The New Northwest.

FRIDAY.....SEPTEMBER 1, 1871.

WE, THE PEOPLE.

ANONYMOUS.

We, the People! is a phrase declared
In laws and by-laws that govern
The million. Who are the people?
Is Heaven kind to man alone, that
He should represent the People?
Force first made conquest;
Zeal, then, not charity,
Has been our guide.
Are we not of the people one
Or is it the Divine decree
That man alone should be made free?
Where, alas! is charity?
Woman's sphere I cannot find—
'Tis in the regimen of mind—
In joy and gladness, noise and strife—
In all that appertains to life—
Is woman's sphere.
In fields of literature and art,
She ne'er has failed to take her part,
In all life's avenues 'tis not uncommon
To find the kindly care of woman.
In exalted stations,
All bright with gems of light;
In the humble cottage
With scarce the widow's mite;
In dungeons dark and dreary:
In the prison's gloomy cell,
Where ignorance hath cast her—
All this we know full well.
"We, the People" should not be said
Till men by truth alone are led,
Half the people, this I claim,
Have now no power, voice or aim.
With attributes that God designed
To soothe and cheer and bless our kind—
Half of all that's good and great
Have yet no voice in Church or State.

JUDITH REID;

A Plain Story of a Plain Woman.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by Mrs. A. J. Duniway, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington City.]

CHAPTER XVIII.

Passing over such events as usually occur in the lives of travelers by the ocean route to the Atlantic States—events which, while they were of great interest to myself and children, would fail to arrest the attention of the general reader—I desire now to bring my friends who have pursued me thus far in my history once more to the village of Langdon, the home of Dr. Armstrong and the place where my modicum of education had been received under his fostering care.

My last visit to that place had been made on that awful night when William Snyder had become, as I in sober truth believed, my own dear husband before God and man. My feelings as I neared the village may be imagined; it is useless to attempt to describe them. Village, did I say? Fifty thousand inhabitants had built a flourishing city, in which I could not recall a single vestige of its former rural scenes. Even the name of Langdon had vanished before the progress of improvement.

Great arteries of railroad lines converged at a huge and massive pile of buildings, and wound their curving lengths across the blooming plain, while panting iron horses came cavorting over the grades, some heading for the massive depot buildings, and others waking wild, wierd echoes in the dreamy distance, bounded by blue lines of clear-limned groves.

From the stately steamer where we rode at ease upon the busy river I could see all this, and with my anxious children gathered around me I related tales of auld lang syne.

Nearing the wharf we saw a bowed and shrunken, blear-eyed man, whose trembling limbs and blooming nose betrayed the fell work of the demon intemperance, and whose sallow face and hollow eyes told well the story that tobacco was his unrelenting master. Why I noticed him in the din and bustle I could not imagine; but look as I would for other objects of interest, nothing could I see but the shrunken form of the abject and ragged inebriate.

Gracefully the steamer slid into her proper niches in the dock; crowds of hotel runners performed their usual ridiculous bellowing farce; locomotives sent forth their warning shrieks from brazen-throated lungs; signal whistles from other steamers answered to our own, and amid the strange confusion we were ushered out into a waiting cab, and orders being given by the doctor, we were soon whirling away toward his elegant home, upon a gentle eminence, where taste and beauty reigned sole master of the pleasant situation.

Again I saw the bent and trembling form of the ragged inebriate who a few moments before had so deeply interested me.

"Doctor, see!" I exclaimed. "Can you tell me anything of that man's history?"

"I should rather say so!" was the quick reply. "That is your sister Sarah's husband;" and signalling the driver to stop we reined up alongside the poor, miserable wreck of his early manhood, the man who had promised to love, cherish and protect the sister of my saddened childhood, the beautiful and blooming girl whom my dear mother had always contemplated with such peace and satisfaction, while I, the fiery sister, had been the source of her constant solicitude.

"Hallos, Harry!" was the doctor's hearty greeting.

A general introduction was next in order, and my brother-in-law, in answer to Dr. Armstrong's hearty invitation, took a seat with us in the vehicle, and we all drove up together to the doctor's luxurious home.

