanse of country, we saw long lines of teams, loaded down with wheat. And as we passed depot after depot, where granaries, shops and stores were filled and garnered with grain, the query repeated itself, "where does all the grain come from?" Verily ours is goodly land.

Our train was thundering on toward Oakland, through a charming valley, bordered by undulating landscapes from whose bosoms beautiful hills rose abrubtly, crowned by oaks or firs, and the long line of cars was winding in and out along the serpentine roadway, when suddenly, on a down grade, the engine whistled sharp, quick signals that plainly ment "down breaks! Obstructions on the track."

Our train was nearly half a mile in length, and several minutes elapsed before she could be stopped. Then, with engines reversed, she started back, and we, desiring to learn the nature of the calamity, stepped on the platform of the rear car and watched and waited. Presently a black object, by the roadside, which we at first supposed to be a horse, but soon saw was a man, came plainly into view, with ghastly face, and bleeding nose and mouth, his whole frame quivering in mortal agony.

The man had been intoxicated, and gone to sleep, lying beside the track, with his head so near the rail that the heel of the cow catcher drove its mighty spur into his skull. May we never look upon the like again. Even now the horrid vision haunts us. O, whisky, what a demon ye are!

We took the doomed man into the baggage car and conveyed him to the nearest station, where he was identified and buried. Did he have a mother, or sadder yet, a white-faced, anguish-stricken wife? O, when the great scroll is unrolled and the history of men's lives shall be read, how many verdicts will be rendered thus: "Whisky did it!" And our Government licences, protects and regulates this traffic that its office-holders may pocket the unhallowed gains wrung out of souls and blood! And wives or mothers, who must suffer the saddest consequences, are forbidden legal protest!

It was quite dark when we reached Roseburg, where we were met at the station by Mrs. Owens and sister, in whose hospitable home we found much needed rest.

Monday evening brought us a fine, intelligent audience, and again, for two hours, we talked "politics." The Governor was in town but His Excellency pleaded "fatigue" in response to our invitation to come out and hear us; yet he must have received a pretty faithful account of our address, for he decided at once that something must be done to keep Democrats away from our appointments. Now, the Governor and ourself are both aspirants for the next Senatorial vacancy, consequently, it is our interest to remain friends; for we assure him that if he proves worthy, we will see that he gets a post office when we become Senator, and we will look for some such favor from him if he gets there first. That's business, you see, reader.

Thursday's train took us to Albany, and from there we went by stage, through a pouring rain, to Corvallis, where, at the hospitable residence of Judge Chenoweth and his interesting family, we dried our "water proofs" and awaited with some anxiety the prospect of an almost empty house. But, despite the storm, which raged fearfully, we had a crowd of appreciative and attentive listeners. Ladies braved the storm in a way that proved their interest in politics, and gentlemen looked on in wonder and admiration. Don't tell *us* that men are too rough and wicked for women to associate with as lawmakers. All *gentlemen* instinctively behave themselves among ladies, croakers of both sexes to the contrary notwithstanding.

Stopped over a day at the State Fair. O, the rain, the rain! But "Yours Truly" has so graphically depicted much more than we saw there that we shall not further allude to it.

Took the freight train at one P. M. for Portland to meet a week-old engagement. The Governor, getting thoroughly frightened, had engaged Oro Fino Hall for an opposition speech, and fearing that his name would not draw a crowd, his followers dispatched to Salem for a band, and in the evening, with fireworks and music, they made prodigious efforts to beguile Democrats away from the Court House. His Excellency thus drew the "heels" of the city, and the Court House attracted the *brains*, so we had an excellent audience, though the absence of opposition in the hall took much of the *vim* out of our speech.

Friday, at Hillsboro, we had the pleasure of listening to His Excellency for two hours and a half. He told us that monopoly was the curse of the country; that railroads were a nuisance and so forth. He said that the railroad had crushed the farming interests of Southern Oregon; that the farmer there could get but fifty cents per bushel for his wheat, no matter what the price in Portland might be; and actually felt that he had "stuffed" his little crowd of listeners into the idea that he had told the truth. Ah, Governor! the people only laughed at you. Circuit Court adjourned in the evening, and we had a large audience in the new and spacious Court House. The Governor promised to be present, but failed to appear. Col. Meek presided, and honored us with a neat complimentary speech at the close of our two hours' talk.

