

THE HAPPY HOME.

The Husband's Triumph.

By Mrs. A. J. DUNAWAY, AUTHOR OF "CATHY BIRD," "LITTLE DORA," "ANIE AND HENRY LEE," ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER XX.

The morning found Mrs. Armstrong suffering with a violent sick headache. She had paced the floor as long as her strength would permit, and now she lay upon the lounge with her blood-shot eyes bandaged, while a strong odor of ammonia filled the room.

The convalescent children were already astir, pouting clamorously for their food, and Mrs. Jones, the ever-obliging grandmother, was brooding their dainty bits of chicken for the morning meal.

A loud rap at the front door caused Mrs. Armstrong to start suddenly, the noise so affecting her throbbing brain as to almost throw her into convulsions.

Dinah answered the summons, and ushered in the head of the family, who looked upon the suffering form upon the lounge with a triumphant leer.

"Leavin' yer lawful husband ain't the jolliest thing in the world, is it, eh, Sally?" he asked playfully, as he seated himself in close proximity to his wife, who nestled herself in Margaret's arms, hiding her face on her shoulder.

"We know our friends, don't we, Daisy?" said Margaret, who, too weak to walk and carry the baby, hitched her chair away to get as far removed from her father as possible.

"Ye needn't feel so smart!" exclaimed the father angrily. "The Sheriff'll be along by noon or thereabouts, an' take ye all over to the hotel."

"I shan't go!" retorted his daughter. "Indeed!" was the sneering answer. "Ye seem to forget that Ise Armstrong is the boss of his own family."

"I'll drown myself!" I'll poison Fred and Christy! I'll kill you before I'll stand it!" screamed Margaret, her weak frame quivering with intense excitement.

The old man rose to his feet in a lowering rage and advanced toward her. "Ye'd better strike me, hadn't ye?" said the clip of the paternal block.

The New Northwest.

How can you live with me after you have slandered me everywhere?

The question was not answered. The Sheriff, in obedience to the laws of the sovereign commonwealth, drove up in his buggy at noon to take the hapless children once more into custody.

"Ah!" he exclaimed as he entered the house, rubbing his hands and looking delighted. "This looks like business. Making up, I see."

"Small prospect yet, Mr. Sheriff. A woman beats the very devil for wicked mulishness, once she gets her head set."

"Oh, sir," said the wife, pressing her throbbing temples tightly. "Mr. Armstrong accuses me of conjugal infidelity. How can I submit to a life with a man who doubts my honor?"

"Madam," replied the authorized servitor of law, "your husband does not believe these accusations."

"Then why does he make them?" "Because he knows that only by impeaching your virtue can he succeed in wresting your loved ones from you."

"Have care, Mr. Sheriff!" exclaimed the husband. "Ye'll want another office some day, recollect, an' I've only to let the voters know that ye're chicken-hearted in this matter to git up such a hue-an'-cry agin you as would forever stifle yer political chances."

"Mrs. Jones," said the authorized dignitary, "you'd better be getting the children ready. Mr. Armstrong seems in no condition to do anything."

"I hate you!" screamed Fred, who had a very disagreeable recollection of his former experience, away from his mother.

"I can't say wix me!" cried Christy. "And I will stay or I'll kill somebody!" shrieked Margaret.

"It does seem very strange, Mr. Armstrong, that you should persist in living apart from your husband when you see the amount of misery your conduct entails upon your children. I, as a friend, advise you to well consider your husband's offer, said the Sheriff. He will buy that snug little home he told you of, and you can live there happily."

"Anywhere but there! Oh, sir, I can't go there!" and the wife shuddered, as the pangs of memory shot through her throbbing brain, reminding her suddenly of what might have been.

dren tightly to her bosom for an instant, and, then, tearing the bandages from her throbbing head, said in a strained, hard voice that had the wail of death-agonies in it, "Isaac Armstrong, I will continue to be your bond-servant. You are determined that either I or the children shall be sacrificed to the horrid Moloch of your ignorant, tyrannical selfishness. I loathe you far more deeply than I could if you were the vilest reptile that crawls upon the green footstool of God. But the law of man is on your side. The law of woman has not yet been born. I cannot tell you how deeply I despise the creature who professes to doubt my wifely chastity, and yet compels me to endure his presence and power, because the law in his hands will smother my children from me if I try to protect myself."

