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ELINOR NORTON.

BY MARY SHANE SMITH.

CHAPTER V.

As the months passed on, Elinor adhered to her intention, and by the time Winter was over, she began to have some idea of the task she had set herself; but she loved to study, and, animated by a noble motive, she felt more than ever determined to persevere, believing that, even though she might never be able to complete her medical studies at a college, yet she was acquiring knowledge that would doubtless be useful to her, and that, at any rate, broadening and strengthening her mind.

The old friend of her mother, before mentioned, who was a physician and had known her mother in her youth, took a fatherly interest in Elinor and assisted her in many ways about her studies. He and his family were in a distant part of the country when Mrs. Norton died, and had they been in the city, Elinor would probably have found a home with them.

During the last few years Dr. Duff had lived in Philadelphia, and, as business often brought him to New York, he frequently saw Elinor, in whom he had felt interested for her mother's sake, but whom he soon learned to prize for her own worth. Her quiet, modest manners, her quick intelligence, her love of knowledge, and, possibly, more than that, her interest in his own profession, in which he was an enthusiast, made him form a high opinion of the orphan girl, who was so unlike most of those of her own age and sex he knew. He encouraged her in her plans from the moment he learned she thought of studying medicine, and privately to his wife, who fully agreed with him, he declared that "Elinor Norton was worth a thousand of the fashionable dolls who held up their hands in horror at a woman physician, and who didn't have sense enough to know when they were killing themselves," and the benevolent old doctor, whose years had not made him an old fogey, dreamed a very pleasant little day-dream about the future of his favorite—"If she doesn't throw herself away upon some good-for-nothing coxcomb!" he said, suddenly rousing up from an earnest inspection of the glowing open fire, which made the crisp October evening seem warm and summer-like.

"Well, my dear," said his wife, "she may marry and still not throw herself away, you know. I never felt that I had thrown myself away, even if I did marry the wildest young fellow in the village; but there was never anything had in your mischievous. But really, dear, I don't like to hear you talk as you so often do about such things. I have always been so happy myself, and our boys are so good and kind to their wives that I can't help feeling that marriage is the best thing that can come to a woman," and the sweet-faced old lady flushed a little at this unusually long speech, and because she felt so much more than she said.

Her white-haired companion looked fondly into the mild blue eyes that had for so many years brightened his home, and then said, with a sigh:

"Little you know of the world about us, wife. It is true that when men and women are both what they should be, married life is, with all its trials and troubles, the happiest and best thing this world affords; but if you could know the young men of this or any other city, you would find to see any girl who has entrusted her life to one of them. Our boys were exceptions. They had an exceptional mother and a decent father, and, yes, I know there are other exceptions, of course, but they are rare, and one can't calculate upon remote chances in his favor when he is sure they are like angels' visits. If we had had daughters, and they had married, I fear you would not have looked upon mankind in general as kindly as you do now; at least, it would have been very strange if we had not had cause to grieve more than we have, and that is why I hope Elinor will not get interested in any one more than she is interested in her studies. She would make a splendid wife if only the right kind of a man knew it and would come and win her; but she'd better stay single all her days than waste herself on any of the scoundrels that, though smart enough, are not fit to associate with a decent woman for an hour even, to say nothing of a life."

"There's no use talking, wife," he continued, as he saw she was about to remonstrate. "I've always kept unpleasant things from you as much as I could, for I couldn't bear to have you grieved and worried when it couldn't do any good; but I must say that I don't know a decent young fellow there since Frank Stoddard has gone to Europe, and I suppose he'll come back with some German or English girl for a wife, for the girls are not much more desirable as wives for sensible, good men than the young men are for husbands to pure, good girls, though heaven knows the girls are enough better than the young men."

"It's a pity," he went on, "that Frank and Elinor never fell in love with each other; they are so well suited to one another; but, being brought up together, they seem to feel just like brother and sister."

"Well, James," said his wife, smiling, "I haven't heard you talk so much about anything outside of your practice for a long while. You must bring Elinor her sometime. I haven't seen her for a long time—no, since she went off to school. I wonder if she is happy, poor thing! I know I shouldn't be if I had to spend my time with those books of yours and be all my life thinking of the sick and caring for them as you are."

