

EDNA AND JOHN:

A Romance of Idaho Flat. By Mrs. A. J. Dunway. Author of "Judith Reed," "Eileen Dowd," "Aunt and Henry Lee," "The Happy Home," "One Woman's Sphere," "Madge Morrison," etc., etc., etc.

Woman's degraded, helpless position is the weak point of our institutions to-day—a disturbing force everywhere, severing family ties, filling our asylums with the deaf, dumb, the blind, our prisons with criminals, our cities with drunkenness and prostitution, our homes with disease and death.

CHAPTER IV.

Aunt Judy took special pains to instruct her wards in their several lines of business. "You see it's the only alternative," she would say, decidedly. "John might teach, if qualified, which he isn't, or might practice at the bar, if a lawyer, which he couldn't be under a year's close application to study; Edna might teach, only there's other work for her, and so you must learn to farm. I'm giving you a splendid chance."

he'd no earthly need for, and he acted like I meant to rob him. Then, when he sold the cheese, he took that money which I couldn't help hoping he'd give to me, seeing I'd served him for thirty years for nothing, and the thousand I'd asked him for besides, and put the sums together and bought that hundred acre lot. And now he says he won't be able to buy a new carpet for the sitting-room, nor new paper nor curtains, for it will take all the fall yield of cheese to pay the taxes. So I've begun to wonder what it's all for, and to wish I could have a little more that's my own, even if I had to put up with a little less than Solon's. What's to become of Edna, is more than I know. Penniless, without clothes, books, or parents' blessing, I feel like I could die to help her, and yet I am powerless."

and pillows-cases and patch-work quilts and table-linen by the bale, and it all smacked of the good old days when girls were kept out of boarding school and taught house-keeping. I'll see that Edna gets her share of all this, if she does her duty while she's on trial. "The afternoon was waning rapidly. Supper must be made ready for Mr. Rutherford and the farm hands, and Aunt Judy was quite exhausted as she finished cooking the meal and dropped into a chair at the head of the table and waited for the household in nervous expectancy. "Where's Susan, and how are you, cousin Judy?" asked that diglatory, as he gazed at the unexpected yet plump apparition in genuine surprise. "Is anybody sick?" "A friend of Susan's is in great trouble, and she was obliged to go away on the steamer to see about the matter, and hadn't time to tell you good-bye. She left me to keep house and keep things a-going while she's away. Maybe she won't be gone but a day or two."

cabins for your late mistress, Edna Rutherford. And mind you, not a word of this is to get out. Edna, poor child, has married a poor man, and is destitute. Her father won't assist her, her mother can't, and Aunt Judy must. Do you understand?" "Law, yer missus! We niggers have that very way o' managing, an' it works prime." "Poor things," sighed Aunt Judy as she turned away. "Like married women, they are servants without wages, and like the most of them, they'll appropriate whatever they can gather surreptitiously if they can't do any better." "Sambo was ready at the appointed time. The great watch dog was silenced in obedience to his command, and nobody being astir to discover him, he readily got possession of the booty and disappeared in the waning corn. Depositing the burden upon the humble door-step of Aunt Judy's home and departing as noiselessly as he came, the inmates of the cabin did not know till morning that he had visited them and the much-needed prize had come. Edna laughed and cried by turns. The very things needed most were in the selection, and she laid many plans for their complete utilization as she unfolded them one by one. "What has come over my mother that she has dared to do this?" she asked herself over and over again. "I'm glad you've got your duds, Edna; but let my wife even try to deceive me in any way, and I'll see if she don't rue it."

