The New Northwest.

FRIDAY.....MAY 24, 1872.

Noxana.

Come, muse with me—desert the busy day;
Come, walk with me beneath the pale star-light;
We'll seek some quiet nook, from noise away,
And sing unto the list'ning shades of night.
In solitude, my muse, we will converse
Through thought with the inspiring angels near;
'Twill soothe our soul, low rankling cares disperse,
And purify error's dull atmosphere—
Exalt our being to a higher sphere.

Ceres opens to the falling dew,
Begins her silent watch. 'Midst the bower's
Leafy arch the full rising moon looks through
The midnight watches of the sleeping flowers;
Night's dusky wings are shadowed o'er the sky;
Another glory reigns where Sol had shone,
Lo! Nature spreads her mystic page on high
In solemn grandeur o'er you starry zone—
Eternal secrets, save to God alone.

Athwart the rippled bosom of the lake
How softly sigh's the stirring atmosphere;
The lofty trees nod 'long the zephyr's wake,
Their moving shadows things of life appear.
From silence's depth a heavenly melody
Seraphic steals to the impassioned soul—
An unheard music, or as though the whole
Of Nature's atoms blended in a lay
Whose strains expire into the realms of day.

A halo gilds yon high projecting rock,
Where sleeps the eagle in his lofty nest,
Safely sheltered from the tempest shock
Beneath its giddy, awe-inspiring crest;
A passing cloud obscures fair Luna's light—
To earth she pours a mood, resplendent hue,
As though an angel, to look on the night,
Had pushed the door of heaven ajar,
And down through space a ray had shone afar.

'Tis joy, 'tis bliss, 'tis rapture unconfined,
To wander through some lone, sequestered grove
With some fair maid, by the pale moon defined,
And gaze into her moonlit eyes of love.
Approving nature breathes responsive sighs,
Echoing softly through the lonelines.
Like a sweet serenade, while the dark skies
Drop crystal tears of sympathetic bliss,
As love forgets the world and walks in happiness.

Ye countless stars my wandering eyes behold,
Exists there not 'mong your mysterious plan
A being of a more ethereal mold,
A creature yet superior to man?
Is he the acme of all living things—
This animal, who preys upon his kind,
This conscious reservoir of pangs and stings—
Embryo angel—yet who, like the hind,
Dissolves to earth and gas upon the wind?

Majestic night, doth thy immensity
Consist all space? Must heavenward hope despond?
No shore, no bound—art thou eternity?
Say, is there not a something yet beyond?
Sink those great orbs that in thy bosom glow,
That finite man deems so vast, so mighty,
Into mere particles that come and go—
Atoms floating 'midst thy infinity—
But insects, crawling 'round their surface, we?

No, not when from these scenes I bid farewell
Still, still for me will thy calm beauties be;
Still, still to me will thy low zephyrs tell
Æolean tales and murmur melody.
My soul shall burst forth from this cell of earth
And wing unto a summer land of love;
Death, death shall give me an immortal birth,
To roam forever thy boundless shades above,
From sphere to sphere, with the eternal Jove.

STEPHEN MATHEL.

Martha Phillips.

She was dead; an old woman, with silvery hair brushed smoothly away from her wrinkled forehead, a snowy cap tied under her chin; a sad, quiet face; a patient mouth, with lines about it that told of sorrow borne with gentle firmness; and two withered, tired hands, crossed with a restful look. That was all.

Who looking at the sleeping form, would think of love and romance, of a heart only just healed of a wound received long, long ago?

Fifty years she had lived under that roof, a farmer's wife. If you look on the little plate on the coffin lid, you will see "Aged 70" there, and she was only twenty when John Phillips brought her home, a bride.

A half century she kept her careful watch over dairy and larder, had made butter and cheese, and looked after the innumerable duties that fall to the share of a farmer's wife. And John had never gone with buttonless shirts and undarned socks; had not come home to an untidy house and scolding wife. His trim, tidy Martha had been his pride; and though not a demonstrative husband, he had boasted sometimes of the model housewife that kept his home in order.

