The New Northwest.

FRIDAY..............DECEMBER 13, 1872.

The Result.

The man who cheats the printer
 Out of a single cent
Will never reach the heavenly land
 Where old Elijah went.

He will not gain admittance there;
 By devils he'll be driven,
And made to loaf his time away
 Outside the walls of heaven.

Without a man to greet him,
 Without a pleasant grin,
The happiness that he will reap
 Will be almighty thin.

A Middle-Aged Love Story.

They had come, a little group of friendly faces, to watch me off, with waving handkerchiefs and kindly good-byes; and I stood on the stern, nodding and waving back, till the steamer swept down the river out of their sight.

I knew I should have their prayers that the great sea might be gentle with me; I knew they would watch the weather, and look for the telegram of the arrival of our ship; yet I knew I was taking nothing from their lives, and that they each would go home hardly missing me; so it was with no great wrench of heart that I saw the pilot put off from us, and took the last look at my native shores.

During most of the passage I was just comfortably sea-sick, so I sat all the day long in a reclining-chair on deck, watching the white caps on the purple and green and blue waves, that mounted and fell, down and up, up and down, away out to the far horizon. I saw the shining nautiluses float by, and now and then a whale, or a shoal of porpoises, or a sail, speeding white and full across the water.

I saw also a good many things nearer by, for I didn't put my eyes in my pocket along with my short-sighted glasses; and nobody was very likely to mind a middle-aged woman in hood and waterproof.

The first thing I saw was a young girl, with dark eyes and brown hair that rippled into a tangle of rough curls whenever she took off her net. She was not so very pretty, nor so very brilliant; but there was a piquant charm about her that attracted half the passengers before the first day was over. By the end of the second day, everybody, from the captain to the ship's surgeon, and from the surgeon to the cabin boy, was eager to show her attention; and everybody was met by the same genial smile and lively retort.

She won her way at once into my heart by the kindly thought that led her to bring little relishes from the table to tempt my sickly appetite, and to soothe my forehead with bay water and gentle touches of her shapely brown hands, where a great emerald glittered, encircled by diamonds. Very soon she got into the habit of drawing her rug beside my chair, and sitting on the deck leaning against me, so that I might "pet her," as she said.

This was how it happened that my quiet, out-of-the-way corner came to be the center of the life, and gayety, and romance of the whole shipboard.

It seems this young girl, Rosa Armour, was an only child and an orphan, going to an uncle in Germany, her nearest of kin.

"Dear heart! I hope her uncle will be wise as well as loving," said I to myself very often; for she seemed too fragile a bubble of humanity to drift on through life alone.

The tips of her brown curls were lighter than the rest; and here and there were little bright touches all over her hair, as though the sun was shining in spots on it. One morning I sat coiling these gleams of sunshine around my fingers, and watching a flock of Mother Cary's chickens skim restlessly over the restless water, thinking these thoughts about Rosa, and having her soft presence alone for a few moments. Not long, however; soon, up came a New Zealander (of course there was a New Zealander or an Australian on our boat).

"You are very lowly, Miss Armour," said he, "let me bring you a chair."

"Thank you; I prefer to sit here on my rug, and have Miss Wells pet me," replied Rosa, turning up her eyes languidly. "The deck is my favorite seat, if I can only have an excuse to sit on it."

"But you need something over you," persisted the New Zealander, going away, and coming back directly with his own heavy gray wrap.

Then he seated himself on a low camp stool beside her, folding the wrap over the two. "I never saw so rough a sea as this all the way from Honolulu to San Francisco," said he, looking out upon the gentle swell of the lazily mounting waves.

"Rough!" cried Miss Armour. "I am sure the ocean is as smooth as a mill-pond!"

"Oh! but not as compared to the Pacific—peaceful: it was rightly named. We have never such gales on that as sweep the Atlantic, but only the gentlest westerly breezes." The New Zealander shivered as he spoke, and drew his wrap closer over his knees. "We have the most charming climate in New Zealand," he went on; "we are never too hot, and never too cold. In fact, we never think of the weather. And the soil is the most fertile in the world."

"Pity it is in such an out-of-the-way part of the earth that nobody can live there," said Miss Armour."

"Beg your pardon, miss; there are several English towns of thirty thousand inhabitants each; and we never think of ourselves as being out-of-the-way, but rather feel sorry for those who live so far off," returned the other, bending his tall figure earnestly forward.

Rosa leaned her pretty head towards him in a confiding attitude of interest, and laughed. "So you are the people, and wisdom is going to die with you," said she. "But what do you do out there in the heart of the universe?"

"We dig gold for one thing, and raise sheep for another—millions and millions of them; from thirty to forty vessels are constantly plying to England with the tallow and pressed wool."

