# MADGE MORRISON.

The Molalia Maid and Matron. BY MRS. A. J. DUNIWAY.

AUTHOR OF "JUDITH BEID," "ELLEN DOWD," "AMIE AND HENRY LEE," "THE HAPPY HOME," "ONE WOMAN'S SPHERE,"

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## CHAPTER L

A lone emigrant wagon had halted upon a rolling upland in the beautiful depths the sparkling spring from which and the chilliest breath of the wind.

were picketed, their mothers quietly light. Go to bed, do !" grazing within call, and three yokes of sturdy oxen, tired with the fatigues of Madge!" the day, were lying near, chewing the cud of evident satisfaction.

"You won't be gone very long, will you, Mark ?"

"Guess not, Nancy. But you needn't worry about me. Just see to it that everything's snug about the tent and brewin'. My rheumatiz twinges consid'able. I'll be back afore long if I'm lucky."

So saying, the husband started for the woods upon a sort of limping trot, followed by a faithful watch-dog that had accompanied them during all the weary mansions can sit comfortably before the his peril without much increasing his tious of society. The claim was resisted,

The work about the camp was soon finished, and then followed a season of dreary, anxious waiting.

"Mercy! how the wind whistles down the canon! I fear that we are to have a terrible night of it. Mark ought to dows, the dreamer by the fire-side can know where to find a doctor." have been back an hour ago. Keep lazily think and plan and be happy. still, children. You are better off in bed. Night will soon be upon us. How I wish your father would come!"

The speaker, Nancy Morrison, was a faded woman of five and thirty, with a babe in her arms, which she hugged tightly to her shivering form, as she peered out into the gathering darkness, looking in vain for her busband's re-

The family bad traveled far with their teams of oxen, and the rations of constituted their almost entire bill of covered. fare for many weeks, had become utterly distasteful to the faded mother and hungering babe; hence the determination of Mark Morrison to secure some game, with which he knew the wooded gulch to be well supplied.

It had been with many misgivings that Mr. and Mrs. Morrison had decided, months before, to leave their comfortable, but narrow Indiana quarters; and, bidding farewell to friends and relatives, take up their weary line of march across the, as yet, almost untracked regions of the great so-called with crazy people? I'll go to father claimed acres for the use of their grow- The rain won't wet you through the ing family. Not that there were not quilts." untilled lands in plenty adjacent to their little Indiana home; but these lands were in possession of men who would neither sell nor use them; and so, while they were given over to the abode of sheep and swine, humanity must needs sally forth into the untamed me?" wilderness and become companions of "I did!" the panther and coyote-more neighborly and accommodating than their brother man. Health, too, was a tism, all of which he hoped to get rid of self as to intrude it upon her. in the new country beyond the Rocky | And still the storm howled pitcously. Mountains, of which he had often re- Thoroughly exhausted at last, the aux-

against the proposed removal, for she clasping in her weary arms the puny, shrank from the possible dangers of crying babe, whose wall smote the ear desert and wilderness as only a woman of the screaming night with a prophetic will as she feels the helplessness that agony, she tremblingly awaited the accompanies her lot when little children long, long-coming morning. depend upon her for that protection At last the storm, like an exhausted without which the race of men and child, sobbed itself to sleep, and the women would soon be extinct. Yet, in dawn beheld it weeping upon the spite of her fears and protests, she at bosom of the quiet earth like a lonely last yielded a reluctant consent to the widow, over whose surging soul had importunities of her husband, as thous- settled the calmness of despair. ands of women do every year, when in- Madge was astir with the faintest tuition teaches them better, lest their glimmer of the dawn. Rising as the daily papers, and the good influence so-called obstinacy may entail responsi- stealthily as though she were bent upon of their example, mentions the will of bility and possible blame upon them- securing some coveted prize, in which the Rev. Henry Charles Morgan, made selves, in case their premonitions success depended on secrecy, and clam-

