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A Journal for the People.
Devoted to the Interests of Humanity.
Independent in Politics and Religion.

Correspondents writing over assumed signatures must make known their names to the Editor...

MRS. HARDINE'S WILL.

By ADGAIL SCOTT DUNWAY.
AUTHOR OF "CUSTER BIRD," "HELLEN TOWN," "AMIE AND HENRY LEE," "THE HAPPY HOME," "BEARIE MORGAN," "FACT, FATE AND FANCY," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.
A WIFE'S DEPOSITION.

The first man in America, or, for aught I know, in the world, who practically recognized the inalienable right of a married woman to the personal ownership of such real estate as she would acquire through her own exertions after marriage, was Oregon's first Territorial representative in Congress, the late lamented Samuel R. Thurston.

Mr. Thurston had come to the Oregon Territory at an early day, and had witnessed the formation of its provisional government. He had noted the privations, toils and struggles of the wives of the pioneers, and his great soul was stirred by their necessities.

She knew, and so did her husband, that the proffered liberty to better her condition any day she liked was only an empty boast, and so she retreated more and more within herself, and went on devising different schemes for making money, all of which proved futile till the dairy project was broached; and John, liking the idea, assisted in her plans, and grew gracious toward her in proportion as her financial advantages became apparent.

When night came, a stranger entered his humble hospitality, and received him. In answer to his queries in reference to vacant claims in the neighborhood, John emphatically declared there were none. Tizrach knew this to be untrue, and to cover her indignation, expressed a wish that her own mother and brothers and sisters could come to Oregon, so they might once more be a united family.

But John answered never a word, and the stranger looked on in silence. Tizrach could not help exclaiming, at last, as she turned toward her husband with a look of infinite scorn: "I wish it were possible for me to tell how ardently I loathe the very thought of the Hardines!"

The two men took a long walk before retiring, and John Hardine was looked upon by his visitor before their walk was ended as a sort of persecuted angel. "I tell you, Mr. Sappington," said John, with emphasis, "I don't know what to do with my woman! I married her with a view of happiness and domestic comfort, but her temper tries me almost to desperation."

"You bear it well, Mr. Hardine." "Yes, reasonably well; but my life is a burden. You can't tell much about a woman till you marry her. I would have sworn, one hour before she became my wife, that she had an angelic disposition. But it wasn't two days till I discovered my mistake. Have you a family, sir?"

"Yes; a wife and one child." "I hope your lot has been a happy one, Mr. Sappington." "Yes, reasonably so, all things considered. My wife isn't perfect, by any means; but she wouldn't dare to flout me up and talk to me as your wife did to you. I'd slap her over for it, in double quick."

"Before folks?" "No; not exactly—before folks I'd wait till I had her alone." "The trouble with my wife is, that she never says anything ugly to me when we are alone. Our trouble always comes up when somebody's by."

ownness; she is far too indifferent to trifling things for that. But there is a lingering longing away down in her heart for her bereft mother's companionship, an insatiable desire to yet fulfill her part of the most solemn and earnest contract of her life. It is this, alone, that prevents her from committing suicide.

As immigrants the husband and wife had arrived upon the ground in the Autumn, and had, with the assistance of neighbors, (if those friends might be called neighbors who had taken claims a number of miles away, and who regularly exchanged work with John Hardine), erected a cabin and other necessary accommodations for the most primitive mode of life. After this duty was accomplished, John began at once to evince his father's skill in accumulating lands. Tizrach, who had examined the Donation Law, and with womanly insight had noted its possible advantages to herself, begged hard for the house, fences and other rude improvements to be put upon her own half of the mile-square claim they had jointly taken. But John, equally clever, and far more advantageously situated through law and custom, decreed otherwise, and she was powerless.

"I'll have nobody throwing it up to me that I live with my wife!" said John. "Suppose I should vow that I'd have nobody saying that I live with my husband!" retorted Tizrach. "The cases are altogether different," answered John.

"Only to your imagination," said Tizrach. "The world's wide, and if you don't want to live with me, and don't like my way of doing, you're at liberty to better your condition any day you see fit, Mrs. Hardine."

Tizrach never tried to argue with John when he came down upon her with that emphatic name. It was always as though the iron collar were suddenly tightened about her neck—the collar that she could not get rid of; and yet she constantly struggled to keep the feet of its existence out of her mind.

John did not once allude to the letter during the meal. He was silent and preoccupied. He was glad to know his parents were intending to join him; but, as he had been determined not to be annoyed by Tizrach's family, he felt ashamed to inform her that his own would be upon them in the Fall. He was glad Tizrach did not ask any questions, as explanations would have been awkward.

