

AMIE AND HENRY LEE;

The Spheres of the Sexes. BY MRS. A. J. DUNWAT.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by Mrs. A. J. Dunwate, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington City.]

CHAPTER II.

In the low, rough loft overhead of the living room of the Lees was a rude sleeping apartment in which were two beds of a pattern quite as primitive as the cottage or cabin to which they belonged.

One of these beds served for the nightly use of Henry, Jim and one of the twins, while the other accommodated Fan and Sue and Tot. The remaining twin and the baby usually slept with Amie below stairs, in a bed placed foot to foot with her mother's.

The advent of the stranger was the occasion for a general disarranging of the family roost. The mother and daughter held an earnest, confidential conversation in the loft, which resulted in an arrangement for Fan and Sue to sleep with their mother, while Dan, the blue-eyed twin, should share the bed of the visitor.

"Henry's bed is better than Fan's, suppose we give him that," suggested the mother. "Hen and Jim will both grumble at being disturbed about their rights," growled Amie. "I've been so mortified with the whole batch of 'em to-night that I have half a notion to run away."

"Daughter, do you mean to kill me?" queried the mother, wildly. "You know I've nothing in the world worth living for but you," she sobbed hysterically as she held the pillow between her teeth while drawing on a coarse muslin slip of snowy whiteness.

"If I'm all you have your life's a failure," said the girl. "Oh, Amie, my little darling, why do you talk so?"

"Because I mean it; that's all." Amie looked ruefully around the rude apartment. It was in sad disorder, and no wonder, for what with old boots and pantaloons, guns and fishing tackle, and hats and coats in formidable array on one side, and the rude paraphernalia of the three girls' toilets upon the other, a broken chair or two, a cracked looking-glass which pattered and scattered the different portions of your features as you gazed, aided by the uncertain light of a hole in the wall; a boot-jack and shiny bat and the wheels of an old hand-wagon, there was little show for making the place attractive.

"Amie, I'm no use," said the mother. "Let us put the stranger and the big boys down stairs, and we and the girls will come up here to sleep."

"Yes! and have a nice time going down in the morning to get breakfast before he's up! Catch me!" and Amie brought down her foot with startling emphasis.

"What's that row about?" bawled Henry from below. This brought Amie and her mother to a sudden realization that the children must be hurried off to bed; but all attempts at a private understanding with them as to the change of sleeping programme proved a failure, and the stranger, tired as he was, feeling that he was an intruder, found it impossible to sleep, so deeply was he annoyed by, and interested in this strange family, where there was such a mixture of the refined and unrefined, philanthropic and selfish.

Amie had settled her tired self upon the bed, and was just counting over one hundred for the twentieth time in a fruitless effort to woe the drowsy dream god, whose form, heretofore intangible, would persist in appearing to her mental senses in the guise of the handsome stranger, when her mother, in a low, tender voice, began a conversation.

"Amie, my dear, I should die if I should lose you," putting her arm nervously around her in the darkness. "You're a foolish mother, then, for I am not worth dying for. But what on earth made you think you were going to lose me?"

"Darling, you know that you are good and refined and beautiful. You are the only one of my children that in any way takes after my mother, and you have been my only ray of sunshine in all my dark married life of twenty years."

"Nonsense, mother; you've told me that so often that it's dreadful stale." "But somebody will say that you cannot appreciate you as I do; somebody who never deprived himself of a single indulgence for your sake, and only fancied you because the possession of such a prize will be an additional luxury; and he will tell you that you are good and beautiful, and you'll listen and believe him; and instead of thinking that what he says is 'dreadful stale,' you pant for his praises as the hart for the brook. Then, some day, he'll carry away my precious flower, and she'll bask for a while in the sunshine of a love that gratifies him in its bestial; and then, when sickness comes, and suffering; when heart-aches and dreaded mother-throes, which no man can know, shall be her constant portion, she will find, too late, that the love she considered necessary to her existence is a phantom, and the law and the power and the pleasure and the privileges are all on the side of the stronger party in the marriage firm; and then, my daughter

The New Northwest.

VOLUME III. PORTLAND, OREGON, FRIDAY, JUNE 5, 1874. NUMBER 42.

Woman's Prayers and Suffrage.