ous wandering, behold Mrs. Morrison, hausted and apprehensive mother, the friendly reader, with her little ones child siezed an axe and started on a child siezed an axe axe and started on a child gathered at her knee in the great brisk run for the timbered gulch. bathing Infirmary, and \$1,500 each to wagon, a furiously threatening storm, Straight and swiftly on she ran, paus- three other charities. Another was Mr. wierd harbinger of a night of howling ing now and then for an instant, with John S. M. Churchill, who left some blackness, screeching through the her eyes shut, as if to close her senses to gulch, and wailing in fitful gusts around external things, and then bounding on same thing in the United States, and on her; wild animals and yet wilder sav- more rapidly than before, till high a scale quite as generous. ages in the near-by forest, and no habi- above the encampment in the valley tation of the white man within at least she crossed the rippling stream that the

Morrison numbered six, the two eldest acute senses, to callbeing girls, aged ten and twelve, a pair "Father."

and badly-mangled chasms in their again. household the year before, and the lines of sorrow upon the face of the bereaved mother were as ineffaceable as signifi-

A gust of wind, stronger than any while it eyed her curiously. that had preceded it, was followed by a

blinding dash of rain. "O, children! what can keep your thought the child. the Librarian of Congress at Washington City.] father ?" wailed the anxious wife. "A tree may have fallen upon him, or a wild beast or a savage-"

"Mother!" cried Madge, the younger enough. of the two daughters, whose sharp, valley of the Willamette, adjacent to a black eyes, irregular features, straight, running stream that came dashing glossy, black hair, powerful frame, and down with rippling music from the deep voice betokened wonderful strength gulch, a mile distant, in whose wooded of both character and muscle, although, fashioning our opinion after the usual It drew its substance hid itself serenely models, she was excessively coarse and away, alike from the glare of the sun homely, "don't cry. Father's all right;

"But you don't know he's all right,

him !"

"Nonsense! you crazy simpleton! Hush! and don't bother me!!

Mrs. Morrison was indeed excusable for discrediting this phenomenal "sight seeing," of the nature of which she was wagon; for like as not there's a storm a- wholly ignorant. Besides, the poor inhabited wilds where they had rested from their wanderings.

Dwellers in well-built, substantial months of journeying toward the setting glowing grate and listen to the chilly agony. blasts without with a keen sense of enjoyment. When the winds roar around the gables, howl in the chimneys, wail howling darkness.

"Madge! Madge! are you asleep?"

cried the mother, at last. salt meat and sea-biscuit, which had quietly in the wagon, with their heads

"You told me to bush, and not bother

hush," answered Madge. "Look now, won't you?"

"No P "Do, Madge!"

"You'll say I'm crazy, and I s'pose I What makes you want to talk American Desert, in search of un- when it gets light. You go to bed.

"But is your father comfortable ?"

"How should I know?" "Madge! you'll kill me!" cried the mother, desperately.

"Not if I know myself," said Madge. "Then why don't you try to see for

"And what did you see ?"

"I told you." Mrs. Morrison saw that it would be weighty consideration, for though Mark useless to question her strange child Morrison was not a man of feeble con- further. She usually had no faith in stitution, he had all his life been the "sight seeing" with which Madge troubled with periodical attacks of ague, had worried her for years, and the child, with of late years a tendency to rheuma- knowing this, seldom so far forgot her-

lous wife crept shivering into her bed, Mrs. Morrison had protested long beside the sleeping two-year-old, and

bering over the other inmates of the nineteen hospitals and benevolent in-And so, after many months of labori- wagon without arousing even her ex- stitutions, and \$2,500 each to five other

half a year. Death had made two deep the guarded word, and all was still

"Father!"

the thick undergrowth and stopped before her, with its fore paws in the air,

"How I wish I had a gun, and could shoot! I'd have a breakfast for mother,"

"Madge! Come to me, Madge!" The voice was barely audible; but to the child's quick ear it was plain

"Which way, father?" "Here, Madge! Quick! for God's

sake!"

