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HER LOT;

OR, How She Was Protected.

By Mrs. A. J. DUNAWAY.

CHAPTER XX. "AMIE AND BENNY LEFT," "THE HAPPY HOME," "THE WOMAN'S SPEECH," "THE MORNING," "THE EVENING."

When the court was called on the following morning, the rush for the scene of trial was simply indescribable.

The excitement and fatigue had induced a racking headache, from which I was suffering the intense torture to which the overworked nerves of women are so often periodically subjected.

"What's the use of living, anyhow?" I wailed, in desperation. "I've seen nothing but trouble since my earliest years. My mother before me experienced nothing but disappointment and sorrow; my children after me are to be doomed to the same dreadful fate. I wish to God we were all dead!"

My sobriety was cut short by the unexpected entrance of Mrs. Motley. "I heard you!" she exclaimed, reproachfully, as, bursting into my room like a submarine, she brought with her an indefinable radiance that had the perfume of wild flowers in it.

There was no alternative but to obey, which I did apathetically, though I somehow felt as if my interest in life was returning, and I no longer contemplated possible suicide.

For two hours I lay in a dreamy languor; and then, the time for assembling at court having again arrived, I rose with difficulty and repaired thither, taking with me my child Gerald, and leaving baby Ethel with Mrs. Motley.

My husband was already in the prisoner's box, and the stupid jury occupied their accustomed place, eager to feast their eyes and ears, as was the entire crowd of lookers-on, with a revelation which gave promise of much unsavory detail.

Elder Chalmers had by this time arrived, and was placed upon the witness stand. My blood fairly froze as I watched him. By his side stood my friend, Mr. Motley, as benevolent looking as ever, while Gerald gazed into the grizzly-bearded, grim-visaged face of his enemy and mine, with the restless air of a pinnacled eagle.

"What is your name?" asked the prosecuting attorney. "Chalmers, sir." "And your occupation?" "I am a minister of the gospel by profession."

The New Northwest.

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OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST: One of our wealthy citizens has erected a grand monument here for the perpetuation of his memory. It is not in "storied urn or animated bust," or huge pile of marble in our beautiful Oak Hill Cemetery, where sleep hundreds of our celebrities; but it is a charitable institution, reared at a heavy expenditure and endowed quite as liberally.

Gerald leaned forward again, his chains clanking, eyes and mouth open, and every nerve in a tremor of excitement. The prosecuting attorney was evidently dissatisfied with the testimony, but he relied upon his eloquence in convincing the jury, so he leaned back in his chair, with a smile that was child-like and bland, and rested his case.

Then came the defense. I sat close to my husband's attorney, my eyes, ears, and brain alike on the alert. "Don't ask a question till I have suggested it," I whispered, inwardly wondering why I could not ask my own questions outright, and thus be my own lawyer, and save the exorbitant expense of an attorney's fees.

"Captain Grey, is the woman, Isabel Martinez, dead?" he asked, with emphasis. "I do not know," said Gerald. "Elder Chalmers, is the woman, Isabel Martinez, dead?" That dignitary did not anticipate the question.

"She has not been seen since she mysteriously disappeared with the prisoner at the bar, and her last known cry was murder. I should say there was strong presumptive evidence of her death," was the frigid and cautious reply. Gerald whispered to his counsel, and they exchanged some words that I could not hear.

Mr. Motley scribbled something on a piece of paper, and passed it to the Judge. "What kind of a looking person was this woman of whom you speak?" asked his Honor. "A blonde, with baby face and coal black eyes," was the prompt reply.

"And you say she has never been seen since the time when the prisoner was known to strike her, and that her last word was murder?" "Yes, sir." Again Mr. Motley wrote a sentence and passed it to the Judge.

"We will now rest the case till tomorrow at one P. M., when we will have still another witness," said the Judge. I was mystified. So anxious was I to know all that I could with difficulty restrain my feelings of impatience, but I saw they were preparing a surprise for me of some kind, and I hardly dared to even wonder what it might be.

My Probate Pilgrimage.

Looking back over my year's work in New England, over the miles and miles of streets and up-stairs and down-stairs, and of hills and dales traversed while selling the second edition of my book of "Probate Confessions," I find, taking it all in all, that the measure of success which crowned my efforts was commensurate with the labors. He welcomes which have greeted me, the words of cheer which have strengthened me, the hand-pressures which have thrilled me, the heart-throbs which have responded to mine, the faces which I have looked into, faces met and passed on the pathway of life whose paths I shall never cross again, all these things, or the remembrance of them, are like the perfume of fresh flowers. They invest past toil and weariness with a halo.

