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NO STORY THIS WEEK.

Owing to some unforeseen and unavoidable circumstance, the chapter of the story which should have appeared in this issue did not reach the office in time.

GIFTS.

GRADUATING ADDRESS AND VALUABLE OF THE SELLER, GIVEN AT PACIFIC UNIVERSITY, FOREST GROVE, JUNE 3, 1878.

There is not a more fitting time than the present, for us who are about to leave the kindly sheltering arms of Altona Mater, to make an estimate of what we have to take with us into the greater world which we are now entering.

Granted that such gifts are bestowed upon men, the next thing is for each one to find out his particular one. This should not be a difficult task, as usually we are not troubled with so many that it is hard to make a choice.

The possession of a true gift, which we value for what it is really worth, will quit no one for practical life.

In a practical point of view, natural and acquired abilities of individuals form an important part of a nation's wealth. We do not mean those gifts which are not used, for they have no value when apart from intellectual or bodily exertion.

Another practical advantage resulting from gifts is competition. This comes from different degrees of effort, arising from the same or different gifts wherever bestowed.

life of trade; lawyers tell you how it brightens their wits, and editors how it sharpens their pens. It really seems a universal and irrefragable principle of our nature.

A feeling of responsibility should be a consequence of all gifts, few or many. The parable of the talents is a case just to the point; it will be remembered that an account was required not only of the one upon whom the talents were bestowed, but from him who had received but one.

Those few are especially favored upon whom rare and unusual gifts have been bestowed. The efforts which such persons make, resulting in products which are in general demand, and which can be supplied by them alone, give them a certain advantage over their less favored brothers.

How shall we feel toward such as have large natural abilities, with ample means for using them, and either neglect or use them to work against the Giver? How much above such, in true manhood, are those whose capacities are few and common, but who make wise use of them?

Faithful and kind teachers, we scarcely know how to address you in parting; words of welcome and greeting come much more easily from our hearts than those of farewell.

Our loved schoolmates, whom we leave behind, we shall remember you as year by year one and another of your number occupy the places we to-day are filling.

Dear friends and neighbors, we thank you for the encouragement you have given us while students here; and as we, as a class, take our leave of you, we ask that to those who may follow in the succeeding years you may extend the same ready sympathy and interest which you have to us.

us that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." We pray that their faithful ministrations may not be lost upon us.

For the choir, of which many of us have for years been members, we shall keep a most tender recollection. With its other members, our voices have often joined in glad and anthem and funeral hymn; and we hope that our training with it in these hallowed and never-to-be-forgotten walls has not made us less fit to join in that choir above.

My classmates, with what mingled feelings of joy and sadness do we leave our kind Alma Mater and enter upon the "commencement" of life's duties. Let us first be thankful that with unbroken numbers we can appear to-day. Let us then rejoice in the pleasant memories of our school-days, and all the associations that have become so dear; and in the thought that whatever talents of mind we may possess have here been improved.

Yet, "The past is still in God's keeping, The future his mercy shall clear."

Six Ounces a Day. The extremities of one-half of the other half is practically ignorant. It is not generally known that there is in this city an institution where the children of poor working women can be nursed during the day, and yet such a home has been in existence here for sixteen years.

A nurse, bearing in her arms the insignia of her office, a plump little bundle of humanity about two months old, opened the door. Presently the new-gathered was confronted by about twenty little innocents, ranging in age from five to eight years.

SIXTEENTH AMENDMENT IN CONGRESS.—Senator Wadleigh, of New Hampshire, is preparing an elaborate adverse report from the Senate committee on privileges and elections upon the petition of thirty thousand United States citizens asking for an amendment to the constitution protecting the rights of woman citizens. The bill in the House judiciary committee, which was passed by a vote of 150 to 100.

The models and thoughts of man are revolving just as incessantly as nature's. Nothing must be postponed; take time by the forelock, now or never. You must live in the present, launch yourself on any wave, find your eternity in each moment.

I think a great many professors of religion are just like backgammon boards. They look like stately books; and on the back of them is inscribed in large letters, "History of England," "History of the Crusades," but when you open them you find nothing but emptiness, with the exception of dice and counters.

People that work while they play.—The Baroness Adolph de Rothschild has just bought for \$70,000 two groups in bronze, discovered in an old Venetian palace and attributed to Michael Angelo. Each of them represents a pander, on which is leaning a graceful figure of either a satyr or a faun. They are now at the Paris Exhibition.

FRONTIER SKETCHES.—NO. 7.

BY N. O. S. REDNA.