Mark Twain, writing to the London Standard of the prayer crusade, says: "Would you consider the conduct of these crusaders justifiable? I do—thoroughly justifiable. They find themselves voiceless in the making of laws and the election of officers to execute them. Born with brains, born in the country, educated, having large interests at stake, they find their tongues tied and their hands fettered, while every ignorant, whisky-drinking, foreign-born savage in the land may hold office, help to make the laws, degrade the dignity of the former, and break the latter at his own sweet will. They see their fathers, husbands and brothers sitting in the hands of loafers, thieves and perjurors like the Forty-Second, consisting of fifteen honest men and two hundred and ninety-six of the other kind, can once more be created, it will at last be time, I fear, to give over trying to save the country by human means, and appeal to Providence. Both the great parties have failed. I wish we might have a woman's party now, and see how that would work. I feel persuaded that in extending the suffrage to women, this country will lose absolutely nothing, and might gain a great deal. For thirty centuries history has been iterating and reiterating that, in a moral fight, woman is simply dauntless; and the work of an untrained woman, if she brings in a new principle, is to be feared more than that of Adam at the apple and told on Eve, down to the present day. A woman in a moral fight has pretty uniformly shown herself to be an ardent coward."

A GRAMMAR EXERCISE.—"John," said a country pedagogue to one of his scholars, "Bill licks Tom. Now parse Bill." "Bill licks Tom, sir." "A verb! How do you make that out, sir?" "Both he licks Tom, sir." "Well, if licks Tom makes Bill a verb, how will you parse Tom?" "Tom licks a verb, too, sir." "Yeth, thir." "How so?" "Both he licks." "Isn't that singular? Bill is a verb because he licks Tom, and Tom is a verb because he is licks. You've got a new grammar, haven't you?" "Yeth, thir. Dad bought me a new one yesterday."

"Well," said his master, biting his lips, "just open it and see what a verb is." John reads—"A verb is a word which signifies to be, to do and to suffer." "Now parse 'Bill licks Tom' correctly." "Yeth, thir. 'Bill' licks a verb, and 'Tom' licks a verb, both Bill did do it, and Tom suffered. Them's grammar!" "You may take your seat, sir. If you progress hereafter rapidly as you have done, you will be a second Lindley Murray."

WHO ARE RICH.—The man with good, firm health, is rich. So is the man with a clear conscience. So is the parent of vigorous, happy children. So is the editor of a good paper with a big subscription list. So is a man whose coat the little children of the parish pluck as he passes them in their play. So is the wife who has the whole heart of a good husband. So is the maiden whose horizon is not bounded by the "coming man," but who has a purpose in life whether she ever meets him or not. So is the young man who, laying his hand on his heart can say, "I have treated every woman I have ever met as I would wish my sister treated by other men."

So is the little child who goes to sleep with a kiss on his lips, and for whose waking a blessing waits. A new burlesque, at the Strand Theatre, London, makes the son of one of the characters welcome his father to Paris, and ask him if he had a pleasant railway journey. "Oh, yes," says the parent, "capital; we had a railway accident." "Indeed! What was it?" says the son. "We arrived safely!"

TEA BISCUIT.—One quart of flour, a piece of butter the size of an egg worked in with the flour, two table-spoonful of cream of tartar sifted in while dry, one tea-spoonful of soda, and mix with sweet milk very soft. Bake in a hot oven.

CUP CAKE.—One cup of butter, three cups of sugar, four eggs, four cups of flour, one tea-spoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, mace and soda, and one pound of raisins.

Memorial.

The following is the text of the Memorial presented March 12, at the extra Session of the Michigan State Legislature by the Michigan State Woman Suffrage Association: To the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Michigan, in Special Session convened: The Executive Committee of the Michigan State Woman Suffrage Association, at their meeting held at Kalamazoo, February 10, 1874, voted to memorialize your honorable body, at your special session now being held.

We beg leave to represent to you that the object of this association is to secure, in a legal way, the enfranchisement of the women of the State. They are, as you well know, already recognized as citizens of the State, according to the laws of this State, and they are now taxed for all purposes of public interest as well as men. But they are not represented in the Legislature, nor in any branch of the State government, thus affording a great example, and an object lesson to the people of the world, in the treatment of a class of citizens who are declared to be tyrants, and which is contrary to the genius of our republican institutions to the general polity of this commonwealth.

