The New Northwest.

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# The New Northwest.

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The New Northwest.

A Journal for the People.
Devoted to the Interests of Humanity.
Independent in Politics and Religion.
Alive to all Live Issues, and Thoroughly Radical in Opposing and Exposing the Wrongs of the Masses.

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. DUNIWAY.

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CHAPTER XX.

Robert Green, Esq., the wealthy and enterprising speculator in real estate, who was amply able to live sumptuously upon his private income, but who chose to continue in business, because of his remarkable restlessness of mind and body, sat in the rear window of one of his magnificent bachelor apartments, gazing admiringly upon the prospect before him. The new mansion, to which he was intending to convey his bride elect, loomed in artistic proportions from a gentle eminence in full view from his position, and as he surveyed the scene with intense satisfaction, he exclaimed audibly, "You're a mighty lucky dog, Bob Green."

A soft hand was laid suddenly upon his shoulder, and a gentle voice whispered in his ear, "*It is I.* Do you not know your loving wife? I believe that I address Alanson Hastings *alias* Robert Green."

"Clara Morton Hastings, have you risen from the dead?" exclaimed the wretched man, shaking from head to foot, as his wife, divested of every disguise, stood before him, arrayed in the very dress in which he had last beheld her in their New York home.

"And you thought I was *dead*, did you? Ha, ha, ha! The joke is too rich, husband, best and faithfulest. Lucky dog as you are, there is a limit to your great good fortune, sir." And the woman, peerlessly beautiful, in a robe of crimson velvet, trimmed with costliest laces and adorned with fabulously expensive jewels, arched her fine neck, waved her soft and shapely hand, and stood before him, the personification of feminine loveliness and strength.

"Do I look like a dead woman?" she queried, laying bare her arm, and displaying its plump proportions, while straightening her body to its fullest height. Ah, my truant husband, you little thought the day of triumph would come to me. You little expected, when you trampled under the ruthless feet of a libertine the hollest affection that a woman can bestow that a day of reckoning was coming. You little knew Clara Morton, sir, or you would never have attempted to circumvent *her*. Why, man, I have tracked you the wide world over. I have found you in many a brothel, where assuming various disguises, I have captivated you. *Yes, sir*, under the blushing light of the twinkling night stars in almost every state in this Union, I have fascinated and entrapped you, winning from you in every case the most extravagant declarations of ever enduring love. You have been more affectionate, if possible, with me, as Madam Rosa De La Vere than in any other *role*. I percieve that you are daily increasing your large original stock of *honorable* admiration for *the sex*."

Robert Green was indeed baffled. Had this woman had no legal claims upon him he could have spurned her, as he had done many others when tired of their charms; but, as he looked into her eyes, in which a gleam of fierce, defiant insanity seemed to lurk, and reflected upon his present position, he could see nothing before him but irretrievable disgrace.

"Miss May Hastings is your father's brother's daughter, too. It would be a *splendid* joke if you could bring bigamy into the family of your blood relations, wouldn't it?" said the woman savagely.

The man rallied a little. Overcome by rage, he flew at her and clutched her by the throat.

For a moment it seemed that murder would be added to his catalogue of sins. The woman's face grew livid and her eyes seemed starting from their sockets, as with her jeweled fingers, clutching desperately in his hair, she struggled to free herself from his grasp.

Gradually she grew unconscious. Great, fiery rings of light divided the black darkness into circles, and settled down upon her senses like a pyrotechnic display. Her tongue protruded from her mouth and purple knots tangled themselves upon her hitherto transparent forehead.

"Halloa!" exclaimed Henry Lee, who in no very placid frame of mind had sought the abode of his treacherous friend.

Comprehending the situation at a glance, although he did not recognize the wife of Robert Green, except by a sort of instinct, Henry sprang upon the infuriated woman-protector and compelled him to relax his hold.

Still furious with rage the baffled husband kicked and bruised the prostrate, and now unconscious form, until Henry, exasperated by his brutal conduct, gave him a violent blow upon the temple, striking him senseless to the ground.

The noise attracted a passing policeman, who, upon entering, found Henry, Lee engaged in an unsuccessful attempt to restore the woman to consciousness, while the assailant lay quivering beside her, also bereft of sensation.

