

[Written for the New Northwest.]  
HER "PROTECTORS."

BY GEORGE P. WHEELER.

"Come, lend us aid!" the women cry.  
"Help us to stand for liberty!  
Add us, our brothers, in the fight  
For honesty and truth and right.  
By your own power declare us free,  
With equal rights and sovereignty."  
The parson draws his pious mouth  
In crescent shape from north to south,  
And shakes his head, and heaves long sighs,  
And rolls his deep, dejected eyes.  
"You'd better stay at home and pray  
Than vote, with us, election day!"  
"We have no time," the lawyer says,  
"To plague our brains with such cheap plays.  
There's nothing in it—nought but talk!  
Give us a rest, or take a walk!  
We'll help (ourselves) to all you've got,  
But with our votes we'd rather not."  
"You'll kill my trade!" the dram-shop king  
Shouts from behind his poisoned ring.  
"Don't give the women power to reign!  
Fill up, boys! my treat again!  
Fill up, my boys! it's all the rage!  
Here's death to Woman Suffrage!"  
"I am surprised!" Ye gods, beware!  
A "Christian without hate" is here,  
Whose words are not his own, but God's—  
Who battles Thor with iron rods.  
"Keep in the same old ruts," says he;  
"Don't mention woman's liberty!"  
The "Mental Freedom heretics"  
Have *no* *snaky* look to his blind eyes,  
And he invites the wretched few  
To a brimstone bath in sulphur blue.  
With Christian love his soul's so tight  
There's little room for women's right.  
Ah, ye who fight for liberty!  
Ah, ye who struggle to be free!  
These are the men who tread you down,  
These self-made tyrants, minus crown.  
These stupid, sordid, selfish knaves  
Are the stumbling blocks to a nation's praise.  
Kk. pos. '87, September 23, 1880.

WILLOW GRANGE.

A STORY OF LIFE IN EASTERN OREGON.

BY BELLE W. COOKE,  
AUTHOR OF "TEARS AND VICTORY."

[Entered in the Office of Librarian of Congress at Wash-  
ington, D. C., in the year 1880.]

CHAPTER IV.

"She leaves her old familiar place,  
The hearts that were her own;  
The love to which she trusts herself  
Is yet a thing unknown.  
She passeth from her father's home  
Into another's care;  
Ah! who shall say what troubles hours,  
What sorrows wait her there?"

The sad parting of the bride from her parents needs no description. Words are inadequate for such portrayal. We have all of us experienced partings enough to know how the heart is wrung, how dark clouds seem to hang above us and shut out all the happy light of day, when we take the last look at a dear face, and press the lips of a darling child or a loved parent, who is to go out and away, "it may be for years and it may be forever." It is among the harshest trials in all our lives. Sometimes we have wondered why there is so much of it to be borne in this world; why people will ever voluntarily choose a course that must bring separation; why anything but death, or the inevitable, should be allowed to exile us from our loved ones.

Bertha's day was a sad one, notwithstanding all the mirth and gaiety that surrounded her. The titter was mixed in her cup of joy, perhaps giving flavor to the sweet, as the juices of the lemon enhance the relish of the cool, delicious drink of our Summer days. She sat quietly by the side of her husband, often silent and thoughtful, as the steamer swung out of the bright Willamette into the gray waters of the broad Columbia, in the beautiful light of that grand June morning. Snow-peaks to the right of her, snow-peaks to the left of her, lifted their pure faces, and almost smiled in the cheery sunlight. St. Helens, with its rounded dome, stood in solitary grandeur upon the horizon of the farthest left; the broader, lower peak of Mt. Adams arose to the northward, while grand old Hood, covered with a soft veil of blue snows, lay directly in front, and Mt. Jefferson put up its pointed tent far to the southeast. To those who had never before seen the bright panorama, the prospect was an enchanting dream of beauty, which grew grander and lovelier as they progressed up the river. The filmy veils of morning mist were lifted from the water, and hung and swayed in misty spray wreaths against rich backgrounds of brown and gray rocks, edged with velvet mosses of richest green. Huge rocks of curious shape rose from the river abruptly, or stood out like buttresses from the escarpment that walls in the great River of the West for miles in its passage through the Cascade Mountain range.

The young people of the wedding suite were scattered in groups about the steamer, taking in pleasure at every pore. Opera glasses were passed from hand to hand, and exclamations of wonder and admiration were continually coming from one and another of the delighted party.

