

ANNUAL MEETING AMERICAN W. S. A.

The American Woman Suffrage Association will hold its sixth Annual Meeting for the election of officers and the transaction of business, in Detroit, Tuesday and Wednesday, October 13 and 14, at the Opera House, commencing at 10 A. M. Reports of auxiliary State Societies during the past year will be rendered.

The following auxiliary State Societies should be represented by their accredited delegates, viz: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Virginia, South Carolina, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Michigan, Iowa, Kansas, California, Oregon. Auxiliary Societies should take care to secure representation by their full quota of delegates, corresponding in number to the Congressional delegations of their respective States; and in every State where no such Societies exist, all friends of Woman Suffrage who concur in the objects and methods of the American Woman Suffrage Association are respectfully invited to organize in their respective localities.

THE CONSEQUENCE.

How many mothers are there in our land, how many, reader, in the circle of your own acquaintance, who have given up all for their children? We have just read the assertion that "affection often fails to attain the best ends through unwisdom."

There is many a "devoted mother," patient, untiring and faithful, wishing above all things to do her duty by her children, who by an unwise direction of her affection for them, is "planting wrinkles in her brow of youth."

It is one thing to be a good housekeeper, quite another to be a successful home-maker. When children are quite young, the most that they require is diligent care for their bodily needs, and many mothers, in exercising this care, forget or lose sight of the growing demands of the social and moral natures of their children.

It is all too common for mothers of growing families to neglect society, and in common parlance "to grow rusty" in dress, manners and speech, think that they have no time for books and papers; in short, to make the petty details of every-day life the great center around which all their interests revolve.

The home-world in this way becomes in a few years pitifully narrow, and unsatisfactory to the children growing up within it. In the very nature of things they cannot feel the interest in all its workings that the mother does—indeed, in her zeal to discharge her duty, she not infrequently assumes what should be their burdens. As a consequence, the entire family finally come to regard "mother" as a sort of necessary household appendage, old-fashioned, dowdy and illiterate. True, they might be shocked to see this declaration in plain English, but their every act betrays the fact. We see the effect, and full well we know that there has been a cause. What is it, and how removed? Those who have crept into the shadow of their years, cannot now hope to undo the mistakes of their early motherhood; they will most likely be, what years ago they elected themselves, household drudges to the end of the chapter. But to those mothers with their children still around their knees, we say, a little simpler fare at table, and more social intercourse therewith; scrubbing not quite so frequent, and time thus saved given to books; a wise economy of time that will enable you to keep up an interest in the literature and leading questions of the day, will enable you to be what every mother should be, a companion and leader for her children. They will have a respect for and a pride in "mother" which a mere household drudge, however faithful in the discharge of her duties, could never inspire. And for this wise mother companionship, this glorious mother equality, "her children shall rise up and call her blessed."

The quiet dignity with which Dr. Dillon asserts his intention of conducting the Advocate editorially, according to the dictates of his own best judgment, is as admirable as the spirit that prompts it is commendable. It is impossible to submit to arbitrary dictation in a matter of this kind, without losing alike self-respect and the respect of others. We feel sure that the members of the M. E. Church will endorse the position of Dr. Dillon by sustaining the Advocate.

"It will never do to burden woman with the hardships accompanying the weighty affairs of State," say some of our Representatives and Senatorial solons. Of course not! No woman could endure the terrible waste of time consumed in adjourning from day to day. It's such hard work! But, then, the pay might, in time, reconcile some of the most reckless ones to endure it, as the season is short.

The meeting of the State Temperance Union was a grand success. For particulars see the racy letter of "Yours Truly," who never fails to see and appreciate something good.

Mrs. Dunaway has the honor of a reporter's desk in both Houses, for which she is duly appreciative.

PENCILINGS IN THE SENATE.

As many of our readers have never yet had an opportunity to enter the charmed circle of a Legislative body, wherein the solons of our Commonwealth are congregated to crystallize the concentrated wisdom of our State, and send it forth before the public, embedded in a setting of accumulated law, we will now proceed to sketch several of the members of the highest political tribunal of the classic land of Webfoot, begging pardon of each, if he imagines that we fall to do him justice.