"What's all this row about?" asked the officer.

"That's more than I can tell," was Henry's reply. "I came up here to see Green on a matter of business, and found this woman in his fiendish grip, and I laid him out. He'll come to directly—I struck him just right; but I'm not so certain about the woman. Look at these finger marks on her throat."

"The very devil's in the woman, *anyhow!*" said the officer, as he surveyed the scene. "Hadn't I better fetch the doctor?"

That dignitary was soon brought and the proper restoratives applied.

"Did he *kill* me?" questioned the poor wife wildly, as she arose to a sitting posture and looked anxiously around the room. "O, my God! I have killed *him!*" she shrieked, as she saw the prostrate form of her unconscious lord, as he lay quivering beside her.

"O, no. Don't be alarmed, madam. He'll be all right presently," said Henry Lee. "I laid him out on purpose to keep him from killing you."

Gradually the woman awoke to complete consciousness. Though staggering beneath the weight of mental and physical injuries, she nevertheless comprehended the situation, and womanlike was ready to act at once. Turning to the officer, she said, "Mr. Green and I will be imprisoned and fined if the news of this encounter reaches official headquarters. Please say nothing about it, and here's a hundred dollar bill that you can keep for pocket change."

"You forget my official duty, ma'am," was the regretful reply, as the policeman glanced wistfully at the crisp-looking greenbacks, and possibly thought of prospective drinks.

"No, I don't," was the quick rejoinder. "If you take us to prison, neither of us will complain against the other, and you'll have your trouble for your pains. What is *your* fee, doctor? Remember, please, to make it large enough to plaster your conscience sufficiently to enable you to keep your tongue still on the street."

The doctor hesitated, and a fresh, crisp note, equal to that just received by the policeman, was thrust into his hands.

Whether that sum was satisfactory or not, deponent does not undertake to say; but no arrests were made, and the public mind was duly informed of the affray in the columns of the *Evening Bugle*, in the following reliable squib:

A WOMAN IN THE CASE.

This morning as one of our most respectable citizens, who is shortly to become a Benedict, was sitting peaceably in his bachelor apartments, enjoying the prospect of rapidly approaching connubial happiness, he was intruded upon and assaulted by a notorious but mysterious hand, who, being jealous of her fair and legitimate rival, fell upon him like a tigress and tore his hair fearfully. The gentleman held her at bay as well as possible until a third party came to his assistance, who booted the frail charmer out of doors. When women fall they descend so much lower than men can go, that it is little wonder that the better classes of our citizens fear their approaching political equality with themselves. Doubtless the harridan who thus assaulted our estimable friend belongs to the 'strong-minded' class, who are a perpetual libel upon womanhood and a lasting disgrace to manhood, because they want to vote. We congratulate the respectable ladies of our acquaintance upon their determination, not to mingle with disorderly women in a demand for privileges which will forever unsex and disgrace them. It is feared that our friend Bob will need a wig for a season.

The fact was, as the reader perceives, that the policeman and physician were alike mollified by the hundred dollar conscience plaster, and the reporter of the *Bugle* was slightly hoaxed by the civil officer when asked too many questions, hence he had the above report.

The husband and wife and Henry Lee were soon left alone in the bachelor apartments. The former recovered from Henry's well-administered blow sufficiently to enable him to converse freely, and a long council was held in which it was deemed expedient to transport Robert Green to the Sandwich Islands, on an outgoing vessel.

Henry Lee, seeing that the mysterious woman held a great advantage, was content to allow her to manage the *denouement* of the tragedy, and he listened to her words of wisdom in supreme astonishment.

A vessel was to sail that night, bound for Honolulu, and Mrs. Clara Morton Hastings, *alias* Colonel Jones of the late C. S. A., *alias* Madam Rosa De La Vere, decided that Robert Green should become a passenger, and that worthy acquiesced because he could not help it. Cowed by her fierce determination and fearing above all things that the knowledge of her real relations to himself might become known and thereby disgrace him in the estimation of his associates, the poor, baffled victim of woman's cruel machinations against masculine honor and privilege was compelled to forego prospective connubial bliss and secrete himself in a little coop of a state room on board the good ship Sounding Sea.

