

NOTICE.

Agents will please take notice that it is a great deal upon us to pay express charges upon small items, and they will consider a great favor by remitting to us through money order or registered letters.

A PROTECTED WOMAN.

Those who have read—and who have not?—the disgusting details and sickening disclosures of the great force, called by courtesy a "trial," that has for weeks been dragging its tedious length through the Brooklyn court, have certainly regarded with pity and compassion the woman who has been compelled to stand dumb before her accusers, while the very slums of the city have been ransacked for evidence to destroy her. Certainly knowing more of the facts in the case than any other, save the defendant, her evidence has not been sought; nay, it is prohibited by statute; more vitally concerned than any other can be in the verdict of the jury, she has only been allowed to appeal to them with white face and silent lips. Nervous to desperation by the great injustice done her, and despairing of a hearing from the witness stand, she, on last Monday, appealed to the judge by a letter, which she requested might be read in open court. This last resource was denied her. The Tribune, speaking of the same, says:

Court had no sooner been organized than Mrs. Tilton, rising like an operation, her place and taking the honor, cried out in her low voice, a little tremulous from embarrassment, "Judge Nelson." The judge heard without distinguishing her, and looked around as if to discover whether the call had proceeded, when his attention was called to Mrs. Tilton by a spectator who sat near, and who repeated her call, at the same time pointing toward her. Mrs. Tilton, seeing that she had the judge's attention, again spoke up, saying, "Your Honor, I have a communication which I hope Your Honor will read aloud." The judge and the court turned to the matter. The envelope held by Mrs. Tilton was handed to him, and he, remarking that it was addressed to the judge, passed it to him, who, after reading the communication, said: "Mrs. Tilton, this matter will be considered by the jury." Mrs. Tilton's voice had been heard, and a husband had fallen upon her, and she had been standing in the center of the room. Her face flushed with rage, she perceived the general attention which she attracted. Her husband, sitting next to her, half turned in his seat when he heard his wife's address, but did not look at her. His counsel naturally turned and looked full upon her, as did also the spectators, and the judge, behind the judge, were stretched forward.

The following is a copy of the letter:

JUDGE NELSON:—I am writing this to you for a few words in my own behalf. I feel very deeply the injustice of my position in the law and before the court now sitting, and while I have understood and expected from the beginning that Mr. Evans was principal in the matter, yet, since your last decision, I have been so sensible of the power of my enemies that my soul cries out before you and the gentlemen of the jury that they beware how, by a divided verdict, they consign to my children a name and wicked stain upon their mother. For five years past I have been the victim of a cruel and malicious conspiracy, and I have been struggling from time to time only for a place in the honorably and truthfully. Released from some months from the will by some power unknown, I terminated myself again and again. I declare solemnly before you, without fear of man and with faith in God, that I am innocent of the crime charged against me. I would like to tell my whole and story truthfully; to acknowledge the frequent falsehoods wronging me by compulsion, though at the same time unwilling to reveal the secrets of my married life which only the vital importance of my position makes necessary. I assume the entire responsibility of this request, unknown to friend or enemy of either side, and await Your Honor's honorable decision.

With great respect, ELIZABETH R. TILTON.

The following is Judge Nelson's reply:

Mrs. Tilton:—I am directed by Chief Justice Nelson to return your letter, as it can't be read in court; also to state that in all cases counsel have the right to refrain from calling a particular witness, however competent, and that neither the court nor client can interfere with the exercise of that right. The judge also informs me to say that the question whether I could be called as a witness, stands on quite another ground from that considered when your husband was called and sworn. He was a competent witness to testify in his behalf against a third person as defendant, and while the policy of the law is to keep the parties involved, there was a statute which expressly declared a wife to be incompetent as a witness for or against her husband.

Yours very respectfully,

G. W. KNABBECK,

Clerk of City Court.