Mr. President, to begin with, and of course the most important personage in the Chamber, is an elderly, kindly-visaged, white-whiskered, bushy-haired individual, with a ruddy complexion and conspicuous spectacles. He has blue eyes, thin eyebrows, a low, broad forehead, full of latitudinal wrinkles, prominent ears and a firmly set mouth. As you look at him you imagine that you have met a man who will conscientiously perform whatever he conceives to be his duty. At his right sits Colonel Tom Cornelius, whose seat in the Senate is at this moment being contested. Honesty here beams upon you from a broad face with deep chin and prominent forehead, above which a luxuriant growth of brown hair is carelessly brushed, while his bright blue eyes gleam restlessly upon his brethren in honor, who hold his Senatorial destiny, for the nonce, within the province of the mighty power of a speedily forthcoming ballot. Next (but one) to him sits a gentleman from Multnomah, who, as the ladies all call him handsome, we will not name in this connection, lest we "do him proud." To the left of the handsome member, who (let us whisper) is intellectual and clear-headed withal, sits the well-known saying master mind of the Senate, but we hesitate, out of courtesy to some others who evidently feel themselves entitled to cap and bells and the title of Senatorial Iron-Grey Hair and commanding form, who hail from Marion. A nervous affection of some kind has caused a restless twitching of his eye, but has in no way affected his good sense and sound judgment. Next to the member from Marion sits his colleague from the same county, with black hair, prominent features, good proportions and bilious temperament. He looks like a thinker, and we should like to hear him talk. Mr. Hanna from Union is in his seat now. He is one of the hold-over Senators, with a good eye and scattering scalp locks. His place is between Colonel Cornelius and Mr. Hirsch, and he keeps his fine eye turned full upon Mr. President whenever an important motion is pending. In the next desk and on the right sits a gentleman in business suit and bushy side whiskers, with a prominent chin and deep brown eyes. Then comes a keen-eyed member with smooth face and sanguine, nervous temperament. Across the next aisle is a blue-eyed, nervous, elderly gentleman, with silver-grey hair, big nose and high forehead. Then comes another with long face, prominent nose, chin whiskers, mustache and black hair. In the next seat, ranging on the right of Mr. President, is a member with retreating forehead, heavy whiskers, phlegmatic temperament and dark blue eyes. On his left sits a benevolent looking man with gray hair, grizzled whiskers, large head, high forehead, rather broad shoulders and studious eyes. To his left is a somewhat younger man, with prominent ears, black restless eyes and black-and-white goatee. The gentleman with his feet on the table, who sits next to him, is a studious man, with a kindly disposition and excessive firmness. In the second seat of the middle aisle and to the right of Mr. President is a tall man, with a long narrow forehead, high self-esteem, gray-and-tan chin-and-side whiskers, aquiline nose and eye-glasses. We'd rather have him for a friend than an enemy. The gentleman on his left has a large head, heavy beard, and kindly eye. We do not know him yet, but we should guess, from the fact that he is dead at the top, that he believes in the "clinging vine" idea upon the Woman Question, and so has naturally to endure the result attained by all "protecting oaks" around whom the orthodox "vine" has wound its tyrannical tendrils.

And now, gentlemen of the Senate, who have kindly volunteered to sit for this picture, accept our thanks for the privilege to sketch you, and allow us to assure you that the description will be, as they say in serial stories, "concluded as the next week." Your organization is the best looking one of the Order which we have yet met. We don't mean beauty as generally accepted, when we say "best looking," but we do mean intellectual, studious, physical, manly good looks, that might be expected to free you from the slavish fear that haunts some men, lest women may get an even chance with themselves in the race political, and thus come out ahead. We judge that two-thirds of the members, and we know all the best and most intellectual ones will vote for the passage of a Woman Suffrage bill. A. J. D.

His Excellency's inaugural is a thoroughly exhaustive document, occupying, there is no telling how many pages, columns, etc., etc., of the daily press. The address is replete with carefully prepared and thoroughly digested facts and suggestions, proving that the cautious Governor is paving his anticipated way to the United States Senate with the cobble-stones of human gullibility.

The crusaders, headed by Mrs. Dr. Thompson, made a visit to each branch of the Legislature last week, and were well received. Mrs. T. made brief addresses before each body. The ladies presented a Local Option bill, which was referred to a committee, and will probably be favorably received among many of the members.

As it would never do to enlighten our brethren of the House of Representatives, who have certainly as good a right to sit for their pictures as their co-workers in the Senate, we now proceed to sketch them, promising, as we did with the members of the higher body, to continue the sketching—if we can—till portraits of all are finished for our readers.

To begin with an outline, collectively speaking, of the House as it is, we see but very few strongly marked faces, and very little that betokens a superior order of genius among the members. There is a noticeable array of young men, who are certainly enjoying the privilege of an excellent training school at the expense of the State. This is at it should be. We are an ardent advocate of compulsory education. Besides, it is much easier, generally, to imbue the minds of the young with comprehensive, cosmopolitan liberality of thought and action, than to engrave a vigorous growth of the fossil-like imaginations of men who live wholly in the past, as so many elderly gentlemen do. A very few of the old members have been returned, and several have stepped from the House to the Senate.