Amie Lee was devoting much time to her toilet and much more to books and pen. For the first time in her life she had found leisure to store her mind with classic lore, and as she delved deeply into the beautiful mysteries of by-gone eras and drained therefrom delicious draughts of poetic inspiration, embellished with the glow of her own wonderful genius, it seemed that a new world, with illimitable bounds, and ever varying possibilities of joy and beauty, were suddenly opened before her mental vision, transforming her life's aspirations into newly created genius of untold wealth and unimaginable beauty. She found it impossible to feel unhappy even though locked in a felon's cell. Strength from a source she knew not, settled around and over her, filling her soul with joy and gladness.

Alice Hastings visited her daily, taking unusual care to veil her features when upon the street.

The business of the fashion emporium was wholly given up to Fanny and Sue, and the impression went forth over the city that Miss Le Clerq had gone to Chicago for supplies. This precaution became necessary, because of the desire of Alice to bleach her long dyed complexion, that she might become Alice Hastings in appearance as well as in reality, when she should make her *debut* in Portsmouth society upon the evening of May's wedding and Melvin's return from New York.

Suddenly, to the surprise and delight of her family and friends, Mrs. Hastings began to recover from her long and painful illness. Amie Lee's milliner visited her daily, always demanding a long private interview, which was also always granted. And day by day as the invalid held the hand of her daughter and gazed with beaming eyes into her thoughtful face, watching the gradual return of the old beautiful blonde complexion, and realizing more fully every day the blissful fact that the lost was found, the old color came to her lips, the cough grew less painful and frequent, and the hectic that had burned in a single spot upon her pallid cheek, diffused itself over her face, inspiring her friends with hope, and herself with confidence.

Melvin Hastings senior, who had grown gray and old quite rapidly within the past few years, seemed to take little interest in the society of his home. He walked to and fro upon the streets with an abstracted air, scarcely ever returning the recognizing nods of friends, and spending much more time than formerly in the society of fallen men and women at the "Walk In and Welcome."

After the departure of Robert Green, the strange brunette was seen no more at the gorgeous palace of pleasure. But the reader, being wholly in the writer's confidence, is asked to go with us to an upper room in Amie Lee's fashion emporium, the same in which Alice Hastings was at first given a place of refuge, where, in the agony of an outraged soul, the wronged wife paces restlessly the tufted floor, with her jeweled hands pressed upon her throbbing temples and her soul reaching out in unutterable agony toward the truant husband, to whom in the bright vigor and loveliness of her first budding womanhood, she had yielded unquestioningly and with a sublimily of trust of which woman only is capable, her life, her fortune and her sacred honor.

May Hastings was sitting in her richly furnished boudoir, dreaming of the future, and complacently surveying the new mansion which, from another direction, her expectant lord had lately been viewing it, when the almond-eyed porter brought her a note from Mr. Green, explaining that urgent and important business had called him to a distant city, but that he would surely return by the twentieth, then but eight days off.

"I almost wish he never would come back," she said nervously, as she picked the note to pieces. "There's more manhood in Henry Lee's little finger than his whole body contains. But then," and the belle sighed heavily, "its no use for a woman to indulge in such a thought. Henry Lee wouldn't think of paying me any attention unless I'd make the first advances, and what woman would dare do such a thing as that? I've fought against my natural love for that boy, ever since I first saw the struggles he made to conquer obscurity and adverse circumstances. I wonder why it is that women have no right of choice in matrimony? Bob Green is selfish and conceited and obstinate and homely and dull and overbearing. But then, he's rich and I'll be the most stylish bride in Portsmouth. Though it does make me shudder to think of being Mrs. *Green!* Bah! what an ugly name!"

Ah, May Hastings! The name would have been all right enough, if you had only loved him.

Uncle John Ainslee suddenly grew very particular about his dress. As the mysteries of a gentleman's toilet are not ours to divulge, you will please excuse us, good reader, for declining to say positively that he dyed his hair and whiskers, but from some inexplicable reason, they grew strangely black and brilliant, while a look of quiet happiness beamed from his face as he walked from one real estate office to another, looking for the most eligible bargains in the many elegant edifices that were registered for sale.

