the great book of nature as one too profound for his intellectual powers, or too contradictory for his credence. Yet, thanks to the persistency of modern research, much light has already been thrown upon many of the natural problems that had previously baffled human contradictions have been reconciled to governed by fixed laws, and forms a

Less than a half-century ago the popular opinion, founded upon a strange misunderstanding of the first chapter of Genesis, was, that this planet upon which we dwell, with all the stellar worlds, was created but about six thousand years ago. A very limited knowlgeology, however, is sufficient to conuntold ages.

consistent, perfect whole.

The law of succession seems to perwinter with its chill, and astronomy tells us that not more certainly does day follow night, or season follow season, than cycles of about 21,000 years in duration follow each other. The geologist reads upon the earth's crust the indelible imprint of not less than sixteen of these successive cycles, which places the date of creation back at least 336,000 years. I am aware that scientists do not agree as to the agencies that have wrought these wonderful changes in the physical geography of our earth, but they do agree that, where we now see parched deserts and elevated mounranges, and fertile, blooming valleys, sometime in the remote past, old ocean reigned supreme.

It is well known that the earth has no less than three distinct motions-its diurnal motion on its axis, its revoluwabbling or gyratory motion, which causes the pole to describe a circle in the heavens with a radius of 23½° in 26,000 years. This last motion is what tion about the sun once a year, and a occasions what is called the "precession of the equinoxes,"

The path of the earth around the sun is an ellipse with the sun in one of the will see verified what we only predict centers; hence, it will be seen that we are nearer the great source of light and heat during one-half of the year than A TRADITION OF SARATOGA LAKE. we are during theother. At the present | There is an Indian superstition attached we are during theother. At the present to this lake which probably had its "My heart was drowning my judgment. time, the nearest approach of the earth source in its remarkable loneliness and It is better so. I cannot please you in to the sun is about the 1st of January. tranquillity. The Mohawks believed Then we are some 3,200,000 miles nearer that its stillness was sacred to the Great But—I love you! And, dear, be patient than on the first day of July. And, Spirit, and that if a human voice ut- with me and wait." since bodies travel faster when near of the offender would instantly sink. A the center of attraction than when story is told of an Englishwomau, in soul in her eyes. But he did not see the farther away, it follows that the earth the early days of the first settlers, who soul. Maybe it was not his fault. passes over our winter portion of her orbit in eight days less time than over our summer portion of it. South of the our summer portion of it. South of the the spell. It was a silent, breathless again, stopping abruptly beside her, and equator, however, their winter is eight day, and the canoe shot over the surface saying, almost contemptuously: days longer than their summer. And, of the lake like an arrow. About half a than in summer, and at her greatest distance from the sun during the winter in the Southern Hemisphere, it will be in the Southern Hemisphere, it will be ter a minute's pause, however, they reseen why the Antarctic winters are doubled their exertions, and in frowncircle. Year after year for ages past, a shore in safety, and drew up the canoe, they died. Then: constantly augmenting quantity of ice has been forming within the Antarctic has been forming within the Antarctic his credulity. "The Great Spirit is words when you are yourself, Paul," she in weight of the Southern Hemisphere, cannot hold her tongue!"- William L. the earth's center of gravity has slowly Stone, in Harper's Magazine for August. moved toward the south pole, drawing the waters away from the Northern Hemisphere, and piling them up toward Ninety years hence not a single man or the south pole; and this is probably the woman now twenty years of age will be agency that has uncovered the conti- alive. Alas! how many lively actors at neuts of Europe, Asia, and America no their exit long ere ninety years shall less than sixteen times. But, is the have rolled away! And could we be Northern Hemisphere to henceforth sure of ninety years, what are they? enjoy perpetual immunity from these empty sound that passeth on the wings aggressions of old ocean's billows, or of the wind and is forgotten. Years will the law of succession once again shorten as man advances in age. Like bury us beneath the inhospitable deep? the degrees in longitude, man's life de-In about ten thousand years there must come a complete reversal of polar conditions and climates. But how? It is itself revolving, so to speak, making beauties fade and disappear, all this old aunt said, that evening, after they truth. Listen: 'To work or not to work, the circuit of the heavens in about pride and fashion, the love, hope, joy, had talked together for an hour. "You is the question every woman thrown direct, or in the direction that the sun shall wait ninety years? the conjunctions of the equinoxes generation will have mingled with the dust and be remembered not?" which cause the modifications of elimates on the earth, are accomplished being about January 1st, in 10,500 years able."

