

NOTICE.

Correspondents, in order to insure prompt attention to their communications, should address all letters containing remittances or material for publication to the NEW NORTHWEST.

WOMEN IGNORED.

The recent course of lectures delivered in this city by Dr. Smith, of Brooklyn, were interesting, amusing, and instructive in many ways, yet we wonder if it occurred to the women who formed perhaps one-half of each audience how little encouragement they received; in short, how completely they were ignored.

The lecture on "Successful Folks" was not embellished from first to last by even a feminine pronoun, and while Commodore Vanderbilt was being eulogized and held up as a financial model, not one word was said of the toiling mother of his twelve children, whose thrift and good management as housekeeper gave him his first start on the broad highway of financial success.

A lecture on such a subject that entirely ignores women is about as chilling to their enthusiasm as are the usual "last day" exhortations of the committee men who visit the schools, to the girls who have at least kept pace in learning with their brothers during the term.

No wonder that so many women are helpless nonentities when their early aspirations and efforts to be somebody and do something are thus frobbotten by the egotism and arrogance that wait upon the aristocracy of sex.

WORTHY OF HONOR.

Mrs. Fletcher Harper has bought the Sea Shore Cottage, a large building about one mile north of Long Branch, as a home for infirm women connected with Harper Brother's publishing house in New York.

We remember having read, if memory serves us correctly, in Irving's "Astoria" an account given by travelers in the great and trackless western wilds, who came suddenly upon a little wreath of blue smoke issuing from a sort of cave, and approaching found an aged and decrepit Indian woman crouched alone over the embers.

youth to middle life, from middle life to hoary age they had toiled—told without recompense for their earnings, all went to sustain and build up others, and when at last their tottering limbs would no longer bear them about to perform unpaid labor, they found themselves unwelcome inmates of homes that to them were no homes.

An ex-governor carried our ponderous basket from the Oregon City depot to the pleasant home of our progressive and intelligent friends, the Chases, where he left us to enjoy their agreeable society while he wended his way to the hotel and political headquarters; for it was convention time for Clackamas county, and the lords of the realm were busily engaged in setting their bachelor's hall in some semblance of order.

My husband attends to the settlement of his own bills; I attend to mine. When I find my part of the funds getting low, I economize when and where my judgment dictates, without going to him. So please send the bill to me and discontinue until I notify you, which I hope and believe will be soon.

But what have we next? Just the opposite of the above. A Mrs. Melissa, of Benton county, whose name has appeared on our books for several years, sends the following plaint in the cramped typography of her proxy "Mr. Melissa:

"Your paper is flattered two mitch with spiritualism for me to see sure and stop it when the time is out." Perhaps if "Mr. Melissa would take a few lessons in spelling he would be able to read more understandingly. We offer this as a suggestion well worthy of trial, and promise, as we part company with him, that when we deliver a lecture on "Bigots" we will send him a ticket of admission duly labeled "Admit one."

A German correspondent, not a subscriber, sends us a note which we are unable to decipher, but from the best knowledge we can gain of it, it seems to be a complaint that in the list of post offices published for Clackamas county Boone's Ferry is omitted. These little post towns spring up like Jonah's gourd in so many localities that we do not pretend to keep account of them. If subscribers and friends residing in such places will, after rubbing their eyes and surveying the wonderful growth some morning, take the trouble to post us concerning it, we will publish their items cheerfully.

A letter from Slaughter, Washington Territory, containing a renewal, a new subscription, and words of cheer; another from Neely congratulating us on our safe return, and closing with kind wishes for future health and prosperity; several containing money orders in response to bills, and a roll of "Editorial Correspondence," which warns us to cut this short, that "ye Chief" may be heard.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR READERS OF THE NEW NORTHWEST: A fortnight prior to the subjoined date, the peregrinating portion of the NORTHWEST staff, accompanied by basket and bundle, boarded the train for Southern Oregon and Intermediate points, and got as far as Oregon City under the happiest auspices, having enjoyed, during the day, a pleasant sojourn at the quiet village of Clackamas, in the company of W. A. Mills and wife, who attend the post office, station and store, and Mrs. Bailey, who keeps the hotel.

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On to a certain post office till he had spoiled himself as an elector and well nigh plunged the nation into civil war. But the ungrateful commonwealth rewarded him to the shades of private life this time, in spite of his persistence, while they slaughtered yet others with agreeable uncertainty. The convention would tire itself out once in a while with the laborious use of the paper messengers, and would then adjourn to change its candidates. Finally Hon. W. D. Hare, of Astoria, was ahead on the count, and only lacked one vote of the two-thirds majority necessary to a choice.

