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SONORA HEWITT.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

Claude Montrose, immediately upon arriving at New York, directed his steps to a small boat, plying between that city and Hoboken. Entering it, he was soon safely landed upon the opposite shore. Stepping on land, he looked about cautiously. Perceiving no one whom he recognized, he next proceeded up the shady avenue leading to the Elysian Fields; thence along a by-path leading to the foot of Weehawken Hill. Ascending a short distance, he turned to the left into an obscure and lonely path, which he traversed about a quarter of a mile, when, turning at an abrupt angle, he stopped at the door of a little hut, almost hid by shrubs and trees. Giving two peculiar raps, the voice of a woman squeaked out:

"Come in!" Opening the door, he stood face to face with Lodowski, the "Indian witch," as she was called by the few who had chance to see her in her lonely abode, on account of her disagreeable expression.

"Hut Lodi, how fares my friend? Is he as safe as ever from the limbs of the law?"

"Seek him and you will know. He can speak," and opening a small door, which seemed to be cut through the wall at least two feet from the floor, and which was entirely hid by some odd shawls and garments hanging over it, she admitted Claude into the presence of Norman Burke.

"Ah! my comrade!" exclaimed the latter. "Right glad I am to see you. But I did not expect this pleasure for a month yet. I thought you was on your bridal tour by this time. Ha! ha! To what am I indebted for this very auspicious visit?"

"Simply to the defeat of my intended nuptials with Miss Nicety, who dared to make a fool of me," answered Claude, gritting his teeth with rage.

"A fool of you! How so?"

Relating the circumstance of his disappointment in the summer house, he ended by saying:

"Not that I care about the fair beauty's loss, but the money—how the deuce am I to get along without it?"

"Get along? Pooh! You, a professed gambler, talking thus? Why, just stake a few shiners at the faro table. You're a lucky rascal! Never fear—you'll win! I only wish I dared to poke my nose out; I would set the example," replied Norman. "But how comes on my bride, or rather she that was to be, as it is to be? for, by heavens, I love that girl and mean to have her yet, notwithstanding I have had the honor of being called a rascal and a villain by her family. I guess she will think so in reality before long."

"Oh, she is having a grand time—as happy as a lamb in her freedom. It is all right between her and the parson, and the old folks have given their consent to the deal, so you see, my boy, you have the girl as well as myself."

"Hut! hut! 'Consent to the union,' hey? And pray when is this religious affair to take place?"

"As soon as he becomes settled, I believe. What little information I have I accidentally obtained from my fair innamorata and that specimen of a nig the Hewitts have," replied Claude, in a careless tone.

"Well, certainly I give you credit for planning deviltry, and sincerely hope you may succeed. I shall do my best to help you, for I shall only be too glad to see her haughty pride brought low. She has always scorned me, I know from her very actions, and I should not be surprised if it was through her means that I was cheated so nicely out of my five thousand," answered Claude, as he opened the little door before mentioned leading into Lodi's apartment. Then, pushing it shut, he asked in a subdued tone, "But where am I to drive to after we have obtained the fair lady, for I suppose I am to assume that very responsible office."

"Never mind now. I will tell you more before the time arrives," answered Norman. "Come, let us be off as soon as I pay the old squaw for hiding me so nicely. I have no fear of being detected, even by Hays himself, were he living; so come."

"Well, Lodi, how much do I owe you?" asked Norman, as he and Claude entered the apartment where the old woman sat.

"Owe me? Only thanks. I ask no money. I have enough to carry me back to the distant West. Lodowski asks no more. Let her rest in the forest where the great chiefs live."

"To what tribe do you belong?" asked Norman, a new thought striking him.

"To a tribe of brave and fearless Natchitoches, who live far away towards the setting sun. Louisiana is my home," answered she, eyeing her questioner.

"Louisiana," said Norman, mentally. "That is the place. I should then be safe and out of the way of Catherine de Midei, for she will never return to the land where she so hated Fleetfoot and the scene of her sorrows." Then, turning to Lodi, he said aloud:

"Can I trust you?"

