The New Northwest. MRS. A. J. DUNIWAT, Editor and Proprietor WEFFICE Corner First and Ash Streets

TERMS, IN ADVANCE:

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CAPTAIN GRAY'S COMPANY

Crossing the Pisins and Living in Oregon. By MRS. A. J. DUNIWAY,

AUTHOR OF "JUDITH REID," "ELLEN DOWD." "AMIE AND HENRY LEE," "THE HAPPY HOME," ETC., ETC., ETC.,

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Mrs. A. J. Duniway, in the office of me ?" the Librarian of Congress at Washington City.]

Written in 1856 and first published by S. J. Mo-Cormick in book form in 1859.

Introduction.

Very nearly twenty years ago the author of the following story, having always lived upon a farm, and being wholly ignorant of all practical knowledge of the literary world, her associations confined to the illiterate and struggling pioneers of the land of her adoption, con ceived the idea of entering in some way the world's arena of letters. Being possessed of tionate nature, feeble strength, and romantic disposition, and having encountered many strange experiences "which made her tired and old before her time," Mrs. Duniway compiled her crude ideas in the form of a novel, many, being founded upon facts, so grouped as to form a connected story. She has been induced to original work of both herself and the publisher, and partly because so often urged to do so by have listeners." subscribers, that she feels under obligation to accede to their demands

Dedication.

To the Pioneers of Oregon, and to all friends tory in the minds of the thousands of dwellers in the frigid climate of Eastern winters and the torrid temperature of Eastern summers, youth is respectfully dedicated, by

THE AUTHOR. CHAPTER XVIII.

MARTHA MARTIN. of the garden. A fountain there threw first, of your early fancy." up its limpid waters in the bracing air, which they escaped and coursed away after we were engaged, thought it use- solvent after many years of ineffectual consider you very fickle, from your rein a noisy rivulet. She supposed that less."

her head.

play, he stopped involuntarily to gaze be tried as I have been."

s foaming waters. His eves met "Do please tell me about

mother." "Their mother was dead before knew them."

"Do they intend to remain long in the city ?" "But a few days, I believe."

"I must call at Mrs. Card's this after-Would you like to accompany 0011.

company." Miss Martin smiled.

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and expect to remain, for I am twenty- heaven." 31 six, and the many dreams of my girlhood are only remembered as seasons of ried ?" past sunshine-their peculiar brightness gones radiates around me, and seems to because of a desire to revise and correct the what do you want to tell me, dear? We which is an improbability. must finish our conversation before we

an interest in our State and Washington Terri- dow panes. Florence leaned her head called the noisy group to order. counsel, as a child might seek advice she had never thought her pretty before.

from a judicious parent.

"I intended to tell him, but neglected pointment. falling again into a reservoir, from to speak of it at the proper time, and Mr. Mays, her uncle, had become in- enterprise' a moment ago. I should did love her."

no one but herself was astir at that "Learn from this experience never to and Martha, rather than be a burden on your being in love." early hour, and stood, gazing at the keep from your lover things that you his hands, had accepted her present sitbusy fountain, and leaning listlessly would not wish him to learn as your uation. She was styled "old maid" by cinating in its very excitement to some that is certain." against the back of one of the arbor husband. You saw, or thought you all of the girls when her back was minds, would be a constant source of seats; her hair thrown back and eyes saw, in Henry Warren a man whom turned, but Florence now thought that mortification to my sensitive plant. Martin, as she received the message from cast down, while the refreshing breeze you could love and honor. Had you in- if they could hear her story as she had This is why I cautioned you against it. the hand of Mr. Warren's errand boy, played upon her fevered cheeks, and formed him of your early attachment no heard it, they would speak derisively of But what do you expect to do with and advanced toward Florence's seat, tossed her curls in every direction over jealousy would have been awakened in her no more.

