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AMIE AND HENRY LEE.

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

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CHAPTER XIV.

Great was the consternation in the Hastings family when Alice not only failed to make her appearance at breakfast, but was nowhere to be found about the house. Her room had been carefully arranged, the bed, if used at all, had been neatly made up, and everything evidently put in loving order by the missing one, who had shed many tears over the thought of parting from her beautiful surroundings, as well as from her mother and sisters whom she so dearly loved.

"The family was vigorously questioned, but to little purpose.

"What if she has disguised herself as a sailor and shipped on the sailing-vessel Outward Bound?" queried May.

The father caught the idea and dispatched a messenger to the docks to find that the vessel in question had been loosed from her moorings in the night, and was now well out toward the sea in charge of a tug and pilot.

A little steamer that lay idle at the wharf was chartered, manned, and sent in hot pursuit, but the unwieldy sailor soon found his way into heavy waters, where the lighter dare not follow, and the disappointed father returned at nightfall in his weeping family, feeling that his glided home had been indeed left to him desolate.

"Did Alice say anything that led you to believe she would ship before the mast?" he asked, sternly, of May, as they gathered for the evening meal.

"She said she'd rather be a sailor and climb masts, and pick oakum, and handle mops and sash buckets, than marry Bert O'Toodles—that's all!" said May, so badly frightened that she did not dare to speak the truth.

"How often parents drive their children to falsehood!

"Tell the truth, now!" commands the father or mother, who, from being physically stronger, holds the child at great disadvantage, and yet the tone of command carries a threat with it which the child, if but a few years of age, understands enough to mean, "And if the truth isn't what I want it to be, you'll get whipped within an inch of your life!" Many a less timid girl than May Hastings has been compelled to prevaricate in this way to avoid the punishment that would inevitably follow the truth; and many a boy has ended his career on the gallows, whose first immoral act might be traced to some such unwise exhibition of parental authority as this.

But, forgive us, reader. We know you are impatient to get on with the story, and, to be candid with you, we are glad you are.

Business cares pressed heavily upon the brain and heart of Amie Lee. Her brother James, who had sworn in his boyish zeal a few months previous that he would "lick any fellow out of his boots that should dare impose upon her," became an intolerable imposition himself. The boy had inherited his father's taste for bad company. And as all well-regulated cities boast plenty of enticing dead-falls, with which to lure such boys to ruin, he found continual means to feed and foster his vitiated inclinations. He gradually became the heaviest burden of expense which Amie was compelled to sustain, and one, only in sheer necessity, did she permit him to remain for ten days in prison, because she could not afford to pay the fine imposed upon her by the majesty of the law. For divers of the protecting sex, under the power of other legal institutions than prisons, would continually sell liquor to make her unfortunate brother drunk, and the demands upon her liberality were very frequent.

Things were in this unsettled condition one morning, when another month's rent falling due, when Amie arose with the dawn and availed herself of an hour when the other members of the household were asleep, to grapple desperately with ledger and inventory and trial balance.

The first rays of the morning sun had darted themselves through the Nottingham curtains where hung an attractive display of tasteful millinery, when a Sister of Charity entered the store and asked permission to see some choice selections of white flowers. Amie dropped her figuring to attend to the demands of her customer, who, after causing her to handle every box on the shelves, decided not to "make any purchase just now."

A shade of anxiety and disappointment crossed Amie's face, which the Sister noticed, and kindly inquired its cause.

"O, nothing," was the impatient answer. "I am very busy and very much perplexed. My business does not go to suit me."

The Sister leaned forward and whispered, "Are we alone?"

"Yes, but why do you want to know whether we're alone or not?"

"Because I want a friend. Do you recognize me?"

"I believe not," said Amie, speaking slowly, as if striving to collect her thoughts. "I think I must have met

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Men in England.

Some information of great interest to woman, as well as some kind and fatherly observations respecting her will be found in the General Report of the Census, 1871, lately issued. As girls and women of all ages, says the report, now breathe in the same air as men.

"Which isn't at all likely. I can't imagine why you should think of such a thing as that anybody would come in here and inquire for you."