Boggs was not more surprised than pleased at the unexpected turn things took consequent upon the opportune arrival of the United States troops, but great was his disappointment and chagrin when, on confidently applying to Captain Blank to avenge the wrongs he had been subjected to, he learned that the mission of the soldiers was one of peace, and that it was no part of their duty to interfere in behalf of irresponsible citizens who come among the Indians and stir up strife.

At length, he voluntarily confided to me a portion of his history, and I learned, as I had guessed, that a woman was at the bottom of the mystery that shrouded his life. He was descended from one of the best families of France, and, as several of his brothers held commissions in the army, his father thought it expedient to make a clergyman of him, although, as Tabeau said, nature had better fitted him for any other avocation.

But when Tabeau implored her to take steps for a legal separation from her husband and yet become his wife, she only answered by pleading with him not to tempt her, that she could not wrong her conscience thus; and she forthwith applied and was accepted as a novice in a neighboring convent, and like hundreds of the fairest and most amiable of her sex in this and other lands, sacrificed her love and nature, committed social suicide, and buried herself within the gloomy walls of one of the prison-houses of the dark ages.

After hearing the old man's story I ceased to wonder at his abstraction and stoicism, and although I could offer him no encouragement nor consolation, I really wished that I could tear him away from his un congenial associations, unlock the doors that shut out from her the cheering light of heaven, and see them, as heaven evidently intended, happy in the enjoyment of each other.

BECKER'S CALIFORNIA TOUR.—Thomas Maguire, manager of Baldwin's Theater, San Francisco, has been in the city a week, engaging attractions for his establishment. One of his ideas was to hire Henry Ward Beecher to deliver ten lectures in cities west of the Rocky Mountains, and soon after his arrival here he made a visit to the Plymouth pastor's residence.

The world wants more sunshine in its disposition, in its business, in its charity, in its theology. For ten thousand of the aches and irritations of men and women we recommend sunshine. It soothes better than morphine. It is the best plaster for a wound.

ployment, but, hearing he could obtain a commission in the Persian army, he pushed for that country to join the service. Finding, on reaching his new and singular destination, that there was prospect for little fighting and less pay, he returned to France and proceeded at once to Boulogne, determined to lay his heart and his fortune at the feet of his lovely charmer, though every relative of his opposed. But when he sought her out and laid siege to her heart, he learned that a low-bred bumpkin had already got the consent of her parents to make her his wife, against her earnest protestations. This unexpected revelation inflamed him with jealousy and rage.

He heartily accused her of duplicity, and she indignantly resented the imputation, and thus they parted, he to brave the dangers of the sleepless Atlantic, and she to continue to plod on in her lowly sphere. At length he met an acquaintance in far-off America who told him that his hero's idol had crossed the ocean with him, and he had parted with her and her husband in New York some weeks before, but knew not where they were intending to locate.

"Here is the man whom you reported dead that you might win me for yours. Begone from my sight," she said, "for henceforth the very thoughts of you to me will be intolerable."

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Peter Cooper's fortune is estimated at ten millions.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST.

The proposed adjournment of Congress on the 17th of June meets with much disfavor here among the Democrats, and so great is the expression of disapprobation that we regard it as probable the time will be extended at least two weeks, under a reconsideration of the adjourning resolutions; otherwise, the five-minute rule must certainly be applied to all discussion upon the business under consideration, for few measures will be acted upon should free debate be permitted, no matter if sixteen-hour sessions be held instead of the customary hours from eleven to four. The real business accomplished thus far is covered by a very few bills, hence, if any attempt is made to adjourn on the 17th of June, much of material importance will be neglected or passed in that hasty, careless manner which invariably opens the door to loose or impolitic legislation.

Decorations day was observed here pretty generally. Congress adjourned over, by order of the President all the executive departments were closed, and our people fairly poured out of the city in excursion parties and to decorate the graves at the various cemeteries in our suburbs. Arlington is usually the great resort, though the cemetery at Soldier's Home contains nearly as many graves.

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Our papers have published interesting letters from Alexander H. Stephens and Postmaster-General Key, giving their views upon Mr. Potter's Presidential resolutions, and both handle these measures with no gingerly words. Both declare them revolutionary in their tendency and productive only of evil, if pushed to fullest extent. The reader of their letters would hardly conclude that the writers had been identified with the confederacy when noting their devotion to Mr. Hayes and their solicitude for undisturbed peace throughout the country. The opinion seemingly grows stronger here daily that the whole matter will prove a silly farce in the end, because the people will not permit that Mexicanization of our government which Messrs. Stephens and Key so freely charge upon the supporters of the resolutions as a consequence of their acts.