But underneath her quiet exterior there was a story that John never dreamed of, and would hardly have believed possible had he been told. She did not marry for love. When she was nineteen, a rosy, happy girl, a stranger came on a visit to their village, and that summer was the brightest and happiest she ever knew. Paul Gardner was the stranger's name; he was an artist, and fell in love with the simple village maiden and won her heart; and when he went away in the Autumn they were betothed.

"I'll come again in the spring," he said. "Trust me, and wait for me, Mattie dear."

She promised to love and wait for him to the end of time, if need be, and with a kiss on her quivering lips he went away.

Mattie Gray did not tell her father and mother of her love, for they had no liking for London folks, and had treated Paul none too hospitably when he had ventured inside their house.

Spring time came, and true to his word, Paul returned; he staid only a day or two this time.

"I am going away in a few weeks to Italy, to study," he said. "I shall be gone two years, and then I shall come to claim you for my bride."

They renewed their vows, and parted with tears, and tender, loving words; he put a ring on her finger and cut a little curly tress from her brown hair; and telling her to be always true, and wait for him, went away.

The months went by, and Mattie was trying to make the time seem short by studying to improve herself, so she might be worthy of her lover, when he should return to make her his wife.

"It must be about the time he is to start," she said to herself one day.

And by and by, as she glanced over a newspaper, her eye was attracted by his name, and with white lips and dilated eyes, she read of his marriage to another.

"Married! Taken another bride, instead of coming back to marry me! Oh, Paul, Paul! I loved and trusted you for this!"

She covered her face with her hands and wept bitterly.

An hour afterwards, as she sat there in the twilight, with the fatal newspaper in her lap, she heard a step on the gravel walk; and looking up, she saw John Phillips coming up the steps. He had been to see her often before, but had never yet spoken of love, and had, of course, received no encouragement to do so. He was a plain, hard-working farmer, with no romance about him, but matter-of-fact to the core. His wife would get few caresses or tender words. He would be kind enough—would give her plenty to eat and wear.

Now, he seemed to have come for the express purpose of asking her to be his wife; for he took a chair, and seating himself beside her, after the usual greeting, reserving scarcely a moment to take breath, began in his business-like way to converse. There was no confession of love, no pleading, no hand-clasping, no tender glances, he simply wanted her; would she be his wife? His manner was hearty enough; there was no doubt he really wanted her—would rather marry her than any other woman he knew; but that was all.

Her lips moved to tell him she did not love him; but as she let her eyes fall from the crimson-hearted rose that swung from the vine over the window, she caught sight of those few lines again.

"Married!" she said to herself. "What can I do? He doesn't ask me to love him, and nobody will know that Paul has jilted me."

The decision was made. Her cheeks were asky pale as she looked straight into his eyes, and answered quietly, "Yes, I will be your wife."

Her parents were pleased that she was chosen by so well-to-do a young man; so it was all settled, they were married that same Summer. People thought she sobered down wonderfully; more than that, nothing was said that would lead any one to suppose any change had taken place.

Yes, she was sobered down. She dared not think of Paul. There was no hope ahead. Life was a time to be filled up with something, so that she might not think of herself. John was always kind, but she got so wearied of his talk of stock and crops, and said to herself, "I must work harder; plan, and fuss, and bustle about as other women do, so that I may forget, and grow like John."

Two years went swiftly by. A baby slept in the little cradle; Martha—nobody called her Mattie but Paul—sat rocking it with her foot as she knitted a blue woolen stocking for the baby's father. There was a knock at the half open door.

"I have got into the wrong road; will you be kind enough to direct me the nearest way to the village?" said a pleasant voice, and a stranger stepped in.

She rose to give him the required direction, but stopped short, while he came quickly forward.

"Paul!"

"Mattie?"

His face lighted up, and he reached out his arms to draw her to him. With a surprised, painful look, she drew back.

"Mr. Gardner, this is a most unexpected meeting."

"Mr. Gardner?" he repeated. "Mattie, what do you mean?"

"Don't call me Mattie if you please," she replied with dignity. "My name is Phillips."

"Phillips!" he echoed. "Are you married?"

