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HER LOT;

OR,

How She Was Protected.

By MRS. A. J. DUNIWAY.

AUTHOR OF "JUDITH REID," "ELLEN DOWD," "AMIE AND HENRY LEE," "THE HAPPY HOME," "ONE WOMAN'S SPHERE," "MADGE MORRISON," ETC., ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

I am well aware that I have readers who will call this picture overdrawn. It is very difficult for those who have been so fortunate as never to have been associated, even temporarily, with the discomforts of a drunkard's home to realize the privations, crosses, and general disappointments of a drunkard's family. Still harder must it be for them to imagine the terror, drudgery, and destitution constantly endured by the drunkard's wife, who, being continually under the sway of a despotism that can nowhere else be so thorough and complete as in the relation that binds a helpless woman to the insane exactions of a husband whose every human faculty has been diseased by dissipation, must constantly endure the consequences. But I also know, and am sad indeed to know it, that there are many, heaven pity them and me, who realize to the bitterest extent the facts that I am here relating. If my case were only an isolated one, its sorrows being over now, except in my memory, it would not be worth my while to trouble the public with the history; but I see that the seeds of the curse that caused my poor husband's disease and ruin are still being sown broadcast all over the land. Scarcely a family of my acquaintance but possesses its "black sheep," or wayward son, whose blood is liable to the infection of drunkenness. And for every inebriate's wife there is a destiny as terrible as mine, a fate that, if not parallel to it in many, or even most, things, is at best so terrible that when they read this story of thy lot they will see many things with which their own experience shall so nearly tally that they will wonder how I came to know so much about their lives of shame and sorrow. Then, too, there are women by dozens, I know whereof I speak, who are to-day enduring the very bonds of iniquity which so long oppressed me, and are consequently drinking hourly of the gall of bitterness. To such I need not say that I am not overdrawing my picture. Alas for them, they know that I cannot paint the portrait with sufficient vividness to portray a tithe of the blackness of great darkness through which I have passed, and which has left the marks of its terrible scorching so indelibly upon my brow and form that every movement of feature and physique attest to the analytical observer that what I assert is true.

Women suffer their share in the world's crucible of affliction, when under proper care and kindly treatment they bring forth children in sorrow and train them up in pain and weariness. But when added to this comes the double burden of physical toil which alone would overpower the strongest man; and when, in addition to all, comes the tyranny of a drunken despotism that is not so rare as to be deemed exceptional, it is indeed time for them to cry out, and *demand* that protection which men claim to be woman's lot, but which, alas, they so often fail to bestow upon her that thinking, reflecting persons of both sexes are now engaged in searching, as never before, for a removal of the cause of her disabilities, that the effect may thereby be, in time, outgrown.

But to resume my picture. The faggots of pitch-laden fir with which I kindled my fire blazed up cheerily. I was so nearly benumbed with the cold that I was long in warming, and when once my blood was temporarily deprived of its chill, I grew so stupid that I soon fell asleep beside my little ones. I must have slept an hour, judging by the height of the sun, when I awoke and started up, in an alarm far more severe and sudden than that I had felt on that never-to-be-forgotten day when I had found myself adrift with Gerald upon the bosom of the tidal river that bore me on toward my terrible destiny. My first impulse was to look for my children, but they were nowhere to be seen. I was struck dumb with a nameless dread. I looked for Gerald, but he too was missing.

What was I to do? My bones were troubling me with rheumatic twinges, and my blood was again in a thorough chill. But I forgot my personal agony in my apprehension for the safety of my darlings, and I sallied forth in search of them, not knowing whither to turn.

Again, in my great anguish, and in spite of it, was the picture of a landscape impressed upon me so vividly that, like that picture of the valley of the Sacramento of which I before have spoken, I never can forget it. In one direction lay a dense fir forest, skirted in the foreground by a stretch of prairie, in which my fettered cattle were quietly grazing. Immediately beyond the prairie was a belt of charred, denuded timber, the great black leafless tree-trunks holding aloft their skeleton arms in mute appeal, or else in mock defiance of my misery. Beyond the blue-green foliage of the mighty forest, that grew hard against the blackened tree burn, rose the long, serrated line of the Cascade Mountains, guarded by their one lone monarch, hoary and majestic Hood, whose icy brow the rosy morn was kissing. Could I find my loved ones should I wander eastward? But to my mental query came no answering response.