w North

FREE SPEECH, FREE PRESS, FREE PEOPLE.

VOLUME V.

PORTLAND, OREGON, FRIDAY, AUGUST 11, 1876.

Elsie's Secret.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICE.

feeling that if you loved me

"Paul! you dared to do that?"
"Why not 'dare?' You are my prom

sed wife. Ought there to be a

worthy Elsie Heath!"

and Neptune-should all be on that part of their orbits that our little earth will occupy at her aphellon, she would be drawn millions of miles away into inhospitable space to wrestle for months but it seems to make no difference. with conflicting forces, and, when she did at last break away from them, she would, according to the third law of Kelper, fly past her perihelion so a little flushed; but it was full of earnest, founded as to be tempted to lay aside quickly as to make little impression on the vast accumulation of ice that would have gradually gathered in the Northern Hemisphere.

It has been found by calculating the all would be unavailing. planetary orbits and conjunctions, that our earth has been as much as 14,000,000 miles farther from the sun at her greatgenius, and enough of the apparent est eccentricity than at present. This was about 850,000 years ago. 200,000 convince the thinking that none really years ago, however, the focal distance exist, but that the entire universe is was 10,500,000 miles, and the excess of winter days twenty-eight, which would

the world's history, and which the sci- I was near?" ence of astronomy says must exist again. The long and hot summers of vince one that our earth has existed for for ages; that pole would become correspondingly lightened, and, if the estimate of the mathematician already alnorthern seas of probably 1,500 feet. moved toward the north pole, the quiet, pretty beastle; I am your master!" southern seas drained off toward the equator, lands for centuries buried beneath tempestuous floods would graduby the sediment of ages, and continents would appear where scattered islands only now are seen. And our Northern feet beneath a frozen ocean, leaving but she did not seem to notice.

> upon them, unchallenged again for un-told ages. girl like you, should there be anything hidden from—from the man whose wife Then, all the monuments of the skill and enterprise of ambitious man should go on in this way longer." will be buried in a watery tomb, to be emerge again, as great a wonder to the and asked quietly: then busy throngs of earth as are the lifetime of a single individual; but, if don't look at me so! Don't shake your for the use of coming generations, they you!

its rugged mountain tops to wrestle

upon scientific hypothesis. Oholl, and just nowmile from the shore, near the center of discount, if taken at all, when it will since the earth is over three millions of the lake, the woman, wishing to conmiles nearer the sun during our winter vince the Indians of the erroneousness more rigorous than those of the Arctic ing silence drove the light bark swiftly circle, and, in proportion to the increase merciful," answered the scornful Mo- said, "because they are unworthy of

SOMETHING TO SET US THINKING .-

Is it true that life is of so short durauniversally conceded by astronomers tion? Will ninety years erase all the the betrothal ring, and the pink leaves that the ellipse which the earth describes in moving around the sun is stead? Will all the now blooming 90,000 years; and, since this motion is pass away, and be forgotten? "Ninety years," says Death; "do you think I Behold, toappears to move, and that of the equi- day and to-morrow, and every day are noxes the reverse, it will be seen that mine. When ninety years are past, this

A farmer's wife entered a dry-goods lady's silver hair tenderly, in a much shorter time-according to store in St. Louis the other day and in- member the divine who, the calculations of an eminent Scotch formed the clerk that she wanted "one mathematician, in about 21,000 years. or them are windings shade that specific great? And I have heard you call him out big, covered with white muskeeter great? And I have heard you call him Now, our nearest approach to the sun netting, and which is gittin' so fashionthe same will occur on the first day of July. Now, our winters in the Northern Hemisphere are short, and comparitively mild, and those of the Southern wild and those of the Southern the same will occur on the first day of July. Now, our winters in the Northern the matron sprang to her feet and exclaimed: "Look-a-here, young man! Maybe you know the vally of 'skeeter nettin' and wire linin', and maybe you know the vally of 'skeeter nettin' and wire linin', and maybe you and I know it. I don't care. I know it. I don't care and the north of saints flows.

