

NOTICE

There will be a meeting of the friends of Woman Suffrage on Monday evening, at 7 o'clock, at the residence of D. W. Williams, corner of Yamhill and Park streets. All are invited.

THE FUTURE OF OREGON.

No State in the Union has such a glorious future before it, judging from present indications, as Oregon. With matchless grain fields, unlimited water power and extensive mines of the precious metals, besides large deposits of coal and iron, there is nothing to hinder it from becoming at once the grand bread-producing, manufacturing and mining commonwealth of the Great Northwest. With these three great elements of success and development it is difficult to conceive how any other than an era of the greatest prosperity is in the near-by future.

The agricultural interests are superior to most other sections of the Union, and certainly inferior to none. It is a conceded fact that more bushels of wheat can be produced from an acre of ground, with less labor, in the Willamette valley than in any other portion of the United States. We do not know just what the average wheat yield of Oregon is, only that it is large; but, large as it is, it is not a tithe of what may be produced. When the population of the State shall have increased from a hundred thousand to a million something may be shown as to what the real wheat-growing capacity of Oregon approximates. The crops are always sure. The winter rains, of which so much complaint is made, always insure a good harvest. Drouths, often experienced in California and the older States of the Union, are consequently unknown.

The manufacturing interests of this young State are also worthy of notice. No finer water power can be found than is furnished by the swiftly flowing mountain streams. Already quite a number of woolen manufactories are in successful operation, those at Salem and Oregon City being the most prominent, all run by water power. Nearly all the grist mills in the State are also run by the same motive power. Oregon City, at the Willamette Falls, is destined to be the Lowell of the Pacific coast. The water power there is excellent nowhere, and may be easily utilized. Everything considered, the manufacturing interests of Oregon will be nearly if not quite equal to the agricultural. Indeed, these two will go hand in hand and co-operate with each other. What Oregonian can contemplate without a feeling of exultation and pardonable pride the sure-looking future when his State shall not only feed and clothe its own mighty population, but send abroad, by railroad and steamer, raiment and sustenance to other lands? To accomplish all this needs only the aggregation of population and capital. Both, in a steadily flowing and ever increasing stream, are constantly arriving among us.

The mining interests are worthy of mention. Eastern Oregon is a gold-bearing region, and though not equal to Idaho or Montana, yet exports a considerable amount of bullion. Iron and coal have been discovered in various portions of the State in paying quantities. With the influx of capital will come development of all these.

Eastern Oregon, besides being a rich gold field, is also well adapted to cattle raising. Nor is it altogether unfit for wheat growing, some of the small valleys being very productive of this staple.

The Umpqua and Rogue River valleys in Southern Oregon, though small in extent compared to the Willamette valley, also grow large crops of wheat. This section of country has heretofore been little noticed, on account of its distance from market, but the Oregon and California Railroad, just now penetrating it, will bring about a different order of things. With a market brought near by means of railroad facilities, Southern Oregon will naturally and inevitably attract a large immigration.

The climate of Oregon is salubrious, and the death-rate is less than that of any other State in the Union. The educational facilities are of the best. The people are moral, intelligent and industrious.

We have said this much in reference to Oregon in general for the information of our Eastern readers, many of whom have expressed a desire to know something through our columns of the resources of this young State. We cannot close this cursory sketch without a brief allusion to the metropolis.

Portland, in our judgment, will maintain the position she has already won of being the largest city on the Pacific coast north of San Francisco. With an active, energetic population of about twelve thousand; the terminus of two railroads, one traversing the east and the other the west side of the Willamette; the prospective center of a magnificent railway system, which will make it the great distributing point for the Northwest; easy of access for ocean steamers and sailing vessels; the aggregation of capital already here—all these facts go to show that Portland will continue to be what she is now—the chief city of the North Pacific.

of Oregon than all the gold mines of Idaho or Montana, assuring as they do perennial harvests for all time to come. Don't come here expecting never to be sick, for there are a few drug stores and doctors here, as well as elsewhere; and, above all, don't come too confident of the speedy and complete cure of deeply seated maladies, even though a great many, similarly circumstanced, have been benefited. Don't come with the expectation of becoming rich in a few weeks or months, but rather come with the will and energy to amass a comfortable allowance of this world's goods in an honest manner, no matter how long a time it may take.

