The Old House.

The old house was slowly dropping to pieces about the young people. Yet, for all that, they were as bappy as though Yet, for the long interval below. It cheered that in a moment the floor must fall, it were a palace building up about them. Youth requires few conditions; it is as youth requires few conditions; it is as promise. He stood up and struck one pression to itself as Eden; it is only the promise. He stood up and struck one promise. He stood up and struck one promise as it is not it is not included at an opponent; the story will be story will be story and the story and the story and the story are the story as it is not included at an opponent; the story and the story are the story as it is not included at an opponent; the story are the stor unsatisfactory middle years, to which the loveliness of the virgin world has become a twice-told tale, that are in-

In truth, it should have been enough to content any of us simply to be Rose Marks—the rose no rosier, the lily no snowier, sunshine not more golden than her hair, more dazzling than her smile; a lovely little soul and body, enjoying every moment of life, and making it precious to every one within her influ-euce. She never thought of grumbling that the house was shabby and the food scanty, but contented herself with bread when there was no dainty, and when the roof leaked, moved her bed to an-other room where it did not leak so badly. Every timber in the old house was dear to her, and she never asked for a better. No wonder everybody for a better. No wonder everybody loved Rose Marks in general, and her cousin Roger loved her especial; not her cousin, that is, if you demand the literal fact, but her step-mother's nephew, yet always called a cousin, and always loved like a brother. A brother? Well, no, not exactly. People are not so very apt to think whether or no their brothers will like this ribbon or that flower, to blush damask if their brothers catch them gazing at themselves intently, to pout at an inattention from their brothers, or to have their hearts beat like wild-fire at a touch of the brother's hand.

These two children were all alone in the old house now, for Mr. Marks and his wife had followed the elder children, who had died when the great typhus epidemic raged some ten years ago; old servant, who had never forsaken them, had gone her way too at last; and Louis, one day taking the ancient plate, had sold it for enough to insure the house for a term of five years, and formally resigning all right and title in it to Rose, had bade her and Roger goodbye, and had gone to seek his fortune. So se kept the old house as best she could, and Roger paid her a regular board from his little salary as clerk of the only store in the village. Rose cried every time she took it; but as all the rest she possessed happened to be the cow and the garden and what the grass sold for,

Roger said.
"Why-why, you could have much shrivel like a bit of burning parchment, the bark of the century-old elm in the better dinners, you know, Roger, at the bark of the century-old elm in the Mrs. Dean's—"

"Hang Mrs. Dean's! I should have no home. I should go to the bad. It is long spiral from top to bottom, and the | yield an immediate income to the purmissionary duty to stay as you are."

"But, Roger," then Rose said, growing red and redder, "some day, you membered Rose's fear of thunder, and membered Rose's fear of thunder, and membered control of the state of know, you will be-married, and then plunged out into it, determined that she suburban property adjoining a growing you won't want me round."

"Your wife won't, at any rate; for you half way, worse than any lightnings-a one that is doubly sure for a good payknow I'm not even your sister, and your gray, stifling down-pour, in which it wife, when you marry—"

gray, stifling down-pour, in which it ing investment.

was impossible to draw his breath, and

In the products of the soil all wealth "Can't you wait till I do?" thundered his only refuge was to take to his heels has its origin. The industrious farmer

Roger, getting up and stalking out of and run as fast as ever any Lampad ran must always have a market for his

m. "You won't forget how to a race. sew, will you ?" And Rose began to cry, and Roger strode round the place till bed-time like an unhappy ghost. He marry! Why was she harping on that string? Did was she harping on that string? Did then there came an overwhelm-

