

FACT, FATE AND FANCY.

By Mrs. A. J. Deatway.

Heaven's blessing is on all who are in the land of the living.

Why do you not write a story after the orthodox plan, in which there shall be an illustration of perfect happiness in the marriage relation?

This question, I know, is asked by my reader, as he turns with a tinge of annoyance to chapter third of this every-day tale, lured, in spite of himself, to peruse while yet aching it.

Because, my gentle friend, were I to attempt it, you would not peruse my cogitations beyond the second chapter. The lives of the few who are so happily married that they suffer from no jars or discord in assimilating to a perfect conjugal union, are calm and tranquil as a summer's lake, surrounded by low, unbroken plains, unrelieved by frowning mountains, dashing torrents, or towering trees. There is nothing to say of them save that they are happy.

I remember a now aged relative who, in my childhood's days, would sometimes get merry through deep potations of apple-jack. At such times he was the delight of the children, for he was always ready to tell them a story. But sometimes, when our ears were attuned, and our brains on the alert for something unusual, he would oblige us by the "happy story of John McGorry."

And that was all there was of it. Happiness tells its own story. I believe in the ultimate sacred utility of every thing. Even unhappiness has its uses; for it is through it that we learn to bridge the torrents of ignorance, scale the mountains of prejudice, and fell the forests of opposition.

So, good reader, if you have indulged yourselves to these columns in the belief or expectation that they were only to watch a matrimonial lark unfold on a summer lake in a perfect calm, or moored at ease under the lee of an over-arching bank, where there was nothing but happiness for the author to expatiate upon, you are doomed to disappointment. But I know you will not, on that account, refuse to follow my heroines—

for there are two of them—through the checkered and eventful course marked out for them by the finger of inevitable fate.

The sleeping-room of the sisters, Lillie and Grace, was directly over the combined sitting-room and chamber assigned to their guests.

"Grace, I hate you!" exclaimed Lillie, her eyes flashing fire, and her face otherwise hard and expressionless as a stone.

"Do you?" answered Grace, who was too happy to care for a taunt that night, at another time, have provoked an equally wicked reply.

"Yes, I do."

"Why?"

"The sisters stood eyeing each other with an attitude and air that only a Raphael might commit to canvas. Fear of mine could never do it justice."

"I hate you because you have stolen my lover?"

"Stolen your lover, indeed! Didn't you persuade him out in the lane, under the trees, so you might have your talk out without disturbing Alonzo and me?"

"And so she doesn't know it," thought Lillie, her fancies flashing like lightning. "Very well; she shall never know. I'll go on, accepting the advances of John Anders, and I'll marry him and deceive them to the end."

By this time Grace was snugly in her bed and wholly oblivious of her sister's presence.

"It was deemed lucky," said Alonzo Snowden to his companion in the room below, "that you happened along when I did. But for you, it would have been absolutely awkward for me to transfer my allegiance so suddenly from Miss Emerson to her pretty sister."

"And so you feel that you have used me as a sort of foot-stool," replied John Anders, bitterly.

"I rather feel that you've used yourself to good advantage, both for your sake and my own," was the quick retort.

"How?"

"There are none so blind as they who will not see. There's no use in beating around the bush, old boy. That's not my style. I'm in love with Grace Emerson, and engaged to her already. There's luck for you, by jimminy."

The New Northwest.

PORTLAND, OREGON, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1878.

NUMBER 4.

OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

Probably no more difficult task can be assigned than to require a description of the Paris Exposition in one brief letter. The difficulty will be apparent from the fact that the catalogue stumpy of the art departments of three pronouncement nations alone is a volume of several hundred pages. A simple enumeration of the articles exhibited by all nations in all departments would fill many volumes of the size of Webster's Unabridged.

One cannot examine all the exhibits with six months, and in a single letter only a general account can be expected and impressions given rather than descriptions.

We enter the principal gateway from the Place du Trocadore through the grand Trocadore itself, the finest building on the grounds. It consists of a large circular structure with wings facing in opposite directions, the main building and curving toward the main building on the opposite side of the river Seine. This building, which is substantially made of stone and brick, is intended to be permanent, and belongs to the city of Paris. It has a large concert hall in the center, flanked by two long galleries. The long rooms on the wings will probably be used for art galleries. The central building has a high tower surmounted by an elevator, from which there is a fine view of the grounds and entire city. From the upper balcony of the Trocadore you look over the great artificial waterfall which flows from the second story of the building, and over the basin and fountain beyond, and see a broad walk leading across a wide bridge to the center of the great exposition building, a quarter of a mile away. On both sides of the river and on each side of this broad walk are beautifully-laid-out grounds, with choice flowers, fountains, shrubs and lawn. Dotted through this open space are many buildings, some used for restaurants, the others for the minor displays by Egypt, China, Japan, Tunis, Algiers, Morocco, Persia and other nations.

