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MRS. A. J. DUNIWAY, Editor and Proprietor.

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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.

THE HAPPY HOME;

The Husband's Triumph.

BY MRS. A. J. DUNIWAY,

AUTHOR OF "JUDITH REID," "ELLEN DOWE," "ABEL AND HENRY EZE," ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER VIII.

Mattie Armstrong was fairly overcome with indignation and shame. From what she had been able to glean from her father's words, she had reached the conclusion that her suitor, taking all for granted, had come that morning to close a most bargain with her father for the possession of herself upon the same principle which usually actuated the old man when making a horse trade. Instantly her spirit rebelled. "They'll make no chattel of me!" she mentally exclaimed, and heeding over the insensible form of her gaping sister, she tried to busy herself with little offices of kindness.

"What is your lowest price for the farm and appurtenances, including the stock—cattle, horses, sheep, and so forth?" queried the doctor with a business-like air.

"I suppose he means *me* when he says 'and so forth,'" soliloquized Mattie.

"Well," said the owner of the broad possessions, "I have near onto a thousan' acre of land, you know."

"Beg your pardon, I *don't* know."

"Well, *I* know. That's about a thousan' acre. That's four mile or so of ditchin'-stobe fencin', and consid'able fine rail, stake-an'-ridered. High winds make good fencin' necessary, you know."

Again the doctor *didn't know*, but he wisely held his peace. He'd never had practical experience with high winds as opposed to fences, and had not before given the matter a thought.

"Then, that's fo' hundred sheep, or thus-a-bouts. That *was* fo' thousan', but the last hard winter pretty well thinned 'em out."

"Because somebody was too shiftless to provide food for them and too greedy to sell them off and use the money to make a comfortable home for his family," thought Mattie, still listening and wondering where all this talk would end.

"That's forty or fifty brood mar's on the range, an' two hundred cows. That's lots o' hogs—no knowin' how many, for they live in the hills an' feed on camas an' mast till fattenin' time."

"How many farming implements and what kinds have you?"

"Let me see. Not many, I reckon. The wagon's getting old. It was in Government use during the the fust Injun war, and has stood in the weather consid'able. The harness ain't fust class," pausing to rub a fresh supply of tobacco and relight his pipe, "but by patchin' it 'll do service for a good bit yet. That's saddles an' bridles an' axes an' hoes an' a plow an' one thing or another—enough to git along comfortable like, but you know I ain't got no very stuck-up notions about such things. Mat," taking his pipe from his mouth and replenishing it with a live coal which he took in his broad, rusty fingers with impunity, "Mat, here, has *style* enough for the whole of us. She ought to be reckoned as worth somethin'," (spit), "but I guess you'll find she'll cost all she'll come to," (spit), "but I won't count her in," and the father of the unprofitable though indispensible household appurtenance looked smilingly at the insulted girl.

"Dr. Harding," exclaimed Mattie, rising and confronting him with her cheeks suffused in indignant blushes, "I desire to know the meaning of all this. You and my father have been talking in riddles. If your affairs do not concern me in any way, I shall not interfere, but when I am led to believe that they do concern me, I consider it my duty to know wherein in and how much."

"Never mind," said Isaac Armstrong, changing his pipe to a fresh corner of his mouth, if a mouth so constantly used as a smoke-house could be said to have a fresh corner, "never mind, doctor. Her mother used to take just such tantrums sometimes. I wouldn't *mind* 'em an' she'd always collapse after the explosion."

"Mr. Armstrong," replied the doctor, firmly, "I feel it to be my duty to take issue with you here. Miss Mattie *is* interested, or ought to be in our trade, if we make it, which, as yet, is hardly probable."

"Thank you, doctor," interrupted Mattie. "If you had spoken differently you would have dipped an irreparable breach between us."

"Then have patience, please. I assure you that I shall make no bargains that are likely to affect you in the least without your complete understanding and acquiescence. Can you trust me?"

Ah, Dr. Harding! You had no need to ask that question after that sagacious and honorable decision. A woman always wants to trust the man she loves. You are on the right track now, sir. Persist and a husband's triumph will indeed be yours.

Mattie rewarded him with a grateful look of unutterable affection, and, excusing herself, repaired to the kitchen where she had inaugurated a rebellion against the dirt and discomfort that there abounded, which, up to this time, owing to the fact that she had no convenience, and that Susan and Mary were unwilling to aid, was proceeding very slowly indeed.