An illiterate preacher improves upon issue, and Bax's earnest professions of the ordinary version of the holy scription cence, he was finally let off, but eyes from the careworn lines on the ordinary version of the holy scription cence, he was finally let off, but eyes from the careworn lines on the careworn in view of the happy issue, and Bax's earnest professions of turns and under the ordinary version of the holy scription cence, he was finally let off, but eyes from the caution both to him and both to him and you and I know it. I don't care. I know it. I don't care and the volume of the happy issue, and Bax's earnest professions of turns and the ordinary version of the holy scription center.

An illiterate preacher improves upon it is can be and the professions of the ordinary version of the holy scription center.

An illiterate preacher improves upon it is can be and the professions of the ordinary version of the holy scription center.

An illiterate preacher improves upon it is can be an in the care and the professions of the ordinary version of the holy scription center.

An illiterate pre Hemisphere long and rigorous. Supdon't. I don't care. I know it. I can edness of fawning courtiers through the best to get on my knees at the feet take my old hoop-skirt and a plece o' window upon the embrace and loving of Fisie Heath" pose, then, that the planets of our system-Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, the money, and I'll do it!"

"I wish you wouldn't do it, Elsie, I've said so scores of times to you, too; "Does it not please you to have me do what I think is right, Paul?"
The face that Elsie Heath lifted to the face of her lover, Paul Devereaux, was an only expresses in the pet name of God-love! And love is lost to me!"

honest purpose, and any one (except a lover) looking at it and listening to her low, measured, intense tone, would have left off coaxing, and reasoning, and onstrating, knowing that either and come back to you. There is no perfect love without perfect trust. Don't you "You put things so oddly, Elsie," Mr.

know this, Elsie, child?" Devereaux answered, impatiently. "No-body ever thought you were doing a positive wrong in patronizing all the to the old aunt's bosom, and was silent overty-stricken people you could hear you wouldn't do it-but it's dreadfully sympathy with the working class-or humiliating to me; and I can't help what immaculate society call the workways and your angry words. You must until you can look back from your "I know-of course I know that the secret, whatever it may be, is not unwith pitiless tempests that must beat worthy you; but why, in the life of a pleasure. Your new work must be com-

she is to be? It is incomprehensible, She withdrew her hands from his, hidden for ten thousand years, and to leaned a little heavily on the piano, as This is but nature as we speak of other emerge again, as great a wonder to the if for support, and looked away from, souls—of yours, it is your weakness. As "Will you tell me what would please be weakness in a cable, so what would in other women would be great and

our maps and histories are preserved head! I will care for you so tenderly, lifted by God's hand and your own." dear. I will shield, protect, and love "I know it, Paul-oh, I do know itheart are all so tired!"

She broke down there, fortunately, perhaps, for both. " 'Just now'-what?"

"Never mind, Paul," she answered your way yet-indeed I cannot, Paul.

