

The New Northwest.

FREE SPEECH, FREE PRESS, FREE PEOPLE.

VOLUME III.

PORTLAND, OREGON, FRIDAY, AUGUST 14, 1874.

NUMBER 52.

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

AMIE AND HENRY LEE; OR—The Spheres of the Sexes.

BY MRS. A. J. DUNSTON.

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CHAPTER XII.

Amie was up long before dawn on the morning following the quarrel with her brother. Arranging the preliminaries for breakfast, she left the finishing up to Fan and Sue, and busied herself in a hurried, abstracted manner with the family washing. All of this work devolved upon her now that her two sisters attended school.

Further opportunities for systematic education than her mother had given her in their home in the wilderness were heretically self-denied by the conscientious girl.

"It's better that all should have a little learning than that some should have none at all," she argued to herself. "Besides, I have already had a good common school course. Reading and experience must do the rest."

She might have also said that somebody must provide the creature comforts for her greedy charge, and there was nobody but her to do it; but though the thought crossed her mind, it found no audible utterance.

"What are you in such a brown study about, Amie?" queried the considerate Jim, as he helped himself to his breakfast, while Amie rubbed upon the wash-board at the wristsbands of his hickory shirt.

"I'm trying to solve the problem as to what we shall eat and drink, and where-will we be clothed," wringing the rough garment in her tiny hands, and hanging it in a twist upon the back of a chair.

"You didn't half wring that shirt!" was the brotherly admonition. "See! the water drips from it like the very mischief."

"Wring it yourself, then," was the quick reply. "If you'd done your duty, you'd have had half the hard rubbing and wringing done while I was getting breakfast."

"I'm not a girl, and I'd have you know that I've no duties in that direction."

"You know I can't help it if I am a girl. I'm almost ready to vow that I never will do any more washing for you till you get something to do to help support this family."

"Du tell! You're puttin' on airs since you went to the 'Walk In.'"

Now Amie was not, and the boy's taunt was enough to throw her into a frenzy.

"You shan't talk to me that way, sir!" she cried. "I won't stand it!"

"Help yourself, little one," he replied, with a laugh, as he addressed himself to a fresh stack of griddlecakes, just baked for his use by Sue.

Amie demurely rolled down her sleeves, changed her attire, helped herself to the fifty dollars from the trunk that had been her mother's, and taking Dick with her, left the house without a word.

"You've done it, Jim!" said Fannie, in indignant alarm.

"Done what?"

"Why, driven Amie away from home! A pretty kettle of fish we'll all be in if she treats us as you treat her, and I wouldn't blame her if she did."

"No danger of that!" said Jim, but somehow his appetite for griddle cakes was sated, and he left the table and sauntered down the street to look after his sister. But his search was fruitless, and with a heavy heart and sad forebodings, he pursued his way to school.

"What if Amie should leave us?" was his mental query all day long.

"Why shouldn't she, when you treat her so badly?" queried the boy's common sense.

Amie was once more persuaded by the force of circumstances to enter an intelligence office; but she was careful now to take a good look at the proprietor before crossing the threshold. Passing by several pretentious establishments, where pompous young men sat at ease around tables loaded with newspapers, awaiting applications for labor from the protected sex, she stopped in front of a modest-looking office, where an elderly gentleman in beaming spectacles awaited her request.

"Can you find me a snug little room upon a business thoroughfare where the rent will be light and the surroundings respectable?"

"Do you wish to rent a store?"

"Yes, if I can get one that will not be too expensive."

"What kind of business do you wish to engage in?"

"I think of opening a millinery store."

"Then I guess the place wouldn't suit."

"What place?"

"A tobacconist has just vacated a very good corner that might suit a dress-maker, but I'm afraid it isn't large enough for a great display of millinery."

"If you'll deposit two an' a half as a pledge for its safe return."

"Certainly."

