EDNA AND JOHN: Dollar is my constant dream."

A Romance of Idaho Flat.

BY MRS. A. J. DUNIWAY, OF "JUDITH REID," "ELLEN DOWD "AMIE AND HENRY LEE," "THE HAPPY HOME," "ONE WOMAN'S SPHEEE," "MADGE BORRISON,"

ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1876, by Mrs. A. J. Duniway, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington City,

weak point of our institutions to-day-a disturbing force everywhere, severing family ties, filling our asylums with the deaf, the dumb, the blind, our prisons with criminals, our cithomes with disease and death,- | National Centennial Equal Rights Protest.

CHAPTER VII.

March was abroad in the land. Accompanied by chilling winds and fitful snows, alternated by brief and brilliant sunshine that waked to life the early bloom of springtime, he searched Aunt Judy's humble home; blew ashes down the chimney; bit her tender chickens with frost nips, and played havoc with her ducklings; thawed the snow away from field and highway in great patches; brought mud and muck by day to alternate with icicles by was as dreary and hopeless and chill as the aching void that slumbered within her desolate heart.

Her husband came in after Aunt Judy's departure, sullen and silent. When he had abruptly left her after her last cruel taunt, he felt that he would gladly remain away for all time, could he know where to go. But Aunt Judy's home, humble as it was, was better than no shelter, and he sauntered back at last resolved to make the best of it.

A kindly word or look or act of recognition or affection from Edna, and all had been temporarily healed that was well-nigh a rupture between them; but Edna would not condescend. She merely stitched away, a triffe faster than before, upon a patch-work quilt, the material for which had been surreptitiously gathered from her mother's ample store and brought by the same trusty hands that had carried her wardrobe to Aunt Judy's dwelling, and she was resolved, as she formed patch after patch into shape, that, though she would always work for true to him, he should never hereafter receive a word or look of love from her.

unless he should himself inaugurate it. What John thought she could not divine. He was as imperturbable as adamant, and it was long before she looked at the legal tome he was holding with sufficient scrutiny to observe that it was upside down. This discovery caused her to curl her lip contemptuously, but she would not speak.

At last John shut the book with a bang, and with a desperate effort so far conquered his pride that he threw himself upon a stool at her feet.

"It's no use, Edna; I can't live this way!" he exclaimed, impatiently, "I'm a poor dog, without home or master. I've no resources, no profession, and no trade. I've a wife that despises me, and I don't wonder at it. I'm going to California."

"O. John !" "Are you willing, Edna?"

"Willing, John! I'm only too anxlous! But you might just as well say you're going to Jupiter." "I can work my way."

"I'd like to know how you'd work your way? You can't drive oxen; you've no horses or wagon, and no money nor energy."

Unwise Edna! How could you be so cruel? John needed encouragement and you failed to bestow it! Alas for Edna, and alas for John!

The husband was already suffering keenly from a humiliating sense of his own littleness, and needed kindness rather than censure. He buried his face in his hands and wept bitterly. Edua stitched spitefully at the patchwork quilt.

"I wish I were dead !" he said at last "There are two of us in that condition !" retorted the wife. "Anything to get out of this!"

"Would you be happier if you should never see me again, Edna?" asked John, his voice faltering.

Edna's expression of contempt changed to one of pity, and she left her needles in the cloth, and in spite of her

resolution, laid her right hand caressingly upon his brow. "Could you try to love me just a lit-

tle, Edna ?"

It was her turn to weep now.

"Get up and sit beside me, and be a man !" she said, through her tears. cannot help ourselves now. I want you to go to California, but I do not want you to go alone."

"Would you be willing to go with me, provided I could arrange for your comfort on the journey?"

"Yes, John. Anything to get away from the humiliation and discontent of John. this dreary existence. I feel like a pris- "And do you think you can take care during privations and latigues which oned eagle here. But what are we to of her?" do? You know that I and ours will "That's a strange question to need nursing and tenderness. I shall man about his wife." not be able to be of much help to you! "But a very natural one for a mother

"Is that your father riding through the lane?" asked John, suddenly.

"It's Solon Rutherford, Esq., sir," said Edna. "The man upon whose shoulders rests the responsibility of band, you know." having trained me up in a conservatory, in order to fit me to grow on the bleak he's my father. I disown him !" .

