A letter from Mrs. Duniway, under date of October 21st, Informs us that she malled the story at that date at New York City, but it has not yet arrived, and, much to our regret, we are again compelled to go to press without it. The vexatious delay is doubtless owing to the careless handling of the mails.

LETTER FROM MRS. LOUGHARY TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

After some fears and tremblings, our opponents retire from the conflict satisfled with the defeat of the bill asking for universal suffrage, assuming the right to "legislate for the women of Oregon in all cases whatsoever"-an act which twenty-one years of their minority. destroys the spirit of true Democracy No, the law did not grant her equal by refusing the people of Oregon an opportunity to decide a question that of those same boys, whom she gathered properly belongs to them. Notwithstanding all this, the friends of the cause feel quite jubilant over our success, as far more was accomplished in the Legislature than the most sanguine suffragists expected. We feel quite safe in saying that if the amount of influence bad been used in the Senate that was brought to bear upon the members of the House, the bill would have passed. The presence of the women in the assembly, silent as they were compelled to be, proved a power over the feelings and actions of our law-makers, unwill ing as some of them are to acknowledge it. The petitions of so many of the best of Oregon's women, accompanied with such earnest appeals, could not be gain-

sayed by our most bitter opporfents. Mr. Ferguson of Yambill urged "to submit the question to the people, thereby settling the question and suppressing farther agitation." Mr. F. and all other sensible men very well know where the danger is-they fear the agitation. They know that the agitation of any subject is its life, while stagnation is death. That member that claimed to "have discovered more advantages in universal suffrage than many conceded" doubtless had felt the effects of this agitation. Nor do we wonder that the gentleman from Benton felt that he must vote for the measure, when a larger list of petitioners was sent up from his village and neighborhood than from any other county in the State considering the number of inhabitants.

We are informed that the bill was rushed through the Senate without debate with closed doors. Why all this, except they feared the agitation of a subject that demanded justice only?

The suppression of agitation of the slavery question was the "sheet anchor" that kept the "peculiar institution" from being dashed to pieces for years, and just in proportion to the effort made to diffuse light and knowledge into the minds of the slaves and the slave-holder did the moorings give way.

Let the lessons of the past be a new impetus to the women of Oregon. Agitation is our present pressing want. We have this in our power. Why not wield it to the best of advantage in every available way? Sustain the NEW NORTHWEST and keep its pages fluttering in the breeze. By all means, let us have more organized effort. We have before urged the vice-presidents to organize county associations in their respective countles. The petitions that were sent into the Legislature were from the few counties alone that are organized into working order. Several thousands of names could have been easily secured had any system of labor been adopted. Then the opposers could no longer say, "Only a few of the women of Oregon are asking for the ballot." Thousands of our women desire it, and I know whereof I speak.

Permit this suggestion-the immediate organization of woman's working clubs in every county, town and village in the State if possible. This can be done by a few energetic women, and the men, too, are willing to lend a helping hand. We are just approaching another long Oregon winter, when ample time and opportunity will be afforded for such work. Let the science of governmont be taught, the principles that underlie the American government be ankles. Heads were very tall, the hair discussed. Let it be seen that women are citizens under the law just as men are, in spite of Mr. Fidler's "angelic stocking, appeared at the end of a short womanhood." Such meetings from sleeve, puffed into a globular form. week to week, or monthly, even, can be made both pleasant and profitable.

H. A. LOUGHARY. Amity, October 30, 1876.

THE FIRST AIM OF EDUCATION.-I accept without qualification the first principle of our forefathers: that every boy born in the world should be put in the way of maintaining himself in in dependence. No education which does not make this its great aim is worth anything at all. There are but three ways of living, as some one has said-by working, by begging, or by stealing. Those who do not work, disguise it in whatever pretty language we please, are doing one of the other two. The practical necessities must take preceience of the intellectual. A tree must be rooted in the soil before it can bear flowers and fruit. A man must learn to stand upright upon his own feet to respect himself, to be independent of charity or accident. It is on this basis only that any superstructure of intellectual cultivation worth having can possibly be built .- Froude.

They rescued a girl who tried to drown They rescued a girl who tried to drown herself in Buffalo the other day, and then fined her for "disorderly conduct." are not interred there yet.

Jew Wort

FREE SPEECH, PREE PRESS, FREE PROPILE,

VOLUME VI.

ONLY THREE GRAINS OF CORN."