"A woman's love must be taken at a loved. I love you. I would do any-

The quick color flushed the girl's face. For a moment bitter words were on her

hawk; "he knows that a white woman you, and they are unjust to me. I do cannot hold her tongue!" - William L. love you! That love is my breath, blood, pulse, existence. But-

"The Lord who fashloned my hands for work Set me a task, and it is not done." "You do not know the nature and object of my labor. Just now I cannot

tell you. You must trust me, wait for me, keep faith with me, or we must drift apart. That is all, and that is everything to me." "My God, Elsie! Do you know what

"I know what I say-I know what I

cold and white and crushed her grand-aunt found her, an hour later, leaning there still on the piano, just where her lover had left her, her wide eyes fixed on the finger from which she had taken an open book.

ten, down at her feet. pier than I was with my first pocket." Elsie laughed, and laughter was bet-

ter for her than tears, just then. hands on his dead monarch's head, window upon the embrace and loving of Elsie Heath." the way, and said, aloud: Love, alone, grew suddenly very white. "In the in the agricultural districts.

was the divine part of a true man and a his words, however, and answered, attrue woman looking upon itself through sently: human eyes and human hearts. It was comprehensible something which wom-

Love is not lost to you, nor can If his heart is worth your having, and if it ever truly loved you, it will

But "Elsie, child," only nestled closer "Mr. Devereaux is a gentleman, and of! It may be right-I suppose it is, or he thinks he loves you. But he has no ing class-and he cannot bear that you Something in the girl's face checked should come in contact with them as Look, then, for a moment, at the effect of this state of things, which the science of geology says has existed in

the alleys, even? for I've followed you their struggles, and you know how hard and watched you when you little knew it is for them. You have a mission—a high mission-given to you of God, and you must not do violence to it, as you surely will, if for love's sake you cease to sow and to reap! Of the thousands edge of the sciences of astronomy and that have bound that desolate region watch over, guard, and protect you?" the Antarctic will unlock the icy fetters between us? Is it not my duty to who know to-day, as a household word, that have bound that desolate region watch over, guard, and protect you?" "And to follow me like a spy, as if are who dream that that popular author my work or my play, whichever or and Elsie are one. A child creeps bewhatever my mission was, were unwho seem to step out from the mother's vade all the phenomena of nature. Day follows day; lunation succeeds lunation; spring-time, with its leaves and flowers, returns in its season to be followers, returns in its season to be followers. lowed by summer with its blos-soms, autumn with its fruits, and hands in his, patting them with his upon them, they can look around and The earth's center of gravity would be said, plainer than any words could, "Be little commendation of their efforts. If you walked not from the first, you "Elsie, little Elsie," he said, "really I crept but little, and you have increased don't see any reason for your haughty your pace and lengthened your strides, own it's a little hard on a fellow to be stand-point of to-day upon hosts of toilally rise above the sea level, enriched quizzed, and teazed, and tormented as I ing ones who are far, far in the distance am, on every hand, and by those who behind you. You have accomplished know of our engagement and of your much; but you are capable of doing He pressed her hand spasmodically, as is the crisis of your life. To reveal your Hemisphere? It must sink a thousand if the little word "secret" hurt him; but secret now, even to him, might ruin all your glorious prospects. As his wife you, Paul. I will—if—if—' "If—what? Tell me-tell me!" you could not put pen to paper for the public's good, without incurring his dis-

pleted as it was begun, sub rosa, or it will never be completed as it should be You must rise to the high dignity of your mission. You feel the spirit of it-the longing for it; but the woman in you makes you faint and falter to-night. what would be strength in a cord would

mountain-top into which you are being "But, auntie, I am so tired to-night,"

"I know, dear, and you are wounded and battle-stained. But God is leading you by the hand, God, who gave yo glorious gifts, who made you a pearl among pebbles, an exotic among herbs, a star upon the dark of many and many and many a life. You have worked and you have won, I know. You are high, you are glorious, in your divinity of womanhood, but the fields are white still with the barvest, and the laborers are few. The next ten years are your best years. If you cloud and shadow them, or allow them to be clouded and shadowed, they are gone forever, with all their chances for growth and good, and you cannot, in all the future, compensate for their loss. You must either rest on the laurels already won, and step aside for the next caudidate for honor and place and influence or you must go on, up, out of his way to the summit, where you have a right to stand

Which shall it be, my darling?" The June roses were nodding sleepily in the moonlight on the casement be side them; the small hand had forgotten to thrid the silver bair; the young head lay on the old bosom quietly enough but the heart in the young bosom had been crying at Gethsemane, and God and the angels knew how, in that still hour, so fragrant and so fair, Heath climbed up the Calvary heights, bearing the burden of her cross.

