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## FAIRY QUEEN'S HOMESTEAD.

BY ABIGAIL SCOTT DUNWAY.

Fairy Queen was not *petite*, as her Christian cognomen would indicate, nor was she of royal blood, as her surname would seem to signify. On the contrary, she was large, rubicund and fleshy, and belonged to a family removed in the remotest possible degree from all semblance of royalty. Nor was the prospect of her title to high position as a ruler of the commonwealth one whit enhanced when she became the prospective bride of Titus King, called Tite for short, and appropriately, too, for another reason—for he it was known that there was no tighter man in money matters than the lucky swain who won the heart of Fairy Queen, whose wise step-father rejoiced in the patronymic of Smith—John Smith—while her mother bore the equally euphonious appellation of Nancy Jane.

John Smith and his wife Nancy Jane had found it so hard to make a living on the Missouri barrens, over in Pike, that they struck a bargain for a change with Titus King, Senior, who brought them to Oregon in an early day, while Fairy Queen, whose father had left her as a posthumous contribution to the charities of the world, was yet an infant of tender age, with quite a school of little Smiths for company.

The incidents of their journey across the continent with teams of oxen need not be repeated here. Suffice it to say that when they came, the available lands in the valleys of the Willamette, Yamhill, Rogue, Umpqua, Santiam, La Creole and Clackamas Rivers were all taken by previous settlers, and Titus King, Senior, resolved to go to Eastern Oregon and follow the cattle business, retaining in his employ the step-father of my heroine and his patient, plodding, industrious servant, Nancy Jane. The lands they chose were broad, treeless and hilly, rich in waving bunch-grass, and well watered through the middle by a winding, willow-bordered stream.

The family of John Smith and Nancy Jane increased in the ratio peculiar to sparsely settled regions, and Fairy Queen became foster-mother to the clamorous brood, who, during her mother's frequent seasons of indisposition, looked to her as their maid-of-all-work, and was also the chief spoke in the wheel of agricultural enterprise that fed the little Smiths—the ever lucrative dairy and poultry business.

I pray you, imagine for a minute that my heroine was overworked. Save your sympathies, I beg, for the overtaxed and failing wife of the good, easy-going, good-for-nothing drone of a step-father, whose comprehension scarcely rose above the occupation of drones in general.

Fairy Queen was none of your sighing, lachrymose girls, either. She read dime novels only to curl her lip with disdain over the follies they portrayed, and gathered practical knowledge from the weekly newspapers that taught her the mystery of success in managing cows and chickens. She had the good sense to be acquisitive, too; and when, at the age of eighteen, she informed her step-father that she was entitled to the profits of her own earnings henceforth, and he consented to her proposal to remain an inmate of his shabby homestead and take care of his family for her board, upon the condition that she should be permitted to enter largely into the poultry and dairy business on her own account, she accepted her lot and was happy.

Fairy Queen prospered. Her hens laid honest eggs and hatched thrifty chickens, and the knighted lords of her different harems crowded as lustily and ruled as pompously as though they had been human beings of the masculine persuasion engaged in making laws to regulate the taxation of their toiling wives and mothers.

John Smith was proud of his step-daughter, and often sounded her praises at the precinct meetings; and many were the spurred and legged suitors who came to his house for a Sunday dinner, only to go away, with loaded stomachs and disappointed hopes, after receiving Fairy Queen's prompt refusal of their proffered protection and support.

But Titus King, Senior, was wiser by far than the young men of his neighborhood. Had he been a widower, it is possible that he would have married Fairy Queen himself. But he was a kind husband and good provider, and his happy wife was in excellent health, and therefore he was not in the market. But with his son, Titus Junior, it was different. He wanted a wife. And, whenever he returned from a visit to John Smith's house, after having been regaled by one of Fairy Queen's superb dinners, and sought the shades of his bachelor cabin on his own homestead, he sighed from utter loneliness, much aggravated by the incipient dyspepsia arising from the indigestible cookery of his own incapable hands.