Mrs. Armstrong was absent on a visit to the South, but the house was well presided over by a matronly and pleasant woman, the doctor's daughter, whom I vividly remembered as the cross and heavy baby whom I had nursed in my old-time three years' residence at the doctor's once frugally appointed house.

My brother-in-law came tottering feebly up the marble steps. Garrulous he grew and troublesome. My children shrank back aghast from his advances, but for my poor sister's sake I tried hard to be agreeable. Seeing our discomfiture, Dr. Armstrong proposed to engage a cab and send the babbling intruder home. I resolved to accompany him; and leaving my children with my excellent friends, I drove with my disgusting relative to the home of my sister, some seven miles away.

"How many children have you, Henry?"

"A dozen or so, I reckon. Sally knows more about it 'an I do."

"I heard that some of your sons, my nephews, were killed during the late rebellion."

"Yes, yes, so they was. Sally grieved powerfully over their death, but a woman will do that, you know. 'Pears to me it don't make much difference, no way. The boys might a' growed up intemperate, you know."

And then, with a disgusting egotism and pharisaical sanctity which I have so often noticed in drunkards who are "half seas over" but determined to appear sober, he broke forth in a torrent of invective against drunkenness, adding that, as for him, *he* of course "knew when to stop drinking. A glass a man can take once in a while, you know, bu-bu-bu-but a d-d-drunkard's the m-m-m-meanest work of God."

The liquor that the poor sot had swallowed just before the steamer landed was doing its effectual work, and long before we reached my sister's squalid home the drunken wretch was snoring in the bottom of the cab, and I was living in the dreamy and distant past. Many familiar landmarks greeted me, but a pall of sadness settled over all.

Finally we drove up in front of my sister's cabin home. A half dozen unkempt and frightened children flocked around the door-way; and my once blooming and beautiful, but now faded and drooping sister came wearily out to meet us.

With a bound I reached her side, and calling her dear, remembered name, I begged her to recognize her sister, Judith Reid.

"Can it be possible?" incoherently. "Yes, it is you, Judith dear, but Oh! who ever thought that we would meet like this? Where's your husband? Where's your family? How did you come, and when did you leave the Pacific coast?"

"One question at a time, dear Sarah," was my only reply.

The driver dismounted and helped my intoxicated brother-in-law to arouse himself sufficiently to alight. My sister's husband made a few staggering attempts to walk, and then rolled helplessly over on the grass. Poor Sarah looked so deeply mortified that I hastened on to the house, pretending not to further notice the disgusting and loathsome object whom I had once known as a strong and brave and noble fellow, for whom she—poor, stricken child!—had staked a woman's all, and—*lost!*

My own hard lot seemed to suddenly grow light. To devise some plan by which to aid my helpless sister was my foremost thought, but to my tortured mind no ray of help or succor came.

Making our way through the group of ragged, barefoot children, we entered the wretched abode, and I threw myself into the same old arm-chair, now battered much by time and usage, in which I had sat to receive my mother's care on that long remembered day when I had planned my sad elopement.

Sarah dropped herself upon the floor and buried her face in my lap.

"Oh, Judith!"—and the wailing, helpless, hopeless cry yet haunts my memory—"how long must I endure all this?"

I made strong effort to calm my own intense emotion. Gently stroking the thin, silvery locks of which I had once been so proud, and clasping the sallow, hard and bony hand that once had been so plump and rosy, I spoke cheerfully, assuming a composure and happiness I did not feel.

"Pshaw, sister mine! Cheer up and let's have a good, old-time visit! I came to you because I am in trouble, and I need your help."

"God pity you then, for I cannot help myself!"

"Well, you can, at least, introduce me to your children. What's this one's name? How old's that one? That one looks like our father! That one is the picture of our mother! Come, dears—come to Auntie!" But the children were so shy that our acquaintance progressed but slowly.

"Tell me, Judith," said my sister, "all about our folks in Oregon. Tell me all about mother's death; all about father's declining years; what Nettie is doing; where brother is, and what has become of John."

The long interchange of explanations that followed concerning our family being well known to the general reader, I will not repeat.

