

LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA.

NORD, Cal., November 28, 1881.

To the Editor of the New Northwest:
The study of history reveals to us the fact that every nation has had a mission to perform. The mission of the American nation is to solve the problem of universal liberty. American women, once endowed with equal rights, will solve it for us. There will, undoubtedly, always be found a few social geese vibrating at the tail-end of progression. That there are so many deluded women who cannot realize freedom, liberty, and truth above all, is not astonishing to me, however. "To remain subordinate to man" they are commanded by thousands of their pastors even yet. The editor of the most orthodox paper your State enjoys, the *Philomath Crucible*, introduced himself to his readers through an editorial, on the very first day he climbed the editorial chair, that recommended in the most tyrannical way the slavery and bondage women are kept in by men. It is true there are many theologians—in fact, all those who have progressed from midnight to sunlight—who assist us in breaking the chains that enslave women; but, unfortunately, fifty per cent of our clergy are of a character that will try the outermost to place obstacles of various kinds in the way of progress. But as every step in science has been won in spite of their objections, women will also be liberated in defiance of all their thundering against it. The time when every inch of progress was defeated by the sword of the realm of the supernatural is a time of the past. From the stake where Bruno stood and died, from the prison where Kneeland suffered and trembled, a voice has rung out that every advance of science, knowledge and truth has been struggled against by the Bible or the fanatic class among its believers. But take heart, you who cling to your Bibles. As soon as we have gained this one step forward, as soon as it rings through the land that women are no longer in subjection, you will be able to claim as the offspring of your harsh needs that which, at its birth, you enathematized.

Selfish, prejudiced, superstitious manhood won't dare to exclaim with their tobacco-besmeared tongues much longer: "Women don't know enough to vote." Where do these male solons of political wisdom gain their superior knowledge? Surely through the press. Ninety-nine per cent of all the male votes cast in the United States are the results of the influence their favorite household journal exercises. Cannot women do the same, at least, if not better? Would the welfare of the United States suffer if women should cast similar votes? Of one result of women's vote we could depend positively; that is, no county or municipal official could carry his election any longer by pouring whiskey down the voters' throats. The political potentate knows well that where the mind is free his throne is unsafe. The enlightened will not be his slave, and scorn to be his tool. Hence men kept in play many mighty engines of despotism to enslave the intellect of women, making it weak, bending and credulous; and while thus fettered, they basked themselves in the sunshine of almighty power. Women, strike, then, to the root, and that glorious age of universal liberty will dawn upon us when, as one of England's greatest men said,

"Earth's shrines and thrones before our banner fall;
When the glad slave will at his feet lay down
His broken chain, the tyrant lord his crown,
The priest his book, the conqueror his wreath;
And from the lips of truth one mighty breath
Shall, like a whirlwind, scatter in its breeze
That whole dark pile of human mockeries."
E. W. F.

MEASURED BY THE EYE.—A correspondent of the *Boston Transcript* suggests that the children should be exercised in measuring by the eye. He says that years ago, when he went to school in a little weather-beaten school-house, the scholars had most exciting contests over the teacher's favorite exercise of having them estimate with the eye the size and weight of different objects in the room. He would hold up his cane and have each scholar tell how long he thought it was, and it was a lucky child that could come within a half a foot of the right length. He would measure an urchin and then have the scholars try to reproduce the measure on the wall. He would mark off an inch, or a foot, or a yard, in some conspicuous place, and then see how near anybody could come to chalking the same length upon the blackboard. And it was astonishing how wide astray one would go. The fact is, our eyes deceive us ridiculously, even upon the commonest things. At first thought which would you say was the taller, a three-year-old child or a barrel of flour? And could anything but actual measurement convince you that the same child is half as high as a six-footer? There is an old saying that a child two years old is half as tall as he ever will be, and after a few experiments in measuring one can easily believe it, but not before.

