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ELINOR NORTON.

BY MARY SHANE SMITH.

CHAPTER XXI.

When Frank Stoddard was left alone by the departure of Mr. Green, he paced the floor in great excitement for a few minutes; but, instead of going for a walk to calm his mind, as he felt like doing, he presently seated himself, and, taking up one of his law books, endeavored to fix his attention again upon the subject he had been studying.

Now, however, the effort was unavailing, and, after a faithful trial, the young man closed the book with a deep sigh, and, laying it down, buried his face in his hands and mentally reviewed the situation. He had no thought for himself, so far as his enemy was concerned, for he was absolutely insensible to fear, and felt amply able to protect himself whenever assailed.

Frank did not give much further when he saw the unwieldy Captain, who had already been warned, moving off in the opposite direction, as if he were unconscious of Frank's presence.

He pondered how Captain Talbot had learned of Elinor's departure and present home, not being willing to suppose that his mother had told him, and not being aware that the Captain had called on her since her convalescence.

After making his decision, Frank left the office and walked down the street, not for relief from his disquiet, but in order to find out, if possible, if his enemy was busy at his law work.

"Well, Hartley, this thing has got to be stopped right where it is now. If you are sorry, I'm willing to overlook what you have said, on condition that you tell the truth about it. If you ever hear it mentioned, and that you promise never to slander a woman again, there is no telling how many have heard the shameful lie now, and he ground his teeth in helpless rage to think how powerless he was to deal with the invisible words that had flown abroad like winged seeds to lead down fruitful soil and speedily bring forth their noxious harvest."

"Oh, I'll do the handsomest thing by Miss—I mean, I'll do everything I can to set things straight, for I know she's a first-rate girl, and I'm awfully sorry, you know, that I was fool enough to listen to that old villain's lies about her," said Hartley, anxious to prove his sincerity.

"Well, if you are sorry, do everything you can to stop it," said Frank, beginning to feel disgusted with his companion's servility, and resuming his walk. Hartley accompanied him, much to his annoyance, and told him of the effort he made to induce the Captain to abandon his design of sending him a challenge.

Here the anxious and repentant young man had to pause for breath, and Frank, pitying his weak nature, said, somewhat less harshly than before:

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"WAITING FOR MOTHER."

The old man sits in his easy-chair, slumbering the moment a way. Dreaming a dream that is all his own. On this old man's face you ever know. The children have gathered from far and near. His children have gathered from far and near. And merry voices are echoed throughout the "Homestead" built so wide.

But far away in the years long flown— Grandfather lives again; And his heart for ever does he know. A shadow of grief and pain; For he sees his wife and his children then— A mother, comely and true. With her children gathered around his board, And ever a vacant chair.

BACKHOSE.

When you see a falling mortal, Without flesh and fearless woe, Hanging on the skirts of others, Waiting for his life to flow. Lower low to wealth and favor, With aghast, unopened head, Ready to retreat at every blow, Willing to be led or drove, With yourself, with others, waiting: Throw your moral shoulders back; Show your spine has never been marrow— Just the thing which his must lack. A stranger word Was never heard of his kind; Than this, backhose.

When you see a thoroughbred, Hugging close some ugly crowd, Pretending to reject the question, Noting which side the crowd may read, Holding back all noble feeling, Looking down with disdainful eye, Caring more for forms and symbols Than to know the word and true, Wait your word while he has been appearing, Throw your moral shoulders back; Show your spine has never been marrow— Just the thing which his must lack. A stranger word Was never heard of his kind; Than this, backhose.

Fossil Forests.

In the valley of the East Fork of the river which flows through the wonderful Yellowstone National Park of the United States, says the London Times, the group of rocks known, for want of a better designation, as the "Volcanic Tertiary" is typically developed and has a thickness of upward of 5,000 feet.