"Which shall it be, my darling?" "I will be wedded to my work, auntie," the girl answered, lifting her face from over the old heart whose and hope she now was; "I will be wedded to my work. Pray God I may not die at the altar!"

A year later, Paul Devereaux sauntered lazily into the sanctum sanctorum of the book reviewer of the London The former had been for six months

on the continent; the latter had been his How cold and white she was! And playfellow in boyhood, his chum in college, his stanch, true friend always. "What have you here, Will?" in quired Mr. Devereax, laying his gloved finger's tip down on the marked page of

"Oh, something that will make wry of the roses she had worn lying, forgot- faces here in England-and in our own One of them says: "I never saw such America, too, for that matter-but a a countenance as his when he sits for a cently. "I wish you would cry, child," the truth, nevertheless, a grand, sorrowful never do anything as other women do. upon her own resources struggles to answered Bax. I don't object to that in the main; but swer. To work brings independence, them multiply rapidly, and the brows "It's false!" roared the Squire, I don't object to that in the main; but swer. To work brings independence, in this instance a shower of tears over strength, and the means to a pure, use your white cheeks would make me hap- ful life. But if she be of a fine, sensitive face comes out in the picture like the nature, she has learned there is no com- photograph of a piece of old tripe." panionship, no sympathy or encourage ment for her among the people whose 'Auntie," she said, thridding the old work she does. The moment she takes "you re- the needle in her hand to stitch out the Examine the frightful columns of our daily bread of her existence, that same criminal calenders—you will there find had copied from the wrong side by missure of the particular o' them 'ar wimmen's hats that spread bowed his own, and said: 'God alone is deep, that the piteous voice of a starv- of a family. Marriage renders a man was not quite clear to ing girl can never reach the hearts of virtuous and more wise. The father of mind; for Bax, in point of gravity, fell would task an old campaigner. eloquent. I am thinking to-night of those to whom the needle belongs. Not a family is not willing to blush before far short of his distinguished namesake, The clerk showed her one, but how far more eloquent was he who, to work means starvation, suicide, or a his children.

is life!' Auntie, dear, there was more of true God-life in the peasant's kiss and the bright flash of welcome from lovelit eyes, than in all the circumstance of his thoughts just then, and did not obkingly splendor, crown, and jewels. It serve his friend's agitation. He heard

"Oh, only what all the world is findthat mysterious essence of life-that in- ing out, namely, that she promises better than any female writer of the age in short. 'Alixene' and 'Elsie Heath' od-love! And love is lost to me!" are one, as you will see by the title-"You are wrong, my child, my little page."

What Paul Devereaux saw on the title-page was not only that "Alixene" and "Elsie Heath" were one. He stood, holding the chastely-bound volume for norning a year agone seemed scattering its roses about him; he could see the flutter of his darling's dress; the pained, pleading look in her drowned eyes; could hear her saying, "I do love you! That love is my breath, blood, pulse, existence!" And once again the glory of her presence and of her love was over, and around, and through him "just as of old:" and the twelve months of weary wandering were for the moment lost to

sight and to memory.

Twelve hours later Paul Devereaux was on board the "Oceanic" homeward

"I am only one of a world of worshipers at your feet to-day," he said to Elsie Heath, one hour after the ship's arrival in New York. "I hold your hand in mine, and to devote my energy, my life to you is the grandest, best object and aim I have in my life, though to walk in the same pathway is not among its hopes. I did you grievous wrong, I was a fool—I was mad. I meant to bend you to my will, and I failed. I thank God that I did fail, though you are lost to me; for you stand so high today in the world's worship, and I love you enough to rejoice, unselfishly, in the joy that has come to you-a better, worthier, grander good than as my wife you would have compassed ever. But I want your forgiveness, dear. On my knees I beg you to forgive me for the cruel wrong I did you!"

over the sycamore in the garden; then: "Women like me love not lightly, and never love but once," she said, laying her disengaged hand upon her lover's locks, and smiling down on his lifted face. "You asked me to forgive

"If-you will-give me back my ring!" And the swallows slept among the sycamore blooms; the moon climbed up, and on, and away; the winds were wild with joy for "the jubilant June;" the world was sweet, and glad, and young: and somewhere, I think, in some sweet, limitless land, the seraphs smile together over little Elsie's Secret.

