

MRS. HARDINE'S WILL.

By ANNA E. CLARKE,
Author of "FIFTH YEAR," "EIGHTH YEAR,"
"ARIE AND HENRY LEE," "THE HAPPY
BOYS," "REAR, MORRIS,"
"PAUL, YATE AND FANCY,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER XXV.

A NEW ARRIVAL.

John Ingletton returned to his sister's
home and hurriedly re-packed his knap-
sack. Tirzah watched him narrowly,
but fortively. She had dreaded the final
result of the interview between the old-
time lovers; but her dread had been
based upon a different conjecture from
that which now filled her with fear and
troubling.

John Hardine, whose visits at the
home of Israel Ingletton had become
the theme of much neighborhood gossip,
lost no opportunity to impress his wife
with the opinion that it was very dis-
honorable in John Ingletton to call upon
Mrs. Peter Tubbs. And Tirzah, though
she could by no means excuse her hus-
band for the deviations with which
Rumor constantly accused him, had
joined him in appreciations as to the
propriety of permitting Tirzah to meet her
old affianced at all. Her affection for
her husband had been so severely tried
from the first day of their union by his
refusal to comply with the sacred terms
of their contract toward her parents,
that she had long ceased to entertain for
him the least shadow of respect or af-
fection. And bitterly in forbidding her
to return to her mother after the news
of her father's suicide, and when she
was only ten miles away on her West-
ward journey, had, from the first, filled
her with loathing; and, now that she
more than suspected him of transplant-
ing his affections—such as he had—to
the idle, shrew and imprudent wife of
Israel Ingletton, she thoroughly de-
spised the man. Could any husband,
were these conditions reversed, feel any
other than emotions of disgust and loath-
ing for the wife who would do by him
as John Hardine did by Tirzah? And
yet, the probable comparison must cease
here, for it was not practicable for Tir-
zah to break up her home and divorce
her husband, which he would have done
at once had she been the guilty party.
Aside from her tale, she was without
kindred to whom she could look for as-
sistance. Her widowed mother, for
whose benefit she had labored beyond
her strength, only to see her earnings
transferred to the pockets of her hus-
band, was now no more, and her brother
John evidently had trouble enough
of his own; so she saw no way before
her but to grope on, struggle on and toll
on in life's most unprofitable endeavor,
seeking what solace she could in the
society of her children, cultivating, as
many, many mothers have done through
all the centuries, the maternal at the
expense of conjugal, thereby over-esti-
mating the one, and falling right to
comprehend the vital importance of the
other.

That Tirzah, as the years rolled on,
became the over-indulgent mother of
many children, who grew up with the
same contempt for their father which
had long been her ruling sentiment in
regard to him, was not to be wondered
at, deplorable as it was. But I must
not get further ahead of my story.

John Ingletton clasped his knapsack
and stood calmly before his sister, his
face pale and rigid and his eyes filled
with tears.

"You don't mean to go back to see
Tirzah, do you?" asked Tirzah, with de-
pression in her tone and manner.

"No, Tirzah. She would not permit
it, and she is right. With my own ac-
cused hand I dugged a grave between us.
To separate myself from her is to sever
my soul from my body. Every nerve
and tendon of my strong nature
reaches out to her with unsteady,
unutterable, unquenchable longing. It
was not my fault that God created us
for each other, but it was my cruel, sad,
wicked and irrevocable mistake to place
the gulf between us."

"Then where are you going, John?"
"Back to Colonel Bateman and his
regiment. Then, as soon as I can afford
it, I will return to our younger brothers
and sisters."

"Have you nothing ahead, John? No
property or money to depend upon, I
mean?"

"No, Tirzah; none to speak of. My
salary was all consumed in providing
for my poor wife during the brief and
trying months of our most unhappy
marriage."

"Well, I'm glad you're going away,
John. Peter Tubbs is not an Israel In-
gletton."

"But he's even worse if possible."

"How, John?"

"He gained his wife by a lie—a cruel,
damned lie!"

"I can't see how that was, John. He
told Tirzah that you were married; and
by your own confession it was true."

"Yes, but it was not true that I had
a wife when he married Tirzah, and he
knew it."

"Are you sure of that, John?"

"I know it, or I would not say so."