To the westward ran a broad and level prairie, beyond that another wood, and still beyond the winding Willamette River, coursing ever onward toward the distant sea. Had my babies wandered toward the west? The morning breezes answered me never a word.

Toward the south lay a clearing, the home of a neighbor, more than a mile away, from whose cabin chimney the morning smoke was lazily curling. Should I journey southward? My heart answered, "Yes. Go anywhere to find a human being with whom you may take counsel."

Every movement of my aching bones was torture, but I did not mind it. What is the rack of the body to the agony of the mind when both are torturing you at once?

I was afraid that Gerald would destroy my children. Had he not already crippled one of them? And yet I knew he loved them, for at times he was almost foolishly fond of them. But, most of all, I was apprehensive lest he should remove them forever from my sight and protection, and I knew, laying aside my personal solicitude, that he was wholly unfit to be trusted in their bringing up.

I reached my neighbor's house in a state of excitement of which they little dreamed. Outwardly I was calm, and certainly I was tearless.

"You are an early riser," said good Mr. Brown, as he opened the door, exhibiting a tastefully spread though primitive table, at which happy Mrs. Brown and three rosy children sat at breakfast.

"Have you seen Gerald this morning?" I asked, calmly.

"Your husband?"

"Yes, and my children."

"No."

"O, my God!" I wailed, throwing up my hands in despair.

"What has happened?" asked my neighbor, feelingly.

"Gerald has taken the babies and gone!" I cried, for the first time betraying the least agitation.

"Impossible!" said Mrs. Brown, looking lovingly upon her own chubby little ones, as a tear stole down her cheek.

Every woman in our community had struggled to prevent that accursed keg of ardent spirits from being brought into their husbands' midst. We had all felt that it boded no good to some of us, but it seemed too cruel that I should be singled out by fate to be the only sufferer in the lot. Not that I would willingly inflict anguish upon anybody, but certainly I had more than my share.

Mr. Brown mounted a pony and soon aroused the neighborhood. A systematic search was instituted in all directions, and by noon the fugitives were found behind a mammoth log in the heart of the forest, the children crying for food, and their father, crazy from the effect of his potations, defending them with a rifle from the approach of his pursuers.

It was long before he could be induced to fire, and when he did, thank God, his aim was unsuccessful. Then Mr. Brown rushed upon him before he had time to reload, others came at once to the rescue, and in a few seconds I had clasped my hungry and shivering babes to my anguish-burdened bosom, with such a feeling of relief as a mother can only experience when she has rescued her little ones from the jaws of wild beasts that are ready to devour them.

I watched them while they bound my husband with thongs, and I listened to his unearthly yells, as, struggling with delirium tremens, he imagined himself in the grasp of hobgoblins, and my woman soul rose up in pity and compassion. As I saw him wrestling helplessly with the thongs that held him, I no longer felt afraid of his presence. I longed to approach very near to him, that I might soothe and reassure him, for I saw that his suffering was real, and the old love that I had thought was dead grew warm within me.

"Gerald, darling, it is I, your own Ethel. Don't you know me?" I said, approaching as close to him as my children, who clung to me, screaming in their fear of him, would permit.

"*Women are dod-durned idiots!*" exclaimed one of the men, who had risked his life to rescue my children.

"I know it," said Mr. Brown. "They are fools whenever and wherever their hearts are interested. But that's not our affair. We didn't make 'em."

By this time several women of our community came crowding up.

"If wives didn't love their husbands a great deal more than any of them deserve, they'd all fare badly," said one.

"Men say it's our *duty* to love them," observed another.

"I took my husband for better or for worse!" cried I. "He was once as good and kind and true as any husband ought to be; but he is the victim of disease. I pity more than I blame him."

"Do you intend to endure this all your life?" asked a kind-hearted woman, who was not a favorite among the men, for the simple reason that she had a will of her own, and was not afraid or ashamed to express or enforce it.

"I am sure I don't know what I *shall* do. What *can* I do?" I replied, almost savagely.

"Sure enough. Poor child, what can you do? It seems you can't get rid of your incubus, for he follows you, no matter where you go. I believe that every man whom rum has conquered is as unfit to run at large as a raving maniac."

But there was no insane asylum in Oregon Territory then, nor is there now a refuge in the State for the cure of inebriates.

Ah, me!