Women are also governed, while they have no direct voice in the government, and made subject to laws affecting their property, their personal rights and liberty, in whose enactment they have had no voice. We therefore petition your honorable body, that in preparing a new constitution, to be submitted for adoption or rejection by the people of this State, you will strike out the word male from the article defining the qualifications of electors; or if deemed best by you, will provide for the separate submission of an article for the enfranchisement of the women of Michigan, giving them equal rights and privileges with the men.

By thus taking the lead of the States of this Union, to more fully secure the personal rights of all the citizens, you will show yourselves in harmony with the spirit of the age and worthy to be called pioneers in this cause, as you are already more honorably accounted pioneers in your educational system, which affords equal and impartial advantages to the population of our State irrespective of sex or condition in life—thus aiming to elevate the entire people to the highest practical plane of intelligence and true civilization.

By order, and in the name of the Michigan Woman's Suffrage Association. MRS. A. H. WALKER, St. Johns, President. MRS. S. E. EMORY, Meridian, Recording Secretary. MRS. E. H. STONE, Kalamazoo, Corresponding Secretary. MRS. L. H. WESTCOTT, Lansing, Treasurer. J. A. B. STONE, Kalamazoo, Dr. J. L. BARTHOLOMEW, Lansing, Mrs. FRANKS, Tawas, Battle Creek, Mrs. O. A. JENKINS, Lansing, Mrs. C. A. F. STEBBINS, Detroit, Mrs. D. C. BLAKEMAN, Kalamazoo, Mrs. L. B. CURTIS, Lansing, Executive Committee.

House-keeping. I declare that the woman who is able to systematize and carry on smoothly the work of an ordinary family, illustrates highest sagacity that is called for by seven-eighths of the tasks done by man. Men take one trade and work at it; a mother's and house-keeper's work is a patchwork of all trades. A man has his work hours, and his definite tasks; a woman has work at all hours, and incessant confusion of tasks. Let any man do a woman's work for a single day, and wash and dress the children, having provided their clothes the night before; see that breakfast is under way to suit a fault-finding husband; the wash-bowls on with water for the wash, and the clothes assorted ready for washing; the dish-water heating, and a luncheon thought out for the school-boys; a nice dinner in the good man's dinner-pail; the beds made, after putting a new sheet on; the family's conscience exactly hit for family prayers; the systematic weeping of the house at least once a week, and the living rooms once to three times a day, according to the number of men to be brought in; the actual washing and outbanging of clothes; the drying, sprinkling and folding, and to-morrow ironing the same; The sorting and mending of them, and provision of new things; the old give out; the making of bread three times a week, with cake and pies intercalated judiciously; pickles, preserves, and cellar stores to be laid in, and not forgotten in their season; children's manners to be attended to; company to be entertained; her own person to be tidied up to please his eye; and tired him to be welcomed and waited on by the no less tired maid, and the house made cheerful; his trousers to be patched after he has gone to bed so he can put them on in the morning; the children to be helped about their lesson, and reminded not to forget their Sunday school lesson; the shopping and marketing to be done for the household; repairs attended to, and matters in general kept straight around home. Meanwhile, "Papa must not be troubled or hindered about his work," because man's work brings in the money, but man's work does not so tax the head and heart and hands as woman's work does.

Besides all this, man is helped by many strong relishes and incentives in his labor. He is out in the world among folks. He comes and goes, and is refreshed in spirit. But woman works alone, and almost unknown to her husband and her God is, possibly, her only motive, and alas, how many wives there be who weep in secret before their God, because they fail to win one smile or word of praise from their husbands. It is stupid and brutal for any ordinary man to be finding fault with woman.

Puddin' Sauce.—One-half tencup of butter, one and a half tencups of sugar, and one pint of strawberries mashed till juicy. (Canned berries may be substituted for fresh ones.) Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, then stir in the berries.

CHOCOLATE.—One cup of butter, three cups of sugar, four eggs, four cups of flour, one tea-spoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, mace and soda, and one pound of raisins.

IDEAS ABOUT HEAVEN. BY RAY. How many are there who profess Christianity that have any distinct idea of their future dwelling-place, when, having "shuffled off this mortal coil," they shall pass into realms Elysian? Ask any good old deacon of the "household of faith" his opinion on the subject, and you will hear a confused murmur of "starry crowns," "palms of victory," "snowy robes," "golden harps," etc., when the dear old soul couldn't play "Hark from the tombs, a doleful sound" on an improved Jew's harp were he to get a new set of false teeth thereby; and as for a white robe, he thinks a "bolled shirt" an "abomination most intolerable."

