The New Northwest.

THURSDAY.....MAY 6, 1880.

How I Lost Rosanna.

I am a post office clerk, and my name is Plowden. I had occupied my present position about a year when I became acquainted with my ever-dear Rosanna. It happened in this wise—I mention the particulars at the risk of being thought egotistical, because she was the first youthful member of her sex with whom I had ever become acquainted, and also because it is so pleasant to recall even the most trival events connected with one so very dear to me. My mother, who is a notable housewife, had been in the habit of purchasing eggs of a neighbor, a couple of blocks away. I have hesitated about mentioning the name of this person, fearing that it might, in some way, seem to reflect upon my dearest Rosanna; but then, truth is truth and candor is candor, and if anybody would think less of Rosanna because of her Hibernian appellation, his good opinion is not worth courting. The name is Flaherty. As a matter of course, I went frequently to Mrs. Flathery's in my mother's service, and in time we became tolerably well acquainted. I was somewhat afraid of her; she was a big woman, with a grenadier way about her that was calculated to startle one of my nervous temperament. She had small red eyes—perhaps I should say eyelids—and big, red arms; and her voice! her voice was terrible.

Her family consisted of a horde of dirty children, principally boys, whose ages ranged from fifteen to four; at about that time, I presume, Mr. Flaherty mercifully died; at any rate, he was dead.

My Rosanna was the eldest, and aged seventeen; but at the time of which I am speaking, I did not know this, and indeed was not aware of her existence. She afterwarfd tried to make me believe that she was then at school, but, from the manifest defects in her education, I am inclined to believe that she was serving as nurse-girl in some family. One cold, dismal, rainy, blowy morning, my mother said, as she rapped at my door:

"Come, Jimmy dear, get up! I want you to step over to Mrs. Flaherty's and get me as many eggs as she can spare."

I got up immediately; I did not want to, but I did; and, donning my overcoat, took an umbrella in one hand, and a basket in the other, and started on my errand.

"Hurry up," said mother; "I want to cook some for breakfast."

It was a kind of morning on which one would be likely to hurry up. I was thoroughly wretched by the time I reached Mrs. Flaherty's. I gave a pretty sharp rap at the door, expecting to see one of the dirty, shock-headed children, or my grenadier friend; but there was a little rustle, and the door was opened by—shall I say an angel? No, I will not soar; it was Rosanna. She had on a pink calico morning-dress; she had pink cheeks to match, and large, seraphic blue eyes, and the reddest, roslest little mouth—oh, Rosanna! I couldn't say that I wanted eggs; I stood looking at her, unable to articulate a syllable; she said "Come in!" in a voice of silvery sweetness, as unlike Mrs. Flaherty's as possible. I went in; more because of the rain than of anything else; a sort of instinctive self-preservation. Mrs. Flaherty came up, and said she supposed eggs; I nodded assent. She inquired how mother was, and I said: "A couple of dozen—it didn't matter." I never was so ecstatically wretched in my life.

I reached home somehow; I got down to the office somehow; I attended to my duties somehow; but all day long I conversed with an imaginary Rosanna, and made speeches to her that would have caused my genuine Rosanna, however devoted, to cashier me in about two minutes. By going a block out of my way, I could pass the Flahertys' on my way down town every morning. I went a block out of my way. Rosanna "twigged," as our English cousins say, and after the first morning I never failed to catch a glimpse of the pink morning wrapper, and the pretty, roguish, young face. Ah! love's young dream! Old fogies who have outgrown it may sneer, but there is nothing in the world like it! I will not say that it is the best, the deepest, or the truest, but I do maintain that it is the sweetest—while it lasts, of course.

After residing in the seventh heaven for a couple of months, I discovered that I had a rival. It was on the third of February; I remember the day well. It had been a balmy, heavenly day, such as often, almost always, comes after a heavy rain; the hills were clad in green, the wild flowers were thick in untrodden places, and the little brown birds chirped and "cheped" as though they realized that their Spring had begun.

