

FACT, FATE AND FANCY;

More Ways of Living than Bar.

By Mrs. A. J. DUNFAY.

CHAPTER VI.

After Captain Emerson had relieved his mind by indirectly calling his wife a silly woman, and thereby making her, though all unknown to himself, as miserable as possible, he proceeded to finish his breakfast in silence.

"My father, Mr. Snowden; Mr. Snowden, my father," said Grace, her heart fairly in her throat, and her face literally ablaze with confusion.

"The Captain bowed, coldly.

"Nice day," said Alonzo.

"Who the dickens said it wasn't?" blurted the Captain.

The courage of the youthful swain forsook him utterly. He clanged from red to pale and pale to red by turns, but could not, for the life of him, think of anything to say in reply.

"You seem to have vastly improved in your manners since you have been an honored inmate of the Oregon legislature," she said, sardonically.

"Do you want anything of me?" asked the Captain, turning to Alonzo, and not deigning to notice Grace's retort.

"Captain Emerson was in the habit of coming off second best in his encounters with Grace, and usually beat a retreat or surrendered at discretion, so this retreat was nothing new.

"I want your daughter," faltered the young man, in low, tremulous tones.

"And what if I say you can't have her?"

"I'll take her anyhow."

The words were no sooner out of Alonzo's mouth than he felt, as he afterward classically expressed to a city clown, that he had "put his foot in it."

"Could you support a wife, young man?"

This abrupt question quite startled our hero. It awakened contingencies which he had not before considered. Indeed, he was only in search of a wife because he needed money. But the situation was desperate. He was in a sore strait for a pecuniary lift, and he must have the girl and the acres, or drive his father into bankruptcy and possibly place his own future liberty in peril; for he knew there were men who would not scruple to send him to the penitentiary for certain irregularities in financial transactions, should they take it in their heads to do so.

"My father is wealthy, Captain Emerson, and I am the only son."

"Any daughters?"

"Yes."

"How many?"

"Five."

"Provided for?"

"In what way?"

"Are they married?"

"No, sir."

"Do you consider yourself the only heir?"

"I am, or shall be, the principal heir, sir."

"How do you know that?"

"Did I not say that I was the only son?"

"What can you do?"

"Sir?"

"What is your profession?"

"I am a speculator."

"In what?"

"Had Alonzo spoken the first word that came uppermost in his mind, he would have truly answered:

"Matrimony."

But he was too quick-witted, and the interests he had at stake were too vital to admit his speaking the truth.

"My father and I are grain dealers, and money and real estate brokers, sir."

"Are you in partnership with the old man?"

"I am, sir."

"Then I will write to him. Marriage is too serious a matter to be trifled with. Grace has been brought up by her mother with great expectations. She will never be happy as a poor man's wife."

"I could be happy anywhere with Alonzo, father," said the girl, earnestly.

"And that's all you know about it, you simpleton. When poverty comes in at the door, the hottest and maddest love-flies quickly out at the window."

"May I have her? Please say yes, or no," pleaded the suitor.

"No."

"Is this decision final, Captain Emerson?"

"I'll tell you after I've corresponded with the old man."

"Then I am yet on probation?"

"Confound it, yes!"

"Well, I suppose I must accept the situation, since I can't help myself. But pray, how long will it be before I can know my fate? Every hour will be an age till I do know."

"Then you'll be quite an antiquarian

The New Northwest.

FREE SPEECH, FREE PRESS, FREE PEOPLE.

VOLUME VIII.

PORTLAND, OREGON, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1878.

NUMBER 8.

by the time the matter is settled, for 'twill be a week or two before I know myself."

"In the meantime, may I visit Grace?"

"No."

"Oh, father!" pleaded Grace, "you surely will not be so cruel!"

"When? You're badly smitten, I must say!" exclaimed the Captain, in a contemptuous tone. "Take care that you don't get so tired of your adorable spouse before you've done with him that you'd gladly call in the aid of a thousand fathers, if you only had 'em, so that they might kick him out."