Woman's degraded, helpless position is the nature shall assert itself and you shall child as soon as the child is married, guinity rendered dear, held her in a last come out of the crucible of a hard expethe vast capabilities of your strong naies with drunkenness and prostitution, our ture have been perverted by a false eduabove all, how sad is the reflection that to lay some plans." the worst mistakes of the parents are to

be visited upon the children! "I have an idea, Edna," said John.

"I'm astonished !" was the contemptious answer. And then, as John only through and through the rickety roof of further remark, she at length glanced splendid wagon, provisions enough for mother, and may God bless you." up from her stitching and said :

44 Well 217 "I'd only astonish you further by explaining, and my idea is of no consc

mence," was John's sullen reply, Edna liked that, If John would only act with a little spirit of his own, even night; and the prospect over all the if directly opposed to her wishes in all landscape within Edna's range of vision things, she felt that she would like him better.

"Then you needn't explain your idea. only suggest that you act upon it. Anything is better than this accursed stagnation."

"That's strong language for a lady, Edna.22

"I look like setting myself up for a lady, truly, with these elegant suroundings and a wealthy husband!" was he unwomanly response.

John did not wait for further bandy ing of words. Leaving the house in nervous, impatient way, he hurried across the fields toward the Rutherford farm-house, while Edna gazed after him with mingled curiosity and contempt.

"To be fettered for life to such a milkand-waterish nonentity is an outrage on my common sense !" she exclaimed, iuvoluntarily.

"She doesn't appreciate me, or depend ipon me in the least, else I might have little more ambition," thought John.

And so, while Edna went on with her stitching and John was hurrying across John, and as far as her conduct went, be the fields, both were as thoroughly mis erable as each had expected to be sincerely happy in the relation for which they were so poorly fitted that no state involving "cruelty to animals," over which philanthropists have distinguished themselves, could be compared to their condition.

John found Mrs. Rutherford in the cheese-room, with her skirt turned up and fastened behind her waist with a pin, her sleeves rolled above her elbows, and a scrubbing-brush in her sudswrinkled hands.

"I don't ask you to forgive me for marrying Edna, for I never can forgive myself," he exclaimed, stepping gingerly upon the wet flags and looking about him with a critical air.

"Why, John? What now?" and Mrs. Rutherford placed her arms akimbo and gazed at her son-in-law as though he had been a monkey.

"You didn't bring her up right, ma'am. She's as full of holty-tolty notions about her fancied superiority over me as I am full of determination to rule my own household,"

"Yes, John Smith," said Mrs. Ruther ford, excitedly, "and she has more sense in a minute than you'll ever have in your lifetime. If she were the man and you the woman, as times go, she might lead you along and make a living; but with the power and the privilege all on your side, and the sense and ability to manage all on hers, you are both in a sorry predicament, John

Smith-a sorry predicament." Poor John! What could be do? De sendent, as this marriage had made him, upon the relations of his wife for his daily bread, he was compelled to ac cept the humiliation in silence.

"I want to go to California!" he said at length. "And I want to know if you can assist me. I can't guarantee you any security against loss, but I will promise to do my best to repay you when I can."

"You know that married women have no right to their own earnings, John Smith. If they had, it would be easy enough for me to aid you. But I've toiled for a third of a century on this farm and there's nothing here that belongs to me. It's all Solon's, Why don't you see what you can do with outfit's worth a cool thousand to start

"Because he won't even look at me. Edna might bring him to terms maybe, "As you have said, we're 'in for it,' and but she is so much like him that she won't bend an inch."

Mrs. Rutherford nodded satisfactorily "I'll break her in yet; see if I don't!" John added, sotto voice,

"What will you do with Edna while you are away ?"' asked the mother.

stooping to wipe her eyes with her wet ter farewell. mountain top, and then left me on the apron; "but, husband or no husband, I Edna's brothers and sisters, with their mountain without any shelter, is no can't forget the long years of her child- wives and children, had entirely cut her parent of mine. No, John, don't say hood, the sweet ways of her babyhood, because of her new relation, and it was the terrors of her birth, and the antici- a sorry parting when her mother, alone, Ah, Edna, what a discipline you are pations I have felt for her future. If a among all her many loved ones whom yet to have, ere all the woman in your mother must yield up all claim to her the sacred ties of affinity and consanthere ought to be a provision in nature embrace and mingled her tears with rience, tried, as by fire! What a pity to uproot her fond affection at the same hers in a parting too grievous for mother moment. But my scrubbing is done and daughter to bear. now. Let's go into the dining-room cation! What a pity you were not where the fire is. Solon won't be at face beamed with a quiet pleasure, born trained aright from your infancy! And home to-day, and we can have a chance of awakened purpose. The smallest

appeared at the door.