"Then he is a double-eyed villain!
Alas! why is it that men will take ad-
vantages in matrimonial affairs that

The New Northwest

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FREE SPEECH, FREE PRESS, FREE PEOPLE.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 24, 1880.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:
I intimated in my last communication
to your paper that the "National"
Greenbackers would seek to drop the
sufrage question at their called meeting
in Chicago, June 9th, 1880. I herewith
enclose a letter from Hon. E. M. Davis,
of Philadelphia, to the Sentinel, a National
paper published in Chicago, which
letter fully verifies my suspicions of
these Nationalists. It is hoped, how-
ever, that the better judgment will pre-
vail among the majority of their Con-
vention, and that the suffrage plank in
the platform adopted at the St. Louis
Convention will be retained by the
Chicago Convention. Yours for the
right,

M. S. BOOTH.

PHILADELPHIA, March 16, 1880.

Editor Sentinel—Your issue of the
11th, with a quotation from my circular
letter, and your comments, here before
me. I read them with great interest.
I made the statement first, I find that
many of the Western papers had the
"right" as it was read and adopted.

Whether it was over-ought that you
and many others got the call right, or
whether it was intended you should, I
am not yet capable of proving. As far
as I can ascertain (and this "circle"
covers its tracks with great care), the
whole Associated Press was to have it
as altered. The Associated Press that
supplies the City of Washington and all
the papers on the Atlantic Coast got the
call as changed, and in that changed
way it appeared in their papers. The
papers that supply the Western papers
got it as adopted, and it was of course
a change made. But I have some
reason to think that it was intended
that the words "sufrage reformers"
should be in the West—where they
are more numerous than elsewhere—
and that for the East the words should
be dropped. Some of the Greenback
papers in Ohio got it right, but through-
out the rest of the West, and in New
York, the words "sufrage reformers"
were omitted, and the call as altered.

I have seen a great many, and not one
includes the words "sufrage reformers."
All our Philadelphia dailies and New
York dailies published the call, but
without the words "sufrage reformers."
I hope you will correct your statement
that the words "sufrage reformers"
were omitted. My friend Shilling's paper in Ohio
published it right. He wrote me that
he made up the call from his notes col-
lected from notes of a Washington re-
porter, and got it right, but that was
within an hour after its adoption; and
the Washington report was "over-
written" before he got his notes cor-
rected, and in that paper the words were
omitted, as they were in every paper
in Washington, including the Washington
View.

I am sorry you did not publish the
words of my circular letter, but I hope
you will, with this, in your next issue,
and hope you will help me make it so
but for the person or persons who did
this dishonorable thing, that the Green-
back papers of the East may print the
names involved in black ink. What
was struck out is of secondary im-
portance. If we submit for a moment
to this dishonorable act, we encourage its
repetition, and as a party take the dis-
honor that belongs to a party who con-
fess their fault in black ink. What
I have written nearly one hundred
letters about the matter, and have had
a great many responses. I am making
a report of my examination into the
matter before the National Convention,
and I have a copy of the report in the
National View, where my charge was
first made, if he would publish my re-
port, but although I had but a few
weeks before sent him my check for
\$100, and he has not yet returned it,
repeated, with slight changes, means,
of course, for contempt.

I am still working at the matter. It
shows, or will when done, the kind of
material our party is composed of, at
least our Eastern wing. It shall go
to the public if I have to start a paper
for that special object.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

E. M. DAVIS.

THE DOGS, NOT THE BREMEN.

ARGENT O'Connell dreams the hours
of life away;
Armed and do your being's work
While yet is day.

The deer, not the dreamer, breaks
The halcyon spell;
Which binds with iron bands the earth
To which we dwell.

Oh, man of war with fiery feet
Will tread the desert;
Or his bloody hands will sweep
The earth again.

O dreamer, wake! your brother man
Unconscious goes heart-crushed, this morn,
Unto the grave.

The bow of wrong is loosed and bent,
Not with a chance;
And love, and truth, and right, as yet,
Are but a name.

From out time's urn your golden hours
Flow fast away;
Then, dreamer, get and do life's work
While yet is day.

ASSUMPTION.

The man who "runs a farm" wants a
suitable wife as a partner in the work.

The blooming and beautiful young lady,
rose-cheeked and bright-eyed, who can
stake a stocking, mend her own clothes,
command a regiment of pots and kettles,
and feed the pigs, milk the cows, and
half all the time, is the girl that sensible
young men are in quest of for a wife.

But your plaining, wasp-waisted, dol-
lared, consumption-mortgaged, music-
underriding and novel-reading danger-
ous of idleness, are no more fit for mar-
riage than a pullet to look after a brood
of fourteen chickens. The truth is,
my dear young girl, you want less
restraint and more liberty of action;
more kitchen and less parlor; more ex-
ercise and less sofa; more pudding and
less piano; more frankness and less
modesty. Loosen your corsets and
breathe the pure atmosphere, and
become something as good and beauti-
ful as Nature designed.—Valley Review.