Saturday found us at Lafayette, where we were met with another fine reception. Dr. Watts and Hon. A. R. Burbank made telling speeches at the close of our address, and the meeting was in every respect harmonious and pleasant.

That our efforts made many votes for Hiram Smith, the People's nominee, we are well aware. The only thing lacking was time for the antidote to the *Oregonian's* treason to take effective hold upon the sober senses of the people, and we should have had an honorable Representative despite the machinations and blunders of the politicians of both parties. Better luck next time.

The Lafayette *Courier* comes to hand under a new editorial management. Mr. Upton, well known as a journalist, has abandoned the editorial pen for the the poultry one, and is superceded by Messrs. Dorriss and Hembree in the newspaper, old pupils of ours, whose education speaks well for itself in the gentlemanly tone and general commendable style of their paper. We fear, however, that the purity which characterized their first issue will fail to be appreciated by the unwashed Democracy. But we wish our young friends the success they merit, and urge the Republicans of Yamhill to see that they are pecuniarily sustained in their present course of dignity and decency. We also congratulate the retiring editor upon his being able to forsake the weary wear of mental labor for the more agreeable occupation of cultivating Bramah chickens.

This (Tuesday) morning we start for a visit to Olympia in the interests of Woman's Enfranchisement. In leaving the People's paper in the hands of our boys, we feel confident that we know whom we are trusting. If our readers miss the customary amount of editorial and original matter for a week or two, they will, we are sure, pardon the deficiency in consideration of the fact that we shall be too busy in another direction to do the customary amount of writing during our absence.

TEMPERANCE.—Intending to stand for the right in all needed reforms, and believeing that intemperance is now the greatest curse of the nation, we cheerfully invite all friends of temperance to give us their aid in assisting us to present from time to time any item of news or thought that will tend to rouse up the people and prepare them for the conflict that is soon to come. The great curse of human slavery was soon disposed of when the people were ready and we deem the time near at hand when the people will rise in their might and summarily dispose of the mighty incubus that hangs over us as a nation, and dragging down so many to misery and woe.—*Courier.*

A BLUNDER.

Contributors will always secure better attention to their communications by observing the simple rule of writing private or business notices to the editor upon separate slips of paper. We last week published the minutes of the Spiritual Grove Meeting, and after the paper had been issued, found that the closing paragraph of the report had been omitted because it had been written on a detached piece of paper containing an order for fifty copies of the NEW NORTHWEST, to be charged to the Society, which order we filed away, not noticing at the time that the subjoined portion of the report was written upon the reverse side: "The following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing year: Mrs. Cooley, President; Mrs. Carter, Vice President; Chas. R. Hanson, Secretary; Lewis Blakney, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Hendee, Treasurer. On motion the meeting adjourned until the 10th day of June, 1874.

"CHAS. R. HANSON, Secretary."

Men and Women.

Junius Henri Browne has an article in the July *Galaxy* on the women as idealists, wherein he attributes to the sex the faculties of imagination and idealization to a greater extent than in men, and in a late number of a prominent weekly periodical there appears a brilliant article from the pen of a woman, which is disparaging to the female sex and the efforts which, the writer asserts, are being made to raise women to the sphere of men. The two articles afford a happy contrast to the antipodal views held of woman and her true position. The one makes her a creature of fancy and imagination, ever soaring into the realms of the ideal and casting a halo of poetry around the most common-place objects; something higher and finer than man; the other parades her weakness and points out her defects; the one makes her too rich and the other makes her too poor; the one raises her above her true level and the other depresses her below it. There is some truth in both and a good deal of error.

The true character and mission of woman has been greatly misapprehended. She is not the weak, vacillating creature that it has been the constant habit of some writers to represent her. Nor is she entirely the exalted being, perfect in every moral and spiritual development, that figures in the pages of another and opposite class of writers. She has some sense, some discretion, some faculty of comprehending practical affairs. Although she has a finer organization than man has; but, being a portion of the human family, she has a good deal of human nature about her, and is competent to understane that five dollars is more than three, and to distinguish between ordinary profit and loss.