Mr. Speaker looks like a laboring man. He appears on the sunny side of thirty, and has no very marked trait of character depicted in his countenance. We should judge that he would incline to believe that the men of a past age were better calculated to think and act for himself than he can be to think and act for himself. Indeed, this is a chronic complaint, which afflicts many voters of the Republic at the present day. Colonel White, the Chief Clerk, has iron-grey hair, bluish-gray eyes, a silver-white mustache, broad shoulders and a tongue that cannot sound the liquid "r." He says do' and fo' and bo' and sho', for door and four and floor and sure, carrying you back to the colored nurse who reared him, and moulded his vernacular into that of the unmixed African. We believe that one of the rights of a white child is that it be reared by a white mother, and of colored children that they also be taught to articulate by their own mothers. The Colonel is affable and gentlemanly, and evidently does his work faithfully. Mr. Hadaway, Sergeant-at-Arms, and Mr. Wagoner, the door-keeper, are in their old places, ready, as formerly, to give necessary information concerning all questions asked by privileged members, like our self, who have reporters' desks and seats within the bar. Mr. H. is a trifle grayer and Mr. W. perceptibly hairier; otherwise they appear just as they did twenty-four moons ago. The member from Yamhill upon our left is young and pleasant looking, and at his right is his colleague, who is suffering with a huge bald upon his nose. A pale-haired gentleman occupies the next seat, over against the wall, and at his right sits Colonel Reed, the Woman Question's sworn ally, and a fair and candid debater on any question. Behind him is a bushy-headed, thoughtful-looking member, with long forehead and eye-glasses. At his left sits a member with straggling foretop, broad, retreating forehead and high cheek bones. Most of the elderly gentlemen are getting bald-headed, for which we are sorry, as we fear that the "clinging vines," they have encouraged to twine their tendrils about them, have withered their top-most branches. The best possible remedy for baldness among the "protecting oaks" of husbandhood, would be for them to pass a suffrage bill, which would have tendency to cause the "clinging vines" of wifehood to grow into self-sustaining shrubs of sweet-lived womanhood.

We never saw so large a gathering of gentlemen before in which there was such a general sameness of personal appearance. Barring the baldness, the description of one might readily be taken for that of another; a fact which tends to lessen your faith in the discernment of those clairvoyants who, with spiritual eyes, discover and describe your dear departed friends.

PENCILINGS IN THE HOUSE.

As it would never do to enlighten our brethren of the House of Representatives, who have certainly as good a right to sit for their pictures as their co-workers in the Senate, we now proceed to sketch them, promising, as we did with the members of the higher body, to continue the sketching—if we can—till portraits of all are finished for our readers.

To begin with an outline, collectively speaking, of the House as it is, we see but very few strongly marked faces, and very little that betokens a superior order of genius among the members. There is a noticeable array of young men, who are certainly enjoying the privilege of an excellent training school at the expense of the State. This is at it should be. We are an ardent advocate of compulsory education. Besides, it is much easier, generally, to imbue the minds of the young with comprehensive, cosmopolitan liberality of thought and action, than to engrave a vigorous growth of the fossil-like imaginations of men who live wholly in the past, as so many elderly gentlemen do. A very few of the old members have been returned, and several have stepped from the House to the Senate.

Mr. Speaker looks like a laboring man. He appears on the sunny side of thirty, and has no very marked trait of character depicted in his countenance. We should judge that he would incline to believe that the men of a past age were better calculated to think and act for himself than he can be to think and act for himself. Indeed, this is a chronic complaint, which afflicts many voters of the Republic at the present day. Colonel White, the Chief Clerk, has iron-grey hair, bluish-gray eyes, a silver-white mustache, broad shoulders and a tongue that cannot sound the liquid "r." He says do' and fo' and bo' and sho', for door and four and floor and sure, carrying you back to the colored nurse who reared him, and moulded his vernacular into that of the unmixed African. We believe that one of the rights of a white child is that it be reared by a white mother, and of colored children that they also be taught to articulate by their own mothers. The Colonel is affable and gentlemanly, and evidently does his work faithfully. Mr. Hadaway, Sergeant-at-Arms, and Mr. Wagoner, the door-keeper, are in their old places, ready, as formerly, to give necessary information concerning all questions asked by privileged members, like our self, who have reporters' desks and seats within the bar. Mr. H. is a trifle grayer and Mr. W. perceptibly hairier; otherwise they appear just as they did twenty-four moons ago. The member from Yamhill upon our left is young and pleasant looking, and at his right is his colleague, who is suffering with a huge bald upon his nose. A pale-haired gentleman occupies the next seat, over against the wall, and at his right sits Colonel Reed, the Woman Question's sworn ally, and a fair and candid debater on any question. Behind him is a bushy-headed, thoughtful-looking member, with long forehead and eye-glasses. At his left sits a member with straggling foretop, broad, retreating forehead and high cheek bones. Most of the elderly gentlemen are getting bald-headed, for which we are sorry, as we fear that the "clinging vines," they have encouraged to twine their tendrils about them, have withered their top-most branches. The best possible remedy for baldness among the "protecting oaks" of husbandhood, would be for them to pass a suffrage bill, which would have tendency to cause the "clinging vines" of wifehood to grow into self-sustaining shrubs of sweet-lived womanhood.

