

Harry's Revenge.

Mrs. Spencer was sitting in her pleasant sewing room, busily engaged in making a new summer suit of clothes for her little boy, Harry, when she was interrupted by a sound of crying and words of sorrow from this same little boy.

After the first violence of grief was over, Harry spoke, often interrupted by tears and with his anger rising at every word.

"John Pierce's Jack killed him, mamma. I will kill him the first chance I get."

"Oh! no, Harry. Jack is a dog and it is his nature to kill little animals. You should not have put Dick in his way."

"I did not. I was in my own yard when John went by. Jack never noticed Dick till John set him on, clapping his hands and hissing to him. Dick got frightened and would not come to me, but ran across the yard and John cheered at Jack, and he chased him and choked him. I'll kill him for it. I'll put a stone round his neck and drown him, and then we'll see how John likes to have his pet killed. O mamma, look at poor Dick. He will never run to meet me when I come from school again. O Dick! Dick!"

"It was a child's sorrow, but it was very bitter, and Mrs. Spencer herself felt so indignant at the wretched cruelty that had caused it, that for a long time she could only try to comfort her little boy. But as Harry became quieter, and poor Dick was put into a little grave in the garden, Mrs. Spencer pointed out to him the sin of his angry, revengeful feelings.

"I am sure, by this time, John is as sorry for his thoughtless cruelty as you are, Harry," she said.

"I never hurt Jack," said Harry, "and I always let the other boys play with him. It was only last week we were talking of teaching Dick to ride on Jack's back. What do you think made John do so, mamma?"

"Perhaps he did not think the dog would hurt the monkey when they had been so much together."

"Perhaps that was it. I will try, mamma, not to feel angry about it. But it does seem now as if I must kill Jack, or have some revenge."

"How will you try to conquer that feeling?"

"I will say my prayers, mamma, and ask God to take the angry thoughts out of my heart."

"He will, Harry, if you try yourself to forgive John."

Mrs. Spencer was right in her thought that John did not realize the danger of setting his fiery little ferret on the monkey. It was not until he saw Harry go sobbing into the house with his little pet dead in his arms that he saw what pain his cruelty had caused. He went home with a feeling of shame and discomfort that was worse than Harry's sorrow, for there was a self-reproach in his heart that he could not drive away. Too late he repented his act, and would have given the life of his pet to have seen Dick sitting again on Harry's shoulder, cracking nuts and playfully throwing shells at the boys. He soon found, too, that the school boys felt Harry's grievance to be their own. Dick was a universal favorite, and every boy in the school blamed John for the cruel little fellow's death. Worst of all was the loss of Harry's company.

both start. In a moment, Harry was on his feet running towards the door. He soon returned with a little snow-covered object in his arm.

"It's a poor little dog mamma, who seems to have broken his leg, he is half frozen."

"Poor fellow! Put him on this cushion, Harry, and get some warm milk from Sarah. I will wipe the snow off."

Dried, warmed, and fed the poor dog held up his broken paw.

"Mamma," Harry said very gravely, "this is John's dog, Jack. I need not kill him myself, to have my revenge. If I only put him just where I found him, he will die. See him lick my hand as if he knew what I was saying."

Mrs. Spencer made no reply, only smoothing the little dog's head with her soft, white hand.

"If I put him out again," continued Harry, "I wonder if John would feel as bad as I did when Dick was killed. Do you know you killed my pet, Jack? Don't you deserve to die for that? See how he looks at me mamma, as if he was asking me to pity him. Do you think we could bind up his leg if I made some splints?"

"Well!" and the little boy drew a long, deep breath, "I will make them, and we will try."

For two days the storm kept every one indoors; the snow drifts were so deep that no one in the village left the houses excepting for necessary chores. But on the third day the sun came out, again, and the boys were busy cleaning the paths and roads from the deep snow. School-time found them all assembled, and John's grave face attracted attention.

"What is the matter, John?" asked Harry.

"You will be glad enough to hear," was the somewhat sulky reply. "I have lost Jack. He ran away the night the snow storm came up, and I suppose he was lost in the snow."

"Oh! no, he wasn't," was Harry's reply.

"Yes, he was. He would have come home if he was alive."

