

HER LOT;

OR, How She was Protected.

By Mrs. A. J. DENNEY. AUTHOR OF "JUDITH REED," "ELLEN BROWN," "AMIE AND TERRY LEE," "THE HAPPY HOME," "THE WOMAN'S SISTER," "MADIE ROBERTSON," ETC., ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

We made a grave for my baby Clara beside my poor erring and unfortunate boy, Gerald, in the deep, fern-covered recesses of the somber wildwood, and I returned to my daily tasks again, devoutly thankful that the precious child was dead.

Good reader, you may wonder at this, but it is true, and I cannot help it. Life, to me, had been such a burden that I could not choose but rejoice when I saw that my helpless wail had missed its sorrows. Not that my mother heart was not wrong. God knows I suffered all the agony unpeaked with which the bereaved mother heart must ever be torn under like conditions, no matter what the circumstances.

But I was now in a manner free, my three months old baby was not, my older children were large enough to wait upon themselves in a great measure, Gerald was expected to be two years absent, and I once more gathered courage to renew the battle of life and devote myself to business.

But I found, after sixty days, that I could no longer stay the remorseless rigor of the law. A writ of replevin was duly issued for the recovery of the personal property held by the stranger, Grayson, under my husband's bill of sale, and I was obliged to part with my team and cows, under the fiat of a power that claims to protect women, and provide for and support them far better than they could manage for themselves.

There is a wise provision in human nature that always impels it, in some way, to redeem the faults of its kind. But for this I must long ago have perished with my children.

When my neighbors learned of my great privation, they with one accord, and of their own free will, assisted me. One loaned me a team, another a cow, another a farming implement, and so on. So that, aside from the sense of humiliation and wrong under which I suffered because of being legally robbed, I did not miss my stolen property nearly so much in fact as in ethics.

I dressed my girls in boots and bloomers and put them after the plow. With my own hands I sowed the wheat, planted the trees, gathered the firewood, cooked the food, and prepared for the winter. A traveler, in passing, left us a fair supply of books and out of date newspapers, and we really spent a comfortable and harmonious fall, winter, and spring in our new quarters.

After a few months I almost ceased to think of Gerald. Or if I remembered him, it was only as a troubled dream. The children openly expressed their dislike of him, and the hope that he would never cross our threshold more.

"Don't fear, my darlings; for I will not permit him to molest us again," I said, confidently; for I was now mistress of my own homestead, where I thought no man would dare to molest me or make me afraid.

It was near the close of our harvest season, and our prospects were unusually bright. The crop, which was a remarkably good one, considering its limited extent, was well nigh gathered in, and at the ruling price for wheat I was to be in possession of several hundred dollars in excess of harvesting expenses.

"Mother, look, somebody's coming," said my daughter Ethel, now a radiant and beautiful girl, just verging on the eve of what in all new and primitive countries is falsely considered womanhood.

"I hope we'll have no company to-night," I replied, impatiently. "For I am too weary to think of taking a single unnecessary step."

But the words were barely out of my mouth before a wagon was at the door, and I beheld upon a stretcher the mangled and apparently lifeless body of Gerald, my husband!

The girls screamed in terror and disgust, but I, who was used to suffering, was as one petrified. They rested the stretcher in the middle of my one sitting-room, near the table, which was bountifully spread for my boys of harvest men.

"Gentlemen, can you tell me what this means, and how it happened?" I asked, forgetting my weariness in the new excitement, and rising to meet the exigencies of the occasion as only a long-suffering woman can.

"Your husband got into a fight, ma'am. He's quarrelsome when he's drinking, you know."

"But I thought he was off for a two years' voyage. I did not imagine that he was within two or three thousand miles of Morseville."

