The New Northwest.

THURSDAY.....JULY 8, 1880.

A WOMAN'S WISDOM.

You blame me that I cannot love
As you can love, my friend;
You call me heartless, light of faith,
Because my fancies end!

I do not say it is not true;
Oh, no! your words are right;
But you who love, and I who laugh,
Which gains most in the fight?

And why, if you were seeking love,
Should you have turned to me—
I, who of all who met your gaze
Have sworn inconstancy?

Go further yet, poor heart, and seek
For one who still can give;
Or, if your heartbreak prove too sharp,
Come to me, my friend—and live.

Yes, once I cursed—and lived. Alas!
'Tis better not to die,
Hands meekly clasped, and prayerful
Eyes upturned to the sky.

I loved too well—as you, my friend,
Are loving me this hour;
Such loves die hard, are cursed, we know,
With overwhelming power.

My love went out—as yours will do—
But after many years;
And in those years I was not glad,
And bitter were my tears.

My love was like your love, my friend;
It met with no return,
In spite of passionate appeal,
In spite of words that burn.

But you who love, and I who laugh,
May part at last in peace;
One day you'll thank me for my words,
One day your pain will cease.

ECHOING BELLS.

BY PAUL PASTNOR.

It was stormy, calm, fragrant night in Summertime,
When through the dusky boughs no whisper came
Save thirsty meadows rustling for the rain,
Or woodlands moving with a soft and sleepy rhyme.

A night when one would dream of dear and lovely things;
Of tender passages and sweet pursuits;
Of Orpheus lyre or threnody of lutes;
Of songs and sighs and stars and liquid murmurings.

Thus musing, as I wandered o'er the drowsy lawn,
I came upon a marble basin white,
And sat me down beyond the fountain-spritе—
Beyond her dusky, gray drapery in the night-breeze blown.

And as I sat, I looked up; lo! there gleamed a bell,
A sweet-toned bell that once I used to know,
Up in yon star-torn belfry long ago.
To-night the nakedness of heaven becomes it well!

"O Voice of old?" I cried—"thou dear dead Voice of old,
What would I not to hear thy mellowing strain
Call back the scattered leaves of life again
Into the Book, between the asterisks of gold?"

Yet how could it reply, that long-disused bell,
From which the rotted ropes hung scarcely down;
Whose belfry-ladder, in the dusk-light brown,
Bent as the hastening spiders spun their webs and fell?

But hark! was that the whisper of some voice I knew,
It was so full, so sudden, and so sweet?
Nay! some far-distant bell with languid beat
Rolling up hours into the horoscope of blue.

Again! Ah, sweet delay of rapturous surprise!
That weary bell complaining far away,
With silver hammers in the shades astray,
Had touched my voiceless bell to whispered harmonies.

Back rushed the tide of memory from isles of old,
And through the night some nameless angel came,
Numbered life's scattered leaves with pen of flame,
And wrote between the glimmering asterisks of gold!

Whenever at soft, still night I chance to hear
Some far-off bell, melodious and clear,
I think how many towers in all the land
Keep mystic measure to the singer's hand.

And since our lives, like living bells, must ring—
Remember, like a bird the echoes wing!
Or jocundly or sadly, as we will,
Time towers receive the song on every hill.

Oh, sweetly ring these bells, in weal or woe!
Life's deathless echoes soft, submissive flow;
And when we, too, in mouldery silence lie,
Float up forever to the bells on high!

The "O'Meara Consholidated."

"They met by chance, the usual way," among the daughters of the wife of Adam. Said the one neighbor unto the other:

"Good mornin' till ye, Mrs. O'Meara."

Said the other unto the one:

"Thank ye kindly, good mornin,' Mrs. McCrackin. Yer lookin' well this mornin.'"

"Ach, but it's kind ways ye have, Mrs. O'Meara. Ye'd be spakin' the cheerin' words if ye saw a poor body wid a fut in the grave—but I'm far from feelin' well. It's the old dishtress in me chist, dear. It's airly ye'er abroad the day, Mrs. O'Meara, but ye'er always so industrious an' drivin'."

"Ye flatther me, Mrs. McCrackin, but it's only in drivin' that there's only thrivin' at these times—wid God's blessin', av course."

"Thrue for ye, Mrs. O'Meara, an' thruly its snug ye air at home now, mainin' but the honest words I spake, an' no flatthery."

"Wid the blessin' o' God we're doin' fairly—fairly, Mrs. McCrackin."

"I wush I could get the saycret, Mrs. O'Meara. My Michael works every blessed day in the mines, but nothin' stays wid us."

