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AMIE AND HENRY LEE.

The Spheres of the Sexes.

BY MRS. A. J. DENWAL.

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CHAPTER III.

The jug of tarantula juice, which be-sotted John Lee had hidden among the cushions as he came home from the election, was resorted to so frequently until its contents were exhausted, that the head of the family was in no condition for a day or two to exercise his authority over his eldest son. True, he sat in the corner giving maudlin orders with the air of a potentate, viciously snapping the tongue at the limbs of the younger children, who, being on the lookout for attacks of this kind, usually dodged them dextrously; but the head of the family was continually running over with ribald rhyme and stale witticisms, from which all pungency and sparkle had long been extracted by constant repetition.

Melvin Hastings still lingered in the home of the Lees, interesting Amie with his elegant conversation concerning the great world, of which she thought so much and knew so little. It was little wonder that she gradually grew to weaving romances of the future, in which he always figured as the prime actor, and herself as a brilliant satellite.

The fourth morning of his visit had dawned, and he was helping, as had become his regular custom, with the morning chores. The last cow was milked, and the two were leaning idly against the bars, watching the playful gambols of the happy calves, when Mr. Hastings suddenly said: "I am going away to-day, Miss Maud."

The words fell upon Amie's heart like lead. She had been so happy for the last few days, and life would be dreary when he was gone! With blanching lip she looked into his face, and said, simply, "So soon?"

"Yes, my pretty, petite pet. Won't you let me be your nobleman, and will you be my Maud?"

"I don't like the ending of the Maud Muller story at all, Mr. Hastings. You know her lord got very tired of her. He was ashamed of her among his high-bred friends, and she sighed for the old day-making times at her father's. No, my lord, I decline to be anybody's Maud Muller."

Melvin Hastings doubted the evidence of his senses. The idea that this rustic maiden, whose surroundings were so distasteful to her, should be contentedly under the conditions they invoked, should not only not feel flattered by his attentions, but that she should absolutely refuse them, was to him at once a wonder and disappointment.

"Amie," he said, hastily, "I must say that I was hardly prepared for this."

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been balanced between his ankles "to stretch him straight," as his father had brutally explained. With no covering upon his quivering body except a hickory shirt, through which the blood was oozing at every stroke, the boy bravely endured the torture, giving vent to neither tear nor groan. His poor mother lay helplessly upon the bed, screaming and shrieking as though every blow were sinking into her own quivering flesh, while the younger children hid themselves in the corner, as if seeking protection from the walls in their terror.

"Holla! What does this mean?" queried Mr. Hastings, seizing the great whip, and dealing a half-dozen vigorous blows upon the back of the brutal father. Then, tossing the whip into the fire, he snatched a carving knife from the table, cut the things that bound the boy, and released him from captivity.

John Lee was taken completely by surprise. Never before, in his own house, where he was distinctly recognized as the head of the family, had any one dared to question his authority. Dropping into a chair, as if overcome by exhaustion, he apologetically explained: "I was just administering a little needed punishment for the boy's laziness."

"I think a little needed State's prison discipline is what you need for your brutality," was the quick reply. "I didn't hurt him any to speak of. If his spirit ain't broke, he'll go to ruin shore. My daddy thrashed me regular—"

"And that's why you're such a pattern man, eh?"

A feeble remembrance of his own dignity, and what was due to the head of the family, overcame the submissive awe with which the sudden turn in affairs had imbued him, and John Lee ordered the "meddlin' upstart!" to "skeddaddle that minute."

"I'm in no hurry, Mr. Lee," was the quiet response. "I shall stay awhile and see if further brutalities are visited upon this family while you are sobering off."

Poor Mrs. Lee lay in her sick-bed, weeping silently. Henry had crawled up the ladder to the loft, and was being waited upon by Jim, whose lively recollections of similar scenes, in which he had been the passive subject, imbued him with sentiments of tenderness quite touching to behold.

Holland's poems and settling himself down to read.

"But you told me this morning you would go to-day?"

"Are you, then, so anxious to get rid of me?"