"We'll wait, darling, seeing we must," said the swain, in a whisper. Then, in a tone that was intentionally loud enough for the Captain to overhear, though it was yet in a whisper, he added, "I could not think of leading you to disobey your father. He's a grand old gentleman, and I love him dearly already."

"Any further commands?" asked the Captain, bluntly.

"No, sir."

"Then you'd better be off. I have a host of things to attend to on the place between this and Monday. This amenable legislature business breaks into a man's plans fearfully. There's no pay in it, to speak of, and, since almost any fool can be a legislator, there's precious little glory."

"It's an honor you were never known to reject, nevertheless," said Grace, with a laugh.

The Captain wisely pretended not to hear, and Alonzo thought it best to change the subject.

"I will go into the house and tell our dear mother good-bye, and then I'll tear myself away from your sweet presence, and try to learn patience while I am awaiting my destiny," he exclaimed, with a melo-dramatic air that, to a disinterested party, would have been ludicrous in the extreme.

With this he left the father and daughter and proceeded to the kitchen, where he arrived just in time to relieve Mrs. Emerson of one of the heavy pails of buttermilk, with which she was staggering toward the distant pig-pen.

"I'm astonished at you, Grace," said the Captain, sternly.

"Why, father?"

"Because, you've fallen in love with an effete pincushion who isn't worth a nigger's breakfast."

"Why, father, he's wealthy."

"The dickens."

"His folks live in grand style."

"On other folks' money."

"How do you know that?"

"By general report."

"Father, he's handsome and intelligent and good, and I love him."

"Handsome be damned! And, as for intelligence, he doesn't know but the moon is made of green cheese."

"Oh, father! you entirely misjudge him. He is so wise that I feel like a fool in his presence. I only wonder that he ever condescended to choose a country girl like me for his wife. You ought to hear him converse about the moon. You would soon see that he knows more about it than you do."

"The child is moon-struck, by Jehosophat!" exclaimed the Captain, as he entered the unpretentious dwelling with her and sought the company of Lillie and John.

"Allow me," said the Captain, bluntly, "to introduce my son-in-law and your new brother, Mr. John Anders, Mrs. Grace. How'd ye do, Lillie? I congratulate you with all my heart."

"That's more than father has done for me," responded Grace.

"Because, that young upstart you've been making love to is nothing but an adventurer," replied her father, gruffly.

Grace and Lillie each turned unconsciously red in the face. John looked modestly triumphant.

"I think Mr. Snowden is perfectly splendid!" exclaimed Lillie, "and I certainly congratulate Grace. She ought to be the happiest girl alive."

A sudden pang shot through the heart of Lillie's affianced. Was it jealousy? And yet, what cause had he for being jealous?

"There's no accounting for taste," said John, dryly. "For my part, I cannot endure the fellow, with his city airs and upstart impudence."

Clearly John Anders had blundered. There is nothing a sensible woman more dislikes in any man than petulant criticisms of his possible rival.

"Mr. Anders," said Lillie, "do you realize what you are saying?"

"I do."

"And I do not appreciate it, I assure you."

"Very well."

"I would have you know," interrupted Grace, "that Mr. Snowden is my affianced husband. I have promised to marry him, and all the gates of hell shall not prevail against us."

"These?" ejaculated the Captain.

"Look!" said Lillie. "Mr. Snowden is busy, even now, lightening the burdens of my overtaxed and faithful mother. You may depend upon it, his wife will never have to feed the pigs."

"I'll lose my guess if she ever has any pigs to feed," was the Captain's apt reply.

"I don't expect to," said Grace. "We are to live in the city, and have an elegant home with an observatory and a telescope, and all the beautiful and

artistic surroundings that my woman soul is craving."

"And John and Lillie are to have a farm-house on a hill, with a river hard by, and a ferry-boat, and plenty of stock and fruit, and barns bursting with plenty. The difference between your lot and theirs is, that yours will be imaginary and theirs will be real."