She suddenly heard footsteps upon the your regard; but he would have thought, maids' have so great a cause for continu- little cottage of my own, and live among mit you to retire to the library, where pavement. Herbert had arisen with and truly, that one so faithful to the ing in a state of 'single blessedness' as birds and flowers, as we did in Illinois, you can read your note unobserved, the larks, and walked at a rapid pace memory of the departed would prove an she has? She wouldn't be called 'old only on a grander scale; but life's future without waiting till the school closes' through the city, trying to calm his equally faithful wife to the living. My maid' anywhere but in Oregon. Most is densely clouded now, and I don't know Her tone and looks expressed a meannervous agitation, which he considered experience was dearly bought, dear girls here think they must be married what course to pursue. We'll graduate ing which Florence understood. She said : foolish. Hearing the fountain's gleeful Floy. I pray God that you may never before they're fifteen, or they'll be in June, and you'll of course get married; had rightly conjectured as to who was

PORTLAND, OREGON, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1875.

m A

Infinite knoweth." "Do you believe that persons who work in that production." truly love in life, and have perfect affin-

the world to come ?"

"Perhaps; but there is one thing I clause of Divine inspiration, but my she wake the Eastern critics, if she de- with an attempt at an affectionatesmile, want to talk to you about, as the only reason for it is this: Our Master says scribes Western life and incidents as which, though it played around the person to whom I can go for counsel. If nothing without cause. The world of they are-tinged as she can tinge mouth, did not reach the eyes. you are an old maid, your heart is kept happiness is so much more perfect than them, with romance enough to make green as spring-time by the overflowing this (and we will not have the clog of them readable, and spice enough to at- is-that she had met you several years you that in the beginning. I want fresh

will be mutual and instantaneous. 'No a moral nature,"

"One would think you were growing marrying or giving in marriage' will be "Everything must have a beginning. "Don't you ever expect to get mar- enterprise."

"Not unless I find that I can be a and indeed all the important incidents thereof, gone forever-yet the reflection of by- blessing to some one during life. A true write sometimes for publication, but I'll claimed, and returned Florence's letter were growing so eloquent over the bright

Numerous voices of happy and dis-

of the great Norrawest who desire to awaken sunrise began to patter against the win- Miss Martin replenished the fire, and long study and final triumphant success

upon her teacher's breast, and told the Florence took her usual seat, and as first efforts of youthful genius; their emy, sat down and tried to medi- tion under the very first temptation." story of her engagement and its conse- she glanced at the plain, neat dress of bitings being the more bitter because tate. He pressed his hand upon his this revised relic of the reminiscences of her quences. She showed the letter that her teacher, and marked her subdued they have a remembrance of how and throbbing temples, while a tremor ran itude of her chamber in a flood of ex-Herbert had written, and asked her for but pleasant smiles, she wondered that where they started."

She knew that she had taken to teach-"You are doing right, my dear. The ing on account of reduced circumstances, I am certain that the American public no longer realize or feel any tender emo- tion of a more perfect life than he had Florence arose at dawn, unrefreshed only thing in which you are to blame and thought that the faint lines of sor- are generally very lenient toward youthand feverish, and sought the cool breezes is that you did not tell Henry from the row dimly visible about the mouth and ful writers." eyes resulted from pecuniary disap-

gold-hunting and other speculations, marks, if I couldn't account for it by

who are capable of conducting a period- other folks." "Most certainly. Aunt Mays quotes ical, I believeshe is among the number." "You have a strange medley of ideas, from utter loneliness !" "They neither marry nor are given in "Hugh Waters says that she is going to sister. One might consider death and marriage,' as her proof of an opposite try to publish a magazine that will be clean clothes to be twin sisters, from farm life when in the mountains, I pertheory. I freely admit the force of that inferior to none in the Union. Won't your way of speaking," said her brother ceive."