The day had passed into the gloaming, and still we sat engaged in earnest conversation. When it came my sister's turn to tell her sad story, my own trials paled into insignificance. For a few years after her marriage all had gone well. Then Henry began to gradually grow intemperate, and the habit had grown upon him until for twenty years his life had been a burden and a terror. Fifteen children had been the result of their unholy union. Two of these had fallen in their country's service on the Southern plains. Another noble boy had yielded to the wine-cup, and becoming a prey to frenzy, had ended his days in the State Insane Asylum. Two of the younger children were epileptic, and one an imbecile. Two of the daughters were comfortably married and were mothers of sprightly children. Two had died in infancy, and the remaining seven were at home, dependent wholly upon their weak mother's feeble efforts for livelihood and education.

"I have but one consolation in all this," commented the mother, sadly. "I'm too old to curse the world with more such children as my four last helpless ones. The baby that died would never have known anything. I am certain that more than half my children were the direct offspring of a brutal state of intoxication."

"But I'd see a man hanged before I'd stand that!—so, there!" I said indignantly.

"Ah, Judith! you don't know what you'd do!" was the sorrowful reply.

"But I know what I *did!*"

Then followed a racy recital of my spirited and victorious struggle for the ownership of my own body, of which the sagacious reader already possesses some knowledge.

"But, Judith, you were always firm, self-willed and defiant."

"Not always, dear; but in that respect I wish I always had *commanded* obedience. My eldest born—my heart's idol—would be living now but for her father's lust. And my first wee darling, who never saw the light, was his first victim. For many years I was his body slave; but I conquered! I only wish that you, long years ago, had done the same."

"But you know, Judith, the Bible says that wives must submit to the desire of their husbands. I confess that I never could see why so many curses must be heaped on women, but, as the Bible says so, we cannot help ourselves."

"Tut, tut! Nonsense! The Bible teaches no such abominable doctrine. If I thought it did—"

"Hush, Judith! Don't blaspheme! I cannot bear it! Our only hope is in a better world. Let us prove worthy of that hope."

"But I declare that the Bible does not teach such nonsense, Sarah! Temperance, reciprocity, forbearance, charity—these are Bible doctrines. The principles that you have submitted to are abject subjection, inordinate indulgence, misery, death. Don't call these Bible doctrines, for I know they are no such things."

"Oh, Judith! I wish I could have had the benefit of your strong will and independence long ago. Mother would have been shocked beyond measure if she had ever heard you talk like this. But I believe you're right, after all."

A shriek in the back kitchen, accompanied by sounds as of some one struggling for life, attracted us to the spot, and there upon the floor, with his head and heels drawn backward till they met, his eyes protruding and his tongue almost bitten through, lay my sister's twelve year old epileptic boy, throwing his arms, tearing his flesh and frothing at the mouth like a victim of hydrophobia. For an hour the convulsion continued, taxing my poor sister's strength in her efforts to keep his hands pinioned, until I had no need to wonder that her elasticity of life and limb was gone.

Upon a sort of truckle bed lay a lump of half-inanimate humanity—sucking her fat hand and rolling back her eyes in hideous contemplation of vacancy.

My brother-in-law had at length awakened from the drunkard's sleep. He came tottering into the kitchen, where confusion reigned, and began giving orders with the air of a sovereign.

"I say, Sallie, you're anything but a h-h-hospitable woman. No su-sup-per yet, and this sister of ours come all the way from the se-set-tin' sun to visit us? Ah! if I only h-had a w-wife that h-had some snap about her! Kill a chicken and fix up somethin' good to eat, why don't ye?"

Sarah looked up from the floor where the struggling sufferer lay with an appealing look that froze my blood.

"Never mind, sister dear," I said soothingly. "Don't make extra trouble on my account. Just make some mush; you know I like it."

So the mush was made, and ourselves and the children made a hearty meal, the worthy head of the family slipping off to sleep, forgetful, for the nonce, of his high dignity.

The children milked the only cow and finished up the necessary chores, and as soon as possible my sister and myself wearily settled ourselves for sleep, locked in each other's arms, just as we had done in childhood, before care or real trouble came.