But Titus Junior was bashful—far too bashful to

do any responsible courting on his own account—and my story would have been spoiled right here but for Titus Senior, who suggested to Fairy Queen, after the years had rolled on and he knew that she had saved a few hundred dollars out of her poultry and dairy business, that she should avail herself of the right, granted by Congress to every single man or woman above the age of twenty-one years, to file upon and improve a homestead "as the law directs."

Fairy Queen was far too sensible a girl to fail to see the benefit of the senior King's proposition; so she visited the Land Office, and filed her notification, and paid her fees, and built a house, and fenced a field, and spent all of her poultry money in such improvements, except the required sum of \$200, which she reserved to pay the preemption claim of the Government, with \$20 added for clerks' fees. With this sum, when she was ready, she entered the Land Office one day, and soon emerged with receipts properly acknowledged and canceled, and enjoying all the independent happiness of a prosperous landlord.

Fairy Queen, like all good girls, was disposed to fall in love with somebody, and had often thought seriously of getting married, whenever, as she expressed it, she "should be able to support a husband handsomely." And among all her suitors none had ever pleased her fancy except Titus King, Junior, who seemed least disposed of any in the lot to declare himself.

But Titus Senior was equal to the emergency, if Titus Junior was not. He made the young man write a "love letter," and with his own hands he carried it over to Fairy Queen's shingle-sided cabin. He found the Fairy out among her chickens, engaged in stuffing black pepper-corns down the throats of some tiny Brahmas afflicted with peeps.

"Good-mornin'," said Titus King, Senior.  
"Good-morning," replied Fairy Queen.  
"You seem to be prosperin'?" said the senior King.

"Middling," replied the Fairy Queen.  
"Ain't you lonesome-like?" asked the modern messenger from the new Miles Standish.

"Sorter."  
Fairy Queen was not educated beyond the three R's—"Readin', 'Ritin' and 'Rithmetic."

"Wouldn't you like to get married?"  
The Fairy blushed and bent low over the peeping chickens, and pilled them nervously with added pepper-corns. She was thinking of Tite.  
So was her visitor.

"I have a letter for ye, honey. Tite wrote it hisself."

One of the chickens choked on a pepper-corn and silently breathed its last.

"Poor chiekey!" said Fairy Queen.  
"Chickens will die once in a while, honey. Them that has, must lose. The egg wouldn't a brought but three cents if you hadn't let it hatch. No use grievein' over spilt milk. Won't you read Tite's letter? He's awfully in earnest."

"So am I," thought Fairy Queen.  
She turned her back upon her waiting messenger and sat down upon a hen-coop.

Will ye hav me?  
TITUS KING.

That was all.  
The world spun round and round for a little while before my heroine's swimming eyes, and then took on a radiant glow that she had never seen before, while her heart beat a wild tattoo against the older splints in her home-made corset.

"Dear Tite!" she whispered, while her ruddy face shrank involuntarily behind the friendly shade of her great sunbonnet, that, like a wagon-cover much too big for its load, overshadowed her eyes.

"What shall I tell him, honey?" asked the senior King, advancing toward her and taking her hands, one of which grasped the letter and the other the dead chicken and the pepper-corns.

"Tell him to come here like a man and ask his own questions. I shan't bite him!"

Titus King, Senior, was encouraged. He had fared even better than he had dared to hope. He returned to his waiting son bearing glad tidings.

"You've a fortune in the gal, Titus—a reglar fortune! There ain't a better quarter-section o' land than hern on Hog's Back, nor no prettier mill-site on all Carrant Creek than the nat'ral one on the corner o' her claim. An' the cream o' the joke is, the preemption money's paid—fee and all—every cent of it. Such a gal as she is, too, with chickens! You'll be better off when you git her than if you'd hired a man an' garnished his wages for a hull lifetime."