I have never been considered what the world would call strong-minded. But I cannot help knowing that if I were a law-maker, as well as a law-supporter, I should leave no stone unturned till I had provided an asylum for inebriates, and compelled all sufferers from the cup to enter it and remain until cured. But, alas, I am not a law-maker, and I sometimes fear that men are so stolid and so fearful of losing power over women that I will be too old to do my country very much public service before I shall become one.

"Is that you, Ethel?" said Gerald, making a frantic attempt to reach me with his pinioned arms.

"Yes, darling, it is I," I exclaimed, again. "Nobody shall hurt you. These are not hobgoblins, but men, your friends and neighbors. You won't be afraid of us, will you?"

"*Rum!* for God's sake, give me *rum!* There are a billion demons in my blood, and they're all demanding rum! Give it them, or I shall die!" he cried, his voice a pitiful wail that fairly froze my heart's blood.

"Neighbors, he must have rum!" I shrieked. "You waked the sleeping demons in him yesterday when I would gladly have died to prevent it, and now you must nurture the fiends of your own creating."

Latterly I have learned that my then newly-discovered or imagined theory is sometimes authoritatively pronounced a scientific one. The medical world is gradually solving the problem of the cause of *mania potu*. And when the present researches are crystalized into demonstration, I am sure it will everywhere be understood and acknowledged that the frantic thirst of the drunkard is the insatiate demand of a billion parasites, which are coursing through his blood during their running season, after the manner of salmon coursing through a stream.

Let the doctors who deny this proposition laugh if they will. If one of them should live for a third of a century as the wife of a drunkard, he'd reach the same conclusion that I did if he'd allow himself to think and observe at all.

The men were afraid to bring my husband rum, but one of the women ran with hot haste to the house of the neighbor who supplied the fluid to wake the demons the day before, and she soon returned with a sufficient quantity to stupefy the monsters and reduce them to docility. Then we led my husband to our home without difficulty, and sobered him off by degrees.

My neighbors then entered into a solemn compact that they would never again, under any circumstances, be guilty of putting the bottle to their neighbor's lips.

Gerald could not remember that he had driven me out of doors, nor did he recollect that he had fled from imaginary devils to the woods with my children. He only realized that he was sick and tortured and weak, and that he felt like a miserable sinner.

Ah, if I could only have induced him to remain away from liquor, even after that! But there was no use in hoping.

In a little while the immigration from all parts of the world began to pour into the Willamette Valley; mines were discovered in Southern Oregon that attracted vast crowds in that direction; the community that had been so staid and reliable that I could depend upon it to protect my husband from his infirmity, had no influence over the enterprising but unscrupulous man who opened a store, hotel, and groggery at the new village, only a mile from our home, and my peace of mind was of short duration.

Maternity was again my portion, and this time I was the mother of twins.

Every one who has observed the phenomena that accompanies the settling of new countries has remarked the excessive increase of the settled population. Go where you will in the new settlements, and you will find that the burdens of motherhood are grievous to be borne. There is philosophy in this unconscious effort of the earth to replenish its sparse population, but it is excessively trying to the health and temper of pioneer women to endure it.

[To be continued.]

An Illinois freshman has the reputation of having thus outwitted a pert senior: Senior—"Do you know why our college is such a learned place?" Freshman—"Of course; the freshmen all bring a little learning here, and as the seniors never take away any, it naturally accumulates."

Of every thousand men, twenty die annually. The population of a city or country is renewed once in thirty years. The number of old men who die in cold weather is to those who die in warm weather as seven to four.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

The exodus of our solons since the adjournment has been sweeping, and with them has gone much that gave our city a business appearance. The offices and reading-rooms of our hotels have been crowded for several weeks with visitors and lobbyists. Huge piles of trunks blocked up the passage-ways, street cars and chariots were packed with those passing and re-passing to the Capitol, and on every hand were indications of something to be done and doing of intense interest and importance. Yet today nearly all these have disappeared, and we are jogging along as quietly as some rural town in harvest time when its only visitors, the adjacent farmers, are kept at home by the necessities of the harvest-field. For days the flag was continually floating over the Capitol, and during the succeeding nights the brilliant light of the *tholus* or lantern which surmounts the dome, showed us that the war of words below was going on; but now both flag and beacon are gone, and we realize that many of the disgraceful scenes flowing out from disordered brains will not be seen here again till another approaching adjournment forces prolonged sessions, and permits drunken and disorderly members to exhibit themselves in their maudlinimities.