she want to marry, herself, and have ing fiash, the fire of which seemed to he must look to the tiller of the soil for him first put himself out of the way? penetrate her brain. She chapped her that which will sustain life. There And thereat he wrought himself into a fury. Was there a man in all the world house rocked and the door swung and whole there is of necessity a market for who would dare to think of such a sacri- slammed, and she fell fainting upon the every important product, and the prolege as marrying his little Rose? Never, floor. never should be have her! He would stay here forever and guard her; he lying on the lounge where Roger had the land he cultivates. In every de-would make it impossible! And then placed her, and the storm was slowly partment of life sunshine and shadow he felt that he was a fool, and that he knew better; he knew the modest little and then a smothered growl, and the the ruin of the superstructure is inevit-Rose, living her secluded life, had never rain was pattering only in thin showers, able. had the remotest sort of a lover; he which the freshened breeze shook from knew now that she was lying all in the vines and boughs. She sat up di-stantial capital. If one's title is good, white, wrapped in her innocent dreams, rectly, and presently, as soon as she no thief can steal it; it needs no insurand thinking of nothing less, while he found her feet, went to the window to ance policy to make it safe; nothing was marauding up and down the garden look about. The whole world seemed short of an earthquake can swallow it. paths. He was very much mistaken; sweet and rich and glistening in the A good farm or suburban garden, with the was hiding behind the window at that moment, watching him between light, and the birds were wild with mu- its commercial gold value go up or the streaming courses of her tears as he sic. Roger stood beside her at the win-down, is still the source of good and went up and down and tortured himself dow, looking out into the enchanted at- comfortable living. Whatever else a with angry thoughts and passionate mosphere. They were both silent: and man may possess, he cannot afford to emotions. Why had fate fixed him so? just then good old Mrs. Vance came up he was asking. Why was there no the garden walk from her own adjoining bimself and family, if he has one, a chance for him? why would no opening one, fearing Rose was alone, and not good home.—St. Paul Business Reporter. offer that he might enter and gain a having dared herself to come to her bepromise of sufficient income to justify fore; and she staid to tea, and wanted a him in telling Rose what he felt—all game of cribbage in the evening; and Cheyenne Leader, has been married rethese wild wishes and bitter longings? when Roger came back from escort duty cently. Now a moneyless clerk in a village store, to old Mrs. Vance, Rose just lifed the with us about the new life he was about he had no right to bind her fortunes candle-flame between her face and his, to enter, and we called him off to one with his, to bring upon her, even if she and saying good-night, hurriedly, was side, and told him a great many things would, the weary cares and heavy away to her slumbers. weight of marriage with a man so desti-

For look, even should she be kind, thoughts were whirling at such a rate found the bed cold, that he must keep should they marry-ah, what throbs his with his emotions that he was wider heart gave at the fancy!-they would awake than ever before. have no more than they had now, and out on the old broken balcony of his forgotten our well meant advice, and as the years came and brought their window and watched the slow wheeling came out yesterday morning in this burdens, it would simply bow Rose into of the constellations, and heard the tiny the grave. And she knew it, he crackling sound of leaves and rain-drops married man whose business keeps him thought; yes, she knew it. That was and pebbles in the garden, of some up late rejoices, upon reaching home, to what this desire to get out into the world night-bird, maybe, tapping the bough, meant—to break up their way of life, to or else of the dead vine branch beating be off and away from him. And then on a window-pane, and he thought how lingly cold bed."—Sentinel. Roger groaned and clinched his fists, hard and bitter a thing was life, and and asked himself the whole round of half cursed it; and then the vision of questions over again. Yes, why was he, Rose would steal before him-the sweet, of all men, so placed that nothing could smiling face, the dimpled velvet cheek, ever accrue to him? no help reach him? the shining eye, gentle motion, gentle no one hold a hand to lift him up? just spirit—and he said to himself that itsuffered to plod along from hand to was enough for any one to live in the frankly says the Argus, "such cases of mouth when a little capital would put same world with such a thing as she. him into such a haven? If he had but But at length it occurred to him that a couple of thousand dollars to start this was enough of star-gazing. If he with, he could open a second store here, were ever to be a man, fit to win her, He knew the whole structure of trade; even if unable, he must cease his day there was quite business enough for andevents and work; and, to work, he other without robbing the first; he could must sleep. He returned to his room, even make new business. He knew just where he would plant his stock of him at every poor, he staggered back. goods and put up his sign. And then, What strange odor was this? what in spite of himself, came the picture of strange atmosphere after the cool night the blessed time when, work done, he fragrance? The room was full of a

em North

FREE SPEECH, FREE PRESS, FREE PROPIE.