It must have been three o'clock in the morning when I became conscious that my sister was gently pleading with the brute who, claiming a husband's prerogative, was expostulating with her in a subdued but angry voice. I was so terrified that I thought I should faint, but I lay rigidly still until the fiend's importunities became unbearable. I had noticed a broom-stick on a ledge behind the bedstead before going to sleep, and remembering where it was, I seized it and dealt a blow upon the drunkard's head that sent him reeling to the floor. He staggered off, muttering vengeance, but I no longer felt any sense of fear.

"That's the way to treat the drunken dog! so, there!" I said vehemently.

"Don't, Judith, Don't! He's the father of my children!"

"And *such* children!" it was on my tongue to say, but, poor woman, I had not the heart to further wound her.

"Sarah dear, you're a morbid simpleton. Can you conscientiously believe that you owe conjugal obedience to a brute like that?"

"I've thought it was hard for many a year, but I'd like to know how one is going to help it."

"With a broom-stick!" said I quickly, at which she could not repress a bitter laugh.

Morning came and found the poor inebriate suffering from a severe attack of *delirium tremens*. The ravings of the unfortunate man were horrible. The neighbors were summoned for miles around, and the howling imprecations of the rum-cursed maniac ring in my ears unto this day.

The epileptic children seemed in a kind of sympathy with the suffering father, and their convulsions were frequent and awful.

For two days and nights I remained at the squalid home, and then, hailing a passing team, took my departure for the city, inwardly resolved to do some daring deed to rescue my poor sister.

The man upon whose kindness I had depended for the ride gave me many particulars of my sister's history which the dear, stricken creature, woman-like, had hoped to hide. Their home, poor as it was, had long been mortgaged to the whisky merchants, and execution was to be but little longer stayed. My sister had supported her family, much as our mother had done during her own hard life. But sister's health failed through her many trials. One by one their cattle, horses, sheep and swine had disappeared in payment for rum, leaving nothing for her to work upon, and the one cow that was left belonged to a neighbor, for whom my sister did plain sewing for the use of her.

I reached the doctor's house in a state of mind bordering on despair.

The few hundred dollars with which I had left my far western home remained untouched, Dr. Armstrong having managed to furnish our travelling tickets without a draft upon my means; but that small sum was all I had, and what to do to aid my sister was more than I could divine.

I found my children perfectly delighted with their new quarters. The doctor was only waiting for my return and sanction to apprentice Fred. to a machinist. Ben. had already been placed in school, and the girls were learning music.

"What's the matter, Judith Ried? You don't seem satisfied. Have I done anything that doesn't meet with your approbation?"

"Oh! doctor, you are too kind! Remember my early education was the result of your generosity. It is not right for my children to become pensioners upon your bounty."

"Judith Ried! If you care a single iota for my peace of mind let me do what I can for your children. God knows I owe it all and more."

Saying this he turned away, strode heavily adown the marble steps, past the flashing fountain, through the shrubbery and away over the lawn, with his head bowed down as if in earnest self-communion. What could all this mean?

Turning back toward the elegant parlors, I for an instant saw a mellow light from which a kindly face with beaming eyes and long white beard shone forth, and in my soul the memory of that sweet and solemn promise, "I'll explain," attuned itself to melody.

(To be continued.)

FANNY WRIGHT.—Colonel Forney says: Prominent among my own recollections was the versatile Frances Wright, or Madame Frances d'Arusmont, still better known as "Fanny Wright," an English woman, who first visited this country in 1818, 1820 and 1825, and died in Cincinnati, on the 2d of December, 1852, aged fifty-seven. She excited much comment, by her leveling doctrines and her extravagant language. But she had many followers and coadjutors, among them the still living Robert Dale Owen. The well known Amos Gilbert wrote a memoir of her in 1825, three years after her death, entitled, "The Pioneer Woman, or the Cause of woman's Rights." She was a person of immense energy and uncommon versatility. The list of her works is something unusal. She wrote a tragedy called "Altorf," in 1819; "Views of Society and Manners in America," which ran through four editions, and was translated into French, published in 1820, and republished, with alternations and additions, in 1821 and 1822; "A Few Days in Athens," being a translation of a Greek manuscript found in Herculaneum, and a defense of the epicurean philosophy, published in London in 1822, and republished in Boston the same year.