Moses Thompson became a hundred years old a few days ago. He is a negro, and for half a century has been a preacher, most of the time in Arkansas. His people regarded him as an inspired prophet, and he ruled them in religious matters like an autocrat. He said that he was exempt from death, but on his hundredth birthday would ascend bodily and resplendently to heaven. A large crowd assembled at Lonoke in an open field in expectation of a supernatural spectacle. Thompson wore a white robe, and was very ecstatic, singing, praying and exhorting by the hour. He was to rise at noon according to his programme, and he attributed the failure to a rain storm which was at that time raging; but the people could not be persuaded that so important an affair would be postponed on account of rain, and they jeered and chased away their prophet.

Widower Smith, of Ida, Iowa, married his step-daughter, and his disapproving neighbors tarred and feathered him.

THE DAWNING OF THE DAY.

[From the Western Woman's Journal.]

As the curtains of ignorance are lifted one by one, and the sunlight of intelligence penetrates farther and farther into the hallways of prejudice, the gloom of injustice gives place to the radiance of advancement.

From conservative England, from historic Italy, from despotic Russia, from cultured Massachusetts, from far-off Oregon, from intelligent Indians, from the Centennial State, from beautiful Minnesota, from the Territories, from our own progressive Nebraska, from almost the entire civilized world, comes the cheering news of the progression of woman to a higher plane of social, intellectual, moral and political freedom.

As the unjust restrictions and limitations, founded on centuries of social serfdom, gradually melt away under the influence of a better civilization, women begin to take their places by the side of men in an ever-widening sphere—a sphere soon to be measured by the divine law of fitness, and limited only by her capability.

Is this advance evanescent? Will woman again be relegated to the condition of her sex in oriental lands? No; revolutions in the development of humanity never retrograde. Nations may rise and fall, the universal empire of an Alexander or the sway of imperial Rome may become historical, but the plant of liberty, nourished by the blood of patriots at Thermopylae, will blossom more beautifully in Switzerland. Liberty may lie wounded beneath the feet of autocracy on Poland's plains, only to grow the stronger where progressive-Saxon intelligence and Norman energy join hands in American lands to jealously guard her glorious presence.

In the light of this age—in its advancing light, guarded by the printing press and the public schools, every advance made by humanity will be permanent, and but a stepping-stone to a higher advance. And if the time should ever come when our beloved Union, recreant to the grand command "forward," should fall by the immutable law that allows no stand still, yet human liberty would rise from the ruins.

The progress of woman in being admitted to new fields of labor, welcomed to the professions and invited to wider spheres of usefulness and happiness generally, points unerringly to the near approach of the full-day of fruition, the time when our country shall have crystallized into a grand realization of the noble humanitarian principle of equality to ALL its citizens.

The glow upon the sky foretells the morn—
The mandate still goes forth, "let light be born!"
From mountain tops the mists have fled away,
And soon the valleys will receive the day.
The warp of war and woof of now will be
The web-woven fabric of futurity—
So let us intervene mid grave and light
The golden threads of justice bright.

A KISS ON THE SLY.

There is to be found much refreshment in a well-proportioned kiss. This much everybody acknowledges, though only a frank few have the courage to acknowledge it openly. And it is a curious fact, yet unexplained by the philosophers, that the slyer the kiss is the more there is in it of refreshment.

A kiss that is paid as a forfeit before a whole room full of people, is prosaic, not to say embarrassing. The girl laughs, which spoils the romance, and the fellow, ten to one, blushes—neither of them thinking much of it, and they both are apt pretty soon to forget all about it.

But let the same fellow kiss the same girl when nobody is looking—and the situation is as different as possible. That sort of a kiss, fired off in a hurry behind the door or in a conservatory, is like an electric shock and is as sweet as cream. The taste of it sort of holds on and constantly suggests the propriety—or impropriety, as the case may be—of trying it again. And the laughing and blushing are exactly reversed. The fellow laughs, without spoiling the romance a bit, and the girl blushes like a pink carnation.