"Come and see what I have bought, looked down his nose and made no John was by. "Four yoke o' cattle, a daughter to blush and reply, "I will, six months, a tent and camp fixings, and I ve made up my mind to go with 'em myself."

John shrank behind the door and his heart beat high with hope.

"Edna's strong willed, and isn't half disposed to be just to John. He's no Solomon, but he can be managed-"

Mrs. Rutherford put her fingers on her lips and the sentence was not finished. John wondered what it all could mean.

"What little household pluuder l have doesn't amount to much, and I can give it away," continued Aunt Judy; 'and you know I can control the team if it remains in my name, for I'm not married, whereas, if John knew it was Edna's—"

"John is here!" interrupted Mrs. Rutherford, turning deathly pale.

Aunt Judy saw the situation in a winkling.

"I was just going to say," she said, extending her band with a smile, "that if Solon knew the team and outfit I've been buying was for Edna, he could give us trouble."

"I don't see how he could give us trouble about anything that belonged of right to my wife !" said John.

Aunt Judy was nonplussed. If Edna's husband did not comprehend her ruse, he was certainly informed as to his own legal prerogatives,

"At any rate," she continued, "the easier way is the better one. This team and outfit is mine, and, if you want to go to California, now is your time. Go home and tell Edna all about it. I'll be along presently, and we'll soon be on our way across the Continent. I'm go ing with you,"

John obeyed Aunt Judy's suggestion with alacrity. He was not at heart a bad man. Indeed, his natural impulses were for good, and, had he been properly trained to rely upon himself, rather than depend upon an allowance that had, prior to his marriage, rendered personal effort for subsistence unnecessary. his case would have been by no means a hopeless one.

With a much lighter heart than he had carried an hour before, he retraced his steps, and bounding into Aunt Judy's abode in a manner that frightened the dog and caused the cat to spit and grumble, he shouted:

"Eureka, Edna! We're off to-morrow for the setting sun! Aunt Judy's a brick, if she is old-fashioned and pokey.' "Much prospect I see for getting off"!" said Edna, rising from the hearth with her face flushed from bending over the hot coals, where she had been baking

"dodgers" for the last ten minutes. "The old woman's got the team and the outfit complete. I heard her say so. And Mrs. Rutherford put her finger on her lip and warned her to keep still, or I'd have gotten into the whole secret-Depend upon it, they're putting up some are trying to keep me in the dark, as well. I'll go to California, but I'll find out what they're up to."

"My mother and Aunt Judy will atempt nothing that is not honest, John, and you will show your good sense, if you have any, by holding your tongue over that which doesn't concern you. You know the team isn't yours, and if they give you and me the joint use of it, common courtesy, to say nothing of in their private affairs."

"I heard Aunt Judy say the outfit was Edna's," said John, aside, "and if it's York Tribune. hers it's mine, and what's mine's my own. I'll have no wife o' mine owning property and holding it over me! That on. John Smith, you're a lucky dog," A day or two of bustle and preparation, and all was ready for the jour-

At that time the Pacific Railroad was only a creature of ambitious Imaginations. Hundreds and thousands of adventurous pioneers accomplished the journey every summer, often leaving the buried remains of individual parties "She wants to accompany me," said of their number as a tribute to the desert solitudes of the plains, and often en- revolution of aristocracy. were only surpassed by the grief of sud-

den bereavement. Mrs. Rutherford well knew that Edna's proposed journey would be no same way."

remember that Edua, is very dear to only forbidden Edna to enter his house, but had commanded his wife to see their "Of course; but it isn't to be expected daughter no more. And but for the that you will care for her as her hus- fact of an unexpected call from home, band does. A wife belongs to her hus- which he, as owner of great possessions, was compelled to obey, Mrs. Rutherford "I know," sighed Mrs. Rutherford, would not have dared to bid her daugh-

Aunt Judy alone was tearless. Her preliminaries received her particular at-The two had scarcely had time to be tention, and she could with difficulty seated before Aunt Judy's rubicund face restrain her curiosity when Mrs. Rutherford consigned a little fawn-skin covered trunk to Edna's keeping, with a Susan," she exclaimed, not knowing few whispered words which caused the

[To be continued.]