[To be continued.]

NAMES OF COUNTRIES.—Europe signifies a country of white complexions; so named because the inhabitants there were of lighter complexion than those of either Asia or Africa. Africa signifies the land of corn, or ears. It was celebrated for its abundance of corn and all kinds of grain. Spain, a country of rabbits, or conies. This country was once so infested with these animals that the inhabitants petitioned Augustus for an army to destroy them. Italy, a country of pitch; from its yielding great quantities of pitch. Gaul, modern France, signifies yellowed-haired; as yellow hair characterized its first inhabitants. Britain, the country of tin, as there were great quantities of lead and tin found on the adjacent islands. The Greeks called it Albion, which signifies either white or high mountains, from the whiteness of its shores, or the high rocks on the western shore.

## Patriotism and Parentage.

It has not always been regarded as a thing creditable to woman that she was the mother of the human race. On the contrary, the fact was often mentioned, in the middle ages, as a distinct proof of inferiority. The question was discussed in the mediæval Council of Mason, and the position taken that woman was no more entitled to rank as human, because she brought forth men, than the garden-earth could take rank with the fruit and flowers it bore. The same view was revived by a Latin writer of 1595, on the thesis "*Mulieres non homines esse*," a French translation of which was printed under the title of "*Paradoxe sur les femmes*," in 1766. Napoleon Bonaparte used the same image, carrying it almost as far:

"Woman is given to man that she may bear children. Woman is our property; we are not hers; because she produces children for us; we do not yield any to her; she is therefore our possession, as the fruit tree is that of the gardener."

Even the fact of parentage, therefore, has been adroitly converted into a ground of inferiority for women; and this is ostensibly the reason why lineage has been reckoned, almost everywhere, through the male line only, ignoring the female; just as in tracing the seed of some rare fruit, the gardener takes no geneological account of the garden where it grew.

The view is now seldom expressed in full force; the remnant of it is to be found in the lingering expression that, at any rate, a woman who is not a mother is of no account; as worthless as a fruitless garden or a barren fruit tree. Created only for a certain object, she is of course valueless unless that object be fulfilled.

But the race must have fathers as well as mothers, and if we look for the evidence of public service in great men, it certainly does not always lie in leaving children to the republic. On the contrary, the rule has rather seemed to be, that the most eminent men have left their bequest of service in any form rather than in that of a great family. Recent inquiries into the matter have brought out some remarkable facts in this regard.

As a rule there exists no living descendants in the male line from the great authors, artists, statesmen, soldiers of England. There is not one such descendant of Chaucer, Shakspeare, Spenser, Butler, Dryden, Pope, Cowper, Goldsmith, Scott, Byron or Moore; not one of Drake, Cromwell, Monk, Marlborough, Peterborough, or Nelson; not one of Strafford, Ormond, or Clarenden; not one of Addison, Swift or Johnson; not one of Walpole, Bolingbroke, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Burke, Grattan or Canning; not one of Bacon, Locke, Newton or Davy; not one of Hume, Gibbon or Maucaulay; not one of Hogarth or Reynolds; not one of Garrick, John Kemble or Edmund Kean. It would be easy to make a similar American list, beginning with Washington, of whom it was said that "Providence made him childless that his country might call him Father."

Now, however we may regret that these great men have left no posterity, or posterity by the female line alone, it does not occur to any one as affording any serious drawback upon their service to their country. Certainly it does not occur to us that they would have been more useful had they left children to the world, but rendered it no other service. Lord Bacon says that "he that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief. Certainly the best works, and of greatest merit to the public, have proceeded from unmarried or childless men; which, both in affection and means, have married and endowed the public." And this is the view generally accepted; that the public is in such cases rather the gainer than the loser, and has no right to complain.