"Life's mournful religious overcast, In purple distance fair." Beautiful New England! With your reformers who have stood and are standing for justice, in the sunlight of the present and the future, history in letters of flame, as fadeless as the day, as lasting as the hills. God bless them, every one!

I see by the last Journal that Senator Abbott, of Lowell, has found a tongue. He was perfectly reticent on the widow's rights question, although one of the three who constitute the probate and chancery committee. Probably he only makes a noise on great occasions. I am glad he has unfurled his flag. There is nothing like knowing one's stripes. I wish, for the sake of my bill, which he and Mr. White and Mr. Gardner "eat on" and killed, he had lived fifty years ago. They should have lived in the times when men "drank a glass of wine at a funeral" and a quart at a feast; when muscular Christianity in the shape of fathers in Israel put out church doors weak mothers in Israel for daring to lift up their subjugated voices in prayer and supplication in holy masculine temples, asking God for strength to endure their manifold toils, trials and privations.

Senator Abbott advises women to "stop running after 'isms,' mind their husbands and enjoy their marriages." But what am I to do who have no husband to "mind," no "nursery to look after," and no baby to put in the nursery? What would a nursery amount to without a baby? And what are the 63,000 "husbandless" women in Massachusetts and the 900,000 spinsters of Great Britain to do about "obedience and nurseries"? My advice, which I, unlike doctor's prescriptions, take myself, is to "stop running after 'isms,' mind their husbands and enjoy their marriages." These were women were looked upon by a large proportion of mankind as only fit for household drudgery. Better be the mother of one lion than of a dozen jackasses. The world is in this way for want of population as it is for the want of quality.

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That every widow who has any interest in her deceased husband's estate, should have the same right to claim an administration, to serve conjointly with the executor or executor named in the will of said deceased, as she has when the estate is intestate. 2. That no act or instrument made by an executor or executors is valid without the widow's assent.

The greatest of all power is thought power. That it may multiply most rapidly and produce its greatest effects it is essential that there should be no barrier placed in the way of free speech. The right of free speech rests on simple justice. Free speech is the basis of progress in knowledge, the guaranty of liberty, the antidote of revolution, and the cornerstone of religious freedom. The churches ought to be the first to rally in defense of free speech, for they are its children.—Dr. E. H. Foote.

A Surviving Heroine of 1812.

There is an interesting story connected with Cedar Point, Scituate Harbor, Mass. The heroine is Miss Rebecca Bates, now a bright, genial old lady of eighty-four, whose memory continues remarkably clear. The story, taken from her own lips, can be depended upon as thoroughly reliable. Her father was Captain Simeon Bates. He was light-keeper at the time, and was the first who lit the light in April, 1811. In the spring of the following year English cruisers were numerous in Massachusetts Bay, and on one occasion the launches of an English frigate were sent in to Scituate Harbor. They set fire to vessels at the wharves, and towed out two, at the same time threatening to destroy the town if any resistance was offered. After this event a home guard was formed, and detachments were stationed on Cedar and Crow points and in front of the village, with a brass piece. When there was no sail in sight, the guards were allowed to go off to their farms.

Nothing to occasion alarm occurred again until the following September. Rebecca, at that time eighteen years of age, and her sister Abigail, fourteen years old, and still living, were sitting by the window, and the old man, their mother, Captain Bates and the rest of his large family and the guards were all away. Mrs. Bates told Rebecca it was time to put on the kettle. As Rebecca went into the kitchen for the first time she perceived an English ship was close at hand and lowering her boats. "I knew the ship at a glance," she said. "It was the 'Ja Hogue.' 'Oh, Lord!' says I to my sister, 'the old 'Ja Hogue' is off her anchor! Look here, look here! Here are the barges coming again, and they'll burn up our vessels just as they did before! You see, there were two vessels at the wharf, loaded with flour, and were coming to take those out beyond the light-house and fire them at the barges. I might have killed one or two, but it would have done no good, for they would have tarred and fished the village. I tell you that, and I did say I to my sister, 'Look here, look here, I take the drum, I'll take the life.' I was fond of military music, and could play four times on the fife. 'Yankee Doodle' was my marching song, learned on the fife when the soldiers had at the light-house. They had a drum there, too; so I said to her: 'You take the drum, and I'll take the fife.' 'What good'll that do?' said she. 'Some day, says I. 'All you've got to do is to call the roll, I'll scream the fife, and we must keep out of sight. If they see us, they'll laugh us to scorn.' I showed her how to handle the sticks, and we ran down behind the cedar wood. So we put in as the boys say, and pretty soon I looked, and I could see the men in the barges resting on their oars and listening. When I looked again I saw a flag flying from the mainmast of the ship. My sister began to make a noise, and I said: 'Don't make a noise. You make me laugh, and I can't pucker my mouth.' When I looked again I saw they had seen the flag, and they ordered about so quick a man fell overboard, and they picked him up by the back of his neck and hauled him in. When they went off, I played 'Yankee Doodle.' It is not this heroine, who saved two ships laden with flour, and perhaps other valuables, from destruction, entitled to a pension? She has five brothers and sisters still living, the eldest eighty-five, and the youngest seventy-one. Her grandfather was one hundred years and one month old at the time of his death.—S. C. W. Benjamin, in Harper's Magazine for June.