Does this look like courts instituted and governed solely by men are always just to women? That laws framed and executed solely by men are careful guardians of the best interests of women? Innocent or guilty, has not this woman a right to be heard?

Slandered, maligned, insulted, ignored, name dishonored, reputation blasted, appeals denied, prayers blasphemed, Elizabeth Tilton stands before the world a pitiable monument to woman's helplessness under existing customs, a striking example of the protection which men and the laws be framed afford woman in her hour of sorest need.

PICKNICKING.

One of the most exquisite pleasures to be enjoyed in this most delightful season of the year is that which attends a jolly old-fashioned picnic excursion in the woods. Nothing but the pleasure experienced by an autumn outing party, when October's holocaust burns gold and crimson over all the woods can at all approach it. Those who, equipped with bag and basket, have made merry in the hollows of the autumn woods, relishing the "hibe reboant" laughs of the hazel of their tawny clusters the while, can testify to the delights of the occasion. But those who, in the verdant springtime, or just as this year has swept regally into its June, have enjoyed the luxury of a day in the grand old forest—the north and air terming with life and life with fragrance—when "The riotous life of flowers were living,"

pany with friends of long ago, and surrounded by sights and sounds that seem a part of that very day, to recall its beauty and delights, and forgetting the years that are lying between, we see again the delicate mosses in the green, the "strange little wood flowers" that peer through the leafy mold, the pure waters of the brook, at whose side we drew off our glove and used our hand for a dripping cup, the luncheon spread upon the green sward, and the most unromantic appetite which we brought to it, the subtle fragrance that permeated all the woods, sweet as

"Serenade from the Elysian shores Of Amity the blessed."

The curious collection of mosses, and lichens, and pebbles, and last year's bird's nests, which we bore home as trophies of our ramble, are all recalled and commented upon with an interest that time has not diminished. The only unpleasant memory that lingers about that day, is the weary look that came over the face of our patient mother, as a small army of dilapidated pleasure-seekers put in their appearance in the evening. Dresses, aprons, and stockings, all whole and neat as we vanished from her sight in the morning, now showed conclusively that we had spent a day in the woods, and not an idle day at that.

And now, girls, those of you who are planning a picnic excursion, (and who, indeed, is not?) listen while we tell you how you can save yourselves the pains and memory to which we have referred above. When you start on a jaunt into the woods with the expectation and intention of enjoying a glorious day, don't wear your good clothes. Of course we wouldn't have you spend a day, even with the wood nymphs in a shabby dress—but dress suitably. Get your darkest calico, fix it short enough to step in with comfort, put on your stoutest shoes and broadest brimmed hat, and then coat mother to go with you. Of course she will say that she is too tired (tell her that will be a rest); that she hasn't time (promise to help her make up what is lost; that she won't enjoy it (ask her to try it and decide afterwards). If, however, all your efforts in this line prove fruitless, then don't let her be over-worked that you may enjoy a day of recreation, but be sure and bear your share in the preparations before hand, and repairing the damages afterward.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR READERS OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

The flourishing little city of Eugene has received our labors with the utmost appreciation. If you can judge by their liberal patronage of the meetings, both in attendance and pay.

The meetings began on Sunday evening in the Christian Church, the lecture being upon "Temperance." Professor McGibney and his musical family favored us with excellent singing. In fact, he is a *factotum* in the musical circle of Eugene, himself and family fully sustaining their Portland reputation. They have given monthly concerts regularly during the past year, and have lately introduced prize meetings in the Christian Church, which are being conducted every Sunday, attracting large multitudes of spectators and participants, all of whom enjoy the occasions with a hearty zest.

On Monday evening we gave a lecture on "Human Rights," which gave rise to much comment among the worthy denizens of the town, the general opinion seeming to be that the new gospel was just what was needed. In other words, we sugar-coated the suffrage pill and made it palatable. Do our readers remember the old almanac that said on every page, "Children cry for Dr. Bragg's Indian Queen Sugar-Coated Vegetable Anti-Bilious Pills?" Well, that is just the way with this gospel of Freedom, only it is the women, and not the "children," who "cry," and strange to say, the men greatly rejoice thereto.

