Begging the reader's pardon for so

long delaying further mention of Isaac Armstrong's invalid wife and the little children of the second grop, whom we nd most trustworthy of the litto health and buey with schemes for the future, while Dr. Harding and his mother return to their home, where Ada is studying her deceased father's law books, in addition to performing her household tasks, and we will d our way across the continent to early home of Sally Armstrong nee story has reached, while we ters, quite as important in this history as are those of our beroine of Stone-

imagination of those who have found themselves in like predicaments. The mother kept up the old indifference, nothing, caring for nothing fearfully can-cick, and Marh illness would re-act upon her systle better off than themselves pecuni-arily, it would have been impossible for them to have reached the old Mis-souri home. As it was, the great river steamer in which they had ascended the Mississippi, transferred them to a little cruised along the banks of the Missouri, and landed them just at dusk at the rickety wharf of Belltown, while the wintry autumn wind blew turiosly

tanding at the foot of a long line of decaying steps, leading to a sort of ware-bouse upon the brow of the bluff, but not another mortal was in sight to aid

"Bir," said Margaret timidly, accosting the man while a great lump rose in her throat, "Will you please to find me

The New Northwest.

PARR SPRECH, PARR PROM, PARR PROPILE.

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"Past all Dishoner."

she was the target of universal started she was the target of universal attention. The ladies eyed her narrowly, and criticised her dress and manner with that merciless severity known only to the gentler sex. The gentlemen

From beneath their bate and behind their newspapers, and the gravest of them looked more amiable at sight of her bright eyes and childleh counte-

rds for weeks before. Taking the upon the other, still clasping tightly the me," said Margaret. "She'll never move A SURSCRIBER ON PRORIBITION.

run, putting so much space between her-self and her sex-protecting parsuer, that he abandoned the chase and entered the the office where the half-unconscious

"Come to visit yer relations, I reckon ?" queried the man, whose Hiberui-"I've come from the Pacific Ocean and I want to reach my mother." The

woman was improving rapidly,
"And who's yer mother, pray?"
"Mrs. Sally Jones," and Mrs. Armstrong relapsed into her usual absent-

queried the wharfinger in a deep soliloquy. "I remember her ten years ago, be jabers, as one of the darlin'est gur-rels in the whole country. But it serves her right. She'd no business to marry

Jones, asking you, dear reader, to go her right. She'd no business to marry back with us, in imagination, for a period of several months from the date cause he had land and money. Won't Joe Samson be tickled though, when he sees bow Sally Jones missed it?" and the fellow rubbed his eyes and hands alter-nately in mute expression of satisfac-

"Have yez heard from home lately?" he saked abruptly, turning to the poor woman, who mechanically clasped the little children, one of whom had fallen into a sobbing slumber upon he shrunken arm.

Mrs. Armstrong looked hard at the lit dirt that she could distinguish nothing through it, but answered not a word.
"Madam, have yet turned idlot?"

Still no answer, and the man tur so far as be knew, invisible re for so doing, and looked inquiringly at os walfe.

"Who have we here?" he queried, turning to the wharfinger, with a slight

tremer in his voice.
"It's what's left o' Salty Jones, oper, an' that's a sorry little, barrin' the young ones."

"You can't mean it?" a alking half to himself. "Pity I can't!" was the graff re-"Where have I heard that voice?"

neutally queried the once blithe and sappy sweetheart of poor jilted Joe Sam-

"No, Joe Samson. Isas

lation in those words. Issae Armetrong had never been very attentive to his wife and was always determined that nobody else should be. Would the weak ereature ever progress beyond the glam-our of his imaginary espionage? Poor Samson was certainly devoid, just then, of the great strength of his

"Oh! God have mercy!" oried the my last cent in buying the children's

Won't you speak to me, darling ?"

"I had a mother once," said Mrs. Margaret's suggestion, leading the transferring, evincing a faint show of in- to the dining-room and seating "My mother looked like you, at the table with a heavy heart, ut I went off and left her. Went | Margaret had never before bee "Where is your husband, Saily ?"

Wedded to his ranche and stock and gold! Why don't you ask me where I table

"You see, she isn't right in her mind," said Margaret. "She's been very sick, but she's better now." "I dreamed I was at h and Joe Samson was bere. Folks

but if I could only see my mother she'd rstand it all."

my I'm crazy. Fee heard 'om talk-

"Well, come along," said Mrs. Jones conzingly; "a carriage is coming and you shall go to see your mother." Again a gleam of returning res shed across the dazed mind of the in- dren."

bungry and we hadn't any money. But think he'd hire the work done. Sally Peg said we were coming to Belltown. I dreamed we'd got there. Oh, I know now. This is—my—mother !" and Mrs.
Armstrong fell upon her mother's neck
and mingled her tears—the first that
had fallen from her eyes for mouths with those of the only relative upon the earth to whom the sorealways go with the certainty that they

will never be repulsed. Joe Samson took little Fred in his arms, Margaret carried the baby, and Mrs. Armstrong, supported by her griev-ing mother's loving embrace, climbed long and rickety steps to the top of the bluff, where a coach was waiting.