streams of kindness that cast a pleasing mortality to obscure our mental vision), tract everybody's attention. I don't be- ago, and would be pleased to renew the air, and honeysuckles, and a pony, and And the surf its keen vengeance is wreaking spell upon all who are thrown in your that each can read the thoughts of the lieve she'll care for criticism. One acquaintance," remarked their hostess. good health, and you," she added with other's second self, and the attraction thing certain, her writings will all be of Henry Warren was sitting in his a blush.

you trust yourself upon so precarious an the envelope with a vague apprehension

"I never expect to make the attempt -at least not in my own name. I may the turn matters have taken," he ex-

re-publish the work in these columns, parily grow brighter every passing day. But object of my regard should find me, body but Ada can recognize. I should note: faint under the blow of some self-conceited hypocrite, to say nothing of the you for wishing to annul this troublesome en satisfied girls were heard in the hall. well-meant fault-findings that would Miss Martin put her arm affection- The driving rain had saturated their certainly assail my most earnest efforts handsome malden. In due appreciation ately around her pupil. Rain that had cloaks and hoods, making fine fun for a in the newspapers and magazines, per- your honesty, honor, and candor, I substribe night," said he to himself, as he descendplayed in the air in a misty spray since few, and grumbling discontent for many. petrated by critics and editors whose myself your friend and brother,

have emboldened them to crush the

very uncharitable opinion of our press. in love and out again," until he could a public lodging-house with the realiza-

"You've turned your tane since you on his side. warned me against a certain 'precarious

"The life of an authoress, though fas- tion of counting me among her slain; ery be not concealed.

yourself ?"

doomed to irremediable spinsterhood. do some chivalrous deed for your coun- the author of the note, and knew how

my little Lucien, who sings so sweetly

Shall I tell you I'm lonely, my darling "You didn't become disgusted with While the night-bird carols a lay That thrills me with thoughts of cares Of a love that e'en absence impresses

With a rapture that quickens and blesses "Don't mention the 'mountains,' or The hours that wait for the day? you'll remind me of my mountain aunt. May I whisper "I love thee," my darling,

"She merely stated in her note-here it

tangle the intricacies of a troublesome exceedingly poetical over an old maid's necessary, for we will possess the intu- She will probably be successful in time. law-suit, when the letter from Florence rainy washing days (Oregon ladies have fertile imagination, imperfect education, affec- imaginary virtues. 'Old maid' I am itive knowledge of the fangels of God In But, my dear sister, I should hate to see was placed in his hand. He tore open to be maids of all work), and the wet stove-wood, and discontented husband."

that something was wrong. "She shall never know that I regret

marriage is not for me, unless the first hide behind a nom de plume, which no. immediately, enclosing the following side, that I thought I would remind you of the dark one."

"MISS WILLARD:-I am sincerely obliged to as he departed.

gagement. It is what I would have asked last "Miss Martin judged wisely, when evening, but hadn't the heart to distress a "HENRY WARREN."

He dispatched the note to the Acad- company, and I have broken my resolu-

through his frame. Mortified vanity pectant happiness, and a young man

in which the "falling out" had not been breast, knew nothing of the struggle be-

Common sense whispered that that as the very thing she most desired. "But she shall not have the gratifica-used very did in the inward anguish of others, when we ourselves are happy, even if their mis-Rule? I should think they did in the inverse of the inver was the very thing she most desired.

"A note for Miss Willard," said Miss

saying in an undertone,"I will this time his breast, had he really been worthy of "I wonder," she thought, "if all 'old "I used to think I'd be mistress of a omit one of my strictest rules, and per-

gentleman present arose to his feet and "I trust the gentleman, in the appli-

cation of his remarks, refers to his own mothers and sisters, and not to ours." "As many women drunkardsas men?" mothers and sisters, and not to ours.'

these tramps, they are at our back doors and front doors, on our porches and in our wood-sheds, sleeping in our barns she decided upon keeping sister over and stables, and always sticking out their dirty, idle hands begging for cold victuals, old clothes or mousy, morning, noon, and night, as if it were the busi-

August, 1875.

ness of us widows to keen free boarding-houses and old clothes' stores for their laziness and degradation. I can hardly get my own coffee poured out in the morning before I am called upon to heed their wants-the big, strong, pudent beggars. If I had my way, I'd have every one of them shut in the poor-house. I'd teach them to tramp to some effect."