Not wishing to interfere with Brother Dunbar's temperance lecture, which was advertised for the Methodist Church on Tuesday evening, we gratefully accepted the aid of Professor and Mrs. McGibney, who took us over to Springfield, whither a twenty-four hour's announcement for a lecture for the evening had preceded us. Our road lay through one of the most charming valleys that the world can boast of. Byron's poetic realization of the beauties of Cintra would almost fail to do it justice. Hills, hillocks, mountains, buttes, valleys, farms, forests, lakes, rivers, ferns, railways, gardens, orchards, dwellings, barns, horses, sheep, cattle, grass, flowers, thickets, hedges, hop-poles, mountain-fires, clouds, sunshine, bridges, mud-holes, tangled themselves in luxurious profusion in our bewildered senses; and we sat us down, after a four-mile ride, in the beautiful little burg of Springfield, that nestles itself like an infant half asleep, in the luxuriant boom of mother nature, and smiles benignantly upon you, as if to remind you that it is perfectly conscious of its own loveliness. Hon. Al. Powers, who was a shining light in a certain Legislature, party, for brevity's sake, we shall name—not the "Bismarck," but the "Penultimate"—and his amiable spouse, gave us kindly welcome, and made our visit very pleasant.

The first meeting was upon the "Woman Question," and was held in the Baptist Church. The attendance was, as usual, large, the people being everywhere more ready to come out and listen to the new gospel than to any other. This, doubtless, aroused the godly jealousy of a certain would-be light, who with difficulty mustered a forlorn half-dozen to listen to his over-sold Sunday utterings; on the brave soul, not daring to protest God while the woman was present, had the moral courage to publicly countermand our next appointment, which was to be on Thursday evening, and for a temperance lecture. So, after the audience had

mostly dispersed to their homes, his valor returned to him, and he commanded the godly brother and sister who had custody of the church keys, not to open the sacred building for an unholy as spectacle as a temperance meeting. What a glorious thing it is for God that he has such brave protectors!

The Christian Church, a new and commodious, though unfinished building, stands upon a ridge back of the town, and the good brethren in authority having more faith in their God than to believe He needs the special "protection" of bolts and locks, tendered us his hospitality, and risked the overthrow of Omnipotence.

Returning to Eugene on Wednesday, we met the third large audience, the subject "Marriage" attracting the usual amount of attention. We were the guest, at this visit, of the excellent widow of the late Hon. W. W. Bristow, whose efforts in the last Legislature for the enfranchisement and property rights of women, are held by us in grateful remembrance. His widow is by no means exempt from the woman-protecting powers of the law, lithes of all she possesses being continually claimed by those in legal authority, who are fearful lest the "woman" should "defraud" the heirs but for their espionage. The will, made by the husband in his last hours, is a flat contradiction of his life-long example, and reflects the stamp of the attorney of legal advisers, instead of his own principles. A testament that bequeaths to a wife the use of her own property, so long as she remains his widow, is not the work of a Bristow in his sane moments; and that such injustice can be legally imposed upon a widow, under any circumstances, is a lamentable evidence of the bad workings of masculine supremacy. That Mrs. B. seems to complain, is no evidence that the law is just.

Thursday evening again found us at Springfield, where we again met a sympathetic audience, this time in the Christian Church before spoken of. We were made welcome in the happy home of Mr. and Mrs. Simmons, where we sought much-needed rest, surrounded by Christian sympathy, blooming flowers, goodly cheer, and singing birds.

Back to Eugene on Sunday, to the hospitable home of our old-time friends, the Jacksons, where Mrs. J. reveals in millinery's mysteries as of yore, and is quite successful in her chosen work. The evening lecture upon "Politics" was well attended, a novel feature being a Woman Suffrage song from youthful members of Professor McGibney's well-taught classes.