To the same comfortable south cl ber which it had been the pride of Sally Jones to keep in elegant order during the days of her blooming girlbood Mrs. Armstrong was led, and a cheerful fire soon cast a ruddy glow over the cheap, highly-colored, old-fashioned pictures upon the walls, and threw a brilliant light upon the great white bed with its ruffied pillow-cases, hand-woven coupterpane and hem-stitched linen sheets. A rag-carpet of gay colors, hand-wove home-made furniture, covered with brightly-tinted tapeatry of chintz. A chair, covered with an intricate uphol-stery of cheap patchwork, invited the long absent owner to its luxurious

"Oh, how home-like and spiebuid :

exclaimed Margaret, as soon as she had disposed of the tired babies upon the ply.

Mrs. Jones left Margaret in the kittle in the little in the little

Whether it was Margaret's vehemence, or the sudden realization that allow was almost home that around her, certain it was that the poor mother appeared to understand the effunction or the farst time elearly.

"Go, Peg. Tell mother we're here. You'll find her in the white home on the hill, at the left of the turnpike as you go means the common. Hurry back or we'll all freeze."

The woman had not spoken so many

Tow'll find her. Arnestrong very garet as they hurried on. "She hann's garet as they hurried on. She hann's garet as th

supper on the steamer, so they're not hungry. Mother's appetite will fetch her to her senses bye-and-bye." plump palms and fingers. "Is it possible that my Sally has come to this? bent over the wrecked body of he

across the river says he's worth at least shed in time. twenty-five thousand dollars. I should never did any hard work in her life at

"She got well broken in at Stone euge," said Margaret quietly. "And broken down, too, I'd my. was terribly mean of you children to al

low her to be overworked." Margaret pushed back her plate an gan to weep. "Dre been a dr more anxiety and hardship in nging ber back to you than I shall

always kept her." "God knows I wish it too!" the poor mother wearily. "How are probable men from doing any lawful act, you fixed at home? I mean, are you just so long will their petition be denied. Selling whisky is protected by law with good buildings, good furniture and

everything elegant?"

Margaret colored to the ro hair. She had inordinate family pride, poor child, and shrank painfully which Mrs. Armstrong had purposely

well furnished yet as it ought to be. we have a great many cattle, sheep and

tions are good enough to cause Sally to be content to remain with us long enough

supper on the steamer, so they're not hungry. Mother's appetite will fetch her to ber seenes bye-and-bye."

The mother sorrowfully and tenderly bout over the wrecked body of her daughter for a moment, and then obeyed Margaret's suggestion, leading the way to the dining-room and seating herself at the table with a heavy heart.

**Margaret had never before been seated at so well-ordered a private table. Had she been an ordinary child she would have manifested her verdancy by exclamations of surprise, but her native good sense restrained her, and abe mt at the sponsibility that she could with dimentiable, feeling such a sense of relieved responsibility that she could with dimentiable, feeling such a sense of relieved responsibility that she could with dimentiable, feeling such a sense of relieved responsibility that she could with dimentiable, feeling such a sense of relieved responsibility that she could with dimentiable, feeling such a sense of relieved responsibility that she could with dimentiable, feeling such a sense of relieved responsibility that she could with dimentiable, feeling such a sense of relieved responsibility that she could with dimentiable, feeling such a sense of relieved responsibility that she could with dimentiable, feeling such a sense of relieved responsibility that she could with dimentiable, feeling such a sense of relieved responsibility that she could with dimentiable feeling such a sense of relieved responsibility that she could with dimentiable feeling such a sense of relieved responsibility that she could with dimentiable feeling such a sense of relieved responsibility that she could with dimentiable feeling such a sense of relieved responsibility that she could with dimentiable feeling such as sense of relieved responsibility that she could with dimentiable feeling such as sense of relieved responsibility that she could with dimentiable feeling such as the feeli Vancouver Courts make this ruling on her fair young shop three times in as many years. No doubt behool, and I guess it was, for there's a our good Judge is sworn to support the heap to do where there's so many children."

Constitution, but should the United States District Judges make that ruling But your father is rich. His brother all over the land it would lead to blood-

The people of some of the Southern States are, prohibited from regulating their own local Government, and blood is spilled as the legitimate result of such prohibition.