"What's the matter now, Mat?" The question was asked by Susan, who was up to her eyes in soap-suds, for it was washing day, and that, in the Armstrong family, meant a day of much discomfort and exertion in the Armstrong kitchen.

"What's the matter now?" repeating the question and slapping a pair of dripping overalls—John's property—across the back of a chair, allowing the dirty water to collect in puddles upon the kitchen floor.

"Why?"

Mattie evidently did not comprehend.

"Because your face shines like a sunbeam. I never saw you look so happy. You'd better go to work, though."

"I've been working all the morning, sister. You know that. You and Molly agreed to wash to-day if I would do the regular housework."

"But we didn't agree to wash and let you entertain a beau!" exclaimed Mary, lifting a load of steaming clothes from the boiler with an old broom-handle, and allowing them to fall with a sudden splash into a tub.

"The doctor isn't my company to-day," replied Mattie pleasantly. "He and father are talking up some sort of a trade."

"Trying to settle a doctor's bill, I suppose," said Susan, removing John's overalls to a block and vigorously applying a paddle which sent the dirty spray in all directions. "How I do wish boys had to wash their own dirty duds! There's ever so much pine pitch on these breeches, and it won't come off."

"You must first oil, and then soap the pitchy places," explained Mattie, taking the paddle from her hand and beginning to examine the garment.

"Tend to your own business, Miss Smarty," was the quick retort. "Who's a-doing this washing?"

"I was only going to help a little. It will soon be dinner time, and you know we have company. I want to get the kitchen cleaned up a little before noon."

"Of course you do, seein' Doc's come!" said Molly in a loud voice. "*If he* wasn't here you wouldn't care *how* long the mess lasted."

"Oh, well, Molly, he is here, and we don't want him to think we're worse than Indians. Do hurry! That's a good girl."

There was little good came of Mattie's coaxing. Susan upset a tub, scattering the washed, wet clothes upon the muddy floor. Mary loitered as if from sheer obstinacy, and the elder sister was in a sad dilemma.

The little boys who had gone away to school with John about the middle of the morning, would be at home by noon, clamoring for their dinner. There was no dry wood to be had, and the soggy, wet bark they were *trying* to burn, only steamed the throat of the great, awkward range.

"Father," she exclaimed, and she tried to smile as she entered the sitting-room, "won't you split me some kindling wood? There isn't any and the boys are all away, you know."

"Not now, Mat. Pick some splinters off the fence rails. Dan'll help ye out when he comes."

Mattie was in despair.

"Have you no dry wood at all, Miss Armstrong?" asked the doctor.

"It isn't of any consequence," she answered, in terror lest he should come out to render her assistance, and thus behold the sloppy kitchen.

"Where is the wood?" he asked, rising and following her as she retreated.

Mattie led the way because she could not help it. In the dirty back-yard was a great fragment of a pitchy log, which some streak of good fortune had landed at the Armstrong kitchen door, and its resinous splinters, chipped off as they were needed, served to kindle many a steaming fire of soggy wood or bark, which, had it not been for the pitch, would have utterly resisted all coaxing.

There was no help for it. Mattie's suitor saw her kitchen in its most deplorable plight.

"If my shoulder hadn't been so lame from pounding and cleaning the sitting-room, I might have split my own kindling and saved you the trouble," she said apologetically.

"Never mind the trouble," was the pleasant reply. "If I ever own this place I'll build a wood-shed the very first thing," chopping away at the log as he spoke.

"I hope you have better sense than to contemplate buying these old barracks. I wouldn't give ten cents a thousand for as many such farms as this as you might locate between the Straits of Fuca and the Reefs of Florida," said Mattie, turning from the sloppy floor to the fallen tub of clothes, which her sister, in a fit of audacious and most provoking sulkiness, had left where she had spilled them.

"When Mat has a beau, you've only to let things go and she'll fetch 'em 'round," exclaimed Susan, in a voice loud enough to be heard by the doctor through the half-open door.

"Mattie's lot is a hard one," he soliloquized as he worked away with the ax. "I wonder what sort of a woman my sister Ada would become if she were placed in her sphere."

An armfull of the resinous kindling wood soon sufficed to make a roaring fire.

Mattie insisted that the doctor should then leave the kitchen, which he did, and it was not long till order began to grow, as if by magic, out of the chaos of the hour.

Isaac Armstrong sat by the fire smoking lazily, and waiting for the doctor's return.