The child bounded over the logs and ground, securely pinioned by a large branch of a fallen tree, with his leg he's lost his way in the forest and built broken at the ankle, lay her father, Hard by the wagon a pair of calves a fire and lain down to wait till day- writhing in pain, and utterly unable to help himself. By his side lay a brace of grouse, and his gun, which the rain had rendered unfit for service, reclined be-"I do know it, mother! I can see

side them. "I thought you'd come," said the father. "Did you bring an axe?"

jar of chopping." "I must bear it."

Finding a broken tree-limb near by, which she used as a lever, and a large self-evident application, avenging nawoman was half crazy with terror lest stone adjacent, which fortunately was ture exposed to us the horrors of a sanher husband's death should occur, and in position to serve as a fulcrum, the leave her alone and helpless in the unchild managed to so far "ease" the weight of the branch that had rested all applied to suffrage: if all men are equal, night upon her father's leg, that she all men have an equal voice in detercould chop enough to liberate him from administration of the political institu-

"How shall I ever get to camp?" groaned the sufferer.

through the corridors, whistle at the broken bone?"" answered Madge. "We keyholes, or sing in Æolian sweetness at can easily make a camp here, and bring the insterstices in the plate-glass win- you everything you need, but I don't

The unfortunate man was suffering But the poesy of all these conditions for water, which Madge brought in a found no response in the soul of Mrs. large maple leaf, and then, assuring versal suffrage were uttered in the most Morrison, as the cover to their wagon him that she would soon return, she scholarly assemblage in the land, by a leaked like a riddle, and the unsteady hastened back to camp with the sad venerable ex-President, and received with appliance. When such gross ignorvehicle rocked from side to side in the and yet welcome news of her discovery.

While the family were pondering, in While the family were pondering, in not time to recur to the sources of acute perplexity, the terrible problem knowledge? If not, we may soon beof setting the broken bone, an Indian come swamped in a common illiteracy. For a long time she had not spoken, approached the camp, to whom they and the children, either asleep from fa- imparted the story of the disaster, relytigue or frightened into silence, had lain ing upon his mercy for that aid which assert that our fathers, when they said they knew not how to do without.

This Indian was not one of those noble-looking, handsome braves that ex- But he was not the first man who re-"Can you see your father now?" stranger alike to good cheer and soap asked the woman, inclining her ear for and towel baths. His vernacular was ocean of truth with his little broom of an answer, as though, in her dire ex- of that character designated in far "glittering generalities." tremity, she were consulting an oracle. western parlance by the simple appella- Fairchild deserves credit for the logical "I haven't looked since you made me tion of "jargon," though our men of that unless the principle of the declaraletters have seen fit to classify it in tion could be explained away, the right later years by the expressive title of of woman to the ballot must be admitted. "Chinook."

"My husband has been disabled by a

fallen tree," said Mrs. Morrison. "Nika wake cumtux," responded the

"His leg is broken," explained Madge, helping her expression by appropriate sign language.

"Uch! Nika cumtux, Nika heap make 'em well. Nika good Injun." Mrs. Morrison suddenly remembered

that she had often heard that Indians were skilled in a peculiar way in some of the curative arts,

said, eagerly. "I want you to cure my impaired by any density of ignorance, husband."

"Mika potlatch dolla'."

number; but the fee was promised, and nary intelligence on this point, that very soon the Indian, with the professional air of one who understands his reading and writing qualification on her calling, was bending over the prostrate voters, no one was startled by this clear man, feeling remorselessly the position of the shattered bone, and grunting single qualified voter be found? He contemptuously at the patient's agoniz- can not be found in North street, ing outeries.

But the untutored son of the forest evidently understood his business, and was borne, with his assistance, upon a rude litter, to his chosen camping ground, where the delirium of fever mercifully deprived him for a time of all knowledge of the hardships that lay in store for his family during the com-

Colonel Forney, writing home of the two years ago. His personal estate was about \$1,000,000. He left \$5,000 each to \$200,000 to various hospitals and

a hundred miles of that heaven-favored night's revel of elements had swollen Dispatch, announces the opening of the spot where her husband had that day into a considerable river, and then, seventh volume of her paper. She has decided to pitch his tent and become an extensive free-holder.