Inquire of some excessively religious individual where he expects to navigate his spiritual barque, and he will answer, providing he has an abundance of filthy lucre, "Oh, I think heaven will be like this earth, only there will be no sin, you know—ah!"—at the same twisting and stroking his whiskers and thinking what an original personage he is, to be sure!

I once heard a dispenser of the Word say, "Oh, I don't want to go to Heaven if I can't have a crown full of stars!" Now, verily, he was a diminutive man, and one who wore fine linen and fared sumptuously three times a day; and he thought, firstly—My clerical friend, you would out a rather absurd figure with your crimson face, and "locks of hyacinthine flow" to match, your pudgy feet clutched a "palm," your pigeon stoop getting hopelessly entangled in a "white robe"—that is, if you appear there as now; if not, my dear little preacher, you wouldn't get the credit of wearing one of the finest crowns in all Heaven, for nobody would know it was you, and glory is one of your strong points of bliss.

Minister No. ninety-nine says, "If you want to make heaven attractive to children, teach them that it is a beautiful city, where every desire will be gratified." Now, as old folks are only grown-up children, why not teach them likewise? For instance, would you convert a politician, hold out the alluring hope of a fat government office; and if you wish to lead a fashionable belle in the ways of eternal peace, promise her plenty of beaux, a pink rips silk, and a set of diamonds, and she will "convert" immediately. "Gates Ajar," which was warmly greeted by so many, was written on this principle exactly, only to the children it promised pink blocks and ginger snaps, and to a young lady it promised a piano.

To my mind one of these doctrines is as absurd as the other. I am persuaded that "eye hath not seen nor ear heard, nor hath it entered the heart of man to conceive" what Heaven really is, but I also believe that the personal possibilities of all of us will meet a just disappointment when we get there, and that the most self-righteous ones among us here will be least exalted there.

A married man hearing that the eating of certain kinds of animal food would aid the same tissues of the human body, as, for instance, calves' brains would nourish the eater's brains, or beef's liver the eater's liver, immediately gave strict orders that no more tongue of any kind be sold to his wife or mother-in-law.

Maud Muller and her lord, we should both rue it, if he did." A surly fire was smoking and smouldering in the chimney, successfully resisting Fan's awkward attempts to coax it into a steady flame. The drizzling rain without, and the cheerless air within, out-void each other in attempts to excel in augmenting the general discomfort. The younger children, in undress, were scampering over the floor, and baby was crying and shivering in the cold. Mrs. Lee had not yet risen, but lay moaning in his pain.

Henry and Jim were scolding at Fan because of her awkwardness, tugging the while at their ugly boots, which the mud had rendered as hard and horny as raw-hide. Amie almost flew in her efforts to bring comfort and order out of the reigning confusion, and Melvin Hastings, hazarding the respect of the younger Lees by his dexterity in assisting about women's work, proved so valuable an aid, that the fire soon roared and sparkled as if in fire, sending a cheering warmth through the apartment.

"Ame, you'd better dress Tot," suggested Henry. "Ame's got enough to do; make Fan do it," was Jim's command. "I've got the 'taters to peel while Ame makes the biscuits. Sue's been picking away at them pheasants for the last hour," retorted Fan. Meanwhile Tot stood in the corner screaming a degree louder than the rest were talking. "O, dear!" said Amie, hopelessly. "Does everybody's young ones act like these, I wonder? Henry, please put Tot's clothes on and get his face washed, won't you?" "Not if I know myself," balancing the tongs in his brawny hands, and snapping them viciously at the bare legs of Dan, who lustily yelled for mother, as the wont of children when imposed upon.

Common Sense.

We hail the following from the Astorian as a bugle note for freedom. Welcome to our ranks, brother Ireland: Taken from our stand-point—which we claim is the truly independent one—the lessons taught by our modern politicians are most important ones, and will end with the enfranchisement of woman, and the partial disfranchisement of man. The country is filled with boys who are waiting for the time of their majority to arrive, when they can stand around the street corners, and, like very many of the voters of to-day, talk politics and drink whisky. There are also thousands of women, who are waiting for the time to come when they can have a voice and a vote on the political issues of the day—and when that time arrives, off goes the head of the man who makes political business at elections and no other principle than to sell his vote to the highest bidder. Then will the ballot be purified, and not till then. Then, and not till then, will the lobby at Washington get at the State capitol, when they will, then, and not till then, will that "reform" so urgently demanded by every party platform reach wide enough, strong enough and low enough to care for the prosperity of our common country and prevent a repetition of the schemes and subversions of party jobbers who have now well nigh ruined the Republic of America. Then, and not till then, will the people be given better things for their money than the unclean and sickening legislation which now so generally blackens our codes; is only meant "for effect," and in reality has got to be choked down by all fair-minded persons.