Of course, I didn't enjoy much of this, cooped up as I was in the office; but in the evening, it being warm and bright, with moonlight, I resolved to walk down to the Flahertys' to take Rosanna out for a walk. On my way I stopped and purchased some candy, as a sop to Cerberus, as I mentally designated the hideous little Flahertys who always surrounded me, and drove me nearly frantic when I went there. I walked along in a rapturous state of mind, which I have learned to dread, knowing from experience that it foreboded a fall to the depths of despair. I rapped at the door, my countenance unconsciously wreathing itself in smiles. Rosanna opened it, looking just the least bit more roguish than usual; she had on a calico gown, white, with pink spots, which was immensely becoming to her. She ushered me in with that native grace of which all her poor surroundings could not rob her. In the corner, in my favorite chair, sat a man; I had almost said fiend. His countenance looked familiar to me, though for the life of me I couldn't tell where I had ever seen him. Rosanna introduced him—the creature's name was Green.

I stayed but a short time. The young Flahertys descended on me "like a wolf on the fold;" and it was only by the sternest self-control and the sacrifice of all the candy that I succeeded in escaping from their obnoxious attentions. I reached my room, locked my door, and threw myself on the bed, the most miserable man in existence. But, like Pandora, at the bottom of our miseries we still find hope. I had hardly made up my mind that I was perfectly unhappy, when I began to weave delicious dreams of maternal tyranny and faithful love, in which my Rosanna was the heroine, and I (an elevated myself) the hero. The next morning, with spirits quite revived, I took my usual way by the Flahertys' door; Rosanna flitted by the window, and gave me a smiling nod, intimating by a gesture of her pretty hands that she was busy, and could not come out for our usual chat; I was somewhat chagrined, but resolved to think the best of everybody and everything. When, however, one morning succeeded another, and I found her always too busy to stop when I was passing by, and, calling one evening, found that fiend, Green, in my favorite chair, with little Tommy Flaherty on his knee, my spirits began to droop, and my faith in human nature became depressed.

But let me not linger over these sad days and hasten to the climax. One drizzly morning in early March one of my fellow-clerks informed me that there was a lady in the corridor who who desired to see me. I blushed furiously (affording my fellow-clerks a deal of innocent amusement thereby), and, at first, expressed some doubts as to my informant's veracity. He shrugged his shoulders, and said I could do as I pleased, but the lady was there waiting.

"And," added the malicious scamp, "she's carrying a present for you in her arms, and looks as if you had better not keep her waiting too long. By-the-by," he called after me, as I went out, "she told me to tell you that her name was Flaherty; I forgot that."

More innocent amusement among the clerks!

When I reached the corridor—always full of people at that time of the day, and as crowded as usual—I espied my grenadier friend leaning against one of the windows, with an expression on her engaging countenance from which I shrank back aghast; only that she was Rosanna's mother, I would have turned and fled. She bore in her arms a huge, kicking, crowing, sprawling Shanghai rooster; and, as she advanced upon me with the fond confidence characteristic of her, I prayed for an earthquake, or some other convulsion of nature, in the midst of which I might escape. But the fates ordered otherwise.

"Och, Misther Plowden, and it's glad I am to see the sight of yez!" exclaimed Mrs. Flaherty, in that terrible voice, which at once attracted everybody's attention, and caused my heart to sink into my boots and the blood to rush to my face. "Ye haven't been a-railin' on us lately," she continued; "me Rosanna was a-wondering an' a-wondering——"

"Come this way!" I whispered hoarsely, making a break for the open air in my desperation.

Why should I dwell upon the details of that fatal interview? My grenadier friend desired to send that horrible, savage-looking rooster to some town in Siskiyou county, *by mail*, and had come to me, "because I was a friend;" the stamp clerk having refused to have anything whatever to do with the affair. I acted the part of a coward; afraid to offend the mother of my ever-dear Rosanna, I mildly expostulated, explaining that it was likely to be killed, or smothered, or lost—at any rate, would probably never reach its destination alive.

"Oh! risk it!" said Mrs. Flaherty, in reply to all my suggestions; so at last, in desperation, I timidly took the hideous beast, and promised to stamp it and send it off all right.

"Only you mustn't blame me," I said, "if it never gets to Siskiyou."