The New Northwest.

Devoted to the Interests of Humanity,

Independent in Politics and Religion, alive to all fire Issues, and Thoronebly

Radical in Opposing and Exposing the Wrong

Correspondents writing over assumed signa-

tures must make known their names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their

MAY 17 SHALL 1? WILL YOU?

May I waft you a poem, my darling,

From over the sad, moaning sea, As I toss the night long on my pillow,

in my lone hammock under the willow

And the burnt pines are dolefully creaking.

Will you come in the autumn, my darling?

And the starlight and moonlight are blending

Tramps.

friend, Mrs. Flareup; "whatever is to be done with these tramps? They are a

greater nulsance than the Woman Suf-

fragists, and they are bad enough; but

"Goodness mercy !" exclaimed my

A. J. D.

They are a

Will you join me out here on the lea? While the heavens above us are bending,

And the sad surf our tryst is defending,

Will you keep a sweet vigil with me?

On the rocks it remorselessly laves ?

My hillaby sung by the billow.

A Journal for the People.

of the Masses.

ommunications.

"My dear Mrs. Flareup, why don't you have your way? These tramps that go their rounds, averaging two or three a day, are men; and I hear all the men complaining of scarcity of helpwhy don't you women join together and use your powers of persuasion to some purpose to abate this nuisance? They

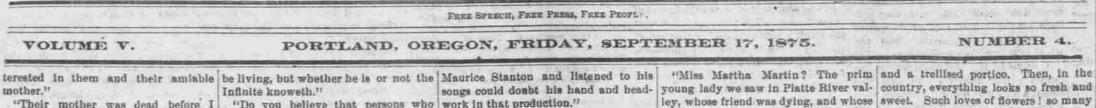
say women rule." sunding for years, about this thing and the licensed dram-shops that help along all the trouble? And what good has come of it? Everything gets worse and worse, and I don't see any help for

At a recent dinner in New York, at which no ladies were present, a man, in responding to a toast on "Women," dwelt almost solely on the frailty of the." "Oh, nonsense! Don't talk to me of

"Oh, nonsense! Don't talk to me of women's voting; what good could that sex, claiming that the best among them were little better than the worst, the do? There are as many bad women as chief difference being in the surroundbad men; and the more bad we have ings. At the conclusion of his remarks, a at the political pump, the worse things will get.

"Are there as many women tramps as men

"No, indeed; not one to ten, thank



"I wonder if Ada is going to be liter- clothing looked so spotlessly clean in wild berries! such sweet, free birds ! ities for each other here, will meet in ary? If there are women in Oregon contrast with the solled garments of How much happier they must be, than

As it chanteth the hymn of the free t

Yes, I like farm life. I dont want to As I list to the mad, moaning waves, While the night-winds in frenzy are shrieking,

work myself to death, though. I'll tell

office, busily engaged in trying to un-"But there's the dark side; the foggy weather, the muddy door-steps, the

"Why, you take a prosy view of things. Don't you like the country ?"?

"Yes, better than the city. But you

The hall clock tolled the hour of twelve

ed the steps. "I have often said that I would never keep late hours in a lady's

A maiden who had retired to the sol-"Why, sister ! You must entertain a was his worst trouble, for he "had fallen who walked the deserted streets toward

[To be continued.]

Slurs on Women.

tween mortified vanity and selfish love,

"Pil make her believe that I never that was rankling in the breast of the discarded suitor.