It is queer that the very same thing should, under such slightly altered circumstances, be so entirely different, nor is it any the less queer because the difference has existed from the earliest age of the world.—*Philadelphia Times*.

Woman Suffrage History.

Mrs. A. S. Duniway has received a large invoice of the first volume of "The United States History of the Woman Suffrage Movement," and is now ready to fill orders for the same. Every person who is interested in the cause of liberty and justice should have this book. It is a handsome royal octavo volume of over 900 pages of rare, racy and valuable reading, edited by Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony and Mrs. Matilda Joselyn Gage, three of the foremost thinkers of the age, who have figured largely as leaders in the suffrage movement for over thirty years. The book contains a large number of elegant steel engravings of the eminent women of the East who have fought the battle bravely from its beginning, some of whom have passed away, and others are now ready for the final triumph of the cause for which they have long labored and waited. The book is published by Fowler & Wells, who will issue the second volume about Christmas. Price: in cloth, \$5 00; in sheep, extra, \$6 50. Agents solicited.

Oregon to Massachusetts.

Some time ago, Messrs. Hodge, Davis & Co., of this city, read in a Massachusetts paper that Hon. Charles R. Ladd, Auditor of that State, was afflicted with an incurable kidney disease, and had been obliged to give up work and return to his home. They immediately sent him a box of their celebrated Oregon Kidney Tea, and from time to time sent him other boxes. A few days ago they received from him the following letter:

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,
Auditor's Dept., Boston, Nov. 11, 1881.
Messrs. Hodge, Davis & Co.—Dear Sirs:—I have no hesitation in saying that I have been much benefited by the use of the Oregon Kidney Tea as a remedy for a kidney difficulty which has troubled me for six or eight years. I can heartily recommend it to those who are similarly afflicted as a safe and agreeable remedy. I shall test its virtues further, for I have great faith in it as a specific for many diseases of the kidneys. Respectfully yours,
CHAR. R. LADD.

The original of this letter can be seen by calling on Messrs. Hodge, Davis & Co., Portland, Oregon, and the Oregon Kidney Tea can be bought of any druggist or dealer in Oregon or Washington. Price, \$1.00 per box.

H.P. & C. Stocks for 15 cents, at Ackerman's Dollar Store.

Ebony and Velvet Frames, at Ackerman's.

THE "JOSEPH KELLOGG."

This is the name of a new, neat and commodious river steamer recently built for the Cowlitz trade by the Portland and Cowlitz River Steamboat Company, a transportation society which has built up a large and lucrative business, and opened up a first-class market at the very door of an extensive rural settlement in the valley drained by the Cowlitz, a river in Southern Washington Territory of considerable magnitude, which empties into the Columbia about fifty miles from Portland. Captain Joseph Kellogg, from whom the boat derives its name, is the head of the company controlling it. For a number of years he and his sons pursued the carrying trade in the steamer *Dayton*, a little craft that at one time afforded ample accommodations for the company's business.

Captain Kellogg commenced work upon the hull of the new boat about the middle of April last, and, though quite a veteran in years, has superintended every part of the work, from the laying of her keel to embellishing her cabin and furnishing her state-rooms. The wood work is made of Oregon timber, the hull being cedar, except in parts requiring greater strength, which are made of the common white oak. The cabins, offices, dining-room and seats are of Oregon ash and maple, with walnut trimmings. The effect is exceedingly chaste and pretty, and is heightened by the furniture, which was manufactured to order, also from Oregon woods, by the well-known firm of Shindler & Chadbourne. The boat throughout was designed by Captain Kellogg, whose long acquaintance with river navigation enables him to judge accurately of the very best designs, embodying speed, convenience, light draught, grace and beauty. The work was all done in Portland and reflects great credit upon all who were engaged in it.