A letter in those days was an unusual visitor in an Oregon home, and Tizrach's heart leaped with mingled joy and dread as she watched her husband while he deliberately broke the seal and studied hard over its contents.

"I know it can help you to decipher it, John," she said, expectantly. But John evidently did not think so. He folded it carefully and put it in his pocket, and went off as though going about his work, whistling as he went.

"I know it was from home, for it had the Chinese post mark," said Tizrach to herself. "And it was mean and cruel in him not to let me know all about it. But I'll find out; see if I don't!"

John Hardine turned a corner of the house as soon as he was out of the way of his wife, and sat down with his back against the door. "This my skin if I want any woman to know too much about my affairs!" he muttered. "The monarch was always close-mouthed, and he got along," he continued, as he made another attempt to master the cramped, irregular hieroglyphics which he had recognized at once as the chirography of the Junior Hardins.

seated himself before she was upon his very heels, and the seam in the battered door of the dairy having struck with the first days of sunshine, left a crevice through which she looked with ease, and read the letter with breathless interest.

"Your old monarch's richer than cream cheese," wrote the deputy postmaster, "and every body knows it. The Ingletons are a hard lot. The old woman washes by the day, and takes her pay in Old Crows and spoiled Bacon and Soap. She don't care for care for nothing, but I reckon none of them'll starve. It was doozed lucky that you didn't marry the Hole lot as your wife expected. A feller don't stand no show when he's hampered by pore relations. Now for Biz. The Hardines, bag and baggage, are going to start to Oregon in one month. The old Man ain't good on the pen-rite, and so he gets me to say so for him. He says he's bound to have some more land. It's curious they don't hear nothing of John Ingleton. A feller ain't justified in throwing off on his people like that. But then I reckon he don't know the old man's deal. The Old woman took on powerful at first, but your sister Tize, she kinder consoled her and helped 'em through the Winter. Tize swears she'll stay with them only she can't leave her own mother. Sal has married Joe Ridgeway and took up with the Willder and made the monarch awful mad. He got a Mortgage on her place, but Sal turned to and helped read it. There's no outwitting 'em. I hope you're in under good control, cause they're mighty pore stock to Winter over if they ain't."

Tizrach could read the letter much more rapidly than her husband, and as soon as the last word was devoured, she hurriedly retraced her steps, and, entering the cabin, threw herself upon the bed and prayed earnestly for the power to die.

When John returned in the evening to his supper, he found her with red eyes and her face swollen with weeping. But her work was well done, the meal of venison steaks, potatoes, butter and biscuit was savory, and the tea was fragrant and palatable. The milking, too, had been promptly finished, and the night's wood brought in, for a heavy rain was threatening, and Tizrach loved peace too well to leave anything undone which she thought would offer an excuse to John to grumble. It did not once occur to her that it was her duty to spare her strength for a far more important use than that of unregulated servitude. Possibly, in her dull state of mind, she would not have obeyed the voice of duty if she had heard its pleadings. She did not care to live, and would have worked herself to death at any time had it been possible.

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 5, 1880. TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST: The new rules of the House are undoubtedly open to fair and independent criticism, notwithstanding the many improvements made in pruning them of obsolete and useless provisions. No appropriation of public money should be permitted save upon a year and day vote, and no appropriation bill should contain general legislation on any pretext whatever—the specified permission of retrenching expenditures is a specious one which will permit easy evasion. In other, though minor respects, too much latitude is given for depletion of the Treasury by designing persons, and I predict that the most pernicious legislation of the future will, as in the past, be rushed through Congress by means of the loop-holes afforded by the lack of the safeguards above.

Senator Randolph opened up the bill on the first John Porter case in the Senate with an able and ingenious defence. Senator Logan's rejoinder occupied several days. This discussion was not upon the House bill, which proposed pardon and reinstatement and back pay to the amount of \$75,000, but upon a substitute offered by Senator Randolph, which offered pardon with reinstatement as the retold list. [The case is laid over for the present session. —EDITOR NEW NORTHWEST.]

The pension question is becoming a most serious one to Congress, and how to best dispose of it perplexes the minds of no few of the senators. Mr. Coffroth has introduced into the House a bill providing for the establishment of a Pension Court, to which shall be referred the many cases rejected by the Pension Office. This is a most judicious and commendable measure. The Pension Office cannot, in the nature of things, be otherwise than technical; hence the need of another tribunal empowered to rule upon the equities of a case. Congress, in view of the immense national business before it, is certainly not in a place to hear and adjudicate upon such small matters as rejected pension cases, since it is clearly within the province of an ordinary Court or Board of Judges to perform such duty, and it is to be hoped Mr. C.'s bill will soon become a law. Soldiers will then have a proper court of appeal, instead of the present most unsatisfactory course of procedure.