To all who can receive our advice in the spirit in which it is given and act upon it we say—Come!

THE ISSUE MADE UP.

The Cincinnati platform and nominees have been adopted at Baltimore, with but little opposition. With this suicidal act the Democratic party ceases to be a national organization, and passes from the field of politics to rest in the grave by the side of its old Whig antagonist.

We had fondly hoped that upon the disruption of the Democratic party there would spring up from its ruins an organization which would inscribe upon its banner "equal and exact justice" to all. But, alas, instead of a declaration of high and noble principles, the movement has narrowed down to a spiteful opposition to one man. No party can be successful on such a basis. "Anything to beat Grant" is a poor watchword with which to arouse the enthusiasm of the American people.

Now turn to Philadelphia. For the first time in the history of American politics woman has secured recognition in a national platform. True, it is rather weak and non-committal on the suffrage question, but what there is of it is just so much more than has been done by any other national organization. Then the endorsement of President Grant and Senator Wilson amounts to a good deal, especially when we consider that more women have been appointed to office by General Grant than by any former President, and that Horace Greeley publicly declares that women are unfit for official duties.

GRANT AND WILSON PLACE THEMSELVES ON RECORD.

Here is the way in which the Republican candidates express themselves in reference to the Woman Suffrage plank in their platform. It will be seen that each of them go a good deal further than the platform. General Grant closes his letter of acceptance with these noble words: "With the expression of a sincere desire to see the time when the title of citizen will carry with it all the protection and privileges to the humblest that it does to the most exalted."

That means Woman Suffrage. It can mean nothing else. Since the enfranchisement of the negro women are the only citizens who have not the "protection and privileges" alluded to.

Senator Wilson is even more explicit. He says: "To woman, too, it extends the hand of grateful recognition, and proffers them a most respectful hearing. It recognizes her noble devotion to the country and freedom; welcomes her admission to wider fields of usefulness; and commends her demands for additional rights to the calm and careful consideration of the nation; and guard well what has already been secured; to work out faithfully and wisely what is now in hand, and to consider the questions which are looming up to view but a little way before us."

WHAT HE WOULD DO.

The old white-coated philosopher of the Tribune is sadly in his dotage. There was a time, in his younger and better manhood, when his heart beat true to the grand principles of freedom, before the purr visions of his brain had been addled by Presidential ambition. There was a time when Horace Greeley respected womanhood. To-day he casts a foul aspersion upon the name of woman by declaring that wherever she has been tried in the public service she has become corrupt, and the old dotard indulges in gleeful anticipations of turning every poor, half-paid woman clerk out of the various departments, to make way, we presume, for large, brawny, broad-shouldered men, at full prices. But, like Victoria Woodhull, the deluded old Sage-hen is counting his Presidential chickens before they are hatched, and we venture to say that he will never hear the faintest chirp to reward his labors of incubation.

Theodore Tilton supports Greeley and wears a white hat. It is supposed that he threw off to his first love because he didn't want to "unsex" himself by wearing a Woodhull bonnet.

The ring which George Washington placed on the finger of his bride (Mrs. Martha Curtis, the beautiful young widow) in January, 1778, is still preserved. It is a gold ring set with a topaz.

The Wisconsin Republican says that Dr. Livingston, the African explorer, is traveling night and day, trying to avoid the New York Herald's African correspondent and escape an interview.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA, June 23, 1872.

DEAR NEW NORTHWEST:

So many and varied have been my experiences within the past ten days that I really cannot remember when or upon what subject I last addressed you. Since leaving Springfield, Ill., I have been visiting and lecturing within the sacred circle of dear childhood associations, with my mind in such a whirl of old memories and present realities as to totally unfit me for newspaper duties.