Through the long and somber vista of

man has held out her hand to man

ossessed as a free will offering-physi-

departed years, up to a recent period,

laden with all that her heart and soul

cal, mental, and moral worth. She did

not presume to ask for equal educa-

tional advantages; she scarcely dreamed

of acquiring the professions. If she be-

came interested in the political move-

ments of the day, read newspapers, etc.,

she was called "strong-minded," Le-

gally she had not equal ownership with

the father in that little homestead

where all the Websters, Clays, Lin-

colns, and Sewards were born, reared,

and tenderly cared for during the long

ownership with the father to the person

so gently about the maternal hearth-

Some years since a father in the State

of New Jersey deeded his unborn child

to a friend; at the proper time this child

was transfered to its legal owner, not-

withstanding the protests and anguish

of the mother's heart. All this was in

accordance with the legal enactments of

At the death of the father, how many

eautiful, happy homes are at once di-

vided up and legally consumed by the

tedious, rambling process called law,

that these same fathers helped to enact

for the protection of wife and children?

Women have previously supplicated

mploringly, asking, metaphorically

orn;" modestly asking to be employed

as teachers and servants at less wages

than their brothers received for like ser-

vices performed; gently knocking at

be college doors; timidly creeping in as

far as permitted, bearing their manifold

urdens bravely; paying taxes without

epresentation to build and support

these same colleges whose doors are

losed against her. These "three grains

corn" have sustained her "till the

ming of the morn." The day-god has

arisen with a brilliancy and power that

wakens new thought, and laden with

resh magnetic glory, arouses all the

roudest conceptions of manhood and

With commendable zeal woman ha

readed every avenue of labor; by her

continual knocking she has opened

many college doors, and through her

growing intelligence she has proven to

he satisfaction of a majority of noble

nen and women that she is worthy and

ompetent to assume the burden of re

ponsibility in the great political house

hold-to stand by the side of man equa

both in the home interests and the leg-

slative balls. She truly merits that

which she asks at your hands; and no

onger satisfied with "three grains o

Our Grandmothers' Ball Dresses.

A ball-room of the early times of the

Regency would look strange to modern

yes. Brummel had introduced the

Regent, had held earnest council

neerning the pattern and form of

lothes. Coats might be any color-the

rightest green, the fruitiest plum, mul-

erry, or sky blue, was even permissi

le-and burnished brass buttons were

n general wear. Trowsers did not ap

ear in the evening until about 1816

was loth indeed to conceal them under

broadcloth. But to that measure he had

to come at last, upon the peremptory behest of fashion. Every gentleman

and some ladies) took snuff, and af-

fected pecularity about snuff-boxes

indulging in great variety, and making collections of the same, sometimes of an extraordinary value. It was a time

of rich waistcoats, variegated and em-

bossed, with false collars of suppositiou

other waistcoats appearing above the

genuine, so that the evening dress of the

male dancer was of a far more party-

colored character than in these days of

onereal black clothes and white ties.

Indeed, there was an abundance of color

dress of the ladies was not remarkable

for quantity. The skirts were peither

the limbs, and made liberal revelation

of sandaled feet and silken-stockinged

being piled aloft, and above it soaring

feathers and climbing flowers. Th

arm, clothed in a kid glove long as a

Waists were as short as could be. It

was thus the grandmothers and great-

grandmothers of the present generation

upon to decide the momentous question

touching the propriety or impropriety

of the waltz, and to choose whether

they would be prudes or profligates, for

that was the favorite way of presenting

AFFECTATION OF SUAVITY .- There

are some people who affect a want of af-fectation, and flatter themselves that

they are above flattery; they are proud

of being thought extremely humble, and would go round the world to punish

those who thought them capable of re-

venge; they are so satisfied of the snav-

ty of their own temper that they would

juarrel with their dearest benefactor

lind are all their acquaintance to these

ly for doubting it. And yet so very

heir numerous qualifications and mer-

ts, that the possessors of them invaria-

ly discover, when it is too late, that

they have lived in the world without a

A dog was buried in Greenwood Cem

without a single mourner,-Bacon.

the matter .- Harper's Bazar.

of dancers were equipped when called

ong nor broad; they clung closely to

in the ball-rooms of the Regency.

the Regent was proud of his calves, and

with yourselves the whole field.

orn," she must ere long share equally

romanhood.

peaking, for "Only three grain of

BY MRS. S. HEWES, M. D.

PORTLAND, OREGON, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1876.

Hallie's Hair.