"Have you not already done so?"

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dark till you see me again," and shaking hands, Claude departed, promising to return the next day at an early hour. True to his word, Claude was on hand at the appointed time. Giving the well known raps, he was again admitted to the presence of his accomplice in guilt.

"Well, let me see how I shall look in a wig," said Norman, taking a ferocious-looking red one from the bundle that Claude had placed upon the table. Fitting it upon his head, he exclaimed:

"That certainly makes me look very fascinating. Now for the heavy whiskers to match. There, that is capital! I can travel in safety now if ever I could, for I look so outrageously ugly that the 'old fellow' himself would hardly dare approach me."

Dressing himself in the suit of a sailor, he jauntily placed the tarponin upon his head and pronounced himself ready.

"Not quite," answered Claude, taking a bottle from his pocket containing a dark mixture. "Your delicate hands would betray you. Just let me give them a wash with this," and taking a brush, he soon gave them the appearance of having been long exposed to the sun. "Now you are finished to perfection. Let me see how I shall become the dress of a country curate. The greatest difficulty will be for me to behave myself with a proper decorum and keep my face long enough," and taking another brush, he was soon attired, looking so meek and solemn in his long straight locks and "shad-bellied" coat that Norman gave vent to a hearty laugh.

"Now, then, for particulars," said Norman, seating himself. "First we will start for Bridgeport, where we will engage board at some obscure shanty. There we can be on the lookout for our fair captives, and arrange something to our satisfaction, or better still—I have it now!" exclaimed he, springing from his seat. "I will write a letter telling her to come to the cottage of poor blind Sarah, of whom I have often heard her speak. I will write it in the name of some minister—I can easily ascertain a name—telling her Sarah wishes to see her privately. She is in the compassion of an unsuspecting heart will never imagine evil, and will of course comply with the wish of the Rev. Dr. whom I shall have the honor of personating. Ahem! There is a small portion of thick woods near the cottage. In them we can secrete ourselves and await her coming, which I have no doubt she will do; and if I fail in it, why, no one will be the wiser, and I should only be obliged to plan something else. If all goes on as I hope for, when I see her coming I shall just pop out from my hiding place and gently close her mouth with a sticking plaster, which I shall carry for the occasion. See, Parson, how I have planned it?"

"Exactly, son of Neptune. But how will you get her into the carriage, for I suppose she will be like all other women—kick up a terrible fuss."

"You must have the carriage in readiness at the foot of the lane leading between the Marsh's and the Hewitt's, and keep both ears and eyes wide open. As soon as you see her coming, just hold yourself in readiness to help me. I have not much fear of a scene. She will be frightened nearly to death at this hideous head of mine."

"Well, certainly I give you credit for planning deviltry, and sincerely hope you may succeed. I shall do my best to help you, for I shall only be too glad to see her haughty pride brought low. She has always scorned me, I know from her very actions, and I should not be surprised if it was through her means that I was cheated so nicely out of my five thousand," answered Claude, as he opened the little door before mentioned leading into Lodi's apartment. Then, pushing it shut, he asked in a subdued tone, "But where am I to drive to after we have obtained the fair lady, for I suppose I am to assume that very responsible office."

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"Can I trust you?"

"Have you not already done so?"

Have I betrayed you?" said she, with a scornful look.

"You are right," replied Norman. "I will trust you farther. But remember—if you betray us you will pay the penalty with your life."

"With my life, hey?" said she with a scornful sneer, as she rested her elbows on her knees.

"You see," began Norman, as he seated himself upon an old rickety chair, "I am disguised, not only to escape the officers who are on track of me, but also to enable me to obtain possession of a beautiful young girl, who has promised to become my wife, but whose parents have forbidden it. Now my friend present and myself intend eloping with her, but what to do with her after I get her, to escape the knowledge of those who will no doubt be in pursuit, I do not know. So if you can help me, you shall be well paid, besides receiving my warmest thanks."

