The New Northwest.

FRIDAY.....MAY 5, 1871.

CLEAR THE WAY.

Men of thought, be up and stirring
Now the day is slowly breaking.
Clear the way!
There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow;
There's a twilight darkness changing
Into gray;
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say
What the unimagined glories
Of the day?
What the evil that shall perish
In its ray?
Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, paper, aid it, type;
Aid it, for the hour is ripe;
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play.
Men of thought, and men of action,
Clear the way!

Lo! a cloud of evil omen
From the day,
And a brazen wrong to crumble
Into clay.
Let the Right's about to conquer;
Clear the way!
With the Right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door.
With the giant Wrong shall fall
Many others, great and small,
That for ages long have held us
For their prey.
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

[Written for The New Northwest.]

THE LABOR OF LIFE.

The labor of life is the theme of my song,
For labor we must both early and long;
In whatever path, of whatever nation,
We claim our kindred, of whatever station.
We labor for right or labor for wrong;
We labor with joy that breaks forth in song,
Or labor with sadness that seeks not to borrow
One ray of comfort from joyous to-morrow.

Some labor with patience to building of self;
Some throw away soul for gaining of pelf;
Some glide through life like an idle dream,
And think their influence never is seen;
Some care not whether for good or ill—
Their work may stand if they but fill
Their cup of life with pleasures fair,
And breathe, like the butterfly, balmy air.

And some there be who strive to keep
Their souls unsullied, though trials deep
May greet their every path in life;
They labor on, through every strife.
And who shall say the paths we tread,
Though often filled with doubts and dread,
Shall not in time [illegible]
Round every dark and lonely thing.

To all of earth's children some power is given
To gain here a glimpse, a foretaste of Heaven,
And labor we must, both early and late,
And leave not our work to chance or fate.
If we would do right, if we would be true
To the Great Father, who sees all we do—
We must labor with patience, and willingly wait
To gain our reward till we enter the gate

That the angel within opens, and then at the last,
When life's labors are over and its trials are past,
We shall each reap reward for the works of our life,
According with motives that prompted the strife.
Oh! then let us labor with all of our might
For the downfall of Wrong, and the building of Right,
Believing eternity's halo will fling
A glorious brightness o'er every dark thing.

INDIA WOOTH.

OREGON CITY, April 20th, 1871.

The Law of Kindness, or the Old Woman's Railway Signal.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

The most effective working force in the world in which we live is the law of kindness. For it is only the moral force that operates with the same effect upon mankind, beneathkind and birdkind. From time immemorial music has wonderfully affected all beings, reasoning or unreasoning, that have ears to hear.

The prettiest idea and simile of ancient literature relate to Orpheus playing his lyre to animals listening in intoxicated silence to its strains.

Well, kindness is the spontaneous music of good-will to men and beasts. And both listen to it with their hearts instead of their ears; and the hearts of both are affected by it in the same way, if not to the same extent.

Volumes might be written with beautiful illustrations of its effects upon both. The music of kindness has not only the power to charm, but to transform both the savage heart of man and beast; and on this harp the smallest fingers in the world may play Heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.

Some time ago we read of an incident that will serve as an illustration of this beautiful law. It was substantially as follows:

A poor, coarse-featured old woman lived on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, where it passes through a wild, unpeopled district of Western Virginia.

She was a widow, with only one daughter, living with her in a log hut, near a deep, precipitous gorge, crossed by the railway bridge.

Here she contrived to support herself by raising and selling poultry and eggs, adding berries in their season, and other little articles for market.

She had to make a long, weary walk of many miles to a town where she could sell her basket of produce. The railway passed by her cabin to this town, but the ride would cost too much of the profits of her small sales, so she trudged on generally to the market on foot.

The conductor came finally to notice her walking beside the line or between the rails; and, being a good-natured, benevolent man, he would often give her a ride to and fro without charge.

The engine-men and brakemen were also good to the old woman, and felt that they were [illegible] promoting the interests of the railway company by giving her these free rides. And soon an accident occurred that proved that they were quite right in this view of the matter.

In the wild month of March the rain descended and the mountains sent down their rolling, roaring torrents of melted snow another into this gorge near the old woman's hut.

The flood came with the darkness of the night, until she heard the crash of the railway bridge, as it was swept from its buttments and dashed its broken timbers against the craggy sides of the precipice on either side. It was nearly midnight. The rain fell in a flood, and the darkness was deep and howling with the storm.