While this conversation was going on, Mr. Snowden and Mrs. Emerson were leaning against the walls of the pig-pen, watching the rapid disappearance of the buttermilk from the trough, and talking to each other in honeyed words.

"I didn't think this mornin' that I could ever hear you in my sight," Lillie, 'cause I 'peared to me that you was stuck up, like, and didn't amount to much, no way. But, I declare, my old heart warms to you just like you was my own dear baby. You'll make Grace a lovin' and tender husband, and that's the main thing. It don't become me to complain agin my husband, Grace's pap, but I declare to you that I've sometimes thought I'd die for love, and I never git it. You'd think there wasn't any sentiment in my fat form and dowdy make-up, but there's a spirit in me, Lonz, and you have stirred it."

"But, mother mine, suppose the Captain will not give his consent to our union, what then?"

"I'll stand by you anyhow."

"But, you see, there are some important business interests to be looked after. I don't want to be considered mercenary, mother dear. I am sure you cannot look at me and imagine that a selfish thought stirs this bosom. But my father, who is wealthy, is, like all rich men, somewhat avaricious, and will he disinheric me if I do not bring a patrimony to my estate with my wife."

"I have up'ards of three hundred acres in my own right, dearie. If pap throws off on you, and Grace and takes sides with Lill and John, you may count on me."

"God bless you! God bless you! You're the dearest mother that ever blessed a suitor."

Mrs. Emerson smiled and blushed through her tears.

"Maybe I've a little happiness in store for me in the days to come," she said, falteringly.

"When everything is arranged you shall live with us, mother mine. I'll build a handsome villa on the rise yonder."

"That part of the land belongs to pap," interrupted the honest mother.

"Then, where do your acres lie?"

"Over the hill, sonny. It's mighty good land, and when the brush is slashed and burnt it will make splendid sheep pasture."

Upon the whole, the matrimonial prospects of the city beau were not so flattering as a really ambitious suitor could desire, but they were the best at his command.

"I'll go now, mother. Please tell my darling Grace good-bye for me, and say I would have returned to the house to deliver my message in person, only I cannot endure that bigoted son, John Anders, and the Captain does not seem disposed to favor my suit."

"Very well, Lonz. How soon may we see you again?"

"Next week. I will come next Saturday, while the Captain is away, and stay with you over Sunday."

"Lonz, me go with you to the barn, Lillie. I'll stay with you while you saddle your horse."

"Ah! I shall be delighted. Who but Grace's mother would have thought of such a delicate act of kindness?"

Again Mrs. Emerson blushed. For the first time in a dozen years she felt ashamed of her dowdy appearance.

With only a little stimulus to her pride and self-respect, she would have always so arrayed herself that she would not have been ill looking. There is always something sadly out of joint in the life of a woman who is willing to become a dowdy and a drudge.

Mrs. Emerson stood by the barn-yard gate and waited till Alonzo led his horse from the stable, and when he was ready to mount, and had grasped her hand and kissed her square upon the mouth, a thrill of rapture akin to that experienced in receiving the first love kiss of her own betrothal, filled her nerves with an electric sensation as delicious as it was overpowering.

"Now, another kiss for Grace," he whispered, and, after sulking the action to the word, he vaulted into his saddle and rode away, taking care to thoroughly wipe his mouth as soon as he was over the hill.

"It was a bitter pill, but, then, it was sugared over by future prospects," he said, half audibly, as he returned his scented handkerchiefs to his pocket and laughed long and loudly.

"Grace, I want you," said Mrs. Emerson, when she again reached the kitchen to begin anew her daily wrestling with pots and dishes.

Grace gladly left the trio in the sitting-room to themselves.

"What's the matter, mother?"

"Lonz's gone, dearie."

"Without saying good-bye?"

"He sent you—this—kiss—my—child," sulking the action to the word.

"But why didn't he come in?"

