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EDNA AND JOHN:

A Romance of Idaho Flat.

By Mrs. A. J. Duniway, Author of "Judith Reid," "Ellen Boyd," "Alice and Henry Lee," "The Happy Home," "The Woman's Sphere," "Madge Morrison," etc., etc., etc.

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Woman's degraded, helpless position is the weak point of our institutions to-day—a disturbing force everywhere, severing family ties, filling our asylums with the dumb, the dumb, the blind, our prisons with criminals, our cities with drunkenness and prostitution, our homes with disease and death.

CHAPTER XXI.

Mrs. Rutherford found the home of her daughter-in-law so unlike the home she had so long presided over as the wife of Solon Rutherford that her life in that atmosphere became unendurable.

There was scarcely a nook or corner of the great farm-house to which she could retreat and feel herself free from the prying eyes of her son's wife and the mischievous fingers of her many grandchildren.

When mothers are young, and have the charge of their own little ones, nature prepares them for the burden; and the work being a labor of nature, glides along in some way till almost before the mother knows it she finds her children grown and herself arrived at mature womanhood.

It was a scorching summer day. The fervent sun beamed down upon the fervid earth, and harvest time, in all its oppressive, heated glory, hurried the farming force of the old Rutherford homestead and gathered in the neighbors to assist in the many fields.

Mrs. Rutherford junior was an invalid with a new baby that was, in time, to grow up and make a despised and unwelcome mother-in-law herself; but mercifully for her, the young mother did not consider that. The kitchen labor of the farm depended wholly upon Mrs. Rutherford senior, who, now that the home was in no sense hers, not even so much as belonging to her by the fiction of possession as a wife, had as little heart as strength for her labors.

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The New Northwest.

A Journal for the People. Devoted to the Interests of Humanity, Independent in Politics and Religion. Alleviate to all Live Issues, and Thoroughly Radical in Opposing and Exposing the Wrong of the Masses.

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

VOLUME VI. PORTLAND, OREGON, FRIDAY, MAY 11, 1877. NUMBER 35.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

As President Hayes has decided to spend the summer months at the beautiful "Soldiers' Home" near this city, it may not prove uninteresting at this time to give a brief description of this most attractive spot.

"Well, my boy, suppose you had lived on this place and toiled on it as I have for thirty years. Suppose you had come here, as I did, when the land was wild, without a comfort or convenience for a home. Suppose you had made butter and cheese for market, and that butter and cheese had not belonged to you but to your wife. Suppose that in addition to bearing and rearing a large family you had done all the work for a house like this. Then when you came to be old and infirm, how would you like for your wife to have the power to will the entire property that you had earned to one of your children, leaving you a pauper in your old days, or, at most, a pensioner upon the bounty which your child might see fit to bestow upon you, leaving you no choice but submission?"

"I can't see that the cases are at all parallel, mother."

"And I confess I fail to see why they are not so."

"Well, mother, there is no use in arguing the point, for it is plain we never shall agree. You'd just as well make up your mind to be contented."

"My son," said Mrs. Rutherford, choking back her tears with a great effort, "if you will give me five hundred dollars, I will never trouble you again."

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"I could rent Aunt Judy's old cabin, if you would let me have it, and be a great deal more independent there than I am here."

"What the mischief do you want to be independent for?"

THE QUESTION RE-OPENED.

The Methodist conference of New Jersey are again in grief. Brother Buckley and the majority who voted with him to settle the question of woman's preaching when they refused to hear Rev. Anna M. Oliver. But his attempt at course will not succeed.

Burning with zeal to save souls, another woman appears as a disturber of the ministerial peace. In this case the wife feels the duty and claims the opportunity alike with her husband, Mrs. Henry Wheeler, the wife of a Methodist minister, confronts the brethren of the conference and forcibly argues that the work of evangelizing the world does not belong exclusively to any sex or sex.

She insists that she has a duty to perform in this regard, and maintains that woman, no less than man, will be held responsible for the manner in which her gifts are employed. It would be difficult to pick a fault in her argument. If Mrs. Wheeler or Anna M. Oliver have the power to preach and do preach so as to convert men and women, are they not under as strong a moral obligation to do so as Mr. Moody?