The children of Mark and become an bouts, she began, in a guarded tone bouts, she began, in a guarded tone ago. She says: "The care of three lit-The children of Mark and Nancy that sounded strangely harsh to her tle helpless children and the labor of managing a newspaper is no light re-sponsibility; but the cheering encourof twin boys aged eight, a toddling prattler of two, and the baby, of not yet only answered back a muffled echo of safely through the trying ordeal."

Pather?

But the deep, dark, dripping forest of our journal has enabled us to pass first as teachers, and are speedily married by the missionaries.

## Woman Suffrage.

FREE SPEECH, FREE PRESS, FREE PROPLE,

The claim of woman to the ballot is "Father!"

based on the ground of a natural and inalienable right. We are fully aware, in making this statement, how difficult it is to argue an abstract principle; but no reform can be established, until at least the abstract principle which covers it is seen and admitted. The discussion of this question, from woman's side, has of

benefited by it. principle is the source of all the agita- panied by his wife, who was an invalid, tion that stirs our politics or social af- and did not long survive her removal to "Yes, father; but you can't bear the fairs to this day. As a people, we first accepted that principle in its abstract form, without adopting it in all of its applications. It made chattel slavery impossible; but because we denied its guinary conflict, the wounds of which it will take long years to heal. Early in the century came the claim that it be of course; but Jefferson added to it the force of his immortal epigram-"It is said that man cannot be trusted to govern himself; can he then be trusted to "Rather say, 'how shall we set that govern another?"—and the battle was roken bone?" answered Madge. "We won, at least for white male humanity. Woman's right to vote has exactly the same basis. Men have no more right

to vote than women. All this is very trite. But it is not so trite that it does not need to be repeated. It was only last summer, by newspaper ance is shown in such quarters, is it It is only a few years since President Fairchild, of Oberlin, arguing against "all men are created equal," only meant one nation's independence of another, and did not mean personal rights at all, ad then hardly ceased laughing at him perception which compelled him to see

We may discuss as much as we please the probable consequences and results of securing the ballot to woman; but all this has no connection whatever with the question, Has woman a right to vote? Whether it would add more of intelligence and virtue, or more of ignorance and vice to the volume of the electoral voice, is not logically to be considered at all, unless it is settled what her right is. This may possibly appear more clear in comparison with another right. The natural right to life is not as well understood as it ought to be; but it is better understood than any other. We recognize the right of a human being to life; a right which we hold that he forfeits only for a few crimes; but "Come with us, won't you?" she short of these, his right is by no means or any enormity in vice. The right of a human being to the ballot is co-equal and co-extensive with his right to life; The poor woman's dollars were few in and yet, such is the destitution of ordiwhen Massachusetts, a few years since, with exquisite despotism, imposed evasion of a natural right. If "intelligence" is to be the test, where can a course. Can he be found in Harvard College, that applauds the disparage-

ment of a natural right? Whether or not women wish to vote in a few hours the crippled unfortunate it entirely irrelevant to this argument. Some men do not wish to pay their

his debts. ically a part of this argument, that has anguish of patience." a direct force in connection with it. A self a place in the hearts of her readers, pulse of pure manliness alone. It is imperfections of knowledge, human beings do not always know how mean brave and patient life "smells sweet and they are; and we never need this comfort more than when we see a man vociferously denying to another the enjoyment of a natural, inalienable right, which is his own pride and boast,-

Gabriel's trumpet be loud lough to reach the ears of Guibord in his new resurrectionist-proof coffin? The body is to be placed in a hollow, chiselled between two blocks of Montreal limestone, seven feet in length, thickness. These will be cemented together and held with iron holts, while the stone will be covered with several inches of cement, mingled with scrap iron, in order to render it impervious to ordinary drills. At the last day Guibord will have no occasion to call upon will answer the purpose fully .- Chicago ing for his pay."

