

DRUGS, ETC.

DRY GOODS.

FURNITURE.

RECORDS.

Chicago Finck.

Thrilling Incident.

"They Who Have Nothing for Sale are Farthest from Market"

A. CAROTHERS & CO.,

WHO KNOW THIS TO BE TRUE,

Are now keeping, and also constantly receiving additions to,

The Largest Stock of Goods

USUAL TO THEIR TRADE

ABOVE PORTLAND,

And

AT SUCH PRICES

That

Purchasers Shall be Satisfied.

Besides a Large Stock of

DRUGS, CHEMICALS,

PATENT MEDICINES,

Paints, Dye Stuffs, and Oils,

They keep

Yankee Notions,

Confectionery

Finest Tobacco & Cigars

WOSTENHOLM'S CUTLERY,

SPICES, PERFUMERY,

(All kinds),

TOILET SOAP,

—AND—

Everything

USUALLY OBTAINED IN

A STRICTLY

First Class

DRUG ESTABLISHMENT.

NO ARTICLE SOLD

But what is

Guaranteed To Be

JUST AS REPRESENTED,

And

Must be Good.

Arctic Soda!

A. CAROTHERS & CO.

L. Blain, S. E. Young, J. Barrows.

BLAIN, YOUNG & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail

DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES,

HARDWARE,

BOOTS, SHOES, ETC.

Agents for All Kinds of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

SEWING MACHINES,

And the

Celebrated Bain Wagon!

BLAIN, YOUNG & CO.,

FIRE-PROOF BRICK,

First Street,

ALBANY, OREGON.

C. MEALEY,

DEALER IN

And

MANUFACTURER

or

FURNITURE

And

Cabinet Ware,

BEDDING, Etc.,

Corner of

First and Broadalbin Sts.,

ALBANY, OR.

Particular

ATTENTION PAID TO

ORDERS OF ALL KINDS

IN HIS LINE.

JUST RECEIVED

FROM S. F. AND THE EAST,

THE LARGEST LOT

or

New and Elegant

FURNITURE,

EVER BROUGHT TO ALBANY!

Come and See It!

What is a conundrum? Something to guess at. What is boarding house hash? A conundrum! Ergo.

Mock turtle—kissing before company, and fighting afterwards.

Mrs. Partington says she does wish they would hurry up and pass the Silver Service Bill in Washington.

To keep warm on a cold day, women double up the cape, and men double up the horn.

The difficulty in trying Tweed before a New York jury is said to be, "They cannot find a jury worthy of his steal."

A Judge sentencing a prisoner to be hung, said he hoped it would prove a warning to him. It did—the clap hasn't committed a crime since.

S. Peck of Ohio has, by an eccentricity on the part of Mrs. P., been made the father of three simultaneous girls, which is more than he S. Pecked.

Rumor states that a Michigan Frenchman is so short that when he is sick he does not know whether he has the headache or corns.

"Have you blasted hopes?" asked a lady of a green librarian, whose face was much swollen by toothache. "No, ma'am," he replied "but I have a blasted toothache."

The telegraph informs us that the "organic structure" of the Prince of Wales was injured by the means used to save his life in his late illness. A lady friend is very anxious to know what they did to him.

It is the complaint of the eminent Dr. Brown that he toasted Miss Smith through the entire season at Saratoga without making her Brown.

Mrs. Partington says that "it is better to speak paragonically of a person than to be all the time flinging epithets at him."

A teamster who tried vainly to impel his horses over the Los Gatos road, the other day, is reported by the San Jose Patriot to have prayed, "Oh, Lord, give me strength and courage to cut my own throat."

Alexis was quite overcome at the Boston committee's invitation. The Commercial Bulletin says: "The Grand Duke was so much affected that he replied in his native Russian as follows:

Ori ritold bustah yuken sornal legorf butritollu He blo-ki hifur Boston. Gityar rumanwiski anlotzer cliti pomierz redi, anlan olectaly wilit downonye lyken neskeno on a talk andie.

A clergyman, after publishing a Thanksgiving service in his church, and preparing a sermon, went at the appointed hour, and had but one hearer—his own wife. The sermon was delivered, to the edification of the audience, and was published for the benefit of the absent parishioners and the public generally.

A Rural editor has lost all faith in the luck of horse-shoeing. He nailed one over his door recently and that morning there came by mail three dimes and seven "stops," and a man called with a revolver to ask "who wrote that article."

"Now, then, children," said a parish schoolmistress, showing her pupils off on examination day, "who loves all men?"

"You, missus," was the unexpected answer.

A lady, sitting in the same box of an opera house with a French physician was much troubled with ennui, and happened to gaze. "Excuse me, ma'am," said the doctor, "I am glad you did not swallow me."

"Give yourself no meanness," said the lady, "I am a Jewess, and never eat pork."

A married lady in Connecticut recently fell into a river, and would have been drowned except that her cries attracted the attention of her husband, who, mistaking her in the dark for another woman, worked like a beaver to get her out.