"Why?" said he, in some surprise, "I thought you rather liked to take care of the sick. I'm sure you are an excellent nurse, and I did not know you felt any repugnance to my profession."

"Do not," said she, "except when I think of spending my life that way. It seems to me noble for you to spend your life doing good to others; but I am happier at home, helping you when I can, and caring for you always, and now that the children are all gone, I like to help you more than ever—but it is because it is helping you. I wouldn't want to do it for strangers, only for that."

"Well," said the doctor, rising, "I must go to bed, for I've got to be up early to take the first train to Boston, as I want to get back as soon as possible. But I must say I wish the young men were more like those I knew when I was young; then one would not be so abominably out of patience half the time, and a good, smart girl need not live single or throw herself away, as I said at first."

The good doctor slept the sleep of the young almost and rose, fresh and vigorous, at early dawn, and as he strode along the street he had more the air and gait of youth than most of the young men he passed.

CHAPTER VI. Frank's letters home were always cheerful, bright and entertaining, for, in spite of all the books of travel that had been written, fresh accounts are always interesting, provided they are good, because no two persons see things exactly alike, and of course do not describe the same things in precisely the same way. Frank's letters contained nothing very original, but they were colored by his own peculiar individuality, and were written in a manly, straightforward way that would have made them pleasing to more critical readers than those who enjoyed them at home. Whether he told of a trip to some famous mountain top, or gave the result of his explorations in London or Paris, it was Frank who saw and heard and wrote, and not some other traveler of greater name, whose words or impressions he copied.

Elinor felt when reading a new respect for the writer's mind and character, and a conviction that he would return as good and true as when he left them; and she unconsciously contrasted him with the young men of her acquaintance, and it must be said always to their disadvantage.

One day she had been reading over one of Frank's letters in which he described his visit to the battle field of Marathon and spoke with great admiration of the heroes who there, and at Salamis, Thermopylae and Platae, rolled back the tide of Asiatic millions, who would otherwise have overwhelmed not only Greece, but Europe. Her eyes were bright and her whole expression one of admiration and lofty heroism, as if she felt conscious of power to rival the Spartan women in deeds of daring and in uncomplaining fortitude.

While thus looking her best, one of her admirers, Mr. Adolphus Hartley, called, and, impressed by her noble appearance, was more deferent in his manner than usual. He was one of those young men whose vanity leads them to suppose that all the girls of their acquaintance are sighing for them, and that they have only to make a selection and the honored one will thankfully accept the position of echo and figure-head. He had found Elinor an exception, at any rate, and it piqued him so much that he had resolved to conquer her, though when he married he meant to have a rich wife. His efforts hitherto had not been very satisfactory to himself, and were amusing to Elinor, whose nature was so utterly unlike his own that he really could not appreciate it enough to know what was likely to attract and what to repel her. He had hovered about her, moth-like, till at last he was suffering like the foolish insect, while he had no power to incite in her a feeling other than mild contempt, mixed with pity. Considering his disposition, then, it was not strange that he entirely mistook Elinor's manner that day, and thought it indicated an interest in himself she had never shown before. So he paid little heed to Frank's letter, a portion of which Elinor read, remarking, to his response to her glowing praise of ancient heroes:

"I never could see why those confused fools at Thermopylae didn't run off and save themselves, instead of staying there to be cut to pieces."

Elinor concealed her disgust as well as she could, and began talking commonplace, as she usually had to when Mr. Hartley called; but he seemed nervous and ill at ease for once, and surprised Elinor by his manner, so different from his usual self-sufficiency. The truth

was, he had, in spite of worldly wisdom, resolved to sacrifice himself and bestow upon Elinor the honor of his hand, so far had his feelings ever-mastered him, and he had come for the express purpose of telling his love; but in her presence his confidence forsook him for the first time in her life, and he watched her anxiously, now thinking she was kinder than ever before, and then wondering how she felt toward Frank, and if it could be possible they were engaged.