"The room was indeed small and cozy, but Amie was pleased with it, and decided to close the bargain at once, at twenty dollars per month."

"What a fool I am!" she said to herself, after the month's rent was paid, as she folded the receipt, and taking Dick, now very tired and cross, in her arms, she sought a wholesale dealer with whom she soon contracted upon thirty days' time for a few hundred dollars worth of such goods as she felt might best suit the market.

The dealer was wise enough not to question her too closely. Being a good judge of human nature, he learned at a glance that he could trust this new customer, and he readily gave her the benefit of his experience in helping her to such selections as he knew would bring quickest sale.

"Won't you step into the nearest restaurant and get a lunch, madam?" he asked, as the noon hour drew nigh.

"No, thank you, I had no idea it was so late. I must prepare lunch at home for a family of eight, and finish up a large washing."

"Are you the sole support of such a large family as that?"

"I am, at present, sir."

"But you don't expect to do that house-keeping and carry on a store?"

"How old are you?"

"Twenty years."

"Do you see that boy? He is my eldest, and one year your senior. He couldn't take care of himself."

"That's because he isn't a girl," said Amie, as she prepared to carry her burden of incipient, woman-protecting manhood to her humble home.

"Let me sell you a buggy for him to ride in, madam. You can't afford to waste your strength in that way, if you are going into business."

"I believe you are right, sir; but if I take the buggy, I must pay you in monthly installments."

Little Dick was delighted with the purchase, but not more so than his sister, as she trundled him with ease along the ways where she had so often carried him.

"I fear I have committed a very grave act of extravagance, but it goes in a lifetime," she said to herself, by way of apology.

Jim's fears were quieted by Amie's return, and, as he became assured that she would not desert them, he became doubly self-important and overbearing.

"You don't know one thing about the millinery business, and you'll make a dead failure," he said, by way of wise encouragement.

"Then I'll not call upon you to foot the bills, so don't worry yourself, sir, smartness."

The goods arrived at the store by the time Amie's family lunch was over and the washing finished, and for several days the girl toiled with closed doors, until she had made up a really fine assortment of attractive merchandise.

Her taste was marvelously good, and the ready tact which was her peculiar gift, took the place of a large experience.

When all was ready, an advertisement, accompanied by attractive local puffa, appeared in the papers, and the first day's sales amounted to fifty dollars coin, with orders for quite as much more.

The business became very brisk, and, had Amie been alone, the accruing profits of her sales would have soon placed her on the road to wealth.

One day, soon after opening her business establishment, she chanced to pick up a stray copy of the *Every Morning Gazette*, much soiled and crumpled, which had been thrown aside by a customer who had brought an old bonnet to remodel.

While the customer was "making up her mind" about the "style" that would most likely "become" her faded features, Amie glanced at the dispatches in the paper, and learned that Melvin Hastings, Jr., formerly of Portsmouth, had been admitted as a pupil in the Art Academy of New York city. It was her first reliable news of his whereabouts since the well and painfully remembered moment when he had suddenly met her and almost stumbled over her little brother weeks before, upon the streets of Portsmouth.

"What is that man and his affairs to me? Or why does he concern me that I should think about him?" she asked herself, bitterly, as she tossed the paper under the counter, and turned, with an anxious face and supreme effort at self-control, to receive a new customer's orders for an intricate marvel of blonde and orange blossoms, which was intended to form a prominent part of a bridal trousseau, that was just now the theme of city small talk among the belles and their mamma.

"Let the border be of satin piping, with fine gros-grain crossings, puffed full between the meshes with fluffings of illusion. Let part of the orange wreath trail lightly across the front, and another part droop over the lace barbes at the back. Make the strings of white tulle, edged with blonde lace, and knot them in front with this white rose and these orange buds," said the bride expectant, with a ready business air, which became her finely.

"And, stay!" she continued, suddenly, "put a spray of sweet briar over the right ear. Let it be just as delicate as can be, but don't omit it, remember."

