

HER LOT;

How She Was Protected. By Mrs. A. J. PENWAY. CHAPTER XXVIII.

It must have been three o'clock in the morning when Gerald, led by two teamsters, came staggering into camp.

I told them that I should ever be separated from them, except by death, had never before dawned upon me. I told them that I could not let them go; that we must suffer and struggle together.

"If you'll get rid of the horrid incubus, whose only claim upon you is the, to us, unavoidable and melancholy fact that he begot us, I'd be willing to live and die for you!" exclaimed Ethel, who had been reading Shakespeare.

"He is your father, darling, and you must not forget that filial obedience is your highest duty," I said, reprovingly.

"We'll not discuss that matter, child," I said, my heart sinking anew. "I'm going over to those teamsters and see if I can't hire them to remove our effects to the new ranches. You keep the camp till I return."

"No, mother?" exclaimed the girl. "Surely you do not intend to humiliate us any further before those men? There is a young gentleman traveling with them who speaks to us last night, and assisted us while we were carrying water. I do hate so badly to have him know of our poverty and helplessness!"

"Mother, are you ill?" she asked, tenderly. "No, darling; it's nothing." I answered, as soon as I could speak.

"You're making quite an ado about nothing," she retorted, with an uneasy laugh, as she saw that my breath and speech had returned.

"Do you know that young man's name or parentage, Ethel?" "The child looked at me with a sudden start. The blush that at first had overgrown his face now covered her eyes and cheeks, and extended in a fairly vivid hue to the roots of her beautiful hair. She turned away and did not answer me."

"Is it possible that he is to be deemed to endure a matrimonial experience like my own?" I asked myself, as the memory of the full life of my married years went through me like a tornado.

"I had no time to indulge in the luxury of sorrow. The proprietors of the ships of the desert, apparently all unconscious of the domestic storm they had unwittingly brewed in my camp, were harnessing their mules preparatory to taking their departure."

"My husband had fallen asleep, and while his stuper lasted I would be free to act upon my own responsibility." "Good-morning, gentlemen," I said, with a smile, the best I could command, though I had a painful feeling that, smile or sullen, such circumstances was very like a grimace.

The men, thus addressed, frowned and bearded and shabbily attired as they were, suddenly assumed the deferential manners of gentlemen.

"Anything we can do to serve you, madam?" said one. "And as he raised his hat and bowed, I instinctively felt that he was none other than the traveler of whom my daughter had spoken."

"I felt my own cheeks tingle as the hot blood mounted to my face, and a feeling

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like the ghost of a faded memory swept over my senses. "My husband is wholly unfit to attend to business this morning, so it devolves upon me to look after the means of conveying our effects to our new home."

"Madam," replied the gentleman, again bowing low, while a flush overspread his features, that I saw were open, honest, and handsome, despite the soil and grime of travel.

"I am an orphan, and I have no family. I wish to homestead a claim adjoining this one, and I realize my need of association with a worthy family. If you are willing to employ me, I will engage myself for you for one year, at fifty dollars per month and board, and I will invest the little money I possess in sheep, cattle, a span of horses, and some farming implements. The live stock you can hold on shares, all their services and one-half the increase to be yours at the end of two years, and the machinery to belong to you as fast as you may be able to pay for it. Pardon me if I seem abrupt, but the teams are going, and if we do not close our bargain, I will accompany them."

"Do hire him, mother," said two of the girls; but Ethel, whom I knew to be more deeply interested than the others, was silent. "I accept your offer, sir. We shall be very glad to have you."

The wagon differentiated and turned to the left to secure his traveling bag, while I, overcome with emotion, clasped Ethel to my bosom, and inwardly prayed the great Father to shield and guide her."

The dear child returned my fond embrace for an instant, and then addressed herself to her duties, her lips compressed with intense feeling. "My name," quaintly remarked our new athlete, "is McDonald—George McDonald. I am a native of New Brunswick, but I have lived so much among the New England people that I readily pass for a downright Yankee."

"I am somewhat given to asking questions. Will you be kind enough to introduce yourself to me, madam?" I was curious to learn your name."

"My name is Grey, Mr. McDonald. Allow me to present my daughter, Miss Grey, and Miss Alice. And these are the younger Misses Grey," indicating the smaller children.

"If ever I knew one man who proved superior to all others, as a factotum and a gentleman, that man was George McDonald. He filled his part of our contract to the very letter, and to our complete satisfaction."

