

The Albany Register.

VOL. 1.

ALBANY, OREGON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1869.

NO. 21.

The Albany Register.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
COLLINS VAN CLEVE.

OFFICE OF CORNER OF FERRY AND FIRST STS.,
OPPOSITE W. W. PARRISH & CO.'S STORE.

TERMS—IN ADVANCE.

One Year.....Three Dollars
Six Months.....Two Dollars
Single Copies.....Ten Cents

ADVERTISING RATES.

One Column, per Year, \$100; Half Column,
\$60; Quarter Column, \$35.
Transient advertisements per Square of ten
lines or less, first insertion, \$3; each subsequent
insertion, \$1.

BUSINESS CARDS.

ALBANY BATH HOUSE.

THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECT-
fully inform the citizens of Albany and vicin-
ity that he has taken charge of this establish-
ment, and, by keeping clean rooms and paying
strict attention to business, expects to suit all
those who may favor him with their patronage.
Having heretofore carried on nothing but

First-Class Hair Dressing Saloons,
he expects to give entire satisfaction to all.
Children and Ladies' hair neatly cut and
shampooed.
JOSEPH WEBBER,
sep19y2

GEO. W. GRAY, D. D. S.,

GRADUATE OF THE CINCINNATI DEN-
tal College, would invite all persons desiring
artificial teeth, and first-class dental operations,
to give him a call.
Specimens of Vulcanite Base with gold-plate
fillings, and other new styles of work, may be
seen at his office, in Parrish & Co.'s brick, (up
stairs) Albany, Oregon.
Residence—Corner Second and Baker sts. 2

D. B. RICE, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
ALBANY, OREGON.

OFFICE—ON SOUTH SIDE OF MAIN
street.
Albany, September 19, '68-21f

E. F. Russell,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Solicitor in Chancery and Real Estate Agent
—Will practice in the Courts of the Second, Third,
and Fourth Judicial Districts, and in the Supreme
Court of Oregon.
Office in Parrish's Block, second story, third
door west of Ferry, north side of First st. II
Special attention given to the collection of
claims at all points in the above named Districts.

J. C. POWELL. L. PLISS.

Powell & Flinn,

ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW
and Solicitors in Chancery,
(L. Flinn, Notary Public.)
Albany, Oregon. Collections and conveyances
promptly attended to. I

W. F. MITCHELL. F. W. REDFIELD.

Hittabid & Co.,

DEALERS IN GROCERIES AND PRO-
visions, Wood and Willow Ware, Confection-
ery, Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes, Notions, etc.
Main street, adjoining the Express office, Albany,
Oregon.

W. W. PARRISH. J. C. MENDENHALL.

W. W. Parrish & Co.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS
in General Merchandise, Albany. The
best Goods at the lowest market prices. Mer-
chantable Produce taken in exchange. I

E. A. Freeland,

DEALER IN EVERY DESCRIPTION OF
School, Miscellaneous and Blank Books,
Stationery, Gold and Steel Pens, Ink, etc. Post-
office Building, Albany, Oregon. Books ordered
from New York and San Francisco. I

S. H. Claughton,

NOTARY PUBLIC AND REAL ESTATE
AGENT. Office in the Post Office building,
Lebanon, Oregon.
Will attend to making Deeds and other convey-
ances, also to the prompt collection of debts en-
trusted to my care.

J. BARROWS. L. BLAIN. S. E. YOUNG.

J. Barrows & Co.,

GENERAL AND COMMISSION MER-
chants. Dealers in Staple, Dry and Fancy
Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Canned
Goods and Shoes. Albany, Oregon.
Consignments solicited. I

C. Mealey & Co.,

MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS
in all kinds of Furniture and Cabinet
Ware, First street, Albany. I

Albany Weekly Register

JOB PRINTING OFFICE,

First street, (opposite Parrish & Co.'s store),

Albany : : : Oregon.

HAVING a very fair assortment of material
we are prepared to execute, with neatness
and dispatch, all kinds of

PLAIN AND FANCY JOB PRINTING

such as
Hand-bills,
Programmes,
Bill-heads,
Cards,
Ball Tickets,
Pamphlets,
Labels,
Blanks
of all kinds,

at as low figures as a due regard to taste and good
work will allow. When you want anything in
the printing line, call at the Register office.