"Your pap doesn't like him, and he can't bear John, so he told me to say his good-bye for him. He's comin' back next week."

"Mother, don't you think he's splendid?"

"Indeed I do, child. And yet, it seems to me as if there might be something wrong. Last night I dreamed I saw you wadin' in muddy water, and all at once you sunk in the mud plain to your neck, and it seemed that when you cried for help there was a great black wall between you and me, and I couldn't reach you, though I tried ever so hard. And then, I've been dreamin' lately of carryin' a child in my arms, and it was awful heavy, and I couldn't get shet of it no way."

"Nonsense, mother! You're always babbling logics. There's nothing in dreams but superstition and fancy. I thought very differently of life twenty-four hours ago from what I think of it now. I never believed that I'd marry a city man and lead a cultured life, though I've always longed for it. And here I am, with happiness coming without the asking, and when I least expected it. But the governor's going to act the scamp about it. I know, by the way he's siding in with John and Lill, that he's determined to hinder our marriage, and break it up, if he can."

"Never fear, child. Your mother will stand by you. Let your father take sides with the rest of 'em if he likes."

"Mother! come here! We want you!" called Captain Emerson from the sitting-room.

Mrs. Emerson never thought of disobeying her husband's order for any sort of servitude, and she supposed that he was now demanding her presence because of personal caprice or desire.

"Peel the taters, Grace, and git dinner-a-goin'." I'll be back after a little," she said, as, wiping her perspiring face with her sloppy apron, she proceeded to answer the summons.

"How soon can you get ready for this precious pair of fools to be married?" asked her husband, bluntly.

"As soon as the arrangements are made for the double wedding, I s'pose," replied the mother, bursting into tears.

"Then you'll consent to accept me as a son-in-law?" asked John Anders, with a start of surprise.

"I reckon I'll have to, seein' I can't help myself," was the unassuming reply.

"Where is that other scallawag?"

"The one that's after Grace?" inquired the Captain. "If the girls are going to the dogs, the quicker the agony's over the better for all of us."

"You hurt his feelin's a while ago, and he's gone," replied Mrs. Emerson.

"I hope he'll meet a rabbit and get scared to death before he ever gets back," exclaimed the Captain.

"Why is it that they all dislike Alonzo except Grace and me?" thought Lillie. "I'd give my two eyes gladly if he had never seen my sister, for then he would have loved me."

[To be continued.]

Beauty and the Beast.

Lavinia S. Goodwin, writing from the Paris Exhibition to Woman's World, thus describes a certain piece of sculpture in the Art Department:

In the gallery devoted to the Prince of Wales Loan Collection is a piece of sculpture which I can never pass without a look. Besides being good artistically, it amuses me by what it suggests.

A majestic king of beasts is in the act of devouring a slain wild boar. Behind, a pair of horns attached to a portion of the head of an ox, tell how well he dined yesterday. Here his lioness, hungry and humble, almost creeping on her belly, ventures up by his side, but before she can touch one savory morsel, the male half turns, with a leg of the pig between his jaws, and sets his left fore-paw plump against her forehead to push her back—we may well believe with a snarl and how dare you! It is so supremely illustrated that I thought of suggesting to you to recommend certain American legislators who plant themselves on the head of every effort in behalf of women to organize and purchase the piece and exhibit it through the country in demonstration of how decidedly Nature opposes the equality of the sexes, and how clearly he remains right. The literal counterpart of the woman sitting aloof with her appetite until her lord and master has satisfied his, then meekly taking something or nothing, according to circumstances, as seen among our Indian tribes, and universally among people living nearest a state of nature, has as truly its figurative exemplification in the feeling and practice of man toward women among the most highly civilized, and in all matters relating to money and influence.

Shall woman be the mother of man, the educator, the hope, the divinest gift, and he still hesitate to crown her in all things great and noble with the rights as royal as his own? Do not believe it. Man's mind, though less intuitive, must recognize the truth at last. Drop drop wears the solid rock. Let every woman in her own sphere add her woman's words to ours, in the thousand and one suggestive ways wherein gentle fact achieves its purpose, and the glances of nobler lives and lovelier homes for all humanity is not far distant.—Woman's World.

