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(For the New Northwest.)  
LITTLE MAIDE, THE ARTIST.

BY JENNY WILSON.

Near where a crystal, grass-fringed stream  
Went singing to the river,  
And lost in old Missouri's sands  
Its purity forever.

Where naught had marred the beauty of  
The forest, grand and olden,  
There dwelt the little artist, Maide,  
With curling hair, and golden,

And amber eyes, from whose clear depths  
A beam of soul was smiling;  
Cheering her parents, aged and lone,  
Their deepest griefs beguiling.

She watched with interest the doe  
And young fawns at their gambols,  
Nor feared the painted warriors that  
She met in all her rambles.

And oftentimes when weary grew  
Wild violets decked her pillow,  
While o'er her head waved gracefully  
The green and golden willow.

Sparkling and darting in the breeze,  
The forest leaves above her,  
Breathed every sweet welcome to  
Great Nature's little lover.

Thus day by day her soul drank in  
The beauties of creation,  
And o'er her father's cottage walls  
She gave to them expression.

And strangers, passing, wondered much  
Why such a gifted maiden  
In place so lone and rude as this  
Had so much beauty hidden.

But as she grew the pictures too  
Within grew lovelier, stronger,  
Till the rude sketches o'er the walls  
Reflected them no longer.

Then little Maide grew weary of  
Her life of idle dreaming,  
And went off, dimmed those gentle orbs,  
With love and genius beaming.

What wondrous changes time hath wrought!  
Now, o'er the rustic maiden  
Many a year has come and gone,  
With clouds and sunbeams laden.

The cottage walls have fallen now;  
No trace her pictures show;  
And living pictures grace the home  
Where little Maide is cherished.

JUDITH MILES.

—OR—  
What Shall Be Done with Her?

BY MRS. F. F. VICTOR.

(Entered, according to the Act of Congress,  
in the year 1873, by Mrs. F. F. Victor, in the  
Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Wash-  
ington City.)

CHAPTER I.  
AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

The agent of Spedden's great cattle-  
ranch in Fresno county was paying a  
visit to a neighboring rancho of less  
princely dimension, lying upon the bor-  
ders of the Spedden estate, and sand-  
wiched between it and the newly-sown  
grain-fields bordering upon a tributary  
of the San Joaquin to the north and  
east. Jack Miles, the visitor, had never  
been particularly friendly to Carl Shultz,  
the visitor, altho Shultz was a man of  
some note in the county, by virtue first  
of the large property he represented, and  
somewhat also on his own account as a  
young man of education and shrewd busi-  
ness habits.

Perhaps it was the superior air which  
education and knowledge insensibly  
impart to a man, and which the  
young German possessed in rather an  
unusual degree, that provoked the an-  
tagonism of the Texan rancher.

"He needn't put on none of his frills  
to me," Miles was accustomed to say to  
Judith, after each of Carl's visits. "I  
don't take such a heap of sense to look  
after a couple of hundred 'vaqueros' as  
he calls 'em. I calls 'em cattle-herders." And  
beautiful sixteen-year-old Judith  
answered never a word, but kept quietly  
at her work in the low, two-roomed  
house which was her father's mansion,  
and in the "loft" of which was her  
bed-room and library—the latter a pos-  
session entirely unknown to her father.

Not that Jack Miles was opposed to a  
proper amount of "education"; on the  
contrary, he was rather pleased, and  
proud too, when Judith in her fourteenth  
year learned to read of a stray Yankee,  
whom her father had engaged as herds-  
man; and made such advancement that  
in the course of a few months she could  
read to him the life of Daniel Boone, to  
whom family Miles boasted being re-  
lated. Beyond being able to do this,  
Miles saw no need of "book-larnin';"  
and was almost as set against the school-  
master as he was against the telegraph  
and railroad, seeing that the one usually  
preceded and heralded the other. His  
family had been gradually moving on,  
just in advance of these innovations, for  
two or three generations; and he "wasn't  
a-goin' ter have no telegraph near his  
house, a 'carryin' of the neighborhood  
news to all creation; nor no darned  
railroad, nuther, runnin' over and  
stampedin' his cattle, like he'd heern  
tell on."