"Amie Lee, do you remember this note?" placing an envelope in her hand, and looking anxiously in her face.

Amie at once recognized the note which she had sent to Alice Hastings some time before, and started like a guilty creature as she thought of the possibility of its contents becoming public.

"How did you get this?" she asked, confusedly.

"Through the Post-office," was the quiet answer.

"By what right do you intercept Miss Hastings' letters?"

"By a right that is inalienable, Miss Lee."

"I do not comprehend your meaning. It seems to me a queer way of doing business."

"Well, there's no use in quibbling longer. I believe that I can trust you; I am Alice Hastings, at your service. You wrote that you would be my friend, I've come to take up my word."

"What is the matter?" cried Amie, turning pale, "and why do you come to me in this mysterious guise?"

"I have run away from home. To avoid the gossip of society, of which my mother and sisters are so morbidly fond, and which I won't pretend to deny that I am afraid of, I have resolved to hide myself in the city until the whole affair blows over, and Bert O'Toodles gets married."

"But how will you conceal yourself?"

"I didn't recognize me?"

"No, but I wasn't looking for you. What do you propose to do?"

"Would you like a partner in your business?"

"Do you mean to ask if I would like a partner in the guise of a Sister of Charity?"

"Yes."

"I should like much to have a good partner; but the very idea of a nun in a millinery store seems to me absurd. The business would make you so conspicuous that everybody would inquire into your history, and you would be recognized at once. You know that that villain Bob Green, who is going to marry your sister, is busy circulating stories to damage my reputation, and it would be very unpleasant to get your name coupled with mine in any way."

"I can stand that if you can, my friend and sister. But will the profits of the business justify a co-partnership?"

"If I could get a partner with twenty-five hundred dollars, so that we might pay off indebtedness and have the means besides to purchase the first invoice of fall stock, the business would pay handsomely. But I began in debt, my family expenses are heavy, and do what I can, I cannot get out of my financial embarrassments."

"A partner without means would be of no use to you, then?"

Amie hesitated to reply. She was extremely anxious to aid the fugitive sister of her absent lover.

"I think I can get the money," said Alice, after a pause. "I have a magnificent necklace, watch and other jewelry, besides a grand, heavily jeweled opera glass. I'll send them to Melvin in New York and get him to dispose of them for me. Can you protect me, meanwhile?"

"I should think I should find it very hard to protect a Sister of Charity. I have an Irish girl, a devout Catholic, in my employ in the kitchen. She'd report you to the Fathers, and we'd have the clergy here to interview you at once."

"Well, what shall I do? The city will soon be astir. I must be disposed of somewhere and somehow."

"Come with me. I have a spare room that I usually rent to a gentleman lodger, but which, luckily, is vacant now. You shall remain there till we hear from your brother, and Amie's heart gave a great bound of delight at the prospect of a good excuse to write to Melvin Hastings—merely upon a matter of business.

The letter was written, the jewelry safely packed in a box for expressing, and a long private consultation was held concerning future plans before the other members of the Lee family were astir.

From her window Alice watched the crowds as they hurried to and fro, and caught a glimpse once of the white face of her mother as her carriage bowled along the pavement in front of the store.

And while her father was chartering a steambath to send in search of her, and Bert O'Toodles twined his rufan on the sidewalk in aimless wandering, she plied her busy fingers in solving the mystery of unheard millinery lore, to prepare herself for the co-partnership through which she hoped to become independent of her father and his matrimonial and financial schemes.

Amie found time during the day to serve her with food, but it was late in the evening before it was possible for her to seize opportunity for a coveted chat.

But, at length, the last customer was gone, and the last Lee was fed, washed and bedded for the night. Amie, so wearied with the day's toil and excite-

ment that she was extremely nervous and really ill, then sought her friend's retreat, and disposing of her tired body on the lounge, began to talk of business.

"Did you ascertain the value of my jewels?" queried Alice.

"I did. I took them to an assayer, who pronounced them worth—guess how much?"

"Twenty-five hundred dollars."