"Oh! never blame ye a bit, and am everlasting obliged to ye," said the grenadier, as smilingly as possible.

I walked slowly around to the rear of the building, meditating what I should, could, or would do to get myself out of the scrape, when my eye fell upon a small hatchet which somebody had left upon an empty box. To send the Shanghai was of course impossible; to take it into the room where my fellow-clerks were laboring would be to make myself a mark for their jeers and laughter; I had promised to stamp it and "send it off" all right; I would do it! I quickly drew from my pocket a couple of three-cent stamps, and, getting several severe scratches in the operation, I managed to stick them to the left wing of my tormentor. I seized the hatchet, murmured "Forgive me, Rosanna," and in an instant the Shanghai's head rolled to the ground. Threating head and body under the box and wiping the hatchet on the grass, I beat a hasty retreat from the scene, flattering myself that I had been unobserved.

The next morning, as I passed the Flahertys' premises, with lingering step and tender glances, trusting that I had now so propitiated the grenadier that I might venture to hope to see her daughter, the door opened, and out rushed, not Rosanna, but the grenadier herself, looking fierceness personified, and armed with a bucket of steaming water and a huge, long-handled mop, which she flourished about in a threatening manner, shouting:

"Och! ye cold rooster murtherer! Oil tache yez to be a deceiving of a decent woman—the folkes of you! Och! ye long-legged, dough-faced—"

I waited to hear no more, but started off at my best speed, receiving, in my flight, one tolerably severe rap from the mop-handle, which the grenadier threw after me with all the strength of her strong arm.

I had run several blocks before I could convince myself that she was not after me. I reached the post office about half an hour ahead of time. A man was sweeping out the corridor; he stopped and looked at me; I stopped and looked at him. Great Scots, it was Green, the janitor!

"Good-morning, sir," said he, with a bland air, which made me want to choke him; "you will find the head under the box, sir; I took the body home to Mrs. Flaherty; just as good in cock, you know. We'll have it roasted tonight; drop in and have a drum-stick."

I don't know what considerations kept me from knocking the wretch down. I stalked by without a word.

As I write, I look occasionally at the cards—wedding cards, Rosanna's wedding cards, Green's and Rosanna's wedding cards—which lie upon the desk before me, and my sorrowing soul grows a shade more bitter, and only the dreaded titters of my fellow-clerks prevent me from groaning "Rosanna! O Rosanna!"

—*C. G. Dolliver in the Californian for May.*

A person is not worth anything who has not had troubles. You cannot subdue selfishness without a struggle. You cannot restrain pride without a conflict. You cannot go through life without bearing burdens. But you are going to have help under circumstances that will redeem you from these things. You are going to experience more victories than defeats. Your suffering will be only here and there little spots in a whole field of peace and joy.

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Other parties desiring to act as Agents will please forward their names. We want Agents at every post office throughout Oregon and Washington Territory.

PORTLAND.

The Great Commercial Center of the Northwest.

Its Present and Future.

It has a population of 21,000. It is in Oregon, and the Territories of Washington and Idaho, what New York City is to the State of New York, and bears the same relation to that State and those Territories that Chicago does to Illinois, St. Louis to Missouri, Philadelphia to Pennsylvania, and New Orleans to Louisiana. It has more territory tributary to it than any other city in the United States, and will soon be numbered with the foremost cities in the Union. Even at this time the hammer and the saw can be heard in all parts of the city; the demand for buildings is so great that the incement season of Winter does not check the onward march of its growth. With the vast number of ships constantly plying between this and foreign ports, freighted with our constantly increasing agricultural products, and the numerous railroads now tributary to, or terminating at, this city, it will not require more than ten years to swell the population of our beautiful and growing city to 50,000 souls, having a larger territory than San Francisco to support it, we may confidently assert that in less than a quarter of a century Portland will be the foremost city on the coast in point of wealth and population.

We will here enumerate the many railroad enterprises already inaugurated. Some of them are constructed, and others in process of construction, all seeking their terminus at this city.

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC

Is building rapidly west from Duluth, on Lake Superior, and also from the Columbia River east, and will be completed at an early day, thus connecting us with all our sister States.