"Do you collect assessments, Mrs. McCrackin?"

"Assessments, Mrs. O'Meara! What would I be doin' wid collectin' assessments? Bad 'cess to it, woman! Bad 'cess to it, woman! It's the other way wid us, for Micheal he do be payin' assessments on this an' on that ivery blessed month, almost."

"An' where does he pay them, dear?"

"To the broker shops; shure, where else would he pay thim, Mrs. O'Meara?"

"Why, to yourself, darlin'."

"To me, Mrs. O'Meara?"

"To yourself! Where else should he be payin' thim?"

"What for would he be paying assessments to me?"

"What for does my Patrick pay assessments to me, but becaus I livel 'em on him dear?"

"Oh him? An' what is it for, darlin'?"

"It's for the stock he holds in the corp'ration, dear—the interest he has in the O'Meara Consholidated—do ye understand that, now—the O'Meara Conshol-idated."

"What would that be, dear?"

"Originally it was Patrick O'Meara and Nora McCue, but was incorp'rated as the O'Meara Consolidated in 1865; first issue of stock in 1865, wid a new issue ivery two years since. It's what they call a close corporation, I belave, and I am both Prisidint and Board of Directhors, hould the controllig int'rust, and livel assessments."

"I don't understand it at all, Mrs. O'Meara. An' what is that ye livel the assessment on, dear?"

"On the stock, to be sure, woman—on the live stock, do you see?—six shares now."

"Do you mane the childer?"

"What else would I mane? I'll tell ye, dear, far I see yer wits are woolgatherin'. Ye see, for a long time Patrick was buyin' this wild cat, an' that wild cat, an' all the cats was livelin' assessments, an' he a payin' 'em an' kapin' us all at the point of schtarvation. I saw how things was goin', so I jist brought out on him the home incorporation, an' I says to him: 'Here now, sir, is the O'Meara Consholidated, a square location, secured by a patent with but six shares in it, an' showin' well as far as developed; now I livel on it my first assessment of twinty dollars a share.' Say he: 'Nora, ye're wus nor the wild cats; ye take me whole month's wages!' 'Thrue,' says I, 'and I'll honestly spind ivery cint in improvements for the benefit of the company.'"

"An' did he schtand the assessment, Mrs. O'Meara?"

"He did, for he thought it a good joke at first; an' for two or three months he paid like a man."

"Thin he quit payin'?"

"He did."

"An' what thin, Mrs. O'Meara?"

"I sould him out."

"Sould him out! How could you sell him out?"

"Well dear, he had due and legal notice. I first of all tould him it would be delinquint on such a day in the board, thin that it was advertised delinquint, an' that such a time would come the day of sale. He thought it was a good joke, but when he kem home that evenin' he had no supper. I didn't cook him a warm male in a month; I sint a lot o' furniture to the auction, an' cut him off every way in his home comforts."

"An' what then, dear?"

"He niver since refused to pay his regular assessments."

"Ach, it's a wise woman ye air, Mrs. O'Meara. Good mornin' to ye, an' wid the help of God, I'll incorp'rate the McCrackin Consholidated this blessid day, an' livel me first assessment before I resht me hald on me pilly the night."—*Virginia City Enterprise.*

How He Was Cured.

Why will young men hover around the light that dazzles and disappoints? Why will they talk over and over again the "soft nonsense" which their sires and grandsires did before them to generations of fair ladies less schooled in the cold philosophy of modern society? Occasionally their rashness brings its reward. Some time ago a handsome, dashing, gallant youth—a favorite with the sex—left Chicago for Baltimore, where he met a friend in high social standing, who, very soon, made him acquainted with some of the most beautiful women of that beauty-producing town. Baltimore is famous for its women and its oysters. The latter are sometimes out of season, but the former never. Consequently, there is always some attraction in the Queen of the Chesapeake. Everybody gives the palm to Baltimore's belles—that is, everybody who has not got a sweetheart somewhere else. Our friend from Chicago attended a wedding recently in the Monumental City, and there met a bewitching maiden, rare and radiant as Eve ere Adam claimed her. The usual commonplaces led to a conversation that became somewhat significant. What with her pearly teeth, luminous eyes, graceful form and luxuriant hair, not to speak of the winning tones of her voice, the Chicago youth became quickly fascinated, and was impudent enough to express himself upon the question of danger to bachelor peace in a city that boasted so many lovely daughters. Of course, when this kind of language is addressed to a woman, it is but natural to expect that she will appropriate the spirit of it to herself. The damsel listened quietly, and at the end of the dissertation said she knew the Colonel's friend and himself were equally afflicted with the tender passion, and that in the morning she would send the former a recipe that would cure the disease. No more was thought about the matter until the subjoined communication, in the young lady's handwriting, but not signed, arrived at the hotel where the friends were stopping:

"An Infallible Remedy for the Passion Love.—First, you must open the brain of consideration and let out the blood of immoderate affection. Then administer the following prescription, viz.: Take of the blossoms of sound judgment, one handful; of patience, five handfuls; one handful of the root of understanding; twelve ounces of resolution, prudence and discretion; five ounces of dislike and resentment. Let them simmer together in the brain eight and forty hours; then strain from it the dregs of melancholy into one spoonful of forgetfulness; sweeten a dose of the former with the sugar of contentment into the heart, and stop it with the cork of indifference. The ingredients are to be found at the House of Resolution, next door to Reason, in Contentment, the town of Fortitude, or at any office in Courtship street, Marriagetown."

The effect of this document on the lovers was not soul-inspiring. They say that such philosophy might answer for a convent or a monastery, but has no place in the living, loving, earnest world to which they belong.—*Chicago Times.*

JUST THE ONE.—A case involving the title to some marsh lands was recently on trial before Judge Crane, of Oakland, Cal., who is appropriately named, as he is six feet four inches in height. Several of the defendants were named Bird. While the lawyers were waiting for the court to open, one suggested that there ought to be a change of venue on the ground of relationship, inasmuch as the Judge was such a prominent member of the bird family. "Oh, no," said another; "the case involves swamp land, and he is just the one to *wade through it.*"

What surprised Noah more than aught else was that he received no application for free passes. And what astonished the public after the flood was, that the veteran navigator never tried to get up a complimentary benefit for himself.

"Do you think a man can run a circus and be a Christian?" asked the serious man. "Well, I don't know—yes." "Do you think Barnum, for instance, can go to heaven?" "I think he has a good show," was the reply.

Clarence E. Davis, who has been indicted in Chicago on two charges of bigamy, is now claimed by no less than twenty-three women whom he married at various times and places and deserted.

The newspaper owes its origin to the custom which prevailed in Venice in the sixteenth century of reading aloud in the public places a manuscript of the news of the day prepared by authority.

A subterranean river has been discovered in Eau Claire county, Wisconsin.

The Modern Fraud.

The basest fraud on earth is agriculture; the deadliest *ignis fatuus* that ever glittered to beguile and dazzled to betray is agriculture. I speak with feeling on this subject, for I've been glittered and beguiled and dazzled and destroyed by this same arch deceiver. She has made me a thousand promises and broken every one of them. She has promised me Summer squashes, and the worms have eaten them; Winter squashes, and the bugs have devoured them. She has promised cherries, and the curculio has stung them, and they contain living things, uncomely to the eye and unsavory to the taste. She has promised strawberries, and the young chickens have devoured them, and the eye cannot see them. She has promised tomatoes, and old hens have encompassed them, and the hand cannot reach them.

No wonder Cain killed his brother; he was a tiller of the ground. The wonder is that he didn't kill his father, and then weep because he hadn't a grandfather to kill. No doubt his early rose potatoes, for which he paid Adam $7 00 a barrel, had been cut down by bugs from the headwaters of the Euphrates. His Pennsylvania wheat had been Winter killed, and wasn't worth cutting. His Norway oats had gone to straw, and would not yield five pecks per acre; and black Spanish watermelons had been stolen by boys, who had pulled up the vines, broken down his patent picket fence, and written scurrilous doggerel all over his back gate. No wonder he felt mad when he saw Abel whistling along with his fine French merinos worth $8 00 a head, and wool going up every day; no wonder he wanted to kill somebody, and thought he'd practice on Abel. And Noah's getting drunk was was not at all surprising; he had become a husbandman; he had thrown away magnificent opportunities; he might have had a monopoly of any profession or business. Had he studied medicine, there would not have been another doctor within a thousand miles to call him quack, and every family would have bought a bottle of Noah's Compound Extract of Gopher Wood and Anti-Deluge Syrup. As a politician, he would have carried his own ward solid, and controlled two-thirds of the delegates in every convention. As a lawyer, he would have been retained in every case tried in the Ararat quarter sessions, or the Old Ark high court of admiralty. But he threw away all these advantages and took to agriculture; for a long time the ground was so wet that he could raise nothing but sweet flag and bulrushes, and these at last became a drug in the market. What wonder that, when he did get half a peck of grapes that were not stung to death by Japhet's honey bees, he should have made wine and drowned his sorrows in a flowing bowl.