The closing scenes of Congress are always intensely interesting. In the attempt to concentrate into the two or three days preceding the hour of adjournment the accumulated business of months, much excitement necessarily is aroused, not only among the solons, but in the crowded lobbies. Instead of acting upon the appropriation bill during the winter and spring, Congress invariably consumes its time in windy debate upon collateral and unimportant issues, leaving undone until the last moment that which should be done at first. Millions of dollars are voted away in the press and confusion, without any one on the floor of the House or Senate save some interested member who is acting for the lobby, having the slightest idea or knowledge of the matter or the interests involved. Every conceivable form of steal is tacked on to these appropriation bills, until the riders amount to more in amount than the original bill called for, and then, under the objection which is raised to their consideration, the whole omnibus is referred to a conference committee of six men, three members from each House, who are expected to reconcile all the differences in the space of two or three hours, and determine what monies the country needs, inasmuch as the two Houses cannot of themselves. Such farcial proceedings never lose their novelty, to us at least, and, notwithstanding we have for many years watched Congress as it hurriedly prepared for departure from the Capitol, the clash and din of factions in the House are as interesting now as ever in the past. On the night of the 17th, Ben Butler gave us an exhibition of his pluck and tenacity of purpose. A member moved the passage of the fisheries award bill, at which old Ben bristled up in his fiercest style, and wanted to make a five minutes speech in opposition. But the House would not consent to hear him, and for five minutes he stood at the desk with his arms folded, coolly listening to the howling of a hundred or more men at him, who, with cries of "sit down," etc., were drowning the calling and rappings of the Speaker. Nor could quiet be restored until the sergeant-at-arms, under the Speaker's order, stepped up to Mr. Butler and caused him to take his seat. It is rarely that the Speaker directs the sergeant-at-arms to "do his duty," and only once before this session has a member declined to heed the command, "out of order." Whisky, then, was the cause, pure obstinacy in this instance. This award matter is a big thorn in every members side, and it will be made only from a sense of honor, for we have seen no one who concedes that we owe England even a million, much less five. Years ago we agreed that the United States should not arbitrate her differences with England, inasmuch as the precedent she had herself made would far better subserve our interests than arbitration; hence, our acquiescence in this award partakes of the spirit which led Tom Corwin years ago to make his famous Mexican war speech.

At last our government is established, for the Senate has confirmed the President's nominations for commissioners and justices of the peace, though much opposition was invoked by the disappointed applicants. We feel sure that the District of Columbia has the best municipal government in the United States, and that its real interests are better consulted and cared for by its government officials than those of any other city or district. More watchfulness can be exercised here than elsewhere; for every citizen can appeal at once to Congress for an investigation and for redress—an appeal which has far more weight than resort to the ballot-box or to a State Legislature.

Washington never looked more beautiful than now. The recent heavy rains have washed its concreted streets "as clean as a pin," have whitened up the marble fronts of our public buildings, and covered our many parks with living green and flowers. On every hand are evidences of warmth and shower, and all nature, and art too, is smiling upon us with voice of gladness and sympathy.

The appropriations made for the District by Congress are heavy. Including the salaries of our officers, the repair of the patent office, the completion of the north wing of the State Department, and other improvements, the governmental expenditure for the next fiscal year will amount to nearly twenty million of dollars; hence, with what we regard as a good city government, our citizens feel that good times are coming, and that, in a year or two at farthest, we shall be in the full measure of prosperity.

FELIX.

Washington, D. C. June 28, 1878.

How Women Should Be Educated.

Miss Jennie V. Stanton is lecturing in the East on subjects connected with the intellectual advancement of women. The New York papers speak in high terms of her lectures, and from the following extract from one of them, entitled "How Shall Women be Educated," we judge she is well deserving of all the praise she is receiving:

Mothers, educate your daughters in every science that can be utilized to their benefit. Fathers, let the capabilities of your children, and not their sex, influence your partiality in bestowing upon them educational advantages.

Never mind if some esteemed friend or lover is afraid of a girl "making a man of herself." An educated woman knows that can never be done. A well-educated woman who is in a normal condition always wins in the race of life for health, wealth, excellence or distinction. Never mind if even the majority of men superciliously remind us of our "sphere," or discourse to us of God's purpose in creating us, the "glory of motherhood," etc. No man can ever know half so much about the "glory of motherhood" as even the weakest and most ignorant of mothers.