VOLUME VI.

garden, and as he raised his head again, after a while, there came the moon

went in to his dreams. "Can you think of anything, Rose,

where we can economize?" he said, next

"Economize!" she exclaimed, gayly For what? In what? With what?"
"So that we can raise two thousand

"I must get it in some way, if I have go out sawing wood after hours."
"Why, Roger?"
They had barely reached the gate when the roof fell in, and though the

"For capital to go into business." neighbors came thronging round, and the engines were presently at play, they

Rose stood up, moving one thing and ascending like a smoke of sacrifice. Rose stood folded in the arms of Roger, lips trembled, and all at once she ran hiding her eyes from the dreadful sight,

as a child might stand beside the grave of a mother while it is filled. "Let it

spises me; be disregards me; he would go without tears, darling—let it go," take nothing from me! Because it is Roger whispered. "It is a kindly mine, it is not his, and he wants noth-flame. The old house is still protecting

care a whit whether I go into business groping in the dark. I should never

or not; it matters nothing to her," he have dared win you; you would never sighed. "She flashes out of the room have known I loved you."

and about her business as though I were the merest stranger at the gate." And he jammed on his hat, and went to his can turn round and see what's to be

work, head down, hands in pocket, and done. Is the house insured? Where's

gloomy as the grave. All day long that rosy, dimpled face flitting between him "They are gone," said Rose, "with

and every customer; all day long the everything else. We are utterly penni-

awful figures, \$2,000, writing themselves less !"
on the wall before him like a Mene, It was just a fortnight after that,

mene, ticket upharsin; and when, late in the day, a cloud slowly rose and hung one night, Rose ran and clapped a bit of over the fields and marshes, till all the paper before his eyes so closely that he

sky was purple and all the land was a could see nothing. When he stepped shadow, and low thunders began to back, she was holding it over his lips,

tree had answered the bolt in a pillar of chaser, we have found, from many years'

should not be alone in such a moment and prosperous city, invariably result of absolute terror. The rain met him in a fine speculation, or at all events in

She must have seen him coming, for solute necessities of life, and he that

hands to her face with a shrick, the may be local derangements, but on the

When Rose came to herself, she was so long, at least, as he is the owner of

rolling off below the horizon, with now alternate, but if the foundation fails,

sunset, with a sort of delicious under- rich roil, judiciously managed, whether

Invest in Real Estate

Although an investment in real estate

may not at once prove lucrative and

wares. What he has to sell are the ab-

ducer must always be sure of his living.

The possession of real estate is a sub-

when the heavens seemed to

square where the little band played on

summer nights had been torn off in one

his room. Sleep, he could not.

g of me."
us; it has lighted our way to each other.
"She takes no interest in it; she don't
Without it, we should still have been

lollars," he answered, as gayly. She sat down as suddenly as if some gigantic hand had been laid on her head

to go out sawing wood after hours."
"Why, Roger?"

"For capital to go Into business,"

we waste a cent now."

PORTLAND, OREGON, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1877.

A Piece of One's Mind.

There are a great many people in society who feel that they have done what is expected of them when they have given society "a piece of their mind"— agricultural products were from every not always, by-the-way, the most value of the United States was never before made quite so easy to grasp as at the late Exhibition. The agricultural products were from every not always, by-the-way, the most value of the United States was never before made quite so easy to grasp as at the late Exhibition. The agricultural products were from every is in danger of being as seriously interpretation of this paper is, or dinarily, a plain, unassuming man, but the appointment of postmaster has compared to the united States was never before made quite so easy to grasp as at the late Exhibition. The agricultural products were from every first has been expected of their mind"— agricultural products were from every form the appointment of postmaster has compared to the united States. that must have way.