In the restaurant food is served in the style of the country which they represent, and in the little shops cheap trinkets from foreign countries are sold. Here the dark-eyed and swarthy beauty from Tunis, with the steam of a water-pipe in his mouth and a small arsenal hanging to his person, invades the passway into buying some worthless steel or shell ornament at ten times its real value, and near by the incessant clatter of barbaric music invites you to some saloon where African or Asiatic drinks are served in all their native usages. Here the French government has buildings in which are displayed the results of its investigations of the ravages of noxious insects, its forest culture and its meteorological department. The French society for preventing cruelty to animals also make a small exhibit.

Across the river on each side of the broad walk are also many small buildings representing the interests of horticulture, photography, navigation, etc. One conspicuous object of special interest to Americans is a gigantic bronze head of the figure of liberty, which the French are sending as a present to America to be set up in New York harbor. Most of my readers will remember the huge hand of the same figure which was the Philadelphia Exposition.

The left is a large building filled with fruits and flowers, but I will not tax your credulity by attempting to tell the size of the oranges, citrons, grapes and peaches from Sorrento on the bay of Naples. To an American, from the Northern States particularly, the fruit is simply wonderful. An almost interminable annex is filled with a vast exhibit of French agricultural products and machinery. I was surprised to find the great amount of intricate agricultural machinery, like reapers and mowers, steam thrashing-machines, and portable engines for farm-uses, which is in this department. Near this is a novel, a long building devoted entirely to a display of oyster culture. Twenty or more long tanks through which the water is constantly passing are filled with oysters of all ages and conditions. In many of the tanks there are also fish and sea animals, whose strange forms and brilliant colors are sources of unending delight. An eager crowd always surrounds the tanks containing these harlequins of the ocean, the hermit crabs, whose uncouth antics are watched with the greatest interest.

The main exposition building is divided into five parts, attached to a common hall in front and rear. These parts are each many hundred feet in length, and together cover many acres of ground. The central one, which is separated from the others by a walk of seventy feet on each side, is devoted entirely to the art department. To the right of this as you enter from the front are the general departments of all nations except France. Beyond is, to the right, machinery of all nations except France, and beyond this a large number of detached buildings belonging to various nations, and generally devoted to special displays. On the left of the art department, and occupying space equal to that used by the other nations, is the display of the French. Back of this immense system of buildings is a

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Large number of detached structures used for various purposes.

The plan of breaking the large building up into long, separate sections leaves no point from which such a grand view can be obtained as through the central aisle of the main building at Philadelphia. Owing to this vastness, the exposition does not impress itself upon one at first sight as it did at Philadelphia, and it is only when you have traced yourself out three or four days in walking through the sections that you begin to have a realizing sense of how large the display really is. The arrangement of the present exposition, however, is much more effective than the long narrow aisles and cross sections of the Vienna exposition of 1873.

Time permits mention of the exhibits of separate nations only in a general way. It is expected as a matter of course that the nation in whose country the exposition is held, will on the whole excel any other, and to this France has not proved an exception, for while in quantity her exhibit nearly equals that of the rest of the whole world, in quality of many things she is not inferior to the best. This is particularly true of all the forms of manufactured silk, and of the practical application of art to manufactured articles of every kind. Taste seems to come natural to a Frenchman, and everything to which he puts his hands shows it. The Gobelin tapestry and Sevres porcelain ware in the French department are unequalled. England excels in machinery, particularly that used in the manufacture of cotton, Elkinington & Co.'s art jewelry and plate are the finest in this exposition, as they were at Philadelphia, and Minton's china is certainly not little inferior to that of Sevres. Germany is conspicuously absent, having no representation at all, as cordial relations have never existed between France and Germany since the last war. Belgium makes a creditable display of heavy machinery and rolling stock for railways, while as a matter of course the lazes of Brussels are unequalled. Her schools make a very good exhibit, particularly in drawing.

Since the Philadelphia exposition, Switzerland has felt that her watch business has been in a critical condition, and she has this time made an unusual high display, carrying off the highest honors. She has on exhibition a very complicated piece of machinery for embroidery, which admits a roll of cloth fifteen feet wide and works it into any desired pattern. A steam road wagon which came from Switzerland and the ordinary roads, a distance of 300 miles, in seven days, attracts considerable attention. The limitless display of Swiss carved wood which has lanted every exposition for the last twenty years is on hand this time in the ravages of noxious insects, its forest culture and its meteorological department. The French society for preventing cruelty to animals also make a small exhibit.

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