

EDNA AND JOHN:

A Romance of Idaho Flat.

By Mrs. A. J. DUNSTON.

Author of "SIDDY REED," "KELLY DOWN," "AMIE AND HENRY LEE," "THE HAPPY HOME," "ONE WOMAN'S SPIRIT," "MADGE JOHNSON," ETC., ETC., ETC.

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Woman's degraded, helpless position is the weak point of our institutions today—a disturbing force everywhere, severing family ties, filling our asylums with the dumb, the blind, our prisons with criminals, our cities with drunkenness and prostitution, our homes with disease and death.—[National Oriental Equal Rights Prosent.]

CHAPTER XII.

"Another chapter has come to Idaho Flat to live, and now you'll have company," said John Smith, one day, as he came staggering into the cabin and deposited his rickety form upon Aunt Judy's customary seat, leaving the good woman to balance her weight as best she might upon the rheumatic foot that was less ailing than the other.

"A wife and children, did you mean, John?" asked Edna, with a show of interest.

"A family generally means wife and children in my dictionary," answered John.

"I wish the woman part of the family joy," said Edna, with a sneer.

"None of your insinuations, Edna!" exclaimed her husband. "I'll have you know that your lawful husband is to be treated with respect in his own house!" he added, dropping his chin upon his bosom and falling into a drunken sleep, while his mouth fell open and his tongue protruded, and a crystal drop depended from the end of his nose, and two or three stray beads of the same clear consistency trickled down his rum-flushed face.

"Treated with respect in his own house?" cried Edna, in scorn. "This house, shabby as it is, belongs temporarily to us only because of your industry and mine, Aunt Judy. And yet he taunts us with treating him disrespectfully in it, and lays claim to the virtue of possession and ownership!"

"In the eyes of men's law he is right, Edna."

"What do I care for men's law, auntie?"

"The law does not care what your cares may be, child. You are living under a government made by men and for men, and you must either obey those laws and take what comes, or break them and risk the consequences."

"Then I'll break them, auntie."

"Stop, child; you don't know what you are saying. Your husband never maltreats you; that is, I mean, he never whips or abuses your person, however much he may choose to bruise your spirit. There is no law upon the statutes of this formative Territory to protect you from even an overt act of violence, provided your husband does not chastise you with a stick thicker than his thumb."

"You have missed your vocation, auntie. You should have been a lawyer. Where did you get your information from?"

"From John's law books. They constitute the only class of literature we have out here, except the Bible, and I'm getting disgusted with that."

"Why, pray?"

"Because woman is cursed within its pages for seeking after knowledge. The motive that possessed our maternal ancestor was a worthy one. She saw that the tree was good for food; and she desired to make one wise; hence her determination to partake of its fruit."

"What in the name of common sense are you driving at, auntie?"

"Just what I'm saying, child. The Bible says, 'Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee.' One look at John Smith in connection with that command destroys all my respect for the Book."

"The conditions of penalty imposed upon man for the same transgression were just as arduous as that, auntie. Man was commanded, or, rather, it was foretold that he should eat the herb of the field; that thorns and thistles should be brought forth to him, and that he should till the ground in the sweat of his face."

"But comparatively few men obey their curse, Edna."

"Because, being the arbiters of their own destiny, they are enabled to conquer the conditions it imposes. If Heaven had decreed these unhappy and insupportable conditions, no man would ever have been able to rise above them."

"Then you don't believe in the justice or infallibility of the text any more than I."

"I'm sure, auntie, that I look upon man's curse, and woman's also, as simply the remarkable foretelling, away back in the dawn of the Jewish era, of the very conditions that exist and have existed through the succeeding ages. Originally man was only a tiller of the soil. In the sweat of his face he ate his bread. The thorn and thistle, which it was predicted should grow for him, he has looked upon as his enemy—his legitimate prey. Woman, upon the other hand, has accepted the conditions

PHYSICAL TRAINING OF WOMEN.