A peasant woman working in a field near Michalshoy, Galicia, dug up a crown and other objects, all of gold. Archeologists believe them to have belonged to the treasures of Cyrus, who died during the campaign against the Massagetes, 529 years B.C. The weight of the objects give them an intrinsic value of \$50,000.

Passionate persons are like men who stand on their heads; they see all things the wrong way.

The man who patronizes a second-hand clothing store is never troubled with fits.

OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER NUMBER NINE.

GERMAN WATERING-PLACES.

Wiesbaden is one of the oldest watering-places in Europe, for it was known to the Romans, and Pliny speaks of its hot baths. It is now a city of 40,000 permanent residents, and some 60,000 visitors and invalids are here annually. It is pleasantly situated on high ground a few miles back from the Rhine, and surrounded by well-cultivated, rolling land. A view from any elevation in the city shows a country which reminds an American of the better parts of New England. The city consists of an old and new part—the old with narrow, crooked streets and all the peculiarities of venerable continental cities, the new, which is built around the old, has wide, straight streets, and fine shops and residences. The most important boiling spring of the several within the city is connected with one of the avenues by a long, curved walk.

The water of this spring, of which chloride of sodium, common salt, is the chief ingredient, comes to the surface with a temperature of 156° Fahr., and is carried to various bathing-houses in the vicinity. The waters are particularly beneficial in cases of rheumatism and gout, and the great number of invalids being wheeled around in rolling chairs is a sad contrast to the otherwise pleasure-seeking appearance of the visitors. If you wish a drink of good Wiesbaden mineral water, you can have it at home by taking a glass filled with hot water, and putting in it a teaspoonful of salt, and a piece of kitchen soap about the size of a pea. After it is thoroughly mixed, sit under the shade and struggle with it until you get it down, if you can, and you will have a pretty good idea of the taste of the water.

The chief attraction, however, of a German watering-place is the Cursaal, which, in general, is a fine large building containing a concert-hall, a ball-room, a reading-room, refreshment-rooms, and other apartments for the convenience of visitors. In the Cursaal were the great gambling establishments in the times when gambling was carried on publicly, and on a grand scale.

During the season at a continental watering-place, music is always furnished from one to four times a day. These bands, which are the finest in Europe, are engaged by the season, and paid by the city. Sometimes a tax is levied on every one who passes through the place, as at Interlaken, but generally a small admittance fee is required. Those who remain for any length of time purchase at a very reasonable price the privileges of the place, including the use of hot spring water and admittance to the concerts. These concerts are in the open air when the weather is favorable, at other times the concert-hall of the Cursaal.

In front of the Cursaal in Wiesbaden is a beautiful garden, lying between two long colonades, in which are a large number of small shops for the sale of jewelry and mementoes. Back of the Cursaal is a small open space nearly covered with chairs, which is a favorite lounging-place, and where the open air concerts are given. This is along one side of a little lake, beyond which is a park beautifully laid out in walks and drives. The reader can scarcely conceive anything more delightful than these open air concerts in pleasant summer evenings. He must be utterly without romance who cannot enjoy an hour in the moonlight in the seat under the great tree on the island, listening to the soft strains of exquisite music from the opposite side of the lake.

Life at Wiesbaden consists in drinking the water at from five to eight o'clock in the morning, lounging and smoking until dinner, driving until dusk, and attending the concert in the evening. There are many pleasant excursions in the neighborhood, by walking or riding for those who are more actively disposed. There are few of those immense hotels which are the peculiar misfortune of our American watering-places, but every where are the "apartments," in which one can live with all the comfort and quiet of home. While undoubtedly society has claims on people here, it does not seem if these were as exacting as with us. In brief, it seems as if the people go to Wiesbaden more for good solid comfort than display. Americans are beginning to realize that the less ostentatious way of spending the summer is the better, and our smaller places among the mountains and by the seaside are rapidly filling up with a class of people who appreciate comfort and will have it.