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THE INDIAN WAR OF 1856-57

The first regiment of Oregon volunteers was composed of the following companies, viz.: A, Captain Wilson, of Multnomah county; B, Captain Humason; C, Captain Kelly, of Clackamas; D, Captain Cornelius, of Washington; E, Captain Hembree, of Yamhill; F, Captain Bennett, of Marion; G, Captain Burch, of Polk; H, Captain Loyton, of Linn; I, Captain Munson, of Benton, and K, Captain Conroyer, of Benton. These companies were mainly composed of men in the full vigor of manhood, and who had been schooled to the privations and hardships incident to frontier life. They were equally at home on the back of a "bucking cayuse," standing the midnight watch in the heart of the Indian country, or preparing their coarse food in the miner's cabin, or in the lonely camp-fire in the wilderness.

They were generally well acquainted with the true character of the red man, and when I add that the rifle and six-shooter were their inseparable companions during their years of wanderings over the dangerous frontier, it will be seen that it was only reasonable to expect them to give a good account of themselves in the hazardous expedition upon which they were entering.

A few there were of another equally hardy class. These were men who, inured to the excitement and perils attending the life of a sailor, quit their berths without an interview with their employers and enlisted, as much, perhaps, for the sake of a change as anything else, and who were as ignorant of the geography of the country they were to traverse as Livingston or Speke when in the heart of Africa they sought to solve the mystery of ages, the source of the Nile.

Company F arriving at Portland, the writer, with a number of others, was sent to a rickety old building on Front street dignified by the name of "Orleans House," to get our meals. I do not recollect the landlord's name, but I doubt not that he has long since retired from business with a competency, for he certainly understood keeping hotel to profit. His plan was to ascertain what his boarders ate the least of, and afterward provide that and nothing else. Our horses fared better. They were kept in a stable still standing on the corner of Second and Morrison streets, and, though the quartermaster furnished only hay and "chop" for them, the proprietor often found our chargers sampling somebody's oats, but as he was careful to keep his cat securely locked, he was satisfied they never came from there. Money was more plentiful than now, and, as here were individuals here who did not scruple to exchange whisky for that commodity, night was often made hideous from the Bacchanalian brawls and uproarious hilarity of the volunteers during our week's stay in the place, and I doubt not many of the good people here heaved sighs of relief as they watched the last one of us walk on board the "Senorita," en route for the front.

We expected to be fully equipped for service at Vancouver, but, on reaching that place, found no arms except a lot of old muskets, that were supposed to have been buried in some leaky arsenal ever since having been surrendered by Cornwallis at the close of the Revolutionary struggle. They threw a ball with about the force and accuracy of a pebble hurled by a dextrous school-boy from a hand-sling. In fact, the shooter was in more danger than the shootee at a hundred yards' distance, for the former was certain to be most viciously kicked, while the latter was in little more danger of being hit than of being struck by lightning.

We reached the Dalles the fifth day from Vancouver, however, with the loss of but four men from Company F. When or where they left us, or we them, no one knew. We only knew that on leaving Portland we had four names more on the muster roll than we could find men to answer to them after reaching the Dalles. Here, with Companies I and K, Fourth United States Infantry, we crossed the Columbia and proceeded to the scene of Haller's defeat in the Yakima country. Arriving at the hill overlooking the Tappan, we could see Indians excitedly scurrying about over the valley, but none of them allowed us to come near enough to them to risk a kick from our venerable muskets. We then proceeded over to the Altamont, where the self-sacrificing Pandozy had braved the dangers of assassination up to within a few days of our advent, and had at last fled, probably from fear of us instead of the Indians, leaving everything, even his sacerdotal robes, behind him. It was of Father Pandozy that Oregon's most witty ex-Senator wrote, that it was difficult to determine which was the reverend Father's principal stock in trade, "gospel, or gunpowder."

We spent two or three days in the Yakima Valley, and, starting to return, were overtaken by a drenching rain. Being destitute of tents and poorly provided with blankets, we expected a very disagreeable night, drenched to the skin as we were, but when the rain gave place to snow on toward morning, not a few of us wished ourselves in more comfortable quarters. Daylight came at last, and orders were given to proceed without breakfast toward the