"These are strange words from you, Paul Gardner, did you think I was waiting all this time for another woman's husband?—that I was keeping my faith with one who played me false so soon?"

"Played you false? I have not. I have come as I promised you. The two years are but just passed, and I am here to claim you. Why do you greet me thus? Are you indeed married, Mattie Gray?"

She was trembling like an aspen leaf. For answer, she turned and pointed to the cradle. He came and stood before her, with white face and folded arms.

"Tell me why you did this. Didn't you love me well enough to wait for me?"

She went and unlocked a drawer, and took out a newspaper. Unfolding it, and finding the place, she pointed to it with her finger, and he read the marriage notice.

"What of this?" he asked, as he met her questioning, reproachful look. "O, Mattie! you thought it meant me. It is my cousin. I am not married, nor in love with any one but you!"

"Are you telling me the truth?" she asked in eager, husky voice.

And then, as he replied, "It is true," she gave a low groan and sank down into a chair.

"O, Paul, forgive me! It nearly broke my heart! I didn't know that you had a cousin by the same name. I ought not to have doubted you; but it was there in black and white—and this man, my husband, came and I married him!"

With bitter tears, she told him how it all happened. With clenched hands he walked to and fro, then stooped beside the cradle and bent over the sleeping child. Lower he bent, till his lips touched its wee forehead, while he murmured softly, to himself, "Mattie's baby."

Then he turned, and kneeling before her said, in a low voice, "I forgive you, Mattie; be as happy as you can." He took both her hands in his, and looked steadily, lovingly, into her face. His lips twitched convulsively as he rose to his feet. "I have no right here—you are another man's wife. Good bye—God bless you!"

He turned, as he went out of the door, and saw her standing there, in the middle of the room, with arms outstretched. He went back, and putting his arms around her, pressed one kiss to her cheek, then left the house, never looking back.

And she went down on her knees beside her sleeping baby, and prayed for strength to bear her trial. They never saw one another again.

Seventy years old! Her stalwart sons and bright-eyed daughters remember her as a loving and devoted mother, her gray-headed husband as a most faithful wife.

"Never was a woman more patient and kind, and as good a housewife as ever was," he said, as he brushed the back of his old brown hand across his eyes while looking on the peaceful face.

And not one of them ever knew of the weary heart and broken hope that had died in her breast, nor ever dreamed of the sorrowful load she had borne through life.

The widow of the late Rear-Admiral Dahlgren seeks from Congress some remuneration for the benefit derived by the government from her husband's inventions in ordnance, of which the government has had exclusive advantage, resulting during the war in benefits which it would be vain to attempt to estimate. The memorial of Mrs. Dahlgren deserves most respectful consideration, and the conduct of the government in this matter should be more regulated by an honorable magnanimity than by narrowness and parsimony. But the amusing feature in the affair is that Mrs. Dahlgren, who recently declined to appear before the public to oppose Woman Suffrage on account of feminine modesty, has asked and obtained a hearing before the committee on claims, without any such scruple. Is money, then, a higher consideration than truth? Is private interest more imperative than public welfare?—*Woman's Journal.*

A meeting of the Woman's Real Estate Association was held at No. 838 Broadway, New York, last week. This is a corporation organized for the purpose of encouraging the emigration of women to Oregon, and providing them with homes there under the homestead law. At the meeting yesterday, the charter incorporating the association was adopted, and the following officers elected: President, Mrs. M. P. Sawtelle, of Oregon, who is the originator of the movement; Secretary, Miss Jennie Griffin; Treasurer, Miss Witte.—*Woman's Journal, May 4, '72.*

An Irishman, in describing America, said: "You might roll England thru it, an' it wouldn't make a dint in the ground; there's fresh-water oceans inside that ye might drown ould Ireland in, an' as for Scotland, ye might stick it in a corner, and ye'd never be able to find it out, except it might be by the smell of whisky."

The French have a very significant saying; it is always the unexpected which happens.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE!

Unparalleled Inducements to Clubs

THE NEW NORTHWEST,

A Journal for the People,

—AND—

DEVOTED TO THE INTETESTS OF HUMANITY.