Another pleasant visit with our genial friends, the Bristows and Jacksons, brought us to Saturday afternoon and the south-bound train for Creswell. We here found entertainment in the tidy hotel kept by Mr. and Mrs. Otis, and in the evening met a goodly multitude in Howe's Hall, where they assembled to listen gladly to the gospel of peace on earth and good-will to men and women.

The Good Templars flourish here, almost everybody being a member. Of course, saloons are at a discount. There are two stores, one hotel, two blacksmith shops, a farmer's warehouse, one shoe-shop, and seven families in the town proper, while the suburbs are thickly settled by farmers. There is also a two-story school-house under contract, showing that the Creswell people are not disposed to be outdone in educational advantages.

Sunday afternoon brought out a goodly crowd of attentive listeners to the "Temperance" gospel. Mr. Howe and wife made our visit very pleasant, furnished the hall for lectures, and entertained us in a hospitable fashion.

Our next appointment is at Eugene, this (Monday) evening, where we are to close our labors for the present with "A Week in Salt Lake City."

A. J. D.

Eugene City, May 3, 1915.

A WOMAN'S VIEW OF THE MATTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

I suppose it is one of the accompaniments of your mission to have your patience sorely tried, and it really seems to me that it must be a great trial to the same to wade through, publish and comment upon such a mass of pointless trash as appeared in your last issue over the signature of "C. B. T." and comes all the way from Walla Walla.

My attention being called to the communication referred to, by your merited comments, and my misanthropic being excited by your cutting sarcasm, I read the article carefully. To see if therein could be found a new point, and before I had finished the effusion, it occurred to me that the little hatchet used in the onslaught was not only rusty, but extremely dull, and, judging by the lack of force in the blows dealt, was sadly in need of a new handle.

It is a matter of surprise to me that these men, who pretend to regard with such shuddering horror the idea that their mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters will, in the event of woman's enfranchisement, most disreputable common at the polls, will consent to have them go to the post office to receive or deposit their mail. If you pass the post office in the afternoon, or call to get your mail about delivery time, you will invariably see from one to three or four of the kind of women that must, at all hazards, be shunned at the polls, go and mix with the throng, present themselves at the same window where good and pure women, and daughters of tender age, alike seek tidings of absent friends. Do good women, because of this momentary contact with those who have wandered from the path of virtue, feel themselves degraded? Do reasonable men so regard them? Do they "ever after shrink from the mere idea" of presenting themselves at the delivery window of a city post office? Not at all. They pursue the even tenor of their way, glancing, it may be, in pity or

scorn, according to the presence or lack of charity in their hearts, at these outcasts from virtue's pale, perform their errand and depart, to return again when duty or inclination prompts them so to do.

A woman cannot make a shopping tour on any afternoon, without passing, re-passing, and meeting members of this class, whom to pass on the way to the polls to deposit a ballot would, according to this foolish estimate, be a lasting disgrace. They are to be seen in the same stores, where, but a moment before, a good woman stood, talking to the same dealer that she but a moment before interrogated concerning his prices. In quest, perhaps, of the same article which she but now inquired for. Is she thereby so properly shocked, that she eschews shopping henceforth and forever? And upon repeating the afternoon's experience to "her husband at home," does he forthwith advise her to sever again venture into a store—kindly offering to relieve her from the degrading associations of shopping expeditions in future, by himself deciding what she needs and wants, and purchasing the same for her? No. She turns neither to the right-hand nor to the left, completes her purchases, and returns to her home without the slightest feeling of personal degradation, or a single thought of foregoing similar excursions in the future.

