

FACT, FATE AND FANCY;

More Ways of Living than One. By Mrs. A. J. Dunway. AUTHOR OF "JUDITH REID," "ELLEN DOWD," "AMIE AND HENRY LEE," "THE HAPPY HOME," "MOMMY'S SWEETEST," "MADGE MORRISON," ETC., ETC., ETC.

John Anders had developed, during his five years of married life, from a somewhat slender strapping, 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.

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

"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."

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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, by information received from Washington that in a package that came from a London banker were found three \$1,000 bonds, five-twentieths, of July, 1865, being part of the bonds stolen from the Manhattan bank.

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. That portion relating to the exportation of breadstuffs has peculiar interest, representing, as it does, the enormous increase there has been in that direction.

What Blind Men Have Done. 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.

Marriage and Breach of Promise. The marriage institution, which should promote happiness, and probably always does on the wedding-day, is somewhat of a failure afterward with a great many people.

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.

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

taining the proposed site. A resolution was adopted providing that a committee of five be appointed to prepare an act of incorporation, and apply to Congress for its enactment, and that the committee have power to confer with the representatives of the German empire in regard to the time proposed for holding an industrial exhibition at Berlin in 1883.

The shooting of Porter and Barrymore, of the unfortunate Diplomacy party, the meetings of actors to raise funds for the family of poor Porter, the comments of the press and of professionals, the arrival of Porter's body in New York, and the funeral yesterday, at the little church round the corner, have been the leading topics of the week.

The walking business is now on its last legs. The big end of the furrow 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.

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

Eusebius, also of Asia, lived from 315 to 340 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.

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

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.

M. Foucault, born in Paris in 1769; invented a writing apparatus for the blind.

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

FUTURE EVENTS—THE DOINGS OF THE YEAR 3000.

Science is, in our day, pouring floods of light upon the highest and most subtle problems of life. At her behest perplexed and interangled phenomena, in endless variety, yield up the secrets of their being to the inquirer after truth. It is well known that through chemistry we have discovered that the diamond and coal are identical in composition, and the essence of turpentine, lemon, bergamot, juniper, savin, lavender, pepper and the gilly-flower, all have the same chemical composition, that is to say, they each contain ten atoms of carbon and fifteen of oxygen, the only difference being in the arrangement of their molecules.

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.

Traveling in those days will not be in the slow coach style of to-day; they will have flying machines of the most ingenious forms, such as horses, whales, elephants, angels or wings. These will be so constructed as to bear the visitor or business man through the air to his destination.

Phosphorus, the light-bearer, as its name implies, has the property, long supposed to be peculiar to it, of faintly shining in the dark. But, if a diamond is exposed to the sun, and then withdrawn into darkness, it continues to glow for some time, and is therefore said to be phosphorescent.

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.

Grandfather Lickshings on Moving Day. "Moving day, with all its attendant horrors, will soon be here," said James yesterday morning.

"Why, yes," replied Grandfather Lickshings, "it is a terrible day for our poor men folk, and I don't see how I am ever to get through with it. It brings nothing but work, work, work."

"Darling, meet me in the air to-morrow afternoon at the usual hour, four thousand feet above the river." By day the atmosphere will be darkened by our friends and fellow-citizens, soaring about with the greatest ease on duty or pleasure, looking like mosquitoes in the distance. By night the effect will be still more wonderful, since each aeronaut will carry a lantern, not for the view of finding the way, but with the view of recognizing acquaintances, lighting his cigar and contributing his share to the glowing down of gas companies.

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 gears 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. A. B. Portland, April 17, 1870.

A Word for Kumping 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." As if a healthy child could be still; as if it could take time to walk or step over what came in its way; as if it could fold its hands in its lap, when its little heart is bristling with life. It is absurd and wrong because it is unnatural. Children, girls as well as boys, need exercise; indeed, they must have it, to be kept in a healthy condition. They need to expand their chests, strengthen their muscles, tone their nerves, develop themselves generally. And this exercise must be out of doors, too. It is not enough to have calisthenics in the nursery or parlor; they need to be out in the sunshine, out in the wind, out in the grass, out in the woods, out of doors somewhere, if it be no bigger than the common or park. Suppose they do tan their pretty faces; better be brown as a berry, and have the putty quick and strong, than white as a lily and complain of cold feet and headache. Suppose they do tear their clothes, suppose they do wear out their shoes, it don't matter a mother's patience half so much to tread as it does to watch night after night a querulous child; and it does not drain a father's pocket-book half as quick to buy shoes as it does to pay doctor's bills. Indeed, the putty quick and strong is a prettier picture in the world than that of a little girl balancing herself on the topmost rail of an old zigzag fence, her hands on her arms and a basket of blackberries on the little bare curls streaming out in the wind, or tripping over her checks, her apron half torn from her waist, and dangling at her feet, her fingers and toes and lips with berries she had picked, and her lips with those she had eaten. Mother, don't scold that little creature when she comes in and puts her basket on the table, and looks ruefully at the rent in the new gingham apron, and at the little bare toes sticking out of the last pair of shoes. Wash off the hot face and soiled hands, and give her a bowl of bread and milk; and when she has eaten her fill and got rested, make her sit down by the table, and tell what she has seen or felt in the meadows and woods. Her heart will be full of beautiful things—the sound of the wind, the fall of the leaves, the music of the birds, the rustle of the flowers, the rippling of streams, the shade of the clouds and the hue of the sublimations—all those will have woven their spell over her innocent heart, and made her a poet in feeling, if not in expression.

No, mothers, don't nurse up your little girls like house-plants. The daughters of this generation are to be the mothers of the next, and if you would have them healthy, if not in expression, in temper, free from nervous prostration, diletants and blues, if you would fit them for life—their joys, their cares and trials—let them have a good romp every day while they are growing. It is nature's own specific, and, if taken in season, is warranted to cure all ills of the girls and women.

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