THE OREGON AND CALIFORNIA R. R.

Terminates here, and is having an immense patronage.

THE WESTERN OREGON R. R.

Formerly the Oregon Central, is doing a good business. This road runs through the fertile country on the west side of the Willamette River, and its southern terminus at present is at Corvallis, 97 miles from Portland.

THE UTAH NORTHERN R. R.

Will be built through hundreds of miles of fertile lands, the produce of which must be brought to this city for shipment. This road will connect with the Union Pacific R. R., thus securing two competing lines from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It is now a settled fact that the

PORTLAND, DALLES AND SALT LAKE R. R.

Will be constructed at an early day. This will give us three trans-continental roads.

NEW RAILROAD ENTERPRISES.

A home company, with unlimited capital, has been organized under the name of the Oregon Railway Co. to construct narrow-gauge roads from this city to the interior portions of the state, ultimately connecting with the Central Pacific, with branches wherever inducements may offer. This enterprise is being pushed vigorously to completion, so that it may be in readiness to move the Fall's crop.

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION

Have been filed to construct a road from Battle Mountain, Nevada, in the direction of Oregon, to connect with the Oregon Railway Co's road and make Portland its terminus. This will give us direct communication with the richest silver mines in the world, and will make Portland one of the greatest railroad centers in the Union.

To give the reader an idea of the magnitude and extent of our railroad interests at this city, we will state: There are nine ships on their way to this port from New York and Philadelphia, and others from foreign ports. Many others will be dispatched soon. All are laden with railroad iron to be put down on railroad lines tributary to, or terminating at, Portland.

We shall soon be connected by rail with the Northern Pacific R. R., also with Chicago and the Atlantic cities. Thousands of immigrants are constantly arriving from all parts of the civilized world, and the millions of acres of agricultural lands that lie still unbroken by the plowshare, and awaiting the advent of the sturdy farmer, point most emphatically to the fact that an era of prosperity is already dawning upon this fair young State. When the immigration has reached its full tide, and three millions of acres are under cultivation, then will Oregon be known as the wealthiest State in the Union.

PORTLAND CITY HOMESTEAD.

The land in this enterprise lies adjoining the city, and is only from ten to fifteen minutes' walk from the Court House, and a less distance than that from one of the best public schools in the city. It is divided into

SIX THOUSAND AND TWENTY-FOUR LOTS,

Fifty by one hundred feet in size, with streets fifty feet wide. Two hundred of these lots will be reserved for those who desire to improve and build this summer and Fall. These lots will be sold on the same liberal terms that are offered in the Homestead proper.

PRICE.

All lots will be sold for $100 each, payable in installments of $5 per month, or the small sum of 16½ cents per day. No interest will be charged, and a good and sufficient Deed for deed will be given upon the payment of the first installment of $5.00, and a Warranty Deed upon receipt of last installment, both without expense to purchaser.

TO PURCHASERS.

Those not finding it convenient to make their payments when due, will be granted twenty days grace in which to make their payments, as it is desirable that all shall have every possible opportunity to keep up their payments.

Those desiring to make full payment at the time the Deed is issued, will be entitled to a reduction of $10.00 on each lot, or $100 on each $1000 paid in. As the

ROAD TO WEALTH

In the most certain and rapid through real estate investments, this enterprise offers far more inducements to the public than any other on the coast at this time, as the price and payments are within the reach of all. Do not let this chance pass. Buy a lot, build, and make yourself independent. Many of you who live in rented houses pay more every year for rent than would purchase a lot and build a roof over your head. You then would be independent of exacting landlords, and in truth have a place to call "home."

DON'T FORGET

That not many years ago some of the best lots in San Francisco were sold for an ounce of gold dust, and that now they could not be bought for $10,000. Also, remember that in Chicago some of the best business lots were once traded for a pair of old boots. How often do we hear men say, look at the prosperous city of Portland that once they could have bought lots for $50 that $500 would not buy here. It is not wise to "despise the day of small things."

A WARNING.