"I thought she'd come to her senses," said the husband with a chuckle. "Burn the kittens an' ye'll fetch the ole cat to terms, sooner or later."

"My daughter!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones reproachfully, "you cannot remain here if that demon stays with you. If you're determined to be a fool, you're no child of mine."

"I'll not trouble anybody very long, dear mother. Please do not reproach me. Rather help me to endure my fate. God knows I need all the help you can bestow."

"Good-day, Mr. Sheriff," said the legal and literal head of the family. "We don't need yer services any more to-day. I reckon we'll settle our own family matters after this. But I'm very much obliged to ye for yer kindness in fetchin' Sally to her senses."

Almost everybody in Belltown approved of the matrimonial reconciliation. A few, more thoughtful than the rest, were sorry for the poor unwilling victim of legal circumstances, who was compelled, for the children's sakes, to yield obedience to a man whose presence had become "dead flesh upon her bones;" but with the exception of the poor wife's mother, these sympathizers all were men. For it is well known that, as among the victims of a by-gone dispensation, none were so merciless in their persecutions of the restless and defiant slaves as were their companions in bondage, who only rebelled secretly against conditions which they considered hopeless; so, among the women who secretly rebel against unjust marital relations, none can be found to take the part of the poor victim, who, lacking their fortitude, or possessing greater energy than themselves, resolves to break a yoke which long abuse has rendered intolerably givous. We have heard—and we confess the fact in sorrow—more heartless exclamations against wives, in circumstances like this, from a few women whom we have known to be lovely and beloved specimens of sored womanhood—and sometimes, too, from women happily married—than we have ever heard in our life from all the men of a long-extended acquaintance.

Indeed, we have seldom known a man who had not plenty of philanthropy in his soul for all women, except that conventional household commodity over whom the law gives him supreme authority—his own wife.

Now, hold your temper, gentlemen! You very well know, if you will only say so, that good husbands are not included in this category at all. They deserve no condemnation, and they never get it from us. But we are quite willing that all wifely conjugal feet be pinched by the ill-fitting matrimonial boot may wear it, and we shall not grumble at their wincing.

Isaac Armstrong, through an agent, purchased the Joe Samson property. What his wife's feelings were as she entered the cosy little cottage and realized the futurity of her fond regrets over what might have been, we leave the reader to imagine.

Her mother, superlatively indignant because her daughter had yielded, was outwardly cold and repellent. This, doubtless, was an aid to Mrs. Armstrong's ambition, for it aroused in her a feeling of pride, combativeness and will that enabled her to leave the old home with very few outward demonstrations of grief, while she moved about the new one like one entranced.

Of the "cool thousand" that her legal protector and head had given her as part and parcel of the reconciliation, all but a moiety was policed by the same individual sovereign. But when a man's wife is his own property he cannot steal from her; so it was all right with the laws of the land, and the protected woman chewed the cud of bitter discontent in contentuous silence.

In the neat vine-embowered dining-room of the kind-hearted Sheriff and his lovable wife a company of friends, including the health officer who had ordered the sick Armstrong children removed to their mother's custody for proper nursing, and his wife and children, a warm discussion over the village scandal was going on at the same time that Mrs. Armstrong, with a spirit moved by grief and discouragement, was moving abstractedly about the little house where her fond, girlish anticipations once had clustered lovingly.

mother," said his amiable wife, as her full round eyes beamed lovingly upon her own happy children. "I don't care how badly you should act, Augustus, I never could give-up my babies for the sake of getting rid of you."

"I am very sure, my dear," replied the husband tenderly, "that if I were to become personally obnoxious in your eyes, I should soon rid you of my presence, even if I broke my own heart to leave you and our loved ones. If I thought myself incapable of longer inspiring your regard, I'd scorn to stultify my manhood by imposing such conditions upon you, by taking advantage of your mother-love, as would lead you to feel compelled to endure my unwelcome presence for one hour."

