

The Albany Register.

Found in the Street.

"Do you know, sir, that I am almost starved—that I have had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours?"

The young man started at this address; then turned, and regarded the speaker for a moment curiously.

The scene was Fifth Avenue, and the time was near midnight. Horses and carriages were dashing over the pavement, conveying gay parties from theater or supper. The air was crisp and chill; the stars shone cheerfully above; the lamps gleamed brilliantly below; yet the young man was thus suddenly accosted in the most fashionable thoroughfare of New York, by a stranger who was almost starved, and had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours. No wonder he turned to look curiously at her.

Caleb, or Cale Gordon, as his intimates called him, was a hard-working young journalist—hard-working but well paid; for he was a vastly clever and rapid writer, and found a ready market for all he wrote; besides being on the regular staff of one morning paper, as a moral and dramatic critic. And in pursuit of this part of his vocation he had that evening been to the French opera to hear "Genevieve"—had stepped into Delmonico's for a light supper, and was now on his way down to the office to write up his evening's work. He had no one but himself to take care of, made money enough to supply all his wants, light suppers at Delmonico's were his delight; and he knew very little about the poverty and wretchedness of the under world of the great city he lived in. Therefore, he queried in tone of surprise, after looking at the questioner for a moment—"you say you have eaten nothing for twenty-four hours?"

"A bit of bread and some coffee last evening, and nothing before that since the day before," and the girl gave a gulp, something between a sigh and a sob, and turning her face away.

"Bless my soul!" said Caleb; "come right along with me and get something."

You see Caleb was quite green—he had only been in the city about six months, having come well recommended from a country newspaper, or else he would have given her a quarter and sent her on her way—or, perhaps, something more might have come of it, who knows? But, as it was, he took her hand and placed it on his arm, and walked her rapidly down a side street towards a point where he knew there was an oyster saloon that kept open all night. It was not exactly a place to take a lady; but it did not occur to Caleb to take her to Delmonico's—besides they were to pass it.

She said nothing further; but Caleb noticed that she leaned rather heavily on his arm; and as they passed a street lamp, and its light shone full in her face, he saw that she was very pale. He hurried her along, and presently they arrived at the saloon and were soon seated opposite each other in a small private room or box, with a table between them.

Caleb called a waiter and ordered a glass of sherry, and when that was provided, gave it to the girl, who seemed absolutely about to faint, and begged her to drink it, which she did; then he ordered a substantial supper for her. The waiter left them, and Caleb had an opportunity of looking at his companion. The wine had revived her, and a little color tinged her cheeks. She seemed very young. Caleb thought of his little sister at the old homestead in the country, and guessed this little girl must be about her age—about seventeen.

Thinking of his little sister, too, he could not help thinking how he would feel if she were in such a strait as this poor creature; and he felt a strange sensation under his watch pocket, and did not care to speak for a moment.

Then he said kindly and in a clear voice, "And now you must tell me how all this has been brought about, and perhaps I can help you."

But the girl folded her arms on the table, laid her head on them and cried—not loudly, but very bitterly.

"I don't like to see you cry," said Caleb—and his voice was a little tremulous; that was a soft point in Caleb's character; he never liked to see anybody cry.

The girl raised her head and threw the long, curling hair back from her face, and said, "Oh, I don't cry, and I don't want to—I won't cry," and she didn't; she stopped instantly; which pleased him in more ways than one.

Caleb wasn't out about her age—probably his memories of his little sister had aided him in some occult way. She was about seventeen, and now that she had gained a little color, what between the wine and tears, was manifestly pretty, or so, at least, Caleb thought; but so thin, so thin! She had pretty, soft, brown curls, and brown hair, and tender violet eyes—very large; and as they looked at Caleb, through the mist of her late weeping, he thought he had never seen any half so expressive. Her figure was trim and neatly clad, but poorly. Her hands were small but they bore the marks of labor, and the fingers of the right hand were dotted over with little black specks, as Caleb remembered his mother's to have been when he was a boy at home, and she sat in the arm chair sewing for him.