In another half-hour the express train would be due. What could she do to warn it against the awful destruction it was approaching?

She had hardly a whole tallow candle in her house; and no light she could make of tallow or oil, if she had it, would live a moment in that tempest of wind and rain.

Not a moment was to be lost, and her thought was equal to the moment.

She cut the cord of her only bedstead, shouldered the dry posts, side-pieces and head-piece. Her daughter followed her with their two wooden chairs.

Up the steep embankment they climbed, and piled all their household furniture upon the line a few rods before the black, awful chasm, gurgling with the rolling [illegible] A [illegible]

The distant rumbling of the train came upon them just as they had fired the well-dried combustibles. The pile blazed up into the night, throwing its red, booming light a long way up the track. In fifteen minutes it would begin to wane, and she could not revive it with [illegible]

The thunder of the train grew louder. It was within five miles of the fire. Would they see it in time? They might not put on the brakes soon enough.

Awful thought! She tore her red flannel gown from her in a moment, and tying it to the end of a stick, ran up the track, waving it in both hands, while her daughter swung round her head a [illegible]

The lives of a hundred unconscious passengers hung on the issue of the next minute. The ground trembled beneath the old woman's feet. The great, red eye of the engine burst upon her as it came round a curve.

I [illegible] coming suddenly upon [illegible], it sent forth a thrilling roar, that filled all the wild hights and ravines around.

The train was at full speed, but the brakemen wrestled at their leverage with all the strength of desperation.

The wheels ground along on the heated rails slower and slower, until the engine stopped at the decaying fire.

It still blazed enough to show them the beetling edge of the black abyss into which the train and all its passengers would have plunged, and into a death and destruction too horrible to think of, had it not been for the old woman's signal.

They did not stop to thank her first for the deliverance.

The conductor took her by the side of the engine; the engine-driver and brakemen came and knelt down beside him; all the passengers came and knelt down beside them; and there, in the expiring light of the burnt-out pile, in the wind and in the rain, they thanked God for the salvation of their lives.

All in a line the kneelers and prayers sent up into the dark heavens such a midnight voice of thanksgiving, as seldom, if ever, ascended from the earth to Him who seeth in darkness as well as in secret.

Kindness is the music of good-will to men, and on this harp the smallest fingers may play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.

Mrs. H. W. Beecher's Receipt for Cleaning Silks, etc.

Now, suppose you examine a dress that has done good service. It is somewhat spotted, and a good deal soiled; but you say, "It is so pretty and becoming, I shall feel like losing an old friend if I throw it aside. What can I do to renew its beauty?" If the material is silk or woolen, even of the most delicate colors, you can very easily clean it without fading. After ripping it with care, prepare equal parts of alcohol, soft soap and molasses. Half a pint of each will clean a silk dress, unless you have wasted twenty-five or thirty yards on one dress. In that case you will need a larger quantity of the preparation. Have near you two small tubs or pails of water, one warm, the other cool, unless the material is woolen, when you should use hot water for both. Spread one piece of the dress at a time on an ironing sheet; dip a clean sponge into this very dirty-looking but effective wash; rub each spot separately until you have cleansed it; then, keeping the sponge wet, go over the whole piece, wetting it thoroughly, and carefully removing the [illegible] Wash satisfied that you have done your best, rinse the piece faithfully in the first water, do not wring it, but hold it up and let it drain a moment, then shake and snap vigorously, to remove as much water as you can. Put it through the second water in the same manner; snap as dry as you can, at least so it will not drip; spread smoothly on the ironing sheet, and iron quickly. Be careful to iron by a thread, and iron till perfectly dry. Have your irons as hot as you can use without scorching. If the material is the same on both sides, iron on that which was first used as the outside of the dress, but make it up inside out.

This preparation is such a vile, dirty compound, one would think it would ruin anything touched by it. Not so, at all. We have cleaned the most delicate silks and ribbons—blues, violets, pinks, and greens—and have never failed to secure a good renovation of the materials, without changing or weakening the color, or leaving the harsh, stiff crackle on the silk which washing usually gives.