What assurance has any woman when she steps into an office to procure a ticket to bear her on a journey by steamer, stage, or rail, that she will not meet one of these social outcasts, drawn thitherward upon the same errand? What assurance when the ticket is purchased, that in the event of one of these public conveyances being crowded, she will not be compelled to share the seat of her fallen sister? These things that I have cited are, as every woman and man knows, of frequent occurrence, and women who are thus thrown, by their daily duties and necessities, into this undesired contact, suffer neither the loss of their self-respect nor the respect of their brethren. What folly, then, to declare that refined and virtuous women would absent themselves from the polls, in order to avoid a transient annoyance that they meet, or are liable to meet, every time they go down town on an errand.

I believe it to be an inconceivable fact that the men who are so horrified at the lack of virtue in women, and who feel it incumbent upon themselves to decide for women what they may or may not do with impunity, are those whose own hearts the least virtue and purity exist.

But, dear editor, it is no use for me to multiply words upon a matter already so plain that "a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein." The "experienced" man who again brings forward the objections to woman's enfranchisement so often answered, evidently feels well; in case he wants to feel better, I wonder whether he will take a headlong plunge into the "slough of politics," or betake himself to the exhilarating recreation of getting "heavily drunk."

Yours respectfully,

ENNA.

Portland, May 1, 1915.

THE ODD FELLOWS' CELEBRATION AT HILLSBORO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

As the Odd Fellows of Oregon have been holding public meetings all over the State to celebrate the fifty-sixth anniversary of the establishment of the Order in this nation, I thought a short account of the meeting at Hillsboro might not be uninteresting to your readers.

Monday, the 20th of April, the anniversary, was as beautiful and pleasant a morning as even the N. G. himself could wish; and as we Grovelites strolled out at "Smith's Station" waiting for the train with its delegation of Yamhill Odd Fellows, every face was bright and joyous with the anticipated "good time coming."

Soon the train came, and, although an extra passenger coach was attached, nearly every seat was filled. Our five-mile ride was soon ended; then we were driven from the station to the hotel, and thence to the Court-house, where the exercises were to be held. Soon the pompous and dignified N. G. Mr. Brownson, of Forest Grove, took the chair, and calling the house to order, proceeded to make temporary appointments to fill the offices for the day.

Conspicuous among these, were D. M. C. Gault, of Hillsboro, who is Superintendent of Common Schools for Washington county, and who ably conducted the Hillsboro public school, assisted by Miss Henshaw, a graduate of Pacific University.

The anniversary hymn was sung by a choir from Forest Grove, and the opening exercises of the meeting were then proceeded with.

Hon. J. N. Dolph was introduced by the N. G., as the orator of the day. I can but touch upon the oration: it was able and flowery, as those contradictory words, Mrs. D.? If the words are so contradictory, his speech was, as I will soon try to show you. He began by giving a short sketch of the history of the Order in the United States and in Oregon, and told its aim, and the good it had already accomplished, and the good effects which it had on society. Then he began to speak of the subordinate on a side degree of Rebecca, to which ladies could be admitted, and extolled and praised the Yamhill Lodge for having instituted such a degree in their county, and besought the fraternity of Washington county to establish said degree in their Lodges. From this, he branched out on "Woman's Rights," saying it was not meet that woman in her purity and modesty should become a politician, subjected to all the corrupting and degrading influences of political life; that woman was doing her part when she was bringing up her children, and that if she did this, which it was her place to do, she did all a good

woman could do; that woman's place is in the home circle, caring for her family, and not in the outside world helping to frame laws. (I suppose he said all this to explain why women were not permitted to take the regular degrees of the Order.) When the orator had proceeded thus far, and had said a good deal more in the same strain, he stopped in his regular speech and said that he didn't wish anybody to go away thinking that he took one side or the other in the question of woman's rights! There is something contradictory for you. He then continued to praise the subordinate degree for the ladies, telling them it was just what they needed; etc. With some more general remarks concerning the objects and effects of Odd Fellowship, the orator closed. Anti-Woman Suffragists in the audience looked triumphant; while those who believe the other way, felt equally so, knowing that no point had been made against that question. For what woman is there who is really willing to join any organization and take but an inferior place in it? As for me, give me full membership or none at all.