The citizens of the northeastern portion of the city are intensely excited over a brutal and murderous assault and rape committed recently on a young woman by a negro. Within the last three years, several similar outrages have been committed in this locality, and naturally its citizens are aroused to a fever heat, and are demanding increased protection. Senator Harris has taken one step in that direction by introducing a bill making rape punishable with death. The supposed perpetrator in this case has been arrested, and is strongly guarded to prevent his being lynched. The evidence against him is circumstantial, but almost conclusive.

Our Courts present us with a most singular incident. A Miss Jessie Raymond filed a bill by her attorney, Mr. Lockwood, against Senator Hill, charging him with her seduction in Atlanta, Ga., in November, 1877, and with being the father of her young child. But the next day our city papers contained a check, signed by the plaintiff, denying the whole charge, and alleging that Mrs. Lockwood filed the bill without her knowledge or consent, and stating further, that she never made oath to it. Thereupon Mrs. Lockwood appears in a court to the contrary, and supports her statement with the indisputable proofs. The notary certifies that Miss Raymond did take the oath. Mrs. Lockwood is one of the most persistent and pertinacious attorneys of our bar, and now that her professional conduct is impugned, Senator Hill will find himself in hot water before he has done with her, and will undoubtedly have cause to regret this feature, at least, of the fight. Such a direct charge might do when made against Sampson Brass, but not against Mrs. Lockwood, and this unwelcome chapter of scandal will be rehearsed in many bearings before it is ended, now that she is on her mettle.

The trial of the Hitts murderers terminated with a verdict of guilty; but, as hanging is "played out" here, of course they will luxuriate a year or two in the penitentiary preparatory to a return to former haunts and vices. Another negro murderer, Stone, under sentence of death for killing his wife and cutting the throat of her sister, has been given a respite of thirty days, and doubtless he too will soon be snugly ensconced at Sing Sing.

An old lady, after a long life of observation, remarks that "she has always noticed that in the Summer time, when it is not needed, the sun is always hot as an oven, while in the Winter, when the warm sun would be very agreeable, it is as cold as a tea-house."

Life is put together considerably like a set of harness. There are traces of care, lines of trouble, bits of good fortune, breeches of good manners, bridled tongues, and everybody has to tug to pull through.

King Humbert of Italy is fond of farming. He likes to sit on the fence and see others do the work.

Juvenile reasoning—I know, papa, why camels have such big bunches on their backs. It's so they'll be camels.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, March 4, 1880. TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST: M. de Lesseps stated yesterday afternoon that there was no secret understanding between England, France and Germany in relation to the projected Panama canal. Even the idea of such a thing was too absurd to think about. His mission there was to make known what had already been done. He had nothing to hide in regard to the scheme; everything in relation to it was open. He did not seek Government or legislative aid, and would not go before Congress. Referring to the Monroe doctrine, M. de Lesseps said nobody must try to combat it, for in it lies the safety of the American people. He intended to make arrangements for a syndicate to sell bonds in the United States, as there are no popular subscriptions here. He intended to offer over one-half of the subscriptions in America. There would not be over \$12,000,000 in bonds issued. He also proposed, at a cost of 100,000,000 francs, to build a bridge dam in the valleys of the Chagres and Rio Grande.

Unless the reports are altogether unreliable, the balance of trade is again going against this country. The figures at the Treasury show that the imports at New York for January were greater than ever before in the same month for any year, and, taking this as a basis, it is estimated that the imports at all ports for the month exceeded the exports by ten millions, and the officials are of the opinion that this will rather be increased than diminished. One explanation of this undoubtedly is that our people, feeling encouraged by the return of prosperity, are buying more liberally than in recent years and running into much of the extravagance which characterized the period succeeding the war.

No compromise has yet been made between Herrmann, the furniture manufacturer, and his 500 striking employes. Mr. Herrmann has factories in Indianapolis and Evansville, Ind., Boneville, Mo., Nashville, Tenn., Paducah, Ky., Buck Chapel, Ind., and New York, and employs 1,500 men. He has ordered all the factories closed, but thinks he may open them on the 29th instant, if business is brisk. The strike of the piano-makers continues, and there is poor prospect of its termination. A general strike of the plasterers in this city is expected in a few days. There are 200 of them already out. The bricklayers, masons, stone-cutters, painters, iron-workers and carpenters—in fact, all mechanics—are dissatisfied with their present wages and intend to better their condition if they can.

Among the indications of a revival in business is the present large custom of the hotels of this city which are frequented by the Spring trade is drawing merchants here from all parts of the country. All the leading hotels report the presence of a large number of guests, who speak of the condition of trade as being very active.