"Guess again."

"Twenty hundred."

"Oh, you're farther off the track than ever. He says they'll bring at least four thousand."

Alice clasped her hands in delight.

"We'll astonish the natives this fall, won't we?" she cried, as she exhibited two real marvels of complex millinery, made from a Frank Leslie model that had caught her fancy.

"But I am puzzled to know how upon earth we are going to disguise you. You can't be a nun when you deal in 'carnal' matters, you know."

"What sort of a brunette would I make?"

Amie laughed nervously.

"You know," continued Alice, "that my blonde hair curls nicely. Suppose I cut it short, so it will friz all over my head. Then I'll color it black and dye my hands and face a dark olive tint, and you may 'import' me in the autumn as a Spanish milliner."

"Whoever heard of a Sefiorita with blue eyes? We can't do that."

"Then I'll dye my hair brown and color my complexion a very little, and you may 'import' me as your new French milliner, when you get fall goods."

"That's capital!" said Amie. "We'll try that."

"And 'try it' they did, and succeeded.

In due time came a letter from Melvin Hastings and a draft for four thousand dollars. Alice's missive was an encouraging and brotherly one, and Amie's—well, reader, guess we'd better not look at that. Suffice it to say that it brought rest and reassurance to the girl's troubled heart and filled her waiting soul with a song of gladness.

Amie surprised and gladdened her friend, the wholesale dealer, by paying every dollar of her indebtedness and advancing the necessary funds with which to purchase a fall stock.

Being thus befriended with her business gave her great pecuniary advantage over the many competing men milliners who, in their desire to protect woman, had combined to undersell and so get her out of the way of their gains.

The pretty French milliner quietly assumed her proper position and was well advertised in the papers, while Amie was busy from every morning until far into the night in receiving orders, making sales and humoring the silly whims of numerous fashionable customers whose mental horizon was bounded by every day folly, and who, consequently, gave far more attention to the shade of a ribbon, the style of a flower, or the make-up of a hat, than they ever considered it necessary to bestow upon the problem of human destiny or the amelioration of human suffering.

Meanwhile, time sped on, and the Lee family were progressing rapidly towards manhood and womanhood.

Henry Lee hired private tutors, and by dint of hard application to his studies, was enabled to pass an examination before the highest educational tribunal in the city, and in due time received the honorary degrees of A. B. and A. M.

His salary, as editor-in-chief of the Evening Morning Gazette, was now raised to a sum corresponding to his increased importance in the world of letters and art, and to give tone to the journal it was deemed necessary, as a valuable auxiliary to his party in a coming political campaign, to announce his name and rank at the head of the editorial columns. He was also busy reading law, under private tutelage, and there were henceforth no impediments in the way of the fame and fortune of the brilliant and promising young man.

As the conviction had become firmly rooted in the minds of the Hastings family that Alice had indeed shipped before the mast, there was no further public search for her, but the police force was employed and heavy rewards secretly offered for the discovery and return of the missing daughter and her jewels.

Miss Lee's Fashion Emporium in a short time became so popular that no lady in Portsmouth considered herself faultlessly attired unless her millinery was purchased there; and had Amie been as free from care as her brother Henry was, it would have been as easy a matter for her to rise in the mercantile world as it had proved for her to rise toward the literary zenith. But her poor brother James, with the inherited bad appetite and impulsive disposition, gave her great trouble. Twice within six months it devolved upon her to advance heavy sums to save him from the effects of drunkenness and gambling; and repeatedly did she find it necessary to lock him in his room for days to get him sobered off, and so far free from the effects of dissipation that she could no longer keep him in confinement because of his vehement opposition to her sisterly authority.

"It does seem to me," said Alice, one

Women in England.