TOGETHER THE BEST PROOF THAT MEN DO NOT
think that they perform all the necessary
labor of civilization, one need but
say that women should not work hard,
wash, scrub, mend, and do a host of
other things, such as men do, and
men will say that they do not think it
any worse for their wives to work than
it is for them. This statement and the
scattered ones that men do not think
that they support their wives, and that
their pretensions to this effect are ex-
pected to be taken for buncombe, one of
these false-oods growing out of a false
state of opinion, which has made a race
of egotistical and egotistical women
present so constituted that Society is
compelled to live almost entirely upon
the bounty of man. He may marry a
woman and put her into a chess fac-
tory, and she will be content to work
willing kind, get her to perform more
work than a six horse power engine,
and then get the credit of supporting
her. He can so limit her sphere, as he
calls it, that she will be content to
exist by being a servant to him and
his, and the mass of people can be
made to believe that it is very generous
of him to permit her to exist at all. It
was actually heard men grow profane
over the fact that women could obtain a
living in the community without serv-
ing. As the woman question progresses
these men become scarce, and we hope
the time will be when persons of this
kind will become extinct.—Antelope.

HOW IT STRUCK HER.

There is a story of a street preacher who was ex-
horting from the head of a barrel on the
highway, when an old lady drove by
with a market-cart on her way to the
city, and turned up.

Deciding on the villainy of Jesus, re-
telling the story of his monstrous treach-
ery with much fervor and many ad-
jectives. At the end of every sentence
the old lady exclaimed, "Oh! the vil-
lain!" sufficiently to draw the notice of
her indignation grew more and more
terrible, until at length she stood up on
the seat and shouted to the speaker,

"Say, Mister, when did all this hap-
pen? Eighteen hundred years ago?"

"Very strange, very strange," said
the preacher, "Oh! dear, dear! so
long ago? Drive on, Dabba! Drive
on!" And the old lady lashed the horse
until he fairly galloped, in sheer
disgust at discovering it was so far back.

AT THE OTHER END.

A few evenings since, a father and daughter at
Wellesley, Mass., were having a pleas-
ant chat, mutually recalling incidents
of the latter's childhood.

"I shall never forget," said the young
lady, "how you took me out of church
one Sabbath, when I was but three
years old, and punished me for playing
in meeting. I can remember the tingle
of that peach tree which I hid in."

"Very strange, very strange," said
the father; "I don't recollect the cir-
cumstances, at all."

"Ah, well, papa, you were at the
other end of the switch!"

A deep sense of life deters the fear
and almost the idea of death. Men
fear death as children fear to go into
the dark; and as that natural fear is
inborn, it is natural to us as we
are born; and to a little infant perhaps
the one is as painful as the other. He
that dies in an earnest pursuit is like
a wounded soldier in hot blood, who
feels the pain, scarce feels the hurt.—
Bacon's Essays.

Miss Melton says most truly that we
must meet things as they are, without
perplexing ourselves about what might
have been; for, if we believe in an over-
ruling Providence at all, there can be
such possibility as "what might have
been."

MARGARET FULLER'S INFLUENCE.

Rev. James Freeman Clarke, in his very
interesting list of autobiography read at
the reception of his seventieth birth-
day, said he was thankful to Margaret
Fuller. "From her," he added, "I
learned the power that is in a woman,
the mighty powers of the soul; she roused
me to the value of life; she taught me
how to live for an end, and a good one."

TRENCH.

Archbishop Trench is sev-
enty-three years old. He appears quite
commonplace, and might be taken for a
clerk in some charitable society. In
1854 he was made Archbishop of Dublin
and he had previously been Dean of
Westminster.

When a woman wants to be pretty
she bangs her hair, and when she wants
to be ugly she bangs the door.

The wool clip of 1880 for the Pacific
Coast and Territories will amount to
\$5,900,000 pounds.

THE NEXT PRESIDENT.