Odd Fellowship—What is it?

The origin of Oddfellowship in the
United States dates from the organiza-
tion of the Washington Lodge No. 1, on
the 26th day of April, 1819, in the city
of Baltimore. It is not our purpose to
state by whom that lodge was organized,
but simply to give a fair and unbiased
statement of the principles of the order,
and the general object and aim of the
association. Whatever might have been
the object of ancient Odd Fellowship, as
it exists in despotic Europe, is nothing
to us. The question is simply the history
of Odd Fellowship from the time of
its organization in the United States
down to the present time.

The design of the order was for the
purpose of associating together individ-
uals of various creeds and ideas, whose
business it should be, not only to allevi-
ate each others troubles in case of ne-
cessity, but to cement themselves in the
unity of Friendship, Love and Truth.
This was not from mere pecuniary ad-
vantage, as many unfortunately under-
stood it to be, but its doctrines teach us
that in all circumstances of life in which
a brother may be placed, he is to receive
the aid, the council or the protection of
his fellow-member, not as a favor, but as
a right—a right that ought to be held
sacred by all, and dates from the time of
his membership with the Brotherhood.

Men are not always what they seem.
We should, therefore, judge men by their
conduct, not by their appearance or
profession. He who professes a humane
benevolent heart, who closes not his
hand against his brother in his dark days
of adversity, is a true man, be his situa-
tion in life ever so humble. That man
is to be pitied who can trust to self, and
refuse his kindly offices to his brothers,
for without that brother what would he
be?

There are several classes of persons
that become members of this most praise-
worthy and popular association. First,
we have such men as Thomas Wilkey,
the great founder of American Odd Fel-
lowship, whose great heart was filled with
Friendship and true brotherly love for
all mankind, and whose constant aim and
intense desire was to do good, not only
to the members of his association, but to
all men. He recognized himself as a
constituent of one universal brotherhood,
having come from the hand of a com-
mon Parent; and he seemed to accept
the trust delegated to him by that Par-
ent, for he was ever seeking to relieve
the distressed and unfortunate, and to
elevate and ennoble his fellow-man and
educate him to a higher degree of man-
hood.

There is another class of men who, I
am sorry to say, are by far the most nu-
merous, who look upon the institution as
the proper vehicle for their advancement
in the social as well as business relations
with the world. They count the costs
with scrupulous accuracy, in dollars and
cents, and the various advantages to be
gained personally by being associated
with the benevolent and charitable men
of the world. Business he thinks, will
be better by reason of his fraternal ties.
Or peradventure disease may prostrate
him; in that case he will receive the
kind care and attention of his brother,
besides a weekly benefit of a few dollars.
In case of death, the widow will be
cared for and the orphans educated.

And thus it is that thousands become
members of the institution, not that
they may benefit their fellow-men, but
that they may be benefitted, and that
their egotistical selfishness may slip
through the world under the garb of Be-
nevolence and Charity. Many times in
the course of life true and false Odd
Fellowship is severely tried by demands
upon them for the relief of unfortunate
or distressed brethren. The true Odd
Fellow's purse strings are ever loose to
the calls of a needy brother, and he
gives readily to the full extent of his
means, and wishes sincerely that he were
able to do more for him; while the false
Odd Fellow, with many protestations,
pleads his own poverty and gives with
reluctance the scantiest pittance his well
filled purse may contain. "Am I my
brother's keeper?" he says. If circum-
stances have reduced him to poverty it
is his own fault; why should I be re-
quired to assist him? I shall look out
for myself and let others do the same.

Every Odd Fellow should remember
the story of the man who went down to

Jericho and, falling among thieves, was
robbed and left by them half dead. By
chance there came a certain priest that
way, but seeing the wounded man, passed
by on the other side, as likewise did a
Levite, who passed by the other side.
But the good Samaritan seeing him had
compassion and immediately bound up
his wounds and ministered to his wants
until he had recovered. Is this a fair
comparison? Will two-thirds of the
brotherhood pass by on the other side?
Every Odd Fellow can answer for him-
self. "Do unto others as you would that
others should do unto you," is the Gold-
en Rule of Odd Fellowship.

Linn County Teachers' Association.

Brownsville, Jan. 1st, 1869.