"Amie's face took on a yet deeper hue. 'I cannot tell you all about it here. We'll take a little walk after the work is done, if you are willing, and then I'll fully explain.'"

"Come to me, won't you, darling?"

"Amie was bending over her mother in an instant.

"You don't intend to leave me, do you, daughter?"

"Mother, what a question! Why do you ask it?"

"I may make of myself something besides an ignorant, rustic drudge?"

Melvin Hastings, who had counted his conquests among maidens by the score, had suddenly met a new experience. He fully believed that with honied words and tender glances he could woo this girl and have a "good time" in gratifying his vanity by making love. Her direct, practical questions disarmed his tongue of its flattery and he was silent.

"You spoke to me this morning of Maud Muller and matrimony," said the dauntless girl. "You don't repeat that nonsense now."

"Oh, Amie!" said the young man, desperately, "you are so different from any other girl I ever knew. You seem to have no heart for love. Everything with you is as plain and practical as though you were fifty years old."

"And why shouldn't I be, pray?"

"Because you are young and beautiful and intelligent. Your frame is slight, your natural habits dainty, and you need as much care and petting and love as my sister's canary."

"So does my mother, poor darling, but she never gets them."

"Amie, won't you love me, just a little?"

to him. Do you command me to stay here where I cannot help but curse him, or will you let me go away where I may have an opportunity to make a man of myself?"

"Which I am doing fast enough here, that's certain. Mother, may I go?"

"God bless and guide you, my precious boy. I cannot say no under the circumstances."

"And you won't grieve for me, mother?"

"I can't help it, darling. It's only such a little while since you cooed in my arms, a bright-eyed baby! I little thought I was bringing you up for this! You'll write to me, sometimes, won't you?"

"Yes, mother, if you can keep the old man ignorant of my whereabouts."

"Are your clothes all ready, son?"

"Oh, yes, mother. Never mind my clothes. Just keep your spirits up and get well. Remember that whatever befalls me, I'll never have to take another flogging."

The suffering mother clasped her boy in a long embrace, mingling her tears with his, and offering to the Mightiest solemn, silent supplication, such as is only wrung from a mother-heart when the lambs of her fold go out into the world's wide pasture unattended by the maternal solicitude that has guarded them from babyhood.

"TO BE CONTINUED."

YOURS TRULY ANSWERED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST: I did not expect such a sudden burst of indignation from the pen of "Yours Truly," over a slight intimation that I inadvertently made, that she might be an amnesiac. Had I borne in mind the proverbial peculiarity of women generally, to have the first and last word at all times, and on all occasions, I might have avoided the storm of limitless verbosity to which I have unfortunately exposed myself. I admire the candor, thrilling eloquence, and sentimental truth of the contributions attributed to "Yours Truly." How strangely different their cheering effect from the effete emanations of the staid and misanthropic! By intimating that "Yours Truly" might be an amnesiac, I simply meant that she may have plagiarized to a considerable extent from the romantic eloquence and love-enraptured orations of some brilliant and philosophic lover, and being overwhelmed by his magic intonation, and the inspiration of his love, she may, unconscious of the plagiarism she was committing, have moulded his motive ideas with those rounded and elegant periods that come out in original strength and vigorous relief over the non de plume of "Yours Truly" in the columns of the NEW NORTHWEST.

But would it not be better for her, and more womanly, to be silent and submissive to slight criticisms upon her style of writing? It is true that I am a bachelor of some years standing; but does "Yours Truly" suppose that living a single life renders a man incapable of comprehending the true status of woman, since the story of Eve is so widely known? It seems to me that further argument is useless. E. M. ESCOFFER, Gervais, March 16, 1874.

Origin of the Temperance Crusade.