"Would you take the pale-face to the land of the red man?" asked Lodi, her face brightening with pleasure.

"Any where that she may be safe in my possession," answered the black-hearted rascal.

"'Tis enough. See that you bring her safe to the cabin of Lodi, and she will conduct her among her tribes, where you can follow."

"Thanks, thanks, Lodi. You shall have gold, plenty of gold, for the tribe, for the pale girl has jewels."

"Bah! I care not for gold; but the heart of Lodi delights in the misery of the pale daughters and bounds at the idea of a captive. She will be called brave if she brings home a white maid."

"Three weeks from to-night you may expect us if all proves successful," replied Norman. "But remember, Lodi, that you must not harm a hair of her head."

Another scornful glance as she replied:

"When Lodi promises you can depend upon her. She wishes not to kill the bird, but to see it flutter."

"Enough. You will see us if all goes well," was the reply, and closing the door behind them, these two wretches were soon on their way to New York once more.

Stopping at a low inn or eating house in the lower part of the city, they waited until the darkness of night should once more enshroud the earth in her sable mantle, when, proceeding at once to the depot, they took the nine o'clock train for Bridgeport. Arriving in safety, they waited till morning made its appearance again, when, directing their steps to the suburbs of the town, they beheld a dilapidated farm house, whose appearance denoted anything else but neatness. Here they had but little difficulty in obtaining board for a week or two.

They had been here nearly three weeks, and the day had at length arrived when they were to carry their diabolical scheme into execution. Sitting down one afternoon, after his return from scrutinizing Sarah's cottage and ascertaining that all remained as formerly, Norman soon wrote and dispatched the note purporting to be from Dr. Mitchell, whose name and pastorship he had before obtained, as well as the knowledge that Sonora occasionally attended his church. Then, telling Claude to be sure and have a carriage at the place of rendezvous, he proceeded to the small copse of trees before mentioned, and awaited in hopeful expectation the result, which was not long in transpiring, though not exactly as he wished it, for, as we already know, she was not alone.

Sonora was obliged to pass through this wood unless she took a circuitous route, which was considerably out of the way. Fearing no danger, and it being some time yet before sunset, she hurried along, with Rissey at her side carrying the basket.

Norman, who stood behind an immense oak, saw her coming, but perceiving Rissey also, for a moment thought his plans frustrated. Waiting until she passed him a few steps, he made a motion to Claude, whom he had stationed at a short distance, leaving the carriage at the foot of the lane, to seize Rissey and prevent her screaming, as that would spoil all.

Stealing along cautiously like some panther through the thick bushes, he suddenly sprang out and seized the frightened Rissey, at the same moment that Norman placed the sticking plaster over the mouth of our heroine, who knowing that earthly help was out of her reach, invariably called upon God for her rescue, while she remained passive in the hands of her unknown captor, for she had not the least suspicion that it was Norman.

She felt more heartfelt agony at the thought of her loved parents' distress, and the frantic resistance of poor Rissey, whose large eyes nearly protruded out of her head, in her mad endeavors to free herself from Claude, who was dragging her along by main force. At last she succeeded in freeing one hand, with which she struck the Frenchman a blow in the face, so infuriating him that he pulled one of her ear-rings from her ear, lacerating the flesh in a terrible manner. The poor creature was by this time so overcome by fright and pain, and finding all her efforts in vain, that she suffered herself to be placed in the

carriage by the side of her young mistress, who was nearly insensible.

Norman, taking a handkerchief from his pocket, held it to his fair captive's nose for a moment. Then, replacing it, he said:

"There! I guess she will be quiet the rest of the way."

Turning to Rissey, who believed in her ignorance that her mistress had been killed by some supernatural power, he said:

"If you dare to open your mouth or try in any way to get away until I send you, I will instantly blow your brains out with this," and he held up a revolver to her excited gaze. "No harm shall happen to you as long as you will behave yourself and keep quiet. Do you hear and understand?"