Allow me, through the columns of
your excellent paper, to publish a minute
of the Linn County Teachers' Association,
which met at North Brownsville, Decem-
ber 29th. Owing to a misunderstanding as
to the time of meeting, the various
parts of the county were not as well re-
presented as they would otherwise have
been. Notwithstanding, enough teachers
were present to make a pleasant and
profitable session.

The session lasted three days. The
branches were all represented, and the
discussions lively. The purest harmony
prevailed, and good will was manifested
by all present. The Institute was never
in a more flourishing condition. The
teachers are alive to the responsibilities
which rest on them, and the people are
beginning to realize the benefit of such
institutions.

The following resolutions were adopted:
Resolved, That we regard scholarship
and practicability as the highest qualifi-
cations of teachers, and that politics and
religious sectarianism never ought to
enter our schools.

Believing that the presence of parents
has a salutary effect on our common
schools, therefore, resolved that we re-
commend that patrons visit their schools
and the Teachers' Institute more fre-
quently.

Resolved, That we believe the pre-
judice existing against female teachers in
our county ought to be removed, and
that we invite them to the field of labor.

Resolved, That hereafter circulars be
sent to teachers and the friends of edu-
cation generally throughout the county,
notifying them of the time of holding
sessions, containing the programme of
exercises, and requesting their attendance.

Resolved, That teachers who frequent
saloons should not be regarded as possess-
ing good moral characters.

Resolved, That we tender our hearty
thanks to Mr. Smith for the generous
offer of the use of his hall in which to
hold our session; and that we tender our
warmest thanks to those citizens of
Brownsville and vicinity who have open-
ed their homes to members of the In-
stitute.

The next session of the Institute is to
be held at Irving's schoolhouse, May
4th, 1869. Officers as follows: Presi-
dent, J. W. Mack; Vice President, A.
C. Henderson; Secretary, R. N. Thom-
son; Treasurer, N. Hendrie; Executive
Committee, S. G. Irving, J. F. McCoy
and J. W. Mack.

It will be seen that we have an able
corps of officers, and all may expect an
entire success at our next session. The
Executive Committee inform me that they
will select lectures from the best
talent in the county. Every friend of
education is invited to be present, and we
promise them unhesitatingly a rare liter-
ary treat. J. N. DENISON, Sec.

How TO COOK A BEAN.—Buy a
bean, bathe it well, put it in twelve
quarts of steamed river water, (if you
haven't got a river, better buy one, as
they are handy to have); boil it six hours
by an overdone clock, take it out and
wipe it thoroughly dry with a soft towel
—an old shirt won't answer—lay it on
its northeast side, about two degrees
south-westerly; bore a hole gently in each
end, abstract the "innards" very quietly
without musing very much; then stuff
one end with soft boiled rice, and the other
end with rice boiled soft; the end that
points towards the sky should, in all instan-
ces, except in cases of extreme hemor-
rhage, be stuffed first; then take the
Brownsville side of the shell off gently;
then the Corvallis side with Yaquina
railroad speed only, then sweeten with
salt, and it will taste so much like rice,
you'd never dream it was a bean.

"I say, boy, stop that ox." "I haven't
got no stopper, sir." "Well, head him
then." "He's already headed, sir."
"Confound your impertinence, turn him."
"He's right side out already, sir." "Speak
to him, you rascal, you." "Good morn-
ing, Mr. Ox."

THE BANKER'S LOVE.

A NOBLE HEROINE.

It was a dreary morning in November;
the rich banker, Mr. Brandon, was seated
in his room, busily engaged in writing;
he was interrupted by the entrance of a
clerk, announcing that a lady, who de-
sired to see him a short time alone, was
waiting at the door of the banking-house;
she had arrived in a hackney coach, and
had sent in a message to this effect, not
wishing to alight until assured that Mr.
Brandon was disengaged and willing to
receive her.

The clerk delivered his message; Mr.
Brandon looked both puzzled and am-
used, but gave orders that the lady
should be admitted.

Mr. Brandon was about sixty years of
age; he had commenced life as a junior
clerk of the establishment; he had risen
by gradual and regular rotation to the
senior partner; in person he was com-
monplace, not to say vulgar, about the
middle height, stout and clumsily made,
his features large and prominent, his
face red, his eyes round, blue and un-
meaning, his thin locks plentifully
sprinkled with grey; his manner was
precise and formal, his dress plain and
old-fashioned.