"What an odd fancy!" Amie could not help saying, as she added the spray to the list of other selected articles, and put them aside to await the earliest opportunity to "put up" the bonnet.

"O, yes; rather odd for a bridal bonnet; but my affianced is peculiar about these things. Sweet briar is the emblem of our courtship."

The gay girl tripped lightly away, and Amie again instinctively sought the columns of the *Gazette*.

"A cypress vine is the fittest emblem of our wooing," she said, dreamily, as her eager eyes sought the meager telegram in her anxiety for further light.

The letter list attracted her gaze, and conspicuous among the addresses was her own, which had been advertised for several days.

"Some good angel must have sent me this *Gazette*," she murmured; "I must take the paper regularly after this."

During the long afternoon no opportunity for leaving the store to go to the post-office was given her. Customers thronged around her, and sales were so many and profits so good that it was little wonder that she was prematurely induced to give up the little store and cheap dwelling for the combined conveniences and increased expenses of an establishment which the profits of her business poorly justified.

More experienced business minds than hers have made greater mistakes. At length, upon the evening to which we have been referring, after the last customer was gone and the little shop was locked up for the night, the anxious girl went round by the post-office and received the missive with which the reader was made acquainted in a former chapter.

From that day until Henry's increase of fortune came to him, creating within her a spirit of emulation which her many opposing and conflicting cares repressed into a very natural envy, the girl was happy as the day.

What, henceforth, was told to her, that she should shrink from it? Or privation, that she need complain?

A brilliant light beamed in her eyes, her cheeks grew rosy, yet delicately beautiful, and, despite the confining toil of her business and the care and drudgery necessary to the feeding and maintaining of so large a family, her form grew rounded and symmetrical, her step more and more elastic, her laugh more modulated, her voice richer and full of harmony.

To be loved by one who fondly, purely loves you is such a deep, abiding joy.

Sometimes, in going to and from upon the streets Amie would meet the intelligence-office proprietor, Green, and she never failed to pass him with an involuntary shudder. He always gazed at her as though he were a great night-owl, ogling for his prey, and, though she always refused to recognize him, yet the sinister leer that invariably lit up his selfish face as he passed her told of memory and hate and not-to-be-baffled revenge.

The Hastings family never patronized her store unless, as frequently happened, they could be benefited nowhere else. Then Mrs. H. would order the carriage to stop at the door, and demand that such and such articles be carried out for her inspection.

Several times, in her desire to propitiate the mother of her absent ideal, Amie obeyed such mandates, and served her fastidious and fault-finding customers to their satisfaction, but never once did the grand lady or her airy daughters enter the store, or acknowledge by word or look of recognition that they had met before.

Amie, quite as independent as they, preserved her regal dignity, and served them with the courteous condescension of a queen.

"They always pay good prices, and they can't humiliate me, that's one consolation," she would say to her sisters, who were taken from school and employed in the busy seasons, much against their own inclination—after the wire edge of novelty had once worn off.

Mr. Green, the evil genius of Amie Lee's suddenly fell heir to an unexpected fortune, and his augmented wealth soon installed him as a visitor in the Hastings mansion. Here his dark insinuations against the "pretty little milliner" were magnified by the suspicious and proper dowager of the premises into mountains composed of the blackest smoke of defamation.

Mrs. Hastings was far too ladylike to make public gossip of these pet suspicions; but, as often happens with mothers who are more "prudent" than conscientious, she hesitated not to rebash the same before her daughters and in her imbecillate husband's presence on all convenient occasions.

Mr. Green became the accepted suitor of Miss May Hastings, and as soon as Amie learned the fact, she ceased to wonder that Melvin's family treated her so coldly.

One day, seized by a sudden impulse, she dispatched a note to Alice, warning her against the visitor, and begging an interview.

"You said that you would be my friend," she wrote, "and now, I want opportunity to prove that I am ready to be a loving friend to you."

