

A RAINY DAY.

I catch the notes from some old tune
That idly wanders through my brain;
That soars and falls at intervals,
Amid the dropping of the rain.

Long years gone by, my love and I
Sat listening to the wind's low croon,
While clouds in slowly-moving crowd,
Passed on across the glimmering moon.

So soft, so low, the river's flow;
Night's breath was but a fragrant sigh;
One hour of bliss, a parting kiss,
Then silence, darkness, and good-bye.

In grayish shrouds, the jealous clouds
Shut out the bright sun's happy light;
With ceaseless plash the rain-drops dash;
The dull day deepens into night.

The while the tune of that old rone
Drops softly like the falling rain,
'Mid blinding tears the by-gone years
With all their hopes come back again.

Oh, who can e'er the time forget,
When life was young and hearts were gay?
And who so glad he finds not sad
The rhyming of a rainy day?
R. F. L.

WILLOW GRANGE.

A STORY OF LIFE IN EASTERN OREGON.

BY BELLE W. COOKE.

AUTHOR OF "TRANS AND VICTORY."

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CHAPTER XXV.

Bertha found Anice hard at work in school, earning bread for a whole family. The health of Anice's mother was such that she could no longer sew steadily, and the care of the household and Anice's children was enough for her waning strength. The teacher's salary was not sufficient to keep them in affluence; but, with the strictest economy, and the addition of small amounts received by Anice for correspondence with some Eastern papers, the little family preserved its independence.

Anice had endeavored to pursue her law studies for a time, but found it a hopeless task, hampered as she was by the necessary care and presence of her little ones, and the need of all her strength of mind and body for the supply of present wants. She had long ago made up her mind that her studies and pursuits should never cause her to neglect a single home duty, and so she sacrificed her dearest aspirations and the prospect of obtaining a livelihood that would probably have been more lucrative for the same amount of labor, and set herself about the work that seemed given her to do without a murmur. It is a question if there are many men who would have been equal to the demands that were daily made upon her strength and patience. Her little Harry was but a year old, and necessarily claimed much care when she was at home. Her brothers needed clothing and school books, and these she must supply, besides what her own children required. But she had recovered her health and good spirits, and was now more like the energetic, self-poised woman of her earlier days than she had been since her marriage.

The little place in which they had lived across the river Harry had bought and contrived to keep free from incumbrance, and it would have been of some assistance to Anice now if she could have converted it into money and used it as she pleased. But she could not sell it without permission from the Probate Court, and all that it now brought was a very small rent. Had it been located on the other side of the river, where she could have lived in it and saved paying rent, it would have been more help than it now was; or had Harry willed it wholly to her, she would have felt at liberty to sell it. But now it did not seem to be hers, but to belong to the children. So she determined to leave it for them and get along as best she could. Though she had pinched and saved, worked when she was not able to in order that the place might be paid for, she could reap no benefit from it now.

Bertha and Anice found delight in each other's society, which was augmented by the sad and thrilling experiences that they had passed through. That friendship which endures the vicissitudes of time, and becomes warmer and closer as mature life perfects its charms, which depends not upon gay sports and merry jokes and good times altogether, but which feeds upon sympathy in sorrow, watchings over beds of pain and interchanges of thoughts which are the outgrowths of the heart's holiest emotion and aspiration—this was the character of their friendship, which had become a source of perennial pleasure to them.

Earle, too, did all in his power to assist Anice and take the burden of care from her shoulders. He invested his money in a large grocery establishment, of which he was a silent partner, and he promised Anice that as soon as her brother Clifford finished his present year at school he should have a place in the store, where he could soon make good wages.

The Winter passed away with many pleasant reunions of old friends and intellectual amusements, which were the more keenly enjoyed by Earle and Bertha from the fact of their having been so long denied them.

Springtime came again—the period for picnics and pleasure excursions and all the merry-making incident to that blithe season. The usual rains of our misty climate dampened the grass of

the river-side parks, but not the ardor of the light-hearted excursionists.

Anice's school was promised a picnic excursion to some pleasant spot on the banks of the Columbia as soon as the weather became propitious. The excursion was finally enlarged so as to include older people as well as children, and the day set for the first of June.