"You don't know how glad I was when Mrs. Kepler told me she expects to keep your cousin with her until Christmas. I shall so enjoy knowing her better. What beautiful hair she

BY MADGE CARROL.

"Beautiful and expensive, too, the color is so rare. Dealers say it is almost impossible to get it."

"Do you mean I should understand that Miss Dewing's hair—''
"Excuse me, Mr. Traquair. I see ma has waited up for me, and need not detain you. Good-night."

Seeing her daughter in an unusual state of excitement, Mrs. Dewing ventured a question: "What ails you, Dena? Has Mr. "raquair proposed?"
"Don't be ridiculous," was the sharp

eply, and, flinging her hat one way and gloves another, Dena retired to her Beginning with a falsehood and endug in disrespect, Dena Dewing's intro-luction is not a favorable one. It serves, however, to show the girl as she really was, not as Mr. Traquair knew her when she met him, one year after

aving fallen in love with his picture. Hallie's hair again, and Dena gave er own a vicious tug; was it always to eHallie's hair? Was that golden wel to be woven across her every path! This very night it caught the one pair of eyes in all the world she longed to hold; might not the glittering threads next entangle the only heart she cared call her own? How vividly she recalled the night that brought her orchaned, stranger cousin from the far South to their own home. A home where, up to that fateful day, she ruled done, an only, inordinately-indulged child. A picture of Hallie, as she stood one moment apart on the crimson hearth-rug, blistered the envious, jealous heart that held it. A slight, shy figure some thirteen summers crowned with a face delicate as a wind flower and a wealth of wondrously bright hair flowing to the very hem of her mourn-ing dress. Grandma, aunts, uncles and usins assembled to welcome David's orphaned and only child, held their oreaths in something akin to awe. It emed as though a sprite had leaped from the canuel coal's heart-some fire-fairy, sable and gold, glitter and gloom, that a whisper would wing into her red courts never to be tempted out again. For an instant this impression revailed, then grandma inaugurated a rush upon her by crying out: "Come here, little Girl Gold Locks, let me have

way with you to-morrow." Yes, Hallie's hair. Always Hallie' hair! Dena Dewing, failing to grasp the real charm her cousin carried with her, ame to believe that, like Samson's, he strength lay in her locks. Deprived of she was powerless. A whisper went the family rounds that Dena had once attempted to clip, next actually to burn those beautiful braids. No founlation for this rumor was ever disovered other than the fact that Ha ie secured a home in another city, and er hair for a time lost its burnished

the first kiss and touch that lovely hair

to make sure it's not wings that'll fly

venness. little lambkip," bewailed Grandma Dewing, "she ought never to have stayed an hour under the same oof with that envious, ill-tempered

Dena." However, everybody agreed that since ner eighteenth birthday-she was now wenty, six months Hallie's juniorhere was a marked change in Dens Dewing. A clever cousin declared her o be cultivating the Christian graces in order to catch Mr. Traquair. Whatever he cause, the girl-with the exception o ner personal appearance—was certainly improved. With a dead-white complexon, faded eyes and bair, meally eyeprows and lashes, and more than a sus picion of freckies, the Quaker colors and simplicity she had adopted, in girl parlance, "killed" Dena Dewing. persisted in this species of self-destrucion, even to the extent of laying aside heavy braid of ashy red hair and rizzes, then faced a generation of switchurdened women with a coolness and ourage as remarkable as it was rare. "Agnes," said Mr. Traquair, prepared was his custom, to give an accoun of his evening's entertainment to his nvalid sister, "I met to-night the first ady that over won upon my souleemed to draw it out after her as men's souls should go out after the women they marry. I brought what you call my microscopic gaze to bear upon her, and could discover nothing false. Her style of dress, bearing, manner, everything about her, challenged unlimited that, like the majority of her sex, she owes something to art. How much it is mpossible to estimate. Everybody knows my fixed, unalterable opinion hese feminine devices. One form of leceit is as surely indicative of others, as one downright falsehood is of a pre-disposition to lying. I could no more smiles and making mock professsions.

by what right does your soul run out saved.
after another woman?" asserte

naw her, she impresses me unfavorably." "And me. She ought to have been orn in the French court; nothing desorn in the French court; nothing delights her more than plotting and

ease in her house.' "And yet you seem to be a frequent visitor. "Yes; her husband's one of our most active members, and she herself, al-

though a woman of the world, gives Dena's frantic grasp. largely from her own private fortune. For some reason she generally manages act in this new, inforeseen emergency, they changed the subject." to have all the meetings at her house, so you see I'm rather obliged to keep hair, and, leaning forward, it hung like single friend, and are about to leave it the