On Thursday evening there was a ratification meeting, at which, Judge Peckles presiding, Mr. Hines made an able and exhaustive address, in which, had he but given the women an earnest of political recognition, he would have done faultlessly well. But, like Senator Mitchell on a like occasion, he forgot it, and whether we forgive him or not will depend upon how he treats us in Congress. It is a foregone conclusion that he will be elected. Hon. J. F. Caples, nominee for prosecuting attorney for the fourth district, next addressed the audience in his usual felicitous way, and made even his defeated opponents happy.

On Friday we had the pleasure of meeting the officers and members of the Marion County Woman Suffrage Association in the Opera House, where a harmonious session was spent in debates, for particulars of which, see minutes, published next week. Then, in the evening, notwithstanding a driving rain, we met a good audience, and discussed upon the "Political Situation," his excellency the governor and staff honoring the meeting with their presence, as did almost all the leading gentlemen of the capital city.

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FRONTIER SKETCHES.—NO. 3.

I traveled briskly forward during the day, determined to put as much territory between me and the Indian village as possible, and at night lay down to sleep with only the scant grass for a bed. A darker night I never experienced; no moon, no stars were to be seen; no distant fires illumined the horizon in any direction, and not even a friendly fire-deigned to stripe with variety the curtains of that dismal night.

Often did I see their eyeballs glaring like balls of fire but a few paces from me, or hear with a sickening sense of helplessness the ominous grating of their savage jaws, as though whetting their fangs for immediate use. And once during the night, while probably quarreling over the division of my carcass, they came tumbling with soul-chilling snap and snarl so near my bed that I speedily crept to one side, shuddering.

But morning came at last, and I continued forward on my trackless way, notwithstanding I realized, from the experiences of the past night, that my journey was fraught with dangers of which I had not thought before attempting it. I expected to suffer from hunger, thirst, and fatigue; I expected to be exposed to the furious storms of that wild region, and to run the gauntlet of unrelenting savages as I traversed an unknown extent of inhospitable wilderness; but it never entered my mind that if I should fall asleep at night I should be devoured by prowling wolves. But my motto was "liberty or death," and I determined to brave every danger necessary to secure the inestimable boon of freedom.

Late in the day I was surprised to see a scurvy-looking dog come whining up to me. He was a miserable-looking cur, neither wolf nor dog, and his homely, famished, and forlorn condition would have protected him from the operation of any code of dog laws now in existence. I had had to say the least, a toleration of vagrant canines from my boyhood, and at divers times had innocently furnished specimens of the genus canis for my good father to exercise his inordinate bump of destructiveness upon, and when this representative of an oppressed race came so humbly suing for protection and companionship, my old instinct asserted itself, and I proceeded at once to bestow upon him a liberal share of my meager store of dried meat. Stopping soon after, I sought to cultivate the acquaintance of my new companion. His countenance betokened little intelligence or amiability, nor was his appearance in any way particularly prepossessing. Uncanny as was his exterior, however, his moral nature proved even more untowardly; for no sooner did I essay to lay my hand caressingly upon his scarred flank than with angry growl he brought his blank jaws together with the energy of a steam-train, in uncomfortable proximity to my fingers. I was tempted to try next to touch his heart with one of my arrows, but fear of losing a valuable arrow upon so worthless a brute turned the scales of mercy in his favor.

The following night, though slightly by my senses, the heavens got up an entertainment so magnificent a scale that I could not complain; for never before had I seen such blinding sheets of lightning, nor heard such continued heavy rattling peals of thunder. Never can I forget the early part of that awful night. The lightning appeared to be playing around me on all sides, while deafening peals of thunder seemed to rise from the very bowels of the earth, and then muttered away in the distance, as though rejoicing at their escape from Pandemonium. The rain literally poured down for an hour, as though Niagara herself were weeping over the desolation that pervaded that God-forsaken realm. Ah, no, how different the reality from the enchanting fancies that my imagination had conjured up before I left the paternal roof. I did not find myself calmly sitting far above the storm king's rage, on some grand mountain, contemplating with admiration and awe the lightning's flash and thunder's crash, but lying, instead, half buried in the mud, blinded and stammered, by the side of a wet dog.

When morning came, bright and cloudless, I doubt whether a more miserable, woe-begone unfortunate has been seen since wicked Cain was driven from the garden, to be a fugitive and a vagabond upon the face of the earth. As wet as though I had been towed stern of a steamboat from Pittsburg to St. Louis, my scanty and ragged vestments full of mud and water clinging closely to my person, or hanging heavily and sadly downward like weeping willows, I certainly presented a picture of discomfort rarely equalled. But judge of my indignation when, on looking for my sack of dried meat, I discovered that it had been appropriated during the night by the sneaking ingrate that so persistently dogged my footsteps. To say that I was angry would be a very feeble way of expressing the truth. I was thoroughly exasperated, and though I exhausted the whole vocabulary of abusive epithets upon the miscreant's

head, I still think I failed to do the subject justice. Weighty consideration, however, tempered justice with mercy. Lost as I was on an inhospitable desert, the company of an ungrateful, snarling, and in every way disgusting Indian dog was to be preferred to being entirely alone. Then I thought it not improbable that an emergency might arise when my lost meat might prove as "bread cast upon the waters;" that I might yet, ere I reached a land of civilization and safety, be forced to subsist upon the object that had come so opportunely to be my companion in tribulation.