We never saw so large a gathering of gentlemen before in which there was such a general sameness of personal appearance. Barring the baldness, the description of one might readily be taken for that of another; a fact which tends to lessen your faith in the discernment of those clairvoyants who, with spiritual eyes, discover and describe your dear departed friends.

Readers, we abandon the picture in despair. We've tried our best to do as we agreed, and have succeeded as far as we've got, but we remember the story of the Princess on trial for her life, and, desist. She said, "He brought another grain of corn, and brought another grain of corn," and so on ad infinitum.

But the usual motion to adjourn cuts off debate and brings this letter to a close. These public servants work three hours out of twenty, upon an average. And their work for two-thirds of that time seems to consist in reading newspapers, furnished by the State. How our heart aches for those unfortunate voters who are compelled by law to wear out their lives in the survive of an ungrateful country. A. J. D.

The Annual Meeting of the American Woman Suffrage Association, which will take place in Detroit, October 13th and 14th, in accordance with the Call at the head of our columns, will be an occasion of very great importance. A full attendance of the friends of Suffrage from all parts of the county is earnestly desired.

Let the various State and Local Societies take immediate steps to secure full delegations, corresponding in number with their Congressional delegates. Where no such Societies exist, let individual friends of Suffrage come and represent themselves. Business of the utmost importance, will be transacted, and plans of work must be matured for the coming year. There is no time to be lost; immediate action is necessary.

Notwithstanding the scarcity of money and the political apathy which everywhere prevails, let the friends of reform rally to the support of Impartial Suffrage for women, fully aware that the establishment of Equal Rights for All is essential to the highest interests of civilized society.

There is said to be a lady in Corvallis who refused to sign the petition for Local Option, although herself a staunch teetotaler. One of the kind undoubtedly, who believes that women should not meddle in politics. Evidently a reader of the Corvallis Gazette.

WOMEN WORKERS.

It is said that in the city of San Francisco there are between three and four thousand women and girls, ranging from mature age to almost infantile years, who daily leave their homes to perform some kind of work in the various stores, shops, book-binders, printing offices, etc.

What say the sticklers for "woman's sphere" at this? These women and girls are, through the long hours of every day, away from their homes. Are they out of their sphere, that God and nature designed them to fill? If so, who is responsible for thus thwarting the designs of the Creator and subverting His laws?

Of all the twaddle, familiarly called "objections," which we daily hear, perhaps that which is so persistently urged relative to home being the only legitimate province for the exercise of woman's talent, is the most exasperating to patience, because in the plainest violation of facts and common sense. To declare that God designed all women to remain at home, and then witness the stress of circumstances that compels so many thousands of them to work abroad in order to maintain a home, is equivalent to an accusation that He is unable to carry out His designs, in the formation of His creatures. Such sacrifice as this we leave for those who believe that were it not for the powerful aid that masculine humanity renders to Divinity, He would be totally unable to keep feminine humanity within proper and legitimate bounds.

In regard to the manner in which the women workers of the world engage in the duties that fall to their share, we quote from the Golden Era (San Francisco) the following: "If there is one thing that testifies in woman's favor more than another, it is her willingness to work and gain an honest livelihood. Poorly paid many of them, tempted, often nearly crossed for food, they pursue their duty. There is not a lesson of patience, forbearance, perseverance and endurance in the life of the sewing girl that ought to shame men from their ways of idleness and low dissipation. It is the 'hand of woman' not counting shame-faced to see in the delicate creature threatening her way home from work, a woman who has labored faithfully, who has been tempted sorely, whose home is comfortable, whose table is poorly supplied, yet who has been faithful to her trust in all things, while he has fallen from work, spent his money in vicious ways, and made himself a disgrace to his species. How will it average to compare the six or eight thousand men who are to be seen in the saloons, low places of amusement and betting on the street corners at night with these three or four thousand women? Which is following the straight path with the bravest purpose? Which meets temptation and puts it aside with the firmest hand? Where is the softest nature and the most receptive spirit? And yet, though their service is harder, these women are not paid like men."

The Apostle of Right Mourneth. The Bulletin of Friday uttered a lamentation not loud but deep, because the honorable House of Representatives in session assembled did see fit and proper to extend to several ladies the courtesy of a seat inside the bar, and give respectful consideration to a measure that they proposed. In this matter the sage of the Bulletin declares that the "House exceeded its legitimate sphere of right and duty." We shudder to contemplate his pangs and contortions, when the Woman Suffrage memorial, with its hundreds of names, is presented.