In spite of his objections, however,  
Miles was forced to see a telegraph line  
extend through his county, though not  
near enough to endanger the family pri-  
vacy; and had even become in a measure  
reconciled to it, inasmuch as the poles  
afforded convenient posts for his cattle  
to rub themselves against. It gave him  
a grim satisfaction, indeed, to observe  
that these obnoxious poles, originally  
sawn square, had been rubbed so much  
and so long that they had been smoothly  
rounded off to a height corresponding  
with the height of his cattle; and if he  
did not understand the allusion when  
Carl Shultz said that "if the stock had  
not squared the circle, they had circled  
the square," he laughed boisterously at  
the same, for he understood the joke to

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be against the telegraph, whatever it  
meant.

But the railroad that was coming  
down from the north, gaining upon him  
every week, as he heard—that was some-  
thing he could not remain to see; hence  
his land was offered for sale, and his  
face was once more turned toward Texas.  
It was about this land that Shultz had  
come over to see him in the morning.  
The proprietors of the Spedden estate  
were casting covetous eyes upon the  
possessions of the smaller ranchmen;  
and whenever the land contiguous to  
their own could be purchased, they were  
making arrangements to include it  
within their own boundaries. The men  
who offered land for sale were disaffected  
for about the same reason—Miles pro-  
fessed, and sold out cheaply—being wil-  
ling and eager to part with it at the  
same time the shrewd speculator be-  
came equally willing and anxious to  
buy. Miles, however, had seen some  
Yankee farmers coming in around him,  
and turning the wild pastures into grain-  
fields, even though they were forced to  
hire vaqueros to keep his cattle out of  
their grain, in a country where fencing  
was well-nigh impossible. This kind of  
enterprise, while it disgusted the old  
Texan, who wanted "elbow-room,"  
failed not at the same time to give him  
a greatly increased and continually in-  
creasing estimate of the value of his un-  
tilled acres.

The two men, the agent of a great  
estate, and the owner of a much less  
one, were sharpening wits against one  
another this morning. As always is  
the case where culture is pitted against  
ignorance, the man of the world has  
the advantage in all except dogged  
obstinacy; in that quality the ignorant  
man is sure to excel.

"It ain't no use talkin'," said Jack  
Miles, raising his voice as he lost as-  
surance in his own ultimate success;  
and starting up nervously from the covered  
way between the two rooms, began pac-  
ing the ground outside. "It ain't no use  
talkin'. The Speddens ain't a-goin' to  
hev an acre or my land 'thout they pay  
me my price for it; not if I stay here  
till I rot—ain't like enough I shall!" he  
added, casting a glance northward  
toward the still invisible, but inevitable  
railroad.

"Very well," returned Mr. Shultz,  
calmly. "I shall report your answer to  
them; but I do think it extremely  
doubtful if they make any further of-  
fers. In less than a year they will have  
bought up all the small ranches on the  
other side of your place, and will have  
you so closed in that you will require  
vaqueros on every side to keep separate  
your herds; or you must fence at a cost  
of five or six hundred dollars per mile.  
I think now is your time to sell; but  
you must do as pleases yourself."

So saying, Mr. Shultz rose from the  
bench, put on his hat, and seemed on  
the point of taking leave. But changing  
his intention, he hesitated a mo-  
ment, re-seated himself, and returned  
to the point of attack.

"It may be true," he said, frankly,  
"that we do not offer you all that your  
land will be worth when the railroad  
has brought it to market; but we do of-  
fer you all that it is worth at the present  
time. These railroad men will come  
upon you before long for the right of  
way, and you will have to grant it to  
them. Certainly they will pay you  
something; but for all of it you will not  
be satisfied. You will find in it many  
disadvantages which already I know  
you do not wish to encounter. You will  
say to yourself that you do not wish to  
have your stock frightened or run over;  
that you do not like the noise of the  
trains, and that you are in danger of  
being burned out by the sparks from the  
locomotives. Is it not so? Of course.  
Then if you take what we offer you, it  
is within your power to purchase a  
larger body of land away from the rail-  
road, which in a short time will again  
increase in value and afford you a sec-  
ond chance of realizing a good profit off  
a small investment. If it is any induc-  
ement toward concluding a bargain, I  
will agree to take half your stock at a  
fair price, with the land, and thus re-  
lieve you of a possible encumbrance in  
making a new settlement."

