

TERMS, IN ADVANCE: One year \$3.00, Six months 1.75, Three months 1.00

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on Reasonable Terms.

THE HAPPY HOME; OR—The Husband's Triumph.

By Mrs. A. J. DENIWAY. AUTHOR OF "NIGHT REID," "ELEANOR BROWN," "SAM AND BENNY LEE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER II.

The landscape that lay in smiling beauty back of Stonehenge farm had been terraced upon a grand scale by the receding waters of long dead era; and the successive benches of sand and loam and gravel that marked these different eras were now beautifully adorned with stunted pines.

Mattie Armstrong lifted her hat from her brow and swung it nervously by the ribbons, as she heaved a deep sigh of relief over her temporary escape from the noisy and uncomfortable barracks which the little world that knew her called her home.

"Of what are you thinking, Miss Armstrong?" queried her companion, as she drew her arm within his own and bent over her with a look of tender concern.

"I was just wondering why it is that everything around us is so peaceful and pleasant when there is nothing but turmoil and drudgery and misery at home. Just look at those gray rocks. Nature allows the mountain ivy to climb over them and cover up their rude ugliness.

"You appear to be in a better mood to-night, my friend. I had no idea when I met you the other evening at the party in Stonehenge, that you could conjure up such an array of misanthropic ideas."

"But I haven't said anything except what you know to be truth," still trying with the strings of her hat as she whirled it before them, while a passing zephyr tossed her streaming hair and blew it in the face of her escort.

"The winds evidently imagine that you are Hero and I Leander, but they are quite mistaken," laughed Amos Harding, shaking his head to free his eyes from the agreeable entanglement.

"Nothing particular," and the gentleman bit his lips in disgust.

"I know you think I'm exceptionally verdant," said the girl, flashing her eyes upon him in the moonlight, "and I heartily coincide with your opinion."

"In truth I am a little astonished, Miss Armstrong," and Amos Harding stepped proudly and yet condescendingly along over the rustling pine leaves.

"The varied experiences of the courtyard and kitchen are hardly conducive to the acquirement of much classic lore," continued the girl. "And I have spent the greater part of my not protracted life in dairy work and dish-washing."

"Have you not spent some time in boarding school?"

The New Northwest

VOLUME IV. PORTLAND, OREGON, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1874. NUMBER 14.

never dare to pursue such experiences further. I couldn't endure a queen's life at all if I should go back to school."

"Have you never thought of any sort of career for the future?"

"What?"

"And how shall I fulfill them, pray?"

"What's the use of my laying plans, I'd like to know? Who's going to come along to fulfill them?"

"Youself."

"And how shall I fulfill them, pray?"

"Youself."

"And how shall I fulfill them, pray?"

"Youself."

"And how shall I fulfill them, pray?"

despite her efforts to step lightly, she sought her chamber and retired to rest, but not to sleep.

"I was boorish and ungracious to-night—I know I was," she soliloquized.

"What?"

"And how shall I fulfill them, pray?"

"Youself."

"And how shall I fulfill them, pray?"

"Youself."

"And how shall I fulfill them, pray?"

"Youself."

"And how shall I fulfill them, pray?"

"Youself."

"And how shall I fulfill them, pray?"

"Youself."

was the quiet reply, "but I hope to be as soon as I become comfortably located in Stonehenge."

"Have I done what was best?" asked Mattie, bending low over the baby to hide her embarrassment.

"Certainly. No one could have done better. I'll leave you a soothing potion to give him every half hour until I come again."

"Will you please to see a little to my mother, sir? I fancy that she is really ill."

Medical aid for Mrs. Armstrong was indeed badly needed. The poor woman lay in a death-like swoon upon the disordered bed.

Isaac Armstrong stepped up to the bedside and looked anxiously upon the inanimate form of the wife whom he had taken from the franchise at general elections, claiming that there men represent love, protect and cherish her until death should part them. Had he fulfilled his duty?

[To be continued.]

GENERALITIES. Nebraska has a lady State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

The railroads get about \$5,000,000 a year for transporting mail matter.

Hood calls the slaming of a door by a person in a passion "a wooden oath."

Victor Hugo's paper has a larger circulation than any other French paper—80,000 copies.

The estimated expenditure of the Harvard University Boat Club, this year, is \$3,500.

Somebody has noticed that nineteen out of every twenty newspapermen have straight noses.

The value of land in Iowa has increased from \$22,000,000 in 1854 to \$230,000,000 in 1874.

"IN NO HASTE TO VOTE."