The summit of this mountain is 9,400 feet above the sea, and the river flowing at its base is 5,700 feet over the sea level. Rising up the smooth river-bed, one has but to look to the right up the cliffs to discover multitudes of the bleached trunks of these ancient forest trees. In some of the steeper portions of the mountain's face, rows of upright trunks stand out like the columns of some long since ruined temple.

The strata also contain, as might be expected, many rootlets, leaves and fruits—a collection of which has been submitted for determination to Professor Leo Lesqueret. They include an Aralia, a Magnolia, and new species of a lime, an ash, an elm, and of a diopispro; also some new ferns. Some of the species are apparently identical with those described by Professor Whitney from the Elk Creek strata. But these strata are lower than the Yellowstone Park strata by fully 1,000 feet, and are separated from them by fifteen miles of broken country.

MUTUAL TOLERATION.—That horse will be kept in turmoil where there is no toleration of each other's errors. If you lay a single stick of wood on the grate and apply the fire to it, it will go out; put on another stick, and they will burn; and half a dozen sticks, and you will have a blaze. If one member of the family gets into a passion, and is let alone, he will cool down, and may possibly be ashamed and repent; but oppose temper to temper, pile on all the fuel, draw in another of the group, and let one harsh answer be followed by others, and there will soon be a blaze that will envelop them all.

A child without legs has just been born. "Thank heaven!" said the weeping father, "this will never be a champion pedestrian."

Green's grasp and flung it away, outside the ring of spectators who had gathered and were watching the encounter with intense interest. No one interfered, because every man there felt that Stoddard had a right to punish Green if he had lied about him, and they were inclined to think he had. So the contest went on for a few moments without much harm being done on either side, when Frank succeeded in planting a terrible blow in Green's face, which seemed to madden the latter, who, reeling backward, began to feel in his breast pocket. But Frank was watching, and the instant the pistol appeared, he fell upon him and tore it from his hand before he could fairly make resistance. Then the blows fell fast and furious, till Green, unable to defend himself longer, and feeling absolutely terrified by the fury of his antagonist, fell prostrate. His friend bent over him, and ascertaining that he was not seriously injured, said, sternly: "Now, will you acknowledge that you lied?"

"Yes, if you'll let me up, I'll tell the truth about it," groaned the bruised coward and bully, who was then permitted to rise. "Now, tell these gentlemen the facts," said Stoddard, so imperiously that the fellow felt compelled to do as he was told, though he cast a longing, wicked look after his revolver.

"Well, I did, as you would call it that," said Frank, beginning to feel disgusted with his companion's servility, and resuming his walk. Hartley accompanied him, much to his annoyance, and told him of the effort he made to induce the Captain to abandon his design of sending him a challenge. But Frank was in no mood to discuss things, and at length, perceiving this, Hartley withdrew, not feeling entirely safe till the tall, broad-shouldered figure was out of sight.

CHAPTER XXII. Young Stoddard strode along rapidly for some time, hoping to find his enemy near by; but the prudent Captain had not deemed it wise to stop till a considerable distance was placed between him and his friend with the muscular arms and sturdy fists, though of course he knew nothing of his confederate's misdeeds.

Two hours later Frank was about to abandon the search for that time, and had turned his face homeward, when he caught a glimpse of the hated foe, just as his owner, having seen him at a distance, was trying to screen himself from observation among the gentlemen with whom he was conversing. Frank stepped into a store and purchased a stout horsewhip, and then walked quickly to the place where the Captain was engaged in conversation with several prominent men, with most of whom our friend was acquainted.