Skies were bright and roses gay, and the merry crowd blossomed with flowers and sparkled with vivacious spirits as the steamer with its floating flags and tuneful bands of musicians drifted away from its moorings and glided over the smooth waters of the beautiful Willamette. Noble snow-peaks arose and stood with their white shoulders against the blue background of the sky, across long-vistas and lanes of shining water, while lovely green islands, asleep in the sunny air, lay scattered on every side. Pictures that might fulfill the brightest dream of an artist lined the whole way to the pleasure grounds, and Anice and Bertha sat in silent delight, breathing in beauty and sweetness, with their little ones around them, too well content to feel inclined to participate in the jokes and laughter.

Many young people were in the crowd on matrimonial plans intent, and served to amuse the quiet lookers-on with their transparent love-making and bashful awkwardness.

Elderly, sedate bachelors were there, some being on the alert for a smile from a dashing coquette, others retired within themselves—in the crowd, but not of it. Of this latter kind was our old friend Captain Aidenn, who was now engaged in a lucrative business in the city.

Toward the close of the trip to the picnic grounds, the Captain drifted, as though unintentionally, to the spot where Anice and Bertha sat, and joined in their quiet talk. He wore a look of settled sadness, and Bertha could not look in his face without thinking of a little verse from a poem she had seen somewhere:

"You did not note the sudden start,
Or see the shadow in his eye,
Or know that far within his heart
A little chamber stands apart,
With windows shaded carefully.

"And in that chamber is a name
Upon a tablet clearly traced,
More sacred than the vestal flame,
Dearer to him than voice of fame,
Or all the charms of fairest face."

She was sure, when she saw the covert glances that were always wandering in Anice's direction, that the Captain had never ceased his admiration for her. She could not help wondering why Anice had not preferred him in the first place, as she was sure he was very superior to Harry Noble. She saw no evidence that Anice was the least conscious of the Captain's desire to sun himself in her presence. She thought she perceived that Anice feared her company might be repugnant to him, and was inclined to shun him in consequence.

The company arrived at their destination, and Captain Aidenn offered his aid in getting Anice's little folks ashore. Blossom and little Bertha clung to his hands afterwards, and he assumed charge of them for the time they were on shore.

In getting aboard again, the crowd was so dense and jostled and pushed so that it seemed almost dangerous to try to cross the gang-plank. The Captain took the little girls over and left them with Bertha, and started back to assist Anice with Harry.

Just then the boat's whistle sounded shrilly, and the crowd made a rush, and the little frightened child gave a sudden spring aside and slipped from his mother's hand off the narrow passage-way into the water.

Anice screamed, and would have sprung in after him, had not the Captain darted to her side and cried:

"Don't fear! I will save him if possible!" and immediately plunged in after the drowning boy.

The greatest excitement prevailed. Children screamed, mothers shrieked, and even men hallooed "Save him! Save him!" yet not a hand was put forth to do anything until the Captain had brought the child to land, and with almost superhuman struggles had succeeded in climbing up the steep bank to a place of safety.

"Hard place to land, Aidenn!" said the Captain of the steamer. "I would have thrown you a rope if you had waited a moment."

But Hartley Aidenn could not afford to wait for help when the child of her whom he loved was in peril. He did not get his little limp burden to land any too soon, however. Several terrible moments elapsed before the child breathed or showed any signs of life. But faithful work and a clear, wise head that knew just what to do, and lost no time in doing it, gained the battle with Death; and the victor, quiet, though under intense excitement, gave to Anice Noble her rescued child, with such a look of exultation as even she, in her great anxiety, could not fail to see.

She thanked him with a feeling that words were poor things, and, as he sat by her side holding the dripping child, wrapped in a warm shawl, it seemed that the former restraint which had so long existed between them was broken down, and they conversed with some degree of ease and pleasure.

"How different are my feelings from what they were this morning when we went down the river," said Anice. "Then I was so calm and quietly happy, now I am all trembling with gratitude that my baby's life is spared to me, and feel as if I could sing and shout for joy."
"And I," said Captain Aidenn, "am happier

than I have been for years—happy to have done something for you," he added, in a lower tone.

Had he said so significant a thing to Anice in the morning, she would have resented it; now she had no such feeling. She somehow felt that he had earned a right to say what he chose to her. She had felt that he loved her, had known it perfectly well all the while, for she knew he was not the man to change; but she ignored the knowledge, and had seemed in her intercourse with him like a distant acquaintance. She was not now conscious of anything more than an intense gratitude and a feeling of measureless obligation, which might draw upon her resources and find her bankrupt. For this she felt sorry; but her heart was like one scorched—like a wasted prairie, over which the fires had raged and rioted and left no pleasant thing. She had given her most precious trust and love, and received therefor ashes and dust! What was there left for her but to plod on, without the glory and the radiance that youthful imagination had pictured? Life had its work for her, and her chief desire was to do it well. Time was no laggard on her hands. She envied the people who seemed to have enough of it. She could have used all the days up had they been twice as long.