"But a woman's highest obligation lies in allegiance to her children," said the health officer's wife. "I never could give mine up, even for a month, to get rid of the presence of any man."

"That is because your experience with one man has been a pleasant that you fail to realize the other side of the question," replied her husband laughing. "If you knew old man Armstrong, and had felt the full power of his baneful authority, you would consider his wife a heroine in going back to her children as she has done, beside whom Joan of Arc would pale in insignificance. She knows that the father of her children has frequented all of the low dens in town and blackened her reputation by the meanest imaginable accusations and the vilest black-and-blue insinuations. He has time and again insulted her with the vilest charges. He took her children from her loving embrace and confined them in a low den, where they would have perished but for my timely interference; and now, after having endured more than my tongue can utter in rescuing them from the jaws of a miserable death, she consents to again take up her weary life-march by his side, subject to all the disgusting intrusions he sees fit to enforce upon her, only that she may be near her little ones for the very brief season which she will live in his atmosphere."

"She had no business to marry him in the first place," replied his wife.

"Doubtless she is now of your opinion," smiled the Sheriff, to reply. "But that doesn't help the matter any. The ladies will pardon me, but I am often surprised when I note the excessive philanthropy with which most women endure other women's burdens. Dean Swift's quaint proverb admits of a reversible construction, you see."

Such conversations, with many variations, went on for weeks in Belltown, and all the while Mrs. Armstrong pursued the tedious tenor of her way, helplessly, hopelessly struggling against a fate from which she no longer expected to escape, except by death.

Her husband, to his credit be it spoken, was much more kind and considerate than formerly; but his grasping greed and narrow avarice had been increased by the recent reduction in his worldly possessions, and the closest economy was enjoined upon the household, much to the dissatisfaction of Margaret, who, having enjoyed for a season the plentiful hospitality and fugal thrills of her capable grandmother-in-law, was not disposed to brook her father's parsimony in silence.

But, dear reader, this part of our life-history is drawing to a close. If this were an ordinary novel, written merely for sensational effect, we could easily expand our powers of imagination and get the old man Armstrong wrecked on a railroad, tumbled over a precipice, kicked by a refractory horse, or attacked by the cholera. We could make him die a tragic, and, to the reader, a welcome death, leaving his not inconsiderable young widow to become, in due fashionable season, the wife of her first and only love, who would be to her, ever after, a faithful and affectionate consort, bringing joy and gladness to his old cottage home, and health and happiness to the children of the departed husband. But, as it is our business to picture real rather than fictitious life, forgive us, ye reading multitudes who follow these pages with so much concern, if we risk your anathemas by closing this chapter after a manner which we would we could in truthfulness conclude otherwise.

The days wore on with the chilly autumn-time. Not a woman visited the lonely mother in her cottage home. Men sometimes called, for Isaac Armstrong was always "on a trade;" and the reputation of his wife was blasted, and they urged their wives to keep aloof from the woman who had proved so unmotherly as to dare to separate herself for a time from her legal representative, protector and head.

Mrs. Armstrong had been very silent for a day or two, and Margaret, who was constantly on the lookout for the return of the old mental malady, grew so deeply concerned that she ventured to visit the home of Mrs. Jones one morning to lay the case before her.

With much difficulty she persuaded the widow to so far conquer her objection to her daughter's course in going back to her husband for her children's sakes, as to go for once to the cottage where the poor wife endured existence. They found Isaac Armstrong helplessly supporting the fainting form of his protected spouse, who had fallen white at the wash-tub. She had not complained, her husband

Plan of Work of the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union.

ADOPTED BY THE CONVENTION HELD AT CLEVELAND, NOVEMBER, 1874.

In the expectation of more harmonious and efficient action, the convention seeks especially to establish a union of all the forces for work for the suppression of intemperance. A constitution for a national organization has been prepared, to which each State is expected to become auxiliary. Many State organizations have already been effected, and it is earnestly recommended that they be immediately formed in all the States.