"Have you made up your mind, Doc?" he asked abruptly, as his prospective son-in-law resumed his chair.

"About what?"

"The ranche."

"As to whether I want to buy it?"

"Yes."

"I haven't talked with Mattie yet."

"Do you intend to be governed by her notions?"

"In part."

"Then you're a fool."

"I certainly appreciate the compliment, sir," and the doctor laughed dryly.

"Why, man, if you undertake to listen to the whims of a woman, you'll never be worth a dollar. I always do as I please."

"Are you thoroughly satisfied with the success such action has brought you through life, Mr. Armstrong?"

The question was asked in a grave tone that caused a shadow of discontent to flit across the farmer's face.

"I've got rich," was the quiet answer.

"Yes, you are rich in brood acres and in half-tilled fields. I admit that; but are you rich at home? Is your family happy and well?" The doctor mechanically waved his hand toward the gasping invalid, with the air of a censor.

"I'm not responsible for sickness, doctor. You know afflictions will come."

"Many of them can be avoided, my dear sir. And I verily believe that the first best way to avoid them is to counsel with your wife."

"My fust wife always done jist as I said. Sometimes she'd fret an' growl, though that's a woman's nature, you know."

"I don't know, sir. I think it's only perverted nature that frets and grumbles."

"My second wife give me a heap o' trouble for a few years. She wa'nt tractable like t'other one, an' putty well sp'ilt Mat an' the two gals that's gone away to school."

"To be plain with you, Mr. Armstrong—and speaking as a friend and a medical man—let me suggest a thought. When I think of Mrs. Armstrong as I first saw her, six or seven years ago—I was a boy then—and reflect upon the wreck she was when I last saw her, I am not very partial to your method of taking care of women. My partiality to your method isn't increased, either, by the reflection that Mattie's mother also died by life's wayside in her heroic endeavor to get used to your superior mode of treatment."

"Then you won't make an offer till you've counseled with Mat."

"No."

"Then the jig's up. She'll never consent, for she hates the barracks."

"I should think, then, that you would not want me to make the purchase."

"I don't believe in askin' advice of women. It makes fools of 'em."

"Mr. Armstrong, you have consented that your daughter shall sometime become my wife. Her life has been a bitter one with you, sir—I repeat, a bitter one. She inherited from her mother an intense degree of ambition. The aspirations of her mother's imagination which you crushed in your greed and ignorance, have brought forth fruit a hundred fold in her eldest daughter, whom, herself willing, I shall take to be my wife and the mother of my children. A happy home is my highest earthly desire. Domestic comfort is my chief ambition. When your daughter becomes my wife, she shall come to me as my other self. No bickerings and discussions shall divide our aims. She has taught me how to yield, in part, to her superior judgment. I feel that I thoroughly comprehend her."

"An' so you think I haven't been a good husband?"

"I do."

"I've knowed folks to git rich a-mind'in' their own business, Doc Hardin'."

"So have I, sir. And the man who best minds his own business is he who consults with and confides in his wife."

Mattie was listening a moment from behind the partly open door.

"How rude I have been with Amos sometimes," she thought. "I'll try, hereafter, to atone for every willful word. He deserves my deepest confidence, and he has my warmest love."

"So you've no offer to make?" Isaac Armstrong asked the question in a dry, cracked voice.

"No."

"Then why did you want to talk to me about trade?"

"So that I might be prepared to have a talk with Mattie upon the subject, with a thorough understanding of the case."

The farmer-herdman brightened up a little.

"You may strike somethin' worth while when you talk with her, but blowed if b'lieve it."

"What are your lowest figures for the property, Mr. Armstrong?"

"Everything included?"

"Yes."

"Well, doctor, if you're on the hay I'll sell cheap, but I don't expect any foolin'. It looks like it, though, when you're determined to commit a woman."

"I think, Mr. Armstrong, that you suggested taking Mattie into our counsels, when we were in the field this morning. Will you name a price, sir?"

"Seein' its you, an' you have a notion of marryin' into my family, I'll throw off half the worth of everything, an' you may step into my shoes for ten thousan'."

The doctor looked meaningly at the farmer's brogans and ejaculated, as if speaking to himself, "Cheap at half the money."

"But, Mr. Armstrong, is it your intention to turn the *family* over to my keeping, pocket your ten thousand dollars and be off to the States?"

"That's my idee, sir."