We are informed that the hull was built under the supervision of Mr. L. Paquet, and the remainder of the work, including the finishing of the cabins, the drawings for the designs of the handsome saloon, state-rooms, railings, etc., were executed by Mr. E. E. McClure. The painting, graining, varnishing, etc., outside and inside, was done by Mr. A. D. Brundage, of Portland, who is justly proud of the fine effect of his painstaking work, which sets off the saloon and state-rooms in a capital manner. Everything in and about the boat, from its sixteen state-rooms, with thirty-two beds, to its unique kitchen and model pantry, is the envy of every frugal housewife whose good fortune leads her to travel upon it.

Every member of the company, from captain to engineer, and from purser to shipping clerk, is a member of Mr. Kellogg's family, and a happier or more harmonious company never navigated a river, or hardly ever ran a newspaper.

The Joseph Kellogg plies between Portland, on the Willamette, and Freeport and Toledo, on the Cowlitz, and touches at intermediate points wherever it has business. Freeport and Toledo are mere villages, but the country around them is thickly settled and trade is good. The lands are exceedingly fertile, being subject in many places to overflow during the Spring and Winter freshets. The prices in the neighborhood of Freeport range from \$50 to \$60 per acre, but there are many partially improved farms within the radius of half a dozen miles which may be had at \$5 or \$10, or even less, per acre. The Cowlitz River, like the Willapa, of which mention is made elsewhere, is as large at its mouth as the Willamette, but neither is navigable for large steamers for nearly so great a distance. The Cowlitz drains a large valley, which is one of the most desirable parts of Western Washington Territory for settlement by farmers and dairymen. The Northern Pacific Railroad runs along the eastern bank of the Cowlitz, on the opposite side of the river from Freeport, making the valley accessible by rail or steamer at all seasons of the year, and being conveniently adjacent to market, is altogether a desirable locality for large future settlements.

The Joseph Kellogg, with a carrying capacity of 321 tons, is 128 feet in length and 23 feet beam, and only draws before loading about 15 inches of water. As a steamboat architect Captain Kellogg is a success, and well does he deserve both the gratitude and support of the inhabitants of the region to which his handsome steamer is proving a genuine blessing.

MR. VAN BEURDEN'S BRONZE MEDAL.

During the progress of the late Mechanics' Fair, visitors were frequently seen to pause and admire the fine bronze medal awarded at the *Exposition Universelle*, in Paris, in 1878, to Mr. J. Van Beurden, the well-known jeweler at 107 First street, this city. The fortunate possessor of this medal exhibits it only on rare occasions. It occupies a satin-lined case, of substantial Russia leather, from which, when opened, the beholder sees a mythological group in bass-relief upon its face, the well-formed figures of Ceres, Terpsichore, Clio, and other classic deities, with the Goddess of Plenty reposing at their feet upon a sheaf of barley. The reverse side of the medal is embellished around its outer edge with the inscription, in raised letters, "Plans des batiments de l'Exposition Universelle, du Champ de Mars et du Trocadero." Upon the rim entirely surrounding the medal's outer edges, are engraved the words, "Medaille commemorative offerte pour services rendus Monsieur John Van Beurden, Commissaire Honoraire d'Oregon." The reverse side also exhibits a pair of Cupids holding the ends of a scroll partly unrolled, exhibiting a miniature view of the Exposition building, surmounted above the scroll with "Republique Francaise." The names of MacMahon, Duc de Magenta, Teisserenc, and other native notables of La Belle France adorn the medal, and we do not wonder that Mr. Van Beurden prizes it highly, nor that the people of Oregon express their substantial appreciation of his services to the State of his adoption during the Exposition, by patronizing him liberally since his return to Portland.

People Want to be Humbled!

But they will not be in this case. Everything is marked in full, and by advertising but little and having small rent to pay and no clerks, customers are given the benefit of low prices. The finest assortment of holiday goods and tree ornaments. Also, the finest French candy in neat boxes, hearts for your sweethearts, etc., at the Turn Halle Confectionery and Oyster Saloon, corner of Fourth and Yamhill streets.