Having cleaned the dress now, suppose you see how much ingenuity you can display in remodeling it. Change the gathers and pleats, that the most wear may fall on stronger spots; alter the position of trimming to hide some weak place, or improvise something to suit the exigencies of the case. If cracked, or much worn at top or bottom, cut off all that must go; then cut the upper part of the skirt on from the bottom, almost as high up as you wish your trimming to go, and set in a piece of lining, or paper muslin, to supply the length of what you have cut away from the broken parts of the skirt. Over this [illegible] any the cord, gathers, ruffle, or flounce you have prepared for trimming. It is good economy, we think, to buy a large pattern when you get a new dress, that there may be some left for repairs, at least for new sleeves and waist; but if you have none, make a very nobby, of course and with ribbon, silk, or velvet, of a color to contrast or harmonize with the dress, form your trimmings.

By skill, a garment may be so entirely metamorphosed, that your "dearest and best" will compliment you on your new dress. The only good thing about the present styles is the [illegible], flounces, panniers, bows, and every conceivable and inconceivable shape of trimming, is that it is a wonderful help in making old things new.

Recently, for office, we noticed that a young friend, who is generally remarkably neat and simple in her taste, was rather more elaborately dressed than usual. We honestly complimented her on the pretty silk, the fine fit, and very becoming color.

"But, I say," said she, "you refrain from a word of commendation for my trimmings. They don't suit your taste, I know, my friend, and pray don't think they are in exact accordance with my own. Let me tell you a secret. Every bow, band, strap, and frill hides a piece set in, or a hole mended."

In the midst of a large company, there was not a lady that appeared more genteelly or better dressed than our friend. If there were more like this modestly independent and industrious girl, we should have very little of the talk, so common nowadays, that young men are unable to marry, because the young ladies are so extravagant. It would be said, on the contrary, that it was because the young ladies would not have *them*.

In Pity Spare our Blushes.

We have no doubt but we should be highly elated over the following from the Salem (Oregon) *Mercury*, if we only possessed sufficient genius to understand it:

[illegible] A. J. SNIDMAN.

The lady whose name heads this article, just returned from San Francisco whither she had been in attendance upon the great suffrage pow-wow, styled a "Convention," has become associated with the *Pioneer*, by odds the most sensible journal devoted to the propagation of Woman's Rights that we have seen under our observation, as Oregon editor. Mrs. D. wields a ready and trenchant pen, over a mind trained to grasp and dissect the most knotty problem; whose habits of thought, and whose implacable contempt of the "forms" that chain society in the aggregate to the follies and incongruities common to the ages of the past, peculiarly fit and qualify her for the responsibility she has just assumed in the part allotted to her in the conduct of the *Pioneer*. Overlooking the fundamental and obvious error [illegible] the woman question, as at present presented and agitated, Mrs. D., conscious of her own superior ability and [illegible] cultivation, will count upon conquests as the mere sequence to the disparity between herself and less gifted sisters. Possessed of an ambition as towering as the fire which lend grandeur and sublimity to her own native forests, with a will to buffet the most adverse gale which may threaten the engulfment and obscuration of the hobby she has espoused, she is destined to achieve honorable distinction, whatever the fate of her cause may be. And unlike the majority of her coworkers, she is not, in her own person, obnoxious to any of the more prominent of the features which notoriously detract so fearfully from the dignity and respectability of a cause with at best too flimsy and frail a basis.

Woman's Duty in the State.

What is woman's queenly office with respect to the State? Generally we are [illegible] that a man's duties are public, and a woman's private. But this is not altogether so. A man has a personal work or duty relating to his own home, and a public work or duty which is the expansion of the other, relating to the state; so a woman has a personal work or duty relating to her own home, and a public work and duty which is also the expansion of that.

Now the man's work for his own home is to secure its maintenance, progress and defense; the woman's to secure its order, comfort and loveliness. Expand both these functions. The man's duty as a member of a commonwealth is to assist in the maintenance, advance, and defense of the State; the woman's duty [illegible] The common [illegible] is to assist in the ordering, in the comforting, and in the beautiful adornment of the State.

There is in the human heart an inextinguishable instinct, the love of power, which, rightly directed, maintains all the majesty of law and life; and, misdirected, wrecks them. Deep rooted in the heart of man and in the heart of woman. God set it there, God keeps it there. Vainly, as falsely, can [illegible] blame or take in woman the desire of power! Heaven's and for man's sake, desire to destroy? Not so, [illegible] power? Power to govern, to guide, to guard. Will you not covet such power as this, and seek such throne as this, and be no more *housewives*, but queens?—*Ruskin.*

THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT.—It may seem to be rather an absurd assertion that a discovery has recently been made in valuable lands on the North American continent, within easy access of the most densely populated portion of the country, worth more than all the gold and silver mines that have been [illegible] for the last twenty years. Of land it was thought we had enough, and that we knew just where it was; but [illegible] we learned in the [illegible] in our school books as the Great American Desert, and counted it as a barren and wasteless waste.

