

ONE WOMAN'S SPHERE

The Mystery of Eagle Cove

By Mrs. A. J. DUNWAY.

AUTHOR OF "JUSTICE REED," "ELLEN BROWN," "AMIE AND MERRY LEE," "THE HAPPY HOME," ETC., ETC.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by Mrs. A. J. Dunway, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington City.]

CHAPTER XVII.

One of the business families in which the vicinity of Eagle Cove abounded was an immense coal-field, which had but recently been developed, and which attracted great numbers of laboring men, who had out an opening through the mountains while digging for and transporting the coal—an opening which the railroad managers had taken advantage of upon which to lay a track for the coming iron horse.

But Eagle Cove was horrified. The idea that the lone milliner, of obscure name and uncertain origin, should dare to monopolize the attentions of an advantageous "catch" like Major Lindsey was too absurd for anything. It was rumored that the Major was rich. Certain it was that he was handsome, and a dozen or more of the village girls had had their front locks cropped till they fell over their eyes in a rakish way, while the residue was tied up behind with cheap ribbons of gaudy hues and frizzled ends, to attract him; and here was this strange adventurer, who had nothing to recommend her but a quiet, unostentatious demeanor and plain, tidy apparel, without the least bit of dash, and she was cutting them all out! It was too bad, but such things have happened before.

Aunt Molly Seabank's daughter Jane had just returned from a country "academy"—of which the Northwest can boast many—and the weary, worn-out mother saw no reason why she might not captivate the distinguished gentleman. But when all artifices failed, and the Major went quietly about his business, paying no particular attention to any of the giggling girls he met, the daughter Jane had concluded he was not a "merry man," and had gathered consolation, too, from her conclusions. But the sight of the Major's elegant phaeton in front of the little millinery store, and the immediate exodus of the little occupant, who locked the door and gave the clumsy key to her companion, who gallantly assisted her to a seat, dispelled the only remaining hope, and the daughter Jane grew furious.

Abia Carson had just entered the room of the invalid landlady, and was apologizing for her failure to attend upon her as early as usual that day because she had been busy upon a suitable carriage-dress for Rosa Lee, when the daughter Jane interrupted her with the exclamation: "Well! I've got my own opinion about that forward piece!" "Indeed?" and Abia Carson smiled meaningly. "Do you allude to Rosa Lee?" "Certainly I do. Who else would be so imprudent as to go buggy-riding with a mere stranger?" "I know somebody that would gladly go if she'd only get an invitation," replied the smiling lady, as she watched the couple admiringly from the chamber window.

"I'm sure of one thing," sighed Aunt Molly Seabank; "I never shall be willing for Mary Jane to marry a working man." "Why?" asked Abia Carson, opening her bright eyes widely. "You know," she continued, "that Josiah's a working man, and no woman ever had a better husband than he has made."

"That's 'cause you 'boss' him, and there are few men that can stand that in a woman." Mrs. Carson laughed merrily. "The idea that I 'boss' 'Siah is too funny for anything!" she exclaimed. "I never thought of such a thing. Neither of us thinks of it. We try to consult each other and do right—that's all."

"Well," sighed Aunt Molly, as soon as she could speak, after a severe paroxysm of coughing, "I'm sure I don't understand it. Before I'd let Mary Jane marry a common laboring man, and lead the life I have, I'd poison her."

"Your husband has never labored, except at his meals, since I knew him," was the good-natured reply. "Mother needn't fret herself!" snapped the snub-nosed daughter. "I propose to make my own matches." "Ah, child," sighed the mother, tearfully, "if you knew as much about the hardships of life as I could tell if you'd listen, you wouldn't wonder that I'd rather see you dead than have you marry a laboring man, or a poor man."

"One thing's certain—the jig's up so far as Major Lindsey's concerned," replied the dutiful daughter. "Such men don't care a snap of your finger for girls unless they're fast!" "See here!" exclaimed Abia Carson, decidedly. "There is one thing I will not hear, and that is a contemptuous insinuation against the reputation of Rosa Lee. She was cast among us half-drowned, and but for a jewel upon her finger, which my husband sold for her at her request, was wholly destitute. She is pure and good, else there is neither purity nor goodness in woman. Major Lindsey sees that she is a stranger here, and desires to show her a little courtesy. I'm sure I admire her judgment."

"But there's a mystery about her."

Such things don't happen where everything's on the square," said the girl. "That I deny in toto," was Mrs. Carson's quick retort.

"Do you know," she's even accused of being the real mother of baby Augusta?" kissed the girl. Again Mrs. Carson laughed immoderately. "Josiah and I have never found it necessary to call upon strangers to give existence to our children," she exclaimed; "but if we should want any help, I don't know where we could go to do better."