These were followed by a course of popular lectures, spoken in all the leading cities north, west and south, and printed for circulation and running through six editions. She was also the author, in Company with Robert Dale Owen, of certain popular tracts, and in 1844 her biography was published in England, including her notes and political letters. I shall always remember the effect produced by the lectures of this indefatigable and really gifted woman, as she traveled through Pennsylvania, many years ago. Controverted and attacked by the clergy and the press, she mantained an undaunted front, and persevered to the last.

Henry Ward Beecher says in the *Christian Union* of this week: "The Orange societies should parade next year without a banner less or one inscription rubbed out. They should not do it on an implied promise that, if protected for once, they will then do it no more. They ought to move through the streets of New York until nobody thinks of molesting them. When that time arrives, it will be an attempt of no public importance whether the annual procession is kept up or not. But as long as a dog wags his tongue against an Orangemen's procession, or a bewildered magistrate forgets his duty toward them, the public good requires their continuance. If the Orangemen of New York do not next year march through the streets of the city, they will betray a sacred duty. By accident they have become representatives of a principle which lies at the foundation of modern civilization. They do not now represent a spent fact in history, but a living principle. It is not the Battle of the Boyne in Ireland, but the question of liberty in New York.

Philadelphia turns out a batch of young doctors every moon to prey upon the people. One of them settled at Havana, Ills., and hung out his shingle. The first case he had was a boy, who, while shelling pop-corn, got a kernel in his wind-pipe. The doctor examined the case carefully, looked at the patient's tongue and then told the father of the boy to build up a hot fire. When that was done the doctor told them to take the boy and hold over the fire until the kernel got hot enough to "pop out." The old man went up stairs and got his shot gun, but while he was loading it the doctor escaped. He had a diploma, though, from a Philadelphia college, and said he had cured lots of cases in that way.

The Iowa corn crop this year will amount to 100,000,000 bushels.

Subscribe for the NEW NORTHWEST.

PORTLAND ADVERTISEMENTS.

$30 SAVED!

Why Pay $75 for a Sewing Machine?

THE IMPROVED HOME SHUTTLE SEWing Machine, with black walnut table and treadle, nicely finished,

Complete for $45!

A first-class Sewing Machine; uses straight Needle; under feed; makes "Lock Stitch;" warranted to do all kinds of family sewing as well as any machine in the market.

A few more Agents wanted to canvass counties (not taken for the Improved Hand Machine—price, $30) in Oregon, Washington and Idaho Territory.

Call on or address

GEO. W. TRAVER,
General Agent, 112 Front St., Portland.

ROYAL & SMITH, Agents.....Salem
DR. R. C. HILL & SON, Agents.....Albany
je2n8

MRS. R. LAWLESS,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

SHIRTS, UNDERSHIRTS, DRAWERS, ETC.,

Corner Front and Yamhill streets, Portland.

Shirts Made to Order

Of the best material, and warranted to fit.
All kinds of mending done. n5

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED THE LARGEST stock ever brought to this market, consisting of the following makes of Pianos:

HALLETT & DAVIS', (Celebrated New Scale),
Chickering & Son's,
Parlor Gem,
BRADBURY PIANO,
And coming by rail
Something Entirely New!
In the line of Piano Fortes.

My Stock will range in price

From $350 to $600.

I have also a large Stock of

MASON & HAMLIN'S
CABINET ORGANS!

Which I offer for sale at Eastern Prices.

W. T. SHANAHAN,

No. 75 First street, (near Ladd and Tilton's Bank) Portland, Oregon.
n7

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

The "Tribune" aims to be pre-eminently a NEWSPAPER. Its correspondents traverse every State, are at present on every important battlefield, are early advised of every notable Cabinet decision, observe the proceedings of Congress, of Legislatures, and of Conventions, and report to us by telegraph all that seems of general interest. We have paid for one day's momentous advices from Europe by cable far more than our entire receipts for the issue in which those advices reached our readers. If lavish outlay, unsleeping vigilance, and unbounded faith in the liberality and discernment of the reading public, will enable us to make a journal which has no superior in the accuracy, variety and freshness of its contents, the "Tribune" shall be such a journal.