Now if it is impossible for James O'Meara to be on hand to post the House at a critical moment, concerning the legitimate limit of its right and duty, we suggest that special telegraphic communication be established immediately, between the Bulletin office and the Legislative Chambers, so that our indiscreet representatives may be enabled to receive advice from headquarters quickly and to the point. This is manifestly the only way to keep these solons from frequent "departure from right." "But if in spite of all the sage can say" the honorable body will persist in giving ear to petitions, and allowing the citizens of the State it is supposed to represent to present memorials, we think that as an act of mercy there should be an appropriation made at once to procure, at the expense of the State, sufficient soothing syrup, or other mild soporific, to keep this individual's nerves in a state of quietude; else his outraged sense of right and duty will surely overpower him.

The Salem correspondent of the Lafayette Courier must be a sorry judge of physiognomy. Speaking of the personal appearance of an honorable member of the Lower House, whom he describes as "an elderly gentleman of medium height, short, thick neck, having upon his upper lip a large carbuncle and wearing spectacles," he displays his lack of skill in reading faces, by declaring that he supposed the member to be "an advocate of Local Option and Woman Suffrage." It would be a standing joke on the Woman Suffragists to have such a champion as the gentleman above described. Such men are as instinctively and unalterably against woman's enfranchisement, as they are opposed to having the whisky privileges of the voters restricted.

Our superannuated Modoc friend, J. Quinn Thornton, with a pertinacity characteristic of the played-out politician, has offered in the House of Representatives a communication, requesting his election by the Legislature to the office of State Librarian, because of his being an old Oregonian. Captain Jack was an older Oregonian than he, and they hung him.

There is said to be a lady in Corvallis who refused to sign the petition for Local Option, although herself a staunch teetotaler. One of the kind undoubtedly, who believes that women should not meddle in politics. Evidently a reader of the Corvallis Gazette.

Notwithstanding the scarcity of money and the political apathy which everywhere prevails, let the friends of reform rally to the support of Impartial Suffrage for women, fully aware that the establishment of Equal Rights for All is essential to the highest interests of civilized society.

There is said to be a lady in Corvallis who refused to sign the petition for Local Option, although herself a staunch teetotaler. One of the kind undoubtedly, who believes that women should not meddle in politics. Evidently a reader of the Corvallis Gazette.

"YOURS TRULY" AT THE TEMPERANCE UNION.

Not as a delegate; no, thank you. She too distinctly remembered the disgraceful fact that this Union originated as a fungus outgrowth of the disaffection of a few blabbers in the Temperance Alliance, who seceded from that body because they couldn't control Mrs. Dunaway and keep her "voting resolutions" out of its archives. The intemperate proceedings of these same confusionists were quite too fresh in the memory of Yours Truly to allow her to accept a delegateship—even had one been tendered, which last was not the case.

Yours Truly was visiting at the Capital. The governor had renewed the usual unlimited yearly run at Clarke & Henderson's, of which she had taken the accustomed annual advantage, therefore she resolved to spend her sixty dollars, earned in teaching a summer school, in travel and sight-seeing.

San Francisco was the goal of her girlhood's ambition, but her purse wasn't heavy enough to admit that luxury. Dick went, though. He had taught school three months and earned a hundred and eighty dollars, and of course he could afford the outlay. Yours Truly being only a school-ma'am, belonging to the genus feminine, and, therefore, entitled by custom to one-third of the wages allotted to the protecting sex who support women, was compelled to limit her autumn excursions to Robinson's Hill, Vancouver and the Capital.

She hadn't intended to visit the Temperance Union, but the news came, and speedily flew all over Salem, that "Mrs. Dunaway was a delegate." But little interest was taken in the meeting prior to that announcement. A few wrinkled crusaders from Portland, and several bald-headed preachers from other places, were gathered around Mrs. Dr. Thompson, who made a capital captain; but outside of that there was no enthusiasm. When it was known, however, that Mrs. Dunaway had come, the attendance began to increase, and by the opening of the session of the second evening there was a large audience of Salem's divinity and beauty and intellect and wit; and among them was Yours Truly, in the full glory of the latest Parisian wig and of her jaunty frizzes, while her dress, made by her own busy fingers, set half the girls to wondering who was, or could be, the well-rigged lady's dress-maker.

And Yours Truly had a bean. He was none of your conceited upstarts, either, with yellow mustache and bleached complexion, but a great, stalwart, black-whiskered, bushy-headed, ideal and practical man, upon whose strong arm she leaned with a real feeling, such as poor Tom never inspired her with, not even when he found her alone and out of money at that never-to-be-forgotten Fair.