"Yes sir!" and throwing up her arms to shield herself from sight of the murderous weapon, with a scream of "Oh!" she sank upon the seat where reclined Sonora in a deathlike swoon from the effects of chloroform.

"Now drive to the river as fast as the horses can go," said Norman in a whisper to Claude. "We will engage passage on board the Dart, which sails for New York to-night. I will pass her off as my wife who has been taken suddenly ill, and this nig as my servant. I can easily scare her into obedience, and she will keep her mouth shut."

Mounting the box, Claude did as he was desired, only too glad to get out of a neighborhood which momentarily caused his weak nerves to tremble with fear. Arriving at the wharf, luck seemed to favor their malicious designs, for the Dart was getting up steam, and just ready to sail. Securing a room for his wife and servant, with the help of Claude he carried Sonora in and laid her in one of the berths, when, telling Rissey to set by and watch, and "not to make the least noise if she valued her life, for all on board were under his command, and she would be instantly thrown overboard," he locked the door, and putting the key in his pocket, ascended to the promenade deck to enjoy a half hour in smoking.

"Thank fortune, so far, so good!" exclaimed Claude, taking a seat and throwing his feet over the balustrade of the boat. "If that darkey don't set up a yell, and alarm all hands on the boat, I shall think we are lucky dogs."

"Oh, there is no fear of that. That negro is so superstitious and ignorant that you can frighten her into anything. She is all right. She will not open her mouth after the sight of that pistol. As soon as we arrive at New York, which will be scarcely light, I will bribe some hackman, and drive directly to old Lodi's. Once there and we are safe," was the conclusion of Norman, as he puffed away with as much nonchalance as though he had never committed ought to be ashamed of.

Recipes.

WHITE CAKE.—1 cup of butter, 2 of sugar, 1 of milk, 1/2 of eggs, 1/2 teaspoonful of cream of tartar, 1 do. of soda.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—1 cup of molasses, 1 of sour cream, 2 eggs, salt, ginger, 1 teaspoonful of soda; make it into a thick batter with flour.

POTATOES.—Always add salt to the water while potatoes are boiling; boil moderately, not violently, and let them be only well covered with water.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—Never make buckwheat cakes of buckwheat alone; make one part of corn meal, two of wheat flour, and two of buckwheat. They are then spiced, instead of being flabby.

CRUTTERS.—2 eggs, 2 tablespoonfuls of melted butter, 2 do. of new milk, 4 heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar, 1 teaspoonful of soda, salt, and flour enough to make it easy to roll. Cook in hot lard.

SPONGE ROLL.—That sounds nice, and is said to taste even better.—3 eggs, 1 cup of sugar, 1 of flour, 1/2 teaspoonful of cream of tartar, 1 do. of soda, rubbed carefully through a sieve. Bake in a dripping pan, spread with jelly when warm, and roll.

WASHING.—Housekeepers will find it a great convenience to have two wash-boilers on washing day, one for re-heating the suds, while the other and larger one contains the boiled clothes. It is as handy as plenty of flat-irons on ironing day. Let our readers try it and see.

BREAD-MAKING.—In making always use potatoes or rice corn meal. I do not feel as though I were doing the correct thing if I use only flour, then set in the usual manner. The most prejudiced person cannot detect by the taste any corn in the bread, but there is an increased sweetness, and it keeps moist much longer. Of course, the best corn meal must be used, not that rank chick-en-feed kind. Besides the improvement in the bread the flour barrel holds out much longer and health is promoted. I put about one part of corn to three parts of flour when setting the sponge.