CORRESPONDENCE O. S. W. S. A. Mrs. H. A. Loughery, President O. S. W. S. A.—Your kind note of invitation to speak in the interest of woman's enfranchisement at your State meeting is at hand, and I hasten to express my regrets that it is impossible for me to do so, as at that time I shall be in Eastern Oregon; but be assured that your cause is my cause, and for it I shall never cease to labor. I am highly gratified with the healthful growth and rapid strides in public sentiment in your State in favor of exact and equal justice to the women of our country before the law and in social life; never before have I felt so deeply the urgent need of honest, earnest labor in the field of reform, and more especially in the woman movement. In woman's enfranchisement are involved principles high as heaven and broad as the universe; principles holy as the incense from the altar of eternal truth; principles which underlie the well-being of the family, the church, and the State. The record of past history is a revelation of the great truth that the status of the unit or individual is the measure and status of the nation. At what a fearful cost has our own dear country taken lessons in the dear school of experience! At what a sacrifice of blood and treasure did we redeem our fair land from the blighting and corroding curse of negro slavery! The principle involved in that question was justice and individual sovereignty. The same principle is involved in our struggle to-day, and the same prayer is going up from a multitude of hearts that are bound down under the burdens of legal and social disability. It is our social system permeated with corruption? And are our courts flooded with petitions for divorce? Is our political economy a sham? And are fraud and speculation the order of the day? Is not the popular religious sentiment of the day almost a farce, exerting but little influence in staying the uprising tide of intemperance and crime? Is it not true that our whole social and political structure is suffering to-day from moral pollution, which takes root in woman's slavery? But, oh! how hard it is to be beat through the prejudice which, like a cloud, hangs about the reason of our people! How hard it is for our people to profit by the lessons of the past! How hard to realize that God, the Eternal Father, is not only the father of all truth, but of justice and freedom, and that freedom is not Christian or Jewish or Gentile, or male or female, but like the goodness of God it comes streaming down the ages, a rich inheritance to a common humanity. Thus it is, every attribute of God is pledged to the final triumph of human freedom. Be not weary in well-doing, nor yet fall out by the way; be of one mind, with an eye single to the enfranchisement of woman, leaving out all side issues—not praying by petition, but demanding on the ground of justice, natural right, and individual sovereignty the ballot, that emblem of heaven's highest gift, the crowning glory of civilized life, and a lever to elevate a common humanity into the sunlight of freedom. With all good wishes, I am heart and soul in the work of reformers. J. L. YORK, Portland, September 4, 1876.