Then the nice hot supper came in, and with an apology she began to eat. And how she did eat! Caleb had never seen any one very hungry before, and he felt his own eyes grow dim as he watched her. And somewhere in the interior of his being he registered an oath that she should never go hungry again—not if he could help it; and he thought of his little sister once more.

At last the supper was finished (of course Caleb took nothing), for Delmonico had supplied him; and as she looked up, and he asked her if she would have anything else, she said, "I am ashamed of myself for eating so much; but I was so hungry," and then she went to crying again, but still silently. And then, after a little, Caleb got her story out of her.

How she was crying because she had a widowed mother and little brother at home, who were just as hungry as she was, and who would not have any kind of friends to give them food; and how she

had come out this night with a wicked purpose in her heart, because she could not bear longer that they should starve; and how that when she spoke to Caleb her own intense hunger overcame her—and she was so selfish, so wickedly selfish—and now she must go. But Caleb started up and called back the waiter and gave him sundry orders very rapidly; and when he went away to fill them, put his hand on her shoulder and told her to sit quietly for a few moments, and he would go with her. And then she sat down, like a very child, as she was, and told him the rest of the story. Poor green Caleb had never heard one of these stories before.

They had been very poor, she said, ever since her father died, and that was about ten years old. Her mother had supported them a good while with her needle, and then Joey—that she says was her name, Joey Carroll—had been able to sew, too; and thus they managed to live—but that was all. And then her mother had taken sick, and then—the waiter came in with a large covered basket, which Caleb seized; and after he had paid the bill, he tucked Joey under one arm and they hurried up the steep saloon stairs and out in the starlight and the glare of street lamps again. They took a car, and about twenty minutes later were finding their way up dark court yard, into a narrow alley-way up flights of rickety stairs, and so to a room on the top floor of a tumble down tenement house, which was Joey's home.

There was no fire in the little stove; a spluttering bit of candle burned on a rough pine table; and on the floor, upon a mattress, and covered with a few old quilts and rags, lay huddled the widowed mother and the poor little brother.

Caleb dropped his basket, and saying that he would be back in a moment, fled to a corner grocery which he had seen a boy about closing as he passed. Five minutes later he was back in the room with the boy following laden with coal, wood and candles. Then he made the fire with his own hands, and he had learned that accomplishment when he was a boy at the old homestead.

The candles were lighted, the table was spread, and the mother and little boy were seated; and when they were fairly at work, and he saw how hungry they were, then Caleb broke down. He went and opened the window and looked out at the stars; but he didn't see them, for his eyes dropped too many times to see through. And presently a little hand was slipped into his, and as he turned around Joey said, "Don't cry, you have made us all so happy, and you have saved us from so much! Don't cry!"

Caleb pressed her hand, then he looked at his watch, and said he must go, but he would come to them the next morning. And then shook hands with them all, and went out with the blessing and prayers of the poor widow following him. It was nearly daybreak before Caleb had finished his office work and got home to his boarding house; but at ten o'clock he was again in the tumble down tenement house. It was nicely swept and a bright fire burning, and the few bits of furniture made to look as home-like as possible.

And three smiling faces met Caleb as he entered, and a welcome that made the young man blush for very shame. That was the last day they spent in the tenement house.

Caleb, delighted to have some one to spend his money on, found them comfortable apartments, neatly furnished; hunted up some lady friends of his, who gave the widow all the plain sewing she could do, with the aid of a sewing machine, which Caleb furnished her; got Josey a profitable position in a public institution; and what then?

Well, then—that is to say, about six months after, when the public institution gave Josey a fortnight's holiday, Caleb took the whole family—the little brother had been going to school all this time—out in the country to the old homestead.