Since, therefore, every child must have a father and a mother both, and neither alone suffice, why should we thus heap gratitude on men who, from preference or from necessity, have remained childless, and yet habitually treat women as if they could render no service to their country except by giving it children? If it be folly and shame, as I think, to belittle and decry the dignity and worth of motherhood, as some are said to do it, is no less folly, and shame quite as great, to deny the grand and patriotic service of many women who have died and left no children among their mourners.—*Woman's Journal.*

INAPPROPRIATE MARRIAGE SERVICES.—It is a little singular to reflect upon, that there should not be in existence a fully appropriate marriage service for the uses of either the church or the world. The Episcopal service, one most hallowed by churchly associations and most full of excellencies, has yet egregious faults. Bad taste, bad grammar, and perjury may have their places, but a marriage service would not seem to be the place for them. "I take thee to my wedded wife (or husband)—to have and to hold," is an awkwardness for which only long incubated reverence could feel so much rhetorical respect as not to mar a matrimonial ecstacy. "Till death do us part," is a dislocation in which the most devout church woman must feel a pang. The inquiry, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" is, to say the least of it, an anachronism. "I pronounce you man and wife," flavors somewhat of the tenement-house patois, as of a couple henceforth to say, "My man is abroad to-day," or, "My woman is getting dinner." "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," is a fiction so stupendous as to be more amusing than impressive. "Do you promise to obey him and serve him?" The woman shall say, "I will." Herein we have the spectacle of a priest at the altar offering the most solemn and binding of vows to a woman who has not the least intention of keeping it; who will not keep it, if she has; and who ought not to keep it, whether she has or not. The church service was written in a by-gone age, for a by-gone type of society. Its real beauties cannot save it intact to the future. The marriage to be, will demand a pledge for which this is neither speech nor language.—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

The Washington Insane Asylum contains at present fifty patients, nine of whom are females. The rate paid to the contractor, Mr. Harmon, for their keeping is ninety-one cents per day for each patient. This includes board, clothing and washing. The Territory pays for medical attention.

## A Cup of Coffee.

There are about one hundred millions of people on the face of the globe who would regard the loss of their daily cup of coffee as one of the greatest privations they could endure, although it is only for the last two hundred years that coffee has been generally kown to the civilized world.

Coffee is popularly supposed to have been first used by the Arabians, but careful research leads us to the knowledge that the Ethiopians and Abyssinians knew of its strengthening and invigorating qualities for many years before the natives of Arabia used it. It is said that the savages of higher Ethiopia pounded the parched bean as they would grain, making a coarse flour from it which they mixed with grease and separated into little balls. Two or three of these balls would support a man a whole day, and were, therefore, as they took up little room, in high favor with the warriors while out on marauding expeditions.

Arabia, however, has the honor of first introducing it to the civilized world. It was introduced there by the Persians, who had procured it from the Ethiopians. The city of Aden was the first place where it became popular as a beverage. From there it spread rapidly over Arabia and Turkey, and led to the establishment of the coffee-houses which are to be found in almost every part of the world.

The coffee plant is an evergreen, and if allowed, would grow to a height of sixteen or seventeen feet, but in extensive plantations it is topped and stunted to about five, so that the berries can be picked with greater convenience. The stem of the tree or shrub is from ten to fifteen inches in circumference, and the bark whitish and somewhat rough, while the leaf is long and graceful, covered with a silvery furze on the underside, and resembling in general appearance that of the citron tree. When full grown it looks like a small apple tree. When the tree begins to grow old the lower branches bend and extend themselves in a round form somewhat like an umbrella. As on the nutmeg tree, blossoms and green and ripe fruit may be seen on each shrub at any season of the year.

When the blossoms fall off, there springs from under it a small fruit, first green, but becoming red as it ripens. This is very like a cherry, and quite pleasant to eat. The pit of this cherry is the coffee of commerce. We are wrong though in calling it a pit; it is rather a bean inclosed in a thin skin which holds the two halves together. When the bean is perfectly ripe, the cherry or fleshy outside, which was before good to eat, dries and forms a deep brown pod for the berry, which is then ready to pick.

The coffee berry, when ripe, is, in the West Indies, Java, Ceylon, and South America, prepared for market by a machine process called pulping and washing, which greatly expedites matters, and gives a quality of coffee much preferred by dealers, as it makes a clearer and brighter bean. It is a fact not generally known to consumers, however, that the old-fashioned process of cutting, as it is done in Persia and Arabia, is much superior, and the same quantity of coffee that is cured in the pulp by the action of the sun will produce a much stronger decoction than that which has been pulped and washed, for the mucilaginous substance which is washed off by the pulping process is absorbed by the bean when cured the other way. This gives strength to the product and enhances its aromatic flavor.