HOW MRS. PEDUNCLE GOT EVEN .occasionally bestowing a word of warnsobbed Elsie. "Hands, and head, and ber hind foot. On this occasion he had said till they reached the Squire's door. munity living entirely upon the mere early finished and was singing cheer-

> (What in the Egyptian sandhills ails the widow was at once ushered. this cow?)

"Ten thousand (thunder and borax ! stand still) foes arise-" And as Mr. Peduncle raised himself straightway to notify His Honor.

from the barn floor and wiped the mal's nose, and she said in an awful Goodheart, the angel of his dreams,

"Oliver Peduncle, I'll reckon you'll wrap your old tobacco-box in my hand- ical error was this? kerchief again, next Sunday, won't you?-and have me take it to church his horror he read: and sling it out on the floor-hey? When he milks now, Mr. Peduncle sings very softly indeed, and keeps one eye on the loft.—Chicago Courier.

hereby commanded to take the body of Dor thy Goodheart, and bring the same forthwill before me, etc. Calen Syphax, J. P.

Lillie Devereux Blake gives the fol- and the constable, he ordered them to people into a country where the cost of owing in the New York Era: "A poor withdraw. woman came to a friend lately, begging for work. 'Why, Mary,' she said, 'I the Squire, blushing to the tips of his all large communities, such as Boston, thought you were employed in the city ears, "how can I atoue for this annoy-'So I was, ma'am, but I ance?' court-house." ost me vote.' 'Lost your vote!' exclaimed the lady; 'did you ever have you," simpered the widow. one?' 'No, ma'am, but me husband glad to find you are not ill.' "But—but this unfortun scrub the court-house, had been turned aside the ill-starred document. out because she had no vote to represent

she would not have lost her work.' WEIGHTY THOUGHTS .- A regular attendant on the ministers' meeting at was ignorant of the indignity she had of the brethren have weighty thoughts, happily broken! He clasped her hand, others express themselves with facility, but communicate little of value. The ardor and eloquence which fairly astonformer have ball without powder; the ished himself. just the difficulty of the majority of alternate smiles and tears, she listened ministers, outside of that seat of learn- rapturously to what she had been so ing as well as in it. A proper combina-tion of powder and ball, well fired off, is an exceedingly felicitous thing.

Samuel J. is not a handsome man, and probably no Governor ever gave the Albany photographers so much trouble. picture and tries to look his prettiest. The expression of studied repose becomes quite painful; the eyes seem to gather until the whole upper part of the

Voltaire, the fewer crimes there will be. unwittingly written the name to be in-

ike best to get on my knees at the feet and then you'll know how to east out of Elsie Heath."

This probably "Elsie Heath!" Mr. Devereaux's face rendered the command more effective will get out.—Judge Clark in New York

"What is true by the lamp," says you will get out.—Judge Clark in New York

The New Northwest

A Journal for the People. Devoted to the Interests of Fumunity.

Independent in Politics and Religion,

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

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

Facts about O Porto.

NUMBER 49.

The Squire's Attachment.

"Fill me out a writ of attachment,"

s Squire Syphax's office clerk.

"Yes, sir," answered Bax.

"Yes, sir; what name, sir?"

Bax !"

aid the Squire.

this nonsense.'

quire.
"Yes, sir."

"Yes, sir."

diffident and susceptible.

pended few words about it.

the Squire's right away.