Two thousand dollars—he might just a great blinding glare fell from above. radiance was welling up over the dusky spirit that wiped matter from existence, garden, and as he raised his head again, But Roger did not pause to think

what mind they have themselves. what it was like; he only thought that ill-natured piece, as if one's mind were alm into another.

"I will have her yet!" he cried, and been making headway in the lonely upper rooms all the delicious summer
"Can you think of anything. Ross." And it is a circumstance no less curious that those in the habit of donating this evening, all the time that he had been leaning on his balcony drinking the balmy air, all the time that Rose had selves much the action as upon the exbeen folded in her sweet slumber, all selves upon the action as upon the extreme he had been hearing that tiny the time he had been hearing that tiny crackle, and thinking it was the rain dripping from the leaves upon the walk. Another moment and over its dull roar Another moment and over its dull roar and some family people, and with more of their interests and settled by an eminently progressive difficulties for herself. Seated before it, people, and with more of their interests people, and with more of their interests perseveringly picking out some family people, and with more of their interests perseveringly picking out some family people, and with more of their interests. came a cry, "Roger! Roger! Oh, my upon to give it, whether it is going to and crushed her into the seat.

"Two thousand dollars!" she gasped.

"We couldn't economize it in two thousand years, for I don't know where do good or do harm. They know it is

he leaped down the stairs at one vault superfluity of venom. roneous idea of franksess, and are those who consider that noble quality to be These reflections not merely honorable openness "The house "' he said. "That is not it was no use, and the blaze of the home of their childhood and their youth was raked up from some slime of inner consine."

when blistering and excoriating statements must be male. But these are not occurring bourly and daily; and in the meantime, it the time of the common trivial emergencies, it is to be remembered that if speech is silver, silence is golden. When we use this unnecessary frankness, when we give this There are seasons and occasions when lence is golden. When we use this unnecessary frankness, when we give this brains as well as oats into their product. piece of our mind, we are gratifying ourselves, and it would be quite as well to pause and think if the gratification to ourselves should outweigh the pain our speech will cause to others. We are flaunting a Holy Willy sort of right- merce, eousness, and are making an assumption of greater virtue than another's in every word of that speech, while at bottom its actuating motives are seldom growl in its breast, and sharp light- and then half bashfully tiptoeing up any lofty love of truth at all, but vanity and selfishnesss, and nothing else more

nings leap from it, it seemed to Roger and kissing him through it. "Do you only something in accord with his feelings, for it belitted nature to be as dark for twenty-five hundred dollars from the For only the very vain can consider

nor; she is very uncomfortable at their failure. Is it best for you, is it necessary to your personal integrity or to your soul's salvation, to join with her and aggravate the little trouble, or to omit reference to the subject of the liquor, and remark only upon the savoriness of the seasoning? If she wers your cook, it might be needful to dwell upon the circumstance; but, as a person whose cookery you will not perhaps be required to taste for another year, whose improvement as a cook it might be very insolent for you to undertake. and as one quite aware of her fault already, need you make the business yours, or add to her discomposure, and mount your pinnacle to administer reeproof? Or, again, are you called upon when a visitor appears (not obnoxious, but happening to be unwelcome by reason of your preoccupation) to receive her with frigidity, to refuse the courtesy of the greeting smile that may put he at her ease, and with which you have shut your own preferences unselfishly out of sight, or the idle compliment of an invitation to come again at some other time when, possibly, it may not be an interruption? For there are laws of hospitality as much as of frankness to be regarded; and if one does not feel necessary to excuse one's self altogether from the call, one should feel it expense of qualities less fine, and where occurrence true self-respect is most honored in the

tion, is it best to repress that vexation, ANOTHER VICTIM.-Rapherty, of the our reputation for good taste and truthwhich we knew would be of use to him. fulness by letting another person know Roger went to his, that is to say, to Among the rest, we told him that if he His went home on these cold evenings and chin recedes, her nose turns up, is it not his grief to himself, and not make a newspaper article out of it; but he has "These are the nights when the find that his wife 'has gone out to stay

A Paterson Christian refused an oportunity while out sleigh-riding to put his arm around another man's wife. for fear that the Lord would paralyze the offending member." "In Brooklyn, paralysis never occur, and some suppose it is because there are so many provocations that the Lord doesn't know where to begin."