It was this woman's ald Dena Dewing resolved to seek in her extremity. "Oh, yes, I'll help you out," she Kelper set such store by their patched-

keen, sly glance upon the face before prevented her hearing seven short words her. "You're not falling in love with Mr. Traquair whispered in Hallie's ear: Mr. Traquair, are you, Dena ?" Dena promptly disclaimed any such

"Your conduct, then, was prompted entirely by the very natural and reasonable jealousy any girl with almost no hair would feel for one supporting a whole mountain of it."

"Yes, you understand me perfectly." There was no mistake about it, but Mrs. Kelper went on as though accepting the declaration as Dena meant it. "Then I'll go on with what I was about to say. I owe this piece of pomposity a oward little mite of a me. We'll pull he wool over his eyes so completely, e'll think it's Hallie's hair. Meanwhile we must be cautious and not tell any downright fibs. Are those you have repeated your exact and only words?"

"They are. Mr. Traquair is too much

"Assuredly. Then, don't you see, you stated a simple fact, that is all. Such among the ancients, the laws against hair would bring its weight in gold. I'd them were stringent, and the practice of give my head for it if we could wear bair without heads. The color is rare, a marvelous bleuding of pure fed and yellow gold, neither one, the other, or ither, because that doesn't describe it. Almost impossible to get it? I should hink so; did ever another head wear so beautiful a crown? Ah, here she comes! Hallie, dear, we were just talk- It is a noteworthy fact that the ng about your hair; everybody raved about it last night,"

"I'm sorry I've nothing else to recmmend me." "Ah, I see; a little sensitive on the ibject. Well, let me think; did nobody say you were charming? Really I don't recollect, because I'm an enthu-siast on the subject of your hair. Even ur invulnerable Mr. Traquair expresse his admiration. Almost his first words were, 'What lovely hair she has,' He always visits alone. Such a pity Mrs. Fraquair is so confined at home with that daughter. Odd about Agnes, isn't

t, Dena? There's a mystery some-As Mrs. Kepler rattled on a great load fell from Dena Dewing's heart. The woman who could so cleverly make Hallie feel a trifle vexed about her hair, eave her under the impression that the Mrs. Traquair mentioned was a wife instead of a widowed mother, and seal her health with the hint of a mystery, was certainly the one to conduct her case

and bring it to a happy issue. With what cobwebs are our lives enangled. Here were two people, a man and a woman, every way calculated to bless, strengthen, and sostain each other, dimly conscious of it beside, yet kept apart by a word here, a hint there, interweavings frail as the gossamer ines spun from branch to branch of a

"She wore a pale blue dress that hung about her like a cloud," said Mr. Traquair, "and when I saw her put a spray of white blossoms in her hair and at her throat, I found myself weakly wondering was there any more harm in a false braid, a tinge of rogue, or a brush of powder than in those blossoms? It's well she's engaged, Agnes, else I fear I should end in falling in love with her.' in her bower of hair, thick and bright as Jenny Wren's, "Plain, grave, punctilious, he's not in the least like the men I've always fancied. Indeed, he's restful, sheltered sort of feeling his wife must have. I should like to take a peep into that home. I think I see him there as I saw him in the mission school last Sabbath. Ordering everything firmly, wisely, kindly. The friendship of such a man, were I so happy as to be consid-

ered worthy of it, would be the joy of a lifetime. The end was nearer than they thought. One night a variety of circumstances detained several persons under Mrs. Kepler's roof. Mr. Traquair bad an engagement with Tom that would take them off on the early train, while three or fohr ladies, Dena among them, were indebted to a storm for the pretext of remaining. At midnight a cry of fire the slumbering household Nobody ever discovered how it origi nated, but the lower apartments were in flames, and smoke stealing through the cracks of every chamber door. There admiration; yet I am obliged to believe was little time to lose dressing or la-