The boys came tramping in from school, bringing with them a sufficiency of mud, which might have been left outside the door as easily as not, to render Mattie's morning's mopping null and void.

Dinner was ready, but there was no tablecloth and but few dishes. The former indispensible commodity in all well regulated families was in the wash, and the supply was so limited, that its absence on this occasion was necessary. Of the latter, so many were being constantly broken by careless usage, that an annual reinforcement of a crate or two would have hardly sufficed to keep the stock for table use respectable.

Boiled cabbage and hogs' jowl, baked potatoes and saleratus biscuit were flanked by fried bacon, white beans and rank doughnuts. Strong coffee was the regular noon-time beverage, and was poured from a rusty tin kettle into cracked cups, and sweetened with brown sugar from a badly-used bowl. The cream pitcher was minus spout and handle, and a table spoon of rusty iron stood up in its center, ready to stir the rich lateral fluid and dip the same into the cups as needed.

"I should apologize for the appearance of the dinner to-day," said Mattie, "but you have been here so often and never found things any better, that you would only laugh at me, doctor," and the tears came to her eyes in spite of her effort to restrain them.

"No apologies are necessary," the doctor replied tenderly. "If one does everything well, one must have plenty of tools to work with, you know."

"I shouldn't fancy this kind of work if I had everything under the sun in the way of implements and eatables. If I ever get married I shall expressly stipulate that I shall never be compelled to see a kitchen or have anything to do with housework."

"Mat fancies she was born above her station," said her father. "Don't mind her, Doc. I often tell her she'll get over these hifalutin' notions afore she's twice married."

The meal passed along miserably. John gave Dan a vicious kick, and Peter cried for 'lasses, getting ordered away from the table for his temerity; Molly sopped her biscuit in the platter containing the bacon grease, and John noisily rebuked her for piggishness.

Small prospect for a man of Dr. Harding's tastes and habits to find material for a happy home in such a family.

(To be continued.)

Tunneling Niagara River.

The fact has heretofore been stated that Civil Engineer William Wallace had prepared a plan for tunneling the Niagara River at Buffalo for submission to and consideration by those engaged in the movement, providing additional facilities for travel and business between this point and Canada. A few facts in regard to the proposed plan will be of interest. It contemplates a passenger depot on the Terrace, near Main street, with a railroad track running through the Terrace to Court street, down Court street to its foot, across the canal; thence down between the canal and the track of the Niagara Falls branch of the Central Railroad to a point a short distance south of the railroad over the canal, where the cutting will commence. The tunnel will run under the Black Rock Harbor and the river, and emerge on the Canada side near where the old car shop formerly stood. After the surface is again reached the track will be continued along the high ground and join that of the Canada Southern Railway near the Episcopal Church. The whole length of the cutting, including the tunnel, is 4,800 feet, and of the tunnel proper 2,840 feet. The proposed dimensions of the tunnel are 20 feet wide and 20 feet high. This would give 22,627 cubic yards of excavation per lineal foot, or 65,332 cubic yards in all. In the through-cut on this side of the river there would be 128.29 cubic yards of rock and earth excavation—how much of each cannot be determined without test pits. On the Canadian side the rock and earth excavation would amount to 118,317 cubic yards. The roof of the tunnel would be some sixteen feet below the bed of the river at the present deepest point. The grade from the center is put down at sixty feet to the mile. The estimated expense of the work complete is $1,500,000.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, in the *Golden Age*, asks: "Should any man of common sense expect a class of American citizens, who are taxed without representation, denied the right of trial by jury, forbidden to enter our colleges, compelled to teach school at starvation wages, and snubbed generally and everywhere, to feel cheerful, good-tempered, and full of fun in the nursery?"

Rosa Bonheur is fifty-two years old, and unmarried. She rejoices with a subdued joy that no man has ever been able to divide her pure and unselfish love for cattle.

LETTER FROM SALEM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

Although the NEW NORTHWEST comes to hand every Friday promptly to the hour, my numerous duties compel me to hold it in reserve for a Sunday morning perusal; and let me here assure you that this same perusal is a real treat to a tired lover of her race, who, after the duties of cook, nurse, chamber-maid and general house-keeper are properly attended to, at length finds leisure to enjoy it.