But a more exciting scene was in store for me during the day; for as I sat on the bank of a small stream feasting upon uncooked crawfish I was startled by the sudden appearance of a buffalo cow that came dashing madly down the hill toward me, with three mounted Indians in close pursuit. They were armed with long lances, which they carried poised in their hands, while the inevitable bow was swung to their backs. Their dress consisted of a few feathers fastened in their long, streaming hair. So intent were they on capturing their prize that they seemed not to see me, although they passed within a few rods of my seat. I was at a loss what to do. I felt sure that others would follow at a slower pace, and that it would be impossible for me to evade their lynx eyes; and the thought of being returned to captivity, after all my pains, to me was terrible. But while these thoughts were chasing each other through my mind, a solitary white man came riding down the hill toward me at a very leisurely pace. He drew his pony up to me and saluted me in French in an unconcerned manner as if we had met upon a much frequented highway. He was a large, muscular man, past middle age, and his appearance marked him as one of an eccentric class who, crossed in love, or in some way soured with the world, or, it may be, to escape from the punishment due their crimes, quit the abodes of civilization and bury themselves in the unfrequented wilderness. His iron-gray locks hung far down on his shoulders, while his tangled beard entirely covered his face. He was dressed in skins beaded and fringed by the left fingers, doubtless, of an Indian wife, and on his shoulder he carried a long-barreled flint-lock rifle, of the pattern used in Revolutionary times. He seemed the coldest, most unapproachable son of Adam I had ever encountered. I attempted to draw him into conversation, for I was quite familiar with the French language, in which he saluted me, but he wrapped a *banquet* about him more impenetrable than his buckskin shirt, and with all my French vivacity and Yankee ingenuity I ignominiously failed to interest him in the least. His eyes were quick like the snapping of a pipe-stem, and his nose came snuffingly from him like the growl of my incorrigible cur. I tried to learn his name, his place of nativity, his present residence, his business in the Western wilds, his destination, in short, who or what he was, but he evaded every question that could not be answered by yes or no.

While "interviewing" my strange companion, however, about fifty Indians came riding down upon us, and proceeded at once to alight and prepare for the evening's bivouac. With all their traditional stolidity, they manifested considerable interest in me; for, although they conversed in a tongue that was new and unintelligible to me, they crowded around and displayed as much eagerness to learn the mystery that embosomed my lonely wanderings as white people would have done, while the impassive old statue leaned his head against the trunk of a tree and passed over to the land of dreams. These Indians exhibited no disposition to restrain me of my liberty, and, in fact, I had no wish to leave them for a while, as my experience in traveling alone had been anything but pleasant.

Just at dusk the hunters that had so persistently followed after the fleeing buffalo returned, well laden with the spoils of the exciting chase, and I was invited to join them in their repast. Fearing that my present entertainers might be friends of the Wacos, from whom I was escaping, I was on my guard, and feigned ignorance of every language but French and English. I learned, however, during the evening that I was now among the Osage Indians, and that they were just entering upon an extended buffalo hunt. Why, then, if it was agreeable, should I not accompany them, and realize some of my cherished fancies?

FOREIGN NEWS. The Caucasian army corps is to be disbanded. People of Turkey and the Turkish army favor England. The first brigade will embark for Malta on the 20th inst. Russian occupation of Bucharest is becoming more and more unlikely. The English government has chartered five steamers for the conveyance of troops from India. A special from Vienna reports that all convalescents in Russia have been ordered to join their regiments in Turkey as quickly as possible.

The following is the entire Republican State ticket: For Congress, H. K. Cines, of Union county; for Governor, C. C. Beekman, of Jackson county; for Secretary of State, E. P. Earhart, of Multnomah county; for Treasurer, Ed. Hirsch, of Marion county; for Printer, W. B. Carter, of Benton county; for Superintendent of Public Instruction, L. J. Powell, of Linn county. District nominations: Prosecuting Attorney, second district, Horace Knox, of Lane county; third district, Hartwell Hurley, of Yamhill county; fourth district, J. F. Caples, of Multnomah county; fifth district, C. W. Parrish, of Grant county. No nomination for first district.

NEWS ITEMS.

Fruit prospects have been nipped in many localities by the frost. Crickets have made their appearance in some portions of Grant county. Three thousand acres of flax will be grown in Yamhill county this year. D. Froman, of Linn county, is chairman of the Republican State central committee.