Have held large, pleasant and well appreciated meetings in Atlanta, Delevan, Hopedale, Tremont and Greeland, Illinois. On the last evening of my sojourn in my native State, a large company of old time associates assembled at the dear old homestead, where I had the melancholy pleasure of addressing them in the grand old rambling farm house, where once our father's voice and mother's song made melody; where once our aged grandparents on both sides of the genealogic tree, with dear old "Granny," the great grandmother of a long line of descendants, kept ward and watch over turbulent, impetuous and oftentimes rebellious Young America; and where once grandfather's "Chat" and "Chouteau" and "Tiptoes"—the dear old man was an illustrious nick-namer—tripped over the clover-dusted sward, and sometimes danced barefoot to the tune of stinging humbles—so of one of which I have lively recollections to this day; where "Ring," the mastiff, with whom we children were brought up, and whose teeth were all worn out long before we mourned his last long sleep, and "Watch," the noble pie-bald cur, who followed us to Peoria on the morning of twenty years ago, when our oxen and wagons were Westward bound, and who refused for weeks afterward to be comforted by our desolate grandfather because we were not; within the moonlit shades of old time apple trees, upon which the winter blasts of half a century have beaten in vain; under the protecting branches of the Old Elm Tree, whose majesty has made the Pleasant Grove Farm notorious for a radius of many miles, as well as through the mazes of the large cities that flourish near its borders; where once the merry laugh of childhood and the fond lover's sigh resounded; and where now live new loves and new associations of other families who yet keep bright and vigorous the hallowed associations and most striking landmarks of the days of Auld Lang Syne, in respectful remembrance of the occupants of a by-gone era, for which in my heart of hearts I reverently thank them. There! I must make a period and catch breath. We had intended to hold the farewell meeting under the Old Elm Tree on the lawn, but a light shower came up a while before sundown, which not only caused us to repair to the house, but prevented a large number of the friends from coming. As it was about two hundred were present, and such a meeting! The beaux of the olden time, among them

"A bonny lad I called my lover, A bonny lad who loved no other, No other lass but me!" came—oh, shades of romance! how shall I tell the story?—with a handsome, well-kept wife at his side and bonny lads and lassies almost ad infinitum. Men and women, boon companions of my parents in the golden long ago, whom I remembered with plump faces, beaming eyes and youthful mein, grasped with wrinkled hands my trembling fingers, and as I looked into their faded eyes and noted the ravages of hoary Time upon their straggling locks, the laugh with which I greeted them sounded hollow to my senses, and the memory of departed joys swept over me in a torrent of unutterable retrospection. It was midnight before the last dear, well-remembered guest was gone, and I repaired to a large, square chamber, which was used as a parlor when we girls were young, and sitting down upon the floor beside the open window, I watched the limpid moonbeams of the long ago as they played upon the family branches of the signaling trees; and while to my tangible senses came no sound of dear ones' voices, memory attuned itself to melody and I said, half audibly:

"When at eve I sit alone, Thinking of the past and gone, While the clock, with drowsy finger, Marks how slow the minutes fling, And the ebb, dimly burning, Tell of life to dust returning, Then my lonely nest around, With a solemn, mournful sound, With a murmur, soft and low, Come the ghosts of long ago, One by one I count them o'er, Voices that are heard no more, Tears that loving cheeks have wet, Words whose mangled fingers yet, Holy face, pale and fair, Shadowy locks of waving hair, Gentle sighs and whispering dear, Songs forgotten many a year, Lips of ivory fragrance, eyes Brighter, bluer than the skies, Ours breathed from Paradise, As thus at eve I sit alone, Thinking of the past and gone, All around me sad and low, Come the ghosts of long ago."

A soft white arm stole lovingly around my neck, and for an instant I thought my own raven-tressed daughter from the far Pacific was kneeling by my side; but the locks were faxen and the eyes were blue, and Celia, my departed cousin's darling, now a charming young lady, whom I could only remember as a little birdling of a happy home-nest, kissed me back to life and its present realities.