I have just finished reading the report of the "Woman's National Temperance Convention," which concluded its session at Cleveland, Ohio, Nov. 20th, and I must say that while I rejoice at the formation of any temperance organization whatsoever, that will throw its influence and weight in the balance against the evils of intemperance, I can but regret that the women of our nation are so short-sighted in their judgment, so Utopian in their plans, as to suppose for a moment that the one-hundredth part of the resolutions passed by that august and honorable body can in any shape or form take effect upon the liquor traffic. They may talk long and loud about establishing reading-rooms, where hot coffee instead of whisky may be obtained, and that, too, free of charge; of providing homes for inebriate women, the same to be kept up by voluntary contributions from lovers of humanity. Is it possible that these wise ladies have not learned that a genuine love for humanity is rarely deep enough to reach the pockets, or strong enough to loosen the purse-strings? It is almost impossible to collect money from the public by solicited contribution, sufficient to sustain institutions that have had useful existence for years. Even those of our churches that are so unfortunate as to be without members who are able to bear the financial burdens necessary to sustain them, are often sorely pressed for means to carry out their benevolent teachings.

If members of the Temperance Union were able to carry into effect the resolutions in regard to the disfranchisement of any and all persons convicted of selling intoxicating drinks, it would, perhaps, be productive of good. It would at least teach them to sympathize with those of us who have committed no crime, but are yet deprived of the grandest privileges of American freedom, the right of an expression through the ballot-box. And as dram-sellers are said to be almost universally opposed to the enfranchisement of women, the lesson might prove a salutary one.

So, my good sisters of the National Temperance Union, while you have my best wishes for the advancement of the work in which you have so nobly enlisted, while I rejoice to see the firm and determined front which your battalions present to the arch enemy, let me kindly urge upon you the necessity of working up to a political basis; of investigating the needs of the ballot; of considering the powerful temperance element that would be made available to the temperance cause by the enfranchisement of women. The great struggle for human liberty, for equal rights before the law, is not distinct from, but an integral part of the temperance movement, and the former must be recognized before the latter will be successful. And let every worker in the great field of right and justice take fresh courage. The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, and the banners inscribed with Truth, Right and Justice will not always be trailed at the feet of ignorance, vice and assumption. The future will tell who *wins*.

I have almost unconsciously jotted down a few scattering thoughts, and should you find space in the columns of your excellent paper, I may in the near future attempt, amid the multiplicity of home cares, to say nothing of filling the position of chief clerk behind the counters of Cann's one dollar store in this city, to write you just what I think of the temperance movement, and the great good that will ultimately come from this and kindred organizations.

How much I like the vim of the NEW NORTHWEST I cannot tell you; and how vastly your earnest and untiring labors in the cause of woman are appreciated, I am sure you do not know. The present may be dark, but the future will grow bright and yet brighter, and I feel that the near future has in store glorious things for you. I am sorry that you cannot visit Salem more frequently, and I am sure I but echo the sentiment of a multitude of friends of the editor of the leading journal in the State, who reside in our Capital city.

With merry Christmas, and happy New Year's greetings to the editor and readers of the NEW NORTHWEST, I am most sincerely yours, C. M. F.

Salem, Dec. 29, 1874.

REMEMBER.—Take heart, all who toil; all youth in humble situations, all in adverse circumstances, and those who labor unappreciated. If it be but to drive the plough, strive to do it well; if it be but to wax thread, wax it well; if only to cut bolts, make good ones; or blow the bellows, keep the iron hot. It is attention to business that lifts the feet higher up on the ladder.

The more people do the more they can do. He that does nothing renders himself incapable of doing anything. While we are executing one work, we are preparing to undertake another.

Why We Are Patient.

"You are so used to defeat, how will you ever bear success?" queried one, a few days since, and the same thought finds expression in many directions, as one after another the props fall upon which our hopes have rested.

It was the failure to carry Woman Suffrage in Michigan which prompted the question in the present case. It was known that, for months, thought and effort had centered themselves hopefully upon this State, and naturally enough it was supposed that defeat would bring crushing disappointment. But any such view does injustice to the true friends of this cause.

If we are working for personal ends—if we have vain ambition to satisfy, if we are even striving for woman only, or if we are looking alone to human agencies, we may well feel disheartened at the slow progress which is made; but if we count ourself a part of that army which, through all the ages, has been striving to lift humanity from low conditions to a higher and purer life, then we can afford to be patient, even as God is patient.