Arrangements have been made to secure the Services of a

COMPETENT CORPS OF WRITERS

upon any and all subjects of Public Interest.

The NEW NORTHWEST is not a Woman's Rights, but a Human Rights organ, devoted to whatever policy may be necessary to secure the greatest good to the greatest number. It knows no sex, no politics, no religion, no party, no color, no creed. Its foundation is fastened upon the rock of Equal Liberty, Universal Emancipation and Unfettered Progression.

OUR PREMIUM LIST.

As an inducement for our friends to make exertions to secure large clubs for the NEW NORTHWEST, we offer the following list of valuable premiums:

For twenty subscribers, at $3 00 each, accompanied by the cash, we will give the HOME SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE, without table, beautifully ornamented. Price, $30.

For thirty-five subscribers, at $4 00 each, accompanied by the cash, we will give a HOME SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE, with Black Walnut table, bronzed and nicely finished. Price, $45.

For forty subscribers, at $5 00 each, accompanied by the cash, we will give a HOME SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE, finished in extra style, with Black Walnut table and cover. Price, $50.

The above Sewing Machines, which are warranted first-class in every particular, can be seen at the office of Geo. W. Traver, 112 Front street, Portland.

For fifty subscribers, at $3 00 each, accompanied by the cash, we will give a MASON & HAMLIN PORTABLE ORGAN, four octave, single reed, with black walnut case, automatic bellows swell, two blow pedals, improved center pressure reed valves, etc. Price, $55.

For seventy-five subscribers, at $3 00 each, accompanied by the cash, a double reed MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN; resembles the first except that it has also a knee stop. Price, $75.

For seventy-five subscribers, at $3 00 each, accompanied by the cash and twenty-five dollars additional, we will give a MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN, of FIVE OCTAVES, ONE STOP, SELF-ADJUSTING REED VALVES, IMPROVED BELLOWS, TREMULANT AND KNEE-SWELL. Price, $100.

For one hundred subscribers, at $3 00 each, and twenty dollars additional, we will give a MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN, FIVE OCTAVES, FIVE STOPS, TWO SETS OF REBRATORS THROUGHOUT, IMPROVED GRADUATED SELF-ADJUSTING REED VALVES, IMPROVED BELLOWS, TREMULANT AND KNEE-SWELLS. VIOLA, DIAPASON, FLUTE, TREMULANT. Price, $125.

Those who desire to work for these premiums can send the names and money as fast as received. The subscribers will be placed to their credit, and if enough names are not received during the year to procure the premium desired they can choose a lesser premium, or they will be entitled to receive twenty-five per cent. in cash of the amount remitted for their labor.

OUR NEW PREMIUM LIST.

As THE NEW NORTHWEST has already proved a popular success, we are decided that it shall also prove a TRIUMPH.

To enable our friends who may decide to canvass for our paper to benefit both themselves and us by increasing our Subscription Lists, we propose to give the following additional Premiums to canvassers:

Any subscriber who is in arrears for the NEW NORTHWEST, who will send us his or her own subscription fee, and one new subscriber, accompanied by the cash—$6 00—we will give:

A pair Parian Marble Vases;
Or a Bohemian Glass Vase;
Or a Bohemian Glass Card Receiver;
Or ½ dozen Ivory Napkin Rings;
Or ½ dozen Plated Tea Spoons;
Or 1 pair Alexandre's Kid Gloves;
Or a Lady's Fan, spangled, feathered edge;
Or a Bird Cage;
Or an Album for holding 100 pictures;
Or an Album (extra) for holding 50 pictures;
Or a Fancy Letter Case;
Or a box Toilet Articles, including soap, chalk, perfumery, etc.;
Or a Britannia Tea Pot;
Or a Kerosene Lamp;
Or ½ dozen Glass Goblets;
Or ½ dozen Glass Tumblers;
Or a large Glass Fruit Dish;
Or a Work Basket;
Or a Fine Embroidered Handkerchief;
Or ½ dozen Linen Handkerchiefs;
Or a Woolen Table Cover;
Or ½ dozen Table Napkins;
Or ½ dozen Towels;
Or an elegant Portmonia.