The importance of the coming Presidential
campaign cannot be overrated. The Demo-
cratic party once in power, with the
civil service at its disposal, it will take
years to break up its long tradition, and
in these years we may reasonably expect
another civil war. The mass of voters
at the North can scarcely be made to
understand that the Southern people re-
sist their subjection by the North with
bitterness commensurate with their
power to carry their resentment into ef-
fect, but such is the fact. The Republi-
can party should work as it never
worked before; no stone should be left
unturned. A sturdy, unflinching, un-
sundered pluck in their platform will arouse
and encourage a large body of able and
able-bodied women to work for the coming
election as only women can work, and
the Republican party will thereby be
enriched by the other party. No
one can now reasonably deny that the
emancipation of woman is at hand.
Grant, for many reasons, is the best
man for the next Presidency. He has
been tried, and the Republican party
know that they can depend upon him.
There is no funkiness about him, no
compromise. At the same time, the
most ultra-Democrat in the South will
hardly accuse Grant of treachery. He
will act as a mild spare-crow to the re-
bellious element of the South, for the
Southern people look upon him as a
great military leader. A little while
some fear in the North that the whole
nation must seriously trouble in the next
fifteen years.—Mr. C. M. Churchill.

A WONDERFUL INVENTION.

A wonderful invention in the form of
self-luminous paint is now exciting at-
tention in London. It lasts for years,
and when exposed for a time to bright
light, it will shine for eight or ten hours
so brightly as to illuminate a room.

The Government is turning its attention
to the invention in the hope of utilizing
it in powder magazines. Water does
not prevent it from shining, and life
guards thrown into the sea on a dark
night can be seen at a great distance.
It is very cheap, and can be manufac-
tured of various colors.

THE NEW HAVEN REGISTER.

The New Haven Register is a close
observer of human nature. It says:
"Compliment a woman on her beauty;
of face, elegance of figure, or grace of
style, and she will submit with a mod-
esty that adds to her charms. Tell a
man he looks dignified, is the embodi-
ment of manly beauty, and that his
side-whiskers are becoming, and he will
'swash' down the street as though he
was walking on eggs, carefully balanc-
ing his bump of self-esteem."

ONE TALENT, WELL CULTIVATED.

One talent, well cultivated, depended
and enlarged, is worth a hundred shal-
low faculties. The first law of success
at this day, when so many matters are
clamoring for attention, is concentra-
tion; to bend all the energies to one
point, looking neither to the right or
left. It has been justly said that a great
deal of the wisdom of a man in this
century is shown in leaving things un-
known; and a great deal of his practical
wisdom in leaving things undone. The
day of universal scholars is past.
"Life is short and art is long."

CHARLOTTE A. SCOTT.

Charlotte A. Scott, of Girton College,
Cambridge, has obtained the highest
position ever won by any lady student
in the mathematical course, and it has
rarely been attained by young men.
She is twenty-two years of age, and has
always had exceptional mathematical
ability.

THE SITE FOR THE NEW NAVAL OBSERVATORY.

The site for the new Naval Observa-
tory has not, as yet, been selected,
though the designated committee for
the purpose has quite a number of desir-
able places under consideration. The
difficulty delaying selection does not lie
so much in finding a suitable site as in
meeting the exorbitant prices demanded.
Uncle Sam always has to pay more
than the citizen for what he wants, and
in this instance the old story is repeated,
that he must give twice the worth for
the acres needed. DICK PABNO.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE WEDDING.

Mr. Augustus Cooper Bristol has been
lecturing before the Woman's Social
Science Association, in Fourteenth
street, to a large number of interested
listeners. She deals with various topics
of social and political economy, the duty
of parents and the training of children
in a way which commands attention
and excites thought. While there is
nothing specially new in her social ad-
vice, she presents the natural rights of
individuals in logical, clear and as-
serted statements, which are much
more easily grasped with than the in-
terminable reasoning of Herbert Spenc-
er. Mrs. Bristol combines the intelli-
gence with the most practical power
in a high degree.—Boston News.

IF WE EVER GET TO CELEBRATE THE COLORED
RACE AS READERS AND WRITERS.

If we ever get to celebrate the colored
race as readers and writers, we will
have some entertainment that will
interest us. All the good gifts of heaven
were not bestowed upon one race. The
Anglo-Saxon race may be mathemati-
cally superior to the dark races, but in
valour and richness of voice in incen-
diation and electricity of all the issues,
the colored race is much our superior.
These qualities are exactly what is re-
quired to entertain.—Exchange.

Mrs. LULIA S. JACKSON.

Mrs. Lulia S. Jackson, one of the
women who voted for school committee
in Plymouth, is seventy-seven years
old, and was the first woman who
taught a public school for girls in the
town. She began teaching when she
was sixteen, had eighty pupils, and
without an assistant not only attended
to the studies, but rated all the copy-
books, set the copies, and made and
nursed the paper. Her salary was
three dollars per week.

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