Women, who object to being pro hibited from voting at any election, yet ask for the ballot, not as a question of right, but that they may prohibit men from getting drunk. The argument of that women want the ballot in order in that they may prohibit men from doing any lawful act, acts upon the cause of Woman Suffrage as a brake upon a train of cars; and women have been crying d'down brakes' for several years. Of one thing be assured; just so long as women ask for the ballot, that they may prohibit men from doing any lawful act, and women ask for the ballot, that they may prohibit men from doing any lawful act, just so long will their petition be denied. Selling whisky is protected by law much better than any other kind of merchandise is; it has both Federal and State license, and is held to be a legitimate article of merchandise, and the majostic vascel plunged steadily onward through the waste of waters. The passengers lounged listlessly from deek intrench 'tiself in law. I will venture the assertion that prohibition has no real friends. The old anti-slavery and temperance men as a body are opposed to prohibition, because they believe it conference in the sellicense and asky with a transforming splen, and as a definition of the sellicense and asky with a transforming splen, and as a definition of the deam of the sunset, which seemed to prohibition, because they believe it dense. hibited from voting at any election, yet live to outgrow. I wish you had "down brakes" for several years. confrary to the spirit of our Govern-ment. The churches must have a little wine to assist them in washing away the sine of mankind; the great body of the sine of mankind; the great body of men who represent the great productive industry of the country believe that young lady passenger was there,

God gave man his intellect with which AND HER CHILDISH LAUGH BANG OUT. God gave man his intellect with which to govern himself, and hands to earn his living, and they have no sympathy with persons who live off the result of their labor, and care not how soon such drones kill themselves off. Then we have the middlemen who wish to sell whisky to make money, and our foreign population, who like their regular drink; and these include nearly all the people of this country who have any voice in making laws.

Prohibition of any kind will and ought to defeat any cause that makes such a monarchial doctrine its ally.

From an old anti-slavery man,

O. P. HENRY.

Pleaser, W. T. January 21, 1875.

The Hew Horthwest.

Devoted to the Interests of Humanity. Independent in Politics and Religion. Alive to all Live Issues, and Thorou

ries: "We found no trace of her at all."
And later, when looking through her state-room, they found a little satchel, and in it, among other trifles, a crumpled bit of note-paper WITH VERSES WRITTEN ON IT

In a small, cramped hand, the pure, sweet tears of human sympathy, as they read, fell on the paper like a beni-I preserved a copy of the verses, and will re-produce them here. I am una-ble to say whether they are original or-not. If a quotation, I have never been so fortunate as to read them in any pub-

I can no longer endure this poliuting.
This fostering breath;
Gladly I by to the refuge that's left me-

Not sadly, tearfully, But gladly, cheerfully Go to my death. ests may rejuse to grant sanctified buria: Here unto me; ther, I thank Thee! a blessing is always held

Over the sea; Aye, in its wildest foam, Aye, in its thickest gloon Blast in its eleome, O seal with thy breakings and dash-That never shall cease; [ings. own in thy angrisst, atormiest waters, O, hide me in peace; Say to the weary face, "Come to thy resting place, sliumber in peace,"

THIS WAS ALL NO CLEW TO TELL

THIS WAS ALL—NO CLEW TO TELL.

If there were any on earth to whom she had been dear. No last word for those who might, perhaps, wait patiently to learn her fate, but wait in vain, until painful apprehension subsided into calm despair. No explanation of the motives of that rushness which had thus set its daring foot upon the laws of nature, which are the laws of God.

We know the deep ses holds many secrets such as these, which never will be fathomed tiff the end of time; and, knowing this, is it the part of munhood or of womanhood to sit in judgment on that which the Creator has folded in mystery? For what power, save the far-reaching prescience of the Almighty God, can lay bare the complex motives of the human heart? Is it more than justice to demand that judgment be suspended until the sea gives up its dead, and the dead give up their secrets?

I have no against by with that apothesis of vice, which would, in any case, exalt the wanton into an heroine; but, in all sincerity, is it not time that she received more of charity and less of censure, more of pity and tess of scorn, from those who can afford to be magnanimous? For what among earth's meanest creatures receives less of charity and more of censure than she? And surely nothing in beaven or earth stands more

more of censure than she? And surely nothing le heaven or earth stands more in need of pity, or less receives it.

THEO. CARPENTER.

Kings of Business.

James Parton, in a recent lecture at he Cooper Institute, New York, made

In regard to the "Kings of Business."
The following is a sample:
"Now-a-days, in our modern world, the men of business come to the front, and the place of the dukes and barons of the good old times is filled by the kings of business. The great houses of our country are mercantile, not feudal. Rich as Crosus is a favorite comparison and a very frequent one. Now-a-days it is applied to many men of business whose unaided exertions have won for them fortunes even exceeding in size the spoils wrung from captured provinces. John Jacob Astor, for instance, once said that if a man had \$250,000 he was as well off as if he was a well of a well as a well of a well as a was a well of a well as a well of a well as a well of a well as a well as a well of a well as a was as well off as if he was righ. And Thomas Brassy, an Englishman, had work going on in eight nations at the same time, by 8,000 laborers, whose pay-roll amounted to £500,000 monthly. And in this country we have a greater man than her Country we have a greater and the separate (intentity) could be the service of the property of the prope