

ON A VISIT.

Mrs. Dunaway, editor and proprietor of this paper, is at present visiting at the Dalles. Some communications, on business and otherwise, have not therefore received the customary prompt attention.

WHAT IS IT?

What terrible political bogey is feared by so many man-eaters in connection with the woman movement, we cannot imagine; but if it is indeed true that the political arena is so dreadfully vile as they consider it to be, women will be compelled to stop associating with all men who vote, at least until we have ourselves voted into existence a purer political atmosphere than seems yet to have dawned upon those confused victims of their own political debauchery.

But we don't believe that men are half so bad as they say they are. We are invariably the recipient of kind, pleasant and respectful attentions in our travels, and we know these same gentlemen, who treat us with respect upon steamers, in the stores, in hotels and on the streets, would treat us just as respectfully at the polls. Nay, more, if some drunken swindler—whom they say is always at the polls, and who always represents good women, since they are not there to represent themselves—should essay to treat us or any other respectable woman with aught but deference, these same gentlemen would very soon chastise them into a recognition of our right to the "equal protection of the laws."

Knowing this, we have no personal fear of the roving class at the polls or anywhere else. But we deplore their political power, which is at present and has been for so many years the lever which moves our national affairs, to the almost complete extinction of good men's influence. Therefore we shall hereafter use the influence we possess to vote out of existence the roving element of power that has so long ruled the nation, some and brothers of women, as well as the women themselves.

We met a man on board the Onocota, who could hardly speak English plainly enough to be understood, and who has little more idea of the ethics of good government than our two-year-old little tottler, the youngest of the six. Nevertheless this man essayed to give his opinion about the "proper place for woman." Nobody asked for his opinion or cared a straw for it, but we asked, just to please him, what qualifications he possessed as a voter that were not possessed by us.

"I'm a male, madam, and you're a female," was the satisfactory reply, which, by the way, is the only reason ever yet given by the wisest rulers of the land against the purifying influence of woman in our politics.

"How did you get the right to vote?" we queried, sympathizingly.

"I got naturalized, ma'am," was the quick reply.

"And I'm of age and native born," was the rejoinder.

Everybody laughed, and our erstwhile friend dropped the argument like a hot potato, and stepping out, leaned against the guards and puffing away at his meerschaum in supposed manly dignity.

ELIZABETH GADY STANTON.

This heroine in the cause of woman's emancipation is winning new laurels on the Pacific Coast. We hope ere long to see her face to face, and hear her plead the cause of equal rights for all before a Portland audience. The San Francisco Bulletin of a late date has the following notice of an eloquent appeal for woman's suffrage made by this distinguished lady: "Platt's hall was crowded Tuesday evening by an intelligent audience desirous of hearing the noble and able advocate of woman's suffrage, Mrs. Elizabeth Gady Stanton. The lecturer was warmly received, her appearance on the platform being the signal for loud applause. Mrs. Stanton's presence is too well known to need description. She looks to be the very type of a whole-souled, warm-hearted, motherly lady of fifty or sixty years. Not a lineament of her features indicates the harsh and masculine character which is universally attributed to the genus *homo*—not a motion or intonation but speaks of her as one in whom earnestness has not destroyed the traits which go to form a noble wife and mother. Her gray hair is gathered regardless of the prevalent fashion of the day, and the appointments of her attire betoken the same independence of character. Her voice is calm, sweet and earnest, but without the impassioned earnestness of Miss Anna Dickinson. She impresses the audience with depth rather than force of expression. She attacks principles, not persons, and ridicules in a kindly rather than a vindictive spirit. She appreciates the principle which the majority of the advocates of the enfranchisement of women do not appreciate, that the prejudice of the world are not to be overcome by harsh and embittering words. Therefore, she utters her sentences in a kindly spirit, and substitutes logic for caustic denials. The closing portion of Mrs. Stanton's remarks contained many passages of eloquence. She depicted the disadvantages women labored under by not having political power, and the changes that would take place by the desired change. The lecture throughout gave the liveliest satisfaction to those who did not indorse her views, as well as to those who did."

FROM PORTLAND UP THE COLUMBIA.