But Jack Miles was deaf to argument  
and persuasion alike. Knitting to-  
gether his black brows in an expression  
of dogged fierceness and obstinacy, he  
paused in his restless march up and  
down—and again, in the bit of shade  
cast by the two-roomed house, first to  
eject a yellow stream of tobacco juice  
several feet in advance of his position,  
then to cast out of his mouth an enor-  
mous quid, and finally to give utter-  
ance to his determination:

"Tain't no use arguin' with me,  
Mr. Shultz. I ain't a-goin' ter sell my  
land 'thout gittin' my figures for it; and  
I ain't a-goin' to giv' them railroad fellers  
any right or way, nuther. They can  
just out around me through them other  
ranches you're a-thinkin' of buyin',  
nor my cattle no more." And without  
further ceremony the rough old Texan  
turned on his heel and walked off in the  
direction of a group of herdsmen.

In the family-room within hearing of  
this conversation the young house-  
keeper, Judith Miles, had been pursu-  
ing her daily tasks, monotonous, if not  
wearisome. Her only companion was  
"little Katie," five-years-old, so-called in  
memory of the mother, now dead, who

had been Jack Miles' well-beloved wife,  
Kate, whose loss he felt now as keenly  
as he did the day of her death, which  
was the day of the birth of little Katie.  
Well as he loved the child born in sor-  
row, Miles was of the temperment  
which could not brook interruption, and  
Judith had been careful to keep her little  
sister out of the way while the talk  
about the land sale had been going on.  
But now that Katie saw the way clear,  
she made a rapid maneuver, and escap-  
ing the vigilance of her guardian rushed  
impetuously into the arms of the young  
German, whose great favorite she knew  
herself to be. Carl received her with the  
enthusiasm.

"Ah, little Katie, thou art charm-  
ing this morning! Now that I have  
kissed thee three times thou must take  
me to see thy pretty mamma-sister;  
willst thou not? Has she been good to  
thee? Is she well and happy?"

Carl Shultz was no more the cool man  
of business as he caressed and talked  
to the child of his morose neighbor.  
Holding Katie by the hand he once  
more entered the rude porch, and stood  
upon the threshold of the family-room  
with head uncovered, and smiling  
brightly. As he entered the room  
Judith's face was averted while she  
combed the long dark tresses of her  
shining hair; but she had caught the  
sound of his footsteps, and turning half  
reluctantly, bade her visitor good-morn-  
ing before completing her toilet with a  
hair-pin and a bow of cherry ribbon, the  
effect of which was far prettier than she  
knew, or the bit of broken mirror which  
reflected her beauty had fully informed  
her.

The slight embarrassment of her man-  
ner detracted nothing from that out-  
ward perfection which Carl Shultz,  
with an eye of an amateur in art, knew  
he might travel half the world over and  
not find again. Perhaps it was the un-  
conscious avowal his eyes made of this  
conscious thought that brought so  
bright a color to the cheek of the  
Texan cattle-dealer's daughter. Certain  
it was that a shyness hardly  
compatible with the intimacy of  
their acquaintance interposed this  
morning a delicate and intangible obsta-  
cle to that freedom of intercourse the  
young German might have thought de-  
sirable, at the same time that it added  
the subtle charm mere physical per-  
fection often lacks.

With a slow and graceful reluctance  
Judith placed for her visitor the chair  
which house-wifely hospitality would  
not permit her to withhold, and with soft  
persistance urged his acceptance, all the  
while aided by Katie's more vehement  
invitations, which Carl would have  
sworn she would have been glad to  
sworn.