Thus lightly are we prone to estimate the inward anguish of others, when we

Florence's startled look, and marked Florence, her black eyes glistening with fected to some extent with the mania entific articles for the ---- Tribune; arrival. the deep-hued flush that crimsoned her the interest she felt in her beloved that has infected the bachelors. They starting benevolent societies; organizcheeks. He bowed and was trying to teacher. "You needn't be afraid to trust used to marry to hold their land. I, for ing and superintending Sunday schools; think of something to say, when to his me." "I was left an orphan at an early age, has expired." surprise she turned and entered the

house.

tered, as he continued his walk.

and addressed a long letter to her be- thing. I grew up within myself; felt "Bayard Taylor's Cyclopedia of Modern trothed, informing bim of her early at- that I had no congenial friends, and Travel," a book well suited to his taste, have the kaleidoscope that enables me tachment and unexpected meeting with thought I cared for no one, not even and which at any other time would have to see these things in your future. Herbert :

"This unfortunate engagement has given me for this country I became acquainted was superintending dinner, and had left any amount of trouble for the two past days. with Mrs. Mays, a sister of my uncle, to them alone for an hour. The art of flirtation you know I have never whose kindly regard I owe all that I am Herbert shut the volume with a nerlearned. I thought I was to marry you, and or ever may be that is good and true. vous, heavy stroke, that aroused his sis- 'bringing up the boys and girls,' though quent events have sounded the shallow depths She died upon the Plains, and again I ter from her abstracted dream over the a truly pleasant picture to contemplate, of my attachment. I shall ever love you as a was left alone. When in this condition, printed page. friend, but to know that the object of my dear- and before I was sixteen years of age, I "Effie, do lay aside that book and talk certain." est affection is still alive-that he loves me with a sincerity only equaled by my regard for him, met a young man, between whom and to me! My head aches! How heavily and still consent to fulfill an engagement that myself sprang up a strong attachment. the time drags to-day." was, I thought, sincerely made, but now re- We were not engaged, but each read the . "I'm sorry to hear you complain of pented, would be doing you an injustice.

"I hold that as one man was made for one woman, where the attachment is not wholly reciprocal between the two persons, they had business called him to a distant State. laugh at 'Mr. Toots.' Here, lay your better seek further, or remain unmarried, than I received letters from him occasionally, head on the sofa pillow, and I'll try my to enter into a life-long engagement, which but my aunt forbade me to answer powers of mesmerism upon you. I guess he should try."

both may repent when retraction is impossible. them, so they ceased after a time to ar- the 'magnet in my fingers'-as Dr. Muse you are capable of loving, and if you will an. rive. I blamed him for neglecting me, calls it-can drive or allure the pain nul this engagement you may one day be able and in the hope to spite him and cause away." to say to me, when we can both laugh over the him uneasiness, I suffered a report of "You are the dearest sister mortal incidents of the past, that your attachment for me was but a delusive dream, which, instead my engagement with George Stokes, a ever had." of strengthening with your strength, has disap- young man with whom I had been carpeared before the enchanting loveliness of a rying on a flirtation, to go abroad un- lieve I am the dearest sister you ever more congenial companion. I consider you a contradicted. A year passed and Wallace had, if I do admit it myself." gentleman of honor, and believe that you will think more highly of me for having made this returned. I had never told him about "Are you jealous of Florence, sister mine ?" engagement which both of us might have sin- and he didn't visit me-as I afterwards "What a question ! I don't expect to cerely repented. Wishing to remain upon learned-because he was offended by my occupy her place in your heart. I shall terms of friendship with you, and desiring you neglect. Had he known the restraint stick most adhesively to my 'sister's corconfession. Please answerat your earliest con- under which I was kept at home he ner;' I'm almost as deeply interested in vertience, for you know not the struggle my would not have blamed me, but I your success as you are." spirit is enduring." thought he had troubles enough of his "Well, I'll have to confess that I felt