To ANY CONSTABLE, GREETING:-You are hereby commanded to take the body of Doro

"My dear Mrs. Goodbeart," began

"Oh, it's no annoyance, I

himself.

ong waiting to hear.

aroused his fury.

he thundered

handsome face.

"She is," was the response.

inquired.

ticular-"

O Porto is in size the second city in Baxter Jones, called "Bax," for short the kingdom of Portugal, and in business equals, if it does not surpass, Lisbon, its superior in magnitude. It is situa-ted on the left bank of the river D'Ouro, and contains a population of 90,000 bodies or more. From the village of Saint John at the month of the river up "I'll stand no more of "You'll find it there," said the to O Porto, the river runs between Squire, writing on a card, and tossing it mountain banks rising precipitately over to Bax, who picked it up and sat from the water to a height of several about his work. The document was hundred feet, and these can't season of speedily finished and presented to the beautiful appearance at this season of the year. From bottom to top, terrace "Give it to Constable Darby, and tell upon terrace rises covered with grapea long time, his face to the window, his back upon his friend, and that soft June Squire.

him to serve it without delay," said the bery of various kinds, while upon every "Yes, sir."
"And when he brings in the prisoner, eport to me."

favorable spot a house clings to the mountain side as closely as the ivy clings to its sides in turn. Everywhere "Yes, sir." the appearance bears to the eye of the Squire Syphax, magisterially, was the beholder the impression of antiquity. sternest of men; individually, he was one of the most soft-hearted and yielding. had been newly painted in red and For the moment he was filled with of-white, yellow and white, or green and ficial indignation toward a delinquent, on whom, for some contemptuous disre-gard of the law's behests, he was determined to visit its weightiest penalty. The ride up the river is one full of ro-He was still feeble from a recent and mantic interest. Once in the city, cusevere attack of illness, and while riosity multiplies. Along the riverside waiting the return of the warrant he retired to seek a little rest, meanwhile
forgetting the cares of office in a delicious reverie, of which the charms of
a certain lovely creature were the central feature. In this occupation let us
leave him for the present leave him for the present, merely pre-mising that he was a bachelor, both ever, the city outgrew the limit of the stone wall, and it remains only along Bob Darby was a constabulary model.
He did his duty to the letter, and exaccessible to builders upon the mountain sides. From the water two prin-When the servant came, in answer to cipal streets lead directly up into the his ring of widow Goodheart's door- city. They are very roughly paved bell: "Is your mistress at home?" Bob with huge stones, and one wonders if ever a loaded team attempts to climb them. A late improvement was the "Tell her I must see her," said Bob.
"She's very busy," replied the maid,
'and, unless the business is very parno possible way of getting up into the "It is werry partic'lar," interrupted city without climbing, sometimes up For many minutes she sat, still as a statue of pearl, her hand in his, her eyes toward the moon that was climbing up The widow turned pale and trembled. "Has the dear man-has he had a re- for the city covers these high "Couldn't say, mum," answered Bob. 'All I know is, it's a case of 'tach-

ance; "but I've got to take you over to easterly or westerly direction up or down the length of the city, you must either climb or descend, or both, again, she asked, in a tremulous tone.

There is, one might say, no manufacturing don't say, mum," answered Bob. Ing done here at all. Cloths, silks, cot-All I know is, it's a case of 'tach-nent."