Still the brethren did not see thus. The Rev. W. H. Lavett, a New York Baptist pastor, in a recent article, is reported as also maintaining that when a woman attempts to preach, she places herself in a position of war with the divine appointment. We have not seen his paper, and therefore cannot speak of his method of argument. But the conclusion is very wide of the truth. Probably St. Paul is made responsible for opinions which have their source in the writer's own prejudices and false convictions. But the scales will fall from the eyes of all such. The Methodist conference will not need many more discussions to see the truth. The influence of Mrs. Wheeler's plea will be probably," says the Boston Post in commenting on this subject, "Miss Oliver would not have established or asserted this principle any more positively had she been allowed by the courtesy of the conference to give her views on this point and expound the doctrinal points of her particular school of theology. The smoothness of the meeting might have been a little ruffled by Mrs. Wheeler's remarks, but the roof did not fall nor the floor sink, and the next conference meets the objections to hearing actual and wholesome truths from feminine lips may be fewer and fainter."

Funeral of John D. Lee. The funeral of John D. Lee at Panguitch was attended by a large number of people. A new coffin was obtained, and the body dressed after the usual manner for burial. Our informant says the estate was valued at \$100,000. Lee had lived at Panguitch just previous to his arrest, and was highly esteemed as a neighbor and a citizen. His disposition was peaceful, and he was uniformly kind and obliging. Each appears to have mistaken the wish of the family in ordering Marshal Nelson to send the remains to Panguitch. It was the desire of the family and was Lee's desire to have the remains buried at Harmony, where a number of the family have been interred. At a family council held on the reception of the body, it was decided to remove the remains to Harmony early next winter.

None of Lee's family got a hint about the removal of the prisoner. It was the purpose of a large number of his sons to attend the execution, and not a few of the people at Panguitch and Long Valley think that Lee helped the United States Marshal plan the removal to the Meadows, fearing that his sons would come to the execution and make a disturbance. Lee must have had some fears of this kind.

The family at Panguitch did not believe that the old man would be executed, knowing that he had made a confession. They doubtless thought the same would secure him a pardon. The family is silent with regard to the execution and other matters. The sons are considerably scattered, and most of them have families demanding their attention, and they have most likely dispersed to their different places of abode, and the Lee family will speedily go out of sight and lose their newspaper notoriety.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.—The "good old times" when a wife was to be a mere echo and faintly repeat her husband's latest opinions, have gone. If that is your notion of a wife, you ought to have lived in Corinth in the first century; or you ought to live in India now. And even in India you would have to keep out of the way of troublesome Miss Britain. Your wife is entitled to her own individuality, to her own opinions. They ought to clash sometimes with yours, and you both ought to know how to strike fire in conversation and have no explosion. Because you are a Democrat is no reason why she should not be a Republican; because you are a Congregationalist is no reason why she should not be an Episcopalian. Shame on the notion that a wife is only a cipher to stand on the right side of her husband so as to make a unit into ten. A dumb wife is a disgrace to her husband. An independent wife is his glory. If she never differs from you, it is because she is a serf and you are a despot. She ought to be your most confidential counsellor. The self-conceit of men amounts to a genius. There are many husbands that would as soon think of taking advice of their wives as of their children. But it is only the fool who is too wise to seek counsel.—Christian Union.

Two French ladies were conversing on the qualities and demerits of their own fair sex. Said one, with a twinkle in her beautiful eyes, "I have never known but two women who were really perfect." "Who was the other?" asked her companion, with a smile on her face, "thou art."

ARTISTS ARE YOU ALL WHOM YOUR OWN SOULS ARE GIVEN TO MOURN INTO BEAUTY?

Happy ye will be if you labor through life and seek no recompense save the life and the government that conscripted the artist's recompense—the joy in his work—the work of perfecting himself—and that shall be your reward.—Prof. Felix Adler.

Rev. Mrs. Phoebe Hanford, of New Jersey, will open opposition service to the old church from which she has been dismissed. She has already raised \$2,500 toward the warfare.

Frenchmen are eating more and more horse flesh. The first horse butcher in Paris opened his shop in 1868. Last year 8,000 horses, 643 asses, and 35 mules were eaten in France.

Carlyle says that love is a discerning of the infinite in the finite.

The widow of Daniel Webster is living in New York. She was his second wife, and her maiden name was Catherine Leroy. They were married in 1820. She is represented as tall and queenly in appearance, and as a woman of unusual intelligence.

Error of opinion may be safely tolerated where reason is left free to combat it.—Jefferson.

A live bat was found embedded in the center of a solid tree at Hartwell, Ga., recently.

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Unlimited activity of whatever kind must at last end in bankruptcy.