On the morning of the 23d Inst. we availed ourselves of the propitious hospitality of the O. S. N. Co., and at five o'clock went aboard the steamer Onocota, a fine large steamer, which gives ample evidence of signal service in its line, but now much worn, though still well-trimmed, furniture and carpets. A stiff breeze was blowing up the river, and the early morning air, though exhilarating, was chilly and disagreeable. The steward of the boat was untrusting in his attentions to the guests, proffering coffee in advance of breakfast, which we declined, and a seat in the rear moon over the heated machinery, which we were glad to accept. Breakfast was a well cooked, well ordered and substantial meal, which appeased the appetites of all, and warmed the chilling veins of unwonted early risers, of whom ourself was one.

Our company was pleasant and social, but among them all was not one champion for equal rights except our humble self. Opportunity for proselytizing was freely given, and we succeeded, as we always do, in convincing our brethren that we, at least, have just as much right to a voice in making the laws as they.

But we left Portland to get away from newspaperdom for a season and enjoy the scenery of the Columbia. This river scenery surpasses in magnificence anything our eyes had ever before beheld. It was our first trip up the Columbia, and we felt a childish eagerness to see, admire and interrogate.

Yacouvier is the handsomest site on the river, and the day will surely come when it will be a very important town. Of the O. S. N. Company's works, one railroad bridge at the Cascades was injured by the recent high water, and it creaked and groaned unpleasantly as our train sped through it, but the other improvements along the portage seem in a good state of preservation. The Company's boats are in perfect order, and the officers and men are very obliging. They are justly proud of the river scenery, and as we gazed at the ever-changing beauties of the mountain slopes, we felt a strong desire to mount a Cayuse Pegasus and endeavor to invade the chanting numbers of the singing Nine. But respect for "Joquett" Miller's new-found reputation stayed the whip and spur, and kept us in the old and beaten path of dry and plodding prose.

The Bridal Veil, on the left bank of the river, with its precipitous fall of nine hundred feet, is indeed a rare revelation of the beautiful. Using a glass, we could see vivid rainbows all the way down the fall, which, long before it strikes the vale below, scatters into a foaming and misty spray suggestive of its appropriate appellation. Castle Rock, on the right bank of the river, is another noted sight. It is said that Jay Cooke has purchased this rock and that it is now called Cooke's Castle, but we don't suppose the owner will ever care to occupy it as a homestead. It is massive, wild and weird and beautiful, but as a Willamette valley tourist said, "A mighty poor place for raising vegetables."

Leaving the steamer Onocota and the accommodating cars, we board another steamer above the Cascades, and are soon in Eastern Oregon. Fir trees now give place to pine, but for a long distance the timber is so far away that the unaided eye cannot see the change. Farms and farm-houses sleep lazily along the foot of the mountains at intervals, giving forth a picture of rural comfort that is specially inviting to a long pent-up Portlander. Everywhere, upon either hand, the undulating mountains roll themselves back in the distance, while often bold-peaked hills rise perpendicularly from the water's edge to an amazing altitude. Occasionally some enterprising pine tree flourishes in these forbidding rocks, a proud result of perseverance under adverse circumstances. And, last but by no means least, the mighty Upper Columbia, in its never-ceasing course, strikes our pleased fancy as a living joy, and its grandeur will abide with us as a never-fading memory.

Four o'clock P. M., and we arrive at the Dalles. This pleasant town bears much evidence of present prosperity, but also has many marks of the past mining age, when houses were thrown up in a day and abandoned as a momentary fancy. Many of these shells of buildings are yet standing, unattended, unoccupied and obnoxious relics of a by-gone era. We should be glad to see those empty houses demolished or repaired, and hope the city fathers will also get the side-walks mended.

As the guest of Mr. R. Portland and his amiable wife, we are hospitably entertained in a charming marvel of a cottage house, among a nest of trees, high up above the busy town. The air is delightfully dry and pure, the breeze refreshing, and the scenery grand. In the quiet and country-like solitude of the guest's chamber we sit and write, our thoughts going out with yearning solicitude to the loved ones at home, whom we hope soon to meet, refreshed and strengthened by this brief respite from our usual toil.