To Agriculture and the subservient arts, we have devoted, and shall persistently devote, more means and space than any of our rivals. We aim to make the "Weekly Tribune" such a paper as no farmer can afford to do without, however widely his politics may differ from ours. Our reports of the Cattle, Horse, Produce and General Markets, are so full and accurate, our essays in elucidation of the farmer's calling, and our regular reports of the Farmers' Clubs and kindred gatherings, are so interesting that the poorest farmer will find therein a mine of suggestion and counsel, of which he cannot remain ignorant without positive and serious loss. We sell the "Weekly" to Clubs for less than its value in dwellings for waste-paper; and, though its subscription is already very large, we believe that a Half Million more farmers will take it whenever it shall be commended to their attention. We ask our friends everywhere to aid us in so commending it.

TERMS:

"Daily Tribune," Mail subscribers, $10 per annum.

"Semi-Weekly Tribune," Mail subscribers, $4 per annum. Five copies or over, $3 each; an extra copy will be sent for every club of ten sent for at one time: or, if preferred, a copy of Recollections of a Busy Life, by Mr. Greeley.

TERMS OF THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE:

To Mail Subscribers.—One Copy, one year, 32 issues, $2; five copies, one year, 32 issues, $9. To One Address, all at one post-office—Ten copies, $1 50 each; twenty copies, $1 25 each; fifty copies, $1 00 each, and One Extra Copy to each club. To Names of Subscribers, all at one post-office—Ten copies, $1 60 each; twenty copies, $1 35 each; fifty copies, $1 10 each, and One Extra Copy to each club.

Persons entitled to an extra copy can, if preferred, have either of the following books, postage prepaid: Political Economy, by Horace Greeley; Pear Culture for Profit, by P. T. Quinn; The Elements of Agriculture, by Geo. E. Waring.

ADVERTISING RATES.

"Daily Tribune," **30c., 40c., 50c., 75c.,** and **$1** per line; "Semi-Weekly Tribune," **25** and **50 cents** per line; "Weekly Tribune," **$2, $3** and **$5** per line, according to position in the paper.

To subscribers wishing to preserve Mr. Greeley's essays on "What I Know of Farming," and who pay the full price, i. e., $10 for "Daily," $4 for "Semi-Weekly," or $2 for "Weekly Tribune," we will send the book, postpaid, if request be made at the time of subscribing.

BOOKS FOR SALE AT THE TRIBUNE OFFICE.

"The Tribune Almanac." Price, **20 cents.**
"Tribune Almanac Reprint." **1838** to **1878.** 2 vols. Half bound, **$10.**
"Recollections of a Busy Life." By Horace Greeley. Various styles of binding. Cloth, **$2 50.** Library, **$3 50.** Half Morocco, **$4.** Half Cloth, **$3.** Morocco Antique, **$7.**
"Political Economy." By Horace Greeley. **$1 50.**
"Ewbank's Hydraulics and Mechanics." Sixteenth edition. Large octavo. Cloth, **$5.**
"Pear Culture for Profit." Quinn, **$1.**
"Elements of Agriculture." Waring. New Edition. Cloth, **$1.**
"Draining for Health and Profit." Waring. Cloth, **$1 50.**
Sent free on receipt of price.

In making remittances always procure a draft on New York, or a Post-Office Money Order, if possible. Where neither of these can be procured, send the money, but always in a REGISTERED letter. The registration fee has been reduced to fifteen cents, and the present registration system has been found by the postal authorities to be virtually an absolute protection against losses by mail. All Postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so.

Terms, cash in advance.
Address "The Tribune," New York.

MRS. ACH,

JUST RETURNED FROM SAN FRANcisco with a large and Splendid Stock of

DRY GOODS,

SUCH AS

SILKS, WORSTED GOODS, GRENADINES,
Japanese Silks, Poplins, Alpacas, Lawns,
Marseilles, Etc.

—ALSO—

A Large and Beautiful Assortment of

MILLINERY GOODS, RIBBONS,
Fine Laces, Etc.,

Of every variety and description.

Straw Goods, Parasols and Kid Gloves

Of the best quality.