I wasn't there when young Titus went, "like a man," to see Fairy Queen, but I know she kept her word, for he never gave evidence that she had so changed her mind as to bite him. But you will think that she was bitten when you hear the sequel to this true tale—that Fairy Queen, when married, being known no longer among mortals as Fairy Queen, and having ceased to exist as an

individual, was defunct *de jure*, though not *de facto*. Therefore, when the letters-patent came back from Washington, entitling Fairy Queen to full possession of her homestead and a full title to the same in fee simple, there was no *de jure* Fairy Queen to receive it. And, as Titus King was not Fairy Queen, and could not represent her, and as Mrs. Titus King was not "nominated in the bond," the law-makers who claim to represent women were in a quandary. There being no longer any such person on the face of the earth as Fairy Queen, it would have seemed right and proper that her estate should go to her mother, Mrs. John Smith, who would have inherited the same if she had died. But, though *non est*, she was not missing; though defunct, she was not dead. She was only *married*; and, as Mrs. Titus King, she was lost to herself, her heirs and the world as Fairy Queen.

Then there was trouble in the Oregon Land Office. Fairy Queen being neither dead nor living, there was nobody to receive her letters-patent, not even her husband, who, however legally he was supposed to represent Mrs. Titus King, held no power to represent Miss Fairy Queen. And the conclusion of the whole matter was that Fairy Queen lost her homestead.

But Titus Junior had a cousin belonging to the sex which suffers none of the disability called "coverture" through marriage, and that cousin "jumped the chain" that was no longer owned by Fairy Queen, since she had ceased to be.

Then Mrs. Titus King endeavored to get back her preemption money through the Land Office, with clerks' fees added. But the office knew no Mrs. Titus King as a free-holder. No such person had paid in the preemption money, and no such person was entitled to it. It was the same with the improvements on the confiscated homestead. Fairy Queen being legally defunct and Mrs. Titus King being lawfully nobody, but only her husband's shadow, according to the law, there was no redress for her. And she grew disappointed and fretful and ill, and they do say that she is now determined to procure a divorce from her husband, in order that she may legally get back her maiden name and become once more an individual.

Men and brethren, you who read this sketch and feel disposed to cavil at it, let me refer you to the *Congressional Record* of a few months since in proof of the legal foundation for the strong points of my story. There you will find the publication of a fact which was telegraphed to the Associated Press of the State, informing the world that a lady who, as Miss Phoebe Larkin, preempted a homestead, and, becoming Mrs. Michael Rany, failed to secure her letters-patent. And you will also learn that she failed, for reasons as above given, to recover her purchase money. I have not learned that Mrs. Rany is seeking a divorce, but I do know of many married women who are seeking pretexts for divorces solely because of the one-sided laws that refuse them the recognition of their inalienable right to individuality when married. One of the grievances complained of by our Revolutionary Fathers was "for inciting domestic insurrection among us." Will you not help us to put down such insurrections in the future by granting to married women the inalienable right to the ballot that alone can raise them, for their sake and your own, above the condition of perpetual minority? Do you not see that woman's cause is *your* cause? And is it not quite time that the Fairy Queens of fact become only the Fairy Queens of history?

The ministers throughout the country are under deep obligation to Robert G. Ingersoll for furnishing them subjects for sermons. When he visits a city every one of them feels called upon to answer his arguments and questions; but, from some cause, they fail to make the infidel see their points. His thunderings arouse them to the necessity of furnishing animated and interesting discourses instead of prolix and prosy "barrel sermons." On last Sunday, in Chicago, twelve of them preached in answer to his recent lecture on "What Shall I Do to be Saved?" As Chicago is notoriously "a fast city of fast young men and fast young women," it is feared the bold "Bob" will not take much stock in the twelve apostles' knowledge of the methods of salvation.

Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, has had the bad taste or dull stupidity to go before a convention of liquor dealers and express interest in the success and prosperity of their business. The ministers and temperance people are after him for endorsing the whisky traffic, to which may be traced, directly or indirectly, four-fifths of all crime.

The anti-Mormonites have nominated A. G. Campbell for Delegate to Congress from Utah, in opposition to George Q. Cannon. He is a Democrat, but will be supported by Republicans and Democrats alike.