MRS. SAWTELLE'S CARE.

We are not fully advised as to all the facts in regard to Mrs. Sawtelle, being refused a diploma at Salem, and will reserve full comments until next week. We are satisfied, however, that had she been a man the diploma would have been cheerfully awarded. Mrs. Sawtelle is entirely dependent upon her own resources for a livelihood, and it is an outrage that her efforts are met with such blighted opposition. She will yet see the day when her name and fame in her chosen profession will be outstanding to those who did not indorse her views, as well as to those who did."

GINNETH-TON K. MILLER.

This Oregonian has at last ploughed his way through the English press. The first *San Francisco Bulletin*, in its issue of the 17th Inst., contains a full and complete summary upon the purity of our politics that such a man as this man Bowen, Congressman though he be, can escape the legitimate consequences of his crimes through Executive clemency! Verily the Oregon stable beneath a thorough and radical purification: "It seems that the pardon of Bowen, the bigamist Congressman, while it releases him from punishment, does not alter the effect of the verdict of the jury that his marriage with Mrs. Pettigrew was illegal; in fact, no marriage at all. Upon this depended his innocence or guilt, and it was the principal question passed upon by the jury. Having been decided, the decision can only be reversed, if at all, on appeal in the same case, the inflexible rule of law being that the decision of a Court of competent jurisdiction cannot be reheard or modified, except in proceedings upon the original case in which that decision was made. Mrs. Pettigrew-King is the last of the three now living, from none of whom he has been legally divorced, whom Bowen undertook to marry, and in which he succeeded so far as to be guilty of bigamy. From her personal estate she furnished the means to pay his lawyers and conduct his defense, and through her exertions his pardon was obtained. But with all this inflated woman has failed to secure him as the life long partner of her joys (?). Not only has his marriage with her been judicially decreed invalid, but should he again marry her, without first obtaining a divorce from his lawful wife, Mrs. Bowen No. 1, he would again be guilty of bigamy and liable to conviction and punishment. And it is hardly conceivable how a man presenting himself to a Court in such attitude as his, could obtain a divorce. But Bowen's troubles do not end here. He has yet to answer to the Courts of New York the charge of forgery of the record purporting to be a decree of divorce from his first wife, which forgery was adduced in his defense on the trial for bigamy, and it is reported that Governor Hoffman is about to issue a requisition for his arrest on this charge. Yet this man Bowen has the audacity to claim a seat in Congress, and as we learn from the Washington despatches is preparing to contest the election of DeLange, colored member from his District. We trust the House will make short work of Bowen's claims. Proper self-respect would seem to require that Congress should refuse to consider them altogether."

"Want of literary culture," continues the *Gazette*, "extends to his grammar, and makes even that original sometimes, and involves him occasionally in the drollest solecism or bathos, and constantly in a more or less jerky and disjointed way of telling his stories. But did any one, writing with so little literary culture, ever show a much stronger instinct of poetry?" etc., etc. This last sentence is indeed high praise, coming from the source it does, and we are proud of the showy parade of our badly trained but spirited Cayuse.

The *San Francisco Times* is out with an elaborate review which we are pleased to say is both just and generous. But the critic is mistaken about the "Songs of the Sierras" being the author's "first work." Not more than two years ago Oregon was treated to an epic from this public bard, and he has often heretofore evoked short lyrics from the mystic Nine. His opportunities for verse-making have been ample, extending even to the neglect of the sacred duties devolving by right upon a husband and father. When a man harkens to such a constant and matrimonial honor for poetic fame we are free to confess that he has paid all that the bubble is worth; and we greatly err in judgment if our bard does not live to see the day when he will realize the fact.

Arizona, which, contrary to the English critics, we believe to be the finest of our author's creations, contains the following neat allusion to jealousy: "This a great, green snake slid up the river, Glistening and green, and with eyes of fire, And coiled with all the fury possible, As with lifted head it went curving across, And curving and curving, fitting higher and higher, bent and beautiful as a river moose."

It is a pity our poet's Pegasus cannot ever accomplish an original feat like that without sliding his verse in shame, which result in a hobbling gait, suggestive of tender hoofs and rheumatic joint.