An exchange says: What this coun try needs to have right off is a religion which will make a man feel that it is door-keeper of a concert-room to an injust as cold for his wife to get up and veterate dead-head. "Well, I don't want what build a fire as it is for himself.

An editor in Michigan, talking of pass you!" and he passed. should go home, home to Rose, fair, thick pungent smoke—it was the smoke corn, professes to have a couple of ears joyous, his, by her fire, or looking out of burning. "Fire! fire!" he fifteen inches long. Some folks are refor him, springing to meet him; the shouted, and sprang through the door markable for the length of their two ears.

Tribute to Oregon.

depending upon it, the Western States | iar tune, she would be called away to | Day before yesterday, the day force will take the lead in these pursuits, and | do some household errand, and on her | commenced on one of these little billet selves golden mountains of grain worth many such hints were needed by the ner. They didn't step for feed or water, more to themselves and to the world sensitive girl to deter her from making but worked until dark, when they were

common truth, but the art of saying meal sent to the Exhibition by McLeran unnecessary and disagreeable things, Bros., of Portland, Oregon. The exraked up from some slime of inner consciousness, and which, even if they are true, there is no occasion to utter, yet people who consider this sort of conduct to be, instead of a sin of spite and temper, one of the cardinal virtues.

There are seasons and occasions when the true to the true. But to this one, only gladness of time. But to this one, only gladness of the set up, when the man at the would be set up, when the man at the end of the line would yell out to the man of the line would yell out to the end of the line would yell out to the man of the line would yell out to the man of the line would yell out to the man of the line would yell out to the man of the line would yell out to the man of the line would yell out to the man of the line would yell out to the man of the line would yell out to the man of the line would yell out to the man of the line would yell out to the man of the line would yell out to the man of the line would yell out to the man of the line would yell out to the man of the line would yell out to the man of the line would yell out to the man of the line would yell out to the man of the line would yell out to the man of the line would yell out to the man of the line wo awarded to it a diploma of the very honor,-Cor. Boston Journal of Com-

A Lady on Marriage.

I do not see the propriety of a woman being ruled by her husband or he being ruled by her. My ideal of a happy ome is one in which there is indisputable love, and where neither rules, but the garden and what the grass sold for there was nothing, of course, to do but take it. How many times Rose had resolved to go out by the day and do sewing since she had been sixteen!

It was a terrible storm, though, before the circumstances into account. It is the insurance on the buildings, and nother hour had passed. Peal after peak the thunder crashed over the little she was mapping it out to Roger; she would say, as monget the was studying.

"I could earn two hundred dollars a year easily, Roger," she was mapping it out to Roger in the evening, at the other side of the table evening, at the other side of the table sevening, at the other side of the table sevening, at the other side of the table sevening, at the other side of the table sevening and the place of the table should become of me?"

And what would become of me?"

The garden and what the grass sold for, the table should on the table of twenty-five hundred dollars from the take it. How many times Rose had restliked nature to be as dark as his own outlook.