Florence Campbell, who was one of the company, was followed by the admiring eyes of a traveling acquaintance whenever she left his side,

and who claimed her company at every opportunity. Anice Merton, too, was sought by her acquaintances, who listened with gratification to her enthusiastic expressions of pleasure, her witty comparisons and quaint remarks. She was always seeing something that others did not see. No point of beauty or interest escaped her keen vision. She soon became the center of a group of young people, who were attracted by her vivacity and the originality of her sayings, while she, entirely possessed by the novelty and fascination of the scene, seemed utterly unconscious of her position.

Among the group that surrounded her was a young gentleman who had but lately returned from traveling in Europe, a Captain Aidenn, who seemed to listen to her witty sallies with undisguised admiration.

"Do you ever write poetry, Miss Merton?" said he. "If you do, now is your time to immortalize yourself."

"Ah," said she, "Fitz Hugh Ludlow, in his prose description of this scenery of the Columbia, has left nothing to be desired. He exhausted the supply of adjectives in his memorable effort. Even our new poet, Joaquin Miller, in his poem, 'By the Sundown Seas,' could find nothing new, unless it were this—

"The rainbows swim in circles round, and rise  
Against the hanging granite walls, till lost  
In drifting, dreamy clouds and dappled skies,"

"Or this perfect description of that wonderful Multnomah Fall—

"The rivers rush upon the brink and leap  
From out the clouds, three thousand feet below,  
And land aloft in tops of firs, that grow  
Against your river's rim; they flash, they play,  
In clouds, now loud and now subdued and slow,  
A thousand thunder tones; they swing and sway  
In life winds, long, leaning shafts of shining spray,"

"We shall soon come to this 'shining shaft,' and you will see the aptness of the description."

"But you dodged the question I asked," said the Captain. "Was it an unfair one?"

"I prefer," said Anice, "to express my admiration in the well-selected language of acknowledged genius; but, should I ever try to poetize, I would go to Alaska, or some equally wild and unknown region, and try a new field of description, and tell of new modes of life, and not go over the hackneyed paths of every-day literature."

"Well," said the Captain, "I see I am not going to get a satisfactory answer; but, of course, if you ever write, it is over a *nom de plume*—a practice which presupposes that the writer may write something which he or she is ashamed to own."

"It is no such thing—begging your pardon for differing," said Anice. "The cause of a person's assuming a *nom de plume* is undiluted modesty, that admirable, rare quality which seeketh not its own, which is willing to do good to the world or give pleasure without even putting forth a claim to any return."

"Except it may be the shekels," said Earle Russell, who came up at that moment with Bertha at his side.

"Now, Earle, you are too bad to spoil my fine panegyric," said Anice. "I believe I could hold my own in an argument with the Captain; but when you come to help him out—"

"With facts," interrupted the Captain, "there is no use denying; really the fine color in your face is a tell-tale. I begin to suspect that you may be the regular newspaper correspondent who is making such a stir, just now, among the literati."

Anice was silent. She could say nothing to this sally. But Bertha came to the rescue with alacrity. "You do not suppose, Captain Aidenn, that Miss Anice could be so saucy as to do this special correspondent. I am sure, if you knew her, you would never accuse her of such a thing."

"I think you are right," said the Captain; "and, upon reflection, I am sure Miss Merton is not so arrogant an advocate of woman's rights as would cause her to take the ground of this new writer."

"You had better not be too sure of that," said Anice. "If there is anything that will make a woman aware of her rights in this world, it is to be obliged to earn her own bread, either by teaching or in any other occupation where she is forced to compete with men. You will hardly find a teacher among women who is not a Woman Suffragist, if that is what you mean by one who advocates woman's rights. But a truce to such a trite subject, when we are coming to Multnomah Fall, and are near enough to hear its musical murmur. The noise of its finely broken spray, in comparison to the thunder of Niagara, I imagine, is as that of the wind-harp to the deep bass of the drum. The great problems of the world's work, its tumults and its wrongs, are like the roar of Niagara. The sweet influences of Nature and her loveliness are like the melody of this tall white organ-pipe, with its sounding variations, that leans against the windy cliff."

"Write that down," said the Captain; "it will do to keep. You need not tell me you do not poetize, Miss Merton, when you talk such poetry as that."

"Who could help talking it when one is surrounded by it? One often talks on the inspiration of the moment much more eloquently than one could write."

"I do not perceive that the rest of our company are equally inspired," said Captain Aidenn. "Do you think they are, Mrs. Russell?"

The strange, new name caused a blush of pleasure to mount to Bertha's forehead. But she took no notice of it, as she answered:

"I am sure that Anice has but faintly expressed the thrilling sensations of enchantment that I feel when I am in the presence of the sublime grandeur

of Nature's noblest moods. There are those who feel the total inadequacy of words to portray their emotions, and think silence the most eloquent praise."