"He didn't come home because he broke his leg. He came to our door, half frozen, and with a broken leg."

"I suppose you turned him out again, or killed him, you seem to feel so good about it," said John.

The Prussian Style of Proposing.

It is well-known that marriage here has come to be looked upon as a luxury to be indulged in only by the better circumstanced. The larger number of servants, waiters, day-laborers, and others without any regular trade, rarely marry at all. They find it enough to earn a decent living themselves. Those who do marry wait until about the twenty-seventh year. If he is a merchant, he must wait until his business is established; if a professional man, until he has a good practice or position. Every class, as a rule, marries late, for that which is necessary with the poor has, from its generality, come to be regarded as a custom for all.

It is not customary, as in America, for young gentlemen and ladies to associate much together, since the expenses of gallantry are thought beyond their means. Young men go with young men, and live in clubs or bachelor bands, where each one pays his own expenses, and lives as economically as he can. When they seek female company, which is only now and then, it is at the public balls or places of amusement. This custom has become so established that it works the other way, and no young lady who values her reputation will allow herself to be seen alone in company of a gentleman before she is engaged to him, and before the engagement is duly published in the press. The formalities of betrothal are celebrated in the presence of her friends. They much wonder at the liberty of American young ladies in Germany, who allow themselves to go with any young gentleman acquaintance whatever, being one evening with one and the next evening with another.

JEKYLL.—Benjamin Jekyll was at the same time the brightest wit and the most shameless punster in Westminster Hall in the reign of George III. One of his best displays of brilliant impudence was perpetrated on a judge, who was alike notorious for his greed of office and his want of personal cleanliness. "My dear sir," said he, "this most amiable personage," "You have asked the Prime Minister for almost everything else; why don't you ask him for a piece of soap and a nail-brush?"

WHICH?—A glass of whisky is manufactured from seventy grains of corn, the value of which is too small to be estimated. A glass of this mixture sells for a dime, and if a good brand, is worth the money. It is drunk in a minute or two. It fires the brain, deranges and weakens the physical system. On the same side board on which the deleterious beverage is served lies a newspaper. It is covered with a half million type—it brings intelligence from every land. The newspaper costs less than the glass of grog, yet there are many people who think corn juice cheap and newspapers dear.

KEROSENE.—It is well to remember that in cases of kerosene fires an attempt to extinguish the flames with water will only spread the fire. Instead, smother the flames with blankets, woolen cloths, quilts, shawls, or whatever may be at hand.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF LITERARY WOMEN.—Very intellectual women are seldom beautiful; their features, and particularly their foreheads, are more or less masculine; but there are exceptions to all rules, and Miss Landon was an exception to this one. She was exceedingly feminine and pretty. Mrs. Stanton, likewise, is an exceedingly handsome woman, but Miss Anthony and Mrs. Livermore are both plain. Maria and Jane Porter were women of high brow and irregular features, as was also Miss Sedgwick. Ann Dickinson has a strong masculine face; Kate Field has a good looking, though by no means a pretty one, and Mrs. Stone is thought positively homely. Alice and Phoebe Cary were plain in features, though their sweetness of disposition added greatly to their personal appearance. Margaret Fuller had a splendid head, but her features were irregular, and she was any thing but handsome, though sometimes, in a glow of conversation almost radiant. Charlotte Brontë had wonderfully beautiful, dark-brown eyes, and a perfectly shaped head. She was small of diminitiveness, and was simple in her manners as a child. Julia Ward Howe is a fine-looking woman, wearing an aspect of grace and refinement, and great force of character in her face and carriage. Olive Logan is anything but handsome in person, though gay and attractive in conversation. Laura Holloway resembles Charlotte Brontë both in personal appearance, and in the sad experience of young life. Neither Mary Booth nor Marston Harlan can lay claim to handsome faces, though they are splendid specimens of cultured women, while Mary Chamberlaine is just the pleasing, in features, as her writings are graceful and popular. —The Revolutionist.

Washington has a glass that hangs the roof of the Capitol, and across the police out of their view.

Live chickens coming from the prairie, within a mile of Houston, Texas.

AGRICULTURAL.