"What do you do with all that mutton?" asked Rosa, looking idly at the light in her ring, and then as idly at the light in the speaker's eyes.

"We use what we can," was the reply; "and sometimes, I am sorry to say, we bury the flesh—not usually; but sometimes an order will come to one farmer for a thousand sheep, if you please; and all he can do is to clip off the wool, get out the fat, and bury the carcasses."

"What a pity the meat can't be sent to the hungry poor at home! Why don't somebody condense it as they do the beef in Texas?" I said in my practical way.

"In good time, I dare say somebody will; but we can't do everything at once," replied the New Zealander, looking with sudden interest at the game of shuffle-board being played beside us.

Just then along came the ship's surgeon, a blonde youth in uniform, with his hair parted in the middle.

"Miss Armour," said he, "the gun is to be fired off at the bow; will you come and see it done?"

Miss Armour started up at once, turning the same half-confiding glance and ready smile upon him she had been giving us.

"I am going to leave my rug with you; I shall come back," said she, beaming over her shoulder upon me as she took the surgeon's arm and went away.

The New Zealander looked after her, tried to console himself by drawing his wrap in another fold across his knees, did not succeed, and finally got up and went away. Of course it was not worth his while to make himself agreeable to a middle-aged woman in hood and water-proof. So I sat and looked at the likeness of a lake among the sunset clouds, and tried to decide whether I had better take oat-meal or biscuit-tea for supper; wondering the while, half unconsciously, about the old chord in my memory that was always being struck by a certain musical ring in the New Zealander's voice.

After an hour or so the gun was fired; and presently Miss Armour came back, with the disorder of the strong sea wind in her hair, and its freshness in her pretty pink cheeks.

"I've come as I said," she murmured, dropping at my feet again, and smiling up, as though she had got where she best loved to be, just such a smile as she would have given to the stokers down in the engine-room, or to the ship's cat. But it was lovely to look upon while it lasted; and we middle-aged people have learned to warm ourselves in any chance ray of sunlight, without stopping to consider whether it is likely to be perpetual.

This time the bit of sunshine did not stay long; for there came up an artist with his sketch book; and when Miss Armour had sufficiently admired his graphic pencilings of the captain and the quartermaster, and the sea-sick occupant of an upper berth, it was time to throw the log; and so he bore her off, to find out by her own eyes whether we were actually going at the rate of thirteen knots, or only twelve and a half.

That was how the days went. The passengers read and paced the deck, played games and guessed riddles, and were always hungry; the pilot stood steady and firm at the wheel; the sailors ran up and down about the rigging like overgrown spiders, and were forever scouring and scrubbing, tying and untying, drawing up and letting down. Thus at last we had come safely almost to our desired haven. With fair sailing, we were only one day out from port; and, fond as we had grown to be of each other, we were getting impatient to part.

Miss Armour, during all the voyage, had kept on as she had begun, beguiling every one with her trick of lip and eye. They ran after her like boys at the string of a kite. Well, they had nothing better to do just then; and when she had faded out, as the rainbow fades, I made no doubt she would be as easily forgotten, or only remembered as a midsummer's day-dream, by all, unless it might be a solitary, warm-hearted man like the New Zealander. To tell the truth, I was a little sorry for him. Evidently, life had not brought him all it might, and he was hungry for the love and confidence that had never been his. So I was afraid he would miss this little sparkle of girlhood and warm youth, and find the void deeper when it had gone out.

To the very last day Rosa kept her place by my chair; and to the very last the New Zealander kept his place by her, when no one younger stepped in to carry her off, which was pretty often, to be sure. Then he always went away quietly by himself, with a kind of grave regret in his face. On this last morning, Miss Armour had just left along with a young lawyer, to drop oranges and lemons among the steerage passengers, when I noticed the New Zealander looking after her with a sadder regret than usual—almost a pain—in his eyes. He had such handsome, dark eyes! I could see that without my glasses.

"Now," said I to myself. "I hope he isn't going to get soft—a sensible, gentlemanly, agreeable man like him, and quite old enough to be her father!" And so I looked at him to see if he was, when he suddenly turned upon me.

"At least, you might have written, Agata Wells!" said he, sharply.

I started, as you may think, to hear my own name spoken so familiarly by a stranger; when, looking again, behold! I saw beneath the bronze, and under the wrinkles and behind the beard, a face that twenty years before was the dearest in the world to me—the face of Duncan Ashley! We parted one day expecting to meet on the next; but that evening he was called away, and wrote instead of coming. In his letter he said, what he had said before with his eyes—yes, those same beautiful eyes—that I was the choice of his heart and the desire of his life.