Reader, did her precious mother In the moonlight hover near? Did around us dawn the glories Of the bright, celestial sphere?

Lulled at last by the wondrous and well-remembered music of the moonlit trees, I fell asleep, and spanning time and distance in my dreams, looked in upon my dear ones as they lay locked in slumber in the far Northwest, and was finally awakened by a robin's merry twitter as he chirruped forth his welcome to the morning sunbeams. With that feeling of half joy, half pain which we realize when the mind and body are in different places, I arose and began the unromantic preparation of packing up for a final departure; and now, while cousin Celia is engaged at this necessary work,

I ask you, patient reader, to go back with me for a few days previous to the time above described and visit with the other dear friends of long ago.

At Atlanta I found aged maternal relatives and their jolly, happy daughters, who knew me at a glance in spite of wrinkles which they had never seen and gray hairs that they knew not of.

It seemed almost wicked to allow my much-changed features to be reflected from the mirror which had been my mother's in her youth, and which I, in long gone years, had so often studied, as is young ladies' wont, but I looked at last, and was startled to see how much more my altered face resembled mother's than my own. I stood expectant, as if waiting to hear her speak, but aunt addressed me by my girlhood's name and broke the sudden spell. In one corner of the cozy sitting-room sat grandfather's vacant chair. She had grand-mother's vacant chair. She had grand-mother's vacant chair. She had grand-mother's vacant chair.

Grandfather's well-worn Bible and hymn book lie near the vacant chair. Tears blind me as I write; but after all, thank Heaven! their work on earth is done, and it is better so!

At Delevan I encountered more maternal relatives and other dear friends of other times, with whom for several days I visited, devoting the evenings to lectures, and crowning the last one of my sojourn by attendance at a "China Wedding," with the principal actors of which I had cause to cherish sacred memories. The wedding was a grand affair, the gifts were splendid, and everybody appeared happy. Twenty years of wedded life have set lightly and gracefully upon the "bride," but the "groom" has almost faded from my mortal vision, though his soul shines through his eyes as of old, and in his voice I can recall the cadences of yore. We were "young folks" when I saw him last, but on this occasion—after twenty years—his son, a fine, manly fellow of nineteen, escorted me home from the party, and his wife and children kissed me good-bye on the doorstep. Such is life. Sunday morning, and my friend the "groom" conveyed me in a carriage to the homestead of my youth. How changed and yet how familiar were the many scenes I witnessed! Everything seemed hampered and diminutive, but how dear and vivid were the many memories of old that thronged and pressed and crowded me! Another dear friend of the golden long ago is the gratified owner of the patriarchal grounds, and royally does he keep and care for them. An uncle from a dozen miles away, whom I had not met for a quarter of a century, having learned that I would visit the farm that day, was there before us; and after dinner we all strolled out through the fields and pastures, over the well-remembered charms and through the well-kept orchards, past the sites where once resided both ancestral families, beside the graves of long-departed dear ones, along the banks of the "Branch," a stream in the pasture whose every rock and crook was to me a reminiscence; and while I gazed upon all of these, and turned from objects inanimate to the changed features of my dear companions, the tablet of unutterable thoughts was traced upon my soul, and I wished, oh, how fervently! that we were young once again! But the desire was only for a moment. I would not, if I could, recall the twenty years.

My friend and I spent the night with other relatives, among whom many gaps have been made by Death, and in the morning, with dear cousin Celia, we repaired to the graveyard to spend an hour among our dead. I cannot dwell upon this subject now. I brought away mementoes from each well-remembered one's last resting-place, and when my Muse is ready will do them up in verse. The trunk is packed now, and the last bundle is ready, so we must leave these reminiscences and start with mine host of the old homestead and his bright-eyed wife to Peoria, where I am to take the cars for Council Bluffs and home.

Reached the Bluffs at 9 A. M. on the 24th inst., where my father's sister, who had not seen me for twenty-eight years, but who knew me by the "family resemblance," for which we are all noted, met me with a cheery welcome, and in her cool and quiet guest's chamber I sit and scribble, scarce heeding the flying moments.