"I stand rebuked," said Anice. "I will subside. There is no speech nor language that can do the subject justice."

"Now, Bertha, see what mischief you have done. You have hushed the song of the siren; you have unstrung Sappho's harp. We shall hear no more the delightful strain," said Earle Russell.

"Indeed you are making fun of me!" cried Anice, with warmth. "I am sure I gave no cause for so severe a sarcasm."

"Now, Anice," said Earle, "take it kindly. Can I not be eloquent, too, without exciting your disapprobation? I was only saying the nonsense that came into my head, as I often do, without considering the feelings of others, a thing I should be more careful about."

"I am sure your frank acknowledgment makes amends," said Anice. "I am too sensitive, I know. We should not let self come up at all, at such a delectable time and place as this. It is narrow and odious. But see! there is another broader fall, a double cascade, coming down from that woody, tangled ravine. What a mass of white foam it is. It looks like thick buttermilk from a huge churn."

"I give it up," said the Captain. "You are not all fanciful. There is a vein of utility about you, after all. I doubt if you would make a true poet."

"I have heard that poets are born, not made," said Anice. "And they certainly need a vein of utility in order to make their comparisons comprehensible to the 'common mind.' Dr. Holland says that even the poet must be able to make his brains marketable, if he expects to succeed."

"I see 'you know how it is yourself,' if I may be permitted to use a slang phrase, the better to express myself. But a truce to badinage. I think I am capable of enjoying this glorious day without the common-place being mixed in it at all. The scenery of the Rhine has not the grandeur of this. All that is wanting to make this river far more picturesque than any I have ever seen is the presence of beautiful homes. The Hudson and its cliffs are small by the side of it; but that tree-crowned knoll on the side of the crag lacks a ruined castle or a gothic cottage to give life to the scene. Even Castle Rock lacks a touch of life."

"I think it is hardly fair of you to rule a truce when you have had the last fling; but you are right about the homes. They put a soul into the landscape, and the ancient castles must awaken the warrior's spirit and the memory of the romance of the Middle Ages. The stories of those rivers have all been written; these are yet to be lived."

"That is just it," said the Captain. "That is what this new country lacks. It is the blossoming out of life, and its experiences that fit into places, and makes souls for them; that puts pleasant associations into certain hilltops and valleys; that peoples them with loving, breathing human nature, and writes them all over with soul-stirring histories. These are the things that make a country a desirable route for travel, that give variety, and bring out its highest possibilities."

"I am sure I never would care so much to go to Europe," said Anice, "if it were not for seeing those spots of which I have often read, and which are so full of reminiscences of noble spirits, who have shed their blood for the rocks and mountains of their fatherland, thereby peopling it with a great crowd of beautiful memories, that would rise up on every hand to give you friendly greeting."

"I could never see," said Bertha, "why people care to make the tour of the Continent, who have never read books. I should think they would lose more than half the pleasure."

"I am sure you would see that you were right, if you ever take the trip," said the Captain. "The difference in people is very easily perceived by the places they are most anxious to see. You can tell the classical students, the novel-readers and the scientists as soon as you have seen them a little, and the snobs are so very transparent. They go through with it as the nuns go through a penance, from a sense of duty; and the return they get is very small. One feels sorry to see of how much they are deprived."

"I think such people would show their good sense by staying at home. I should not feel sorry for them at all. I should only regret to think how much good was wasted on those who could not appreciate it, while those who could have improved the whole opportunity are denied it," said Anice. "But here we come to the Ribbon Fall, so called from that green stripe in the water, and the twist in it, that reminds one of a twisted ribbon."

"I have never heard its name before, and I have passed up and down several times," said the Captain.

"I think I have heard it called Oneonta Fall," said Earle.

"I do not see the sense in that name," said Anice; "but you can all see that the other is applicable."

"Very," said the Captain, "and I do not see why you should not have the privilege of naming the fall, as well as another. Ribbon Fall it shall be for me hereafter."

Anice blushed and exclaimed:

"How did you know?"

And then, as the company laughed, she saw she was caught, and was silent.

The day passed on, a grand exhibition of pictures. At the mouth of Hood River, Mt. Hood looked down, as it seemed, out of the mid-sky

and across at Mt. Adams, that was looking over the shoulder of the vast cliff opposite, and one could imagine the huge Titans might talk across and be neighborly.

As they came out into a broad, lake-like expanse, Anice asked the Captain if it did not look like Lake Geneva.

"Not much," he replied. "The hills are about three times as high, and have not the quiet beauty of either Geneva or Como."