The Chinese doctors in San Francisco ship strange medicines home sometimes, and the practice of medicine in the Celestial Empire admits of queer doses. Among recent shipments, the custom house officer found a coiled snake about four feet long, fanged, and with hideous head scales like a crest. How these animals are taken by patients of Chinese doctors is unknown. One would be a fair dose, if disguised in a coating of sugar. They may be taken in sections, three times a day, as they are desiccated, or they may be boiled down or pulverized, and taken in powders or rolled into pills. Lizards are in nearly as great demand as the snakes. These, also, are dried, and sent over in packages, together with hundreds of other loathsome things, all of which are consigned to the Chinese physicians, and used by them in their practice.

A Fearful Ride.

It was near the close of a beautiful summer day, when two boys might have been seen making their way towards a beautiful garden, in which another boy, about the age of fourteen, was engaged in hoeing cabbages. His name was Frank Hardy, and he was a good and industrious boy, but easily led astray.

An older one of the two boys, who were approaching the garden, was named George Forest, and the younger one was named William Lewis.

"I don't believe he will go," said George Forest to his companion, as they neared the garden.

"We will try him, anyhow," said the other.

As they approached him, Frank raised his head, and saw his two companions standing before him.

"How are you, boys?" said he, as they approached him. "Where are you going?"

"We are going down to the depot to see that new engine which came up yesterday; it is going off about sundown and we want you to go down with us to look at it."

"I cannot," said Frank, "for the last words which my father said were that I should not go away from the house till he and the family came back, and that will not be till after dark."

"Oh! we will be back by that time," said George, as he gave his companion a knowing wink, "and your father will see how you have been away from the house."

"Yet that would be disobeying him and I would not dare to do that," returned Frank.

"It would not be disobeying him," said William Lewis, "for if he were here I am sure he would let you go."

After a great deal of entreaty and coaxing, the two boys persuaded Frank to go down for a little while and look at the new engine, which had created such a sensation.

When the boys came to the depot they were very much surprised, for the engine was not only there, but a fire was also made in her furnace, and a train of cars was attached to it, ready for starting. The boys looked around, but not a soul was in sight.

"Let us get in and examine her," said the oldest of the two boys.

"No, no," said Frank, "we must not, for we might break some of the machinery."

"Nonsense," said George, "we need not touch anything," and, as if with one accord, they all entered the engine, and began to examine the machinery.

"What is this?" said William, snatching hold of the throttle valve.

"Don't do that," said Frank; but it was too late—the engine gave a puff, and a snort, and was off in a second.

"Let us jump off," said George, and, snatching the axon to the word, he jumped off, followed by William; but it was too late—the engine gave a puff, and a snort, and was off in a second.

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Woman's Opportunity.

It is evident to all who are studying the political features of this campaign that the tide of pure Republicans is gradually but surely ebbing away and drying up. We believe that November will see the last not only of Democracy, but of Liberal Republicans, or at least as applied to the class of politicians now hearing that name. The suicides of Cincinnati and Baltimore will prove successful, ending in ignominious political death.

Where are the original leaders of the movement calculated to divide the Republican party? Charles Sumner, who gave to it all the foundation of sincerity and moral worth it ever possessed, in disgust and despair at the result of disapproval and dishonor, has retired to Europe, to escape the near view of the defeat of the party he championed.

And what of the god-father of the Liberal party—the brilliant, enthusiastic revolutionist—Carl Schurz? A more discouraged and disheartened man does not tread this continent. The monument which was to have placed him on a pedestal of fame and covered him from head to foot with glory, has instead, branded him a political Ishmael, separated him from his followers, and banished him forever from entering in upon the respect and prominence his brilliancy had well nigh won.

We hardly need turn to find Trumbull, Tipton, Fenton, and the few others in the same ranks. They are dead and buried, and their ludicrous and overweening ambition will be their only monument. On this Thomas Nast shall chide, in his inimitable style, the story of their early promise and their untimely end.

The newspapers which joined so enthusiastically in the cry of "Anything to beat Grant," have paled and faded since the repeated successes of the Republican party have proved to them how difficult it is to find "anything to beat Grant." Everywhere Greeley's stock is at a discount, and the star of the Republican party is in the ascendant.