the interests of men almost wholly. It could not be expected that women at this age of the world, when society is dropping off its ancient superstitions and barbarous practices so rapidly, should be willing to sit still in the fetters that bound them when men too were little better than the slaves of feudal barons, or, at the best, the servants and instruments of brutal kings and ignorant clergy. It is due to the world, quite as much as to ourselves, that we should rise above the baseness of our former condition. The argument so often and fluently uttered, that most women are content to be just what they are, if true, which it is not, is but a poor and illogical one. In the dark ages men were content, through ignorance, to remain in bondage; but did that brutish stupidity and indifference to the wrongs they were suffering make the wrongs right? Would not any true philanthropist essay to raise them out of the darkness and mire of such lives? It is no argument at all against the movement to elevate woman to a social and political equality with man, that so many are indifferent to the demand. They will not be indifferent when these privileges are brought within their reach. I remember talking with a fine-looking negress, before the Rebellion, on the subject of her enslavement to her Southern master, and she assured me she would not be free if she could; "it was not her place to be free; darkies was made for servants to de white folks." But how many negroes talked in that way when freedom came within their reach? What would they not endure for the sake of liberty, then? What staunch Republicans are the blacks still, because the Republican party liberated them! The party that shall liberate woman will be the strongest party ever known in this Republic. I think that women who have been trying to accomplish good in other ways, in moral reforms, temperance, etc., are about ready to "come over and help us." They are becoming convinced that their efforts are lost upon society so long as they have no political power. I was a working ally of the "temperance crusade," not so much because I expected the Lord of heaven and earth to shut up saloons in direct and miraculous answer to prayer, as because I believed in our right to attack by irregular measures those evils that men prevent our attacking by regular ones, and because I knew that women would find work long in that way without finding out their need of the ballot. In the same way I have worked with the "Women's Band of Helpers," though I felt that every step they took in the endeavor to benefit the lost of their own sex would prove to them that so long as men have the mastery of this world, women may labor in vain to rescue the fallen who have no voice in the making of the laws that govern them. I should think, too, that the action of the National Young Men's Christian Association had given women a hint broad enough to be taken by them all when they excluded them from their meeting last summer. They do not want us to concern ourselves about them. Let us then expend our energies in working for ourselves, and in the only right direction, that will give us the right and the power to work effectively. Let not what men may say, or women, either, intimidate us; let not petty jealousies nor disgusting scandals turn us aside. We have no strength to waste on *seemingly squabbles nor manly assaults*. In my opinion, the thing we most need is *unity*. It seems as if it must be a long time before we accomplish anything if we wait to be rich, for that we never can be without the ballot; yet money, some money, is actually and imperatively necessary to carry forward our party. It is a great pity we have so few women who have either time or money to the work, and so few male friends who are willing and able to help us. I proposed a plan last winter that was nominally approved by those present at the February Convention, to start a secret society, or to enter upon a regular series of political meetings when the science of government, the political history of the country, the local laws, and all kindred topics should be studied and commented upon; and that we should eventually organize into a party, nominate our candidates, hold elections, and in every way carry on the political work of a party, or a separate government. I would much prefer this sort of action to begging favors of men little by little. There can scarcely be a doubt but that, in this way, in a couple of years, or five at the longest, the other political parties would find a use for us, and be as desirous of our suffrages as we are to be sought them. If I were a public speaker, I would undertake to organize the woman's party, but since I am not, that labor must fall to some more efficient person. I hope, since you have our legislators at hand, that you will try to get some of our property laws amended in the interest of widows and married women. Make inquiry as to what can be done in that direction, and urge it upon our friends in the Legislature. Hoping you may have a pleasant meeting and effect something for our cause, I am, as ever, the friend of political equality, of right, and of justice. F. F. VICTOR, Portland, Oregon, September 26, 76.

Correspondents writing over assumed signatures must make known their names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

Poor in the Midst of Millions. In the account of the death of James Lick, the millionaire, at the Lick House on Sunday, October 1st, there is a suggestive thought. Lick was an old man, having lived eighty years of this changing life. His name is famed, not only for his magnificent donations to various benevolent and educational institutions, but for his eccentricities. Among the latter was his well-known aversion to women, which was so strongly carried out that even up to a short time before his death he would allow no woman to enter his room or wait upon him. The description of his death is so graphic that a person who reads. The words of the poem familiar to every school-boy fitly describe it: "There was lack of woman's nursing, There was dearth of woman's tears. The dusty and neglected room, the dingy surroundings, the group of men attached to the dying man by no ties of kin, too graphically, portray the absence of woman's tenderness and affection, the lack of her gentle ministry and the devotion in the life of this lonely old man, a pauper in the midst of millions; for a man without the tender care of wife, child, or kindred to minister to his last hours is poor indeed. It is said this millionaire was so unsocial, morose, and irritable that it was exceedingly difficult to obtain persons to wait upon him. Is it any wonder that his was so 'poor, lonely a man! without a single soul of his own blood to smooth his pillow or cheer his heart with a tone of sympathy! Distrusting the motives of those surrounding him as merely mercenary; sick and helpless upon his bed, was it any wonder he was morose, eccentric and irritable? In spite of his pretended aversion to women, James Lick, by his donation of \$100,000 to the Old Ladies' Home, showed that he had somewhere hidden in his strange, warped nature, a tenderness for the sex to which he belonged? The miller's daughter of Lebanon and the only woman he ever loved, and whom her father forbade him to marry. He also gave \$25,000 to the Ladies' Protection and Relief Society, and \$300,000 to the endowment of a School for Mechanics' Arts, to educate men and women equally in all industries. So, though keeping aloof from actual association with the despised sex in life, James Lick, by his generous donations, proved that he did not disdain to befriend them after his death. Then in all sincerity let us say of him: "Requiescat in pace."—The Golden Dawn.