Then, angry with himself for his cowardice before her, he would try to assume his usual indifferent, supercilious air, saying to himself that of course she must say "yes"; but, whenever he engaged to commence his carefully prepared little speech, which concluded with an offer of his heart and hand, his courage left him, and he uttered instead some insipid remark about the last ball or the new prima donna. Finally, making a desperate effort, he nerved himself to say, in such an unnatural voice that it attracted her attention at once,

"Miss Elinor, I have long felt—"

But just then the door opened and Captain Talbot entered, and Elinor was left to imagine Mr. Hartley's feelings, which, indeed, was not difficult.

Mr. Hartley, inwardly cursing his rival and his own foolish delay, soon departed; for the Captain was a rival, and a dangerous one, too, the young man thought, in spite of his bald head, his forty-five years, and his general unattractiveness, for he was very wealthy, and had the name of being a marrying man, and had shown lately quite a preference for Elinor, which was very astonishing to all the young ladies who were trying to win his regard. They would have felt more astonishment had they known how she shrank from him and discouraged his attentions as much as possible. His nature was coarse and utterly repulsive to her, in spite of the superficial gloss it had received from education and association with the refined and intelligent. He was gross and sensual in his appearance, and had been a poor man the fashionable young ladies who now courted his attentions would have turned from him with loathing. But as long as girls are brought up to no employment by which they can honorably earn their living, many will dishonorably earn it, by selling themselves to the man who can offer them the most money; and their eyes are blinded, their moral sense benumbed, to the baseness of such conduct by the false idea that legal marriage can make it right.

Captain Talbot had come, like young Hartley, to ask Elinor to be his wife. He was not so sure of his own power as that vain young man, for his years had taught him that gold cannot buy all, and he well knew that he had nothing else to recommend him to a young girl; but he was incapable of appreciating Elinor's pure and noble nature, and thought that because she was poor and dependent he might tempt her to do what others were so eager to do, though he perceived that she was different from them—how, he hardly knew. But, though he could not appreciate her, he could admire, and he knew that she would make a stately and beautiful mistress of his splendid home, and that she was more attractive because reserved and distant in all her intercourse with him. Mrs. Stoddard had favored the Captain's suit in every way in her power, for she thought it would be a grand and appropriate finale to all she had done for Elinor, if she should secure for her a man who was considered the most desirable match of the season.

So Captain Talbot thought the prospect tolerably fair—enough so, at any rate, for him to venture a proposal, for he feared to delay longer, lest some younger man might deprive him of the prize he coveted, for Elinor was a favorite with many, in spite of her reserve and her poverty.

But he has been talking with her all this while, and the result has not been gratifying to him. He did not profess much love, but made his offer in an abrupt, business-like way, after a brief conversation, and Elinor quietly but firmly refused him. His nature was one in which love easily turns to hate, and the expression of his small black eyes, deeply set in his heavy face, was not good to see.

"Do you realize what you are doing, Miss Norton?" said he, in low, hard tones. "I offer you an honorable name, a luxurious home, a fine position in society; I offer you my love—everything a woman could wish—and you refuse it. Is this your final answer? Perhaps I will be to hasty. I will wait, if you wish, till to-morrow. Shall I come to-morrow?"

He had risen from his seat near her while speaking, and now stood awaiting her answer, while his flushed face and shining pate showed how keenly he felt this blow to his pride as well as his hopes.

Elinor's face was pale and her lips set, but she answered, calmly and kindly:

"My answer is final, Captain Talbot. I cannot become your wife, though I appreciate the honor you do me, and thank you for it. But I cannot change my mind, and it would only renew painful feelings to meet again to-morrow."

"Be it so, Miss Norton," said he, harshly. "You will regret this folly. Remember that. You will hear from me again!" and he turned hastily and left the room in a violent passion.