"A case of attachment." exclaimed is brought on ship-board. Vessels the widow, the color mounting to her bring fish from Newfoundland, although there are plenty of fish in the She saw it all. A relapse, perhaps a river and sea but a few miles away. fatal one, had surely set in; and the Squire, whom she had long been waiting for to speak his mind, but whose of late years, I am told, there must have modesty had hitherto prevented, had been a famine in Portugal. Oak wood doubtless selected this critical moment and staves and sulphur are also imto declare his feelings. She would ported. In fact, about all that is needed have preferred to see a mission so deli-Mr. Peduncie went out to milk the cate entrusted to other hands than sea. The country produces a great "There's a kerridge at the door, be benefited by them. upon the cow if she whisks her tail at mum," said Bob; and, when he had however, that here we have what is him or tries to scratch her back with handed the lady in, nothing more was cursing our own land a very large com-That functionary, like many country magistrates, kept his office at his house, shippers what they should exchange for 'My soul (so now) be on thy guard;" and into the apartment so appropriated themselves. The people are, however, not so poor as they are in our country Bob Darby, having duly signed the under similar conditions. There is an return upon the writ, handed it over to abundance of ignorance and poverty the Squire's clerk, who proceeded everywhere to be seen; but, having made it my conscientious aim to see As the latter entered he started with life here as it is, so that I might speak milk out of his ears and nose, he saw up surprise. Instead of the contemptuous of it confidently, I am compelled to say in the loft the wife of his bosom with a culprit, Dick Slote, at whose guilty that, in any city of the same size in our ng switch in her hand, with which head he was prepared to hurl the law's country, one will see far more of abject she had been tickling the gentle ani- anathemas, it was the lovely widow poverty, ignorance, degradation, and real misery, than can be found here. Why is this? The answer must be, whom he saw before him! In the name of all the Dromios, what diabol- not that the system of education or the government of the country is inferior to Catching up the returned warrant, to what exists here, but that the cost of living is so much less. With us, the worst degradation and poverty and ignorance is to be found among immi

grants who are Catholies, so that it can-

not be said that it is Catholicism that

living would be doubled, and they

would sink speedily into what we see in

Darting a look of wrath at the clerk makes the difference. Put these same

The very highest wages paid for labor here is seventy-five cents per day, and the average wages is thirty-five centsfor the women still less than that, "But-but this unfortunate attach- There are many church holidays when woman, who had been employed to ment," stammered the Squire, dashing all work is suspended. And most of the working people are without any reg-"I-I have long returned it," naively ular trades, there being but few trades her! If she had been a voter herself, murmured the widow, turning as red as and they pick up work wherever and whatever they can get. The loading and unloading of vessels furnishes em-Squire's countenance. Could it be she ployment for many of them, because the city hasn't a single wharf by the Boston is reported to have said: "Some suffered? And then, to find the ice so side of which a ship can lie to discharge her cargo. She is moored in the stream, but have difficulty in uttering them; pressed it to his lips, and poured out and a long heavy plank from the stone the tale of his pent-up love with an quay along the river to the rail is the bridge over which the entire load is carried upon the heads of men, and often The widow's pretty latter powder without ball." This is head dropped on his shoulder, as, with women, too, when the cargo is anything in bulk that can be taken up in conven ient loads. It is astonishing to see what an enormous load one of these porters will carry. Our grain is in bags weigh The Squire came back a happy man ing 2002 pounds each, and one man will take one of these bags on his head and from escorting the widow home that evening. But the sight of Bax Jones shoulders and carry it ashore with ease, and will keep at it all day long, too. "How dare you pay me such a trick?" The women also carry burdens would frighten one of our delicate "What trick?" inquired Bax, inno-American girls into consumption immediately. But they are hardy, healthy-"What trick? Why, putting Mrs. looking people, though quite small in stature, as a general thing. It is amus-Goodheart's name in that attachment.' "I put in the name you gave me," ing to go out upon the roads leading into the country morning or evening and meet the women as they trudge to "Here's the card," rejoined the clerk.
The Squire glanced at it. It was one or fro from home to market, baskets that would make a good-sized of Mrs. Goodheart's cards, left with some wigwam, full of oranges, pears, cherdelicacy which she had sent during his The more married men you have, says late illness. On the blank side he had ries, cabbages, onions, saiad, peas, beans, chickens, etc., as firm upon the top of the head as if they grew there, the arms serted in the writ. Whether the clerk the Squire's away with a long, steady swing that times you will come upon a knot of them, girls generally, who have set their baskets themselves by joining in a merry dance in which they accompany themselves with a caution both to him and Bob with song and laugh that defles dull care

and keeps their brown faces young. sun,