In my eagerness and anxiety to have the large majority of women who are so situated as to be mostly inaccessible to culture, who have much poverty and prejudice to overcome, I do not forget that they need a special inspiration to endeavor in the way of proper companionship and proper books, and my heart goes out to them with a great love and care.

In conclusion, man represents power, woman represents the affections. Man provides for woman, woman cares for that provision. Man dispenses liberally, woman economizes and utilizes the means entrusted to her keeping. Man may lay a broader scientific basis, but woman will build up higher toward heaven.

It is impossible that society should ever attain to a higher moral condition without the higher culture of woman.

Society is to be elevated by the omnipotent power of moral education, of which woman may be the principal channel.

It is useless to talk about the equality of the sexes, for they are not and never can be equal.

Man is the superior of woman in force and science, but woman is superior to man in that without which force and science are worthless, the moral nature, which bestows happiness here, and leads to infinitely higher happiness hereafter.

I will not omit to thank the noble men who protect the noble women; nor forget to thank the noble women who, in spite of all hinderances, in spite of defamation, and in the very face of martyrdom, are struggling to elevate their sex, and are urging them to keep pace with advancing civilization.

A Correspondent's Testimony.

Mrs. S. L. Knox, of San Jose, a stanch worker in the cause of equal rights, and known by name at least to its many votaries on the Pacific Coast, receives the following notice from a correspondent of the *Record Union:*

Mrs. Knox, whose handsome residence with its elegant grounds is one of the first ornaments of San Jose, has long been devoted, heart and mind, to the political emancipation of her sex. She succumbs to no discouragement, she acknowledges no defeat. As so large a property-owner, one cannot wonder at her strong feeling on the subject, and yet she works not for her own rights, but for those of others. She, as well as the rest, asks for a clause which shall not make us of the distinctive word "sex," but which shall submit to the people the question of educational qualification in State affairs, and the property qualification in municipal affairs. I followed one lady into the kitchen to hear her comments on Kenneday as a delegate. She was making one-two-three-four cake—one cup of butter, two of sugar, three of flour, four eggs, half-cup of milk, teaspoonful of soda, and two of cream tartar. "Kenneday, indeed!" says she. "I hope these young men who feel that they are not properly represented without one from their own ranks, may begin to understand how trodden upon we feel, who have never been represented." Notwithstanding these sentiments, incompatible as some think with the kitchen and the cook-stove, the cake was a success, stirred up with indignation, lightened with argument and sweetened with the spirits of the times, though it was. The old leaven of '76 is working still, you see, and though a hundred years or more have passed, it yet retains enough of its insurrectionary virtue to keep alive in Santa Clara Valley the ringing revolutionary cry: "No taxation without representation!"

Temperance comes from within, and not from without! the man who has to be bolstered up with occasional pledges, and keeps sober only while your eye is upon him, is scarcely worth the good man's time who has to keep sentinel over him. Neither is it the wife's duty to stay by an intemperate man and expose her children to the disadvantages of so wretched an example. She owes to her family something better than this. The intemperate man is always a selfish man; the man devoted to duty and principle can never become intemperate. Then let the mothers of our country raise up their sons to be soldiers in the army of principle.

Women as Lawyers.

Like Spiritualism, the question of woman's rights has already "passed beyond ridicule." Excepting among a few remarkably stiff-necked conservatives, and a few remarkably ignorant pretenders, it is now conceded that the tide is setting strongly in favor of woman's emancipation from the unjust disabilities and the absurd prejudices by which she has so long been fettered, and kept from entering into the halls of science, art and literature, the doors of which are now not only ajar, but opening more and more widely every day. Mrs. Barnburst truly says: "A reform once inaugurated, once organized, cannot go back, no more than the sun can retrace his steps through the broad expanse on high, or the world return to chaos. What is done, is done."

Although the profession of law has not attracted as many women as that of medicine, to which women seem naturally fitted, yet lady candidates for admission to the bar are by no means infrequent, and in many States and Territories such applications are freely granted. This has been especially the case in Iowa, Illinois and Utah, and in the older and more conservative States the number of such cases is rapidly increasing. We are ashamed to confess, in this connection, that in Italy, Sweden and Holland, the admission of women into the learned professions has been more freely granted and more extensively taken advantage of than in the United States.