The Senate licked our District government bill into pretty good shape, and it is likely the House will accept the majority of the amendments made by the Senate. The differences between the two Houses upon this bill will doubtless be speedily harmonized by a committee of conference, and then we will be in a position where we can feel we have a definite city government. The clause requiring the United States to pay one-half the cost of governing the District has not been disturbed. The debate in the Senate showed conclusively that the District should not bear greater burdens of taxation than the nation. Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, went so far as to say that the government should pay even more than half, because it received more than half the benefits following expenditures made here for public purposes, and yet, in the past, our citizens have expended one-half more than Congressional appropriations for District purposes.

It now seems settled that Congress will erect a separate building for the national bureau of engraving and printing. Senator Thurman has withdrawn his objections, he having heretofore opposed, on the grounds that it cost the government more to do its own printing than to have it done under contract, and that one impression printed by private parties operated as a check against fraud and loss. He frankly stated, however, in Tuesday's debate, that investigation had caused him to reach different conclusions, hence he would favor the experiment.

A Practical Idea.

While trying to find a suitable "boarding place" for a friend of mine, a few weeks ago, I was surprised at the general unwillingness of landladies to receive a lady as a member of their household, especially if that lady happens to be a widow.

Why, instead of swinging strange cats in boarding-houses where they are not wanted, and where they do not want to be, why should not single ladies and "widow women" ladies club together and swing their own cats in their own houses?

Well, then, suppose that six or seven ladies should rent a good, plain house in a good location, at forty dollars per month. For that price they would have, besides kitchen, dining-room, and two parlors, four moderately large bed-rooms, and three or four small ones, which would give one room to each, one for the "help," and one for friends. The rent for rooms would be according to size and location, and each lady would furnish her own room. The other expenses for food, light, wages, etc., would be equally divided, and all bills paid at the end of the month.

Arrangements for furnishing the parlor and sitting-room could be made to "suit all parties." Forty dollars per month is quite an interesting subject of conversation. "Elegant" furniture is very nice to look at, but one can be delightfully happy without it, and a great deal can be accomplished by taste and ingenuity.

Of course, all this would cost quite a little fortune at first, but in the end it would be less expensive than boarding-house life, and infinitely more comfortable and home-like.

It seems to me that it would be pleasant to have one or two children in the house, and at least two decidedly "young ladies," but that will be a matter of "taste," and need not be "settled" at first.—American Home.

The Best Love.

Home love is the best love. The love that you are born to is the sweetest you will ever have on earth. You, who are so anxious to escape the home nest, pause a moment and remember this is true.

It is right that the hour should come when you, in your turn, should become a wife and mother and give the best love to others; but that will be just in time. Nobly, not a lover, not a husband, will ever be so tender or so true as a mother or a father. Never again, after strangers have broken the beautiful bond, will there be anything so sweet as the little circle of mother, father and children, where you were cherished, praised, and kept from harm. You may not know it now, but you will know it some day.

Whomsoever you marry, true and good though he may be, after the loved-ones are over and the honeymoon has waned, will give you only what you deserve for love or sympathy, usually much less, never more. You must watch and be wary, lest you lose that love which is through the eyes because they thought you beautiful. But those who bore you, who nursed you, and who were the dreadful little object, a small baby, and thought you brilliant, they do not care for faces that are fairer and forms that are more graceful than yours. You are their very life, and so better to them always than others.

To leave home should be a sad, not a glad thing. It should not be so easy to turn away from the "old folks" and forget them, as it seems to be to many. I have said it once, but I say it again. There is no love like the love you are born to, no home like the first home you know, if you have good parents and that home is what it should be. When you leave it you leave your best behind you.—New York Observer.

THE APPEARER MAN.—A mother and her babe were among the many passengers waiting at a Western depot recently. She had the child carefully wrapped up, and this fact attracted the attention of a fellow with a three-story overcoat, and rusty satchel in his hand. SITTING down beside her, he remarked: "Cold weather for such little people, isn't it?"

She faintly nodded. "Does he seem to feel it much?" continued the man. She shook her head. "Is it a healthy child?" he asked, seemingly greatly interested. "He was up to a few moments ago," she snapped out, "but I'm afraid he has smelted so much whiskey around here, that he'll have the delirium tremens before night!"

The man got right up and walked out of the room, and was afterward seen buying cologne.

Nature has so ordained it that only two women have a true interest in the happiness of a man—his own mother and the mother of his children. Besides these two legitimate kinds of love, there is nothing between the two creatures except vain excitement, painful and idle delusions.