For a long time no notice was taken of the note.

Amie, seeing that her brother's patrons were resolved to cut her acquaintance utterly, paid them no further outward attention, and devoted herself diligently to her business.

With increased income came augmented expenses. The little tenement was exchanged for the quite pretentious one before alluded to, with residence above a commodious store at a rental of one hundred and fifty dollars per month.

The family, being never before accustomed to the luxuries that money brings, became very extravagant in their demands upon the profits of the house. Amie would often expostulate, but to little purpose, and slowly, as the months rolled on, did she realize the fact that she was barely able to retain funds enough from current expenses to keep the old stock paid for, while, for the new one, she was always many hundred dollars in debt.

The knowledge of her hopeless indebtedness told fearfully upon her spirits. It was all in vain that she urged her brother Jim, now quite a tall boy, to find some good situation where he might support himself.

The boy "had as good a thing as he wanted at home;" besides, he was growing indolent and dissolute in his habits. He had been expelled from the public schools for playing truant, and his idleness gave his sisters deep concern.

Henry never visited the new establishment when Amie was at home. The adroit insinuations of Mrs. Hastings against the reputation of his sister, and her own indignation when he mentioned his suspicions against her character at their last interview, had sufficed to estrange them utterly.

But Henry Lee was no ordinary boy. He improved diligently every moment of his time at school, and was especially expert in essay-writing. The boy seemed to develop political knowledge by a sort of spontaneous growth, and his literary productions gradually found their way as leaders in the columns of the *Every Morning Gazette*.

The editor of this paper was a fossil of the old school, and the public, noting the fresh originality of the new productions, made so many favorable comments that the publisher was induced to make a liberal offer of an editorial place to the chore boy of Hastings senior.

The boy unhesitatingly accepted an *incognito* position at a salary which enabled him to obtain board and lodging at an elegant up-town residence, where he could pursue his studies unmolested, or write up his brilliant editorials at his leisure.

The gay parties, picnics and festivals in the city delighted him to do him honor. The best and broadest opportunity for culture arose and met him. No obstacles were in his path henceforth.

Reader, we beg your pardon—there was one serious annoyance that continually confronted the mental vision of Henry Lee.

People knew that the pretty milliner with the faultless taste, damaged reputation and dependent family was the sister of the rising politician. To keep this ambitious girl from becoming so conspicuous as to ever render the public coupling of their names possible was his pet ambition.

"Strong-minded women" had become common in the land, and it had even been hinted that a society of these unsexed monstrosities was about to be organized in Portsmouth.

Common sense might have turned the very young man's solicitude into channels of effort to secure honorable employment for his kind and impulsive but inconsiderate and idle brother James; but, it being man's business to protect woman only, it was not strange that he forgot his brother.

"Oh, dear!" said Amie, wearily to herself, as the dreaded "agent" came around for the regular rent, due on the first day of the month, "I do wish Henry would take one of the upper rooms and get his board with us. He might just as well share his lot with the family as not, and the money he pays for board and lodging up town would pay half of our rent."

But Henry Lee made no such overture. Possibly it did not occur to him. Yet he was kind and pleasant with Fannie and Sue when he met them, and occasionally sent a paper of sugar plums to Tot. What more could be expected of a very young and ambitious man who was striving to get on in the world?

(To be continued.)

NAVAL STATISTICS.—The whole tonnage of the world consists of 57,727 sailing-vessels, measuring 14,523,839 tons, and 4,333 steamers, measuring 3,650,670 tons. Great Britain stands first, with 19,172 sailing-vessels, of 5,365,327 tons, and 2,538 steamers, of 2,382,145 tons. The United States come next, following a long way off with 7,092 ships, of 2,272,120 tons, and 420 steamers, of 401,043 tons. Norway, strange to say, comes next in the list of sailing-vessels, and Italy follows in the fourth place. Germany comes next, and France still next; but in the list of steamers, France is third and Germany fourth.