While the village gossip was thus at its height in every house in sight of the store, the Major and his companion, wholly unconscious of it, pursued their way through the cut in the mountain toward the valley that lay just beyond the sight and sound of the ocean breakers.

"I came near falling in my attempt to get an hour's leisure this afternoon," said Rosa. "Indeed! how was that?" "There are so many fussy customers to be met in my business, and I hate it so! I sometimes think that half the women of this world haven't any sense."

The Major smiled. "Pardon me," he said, pleasantly, "but that is a very sweeping announcement." "It is not a particle overdone, sir. The women don't know what they want, or else they don't have the use of money to gratify their tastes; so they seek to throw the responsibility of their whims upon dealers, instead of their own task-masters, who are generally their husbands, who are supposed to have an inalienable right to rule over them. I am tired and cross, and my head aches."

The Major leaned over toward her and looked tenderly into her eyes. "Poor child," he said, earnestly, "you're too young and delicate to do battle with the world."

"It's my fate, and I accept it," replied the girl, with a shrug. "Pardon me," she continued, "I was in an ugly mood just now. Don't think I am always cross, will you?" and she looked earnestly into his face, only to receive a searching, wondering gaze, from which, as if suddenly recollecting herself, she turned to evade.

"You don't look as if you could be very cross," was the quick reply of her companion. "What is the matter, pray?" "Nothing. It is over now. Please forget that I annoyed you with ungracious speeches. You can be nothing to me. Knowing this, I have spoken foolishly. Forgive me, will you?"

Now, Major Lindsey had long prided himself upon his heart's impregnable fortifications against the arrows of Cupid. But, despite himself, he felt that the citadel was being shaken as he measured the pretty, petite figure before him with an artist's eye.

"Poor weary feet," he thought. "How difficult is the way of life! How hard for them to tread its toil-worn paths alone." Then, suddenly, as if inspired by a new sensation, he said, abruptly: "Pardon me, but I am sorely puzzled. Will you mind giving me an inkling of your life-history? I feel certain that you are not what you seem; that you are not fitted by nature for your present mode of existence. You need a friend. Won't you trust me?"

It was well that Major Lindsey didn't read the longings of that sorely-tormented heart just then. He would have forgotten himself if he had. "Please don't ply me with painful questions," replied Rosa. "I am not what I seem, and I have good reasons for being forgotten by those who once knew me. Don't think ill of me, please. I am unspotted before God, and shall be, some day, before the world. Just now I am under a cloud."

As if the young creature's words were indeed portentous in their import, a black cloud overshadowed them and hid the full, round, harvest moon. "I am under the cloud, too, Miss Lee," said the Major, restraining himself with difficulty.

Rosa made no reply, but sat very still with her face averted. "In a moment the floating cloud passed over, and a flood of brilliance enveloped them, lighting up the landscape around, and the silvery lake ahead of them, with a silvery sheen of glory.

"We're out of the shadows together, now," remarked the Major, speaking huskily. "May I not look upon this breaking light that sheds its glory upon us both as a sure harbinger of a mutually happy future?" "I do not, can not understand you," cried the girl, desperately. "Don't talk so, please."

[To be continued.]

LIST OF POST OFFICES. OREGON.

- BAKER CO. Franklin, Junction, Johnson, King, ... BENTON. Alsea Valley, Brownsville, ... CLATSOP. Astoria, Cannon Beach, ... CLATSOP. Astoria, Cannon Beach, ...

THE NEW NORTHWEST.

FIFTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION! WE MANUFACTURE AN A NO. 1 ARTICLE OF BREAD, CRACKERS, CAKES, And all kinds of Pastry usually found in a First Class Bakery.

MEMBERSHIP FREE TO ALL Monthly Dues \$1 00—Payable Quarterly

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION—Corner of First and Ash Streets, Portland, Oregon. EDITORIAL ROOMS—On "B" Street, between Third and Fourth.

THE NEW NORTHWEST is not a Woman's Rights, but a Human Rights organ, devoted to whatever policy may be necessary to secure the greatest good to the greatest number.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE: Single copies, one year, \$3 00; Six months, 1 75; Three months, 1 00.

Agents and Canvassers! NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE!

LIBERAL INDUCEMENTS

THE SERIAL STORIES, "CAPTAIN GRAY'S COMPANY," "ONE WOMAN'S SPHERE."

SEND IN YOUR ORDERS EARLY! We shall want to know how large an edition to print.

By Mrs. DUNWAY.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

A. C. WALLING, Book and Job Printer, PITCOCK'S BUILDING, UP-STAIRS.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Empire Bakery! DEELLINGER & CO., Washington St., bet. Second and Third.

PORTLAND LIBRARY ASSOCIATION. ROOMS—Corner First and Stark Sts., over Ladd & Tilton's Bank.

