

A Journal for the People. Devoted to the Interests of Humanity, Independent in Politics and Religion.

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

The New Northwest.

FREE SPEECH, FREE PRESS, FREE PEOPLE.

VOLUME II.

PORTLAND, OREGON, FRIDAY, JULY 5, 1872.

NUMBER 9.

MRS. A. J. DENNEY, Editor and Proprietor

OFFICE—Cor. Third and Washington Sts.

TERMS IN ADVANCE: One year, \$5.00; Six months, \$3.00; Three months, \$1.50.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on Reasonable Terms.

Columbia.

CONSPICUOUS FOR THE SEVENTY-SIXTH ANNIVERSARY OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

Columbia, hail! We proudly look to thee, Fair land of progress—home of liberty.

Hope blossoms for all in thy fertile zone, Whose humbler soil may rise unto the throne.

From Russia's lee away to sunny Spain, Throughout old Europe's historic domain.

Behold! upon proud Albion's sea-bound isles The first faint, glimmering streak of morning smiles!

Columbia, through the long Egyptian night Of thy immortal struggle for the right,

Ye sacred heroes, ever Columbia's pride, Who trined thy fates in her, and bled and died.

Columbia! within thy broad domain, A hundred nations reap thy golden grain.

It was a neat little room where the invalid lay upon a couch drawn up before the window.

CHAPTER XII.

A DAY'S PLEASURE, AND THE MIDNIGHT ASSASSIN.

The place selected for the picnic was a grove about a mile from Colonel Hewitt's.

Harry, with several other young gentlemen of the place, had spent the day before in arranging rural tables and seats.

For a few moments none spoke, and not a sound was heard but a sob from Lily.

Such were Harry's reflections when his sister, putting her arms around his neck, exclaimed:

"I was only thinking, Sis," replied he, somewhat startled.

"I thought so too," replied Sonora, "but it was nothing but the wind sighing through the trees."

"I thought so too," replied Sonora, "but it was nothing but the wind sighing through the trees."

"I thought so too," replied Sonora, "but it was nothing but the wind sighing through the trees."

CHAPTER XIII.

A DAY'S PLEASURE, AND THE MIDNIGHT ASSASSIN.

multitude of praises upon them, he offers an arm to each, and escorts the latter to her brother, where, leaving her,

"I thought so too," replied Sonora, "but it was nothing but the wind sighing through the trees."

"I thought so too," replied Sonora, "but it was nothing but the wind sighing through the trees."

"I thought so too," replied Sonora, "but it was nothing but the wind sighing through the trees."

"I thought so too," replied Sonora, "but it was nothing but the wind sighing through the trees."

"I thought so too," replied Sonora, "but it was nothing but the wind sighing through the trees."

"I thought so too," replied Sonora, "but it was nothing but the wind sighing through the trees."

"I thought so too," replied Sonora, "but it was nothing but the wind sighing through the trees."

CHAPTER XIV.

A DAY'S PLEASURE, AND THE MIDNIGHT ASSASSIN.

"I thought so too," replied Sonora, "but it was nothing but the wind sighing through the trees."

"I thought so too," replied Sonora, "but it was nothing but the wind sighing through the trees."

"I thought so too," replied Sonora, "but it was nothing but the wind sighing through the trees."

"I thought so too," replied Sonora, "but it was nothing but the wind sighing through the trees."

"I thought so too," replied Sonora, "but it was nothing but the wind sighing through the trees."

"I thought so too," replied Sonora, "but it was nothing but the wind sighing through the trees."

"I thought so too," replied Sonora, "but it was nothing but the wind sighing through the trees."

"I thought so too," replied Sonora, "but it was nothing but the wind sighing through the trees."

CHAPTER XV.

A DAY'S PLEASURE, AND THE MIDNIGHT ASSASSIN.

"I thought so too," replied Sonora, "but it was nothing but the wind sighing through the trees."

"I thought so too," replied Sonora, "but it was nothing but the wind sighing through the trees."

"I thought so too," replied Sonora, "but it was nothing but the wind sighing through the trees."

"I thought so too," replied Sonora, "but it was nothing but the wind sighing through the trees."

"I thought so too," replied Sonora, "but it was nothing but the wind sighing through the trees."

"I thought so too," replied Sonora, "but it was nothing but the wind sighing through the trees."

"I thought so too," replied Sonora, "but it was nothing but the wind sighing through the trees."

"I thought so too," replied Sonora, "but it was nothing but the wind sighing through the trees."

CHAPTER XVI.

A DAY'S PLEASURE, AND THE MIDNIGHT ASSASSIN.

"I thought so too," replied Sonora, "but it was nothing but the wind sighing through the trees."

"I thought so too," replied Sonora, "but it was nothing but the wind sighing through the trees."

"I thought so too," replied Sonora, "but it was nothing but the wind sighing through the trees."

"I thought so too," replied Sonora, "but it was nothing but the wind sighing through the trees."

"I thought so too," replied Sonora, "but it was nothing but the wind sighing through the trees."

"I thought so too," replied Sonora, "but it was nothing but the wind sighing through the trees."

"I thought so too," replied Sonora, "but it was nothing but the wind sighing through the trees."

"I thought so too," replied Sonora, "but it was nothing but the wind sighing through the trees."

CHAPTER XVII.

A DAY'S PLEASURE, AND THE MIDNIGHT ASSASSIN.

"I thought so too," replied Sonora, "but it was nothing but the wind sighing through the trees."

"I thought so too," replied Sonora, "but it was nothing but the wind sighing through the trees."

"I thought so too," replied Sonora, "but it was nothing but the wind sighing through the trees."

"I thought so too," replied Sonora, "but it was nothing but the wind sighing through the trees."

"I thought so too," replied Sonora, "but it was nothing but the wind sighing through the trees."

"I thought so too," replied Sonora, "but it was nothing but the wind sighing through the trees."

"I thought so too," replied Sonora, "but it was nothing but the wind sighing through the trees."

"I thought so too," replied Sonora, "but it was nothing but the wind sighing through the trees."