Here is an average specimen of our author's powers of description, and one of the most perfect and easy flowing stanzas in the book: "The morn. Behold the kindly day now leaps The eastern wall of earth, with sunset in hand, Child in a flowing robe of mellow light. Like a king that has regained his throne, He warms his drooping subjects into joy. That rise, rejoiced to see him home, And tales with poplar the universal world."

The following will give the reader some idea of the moral status of the man. Well may English critics accuse him of "Byronism," so far as blasphemous goes: "Dane! I'd dare the curse of the omnipotent God! I'd hold a grapple of the whited skulls, And stry thereon to the opiate moon, And thence to stars and central suns, Than with one grand and mighty leap would land Unhindered on the shores of the gods of old, And crowd in hand, ungraced and unshamed, I would stand in the presence of the God of Gods, and there, on the jeweled inner side The walls of Heaven, carve with Damascus steel, high up, a grand and titled name. That time nor tide could touch or tarnish. Anything on earth, in hell or heaven. Rather than lie a nameless, forgotten clod."

We select another "Byronism," and for want of space are compelled to close our quotations, although there are many others which we should be pleased to give our readers. The American edition will soon be out, and our friends will then have opportunity to judge for themselves: "Oh, I will win a laurel wreath of fame, Though it be wet with blood and bitter tears, If but to cast it down a reptile thronged. And curled up in her gay and flowery path. To strike its tangs forever in her pores."

The gifted and unappreciated wife of this ambitious bard can understand the above, if English critics fail to make the application.

THE PARDONED BIGAMIST.

The following, from the *San Francisco Bulletin*, in reference to the bigamist Bowen, is so appropriate that we give it place in our columns. What a sad commentary upon the purity of our politics that such a creature as this man Bowen, Congressman though he be, can escape the legitimate consequences of his crimes through Executive clemency! Verily the Oregon stable beneath a thorough and radical purification: "It seems that the pardon of Bowen, the bigamist Congressman, while it releases him from punishment, does not alter the effect of the verdict of the jury that his marriage with Mrs. Pettigrew was illegal; in fact, no marriage at all. Upon this depended his innocence or guilt, and it was the principal question passed upon by the jury. Having been decided, the decision can only be reversed, if at all, on appeal in the same case, the inflexible rule of law being that the decision of a Court of competent jurisdiction cannot be reheard or modified, except in proceedings upon the original case in which that decision was made. Mrs. Pettigrew-King is the last of the three now living, from none of whom he has been legally divorced, whom Bowen undertook to marry, and in which he succeeded so far as to be guilty of bigamy. From her personal estate she furnished the means to pay his lawyers and conduct his defense, and through her exertions his pardon was obtained. But with all this inflated woman has failed to secure him as the life long partner of her joys (?). Not only has his marriage with her been judicially decreed invalid, but should he again marry her, without first obtaining a divorce from his lawful wife, Mrs. Bowen No. 1, he would again be guilty of bigamy and liable to conviction and punishment. And it is hardly conceivable how a man presenting himself to a Court in such attitude as his, could obtain a divorce. But Bowen's troubles do not end here. He has yet to answer to the Courts of New York the charge of forgery of the record purporting to be a decree of divorce from his first wife, which forgery was adduced in his defense on the trial for bigamy, and it is reported that Governor Hoffman is about to issue a requisition for his arrest on this charge. Yet this man Bowen has the audacity to claim a seat in Congress, and as we learn from the Washington despatches is preparing to contest the election of DeLange, colored member from his District. We trust the House will make short work of Bowen's claims. Proper self-respect would seem to require that Congress should refuse to consider them altogether."

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WE ARE SORRY FOR HIM.

We are sorry to discontinue our sadly freighted friend of the *San Francisco Bulletin*, who evidently has a high ambition to become dictator to the *New Northwest*. If he should spend our time in sullying the bright and pure pages of our journal in attacking such men as *great* our detractors when we can afford the last Mercury, we should feel that ourself and journal should be banished to the abode of swine and burrows.—New Northwest.