It was a terrible storm, though, before taken the circumstances of theirs, to call it at its best, as worth the utterance, call it at its best, as worth the utterance, call it at its best, as worth the utterance, call it at its best, as worth the utterance, call it at its best, as worth the utterance, call it at its best, as worth the utterance, call it at its best, as worth the utterance, call it at its best, as worth the utterance, and their bears, their fortunes, and their bears, their ball its of the coarser the time. It is not in gest this mine seeds of the its of human out their bears, their fortunes, and their bears, their ball its its best, as worth the utterance, call it at its best, as worth the utterance, call it at its best, as worth the utterance, and their bears, their ball its of human out their bears, their ball its of human out their bears, their ball its of the carser the ball its of human out their bears, their ball its it is best, as worth the utterance of the utterance of th where their hearts, their fortunes, and duty to look after her domestic affairs. (not trust to servant girls), be economical, and make her husband and children a pleasant and cheerful companion. It is stated that "the law might allow a man a half-dozen wives, but yet he would have no right to more than one." Why would be not have a right to them all if the law allowed it? But the law strictly forbids a man having more than one wife, and he or she who has more than one wife or husband is a bigamist and should be punished. I hold that a man and wife have a moral right to sep arate and be divorced, provided there is reason for it. If a man is cruel and harsh to his wife without reason, I do not think she should bear it uncomplainingly, after she had tried with all her ability to win him back to kindness. A woman will never be false to a man if he is a good, kind, and affectionate husband, and provides for his family as well as his means will allow him to. If difficulties do arise between man and wife, and cause a separation, I think he should still continue to support her and her children-if they are so infortunate as to have any-as long as they need his assistance. And the law should be that neither should marry until death makes the second separation.

> THE QUEEN'S DISCIPLINE. - An anecnecessary to give no unpleasant sensa-dote illustrating Victoria's admirable lin, in Paris. In 1835, Madam Fili-tion to the guest of being unwanted and good sense and strict domestic princiin the way. It is a place where self-sacrifice has some opportunity at the me directly from one who witnessed the

One day the queen was present in her refusal to pain another and in observing the dues of hearth and home. Or, if one upsets our glass, if one brushes rudely but unintentionally against our shoulder, each one of which actions never fails to give us an instant's yexa-"winked at her, but she wouldn't stay knowing that the offender is probably winked." At length, in flirting her the name vexed enough for two, or to speak our handkerchief over the side of the carmind upon the spot, and make this per- riage, she dropped it-too evidently not Instantly several young son wish he had injured us twice as accidentally. badly, and grieve that one beyond the power of reply? Or, in yet one more turn it to her hand—but the awful voice

nstance, is it vital to us to maintain of her majesty stayed them queen. that we consider her irredeemably my daughter, get down from the carplain? Suppose her mouth projects, her riage and pick up your handkerchief." better, than to remark upon those or coachman let down the steps for how fine her eyes are, if fine they are, from the dust the pretty piece of cam-or how well penciled are her brows, bric and lace. She blushed a good deal, hair, since there is no face in nature she was doubtless angry enough, with every line and trace in it and the mortifying lesson nipped in the bud about it utterly unlovely, and of which something pleasant may not be said if one tries. When everybody else, in the legend, abused the dead dog for a feel of the such a piece of Sparton discifoul cur, was it not Christ who said, pline? "How white are his teeth!" No; there

can hardly be any other rational opin-A horse-thief was being conducted to ion about it all than that the fear to of- jail in Texas, when the officer remarked fend, the hesitation to wound and pain to him that it looked like rain. "Yes," and mortify, the desire to give comfort replied the prisoner, "we are going to by the kindly word, are something no- have a wet, gloomy Christmas. bler than the exercise of egotistic spite don't make so much difference to you and vanity in giving this unnecessary and me, but its rough on these merpiece of one's mind.-Harper's Bazar. chants. I really feel sorry for them." The last remark was made while the jailer was unbarring the door. "I can't pass you to-night," said the

you to pass me," said the dead-head.
"You just stay where you are, and Pll Dickinson's Anne Boleyn: "There is no kind of compressing machine or patent corset that can ever put this great representative American woman into the The death penalty has been abolished dimensions of that very small-sized bit "had accumulated a little money and of English royalty."

NUMBER 22.