The fact is, agriculture would demoralize a saint. I was almost a saint when I went into it; I am a demon now. I am at war with everything; I fight myself out of bed at four o'clock, when all my better nature tells me to be still till seven; I fight myself in the garden to work like a brute, when reason and instinct tells me to stay in the house and enjoy myself like a man. I fight the pigs, the chickens, the moles, the birds, the bugs, the worms—everything in which there is the breath of life; I fight the docks, the burdocks, the mullens, the thistles, the grapes, the weed—the whole vegetable kingdom; I fight the heat, the frost, the rain, the hail—in short, I fight the universe, and get whipped in every battle.—*A Printer Farmer.*

ANTIQUITY OF WHEAT.—Wheat has been in use for bread since the earliest antiquity. Its origin cannot be authentically traced, nor are the millions who use it much concerned on that head, as long as they have plenty of the flour which the nourishing article produces. It was introduced into this country, according to a writer in the *American Miller*, in 1539. As to its cultivation, this may be true, but there is good reason to believe that it was brought over with Columbus in one of his voyages at an earlier period. Its discovery is attributed to have been by chance on this continent, the story of which runs as follows: A slave of Cortez found a few grains of wheat in a parcel of rice, and showed them to his master, who ordered them to be planted. The result showed that wheat would thrive well on Mexican soil, and to-day one of the finest wheat valleys in the world is found near the Mexican capital. From Mexico the cereal found its way to Peru. A monk introduced it at Quito, Ecuador; and it is said that the jar which contained the seed is still preserved by the monks of Quito. Wheat was introduced into the present limits of the United States contemporaneously with the settlement of the country by the English and Dutch.

IN JULY.

In July within the garden
Doth flit the butterfly;
In July the jocund youngsters
For circus tickets sigh.
In July the happy robin
Doth jump across the lawn;
In July the gay musquito
His cimeter hath drawn.
In July the festive feline
Hears the wild nocturnal "beat!"
In July the merry maiden
Yearns for a sea-side hat.

Some genius has succeeded, in Philadelphia, in making enameled brick of any color. They are so hard as to turn the point of a nail, and are not affected by rain, heat, soot, or other annoyances. These bricks are coming rapidly into use, and are one of the new industries of the age in which we live.

Gally the gallant tee man
Goes spurting in the sun,
And selleth fifteen-hundred weight
And charges for a ton.

Our ancestors, the monkeys, couldn't have been so ignorant after all. They were all educated in the higher branches.

The petulant dog-catcher
Smiles like a dragon
As he flingeth the thoroughbred
Into the wagon.

AGENTS FOR THE NEW NORTHWEST.

The following persons are duly authorized to act as Agents for the NEW NORTHWEST:

D. D. Gray	Albany
Mrs. J. A. Johns	Salem
Mrs. Lottie Ream	Eugene City
Mrs. L. R. Proebstel	Lafirande
L. L. Williams	Hillsboro
Mrs. Laura DeForce Gordon	California
Ashby Pearce	Benton county
M. P. Owen	Sequiel, Cal
W. W. Beach	Colfax, W. T
"Woman's Journal"	Boston, Mass
D. P. Porter	Shedds, Or
Mrs. C. S. Foltz	San Jose, Cal
Mrs. M. A. Warner	Spokane Falls, W. T
Miss Mary Bishop	Brownsville
Mrs H. A. Loughary	Amity
R. T. Robison	Forest Grove
Mrs. R. C. Ballson	Willamette Slough
Mrs. M. Kelty	Lafayette
Mrs. J. DeVore Johnson	Oregon City
Mrs. Donnell	The Dalles
Dr. Bayley	Corvallis
Mrs. R. A. Yawters	Walla Walla
Mrs. B. B. Bishop	Pendleton
Mrs. J. W. Jackson	Eugene City
A. W. Stanard	Brownsville
Mrs. M. F. Cooke	Lafayette
Mrs. J. H. Foster	Albany
J. T. Scott, Esq.	Forest Grove
Mrs. A. E. Corwin	Astoria
Lee Laughlin	North Yamhill

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 to 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 inclement 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 100,000 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 making their termini 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 this 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.

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 conclusively 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

ONE THOUSAND AND TWENTY-FOUR LOTS,

Fifty by one hundred feet in size, with streets sixty feet wide.

PRICE.

All lots will be sold for $100 00 each, payable in installments of $5 00 per month, or the small sum of 16⅔ cents per day. No interest will be charged, and a good and sufficient Bond 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 such 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 Bond is issued, will be entitled to a reduction of $10 00 on each lot, or $5 00 on each $50 00 paid in. As the

ROAD TO WEALTH

Is 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 prices 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 $100,000. Also, remember that in Chicago some of the best business lots were once traded for a pair of old boots. How often is the remark made by old residents of Portland that once they could have bought lots for $100 that $2,000 would not buy now. It is not wise to "despise the day of small things."