In no wise abashed by the pretty stiff-  
ness of Judith's manner, Mr. Shultz  
seated himself comfortably, at the same  
time giving Katie a perch upon his  
knee.

"Well, how goes it, Miss Judith?  
Have you read the books, and are they  
such as you like?"

"I have read the most of them," an-  
swered the young girl with more com-  
posure, now that books, and not herself,  
were the object of contemplation; "and  
I like them—why should I not?—but  
I doubt if I understand them all."

"What! cannot you understand?  
You with your so quick understand-  
ing?"

"I do not think," said Judith, mod-  
estly, "that I can get all the meaning  
out of 'Faust.'"

"Ah, that may well enough be; it has  
puzzled older heads than yours, Miss  
Judith. You must read it again when  
you are twenty-five, or perhaps forty;  
then it will come easier to you."

At which Judith laughed a merry  
little laugh, and answered with the fore-  
cast of sixteen:

"If my understanding is so long in  
coming I shall have a very stupid life  
indeed."

"Oh, I do not know that; but I do  
know you could never be stupid. I only  
think that most people devote the first  
half of their lives to feeling and imagi-  
nation, and do not begin to think very  
profoundly till that period is past; es-  
pecially the ladies."

Judith, who did not know anything  
about John Stuart Mill, and the rest of  
the advocates of woman's equality, an-  
swered simply:

"It would seem so, if the books one  
reads are fair samples of men and wom-  
en. With real men and women I am  
very little acquainted; but the men I  
have known are truly less imaginative  
than the women; and have less feeling,  
too, I believe."

"Ah, I am sorry you say that, Miss  
Judith. This sister must not say that,  
must she Katie? Thou knowest I have  
much love, dost thou not, pretty one?  
It is only if one dare say what one's  
feelings are; and thy Carl is afraid, I  
fear, to tell thee sister Carl is afraid,  
but that he has much feeling."

It was well that just at this juncture  
little Katie, not interested in this talk,  
so much above her comprehension, sud-  
denly made a move to search her friend's  
pockets, and in doing so, brought forth  
some paper-covered volumes together  
with one in a neat green binding, and  
last of all, a paper of "dulces."

"See! see!" she cried to Judith, break-  
ing open the package in such haste that  
the sweetsmeats were scattered about the  
floor. Even the donor became for

the moment indifferent to her, in her  
eagerness to recover the precious  
"goodies."

"Oh!" exclaimed Carl, with an hu-  
morous air of injury; "even Katie  
cares not for me, and will not speak in  
my defense." Then quickly changing  
his manner—"When we are very young  
we are often too sure of our feelings, and  
when we grow old we become, perhaps,  
too doubtful."

It did not occur to Judith to inquire  
how a man no more than twenty-six,  
or twenty-eight at the utmost, had be-  
come possessed of so much philosophy,  
whether experimentally or not. To the  
eyes of sixteen even twenty-six is in-  
vested with wisdom and dignity almost  
past attaining to; and Judith's igno-  
rance of "real men and women," as she  
had avowed, was so complete as to  
leave her no ground of comparison.

Her father, her brother, the herdsmen,  
and an occasional traveler, now  
and then a gentleman, as she instinctively  
named such and such an one of the  
unknown personages who called at her  
father's door for rest and refreshment,  
constituted the world as it existed for  
her. In all her brief life she had never  
known a dozen persons of her own sex,  
and never a lady. Often she spent  
whole days, particularly after books had  
come into her possession, figuring to  
herself different classes of people, and  
different positions in life. She had used  
the imagination she confessed to, very  
freely, until she had come to live in an  
ideal world—how ideal she felt she could  
not know—but very unlike that with  
which she was daily brought in contact.

Into this world of imagination her  
real acquaintances seldom intruded. Un-  
doubtedly Mr. Shultz came there often  
than any other; but that, she told her-  
self, was because there was no one else  
to come; at least no one who was fitted  
for its peculiar society. Often when  
she detected her ideal young man in  
looking and acting like Mr. Shultz, or ut-  
tering his very sentences, she reproached  
herself for having no more originality,  
and was conscious of being too close an  
imitator of one model.