And when the fortnight's vacation was over Caleb wrote to the directors of the public institution resigning Josey's position; and one bright summer's morning he tucked Josey under his arm once more, and the widow, and Caleb's mother—also a widow—and Caleb's little sister, and Josey's little brother, and a whole troop of uncles and aunts, cousins and friends, all strolled quietly down the quiet road into the village church; and there Josey and Caleb were married. And as the two widows had become fast friends they lived together at the old homestead, while Caleb took his little wife—this and pale no longer, but plump and flushed and happy as a robin—back to the great city.

And surely Caleb never again should be unhappy, or regret that he had taken to the wife the poor, little half-starved girl he found in the street.

All's Well That Ends Well.

A young girl, apparently about seventeen years of age, was seated upon a pile of cheese-boxes, with her two little brothers, aged eleven and thirteen years. They were orphans, bound from Alleghany, Pennsylvania, to Michigan, where they expected to find a home with an uncle.

After having purchased second-class tickets for the three, the girl had spread her old quilt on a pile of cheese-boxes and prepared to pass the night in quietude. She had hardly arranged her nest, however, before she was accidentally discovered by a second-class passenger, a tall young man of twenty-three, who had loved her in secret almost from her infancy, and who for the past two years, had been rafting lumber on the Ohio river. Having acquired about two hundred dollars in hard currency, he came to Cleveland on the tenth to participate in the celebration, when, as he expressed it, "some mean cuss had picked his pocket of every cent I had and four dollars."

Being unable to find the thief or the money he had started for the West with the determination to hire on a farm. To his surprise and joy he found himself on board the same vessel with the object of his heart's earliest affections.

Sliding up to her, he exclaimed: "Why Cynthia Ann! why, how do you do? I didn't hardly know you! why, how you've grown! Where are you going?"

"I am going to uncle's in Michigan," was the feeble reply. "You know mother was dead, didn't you?"

"Why no?" and his voice softened.

"When did she die, Cynthia Ann?" "She died last January! Uncle wrote to me that if I'd come up there he'd give me and the boys a home."

"Cynthia Ann!" and the young man's voice trembled: "I've allers thought a heap of you! I told your mother when you wasn't more'n a so high, that when you grew up I was goin' to have you. Now Cynthia Ann—just say the word and you're to him now!"

"What'll become of the boys?" inquired the agitated maiden. "I'll go with you and leave 'em to your uncle's, and then we'll go West and hire out this fall and winter, and then next Spring we'll buy a small farm and live to hum!"

The girl gave a warm sign of acceptance, leaned her head against the honest breast of the hardy youth, as much as to say, if you want anything take it. The man snatched a kiss from her forehead, sprang down from the cheese-boxes, and exclaimed:

"If there's a Justice of the Peace on this boat, I've got a job for him!"

"I am a Justice of the Peace," remarked a venerable looking old man from York State, "remount the cheese-boxes and you shall be a married man in less than five minutes."

"Well hold on a minute! I ain't got no money, but I'll give you an all jorred good axe."

"Never mind about the pay," said the worthy squire, "I'll take my pay in seeing you happy."

The young man mounted the pile of cheese, clasped the hands of his dearly beloved, and in three minutes the ceremony was performed, and the few old quilts and rags, lay huddled the widowed mother and the poor little brother.

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And when the fortnight's vacation was over Caleb wrote to the directors of the public institution resigning Josey's position; and one bright summer's morning he tucked Josey under his arm once more, and the widow, and Caleb's mother—also a widow—and Caleb's little sister, and Josey's little brother, and a whole troop of uncles and aunts, cousins and friends, all strolled quietly down the quiet road into the village church; and there Josey and Caleb were married. And as the two widows had become fast friends they lived together at the old homestead, while Caleb took his little wife—this and pale no longer, but plump and flushed and happy as a robin—back to the great city.

