

FACT, FATE AND FANCY;

More Ways of Living than One. By Mrs. A. J. Dunway. Author of "FATHER BIRD," "ELLEN DOWD," "AMIE AND HENRY LEE," "THE HAPPY HOME," "SOME WOMAN'S BURDEN," "MADGE MORRISON," ETC., ETC., ETC.

John Anders had developed, during his five years of married life, from a somewhat slender stripling, into a broad-shouldered, heavily-bearded, fine-looking man.

"Why have you killed my sister?" repeated Grace, her great eyes full of tears, and her full lips quivering.

"I killed your sister? O, Grace, why do you speak such cruel words to me? Have I not done all I could? It was not my fault that she never would be happy.

"John Anders, my sister's husband," answered Grace, "before you go to her room, I have a word to say to you—a question to ask you. Will you promise not to be angry?"

John trembled, like the frightened baby he felt himself to be. He could not help but cover under the honest gaze of those earnest, melting eyes.

"Say anything you like, Mrs. Snowden," he answered, lolly.

Grace had never known him to address her before as "Mrs. Snowden." But she did not attempt to analyze the feeling of surprise that his changed manner evoked.

"Did you ever love Lillian?" she asked, with the combined air of judge and censor in her voice and manner.

"Don't be cruel, Grace," he sobbed, his strong frame shakng with emotion.

"If you did not love her, why did you marry her?" she continued, sharply.

"I decline to answer, Mrs. Snowden. Your questions at first unnerved me. Now they sting me back to a sense of honor. Direct me to my wife."

"Every such a man did he appear as he rose above the storm within him and asserted his legal right to present himself at Lillian's bedside.

"What a noble husband he might have been had he but known his duty," thought Grace, as she mechanically obeyed.

"Make believe that you love her, John. It's all you can do now," she said, as beckoning her father and mother from the room and leading the children away, she left the husband and wife alone together.

"I didn't send for you," she said, turning apathetically away.

"I know you didn't, Lillian dear, but the memory of your white face and desperate resolves so haunted me, that I feared to remain away, lest you would indeed commit suicide. Won't you try to get well again, darling? for my sake?"

"Your sake, indeed! Why should I want to live for your sake? What am I to you that you should care how soon I die? I have taken a deadly poison, and cannot live six hours."

"Lillian, is it possible?" "Yes, and true."

"Oh, why have you done this, darling? But don't despair. We can surely save you. I'll send at once for a physician."

The New Northwest

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LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST: Much excitement was created the other day at police headquarters and the Manhattan bank, which was robbed of \$2,800,000 in securities and money.

"She bore the yoke and wore the name of wife. To one who made her tenderness and grace. A mere convenience of his narrow life. And put a seraph in a servant's place."

John Anders turned in abject humiliation, and gazed upon his censor with a look of awe. His self-abasement was pitiable to behold.

"I am in receipt of the report of the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics on the commerce and navigation of the United States, which is an interesting and valuable document.

"The walking business is now on its last legs. The fig and of the furor drags itself wearily around at Gilmore's in the shape of eighteen women reduced by poverty to the necessity of subjecting themselves to the insulting gaze and comment of the crowd.

"The long list of the names of the blind who have been eminent in the various branches of learning from the time of Diotimus, who lived fifty years before the Christian era, to the present time, is well worth remembering.

"Diotimus, of Asia Minor, celebrated for his learning in philosophy, and geometry and music.

"Eusebius, also of Asia, lived from 315 to 400 of the Christian era; became blind at 5 years of age; died at 25. And yet, during so short a lifetime, this blind man, by his theological writings, has come to us, and will go down to posterity, as one of the fathers of Christianity.

"Henry, the minstrel of Scotland, author of 'The Poetic Life of Wallace,' was born blind in 1361.

"Margaret, of Bavenna, born in 1503, blind at 3 months; celebrated for her writing on theology and morals.

"Herman Torrentius, of Switzerland, born in 1546, and author of a history and poetical dictionary.

"Nicholas Sanderson, of Yorkshire, born in 1618; learned in mathematics, astronomy, and wrote a book on algebra.

"Thomas Blacklock, D. D., of Scotland, born in 1723; blind at 6 months; celebrated for his learning in poetry, divinity and music.

"Francis Huber, of Geneva, Switzerland, born in 1610; wrote on natural sciences, bees, ants, and also on education.

"John Milton, born in 1608 in London; author of 'Paradise Lost.'

"John Gough, born in 1757 in England; blind at three years; wrote on botany, natural history, etc.

"David Macleath, born in 1792 in Scotland; learned in music and mathematics, and inventor of the string alphabet for the blind.

"M. Foucault, born in Paris in 1798; invented a writing apparatus for the blind.

"M. Kilo, of Prussia, born blind; was director of an institution for the blind, and wrote on the education of the blind.

MARRIAGE AND BREACH OF PROMISE.

The marriage institution, which should promote happiness, and probably always does on the wedding-day, is somehow or other a failure afterward with a great many people.

"Not only are divorces common among Christians, but every little while we hear of 'breaches of promise' on the part of those who thought they would get married and soon afterward repented and thought they wouldn't.

"A Washington lady proposed a suit to recover \$50,000 of a United States Senator for promising to marry her, as she says, and then refusing to keep his word.

"The Afghans are said to be a very unclean people. They have such an abhorrence of water that they never bring it in contact with their bodies.

"If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; for you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it."

INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF TEACHERS.

A good teacher has a rather strong development of the preservative faculties, and a head broad in the region of the temples. He needs a good memory, large human nature and kindness, with good discernment of the practical relations of the subject he teaches.

"Women as a class have less perceptive development than men, so that the upper part of their forehead appears to be prominent. Their impressions are quicker than those of men.