Have engaged to lecture here two evenings, and will then write again.

June 27, 1872.

I start in the morning for the bracing breezes of the billowy Pacific. Have agreed to lecture in Salt Lake City, Cheyenne, Laramie City, Sacramento (if the weather isn't too hot) and San Francisco before departing overland from California for home. It seems as though I had been gone an age. Two months to-morrow since I heard the last good-bye and hied, all breathless, to the steamer's docks, where I embarked from Portland on my eastward way. Wonder if men politicians feel half as much solicitude about their dear ones?

As I was coming from Buffalo to Chicago the train stopped for breakfast at a station, where I had not the remotest idea that an acquaintance could be found

for hundreds of miles. I was hurrying to the dining room, bent upon securing a hasty meal, when some one spoke my name. Looking around Mrs. Governor Woods, of Utah, herself on her homeward way from New York, with her face wreathed in smiles of welcome and recognition, grasped my hand with a look of inquiry and wonder. To this meet an old friend, an Oregonian, after the lapse of years, in a spot so remote from the scenes of our early associations, was a mutual pleasure, which we enjoyed to the utmost. She gives many interesting facts concerning Utah, polygamy and Brigham Young, and reports much dissatisfaction among the Mormon women.

Council Bluffs, where I have been lecturing for several evenings, is a beautifully situated city, where I found a number of the friends and neighbors of the Auld Lang Syne. The editors of the two daily papers here are jolly and glibly, with none of the assumed pomposity with which the stiff-necked New York knights of the quill are wont to greet their visitors, and I fairly realized the pleasing fact that I was home-ward bound when I encountered the genial, social life of their editorial sanctums. There is a spirit of cosmopolitan liberality of thought, sentiment and expression among the Western people that gives way to social conventionalism as you go farther east. Though there are general exceptions to the general rule, and I met men in the Eastern cities who were apparently as unconscious of their own dignity as all great men and women really are, yet the rule is that when you meet them they impress you as though they had said, "Aren't you surprised to see what a wonderful person I am?" This is not said with a wish to detract in any way from the intelligence, culture or well meaning of the gentlemen of the East, but is given as a fact, the reasons for which I leave the reader to imagine.

Have just been honored by a pleasant call from Mrs. Maynard, wife of the editor of the Nonpareil. Mrs. M. is President of the Council Bluffs Woman Suffrage Association, and is a wide awake, energetic woman.

Mrs. Amelia Bloomer, of Bloomer dress notoriety, editor of the Lily, the first woman's paper published in America, also resides in this place; and Mrs. Matilda Fletcher, a lecturer of no mean ability, makes Council Bluffs her home. Mr. Montgomery, of the Times, is a very pleasant gentleman, a Democrat, who thinks he has sagged Greeley till he can manage to swallow him. As it was against my moral principles to let me decline to win a fortune off of his enthusiasm, but I prevailed upon him to agree to write and tell me of his sorrowful emotions next November when his "man" starts up Salt River.

LARAMIE CITY, W. T., July 1st, 1872.

I stopped in this place on the 28th and have been lecturing with usual success before the only citizens of the United States who are all such in reality.

Laramie is a perfect gem of a village, with about two thousand inhabitants, five churches and good, enterprising and intelligent society. I have been stopping at the residence of Dr. Hayford, editor of the Laramie Sentinel, and Territorial Auditor of Wyoming Territory, who, with his pretty, bright, young wife, has entertained me like a queen. From him I have learned a detailed history of Woman Suffrage and its effects in Wyoming, which I have not time to give in full at present, although it is intensely interesting and I should dearly love to write it up. Suffice it to say that I have talked with a number of gentlemen who are trying as Democrats to culm the Greeley pill, and with others who regret, as I do, that the women are doomed to run the present Presidential campaign on a diet of water and gruel, while their brother Republicans help themselves to the beef-steak and plum pudding, and all, irrespective of partisan bias, agree that the results of woman's enfranchisement have been for good.

