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MRS. HARDINE'S WILL.

By ABIGAIL SCOTT DUNSTON.

ADVICE OF "MRS. HARDINE'S WILL" BY ABIGAIL SCOTT DUNSTON. "MRS. HARDINE'S WILL" BY ABIGAIL SCOTT DUNSTON.

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CHAPTER I.

CHINCAPIN OAKS.

It was near the eve of the Fourth of July, Anno Domini one thousand eight hundred and forty-six. The United States of America had been for seventy years an independent nation, with an empire that already spanned a mighty continent. The enthusiastic heart of the Middle West was aglow with intense patriotism, and the locality where my story opens was not to be outdone by more pretentious associations of freemen in other parts of the Republic; and so there was to be a grand celebration at Chincapin Oaks.

As I said in the beginning, there was to be a grand celebration at Chincapin Oaks. The affair had been the one theme of neighborhood gossip and village thought for many weeks. Numerous town meetings had been held at the primitive school-house by duly appointed committees; and "Squire Ingleton, who had at first been temporarily elected moderator, had since permanently held the post by the popular vote of the citizens, thereby disgracing Captain Hardine, his rival, owner of a yet broader landed domain than his own, until that individual sovereign saw fit to avow, at the last moment, and when much was depending upon his assistance, that he would bear no proportion of the necessary expenses of the entertainment, nor would he permit his wife, nor one of his dozen children, to have anything whatever to do with it.

lately into the paternal face, while a great lump rose in his throat, and a feeling akin to shame brought blushes to his mobile features. "I think it's downright mean of you to keep 'Lize and me away from the barbecue. And then there's the dance, you know. 'Lize and me had 'lotted a heap on havin' a good time—the first in our lives. You know how hard we work, and how little we get out of life at best. I don't usually need any check to my expenses, but this is an extra occasion. I'd engaged 'Lize's company to John Ingleton for the day, and I was to go with Tirzah."

John Hardine, the senior, allowed no idlers in his hive; and when the noisy meal was finished at which the conversation occurred that has here been chronicled, he hurried forth into the blistering sunshine to his daily toil; for the season was late and the corn not yet "laid by," and there were several days of vigorous hoeing yet to be done before the eventful Fourth.

John, Junior, took his hoe in his cleaved hands, as he was hidden, and went vigorously to work, while Sally and 'Lize followed, their eyes, like his, flashing covert defiance. "I wish I was dead!" exclaimed 'Lize, as soon as she and her brother, who worked side by side, had so far out-distanced their father and Sally as to be beyond their hearing.

counterplots. Like all despots, he distrusted the faith of his subjects. Many a time, in the presence of his patient wife, had he lamented, in an injured, sly tone, as though she were the cause of his tribulations—that he was not properly honored and respected by the members of his own household.

STONE THE WOMAN—LET THE MAN GO FREE. Yes, stone the woman—let the man go free! Draw back your skirts lest they perchance may touch.

hand. The proposition, which he at once made to Miss Blackwood, was a matter of great surprise to the young lady, and one which she held under consideration for some time. As she had never been much in society, she had never met one of the opposite sex for whom she felt more than the ordinary interest.

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FREE SPEECH, FREE PRESS, FREE PEOPLE.

THE HOME.

[This department of THE NEW NORTHWEST is devoted to the household, lawn and garden. Correspondents having new and tried recipes for any department of domestic occupation will confer a public favor by contributing to this column.]

DELICIOUS TOASTED CHEESE.—Cut the cheese into slices of moderate thickness, and put them in a tinued copper sauce-pan with a little butter and cream, simmer very gently until quite dissolved, then remove it from the fire, allow it to cool a little, and add some yolk of egg, well beaten; make it into a shape and draw it before the fire.

PASTRY.—In making pastry, use cold water and cold lard; roll out the under crust, and then for the upper crust take the dough that is left and roll it out, perhaps half an inch thick; then spread cold lard, not thicker than a case-knife, and dredge it with flour; then take the edge and roll it up; then cut off the end enough for one crust; do not knead it further; roll it out.

WITHOUT JUST CAUSE OR PROVOCATION. NOTICE.—My wife, Mary Jane Smith, having left my bed and board without just cause or provocation, the public is hereby notified not to trust or harbor her on my account, as I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by her.

THE ABOVE MORSEL is published to the world by the immaugurate Smith, both as a vindication of his own "honor" and a fling at the woman whom he had sworn to love and protect.

Fifteen years ago, this man, then in the full maturity of his powers, led to the altar the young and beautiful Miss Blackwood. The marriage of this couple was published to the world as a fashionable and brilliant affair.

ANGEL CAKE.—The whites of eleven eggs; one cup of flour after sifting; one teaspoonful of cream tartar; mix the whites and cream together; beat the eggs to a stiff froth, and then beat in one and one-half cups of sugar and a teaspoonful of vanilla; add the flour, and beat lightly but thoroughly; bake in an ungreased pan, slowly, forty minutes. The pan should be set in a water-bath, and the water should be kept boiling till you can mash through a colander.

TO MAKE PLEASANT OUR SITTING-ROOM in winter-time, take a quart glass jar with a large mouth and fill with water; then take a sweet potato and pierce through with a wire, six inches long, about through the middle; suspend this by the wire across the mouth of the jar, so half the potato will be in the water. In a few days rootlets will fill the spring, while pretty green vines will spring from the upper half of the potato and grow wonderfully fast.

A FRENCH WAY OF WASHING.—A system of washing clothes has lately been introduced in some French towns which is worthy of special mention. Its economy is so great as to materially reduce the cost. This is the process: Two pounds of soap is reduced with a little water to a pulp, which, having been slightly warmed, is cooled in ten gallons of water, to which is added one spoonful of turpentine oil and two spoonfuls of ammonia; then the mixture is agitated. The water is kept at a temperature which may be borne by the hand.

Mrs. Graves, of Morristown, New Jersey, bequeathed to the Consumptives' Home, of Boston, \$10,000; Women's Missionary Society of America, \$5,000; American Missionary Society, \$5,000; Home Missionary Society of the Congregational Church of the United States of America, \$5,000; Children's Aid Society of New York, \$1,000; Home for Incorables of Brooklyn, New York, \$1,000; Foreign Sunday School Association of Brooklyn, New York, \$1,000; Bates College, Kentucky, \$1,000; Library Association of Conway, Massachusetts, \$1,000.

POWER OF THE PRESS.—I love to hear the rambling of the steam power press better than the rattle and roar of artillery. It is silently attacking and vanquishing the Malakoffs of vice and Redans of evil; and its parallel and approximate can be rendered. It like the click of type in the composing stick better than the click of the musket in the hands of the soldier. It bears a louder messenger of a deadlier power, of sublimar force, and of a surer aim, which will hit the mark, though it is distant a thousand years.—Chapin.

ENTER OYSTERS. AT ALISKY & NECKLE'S, 741 St. Hel, Astor and Morrison.

CHINA. SCLATH INVITES HER OLD PATRONS AND THE PUBLIC GENERALLY TO CALL AT HIS NEW BUTCHER SHOP, Washington St., one door east of Third.