"The law of Illinois," says Miss Willard, "admitting women to practice in the courts, making them eligible as officers in all departments of the public schools, and notably 'the married women's property bill,' are unexcelled by any in the Union. So far as indicated by this year's reports, Illinois ranks as the banner State of woman's opportunity, if not of her achievement. The chivalry of courtesy and compliment is being slowly replaced by the chivalry of justice. The imperious 'thus far and no farther,' that has rung from custom's lips, checking over-buoyant steps in other years, is giving way to the kindly 'thus far and no farther' of God, written not in any statute book nor spoken by any human voice, no matter how august, but revealed in the limitations, as well as the powers of the nature with which our Heavenly Father has endowed us."

"Of lawyers," says the same writer, "we (in Chicago) have at least three. Mrs. Myra Bradwell was the first lady lawyer in our State. She is the editor of the Chicago *Legal News*, which is an authority all over the Northwest. The beauty of its typographical execution is a natural result of 'the woman in printing,' and the partnership of Judge and Mrs. Bradwell in the legal profession is a refutation to some popular objections of 'woman out of her sphere.' Miss Alta M. Hulett, of Chicago, who died of consumption in California, where she went for her health last year, was a young lawyer of noble promise. She was admitted to the bar before she was nineteen, and at the age of twenty-three had attained an enviable reputation and a practice amounting to three thousand dollars a year. A number of young women are studying law, and Misses Perry and Martin are in successful practice in Chicago."

Our readers may perhaps remember that we mentioned Miss Hulett in one of four early articles. Few men ever get into legal practice without waiting patiently for years, but, somehow or other, the lady lawyers often succeed in immediately establishing a fine practice. It may be partly owing to the novelty of the thing—for men love novelty—but we rather think that it is owing to the fact that the energy and perseverance required to enable a woman to choose the profession of law and go steadily forward in the pursuit of her chosen duty, is a guarantee of success in almost any walk in life. A notable instance of success is that of Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood, of Washington City, who has practiced four years and has realized twenty thousand dollars. How many young men can say as much? Mrs. Lockwood is said to be fifty years of age, so she must have begun the study rather late in life. We know of cases of women who, after rearing large families, instead of spending their lives in indolence and in the endeavor to grow old before their time, have undertaken the study of some useful profession, or have organized some absorbing scheme of benevolence, thus emphatically making the hoary head a crown of glory. How many aged women we have seen with minds as active as ever, and bodies still quite vigorous, who yet were slowly dying of inanition, both physical and mental. Do something, aged sister. Patchwork quilts are good, but they do not provide much mental or spiritual aliment; and if you have souls above patchwork, why, then, in heaven's name, blaze out for yourself some nobler path, and show to the lords of creation that women are not merely the producers of children and the drudges of the household, but that after forty-five, when most women have laid aside their crop of children, they can still work for humanity, still labor in the Lord's great vineyard. This is the best way to keep young, dear sisters. The old adage: "It is better to wear out than to rust out," applies with peculiar force to the aged. The wearing out, if we keep at work according to our ability, will be so gradual and so gentle that we shall not know we are falling till we lie down and sweetly "fall asleep."—*Mrs. Shindler in Voice of Truth.*

WHAT ONE WOMAN CAN DO.—Washington's female lawyer, Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood, who, by her persistent knocking at the doors of Congress for admission to the Supreme Court, has become somewhat famous, has two important cases pending before that Court, which she is debarred from pleading on account of her sex. One is a Cherokee Indian claim involving $300,000,000. Mrs. Lockwood is now in the fifth year of her practice, and has all the business she can attend to. When she began, her property consisted of a few feet of real estate in a cemetery. Now she is worth $20,000, and her practice brings her a yearly income about five times as large as the salary of a clerk in the Treasury Department. She is a widow, nearly fifty years of age, and very attractive.

A doctor went out for a day's hunting, and on coming home, complained that he had not killed anything. "That's because you didn't attend to your legitimate business," said his wife.

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

An Irish Woman's Wit.

A long time ago, when giants were plenty in Ireland, there lived on the borders of the county Armagh one Barney M'Connell, who lawfully came under the above appellation, being seven feet high, and made in proportion. His prowess was well known, and acknowledged for many a mile round; but there was one thing that grieved Barney above a little, namely, that he could get nobody to stand before him in his own country. Now, report spoke of a certain giant in Scotland who was laboring under the like grief, and for precisely the same cause; therefore, Barney, after consulting his friends on the subject, sent a challenge to the Scotch giant, to "come over to Ireland and get the conceit taken out of himself."