Elinor felt a shudder pass over her as she listened to the threatening words and glanced at the cruel face, and when he was gone she sank down on the sofa, feeling weak and exhausted, for she had been dreading this interview for some time, and now that it had passed so painfully all her impressions of this man's character were confirmed, and a vague fear of what he might do in the future pervaded her mind. Then, too, she thought how disappointed Mrs. Stoddard would be, for that lady had not hesitated to tell her plainly that she would be a fool if she let such a chance slip; and the poor girl heartily wished that she could go quietly away and avoid telling Mrs. Stoddard of the event of the visit. But, as that could not be done, she nerved herself to bear the reproaches she expected. She was not to be in suspense very long, for Mrs. Stoddard happened to see the angry Captain waddling wrathfully away, as she sat at her own window, and she well understood the look of hatred and disappointment on his unlovely countenance. She could scarcely believe the evidence before her, and so impatient and angry did she feel that in a short time she sent for Elinor. When the latter came, with heavy heart and downcast eyes, Mrs. Stoddard abruptly said:

"Elinor, what does this mean? Is it possible that you have sent Captain Talbot away? I saw him pass a few minutes ago—tell me, have you refused him?" she added, sharply, as Elinor stood silent a few moments, pondering a reply.

"I could not do otherwise," she said, in a low but firm voice.

"Could not do otherwise?" repeated Mrs. Stoddard, in icy tones. "I do not understand you. It seems almost incredible that you could do what you have done. I can see no possible reason for such a refusal. You will never get such a chance again. There is not a young lady of my acquaintance who would not be glad of such an opportunity. You are certainly the most singular person I ever saw. What reason could you have had for such an astonishing proceeding?"

Elinor succeeded in retaining her composure, and replied quietly, but with spirit:

"I refused him because I have no regard for him, and I think it a shame and a disgrace for a woman to marry a man she cannot love."

"Well, I did think you had more sense than to talk and act like a silly, sentimental school-girl!" said Mrs. Stoddard. "Such foolish ideas are too absurd to be entertained by a girl who is utterly penniless. You will find that a good home, a proper position in society, and a kind, indulgent husband are far more substantial blessings than the sickly sentimentality you call love, which lasts but a short time at best, and leaves its victims to repent of their folly the rest of their lives. I must say I think you show but little regard for my wishes, considering all I have done for you. I could not have been more disappointed if you had been my own daughter. I should like to know what you expect to do, where you expect to find a man who will precisely suit you," she added, as Elinor was about to speak.

Elinor alternatively flushed and paled, and she now spoke quickly and under her breath:

"I think a woman may live a useful life without marrying at all, and she ought to try to do so, if the right man doesn't come. I shall, at any rate. I asked your consent long ago to fit myself for self support, and I will gladly begin my studies whenever you will permit. I am not waiting for nor expecting any such impossible young man as you describe. I have always looked forward to supporting myself, and I would rather do it by the most slavish toil than become the wife of a man so repulsive to me as Captain Talbot."

Her voice had risen as she went on, till it rung out almost defiantly with the last words, and as Mrs. Stoddard looked up at the usually quiet girl with surprise, she felt that there was a different spirit from her own, and one she could not influence by the arguments so potent with most persons. But she only felt angered by this and said, coldly:

"It is the fashion, I suppose, for young persons to be wiser than their elders, and to do just as they choose, without regard to those who have cared for them, but I did expect something better from you. No, I do not wish to hear anything more. You may go now."

Elinor received her dismissal thankfully, and retired to her own room. Her proud, sensitive spirit felt keenly the reproaches of Mrs. Stoddard, and it was hard for her to remain dependent upon her; but not for one moment did she regret the answer she had given Captain Talbot, nor wish that young Hartley had told what he felt.

[To be continued.]

"I've got another, my dear," said Mr. Dorkins as he hurried into the house. "If you were on top of Trinity Church spire on the back of a goose, how would you get down?" Mrs. Dorkins thought she would jump down, slide down the lightning rod, fly down on the goose, fall down, and then give it up. "Why, if you wanted to get down, you could pick it off the goose," said Mr. Dorkins, exultantly.

LOGGINGS. I've been thinking tonight of heaven. Of the time when, from earth's east or west, I shall pass the shining portals. To the shores of eternity. When before the great All-Father And see the angels I shall stand And see the radiant glory. In the beautiful sinless land.

For the first few blessed moments. I shall not speak a word. But will only view with rapture The face of the loving Lord. All the weary grief and anguish And pain will be forgotten here, And my heart will only thank him For his many gifts to me.