He placed a chair for the reception of
his visitor, and seated himself gravely in
another beside the fire, folded his hands
before him and awaited her appearance.
The door opened to admit her; she en-
tered; it closed behind her; she ad-
vanced into the room, and the banker
raised from his seat.

She was young and beautiful; tall,
magnificently formed, with a face whose
beauty of feature was its least charm, so
intellectual was the expression, so spark-
ling with the light of genius, so beam-
ing with the fire of an unquenchable en-
ergy.

Her dress was plain and evidently se-
lected with a view to economy, but taste-
ful and elegant. There was in her
whole style and manner that decision
and confidence which is the result of
high fashion, and that ease which inter-
course with the world alone can give.
The banker sprang forward to meet her;
he took her hand affectionately. "Mad-
eline," he said, "how glad I am to see you
again! I thought you dead, or lost—to me
forever. Where have you spent the inter-
val since we met? Why have you hid-
den yourself from me? Oh, Madeline!
I have suffered much for you."

"Do not call me Madeline; I am no
longer Madeline Vernon; I am—"

"Married, Madeline? Say not so.
Married? And the banker actually
gagged with excitement.

"No—no!" said the lady smiling;
"but am no more known by that name;
and those with whom I reside call me
Mary Clinton."

Mr. Brandon remained silent; she
spoke again.

"I could not continue dependent on you
—I could not live on your bounty; I re-
solved to find subsistence for myself or
perish. I have had my struggles; I
have suffered much; but I have suc-
ceeded; and I seek you again, to thank you
for your past kindness—to entreat your
continued friendship. I am happy; at
least, I am content. I have obtained a
situation as a governess; I reside in an
obscure and gloomy part of the city; but
the family I serve is opulent. My salary
is a liberal one; and if I have no plea-
sures, at least I have few annoyances, and
no insults."

She spoke quickly and with an effort,
and she ceased abruptly.

"Oh, Madeline! is this a life for you?"

"I have no choice," she answered;
"I must submit to my fate."

"You have a choice. I have offered
you all I have to offer. I renew my pro-
posals—be my wife."

"No, Mr. Brandon! I thank you—
from my heart I thank you; but it cannot
be. Pity me not; I am happy!"

"Happy! Madeline Vernon, do you
remember what you have been?"

"Yes I remember—I remember!"

"And I, too, remember!" (And the
banker, rising, paced the room with hur-
ried steps.) "I remember all—I can tell
you all! I can recall those times when,
among the proud, your father was the
proudest; when among the gay and the
lovely, you were the gayest—the most
beautiful! I can go further back, and I
can see your mother—y—u are her im-
age, Madeline! she whom, as a dream,
was ever present to my sight—she whom,
as a dream I worshipped! Well, she mar-
ried. She chose your father—the gallant
and admired Henry Vernon—and they
were happy. Then I can recall your
birth—you, their only child! and from
the first I loved you; I loved you for
her sake! I can recall their rapid
rise from affluence to the possession of
enormous wealth—their luxury! Then
she died.

"A few years pass away, and you take
her place. You appear, the mistress of
matchless charms, the heiress of untold
riches. Who so admired? so courted?
How often have I watched you when you
saw me not! In the Park, at the opera,
who was so gallantly attended? who
greeted you so deep a homage as Made-
line Vernon, the only daughter of the
wealthy banker—the proclaimed heiress
of the Merchant Prince? Your suitors,
also, were they not numberless? What
was not offered to your acceptance? What

did you not reject? Rank, title, station
—personal qualifications that might mate
with such as yours—fortunes equal to
your own. Ah! what might you not
have been? ah! what are you now?
Well the sequel—the sequel. Ah, now
you weep! Your father, he becomes a
bankrupt—worse, worse—a dishonored
bankrupt! But one way lies before him
—but one path, dark and gloomy; on
that he enters—by that he escapes all
shame, insult, contumely! He dies! I
will not dwell on his death of horror!
but you were left—young, beautiful,
alone and poor, my child, what snares
were around thee! Then I came—I,
your dead mother's humble lover I, your
dead father's only friend! I, your own
most passionate adorer! I rescued you
from want—from insult—from despair—
and I dared to speak of love! I was, I
fear, too hasty, too inconsiderate in my
proposals; my love was despised—re-
jected! You left me. But, Madeline, your
suitors, where are they? The gay train
of knights, vowed to your service—the
proud young nobles, who laid their pride
and their nobility at your feet—where
are they? They fled at the first shadow
of your misfortune, or those who remained
stayed but to wound with expressions of
contemptuous pity, or insult with baser
proposals. They fled, and you were des-
olate. Was no one faithful?"