Thus she thought as she sat silently with her little chattering girls at her knee and counted over the things waiting to be done at home.

Captain Aidenn saw that she had grown quieter, subsiding into a thoughtful mood, so he simply sat and devoured her sweet looks with hungry glances, hugged her little sleeping boy to his heart, and waited.

When Anice arrived at home with her little ones, and related the hair-breadth escape to her mother and brother Clifford, who had remained at home on account of slight illness, Clifford was enthusiastic over Captain Aidenn's exploit.

"I wish I had been there to see him! It must have been grand to see a fellow dive right in with his boots and clothes all on! Christopher! I'd like to have tried it myself! And he was the only one there who lifted a finger? If he was in New York, now, the Humane Society would be for granting him a medal. I think they ought to be getting up such a society here, so as to do justice to brave fellows. There's so many plaguey cowards in the world, it's jolly to find a brave one once in a month o' Sundays. Don't you wish we had such a man for a brother-in-law, Kit? Why don't you capture him, Anice? You are about as good-looking as you were when you were young!"

"Why, Cliff, how do you do go on?" said Anice.

"Well, who wouldn't go on? I should think you would, when your only 'son an' heir,' as Mrs. Nimms calls him, has been rescued by a first-class hero? Won't it look fine in the papers! Come to me, you poor little kid you!" continued Cliff, turning to little Harry. "Did you pretty near get shipped to kingdom come?"

"Oh, Cliff, don't talk so! Don't make light of it!" entreated Anice.

"Why, my dearly beloved sister, I was not making light of it. You are as blind as a bat. I thought I was making the most of it," said Cliff.

"Indeed, I think you were doing that, too," said Anice. "You do not seem to have much respect for my feelings."

"By the suffering Judas! I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, Anice. You know I was only joking. Can't a fellow joke?"

"Well," said little Kit, "I don't want Anice to get married any more. I'd rather she would live with us, and I'm glad that Captain Aidenn don't want to marry her."

"How do you know that, you little wise-head?" said Cliff. "You're a precious muff. If he hadn't thought a heap of Anice, I don't believe he would have jumped into the Columbia after little Hal. I'll be shot if I do!"

"Then you do not believe in disinterested benevolence?" asked Anice.

"Not much!" exclaimed Cliff.

(To be continued.)

Kate Field says of Sara Bernhardt: "She is undoubtedly an immoral woman, and I have no apologies to offer for her. It is a pity so strong a woman should be so weak, but a great deal of this hue and cry of her flaunting immorality is all stuff and nonsense. For this reason she should not be admitted into society—word of mystic and uncertain meaning—but neither should three-fourths of the men who are received. Yes, I hear a cry of 'Oh! that's a very different matter—men!' But it can't be a different matter at all—purity it purity and corruption is corruption, whether it exists in men or women. But just as long as women allow it there will be one code of honor for men and another for women, that is, in the eyes of the world—in the eyes of God there is but one code. But people say, 'She is so bold in her immorality—too bold even for Paris.' Well, the woman's boldness challenges the admiration of all fair-minded people—she is bad and she don't pretend to be anything else—at least, she don't add deceit to her other sins. Of how many young men can this be said?"

VALUABLE FOR THE WOMEN TO KNOW.—Professor Kedzie gives the following valuable information: "Cane sugar is two and one-half times as sweet as grape sugar, closely allied to it, and differs so little from it that some persons cannot distinguish it. By cooking, the cane sugar may be changed to grape sugar, and thus lose its sweetening power. Some women put the sugar in with a mass of acid fruit, and keep cooking and adding sugar, while it keeps on growing sourer, until at last they use two and one-half times as much sugar as they need to secure the desired result. The cane sugar had changed to grape sugar. Now, if the sugar had been added after the fruit was cooked, much less would have been required, and the result would have been far more satisfactory."

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON CITY.

(REGULAR CORRESPONDENCE OF THE NEW NORTHWEST.)

WASHINGTON, January 28, 1881.