"It is as I imagined Geneva, at all events," said Anice, "and I am sorry to be disappointed."

"You would find yourself very often in the same situation, were you to travel in Europe," said Captain Aidenn. "Imaginative people are doomed to many disappointments of that nature. They form their ideas of a place, and all so completely, that they never find it corresponds."

"Then," said Anice, "I am consoled for not being able to travel. I am saved so many disappointments, and I cannot bear them at all gracefully."

As the evening came on, the bluffs assumed strange, weird shapes. On one side was what might have been a castle on the Rhine, which the Captain said resembled the ruins of "Eberstein." The ruined, moss-grown towers, and even a loop-hole window, were not wanting. Then came the Indian rock, which looks like a woman's figure with some burden on her back, but which the Captain said resembled a figure of Niobe. The grand "Palisades" were passed, and the "Chinese Wall," with its seeming towers at regular distances, which Anice said was "the wall the Oregonians were building to keep the Chinese out of Oregon."

On the Washington side, a curious likeness to horses' heads was discovered by Anice.

"And there is a huge elephant," said the Captain. "Don't you see the great fore-legs, on that steep hillside?"

"Yes," said Anice, "'tis very plain; and he has boots on, long rubber boots!"

The laugh that followed this remark brought up the stragglers of the company, and a promenade was inaugurated, which was kept up until the whistle blew for The Dalles.

[To be continued.]

THE CONVERTED PUGLISH.

The Rev. William Thompson, who died in England a short time ago, spent nearly a quarter of a century in the prize ring under the name of "Bendigo," having fought twenty-four times before he was forty. When he was converted he had three belts, including one for the championship. He had served twenty-eight terms in jail for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. "Bendigo's" own account of his conversion is very curious. While in prison he attended the regular religious service every Sunday, and first had his attention attracted by the minister's account "of the set-to between David and Goliath." He became so absorbed in hearing how "David, the little 'un, floored the giant and killed him!" that he forgot where he was, and shouted out:

"Bravo! I'm glad the little 'un won!"

When he got to his cell he began to think seriously about what he had heard, and could not avoid the conclusion that "somebody must have helped David to lick the giant." At this point in the narrative, "Bendigo" continues: "Well, it was as singular as though it was done on purpose. The very next Sunday the parson preached another sermon, which seemed hitting at me harder than the one the week before. It was all about the three men, Shadrach, Meshach, and Bendigo, who were cast into the fiery furnace, and who were saved by the Lord from being burnt. Oh, yes, I've heard about that since; it wasn't exactly Bendigo who was the third man, but the name sounded like it to me, and I took it as such, though I didn't say anything to anybody. 'If one Bendigo can be saved, why not another?' I said to myself, and I thought about it a great deal. Sunday after Sunday I looked out for something about me in the sermon, and there it always was. After the one about the fiery furnace came one about the twelve fishermen. Now, I'm a fisherman myself. Bless you! I should rather think I was, one of the best in England. Well, after that came another sermon about the 700 left-handed men in the Book of Judges; and I am a left-handed man. Of course I am. It was that that beat the knowing ones I have had to stand up against. Well, it was this always going on that made me make up my mind to turn as soon as ever I got out."

"Bendigo," or William Thompson as he was thenceforth called, made good his purpose to lead a better life. He began to fit himself for a new work by learning his A B C's, for his early education had been so neglected that he could not even read. He announced, and carried out, his willingness to spend the rest of his days on the platform, persuading men to embrace religion. When he began his ministrations, about six years ago, he attracted great attention, but the novelty soon wore off, and he was permitted to continue his labors in a quiet and efficient way. His meetings at the start were largely attended, especially by persons of his own class, who listened with rapt attention to his story of his conversion and his evidently sincere exhortation. The meetings were held at Cabman's Mission Hall, the Seven Dials, and at other places in notorious neighborhoods in London.

A CURE FOR INTemperance.—A workingman in Glasgow, whose wife is a confirmed and violent drunkard, has hit upon a novel device for pacifying her and protecting himself and his family. In the morning he passes a chain around her ankles as she lies in bed, and secures the chain with a padlock. He then goes forth to his daily work. On returning in the evening, he releases his captive and allows her to remain at liberty until morning, when he chains her up again. The neighbors have seen fit to interfere, and to have him arrested, but, as his wife has acknowledged his persistent kindness to her in the face of her own glaring misconduct, the magistrate has dismissed him after admonishing him.

A stalwart woman got employment in male attire as a farm-hand at Hutchinson, Ill., but the farmer discharged her on learning her sex. She has brought a suit to recover wages for the whole contract.