Carefully settling herself in a seat at the Opera House, and arranging her ruffles in proper shape beside her bean, Yours Truly soon found herself—wonder of wonders!—engaged in listening to a "resolution" which attacked so sharply of Woman Suffrage that she whispered to her escort, and said: "That's Mrs. Dunaway's work." "Of course," replied her ideal masculine friend; "Mrs. Dunaway administered the pill, but was sharp enough to sugar-coat it with Dr. Watts'."

"Fritty deeply coated," said Yours Truly, as the doctor, like a great, good-natured benevolent, arose and made a telling speech in favor of the needed political nostrum. An elderly clerical gentleman in red hair, with a wonderfully beautiful baby on his arm, arose and moved to so amend the Suffrage Resolution as to include ladies of eighteen. Mrs. Dunaway objected. "We don't ask to transcend our brothers' privileges. All we ask is the recognition of equal rights." Mr. Allen, a regular brick, with spint eyes and "level" head, thought women ought to vote at eighteen, "because they knew more at that age than men did at twenty-one." Mrs. Dunaway begged pardon. "She hadn't thought of that." Then everybody laughed; but not one word was uttered against the resolution, which was unanimously adopted after the amendment had been unanimously voted down. And this, too, in this same "Union," which was formed expressly to get rid of the very pill that it now swallowed whole. But the most provoking thing of all was the matter-of-course way in which Mrs. Dunaway accepted her victory. Justice to the rest of us, who fought for and stood by her when the battle was raging hottest, called for just a little exultation from her, but she didn't indulge us; whether from perversity, or lack of a proper appreciation of her own prowess, Yours Truly knoweth not; but we were all disappointed. It was too provoking. Once, during the evening, when Mrs. Dr. Thompson was in the midst of a telling address, the new President was escorted to the stand. Without noticing the doctor, who was "nothing but a woman," you know, the retiring President arose, and tendering his seat, proceeded to deliver himself of a speech which he had been studying for several hours, and which he did not dare to postpone a little for fear he should forget it. The doctor stopped short in the middle of an elaborate sentence, looked complacently upon the accumulated masculine wisdom before her, and descended from the platform. Then the new President made a speech, forgetting also to treat Dr. Thompson with proper courtesy. How Yours Truly did want to be a delegate for just one moment, so that she might move that an apology be tendered Mrs. T. by the retiring and acting officers, and that the doctor be invited to the platform to finish her speech. But nobody thought of it but Yours Truly, who bit a hole in the index finger of her three-buttoned buff Alexandria in her successful efforts to hold her tongue and keep in "order." Don't say a woman can't be silent.

Yours Truly was visiting at the Capital. The governor had renewed the usual unlimited yearly run at Clarke & Henderson's, of which she had taken the accustomed annual advantage, therefore she resolved to spend her sixty dollars, earned in teaching a summer school, in travel and sight-seeing.

San Francisco was the goal of her girlhood's ambition, but her purse wasn't heavy enough to admit that luxury. Dick went, though. He had taught school three months and earned a hundred and eighty dollars, and of course he could afford the outlay. Yours Truly being only a school-ma'am, belonging to the genus feminine, and, therefore, entitled by custom to one-third of the wages allotted to the protecting sex who support women, was compelled to limit her autumn excursions to Robinson's Hill, Vancouver and the Capital.

She hadn't intended to visit the Temperance Union, but the news came, and speedily flew all over Salem, that "Mrs. Dunaway was a delegate." But little interest was taken in the meeting prior to that announcement. A few wrinkled crusaders from Portland, and several bald-headed preachers from other places, were gathered around Mrs. Dr. Thompson, who made a capital captain; but outside of that there was no enthusiasm. When it was known, however, that Mrs. Dunaway had come, the attendance began to increase, and by the opening of the session of the second evening there was a large audience of Salem's divinity and beauty and intellect and wit; and among them was Yours Truly, in the full glory of the latest Parisian wig and of her jaunty frizzes, while her dress, made by her own busy fingers, set half the girls to wondering who was, or could be, the well-rigged lady's dress-maker.

A lengthy and spirited debate came up upon Local Option and Prohibition, in which Greek met Greek, and the tug of friendly war was terrible. It's worth a trip to Salem any time to hear Mrs. Dunaway in debate with a lot of ministers, in an organization whose rules compel them to give her a fair chance with themselves in argument. This time her position was supported by Rev. Mr. Pierce, of Portland; and Yours Truly heard her say privately that the ladies were unanimous in the opinion that the new Baptist preacher of Portland was a "brick."

The evening session adjourned to meet for the final transaction of business upon the following morning, and Yours Truly, accepting the arm of her escort, wended her way to the hotel, where she was employed till a late hour in scribbling this critique. May it be appreciated according to its superior merit, and bring a just compensation in shining dollars, is the half-doubting prayer of

YOURS TRULY.