"Somebody notes the fact that there are other fields of ambition for young women than walking quarter-miles in the quarter-hours, and points to the record of a Connecticut girl who achieved five divorces in five consecutive quarter-years.

"The man who has nothing to say takes up all your time telling the lamentable fact."

"Mince pie is no baseless fabric of a dream."

FUTURE EVENTS—THE DOINGS OF THE YEAR 3000.

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"The work of this large household will be carried on by machinery, the motive power being electricity. Women no longer being drudges and slaves to household duties, will devote their time to the culture of their intellectual faculties.

"In the year 3000 counting and marrying can be carried on by the telephone. Imagine a young couple, one living in Sweet Home Community, Victoria, the other living in Pleasant Valley Community, Mexico, sending sweet messages to one another like the following: 'Dearest, are you ready to have the knot tied in day at twelve o'clock?'

"Moving day, with all its attendant horrors, will soon be here," said James yesterday morning. "And I don't see how I am ever to get through with it. It brings nothing but work, work, work."

"Why, yes," replied Grandfather Lickshings, "it is a terrible day for our poor men folk, and I can't see how this dreary day has rolled around 'n' battered me over the ball 'n' beelng pats upward of a hundred times. I ought to know a little something about it. Well, my dear, I would say, 'Git up in the mornin' an' eat breakfast, sit around till it's ready, then eat an' off down town after a wagon. And right here I want to say that the standard premium of a million dollars in gold offered by the United States Government to the man that finds a wagon when he wants it has never been claimed. No mortal man ever finds a wagon without hoofin' round a whole square, an' eat this kind of work is knocking years and years of usefulness out of some of our best young men. Well, after the doggone wagon is found, you must give the driver your address as well as your own address, as the newspapers say, an' that's enough to break an ordinary man's back. By this time you're pretty well fagged out an' you send the wagon to the house, while you go off down town about your business, an' your wife finishes up whatever little odds and ends there may be to do about the movin'." On it's dreful, an' it raises the blisters on my hands to think of it, an' grandfather bowed his aged head on his cane and groaned.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"There is no time when it is so instructive to read the hymn-book as when the contribution box is being passed.

"The stream of vice will flow as naturally into palaces as the common sewer flows into the river.

"Never on hand when wanted—a diamond ring.—Hacksack Republican.

A WORD FOR KIDNAPING GIRLS.

Most women have a dread of them. Mothers would rather that their little daughters were called anything else than romps. They say to them, "Be very quiet now, my dears; don't run or jump, and be like the ladies."

"I have tried to be a good husband," cried John, as he tenderly chafed her changing features; and then he begged her to tell him the nature of the poison she had swallowed, that he might administer antidotes.

"Yes, John, you've tried to be a good husband—to yourself—and in that attempt you have always succeeded. I know I have not always been an angel. I have sometimes vexed you sorely. Will you forgive me, John?"

"My darling, I have nothing to forgive," he answered, through his tears. "But can you ever forgive me?"

"Yes, John, and I have called the great physician, Death, to release you from your bonds. You may be happy yet."

"O, Lillian!" "Never mind, John. I've tried to walk the road and wear the yoke; but my feet and heart alike have failed me. Be of good cheer. Grace will not let your children suffer. It is my wish that you—"

"It was not possible for her to finish the sentence. A sudden spasm stifled her erewhile stiffening tongue, and her cold lips refused to give forth further utterance.

"Mrs. Emerson, as if attracted by maternal instinct, opened the door and approached the bedside.

"Honey, are you dying? Speak just one word to comfort your poor mammy!" she wailed, falling upon her knees, and pushing John Anders away with a frantic effort.

"Captain Emerson and Grace, alarmed by her loud lamentations, entered unperceived.

"Lillian opened her once brilliant, but now glassy eyes, with a dying effort.

"The children. Bring the children," said Captain Emerson; and Nancy Shaddon entered, bearing the two babes in her strong, chubby arms, the two older ones and Essie following.

"Lillian reached her stiffening arms for a last embrace, recognizing in her final farewell the presence of everybody but John.

"Here's your husband, honey; kiss good-bye to him," said good Mrs. Emerson.

"Lillian did not respond.

"Let us pray," said Captain Emerson; and all knelt reverently around the couch of death.

"Lord Jesus, receive the spirit of our darling."

"It was all he could utter. A moment of breathless waiting, a sharp contention of the features of the once beautiful girl, and her earthly life's hard fight was over.

"The parents of John Anders were roused from their peaceful slumbers by a loud halloo from a midnight messenger.

"I expect it's just as John fancied. No doubt Lillian is very ill. She never would take proper care of herself," said Mrs. Anders, rising from her comfortable couch and bustling about in a busy way, while her sleepy lord rubbed his eyes, and stretched his limbs in anticipation of a midnight pull across the ferry, where a no less accident than breaking the pulley-ropes had occurred some time after midnight.

"This accident was recalled as a singular coincidence, it having been ascertained, as they learned upon reaching the residence of Grace, that the rope had snapped at the very instant when Lillian's last breath had left her body.

THE NEW NORTHWEST.

A Journal for the People. Devoted to the Interests of Humanity. Independent in Politics and Religion. Alive to all Live Issues, and Thoroughly Radical in Opposing and Exposing the Wrongs of the Masses.

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

Among the streets and alleys, while the former will be up among the stars.

"For impetuous persons, annoyed by darts, the flying machine will be a God-send. The persecuted debtor will merely have to throw on his cloak, mount his machine and disappear in the azure distance. If pursued, he can drop eggs or brick-bats on his pursuer or keep mounting higher as long as his supply of gas holds out.

"We abruptly pause in this fascinating speculation to await further developments.

"Portland, April 17, 1870.

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