The letter was dispatched to Mr. War- own, and kept my grievances from him. a pang of jealousy when you first wrote ren's law office, in the care of one of the George told him that we were engaged, to me about Hubert Munson." children of the family with whom she and he departed without meeting me. He paused, for a shade of sadnes resided. She longed to answer Herbert's It will be ten years this evening since I which of late had often mantled his sisletter, but did not feel at liberty to do last beheld his face. We were standing ter's brow, had settled over her features. so until she should hear from Henry. under the great elms, in the avenue "How long since you have received a After breakfast there was another fronting my uncle's home. He told me letter from Hubert ?" leisure hour before school time, but that he was going, and requested me to

Florence could not be still, and to make enter with him into a solemn engagethe time pass more agreeably she pro- ment of marriage. I gave him my ceeded to the academy. Miss Martin, hand and was trying to speak, when a regard for me was all that he expressed of life. Ah! I was so happy that eve- fully, as they moved on. the music teacher, was there before her, spiteful call from my aunt disturbed it to be. He may be dead; I don't know. ning! with every word of Hubert's letand the quiet solitade she had hoped to me. I often wonder how she happened I have ventured to ask his father about ter burning in my heart, and your pres- Goodwin; Fill chaperon her to Mrs. find for an hour in the school-room to be married. Certain it is that she him sometimes, but he treats me so ence to cheer me, when all before had Card's in the morning," said Miss must be sought elsewhere. She bowed, looks upon the act as something crimi- coldly when I speak of his son, that I been so dark ! But I do not repine. My Martin. and turned to go to the library, but nal in other folks. I hurried away, never persist until I get a satisfactory motto is, and ever shall be, fook upon Miss Martin detained her.

night ?" she said, inquiringly. "Yes, ma'am."

"Did you become acquainted with heart's young dream." Mr. Goodwin and his sister ?" "I saw them there, but knew them on

the Plaina "

now living in my uncle's Eastern home- ing ?" "Indeed ! I became acquainted with stead. He tried to find Wallace, after he them there. They were but children became aware of my preference, but was when I knew them, but I was deeply in- unsuccessful in his search. He may not

"What became of George ?"

and my lot was cast in the society of a Herbert and Effie were sitting in a ly bringing up boysand girls with bright "My tongue never fails to serve me in paternal aunt, who, though mindful of bay window of one of Mrs. Card's par- klack eyes and raven curls." any one's presence but hers !" he mut- my temporal wants, never condescended lors. Effic had become absorbed in "Is that all sister ?" He smiled at rankled in her breast. to notice my whims, as she regarded my "Dombey and Son," while Herbert was her vivid picture, but a shade of doubt Florence entered her room, sat down rather peculiar notions of almost every- trying in vain to become interested in crossed his face. myself. Two years before we started engaged his entire attention. Mrs. Card Haven't I told you enough to do ?"

feelings of the other aright, and we were the tardiness of time, my dear brother. resting in quiet contentment, when I was just getting ready to have a hearty

pense.'

clear blue eves.

withman 1007 H

Brother, as you and I must brave

Alone the dangers of life's wave; .

Let's here and now breathe a new vow,

Let's say, to anguish we'll ne'er bow.

"But through the darkest hours of life,

ought to share it."

"You're a successful flatterer. I be

long ago:

"Over four years."

"Do you believe he has been false ?"

"You were at Mrs. Card's solree last next morning he took passage in the day; if not, I can go to him." earth."

· cars for a distant city, and these letters | Herbert kissed her with a brother's are the only mementoes left me of my fondness, and seeing that she grew sadder still, he adroitly changed the subject. "Sister, do you know who is the au-

"He married an excellent girl, and is thor of that song we sang last even-"I can guess," "Who?"

"No one who crossed the Plains with school," said Mrs. Card.

dd I guess, too, that they have been af- try, besides tilling the soil, writing sci- anxiously her pupil was awaiting its

"So much of making a confidant of one's teacher," she thought, as she bowed one, am not sorry that the Land Act repeating numerous plagiarisms upon a respectful "thank you," and left the poems when you get eloquent, and final-

No feeling of wounded pride, such as her betrothed had hoped to excite,

> "He hasn't suffered after all," was the pleasing thought that filled her unsusnicious mind.