There is a sign on Nassau street, New York, which in the most inticing manner invites passers by to enter and partake of "Rise Puden."

If you don't stop using tobacco, the first thing you know you will have the aneurism, angina, pectoris, hypochondriasis and locomotaxia.

A Galesburg (Ill.) schoolmistress, having exhausted the resources of earthly punishment, lately gave a pupil a foretaste of pit by burning brimstone under his nose.

A lady witness said in a St. Louis Court, "Give me the least grain of truth for a basis, and I can ruin the character of any woman in the world." Let gossips ponder this remark, and they will be brought to a realization of its truth.

A lady at the Navy hall, wore a dress, the trim of which is composed entirely of peacock's feathers, and the ear-rings, necklace, and aigrette for the hair were composed of pendants in the shape of a peacock, studded with diamonds, emeralds and rubies to imitate the plumage of this gorgeous bird.—New York Mail.

Professor Agassiz, in his voyage on the *Hesperus*, has discovered a fish in the Gulf Stream which builds a nest in the drift weeds, and lays its eggs therein, leaving them to float away at the mercy of Providence. This odd fish, the Professor says, has a fin like a hand, and walks the water rather than swims. Those who go down to the sea in ships see many strange sights.

It is said that the most thoroughly mixed obituary notice ever compiled was one in an English paper on Daniel Webster, in which he was alluded to as the "great lexicographer, statesman, the author of a spelling book, and the broken hearted brother of the murderer of Dr. Parkman."

It is announced that the Pope will shortly send his ultimatum to the Roman Catholic Bishops who have not accepted the dogma of Infallibility.

The Congressional Library at Washington contains 228,840 books in the library, besides 40,000 pamphlets.

The Chinese are said to celebrate all their holidays by paying their debts.

"California pears—fine pears—only ten cents each."

We were on the cars on Saturday evening, going for a quiet Sabbath to one of our most beautiful suburbs, when a fine, manly, hearty voice, crying with a right hearty will, "California pears," caused us to lift our eyes from a copy of the *Mail*. We beheld, moving from seat to seat, bearing his basket of fruit, a young man of fine, healthy appearance, graceful action and wonderful elasticity and courage.

"How do you do, Mrs. S? Have a pear?" And the young man stopped at the seat just ahead of ours and held up before a beautiful and finely dressed lady, a ripe luscious specimen of the fruit, which the lady, acknowledging the salute, smilingly accepted, and the young man passed on. "Well, I declare," said the lady to her companion, "if that isn't Jack L. Who would have expected to see him selling pears on a train of cars?"

"No one before the great fire," replied the gentleman. "Jack and his father lost all they had. Too bad, wasn't it? Always used to luxury. It seems hard to be thrown so suddenly upon the world."

"I must speak to him again when he comes back," said the lady.

Soon the young man returned, preceded by the cheering voice again crying, "California pears, California pears."

"Jack, I am glad to see you so cheerful. How you surprise me. You act as though you had served a long apprenticeship as train boy."

"Cheerful? Why shouldn't I be cheerful?—sold fifteen dollars worth of pears to-day. Young, good health, guess I can make a living. Don't worry." And away he went shouting, "Pears, pears, California pears."

The fire can never singe that young man's good will. He will find a way to make one. These are sons of Chicago sufferers.

Still St. Louis and Milwaukee papers will debate whether Chicago will get her trade back. Don't worry, friends. Make hay when the sun shines, and enjoy your brief hour of advantage. Brief, be assured, it will be.—Chicago Mail.

In Danville, Ill., lives a man and wife, named Davidson, who are the parents of a child, now over five weeks old, which weighs but two pounds. Its length is seven inches, and its face about the size of a watch crystal. Its tiny arms are so slender that a small finger ring can be slipped on either of them to the shoulder. The little creature is already making quite a noise in its part of the world, and hundreds have called to see it. The parents are of standard size.

When Prince Napoleon applied to the French Consulate at Geneva to obtain a passport to re-enter France, he flew into a towering rage because the Consul declined to grant one until he had referred the request to the Government. The Consul replied: "What! sir, you complain because you are obliged to wait four and twenty hours to re-enter France? Sir, I was obliged under your dynasty to wait ten years in exile before I could return to France." Prince Napoleon cooled at once and quitted the office.

It is stated that when the late James Fisk, Jr., wanted to have one of his most infamous acts of Erie legislation passed at Albany a year or two ago so hopeless was it that it had upon its first trial but 26 votes to 80 and odd against it. But when, a week after the rebuff, he sent Gould up with a half million of dollars to spend on the passage of the bill, the votes suddenly shifted around to 103 for and 6 against.

Noble county, Ohio, with a population of 20,000, is well worthy of the name it bears. There is not a saloon in the whole country, there is not a case on the criminal docket, and not a person has been arrested for a whole year on a criminal charge. There were only five law-suits last year, and if it hadn't been for a meddling lawyer, three of these would not have been recorded.