"Yes! one!" murmured Madeline, as
she hid her face in her hands—"one!"

"And that one, Madeline, do you still
hope and live for him? do you still love
each other?"

"Yes! yes!" said Madeline, rising,
with sudden energy; "we still love each
other—we still love each other—we hope
still! I will not desert him! He clung
to me through all. I will cling to him,
and we shall yet be happy!"

"Madeline," exclaimed the banker,
and he knelt before her; "accept me!
I offer you a situation equal to the one
you have lost—wealth beyond your wildest
dreams, luxuries beyond your utmost
wishes. I will raise you above the proudest
of your late admirers—the parasites,
the fawners, the faithless ones of former
days. You shall set your foot upon
their necks. Gold, diamonds, equipage—
these will not bribe you. I offer you
power—independence—the power of
doing good—the independence of all
obligation. Oh, think before you again
reject! Your lover, too—I saw him but
lightly; he is ill. I marked his slight
figure, his thin, flushed cheek; I heard
his frequent cough. He is working
hard; he denies himself many comforts
that he may free you from bondage. He
will not live. Labor, scanty clothing,
and poor diet will do the work sooner or
later; you will lose him! I offer you his
health—his happiness. I will pour gold
upon him, and with gold, ease and com-
fort. If you will be mine, Madeline, I
will settle upon him that shall lift him
at once to affluence. Madeline, you will
not now refuse me?"

"The answerer mournfully and slowly:
"No, Mr. Brandon, it cannot be; I never
will desert him! Oh! believe me, I feel
grateful; he, too, shall thank you; but
ask not, I beseech you—ask me not to
deny myself the sweet privilege of strug-
gling for, and with him, through the
darkness of the present hour into the
light beyond. We are young and hope-
ful, and we shall yet be happy. Yes, we
shall be happy! Oh! my friend, our
all; ask us not to renounce it!"

Mr. Brandon rose from his knees, and
seated himself at his desk; there was a
long pause. At last he spoke but in al-
tered tones.

"Tell me, Miss Vernon, your lover's
present plans. It may be in my power
to aid him."

"It is his intention to procure a situa-
tion as clerk, which he has promised to
him upon the payment of a sum of money,
provided he can raise it in a certain
space of time; during which the place
will be kept open, for him. Our object
is to accumulate this sum; to do this we
are straining every nerve, and I trust we
shall succeed."

Another long pause, and the banker
raised the lid of his desk; he touched a
secret spring, and a drawer flew open;
he took from it a roll of paper, and with
a grave and solemn air handed it to
Madeline.

"Madeline! are you too proud to ac-
cept from one who loves you but too well,
the gift of two thousand pounds?"

She started from her seat.

"Do not speak hastily, Madeline; false
pride is no virtue. I know not the ex-
act sum required, but this sum will go
far toward the attainment of the object
you have in view. Take it—go! and
unless again thou comest in distress come
to me no more; but if thou needest a
friend, I am here—I am here!"

Madeline was awed, and pleased, and
pained; she could but weep her thanks.
He took her arm and drew it within his
own, and led her through the banking-
house, and handed her sobbing into the
miserable hackney-coach awaiting her.
He stood, half-unconsciously, at the door,
watching its progress down the street,
till at the corner it stopped to take up
a tall and elegant-looking young man, who
awaited its arrival, shivering in the
chilly air he recognized the favored lov-
er, and, heaving a sigh, withdrew into
his apartment. There he resumed his
seat at the desk and opened his private
account-book. "Ah!" he said, "I have
no command over myself when that girl

comes. I could make myself a beggar
to see her look happy. But she will
come no more!" and again he sighed
heavily. "Three thousand pounds, too!
What a large sum! under what head can
I enter it? Under that of charity?
Yes, charity!" And so he did enter it.
And there it stands, an almost solitary
item.