"Gentlemen," said Frank, in clear, ringing, indignant tones, "this villain," pointing with the whip to Talbot, "has maliciously and foully slandered my adopted sister. His base accomplice has just been compelled to own that the lie was told for revenge, because this sneaking coward could not win her hand. Now, I demand full retraction and an ample apology, and if it is not given, I trust no one will interfere to save the wretch from the punishment he deserves." And the tall, broad-shouldered figure looked more majestic and threatening, while the dark eyes seemed to shoot out angry lightnings at the base miscreant, whose knees trembled even while he said, pompously, as he retreated a little, with his hand in his breast pocket: "Gentlemen, you see this cowardly, insolent puppy is afraid to meet me, as I said, upon equal terms, and—"

But before the sentence could be completed, Frank sprang upon him and disarmed him; then coolly hauding the beautiful, deadly weapon we have seen before to one of his friends, he turned, before the furious Captain could recover himself, and struck him fiercely with the whip. Talbot gave utterance to a fearful oath, and made a desperate effort to close with Stoddard; but the latter eluded his grasp, and plied his stinging whip again and again, till at last the maddened man was rescued by some of his friends, who interfered, thinking he had had enough, even if he was a slanderer, which not a man present now doubted, from the conduct of both parties.

The Captain was led away, cursing fearfully, but Frank's only remark, uttered in a tone of terrible meaning, was: "If I hear any more of your lies, remember I will hold you accountable, for I intend to see that this is stopped."

And all who heard him felt that he meant what he said, and that he was able to do it. Captain Talbot's vivid account of

"Stoddard's cowardly refusal to fight," to which they had lately given full credit, was now entirely disbelieved, the fact as well as the motive, and several gentlemen besides his friends went up to Frank and congratulated him on his successful attempt to chastise a man who had done him such an injustice. Of the other more serious matter no one spoke, for something in the young man's face forbade it. He received their expressions of respect and good feeling politely, but rather haughtily, for he felt indignant that they should have listened so eagerly to scandal from a man whose moral character was so vile as the whipped Captain's. He soon turned away and proceeded homeward, but was presently joined by one of his friends who had just left.

"I say, Stoddard, did the Captain challenge you at all?" said he. "Yes," said Frank; "but I wouldn't gratify him in that way. I never thought dueling right, and he is not worthy of even the treatment I gave his dog, Green. Nothing but the disgrace of the horsewhip is fit for a shameless wretch like that, who dares to besmirch the name of a pure woman with his filthy lips—the low, degraded debauchee!" and the young man's eyes flashed with angry scorn as he recalled once more the words to which he had been an unwilling listener.

"Well, Stoddard, I believe you are right," said his friend, "for a fouler-souled man than that I never saw; but how did you know he had been telling us his lies?" "Why, I knew it by your looks, of course," said Frank. "You were not mistaken, at any rate," said his friend, "and if you had heard him, I expect you would have killed him."

"I am very glad I did not, then," said Frank, grimly. "I have heard all I could bear, I think," and he set his teeth hard at the remembrance, but went on: "I warned him yesterday to stop his lies; but I suppose he thought he could get me out of the way easily, and then do as he liked. I do not know whether this will be enough for him or not."

"No," said his friend. "Talbot is such a revengeful man, he will never forgive you. I would not be surprised at anything he might do; so you would do well to prepare yourself for the worst."

"Oh, I don't think I need fear him, myself," said Frank, carelessly. "My only dread is that he may persist in his villainous slanders, and that I may not be able to refute them everywhere, nor to punish him as he deserves; for I fear he will be careful to manage so I cannot learn of them hereafter."

"Well," said his friend, "I think you may rest easy on that point; for, after what we all heard and saw, and after that other scamp's confession, it would not do him much good to go about lying any more. He hoped to destroy your credit in the dueling affair, but your prompt action has beaten him there, in more ways than one. He will scarcely venture to call you a coward again, any more than he will permit you to hear him scandalize you or yours."