Mount Holyoke Seminary has supplied 115 wives for foreign missionaries, the last two graduating classes furnishried by the missionaries.

A TENDER STORY OF AN ONLY LOVE—WHY THE SWEET PORTESS NEVER MARRIED—"ALICE THE PENSIVE AND SAD" MADE SO BY THAT "DREAM OF DEEAMS."

"To what uses shall we put The wild weed flower that simply blows; And is there any mortal shut Within the bosom of the rose?"

Clovernook graveyard is a small enclosure near the road, shaded by tall lo- gone from her sparkling eyes, then late been allowed to run into several il- custs and wild cherry trees. It has an you'll see her as she is, logical side-issues; and the force of the air of abandonment and neglect, but movement seems to have declined in Nature has taken it kindly to her breast. It tells of a daughter whose selfishness consequence. The argument for Woman The graves are overgrown with ivy and Suffrage would not be weakened one long grass, and blackberry vines twist words flung at her father and mother, iota if it could be shown that every about the mossy headstones. The tail- of bitter taunts given to her brothers, of woman to be enfranchised belonged to est monument is in memory of John unkind treatment to her sisters, and of the class defined by the elegant term of Lewis, a native of Denmark. His farm "Bridget;" it would not be one whit adjoined that of the Carys, and his irascible, overbearing, and self-importstronger if it appeared that universal widow became the second wife of Rob-suffrage would give the ballot to no woman but a Julia Ward Howe. For died when Alice was about fourteen briers, in the direction indicated by the voice: and there, upon the sodden unthing to do with the character and greater part of her farm to a gentleman the mind in its usual state, not elated or attainments of the person who is to be from the East. This was Mr. Charles excited-if the girl is unlovable at home when our fathers struck for national turer of that name. He had previously assumes its everyday, stolid, sullen, independence, they were moved by a been engaged in business in Providence, prophetic impulse to base their claim to Rhode Island, but an unfortunate spect on a principle so comprehensive that ulation had swept away his property, it held the germ of all personal liberty and it was by the aid of his brother that and social progress. "All men are created equal." This was the most revolutionary statement ever thrown into gage in the culture of the mulberry tree society, and the invisible force of that and feed silkworms. He was accom-

> THE OUTLINE OF A LOVE STORY. Alice Cary was a shy, awkward schoolgirl when she first met Mr. Cheney, and had never before seen any person so refined, so gentlemanly and well-bred. He was greatly superior to the people among whom he took up his residence: not that his mental endowments were very great or better, perhaps, than those of some of his neighbors, but his had found expression in graceful manners and polished phrases, while theirs were them. Chiefly through his instrumentality, in the course of a few years the neighborhood of Clovernook changed from a thinly-inhabited and ill-cultivated district to one abounding with vineyards and orchards, and dotted with public edifices and private resi-dences, surrounded by green lawns, fringed with clipt hedges.

As years passed on, the shy, rustic schoolgirl grew to womanhood, and the proud and cultured neighbor of whom she had stood in such awe, learning of her thirst for knowledge, lent her books from his library and encouraged her efforts to self-improvement. Their appreciation of the same authors formed a bond of kindred tastes between them and was the beginning of a more intimate acquaintance, an interchange of thought and feeling. For him it was intellectual companionship, and the charm of contact with a fresh, growing ways in your home. Your husband ways in your home. earnest aspirations. For her it was ed- must needs break a leg, to enjoy your tion of a new life, the "opening of a ups and downs' pretty steadily all her sealed fountain in her bosom." What little life, and now your husband's wonder if he who was her ideal realized, the highest type of manhood she had ever known, should win her heart? He did win it, and in the highest seuse of the phrase, she never loved another. In every case of heart-history there is much that is sacred to those immediately concerned, and should never pass beyond them into the cold and curious