We have so many difficulties to meet in this woman's war—not only is the prejudice born of custom to be overcome, but it is clear that it is also a conflict between the spiritual and the material. It is the "average sensual man" with whom we have to contend, or rather the sensual in man, as opposed to reason and a purified will. Men who have not yet attained the conquest of self, see danger in the admission to power of a class which is a known foe to the indulgence of appetite in its grosser forms. Thus we have the opposition of the "whisky men" and of all who grovel, and their name seems to be legion. With such obstacles it is not surprising that we seem to advance with slow and painful steps. But when we remember that God is over all, and that everything is proceeding in the divine order, then working and waiting become easy.

I know that a contemplation of the injustice and perfidy which have attended this struggle, will sometimes wring expressions of bitterness from the gentlest lips and pens. Those from whom we expect much fail us, and in pain and disappointment reproaches will sometimes find utterance. The Republic has not yet fulfilled the promise of its founders, and we grow impatient of the long delay. But when we remember what it has accomplished for humanity, how dark the world would have been without it, and how much it promises for the future, we hasten to renew our allegiance—some of us with a love stronger than life.

The exultation with which the Apostle to the Gentiles reviewed his life-labors, when they were drawing to a close, was not inspired by the success of the truths which he had been proclaiming. The world was still shrouded in ignorance and gloom. Little impression had been made by the self-denying labors of this teacher of "better things." But he had fought the good fight; he had kept the faith; and the consciousness of duty performed, lifted him above despondency.

The triumph of this woman's cause I believe to be very near, but if it should be delayed for another generation, we have no reason to repine. It will certainly come, and a few years more or less in the life of a nation cannot much affect the general plan.

In such considerations is found the ground of our patience. No effort, if made with true purpose, will ever be lost, but will abide.

"When time hath sundered shell from pearl."

—*Woman's Journal.*

Relics From the Arctic Regions.

Captain Kilgour, of the whaler Polynia, which arrived at Dundee, brings a number of relics of Arctic exploration.

When a portion of the crew were on shore at Batty Bay, on the 29th of July, in search of a suitable watering place, they discovered a cairn on a low point on the north side of the bay. Judging it had been erected by some party belonging to one of the various expeditions sent in search of Sir John Franklin, they pulled it down, and in the interior of it found a tin canister, about twelve inches in length and four inches in diameter, the lid being soldered on. Captain Kilgour opened the canister, and it was found to contain records deposited on the 6th of August, 1852, by Captain William Kennedy, of the Prince Arthur, Lady Franklin's vessel. In the course of the day a sledge, a stove, two ice knives, and various other things were picked up on the south side of the bay, where it appeared Captain Kennedy's party had encamped.

The records disclosed the fact that Captain Kennedy went into winter quarters in Batty Bay in the autumn of 1851, and it was not until the 6th of August, 1852, that the ice broke up and liberated his vessel. It is obvious that Batty Bay had not been visited since 1852. The records are in an excellent state of preservation.

This season many of the whaling vessels visited Bellot Strait, the utmost extremity reached by Sir Leopold McClintock with the Fox in 1858-59. The whaling fleet experienced severe weather in Creswell Bay, almost all the crews having to abandon the ship and take to their boats for a time; the Aretic and Tay, both Dundee ships, being lost.

ARE WE DEGENERATING?—Bayard Taylor says that the assertion that women have always held an inferior position to man is glaringly false, for in ancient Egypt it is well known that women were honored and respected equally with men. Women often sat upon the throne and administered all the affairs of government. There was also in Egypt a lofty appreciation of the marriage tie, and the wife's name was often placed before that of the husband, and the sons frequently bore the names of the mothers instead of those of the fathers. It is impossible, he says, for any one to look upon the statues of that period, and not feel what a high degree of culture was fairly claimed by the race. The surgical instruments are identical with those of the present day, and various household utensils the same. So it follows that the more woman is equalized with man in the affairs of life, the greater the degree of civilization.

Four children were lately born at a birth—two of them alive—in the parish of Cusop, Herefordshire, England. The cuate writes that the father, a toll-keeper in poor circumstances, and who has already four children to provide for, "though naturally confused, seems grateful."

The Agents of Putrefaction.