The ladies' temperance movement commenced at Hillsboro, Ohio, by a lady whose husband and son had fallen victims to the intoxicating cup, and all earthly means of reforming them having failed, her burdened soul cried out to God for help; and she arose in the church and asked her sisters to meet her in her own parlor to pray. A number of the women came, and they held a meeting in her parlor; the divine presence was with them in power. Deeply impressed to do so, she asked her friends to follow her into the street, and they all did so, neither she nor any of the others knowing what would be done, or by what mysterious influence they were led; but, single file, they passed along the principal street, singing as they went, until they came to the leading saloon; and led by the same unseen hand, they entered it, and pleaded with the proprietor to quit the business; but he said it was his only means of support, and his family would suffer and starve if he quit; but he gave them permission to hold a prayer meeting in the saloon; and they sang and prayed until all the ladies present had led in prayer, and there was a wonderful measure of divine power accompanying the exercises. They again entreated the saloon-keeper to desist; he said he would if he had any other means of support, but he could not as he was situated. In a moment the lady asked for a sheet of paper, wrote out a subscription, and, in as brief a time as the names could be written, \$1,000 was subscribed by the ladies, the wives of bankers and merchants. The man closed his saloon, and it has never been opened since. He is now converted, and a member of the Church. This was the unpremeditated beginning of this wonderful movement.

MIXED SCHOOLS.—The Supreme Court of Indiana has decided that colored children have the right to go to the public schools in common with white children to those school districts in which no provision has been made for their separate education. The decision was concurred in by all the Judges of the Supreme Court. This is identical with the decision of the Supreme Court of California.

There is something very sensible in the impromptu remark of a young lady: "If our Maker thought of us for Adam to live single when there was not a woman on earth, how criminally wrong are the old bachelors, with the world full of pretty girls!"

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

Closing Scene.

IN THE TRIAL OF SUSAN B. ANTHONY, ON THE CHARGE OF LIBEL, NOTING AS FOLLOWS: N. Y. AT THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORATE, 1872.

Judge Hunt—(Ordering the defendant to stand up.) "Has the prisoner anything to say why sentence shall not be pronounced?"

Miss Anthony—Yes, your honor, I have many things to say for you, ordered verdict of guilty, you have trampled under foot every vital principle of our Government. My natural rights, my civil rights, my political rights, my judicial rights, are all alike trampled. Robbed of the fundamental privileges of citizenship, I am degraded from the status of a citizen to that of a subject; and not only myself, but my husband, but all of my sex are, by your honor's verdict, doomed to political subjection under this, so-called, form of government."

Judge Hunt—The Court cannot listen to a rehearsal of arguments the prisoner's counsel has already consumed three hours in presenting.

Miss Anthony—May it please your honor, and not arguing the question, but simply stating the reasons why sentence cannot, in justice, be pronounced against me. Your denial of my citizen's right to vote, is the denial of my right of citizenship as one governed, the denial of my right of suffrage, the denial of my right to be taxed, the denial of my right to a trial by a jury of my peers as an offender against the law; therefore, the denial of my sacred rights to life, liberty, property and not one iota of my rights.

Judge Hunt—The Court cannot allow the prisoner to go on.

Miss Anthony—But your honor will not deny me this one and only poor privilege of protesting against this high-handed outrage upon my citizen's rights. May it please the Court to remember that since the day of my arrest last November, this is the first time that either myself or any person of my disfranchised class has been allowed a word of defense before Judge or jury—

Judge Hunt—The prisoner must sit down—the Court cannot allow it.

Miss Anthony—Yes, your honor, but I was clearly your duty, even then I should have had just cause to stand up, and one of those men was my peer; but, native or foreign born, white or black, rich or poor, sober or drunk, each and every man of them was my political superior; hence, in my sense, my peer. Even under such circumstances, a comrade of England, tried before a Jury of Lords, would have far less cause to complain than should I, a woman, tried before a jury of men. Even my counsel, the Hon. Henry R. Selden, who has argued my cause so ably, so unanswerably before your honor, is my political sovereign. Precisely as no disfranchised person is entitled to sit upon a jury, no woman is entitled to the franchise, so, none but a regularly admitted lawyer is allowed to practice in the courts, and no woman can gain admission to the bar—hence, jury, judge, and counsel, all of the superior class.