Do not take the advice of those who croak against the prosperity of the city to which they reside, or cry down an enterprise which has for its object the development of the country. They will tell you not to invest, as some distant locality offers superior inducements, and that they intend going there as soon as they get means enough ahead. If such persons have not energy and judgment enough to succeed in a thriving community like this, surely their luck about accomplishing wonderous results elsewhere would seem to amount to nothing more than the silliest air-castle building. If they were in the Garden of Eden, surrounded by all the luxuries of that famous land, with angels to do their thinking, and the aromatic breezes from Araby that blow to fan their aching brows, still they would be the same careless, discontented, unhappy, dyspeptic, hypochondriacal, incorrigible creatures that they now are. Nothing can be done with such individuals. Their disease is chronic, their cases are hopeless, and the best that can be done is to shed the sympathetic tear over them, and abandon them to their mournful fate, as being beyond the reach of human skill.

APPRECIATION OF VALUES.

By reference to the "Oregonian" of February 5th, it will be found that city property has advanced twenty-five per cent during the past year. As there has been no excitement, the rise is wholly attributable to the increasing immigration and the growing confidence inspired by our numerous railroad enterprises, and the development of our many natural resources, that have hitherto slumbered for want of energetic men to develop them.

IT IS TRUE,

that of all real estate investments the homestead plan is the safest and best, as all who invest are interested in making the whole property more valuable. To illustrate: Suppose A builds a house on his lot, and B owns a lot adjoining; B gets the benefit of A's improvement, while A is not injured thereby. This philosophy will apply to the entire property.

We have donated a lot to each of the principal churches for church purposes.

In addition to the above, two lots are set apart for public school purposes.

DIVIDEND.

The division of this property will take place when the lots are all sold, or, in any event, not later than the

28th of February, 1881.

At the Mechanics' Pavilion, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M., public notice of which will be given by publication in two principal journals in the State. It will be made in the manner decided upon by a majority of the purchasers in the Homestead. Parties interested may appoint proxies to act for them if they desire to do so. Parties who do not attend at the time of the division, either in person or by proxy, will be bound by the plan settled upon by the majority of those who do so attend.

It is suggested by the purchasers that division might be made by placing the number of each lot and block in a wheel or box and the name of each party interested in the Homestead in another—then a name will be drawn from one and a number from the other, and the lot so drawn decided to the person whose name is so drawn, when all payments are made.

All but the first installment must be paid at the Banking House of Ladd & Tilton, in the city of Portland.

PERSONS FROM A DISTANCE

Desiring a share, may forward $5.00 to the General Manager, and a Bond will be immediately forwarded.

Money may be forwarded by registered letter, money order, or Wells, Fargo & Co's Express, at my risk.

For further particulars, apply to

J. M. RICE, General Manager,
Portland, Oregon,

Or to HAUGHT & McLAUGHLIN,
52 Morrison Street.

Certificate.

I certify that I am the owner of the lands in the Portland City Homestead—the title thereto is perfect, being a U. S. patent—and I authorize J. M. Rice to sell said property on the foregoing plan. P. A. MARQUAM.

References.

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8-11

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DR. PAUL M. BRENAN has been 15 years teaching on the Laws of Life and Health. In his private and public lectures he has taught men and women the true system of life, how to be healthy and happy, if they would only be guided by his wise counsel. But all cannot hear his delightful and instructive lectures, so he tell everything necessary for suffering humanity to know from the public rostrum before a promiscuous audience. There remains much to be learned from him, as his experience extends over broad fields of active professional life. This knowledge so necessary to the welfare of sufferers can only be gleaned by private Professional Consultation at his office. His experience in the various parts of Europe and America gives him such opportunities of learning the delicate diseases which the human family are prone to, their mode of treatment and permanent cure, as no other physician on the Pacific Coast can claim. He has not only treated these diseases most successfully, but has made them a life study, as a few moments' consultation will prove.

He has become an expert in the treatment of disease, weakness and derangement of the reproductive organs of both male and female, including diseases caused by the

FOLLIES OF YOUTH.

Such as SPERMATORRHŒA, or SEMINAL WEAKNESS, or LOSS OF PERFECT VITALITY. Nearly two-thirds of all the chronic diseases originating, either directly or indirectly, from some derangement of the sexual system, and yet this subject is neglected by the majority of the medical profession.