"To the roof! To the roof! Every one of you!" bawled Tom Kepler. In a few minutes a panic-stricken group collected thither to meet with a double horror. The house at the lowest point stood five feet below its neigh bors. It was short, sharp work to save rust a woman wearing false hair than that flock of frightened women. Mr. could trust a woman wearing false Traquair above with a hastily-constructed shawl ladder, Tom Kepler be "Well, having found your ideal, after low, labored bravely and rapidly, still it thirty years' seeking, in Dena Dewing, was a question whether all would be Dena Dewing's narrow nature asserted itself for the first time in the "You mistake, Agnes. I have not found my ideal. Miss Dewing pleases fairly struggled to be foremost; but Tom, me in that she owes nothing to art, and with stern justice, determined she should in little else. I have somehow drifted be the last. So rapid was the progress into near relations with her. She is of the flames that sparks were showerseful to me in the mission school and ering over the roof, smoke swirling in other ways; we are co-workers, black about them, and crimson tongues friends, that is all." lapped the cornice before they were "I'm glad to hear it, for I don't like ready for Dena. It was an awful thing her, yet can't tell why. Nor do I like to have Tom just then turn whiter than this Mrs. Kepler, at whose house you ever in that red glare, and cry out that ever in that red glare, and cry out that spent last evening; although I never his ams was paralyzed. "Get her up somehow, Herbert. I'll save myself i

refused to fly with the rest, and Mr. counterplotting, even in such trivial Traquair dropped to Dena's side. Even or keeping them apart. I never feel at thrilled beneath his arm's embrace.

the brave girl above him unbound her recoil from that silken life-line.

up relationship, I was obliged to invite saved, but with an agony at her heart ner, and, in fact, am truly glad to have fierce and wild as the flames from her, but she's not to be allowed to strike | which she escaped. Not the sharp hiss the small, spare figure of Mr. Lick, attired in a suit of black-not too often rethe target's center and carry off the and crackle of the fire-fiend's tongue mission-school teacher's prize. Be-side—" Mrs. Kelper paused, casting a who had appeared and rescued Tom,

"Brave little woman, you are rightly rowned.11 There's nothing else to tell. Any one can guess how it ended.

Suicides.

Samson, who perished amid the ruins which crushed out the lives of his perse-cutors, is the greatest murderer of Holy Saul fell upon his sword in his last and lost battle, and the horrid de-talls of Raziss' suicide lives with every reader of the Scriptures. Among the grudge for his high and mighty loftiness Greeks suicide was common, though usually resorted to for worthier purposes than lead to it to-day. Lyeurgus, the framer of the famous Spartan Laws, in order to secure their observance, made his people promise to keep them inviolate "till his return," and then with lrew to Delphi, where, after a conversation with the oracle, he starved himsel of a gentleman to introduce the subject to death, thus enforcing the perpetual again."

self-destruction was considered a hein-

It is a noteworthy fact that the pro nmarried male suicides predominates n order, and poison falls last. The later two are the most common among women. But, most singular of all, he fact that by accurately compiled

d and his coat threadbare, and his face lead, from trouble and toil his spirit had As he wandered among the diades, that smoke and scorch in lower not bar, and Satan himself stood peephus to a passing printer spoke: "Come n, my dear, it shall cost you nothing, never fear; this is the place I cook the nes who never pay their subscription ums, for though in life they may es ape, they will find when they're dead t is too late; I will show you a place where I melt them thin with red-ho I comb their heads with broken glass red-bot rings to wear in his toes, and it so real did it seem, that he cannot be lieve it was all a dream; and often he thinks with a chuckle and grin, of the fate of those who save up their tin, and never pay the printer.

COLLEGES FOR WOMEN,-What would took "I can!" for a motto, and went forth, and steadily made themselves and the

Fair maiden, whom a hundred summers keep Forever seventeen.

no female seminary or your young ladies' boarding-school in all the coloous matter. The now rising project of contrast between the two extremities of

RECOGNITION.-The Itlustrated Week- started.-New Age. y is responsible for this watering-place egend: "A gentleman at Saratoga, waving his handkerchief for an hour or more at an unknown lady whom he discovered at a distant point on shore, was matters as getting two persons together, in the midst of fire and smoke, she encouraged by a warm response to his signals to approach his charmer. Im-The moment was worth its terrors could agine his feelings when, on drawing she but be saved. A second mishap nearer, he saw that it was his own dear rendered it doubtful if she ever would wife, whom he had left on shore but a be. Raining sparks had gnawed the short time before! 'Why, how remarkshawl ladder Hallie held; it parted in able that we should have recognized each other at such a distance! Before Mr. Traquair could think or claimed they both in a breath and then

steam to useful purposes. "Take firm hold," said a voice as cold which," remarked Mr. Bagges, plied, after hearing the story. "Hallie's a good girl, a very good girl. Tom
lie's a good girl, a very good girl. Tom
Kelper set such store by their patched.