"As usual, Gerald took but little notice of our affairs, and paid no attention to procuring the means of our common livelihood. I had so many times lost my entire earnings through the technicalities of a legal system that gave every advantage into the unrestrained hands of my husband, that I was now resolved to rob me of my hard-earned possessions. So I had the case before my hired man, only to find that, because I was a wife, and therefore not the head of a family—heaven save the mark—I had no homestead rights, and could have no hope of any, because I was not a widow."

"Good reader, can you pardon me when I declare that I most devoutly wish that I could be a widow? Would you not, under the same conditions, have been troubled with a like longing?"

"How long will men continue in the manufacture and enforcement of laws that place a premium upon the independent condition of widowhood as compared to widowhood? I know it is a very common thing for men to sympathize with you that my deepest sympathies are expended upon those unfortunate wives who desire widowhood in order that they may be free to provide themselves and children with a home of their own earning, from which no imprevient husband may have the right to oust them through debts of his own contracting."

"How refreshing to be credibly informed that the State of Maine has on hand about a million tons of ice, which will contribute a good deal toward keeping the world cool. A large proportion of this ice has been sent from the Kennebec River, along whose banks a stranger sees, as one visitor expressed it, 'ice-houses to the right of lady, ice-houses to the left of him.' This ice goes to various places—New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, etc. The Fenwick River, in Maine, also yields a good deal of ice now, arrangements having been made to free it, by a dam, from the sand which formerly caused it to be gritty."

"It is remarked of the average Chicago couple, 'Two souls with but a single thought—how to get rid of each other.'" Soliloquy by a tippler—The public always notices when you have been drinking, and never when you are thirsty.

"Yellow fever has broken out at New Orleans. The Indian War of 1856-57. Here the several companies were examined by a committee appointed for that purpose, and all whose horse or equipments were thought inadequate to the purposes of an effective winter campaign were offered a discharge."

"I have no money to pay a laborer, sir. You are very kind, but I prefer getting along as we are." "But I want no wages until our labors shall produce them," he replied, promptly. "Indeed, I am possessed of a few hundreds, with which I will purchase stock and farming implements. I wish to homestead a claim adjoining this one, and I realize my need of association with a worthy family. If you are willing to employ me, I will engage myself for you for one year, at fifty dollars per month and board, and I will invest the little money I possess in sheep, cattle, a span of horses, and some farming implements. The live stock you can hold on shares, all their services and one-half the increase to be yours at the end of two years, and the machinery to belong to you as fast as you may be able to pay for it. Pardon me if I seem abrupt, but the teams are going, and if we do not close our bargain, I will accompany them."

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some greatly exaggerated account of exciting adventure. Indeed, so given are they to hyperbole, that few of them seem capable of giving an unembellished account of anything. While sitting by their blazing camp-fire, some one remarked that we would probably have cold weather in Walla Walla during the winter. "Cold?" said Narcise V., supplementing the word with the monosyllable that is used to denote the place of darkness.

"Why, the coldest weather here is like a bake oven compared with the Blackfoot country. Forty years ago I was trapping on the head-waters of the Missouri, and one morning, mounting my horse, the same one I have with me now, I proceeded to visit my traps a mile or two distant. I had just gained my saddle to return to camp, when I was horrified at seeing a thousand Blackfeet charging down the hill toward me. Knowing my life depended on outrunning them, I put spurs to my horse, and didn't he scratch ground! I don't believe he touched the gravel more than a half-dozen times during the first half-mile. I then reined him in to get a breath, and turning my head, discovered that all the savages had given up the chase except one, and he was in close pursuit, with his long bow drawn ready to launch an arrow into the roll of buffalo robes that I wore around me. I dropped from my horse, and drawing a bead on the Indian with this same rifle I have with me now, I planted an ounce-ball just above his glowing eye-balls. His horse now halted and began eating grass. I had reloaded by this time, and gave him another salute, but, judge of my surprise on having my bullet whirl back over my head as it bounded off from his forehead. The savage still held his bow drawn, and I was puzzled to know why he did not shoot. But when his horse in feeding turned his head away from me, and the Indian his aim in the same direction, the mystery was solved. He had frozen stiff in the pose he had assumed on first attempting to shoot me. I approached and tried to push him from his horse, but they were inseparable. I pushed the poor horse over a number of times, but could not dislodge his rider, for his legs had frozen as hard as a rock in the shape he had clinched them to prevent his going over the horse's head as he thundered down the hill toward me. I towed the horse into camp, however, and a stone-cutter, after two days' hard labor, in amputating one of the savage's legs above the knee, and then we got him off his horse. I dragged him a hundred yards from camp, and there his carcass lay until the following July, proof against the swarms of hungry wolves, when, thawing out sufficiently, the arrow slipped from his fingers and killed a rattlesnake with its snarling tormenters."