The discovery is that there is no such place as the Great American Desert, or rather that the place laid down as such, extending from Western Kansas to the foot of the Rocky Mountains—a belt of country not less than two hundred miles in width, and pierced by the Kansas and Pacific railway for a length of four hundred miles—is not a desert at all, but a region covered with a native growth of grass of the most nutritious quality, and peculiarly calculated by climate and position as the natural range for stock-grazing and raising, from which the present and future millions of people of the United States are to be supplied with beef and mutton, with hides, and wool, and horses.

COURAGE IN EVERY-DAY LIFE.—Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket.

Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much it may be coveted by others.

Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary you should do so, and to hold your tongue when it is prudent you should do so.

Have courage to make a will and a just one.

Have the courage to tell a man why you do not lend him your money.

Have the courage to cut the most agreeable acquaintance you have, when you are convinced that such lacks principles. "A friend should bear with a friend's infirmities," but not his vices.

Have the courage to show that you respect honesty, in whomsoever exhibited.

Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for your new ones.

Have the courage to obey your conscience, at the risk of being ridiculed by men.

Have the courage to prefer comfort and prosperity to fashion in all things.

Have the courage to defend and advocate the claims of woman for the ballot, even if such action shall subject you to the criticism of Mrs. Grundy or the cold shoulder of your fashionable friends.

ENGLAND'S HUMILIATION.—An article in the February number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, entitled "England's Place among the Nations," by a military contributor, draws from the *Spectator* the following comment: "It strikes very much like some key of sorrow and humiliation, over the fallen spirit of England and the world cares which triumph over national honor, as the article on 'England's War,' is *Brave*. The writer's meaning may be gathered from this pregnant passage: 'Our position is undignified, because it is unsafe; it is unsafe so long as we have any [illegible] which we have not the power to make good, or provoke any enmity which we have cause to fear. We have no right to any foreign policy at all, unless we can at least maintain in case of difficulty a defiant and impregnable attitude!'"

A bridge over a bay, in Illinois, lately cost $15,000. Sensible people will think that this is too little pack for a shilling.

High words—Dialogue in a balloon.

Gleanings.

Every bird pleases us with its lay—especially the hen!

Capital punishment being missed to death by a pretty girl.

A boy who undertook to ride a horse-radish is now practicing on a saddle of mutton.

Why are candidates who fail to get elected like the world? Because they are depressed at the polls.

Why do girls kiss each other and men do not? Because girls have nothing better to kiss, and men have.

Intelligent pet—"Ma, dear, what do they play the organ so loud for when church is over? Is it to wake us up?"

Why is a son who objects to his mother's second marriage like an exhausted pedestrian? Because he can't go a step farther.

Alarming symptom of suffrage fever. Little girl: "There, dolly, you must lie still and sleep all day, cause Eve dot to do and vote."

An Iowa man advertised his wife as "leaving his bed and board," and then applied to her for a loan of a dollor and a half to pay for the advertisement.

A young lady in Chicago, when her jealous admirer sent back her letters, with a request that she would return his, answered that she could not comply immediately, as she had lent them to a young gentleman to read.

"The fact is," said an elderly wife, "a man does not know how to straighten up things. He does not know where to commence. I don't wonder," she remarked in conclusion, "that when God made Adam, he went right to work and made woman to tell him what to do."

This eminently natural speech was delivered by a young woman, at the women's convention at Akron, O., to wit: "For my own part, I love man, individually, and collectively, better than woman; and so, I am sure, does every one of my sex, if they, like me, would utter their real sentiments. I am more anxious for man's elevation and improvement than for woman's, and so is every true woman."

A rather "near" old Englishman was once buying a half pint of wine for his sick wife; when some of the more liberal husbands in the bar-room remonstrated with him. "We should think," said they, "that you might at least afford her a pint when she is sick." The old fellow scratched his head and considered the matter; and finally, with the air of a man who has made up his mind to have out a double tooth, said, "Weel, ye may c'en gie me another ha' pint, for she's been a sarviceable critter."