The Rule.—We should never relie's a good girl, a very good girl. Tom
Dena did as she was bidden, and was
believe, uncle," replied the boy.

The Rule.—We should never relie's name?" "Watt was his name, I
The Rule.—We should never relie's name?" "Watt was his name, I
The Rule.—We should never relie's name?" "Watt was his name, I
The Rule.—We should never relie's name?" "Watt was his name, I
There is nothing to do but pump or die.

There is nothing to do but pump or die.

The New Northwest.

A Journal for the People.

Devoted to the Interests of Fumanity. Independent in Politics and Religion.

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

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

Superstition.

THE THUNDER SPIRIT-A TRADITION OF THE SENECA INDIANS.

Herno, the great Thunder Spirit, had his lodge behind the sheet of water that pours down at the Falls of Niagara. For very long time he dwelt there, astonishing the Indians with his stunning peals, but never venturing forth to practice his strange art before their eyes. They could hear him, and knew he was there, but never, as yet, had be been seen-nor is it at all likely that he, or the effects of the sun, ever would have been seen, but for a little incident, the results of which brought him forth,

A young and beautiful maiden, residing at Seneca village, just above the fall, had been contracted in marriage by her father, to an old man of disagreeable manners and hideous person. She at once resolved to seek death, rather than drag out the life of misery which such a union might bring about; and with this object in view, she launched forth from the village in a bark canoe, singing her own death song, until she took the awful leap.

But death was not ready for her. Herno, the Thunder Spirit, happened to be wide awake, and when he saw her coming down among the foaming waters, he coolly caught her in his blanket, and conveyed her to his home chind the falls.

Of course, the maiden had romance enough about her to be grateful for all this, more especially when she found she was entirely beyond the reach of the monster her "cruel pa-ri-ant" had seected to comfort her through life. She fell upon the neck of the Thunderer, and wept sweet tears. The tears softened his stern heart, and led him to smooth back, if not to toy with, her golden tresses. In short, to hurry through a ong story, they got to billing and cooing, they fell in love, they made the in-teresting affair known to each other, and the wronged, though beautiful maiden, became the wife of Herno, the Thunder Spirit. And, as a matter of course, she was very happy.

About this time the Senecas of the village above the falls were visited with a pestilence, which swept them off by hundreds, and while some prayed to the Great Spirit for help, others gathered around the cataract and sent in their petitions to Herno. The tale of their sufferings moved the Thunderer, and he sent the maiden forth to tell her people that a monstrous serpent was iwelling beneath their village, just below the surface of the ground; that it was depending upon their bodies for food, and that it came forth at the end of every moon and poisoned the waters, in order that they might die and be buried within its reach.

As soon as the Indians learned this, they pulled up and moved to another locality; consequently, when the great serpoisoned the waters as usual, the earth brought him no food. This was an affair so strange that he crawled forth to see what it meant, when, to his surprise, he found the village was de-

With many curses on the head of the Thunderer, as the author of his misfortune, the serpent took the trail of the etreating Indiaus, and started away in hot pursuit.

The maiden still loved her people, and when she saw the serpent moving on to effect their further destruction, she appealed to her husband to arrest him. omething that will battle the race, and Herno was not deaf to her entreaties; tumble with the world in a way that and so he stepped forth from his hiding-place and launched a hissing bolt after the serpent, which struck him just as he was endeavoring to cross the narrows some distance above the falls. sity, reality, power and plan bold eye, a strong arm, a stout heart, a bold eye, a

The wound produced was a fatal one, and the great monster floated down the stream and lodged upon the verge of the ergy, vitality, fire and light, that did cataract, stretching nearly from shore to shore. The swift waters were dammed up by the obstruction, but they finally broke through the rocks behind, and thus the whole top of the falls upon which the snake rested was prepitated with it into the abyss below, excepting a small portion, which is now known as Goat Island.

It almost entirely ruined the home of the Thunderer-for it reduced the great space behind the waters to a very narow compass. He still occupies it as a sleeping apartment, however, and you may now hear him snoring under there, you stand on the shore; but if he would exercise himself in his favorite pastime of throwing thunderbolts, he is orced to come forth into space less lim-

Unreasonable as this myth may und, there can be no doubt but that have been made in the papers of that the Senecas believed every word of it. When they were to be met with in the Ningara country, they pointed out a place near the mouth of Cayuga Creek, the causes of poverty and incapacity where the banks were shelved out in a emi-circular form, and declared that it gestion. The same ghastly facts con-front us everywhere; and homes of com-death threes, after having been wounded death throes, after having been wounded by Herno's thunderbolt. And to this spread distress and suffering. It is a tradition may be attributed their cusopeful thing that people cannot be in- tom of putting away their dead upon different to such agonies; and it would scaffolds above the ground, instead of be well if this sympathy should lead to burying them.