"His auditors listened attentively until the story was concluded, when they each joined in a hearty laugh. Then each had some indignant addition to suggest, or quizzing question to ask, all voicing at the same time, and each striving to be heard above all others. But when it is known that these uncultured sons of nature possess the impetudity and impetuously the Frenchman, the cunning and endurance of the Indian, and that they are not excelled by Russian Cossack, Egyptian Mameluke, Arabian freebooter or Mexican caudero in horsemanship, their efficiency as Indian fighters will not be questioned." [To be continued.]

"No, my dear; my credit is well unimpaired, and business is looking up." "You can't mean to say, my dear, that your old pain in the head has come back?"

"No." "Have you had to pay the note for your brother Joseph?"

"No." "Have you, now tell me, Alexander Biddick, have you had another attack of vertigo?"

"No." "Has your cashier broken his Murphy pledge?"

"No." "Now I know—I expected it—I knew it all the time—I felt sure it would be so. Mr. Debatour has asked for Sera-plina?"

"No, nothing of the kind." "Then tell me, without waiting another minute, what has happened; I can bear it; let me know the worst."

"Well, that breeches button I told you about has got tired of hanging on by its thread, and here it is."—Elinora Gazette.

"A woman has no right to practice law or preach," remarked an old curriculum to us, the other day. We inquired of him whether, in his opinion, woman had a right to pay taxes, be tried by a jury of her peers, or hear the lessons of Christianity—in short, whether human rights were matters of sex or of intellect. If of intellect, then they must necessarily belong to both sexes alike. There are idiots in this world who will advance the opinion yet that a woman has no right to be hungry or cold—no right to die.—San Jose Mercury.

"A tramp bill has been reported in the New Hampshire legislature to punish tramps with fifteen months in the State prison for kindling fires on land without the owner's consent, two years for carrying fire-arms, and five years for any maleficent injury to personal or real estate."

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER. TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST: We referred last week to the baseless investigation of charges against our Columbia Hospital, and the final report of the Board of Inquiry confirms our statement. The discharged nurse who caused the investigation absolutely had no case, for her own witnesses failed to support any of her allegations, so the Board dismissed the matter as unworthy any further consideration. We expect another investigation next winter of the insane asylum, because one of its inmates charges that he is improperly held and treated. One of our daily papers publishes the letter which he writes, and we doubt not that some Congressman whose brains are quite as sick lurking in equilibrium as the lunatic's, will introduce and press upon the House a resolution of inquiry into the care and treatment of the asylum patients. The name of this lunatic is Conway. He brought himself into great notoriety here a few years since by attempting to shoot Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas, for alleged improper advances to his (Conway's) wife. No attempt was made to punish him therefor, and for a long time afterward he was permitted to wander through our streets, as his undoubted insanity took the harmless form of decorating his clothes and hat with colored rags and ribbons, which he alleged were insignia pertaining to the high rank he held among the aristocrats of the world. That he remains "in mad as a March hare," no one doubts who sees him at the asylum clinging lovingly to his decorations, yet he is sane enough to match some of the members of Congress, hence, our belief that an investigation will be demanded next winter. The asylum passed through a rigid and searching one last year, which developed only the fact that an honest superintendent could at times overlook certain details entrusted necessarily to attendants, and, as he resigned after acquittal, it is about time to "go for" his successor. Under an act of Congress, there is a post office box provided at this asylum in which patients can deposit letters without interference or espionage of the officials; hence, any friend can be informed of abuses, should any exist, and sanity enough be found to do the needed writing involved.

It must be gratifying to the whole people of the United States to know that Washington not only has the largest medical library in the world, but that it is being put to one of the very best uses that such a collection of valuable books can be employed. Under the immediate supervision of the Surgeon-General, a book of reference is being compiled which is to be every intelligent physician in the land what the "American Encyclopaedia" is to the student of general knowledge. Literature has not yet had an acquisition of this kind, and its addition, growing out of the Federal City as the work of one of its public officers, will be a matter of little interest to the citizen who prides himself on his nationality. When it is remembered this book will enable the physician in the shortest manner possible to inform himself on any case he may have on hand by all that has ever been written on the subject, its value to the health of the world can scarcely be over-estimated. It is intended that every library shall be furnished with one at the cost of production, the copy consisting of six volumes, each about as large as "Webster's Dictionary."