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNT OF A CASE OF CRUELTY AND CRIMINAL ABUSE OF ONE OF THE WRETCHED PATIENTS IN THIS INSTITUTION FROM THE LIPS OF A PERSON WHO HAS BEEN FOR MANY YEARS, AND IS AT PRESENT, A REGULAR VISITOR TO THE FEMALE ASYLUM:—"Eighteen months ago," says the informant, "a woman in hall No. 3 was considered by the physicians well enough to be discharged from the quarters in the main building and placed in one of the pavilions. She was ordered to go there by one of the nurses on duty, and was forced out of her room without all her clothes. The woman told the nurse she wanted her clothes, and the nurse refused to give them. She was the patient insisting that she should get her clothes, the nurses forced her along the ward. Not being able to get the patient out, the attendants called in two men, who grasped her and tore her along. When the stairs were reached, they shoved her down. In this operation they either jammed their knees into her back, or," as the visitor said, "more likely kicked her. The unfortunate patient, who was recovered, was, after this treatment, confined to her bed for several weeks, and never got over this brutal treatment, from the effects of which she is now slowly dying in the hospital ward of the asylum. This patient was laboring at the time only under a tendency to commit suicide, the history of her case being that she was engaged to be married, and her lover died, after which she twice attempted to kill herself. She was melancholic, but in all other respects sane. But for the treatment she received she would have been discharged cured in a short time, and in place of being now slowly dying in a mad-house, would be in all probability, comfortably settled with friends."—New York Herald.

SCIENCE AND EDUCATION.—Nothing can be clearer than that the liberty of science and the progress of education, are indissolubly linked together. Whewell has shown us how, in the development of the human intellect, the great steps of culture have followed and resulted from the great steps of discovery that have successively enlarged the sphere of human knowledge. And it was not because certain new facts were poured in at each epoch of discovery, but because new ideas, new methods, new modes of mental activity were introduced. These are invaluable in education, and if shown away, so that nothing but direct results are imparted, the quickening, arousing influence of science is lost to culture.—Professor Youmans, Popular Science Monthly for May.

THE CINCINNATI authorities are trying to close the theatres of that city on Sundays.

Praise is seldom paid with willingness, even to incontestable merit; and it can be no wonder that he who calls for it without desert, is repulsed with universal indignation.

Frank Moulton says: "I have only one confidential friend, and she bears my name."

He Ate the Pie He Didn't Like.

Bret Harte, in the April Scribner, tells us of a case of pie eating in California more humorous than he related than to experience: The pies and cakes made by the old woman were, I think, remarkable rather for their inducing the same loyal and generous spirit than for their intrinsic excellence. And, may I do you any more strongly to the nobler aspects of humanity than its vulgar appetite. Howbeit, everybody ate Mammy Downey's pies and thought of his childhood. "Take 'em, dear boys," the old lady would say; "it does me good to see you eat 'em; reminds me kinder of my poor Sammy, that ef he'd lived, would have been ez strong and big ez you be, but was taken down with lung fever at a sweetwater. I kin see him yet; that's forty year ago, dear comin' out o' the lot to the bake-house and smilin' such a beautiful smile, like yours, dear boy, as I handed him a mince or a lemming turnover. Dear, dear, I do run on; and those days is past! but I seems to live in you again!" The wife of the hotel-keeper, actuated by a vulgar jealousy, had suggested that she "seemed to live off them," but as that person tried to demonstrate the truth of her statement by reference to the cost of the raw material used by the old lady, it was considered by the camp as too practical and economical for consideration. "Bosides," added Cy Perkins, "ef old Mammy would say: 'It does me good to see you eat 'em; reminds me kinder of my poor Sammy, that ef he'd lived, would have been ez strong and big ez you be, but was taken down with lung fever at a sweetwater. I kin see him yet; that's forty year ago, dear comin' out o' the lot to the bake-house and smilin' such a beautiful smile, like yours, dear boy, as I handed him a mince or a lemming turnover. Dear, dear, I do run on; and those days is past! but I seems to live in you again!' 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