A Woman Conducting an Orchestra.

their inhabitants will raise for them- return find the instrument closed-not doux, intending to set it up before din-

The Jury of Award were highly pleased with the great merits of this meal, and fulfill the duties of wife, mother and shouting through a speaking trumpet at highest merit, with the grand medal of honor.—Cor. Boston Journal of Commerce. faithful teacher, the end was diligently sought. To become a successful teacher to where the young feller shot his merce.

should exist between man and wife a how conducting an orehestra was first car load of building paper. He said he taken up. Attendance upon Mr. Carl always felt kind of hampered and cir-Zerrahan's choruses awoke the first cumscribed when he used that wrap-thoughts that boldly said "I could do ping paper, by gracious Peter.—Laramie proved, to berself at least, that she had a God-given talent to teach. Not long after, a needy church asked her aid in the baton was for the first time in her trembling fingers. A successful concert conducted by this woman was followed, bell. The officer heard the door op the next winter, by others, and she is still trying to prove to the public that she can conduct.

> Anne of Cleves, one of the wives of time of Charles I. we may infer that it a moment before, and he gasped ; was not then accounted extraordinary for ladies to play the fiddle; Maddalena Avenue!" London, from 1780 to 1790. In 1811, or on most any other part of the human Signora Gerbini performed on the vio- make-up. played the violin at the London Philharmonic concerts. We are told that this list of lady violinists must be added and mused : the names of Camilla Urso and Miss

Poor Mrs. Kerr used to excite my pity last winter as she stood up in full dress for hours, receiving her guests and try-"Stop, gentlemen," exclaimed the kind, tender, thoughtful heart, filled ucen, "leave it just where it is. Now, with solicitude for the dying man by inches, whom she had married for true riage and pick up your handkerchief." love, years ago, when she was a simple-There was no help for it. The royal minded teacher in a country school way up in the pine woods of Western Pennupon their general combination, to say little royal lady, who proceeded to lift sylvania, could gauge the quality of her how fine her even are. If fine they are, from the dust the pretty piece of camand lace overdress, described by correhow smooth her forehead, or how soft her though she tossed her head saucily, and spondents, is exchanged for crape but mourning, and the white hair of the gentle mourner's head, who made an ef-

CROWDED SCHOOL-HOUSE FLAMES.—A three-story school-house, with a parrow and winding stairway, in Minneapolis, Minn., caught fire from the furnance recently, while over nine hundred children were in the building. Presence of mind on the part of the women teachers prevented a panic and discovered on the first floor, near the flues, which extended from basement to roof. In ten minutes the flames had burst out in every room. The children Mrs. Jane G. Swisshelm says of Anna were marshaled down the stairways, run over by a hearse declared that she The teachers were all women

An obituary notice contained the touching intelligence that the deceased ten children."

The New Morthwest.

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

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

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

Putting on Style.

range of climate between the sub-tropical and the sub-frigid; from the oranges been. A Maine girl, fresh from counthat must have way.

Two thousand dollars—he might just as well wish for a silver mine! Just as he monstrous horror of he said the words to himself, a soft clear he said the words to himself, a soft clear he said the words to himself, a soft clear he said the words to himself, a soft clear he said the words to himself, a soft clear he said the words to himself, a soft clear he words to himself the words to he words to himself the words to he what mind they have themselves.

It is a curious circumstance that a other by a common history and a complece of one's mind always means an interpretation of the surface of one's mind always means an interpretation of the surface o course by railroad, telegraph, and possi-bly balloon, cannot fail to develop grand suaged by her present circumstances. national characteristics that shall dis- Kindly sheltered in the house of a rials on immense sheets of wrapping tinguish them above all the peoples that relative who would not receive pay for paper with green ink. These sheets of bave gone before. Our great standby board during the first three months of paper are the same that grocers wrap throughout the centuries must, how-ever, undoubtedly be agriculture, as that alone can support the teeming millions that will eventually enjoy the over, and the fingers of a younger cousin every letter of the alphabet, and extend blessings of free government within our could be prevailed upon to bring forth over into the job office. When one of borders, and it is safe to say that the ag-riculture of that period will be such and be imagined than that which flooded hook, it has the appearance of a circus