"I know they ought; but the question is, why don't they? My angel mother went to her grave a victim of intemperance, having lived for twenty years a life of poverty and drudgery and degradation, and I have inherited the consequences of her humiliation—her large family of dependent children and her son, my poor brother, who was begotten of drunkenness. I am walking in her footsteps, only: her drunkard was her husband, and she was compelled, by law, to live where he chose to place her. My drunkard is my brother, and I have the right of choice as to where I shall live and what occupation I shall follow. My mother was compelled to divide the scanty earnings of herself and children, or yield them to the last farthing, to pay the head of the family's liquor bills; I do the best I can for Jim in the same way because he is my brother, and because I know the poor fellow inherited his tastes and longings from my father, and is to be pitied instead of being blamed, and I am glad I can do so voluntarily. If Henry would only allow me the opportunity to print a series of articles in the Gazette, touching upon this subject, and the need of asylums for unfortunate inebriates who have inherited drunkenness, I might find vent for much that is pent-up within my busy brain which the world ought to know and act upon."

"Won't he allow you? I should think he would be glad to get your articles to print."

Amie snapped her sewing silk nervously, as Alice made this remark. Then she paused a moment, while a shade of bitterness crossed her beautiful features.

"You don't know," she answered, as she re-threaded her needle and resumed her work; "you can't imagine how much there is that really stands behind Henry and the performance of his duty. He is very ambitious and determined to get on in the world; and is, of course, dependent upon the suffrages of men for opportunity to rise. The Woman Movement, so-called, is very odious in the estimation of a great many of his political friends. He could not keep back my identity from the knowledge of the proprietors of the Gazette, and it would hazard his political expectations if it were known that he favors my views upon the subject of temperance."

"Does he tell you this?"

"Oh, no; he doesn't speak to me. He insulted me once by casting imputations against my character, and I never will speak to him till he makes proper acknowledgments."

"Does he think you are at fault, my friend?"

"Why?"

"Because people are prone to believe on the strength of evidence. Men, generally speaking, haven't a particle of intuition. My mother was very much loosed at you because you declined to become her chambermaid. You may smile at the idea, but she really thought she had made a wonderful sacrifice in principle when she offered to give you employment and little Dick a home. When you cheekmaked her plan so subtly and quietly, I was delighted, but she, being angry, and having already heard dark insinuations against your character, grew accusing and suspicious. Your brother, not possessing the sixth sense of intuition, which is such a marked trait in both you and me, could not see any other reason for your refusal to become a servant in our home than the one my mother imagined in her anger, and that was that you would have been perfectly willing to go with her, only you had found a fellow-father had told her so—and that, as women of that class would not go out to service, you must be one of them. Henry wasn't half so badly to blame as mother was. You ought to forgive him. He doesn't want to think you're wicked."

"The whole world couldn't have prejudiced my heart against my brother," said Amie, through her tears.

"That, again, is because of your superior intuition. You have had nothing but this sixth sense from which to form your knowledge of your brother's political position in relation to the Gazette. And yet you have been making a very eloquent appeal and apology for him since we began this conversation."

[To be continued.]

Scott county, Minn., has the most extensive manufactory of Linburge cheese in the country. This kind of cheese is said to be "ripe" when a piece the size of a walnut will drive a dog out of a tan-yard.

In the same degree that we over-rate ourselves, we shall under-rate others; for justice allowed at home is not likely to be corrected abroad.—Allston.

A highly intelligent dog—the type setter.

A Pen Portrait.

He dresses in black. His clothes are well made and fit him perfectly. His only jewelry consists of a plain gold watch, worth about \$50, which he seldom disturbs from its place in his vest pocket. He loathes all unnecessary personal adornments. Three small, plain, linen-covered buttons appear on his shirt bosom. No watch chain is visible. He wears a black beaver hat, which weighs half a pound less than the heavy, gray stove-pipes fashion ordinals that he wore this summer. His hair, of a reddish gray, is neatly dressed at all times. His beard, which is more tinted with gray than his hair, is short, and trimmed regularly so as to be kept at the same length all the year round. Where a cumbersome moustache ought to be, a hair is never permitted to attain more than a day's growth. He is of a slender, though compact physique. His complexion is ruddy and bespeaks the best of health. He always looks as if he had just left the toilet table. This man is seventy-four years of age. In conversation his keen blue eyes are never for an instant taken away from his face. His face bears the impress of prudence, discretion, self-confidence, a calmness impossible to ruffle, and above all, of honesty and truthfulness. He never speaks loudly, but his voice carries far from where he stands. Eavesdroppers cannot catch even the sound of his voice. He shakes hands with you cordially, nay, even warmly. He is courteous and polite to every man. His conversation is always couched in the refined language of the educated gentleman. He uses no slang. He is witty, and at times vivacious. He is no teetotaler; he drinks only a small quantity of His favorite wines are Johannisberg, from Prince Metternich's private vineyard, the like of which is not easily found in this country. He is fond of sherry and port wine, his wine cellar contains probably the choicest collection of wines in America. This man's wealth is estimated at one hundred millions, made by him since 1854, in New York city. He has no children, but is not a single known relative on the face of the earth. He is the last of his race. It is A. T. Stewart.—Correspondence of New York Commercial Advertiser.