Dalles. The men generally seemed to make the best of the situation, as with jest and song we made the welkin ring as we spurred or dragged our horses through the blinding storm. With us was a youth fresh from school at Salem, and who was as familiar with *hoc* and *hoc*, as with the unostentatious vernacular of the sturdy frontiersman, and who rode along through the driving snow, the very picture of discomfort. His pants were not of extra length, falling by several inches, to meet the tops of his socks. Compassionating his case, some one declared to the student-warrior that, were he in the former's shoes, he should "proceed to denude his superior habiliment of its attenuated caudal appendages, and utilize them in effecting a copulation of his pedal envelops, and the termini of his bifurcated elongations." But we reached the Dalles in due time without loss, and generally supposed that our campaigning was at an end. We did not know at the time that the all-savages, from the Klamath River in California to the British line, were leagued together with the avowed determination of exterminating the hated white race from the whole country, but it was so.

At this juncture, when union of effort between the handful of regular troops on the Northwest Coast and the volunteers in the field was of so great importance, jealousy and ambition interposed, and rendered their future co-operation impossible. General Wool, who had assumed command of the regular troops, asked, as I understood it, that the volunteers should serve under the regular field officers, and be governed in all respects by the regulations of the regular army. But in that case, how could any of the numerous aspirants for colonel's insignia from the volunteers' ranks reach the goal of their ambition? Or how could the freedom-loving mechanic, farmer, or freer harbor the thought of submitting to the restraints imposed upon the common soldier? I was young and simple enough then to oppose, with the majority, submission to General Wool's requirements, but I became convinced before the war was over that there was nothing unreasonable or improper in them.

Oregonians scarcely know how to appreciate the blessings of their climate until reports of the intense heat that prevails upon the Atlantic slope reaches them. *Harpes Weekly* says: "How to keep cool is the greatest problem just at this present writing. The parched earth, and humanity pants and droops. We long for cooling showers, and are tempted to sit with a fan in one hand and a glass of iced beverage in the other, and to divide our attention between the thermometer and a frequent adjustment of diminished clothing. Such protracted heat is a serious draught on strength and vitality. Nevertheless, there is little doubt that our sufferings are intensified by constantly thinking about and lamenting over the hot weather. A calm and steady engagement in suitable occupation is really the most comfortable and absolute idleness. And as the majority of people have something to do, they may congratulate themselves thereupon. Those who are forced to expose themselves to the sun's direct rays, or to labor in confined heat, in these days, are to be pitied, and need to take many precautions against prostration. But for those who may to some extent choose for themselves, there is no better way to keep cool in the day than to wear a light exposure to the sun, to engage in light avocations, to avoid vexatious subjects of thought, to drink sparingly of ice-water, to eat lightly and dress sensibly.

It is a promising trait of our political condition that education is still making its way to places where it has never flourished, that even the ultramontane influence has failed to check its progress at the North, and that in many of the Southern States the violent prejudices of caste are yielding to the useful influence of the intelligent teacher. Here, in fact, is our best hope of future union and peace. An educated community will prove our only safeguard against insincere and unworthy political leaders. The murderer, duelist, gambler, sink before the progress of knowledge. Educated communities punish or scorn crime, there is little doubt, before the public school. Humanity and benevolence surround the modest school-house. Cleanliness, sobriety, decency are learned in childhood. Labor is cheered and adorned by the study of letters, and the humblest workman may spend at least one hour a day with the poets, historians and philosophers.

No wonder men are always preaching about the happiness marriage confers on women, for "the wife of Prof. Rust, of the Madison (Ind.) Commercial College, was so disheartened by her husband's scolding, because supper was late, that she hung herself, on Friday night; and when the body was taken down next morning, her babe of five months was found lying on the bed, crying from hunger. The husband slept in another part of the house that night, and went away in the morning without eating breakfast, or seeing his wife, and did not know of her fate till the neighbor's children were sent to tell him."

One of the teachers in a Binghamton public school received the other day an excuse written in behalf of the delinquent pupil by the father. It runs in this wise: "Mr. Teacher—Dot poy of mine was absent de oder day van he layted out. He got von big cold in his neck vot make him much trouble all de vilent. Please don't give him some punishment ven he vos late in de morning. He would get there abst in time every day, but he not himself to blame; he is got no mother. She vos dead ten years ago. I am this poy's parent by his mother before she vos dead."