The interesting report that Mr. Samuel J. Tilden was about to plunge into the peril of matrimony has been solemnly contradicted; but there is no reason why his advanced years should be regarded as an obstacle to his marriage. Two old gentlemen almost as famous as he, and not much younger, have quite recently gaily entered wedlock. The Bishop of Manchester not long ago took a bride to preside over Bishop's Court; and Sir Julius Benedict, the orchestra leader, was wedded but a few months ago. Middle-aged people will remember him in this city in 1850, when he was in the train of Jenny Lind as accompanist at her concerts.

Washington's birthday was not celebrated by any military display of especial gorgeousness. One or two regiments marched and counter-marched in the streets, making the tour of Washington's statue in Union Square to pay their obeisance to the Father of his Country. In the evening, however, the Ninth Regiment gave a reception at the Madison Square Garden. The presentation of a stand of colors was the occasion of the opening ceremonial. Dances of a healthful and genuine nature was the final amusement of the evening.

The Western Methodist Episcopal Conference has shut down on the young brethren who smoke and chew. The recent resolution unanimously adopted provides: "First, that hereafter no young man using tobacco in any form, coming as a candidate for the ministry, shall be received into this conference; second, that those members of this conference already addicted to the use of tobacco are exhorted to desist from it in public and when in the company of persons who do not use it; third, that all circuits and missions are advised not to send delegates to this conference hereafter who are users of tobacco; fourth, that no local preacher who uses tobacco will be ordained an elder."

Behold, if all should be spoken against thee that could be most maliciously intended, what would it hurt thee if thou sufferedst it to pass entirely away, and instead no more reckoning of it than of a mote? could it pluck so much as one hair from thy head? —Thomas a Kempis.

Youth often discovers qualities which give to great lustre and prospect a shining fortune, but, unless tempered in old age with discretion, are the forerunners of the greatest calamities.—Hume.

A QUIET LIFE ON EARTH.

YOU weary my dwelling as you pass it by; do not stay come in; You are a stranger to my company I entertain therein.

My house is humble, yet within its walls Contentment doth abide; And from the wings of Peace a blessing falls, Like dew at eventide.

You think my soul is narrow, like the room Within I lock for bread, And think because my heart is my room, I might as well be dead.

You are so sure the riches are not mine, The property your own's is, Is to be rich which makes me not divine, In heaven or on this throne?

You judge me by the narrow boundaries 'Tis true which my body moves; But I believe a wider heaven lies Free to the soul that loves.

Is that not mine in which I hourly take My largeness of delight? Are not all things that flow from his sake Who rears their morning light?

Is it not mine, this landscape I behold? Mine to enjoy and love; Mine are the nobles that though no gold Has made it mine to lose?

Justice to Man. We were reading the Home, my sister and I, when we came to something that stopped our reading and set us to talking, and that something was as follows: "The snares that beset the steps of any woman leaving the shelter of home to seek a livelihood, are known only to those who have tried them. How few women who have had to join the army of bread-winners and from such temptations as these there is no protection or safeguard. They cannot look to men for this protection, for it is from them that the greatest perils come, nor to a woman of her own class, for they are in the same danger, and subject to the same temptations."

"Society as it is, offers no protection to this single working woman, but stands ever ready to cast the first stone." "Well, what do you think of it?" I asked, after we had looked at each other for a moment or two, as it were our habit when we would know each other's thoughts. "I think no, no," she answered. "My life has taught me no such lesson." "Nor has mine, ma," echoed I. Later, our talk was finished by her saying: "Now, Miriam, I want you to write to them all the kindness of everybody to us. People are so in the habit of slandering human nature that they never stop to think how good it really is. I always wonder when I hear people talk about this cold and cruel, this selfish and unfeeling world, if indeed they can mean the world I live in and find so very different."

I always obey this sister of mine, so, because she said write, I am writing. I am a school teacher and she is a telegraph operator and station agent. Right here I may as well say that the position was taken from a man by a man, and given to her at the same wages the man received. That isn't so bad, now, is it? At an age when most of our girl friends find not a care or a duty beyond getting a lesson, or the "good times" of early youth, the problem of life was thrust upon us in its hard practical shape, and we became, not by accident, but by hard work, some of us at times, as all genuine work must needs be; but helping hands have been outstretched all along the way, and even when the horse had seemed at last and we have felt our lone, some unexpected kindness has come and rebuked us for our "little fault." It was but a few days ago that I asked why is everybody so good to us? "Oh!" was the reply, "most everybody has some one to depend on, and so we must all take care of you," and truth they do.