MEMBERSHIP FREE TO ALL Monthly Dues \$1 00—Payable Quarterly

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION—Corner of First and Ash Streets, Portland, Oregon.

MEMBERSHIP FREE TO ALL Monthly Dues \$1 00—Payable Quarterly

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION—Corner of First and Ash Streets, Portland, Oregon.

MEMBERSHIP FREE TO ALL Monthly Dues \$1 00—Payable Quarterly

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION—Corner of First and Ash Streets, Portland, Oregon.

MEMBERSHIP FREE TO ALL Monthly Dues \$1 00—Payable Quarterly

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION—Corner of First and Ash Streets, Portland, Oregon.

MEMBERSHIP FREE TO ALL Monthly Dues \$1 00—Payable Quarterly

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION—Corner of First and Ash Streets, Portland, Oregon.

MEMBERSHIP FREE TO ALL Monthly Dues \$1 00—Payable Quarterly

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION—Corner of First and Ash Streets, Portland, Oregon.

MEMBERSHIP FREE TO ALL Monthly Dues \$1 00—Payable Quarterly

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION—Corner of First and Ash Streets, Portland, Oregon.

MEMBERSHIP FREE TO ALL Monthly Dues \$1 00—Payable Quarterly

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION—Corner of First and Ash Streets, Portland, Oregon.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Empire Bakery! DEELLINGER & CO., Washington St., bet. Second and Third.

PORTLAND LIBRARY ASSOCIATION. ROOMS—Corner First and Stark Sts., over Ladd & Tilton's Bank.

MEMBERSHIP FREE TO ALL Monthly Dues \$1 00—Payable Quarterly

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION—Corner of First and Ash Streets, Portland, Oregon.

MEMBERSHIP FREE TO ALL Monthly Dues \$1 00—Payable Quarterly

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION—Corner of First and Ash Streets, Portland, Oregon.

MEMBERSHIP FREE TO ALL Monthly Dues \$1 00—Payable Quarterly

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION—Corner of First and Ash Streets, Portland, Oregon.

MEMBERSHIP FREE TO ALL Monthly Dues \$1 00—Payable Quarterly

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION—Corner of First and Ash Streets, Portland, Oregon.

MEMBERSHIP FREE TO ALL Monthly Dues \$1 00—Payable Quarterly

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION—Corner of First and Ash Streets, Portland, Oregon.

MEMBERSHIP FREE TO ALL Monthly Dues \$1 00—Payable Quarterly

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION—Corner of First and Ash Streets, Portland, Oregon.

MEMBERSHIP FREE TO ALL Monthly Dues \$1 00—Payable Quarterly

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION—Corner of First and Ash Streets, Portland, Oregon.

MEMBERSHIP FREE TO ALL Monthly Dues \$1 00—Payable Quarterly

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION—Corner of First and Ash Streets, Portland, Oregon.

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE.

THE BEST MACHINE IN THE WORLD! I have also the agency for the celebrated No. 10 Sewing Machine.

Sold on the Installment Plan: \$10 Down, and \$10 a Month till paid for.

WILLIAM BEK & SON. Have just received a fine assortment of Remington, Sharp's, and Winchester.

REPEATING RIFLES. Single and Double-Barreled BREECH-LOADING SHOT-GUNS Of All Kinds.

Fishing Tackle, Base-Balls, CROQUET GAMES, Reversible Baby Carriages, Baskets, Etc., Etc., Etc.

OREGON & CALIFORNIA RAILROAD CO. NO. 21. TIME SCHEDULE. NO. 22.

TO TAKE EFFECT SUNDAY, AUG. 2nd. 1874, at 4 A. M.—for the Government and information of employees only.

ALBANY EXPRESS TRAIN. Daily (except Sundays).

FREIGHT TRAINS. Daily (except Sunday).

THE OREGON AND CALIFORNIA RAILROAD FERRY makes connection with all Regular Trains.

THE OREGON CENTRAL R. R. CO. TO TAKE EFFECT ON MONDAY, MARCH 23, 1875.

Trains will run between PORTLAND AND ST. JOSEPH, Daily (except Sunday).

CONNECTING AT CORNELIUS WITH STAGES FOR Forest Grove, at St. Joseph for all points south and west.

Dr. J. G. Glenn, Dentist, Southwest corner First and Yamhill, PORTLAND, OREGON.

NERVOUS AND DEBILITATED OF BOTH SEXES. No Charge for Advice and Consultation.

Dr. J. B. DYOTT, Graduate of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, author of several valuable works, can be consulted on all diseases of the Sexes, or Urinary Organs.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 104 Duane St., S. E. NATIONAL BUSINESS COLLEGE, First street, between Morrison and Alder.

WITHELLE & MURRAY, No. 62 Front Street, Portland.