

BUSINESS CARDS

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W. C. TWEEDALE, GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, TOBACCO, CIGARS, WOOD & WILLOW WARE, CALL AND SEE HIS.

HENRY FLINDT'S SHOP, ALBANY, OREGON.

BARBER SHOP, E. H. ROY, Proprietor.

ALBANY BATH HOUSE

SAMUEL E. YOUNG, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CLOTHING, BOOTS AND SHOES, TRUNKS, BAGS, HATS, CAPS, HOSIERY, FURS, WAGONS, PLOW, SEED, DRILLS.

And Broadcast Seed Sowers, Etc.

TERMS - CASH. First St., Albany.

State Rights Democrat

THE LEGACY HUNTERS.

It was Abigail Varley's thirtieth and tenth birth. She was a rich widow, childless, and with no known relations save two gentleman cousins.

Never was cousinly attachment more beautifully illustrated, or cousinly jealousy less amply exemplified, than in the daily walk and conversation of these two collateral kinsmen.

Both were several years younger than the lady, with a fair prospect, according to the course of nature, of surviving her; and how to supplant each other in her will, which she had at last begun to talk seriously of making, was the problem which at present engaged their attention.

On the morning in question, when Cousin Roger called to wish Cousin Abigail the usual "many happy returns," he was not a little chagrined to find Cousin Dick there before him.

"Not so good latterly as it has been," the first said, "the old lady continued, 'I have been thinking seriously of sending for Mr. Parker, with a view to settling my worldly affairs without delay.'

"Oh, there is no need of haste, cousin," broke in Dick; "you have many years before you yet," mentally adding, "What has possessed the old niny to put it off so long?"

"Well, well, I suppose there's no hurry about it," said Cousin Abigail. "And yet," Cousin Roger ventured to hint, "it is always well to be prepared; none of us can tell the minute or the hour, you know."

"And, after all, calling in a lawyer is not so serious a matter as calling in a doctor," said Cousin Dick, facetiously.

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a young and beautiful girl, at whom Cousin Dick stared with a surprised and troubled look.

THE FATE OF A COQUETTE.

Some years ago there resided near Southern Illinois a worthy farmer by name of G—. His eldest son John was every way, a frigate fellow.

He was raised to industry and sobriety, and was of good countenance and comely. At 19 years of age his parents died, leaving him as father or protector to his four younger brothers and sisters.

John had the misfortune of falling desperately in love with a very handsome, bewitching girl two years his junior. She was of respectable connections and well raised.

But she discovered that she possessed a peculiar fascinating power over the sterner sex—sometimes in modern parlance called male men.

A half dozen of them worshipped at the shrine of her charms. Poor John began to think that a chance for a wife in that direction was rather slim.

He was a plain, outspoken and candid young man. Of all the admirers of Miss Celia Stewart, she loved John the best.

But alas for frail woman! She was much inclined to coquetting, which is downright hypocrisy and falsehood. She would flirt with one, then with another, almost promise one, and then cast them all off.

John's love for the inconstant one became unendurable. He finally sought an opportunity and disclosed the state of his mind fully to Miss Celia, and asked her whether she would marry him or not.

She mustered up all her pretended indifference and told him frankly that she never had loved him, and was only seeing how foolish he was in loving her or supposing that she would ever marry him.

A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION.

The steamer Senator's complete wreck—Portland, Me., in the Willamette River—Death and Destruction—Survivors—Full Particulars—Lives as far as can be given.

Never within the recollection of our oldest citizens was the city of Portland thrown into such a sudden and intense fever of excitement.

It built in 1862, and afterwards entirely rebuilt, and was said to be as good as new. The boiler and engine were built in San Francisco in 1867, and were in good condition.

Yesterday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock the steamer Senator, plying between this city and Oregon City, after receiving on board about seventy-five tons of freight and twenty-five passengers, cast off from her dock.

At the lower end of the city, and steamed up past the city front. Arrived at the foot of Alder street, to receive on board a number of immigrants and considerable freight.

She passed on the middle of the foot and was making the turn of the foot when a hissing of steam from the boiler, which was a tremendous explosion, followed by a tremendous explosion.

The same may be said of the freight, as the manifest was lost in the explosion. Floating upon the water, we noticed many packages marked "Wade, Salem" and hundreds of others for various firms in the interior.

Measrs. Sargeant & Morris of McMinnville, lost \$1,000 worth. Hundreds of small boats were engaged in collecting articles of various kinds and carrying them away to be used or sold for their own profit.

The police put in an appearance and compelled the wreckers to convey the goods to the O. S. N. Company's dock and turn them over to the company's agents.

MY KING.

My monarch when he comes to bed, No rubbers, nor muslins here, Only upon his royal bed, Some curls waving in the breeze.

My monarch's mane from dawn, Only the quiet dawn and grass, Of nobility by nature born.

While the hand that presses mine Is held no badge of high rank; His only crown is his high mind, Type of the law I love the best.

He sits upon no dazzling throne, No courtiers bowing him to land; His throne is in my grateful heart, My loving thoughts his latest friend.

No stern decree of monarch's power To trace without awe is given; Only the grace of soul-like eye, Within whose depths I find my heaven.

O, noble monarch, better far, To know one heart will loyal be, Than reign a host, unloved, feared, 'Mid hollow pomp and vanity.

O, happy man that could thy way, What joy to praise thy high estate; With every blessing heaven bestows, How gladly would I be thy slave.

Something about dogs—Eas. A domestic difficulty—Heavy bread. Spring is on hand. Little, five peas.

Improving one's time—mending the clock. The home circle—walking around with the baby at night.

CURIOUS FACTS.

Fishes swallow their food whole. They have no dental machinery furnished them.

Frogs, toads and serpents never take any food but that which they are satisfied is alive.

When a bee, wasp or hornet stings, it is nearly always at the expense of its life.

Serpents are no tenacious of life that they will live for six months and longer without food.

Turtles dig holes in the sea shore and bury the eggs, covering them up to be hatched by the sea.

Robbers are very pugnacious, and fight severe battles. If they lose a claw another grows out.

Naturalists say that a single swallow will devour 8,000 flies in a day.

The tarantula of Brazil is nothing more nor less than an enormous scorpion.

A single codfish produces more than a million of eggs in a season.

SCISSORING.

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Table with columns for advertising rates: Month, 10c; 3 Months, 25c; 6 Months, 45c; 1 Year, 80c. Includes rates for single copies and insertion charges.

Business notices in this Local Edition, 20 cents per line.

For legal and transient advertisements, \$1.00 per square of 10 lines, for the first insertion, and 50 cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

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