Any subscriber who is in arrears for a year's subscription, and who will send his or her own subscription fee, and two new subscribers, accompanied by the cash—making $9 00—we will send:

A set of Rogers' Table Forks, triple plated, on white metal, warranted;
Or a set of Rogers' Table Spoons, triple plated, on white metal, warranted;
Or a set of Rogers' Tea Spoons, triple plated, on white metal, warranted;
Or ½ dozen Rogers' & Russell's Table Knives, best quality, warranted;
Or a handsome Bird Cage.

Any person in arrears for subscription to THE NEW NORTHWEST, who will send his or her subscription fee and three new subscribers, accompanied by the cash, making $12 00, we will send:

A handsome Marsailles Quilt;
Or a handsome Woolen Quilt, red and white or blue and white;
Or a pair of Table Cloths;
Or two pairs of Nottingham Lace Curtains;
Or three pairs Alexandre's Kid Gloves, any color or size;
Or a Japanese Inlaid Work Box;
Or 18 yards best yd. wide Sheeting.

For seven subscribers at $3 00 each, amounting to $21 00, we will send:

An extra Castor, triple plated, on white metal valued at $9 00;
Or a Lady's Writing Desk, of equal value;
Or a Cabinet, Japanese Inlaid;
Or an Extra Japanese Inlaid Work Box.

These articles are all valuable, and are warranted to be just as we represent them. Persons living in this city or who can visit us can receive these articles from our own hands at an hour's notice; or if not convenient to visit us, we will send the articles by express to any address.

No order of this kind will receive attention unless the cash accompanies it.

Send money in Postoffice orders at the customary rates of currency, or send draft if preferred.

All orders promptly attended to.

We sincerely hope that this unparalleled offer, which is a new feature in the newspaper business in Oregon, will meet with a hearty response from the many friends of our paper, who up to this time have seemed to fall to realize that THE NEW NORTHWEST cannot be run without money. Now is the time to make up clubs. Begin before some other person gets the start of you. See what you can do for yourself, the Public and THE NEW NORTHWEST.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Oregon Steam Navigation Co's Notice.

BOATS OF THE COMPANY WILL LEAVE Portland as follows:

For The Dalles:
Daily (Sundays excepted) at 5 o'clock A. M.

For Astoria:
Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 5 o'clock A. M.

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Daily at 7½ o'clock A. M.

n37 J. C. AINSWORTH, President.

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DEPOSITS RECEIVED AND ACCOUNTS kept subject to check on draft.

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

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MAIN STREET, DALLES CITY, OREGON.

BOARD BY THE DAY, Week or Month, on the most reasonable terms.

Superior accommodations for families.

Concord Coach to and from the house free.

A large safe for the keeping of valuables.

House open all night.

n17 THOMAS SMITH, Proprietor.

PRIVATE BOARDING HOUSE.

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KEEPS A FIRST-CLASS BOARDING HOUSE for the accommodation of people who prefer a quiet home to the confusion of a hotel. Terms moderate. Olympia, W. T. n28tf.

JAMES F. BROWN,

Attorney, Counsellor at Law and NOTARY PUBLIC.

EUGENE CITY.....OREGON

Consultations in the English, French, German and Hollland languages. n29.

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TRIMMED AND UNTRIMMED HATS AND BONNETS,

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A Full Stock of Blankets, Yarns, Beavers, Tweeds and Cassimeres Constantly on Hand.

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PARTICULAR ATTENTION Paid to Orders. n1

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WE MANUFACTURE AN

A NO. 1 ARTICLE OF

BREAD,

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And all kinds of Pastry usually found in a First Class Bakery!

Goods delivered to any part of the city. j21,'71n12

UNK WEED REMEDY.

THE UNK WEED REMEDY,

—OR—

Oregon Rheumatic Cure.

HISTORY:

THIS REMEDY IS COMPOSED OF THE Active principle of the Unk Weed, Eng.—Thaspium Cordatum Originis, Lat.—Indigenous to Oregon. Grows most abundantly and perfectly in Washington county.