Another fact not generally known about here is, that the leaves contain the same essential principle as the berry, and that a beverage made from them is equal, if not superior, to the infusion of the berry itself. During a visit to Sumatra, some years since, we had a hunting expedition into the interior of the island. While stopping at a village we observed a native making an infusion of some dried leaves, and curious to see what beverage he was concocting, we tasted it, and found to our surprise that it was most excellent coffee. For a small piece of tobacco we bought several pounds of the dried leaves, and used them entirely during the remainder of the expedition, as we found they made much superior coffee to the beans we had brought with us, besides being less trouble to prepare.

The consumption of coffee in the United States is nearly double that of any country in the world, and the increasing consumption throughout the world threatens to make the demand more than the present sources of production can supply. For some years past Mexico has exported a small quantity of a very superior article, and through our wonderful State of California wild coffee shrubs are plentiful and pronounced by experts to be capable of producing under cultivation a very superior grade of coffee.—*American Grocer.*

BEAMS OF GOLD.—What is it that cheers the weary and heavy-laden mother who toils early and late that her little ones may be fed? The golden beams of happy anticipation of a future when her children are men and women, able to care for her and themselves. Heaven only knows what she suffers, and how the mother instinct makes her strong to endure. When the covers are snugly tucked around the dear little bodies, and rosy faces speak the story of gentle sleep, the widow, on bended knee, thanks Heaven for health and strength, and prays that not one of her darlings shall be taken from her care. She will work and slave for her children, and if at night she can gather them all around her knee, to tell them of their father who lies out in the cold church-yard, and of their Father in heaven, and the beautiful world He has given them to enjoy, she will count all privation pleasure. After years of toil and care, the golden beams gather to crown the brow of a woman who is faithful to the last. Her children strew her pathway with roses of love. Or if one, or two, or all are insensible to their obligations to her, and every earthly thing seems fraught with bitterness, beams of gold make her radiant in immortal robes, and Over There angels will gladly nestle in the warmth of her great mother's love.

FACT.—It has been said by political arithmeticians, that if every man would work four long hours in each day on something useful, that labor would produce sufficient to procure all the necessaries and comforts of life—want and misery would be banished out of the world, and the rest of the twenty-four hours might be leisure and pleasure.—*Franklin.*

## An Untenable Position.

A divine of Bay City, Mich., tries to draw the following moral from the Beecher-Tilton scandal:

"There is another point which deserves special notice. Mr. Beecher, as well as his accuser, has been for twenty-five years a Reformer. He is the man who took up the matter of giving the ballot to women twenty-five years ago, and preached it and lectured upon it. It is certainly significant that two original advocates of this measure should stand before the public in the attitude they do to-day. Whatever may come of the trial in progress, it is a fact that this scandal is the logical outgrowth of the peculiar ideas of these parties in regard to women, and of the peculiar associations into which they have been led in consequence. And should we be so unfortunate as to see the ballot in the hands of women, my belief is, that the occasions of such scandal would be multiplied indefinitely."

Most unfortunately for the theory of this divine, Mrs. Tilton, the woman concerned in this scandal, is not, and never has been, so far as we can learn, a Woman Suffragist or Woman's Rights woman, but was rather shocked at all such ideas. It is true, an effort has been made to cast reflections on Miss Anthony and Mrs. Stanton, two of the leaders of the Woman Suffrage Movement, but no fair-minded person who knows the ladies in question, for a moment believes they have a shadow of foundation. The great mass of Woman Suffragists do not endorse or tolerate any looseness in marital relations. If a few have crept under their banner who would like to hoist the black flag of social license and anarchy, it is only what every cause has to contend with—the black sheep of the flock—even the church is not free from this difficulty, as we have evidence almost every day. Our good brother should be careful—"those who live in glass houses should not throw stones," and the house in which ministers live is exceedingly crystaline just now.