## CALIFORNIA'S LADY LAWYER

FORTIFIES HER STATEMENT THAT THE "REPUBLICAN PARTY SAVED THE NATION"—"IT IS NOT A PARTY OF HATE."

SAN FRANCISCO, September 21, 1886.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:  
I see, by your issue of the 2d instant, that one A. S. Hughes has taken it upon himself to reply to my letter of the 19th ultimo. I have read his remarks with interest, and say deliberately that for sublimity of cheek—for downright extent and expansiveness of facial area—I think he has not an equal on the Pacific Coast. Hear him:

There were more followers of Bell and Douglas that responded to the call [for troops] than of the Republicans.

That is his answer to me. It certainly is bold enough, but it just as certainly lacks the elements of truth. Every soldier in the army, every man at the North, and every school-boy in history, knows better. I do not desire to insult the intelligence of the readers of the NEW NORTHWEST, but I must present a few facts for Mr. Hughes' benefit.

First—The army was permitted to vote, and, notwithstanding that one of the Northern Generals, Geo. B. McClellan, was put up on the Democratic ticket, the army vote was overwhelmingly Republican.

Second—Casting out the Southern States, the Border States, and the States of the Pacific Coast, we have left the Northern States from which the Federal army was drawn. In 1860, those States gave a Republican majority of 212,910 votes. Then the soldiers went away, and in 1863, without the soldiers, those States had their Republican majority reduced to 97,749 votes. Then the remnants of the army returned, and the majority immediately went up to 151,487, and then to 332,529. When the soldiers went away, the majority went down more than one-half. When they came back, the majority nearly doubled.

In the light of these facts, I am justified in saying that the Republican party saved the nation.

At the very best, the Democracy were not half loyal; and the "biggest half," the disloyal half, used and does use the loyal half. Mr. Hughes says:

The writer evidently intends to convey the idea that the Democratic party was in spirit in rebellion.

Does the man mean that anything but the Democracy was in rebellion? Sir, memory has not faded, nor has history all been burned, and because they have not I say boldly that the Democratic party—the body, the controlling power, the head, the brains, the party in fact,—was in rebellion, and it is too early yet to deny it without insulting the intelligence of every man and woman in America and outraging the feelings of the widows and bereaved parents that yearly bring their floral offerings to the little mounds all over our land.

Mr. Hughes says the Republican party "was conceived and brought forth in hatred," and that "hatred still constitutes its vitality." That, sir, is a libel on the grandest party ever known. That party was the off-spring of the nobler moral sentiment that had been growing up for more than two centuries. 'Twas the child of the spirit of Freedom. It embraced all the nobler thoughts and all the grander sentiments of the age. It is not a party of hate. Other Powers when they conquer wreak vengeance on the foe. The Israelites put them to the sword; Rome sold the Jews into captivity; and Cato before had thundered the decree, "Carthage must be destroyed." Germany demands indemnity; England always makes the enemy pay the costs of the war; France hangs, guillotines or banishes her traitors; and Russia puts hers in the mines of Siberia. In the armed rebellion of the South that fought against our national existence, there were millions of people; but only 14,000 were ever put under disfranchisement, and to-day less than 200 are with political disabilities. Not a single one that ever asked to be relieved was refused—not one. There never was a single execution, nor a banishment, nor a confiscation. At the close of the rebellion, the Southerners said they were poor and suffering. The robe of American citizenship was again accorded them; they were invited to the board fraternally and patriotically and asked to share a common destiny in the future; and Jefferson Davis, who came from the Cabinet of Franklin Pierce and swore before Almighty God to support the Constitution, and then plotted treason in the very halls of Congress, and waged war against the Union, walks free and in peace over all this fair land. The assertion that the Republican party is a party of hate, is an infamous libel. It is the verdict of the world that the greatest magnanimity ever known in the history of nations was shown at the close of the war.

I have studied somewhat closely the history of our country, and I think the more we become acquainted with our system of government, the more are we inspired with love for the Union, reverence for the Constitution, and faith in our country's destiny. Yours sincerely,

CLARA S. FOLTZ.