Mrs. A. M. Brown, of Amity, was elected school clerk of her district at the annual election. Three of the Chinamen who robbed Mark's safe at Roseburg will probably go to the penitentiary. Last week there was a heavy snow storm in the Coast Range, heavier than any that fell during the past winter. It has become necessary to prepare another ward in the Steilacoom insane asylum in order to keep dangerous patients. Roseburg is enjoying unprecedented prosperity, if the rush in improvements and demand for lumber may be so construed.

Mrs. Victor still carries in Eastern Washington, canvassing the towns of that region for her book "The New People." A succession of cold nights and warm days has made sad havoc with the fruit crop in nearly every part of Washington Territory. The Statesman of Saturday says: "The people of Salem always give Mrs. Goodway a respectable hearing. Guni crowd at the Opera House last night." The big saw mill at Port Gamble has shut down temporarily in consequence of there being no vessels there to load. It will resume as more vessels arrive. The Good Templars of Forest Grove have purchased a half lot in that lovely little city, and intend to build a handsome hall thereon during the summer. W. R. Dumar, G. W. C. T., is doing Southern Oregon in the interests of temperance. He is a very effective worker in the order of Good Templars. The Reporter says that parties just returned to Yamhill from Tillamook report that a colony of thirty homesteaders went in there recently and have taken land.

Misses Mary Porter and Lillie Grant have charge of the district school at Forest Grove. Both are faithful and experienced teachers, and will perform their duties well. Frances A. Logan lectured at Hillsboro, on Wednesday and Thursday evenings of last week, on the "Cause and Cure of Intemperance," and "The Relation Man Sustains to Woman." Miss Hattie Collier, daughter of Professor Collier, of Willamette University, intends to study medicine. She is well fitted to adorn the profession chosen, and will compel success to wait upon her endeavors. There is a woman in the Curry county jail charged with the murder of her illegitimate child. The father, whenever or wherever he is equally guilty with the mother in this most cowardly crime—infanticide—and should suffer with her measure for measure.

"The Astoria Packing Company" was incorporated last week with a capital stock of \$7,500, divided into shares of \$100 each. The business of the company will be the taking, packing, canning, preserving, buying and selling fish, oysters, beef, vegetables, fruits, etc. Incorporators, J. K. Kliney, J. Young, and W. S. Sisson. RECENT EVENTS. The appropriation for post route maps has been increased from 25,000 to 40,000. Eighteen bankruptcies were reported in Chicago on the 19th, and twenty-one on the 20th. Flats floated at half-naut at Lowell, Massachusetts, on the 19th, in memory of the Baltimore massacre. Two hundred horses per week are being purchased in the neighborhood of Troy, New York, and in the western portion of Vermont by the agents of the English government. There were but eighty-six deaths recorded at the health office in San Francisco last week, the smallest number for several months past. No new cases of small-pox have been reported for several weeks. Diphtheria does not figure in the report this week. G. Wiley Wells, late Consul-General at Shanghai, was on the 20th further examined by the House committee on expenditures in the State department with reference to charges against G. F. Seward, minister to China. Wells showed that illegal fees were charged to the government, and illegal fees exacted from the prisoners. In one embezzlement case of \$200 the fees amounted to \$1,000.

DIED. In this city on Easter Sunday, April 21st, in the 70th year of her age, Maria, eldest daughter of Rev. T. L. and Henrietta R. Edou, to another has been given "a victory without the battle, the crown without the conflict." A fitting type of the light and joyous young life that in its early spring time, closed its record of beauty and loveliness here was the mild and perfumed April day that bore it beyond the reach of mortal life. Standing by the tiny casket, beset with April's choicest garlands, we realized as never before the impressive truth that "Leaves have their time to fall, And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath, And stars to set, but all That shall remain for thine own, O Death!"

MARY F. FOSTER. Commission Merchant and Promising Agent, is prepared to make purchases in New York and other cities, on order, of all goods, jewelry, groceries, etc., on commission of 5 per cent, in S. of L. and 10 per cent. for others outside of the Order. West India preserves and Mexican conserves. Address P. O. Station "D," New York City.

MRS. DR. BURR. Graduate of the Homoeopathic School, and member of the State Medical Society of California, makes a specialty of the diseases of women and children. Office hours from 2 to 5 P. M. Office—Corner of Second and Madison streets, Portland. Consultation free. 5-17

MRS. B. A. OWENS, M. D. Office and residence, east side First street, between Yamhill and Taylor. Special attention given to women and children's complaints. Also, gives MEDICATED VAPOR BATHS, combined with Electricity, in treating rheumatism and chronic diseases. 5-21 The family provided with GLENN'S SALT-RUB, SOAP, have no fear, if it is used freely, of Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Itch, or any other of the most annoying and disgusting eruptions, which children are so apt to contract at school. Refresh yourself with HEN'S INSTANTaneous Hair Tye.