HOW NITROGLYCERINE IS MADE.—This explosive was discovered in 1847, by an Italian named Sobern, but this practical application was made by Alfred Noble, a Swedish engineer. The process by which it is made is thus: Every one knows what glycerine is—a clear, syrup liquid, sweet to the taste and somewhat greasy to the touch. Its scores of employments range from the surgeon's dispensary to the lady's boudoir. Chemists term it a triatomic alcohol, and it may be derived from fat of tallow by the action of [illegible] and subacetate [illegible] properties are many and various, but as they have no bearing upon the present subject, we shall abstain from noticing them. If a quantity of nitric acid be added to twice its weight of sulphuric acid, glycerine be poured into this, and carefully stirred—the whole being surrounded by a freezing mixture—we obtain that wonderful substance known as nitro-glycerine, which has more than ten times the explosive force of gunpowder. It forms on the surface as an oily liquid of a pale yellow color, is perfectly inodorous, and has a sweet aromatic taste. It is poisonous, whether taken internally or absorbed through the skin, and small doses of it produce distressing headaches.

It does not explode when brought in connection with fire, and remains unchanged even when raised to the temperature of boiling water; but at about 40 degrees Fahrenheit it becomes converted into an icy mass, which merely requires friction to develop all its explosive qualities.

Mrs. Williams said in a speech in San Francisco recently, that "she knew a woman in the East who was a doctress. She was the mother of four children, and when the youngest was a babe, her husband left her. At that time she had no profession, but she had previously learned the harness-maker's trade in Iowa. She worked at that until she had saved money enough to begin the study of medicine. Now she owns two houses and lots, and is still practicing, and is supporting another husband. Couldn't get along without the husband, it seems.—*Exchange.*

Well, suppose she couldn't; or didn't want to! What of it? Does anybody question any woman's right to such an incumbrance? Doesn't everybody say it is the *duty* of a woman to have a husband? Why flout her for it if she's able to own and support the article?

Dr. Holmes says: "Walking is a perpetual falling with a perpetual self-recovery. It is a most complex, violent, and perilous operation, which we divest of its extreme danger only by continual practice from a very early period of life. We know how complex it is when we attempt to analyze it. We learn how violent it is when we walk against a post or a door in the dark. We discover how dangerous it is when we slip or trip and come down, perhaps breaking or dislocating our limbs, or overlook the last step of a flight of stairs, and discover with what headlong violence we have been hurling ourselves forward."

The *Revolution* says: "The working woman whose hard-earned money is taken from her legally by a brutal, besotted, drunken husband, to feed the cravings for gin or minister to his sensual passions, can bring a heavy charge against those who would deprive her of the only power by which she is at all likely in the future to secure her earnings to her own use. There are millions of poor working women, who are ground under the heel of oppressive employers, asking for better compensation; and whether they know it or not, their condition will never be materially improved until they get the ballot."

The Syracuse *Times* says the ladies of the Woman's Christian Association of Cleveland are perfecting a list of the young men of that city who visit houses of ill-fame. It is creating considerable trepidation among the young men of that place. We wish some society would do the same thing in Syracuse; we would like to publish the list. It has been said that women were not half so particular about getting virtuous husbands as men are about getting virtuous wives; but the Cleveland ladies seem to be making a move in the right direction.

There are over forty women connected editorially with the New York press.

Receipts.

Roasting a Leg of Lamb.—Slice salt work very thin, cutting two slices down the rind, leaving the rind on to make the piece as large as possible; make as many of these thin slices as will cover the whole leg; then wrap the whole in grape-leaves; pass a string round to keep them on, and roast. It is said the lamb will be exceedingly juicy, and of delicious flavor. We think this must be very sensible, and mean to try it as soon as grape leaves can be had.

Apple Pudding.—One pint of stewed and sifted apples, three eggs, well beaten, whites and yelks separate, sugar enough to make the apple quite sweet, one cup of stoned raisins, rolled in flour; half-pint each of milk and cream, or condensed milk, and a little salt and nutmeg.

Sauce.—One cup of sugar and half a cup of butter, rubbed to a cream; the white of one egg, well beaten, a little nutmeg or orange, and when ready to serve, stir in to great spoonfuls of boiling water; if preferred, add half a gill of wine, instead of orange-juice.

Liquid and Water-Proof Glues—Liquid Glue.—To have a good glue always ready for use, just put a bottle two-thirds full of best common glue, and fill up the bottle with common whisky; cork it up, and set by for four hours, and it will dissolve without the application of heat.