The Astorian is not a political sheet—we are biding our time to have our say, and only throw out this as an intimation of where we may be found when the day arrives, as it soon will.

A MODEL JURY.—In Truckee, last Wednesday, upon a jury trial, the Sheriff was sent by the Court to interview the jury, which had been out some time. The reporter describes the sight that met the officer's eyes when he went to the room: One of the jurors had an immense bass drum strapped on his back, and as he marched around the hall another juror was followed behind with drumsticks, playing upon the drum at a lively rate. Still a third juror was beating a snare drum vigorously, his design to produce a noise as much as possible without regard to time or music. A quart bottle was an object of deep interest to several other of the jurors, while a game of euchre occupied the attention of the remainder. The Sheriff, who was struck with the imposing scene that he retreated and called his Honor, the Judge, to witness the solemn deliberations of a Truckee Jury. The Judge called the jurors to order, and inquired if they had agreed upon a verdict. They replied through their foreman that they had agreed to disagree, and that a verdict was out of the question.

A BRAVE WOMAN.—A brave woman of Boston, who refuses to have her name made public, was left in charge of several children one night lately, and one of them being taken sick, she summoned a woman to fetch a prescription to the apothecary's for some medicine; but the servant came, frightened out of her wits, saying there was a burglar concealed in a certain closet. The woman went to fetch a prescription, and she found a man in the closet, and she said, "If there is anybody in this closet, let him come out," whereupon a big, sinister-looking negro stepped forth. The woman then with the utmost coolness, handed him the prescription, saying, "Take this to the nearest apothecary's and get it filled. There is a sick child in the house." The black burglar left without a word. Meanwhile the woman, who began to feel a little fatigued, called a neighbor. The latter was about to go to the apothecary's for the medicine, when a clerk called with it, saying that a negro had brought the prescription and then disappeared.

Zina Fay Pierce, the daughter of a clergyman in St. Albans, Vermont, leads a departure in the Temperance movement. She has formed a society and written for it a creed. The points of her teaching are that the milder forms of liquor should not be classed with the fiery; that beer-drinking and bee-gardens should be a little farther out; that "if there is anybody in this closet, let him come out," whereupon a big, sinister-looking negro stepped forth. The woman then with the utmost coolness, handed him the prescription, saying, "Take this to the nearest apothecary's and get it filled. There is a sick child in the house." The black burglar left without a word. Meanwhile the woman, who began to feel a little fatigued, called a neighbor. The latter was about to go to the apothecary's for the medicine, when a clerk called with it, saying that a negro had brought the prescription and then disappeared.

An Aberdeen minister, catechizing his young parishioners before the congregation, but the usual question to a stout girl whose father kept a public house: "What is your name?" No reply. The question having been repeated, the girl replied, "Name of your father, Mr. Minister, yer ken my name well enough. D'ye no say when yer come to our house on a night, 'Bet, bring me some ale'?"

"The man who lays his hand upon a woman, except in kindness,"—or, perhaps, the version of Mrs. Robert Shehee of Owasso, Ill., is more in accordance with the progress of the age. "I don't so much care," says Mrs. Shehee, "about a man's striking a woman with his fist, but when it comes to taking an ax to her, it's too much." Mr. Shehee got one month in jail.

SKINNING OR SHAVING, WHICH?—"Does the razor go easy?" asked the barber of a victim who was writhing under a clumsy instrument, whose chief recommendation was a strong brand. "Well," replied the poor fellow, "that depends upon what you are doing. If you are skinning me, it goes tolerable easy; but if you are shaving me, it goes rather hard."

A young girl who had an offer of marriage which she wished to accept, submitted the matter to her father, who advised her against matrimony, using as argument the quotation from St. Paul, "They who marry do well, but they who do not do better." "Well," said the damsel, "I love to do well; let those do better who can!"

The master of Miss Sarah Smiley's right to preach of matrimony before the Brooklyn presbytery.