There is a good deal of humbug between these comparisons of the sexes. The fact is men and women are not the distinct and opposite beings so often represented, but only different manifestations of the same being. Whatever is in man is in a certain degree in woman; whatever is in women is in a certain degree in man. It is not the mission of woman to be above or below man, but by his side. She is not his superior nor his inferior, but his equal and peer. She is not just like him, to be sure. There is a wide difference between men and women. But while the one sex is superior to the other in some particular qualities, the other is superior in some other qualities, and on the whole the two are probably pretty equally balanced.

The idea that the movement now on foot for the enfranchisement of woman and general extension of her sphere of labor, aims in the least degree to assimilate her character to that of man, or place her in positions to which she is not designated by nature to fill, is a total misapprehension of the nature of the woman movement. It has no such object whatever. What it does propose to do is to make woman, not more man-like, but more woman-like; to develop the better qualities of her nature; to give her that strength and culture that will enable her more fully to become the helpmeet of man. Partly this, and partly to throw open the field of honest, independent labor to her. There are many women who never marry; there are some who marry unhappily. These may be counted the exceptions it is true, but they are human beings and have rights as well as others. There is no good reason why they should be excluded from working in fields of honorable toil for which they are suited, and earning an honest livelihood. For instance: type setting, in which thousands of men earn their livelihood, is as suitable for women as for men. If those women whom circumstances compel to work for their own support and that of others depending upon them, would prefer type-setting to dress-making, there should be nothing interposed to hinder them from doing so. And so with many other departments of labor now filled exclusively by men, but which are equally suited to the other sex. It is not the object to make women like men or to urge her into unwomanly fields of labor; but to give them a fair and equal chance to earn their living at such labor as their own tastes and inclinations may lead them to choose.

But the question may well be asked whether the type of women we have been accustomed to behold is the truest type of women; whether, while we have been at special pains to develop the manly in man and have devoted all our attention to the task, we have not neglected to develop the womanly in woman as well. What if we have been steadily urging one branch of the race forward and as constantly held the other in check? What if our system of education and life has been to stimulate the male, and weaken and depress the female mind? What, in short, if our culture and training have made better men than woman? These views of the woman question are not usually taken into account by those who look superficially at the movement. What we want is an equality of the sexes—one as good in its particular way as the other. A cultured man needs a cultured woman for a wife; he cannot be happy with a woman who is, not utterly different from or unlike him, but utterly inferior to him. But suppose our method has been to make cultured men and uncultured women; able men and weak women; well developed men and thorovghly undeveloped women? Then our method has certainly been wrong and needs to be corrected. This, no more and no less, is what the more intelligent leaders of the Woman movement intend to accomplish. And no undertaking could be fraught with greater importance. There are those who look at the specific rather than the general tendency; but it is the general scope and object which ought to be considered and this will be found to be true and right.—*Terre Haute Express.*

Many persons destroy their window-sash endeavoring to remove old putty. This may be obviated by applying a hot iron to the putty, which will then yield to the knife, and leave the sash clean.

Humiliating and Disgraceful.

SALT LAKE, September 27.

In the First District Court, at Provo, on Thursday evening, Judge Emerson ruled that a second wife could not testify for her husband. Counsel argued that, under the laws of the United States, the woman was not a legal wife, and consequently was a competent witness. The Judge stated that the question of the legality of the marriage was not before him. As far as the Court knew the woman was the man's wife; therefore, the testimony could not be allowed.

The above decision of Judge Emerson is another reminder of the debased and infamous position a woman must occupy under the law, if she marries. We honestly believe, if the women of this country fully appreciated the fearful satire upon womanly truth and honor, which such judicious rulings contain, they would not be so ready to imitate the Southern slave of the past, who, when his bodily wants were supplied, cared not for liberty, and sit quietly down to the enjoyment of material comforts and say, "I have all the rights I want."