In these times of fast living, of excessive nervous action and consequent exhaustion, there are few subjects which are so important and so neglected as those relating to physical health and strength. Especially is this subject as related to women, treated with an indifference and a blindness which is exasperating. It is true that civilization teaches men to value and recognize those qualities of mind and heart generally characterized as feminine, but probably shipwrecked passengers rescued by Grace Darling value their powers and nerve more than any other trait, nor need such women be any less gentle and refined, because they are strong. If the women passengers of a certain lost ship had possessed strength and nerve and agility, a man standing by, watching the company of rescued file post, would not have exclaimed, using the Divine name, 'not a woman among them all!'

Those who consider the helplessness, the uselessness, the terrible sufferings, and the untold miseries consequent upon the physical degeneracy of women, are ready to hail with delight anything which looks like a reform in this direction. This physical weakness is sometimes denied, in view of the numbers of women who through everywhere in appearance the vigor of man, and in the execution of domestic labors they perform; but women know of unspoken ills, and of the immense drain upon the wonderful elasticity and endurance of their womanly nature, which these labors cost. We do not believe that women are necessarily weaker than men—at least, they are designed to make up in endurance what they lack in strength—but under the present condition of things they are immeasurably weaker, and this, in consequence of the mode of dressing and lack of proper physical exercise.

It is a crying evil that our school girls receive no such training—that their minds are taxed at the expense and to the neglect of their bodies, and that they are growing up from pale, delicate, sluggish children into nervous, invalid women. Girls need this training more than boys, because their more passive dispositions, their hampering dress, and their ideas of coming judiciously prevent the romps and games which boys enjoy. Only one who has, in the routine of public school life, sat six or seven hours a day at a desk with mind and nerves taxed to their utmost, even in the few minutes' recess standing stolidly still, and then spending the hours at home in close study, can imagine what a perfect fog of mind and body would have ensued from a half hour's brisk gymnastic drill.

Our seminaries and colleges for girls are no better than our common schools. Young men have their gymnastics, their boat-races, their every appliance and encouragement for physical training. Young women, who need it much more, have little or nothing.—Christian Woman.

GOOD NATURE.—Men and women receive in this life much of what they deserve. It is like a looking-glass, this big world; and if you are a good man, it will smile back; and if you are a bad man, it will frown at you. It is but a confession of one's unpleasantness at home if we air our grievances. The nice people are not "nice" without a good deal of trouble on their part. That is, they allow themselves to be acquainted with, and who carries an atmosphere of good nature about him, is probably a hero in his way, and most likely a good-natured philosopher, who takes a great deal of trouble to be what he is. The admirable sister, who never could find a fault in any man, and left at last up to her eyes in little things as much braver as if she had won the Victoria cross.

On the other hand, those young persons who have always a budget of miseries to pour in the very sympathetic ear of their friends, and who are totally indifferent at home, will be found, if looked into, not so amiable as they might be. Mr. Tom Pinch, who had never thought of himself, found even the gross hypochondriac Beckwith, a good and kindly creature; while Martin Chuzzlewit, who took care to sit in the very front of the fire, and liked to be read asleep by Tom, discovered every one to be selfish. Depend upon it, if we try to think more of others than we do of ourselves, we shall seldom have a grievance. We may also be assured that, if we dwell upon our own sweet selves and our own merits, we shall doubtless believe those merits to be so great we shall find the world full of always superior and inferior creatures; and increasing grievances by being blind to them.

WHAT MEN NEED WIVES FOR.—It is not to sweep the house, and make the bed, and wash the socks, and cook the victuals, chiefly that a man wants a wife. If this is all he needs, hired help can do it cheaper than a wife. If this is all, when a young man calls to see a young lady, send him into the pantry to taste the bread, and take a trial of the butter, and let him inspect the needle work and bed-making, or put a broom into her hands and send him to witness its use. Such things are important, and the wise young man will quickly look after them. But what a man needs, chiefly that of a true wife is her companionship, sympathy, courage and love. The way of life has many dreary places in it, and man needs a companion to go with him. A man is sometimes overtaken with misfortune; he needs wife's natural and artificial trials and temptations beset him, and he needs one to stand by and sympathize. He has some stern battles to fight with poverty, with enemies and with sin; and he needs a woman that, while he puts his arms about her neck and feels that he has something to fight for, will help him fight; that will put her lips to his ears and whisper words of counsel, and her hands to his heart and impart new inspiration. All through stories, and through sunbeams, and through glory, through adverse and favoring winds, man needs a woman's love. The heart yearns for it. A sister's or a mother's love will hardly supply the need.