There are 11,000 women employed as telegraph operators in Great Britain.

daughters caught the contagion of his enthusiasm, and were as anxious as himself to be settled upon it. I need not describe in detail the incidents of that journey, down the Willamette to its mouth, and up the Columbia to what was at that time deemed the head of steam navigation. I would prefer to dwell for a little time upon my last visit to the somber wildwood where my blighted buds were buried. I felt a strange calmness as I knelt upon the tangled ferns and bade the precious dust of my darlings a long farewell. Maybe I was very wicked—I suppose I was; but I could not help feeling that if Gerald, my husband, were only lying there beside them it would be no worse for him, and certainly far better for my five surviving daughters and my own sick self.

I closed my eyes and listened to the sighing breezes. The white clouds floated over me, and the deep blue sky sent down electric currents that filled my sorrowing soul with a feeling of chastened joy. I do not think I fell asleep. I am sure my senses were well about me, but again I saw a vision. This time it was a landscape, beautiful, distinct, vivid, glorious. I was afraid to stir lest it might vanish. I feared to even think, lest I might lose it.

But I remembered Paul in the Third Heaven, John in the Isle of Patmos, Swedenborg in the Sixth Sphere, and Wesley in the Land of Souls. I held my breath lest I might blur the vision; and then I prayed, not audibly, but inwardly, as I thought of the dark valley of strife through which my earthly way meandered, and the burden of my prayer was, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me forever."

As I prayed, a beautiful form, radiant as the sun, and fair as the moon, approached me with a gliding motion. I pressed my hand upon my eyes to shield them from the overpowering light, but the involuntary action did not dim the vision.

"Mother, do you not recognize me?" asked a voice, if voice it might be called, that gave forth no audible sound. And then I knew that I was addressed by Gerald, my boy. But oh, how he had changed! How surely he had emerged from the benighted surroundings of his earthly life, and encompassed the marvelous liberty of our Father, God!

I rose to clasp him in my arms, but the apparition vanished. I turned my weary steps toward our former home, from which every arrangement was made for our final removal, and I felt as though I were treading on air.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the possibilities of the Hereafter," I said softly to myself, as I rejoined my family, and we repaired together to a steamer landing, hard by our olden home.

Of the magnificent scenery of the mighty Columbia my reader has heard so much and so often that I will not here attempt a description of that which, after all, must be seen to be imagined. In the words of an illustrious statesman, "We paused, awe-struck and astonished, at the torrent of the Columbia where it bursts its boundaries and tears its way through the mighty chasm guarded by Mount Hood and St. Helen, in its onward way toward the sea." We gazed, silent and satisfied, upon the swirling waters of the Dalles, as they tore their way through their rocky road, and sang the roaring monotone of the ages. We gazed in speechless wonder upon the treeless pampas of the upper river, where wild bunch grass waved in the silent breezes, the vast monotony broken here and there by the wigwam of the wild Indian, who watched for salmon in the foaming waters.

The Cascade Mountains, with hoary Hood as their eternal sentinel, were left far in our rear, and their lesser sisters, the Blue Range, loomed up in sight in the purple distance, tree-crowned and beautiful.

We landed upon a gravelled beach, with no sign of life near us save a prairie schooner, or ship of the desert, hard by a camp-fire where a half-dozen men were cooking venison steaks. The high wind blew the sand and gravel in all directions with a blinding fury. The evening was growing cold, and by the time we had gathered driftwood and built a fire, we were chilled through and through. I was terribly disappointed with the outlook, the girls were crying, and Gerald was cross.

"I have done my best to please you," he said, "but none of you appreciate me, or are satisfied with anything I do."

With this he strolled away, leaving us to pitch our tent, prepare the supper and wood, and fetch the water and make the beds for the night's much-needed rest. He had wandered away alone, so I felt no particular apprehension on account of his absence, and I did not see him approach the bevy of campers before mentioned, else I should have asked them not to give him liquor. Ah, me!