WOMEN AND HOME.-There is a bundle of delight bound up in the sweet word, home. The word is typical of omfort, love, sympathy, and all the employments of many of our intelligent much interested in making for the wealth, which we have supported and and affectionate families faithfully porapproved, let the search not be delayed trayed, they would exceed, in moral through fear that such a discovery will beroism, interest, and romance most of be made. When there is enough for all the productions of the pen of fiction. in society, there ought to be a system The social well-being of society rests on our home, and what are the foundation ilization is a failure. To seek the causes stones of our homes but woman's care of poverty and crime would be one of and devotion? A good mother is worth most radical investigations ever an army of acquaintances, and a truehearted, noble-minded sister is more precious than the "dear five hundred riends." Those who have played around the same door-step, basked in the same mother's smile, in whose veins the same blood flows, are bound by a sacred tie that can never be broken. Disfields. Presently you say: - "What is the meaning of that ribbon of green that tances may separate, quarrels may occur, but those who have a capacity to love anything must have at times a bubbling up of fond recollections, and a yearning after the joys of by-gone days. Every woman has a mission on earth. There is "something to do" for every one-a household to put in order, a child to attend to, some class of unfortuhas exhaled from earth that the beauty nate, degraded, or homeless humanity befriend. That soul is poor indeed that leaves the world without having The Dutch have a queer way of cur- exerted an influence that will be felt for ing laziness by putting a subject in a good after she has passed away.-Era.

coat, pantaloons-not of the most fash ionable cut-and a tall collar, supported y a wealth of neckerchief. The style of his garments never changed with the fickle fashions. Quite a number of clergymen of San Francisco, among them the Revs. Williams, Stone, and Stebbins, have been at his room on several occasions, but his conversation at such times has never inclined toward religious topics. His views were confined to that plane of rationalism of which Tom Paine was the best expo-

o extend it, and Mr. Lick determined

ne result was one of the most elegant

to make the frames of the pictures and

mirrors that adorn the room, he had

lose, under his immediate supervision

wide, was the cession of his immens

property to seven trustees for benevo

ent purposes. The principal objects

bservatory; \$300,000 to found and en-low the California School of Mechan-

cal Arts; \$250,000 for a group of bronze

statuary representing the history of California; \$100,000 for an Old Ladies

Home in San Francisco; \$150,000 fo

uilding and maintaining free baths

\$150,000 for a brouze monument to Key.

author of "The Star Spangled Banner

\$25,000 in gold to the Protestant Or-phan Home of San Francisco; \$25,000 in

gold to found an orphan home in the city of San Jose, and \$10,000 to purchase scientific and mechanical works for the

Mechanics' Institute of San Francisco

The total value of the trust fund is esti-

mated at about \$5,000,000 .- N. Y. Her-

"I CAN."-Of course you can. You

how it in your looks, in your motion

in your speech, in your everything. "I can!" A brave, hearty, substantial, soulful, manly, cheering expression.

There is character, force, vigor, deter-mination, will, in it. We like it. The

vords have a spirit, sparkle, pungency

flavor, genialty, about them which takes

"I can !" There is a word of meaning

expræsed, nailed down, epigramized, rammed into these few letters. Whole

sermons of solid-ground virtues. How

we more than admire to hear the young

man speak it out bravely, boldly, deter

searching of his entire nature, a reflec-

ion of his inner soul. It tells of some-

thing that is earnest, sober, serious, of

will open and brighten and mellow

men's eyes.
"I can!" What spirit, purpose, inten-

ever knew a man, possessed of its en-

ot attain eminence of some sort. It

ould not be otherwise. It is in the na

ture, constitution, order, necessity, in-evitable of events that it should be so.