After examining the alterations produced in the living, we have to consider those occasioned by fermentation in the dead. When life has retreated by slow degrees from all parts of an organized being; when, after all partial deaths have occurred, total death has possessed the depths of the subject, and broken all the springs of its activity, the work of putrefaction begins. Its task is to unmake this body, to destroy its form and discover its materials. The work to be done is to disorganize it, to reduce it into solids, liquids and gases, to go back again into the vast reservoir whence new life is incessantly issuing. This is the task that heat, moisture, air and germs will undertake in unison. It is all performed with steady diligence. Nature knows no delays; as soon as the body is cold, the protecting coating that covers all its surface, the epithelium decays in places, particularly the pointer parts. The agents of disorganization, vibrios and bacteria, or rather the germ of these thread-like corpuscles, penetrate into the skin, wind into the small ducts, invade the whole blood, and by degrees all the organs. Soon they swarm everywhere, almost as numerous as the chemical molecules in the midst of which they stir and circle. The albuminoid matters are decomposed into fetid gases, escaping into the air. The fixed salts, alkaline and earthly alkaline, slowly release themselves from the organic matters which they combined to form the tissues. The fats oxidize and grow acrid; the moisture dies away. Everything volatile vanishes, and at the end of a certain time, nothing remains save the skeleton, but a formless mingling of mineral principles, a sort of humus ready to manure the earth. Now, all these complex operations absolutely require the intervention of the infusoria of putrefaction. In pure air, deprived of living germs, they could not have been accomplished. To check putrid fermentations, to insure the conservation of animal or vegetable substances in a state of perfect integrity, only one means avails, but that is an infallible one—that of thoroughly precluding the access to them of the aerial germs of vibrios and bacteria.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Ancient Trees in Nevada.

In the bottom of the main shaft of the Virginia City Coal Company, El Dorado Cañon, Lyon county, has been encountered the trunk of a tree four feet in diameter, a lone relic of an extinct forest. Where cut through by the shaft this old tree is found to be perfectly carbonized—turned into coal. Outside, the log is completely crusted over with iron pyrites, many of which are so bright that the crystals shine like diamonds. These pyrites also extend into the log, filling what were apparently once cracks or wind-shakes, and even forming clusters about what was once the heart of the tree. This relic of an old-time forest lies far below the two veins of coal the company are about to open. The finding of this old trunk is evidence that the country was at one time, ages and ages ago, covered by a forest of large trees; though the native timber growth, when the country was first visited by the whites, and as far back as the traditions of the Indians extend, was but scrubby species of nutpine. A few miles from the shaft in which this carbonized tree was found are to be seen on the surface the petrified remains of many large trees. In the early days of Washoe, before the prospectors had broken them up for specimens, pieces of tree-trunks, two or three feet in diameter, twenty or thirty feet in length, were to be seen lying upon the surface of the ground. However, these trees, and even the one found in the bottom of the shaft of the coal mine, may have come from the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains—may have drifted out when seas of water every where covered our present valleys. The water lines visible on the hills show that the whole country was filled with lakes, and the petrified trees lying here and there on the surface of the ground, probably floated out on the waters of this extinct lakes, and finally sunk to the bottom in the places where they are now found.—*Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise.*

BENEFITS OF LAUGHTER.—Probably there is not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood-vessels of the body that does not feel some wavelet from the great convulsion produced by hearty laughter shaking the inner man. The blood moves more lively—probably its chemical, electric or vital condition is distinctly modified—it conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body, as it visits them on that particular mystic journey, when the man is laughing, from what it does at other times. And thus it is that a good laugh lengthens a man's life by conveying a distinct and additional stimulus to the vital forces. The time may come when physicians, attending more closely than they do now to the innumerable subtle influences which the soul exerts upon its tenement of clay, prescribe to a torpid patient "so many peals of laughter, to be undergone at such and such a time," just as they now do that far more objectionable prescription—a pill, or an electric or galvanic shock; and shall study the best and most effective method of producing the required effect in each patient.—*Ex.*

Editors will appreciate the incident which is thus falsely hinted at by the Hartford *Post*: "The young man who came into this office this morning, sat down on a box, and then bounced up with a yell and fled like one bewitched, is requested to return four long brass tacks that stood on the box when he took his seat. No questions will be asked—we understand it all; but we want those tacks—we have use for them. That box is especially devoted to parties who not only read our exchanges but spirit them away, and the tacks are what we depend on for excitement."

The pride of mankind is great. A night or two ago, a family in New York was awakened by unusual noises in the house, and on turning out, saw the eldest hopeful rushing about in his suspenders, brandishing a new Weason, and shouting, "There's a man in the house!" A long search failed to show any foundation for the young man's warlike demonstration, when he mildly informed the breathless and exhausted tribe that it was his birthday. He was 21.

Twelve States have adopted compulsory education laws, New York being the last to do so.