JEWELRY, FANCY GOODS, ETC.,

On hand and made to order.

CHILDREN'S AND INFANTS' CLOTHES

Of all descriptions.

Call and Examine the Stock.

Goods Sold to Suit the Times.

L. ACH,
97 First street, Portland.

☞ CONSTANTLY Receiving New Supplies by every Steamer. n2

PORTLAND ADVERTISEMENTS.

MRS. A. J. DUNIWAY'S FASHIONABLE MILLINERY STORE.

WE HAVE ON HAND AT ALL TIMES A Fresh Stock of

MILLINERY,

Comprising the Latest Styles at Lowest Prices.

LADIES IN THE COUNTRY

Desiring to select articles in our line can have their orders filled at all times with the same care and accuracy as to price, fitness and quality as though they were present. Our long experience in catering to the wants of customers enables us to readily determine what is best suited to the age and complexion of the wearer.

Particular Attention Paid to Old Ladies' Caps and Bonnets.

Bridal or Mourning Outfits Furnished on Short Notice.

ALL KINDS OF STRAW GOODS BLEACHED AND PRESSED.

Old Hats and Bonnets Renewed,

At a saving of Fifty per cent to the wearer.

Milliners and Dressmakers

In the country towns will find it to their advantage to deal with us, as we know just what they need, and our opportunities to fill orders are unequalled in any place north of San Francisco.

LADD & TILTON,

BANKERS,

PORTLAND.....OREGON

Established, 1859.

DEPOSITS RECEIVED AND ACCOUNTS kept subject to check on draft.

INTEREST allowed on TIME DEPOSITS or TRUST FUNDS, in sums of ONE DOLLAR AND UPWARDS from date of deposit.

MONEY LOANED on approved security.

Bonds, Stocks and other valuables received on deposit for safe keeping.

Collections made and proceeds promptly remitted.

Investments in Real Estate and other property made for parties.

Sight and Telegraphic Exchange on San Francisco and the Atlantic States for sale.

Government Securities bought and sold.

Agent for the transaction of all kinds of Financial and Trust Business. n1

DR. MARY A. THOMPSON,

PHYSICIAN AND ACCOUCHEUR

RESIDENCE AND OFFICE—THIRD ST., between Salmon and Main, opposite the Public Square.

Calls attended in any part of the city.

Batteries for sale and instructions given on the use of electricity as a Remedial Agent. n1.

ISAAC BERGMAN,

Union Market,

Cor. Second and Washington Sts.

HAVING RECENTLY PURCHASED THIS Market, I am now prepared to sell on reasonable terms the best Meats the country affords. n1

A CARD.

THE UNDERSIGNED, HAVING BEEN with the firm of Russell & Ferry, Real Estate Agents, Portland, begs leave to call the attention of the Public to the fact that

HE HAS LOCATED AT KALAMA,

Where he has for sale many desirable Lots for Business and Residence Purposes, and will also attend to Collections, Renting and General Agency Business. C. W. RUSSELL,
Real Estate Agent,
n3 Kalama, W. T.

PROF. GANS

GIVES LESSONS ON THE PIANO AT THE Residences of Pupils.

TERMS REASONABLE. Satisfaction Guaranteed. n2

COBURN & McCABE,

BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS,

5 WASHINGTON STREET, UP-STAIRS,
Portland, Oregon.

Work done at REASONABLE RATES. n1

ALBANY ADVERTISEMENTS.

MRS. J. G. REED,

DEALER IN MILLINERY.

BLEACHING AND PRESSING DONE TO Order. Also Plain and Fancy Sewing.

A full and complete stock of Millinery now on hand, with new additions every month.

Store on Broadalbin and Second streets, Albany, Oregon. n1

$20 A DAY

TO MALE AND FEMALE AGENTS!

TO INTRODUCE THE CELEBRATED

$25 Buckeye Shuttle Sewing Machine.

Stitch alike on both sides, and is the only licensed Shuttle Machine in the United States for less than $40. It uses the Celebrated Wilson Feed, and is acknowledged by all to be the best Family Machine for heavy and light sewing in the market.

Outfit free.

Address MINER & PEARSON,
n1 General Agents, Albany, Oregon.