We believe marriages are the most sacred relation in life, and therefore we enter our everlasting protest against such villainous laws as transform woman from one whose testimony would be taken in any court of justice, as reliable, into an irresponsible, unreliable creature whose oath is not to be believed provided it is given in a case where her legal owner (that is her husband) is concerned. We do not know from what such a law had its origin, unless it might be the old English common law, which gave to the husband supreme control of his wife, even to coercing her into obedience to his will by stripes, provided they were not given by a whip "larger than a man's thumb," which authority might be used, no doubt, if the husband so willed, to force his wife to swear falsely in any case where his interests were concerned. Since the laws of the country bearing upon woman, though unjust enough still, have been measurably changed of late, is it not time that this idea of a married woman being incapable of testifying to the truth, even under oath, should find a place with the obsolete legalized wife-whipping of the barbarous past?"—*Stockton Leader.*

Mrs. Duniway's Lecture.

We listened with attention and pleasure to the address of Mrs. Duniway on last Friday evening. Her subject was "The Political Situation and the Preference of Congressional Candidates." Her lecture was an agreeable suprise to us, though we had not before rated Mrs. Duniway's ability that of mediocrity. It had been many years since we listened to a lady lecturer, and we were forcibly carried back to our school days when we first encountered the wisdom emanating from the pure minds and cultivated intellects of Mrs. L. N. Fowler, Mrs. Mary F. Davis, Corie L. Scott, Emma Hardinge and others. The soft mellow expression which emanates from the superior intuition of Mrs. Fowler and Davis is somewhat deficient in Mrs. Duniway, but she surpasses them in keen preception and logical acumen, and a happy blending of these qualities makes her a success as a lecturer. Her scathing review of Nesmith; her tart criticism of Governor Grover's afternoon speech; her comparison of Holladay and Grover in their ambitious designs upon the State of Oregon, all point to careful study and an analysis of character and designs but too little known to the great masses of the people. Her idea of electing all candidates to offices and emolument by a direct vote of the people, is excellent, though by no means a new one, and every day it impresses its immediate importance upon the masses; and if this idea is not soon heeded this Nation will go the way of once mighty and prosperous Rome. All in all Mrs. Duniway's canvass has been a success, and Oregon need not be ashamed of her energy or ability.—*Progressionist.*

PROFITS OF POULTRY.—Nothing which the farmer produces is of quicker sale than eggs and poultry. The prices which he receives therefrom are mainly remunerative; the labor incurred is light and agreeable, and can be performed by the junior members of his family. The poultry yard produces food which is highly valuable and nutritious at all seasons, and in this respect is hardly equalled by any other department of the farm. Is it not worth while then to bestow more care and skill in managing poultry? Left to themselves, half their products are often wasted, and half the year they are non-layers. In winter they need simply warmth, light and sunshine, clean, roomy quarters, and plenty of food. Every day they will pay for this. In the summer they want range, fresh earth, shade, water, seclusion, and protection from vermin. An abundance of eggs and breeds of plump chickens either for the market or the farmer's own table will result from this care. It is not feasible to carry on the poultry business on an enormous scale. Many have tried it and failed; but every farmer should make a couple of hundred dollars' worth of their products yearly. That, at least, can be done with profit and pleasure. It is a business adapted to the boys and girls, and they will speedily take a lively interest in it if only proper encouragement is given.—*Farmer's Union.*

The elaborate combing, brushing, twisting, curling, braiding, puffing, crimping and winding which keeps women's arms over their heads at the expense of their backs for an hour or two at a time, is much simplified by a majority of men, who feel just as well if they run their fingers through their hair and call it combed.

Such a "short curry" is even better for the hair than the daily application of dyes, pomades and sweet-scented washes, with which fops and dandies insult their heads, and cultivate baldness. If women would invariably make themselves presentable when they get up in the morning, and not be in the habit of slip-shodding it around as long as there is no danger of somebody calling in and catching them in frizzled heads, soiled dress and general untidy condition, it would not be such an effort to keep a business appointment, for, like men, they could put on their hats and go out without further fuss or delay.—*Elva Orlou.*

CARE OF THE HANDS.—To make the hands soft and white, one of the best things is to wear at night large mittens of cloth filled with wet bran or oat-meal, and tied closely at the wrist. A lady who had the whitest, softest hands in the country, confessed that she had a great deal of house-work to do, and kept them as white as any idler's by wearing bran mittens every night. The pastes and poultices for the face owe most of their efficacy to their moisture, which dissolves the old coarse skin, and to their protection from the air, which allows the new skin to become tender and delicate. Oat-meal paste is as efficacious as anything, though less agreeable than the pastes made with the white of egg, alum and rose-water. The alum astringes the flesh and makes it firm, while the egg keeps it sufficiently soft, and the rose-water perfumes the mixture and makes the curd not so hard.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Combat in Mid-air.