"Oh, you needn't look so doubtful. I When she returned to the school-room, teacher, who hastily glanced at the contents, and gave her pupil a smile of sat-"I shall grow bald before I perform isfaction.

half the work that you have assigned The clouds disappeared in the afterme; and as to getting married and noon, and the fresh spring rain-drops beaded every out-door object with myr-I think its realization is very uniads of diamonds. Effic was gazing through the window, watching the mo-

"Fie! Herbert. If I had no more tion of a pair of larks that were building hope than you have, I'd die of sus- in the grass where they thought they had found a secure hiding-place, when have to estimate the character of honshe heard the gate open. "Love makes cowards of us all."

"Misses Willard and Martin are com-"Don't call me a coward. I'm in as deep as you are, and I'm as brave as a ing," she observed as she left the window crusty old bachelor who couldn't love if Mrs. Card's brown eyes sparkled with their entire faith in women. No worldly merriment, as she looked archly at Her-"Sister, darling, tell me-Are you bert, who colored to the roots of his happy, or do you act this way to make hair. He was conscious that she read me feel at ease about you ? If you have his secret, and could think of nothing to pleasant one. Florence had been under She was sitting on a footstool beside embarrassing restraint all through the

him, as he lay on the sofa. He put his interview, and felt relieved when the arm around her and drew her head upon proposal to go was . made by her his breast, looking earnestly into her teacher.

When they stood upon the threshold ready for departure, afternoon had given place to twilight, periment of the kind. There is a club "My heart knows its own bitterness, my dear brother; I do not wish to add to place to twilight. "With your permission, ladies, I shall your cares by revealing my hidden

troubles. Do you remember the senti- be happy to accompany you to your ment of our song that won such applause, homes," said Herbert confusedly. Florence podded assent, and asked Effic to join them in their walk.

"Here is my home" said Miss Martin, when they reached the steps of a large boarding house, two squares distant from Mrs Card's residence. "Can't you go in with me?" addressing Effie.

In keen despair, or sorrow's strife, We'll trust our mother's God of love "With your permission, brother, I sees our aris, from realms above. will stop with Miss Martin until you re-turn. Now don't keep me up till mid-prevent a member of the club of either "The future was a sealed book, and I turn. Now don't keep me up till mid-"I do not. I shall always believe his knew nothing of the common troubles night, waiting for you," she added play-

> "Don't be alarmed about her, Mr

merely saying a hasty good-bye. The answer. If he lives, he will return some the brightest side of every cloud,' There tell you exactly what did pass between is much for me to do upon this little the lovers, but certain it is, that before they had spent an hour alone, Herbert The announcement of dinner inter- was heard to ask her where she would and the

rupted the conversation. like to live, and other questions sugges-"Miss Martin has been teaching in the tive of a mutual agreement.

"O, Herbert, do consent to go upon a scandal. - Academy for some time past. She sent me a note at noon, stating that farm. There are too many smart folks she would call upon you in company in the world already. We can have a has broken out among the cattle near will conclude to help us, instead of takwith Miss Willard, this evening, after sweet little home peeping out from a Avon, New York. Forty died within ing sides with the tramps."-Frances D. grove of oaks, with green window-blinds, two weeks, and twenty in one day.

The effect of this most just and timely of; the world would rebuke was overwhelming, and the mato an end if there was.'