Then I shall ask for my baby, And he'll bid some angel go And bring me my little "Baby" Who left me so long ago. And when with joy I leap for him In his simple arms at last, The weary heartache will be gone, And the days of sorrow past.

Then we'll seek a quiet corner. Some bank where flowers bloom sweet, And some mossy brook goes dancing In the green shadows of the trees. The air will be full of music, Love, peace, beauty on every side; Near my heart will be my dearest friend, Then I shall be satisfied.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK. [FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.] TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST. According to present arrangements, there will be held on May 21st and 22d, at Science Hall, in this city, a philanthropic convention. The circular of announcement, among other things, sets forth in substance that the friends of humanity believe that our social system may be improved by an organized association of labor and capital, plans for accomplishing such results to be discussed at the convention, which will also have for its purpose the organization of a mutual employment company, whose object shall be the furnishing of worthy people with constant employment. The call is signed by gentlemen representing the States of Virginia, New Jersey, Rhode Island, West Virginia, New York, District of Columbia, Illinois, Iowa, Dakota, Georgia, Pennsylvania, Vermont, Missouri and Michigan.

The recently talked-of grand through route to the West, via the Erie, A. & G. W. C. & I., Wabash, and the Hannibal and St. Joe road, is exerting a beneficial effect upon those roads and the contrary upon those known as the Vanderbilt route. The scheme, it is said, also contemplates taking in the St. Louis, Kansas City and Northern road, which now connects with the Kansas Pacific at Kansas City, and will shortly connect, via their Omaha branch, with the Union Pacific. All the Southwest or "I. T." stocks are firm at their recent advance, the idea being that the Indian Territory must be opened by and by, and then these roads will be benefited. Arrangements have been made for the building of a road from Owego, Kansas, some two hundred miles west, through the State, which will add largely to the receipts of the present line. This road has a grant from the State of Missouri of two million acres of land, and connects with the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Vinit. C. & I. C. stock is firm, on the belief that the decision so long looked for will be in its favor and against the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. The reorganization of the Ohio and Missouri road is progressing favorably, and the road will shortly be taken out of the hands of the receiver, and, what is very odd now-a-days, with its debt not only not increased, but absolutely decreased some \$1,500,000. There was an immense business in Erie mortgages again to-day; these bonds are growing in great favor with investors. The demand is predicted on the steady gain in the earnings of the road and great economies practiced in its management; the laying of the third rail has immensely increased the carrying capacity to the road, and there can be no doubt but that the completion of the New England connection in June will add materially to its revenue.

Justice D. Fulton, a Baptist minister who has been for years one of the most bitter opposers of Woman Suffrage, descending to the most insulting kind of ridicule, has recently been expelled from the Baptist conference in New York, for using similar language toward some of his ministerial brethren. This Justice has been at length overtaken by poetic justice. He is ecclesiastically, if not physically, dead.—*Janette's Daily Record.*

"No, don't learn a trade, young man. You might soil your hands, with your shirt collar, and spoil your complexion sweating. Go hang your chin over a counter; learn to talk twaddle to the ladies; part your hair in the middle; make an ass of yourself generally, and work for wages that wouldn't support a Chinese laundryman on rice-fed rats and leave a big enough balance to pay his washwoman—just because it's a little more genteel in the eyes of the people whose pride prevents them from pounding rock or heaving wood, and whose poverty pinches worse than those patent cross-legged clothes pins, if their trousers were only told."—*Elmira Gazette.*

A Canadian couple, on their way to Dakota to settle, weigh 214 pounds; the man 210 pounds, and the wife 204 pound. Let us hope that they will be careful what they settle on.

THE COMING DAWN. When the storm-king's diadem Lord is made with lightning and fire, And the sun shall be hidden from the eyes, Four hot, trail tears, her Spring-time Just because the World was there, Shake their white-down in the air. And I hear a wailing strain. The lone light in the night and wind! And the nations in the broad world, Though the hum of a throng. And times' water has been long, Yet the hopes of all were there, Have been shaken against the strong. Now the time is fast approaching In the battle of the right, When the golden beams of morning Glad shall triumph over the night. And a zone of brilliant sunlight, Soon shall dawn on every side, And all the earth with glory. Like an Eden was of old. There are millions voices humming, Like the warbling of the dove, And the tramp of armor-clad, And the shining of the sword, While the day-dawn is breaking over, Floods the land and sweeps the sea. And all the world is there, Of the anthems of the free.