Be sure and call at Ackerman's Dollar Store.

A PROMINENT HOME INSTITUTION.

Among the many useful, profitable and necessary institutions which have lately sprung into existence in our midst for the benefit of those who join them, none is more popular than marriage insurance, and a notable feature of this city is the Northwestern Marriage Insurance Company, a home institution and a joint stock association, formed by a number of prominent business men, who are well-known, reliable gentlemen, and whose names are a guarantee of the successful and honorable management of any enterprise to which their signatures may be affixed. The company is incorporated under the laws of Oregon, and has a capital stock of \$100,000.

The moral and financial advantages of marriage insurance are worthy of careful consideration, provided they are based upon certainties as to the amounts necessary to be paid to carry a policy, which can only be done through a company that has fixed rates and guarantees stated amounts at certain periods. This institution is based upon principals, and its methods are wholly unlike those of all other marriage insurance societies or schemes now in operation throughout the country. It enables parents in moderate circumstances, by the payment of small premiums at stated intervals, to provide a fund for the benefit of their children, which will give them at marriage a good start in life. If the beneficiary insures himself or herself, the necessity of paying the required premiums will induce the industry and frugality requisite in all cases to prepare them for the great responsibilities that are sure to come when married life begins.

Marriage insurance is destined both to encourage marriage at a proper age and discourage its too early commencement. There is every reason to believe that it will eventually prove a great benefit to the large number of young persons who are getting insured in this home company. The measure of its success will be indicated by the increased number of happy homes established through its facilities by many who would otherwise remain unmarried.

The thorough feasibility and basis of this company's methods of doing business, or any further information, can be learned by addressing the Secretary, Mr. A. S. Gross, Portland, Oregon.

A POPULAR ESTABLISHMENT.

An unpretentious but reliable and popular house in this city—one that has gained its present position in the estimation of the public by the best work, fair dealing and reasonable charges—is the Bon Ton Tailoring Establishment at No. 13 Oak street, Messrs. Shipper & Rybke proprietors. The basis upon which their business is conducted is, no misrepresentation of goods, good work, and consequent satisfaction, with prices so graded as to allow but a fair marginal profit. Performing their promises strictly, it is not strange, though they have been established but a few years, that they have now a thriving trade. That they will continue to enjoy it there can be no doubt, as the handsome and neat-fitting clothes with which they supply a customer invariably cause him to give them another call. They also have made a success of supplying parties at a distance with fashionable clothing, and send rules for self-measurement, so that anyone can be well dressed at reasonable prices. Samples are sent on application, and satisfaction is always guaranteed.

Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier still holds its position as the best cleanser of the blood in the market. It is particularly adapted for ladies' use.

Vienna Leather Goods, in great variety, at Ackerman's.

Ebony Sardinieres and Tables, at the Dollar Store.

NEW THIS WEEK.

THE NEW YORK NOVELTY CO'S CLEARANCE SALE

HOLIDAY GOODS!

Will Close by January 1, 1882.

Until that date, we will sell our Entire Stock of

- TOYS,
 - DOLLS,
 - AUTOCRAPH ALBUMS,
 - SCRAP ALBUMS,
 - PORTMANTEAUS,
 - FANCY GOODS,
 - STATIONERY,
 - FRAMES,
 - EASELS, Etc.,
- At Greatly Reduced Prices.

In addition to our usual stock of NOVELTIES, We have also received a new and large invoice of SWISS CARVINGS, Which must be sold by that time.

Please call and examine goods and prices before going elsewhere. IT WILL PAY YOU TO DO SO.

NEW YORK NOVELTY CO.,

No. 49 First St. bet. First and 2nd Streets, W.

HALBERSTADT & KANN, Props.

USE ROSE PILLS.