Strange as it may appear, there be those who advocate Woman's Emancipation logically and well, yet who declare that they are in "no hurry to vote." How any one can have the audacity to assert that women who have, since the world was, been the companions and helpers of men, are too ignorant to vote upon affairs pertaining to State and national prosperity is more than I am able to perceive.

Church affairs surely take, or should take, as nice a sense of discernment as the election of county officers. To allow women to vote in church meetings and, under certain property conditions, in school meetings, and then debar them from the franchise at general elections, claiming that there men represent love, protect and cherish her until death should part them. Had he fulfilled his duty?

I hope that I may never again have the mortification of hearing a cultured woman, while ostensibly advocating Woman's Suffrage, and in plain view of the dire evils that are more or less the outgrowth of one-sided laws, declare that "she is in no hurry to vote."

Witnessing the giant frauds, the sufferings entailed by unjust laws, the flagrant injustice of a system that places all womanhood upon a level with idiots, paupers and criminals, and yet proclaiming in flowery language that "she is in no haste" to help right these wrongs, presents to my mind an anomaly not easily explained, and scarcely to be tolerated.

Instead of such declarations as these, I hope in future to hear the cry, "give us the ballot and down with all one-sided laws." It is our inalienable right to a voice in the making of the laws that we are compelled to obey, and who and what are puny legislators, that they should pretend to hold our rights in their keeping to give or withhold according to their caprice or pleasure? Mothers need and should have a voice in making and amending laws that license evils whereby their children are tempted to their destruction. And any one looking at the dens and pitfalls that lie in wait to entrap the unwary must certainly feel that this need is a present and a pressing one.

It has been, and still is, my earnest endeavor and desire to judge charitably of the opinions of others, who are good and honest workers in the interests of humanity, yet as I have said, it passes my comprehension how any one claiming to be such a worker can look on with indifference and proclaim herself content with the inertia of her fettered condition, while abuses hourly with age and outrageous to every sense of justice exist because woman's voice is unable to be heard at the ballot-box and in legislative halls.

Women, do not listen to the sophistry of those who tell you that you need a long course of preparation before you are fit to assume the duties of citizens. Watch the voters that collect around the polls on any election day, and see if your native good sense does not tell you that you are at least as well prepared to exercise the franchise as those who are now in undisputed possession of that right. Consider whether it is more the part of earnest, womanly women to fold their hands in listless leisure and prate about "preparation" for the ballot, or to set zealously to work with such means as is at your command, and demanding your wrongfully withheld rights, seek to elevate mankind, remove the pitfalls from the pathway of the unwary, and by aiding the good and true of your brethren, accomplish that which neither can or should be expected to accomplish alone. Be not of those who proclaim themselves in no hurry to see the glorious results of woman's political freedom.

COMMON SENSE.—There is a chilly, disagreeable article, called common sense, which is, of all things, most repulsive and antipathetical to all petted creatures whose life has consisted in flattery. It is the kind of talk which sisters are very apt to hear from brothers, and daughters from fathers and mothers, when fathers and mothers do their duty by them! which sets the world before them as it is, and not as it is painted by flatterers. Those women who prefer the society of gentlemen, and who have the faculty of bewitching their senses, never are in the way of hearing from this cold matter-of-fact creature; for them it really does not exist. Every phrase that meets their ear is polished and softened, guarded and delicately turned, till there is not a particle of homely truth left in it. They pass their time in a world of illusion; they demand these illusions of all who approach them, as the condition of peace and favor. All persons, as by a sort of instinct, recognize the woman who lives by flattery and give her the portion of meat to which she is entitled in due season, and thus some poor women are hopelessly buried, as suicides used to be in Scotland, under a mountain of rubbish, to which each passer-by adds one stone. It is only by some extraordinary power of circumstances that a man can be found to invade the sovereignty of a pretty woman with any disagreeable tidings, or, as Junius says, "to instruct the throne in the language of truth." Mrs. J. H. Stone.

The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone. Shadows of evening fall around us, and the world but a dim reflection, itself a broader shadow. We look forward into the coming lonely night. The soul withdraws into itself. Then stars arise and the night is holy.—Longfellow.

Mrs. Tilton as a Realized Ideal.

Of all the unhappy actors so mercilessly revealed to the gaze of a curious world by the lifting up of the curtain upon the Beecher-Tilton drama, none, it appears to me, are more to be pitied, none have been more misapprehended, than the woman who has been publicly and pitilessly branded by all parties as a weak and pitiable liar. And yet to me the part she has borne in this whole matter, the revelation made of her character by this idiotic scandal, is replete with warning lessons to women which it is full time to give careful heed to.