Did Mr. Shultz know this, and was  
he generalizing on this knowledge when  
he made that remark about the too  
great confidence in youth, and the sus-  
piciousness of advanced life? It was  
this question which presented itself to  
Judith's mind, and caused the pretty  
blush of modesty to blossom so rosily  
upon her cheek. But Judith need not  
have feared. There never lived a man  
of twenty-six who could picture to him-  
self with any correctness the "interior"  
of the wonder-world of a girl's imagi-  
nation. The memory of that dainty  
chamber is unspeakably sad and tender  
in all that portion of our lives after ex-  
perience has closed the door forever on  
credulity.

Mr. Shultz was young still, though he  
talked so venerably. He was good-look-  
ing—after the fresh, blonde style of his  
nation; and vain after the nature of his  
manhood; and pretty well versed in that  
society of which Judith knew nothing;  
moreover, amiable, and with the good  
taste to admire, possibly to become in-  
terested in, so rare a product of pure  
nature as Jack Miles' daughter. All  
these qualities conspired to render him  
courteous, friendly, and even tender in  
his intercourse with Judith. When it  
is added that no other woman who  
could possibly interest either his imagi-  
nation or his feelings could be found  
within a day's ride of the Spedden es-  
tate, it is easy to understand how he  
found pleasure in cultivating the ac-  
quaintance of this one, even in the face  
of the evident opposition of her father.

In the meantime Katie had gathered  
up her bon-bons.

"Why didn't you bring some for  
Jude, too?" she asked, foreseeing with  
the barbaric selfishness of childhood  
that she would be called upon to divide  
with her sister.

"Katie, hush!" remonstrated Judith.  
"Now thy sister is angry with thee,  
Katie. Give her a dulce, quickly, to  
make her love thee again." Carl says  
with an affectionate alarm.

"Jude is not angry," declares the au-  
dacious minx, sitting down on the floor  
to devour her sweets at leisure.

"Child! if you divide with your  
sister she will be angry with you, and  
with me, too, because she has no dulces.  
Do you not see I am afraid?"

"Then go get her some to make her  
love you again," replies Katie, archly,  
coolly proceeding to feast herself.

A second time Judith commands  
Katie to "hush!" and turns with pretty  
confusion to the title pages of the new  
book for refuge from embarrassment,  
and Carl answers with an air of comical  
despair:

"Thou elf! think not thy sister is  
mercenary as thou art, to give her love  
for dulces. If that were so I should have  
robbed the confectioners long ago, nor  
wasted my dulces on thee."

"They are not wasted—I'm eating  
them," persisted the saucy imp, her  
bronze-brown eyes full of laughing de-  
fiance. "Judith never eats dulces when  
Boone brings them; she always gives  
them to me. She don't want any."

Her brother Boone! Judith snatched  
at the idea to make a diversion in the  
conversation.

"My brother is going away," she said  
to her visitor, as if that news were in-  
teresting to him.

"Ah, so? It will be lonely for you,"

Carl never used his "thees" and "thous"  
in speaking to Judith. "Where does he  
go?"

"I think he goes to some cattle-mar-  
ket; he is to take a herd of heaves with  
him. But I shall try not to feel lonely  
with so many new books—for which I  
thank you kindly," added Judith, wish-  
ing to be polite, and speaking with the  
formal phrase she had heard her father  
use on different occasions.

"I need no thanks, Miss Judith. I  
shall be only too glad if they amuse  
you. Those English novels I am sure you  
will like, and they will seem like society  
to you. There is nothing like a good  
novel in solitude. It fills up the empty  
space about you. It is all very well to  
read learned books till you tire of too  
much thinking. And poetry is very  
good, too, at times; but if you read a fine  
poem it creates a loneliness, because it  
stirs your sympathies and emotions  
without furnishing a subject for them.  
With the novel it is different. There  
you have your scene, your actors, a suc-  
cession of events—in short a little mimic  
world in which you can live very pleas-  
antly and without care or responsibility  
until it comes to an end."