After due time the bearer of the challenge returned with word that it had been accepted, and further stated that he was advised to inform Barney that he had better make his will, get his coffin made, etc., as he that he was about to encounter never left his work half done.

"Did you see him?" asked Barney.

"Faith, an' I did," answered the messenger.

"What is he like?" interrogated the giant.

"Faith, Barney, avic, he's like anything at all but a mortal being."

"How big is he?" asked Barney, looking anything but pleased at the description of his rival.

"How big is he, did you say? Faith, he's as big as the ould tower forninst the door, an' a head an' shoulders on him like Father M'Gurney's bull, an' by all accounts he'll ait you alive."

Barney began to feel rather uncomfortable at the prospect before him, and straightway went to consult his wife as to what should be done in the event of his rival proving to be such as his messenger had represented. While they were thus engaged, one of the children came running in and exclaimed:

"Daddy, come to the door and see the great big man that's coming up the hill."

Barney peeped through the chinks of the door, and to his great terror saw the monster. One look was enough to satisfy him that his messenger had not exaggerated his account of him, and turning to his wife, he said:

"Shela, jewel, I'm ett alive, for sartin! Here comes the Scotch baist to drum your poor Barney."

When Shela heard of the approach of the coming foe, and saw her lord's utter inability to wage war with one so far superior in strength and size, she concluded that it was only by some piece of woman's wit that her husband could escape from the affair without dishonor, and accordingly she gently lifted the child out of the cradle, and depositing it on the bed in the inner room, made the father get in its place, and covering him up with a quilt, gently seated herself and resumed her work. After a few moments, in walked the cause of all the disturbance, and demanded an interview with the giant. Shela, after motioning with her hand for him to keep quiet, walked gently across the floor to where he stood, and in an undertone told him Barney had gone out to the woods. The giant informed her that he intended awaiting his return.

"Very well," said Shela, "only don't make a word of noise for the life that's in you; for there's nothing that makes him more furious than to hear the child crying when he comes home."

By this time the giant had seated himself on a bench, and was quietly surveying the apartment; but when his eye rested on the cradle, with a look of unutterable astonishment, he asked what was in it.

"In it!" cried Shela; "don't you see it's the child that's in it? An' heaven help you if you wake him. The craythur didn't get a wink of sleep last night, with the two back teeth he's cutting."

The giant, with a look of terror and astonishment, asked what size the father was.

"Faith, an' I can't tell you," said Shela, "'cause I never measured him; but that gossoon (pointing to the cradle) when the father is angry runs and hides himself in one of his boots."

"Laird save us!" exclaimed the giant; "I winna mind waiting the noo, lassie, I maun be gaun; gude morning."

And so saying he took to his heels, and never thought himself safe until he got among the hills of his own country.

THE DRUNKARD AND HIS DOG.—A crowd was collected one day near a pile of stones in Central park, New York, evidently very intent upon some object that had brought together quite a collection of policemen. On drawing near you would have seen nothing so remarkable; only a drunken man utterly insensible, lying on a pallet of blasted rocks and stones. But for all there were so many officers on hand, they could not take the man away.

There he must stay, to all appearances, and disfigure the ground, until he came to himself sufficiently to move off on his own hook. He had a friend, of whom he was wholly unworthy—a friend who stood by him like a brother, notwithstanding his degradation.

A noble Newfoundland dog stood over him, looking down into his face, and would suffer no one to approach. He did not like the looks of the policemen, and they did not like his looks. Twenty feet was the regular distance he had settled upon, and it was at his risk that any one came nearer. They brought several pails of cold water and threw over the dog, hoping to drive him away, but he only drew closer to his unworthy companion.

"We can't take the man unless we shoot the dog," said one, "and he's too noble an animal to kill."

"Which is the brute?" asked a passer-by, and very appropriately, too.

One of the most solemn passages of human knowledge—to know that even in this world we, none of us, ever wholly die; that our acts, our virtues, our failures, our physical conditions, appetites, passions, pass on to other generations; that the forms we mould ourselves to by acts original to ourselves pass on to other generations; that habits and passions we subdue in ourselves are subdued, as far as we are concerned, in other generations that spring from us.

It is said that "glass eyes for horses are now so beautifully made that they defy detection." The imitation must be wonderful indeed, for we understand that the horses themselves cannot see through the deception.

New York has twice as many women printers as five years ago.