Accepting only the accredited and known-to-be-genuine documents of the scandal as no more than their full value, we have yet in them a wonderfully distinct and sharply drawn outline of Elizabeth Tilton as she really is—one of the highest types of cultured womanhood, the embodiment of the ideal of womanhood, the realization of the kind of woman men hold up to women as being most thoroughly and completely womanly in masculine eyes and dearest to masculine hearts.

Agreeing of precept upon precept from her masters, of careful culture by men in the direction of the feelings, tastes and sentiments of the physically inferior sex, have as themselves if the masculine ideal of womanly grace and sweetness is the best model they can find by which to shape their characters and build their truest happiness? It is time, too, for men to forbear praising woman's weakness as her chief charm, and to begin to help her to become strong in intellect and in judgment, rather than encourage her to debilitate her mind by pampering the defects in her which flatter his self-love by keeping her in inferior.

"We have good right to assume," says Dr. Bushnell in his "Reform Against Nature," "that if we could but women be left us, and not mere female men, that there is no woman who can pitch herself into the wrangle and debate of a bar, and do it for a living, without becoming a victim shortly. This is a considerable part of her incapacity that she is not wicked enough to siff, expose and vigorously score the lying tricks of evidence."

That is the sort of lesson men of intellect constantly desire to impress upon the feminine mind.

So Dr. Holland, in his new poem, "The Mistress of the House," which will be admitted a safe and wholesome gift into thousands of homes, holds up anew the old, weak, unrefined masculine ideal as a type by which the romantic, poetry-loving girls of to-day may model and measure themselves. The poem is Mildred, "the Mistress of the House," reads like an extract from one of Mrs. Tilton's beautiful, tender, charming, and self-deprecating letters to her husband:

Teach me, and lead me where to find, Beyond the torch of hand and mind, That vital chain of heart and mind, Which in a true communion binds, My feeble life to his shall bind!"

"O, dearest Father! may no sloth Or weakness of my weaker soul Delay me from the paths of duty, Or hold him meanly from the goal That shines with gladness for us both!"

And Dr. Holland still further helps prop up this harmful, health-destroying idea of womanhood by affirming that— "No woman in her soul is she Who longs to poise above the rear Of noisy multitudes, and be The idol of whose feet they tread The wine of their idolatry."

And she who strives to take the van In conflict, or the common way, Does outrage to the best of men, And outrage to the finer clay That makes her beautiful to man."

Now this is all wrong. We live in an earnest, practical age, and we want stronger and higher type of womanhood which shall be able to sift, expose and vigorously score the lying tricks of evidence for herself and for her dependent children.

Bettine's letters to Goethe have for years given pleasure to sentimentalists of both sexes, who have gloried in the weak, womanly admiration felt by this "child," as she fifty names herself, for the genius of the great but selfish poet, and they have thus done incalculable mischief in encouraging woman to prostitute herself in self-abasement at the feet of weaker men.

We want no more Bettines, charming as her gushing, transcendental and superficial letters are; we want no more Elizabeth Tiltons, confessedly lovely as she is in her weak helplessness and unreasonableness, and conscienceless men. We want a woman, independent yet still loving, truthful, independent, yet still loving the world by them! which sets the world before them as it is, and not as it is painted by flatterers. Those women who prefer the society of gentlemen, and who have the faculty of bewitching their senses, never are in the way of hearing from this cold matter-of-fact creature; for them it really does not exist. Every phrase that meets their ear is polished and softened, guarded and delicately turned, till there is not a particle of homely truth left in it. They pass their time in a world of illusion; they demand these illusions of all who approach them, as the condition of peace and favor. All persons, as by a sort of instinct, recognize the woman who lives by flattery and give her the portion of meat to which she is entitled in due season, and thus some poor women are hopelessly buried, as suicides used to be in Scotland, under a mountain of rubbish, to which each passer-by adds one stone. It is only by some extraordinary power of circumstances that a man can be found to invade the sovereignty of a pretty woman with any disagreeable tidings, or, as Junius says, "to instruct the throne in the language of truth." Mrs. J. H. Stone.

A Journal for the People. Devoted to the Interests of Humanity, Independent in Politics and Religion. Alleviate 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.

More Copy. The following parody of Poe's "Raven" is so good that we know our readers will appreciate it, and thank us for reproducing it.