For the sake of both men and women, we dislike to admit that a clergyman cannot safely call upon his lady parishioners without one or both having a "body guard;" but no candid person will deny that the "peculiar associations" into which the divine "is led in consequence" of his profession, are far more perilous to his tender emotions than if he met them in a political caucus or at the polls with ballots in their hands. We might retort on our prophetic brother that, "If ministers are to be allowed to preach fine-spun, sentimental sermons, and to call on their lady parishioners when their husbands are away from home, the occasions of such scandal will be multiplied indefinitely." If the scandal involving Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton had grown out of their association in political meetings and at voting precincts, there would be some force and point to the argument of this divine. It is evident that it grew out of their association as pastor and parishioner, *therefore*—if our clerical brother is correct in his premises—either the ministry or pastoral calls ought to be abolished. But the truth is, no state of human society can be absolutely perfect. There will be no lack of stumbling-blocks and rocks of offense to imperil the steps of the weak and the vicious in any path of life that may be marked out, but stopping the car of Progress will not save the victims. When one is crushed, it matters not to him whether it is by the more modern vehicle or the car of Juggernaut, and the former may bring "the greatest good to the greatest number," with as little or less sacrifice of the minority.

Then there is no end to the social sins outside of the church, and without the remotest connection with the Woman Suffrage Movement; and the victims are usually those gentle, clinging natures, who have been taught that men possess all the wisdom and mental strength of the human family, and that they must look up to them and rely upon their judgment. If all men were pure and honorable, women might dare to be poetic parasites; but as it is, the sooner they learn to exercise their own judgment, and to dispassionately "weigh measures and men" for themselves, the better it will be for all concerned.—*Earlville Transcript.*

THE NEED OF REPOSE.—"Repose," says a writer, "is the secret of power in persons, pictures, statutes, architecture, books and nature, as if it were a means of retaining as well as disclosing life, and health demands a frequent pause to restore the balance of the system and keep up perfect circulations. The night, if spent in healthy sleep, after proper evening hours, reduces the world's chaos and we are new every morning. Who does not know the magic of a brief pause in the midst of the worst confusion? A calm of five minutes will invite back our vagrant ideas and powers. So the home should be like a hush and a lullaby in this headlong, whirling, noisy, furious, and distracted world of the nineteenth century—a nook apart from the thoroughfares—a grot or bower under the sky, where the beautiful spirits of the air will hover and dance. Its atmosphere should be a little oriental and cheering, as if exhalted from poppies and balsams."

TROUBLE ABOUT THE LORD'S DAY. The San Jose *Mercury* says: "The Adventists have been getting into trouble at Santa Clara. A number of the ladies of that little burg have recently been converted to their faith, and believing Saturday to be the Sabbath, have refused to cook for their families on that day. The husbands of these ladies, not relishing this new departure, and not wishing to have proselytes made of their wives, complained against the Adventists, and asked the Town Trustees to remove them on the ground of being a nuisance. The Trustees, it seems, had more sympathy with the persecuted husbands than with the Adventists, and a disagreement at once rose up between them, which resulted in the removal of the tent from the old grounds to a tract near the fine residence of Mr. Arguello. Since re-locating they have continued their services with redoubled energy and vigor, and the poor husbands do not seem likely to gain anything by the change."

Steps have been taken to build a large and commodious church at Buena Vista. A good school is kept up at least nine months in the year. The Orders of Granges, Odd Fellows, Good Templars and I. C. R. C., each have a Lodge at that place.

## Injustice Exemplified.

Ellen S. Tupper, of Des Moines, Iowa, is perhaps the most successful bee-raiser of any person in America; she publishes a periodical devoted to bee culture, and is largely engaged in the bee business, shipping them successfully to all parts of the Union. Col. T. W. Higginson, in an article in the *Woman's Journal* alluding to this fact, makes the following comments, which are a forcible illustration of the inconsistency of depriving women of the right of suffrage:

Here is Ellen S. Tupper, for instance. Her business is bee-raising. As she has had "much experience in shipping bees," and advertises in a newspaper so far from her home as Denver, Colorado, it may be inferred that she has some business enterprise, and that her circle of customers is widely spread. That is to say, she has already committed herself to the laws of trade and the principles of political economy. Once having done this, she is like one that has become entangled in the machinery of the mill, and can only get out by having the machinery stopped. The machinery makes little discrimination of sex, and the laws of trade make quite as little. All the questions of capital and labor, all the points in the relation between debtor and creditor present themselves to Ellen S. Tupper precisely as if she were a man. She must make contracts and fulfill them, collect debts and discharge them, pay her taxes and see them spent, entirely apart from all considerations of sex. If she prospers, she will probably make further investments; if she fails, she will go into bankruptcy; acting, in each case, as the laws prescribe. Up to this point the laws recognize, protect, and even encourage her; if she is single, they ask no questions as to sex, as to physiology; she is simply Ellen S. Tupper, lawful trader in bees.