PORTLAND ADVERTISEMENTS.

MRS. S. J. RUMSEY,

PORTRAIT AND LANDSCAPE PAINTER,

CAN BE FOUND IN HER STUDIO, on the third floor of Corbett's New Building, from 10 A. M. till 4 P. M. of each day

☞ LESSONS GIVEN IN LANDSCAPE PAINTING. n1

KAST & RICHARDS,

AT THE

Philadelphia Boot & Shoe Store,

Have just received a

New Stock of Boots and Shoes, Etc.

All are invited to call and examine.

No. 112 Front street (opposite McCormick's Book Store), Portland.
n3

DR. R. R. FREELAND,
(LATE OF SAN FRANCISCO,)

DENTIST.

OFFICE—CORNER FRONT AND WASHINGTON STS., PORTLAND.

HAVING HAD A NUMBER OF YEARS' practice in San Francisco, I feel competent to do First Class Work in all Dental Operations.

Satisfaction guaranteed.
Nitrous Oxide administered.

References:

Rev. Wm. Roberts, Judge O. N. Denny, Dr. Dickson, Messrs Quimby and Perkins, and Mrs. Duniway, of the NEW NORTHWEST. n1

DR. J. G. GLENN,

DENTIST,

107 Front Street,

PORTLAND.....OREGON
n1

E. D. SHATTUCK. B. KILLIN.

SHATTUCK & KILLIN,

Attorneys-at-Law.

OFFICE—IN PARRISH'S BRICK, south side Washington street, between Front and First, Portland, Oregon. n1tf

MURPHY & KELLY,

DEALERS IN

FAMILY GROCERIES,

COUNTRY PRODUCE, FRUITS AND VEGETABLES,

Corner of Third and Washington streets (opposite Presbyterian Church), Portland, Oregon. Goods delivered to all parts of the city FREE OF CHARGE. n1

PORTLAND CLOTHING FACTORY

—AND—

Boys Clothing Emporium

Washington Street,

BETWEEN SECOND AND THIRD STREETS

PORTLAND, OREGON.

A. ROBERTS.....Proprietor
n1

ARCHITECT.

MR. H. McDONALD

IS NOW PREPARED TO FURNISH

PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS

—FOR—

Business and Dwelling Houses

Of every description. Also

Churches, Bridges and Factory Buildings.

Bills of Materials, together with Detailed Drawings of all classes of Building.

All Work Warranted.

OFFICE—In Weller's Building, opposite the Oro Fino Theater. n2

NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY

On Front Street!

HAVING BUILT A NEW OPERATING Room, and procured a new outfit of Cameras—the best on the Coast—and being lately from California, with all the latest improvements in the art, I would respectfully invite the the Ladies and gentlemen of Portland and vicinity to call and visit my new rooms. Having had fifteen years' experience in the Photographic line, and having the best and largest Top-Light in the city, I will guarantee a true and pleasing picture or no charge. Ambrotypes, plain photographs, enameled cards, Rembrandts. Pictures copied. Views of residences at reduced prices.

Only one flight of stairs. Remember the place:

No. 107 Front Street, between Alder and Morrison. OLIVER DENNIE,
jen8 Artist.

SAN FRANCISCO ADVERTISEMENTS.

TOBIN, DAVISSON & CO.

IMPORTERS,

INVITE THE ATTENTION OF THE TRADE to their Large Stock of

American, English, French and German

FANCY GOODS,

SMALL WARES, PERFUMERY, STATIONERY, POCKET CUTLERY,

MILLINERY GOODS,

Yankee Notions, White Goods,

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

Linen Handkerchiefs, Dress Trimmings,

Hosiery, Etc., Etc., Etc.

WHICH THEY OFFER AT THE LOWEST RATES.

Corner Sutter and Sansome Sts.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

n1v1

CHARLES TENCE & CO.,

Importers of

FRENCH MILLINERY, STRAW AND FANCY GOODS,

NUMBER 13 SANSOME STREET,

Between Bush and Sutter, next Cosmopolitan Hotel, San Francisco.

No. 32 Rue du Faubourg-Poissonniere, Paris, vol n1