PROPERTIES, ETC.:

It contains an Active and Volatile Principle, extracted by Ether, and a bitter Tonic Principle.

MEDICAL PROPERTIES AND USES:

It is the most sure and speedy cure for Rheumatism, Rheumatic Gout and Rheumatic Pains of all kinds that was ever introduced into the Materia Medica. The UNK WEED REMEDY, as prepared by us, in consequence of the existing bitter principle, possesses the necessary virtue of being a

Powerful Tonic,

Promoting the Appetite and Invigorating the whole Digestive Apparatus, thus building up and strengthening the system, while at the same time the volatile principle, being absorbed in the blood, acts specifically on the Rheumatic Poison, removing it from the circulation and system.

There are few remedies known to the Medical Profession which will remove the Rheumatic Poison from the blood, but whose action is so powerful in depressing the system of the already enfeebled Rheumatic patient, that their use has to be abandoned before specific effects are obtainable, and hence the want of success in treating this prevalent and consequently heretofore incurable disease. Unlike these medicines, already known, the UNK WEED REMEDY, although producing as active and as powerful effects on the blood and system in removing the Rheumatic Poison, also possesses a strong Tonic and Recuperating Element which admits of its continued use even by the most delicate and debilitated. Thus we have the combination for the first time of these two necessary elements in one remedy, which accounts for its superior and never-failing curative effects in Rheumatism, Rheumatic Gout and Rheumatic Pains of all kinds.

N. B. The UNK WEED REMEDY is particularly APPLICABLE TO LADIES, in consequence of its Tonic Qualities.

TESTIMONIALS:

We are aware of the fact that it is generally an easy matter to procure certificates attesting the efficacy of patent remedies from a certain class of those who use them. We have selected the following because the names attached to them are those of men of the most careful and scrupulous character, and because the large class of their acquaintances in Oregon will not, for a moment, accuse or suspect them of any exaggeration in the statements they may make:

Certificate from the Deputy Jailor of Multnomah County Jail:

City Jail, Portland, Oregon, June 7, 1871.

Dr. A. M. Loryea & Co.: I was attacked with a severe case of rheumatism. It was in my thighs, hips, fingers, shoulder blade—indeed in all the joints of my body I suffered great pain and anguish. I was attended by a regular physician, but with no effect. I was induced to try your Unk Weed Remedy, and it immediately cured me up. I consider it, from my experience, the best remedy for rheumatism known.

ALFRED F. TURNER, Deputy Jailor.

This is to certify that the above statement is correct to my own knowledge.

JOHN P. WARD, Jailor.

Alta California Book and Job Printing Office, 529 California street, San Francisco, June 1, 1871.

Dr. A. M. Loryea & Co.: For several years I have been subject to rheumatism in my right arm and shoulder, rendering me unable to work. On a recurrence of the attack some time since, I was induced to try your "Unk Weed Remedy," and the result was a perfect cure in a few days. I took only two-thirds of the contents of one bottle. My firm belief is that the "Unk" is a certain cure for rheumatism in all its forms, and I would heartily recommend all afflicted with that dreadful disease to try your "Remedy" and be cured.

JNO. R. McLANE.

Certificate of A. R. Shipley, Esq., special contributor to the "Willamette Farmer," and Secretary of the Oregon Horticultural Society:

Oswego, Oregon, March 28, 1871.

Dr. A. M. Loryea: Some four weeks ago I was entirely prostrated with rheumatism; in fact I was almost helpless. I sent to you for one ounce bottle of the "Unk Weed Remedy," by the use of which I experienced almost immediate relief, and by the time the bottle was gone the rheumatism was gone. From my own experience, and from what I have heard others say who have used the Unk Weed, I believe it to be a certain cure for rheumatism.

Yours respectfully, A. R. SHIPLEY.

Certificate from Hon. A. J. Dufur, ex-President of the Oregon State Agricultural Society and author of "Statistics of Oregon:"

East Portland, April 1, 1871.