HOME LIFE A HUNDRED YEARS Ago,-One hundred years ago not a sound of coal or cubic foot of illuminating gas had been burned in the country. No iron stoves were used and no contrivances for economizing heat were pears his name. All the cooking and warming in town and country were done by the aid of fire kindled on the orick hearth or in the brick oven. Pine knots or tallow candles furnished the light for the long winter nights, and anded floors supplied the place of rugs and carpets. The water used for house old purposes was drawn from deep

wells by the creaking "sweep." No form of pump was used in this ountry, so far as we can learn, until after the commencement of the present entury. There were no friction matches in those early days, by the aid of which a fire could be easily kindled, and if the fire "went out" upon the hearth over night, and the tinder was damp so that the spark could not catch, the alternative remained of wading through the snow a mile or so, to borrow a braud of a neighbor. Only one room in any house was warm unless ome of the family was ill; in all the rest the temperature was at zero during many nights in the winter. The men and women of a hundred years ago undressed and went to their beds in a temperature cooler than that of our modern arns and woodsheds, and they never

complained, INTERESTING DISCOVERY.-An imortant discovery, hitherto not men tioned in public, of numerous we preserved bones of diluvian animals reported from Steeten, on the Lann Germany. The cave in which open by the fall of a colossal block of olomite which had closed it water tight. A dry, soft, dolomite sand, which illed the cave, had preserved the organic remnant most beautifully, without any incrustation. The bones were hose of the cave lion, larger than the present African lion, of the cave bear, much more powerful build than the living species. There were also remants of the horse, the ox, the stag, the rhioceros and the elephant, as well as of everal smaller animals, which had he hyena. It seems that the elephant alves had by preference been attacked and devoured by these diluvian carnivora. So called koproliths, or petrified excrements, were numerously mixed with the medley of bones. It need carcely be said that the several beasts prey did not inhabit the cave together, but that similar species of them used it during successive periods. A good selection of the remnants found is ontained in the museum of Wiesbaden.

Beecher's Accusers.-Henry Ward leecher is as fortunate in having reckess enemies as he is happy in the pos ession of devoted friends. issume that had it been known a year and a half ago that Mrs. Woodhull was uing for divorce from her last affinity, n such frauds upon the revenue as comcelled it to pay \$50,000 penalty and orced him to retire from the partnership, and that Mr. Tilton was addicted o misadventures in sleeping-cars, to job on that refractory dad o' yours, and the great confusion of lady travelers. 'conspiracy to defame and blackmail" the Plymouth Pastor (as his lawvers called the scandal) would never have been so far successful as to reach the courts. What character the principal witnesses against Mr. Beecher posessed during the trial disappears as the truth about them now comes out. The latest scandal about Mr. Tilton has thing to realize. been unwarrantably made public by the same scandal-mongers who , pretend ing to be his friends, urged him on in his prosecution of Beecher. He now perceives that such chronigratitude, will keep you from meddling clers of filth make no distinction of reputations; sex has no consideration, riendship finds no favor, and doubtless

In the Oregon Legislature a resoluion, submitting the question of Woman Suffrage to the people, passed the House by a majority of seven, but was defeated in the Senate by three votes. The NEW NORTHWEST is cheerful at the advancement of the cause in Oregon as it has good reason to be, since it is Eight or ten years ago, it says, such a resolution might have been tabled in contemptuous silence, or overwhelmed with scornful ridicle.-New Age.

Let us stand on our feet and look at them," said the old patriot in the French The following notice is posted conpicuously in a Scotch office:-"Shut the door, and when you have done talk-

for months to come, and the Almighty to ask about her baby, John. You must child's play. Her husband had not PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE -- NO. 1. down the few adventures, or rather How many of our readers ever pause to think of the many gems of thought that lie wearled travelers. hidden away in old letters? The following is

> rmission, we hereby present to the public, cleased to class among our legion of friends: day in the dreary month of March, we wake, and so the panorama continues. boasted of their academies, high schools

> crossed the ferry from New York, and entering one of the most luxurious houses is, that they are mostly built or public schools? Just nothing, so a Grammar School was built after a model suggested by the memory of the "Pullman palace" cars, right royally with their chimneys outside, and one started on our Southern trip in search can readily imagine the effect to be tell that lived nigh to Squire Smith, of health and happiness, warm weather truly ugly. and strawberries.