Antiquity of Man.

The attention of geological and ethnological students is now strongly directed to the discovery of proofs of the antiquity of man, and it was announced not long since by Sir John Lubbock that the Miocene Tertiary strata of the Dartmoor, near Constantine, had offered evidences of man at a depth of 800 feet from the surface, consisting of flint implements, bones split lengthwise, as if for purposes of extracting their marrow, and more noticeable still, a bone having engraved on it the picture of an animal. The locality has lately been examined by Messrs. Washburn and Forbes, of the Geological Survey, and the results are by no means such as to warrant the conclusion that we have here evidences of the hand of man. The supposed flint implements are regarded as flint pebbles, and the marrow-bone fragments, which abound in the pebble beds there. The splitting lengthwise of the marrow bones may have been the work of bones of prey, since the bones of several species of Holoceen jackels in that region are split in similar manner. It was, however, pointed out that the splitting may be due to natural causes, inasmuch as a whole bone found in the same deposit was found to split lengthwise by a slight shock, when it presented the appearance of the split ones which accompanied it. As regards the engraved bone, which consists of a rod marked with a design, and are probably due to some natural cause of shape found in the limestone bed near by was found to be covered with somewhat similar markings, which by the help of a little imagination could be shaped into figures of animals. The Great letters, however, probably no more artificial than the traces on the bone. In conclusion, the authors remark that the Miocene deposits of the Dartmoor offer no evidence of the antiquity of man.

Voltaire and his Early Love.

The crowning event in Voltaire's life as a lover was the sequel to the romance of Aurere de Livry. More than sixty years had elapsed since he had seen her. She was now over eighty years of age, and the only one of the lovers left living. He wrote to her, asking her if she would receive him. The reply being in the affirmative, he went. A Suisse in uniform, as gorgeous as upon the former occasion when Voltaire, the refugee, as a partisan, now led him through the magnificent entrance of the mansion, and ushered him, breathless with fatigue and emotion, into the presence of the venerable old Governess. For a moment they stood before each other in silence, when Voltaire lifted her hand in his to his lips and kissed it. "Ah! ma vie, ma vie!" she said, with a sad smile, "what have you done with your twenty years?" "Ah! how true!" sighed Voltaire; "one dies every twenty years. Happy are those who have lived them. But in the retrospect neither you nor I, Marquis, has cause to commiserate ourselves. My life has been a romance easy to read, but yours, with an eloquent and desperate struggle!" You took up the war of the Titans." "Alas!" she replied, "I would gladly give my mansions, my farms of Heauce and Bretagne, my diamonds and my carriages, with my dear old Suisse included, to live one more hour of my beautiful life." "And I?" responded Voltaire; "I would give my tragedies and my epic poems, my histories and my stories, all my past glory, all my rights to live in posterity, with my faultless country included, to take from your lips only one of the kisses of those days." Then they sat down to talk over their six weeks' dream life that lay so far away back in the past, but which shone through all the mist of which none were more than half a century. Youth, beauty and passion were dead; only the past was left to them. What a moment in their lives!—Galaxy for July.

NOBLE LIVES.