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through which if you wish to proceed, you must have your way with a *machete*. Palms of which thirteen varieties are noted, constitute the majority of trees. Then there are "cow trees" a hundred and fifty feet high, yielding milk of the consistency of cream, used for tea, coffee and custards. The "cachaço" or rubber tree, though of a different species from that of the East Indies, produces a gum which constitutes most of the rubber of commerce. Agassiz put this tree forty or fifty feet high in the same classes with the "hulkweed" of our American pastures. Of ornamental woods there is no end. Foremost amongst these is the *Morinda*, or "tortoise shell wood," the most beautiful in grain color of any in the world. Enough of this is wasted every year, to veneer all the dwellings of the civilized world. For many years to come, the exports of the Amazon valley must be mainly the products of the forest. Yet, strangely enough, timber is now one of the principal articles of import at Para. A city of 35,000 inhabitants, lying on the verge of a great forest, buys pine boards from far away Maine! This folly will in time come to an end. Contrary to all we may expect, the climate of the Amazon valley is temperate rather than tropical. It is more equal than in any other part of the world. Yuccas, palms, and year out it ranges from seventy-four to eighty degrees—the fair mean being eighty degrees.

PERILS OF "INTERVIEWING" IN ILLINOIS.—The tragedy at Springfield, Illinois, Saturday, May 28th, briefly reported by telegraph, was a very singular affair of the principal actors and the victim has been explained, in insanity. A few days prior to the culmination of the tragedy, a party of men were engaged in surveying a route through Springfield for a proposed railroad. When they reached the premises of a Mrs. Bancroft, in the southwestern part of the city, her son, named Coburn Bancroft, aged about twenty-three years, becoming desperate at the thought that his mother's property was to be taken for railroad purposes, fired a revolver at the surveyors two or three times, but without effect. A warrant was sworn out, and two or three policemen started for the purpose of arresting young Bancroft, which fact coming to the latter's knowledge, he procured a revolver and a hatchet, and stationing himself at his mother's dwelling, defied the officers to arrest him, saying he would not be taken alive. After parleying with the desperado all the afternoon, and failing to get him at a disadvantage the police were compelled to depart without effecting their object. Thus matters stood, when, on the fatal Saturday, Louis Southern, local editor of the *State Register*, desirous of getting at young Bancroft's version of the affair, proceeded to the Bancroft domicile for the purpose of

"INTERVIEWING" THE DESPERADO. His enterprise was illly rewarded. Before reaching the house, the mother of the young man came out and met Mr. Southern, who at once made known his errand. Mrs. B. advised him that her son was dangerous, and he had better depart. He turned to do so, but had not proceeded far when, hearing a noise, he faced about, and as he did so, discovering young Bancroft in swift pursuit. On asking the latter what he wanted, he replied that he wished to kill him. Southern started off on a run, when Bancroft shot him in the arm, inflicting a severe wound. This news spread like wildfire, and created considerable excitement in the city. No immediate effort was made to capture

THE DESPERATE MAN. However, and at three o'clock the same afternoon he left his impromptu fortress, and meeting soon after one of the railroad party, named McClure, commenced throwing at him the lead of a bricklayer's plumb, to which was attached a long cord, and as he threw it he insured its return by holding on the cord. McClure drew a revolver and fired shot in quick succession at Bancroft, but without effect. Bancroft, after the first two shots by McClure, drew his revolver and fired four shots, one of which wounded McClure in the thigh, another caused a bad wound in the wrist, and another struck a memorandum book in the side pocket of McClure's coat. The ball glanced from the book and passed across the breast, leaving a red mark showing its course, but doing no serious injury. Bancroft then proceeded quite deliberately to his mother's residence, went to his room and loaded his pistol.

THE LAST AGGRESSION WAS TOO MUCH. And speedily a large crowd gathered in the vicinity of the Bancroft house, among them the officer holding the warrant for Bancroft's arrest. While this crowd was gathered about the house, Bancroft was sitting near the window, a portion of the time playing upon a violin. He would occasionally converse from the window with some acquaintances who would approach him enough to do so. But to all entreaties to surrender he returned a positive refusal, reiterating his determination never to be taken alive. Finally, after all expedients had been exhausted without avail, D. C. Robbins, Chief of the Night Police of Springfield, discharged a rifle at Bancroft with fatal effect, the ball entering the temple and producing almost instant death. A Coroner's jury was immediately summoned, which returned a verdict that from facts and circumstances in evidence before them, they were of opinion that the shooting of Bancroft was necessary and justifiable.