Our train, flying at a most rapid pace or two of the principal places in the larger, if not nobler State of Pennsyldetermined to let all know it was the pufling of steam and blowing of whistle into the crowded depot of the most noted city in the District of Columbia, the far-famed city of Washington, creating a perfect furor among the backmen when disgorging its human freight. "Have a cab?" were words shouted in our ears, still deafened with the fearful noise and dazed with the bustle, our bewildered senses were truly glad to find rest, when our party of three were safely seated in employed until Dr. Franklin invented the stage and fairly on our way to the the iron-framed fire-place which still hotel Arlington. For the ways for hotel Arlington. Far too weary for anything but sleep, we left the beauties dreams" we were ready "to do" our coun- the wonders of the South. try's capital in the true traveler's style tle. But feeling sure there is scarce a either by description or observation, all

We left Washington, by boat, after a dream," and in the distance we saw the tomb of our noblest patriot nestling among the trees.

Our sail was brief, only two hoursittle claim to the name of "palace, over the country, where for four long weary years were encamped so many of the noble sons of the North and South, they were found was accidentally laid but where little trace was now left, carcely an earthwork remaining, kind old "Father Time" trying to efface all evidence of what was once the great camping ground" of-brothers, Six ours of the most uncomfortable riding rought us in quite a famished condiand of the cave byens, the latter of tion into the once "confederate capital" of the Southern States. And truly disappointed have I been in the place. The town is very irregularly built, with little or no pretensions to beauty. But been the prey of the lion, the bear and driving around the city brought to view many places of "memory sad"—such as 'Castle Thunder' and "Libby Prison," where so many of our "braves" wasted their life's blood for weary monthswere again teeming with busy factors life, and filled with those for whom so much had been given and who were busily happy preparing the "daugerous watch the different processes through which the tobacco went, from the leaf

to the little cake. Some of the fortifications around the ity are still remaining, and when standthat Mr. Moulton had involved his firm that must have filled the hearts of those gazing upon the hills beyond, knowing that from their heights death missiles might at any moment be showered among them. Sunday afternoon we attended the argest colored church in the South, and when beside us sat hundreds of our brethren of the "darker hue," it gave us some faint idea of the vastness of their numbers, which, to a Northerner, "born and bred," has always been a difficult

A magnificent monument of Washington, surrounded by Virginia statesmen, was one of the few things I cared was scour in the morning, scrub to place in "memory's store-house"-and night, and scold all day long! How sitting alone in a forlorn little room in hiding a lovely landscape! How anxa wretched hotel-the best the place af- lety snarled at her heels, dogging her kinship would be disregarded,-New fords-my heart is quaking, for I fear like a cur! How little she knew or does?" me Southern travel, Southern cities, and especially Southern hotels, will be far different from what our bright an- the time of year with flowers in the ticipations pictured. And the weather, though warmer than was that to which we bade "good-bye" one week ago, has but little of the "sunny warmth" about mad-houses are so richly recruited from which we have so often read; and green the farm-houses as the statistics show. much the result of its own work. grass, and a few peach trees in bloom, is all of summer that has so far greeted eyes weary with the bleakness and dreariness of Northern winters. Still with hope, we will, to-morrow, journey the generality of mankind in general "These men seem great to us because on, and of other places more anon. we have been on our knees before them.

Sitting in a very inferior "palace" car with nothing to read, and somewhat coat-tails, "you're coming out of the ous and possibly a little disheartening to tired of gazing upon the same style of hole you went in at." He sat down think how terribly a journalist may scenery as we have looked upon since once for all; his voice was heard no toil, and yet leave behind him hardly leaving Richmond "yester morn"-meing on business, serve your mouth the thinks time will fly faster by taking out my letter and continuing to "jot" | ized in Japan as a day of rest.

NUMBER 13.

want of adventures, that befall the

The country through which we are hands in New York, and which, by the writer's in most parts uninteresting. A succesiceling sure that their perusal will cause every sion of barren fields, followed by pine green" any other than a Grammar reader to wish to know the writer, whom we are forests—a few small settlements scat-School, because a century before Squire Dear S-:-On a bleak and wintry again, with the forest following in their

Our numerous little stations at which we stop are crowded with the "colored through little Jersey-staying its speed folk," and amusing it is to watch the for a second, when passing through one little ragged children, with coverings made for the support of this institution. so patched that scarce a trace is left of Half a century before, a thoughtful deawhat was once the first garment, but for "the maintenance of a preacher; vania-dashing into Maryland in a way with eyes brimming with happiness, also to keep the meeting-house and pardetermined to let all know it was the famous "limited express"—rushed with little teeth glittering in their dark to add fifty books to the Sabbath School mountings, and with faces so contented one could scarcely believe their homes the will had been faithfully managed, were "cabins of logs," not to be com- and so the brethren in that lucky church pared to the shelter of many a Northern | went to heaven on flowery beds of ease,

We stop at every wood-pile, and so hack?" "Here's a carriage!" "Take a obliging are Southern conductors that stretched along between low, willowverily do I believe they would delay a fringed banks. It was a very proper whole train to regalu anything accidently dropped from the window.