GENERALITIES. Sixty per cent. of all the school teachers in the country are women. Virginia has a woman 122 years old. They are keeping her for the centennial exhibition. Lyndon (Vermont) boasts of an old French couple, a man and wife aged respectively 103 and 99. A lady at Saratoga wears a Roman breast-plate of emeralds and diamonds, purchased at London for \$12,000. Miss Harriet Upton has bequeathed \$1,000 to the City of Salem, Mass., the interest to be devoted to the poor every Thanksgiving Day. Beecher and Tilton have each received an offer of \$75,000 for fifty lectures, to be delivered during the season at the Chicago Exposition. The whole number of horses in the United States is estimated at nearly 9,000,000, representing the value of \$700,000,000 or \$800,000,000. During July there was a total of sixty-four railroad accidents, whereby twenty persons were killed and an hundred and four suffered serious injury. The reason why Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., confines himself to writing for the periodicals is because the legitimate function of a Cobb is to produce a cereal. The water in the hot springs near the Geysers visited by the newspaper correspondents in Iceland was found to be exactly the temperature for making hot Scotch whisky. A party of six surveyors, from Lawrence, Kansas, were massacred and scalped by Indians on Wednesday, the 16th inst., near Lone Tree, forty miles south of Fort Dodge. The mother-in-law of a Brooklyn millionaire sells newspapers for a living. For social, literary, political and financial anomalies, of all sorts, commend us to the City of Churches. The silk manufacture in New Jersey gives employment to 3,406 persons, whose wages annually amount to \$4,139,485. The capital employed is \$5,467,416, and the annual product is \$5,615,983. About 18,700 letters were posted in England last year without any address whatever, and nearly 500 of the letters contained cash, checks, or bills of exchange to the value of more than \$13,000. Miss Mitchell, Professor of Astronomy in Vassar College, is going to give a course of lectures on her favorite science, at Gothic Hall Boarding School, in Stamford, Conn., during the coming school year. For pure grit and long-continued patience you want to go to Toledo. A young lady in that town has sent 164 pieces of poetry to a newspaper, and though all have been rejected, she is struggling with another. In a Chicago library there was a book on self-culture which never obtained a reader, and in order to give it a new chance the librarian had it rebound, and called it "A Young Man on His Muscles." Not that book is always out. Mrs. Mary C. Wilber, widow of the first President of the Cincinnati Female College, was honored by receiving the degree of A. M. from that institution, at its recent Commencement. Mrs. Wilber is one of the Board of Instruction in the college. Mrs. Martha Magee, thirty-five years old, of Cynthia county, Kentucky, owns 400 acres of land in the blue grass region, and raises cattle and takes them to market like other drovers. She is a smart woman, and is respected by the other drovers. Virginia boasts of a woman, named Nancy Dougherty, seventy years old, who, during the past season, has with her own hands built a cabin, cleared and fenced twelve acres of land, and raised a crop of corn which will probably yield 250 bushels. Miss Ingelow has a nephew, Edward Ingelow Pitman, to whom she is giving a collegiate education at the college in New Brunswick, N. J. This young gentleman, fifteen years of age, came to this country alone and unattended, to satisfy an earnest desire to see America and be educated here. Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen (Florence Percy), the author of "Rock Me to Sleep Mother," is at present editorially connected with the Portland Advertiser. The poem was written by her while a factory girl in Maine, upon the sheet of course, brown wrapping-paper in which she had brought her noon-time lunch, and while waiting for the hour to recommence her labor. The women of New Jersey were enfranchised from 1776 until 1807, a period of thirty-one years. The right to vote had since that time been unlawfully and unjustly withheld from the women citizens of America, with the slight exception in Wyoming during the last four years.

YOURS TRULY.