Now, if Ellen S. Tupper were a man and a voter, she would attend countless public meetings every year, at which she would be told that the security of every business man must lie largely in his possessing a vote. She would be assured that every man's investments were safer, his debts more likely to be collected, his wrongs more sure to be righted, his position in every respect better, for having this priceless treasure of a vote. To have a voice in making the laws that govern him, in the distribution of the taxes he pays—this, every one would tell her, is an essential part of a freeman's privilege. These things would be said to her if she were a man and a voter. And though she happens to be a woman and a non-voter, that does not invalidate the truth of these great principles, if they are true at all.

If they are true, and if the ballot is thus reasonably prized by every business man, that fact may not be alone sufficient to demonstrate Woman Suffrage. But it certainly shows either one thing or the other; either that the community should absolutely prohibit Ellen S. Tupper, being a woman, from going into bee-business; or else that when allowing her to do this, it should give her the same advantages in all respects that it affords to her neighbors. If she lived in a harem or a nunnery—if, in short, she were immured like a queen bee and fed with honey, the case might be very different. But inasmuch as the laws have already permitted her to become a working-bee, and even to have had "much experience in shipping bees," she certainly ought to have all the privileges demanded by other human workers, and in particular to have the ballot for self-protection.

## Robinson Crusoe's Island.

Crusoe's Island is to-day a little Paradise. Lord planted there, on one of his voyages, apples, peaches, grapes, plums, strawberries and several kinds of vegetables. The number of the latter was increased by a Scotchman, David Douglas, who landed on the island in 1826. He was not a little astonished to find a hermit there, who had been on the island five years. On the second day he was not a little astonished to see a man suddenly emerge from a clump of bushes and approach him. He looked upon himself as Crusoe's successor, although he did not occupy the historical cave, having built himself a hut of stones and sods, roofing it with the straw of wild oats. As cooking utensils, he possessed only a single iron pot, the bottom of which, one unfortunate day, had fallen out. This damage he had, however, had the ingenuity to repair with a wooden bottom; but now he was compelled to place his pot in the ground and build a fire around it. This man's name was William Clark, and he came from London. He had a few books, and among them there was a copy of Robinson Crusoe's adventures, and of Cowper's poems. He called Douglas' attention especially to the well-known poem beginning:

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute," etc.

Nevertheless, he did not seem to be happy. There was one wish, his greatest, that he could not gratify—he could get no roast beef!

At present, this island is in the possession of a colony of Germans. Sixty or seventy of our countrymen, under the leadership of an engineer named Robert Wehrhahn, settled there in 1863. They describe the island as being in the highest degree salubrious and fruitful. On their arrival they found large flocks of goats, about thirty half-wild horses, and some sixty asses. They brought with them cows, hogs, fowls, farming utensils, small boats, and fishing-tackle.—*Appleton's Journal.*

WIFE, MISTRESS AND LADY.—Whoever marries for love takes a wife, who marries for fortune takes a mistress, who marries for a position takes a lady. You are loved by your wife, regarded by your mistress, and tolerated by your lady. You have a wife for yourself, a mistress for your house and friends, a lady for the world and society. Your wife will agree with you, your mistress will rule you, your lady will manage you. You wife will take care of your household, your mistress of your house, your lady of appearances. If you are sick, your wife will nurse you, your mistress will visit you, your lady will inquire after your health. You take a walk with your wife, a ride with your mistress, and go to a party with your lady. Your wife will share your grief, your mistress your money, your lady your debts. If you are dead, your wife will weep, your mistress lament, and your lady wear mourning. Which will you have?

W. P. Anderson of Albany has recently been awarded a patent for a clod crusher of his invention.