Judith's luminous eyes shone on the  
speaker who so readily arranged ideas  
which she recognized as one with those  
vague and formless thoughts which had  
occurred to herself in aimless reverie at  
such times as she had wondered to her-  
self at the different effects upon her  
mind of different books. How much  
she admired and desired for herself this  
analytical power of one who had learned  
to observe! How great it was to know  
everything so easily, as Mr. Shultz did.

Carl saw the luminosity of the beau-  
tiful eyes, and the eager spirit that flut-  
tered on the red lips, that parted in al-  
most reverent attention. The innocent  
flattery touched him deeper than his  
vanity. He was silent for a moment,  
drinking in that delicate incense with a  
little heart-flutter he had never been  
conscious of before. "How charming  
she is," he thought; and then—"She is  
the daughter of Jack Miles."

Ignorant Judith did not see that  
thought. She was too happily occupied  
with the pleasure of doing homage to  
superior wisdom for thinking of herself  
at all, just then. She had opened the  
green-bound book absently, and now  
perceived it to be a book of poems.

"But you have brought me some  
poems," she said, smiling, and more at  
ease than she had been. "Are they of the  
kind to make me lonely? If so, I must  
not read them while Boone is away."

"No, I do not believe they will affect  
you in that way. Truly, I brought  
them to you for your judgment. I  
would like to know if there is anything  
in them that can commend itself to a  
pure taste. The poet has made himself  
famous quite suddenly—but I shall say  
no more. When you have read them  
you shall tell me how they impress you."

"Sometimes I cannot explain my im-  
pressions, but I shall try to do so in this  
case, if only to compare my judgment  
with yours," said Judith, modestly.

"Thank you. To compare our judge-  
ment—that is what I wish."

A deep sigh from the floor arrested the  
attention of both for the moment. One  
glance showed Katie with smeared face  
and hands, every dulce vanished, re-  
garding them half penitently, and sigh-  
ing with speechless satisfaction at her  
own surfeited condition. She was a  
beautiful child, and no disguise of  
awkward dress, or temporary sugar-  
coating could defraud her of her meed of  
admiration. She looked so pretty and  
comical in her droll and silent appeal,  
that her auditors laughed merrily. Upon  
that Katie ceased to look repentant,  
and pouted, as well as the sticky con-  
dition of her facial muscles would per-  
mit.

"Go wash your face and hands," bade  
Judith, when she had done laughing;  
and, not reluctant to be out of the way  
of those who were "making fun of her,"  
Katie dashed into the kitchen without  
further bidding.

Mr. Shultz rose to take his leave a few  
moments later and encountered the  
rogue in the covered way, her face and  
hands cool, clean and white, and her  
curls brushed back from the smooth,  
broad brow, her apron smoothed, and  
looking the very pink of neatness and  
propriety.

"Thou sprite," said he. "Is this the  
Katie I beheld a few minutes since?  
What wilt thou, fairy?"

"When are you coming again?"  
asked Katie, seizing his hand.

"How can I tell? Your sister has  
not asked me to come again, and I know  
not if I may come on your invitation.  
Ask your sister if I may, little one."

Judith, who was standing in the door-  
way, blushed. "I did not ask you," she  
said, timidly, "because I am not young,  
and because—because—"

"Because you know I am not welcomed  
by your father. It is quite right; do not  
think I do not know it is right. But I  
shall come sometimes, when I think  
you are out of books, or when I am  
lonely and must see you and Katie."

"Will you bring me some dulces?"  
put in that incorrigible sweet-tooth.

"Only when you pay for them," said  
Carl, stooping down. Round his neck  
went Katie's plump arms in their  
checked apron-sleeves, bestowing the  
most violent hoggish, only interrupted  
when the usual number of kisses fell

due, all of which Katie understood per-  
fectly.

"If you bring Jude dulces she will  
have to pay you for them, won't she?"  
asked the child when the ceremony was  
ended.