Dr. A. M. Loryea & Co.: I was afflicted with a severe attack of chronic rheumatism; was confined to my bed most of the time from January to July, when I used the Unk Weed and it cured me up. A. J. DUFUR.

Certificate from James Bybee, the celebrated stock-grower and "King of the Oregon Turf:"

Sauvie's Island, January 14, 1871.

To Dr. A. M. Loryea & Co.: This is to acknowledge the efficacy of your "Unk Weed Remedy, or Oregon Rheumatic Cure." I was afflicted for months with a very serious attack of inflammatory rheumatism, and tried nearly all of the so-called rheumatic remedies without any relief perceivable. I then tried your Remedy, and its use resulted in the most happy effects—a perfect cure. Truly yours,

JAMES BYBEE.

Certificate from the well-known merchant, O. W. Weaver, Esq.:

The Dalles, May 23, 1871.

Dr. A. M. Loryea & Co.: I have used the "Unk Weed Remedy," and can cheerfully recommend it to persons afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism. It cured me of that disease. My hands, wrists, ankles—indeed, all my joints—were swollen and very painful. O. W. WEAVER.

Certificate from Hon. Nat. H. Lane, Pilot Commissioner of Oregon, and a member of the City Council of East Portland:

East Portland, April 19, 1871.

Dr. A. M. Loryea & Co.: I have been afflicted for several years past with "weakness in the back," and wandering rheumatic pains, accompanied by severe constipation. By the use of one bottle of your "Unk Weed Remedy, or Oregon Rheumatic Cure," I have been entirely relieved, and I cheerfully recommend it as a most valuable and effective remedy.

NAT. H. LANE.

Certificate from Hon. Gideon Tibbetts, a member of the City council of East Portland:

East Portland, April 7, 1871.

Dr. A. M. Loryea & Co.—Gents: This is to inform you that I have used your "Unk Weed" for neuralgia and rheumatic pains, and found relief from the use of only one bottle, and can recommend it to those in need of such a remedy. Yours, GIDEON TIBBETTS.

Certificate from Hon. E. L. Quimby, ex-County Commissioner of Multnomah county, Oregon:

East Portland, April 1, 1871.

Dr. A. M. Loryea & Co.: I have used the "Unk Weed Remedy," and am satisfied it is a valuable medicine. It regulates and invigorates the system. This is my experience with the Remedy. Truly yours, E. L. QUIMBY.

Certificate from the celebrated musician, Prof. Otto Vieuxtemps:

Oregon Musical Institute, Portland, May 22, 1871.

Dr. A. M Loryea & Co.: I was attacked with severe inflammatory rheumatism, suffering great pain, and was so prostrated that I was unable to tend to my business. I used one bottle of your "Unk Weed Remedy, or Oregon Rheumatic Cure," and was entirely cured by it alone. OTTO VIEUXTEMPS.

PUT UP IN TEN-OUNCE BOTTLES,

—AT—

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Bottle.

PREPARED AT THE

OREGON MEDICAL LABORATORY,

—BY—

DR. LORYEA & CO.,

EAST PORTLAND, OREGON.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. n12

SAN FRANCISCO.

THE FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE

WILL SEW EVERYTHING NEEDED IN a family, from the Heaviest to the Lightest fabric.

It Does More Work,

More Kinds of Work,

And Better Work

Than any other Machine.

If there is a Florence Sewing Machine within one thousand miles of San Francisco not working well or giving entire satisfaction, if I am informed of it, it will be attended to without expense of any kind to the owner.

SAMUEL HILL, Agent,
19 New Montgomery St.,
Grand Hotel Building,
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SEND FOR CIRCULARS AND SAMPLES OF WORK.

Active Agents Wanted Everywhere.

Jan. 26, 1871-n28 1m

CHARLES TENCE & CO.,

IMPORTERS OF

French Millinery,

STRAW and FANCY GOODS

NO. 11 SANSOME STREET,

Between Bush and Sutter, next Cosmopolitan Hotel,

SAN FRANCISCO.....CAL.

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AGENTS WANTED!

THE LOST CITY;

—OR—

CHICAGO AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS.