"Do you not really think, Mrs. Flareligner of women was covered with confusion and shame. up, that there are more good, virtuou This incident serves an excellent purwomen in every community, who would

pose in prefacing a few words which we vote for good morals and good habits, have for a long time had it in our mind than there are bad ones ?" "Well, yes; but what then? That would not put the tramps in the work-Of all the evils prevalent among young

house, or keep them off the streets." men, we know of none more blighting in its moral effects than the tendency to "I'm not so sure about that, Bishop Haven says that 'only two-fifthe of the speak slightingly of the virtue of women. Now, is there anything in which young legal voters stand on the side of temper ance and good order in the United States, while four-fifths of the women men are so thoroughly mistaken as in the low estimate they form of womenwould be counted on, always and everynot of their own mothers and sisters. she placed the note in the hand of her thank God, but of others, who, they for- where, as the advocates of peace, sobriety, clastity, and all things good, so far as they know.' Now, suppose all womget, are somebody else's mothers and

sisters. As a rule, no one who surrenders to en had the right of suffrage, and the the debasing habit is safe to be trusted with an enterprise requiring integrity with the two-fifths of good men. Don't with an enterprise requiring integrity see goodness would be in the maof character.

Plain words should be spoken on this jority ? and in spite of the three-fifths point, for the evil is a general one and majority of bad men, and one-fifth of deep-rooted. If young men are some-times thrown into society of thoughtbad women, we might hope for better

"Well, yes. It does look that way, less, or even lewd women, they have no But what has all that to do with tramps?" more right to measure all women by what they see of these than they would

"Only this : There is scarce a tramp in the nation but can vote, if he choo est and respectable citizens by the deto take the proper means to qualify velopment of crime in our police courts. himself. And there are said to be fifty Let young men remember that their chief happiness in life depends upon thousand of them (and probably there are ten times that number) standing ready to sell their votes to the whisky wisdom, no misanthropic philosophy party whenever occasions offer, while generalization, can cover or weaken this fundamental truth. It stands like you and I, who labor and strive all the the record of God himself, for it is noth- years, as best we know, to raise our sons less than this, and should put an and daughters as good citizens, have no hidden trouble, I, as your only relative, say. The call was a protracted and very everlasting seal upon lips that are wont power to preserve ourselves or society to speak lightly of women-Packard's against this army of evil, only our influence, which you have declared 'is of no Monthly.

avail. You would, if you could, shut

A CLUB FOR WOMEN AS WELL AS all the tramps in the poor-house. Thus MEN.—The Albermarle Club in London you would make them in a few months legal voters, for every demagogne to use is an association organized on the prinfor his purpose on election days, to counteract all your efforts of reform, if ciple of ignoring sex, and giving to men and women together the ordinary facilihe chooses so to do. And thus the lowest, vilest, most idle and ignorant, can be made tools to destroy the work of the for women separately already on a small best and truest hearts of the nation. scale, but there has never been one For any male citizen who is not an alien, idiot, lunatic or felon, may be where the two sexes met on even terms, It has the countenance of some of the taken out of these asylums called best women and men in England, and it begins with over 300 members, having houses, where your taxes and mine help support them, to vote for liquor saaccommodations for 500. There is a sen erate drawing-room for ladies and a loons and licensed brothels, or any other madness that our depraved civilization chooses to demand."

"Well, I suppose you think, you Woman Suffragists, that all would be The dining-room is open to both, but if a lady likes a cup of tea in the ladies' sweet and bland as cream, if you could only vote. drawing-room she may have that.' At

"By no means. We believe in no such extravagance. But we do believe that justice and right will make the sex from asking a friend of either sex to world better, and that injustice and lunch or dinner. The only security ta-ken on this point is that the name of the wrong will, nay, must have the oppo guest and host shall be entered together in a book open to inspection. The mar-riage relation gave rise to some debate, the laws that govern them, and be allowed the positive power as well as the I hear, in connection with the question Martin. Reader, we were not there, and can't all you avantly what did page between right to try, and to succeed, if possible, ber without her husband, and the husband, of course, without his wife. The and, if they fall once or ten times, to try again, and correct their errors by experiment is made in perfect good faith, wisdom gained from failures, and thus club is entitled-since they would make it-to fair treatment. But to grow themselves into a higher, it is difficult to see how its life can be stronger, and purer life.

"Tramps have only furnished me with a text for this little sermon on long prolonged without giving rise to A disease similar to the epizootic Flareup, think of it, and perhaps you

Gage in Woman's Journal.