A woman who recently died near Bangor, Maine, was so anxiously lest her body should be dug up and dissected by the doctors that she left \$50 to pay a man for watching her grave a month after she was buried. The watchman is at his post every night.

THE MODERN PREACHER.

THE NEWSPAPER PREACHER—SO PASSING BODIES THE BROODING DOX.

BY A. GAYLORD SPALDING.

It is real handy, isn't it, to put your sermon in printer's ink, and stand in the Newspaper Pulpit? Figuratively, let it be of rosewood, carved and gilded, fringed and tasseled, for the workingmen, the women, the common people. In the past it has been different; but, come to think of it, it must prove a very great economy, and why not try it? The audience is like a banyan tree, spreading round very loose and unlimited, and not confined to Sunday. This style of preaching takes five hundred per cent less money, and besides, it will go a thousand times as far. Strange, that the ministers do not adopt this much superior method. (By the way, I must secure a copyright of my novel idea.) It will save the fearful cost of such totally dead and unproductive property as meeting-houses, and so many socialies, and strawberri, and oyster, and ice cream festivals to support them, and the high salaries, and the constant annoyance and burden of passing round the everlasting begging box, so terribly eating on the pinched, emaciated, hungry and starved little pocketbooks of working people. The pith and substance of all important essays and discourses should go in the free and heroic newspaper, making it the cheap organ of civilization and salvation, which may be ordained with the marked and significant title of the Modern Preacher, and all newspapers may open a lively competition in the smart preaching business.

I therefore hereby nominate and ordain the NEW NORTHWEST as a Modern Preacher for Humanity, Reform, and Woman Suffrage. Won't it be queer—a minister in the mail-bags! The ever industrious and patient preacher never stops, but travels quietly on his weary, winding way, rejoicing and happy, and takes by-roads and cross-roads, straight roads and crooked roads, level roads and hilly roads, sandy roads and muddy roads, rocky roads and stumpy roads, snowy roads and icy roads, jumping, and bumping, and thumping all over the world.

From my present point of lone, serene, and meditative repose, my anxious heart journeys out on the telegraphic wires of Thought, through the groves, fields, and ranches, and gulches, and diggings of the far-off Rocky Mountain State of Oregon, peeping into the humble and joyous homes of many hard toilers, tillers of the soil, workers in shops, and in the mines. They take the independent and progressive newspaper. What reliable women are found in farmers' and workmen's homes, for womanly worth and character! They give a charm and attraction to all that new and wild country, and where the millennium comes, its sweetest bliss and brightest perfection and glory will be more than half due to the women workers of the world.

The modern preaching is a vast improvement on the old. Its mission is to harry, honest workingmen and women, and its doctrine, a common brotherhood, sisterhood, and equal rights, with unity and co-operation.

These are most wonderful times. The scene is panoramic; and, as it moves along, now fast, then slow, kaleidoscopic beauties delight the eye. Reform, Politics, Science, Railroads, Monopoly, Extortion, Workingmen, Women, The Comet, Heathen Chinee, Grasshoppers and Potato Bugs are on exhibition. Things are condensed and focalized. Streaks of light appear in the northern horizon. Rainbow splendors stripe the dark and boding clouds, and enchant the prophetic beholder. What intellect, skill, breadth and power, distinguish the mighty manipulator! Who is he? Don't you know him? He is the profound, pungent and eloquent Modern Preacher, who casts all old style, old foggy expounders entirely in the shade of humiliation. He speaks to everybody once a week, every day and all the time. Listen, O, good people!

Now we return home. The people's hands are full this year—the women's and the men's—(except the thousands of unlucky ones just now thrown out of employment). Woman Suffrage shines on the high mountain crest in the distance, and the beautiful Land of Promise lies in the rich valley beyond. Cheer up, brothers; cheer, O sister! The good time is close upon us.