So truly are we among the "pines," that as yet we have seen but few trees with any foliage to remind us of our nearer approach to warmer climes. itself. Anybody could read on its sur-Now and then a fine old oak appears, of Washington to be discussed the next covered with the hanging moss, so Baptist Church is I! No one entereth it day, and resting that night "without weird and dreary, so famed as one of

-seeing a great deal-remembering lit- history last night, beguiling the time through me !" Had Goshen possessed while we, in the center of a dense forest, the stream would have been very deperson in the remotest borders of our waited for our engine to return and take pressing, if not exasperating; but as it broad land, but knows full well, us farther on our journey, for the coup- was, the Baptists had it all their own ling having broken, the engine with a the wonders of the "city of magnificent long train of freight cars wended slowly distances," we will, dear S-, hurry on on its way for some distance before beto places more noted, if less interesting, coming aware of the loss-it is said to four days' stay about six in the morn- anything but "rapid transit" - and we and laughed to scorn Parson Cook's ing, and at that early hour there lay a half-dozen people, with lights too dim hebdomadal visions of the bottomless dense fog upon the smooth waters of by which to read, and glad to have pit. These "reprobates" were very rethe Potomac, shutting from view all objects of interest, but just as we neared out of the couraged our porter in his little men, kind to the poor and obedient to Mount Version, the heavy mists sud- reminiscences, and truly listened with the sum of all the commandments, can denly rolled away, "vanishing like a interest as he recalled his early life. make one respectable. They even went dream," and in the distance we saw the When but a "child of four years" he was When but a "child of four years" he was taken from his parents and, fortunately, sold to the kindest of mistresses, for then a tedious ride in a car, with very attachment. And he spoke with much pride of being always the companion of and hardships which his master's famremained faithful to their interests until peace was declared"-so said his

warm letter of recommendation which he proudly showed us. Our ride in the sleeping car was far from delightful, poor K- never closed her eyes and I only dozed, so troubled was with creeping chills making me think earth, no one ventured to guess. There my journey was feally towards the polar regions Instead of the "burning South." We took our breakfast at such a queer little place, so primitive in style

-but being regaled with good "griddle cakes," we enjoyed quite a hearty meal. the car window looking down upon a not a heretic had ever profaned its sanetrestle bridge, over which we have been passing for at least three miles. 'Twas over marshy ground and small rivulets, weed," And quite amusing was it to and being between thirty and forty feet high, it looked, and was very dangerous, and the creaking of the timbers be-

neath us was not pleasant to hear. Truly summer is at last appearing, for our porter has just presented us with ng beside a window in the State Capi- a lovely bunch of yellow jasmine, ol, one could well imagine the terror plucked by the way-side while the train

was resting at another village. The distant lights of Charleston glimmering through the trees, and the bustle of preparation, warns me we are nearing our journey's end.

On the wing, March 12, 1876. A PATHETIC PICTURE.—George W. Curtis paints the following pathetic picture, which every one could wish less isters, and voters, was like a red flag to true to nature: "I think of many a sad- a bull. It was Brother Knapp's favoreyed woman who seems never to have ite quotation: "You can't touch coals smiled, who struggled with bard bands, through melting heat and pinching cold, to hold at bay poverty and want, that hovered like wolves about an ever increasing flock of children. How it care blurred the window like a cloud the apostle Paul, and if Paul don't cared that bobolinks, drunk with blithe idleness, tumbled and sang in the meadows below, that the earth was telling woods below. As I think of these things, of the taciturn husband coming in heavy with sleep, too weary to read, to talk, to think, I do not wonder that

"SET Down!"-A member of Congress, ambitious to make at least one speech for the gratification of his con-"Mr. Speaker, stituents, thus began: are generally disposed to exercise oppression upon the generality of man-rough on Grant !"-N. Y. Tribune. kind in general." "Set down !" pered a judicious friend, pulling at his more in that hall.