It will keep for years, and is always ready to use without heat, except in very cold weather, when it may need to be set a little while in a warm place, before using.

Water-Proof Glue.—Is made by first soaking the glue in cold water, for an hour or two, or until it becomes a little soft, yet retaining its original form; then taking it from the water and dissolving it by gentle heat, stirring in a little boiled linseed-oil.

If mahogany veneers were put on with this glue, they would not fall off, as they now do, by the action of the atmosphere.

Alice Cary.

Tilton's *Golden Age* pays this gifted poetess the following beautiful tribute: "The memory of Alice Cary, like a geranium, is green in all our homes. From the sea to the prairies, her name has been for years a household word. Her sincere and hearty writings are found on many a shelf that contains but few other books. Interesting to readers of many different grades, it was specially the common people who heard her gladly. She comforted and cheered many a toiler who never saw her face, but who blessed her pen. A good, true, tender woman, she imparted a large measure of her Christian self to her verses. When this woman went down to the grave, she left behind her the record of a suffering, patient and victorious life."

The Deseret (Utah) *News* of recent date says: "Woman suffrage has existed here by law for the past year. Its exercise thus far has been attended with none but gratifying results. It has had no bad effect upon the sex; we do not think it is likely to have. Modest woman go to the polls, deposit their votes, and are no more inclined to be aggressive or make nuisances of themselves than they were before the voting power was conferred upon them. Because they are voters they do not seem to forget that they are women, or to have the idea that they must abandon their own proper duties.

After Mme. De Stael's writings gained distinction, Bonaparte said he did not think women ought to write books. To which, bowing low, she replied, "It is not every woman who can gain distinction by an alliance with Gen. Bonaparte."

Very few ladies know how to appreciate an easy, healthful dress. They think their dresses are loose, when a man or boy put into one of them would gasp for breath, incapable of putting forth any effort except to break the bands.

It is a good argument in favor of the appointment of woman to political office that among the two hundred or more postmistresses in the United States not one has, so far, been charged with defalcation.

Two young women turned out with spades and hoes, and paid their road tax by labor in the town of Beloit, Wisconsin, the other day.

One hundred women are now preparing themselves for admission to the bar of the United States.

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WHICH THEY OFFER AT THE LOWEST RATES.

Corner Sansome and Bush Sts.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

alyl

MRS. E. A. BRIDGEFORD,

(SUCCESSOR TO MRS. DENIRAY.)

DEALER IN MILLINERY AND FANCY Goods, Albany, Oregon, has just received an elegant invoice of new goods, such as Fashionable Bonnets and Hats, Velvets, Ribbons, Trimmings, etc., to which she invites the attention of the ladies of Albany and vicinity. Her goods will be sold as cheap if not cheaper than ever before offered in this locality, and their quality cannot fail to give complete satisfaction. aly

PORTLAND ADVERTISEMENTS.

REAL ESTATE!

STITZEL & UPTON

REAL ESTATE BROKERS!

CORNER FRONT AND WASHINGTON STS.,

PORTLAND, OREGON.

Agents for the sale of Lots and Blocks in

HOLLADAY'S ADDITION

TO

EAST PORTLAND.

TO OUR PATRONS AND THE PUBLIC: Desirous of making SAFE and RELIABLE INVESTMENTS IN REAL PROPERTY, we beg leave at this time to call your attention to the Desirable Tract, which has been subdivided into Blocks and Lots, and is now in the market, to be sold in Alternate Lots and Blocks.

No one has ever visited this body of land but what will say that it is the most eligible for suburban Residences of any offered in the market, the land having a gradual slope from the river back to seventeenth st., there being scarcely any Block in the entire tract but what a Fair View of the City of Portland and the Willamette river can be had.

Another advantage this property will have for residences: No high water will ever affect the drainage of the city.

THE O. & C. R. R. CO'S NEW FERRY BOAT

Is now making regular trips from the foot of Fast, Couch's Addition, to the foot of Oregon st., Holladay's Addition.

IMPROVEMENTS TO BE MADE!

Aside from gigantic improvements now in contemplation by the Railroad Company, in the construction of Wharves, Warehouses and Machine Shops, quite a number of citizens will commence erecting Fine Residences and Business Houses. Also, street improvements, under contract, by Gen. Joseph Lane, Holladay Avenue, its entire length, to connect with the Sandy road. We can say that at least Half a Million Dollars will be expended in permanent improvements on this Addition the present season.