Frank's heart stood still at that last word, and then gave a great bound. Might not this trial give him his beloved, after all? Would she not think it her duty to receive his protection, if she knew what perils beset her way from knaves like the one he had secured for her sake? He knew, from her whole modest, retiring, gentle life and disposition, that such a shameful attack as this had been would pierce her soul with anguish. He felt that he could almost see the dear head bowed with shame, that such things could have been said, in fancy, he saw the golden sunbeams playing softly upon the gold-brown hair he loved so well to watch, and so longed to caress. He saw the shapely, delicate hands crossed patiently in her lap,—they were tightly clasped, as he had seen them once before, as though clinging to some invisible support. He started at this thought, and felt that the deep, mournful eyes were fixed upon him in sad, mute reproach that made his own face guilty. Then suddenly it flashed upon him that he was inexpressibly mean and selfish to even think of allowing the painful knowledge to reach her loved. He felt miserable to think he could dream of using so cruel a weapon to turn her from her path—the path of right to her pure soul. And like a dream it seemed, too, so far away and unreal, as if another and not himself had entertained the thought so hateful to him now. He felt as though it must have been long ago that he was tempted.

No word had been spoken, and but a few moments had passed since the magic word was unconsciously uttered that caused our friend to build the frail castle in the air, which, soon tottering, fell, and left him enveloped in a cloud of gloom. He did not feel that he could converse any more, so great was his depression and weariness, which now began to make itself felt; and his friend, soon perceiving this, left him near his own door and went home, thinking to himself that Stoddard was a very queer fellow, but brave as Richard Lion-Heart, and true and pure as Sir Galahad. This opinion he was not backward in expressing next day; and, whenever the subject of the horse-whipping and its cause came up, it seemed the general impression.

The supplementary racing season on the new running course just beyond Prospect Park, Brooklyn, intended to contribute to the amusement of the Coney Island throngs, and conducted under the auspices of a select committee of the Jerome Park capitalists, scarcely answers the anticipations of its originators. The situation of the course is charming—just a pleasant little drive from the park or the hotels along the magnificent ocean pathway. The races are fine, spirited events, between first-class animals. The Coaching Club has made some creditable displays of its turn-outs there, as an additional popular attraction. But no such brilliant

of course the news spread like wild-fire, and Captain Talbot soon found that he could make no head against public opinion there, and both he and his man Green soon disappeared, though in different directions, for Green's admission had made the Captain hate him almost as bitterly as he did Stoddard. Green, unaware of his knowledge, applied to him for his pay, but was overwhelmed with abuse and curses, and left, swearing revenge.

[To be continued.]

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

[FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.]

NEW YORK, July 12, 1879. To the Editor of the New Northwest: The mystery attending the shooting of John F. Seymour, cousin and brother-in-law of Bishop Seymour, remains unsolved. Several of the theories advanced in the published reports are to the effect that Seymour had taken his own life, while others believe the old gentleman had been shot by a tramp or met death by accident, caused by the discharge of a pistol on the eve of the Fourth of July. Bishop Seymour said no clue had been obtained, and he was sure the theory of self-destruction was without foundation. His brother was never known to carry any kind of weapon, and no trace of his having purchased a pistol of any kind could be discovered. The police are working up the case. The funeral was held on Sunday. The police officials are inclined to the belief that the bullet was fired from an air-gun from some houses opposite, as the course of the wound indicates that the ball was not fired from the sidewalk, and an ordinary pistol carrying a ball of that weight would not kill unless held close to the breast. Bishop Seymour resents with indignation the insinuation that his brother-in-law committed suicide. It is his firm belief that his brother-in-law fell a victim to a shot fired either by a tramp, or that he was killed by some man of good standing, who had been surprised in a criminal act on this ground, and which, if brought to public notice, would have injured his reputation. "Men and women," he added, "have frequently made his secluded plot of the ground a resort for improper purposes, and I believe that my brother-in-law met a party, some of whom, finding that exposure was inevitable, jumped up and struck Mr. Seymour, knocking him down, and then fired at him either as he fell or after he had reached the ground." The course of the bullet and the wound between the eyes bear out this theory.