The sensation stories, gotten up by the man's rights press, about the bad workings of the jury system are laughed over by the sensible lady jurors and their equally sensible and well placed husbands, who not only never did object to their wives fulfilling the duties of citizenship, but who honored them for so doing and sustained them in their sacred obligations to the commonwealth as only freemen can.

The houses of ill-fame that flourished here before the woman became voters have betaken themselves to man's rights quarters in Colorado, and but for the support the saloons receive from the traveling public of the man's rights States and Territories, there would not be a doggy sustained in the place. The people here are especially wide awake, public spirited and liberal; and if they could only realize how famous Wyoming has become all over the United States for her noble position in the van of political progression, they would feel, even more keenly than now, the injustice of being deprived of a voice in the Presidential election.

The idea that an individual who for twenty or forty years has voted for President or Governor in New York or Iowa, becomes partially disfranchised as soon as he removes to a Territory, is beginning to show its absurdity on its face, and when I get to the United States Senate, I shall see if I can't further free the Territories.

I wish our Oregon Legislature could travel over the United States and learn how famous Wyoming has become for her political position. Then I know that Honorable Body would decide *en masse* to bring our State into favorable public notice by not only enfranchising its women, but by becoming the first to send a woman to the Senate of the Republic, that the fair name of far off Oregon might thus become prominent in

history as leader in the van of the inevitable. As a word to the wise is sufficient, I do not think it necessary to announce myself as candidate.

Two daily papers flourish in Laramie. Both have the independent ring of wild Western freedom and enterprise, toned down by the culture and good common sense of their editors and proprietors; and though they fight, spar at and abuse each other before the public, in private they are as courteous when they meet as are your humble servant and Mr. Holladay's man Friday.

I start this evening for Salt Lake, to see what can be done with man suffrage and Brigham Young. Woman Suffrage and Victoria Woodhull have been receiving too much of my political solicitude of late.

It will never do to allow men too much liberty. They'll all become polygamists if the ballot isn't taken from them. Isn't Brigham Young a fit example of the dire consequences of man suffrage?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. "Ochooco!" No letter from the party received. Your poem, while containing some excellent things, is hardly meritorious enough to appear in print. The poetic feet are not very regular, and the language seems strained in order to make the rhyme. Both these faults might, with study and practice, be overcome.

Mrs. S. R. L. Dayton, W. T.: Your note is received and your name placed on the subscription books. You are authorized to act as agent.

B. A. O., Roseburg, Ore.: Note, with name of subscriber, received. You are a free agent.

Mrs. S. A. U., Thornhill, Mass.: Subscription fee received.

Dr. J. W. W., Lafayette: The proprietor will "fix the matter up" with you when she returns.

"A Subscriber": Durany's is considered the best work on dancing. We suppose it can be had at any of the Portland book-stores.

[From the S. F. Bulletin.] Pacific Slope Woman Suffrage Convention.

The resolutions were disposed of as follows: WHEREAS, As the welfare of the people depends in a great measure upon the laws by which they are governed, and the laws in turn depend upon the character of those who make them, and as the right of suffrage in a Republic lays at the foundation of the law-making power, therefore, Resolved, That the enfranchisement of women should be the first, if not the exclusive aim of the friends of equal rights and good order, and that all social and religious questions should be ignored, as having no necessary connection with the movement for equality of political privileges.

Laid on table temporarily to allow a member to propose a substitute.

Resolved, That the promise to obey in the marriage contract is an insult to the human soul.

Resolved, That we will not, by voice, vote or pen, aid in the election of a Presidential candidate who is not great enough and just enough to advocate woman's right to the elective franchise.

Resolved, That we will work with any earnest soul who may desire the benefit of this ballot, without regard to antecedents or reputations.