"An ounce of civet, good apothecary," by Jingo. Now, the fact is, we did not want to become "dictator" for the *New Northwest*, but during the long suspension, in pursuance of our solicitude for the welfare of that paper and the long life of its editors, that it at least, be not too hasty in exposing the case of those monsters of hideous men like Governor Butler of Nebraska.—*States Mercury*.

In pursuance of our solicitude for the welfare of the Mercury and the long life of its editor, we would suggest that it cease to expose the case of such violators of law as Watkins has proved himself to be, and endeavor to place itself on the plane of common decency. The Mercury is also informed that the *New Northwest* has not "spoused the cause" of Governor Butler or any other "monster of hideous men." We are alike opposed to the Borens and Watkins of mankind, and them where we may, and will express our candid opinion of them, unbiased by any party predilection; national interest or personal feeling. Can the Mercury say so much? We are not publishing an assiduous sheet, however, and find enough glaring wrongs of the present to expose and attack without ransacking the dusty records of the past, as the editor of the Mercury would fain have us do.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

VISIT TO MR. CONDON'S ACADEMY OF GEOLOGICAL SPECIMENS. DALLES, Oregon, Monday, July 24th, 1871.

Visited Mr. Condon's celebrated Academy of Geological Specimens. Spent an hour very happily and profitably in investigating his numerous wonderful relics of the mycetic Past. Saw a piece of crystal amber with flies of some extinct species embedded in the solid mass. Saw a great variety of fossil remains of woods, leaves, animals, teeth and implements of the industry of bygone ages, etc., etc., which we should be pleased to see again and learn much more about.

Saw teeth, tanks, jaw-bones, thigh-bones and skulls of animals whose one unwieldy bulk must have as far exceeded anything of the elephant or rhinoceros kind of the present age as those animals now exceed our common sheep in size and strength.

Mr. Condon is naturally very proud of the scientific results of his protracted labors, and we are pleased to note the high appreciation in which he is held by the general citizen of this romantic town. He does not neglect his ministerial duties while in pursuit of science; his good sermons, well-filled church and interesting Sabbath school giving ample evidence of his assiduity in his ecclesiastical work.

We hope Portland will engage his services again next winter for a series of scientific lectures and exhibition of fossil remains.

RECORD OF RECENT EVENTS.

Recent elections in Paris are overwhelmingly in favor of the moderate Republican interests. Overturns are being made with a view to a union of the moderate Republicans in the Assembly with the Radical Left.

Marshal Serrano has organized a new Cabinet in Spain, and the members have taken the oath of office and entered upon their duties.

A movement is going on in France to guarantee the Pope temporal sovereignty over Rome. The Pope wishes to publish a syllabus in regard to the occupation of Rome by the Italian Government, and declaring that meddles with holding from him all temporal power are void. Steps have already been taken in Rome to prepare for the choice of the next Pope. It is proposed to choose one who may be moderate in his ideas, and not unfriendly to Italy, and by this means effect a compromise with the Italian Government. Cardinal Camillo de Pietro is mentioned.

A special dispatch from London, dated the 24th, says the Pope may leave Rome any day. Preparations are making for his reception at Chateau Corce, Corca. Mr. Vallery, owner of the Chateau, has had an understanding with Anselmi, and it is to be placed at the disposal of the Pope.

A series of severe earthquakes have recently occurred at the Philippine Islands. More than two hundred persons were swallowed up by the earthquake; every one of them being almost instantly killed. Sixty bodies of the dead will be recovered. The rest of the inhabitants have fled the island, which has been utterly depopulated.

The recent riots in New York still engross considerable attention. The evidence before the coroner's jury clearly showed that the mob fired on the military first. After full investigation the jury returned the following verdict: "We find that these parties came to their deaths on the 12th Inst. by gun shot wounds in the hands of parties to us unknown."

Official dispatches from Admiral Rodgers and Minister Low confirm the telegraphic dispatches heretofore published in regard to the first day's fight in Corea. A private letter, dated June 3d, says that when the surveying party commenced operations they were met by government officers, who informed them that there would be no objection to their work, but when they went further up the river they were fired upon—officers having acted treacherously and as decoys. The natives are represented as somewhat resembling our Indian tribes.