The editor of a Chicago children's paper received a letter from a lady subscriber, who writes: "Our little Anna died last week; after reading the last number of your valuable paper, I feel that you have more children than they want should subscribe for that periodical."

A man in Minnesota, before going to town, recently, set a shotgun too short any one who might attempt to enter his house. He drank some whisky, forgot the trap set for thieves, and was shot on entering his door.

A case of triple birth has just occurred at Brussels. A woman named Huygen, aged twenty-seven, and already mother of two girls, living in the Rue des Epinglies, gave birth to three boys at a time.

A Fight With the Indians.

Some of the frontier settlers are more than a match for any Indians like Cooper's Leather-stockings, who was always sure to win in any deadly combat. Mr. McClure, in his "Three Thousand Miles through the Rocky Mountains," gives an account of one of these heroic men:

The Indians had passed all the military on the route without losing a man, had left no habitation or resident behind them except the troops, until they encircled the ranch of "Hollen Godfrey," a native of Western New York, but an old resident of the Indian country.

I slipped with him, and had the story from himself. He gave it with a degree of modesty and candor that stripped the popular history of the affair of some of its romance; but that he gave it truthfully, there could be no doubt.

He is an intelligent, keen-eyed and brawny man of over fifty, and makes no pretensions to the heroic; but he does pretend to defend his little store of whisky, tobacco, canned fruits, and his wife and children; and more than this, he does it.

He has a sod fortification running along the south and west side of his ranch, and extending out some sixty feet front and rear, so as to protect two sides of the building, and command the other two. His fort is a sod wall, six feet high, with loopholes, but it is an infinitely better fortification than the scientific officers of Fort Sedgewick have to protect that post.

A hundred and sixty Indians attacked the Godfrey ranch, but as it was defended, they exhausted Indian strategy to reduce it. There were but four men and two women in the ranch, but they had several guns each and plenty of ammunition.

The Indians first formed a circle about the ranch, at a distance of four hundred yards, and endeavored to draw Godfrey's fire, so as to get his range; but he never pulled a trigger till he had an Indian within two hundred yards.

"My favorite double-barrel ain't sure at over two hundred yards," he informed me, "and I had no ammunition to waste."

Judging that they could not accomplish anything without a direct attack, they selected thirty of their fleetest riders, and charged to within thirty yards of the ranch, in single file, each one firing, and wheeling at the nearest point.

They made several such charges, each time selecting different loopholes for their fire; but they harmed no one, and one or more of their charging party fell at each attack.

Finally, they abandoned the direct attack and fired the grass at various points, hoping to set the ranch on fire. At one time they had forced the fire close to the stable; Godfrey could reach the endangered corner under cover to extinguish the flames.

Sixty balls struck the corner of the stable where he was working; but he managed to protect himself and escape unharmed.

The siege was maintained with occasional charges until night, when they were glad to abandon the ranch, and leave their dead behind them. Wherever a dead Indian lay, Godfrey kept a special watch, knowing that they make every effort to get their dead off the field, and shot several who attempted to remove their fallen comrades until finally they surrendered their dead bravos as trophies for the victor.

They gave Godfrey the euphonious name of "Old Wicked," and since then he is known only by that name.

A pompous fellow lately made a very inadequate offer for a valuable property, and calling next day for an answer, inquired if the owner had entertained his proposition. "No," replied the other, "your proposition has entertained me."

THE OUTLET FOUND.—It is reported that a subterranean outlet to Salt Lake has been discovered near Corinne. It will be examined and reported upon.

The British gunboat *Olney* has been lost in the China Sea. Her commander and forty-three of the crew were lost.