The Christian Sabbath has been legal-

The New Northwest

A Journal for the People.

Devoted to the Interests of Humanity. Independent in Politics and Religion.

Alive to all Live Issues, and Thoroughly Radical in Opposing and Exposing the Wrongs of the Masses.

Correspondents writing over assumed signaures must make known their names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their mmunications.

"Goshen." The little town of Goshen had queer,

independent notions. Indeed, it was no uncommon thing to hear neighboring passing is very level, uncultivated, and villages say, "That is Gosheny—no appeal from that !" This same opinionated town would not build on its "central tered among the "clearings"-then fields | Smith had bequeathed a sum of money for that one purpose. What was it to the Goshenites that other villages model suggested by the memory of the oldest inhabitant, who "had heerd them what his idees was and how he wanted 'em carried out to the letter," This same town was intolerant toward all churches save its own peculiarly sacred one, the Baptist. Again provision was library, which have been written by pious, Baptist writers." Every item of so far as dollars and cents are concerned Cenvenient to the meeting-house, Huntley's Creek sunned itself and lazily stream; it never overflowed-it never burried-it never answered the sun in bright sparkles, nor fidgeted when the moon sent thrilling glances into its depths. If aught inanimate can give one to understand that it is charged with a mission, that stream so expressed face, "I am the Baptist Church, and the save through me !" In times of deep religious fervor, Huntley's Creek seemed to express more-even this: "I am the Our colored porter gave us his little gate of heaven! No one entereth it save any other church, this assumption of way, and hugged the sweet delusion to

their souls. I should not say they had it all their own way, for they did have some sharp thorns in the flesh, which vexed them be a usual occurrence in this land of sorely at times. To the western edge of the town, a few Universalists clung as if they themselves were not greater heathens than any they could find in foreign parts! I give the opinion of Olwhom he seemed to have the strongest live Ann Spooner, the village spinster, who had great authority in church. To her little children, eyen on all their business in heaven and on earth. For pleasure excursions-truly "one of a "lawful shilling" he would summon them." "Through all the privations any spirit, prescribe for any disease, tell your fortune, and for "five and six pence" would ferret out any ordinary ily had to endure, he clung to them and thief and bring him to justice. The Goshenites gave him no countenance, but so far as possible ostracized him. But the dwellers in the next village being somewhat curious to know the secrets of the spirit world, came often to the isolated home of the clairvoyant and gave him so much of their substance that he was fast laying up treasures somewhere, whether in is an air of mystery and uncertainty about an individual who seems to be

equally at home in the body and out of the body While the two extremities of the town were ripe for divine judgments, the middle was a miniature New Jerusalem. Not a reformer of either sex I have been with my head far out of had ever disturbed its sweet serenitytuary. But for newspapers, which are so hospitable toward every new sensation, Goshen would never have known of the terrible unrest among women and their still more terrible demand for the ballot. They would never have known the steady inroads women are making into the professions hitherto held sacred to men. Deacon Arnott gasped for breath as he read of the ordination of a woman! Squire Board-man, the male oracle of the village, said "that when men got so feeble that they could not dispense the bread of life, let the world starve-better starve than feed on such panada as a woman would give! Before I would let a woman teach me," and down came, his cane by way of emphasis, "I would-I would The sentence was never verbally finished, but the Squire's look, as he

calmly surveyed his listeners, impressed hem with a sense of the utter incapacity and worthlessness of women. To speak of women lawyers, doctors, minsters, and voters, was like a red flag to without bein' burned; and you can't hear or read of these new-fangled theories without some fool among us will pitch in headlong and believe the whole abominable stuff! No, friends, there is at no safety but in shutting our doors agin' everybody who don't square his life by shut down on women, will you, in the name of common sense, tell me who

The subjects of pictures in Art Exhibition in Memorial Hall continue to puzzle the unsophisticated mind. The ther day a stalwart gentleman planted himself before Riviere's beautiful pic-He was evidently greatly atture. tracted by the figure of the half-nude sorceress and the drove of her human swine, and sought eagerly in the catafor the explanatory title. Finding the number, at last, he read with a puzzled air: "Circe and the Companons of Ulysses." He looked once more on the nymph and the swine, read the title again, and finally drawled, as he "Wa'al, that's rayther

A recent writer observes:-"It is curiany monument to his fidelity and industry." They are so busy making records for others that they have no time to think of their own monuments,