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ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on reasonable terms.

[For the Northwest.] My Secret.

Cold winter, with health so low, And locks the earth in a cold embrace, Sweeping the flowers away from her face,

And welcome the warm and beautiful spring! Breathe low, gentle winds, and a secret I'll tell— A secret I've guarded so long and so well—

When the sky resumes its deepening blue, And the bright-winged song-birds' minstrelsy Is floating o'er from thicket and tree,

And now, gentle winds, that my secret you know, To the sunny south hasten, warm breezes to blow

Over the cold, barren earth, and awaken again The buds and the flowers o'er hill and o'er plain.

For Fanny, dear Fanny, the sweetest of girls, With her rosy cheeks and her shining brown curls,

Has owned that she loves me, her face all aglow, With a warm crimson blush mantling neck and cheek and brow.

And when the June roses are blossoming fair, Lending perfume to the warm summer air,

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The New Northwest.

VOLUME 1. PORTLAND, OREGON, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1872. NUMBER 40.

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"Grandmother D'Arcy asked Sarah and Ellen to take seats beside her, and grasping the hand of each, she sat there mute and silent.

"Grandmother," said Sarah, "it is not right for you to blame my husband. He has been kind to my mother's children, and it is my duty to be a good, obedient wife.

"Did you have no better home than this while Peter Dowd was living?" queried he, with emphasis, as he surveyed the cabin in scorn and sorrow.

"Mother never complained to anybody, and if she could put up with such a home as this without grumbling, I don't see why anybody else should object," said Ellen, proudly, and her black eyes flashed like diamonds.

"You're a D'Arcy—that's very plain, my dear," replied her grandfather, patting her approvingly upon the head.

"Grandfather," continued Ellen, "you've traveled far to see us, and we've no accommodations for your team; so, if you'll go with me to Uncle Jacob Graham's, I'll get your horses quartered in his barn.

"O, grandmother," said the child, "I love Sarah ever so much! She was only ten years old when mother died, and I was left a tiny baby on her hands, and she took care of me like a real mother for four long years; and then she got married at fourteen to an old bachelor of fifty, who was always kind to us, and now she has five babies and poor health, and I do expect to see her die and leave them all for me to raise."

Thus the child ramblingly explained, giving the grandparents such insight into the past life of the family, and preparing them by degrees to learn of the hopeless past of Ellen D'Arcy, and of the equally forbidding prospects that opened before her children.

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He had very shortly after marriage laid aside the gray backwoods toggery in which the roader last beheld him, and now, as he stood in the low doorway, with his gray eyes shining feebly from behind his shock of carrot-colored hair, which had become well flecked with gray, his long arms hanging limp and motionless over his high hip bones, his huge fists half open, and his bristling, week-old beard bearded with tobacco juice, he looked, as in truth he was, the personification of the aimless backwoodsman, who, living as a beast of prey, is but very few removes above the wild animal which he slays and devours.

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Correspondents writing over assumed signatures must make known their names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

[For the Northwest.] A Wonderful Law suit.

One of the greatest wonders of the time is the 'Tieborne Law suit.' The costs of the trial already run up to more than \$120,000. In order to meet this heavy outlay the claimant of the Tieborne estate issued bonds to the amount of £100,000. Besides the funds so received, he has the personal inheritance left him by Lady Tieborne, who before her sudden death in 1869 owned him as her son and made him her heir.

It is 1874 the real Tieborne was reported lost in the British ship Bella. The vessel being supposed to have perished in the Atlantic with all on board. In 1892 Sir Roger Tieborne, the father, died, when his younger son, called the Bella's passengers had been saved by a ship bound for Australia, and had been taken to Melbourne. The lawyer then requested her to give him a description of details concerning the person whom the advertisement called for, that he might search for him.

This letter Lady Tieborne at once replied, suggesting that if her son had been saved, he might probably have changed his name, when they met, she also offered a large reward for success in hunting up the lost heir. A few months afterwards she received a letter informing her that the lost one was found, and under the name of De Castro was living in Wagga-Wagga. After a few months more she received a letter signed Roger Tieborne, in which she was asked to forgive him for his long silence, which he would explain when they met.

She was also asked to send the writer £200 to defray his expenses to England, as he wished to return home immediately. As the handwriting of the letter was strange to her, Lady Tieborne did not answer this letter, but she wrote to Gibbs, the lawyer, that she could not recognize her son without seeing him.

In reply to this communication she received a letter containing a photograph. Though her son had been tall and slender when she last saw him, while the picture represented a very corpulent person, she fancied that she detected some traces of Roger Tieborne, and therefore sent the passage money asked for. Toward the end of 1896 De Castro arrived in England, but instead of at once going to see Lady Tieborne, who was in Paris, he took up his abode in a rooming house in Wapping, where he was formerly lived near the Tiebornes, and where perfectly familiar with their family history. Only after considerable search in Wapping he went to the house at once recognized by Lady Tieborne as her son. Until her death, three years afterward, he was so looked upon and treated by Lady Tieborne, that the family he was regarded as an impostor and his claims to the property indignantly denied. Looking at the naked facts of the case most people, no doubt, agree with them.