Wiesbaden counts among its attractions a small array of the nobility, headed by the Emperor William and the royal family, and grading down to the innumerable minor nobles of the countless small provinces which are now amalgamated into the German empire. There are here in such numbers that you can hardly draw a bow at a distance without hitting one. Amusements of all kinds are kept up on Sabbath the same as on week days, and one Sabbath we noticed a large circus in full blast near our hotel.

On the route to Baden-Baden we pass through Frankfort-on-the-Maine, which we give only a brief visit. It is an interesting city, presenting entirely dif-

ferent phases in the old and new parts. The new part is particularly fine, and the Jews' quarter of the old part is a great curiosity. We pass the Hotel de Swan, where Bismarck and Thiers signed the treaty at the conclusion of the Franco-German war, the house with projecting stories on the corner of the street in which Martin Luther lived for a short time, the small plain house in which Goethe was born in 1749, the Jewish Synagogue, said to be the richest Jewish congregation in the world, two open squares, one containing a fine monument of Gutenberg, the father of printing, the other of Goethe, the poet, the horse or money market, and numerous cathedrals and public buildings. One of the most interesting parts of Frankfort, is the old Jewish quarter, which has curious wood-houses many stories high. One of the most distinguished of these is pointed out as the residence of the father of the celebrated Rothschild family.

Until 1808 this Jews' street was closed and locked every night, and during holidays, and no Jew was permitted to appear in the city under penalty of a heavy fine.

Baden-Baden, which dates as early an origin as Wiesbaden, is one of the most popular watering-places in Europe, and has no rival in Germany except Wiesbaden. It is most delightfully situated on the little river Oos, just in the edge of the Black Forest, in the midst of well-wooded hills, which only a short distance from the city rise into mountains. The general characteristics of the city are the same as those of Wiesbaden.

The chemical ingredients of the boiling springs, and the complaints for which the water is considered beneficial, are nearly the same as have already been mentioned. Baden has its beautiful parks, music, its Bazar and its Conversationshaus or Cursaal, which is much finer than the one at Wiesbaden. This was built and fitted up by the lessee of the gambling privilege, and in this building were the gaming tables which were once so famous all over Europe. In 1872 public gambling was prohibited throughout Germany, and since then this beautiful building, with its great rooms so gorgeously fitted up, is used as a music hall and place for public entertainments. Baden also has a fine theater near the Cursaal, and on the other side of it a Trinkhall, where the water from all its springs is collected. This has a broad, open portico, with large Corinthian pillars, and on large panels over the windows back of the pillars are fourteen fine paintings of large size, picturing some of those local legends with which nearly every German village abounds. Baden, from its proximity to the Black Forest, which was supposed to be inhabited by all kinds of enchanters and spirits, is particularly rich in such legends. For a long distance through the city, the Oos flows in an artificially-made stone-covered channel, the center, where the water is confined most of the time, being a gutter less than two feet wide and not more than six inches deep.

The park which extends a long way up the stream, is kept in perfect order, but some how our enjoyment of it received a chill, when one morning while taking an early walk we found as many as thirty old and middle-aged women, bareheaded, sweeping the carriage ways and wheeling the dirt away in large barrows. Baden is certainly a beautiful place, and must be a delightful summer residence for a wealthy German. For a few days at least during the season, in common with three or four other summer resorts, Baden basks in the sunlight of imperial favor, and numbers the Emperor William among her honorable guests. The round of amusements is much the same as at Wiesbaden and other resorts. Much of the glory of Baden departed with the closing of the gambling establishment, and the citizens think with yearning unutterable of the good times now gone when the gold so recklessly poured out at the gaming table flowed in a rich stream through the shops and boarding-houses of the city.

A drive of an hour all the way up hill brings us