The miners in Another county, California, are still dissatisfied. Further trouble is apprehended.

LETTER FROM GARRIE F. YOUNG.

COTTAGE GROVE, Oregon, July 23d, 1871.

Mrs. Dunaway:—I have seen but two copies of your paper; therefore I do not know if my husband wrote you or if you have made any mention of my visit to Oregon. I am speaking on Health-Temperance and Woman Suffrage. In every instance where it is put to the people—three to one—select Woman Suffrage, and most lively interest is manifested. In my opinion, judging from Southern Oregon, the probability of the ballot will—in this State—be much more cheerfully accorded to women than in California. God speed the day when the patient, over-worked wife and mother shall be recognized as a citizen, worthy to step out of the ranks of infancibles, insane people, criminals and infants, and take her place with intelligent, responsible, self-governing citizens, who, having opinions, dare to express and defend them.

Could you look into the faces of women as I have in the last three weeks, and see them—at first curious and doubtful, then, as the arguments develop and objections melt away into misty nothings, eyes grow bright and faces fairly radiant with interest—you would more fully realize that glorious hopes will be by and by blossomed into bright realities.

I am delighted with the State, the people and the general climate. My heart is in the work, and my strength equal to twenty-five speeches each month until the rainy season commences.

Have you any work for me to do? GARRIE F. YOUNG.

A Railroad Our Scene.

A correspondent of the Washington Capital thus writes of an incident on the Boston and Albany Railroad not many weeks ago:

I ran across what first struck me as a very singular genus on my road from Springfield to Boston. This was a very stout, black-whiskered man who sat in his chair in front of me, and who, from time to time, in the most strange and unaccountable manner, every now and then he would get up and hurry away to the straggling passenger which leads to the door in these drawing-room cars, and when he thought himself secure from observation would fall to laughing in the most violent manner, and continue the headless chuckle until he was red in the face as a lobster. As we neared Boston these demonstrations increased in violence, and that the stranger no longer ran to laugh, but kept his seat and chuckled to himself with his chin deep down in his shirt collar.

But the changes that those portmanteau underment! He moved them here, there, everywhere; he put them behind him, in front of him, on each side of him, and he was evidently getting ready to leave, but as we were yet twenty-five miles from Boston, the idea of such early preparations was ridiculous. If we had entered the city then the mystery would have remained unsolved, but the stranger at last became so excited that he could keep his seat no longer. Some one must help him, and as he was the nearest he selected me, suddenly turning as if I had asked a question, he said, rocking himself to and fro in his chair in the meantime, and slapping his legs and breathing hard:

"I've been gone three years!" "Ah!" "Yes, been in Europe. folks don't expect me for six months yet, but I got through and started. I telegraphed them at the last station; they've got it by this time."

As he said this he rubbed his hands and changed his portmanteau on his left to the right, and the one on the right to the left again.

"Got a wife?" said I. "Yes, and three children," he returned. "And he got up and folded his overcoat around him, and hung it over the back of the seat."

"You are pretty nervous over the matter, ain't you?" I said, watching his fidgety movements.

"Well, I should think so," he replied: "I ain't slept soundly for a week. And do you know?" he went on, glancing around at the passengers and speaking in a lower tone, "I am almost certain that this train will run off the track and break my neck before I get to Boston. Well, the fact is, I have had too much good luck for one man, lately. The thing can't last; ain't natural that it should, you know. I've watched it. First it rains, then it thunders, then it snows again. It rains so hard you think it never rains to stop; then it snows so bright you think it's always going to shine; and just as you are fairly settled in either belief you are knocked over by a change, to show you that you know nothing about it."

"Well, according to that philosophy," said I, "you will continue to have sunshine because you are expecting a storm."

"It's curious," he returned, "but the only thing which makes me think I will get through safe, is because I think I won't."

"Well, that is curious," said I. "Oh, yes," he replied. "I'm a mathematician, and I've been calculating the odds in it; spent all my money trying to bring it out—mortgaged my home—all went. Everybody laughed at me—everybody but my wife—punky little thing—and she would have remained single off before I should give it up. Went to England—no better there; came within an ace of jumping off London bridge. Went into a shop to earn money enough to come home with; there I met the man I wanted. The man's long story short, I've brought \$20,000 home with me, and here I am."