To act with any degree of permanent success, action must be concerted. The spirit of the work already exists everywhere with greater or less manifestation; but "solid must have bodies," a living principle must have an organic outwork. We must combine our forces so that when the inspiration that moves the people, has settled into a calm and rational sentiment, we may not lapse into indifference or discouragement.

Its moral reform is individual in its immediate operation, and personal effort will still be as it has been, the most potent weapon of our warfare; but the logic of numbers carries a conviction of strength; and if we wish to be invincible, we must present a strong force and united front.

From these considerations, we urge uniform organizations everywhere, by States and Congressional Districts, while we leave each and all free to pursue whatever course of proceedings local necessities may suggest, thereby securing that unity in variety which is the normal outgrowth of every human institution.

Among the many methods of operation recommended, those which may be of more general application may be mentioned: First—Frequent temperance mass meetings in churches, visitation to the drinking classes and their families, and meetings for the masses in which the gospel cure for intemperance is offered them.

Second—Circulation of temperance literature. Third—Securing the co-operation of persons in special temperance services at some of the stated times and places of worship.

Fourth—As the ultimate triumph of the temperance reforms lies in the thorough training of children and youth in right principles and practices, we urge the formation of temperance societies in all schools, especially Sabbath schools.

Fifth—The circulation of the pledge. The pledge is our ballot, and every vote counts. Sixth—We also, earnestly recommend unfermented wine for the communion service.

Seventh—Also the opening of coffee-houses and "friendly halls" to take the place of saloons. Eighth—The erection of fountains in every city, town and village, emblematic of our work, as well as essential to the comfort and sobriety of the community.

Ninth—But above all, as the instrumentality most efficacious, and without which all others are futile, we call upon the faithful to season and out of season in prayer, invoking the aid of the Holy Spirit and the Divine benediction. Our work, which originated in prayer, must be continued and consummated by the same unflinching agency that proved so mighty to the pulling down of strongholds.

The convention, also, proposes the immediate establishment of a periodical which shall be a national organ; a medium of communication, an exponent of harmonious action, and a bond of union. It could hardly be expected that with so widely varied local interests, covering so vast an extent of territory as this union embraces, we could preserve even a general purview of action and interest, without some centering attraction. It is proposed to publish the paper at such a price as will bring it within the limits of the most restricted means, and ensure its thorough distribution among all the classes of the community.

We earnestly invite the attention of all our ladies to this project. It is in our power, by prompt and decisive action in this matter, to inaugurate a movement which promises to be a means of uncommon efficiency, in the perfection of the principles of temperance; and while we, by no means, desire or expect to supplant other local publications, we hope to make it

Advocate of the Temperance Cause.

THE WOMAN'S NATIONAL TEMPERANCE PAPER.

A paper that shall go into all homes, and touch the thought of all people. It has been suggested as the way opens and our means enlarge, that the publication of our temperance literature receive special attention.

In order to the fulfillment of all our designs, it will be readily seen that the work must have a financial basis. A plan simple, but sure and feasible, asks each person to give one cent a week as member of an auxiliary society, or temperance league; a portion of this to be pledged to the state organization; which organization again pays a certain percentage to the national fund, to carry forward the general work. This plan which cannot be burdensome to any, gives us command of resources sufficient to employ the best talent, to aid in the formation of a strong and healthful temperance literature.

Such in substance is the design and plan of our temperance work; and we invite, to our aid, in its prosecution, all who desire, and labor for the interest of humanity, our national of prosperity and the honor of God.

E. E. MARCY, II, EVANSTON, ILL. A. F. LEAVETT, CLEVELAND, OHIO. MARY C. CROSBY, BROOKLYN, N. Y. CLEVELAND, NOVEMBER, 1874.

Mrs. Caroline Hardy, of Groveland, Mass., who has been deaf for years, had her hearing restored recently by a blow upon the ear from the leg of a chair, which one of her children had tipped over.

Miss May Reed is giving readings out West. Her business manager is that well known and popular individual "He who runs May Head."

Jean Ingelow has written a new serial story entitled "Fated to be Free."

A New York dollar grasshopper fund has reached \$10,000.

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