Original.

Constancy.

TO A—

I love thee, yes I love thee with a true and ear-
nest heart.
Though dark clouds lower round us telling that
we soon must part;
Though a storm of cold adversity is coming thick
and fast,
I have loved thee, and still love thee, and will
love thee to the last.

They have said that were others full as lovely and
as fair,
That soon I would forget thee 'midst life's busy
through elsewhere;
That when strange faces greet me in the circles
of the gay,
My love for thee would vanish and forever pass
away.

But vain beings so assuming, I upbraid your
chiding now,
And with spirit all undaunted I shall keep my
sacred vow;
Yes, with spirit that hath never quailed beneath
a stormy blast,
I have loved thee, still love thee, and will love
thee to the last.

They sat upon the front door mat,
When softly shone the moon,
And listened to the music that
Came from a beer saloon.

His manly arm did round her twine,
Their lips in kisses met;
And when he asked, "Wilt thou be mine?"
She said, "I will, you bet."

GASTRONOMY.—The following curious
details regarding the gastronomic tastes of
the reigning sovereigns of Europe, are
taken from a Paris paper.

Napoleon III.—Abstemious, cautious;
never making the slightest remark to the
servants. Moderate drinker, but great
smoker.

Queen Victoria.—Abstemious, Pusey-
ite, liking beef and pastry.

Alexander II.—Hearty eater, connois-
seur in wine, preferring Champagne and
Burgundy and fond of game.

His Prussian Majesty.—Good drinker
(Roeder, etc.), beef, mutton, biscuits
and sweet things. A pleasant and unaf-
fected host.

His Majesty of Austria.—Silent at
table, eats dark meat, especially mutton
and game, and drinks the national wines
of Hungary and Bordeaux.

Victor Emmanuel.—Mighty hunter.
Capital appetite, eats only white meat
and small game. Kills wild boar, but
never eats their meat; drinks the Cote'd
Or wines.

Isabella of Spain.—Great appetite;
prefers veal and white meats, drinks
Spanish wines and Bordeaux.

The Sultan.—Partisan of strong meats,
of rice, of pastry, of Eastern fruit, and
of Burgundy.

His Dutch Majesty has the finest cellar
in Europe; fond of fish, and especially
salmon. His neighbor of Belgium eats
very little, and always small game, and
drinks sparingly of Bordeaux.

The ex-King of Hanover lives on the
Bohemian peasant, the woodcock of
Galicia, and smoked ham of Styria and
drinks Moselle and the Rhine wines.

King Louis of Portugal is the smallest
eater in Europe.

RICH NOBLES OF ENGLAND.—Speak-
ing of the rich man of England, it is said
the Earl of Dudley is one of the richest
noblemen of that little island. Of his
wealth it is said:

His territorial possessions and country
seats in Staffordshire and Worcestershire,
England, his shooting-grounds in
Scotland and the east of England, his
mansion and picture gallery in London,
his winter palace in Rome, even his val-
uable mineral estate in Merionethshire, fade
into insignificance when compared with
his mines and collieries, and iron works
around the midland town which takes
his title. The latter estate—honey-
combed by industry beneath, blackened
by industry on the surface covers an
area of ten square miles. It furnishes
employment for nine thousand working
people, and reckoning in their families,
wholly supports at a moderate computa-
tion, something like seven and twenty
thousand human beings. It is interest-
ed by two private canals and traversed
by forty miles of railroad. The horses
employed upon it are numerous enough
to supply a cavalry regiment; the canal
boats to furnish a fleet. The steam
power used is simply incalculable, it is
so dispersed. Eight locomotives ply upon
its railways. There are forty boilers in
one of its works, and twenty in another.
Every pit and every furnace over and
under the whole ten miles has accompan-
ing steam engines. This vast estate
yields seventy thousand tons of pig iron
per week, to say nothing of the limestone
used for flux; and it sends manufactured
iron into all the markets of the world.
Nearly a hundred heads of departments
are engaged in managing it, and it takes
over three hundred clerks to keep the
accounts. The annual outlay in wages
does not fall far short of half a million
sterling.

The panier dress is now called the
"dromedary style."