In the penitentiary at Auburn, New York, there are twenty-seven clergymen, forty-two lawyers, thirteen doctors, and three printers. Whereupon the Elko *Past* speaks thus encouragingly: "We are at the bottom of the list, brethren, but do not despair, pluck and perseverance will yet win."

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

Our thermometers have been climbing up so high of late that one begins to think they have exhausted all altitudes, and are now sending down such blasts of sweltering heat as to arouse a suspicion that this is an installment of that perennial hot climate which gives such great concern to Bob Ingersoll and the clergy. It's hot as blazes here, and our whole population seek the country. Excursion parties go down the river and in our beautiful parks to escape the sun's sweltering rays. The coming elections, investigations, Mrs. Jenks, and the Paris Exposition are all forgotten through the all-absorbing pressure of a 95°-in-the-shade thermometer.

Our *Daily Post* is used for libel. This paper, under glaring head-lines, recently announced a painful and very embarrassing scandal occurring in a certain Methodist Church in this city, the parties thereto being one "Britt, a book-binder," and a Miss Julia A. Simmons, whose tender heart was throbbing with dreams of heaven and a husband, and whose young girlish nature felt it necessary to cling to some strong pillar which promised protection in her pilgrimage to piety and paradise, etc., all of which appears, by the petition asking damages, to be unadmitted fiction, the parties being total strangers to each other, etc. It is doubtless interesting to the *Post* to contemplate the notoriety of one suit by Miss Simmons claiming damages at ten thousand dollars, and another by "Brother Britt" for an equal amount. Had the item referred to "Julia," not "Julia A.," it would have escaped a suit.

There seems to be an unusual emulation among discharged clerks, employes and the like, to prefer charges against their superior officer, bringing on the inevitable investigations of which this season was so prolific. For some time past our Columbia Hospital, one of our Congressional pets, has been the stage of grave inquiry into certain serious charges of brutality to the inmates on the part of Dr. Murphy, the physician in charge, preferred by a discharged nurse. Not only has the evidence failed to sustain the allegations, but the complainant has indignantly failed to appear to sustain them, and our public mind is relieved from the indignation excited at the supposed cruelties and wrongs done to the helpless.

Our defunct Board of Health, which Congress wiped out of existence by the new District government charter, gracefully submitted recently to the inevitable holding a final meeting, at which each member alluded to the work accomplished during the seven years the Board has been in power. No one who has noticed the summary manner by which health nuisances have been abated, typhoid fevers and small-pox have been stamped out, and the sanitary reforms effected among our ignorant colored and white people through our Board of Health, can, now that it is gone, refrain from commending its labor, and from hoping that its good works may be continued by the health officer who succeeds it.

The President has pardoned Charles Goodman, who was sent from here to the penitentiary for shooting Sam Weeden, and thus ends a rather exciting feud. The two worthies had been warm friends in the first circle in which they moved, but between a bad woman and worse whisky, they became deadly fighting enemies, and for several years our police courts chronicled a constant series of assaults upon each other. First one would perforate the other with a bullet, and the wounded man, upon recovering, would give a Roland for the Oliver he got, and as a consequence the doctor, the police, and the prison authorities have had constant charge of the fellows. Both, however, have become reconciled friends, and the President's pardon of Goodman, we trust, takes both out of public notice by terminating their jail-bird career. Our roughs in their brawls rarely oblige us by fatal shooting. We could well spare many of them, and we regret their undoubted longevity for evil.

Mr. Hayes has removed to the Soldiers' Home, where he and his administration will remain during the summer. Nature and art have done so much for the Soldiers' Home, that no more fitting place for rustication by the President can be found in the country. Martin Van Buren spent many of his summers at Alexandria, Virginia, at the house of a friend named Brown, distant about three miles from Georgetown. Since the war Caleb Cushing purchased the Brown residence for a summer-house, but has recently sold it.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 19, 1878.

REASONABLE SUPPOSITION.—In the environs of a country town a few days ago, a peasant sees a haggard stranger throw himself into a pond. He fishes him out, and a quarter of an hour later observes his haggard stranger hanging to a convenient bough. "All right," says the philosopher, "let him see how he has his own way, let him see how he likes it. That evening the philosopher peasant is summoned before the mayor for not interfering to prevent suicide. "What would you do?" he says, in a tone of a much-abused man. "I had just pulled him out of the water, and presumed he had hung himself up to dry."