A company of tramps, estimated from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty in number, have taken possession of a piece of land near New Windsor, a short distance from the Hudson, where they make their bivouacs on the farmers and rob and plunder with impunity. They throw out pickets, defy the "club-hoppers" who act as village constables, rifle orchards, fields and hen-roosts, and molest on the surrounding country, and subsist on in detachments when they have staid their time. These idle ruffians have been driven into New York State from other States in which there are laws for their suppression, and are taking advantage of the absence of restraining laws in New York to carry out their work.

Something over half a hundred names of property-owners ranking high in commerce, the learned professions and standard gentility generally, are associated with a very earnest protest against the consummation of the Vanderbilt scheme for a new elevated railway down the Fourth avenue and up along the borders of Central Park. The public announcement of this project was the signal for a prodigious flutter in the important class of real estate holders whose possessions lie along the proposed route, and the Mayor already shows that he is influenced, as he undoubtedly should be thereby, to question the action of the rapid transit commissioners of his appointment in extending their province below the Harlem River. The protesting citizens assert that the damage to private interests from such a road as Mr. Vanderbilt and his party seek to construct would be as much as a thousand dollars to every running foot some part of the way. This is a calculation very significant to the immense scale of confiscation upon which the existing elevated tramway of Third, Sixth and Ninth avenues have been erected. Probably the protest in question, backed, as it is sure to be by necessity, by legal resort, may avail to check the bold scheme if it opposes, or so impose upon the latter obligation to pay adequately for its right of way as to discourage its projectors.

INDIAN LOAF.—Take one pint of sour milk, one-half pint of sweet milk, one-half pint of molasses, one-half teaspoonful of butter, two teaspoonful of saleratus, one large teaspoonful of salt, three eggs, one pint of wheat flour, one quart of yellow Indian meal; bake in a deep tin basin in an oven of same heat as for cakes, for one and a half hours. To CLEAN SILVER.—House-keepers sometimes wish to give silver a little brightening without going through all the ceremonies of a formal cleaning, and this can be easily managed by the use of a silver polish. Take two ounces of powdered bicarbonate of soda, one pint of water. Dip small squares of cloth in the liquid and hang them up to dry without wringing.

PASTRY.—In making pastry I use cold water and cold lard. I roll out my dough cold, and then for the upper crust I take the dough that is left and roll it out, perhaps half an inch thick. Then I spread cold lard on, not thicker than a case knife, and dredge it with flour; then take the edge and roll it up; then take the middle and roll it up; then do not knead it further; roll it out.

INDIAN PUDDING.—Stir into a quart of boiling milk (cost five cents) quarter of a pound of Indian meal (cost one cent), one level teaspoonful of salt, the same of spice, and one ounce of butter (cost two cents); last of all, add one pint of cold milk (cost four cents), or milk and water. Pour the pudding into an earthen dish, and bake slowly for three hours. It will cost about fifteen cents, and be very nice.

GINGER CANDY.—Break a pound of highly-refined sugar into lumps, put it into a preserving-pan, and pour over it the third of a pint of spring water; let it stand until the sugar is nearly dissolved, then set it over a clear fire, and boil it until it becomes a clear syrup. Having ready in a small cup a teaspoonful of the very best ginger in powder, mix it smoothly and gradually with two or three spoonfuls of the syrup, and mix the mixture carefully, keep it stirred, and drop it often from a spoon to ascertain the exact point of boiling it has reached. When it begins to fall in flakes, throw in the freshly-grated rind of a large lemon, and work the sugar round quickly as it is added. The candy must now be stirred constantly until it is done; this will be when it falls in a mass from the spoon, and does not stick when placed in a small heap on a dish. It must be poured out as expeditiously when ready, or it will fall quite into powder. If this should happen, a little water must be added to it, and re-boiled to the proper point. The candy, if dropped in cakes upon cold dishes, may be moved off without difficulty before it is thoroughly cold, but it must not be touched while hot, or it will break.

There is no merit where there is no trial, and till experience stamps the mark of strength, cowardly may pass for heroes and faith for falsehood.