It all happened many years ago, and the particulars of the story are known to few. Suffice it to say that this was the first and only love of Alice Carv's life, and it ended there. Mr. Cheney or you could not bear it." went East and married, and she read the announcement in a newspaper. Later she left Clovernook, around which clung so many bitter-sweet memories, and went to New York, where she made her home during the remainder of her life, and gathered around her a circle of appreciative friends, many of them gifted and great. Though many prized her worth and sought her hand, she never forgot the love-dream of her early womanhood. Around it clustered all the bright and tender associations of youth; and as she receded from it and her hair grew gray, it "gathered a pathos from the years and graves between."

Her life, though blessed with the complete, for she missed the crowning blessng of womanhood, the love that would have been at once her inspiration and reward, and have satisfied the longings He has since become a very robust boy of her nature as no personal achieve ment or fame could have done. But perhaps she was kept from the of happiness that she might fullness

help others. We know They best can serve their gods Their errands run, Who call no love their own Under the sun.'

She has ministered to many sad and discouraged hearts, softening and brightdebts, but we do not therefore say that ening the surroundings of hard, homely a man has not a natural right to pay lives, and bringing to problems of doubt We think of but one reason, not log- which she distilled from the "long, dull man should forbear all opposition to the and gained their personal affection as a enfranchisement of woman in the im- greater writer which less sympathy could not have done. Her name is a one of our comforts that, owing to the household word in many homes in this Western land, and the memory of her respondence N. Y. Post.

> Substantial old farmers vie with each other about the size and elegant appearance of their wood-piles. Crabapple was thus praising the gentle man who recently sawed his wood:
> "When he piles the wood, if one stick projects beyond the others, he pounds it in with the axe."

"Ah! you should see my wood-sawyer," remarked a neighbor. "When he three feet in width, and two feet in gets the wood all piled, he takes off the rough projecting ends with a claw-ham-

"Does he? Well, he couldn't saw goes over the ends with a jack-plane, sand-papers them down, and puts on a by gales and squalls. the rocks to fall upon him, for his coffin coat of varnish before he thinks of ask-

stone to spiritual existence.

wood-sawyer sliver-plated all the ends country will be consolidated into one from its original condition. It is situof the wood, and nailed a handle on every stick.

NUMBER 15.

Be Cheerful. There is many a girl called beautiful whose handsome face will not bear a good look at it. The features may be fine, and the complexion faultless, and

to a careless observer she may be very pretty; but watch her awhile, wait un-til she is not talking, and until the smile is faded and the light of laughter

A face in repose tells the true story. is proverbial in the home circle; of cross

assumes its everyday, stolid, sullen, ugly look, and a close observer cannot help but read it aright.

That sweet mouth settles down into a were hidden, back of them, really vicious, hateful thoughts.

We see such faces every day, and while we are sorry, we can't help feeling glad that "truth will out," that it is impossible for a handsome girl to hide an ugly disposition. It is good enough for

Let mothers teach their little daughters that every suarl of ill-temper chis-els itself into the features, defaces them, leaves its mark to remain through all time, not even to be removed from the

I often read one thing in pretty faces, and the girls don't know that I see it, been brought out by education, and but it is just as plain as this written page before me. This is what I read:
"I think it a shame that I, Flora Araimbedded in the clownish fetters from bellie, should have to work just like a which their position and circumstances kitchen-girl! I do hate to drudge at in life had in no way tended to free milking and scrubbing and washing kitchen-girl! I do hate to drudge at dishes, and if there's one thing more than another I despise, it is cooking, bending over the hot stove and ruining my complexion, and making my hands red and wide; just a complete drudge for those big boys and father and the young 'uns! It's a burning shame! I was born for something better. I feel it; but how can I rise when I am fettered thus ?"