The ballot, the ballot! We hold in our hand: 'Tis freedom—God-given—to all; And women should claim it in every land, To raise them from want and from thralldom. Champlin, Minn., August, 1874.

A FAN-SHAPED CITY.—Amsterdam is a very strange city, and unlike any other in Europe. It is in the shape of a lady's fan when open. Five canals encircle the city in parallel curves, and one passes around the outside. The streets cross the canals by draw-bridges. There are crossing these canals six hundred bridges, and the city is divided into Houses front on these canals, and often have a wide quay, but sometimes the houses rise from the water's edge. These canals are filled with ships and small boats, and they can pass through the city and unload at any part.

To deny women the elective franchise because they cannot bear arms would not be one whit more unreasonable than to deny men the ballot because they cannot bear children.—Grand Rapids Evening Post.

Aid for Michigan.

The New York Woman Suffrage Association issues the following well-timed circular, which commends itself to all those who desire the success of the greatest movement of the age; and it is to be hoped will stimulate all whom it reaches to effort in the way of pecuniary aid to the Woman Suffragists of Michigan:

ORGANIZE! ORGANIZE! ORGANIZE!

To the Friends of Civil Equality Everywhere.—Men and women of America, the battle is upon us in Michigan. The importance of canvassing the State thoroughly cannot be over-estimated. Judge Brown confessed before the "National Social Science Association," that more than half of the newspapers of this State are in favor of the ballot for women, and that he feared it would carry, though he deprecated the result. Nineteen Senators voted for suffrage for women in the Territories. The House will remit the sentence of Miss Anthony, and thus practically condemn the judgment. Michigan is alive. At the Lansing Convention \$2,000 was subscribed. \$500 to work until election, said one woman; "twenty dollars," said another; "here's my watch, worth \$100," said a third. Now let us do our part. Success in Michigan, and the Union is ours. Only men can vote, and they must be enlightened on the principles and equities of our claims. Speeches, documents, sympathy and material are needed. Shall they have them? We have a large room to print, "The National Justice, Civil Equality and Constitutional Right of Women to the Ballot," which should go into the hands of every legal voter in the U. S. We have speakers who will work for their expenses, and all the conditions of success ready for us.

The appeal is to every non-voting, tax-paying, enslaved woman, and every true man in the whole world. Are you willing to behold this contest without an effort to aid in the achievement of the greatest moral triumph of all the ages? The necessity is pressing, and we appeal especially to our friends who are blessed with means. Who will support one lecturer for one month, or during the campaign? The abundance of the rich and the mite of the widow will be acceptable.

CLEMENCE S. LOZIER, M. D., President.

LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE, Chairman Executive Committee.

Address H. M. L. Shepard, Cor. Sec., 44 Bond Street, N. Y. City.

The Coming Woman.

Woman seems to be passing a transition period, and the question in the heart of every man and woman is, what is coming to? But this question is asked by different persons with different feelings. With some it is asked with hope and joy; with others, in fear and doubt; with some, in doubt and unbelief; with others, in faith and confidence. The world moves forward with vast strides, and carries with it not only art, science, literature, government, and religion, but even the very construction of the human mind seems to be changed at times. A great overruling power seems to be bringing all the human family slowly and surely up to one common level. It is very plain that women are not to be slaves and drudges as among uncivilized nations. Neither are they designed to be shut up in the house and veiled from the sight of the world as things not to be trusted, but guarded sacredly and kept to minister to man's pleasure and passions. The periods of the rabble, speak eloquently in public and pray fervently in the presence of their scornful enemy. What has caused this sudden change, and are the women less womanly since? Ask their husbands, no one will detect a wanting femininity and a growing masculinity in a woman so quick as a husband. Or are they less gentle and loving? Ask their sweethearts, Or are they less tender and kind? Ask their children. No, these women, while they have grown in power, have not lost one womanly feeling or instinct. The coming woman, then, will be no less a woman and no more manly. She will be no less loving and no more bitter; no less lovely and no more hateful. The coming woman will be less trifling, more earnest, less oppressed, downward and upward more respected by the right and feared by the wrong, less circumscribed in her work and her duties, and more powerful to accomplish all the good that her heart prompts her to attempt. The coming woman will be free, under God, to exercise all the power with which she is so bountifully clothed. This is the coming woman.—Leavenworth Daily Commercial.