'I can!" rightly, truly said, and then

slinched and rivited by the manly, he

role, determined deed, is the secret solu-

Then, young man, if you would be something besides a common, dusty,

prosy, wayfarer in life, just put thes

magic words upon your lips, and their

musing, hopeful, expanding philosophy

n your heart and arms. Do it and

Some terrible disclosures of the want,

suffering, and starvation in New York

ity, and have called forth expressions

of sympathy and alarm. The Liberal

Christian thinks it is time "to seek out

and crime," which is a pregnant sug-

fort are clouded by thoughts of wide-

some general movement toward perma-

tion and starvation are not confined to

by which all may have a share, or civ-

THE BEAUTY AND GLORY OF A GOOD

LIFE.-Sometimes, in the season of

drought, you may stand upon a hill-top

and look upon the parched and yellow

winds down the slope through the

meadow till it is lost in the distance?

Ah! now I remeber. That is where a

brook ran once. Its waters have been

dried up, but the verdure which they nourished remains." And so how often

does it happen, after a good man's life

and glory of its beneficence abide!

philosophy of men's lives.

wold what they pleased

you are made a man.

sity, reality, power and praise.

firm port and indomitable will,

ninedly; as though it was an

one in the very right place.

pecified were \$700,000 for an immens

hem done by his own workmen at San

Lick and His Bequests.

newed-consisting of a swallow-tailed

Many who read this will remember

NUMBER. 9.

nent, and they were thoroughly in-grained in his character. A Free-thinker closely crowding four score was ardly as impressible as those gathered within the ecclesiastical pale in the dew of their youth. His talk with the riends admitted to his presence was on the news of the day and such points as related to his immediate business. The Lick House was begun in 1858, but as originally finished was small and dingy. It afterward became necessary

that the new dining-room should be in all respects worthy of the hotel. So he In spite of the prevalence of suicide sent an agent to examine and report upon the similar accommodations of the principal hotels of Eastern cities, and

us crime. dining balls in the country. Failing to find any mechanics sufficiently skilled It has been reserved for more modern mes, however, to afford the historian of self-murder real subject for his pen, and the number on the list of suicide has been steadily on the increase since The crowning point in Mr. Lick's life and what made his reputation world-

ortion of male to female suicides has een, and is, about three to one, and that among the females married women and widows seek the last resort more (requently than single ones; the score of Drowning is the method most resorted to in modern times. Firearms are next statistics, more cases occur in the month of April than any other season.

A PRINTER'S DREAM .- A printer sat

n his office chair, his boots were patchlooked weary and worn with care. While sadly thinking of business debt, old Morpheus slowly round him erept, and before he knew it he soundly slept; and sleeping be dreamed that he was lips from inquiry concerning the family fled, and that not even a cow-bell tolled for the peaceful rest of his cow-hide Hades, he shortly noticed an iron door that creakingly swung on hinges ajar, but the entrance was closed with a redng out, and watching thereabout, and chains and scraps of tin, and also where and melted lead, and if of refreshments they only think, there's boiling water for them to drink; there's the red-hot grindstone to grind down his nose, and "I don't know why Mr. Traquair they mention they don't like fire, I'll haunts me," mused Hallie, sitting alone sew up their mouths with a red-hot wire; and then, dear sir, you should see them squirm, while I roll them over and cook to a turn." With these las words the printer awoke, and thought not like anybody I ever knew. What a lit all a practical joke, and still at times

> 'Dorothy Dudley" have said had she been entered as a "Freshman" at Weiesley College! That

Would have told us a very different story of female education from that which can be related by the less mythical Dorothys and Dudleys of to-day At the time to which the first entry her "Diary" introduces us, when nine British red-coats stopped at Bradish Tavern, in Cambridge, for dinner, and then galloped on toward Lexington with suspected design of seizing John Hancock and Samuel Adams, there was nies, and no college to which a girl might go. Our nineteenth-century ideas of education were largely nebuthe co-education of the sexes was very far below the horizon. Not even at William and Mary College was there any place except for the Williams. The Marys were left to shift for themselves. nent relief and improvement. Destitu-Their facilities for the acquisition of knowledge were few, the obstacles in the incapable and vicious; capacity and their way were many. A view of such skill will be found among the victims. an justitution as Wellesley College be-comes, therefore, an important part of though they may be traced to methods lights of social life. Were the everyday the general inspection we are all now so of business, and of the distribution of measurement of the century's progress. And it is doubtful if at any point the the hundred years be more striking than in this of the education of young women.-Edward Abbott, in Harper's Magazine for August,

A nephew of Mr. Bagges, in explaina beautiful, savin pinion over her ma- ing the mysteries of a tea kettle, deligner's head. There was a momentary scribes the benefits of the application of "For all "we cistern and turning on a stream of wa-