IT IS TRUE

That persons who are unfortunate enough to be afflicted by any form of sexual disease have a delicacy in calling upon the proper physician in time, from a sense of shame, and sometimes from ignorance, and permit these diseases to exist until their constitutions become corrupted, their organization broken down, and the hope of future happiness blighted, until death becomes a welcome messenger to carry them out of their miserable existence.

Those who call in time upon DR. PAUL M. BRENAN need have no fear but that he will restore them to perfect health and vigor, make their bodies pure and their minds content, if they will only follow his advice and treatment.

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SUMMONS.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE of Oregon for Multnomah County.—I. Dellenbaugh, Plaintiff, vs. H. F. Bloch, I. A. Beckowitz, Louis Schwanacher, Abraham Schwabacher and Sigmund Schwabacher, Defendants.—To H. F. Bloch, I. A. Beckowitz, Louis Schwanacher, Abraham Schwabacher and Sigmund Schwabacher, Defendants: In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby notified and required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit within new days from the date of the service of this summons upon you, if served in Multnomah County, or if served in any other county of this State, then within twenty days from the date of the service of this summons upon you; and if served by publication, then you are notified and required to appear and answer said complaint by the first day of the term of this Court following the expiration of the time prescribed in the order for the publication of summons, which said term will be held in said county on the first Monday in June, 1880, that being the first day of the next regular term of said court; and if you fail to so appear and answer, the Plaintiff will take judgment against the Defendants, H. F. Bloch and I. A. Beckowitz, for the sum of Eight Hundred Dollars, with interest thereon at ten per cent per annum since January 20, 1878, and the further sum of Two Hundred Dollars attorneys' fees, and the costs and disbursements of this suit, and will apply to the Court for and take a decree foreclosing the mortgage executed by said Defendant, H. F. Bloch, to the Plaintiff upon Fractional Block 5, Couch's Addition to the city of Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon, with the appurtenances, and barring all foreclosing all the right, title and interest of each and all of the Defendants therein or thereto, and for other and further relief.

This summons is served by publication, by order made by said Circuit Court for Multnomah County on April 7th, 1880, directing the same to be published for six successive weeks in the NEW NORTHWEST.

DOLPH, BRONAUGH, DOLPH & SIMON,
ap15 Attorneys for Plaintiff.

SUMMONS.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE of Oregon for Multnomah County.—S. Herman, Plaintiff, vs. Ezra W. Leland, Defendant.—To Ezra W. Leland, Defendant: In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby notified that the above-named Plaintiff has filed in the Court above named his complaint against you for Fifty Dollars ($50) and interest at one (1) per cent per month from April 25th, 1879, on a promissory note; and you being a non-resident of this state, and personal service of summons upon you in this state being impossible, the Court above named, on the —— day of March, 1880, made an order directing service of summons upon you by publication for six successive weeks in the New Northwest, a newspaper of general circulation published in Multnomah County. Now, you are hereby summoned and required to appear and answer the above-mentioned complaint of the Plaintiff on or before the first day of the next term of the above-entitled Court, which will begin and be held at Portland, Oregon, on the second Monday of June, 1880, and if you fail so to appear and answer, said Plaintiff will take judgment against you, for want of answer, for Fifty Dollars ($50) and interest at one (1) per cent per month from April 25th, 1879, and for costs and disbursements. CAPLES & MULKEY,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.
Portland, April 1st, 1880. 8-9

SUMMONS.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE of Oregon for the county of Multnomah.—Jennie Henderson, Plaintiff, vs. George Henderson, Defendant.—To George Henderson, Defendant: In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above-entitled suit on or before the first day of the next term of said Court, that is to say: on or before the 14th day of June, 1880; and if you fail so to answer for want thereof, the Plaintiff will take judgement of default against you, and will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in her complaint, to wit: for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between said Plaintiff and Defendant and for a divorce, and for such other relief as to justice and equity may appertain.

This summons is published in the New Northwest by order of the above-entitled Court, made on the 14th day of April, 1880.

W. H. ADAMS,
ap22 Attorney for Plaintiff.