After some more singing by the choir, and excellent instrumental music from amateurs, dinner was announced, for which a recess was given. And such a dinner! Everything that could tempt the appetite was placed in abundance upon the table. None of us went away doubting that Mrs. Turpin, of the Tualatin Hotel, could get up a fine feast. After dinner, we again repaired to the Court-house, where an hour was pleasantly spent in listening to short speeches and toasts, interspersed with music, vocal and instrumental. It then being train time, we walked to the station, where, after a little delay, we were borne to our own village, talking on the way of the good time we had enjoyed. NUMBER TWO. Forest Grove, May 3, 1915.

KITCHEN COGITATIONS.

READ BEFORE THE LAMAR COUNTY WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION, AT HESBURN, MAY 1, 1915.

"Home, Sweet Home." Yes; the strains are exquisitely lovely. With what tenderness and pathos are they laden! Yet the author of this beautiful song died of starvation in a London garret.

Posthumous fame is a grand thing, and it is also a sad thing. Why is it that so many great and good men are not appreciated until they have passed away? Of what use are statues and costly monuments to the dead? A few words of sympathy and appreciation, an outstretched hand, or a loaf of bread, may fill the heart with joy and gladness. What a sad mockery is a statue erected to the memory of one who has died of starvation! Homer, the great Grecian poet, lived and died in penury, and after his great soul had passed from earth, the people were ready to deify him. In the language of Byron,

"Seven cities of Greece disputed Homer dead, Through which Homer living legged his bread."

Right here is a splendid place to begin a reform. Speak tenderly, encouragingly, and sympathetically to the living—those who have passed to a dreamless rest no longer need it. True, it might have prolonged their lives—but it cannot restore them. Speaking of reform reminds me that here is another capital opening, of a somewhat different character.

We all know that gentlemen make up the almanacs. And these latter day almanacs have taken to eulogizing the signs of the zodiac. This is a lamentable fact. What are grandmothers, maiden-aunts, and old folks generally to do? How are they to know when to wear their calves and bables?—for disguise the fact as we may, man is mammal. What are we to do about planting our onion beds, sowing our radish and cabbage seeds, building our houses, etc., etc.? We would respectfully suggest that the almanac business be turned over to a select committee of women, who shall be empowered to make any improvements they may deem desirable therein.

Every graduated stripling, every newly-fledged doctor or lawyer, considers it his bounden duty to have, to hold, and to utter his ideas of woman, and woman's sphere. He can define to a nicety just where a woman's duties begin and end. In fact, he really knows more about woman's normal condition than his grandmother, who is supposed to know a great deal. His theories are very finely spun, as all abstract theories are, and he awaits with eagerness the day and hour that he may reduce them to practice.

DEPRAVED LITERATURE.

Yes; I have a horror of a great deal of the current literature of the day, and gladly seize this opportunity to say to my sisters: Let us be not with it, but against it, for the sake of our sons and daughters. We women, as mothers and sisters, do not realize our responsibility in this matter. There are no brighter ornaments in life than purity of heart and mind. We hear it argued that newspaper men, in order to prosper, must cater to the public taste. Newspapers are educators, and if the public taste is vitiated and depraved, do not wonder to it. Rather strive to elevate it to the proper standard. Were the criminal records of the past few years consulted, they would, no doubt, disclose the fact that many of the monstrous crimes committed, were the outgrowth of immoral and depraved literature.

But, dear me! These "Kitchen Cogitations" are taking a wide range. It is time to see about what we shall have for dinner.

RECENT EVENTS.

A killing frost visited a large part of the northwest on Saturday night.

The United States Hotel at Saratoga was sold under foreclosure, on the 2d inst., for \$350,000.