Anything new?—A fresh this morning reporter asked in a railroad office, "Yes," replied the lone occupant of the apartment. "What is it?" queried the reporter, whipping out his notebook. Said the railroad man, edging toward the door, "That paint you're leaning against."

A Woman's Prison.

The Women's Prison in Sherborn, Mass., is about a mile from South Framingham, its railroad connection, and about an hour by rail distant from Boston.

This prison has been occupied only since last September. If the true history of its development and its progress were known, it could be traced, not directly to the efforts of women who have worked long and faithfully, if unknown and silently, for the amelioration of the condition of women in prisons and when released from them, so far as we know, there are, besides this prison at Sherborn, only two others exclusively for women, and under the immediate control of women; one in England and another in Indianapolis, Indiana.

Now that the experiment has proved successful, of having women prisoners isolated from the prisons of men, and of having them under the supervision of women, it is like every other matter of stride in civilization; we wonder it has been so long delayed.

We found several small rooms and a large, bright, sunny ward, appropriated to hospital uses; these are presided over by an Ann Arbor graduate, a woman evidently well suited to the position. It made our hearts glad to hear her kind words spoken to these poor unfortunates, and to see that heaven's own sunlight came in upon them, unobscured, in two large, sunny rooms were seen forty-four babies; some, as if conscious of their fate, bewailed it vociferously; others greeted us with smiling faces, and were as fair to look upon as a palace instead of a prison walls surrounded them. The majority of the mothers were young; should we lift the veil from this, perhaps their first temptation, what complications of the heart would be revealed! The question would arise, "What had been the mind, 'Where were their male accomplices in guilt?' In many instances they are respected members of society, men of families, old in sin, while their young victims alone are made to suffer the penalty of the law. The mills of God grind slowly," but let us hold on to the Divine Justice and believe it true.

A school is kept during six hours of the day, and each hour begins in a fresh class, of as many as are free from duty, and composed of such as most need instruction; those unable to read and write being given the first chance. We saw women verging upon middle age, as well as those quite young, who had been born and bred in New England, destitute of this elementary instruction. Some read to us with apparent pride in their achievement, and the copy-books of many showed a very commendable progress in this direction.

Respect the Name of Woman. The following admissions should be periodically republished in every newspaper, in order that they may be inflexibly stamped upon the memory of every young man, and every one else accustomed to make a habit of a woman's name, which should be the "immediate jewel" of every one's soul: "Never use a lady's name in an improper place at any improper time, or in mixed company. A wife makes assertions about her that you think untrue, or allusion that she herself would blush to hear. When you meet with men who do not scruple to use woman's name in a reckless manner, shun them; they are the very worst members of the community; men lost to every sense of honor, every feeling of humanity. Many a good and worthy woman's character has been forever ruined and her name blacked by a jest uttered by some villain, and repeated when it should not have been, and in presence of those whose little judgment could not deter them from circulating the foul and disgraceful report. A wife is propagated, and the smallest thing derogatory to a woman's character will fly on the wings of the wind and magnify as it circulates, until its monstrous weight crushes the poor unconscious victim. In respect the name of woman. Your mother, sisters, and your wife are women, and as you would have their fair names untarnished and their lives unblemished by the slanderer's bitter tongue, leave the ill your own name, and never propagate a lie, or pretend you know of a seamstress." Down came the foot, and the words are spoken bravely: "If I may take the word home, I will be very glad to do it."

Another time there is a peasant, a doctor and a nurse is required. She goes; and so gradually she acquired a reputation for intense earnestness in fulfilling her duty—that of earning money for her children—and, one thing leading to another, she learns how to support her family comfortably, and with ease. Where there's a will, one can generally find a way.