> The people chiefly who indulge themselves in this habit have an entirely erselves in this habit have an entirely ercarried home on a shutter. Then the those ing of the nations.
>
> These reflections I was led into by examining some oats and a sample of oatecond-hand plane.
>
> Many house-keepers would have commence where the first had left off, Bros., of Portland, Oregon. The ex-hibit is perfectly matchless of its kind. of four persons would occupy the whole reach his case. In this way the line

> > friend, under the inspiring words of a the first man, "If you've got your case

for further study might be secured. In less than four years, ber first scholar was found that the article was monopowas obtained, and now, eleven years af- lizing the local page, crowding out the ter taking her first lesson, with many advertisements, and begging for a chance months of interrupted study at various on the telegraph page, and still the long times, though from thirty to forty pupils claim a large share of her attention, time is still found to make the husband's favorite pies, and, because "the cried himself to sleep. In the afternoon, times" compel—to wash his shirts be-sides. when he got up, he went down to the But our sketch was intended to show had just paid the express charges on a

Love's Icy Dreams.

The other evening, as a patient policegiving a concert and, almost self-sought, man was pacing his beat on Howard street, a young man passed him and ran up a flight of stone steps and rang the young lady's voice sing out, and he said

"'Tis love's young dream." He was just moving on when another young man approached, looked up at Henry the Eighth, after her divorce, the house, and in a sheepish way asked amused herself with playing a viol with the officer if he had seen any one go in. six strings; and from a ballad of the He was informed of what had occurred "It was that sneaking chap from Cass

Lombardi, who came from Venice, pro- He walked on and the officer walked duced a great sensation as a violinist in but ten minutes later the young man 1735, at Paris. Regina Schirk was a fa-climbed the stone steps with a pail of mous violinist in 1764; Mozart said of water in his hand, and emptied its con-"No human being can play with tents over every stone. He was sitting more feeling." In 1788 Signora Vitto- on the horse-block opposite as the offiria dali' Occa played publicly on the cer came back, meaning to stay there violin in the theater at Milan. Signora until his plan unfolded, or until he froze Varravicini, born in 1760, at Turin, was to death. He didn't freeze. In about a violinist of considerable reputation, ten minutes the door opposite opened, and enjoyed the special favor of the two voices were heard for a moment Empress Josephine, Louise Gautherot, and then the young man from Cass a French woman, was celebrated for the Avenue came down the steps on his ear, violin performances which she gave in his elbow, his shoulder-blade, his heel

> He struck the sidewalk, shot across it to the gutter, and came to a standstill

There was a peal of laughter from the those who came to laugh remained to house as the door shut, and the watcher The names of Krahmen, on the horse-block chuckled and re-

"Well, if there ain't more'n seventeen different ways of finding out if a girl loves you!"

The recent Bennett-May quarrel is reviving the discussion of duelling, And it is certainly pleasant to see hew generally this relic of barbarism is condemued by the press. Nothing is more indefensible than the duni, and its absurdity and baseness have been so frequently exposed that the public senti-ment is decidedly against it. But it finds now and then a fugitive defender Thus, one newspaper correspondent writes that it is a great hardship that a man must be cast out of the society in which he moves if, when insulted, he does not fight a duel, and if he does he incurs the penalties of the law; and he urges that the laws against duelling should be repealed. But far greater hardships might be shown. hardship that a man must sometimes starve if he does not steal, and be put in prison if he does. Shall we the repeal the laws against larceny? It is by the growth of humane and just sentiment that duelling has been placed under ban; and we shall not turn backward to the practices of savage society probable loss of life. The fire was first to suit the whims of all the fashionable rascals in Christendom. -New Age.

> An old woman who came near being was not at all superstitious, but always thought that it would be unlucky to be killed by a hearse.

The earnings of sewing girls in Paris range from fifteen to thirty cents a day,