Capital Punishment. Public executions can hardly be viewed in any other light than "legalized murders," and take place only in pursuance of the provisions of an ancient law and usage which spring into existence in the twilight of every man's intellectual development. The law enacting "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth and a blind for a blind" has been abrogated; at least in theory, for nearly two thousand years, and yet this most enlightened and Christian nation in the world appear to be the most ardent adherents of this old law of "vindictive justice." In pursuance of such a heathenish custom, a poor, unfortunate female, whose misfortune in becoming a mother, perhaps, drove her to the verge of insanity and prompted her to destroy her own offspring (for what mother at all compassions could ever dream of committing such a rash and unatoned act?) must hang in mid-air at the end of a rope on the 20th of June next, until she shall be pronounced dead, dead, dead; and may God have mercy on our (heathenish) souls.

In a new and sparsely settled community, where society is in its infancy, law imperative, legal processes uncertain, and prisons scarce and insecure; and under such a state of affairs, where property is invaded by bands of "road agents" or hunted by horse-thieves or other lawless hordes, then an occasional "night mail," for their special benefit, would, perhaps, be necessary and proper—a military necessity, as it were—but to publicly murder a poor, unfortunate colored woman in broad daylight, in one of the populous centres of civilization, refinement and Christianity, is simply to outrage every sense of propriety, every humane sentiment of the head and heart, and every accepted theory of advanced thought and progressive intelligence that so impressively stamp the age in which we live.

A WONDERFUL LAKE.—In Colorado is a ten-acre lake which is no more nor less than a subterranean lake covered with soil about eighteen inches deep. On the soil is cultivated a belt of corn, which produces thirty or forty bushels to the acre. If any one will take the trouble to dig a hole the depth of a spade handle he will find it full with water, and by using a hook and line, fish four or five pounds weight can be caught. These fish have neither scales nor eyes, and are perch-like in shape. The ground is black marl in its nature, and in all probability was at one time an open lake, the water of which was accumulated vegetable matter, which has been increased from time to time, until now it has a crust sufficiently strong and rich to produce fine corn, though it has to be cultivated by hand, as it is not strong enough to bear the weight of a horse. While harvesting, the field hands catch great strings of fish by punching a hole through. A person rising on the water and coming down suddenly can see the growing corn shake all around him. Any one having the strength to drive a nail through this crust will find on releasing it that it will disappear altogether. The whole section of the water surrounding this field gives evidence of marshiness, and the least rain produces an abundance of mud. But the question comes up, has not this body an outlet? Although the water is not very clear, it is fresh, and is evidently not stagnant. Yet these fish are eyeless and scaleless—similar to those found in caves.

BARBOLAN.—The traveler who is fortunate enough to see Barbolan in April cannot call it desolate. The dunes and gardens along the banks of the Euphrates are then things of beauty in their fresh spring verdure, and the plain itself is laid down with green, and irrigation canals cross it here and there, and give tribute to the horseman. No grass grows upon the mounds, and there are patches of the level white soil, which is to be found here, as in other parts of Mesopotamia; but the surface of the soil is, on the whole, green and pleasant to the eye. The glad waters of the river flow in the bright morning and shine, with palm and mulberry hanging over its banks, drinking in sap and life. The great city which counted its population by millions, and filled the world with renown, not yet wholly disappeared under the dust of twenty centuries; but nature is as fresh and found as when Babylon was still unbroken. Birds sing overhead in the Spring air, butterflies flutter about in search of flowers, and balmy odors again the sense.

"Oh, I suppose he loves Sarah, and would be glad to marry her," she was saying to another girl in the post office corridor, the other day; "but I dunno." "Isn't he a nice young man?" asked the other. "Well, he's nice enough, but very reckless with his money. At Christmas time he made me a present of a French clock for the parlor, and there's not one of us in the house could speak a word of French. He might just as well have presented me with a German thermometer or a Japanese umbrella. We had to trade for a barrel of molasses."

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