GENERALITIES. Sixty per cent. of all the school teachers in the country are women. Virginia has a woman 122 years old. They are keeping her for the centennial exhibition. Lyndon (Vermont) boasts of an old French couple, a man and wife aged respectively 103 and 99. A lady at Saratoga wears a Roman breast-plate of emeralds and diamonds, purchased at London for \$12,000. Miss Harriet Upton has bequeathed \$1,000 to the City of Salem, Mass., the interest to be devoted to the poor every Thanksgiving Day. Beecher and Tilton have each received an offer of \$75,000 for fifty lectures, to be delivered during the season at the Chicago Exposition. The whole number of horses in the United States is estimated at nearly 9,000,000, representing the value of \$700,000,000 or \$800,000,000. During July there was a total of sixty-four railroad accidents, whereby twenty persons were killed and an hundred and four suffered serious injury. The reason why Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., confines himself to writing for the periodicals is because the legitimate function of a Cobb is to produce a cereal. The water in the hot springs near the Geysers visited by the newspaper correspondents in Iceland was found to be exactly the temperature for making hot Scotch whisky. A party of six surveyors, from Lawrence, Kansas, were massacred and scalped by Indians on Wednesday, the 16th inst., near Lone Tree, forty miles south of Fort Dodge. The mother-in-law of a Brooklyn millionaire sells newspapers for a living. For social, literary, political and financial anomalies, of all sorts, commend us to the City of Churches. The silk manufacture in New Jersey gives employment to 3,406 persons, whose wages annually amount to \$4,139,485. The capital employed is \$5,467,416, and the annual product is \$5,615,983. About 18,700 letters were posted in England last year without any address whatever, and nearly 500 of the letters contained cash, checks, or bills of exchange to the value of more than \$13,000. Miss Mitchell, Professor of Astronomy in Vassar College, is going to give a course of lectures on her favorite science, at Gothic Hall Boarding School, in Stamford, Conn., during the coming school year. For pure grit and long-continued patience you want to go to Toledo. A young lady in that town has sent 164 pieces of poetry to a newspaper, and though all have been rejected, she is struggling with another. In a Chicago library there was a book on self-culture which never obtained a reader, and in order to give it a new chance the librarian had it rebound, and called it "A Young Man on His Muscles." Not that book is always out. Mrs. Mary C. Wilber, widow of the first President of the Cincinnati Female College, was honored by receiving the degree of A. M. from that institution, at its recent Commencement. Mrs. Wilber is one of the Board of Instruction in the college. Mrs. Martha Magee, thirty-five years old, of Cynthia county, Kentucky, owns 400 acres of land in the blue grass region, and raises cattle and takes them to market like other drovers. She is a smart woman, and is respected by the other drovers. Virginia boasts of a woman, named Nancy Dougherty, seventy years old, who, during the past season, has with her own hands built a cabin, cleared and fenced twelve acres of land, and raised a crop of corn which will probably yield 250 bushels. Miss Ingelow has a nephew, Edward Ingelow Pitman, to whom she is giving a collegiate education at the college in New Brunswick, N. J. This young gentleman, fifteen years of age, came to this country alone and unattended, to satisfy an earnest desire to see America and be educated here. Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen (Florence Percy), the author of "Rock Me to Sleep Mother," is at present editorially connected with the Portland Advertiser. The poem was written by her while a factory girl in Maine, upon the sheet of course, brown wrapping-paper in which she had brought her noon-time lunch, and while waiting for the hour to recommence her labor. The women of New Jersey were enfranchised from 1776 until 1807, a period of thirty-one years. The right to vote had since that time been unlawfully and unjustly withheld from the women citizens of America, with the slight exception in Wyoming during the last four years.

YOURS TRULY.

GENERALITIES. Sixty per cent. of all the school teachers in the country are women. Virginia has a woman 122 years old. They are keeping her for the centennial exhibition. Lyndon (Vermont) boasts of an old French couple, a man and wife aged respectively 103 and 99. A lady at Saratoga wears a Roman breast-plate of emeralds and diamonds, purchased at London for \$12,000. Miss Harriet Upton has bequeathed \$1,000 to the City of Salem, Mass., the interest to be devoted to the poor every Thanksgiving Day. Beecher and Tilton have each received an offer of \$75,000 for fifty lectures, to be delivered during the season at the Chicago Exposition. The whole number of horses in the United States is estimated at nearly 9,000,000, representing the value of \$700,000,000 or \$800,000,000. During July there was a total of sixty-four railroad accidents, whereby twenty persons were killed and an hundred and four suffered serious injury. The reason why Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., confines himself to writing for the periodicals is because the legitimate function of a Cobb is to produce a cereal. The water in the hot springs near the Geysers visited by the newspaper correspondents in Iceland was found to be exactly the temperature for making hot Scotch whisky. A party of six surveyors, from Lawrence, Kansas, were massacred and scalped by Indians on Wednesday, the 16th inst., near Lone Tree, forty miles south of Fort Dodge. The mother-in-law of a Brooklyn millionaire sells newspapers for a living. For social, literary, political and financial anomalies, of all sorts, commend us to the City of Churches. The silk manufacture in New Jersey gives employment to 3,406 persons, whose wages annually amount to \$4,139,485. The capital employed is \$5,467,416, and the annual product is \$5,615,983. About 18,700 letters were posted in England last year without any address whatever, and nearly 500 of the letters contained cash, checks, or bills of exchange to the value of more than \$13,000. Miss Mitchell, Professor of Astronomy in Vassar College, is going to give a course of lectures on her favorite science, at Gothic Hall Boarding School, in Stamford, Conn., during the coming school year. For pure grit and long-continued patience you want to go to Toledo. A young lady in that town has sent 164 pieces of poetry to a newspaper, and though all have been rejected, she is struggling with another. In a Chicago library there was a book on self-culture which never obtained a reader, and in order to give it a new chance the librarian