Now is the time when woman's voice may turn the scale decidedly and unalterably in favor of the Republican candidates. Perhaps her endeavors might be little regarded unless she were struggling against the party of success; but it needs but little to insure the defeat of the mongrel party who are already on the high road to ruin and oblivion.

The Pennsylvania election will tell strongly in one direction or the other, and there must woman's best present exertions be centered. This work is already begun by the speech of Mrs. Livermore in the Republican "wigwag" at Philadelphia a few evenings ago. This will doubtless be followed by addresses from other ladies, who have studied well the issues of to-day, and whose logic is as unanswerable as that of our best speakers of the stronger sex.

Never has woman had so fair a chance, and so much encouragement to prove her power and fitness for the duties of citizenship, as in this campaign. Let her see to it that the opportunity is not thrown away.—Woman's Campaign.

Ventilation.

Opportunity for the ingress of pure air and the egress of that which is impure, is absolutely requisite for the construction of every house. Previous to the introduction of stoves as warming apparatus for houses, those were moderately well ventilated by the open grates and fireplaces which they contained. The pure air, because cold, rushes down the chimney, and becoming warm by passing the fire, spread through the house, giving life to its inmates.

Through the same opening the impure air, being lighter, ascended, and this constant renewal was had. In those days ventilation was not studied, because no additional means were needed for it. Necessity being the mother of invention, where no necessity existed, means were not studied, because additional means for it were not needed. Hence, in those days ventilation was not studied; and yet men and especially women, maintained a degree of health and vigor and hardness of constitution, which are both the marvel and envy of modern times. Grandmother's vigor and personal endowments are still the desired but despised of prize, of modern ambition.

Wherein consists the remarkable change since then? Whence the dyspepsias, nervous derangements, female weakness, consumptions, etc., of our time? Through the closing of fireplaces by the invention of stoves. By this change in household arrangements the inmates of our houses have been largely deprived of a life-giving oxygen, the vital air of the atmosphere. Even though we draw, every lamp that burns, every fire that warms us, consumes this air in large quantities; and if it is not replenished by constant ingress from the stores of nature, we must grow dull, weak, pale, inert and finally succumb to disease and death. And yearly, millions go down to untimely graves, and the groans of the dying are constantly heard, as the result of want of ventilation. It has taken a long time for us to learn this fact; and even now it is imperfectly understood. Men who argue for ventilation are considered as fanatics, and the idea remains new-fangled to many.

Houses, then, should be properly ventilated. If no other means have been provided, every window should be arranged with pulleys and fastenings, so as to be readily lowered from the top and raised from the bottom. An opening is necessary, part of the time at least, in all weathers, if the room is inhabited. There must be a constant change of air, and this cannot be effected through closed windows or impervious doors.—Science of Health.

As Mr. Beecher was standing in front of the Twin Mountain House the other day, dressed in anything but ministerial style, a dandy-like gentleman drove up and asked if he would take his horses to the stable. Beecher replied that he would, and politely helped the ladies from the carriage, took the proffered twenty-five cents, and drove to the stable. The story was soon in everybody's mouth, and it is unnecessary to say that the gentleman left that night.

"Who says angels must all be young and splendid? Will there not be some comforting ones, shabby and tender, whose radiance does not dazzle nor bewilder; whose faces are worn, perhaps, while their stars shine with a tender, tremulous light, more soothing to our aching, earth-bound hearts than the glorious radiance of brighter spirits?"

Alive to all Live Issues, and Thoroughly Radical in Opposing and Exposing the Wrong 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.

Fallen.

Among the prisoners taken before Justice Dowling, of the Tombs Police Court, a day or two since, was a beautiful young girl, with eyes as black as midnight and bright as twin stars in frosty weather. She was tastefully attired in a dark lavender silk dress, over which she wore a broche shawl, with a white ground, and from her ears hung two artfully shaped bands of gold. There was something about her stature, a look of refinement and