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SONORA HEWITT.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

PLOTS AND COUNTERPLOTS.

As soon as Hard Heart had finished his conference with Norman he left him to return to his wigwam to wait till midnight, when they had agreed to meet again, to plot some cruel death for their defenceless victims, whom he supposed were sleeping, watched by one of the most barbarous of the tribe.

Midnight at length arrived. The ten warriors who had been selected to lead forth the prisoners, advancing in a file, entered the tent of their chief. Rising from a slight slumber which he had fallen into, he crept softly to the place where Norman was, bidding him come forth if he would watch unperceived his enemies brought out, whom he might congratulate as soon as they were safely bound and lashed to the trees.

While they were thus speaking together the ten braves had proceeded to obey their commands, when suddenly there went forth a whoop, so fierce and horrible, that it fairly chilled the blood in the veins of our fair heroine, who lay upon a rich mat, covered by a superb skin, a prisoner, and alone in the dark woods, with no one near her but a ferocious savage, who now and then cast a spiteful glance upon her as she moved, thinking she was trying to make her escape.

My father! oh, my father! if it be they will take me to themselves I will be a victim to the cruelty of these heartless savages! But there is one that is not heartless, and feels for the distress of the poor stricken dove. The Good Spirit has heard your prayers and sent me to comfort you, who I am comparatively happy! But where is my poor Riskey?

Thank God! thank God! exclaimed she. My dear friends are now once more safe, and I am comparatively happy! But where is my poor Riskey?

Which there is not much danger of. If your bonds were not loosed till I set you free, you would remain standing till death released you, was the reply of Lodi, as she cast a withering, scornful glance upon his features, which had assumed a hideous expression, so distorted were they with rage.

At any rate, they cannot get to the nearest town and back again before three days, and we shall be among the missing. So I shall not worry about that!

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Free Speech, Free Press, Free People.

To all this the Indian chief made no reply, maintaining a moody silence, which Norman attributed to the loss of his prisoners, but which in reality was regarding Sonora, for from the very first he had resolved to possess her himself, and was now devising means to get rid of Norman. At last, hitting upon one that suited his fancy, he jumped to his feet and said: "Let the white chief go to his wigwam and sleep till day, that he may be refreshed for his long journey, while Hard Heart seeks the tent of Lodi and plans of torture, should they return."

Seeing him enter his wigwam, and placing two Indians to watch him, instead of going, as he had said, to the tent of Lodi, Hard Heart directed his steps towards a lonely spot, where were gathered together a dozen of his most warlike and ferocious-looking braves. Sitting down in their midst he began: "Hard Heart is lonely. He would have the pale dove for his bride, that he may flee away into the heart of the forest before the return of her pale brothers."

"My brothers are brave men; they would see their chief happy. It shall be as they say. The pale chief shall die. But how would my brothers of the forest have him put to death? Let them choose for themselves."

"Bring him forth and bind him to a stake, surrounded by faggots wet with turpentine; then, when we have tortured him enough, set it on fire so that it may burn slowly, that the white chief may die by degrees. Does this suit the great chief?" asked one more depraved and ferocious-looking than the rest.

"It pleases Hard Heart. So long as he dies, Hard Heart cares not how. Bring him out and bind him, while I tell Lodi, for what pleases will please the great chief Sonora's daughter, and rising, he walked away, as the savages began piling sticks around the same stake which had witnessed the death of many a poor soul before."

"By what authority and for what cause am I thus bound?" demanded he, with an oath. "By the authority of Hard Heart for your misdeeds," was the calm reply of Lodi.

"Which there is not much danger of. If your bonds were not loosed till I set you free, you would remain standing till death released you," was the reply of Lodi, as she cast a withering, scornful glance upon his features, which had assumed a hideous expression, so distorted were they with rage.

Clarence, dear Clarence, is there no possible means of saving him from the power of these brutal savages, and from so horrible a death?" pleaded the low voice of our heroine, as she clung closer to the arm which supported her, while a death-like stillness reigned around.

"Never shall that be, noble, self-sacrificing girl! Were it in my power I would gladly free him, and give him an opportunity of retrieving his wicked life by doing right in future; but it is utterly impossible for us to do anything under the present circumstances. We must therefore be content to leave him in the hands of the Almighty, hoping that He may pardon his guilty soul."

"Come, friends, let us be moving!" exclaimed the voice of Many Canoes, as he beckoned to Catherine, who seemed to be transfixed in a deep stupor.

"Never! Never will I trust him again out of my sight!" and before any one could prevent the act, so quick was her movement, she made one spring forward and buried the dagger, which had formerly belonged to Norman, within his heart; then rushing frantically from the scene, she plunged into the thick forest and disappeared.

"The Good Spirit preserve me! May the Good Spirit preserve me!" as she kept close to the side of Many Canoes, as though she feared her own tribe. Though they suspected her of being implicated in the sudden turn of affairs, they were too superstitious and awestruck to think of her just then.

"Oh, Lodi, you am such a good Indian! De Lord bless you! How could I ever be so afraid of you, but I tell you, it's enough to make any one get scared to see dem Ingins! Ugh! I wonder if Jinks ken Ris in his fancy dress," and taking hold of her blanket, she ran skipping along, the very life of the party.

When the dark cometh.—A little girl sat, at twilight, in her sick mother's room, busily thinking. All day she had been full of fun and noise, and had many times worried her poor, tired mother.

A good campaign story comes to us from a certain district not a hundred miles from this city. Not long since the Adventists were holding a campaign, and during the sermon the preacher announced that the world would come to an end in August. At this injunction a Democrat of many years' standing, who was present, fervently ejaculated, "Amen!"

Alive to all Live Issues, and Thoroughly Radical in Opposing and Exposing the Wrongs of the Masses.

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

The Causes of Bad Breath.

Most persons think that a bad breath comes from the stomach being out of order; sends up an impure something which escapes in the breath. This is impossible. A bad breath never comes from the stomach. Nothing ever comes upward except in vomiting or eructations of wind.

There are three sources of bad breath, the mouth, nose and lungs; of twenty cases of bad breath, I estimate that fifteen come from the mouth, one from the nose, and four from the lungs.

The Mouth.—I need hardly argue that rotten teeth and decayed gums may produce bad breath. I have but rarely met a case in which the teeth were white and the gums healthy.

The Lungs.—A man eats and drinks, say five pounds a day. Now, unless he is gaining weight, he must part with five pounds. If we place on the scales all that comes from his bowels and bladder, we shall find it weighs, say one pound and a half.

STAP IN THE FACE.—The effective force which women are bringing to the present political campaign compels expression from new friends and old foes, which, to say the least, is very instructive and encouraging.

THE LAST WORD IS FROM THE SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN, called out by the crowded Republican meeting held in that city by Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Campbell, and Mrs. Harper this week.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY on the other hand, with its great work for the freedom nearly finished, added long life, and a future for all time, grandly linking its fate with the enfranchisement of fifteen millions of women who know their own rights, and who will not go back on them.

DECLARATION FOR A SMALL BOY. Keep still! That's what they say to us boys. Just as if their mother had been born. Haven't old folks all been boys and girls once? Didn't some of them drum on the milk pans, or crack nuts with the flat-iron, or slam the doors, or come down stairs sliding down hill fashion?