"Good for you!" I exclaimed. "Yes," said he, "good for you, and the best of it is, the man I know anything about it. I've fooled her so often, and disappointed her so much, that I just concluded I would say nothing about this. When I got my money though, you better believe I struck a bee-line for home."

"And now you will make her happy," said I.

"Happy?" he replied, "why you don't know anything about it. She's worked like a dog which I have been going to try to support herself and the children decently. They said her thirteen cents apiece for making coarse shirts; and that the way she'd live half the time. She come down there to the depot to meet me in a plaid dress, and she shawl a hundred yards, and she'll think she's dressed up. Oh, she won't have no clothes after this—oh, no, I guess not!"

And with these words, which implied that his wife's wardrobe would soon rival Queen Victoria's, the stranger tore down the passage-way again, and getting in his old corner, putting his mouth into the smallest smug, and then springing himself back and forth in the limited space, as if he were "walking down Broadway," a full-regimented metropolitan band; and so on till we rolled into the depot, and I placed myself on

the other car, opposite the stranger, who, with a look of great interest, had dismounted and was standing on the lowest step, ready to jump to the platform. I looked from his face to the faces of the people before us, but saw no signs of recognition. Suddenly he cried, "There they are," and laughed outright, but in a hysterical sort of a way, as he looked over the crowd.

I followed his eyes and saw some distance back, as if crowded out and shouldered away by the well-dressed and elbowing throng, a little woman in a faded dress and a well-worn hat, with a face almost painful in its intense but hopeful expression, glancing rapidly from window to window as two coaches glided in. She had not yet seen the stranger; but a moment after she caught his eye, and in another instant he had jumped to the platform with his two portmanteaus, and, making a hole in the crowd, pushing one here and one there, and running one of his bundles plump into the well developed stomach of a venerable looking old gentleman in spectacles, he rushed toward the place where she was standing. I think I never saw a face assume so many different expressions in so short a time as did that of the woman while her husband was on his way to her. She didn't look pretty. On his costume, she looked very plain, but some way I felt a lump rise in my throat as I watched her. She was trying to laugh; but, God bless her, how completely she failed in the attempt! Her mouth got into the position of a fish, and she was ready to cry, to draw down at the corners and quiver, while she blinked her eyes so fast that I suspect she only caught occasional glimpses of the broad-shouldered fellow who elbowing and pushing, was steadily toward her. And then, as he drew close and dropped those everlasting portmanteaus, she just turned completely round, with her back toward him, and covered her face with her hands, as if she was weeping. Her strong man gathered her up in his arms as if she had been a baby, and held her sobbing to his breast. There was enough gazing at them, heaven knows, and I turned my eyes away a moment, and then, as I saw two boys in threadbare roundabouts standing near, wiping their eyes and noses on their little coat-sleeves, and burning out at every third demonstration on the part of the crowd, I turned my eyes back to the stranger again; he had his hat drawn down over his eyes; but his wife was looking up at him, and it seemed as if the pent up tears of those weary months of waiting were streaming through her eyelids.

To PRINT ON FACTS.—When a handsome fruit is intended to be shown at a fair or sent to a friend it will add something in the way of novelty to have its name or that of some person, printed in a delicate ink on its surface. This may be done several ways, but the most common methods are as follows: Just before the fruit has attained its maturity, cut from through, thin paper the name proposed, and push it between the skin of the specimen most fully exposed to the sun. That portion of the fruit covered by the paper will assume a different color from the rest, and when ripe the paper is removed, leaving the name distinctly visible. On squashes and melons, names and figures may be indelibly impressed by slightly scratching the surface while they are growing.

Says the *Canadaigua Messenger*: "A young lady, a graduate of one of the leading institutions of learning in this part of the State, drove her father's milk wagon recently, owing to his illness, and supplied his customers as well as could have done it himself. The girl didn't lose a bit of reputation thereby, although scores would have disdained to do as much for an angel. She made of the right kind of stuff, and with her accomplishments she seems to possess both grit and grace."

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