Terms of Sale:

Forty per cent cash down; deferred payments, six and twelve months, with interest at the rate of ten per cent. per annum.

NO QUESTION AS TO TITLE!

STITZEL & UPTON

Offer for sale a large amount of PORTLAND and EAST PORTLAND RESIDENCE and BUSINESS PROPERTY.

Parties wishing to purchase farms or lands will be conveyed to them and shown the same free of charge and at all times to suit the convenience of our patrons.

A large amount of choice FARMING LANDS for sale situated in Multnomah, Washinton, Yamhill, Polk, Benton, Lane, Marion, Clackamas, and other counties of this State. For PRICE LIST call at our office.

FOR SALE:

Eighty Acre Lot for sale, adjoining Holladay's Addition on the east. Apply to Stitzel & Upton.

Five and Ten Acre Lots for sale, adjoining East Portland, on reasonable terms. Apply to Stitzel & Upton.

Five and Twenty Acre Lots for sale on the McAdamized road three miles south of the city limits. Apply to Stitzel & Upton.

FARMS TO RENT.

We have a number of Improved Farms, situated in Washington county, from fourteen to twenty miles of Portland.

WANTED.

At this office, immediately, from Two to Three Hundred Dwelling Houses, situated in Portland and East Portland. Tenants waiting patiently. nl STITZEL & UPTON.

McGIBENY'S ACADEMY

OF

MUSIC.

ROOMS—First Street, Corbett's New Building.

TERMS OF TUITION:

Piano Forte or Cabinet Organ—
First Grade, per term.....$15 00
Advanced Grades.....25 00
Singing, Elocution and Calisthenics—
Per lesson.....$10 00
Per year.....20 00
For small children, per year.....20 00
Per term.....5 00
Private lessons in Voice Culture and Singing—
Per single lesson.....$2 50
Per term.....25 00
Private lessons in Elocution.....$2 50
Lessons in Elocution per term.....25 00

Each term is ten weeks in length; the year forty weeks; two sessions per week.

Students entering by the single lesson will be expected to pay for each lesson as it is given.

Students entering by the term will be expected to pay for the term in advance.

Students entering by the year will be expected to pay for the year in advance.

CLASSES IN ELOCUTION, VOCAL MUSIC AND CALISTHENICS,

Meet as follows:

Young Men's Class A—Mondays and Thursdays, from 8 to 9:30 P. M.

Young Men's Class B—Tuesdays and Fridays, from 8 to 9:30 P. M.

Young Masters' Class A—Mondays and Thursdays, from 6 to 7:30 P. M.

Young Masters' Class B—Tuesdays and Fridays, from 6 to 7:30 P. M.

Ladies' Class—Wednesdays, at 4:15 P. M.; Saturdays, at 11 A. M.

Misses' Class—Tuesdays, at 4:15; Saturdays, at 1:30 P. M.

Children's Class (for little tots) Tuesdays and Fridays, at 3 P. M.

ORATORIO REHEARSALS:

Wednesday evenings, from 8 to 9:30. v1n1

TO THE PUBLIC.

PORTLAND, Oregon, April 20.

THE AGENCY FIRM OF DRAKE & CO., Special Agents in Oregon and Washington Territory for business of the Ætna Life Insurance Company, having been discontinued on the 31st of March, 1871, this is to give notice that I have this day appointed J. G. Meserve and W. A. Upton, of Portland, Oregon, Special Agents for this State and Territories adjoining. Said Meserve & Upton are authorized and will attend to all business business connected or done by the Special agents, Drake & Co., whose business has been fully and satisfactorily settled.

M. P. MORSE,
General Agent and Attorney for Ætna Life Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn.

N. B. All payments on Policies of Insurance in the Company applied for or held by citizens of Oregon or Washington Territory will be made through Messrs. Meserve & Upton, Special Agents at Portland, Oregon.

M. P. M.

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.

Medicines for sale and instructions given on the use of electricity as a Remedial Agent. nl

A. G. WALLING,

JOB PRINTING AND BOOK BINDING ESTABLISHMENT,

Corner Front and Alder Streets.

WORK DONE AT THE LOWEST LIVING RATES. nl

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. Dunaway, of the NEW NORTHWEST. nl