H. M. Atkinson, the new Commissioner of Pensions, was sworn into and took charge of the pension office on the 1st inst.

It is rumored that Lieut. General Sheridan is to be married to Miss Tucker, a daughter of Gen. Tucker, of his staff.

The will of the late Mrs. Conway, actress, was admitted to probate on the 25th. She leaves an estate of \$20,000 to her three children.

During a gale, on the 30th ult., a barge laden with iron ore, bound from Ontario to Charlotte, was abandoned, and is supposed to be lost, with four persons.

Twenty days extension is granted Wm. M. Tured to file answer in the civil suits filed against him. The prosecution declines to furnish a bill of particulars.

Dispatches from various points say the recent cold weather has destroyed the young grasshoppers, and the general belief is that there will be no more trouble from the pests.

A Topeka dispatch says 32 chiefs and head men of the Cheyenne prisoners were ironed and sent to Fort Sill on the 24th inst., to be tried for participation in the outrages last summer.

The Courier-Journal says the residence of Mrs. Lucy Packwell, sister of the eminent naturalist Audubon, was burned on the 28th, together with the entire and valuable library of deceased.

There is trouble anticipated at Aspinwall. It has been deemed advisable to send a vessel of war to that port at once, and Rear Admiral Mullany has been instructed to keep a vessel there as long as necessary.

J. J. Pryor, playing with the Lotta troupe, fell dead of heart disease in the dressing room of the Opera House during the performance of Little Nell, at Toledo, O., on the evening of the 1st inst. He lived in New York.

The party of miners brought out of the Black Hills by the military passed through Omaha on the 29th. They were furnished free transportation to Missouri Valley Junction by the Northwestern Railroad, as they were penniless.

Dispatches from points in Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Missouri and Minnesota, report very little, if any, damage done to wheat by Saturday's frost. The only harm done seems to have been to the early vegetables, fruit suffering little, if any.

Total losses at the great fire at Oshkosh are not known, but it is still estimated in the neighborhood of \$2,000,000. Some two hundred families are said to be in need of assistance from the public, and the Common Council of Oshkosh appropriated \$2,000 for their relief.

There is no prospect of an agreement between the miners and their employers at Potlatch, Pa. No serious trouble yet between the special police and the miners. It is stated that the miners at Scranton and Wilkesbarre will forward \$100,000 next week to the strikers there.

Prof. Walter P. Janney, U. S. geologist, accompanied by several assistants, arrived at Cheyenne on the 30th, and proceeded thence to the Black Hills, via Fort Laramie, where they will be joined by several companies of cavalry. Four or five practical miners accompany the expedition.

The Secretary of the Treasury has directed the assistant treasurer of New York to sell five million dollars gold during the month of May, as follows: One and a half million dollars on the first and third Thursdays, and one million dollars on the second and fourth Thursdays each.

Beecher, on the 2d inst., received into Plymouth Church 105 members; 75 on profession of faith, and 30 by letter from sister churches. After baptizing 26 of the new members, Beecher announced that children would be baptized in the church on Sunday next. Henry C. Bowen and his family were among the communicants.

The steamer "St. Luke" sunk in the Missouri River on the night of the 2d inst., at St. Clare's bridge. Mrs. Divan, wife of John Divan, a railroad man of Kansas City or Jefferson City, and her two little girls, aged 7 and 9, were lost, and six or seven deck passengers are supposed to be lost, but their names cannot be ascertained.

The schooner "Jefferson Borden," Patterson, master, sailed from New Orleans, March 8th, for London. When 15 days' from the former port, a mutiny broke out. Captain Patterson and officers fought the men with revolvers and knives. After a terrible struggle, in which the first and second mates were killed, the captain succeeded in disabling and securing all the men who rebelled. He halted passing vessels, and obtained enough hands to work the ship, and proceeded on the voyage to London, arriving off Portland on the 2d of May.