DEADLY STRUGGLE ON A TIGHT ROPE—ONE COMBATANT HURLED TO THE GROUND AND INSTANTLY KILLED.

Little did the thousands of men, women and children who thronged the public square of Agram, Croatia, on the 15th of August anticipate that they were about to witness a spectacle such as has, perhaps, never been seen before—a mortal struggle in mid-air. The occasion of the gathering was a performance on the tight rope. The acrobats, Andreas Kolter and Francis Pergowitch, were to appear on the rope, which had been been stretched from the fifth story of the court house to a window in an opposite house, a distance of 240 feet. The acrobats were to meet mid-way and then to pass each other. When the clock struck twelve the acrobats emerged from their respective windows, dressed in tights, and without balance poles. Kolter walked rather cautiously, while Pergowitch came to meet him from the opposite direction with a nervous, quick step. At last they met, and the suspense of the crowd beneath changed the next moment to a feeling of indescribable horror. Pergowitch suddenly uttered an exclamation, and dealt Kolter a terrible blow on the head. Kolter staggered and fell, but in doing so succeeded in clutching the rope with one hand while with the other he grasped the leg of his assailant. Pergowitch now fell likewise, but in doing so passed his right arm around the rope, so that he hung upon it in comparative security. And now began a life and death struggle. Kolter, with his right hand tried to drag Pergowitch from the rope, while Pergowitch kicked Kolter with his right foot, and with his left hand endeavored to loosen his antagonist's hold. No one was able to interfere, and the result, it was easy to forsee, must be the death of one or both of the acrobats. Many women fainted and strong men wept like children. What added to the general despair was the appearance of Kolter's young wife at the window, from which her husband only a few moments before had set out upon his fatal walk. Her piteous screams were heard above the din below, and her appeals to Pergowitch to spare her husband's life would have moved the heart of an Apache. The struggle in mid-air lasted perhaps a minute, when Kolter suddenly uttered a last cry and lost his hold. He fell to the ground, striking it violently and expiring instantly. While the people gathered around the corpse of poor Kolter, his murderer on the tight rope managed to get on his feet again. With a diabolical expression on his face he uttered a yell of triumph.

The Perfect of Police ordered Pergowitch to surrender. In case he would not do it within five minutes he would be shot down like a dog. Finally he raised himself to his feet and ran quickly to the court house window, where he surrendered, begging that he might be saved from violence. There was great danger of his being executed by the people, who loudly clamored that the murderer be given up to them; but the military by a bayonet charge cleared the public square. Pergowitch being asked what caused him to perpetrate this crime, said there had been a grudge between him and Kolter ever since the latter had married young Rosita Serganoff, a Polish girl of rare beauty. Kolter, in a fit of jealousy, had told him he knew one or the other must die on this account. Andreas Kolter was the youngest member of the distinguished family of acrobats of that name.

MAN'S DUTY TO WOMAN.—Above all, let no man practice on woman, perpetually, the shameless falsehood of pretending admiration and acting contempt. Let them not exhaust their kindness in adoring her person, and ask in return the humiliation of her soul. Let them not assent to her every high opinion as if she was not strong enough to maintain it against opposition, nor yet manufacture opinion for her and force it upon her by dictation. Let them not cruelty her motives, nor ridicule her frailty, nor crush her individuality, nor insult her independence, nor play mean jests upon her honor in convivial companies, nor bandy unclean doubts of her, as a wretched substitute for wit; nor whisper vulgar suspicions of her purity, which, as compared with their own, is like the immaculate whiteness of angels. Let them multiply her social advantages, enhance her dignity, minister to her intelligence, and be manly gentleness, be the champions of her genius, the friends of her fortunes, and the equals, if they can, of their heart.—*F. D. Huntington.*

A few days since a seedy person applied to a wealthy citizen for help, and received the small sum of five cents. The giver remarked, as he handed him the pittance, "Take it, you are welcome; our ears are always open to the distressed." "That may be," replied the recipient, "but never before in my life have I seen so small an opening for such large ears."

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