A Chicago boot-black recently appeared in Detroit and bought a nine-hundred-dollar lot, for which he paid in fractional currency, mostly of the denominations of ten cents, and which took three hours to count. He is only eleven years old, and says he made this money in boot-blackening in three years.

Neither God nor man expects a wife to submit to brutality; but a woman who, finding herself outgrowing her husband or disappointed in him, yet takes up the cross, and, fitting her shoulders to it, bears it in silence to her life's end, has joys that the world knows not of, and reaches the highest type of womanhood.

President Grant has appointed four ladies since he has been in the White House, to the highest grade of post-offices, with salaries of \$4,000 per annum.

A Raleigh dispatch says that one branch of the Legislature has authorized a reward of \$10,000 for the arrest of Henry B. Lowery, and \$5,000 for each of his gang—\$30,000 in all.

Forty thousand American tourists are said to spend one hundred and twenty millions of dollars annually in Europe.

Smelts are very plenty on the Massachusetts coast this season.

The following narrow escape of a boy from a terrible death, is narrated in a recent number of the San Francisco Chronicle:

On Friday afternoon a boy about twelve years of age, residing on Third street, near Bryant, was sent to the roof of the house—which was two stories and an attic—for the purpose of clearing away some obstruction in the drain pipe. While so engaged he missed his footing and slipped over the edge of the roof. Grasping at the raised wood-work running along the edge, he held on with the desperate strength which the fear of a terrible death imparted. There he hung,

FORTY FEET FROM THE SIDEWALK, with nothing but the strength of his childish fingers on which to depend for life. The fearful spectacle was seen by a woman on the opposite side of the street, and her screams of terror attracted the notice of some men, three of whom rushed up stairs. On reaching the second story two of the men ran up into the attic and thence to the roof, but the other with admirable forethought, got out on a narrow porch projecting from one of the windows, and under the point where the little fellow was holding on with rigid but rapidly failing strength. The edge of the roof, however, projected beyond the porch, and on looking up the man saw that he could not catch the boy if he remained inside the porch railing. Stepping

OVER THE RAILING, he grasped with one hand an iron stanchion close to the wall, and bracing himself firmly, the gallant fellow waited. He did not call to the boy to let go, for he hoped those on the roof might be able to devise some more certain means of relief in time, and the chance of his being able to catch the little fellow was a hazardous one at best. The hope was futile, however, for before any sign of help came from above he noticed that the

BOY'S STRENGTH WAS FAILING, and suddenly, with a wild scream of terror he loosed his hold, dropped, and was caught by the outstretched arm of his preserver. For an instant it seemed to the breathless crowd now gathered on the street, that man and boy were toppling from their perilous perch; but the good stout hand retained its clutch on the iron support, and the boy was held firmly in the right arm's fold, and in a moment more both were standing safely on the porch. The terror-stricken boy was at his mother's side again before she knew what had happened. The gallant man whose presence of mind and heroic courage thus saved the life of a fellow creature at the hazard of his own, deserves more than the passing tribute of a newspaper reporter. He ought to have a gold medall as big as a soup-plate. His name is given as Campbell Williams.

A RUNAWAY ENGINE.—Sometime since was recorded the unusual incident of a runaway train. A very similar accident has occurred in an English town. An engine standing on the Moomouthshire railway, near Newport, was being cleaned, when the fireman perceiving a train approaching from behind, and that a collision was inevitable, jumped off. It is conjectured that the force of the blow opened the valve and started the locomotive. Between the point of departure and the Waterloo Junction, where it was finally arrested, are no less than fifteen gates. Through every one of these the runaway engine crashed, in some cases shivering them to atoms, in others doubling them up like paper, in two or three instances carrying them clean away. One was so taken a mile and a half. Besides the gates, signal posts, telegraph posts, and signal boxes all along its erratic course were destroyed or very badly damaged. After running eight miles, it finally got off the track, and ran into an embankment, where it was caught. Strange to say, the engine was very little injured, which is ascribed to its having had what is called in English railway parlance, a "break van" in front.

EATING COCKROACHES.—Some thirty years ago two young ladies, sisters, were at school in London, their native place. After every one but themselves were asleep they used to get up quietly, slip down to the kitchen, and there catch and eat the cockroaches. This extraordinary habit was not detected for some time, but at last the mistress found it out, and remonstrated with them. They, however, defied themselves by saying that they had seen her eat shrimps, which fed on all manner of carrion, whereas the cockroaches were clean feeders, living on crumbs which had been suffered to lie about in the kitchen. Even after the discovery, it was almost impossible to keep them from the kitchen at night, so strong was their love for the cockroaches.

More than 200,000 life policies are now in force in this country, assuring more than \$2,000,000,000. One hundred men are insured for nearly \$10,000,000.

The new edition of Newman Hall's "Come to Jesus" is numbered 1,354th thousand!