A fire broke out in Montpelier, Vt., on the morning of the 1st inst., and raged four hours, destroying about 20 stores and dwellings. A strong wind prevailed, threatening the business part of the town, but fortunately changed and drove the flames in a different direction. The dwellings on both sides of the street for nearly a quarter of a mile are burned. The total loss by fire is \$114,000; insurance, \$35,000. This, with other recent fires, destroyed about half the business part of the town; but the new hotel, on the site of the old pavilion, and several blocks of stores, are being built, and many of the losers are making arrangements to build this summer.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. S. R. Y., Seattle: Your note with its good wishes, kindly remembrances and substantial tokens duly received and highly appreciated. Wish all of our subscribers were as anxious to maintain a character for "promptness."

The Author, Oregon City: If you wish your communications to receive any attention, you must give us your real name. Any name that your fancy may suggest will do for the public; your own alone will satisfy the editor.

Mrs. E. E. S., Willoughby: Stamps received and "Musings" sent as ordered. The results mentioned afford us great satisfaction. If your time and inclination permit, would be glad to have you act as agent for the NEW NORTHWEST in your locality. Thanks for kindly wishes.

Miss Ida Greeley, elder daughter of the late Horace Greeley, was married on the 1st inst. to Col. Nicholas Smith, of Covington, Ky., at the residence of her aunt, Mrs. John F. Cleveland. Rev. Father Warren, an old friend of Horace Greeley, performed the ceremony, according to the rites of the Catholic church. There were present a large number of invited guests, including judges, military and professional men. After the ceremony, the bridal party embarked on the steamer "Abyssinia," for Europe.

Hon. Geo. A. La Dow, Congressman elect, died at his residence in Pendleton, on Saturday the 1st inst., at 2 o'clock a. m. His disease was rheumatism of the heart, and his death extremely sudden, as he is said to have been in court attending to legal business all day Friday. This unexpected event will render a special election sometime during the ensuing summer or fall necessary.

Julia R. Sutherland has been appointed Commissioner of Deeds by the Governor of California, the first instance of a woman having been appointed to that office.

NEWS ITEMS.

STATE AND TERRITORIAL.

Seattle young ladies have organized a boat club.

The paper about to be started at Independence will be called the *Clipper*.

Two or three good teachers are wanted by the school superintendent of Benton county.

The shoemakers of Olympia beat the printers Monday in a game of baseball—14 to 7.

In Walla Walla county crops are growing finely, and the prospect for a good yield was never better.

A young man named Lerwell was run over near Grays, on the 27th ult., by a span of horses attached to a harrow. He is very badly hurt.

W. R. Dunbar, G. W. C. T. of Oregon, delivered an excellent address on temperance at the M. E. Church at Eugene on Tuesday evening last to a large audience, who seemed to appreciate the effort of the speaker to re-kindle the now relaxed energy of the temperance cause in that place.

The Makah Indians at Neah Bay are in the midst of the sealing season, and taking a large number daily. Thirteen hundred have already been killed, and a great many more will probably be caught if the weather continues favorable. The price paid is from \$8 to \$12 for each skin. The post trader expects to pay out at least \$35,000 for them this season.

Dolly, who beat Mrs. Johnson with a club and shot her two sons near Jacksonville recently, has been held to bail before the grand jury, and remanded to jail without bail. One of the sons has since died from the wound received, and the other lies in a critical condition. The club, which killed Dolly, Mrs. Johnson has been found. It is about three feet long, of green white oak, and portions of the twigs remain. Stains of blood are discernible on it in different places.

NEW THIS WEEK.

PRINTERS' PICNIC!

Saturday, May 22d, 1915.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST—

ESTIMED FRIEND:

Will you please inform your readers that I have a positive

CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

and all disorders of the Throat and Lungs, and that I use in my practice, I have cured hundreds of cases, and still cure.

\$1.00 per bottle.

For a case it will not be long. Indeed, no strong or weak patient, I will send a SAMPLE FREE, to any address.