Pooh! nonsense! I guess when the world needs you you'll find your place. There has never yet been a man or a woman, filling high places, who did not come up, step by step, from a lowly es-

# How to Learn Self-Denial.

"Cousin Aggie, you are a mystery to was an invalid for years; poor Harry ucation of mind and heart, the revela- good nursing; little Carrie has had her sumption, and taking all your leisure, just when it seemed as though you

might take a little rest." 'Hush, Jenny dear, and don't complain of poor Hattie. She is here by my express invitation. The poor child has no other home, and what can she do without one? She is so comfortable and happy here, it is reward enough for all the care I give her.'

"I don't complain, Aggle; I only wonder you cannot love sound sleep and ease and comfort, as I do, for instance,

Ah, Jenny dear, it is a good thing to bear the yoke in one's youth. I never could have done half so well by my dear ones, if I had not served a long apprenticeship in self-denial in my early days. It don't matter much how the experi ence comes, so the lesson of self-denial is learned. It was just as hard for me as for any one, I assure you. I rebelled against it, and fretted under it for a time, but at last it grew easy.

"Taking up the same burdens daily they at last become so much a habit, that you feel lost without them. net tell you how I missed my brother's little boy when they moved away to the West. I had taken almost the sole care panionship of noble minds and loving of him for a year, and no one thought I could save his life. He was always so wakeful and restless, I had little with him, but it was a joy to see him grow stronger and heartier all the time. they write me. After Allie went away I could hardly sleep for a long time. missed the care so much. He kept me awake more when absent than when with me. It was my lot, Jenny, to have much care and labor for others in my childhood and girlhood, and it has been my preparation for the life-work God

had in store for me. "Self-denial cannot come to us by precept; we must have the sharp, hard practice, or we shall not attain it. It is and despair the lessons of faith and cheer a great blessing to have the lessons taught early before the opposite habits are fixed, for it is hard to take them on in later life."

globe so beset with danger and difficulties as the voyage from New York to the meeting .- San Jose Mercury. Liverpool. The Gulf stream brings a current of water fifty miles wide and a Bank of Newfoundland, where it turns weekly, in accordance with the sand and rocky debris, brought down by man. wood for me," broke in a listener. "My the ice, and in the atmosphere above an sawyer piles the wood carefully, then almost perpetual succession of fogs and mists and driving rains, accompanied

powerful monopoly, and that ultimately ated on York street, not far from the they will become a department of the St. James Park station of the Under-All material life is but the stepping- is. He thinks that Scott, Vanderbilt, front of the house is now placed the and Garrett are bringing this about,

# The New Northwest.

A Journal for the People.

Devoted to the Interests of Fumanity.

Independent in Politics and Religion, Alive to all Live Issues, and Thoroughly Radical in Opposing and Exposing the Wrongs

ures must make known their names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their ommunications.

## THREE LOVES.

Correspondents writing over assumed signa-

There were three maidens who loved a king; They sat together beside the sea. One cried, "I love him, and I would die If but for one day he might love me!"

The king, he loved the first for a day.

The second his life with fond love blest;
And yet the woman who never spoke
Was the one of the three who loved him best.

# THE PILLET.

BY R. H. STODDARD. Love has a fillet on his eyes;
He sees not with the eyes of men;
Whom his fine issues touch despise
The censures of indifferent men.
There is in love an inward sight,
That nor in wit nor wisdom lies;
He walks in ever-insting light,
Despite the fillet on his eyes.

If I love you, and you love me,
"Tis for substantial reasons, sweet—
For something other than we see,
That satisfies, though incomplete;
Or, if not satisfies, is yet
Not mutable, where so much dies;
Who love, as we, do not regret,
There is a fillet on Love's eyes.

### -[Harper's Magazine for November, PARTING.

BY A. C. SWINBURNE.