Judith suddenly disappeared within  
the house, and Mr. Shultz with a hasty  
adieu, waved his hand to Katie and  
quickly mounting his horse, was gone;  
while the child, seeing her father a little  
way off in the prairie, ran to meet him.  
(To be continued.)

How Women Voted in Kansas.

(From the Chicago Balance.)

We are permitted to publish the fol-  
lowing interesting account of how a  
number of ladies voted at an election  
for school-officers in Kansas. It was  
written by one of the lady voters to her  
aunt in this city:

WATERVILLE, KAN., May 1, 1873.  
My Dear Aunt—I have a bit of news  
for you to-day, which will be as inter-  
esting as the number of flounces I have  
put on my last new dress.

The society here is divided between  
two parties, one wishing to build up the  
town and make it a permanent home,  
the other wishing to stay here while  
they can make it pay, and then move  
on. When the new school-house ques-  
tion was agitated, and the two parties  
opposed it vehemently, and it was likely  
to be a pretty close struggle, so the  
school-party called out the women, and  
they voted for the "bonds" "to a man."

So we got the school-house.  
But that was a very quiet affair. I  
wrote you when I voted. But this  
spring, when it came time to elect a  
new school board, the party that was  
defeated then was determined to put in  
their men, at any cost. They rode night  
and day, electioneering every man in  
the district, and appeared at the polls  
on the eventful day with beaming  
countenances, sure to win. But  
alas! they had forgotten the women,  
twenty-one of whom had gathered  
quietly at a house close at hand, and  
ten minutes before the polls were closed,  
marched up there the election was held  
in the new school-house. But my pen  
falters here—I cannot do justice to such  
a scene. If that did not try men's souls,  
to have to walk in so coolly and take  
their hard-earned victory at the eleventh  
hour! Just for one instant there were  
symptoms of trouble; then it all sub-  
sided, and everything was as quiet  
and orderly as if it were at church.

They understood it at a glance, and the  
only thing left for them to do was to  
challenge our votes. We were all sworn  
in, and then, instead of going off swiftly  
to our knitting and darning, and giving  
the men a chance to fight it out, we set  
down to take a part in whatever busi-  
ness there was to transact. That was  
"the unkindest cut of all." Not even  
gave them a chance to swear for notice,  
nothing of the kind was heard any  
more than if a company of men and  
women had met together on any other  
business.

As soon as the house was called to or-  
der, the men all sat down and took off  
their hats, something that never before  
happened at an election in this town.  
Those who could not contain themselves  
went off to the saloons, where they  
could feel at home.

I noticed one little incident that  
pleased me considerably. Harry (her  
little boy) got uneasy, so I took him  
out in the vestibule. Presently I heard  
a couple of men come swearing up the  
stairs. When they reached the door,  
they stopped back—there sat ye twenty  
women in their best bonnets. They  
both stepped back, and one said to the  
other—"I don't want to go in there,"  
and down stairs he went, as still as a  
mouse. The other one, however, took  
his old cap, gave a few "elbows" at his hair,  
and slipped in next to the wall.

So I have come to the firm conclusion  
that American women have only to  
conduct themselves as ladies, and they  
will be treated as such by American  
men everywhere, for there never can be  
a more aggravating instance than the  
one I have just recorded.

Affectionately, YOUR NIECE.

Who voted at the last election.

Women as Druggists.

English pharmaceutical journals ad-  
vocate the natural adaptability of wom-  
en as "dispensers" or "druggists," and  
several English magazines have taken  
up the idea, with a fair prospect of suc-  
cess in its inauguration. The Queen, a  
popular organ of its aristocratic society  
and fashion, says:

"The dispensing of medicine is an  
occupation in which many women are  
engaged, in country places frequently,  
and not seldom in towns, the wives or  
daughters of medical men, or of pro-  
fessional druggists, have been taking  
up the idea, with a fair prospect of suc-  
cess in its inauguration. The Queen, a  
popular organ of its aristocratic society  
and fashion, says:

"The dispensing of medicine is an  
occupation in which many women are  
engaged, in country places frequently,  
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