Washington has never been gayer or brighter than during this Winter. So many men of wealth from other cities have made this their Winter home, that our old rule of having only politicians and their families as our heads of fashion has become obsolete. Some years ago Mrs. Dahlgren was our Mother Grundy, and her book on etiquette dictated our gloves, clothes, dinner manners, etc., as imperiously as the Queen's mandate in Windsor Castle; but now we have an unwritten code of society laws, imported from the best circles of the East by their representatives of bluest blood, which rules us. As a consequence, our fashionable life has in it all that appears in aristocracy's dominion elsewhere, combined with what is peculiar to the National Capital through the exceptional influences given by an executive and the Cabinet. Mr. Hayes's receptions, however, are hardly so well attended as formerly, and the visitor can now secure an entrance into the White House without undergoing that crowd and jam characterizing his receptions at the beginning of his administration. The cause of this evidently lies in the fact that others hold levees on the same evenings, thus drawing away many who would be at the President's, if now, as in the past, etiquette alone gave him the evening.

The Mapieson Opera Troupe lent its fascinations to us this week. After a deal of shrewd advertising, speculators gobbled all the seats and compelled the payment of a large bonus by the vendors wishing to hear a good second-rate performance.

Senators Blaine and Beck have given the country the fullest and clearest presentation of the ocean shipping question ever made in the Senate. Every American who desires the best possible light upon this important National issue should get and read the speeches of these two eminent statesmen. The issue is fairly joined between them, and so ably that intelligent men who do not now understand its bearing upon our National welfare may form a correct judgment by reading the two arguments. Mr. Beck, in one of his rejoinders, spoke of Mr. Blaine as the Premier of the incoming administration, to which no reply was made, thus giving confirmation to what gossip has long asserted as fact, and which we all seemingly must accept as determined.

The Tehuantepec ship railway project of Captain Eads is by no means buried through the action of the House Committee in refusing to guarantee his bonds to the amount of \$50,000,000. The Captain insists he will press his measure until Congress will appreciate its merit and superiority over all other projected schemes for connecting the two oceans. As he is a plucky and persistent fellow, who goes in a fight to win, as is instanced in his securing the endorsement of Congress to his jetties improvements to the Mississippi River, over the croakings of all the Government engineers, we are inclined to believe he will eventually accomplish his aim in this project. If it be practicable, I hope he may, but on this point there is undoubtedly room for the gravest doubt.

DOM PEDRO.

A WOMAN'S DEFENSE OF A FORT.

In his "Sketches of the History of Man," Lord Kames relates an extraordinary instance of presence of mind united with courage. Some Iroquois in the year 1690 attacked the Fort de Vercheres, in Canada, which belonged to the French, and had approached silently, hoping to scale the palisade, when some musket shots forced them to retire. On their advancing a second time they were again repulsed, in wonder and amazement that they could perceive no person, excepting a woman who was seen everywhere. This was Madame de Vercheres, who conducted herself with as much resolution and courage as if supported by a numerous garrison. The idea of storming a place wholly undefended except by women, occasioned the Iroquois to attack the fortress repeatedly; but, after two days' siege, they found it necessary to retire, lest they should be intercepted in their retreat. Two years afterward a party of the same nation so unexpectedly made their appearance before the same fort that a girl of fourteen, the daughter of the proprietor, had but just time to shut the gate. With this young woman there was no person whatever except one soldier. She showed herself sometimes in one place, sometimes in another, frequently changing her dress, in order to give some appearance of a garrison, and always fired opportunely. In short, the faint-hearted Iroquois once more departed without success. Thus the presence of mind of this young girl was the means of saving the fort.

Some individual with an arithmetical turn of mind, says the San Francisco Call, has ciphered out the fact that beer enough is manufactured in the United States to give every man, woman and child one hundred and ten ordinary glasses of beer a year. Beer, like money, is, however, unequally divided. Some consume their fair share in the first month of the year, while others don't drink beer at all. It may be a little hard on the beer drinkers to have to do the work which temperance people, women and children have undone, but as a rule they accept the responsibility cheerfully. The Government makes about \$11,000,000 a year in the way of internal revenue.

A Texas paper speaks of the late "George Eliot" as "a very gifted but very immoral man." To which another paper replies: "Yes, poor old fellow, he had his weakness; but as a pugilist he stood unrivaled. England will not soon forget his celebrated Mill on the Floss."

Envy is a passion so full of cowardice and shame that nobody ever had the confidence to own its possession.