An old colored preacher of this city was lecturing a youth of his fold about the sin of dancing, when the latter protested that the Bible plainly said, 'There is a time to dance.' 'Yes, dar am a time to dance,' said the dark skinned man, 'and it's when a boy gets a slip of gin for wine to a ball.'—Atlanta Times.

They tried to prosecute a Chinaman for illegal voting at Deer Lodge, Montana, the other day. The prosecuting attorney could not prove that the defendant was a native of China.

'That a blessing it is,' says a hard-working Chicago farmer, 'that might never come on till late in the day, when a man is tired and can't work any more, at all, at all.'

THE MORAL EFFECT OF HURRY.

To the thoughtful, the moral consequences of tension and hurry are very sad; and to the physician their results are a matter of profound concern; their grave work comes under his daily observation. No evolution of force can take place with undue rapidity without damage to the machine in which the transformation is effected. Express railway stock has a much shorter term of life than that allowed for slow traffic. The very places where the work of the most valuable part of the community, the best trained thinkers, most useful workers, is inexcusable. Work and worry, though not proportional, are closely connected, and an excess of the former soon entails an increase in the latter beyond the limits which the nervous system can bear with impunity, especially the condition under which the work has to be done. The machinery for organizing the work of a community had to be rigid and inflexible, and in the strain involved in bringing a changing organism into harmony with a machine, the former must inevitably suffer.—London Lancet.

"My son," said a father to his hopeful son, "you did not say a word for the kitchen stove yesterday, as I told you to; you left the back gate open and let the cow get out; you cut off eighteen feet from the clothes line to make a lasso; you stole Mr. Robinson's pet dog and let him run at large; you tied the hired girl's head; you tied a strange dog to Mr. Jacobson's door-bell; in a painted red and green stripes on the legs of old Mrs. Polaby's white pony, and hung your sister's bustle out in the front yard; now, what can I do for such conduct?" "Are all the counties heard from?" asked the candidate. The father sternly replied, "No trilling, sir; no. I have yet several reports to receive from others of the neighbors." "Then," replied the boy, "you will not be justified in proceeding to extreme measures until the official count is in." Shortly afterward the election was thrown into the house, and before half the votes were canvassed, it was evident, from the peculiar intonation of the applause, that the boy was badly beaten.

Mrs. Elizabeth Coxeter, who has just died in England at the age of 102, heard John Wesley preach in her girlhood, and married the merchant who carried out the remarkable feat of manufacturing wool into cloth and making a coat between the hours of sunrise and sunset. This event occurred at Greenham Mills, Newbury, and the achievement was celebrated by rejoicings, in which 5,000 persons participated. The old lady retained her mental faculties until quite recently, and on her 100th birthday she repeated the Old Hundred psalm to several members of her family.

The funny man of the New York Herald says "The man has missed a great treat who has not risen early on a winter morning, and, turning the slats, peered out into the pearly twilight, with his shadows of dim blue, and seen the soft, rosy, pink of dawn brightening, and the rose-pink of sunrise blushing as it kisses the snow, and caught sight of his wife shoveling a path out to the milkman, and then hustled back into bed for another nap."

A Chicago woman has been the wife of a Chicago man. She began with the oldest ten years ago, when she was seventeen years old, and he died. She soon married the next younger, and after three years got a divorce from him, and the third was divorced from her after about the same period of wedded life. She is now the wife of the fourth, and they seem to live contentedly, possibly because there is no fifth brother for her to capture.