For a day and a night love sang to us, played with us,
Folded us round from the dark and the light, And our hearts were filled full of the music he made with us,
Made with our hearts and our lips while he stayed with us,
Stayed in mid passage his pinions from flight
For a day and a night,

From his foes that kept watch with his wings had he hidden us, Covered us close from the eyes that would smite;

smite;
From the feet that had tracked and the tongues
that had chidden us,
Sheltering in shade of the myrtles forbidden us,
Spirit and flesh growing one with delight
For a day and a night, But his wings will not rest and his feet will not stay for us; Morning is here in the joy of its might; With his breath has he sweetened a night and

a day for us; Now let him pass, and the myrtles make way for us; Love can but last in us here at his height For a day and a night

Some months ago a sensible busines man, while traveling at the South, fell in with an invalid gentleman. In the course of the conversation, the latter re-marked to the former, "I suppose you also must be something of an invalid, as you are devoting so much time to

"Not at all," replied the business man; "I am in the best of health; but I am traveling so that I may retain my

vigor."
"But your business, my friend-does it not suffer during your absence?" "Better that my business should suffer a little than that by over-application should be totally incapacitated for at-

tending to it," was the reply.

The exhausted invalid pondered a while and then said, "I wish I could have reached that conclusion twenty

years ago." Herein is a lesson. A summer's vacation does not always repair mind or body weakened by excessive exertion; rest itself is not always rest, and recreation sometimes seems only weariness to the overtired mind. Thousands who are simply slaves to business are ever looking forward to a time when they shall relax the strain and rest. time seldom comes until too late. They subject themselves to a pressure which common sense should tell them is above the limit of safety. Little sleep, hasty meals, and constant business anxieties wear out the life. Hard work is not injurious in itself; but Americans seem not to understand how they can work hard, and yet obey the physiological law for systematic relaxation. Long vacatious are all very well whenever they can be taken, but a short time given to pleasant, wholesome rest and recreation every day, free from thoughts and business, will keep the powers of life fresher and brighter.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION .- At the recent meeting of the Woman Suf-frage Association of this city, the programme, as laid down at the October meeting, was pleasantly carried out. The committees appointed to report on suffrage, religion, (having reference to woman's work in churches and other religious organizations), domestic matters, etc., brought in various questions and items of interest which furnished matter for discussion among the members. The report on suffrage included extracts from the NEW NORTHWEST, a paper lately started in Oregon under the di-rection of two ladies. If grit and earnestness can carry the enterprise through, we may forecast its success with tolerable certainty. Two religious items worthy of note were reported, viz.: that during the past four years the women of the Baptist Church have contributed over \$100,000 to aid the work of the Missionary Union, and are now supporting nineteen missionaries in the field; also, that the new Deaconesses' House in Boston, designed for the training of women for public and private services of charity, had just been finished and dedicated. The point of interest was the existence of deaconesses in a church hitherto reserving all its offices for men. The treatment of the subject of hospi PERILS OF THE ATLANTIC .- There is tality to guests, when the report on no other great thoroughfare of commerce | mestic matters was given, was specially or of human intercommunication on the happy, as also the medley of fun and seriousness with which Mrs. Foltz closed

In Saxony children not only attend thousand feet deep-and flowing at the school up to the age of fourteen, but af-ordinary current of a river from the terward, until they are seventeen, they tropical seas, and pours it out in a vast continue to receive regular instruction expanding mass over and beyond the in lessons varying from two to six off to the eastward, and finally looses ous proficiency of the pupil. Up to the ltself in the Northern seas; while to the westward of it, a counter current com- superintended by the state; at nineteen ing down from Baffin's Bay-a current of nearly equal magnitude and force- army; after serving for three years he is pours into it a stream of icebergs, ice- relegated first to the reserve, next to the floes, and ice-cold water. The effects of Landwehr, then to the Landsturm; and this confluence are, beneath the water, not until he arrives at the mature age the accumulation of vast deposits of of forty-two can he call himself a fre

Strange changes take place in the course of ages. Who would ever have thought that the house once occupied by the poet Milton should have degenerated into a fish-monger's shop? But nobody had anything more to say after a fourth man told how his sies that all the railway systems of the is still standing, very slightly altered sign, "The Noted Fried Fish Shop,