There are hearts that never falter in the path of duty, and that never shrink from the duties of life. These are the noble lives. They are the lives of the noble men and women of the world. They are the lives of the noble men and women of the world.

When We Were Children.

"Once upon a time, when I was a child—" The dear, old, welcome phrase, does it not bring with it recollections of many a time, when a child yourself, you sat with folded hands and open eyes and ears, waiting for a story? If the tale that was unfolded for you, always only began with that time-worn string of words, it was all that was needed to secure your interest and attention.

So always, from childhood up, we invariably acknowledge the peculiar charm which lies in any allusion to the time when we were children. It carries us back to the enchanted land, the wonderful Abolition's Paradise, where nothing was too intricate to occur, where guilt might appear at any moment and present us with vases of diamonds, or the ground sink with us to the palace of the gnomes, who would capture us to be their servants, for a hundred years. It was a land of "puro delight," was it not? But we have stepped over the borders of Child-country and traveled far away from that charming place with its frolics and fancies; the "rising generation" have taken possession of it and there is no room for us. We must bid farewell to the land in which we have not only been bred, but kept always the blithe spirit of its little inhabitants to help us along the highways through which we must walk alone.

Do you remember what we used to think of the time when we were children? We dreamed of the stars that laughed at us by night, and the trees that whispered us stories all day long; of the brooks that ran so fast we could never keep up with them; of the birds that rustled as we fled through it. What wonderful things the story-books told us too, all about Goldilocks and Cinderella; Sindbad the Sailor and Nopsy the Dwarf; Gretchen and Hansel, and the little boy and girl who lived in a wood; the "fairies" who were our sworn friends; we knew them under all shapes and names and met them everywhere; kobolds and elves and brownies in the woods and kelpies in the water. We were afraid of them, but they were nothing but leaves and stones, but they must have been blind, I think. One night we saw real pixies under a curtain bush, and certainly did. Some body was foolish, or lost, or kept himself thistle-down, but we knew better. We were all philosophers then. Nature told us her most precious secrets and we kept them faithfully; we smiled benignly upon us and loved the world, untriflingly. Life seemed one long, sweet song in those gay times "when we were children."

You will find us, on the world over, that this part of creation is the most perfectly happy at all times and in all nations, from the contented little Teuton with his whole-bone head-piece, to the grays Eskimoes, done up in fur, about a heavenly piece of trouble in his little round fist. Nothing troubles them, and they can be happy anywhere. Go to Castle Garden and see the emigrant children, and you will find as jolly a set after a long voyage as if they had never heard of it. The total unconsciousness of all care or trouble to come lends an indescribable charm to the graces of all the little folks. Let us try to keep them always so. They take so naturally to happiness and sunshine, that they miss it a great deal more than grown people do.

When we think of it all, of the bonny, bonny childhood that we have left behind, we want to go back again and be children and we cry out— "Vision of childhood! Stay, O stay! Ye never return, and yet ye die!" And distant voices seem to say—"It cannot be! They pass away! Other worlds demand ye!" "That our life no more a child!"

No more children, but women, full grown and ready, and as jolly as which we have dreamed so long. It is coming now on swift wings and we have but to wait for the "long years to bring it; such as we wish it to be. In this pause in our lives while we are waiting, and mutely listening, we will hear a voice saying— "The child in a woman, the book may close over. For all the lessons she said."

The remains of a woman, which had reposed in a grave in the cemetery near Wheeling, W. Va., for six or eight years, were recently disinterred in order to remove them to another place. Much difficulty was experienced in raising them, the weight was so excessive. On opening the coffin the body was found from the neck to the feet to be a perfect specimen of petrification. The form was full and rounded, the feet which were incased in garters, filled them as completely as a living subject, and the hands and arms were plump and hard. The clothing was in an excellent state of preservation, the fabric proving, when tested, to be quite strong. The head, however, had suffered the decay incident to the period of time it had lain in the ground. None of the bodies which rested in close proximity to this had undergone a similar change.

A bookbinder had a book brought him to rebind. After the job was finished, he made the following entry in his day-book, "To repairing the 'Way to Heaven,' twenty-five cents!"