Once in August, wet and dreary, sat this writer, weak and weary, pondering o'er a memorandum book of items used before a book of scrawling head notes, rather, items-making days to gather, in hot and sultry weather, (using up much time and leather,) pondered we these items o'er. While we could't them, show'd rocking (through our mind queer ideas flocking), came a quick and nervous knocking—knocking at the sanctum door. "Sure, that must be Jinks," we muttered—"Jinks that's knocking at our door; Jinks, the everlasting bore." Al, well do we remember, in the school which then confined us, the "exchanges" lay behind us, and before us, and around us, all o'er the floor. Thinks we, "Jinks wants to borrow some newspapers till to-morrow, and 'll be relieved from sorrow to get rid of 'Jinks' the bore, by opening wide the door. Still the visitor kept knocking—knocking at the door. And the scattered piles of papers found one rather curious paper, unbound, lifted by the breeze coming through another door; and we wished (the wish was evil for one deemed always civil), that Jinks was at the devil, to stay there evermore; there he would be, to see us, the nice-musing-bore! Bracing up our patience firmer, then, without another murmur: "Mr. Jinks, your pardon, your forgiveness we implore; but the fact is, we were reading some curious papers, and thus it was unheeding your loud knocking and thus before—" Here we opened wide the door. But phancy now, our peeklings—for it wasn't Jinks, the bore—Jinks, nameless evildoer! But the form that stood before us, caused a trembling to come o'er us, and memory bore us back again to the days of yore—thys when items were in plenty, and where'd this writer went, he picked up interesting items by the score. "Twas the form of our 'devil' in an attitude uncivil; and he thrust his head within the open door, with 'The foreman's out of copy, sir; and he says he wants some more." Yes, like Alexander, wanted "more." Now, this "local" had already walked about till nearly dead—he had sauntered through the city till his feet were very sore—walked through the street called Dauphin, and the by-lanes running off into the portions of the city both public and obscure; examined store and color, questioned every "feller" whom he met, and he was all day long in the streets, from the door; if anything was stirring—any accident occurring—not published heretofore—and met with no success; he would rather guess he felt a little wicked at this my little bore; he was in a hurry from the foreman that he wanted "something more." "Now, it's time you were departing, you scamp!" cried we, upstaring; "get you back into the office—office where you belong, and stop the words which you have spoken will get your bones all broken," (and we seized a cudgel oaken, that was lying on the floor.) "Take your hands out of my pockets, and get away from my door; tell the foreman there's no copy, you ugly little bore." Quoth the devil, "Send him more." And our devil, never sitting, still is sitting back and forth upon the landing just outside the sanctum door.

Below the Eternal City. Charles Warren Stoddard, writing of "Under Rome," says: "Fancy a narrow subterranean walk, varying from two to seven feet in width, twisting into a thousand angles, and three hundred and fifty miles in length. Such were the ancient catacombs. They have been filled in, walled up, and left to the eternal night, many of them; some of the underground tunnels have been lost or forgotten. They are now being explored. Calistus is still a unruly full of mystery and horrors and romance. No one ventures into its labyrinths without an expert guide, and the number and length of the vast tunnels that are necessary to complete a successful exploration is simply alarming. In the midst of a meadow we found a pair of steps that led us into the bowels of the earth. The guide unlocked the door at the foot of the stairs and our party entered; the door was locked after us, the lights were lit, the guide led us into a dark alley that smelt warm and earthy; one after another, in silence, we tracked the guide in avenues that seemed endless. The shadows crowded in upon us oppressively and our tapers burned but feebly. Up stairs and down stairs, to right and left, we wandered like a band of lost spirits. We hung on each other's coat tails, and grew more and more intimate, as we felt our hold on life and our dependence on the remorseless man who was burying us alive increase. What if the earth should fall—the soft life rock that you could break with your thumb nail! It grew uncomfortably hot; it was not pleasant to have the whole party crowding on to your heels nor pleasant to be in the midst of it, with no chance of escape in case of a panic, but it was worst of all to be the last man, who was the half the time around the corner in darkness and liable to drop off into chaos or oblivion at the shortest notice. There were small half obliterated frescoes to be inspected. Many a Pope has slept here his final sleep, and many saint and martyr; but more gorgeously cushioned and the dark city of the dead is now nearly deserted. It was in these winding ways that 'Miriam,' of the marble fawn, met her dismal model! It was here that Hans Anderson's improvisator had his adventure with the young artist, and here is laid much of the scene of that most fascinating and patriotic story, Fabiola. How congregations of worshippers ever survived the smothered darkness of these tombs I know not; yet in the third century Christian Rome was driven like hares to these burrows. Here they worshipped, lived and were buried."

The most bitter critics we have are those who have fallen themselves to write anything worth reading.