"Answer me," said he, "I cannot wait till I see you."

So I answered—a long, foolish letter, though there was no need of writing; for he had read all I could say long before, with those eyes of his. Then, I watched and waited for him; but never saw him or heard one word more. If you are young, you can imagine the slow dying out of hope and expectation, and, if you are old, you know how such things can be lived over, and hidden in secret graves.

But now, as though the graves had been opened, and the judgment set, came this sudden reproachful question up from the buried past. I fairly caught my breath, as I turned back my eyes, and looked him in the face again.

"Forgive me," said he directly, in a gentler tone. "I did not mean to speak. You brought it out with your eyes; that questioning turn was so familiar. Of course you were quite right, and I never blamed you. I never meant you to see me again; but the temptation to find myself beside you, only to be in the soothing charm of your presence, was too great. It has been a blessing I shall carry with me all the rest of my life."

He was rising to go away, but I put out my hand. "I did write, Duncan Ashley," said I, "the letter must have gone wrong."

"You did! You wrote!" he cried, sinking back in his chair again, and looked at me eagerly. "What did you say?"

"There was only one thing I could say; and I said that," I answered, blushing as though I had just written the letter.

A middle-aged woman in hood and water-proof! But, dear me! it was only my face that was middle-aged, after all, my heart was as young and silly as ever. And as for Duncan's face, the marks of care, and thought, and time fell off, leaving in it only the eternal youth of love.

It was the old story of a proud man believing himself rejected and humiliated, and fleeing to the ends of the earth with his pain.

"Twenty precious years wasted!" said my New Zealander. "We will not be separated another day while we both live. There is a clergyman among our passengers; and we will be married this very hour."

That was so like his headlong decisions! Certainly he did need a sober second thought like me for ballast. "That cannot be!" I cried. "The ceremony wouldn't be legal without a license or something. And I would by no means do anything so sensational and conspicuous."

But bless your heart! I might as well have tried to wipe up the the Atlantic with my handkerchief. He was so grieved, and so impatient (and, indeed, when one comes to think of it, twenty years is long enough for an engagement) that I finally dropped off my sea-sickness, and stood up behind the binnacle, and was married before eight bells that very morning—ring and all. Duncan produced it from a small casket where he had carried it in his waistcoat pocket for the whole twenty years.

"I could never bear to put the little thing away," said he, looking at it tenderly.

The next morning we came to port, with the sun shining and our flags flying. There was a flurry of good-byes, a hoisting of trunks, a welcoming of friends on the shore, and a glad hurrying to and fro.

Among the rest was an instant's nestling of Miss Armour's lips on my cheek and a little cling of her hand in mine, the vanishing of a smile,—and she was gone, like a flash of a fire-fly, out of my sight forever. But wherever she is, and however she fares, she has the daily blessing of two middle-aged hearts, whose way to each other she unconsciously lighted.—*Chambers' Journal.*

A Washington telegram says that the Treasury Department has instructed the United States District Attorney at Providence, R. I., to commence at once the prosecution of the Captain, mates and engineer of the steamer Metis, for violation of the steam-boat regulations.

What is the color of grass when it is covered by snow? Invisible green.

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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 10-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. 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 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 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. 1n12

PORTLAND ADVERTISEMENTS.

FIRST PREMIUM

Oregon State Fair, 1871.

THIS SPACE RESERVED FOR

HIMES & BACHELDER,

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

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DR. J. G. GLENN,

D E N T I S T ,

107 Front Street,

PORTLAND..............................OREGON 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.

☞ "WHERE ☜

☞ 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. n1tf.

MURPHY & KELLY,

DEALERS IN

FAMILY GROCERIES,

COUNTRY PRODUCE, FRUITS AND VEGETABLES,

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

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. ap5no48tf

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EMPLOYMENT AGENCY.

J. R. WITHERELL,

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.

44tf J. R. WITHERELL.

MRS. M. J. ENSIGN,

Fashionable Dress and Cloak-Maker,

Third Street, Near Washington,

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 size), for $3 00, which will be sent to any part of the State on receipt of price. Letter of fashion, how to trim and make, will be sent with each package.

Prices of single patterns: Ladies' suits, $1 00; polonaise, 75 cts.; overskirt, 50 cts.; waist 25 cts.; children's suits, 75 cts.; overskirt, 25 cts.; waist, 25 cts.; boys' suits, 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 Eastern made.

All orders promptly attended to.

Give me a call. 2n8 MRS. M. J. ENSIGN.

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,
San Francisco.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS AND SAMPLES OF WORK.

Active Agents Wanted Everywhere.

Jan. 26, 1871-n38 10m