IT IS TRUE,

That of all real estate investments, the homestead plan is the best and safest, 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.

RAILROAD PURCHASE.

The Overland, Oregon and California and the Western Railroad Companies have purchased all the lands from the east line of the Homestead (which is Ninth street) to the water front for their termini, depots, machine shops, etc.; also the main line of the Oregon Railway Company (Limited) will have its terminus near by. Thus the greatest railroad center on the Pacific Coast lays in close proximity to these lots. This purchase has caused a rise in all surrounding property of 100 per cent, making the lots in this Homestead from 75 to 100 per cent cheaper than any other real estate in Portland. Inasmuch as this Homestead was advertised to be sold for a stipulated price before the recent advance, unpleasant as it is, we shall strictly adhere to our advertised contract with the public to sell these lots for $100 each for the next ninety days.

The two hundred lots that were reserved for actual settlers are now all sold, and the demand to select lots being so great, we have been compelled to place more lots on the market from which the public may select for the next ninety days. This affords an opportunity for persons so desiring to purchase the most beautiful residence property.

TO PARTIES DESIRING TO PURCHASE.

This property is now selling very rapidly, and those wishing to buy will do well to call or send immediately for a lot or lots.

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 lot, 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 HAIGHT & 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.

Wm. Reid	Banker
Hon. John H. Mitchell	Ex U. S. Senator
Hon. L. F. Grover	U. S. Senator
J. A. Strowbridge	Merchant
Meier & Frank	Merchants
Geo. H. Himes	Printer

MISCELLANEOUS.

DR. PAUL M. BRENAN,

The Most Successful Physician on the Pacific Coast

IN THE TREATMENT OF ALL

CHRONIC AND DIFFICULT DISEASES,

HAS RETURNED AFTER AN EXTENSIVE tour of the Eastern States for the past four months. The Doctor visited all the principal medical institutions in the large cities of the United States, and comes back with all the modern methods, instruments and appliances known to the most scientific men in the profession. The Doctor has also brought charts and manikins to illustrate his lectures.

DR. PAUL M. BRENAN has been 15 years lecturing 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, nor can 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 in 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 spring, 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 modesty, and sometimes from ignorance, and permit those 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 what 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.

Catarrh, Bronchitis, Throat Diseases, Skin Diseases, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaint and all Diseases of the Eye and Ear, Stomach and Bladder, he can cure without fail. No Quack Nostrums used; no stop treatment; no false promises. Everything strictly confidential under all circumstances.

Consultation Free, and a list of printed questions sent to those living at a distance who cannot consult him personally.

All Surgical Operations performed.

Office—No. 63 First street, between Oak and Pine. Office Hours—From 10 to 12 A. M., 2 to 5 and 7 to 8 P. M. 8-7 1y

Dr. SPINNEY,

NO. 11 KEARNY STREET,

Treats all Chronic and Special Diseases.

YOUNG MEN

WHO MAY BE SUFFERING FROM THE effects of youthful follies or indiscretion will do well to avail themselves of this, the greatest boon ever laid at the altar of suffering humanity. DR. SPINNEY will guarantee to forfeit $500 for every case of Seminal Weakness or private disease of any kind or character which he undertakes and fails to cure.

MIDDLE-AGED MEN.

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SUMMONS.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE of Oregon for Multnomah County.—The Orange National Bank, Plaintiff, vs. George W. Traver and Emma S. Traver, Defendants:—To George W. Traver and Emma S. Traver, Defendants: 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 by the first day of the next regular term of the above entitled Court following after the expiration of six weeks from the date of the order of publication of this summons, to-wit: at the October term, 1880, to be holden on October 11, 1880, at Portland, Oregon; and if you fail so to answer, for want thereof the Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: to enforce a lien against the following separate property of Emma S. Traver, to-wit: against the east 50 feet of Lot 8 in Block 253, and the west 50 feet of the north 21 feet of Lot 5 in Block 251, all lying situate in the City of Portland, Multnomah County, State of Oregon, for the principal sums of $1,250, besides interest thereon and damages in the sum of $25, and for such other relief prayed for.

The above summons is served upon you by order of publication made by the Hon. C. B. Bellinger, Judge of the above-entitled Court, on May 19, 1880.

YOCUM & CLARNO AND D. GOODSELL,
je24 6t Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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