Resolved, That the Committee who visited the Democratic Convention reported that the resolutions passed at the morning session had been presented to the Democratic Convention and cordially received, and submitted to the Convention the following resolutions:

The California Woman Suffrage Convention respectfully urge that your honorable body instruct your delegates to the Baltimore Convention that they urge upon that assembly the importance of recognizing the constitutional right of women to the elective franchise.

CORN STARCH PASTE.—Corn starch makes the best paste for scrap books. Dissolve a small quantity in cold water, then cook it thoroughly. Be careful and not let it get too thick. When cold it should be thin enough to apply with a brush. It will not mold nor stain the paper. It is the kind used by daguerreotypists on "gem" pictures.

An exchange thinks the snail has a "right smart chance for a toothache." He has one hundred and ten teeth in each row, or twelve thousand two hundred and ten in all.

For the very best photographs, go to Bradley & Robinson's Gallery without STAIRS—BE ASCENDED BY THE ELEVATOR, 428 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

OUR AGENTS. The following persons are duly authorized to act as Agents for the New Northwest:

A gentleman once asked a little girl, an only child, how many sisters she had, and was told "three or four." Her mother asked Mary, when they were alone, what induced her to tell such an untruth. "Why, mamma," cried Mary, "I didn't want him to think you were so poor that you hadn't but one child. Wouldn't he thought we were dreadful poor?"

Society winks at the wealthy knave and frowns upon the poor knave. Society is worthy of all praise.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

The Clothing Trade has, within the last few days, undergone a regular revolution, by Fabel & Roberts having opened a first-class clothing establishment, corner of First and Washington streets, where Men and Boys can be fitted to perfection in every kind of clothes. They are manufacturing on a large scale, and can make anything for Men and Boys' wear to order in the very best style, at extreme low prices. Their aim is to please both in fitting and in quality. A call to their establishment, corner First and Washington streets, will convince you all of the fact.

W. H. COBURN, Book and Job Printer, 5 WASHINGTON STREET, UP-STAIRS, Portland, Oregon. Work done at REASONABLE RATES. 41

GRAY'S MUSIC STORES! CLAY ST., San Francisco, 101 First Street, Portland, Oregon.

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"HOW'S" New Improved SEWING MACHINE.

BUTTERBERG'S Celebrated Patterns Ladies' and Children's GARMENTS.

Agents Wanted In Every County on the Coast. G. L. DEFRANS, Manager Oregon Branch House.

\$50 00! \$50 00! THE NEW WILSON SEWING MACHINE.

MAKES THE LOCK STITCH ALIKE ON Both Sides. Runs easy, and will do either light or heavy sewing. Is the only first-class Sewing Machine sold for less than \$50.00. Examine and Judge for yourselves. Don't be humbugged into paying \$60.00 for a Sewing Machine, when you can get a New Wilson for \$50.

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AGENTS WANTED! MINER & PEARSON, General Agents.

THE CLOTHING STORE! IS THE PLACE WHERE GENTS' CUSTOM-MADE CLOTHING, Boys' and Youth's Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Hats and Caps, BOOTS AND SHOES, Etc., Etc., Etc., CAN BE HAD AT San Francisco Prices! 113 Front Street, Portland.

Harris & Prager, Wm. Harris, San Francisco, 207 L. PRAGER, Portland.

MRS. M. J. ENSIGN, Fashionable Dress and Cloak-Maker, Third Street, Near Washouk, (Next door to NEW NORTHWEST Office).

HAS A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF PATTERNS for Ladies' and Children's Clothing for sale. Dressmakers can get full assortment of patterns, consisting of fifteen full sets, for \$1.00, which will be sent to any part of the State on receipt of price. Letter of fashion, how to trim and make, with such packages. Prices of single patterns: Ladies' suits, \$1.00; children's suits, 75 cts.; overalls, 25 cts.; 18 cts.; 25 cts.; 35 cts.; 50 cts.; 75 cts. Cutting and fitting done on short notice. Please state age in sending for children's patterns.

The above patterns will be made for home use, and will be found much superior to East-ern-made. All orders promptly attended to. Give me a call. 205 MRS. M. J. ENSIGN.