Miss Rose—"Goodness! the fire is out. I thought it was very cold." Beam—"Should I get my overcoat and put on you?" Miss Rose—"Oh, no; but [glancing at the clock] hadn't you better put it on yourself?"

Nearly one-tenth of the entire population of Boston are shop girls.

PREAMBLE AND CONSTITUTION OF THE O. S. W. S. A.

ARTICLE I. SECTION 1. This Association shall be called the Oregon State Woman Suffrage Association.

ART. 2. SEC. 1. Officers: The officers of this Association shall consist of a President, a Recording Secretary, Corresponding Secretary, Treasurer, and a Vice-President for each county.

ART. 3. SEC. 1. Membership: This Association shall be composed of members who will sign the following Constitution:

WE, the undersigned, citizens of the State of Oregon, believing Woman Suffrage to be the vital issue of the day, and believing that the ultimate triumph of our principles to be but a question of time, which it is our duty as loyal citizens of the Republic to hasten by organized effort, do hereby pledge ourselves to advance these principles by a strict adherence to the following

CONSTITUTION.

ART. 1. SEC. 1. We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men and women are created equal; are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.

ART. 2. SEC. 1. These truths, so prophetic in their import and fraught with such vast consequences for the consideration of generations yet to be, have been heretofore theoretical only as far as one-half the citizens are concerned. And the object of this Association shall be to combine our mutual interests for the promotion of equal political rights for women who are taxed without representation and governed without consent.

ART. 3. Any person may become a member of this Association and be entitled to a vote in its conventions by signing this Constitution and paying into its treasury the sum of one dollar annually.

ART. 1. SEC. 2. Officers shall be elected at each regular meeting for the term of one year.

ART. 1. SEC. 3. All officers shall be elected separately by ballot, after nominations by the Association, and a majority of all the votes cast shall be necessary to a choice.

LABORING CLASSES.

It is absurdly argued by some, that by communicating knowledge to the laboring classes, we teach what is to them of no use, but tends, on the contrary, to unfit them for the necessary duties of life. It is true, that the ignorant, in the nature of things, are not fitted to cultivate and gratify. There are humble minds fitted to perform and happy in performing the humbler duties of life; and no cultivation of which they are susceptible will probably carry them beyond this sphere of exertion. In a thoroughly moral and enlightened community, no useful office will be considered degrading, nor will any be incompatible with the exercise of the highest faculties of man.

The duty of acquiring knowledge implies the duty of communicating it to others, and there is no form in which the humblest individual may do more good, or assist more effectively in forwarding the improvement and happiness of mankind, than in teaching them truth and its applications. All knowledge concerning natural laws, which any one possesses, should be freely imparted, and if there be instructors of the people who pronounce this course dangerous, it is a sufficient answer that there is no such thing as a dangerous truth.

THE AFFABLE MAN.—A mother and babe were among the passengers waiting at the Central depot yesterday. She had the child wrapped up, and this fact perhaps attracted the attention of a big fellow with a three-story overcoat and a rusty satchel in his hand. Sitting down beside her he remarked: "Cold weather for such little people, isn't it?"

"Does he seem to feel it much?" he continued.

"Is it a healthy child?" he asked, seeming greatly interested.

"He was, up to a few moments ago," she snapped out, "but I'm afraid he's smelt so much whiskey that he'll have the delirium tremens before night!"

The man got up and walked right out of the room, and was afterwards seen buying cloves and cinnamon.

A North Carolina Judge tells a good story of an unprejudiced jurymen recently summoned at a county court in that State. After replying satisfactorily to the several questions propounded by the solicitor, he was accepted, and in the usual way commanded to look upon the prisoner, who was indicted for murder. After scanning the man closely, the unprejudiced jurist turned to the judge, and in a firm, solemn voice he said: "Yes, judge, I think he's guilty!"

A Scotch professor in the University at Edinburgh was experimenting before his pupils with some combustible substances, when, as he was mixing them, they exploded, shattering the vessel which he held into fragments. He held up a small piece of glass, and said, very gravely, "Gentlemen, I have made this experiment often with this very same vital, and never knew it to break in my hands before."

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