A grand Encampment of Knights Templar, numbering over 2,000, was lately in session at Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

The railroad time between Cheyenne and Denver has been reduced to ten hours.

Litchfield county, Conn., boasts of a child with eleven grandparents.

The south branch of the Kansas Pacific Railroad is completed a distance of 594 miles, being 184 miles south of Junction City.

The first mention made of modern money is in the Bible—where it speaks of the dove having brought the green back to Noah.

A clergyman in Pittsburg has been sued for "fifty pounds Pennsylvania currency" under an old law for marrying a minor without the consent of her parents.

A Massachusetts man, while changing cars in Fitchburg, the other day, slipped, fell, and struck the handle of his umbrella through his cheek into his mouth.

A young lady in Moonson, Mass., recently refused an offer of \$1,000 for her hair, which lacks an inch of being six feet long.

Henry A. Wise, in his own conceit, says that, having been stripped by the war, all he had left was his faith and his honor.

It is said that sudden prosperity and starch will stiffen a man mightily. Perhaps they may, but strychnine will do it quicker.

A Utica lady, enthusiastically praising her pony, exclaimed that he was real sweet—as beautiful as an opium reverie.

A New York paper declares that the body of Lola Montez has been stolen from her grave in Greenwood.

A Canadian paper asserts that in its locality American silver, as a circulating medium, is "extinct."

NEW TO-DAY.

WASHINGTON

LIFE INSURANCE CO.,

OF NEW YORK.



Organized, 1860.

Policies Exempt from Execution.

Cash Assets, - - - \$3,000,000.

SECURELY INVESTED.

OVER 21,000 MEMBERS.

PURELY MUTUAL.

Dividends paid one year from date of Policy.

All Policies and Dividends Non-Forfeitable.

Over 8,000 Policies sued in 1869.

THIS COMPANY POSSESSES A COMBINATION of desirable features which no other organization can claim. Its growth has been steady, its success marked. Its system of business is pre-eminently adapted to benefit the holders of its Policies.

M'KENNEY & LINDERMAN,
General Agents, 131 Montgomery street, San Francisco, directly opposite Occidental Hotel.

W. WHITWELL,
General Agent for Oregon and Territories, PORTLAND, OREGON.
Nov. 6, '69-By

COLORS

That Photograph Best,

—ARE—

BLACK, BROWN, GREEN, SCAR-

LET, MOROON, and deep ORANGE.

Those that take White, or nearly so, are

Purple, Blue, Crimson, Pink, &c.

Sept. 18, '69-2 J. A. WINTER.

BLANK Deeds, Mortgages, etc., on hand—latest styles, and for sale low; at this office

Notice.

THE CO-PARTNERSHIP of the undersigned, doing business in Albany, Linn county, Oregon, under the firm name of O. P. Thompson & Co., is dissolved by mutual consent, to take effect from the 31st instant. W. H. McFarland has purchased the entire stock of merchandise, and the notes and accounts due the firm. He will continue the business under the firm name of W. H. McFarland & Co. Either party will sign in liquidation.

O. P. THOMPSON.

W. H. McFARLAND.

Albany, May 9, 1870-436

STOCK HOLDERS' ELECTION.

NOTICE. The stockholders in the Willamette Valley and Cascade Mountain Wagon Road Company, will hold their annual election for a Board of seven Directors, at the Court House in Albany, Oregon, on the second Tuesday, the 12th day of July, 1870, at 1 o'clock P. M.

JAMES ELLIS, Sec.

Albany, June 17, 1870-41w3

CHEAP SEWING MACHINES.

\$28 HOME SHUTTLE SEWING \$28

Machine. A double-thread \$28

lock-stitch Shuttle Machine; stitch alike on both sides.

\$20 Celebrated Common-Sense \$20

Family Machine. Both machines fully warranted for 5 years. Machines sent to any part of the coast by express. C. O. D. Agents wanted in every town on the Pacific coast. Liberal commission.

Home Shuttle Sewing