A STATUTE TO JOHN BUNYAN.—What strange revolutions of opinion time sometimes brings round! Two hundred years ago there arose in England one of the truest men of genius on all the long roll of her famous sons. Glorious fancies filled his soul, and his pen dropped beauties as it flew along the page. But it was his unhappy lot to be in advance of his times. They were times of envy and frivolity. Men could not understand this dreamer, and he was cast in the common prison on Bedford Bridge, there to tag laces for twelve weary years. But lo! the other day a brilliant company assembled in this same town of Bedford to inaugurate a noble monument, erected by public subscription, to the memory of this same John Bunyan. Peers, dignitaries of the church, and municipal magistrates are there, vying with each other in speaking his praise, and amid general plaudits, the statue of the once despised tinker of Elstow is unveiled to public view. The seventeenth century thinkers him—the nineteenth raises a monument to him in the town of his imprisonment. Two hundred years ago no treatment was too severe—no punishment too ignominious for the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress." To-day no language is too eulogistic to celebrate his praise. The men who were then honored are now either forgotten or despised; and John Bunyan, who steadfastly adhered to principle, and served his God according to his conscience at all costs, is "in everlasting remembrance." We hope the men of to-day will learn the lesson of the case. It is a most instructive one.—Belfort Witness.

The Opposition Argument.

The press of Michigan by a very large majority favors Woman Suffrage, but among those papers which assail it is the Grand Rapids Eagle, and its method of attack is in this wise:

"But we are to have more imported orators on this occasion than ever before, and there must be a lively canvass. Michigan is the field of battle for Woman Suffragists of the nation this year. Election campaigns mean work, and the most noisy of the 'Reform' parties are not such stolid blockheads as to be ignorant of the fact that they mean money also, and all the arts pertaining to political canvassing, and proselyting, and even wire-pulling, the women, if they are to enter the political lists, must be at once put into regular training. They must not shrink from a little political abuse of their favorite candidates, or of themselves as candidates; indeed, the growing fastidiousness of most noisy reformers to assail the character of a public officer and candidate for public office with a vehemence just in proportion to the victim's innocence, honesty, and integrity, will be their 'catch it,' for such a character is public property and political game. No considerations of decency or of honorable discrimination are to be allowed to stand in the way of their exercises of fidelity; the charges must be raised thick and fast upon the just and unjust of the 'awfully corrupt' and dominant party. On second thought, the *Missouri* women are better advised to abstain from the election funds. Our Michigan women should be educated as much as possible for the new work to which the ballot will introduce them. Let the canvass be as lively as the tight times will admit."

To this the Grand Rapids Evening Post appropriately replies:

"Of course he intimates that election campaigns mean not only work, but bribery. That may be Mr. Baxter's way of doing political work, but it is not the way Woman Suffragists propose to carry on their campaign. If Mr. Baxter wishes merely to intimidate that dollars and cents are all that can bring the *Eagle* or himself to heel, it is a question, he may as well be told at once that he can't have any of the \$5,000 that the Woman Suffragists of Missouri are endeavoring to raise to help their friends here to purchase tracts and employ speakers. The Woman Suffragists of this State haven't a dollar with which to buy up either editors, newspapers or voters, so if the *Eagle* cannot support this question on its merits, it will have to oppose it."

The kind of attack of the Grand Rapids *Eagle* may be a safety-valve by way of letting off a large stock of ill feeling—but the arguments of the *Eagle* can never be battered down by a legion of assaults of that character.