The Commissioner of Agriculture, General Le Duc, is determined his incumbency shall not be professed to the country. The subject of fish culture has now his earnest and thorough investigation, which has prepared him to announce, with the utmost confidence, that this fruit can be successfully and most profitably cultivated in the temperate and warm climate of America. He strongly recommends the subject to agriculturists throughout the country, and suggests the varieties as the best to be experimented upon. In collecting his information, he has availed himself of the services of our foreign ministers stationed in fish-growing countries. It is quite possible that curing fish may become as much an American industry as making raisins and sorghum syrup.

Congress authorized the public printer to publish a third edition of the "Polaris Expedition," and to furnish a copy at cost to any person wanting it. It is a large, well-bound book, beautifully illustrated, and of finest typography. Its cost is \$1 75, which sum will cover postage; hence, any person desiring a copy can secure it by remitting this amount here to Hon. John D. Defrees.

Washington, D. C., July 28, 1878. Miss Warren, of Texas, having a brother in the penitentiary, unjustly sentenced, as she believes, has taken a novel and effective method to protest. She appears everywhere in public, at church, parties, etc., in a dress made of such striped cloth as convicts wear. Believing her brother innocent, she has made up her mind thus to display her sympathy, and call attention to the wrong which has been done to him. An exchange encouragingly remarks that the average young man is so unfeeling that fathers ought to hide their daughters. What the average young man is afraid of is not so much that his father will hide his daughter as that he will hide the average young man.—Norwich Bulletin.

"Portable Hades" Subdued. Much has been said, and much unwittingly, that proves the effects of Woman Suffrage where it exists to be beneficial and elevating in its tendency. The following, though evidently not intended for proof of this character, is proof nevertheless. It is from correspondence of a Rochester newspaper, and the reader will remember that Woman Suffrage has prevailed in the place described about eight years:

Inasmuch as the most interesting feature of a Western town is its social character, it may be well to remark that Cheyenne has long enjoyed the enviable and elegant society of "Hill on Wheels." This is the striking meaning conveyed in this name. There is none of the playfulness generally characterizing a title of affection or endearment. It is, of course, a nickname given because "Old Nibs" himself held court there for several years. It is not intended to convey sarcasm by contrast. It is intended for fact. Although the Juggernaut car of devilry, which created for the place so fearful an appellation, has not rolled far to the West, and is keeping short-hand recording angels busy in the mining towns of Utah and Nevada, yet the track it left is by no means entirely overgrown or hidden by the grateful verdure of peace and order. Cheyenne has done much to redeem itself, and to-day it is not only pleasant and safe, but in many respects desirable as a place of abode.

The old crowd of rowdies that once rendered the town obnoxious to decent people have passed away, some to other fields of dissipation and crime, and many of them are lying peacefully and quietly with their bones on a little field out on the plain, not a short distance from the city. The old dance-houses and variety theaters, where the trouble began at the opening of the doors at four o'clock in the afternoon, and kept up all night; where acts of real tragedies were interspersed between the comedies, and where revolver shots constituted the metemorphosis of a beating for the music; where fortunes were made or lost by the turn of a card or the count of a dice as coolly as marbles; where female purity was never thought of, and human life was sacrificed as a blow; where the biggest thief was the most admired, and the biggest bully the most respected—all these and concomitant evils have passed away, leaving in their place a more successful and more virtuous of their vice-breeding haunts. The places that once knew nothing of the Sabbath day and its hallowed influences now rejoice in the existence of organized and successful church societies. The Methodists, Presbyterians, Catholics, Episcopalian and Congregationalists, all have good, commodious buildings and schools. The public schools are also well conducted and well attended. All this has been effected within six years, and the good work goes steadily on.

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 partially in being indulgent upon their 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 she can never be anything else but a woman, who 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 you of your "inferiority or inferiority to man's 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 is more efficient for progress, but woman for elevation. 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 education 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 superior to 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; who forget to thank the noble women who, in spite of all handicaps, in spite of all defamations, and in the very center of a tyrdom, are struggling to elevate their sex, and are urging them to keep pace with advancing civilization.

The world is overflowing with badly-organized humanity, men, women and children, whose relation to society is the same as that of thistles and nettles in the vegetable world. To sit down quietly and say there is no help for the condition of things, is an insult to the intelligence of the race.

Miss Amanda Turner, of Vineland, is one of the newest aspirants for public favor as a singer. Thus far she has received with meagre success.

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