One of the largest and most expensive light-houses ever erected by the United States is now in process of construction on Fowey Rocks, on the northern extremity of the Florida Reefs. It is seven miles from land, and completes the chain of signal towers around these dangerous reefs. It is a peculiar feature of these reefs that they are so precipitous that their locality can scarcely be discovered by the most careful soundings. This new light-house is composed wholly of iron, and its improved method of illumination renders it, perhaps, the most perfect in the world. The light will be visible in clear weather about eighteen nautical miles, and is composed of both glass and metallic reflectors, constructed so as to send a beam of light along the whole horizon of the ocean. It is estimated that this structure will last three or four hundred years.

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Our *Daily Post* is used for libel. This paper, under glaring head-lines, recently announced a painful and very embarrassing scandal occurring in a certain Methodist Church in this city, the parties thereto being one "Britt, a book-binder," and a Miss Julia A. Simmons, whose tender heart was throbbing with dreams of heaven and a husband, and whose young girlish nature felt it necessary to cling to some strong pillar which promised protection in her pilgrimage to piety and paradise, etc., all of which appears, by the petition asking damages, to be unadmitted fiction, the parties being total strangers to each other, etc. It is doubtless interesting to the *Post* to contemplate the notoriety of one suit by Miss Simmons claiming damages at ten thousand dollars, and another by "Brother Britt" for an equal amount. Had the item referred to "Julia," not "Julia A.," it would have escaped a suit.

There seems to be an unusual emulation among discharged clerks, employes and the like, to prefer charges against their superior officer, bringing on the inevitable investigations of which this season was so prolific. For some time past our Columbia Hospital, one of our Congressional pets, has been the stage of grave inquiry into certain serious charges of brutality to the inmates on the part of Dr. Murphy, the physician in charge, preferred by a discharged nurse. Not only has the evidence failed to sustain the allegations, but the complainant has indignantly failed to appear to sustain them, and our public mind is relieved from the indignation excited at the supposed cruelties and wrongs done to the helpless.

Our defunct Board of Health, which Congress wiped out of existence by the new District government charter, gracefully submitted recently to the inevitable holding a final meeting, at which each member alluded to the work accomplished during the seven years the Board has been in power. No one who has noticed the summary manner by which health nuisances have been abated, typhoid fevers and small-pox have been stamped out, and the sanitary reforms effected among our ignorant colored and white people through our Board of Health, can, now that it is gone, refrain from commending its labor, and from hoping that its good works may be continued by the health officer who succeeds it.

The President has pardoned Charles Goodman, who was sent from here to the penitentiary for shooting Sam Weeden, and thus ends a rather exciting feud. The two worthies had been warm friends in the first circle in which they moved, but between a bad woman and worse whisky, they became deadly fighting enemies, and for several years our police courts chronicled a constant series of assaults upon each other. First one would perforate the other with a bullet, and the wounded man, upon recovering, would give a Roland for the Oliver he got, and as a consequence the doctor, the police, and the prison authorities have had constant charge of the fellows. Both, however, have become reconciled friends, and the President's pardon of Goodman, we trust, takes both out of public notice by terminating their jail-bird career. Our roughs in their brawls rarely oblige us by fatal shooting. We could well spare many of them, and we regret their undoubted longevity for evil.

Mr. Hayes has removed to the Soldiers' Home, where he and his administration will remain during the summer. Nature and art have done so much for the Soldiers' Home, that no more fitting place for rustication by the President can be found in the country. Martin Van Buren spent many of his summers at Alexandria, Virginia, at the house of a friend named Brown, distant about three miles from Georgetown. Since the war Caleb Cushing purchased the Brown residence for a summer-house, but has recently sold it.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 19, 1878.

REASONABLE SUPPOSITION.—In the environs of a country town a few days ago, a peasant sees a haggard stranger throw himself into a pond. He fishes him out, and a quarter of an hour later observes his haggard stranger hanging to a convenient bough. "All right," says the philosopher, "let him see how he has his own way, let him see how he likes it. That evening the philosopher peasant is summoned before the mayor for not interfering to prevent suicide. "What would you do?" he says, in a tone of a much-abused man. "I had just pulled him out of the water, and presumed he had hung himself up to dry."

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