A HISTORY OF THE GREAT CHICAGO Fire. Truthful and accurate. A vivid and detailed account of the most terrible calamity that has ever befallen the civilized world. Startling incidents. "Hair Breadth 'scapes." The fearful ravages of the Fire Fiend. The reign of Terror. Profusely and beautifully illustrated, including views of the city before and since the fire, still sublimely grand in its ruins. Orders will be filled and received. The fastest selling book ever sold by agents. Send $1 for canvassing outfit and secure an Agency immediately. Agents also wanted for

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One Thousand Illustrations, comprising startling scenes, interesting incidents and wonderful events in all Countries and among all People. A. L. BANCROFT & CO., San Francisco, Cal.

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FIRST PREMIUM

Oregon State Fair, 1871.

THIS SPACE RESERVED FOR

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Steam Book and Job Printers, who intend filling it with an advertisement as soon as they get time to write one. In the mean time call on them at 93 Front St. if you want any kind of Printing done. n30tf

DR. J. G. GLENN,

DENTIST,

107 Front Street,

PORTLAND.....OREGON n4

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

MRS. M. J. ENSIGN,

Fashionable Dress and Cloak-Maker,

Third Street, Near Washington.

KEEPS A FULL ASSORTMENT OF PATterns, trimmed and untrimmed.

COUNTRY DRESS-MAKERS

Will find it to their advantage to give her a call.

Orders Executed with Neatness and Dispatch.

Charges Reasonable. n29

EMPLOYMENT AGENCY.

Witherell & Holman,

No. 80 Front Street, Portland,

WILL FIND EMPLOYMENT FOR ALL those applying for situations in any capacity from Wood-chopper down to a Fat office.

Pay special attention to obtaining Farm Help, House Servants, Railroad Hands, etc., irrespective of Nationality.

Parties sending orders from a distance must be explicit in their orders, stating just what they want, what they will pay, etc., (accompanied by our office fees, $2 00, which may be deducted from employee's wages), stating whether they will or will not be responsible for traveling expenses of hired help.

J. R. WITHERELL.
n4tf F. DILLARD HOLMAN.

DR. ABORN,

Oculist and Aurist, Throat and Lung PHYSICIAN.

Laboratory, Consulting and Operarting APARTMENTS.

CORNER THIRD AND MORRISON STS., Portland, Oregon. n29

J. M. FRYER,

DEALER IN

DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING,

Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Nails, Etc.,

—AND—

PURCHASER OF FARMERS' PRODUCE.

Highest Cash Price paid for WOOL.

CORNER FIRST AND MADISON STREETS,

PORTLAND, OREGON. n5-n18-tf

MISS MACNAMARA

HAS OPENED A LARGE AND CHOICE ASsortment of

Millinery Goods,

At 71 First St, bet. Washington & Stark,

Next door to Ladd & Tilton's Bank,

And hopes by attention to business and promptness in executing orders to meet a share of patronage.

Two first-class milliners wanted immediately. To first-class hands highest wages paid. Also two small girls wanted as apprentices. Apply at the store, 71 First street, immediately. apl0n8tf

"WHERE'S HIS CHICKEN?"

"Did Mrs. B. Get that Fat Chicken?"

"WHY, DON'T YOU KNOW? SHE GOT it at

ASCHENHEIM & BULKELEY'S WASHINGTON MARKET,

where they keep all kinds of Fresh Poultry, Game and Fish, and receive by every steamer a splendid assortment of California vegetables.

N. B. Consignments from the country solicited. n41f.

Temperance House.

LOVE'S HOTEL,

Will Frisbie.....Proprietor

FIRST STREET, between Main and Madison, Portland, Oregon. New House, New Furniture, Excellent Accommodations. Board per week, $6 to $8. Per day, $1 to $1 50, according to room. n29-tf

MURPHY & KELLY,

DEALES 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

DR. R. R. FREELAND,

(LATE OF SAN FRANCISCO,)

DENTIST.

ROOM NO. TWO, DEKUMS' BUILDING, Cor. First 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. Dunlway, of the NEW NORTHWEST. 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.