HOW TO KNOW THE AGE OF A HORSE.—The colt is born with seven graders; when four teeth have made their appearance the colt is twelve days old; and when the next four come forth it is four weeks old. When the corner teeth appear the colt is eight months old; when the latter have attained to the height of the front teeth it is one year old. The two-year-old colt has the kernel (the dark substance in the middle of the tooth's crown) ground out of all the front teeth, and when three years old these are substituted for the horse teeth. The next fourth year, and the corner teeth in the fifth.

At six years of age the kernel is worn out of the lower middle row of teeth, and the bridle teeth have now attained their full growth. At seven years a hook has been formed in the corner teeth of the upper jaw, the kernel of the teeth next to the front is worn out, and the bridle teeth begin to wear off. At eight years of age the kernel is worn out of all the lower front teeth and begins to decrease in the middle upper front. In the ninth year the kernel has wholly disappeared from the upper middle front teeth, the hook on the corner teeth has increased in size, and the bridle teeth lose their point.

In the tenth year, the kernel is worn out of the teeth next to the middle front of the upper jaw; and in the eleventh year the kernel has entirely vanished from the corner teeth of the same jaw. At twelve years old, the crown of all the front teeth in the lower jaw has become triangular and the bridle teeth are much worn down. As the horse advances in age the grin shrinks away from the teeth, which consequently receive a narrow appearance, and their kernels have become metamorphosed into a darkish point, gray hairs increase in the forehead, over the eyes, and the chin assumes the form of an angle.

HOW MUCH HAY A HORSE EATS.—The Stock Journal says: An acre of ground retained expressly for hay yields on an average not more than one and a half of vegetable food; an equal space planted with carrots or rutabagas will yield from ten to twenty tons—say fifteen tons—which is by no means a high average, and has often been attained without any extraordinary attention. It has been ascertained by careful experiment that three work horses, fifteen and a half hands high, consume hay at the rate of 200 lbs. per week, or five tons and 1,040 pounds per annum; besides one one and a half bushels of oats per week, 95 bushels per annum. By a repetition of the same experiment it is found that unworked horses consume hay at the rate of four and a quarter tons per annum.

The produce therefore, of nearly six acres of land is necessary to support a working horse for one year; but half an acre of carrots, 600 bushels per acre with the addition of chopped straw, while the season of feeding them last, will do as well, if not better. These things do not admit of a doubt, for they have been the subjects of exact trials, as some of your agricultural friends will testify.

It has also been proved that the value of one bushel of corn, together with the fodder upon which it grew, will keep a horse in good order for a week. An acre planted in corn and yielding sixty bushels will be ample to keep a good sized horse in working order one year.

Let the farmer then consider whether it is better to maintain a horse on the product of half an acre of rutabagas or carrots, or upon the produce of an acre of corn; or on the other hand, upon the hay and grain from six acres of land; for it will require six acres of good land to produce the necessary hay and grain, as above. The same reasoning might be made use of in the feeding of cattle and sheep.

CAUSE OF THE DETERIORATION OF THE WHEAT CROP.—Frederick, Commissioner of Agricultural, in a recent letter says: "The experience of many years has led me to the conclusion that the deterioration of wheat crop is mainly attributable to the improper and unjudicious use of barnyard manure. In our practice the clover seed is sown down and planted with corn. The ground is again plowed in the spring, and sowed with oats, and upon the stubble of this crop all the manure of the barn-yard is put; then plowed again and sowed with wheat. This defective plan is thus subjected to the manure and grossness of barn-yard food, with all its germs of flies, worms, lice and bugs, constituting a sufficient cause of the unsuccessful growth of a grain so pure and delicate as wheat. Corn is the hog of plants, and will devour food of any quality and thrive upon it. Here, then, upon the soil to be sowed for corn is the place for barn-yard manure. Buy it deep, and when the corn is cut off, break the stubbles even with the ground, during winter. In the spring harrow the ground well, sow your oats upon it and roll it. You will thus keep your manure where you put it, and not subject the oat crop to being trampled down by it. When the crop is removed, bring your manure to the surface by deep plowing and thorough tillage. The barn-yard manure has long been received proper preparation, is a fit food for the wheat plant. Experience has taught me this lesson: On my farm in Pennsylvania I never fail to raise a satisfactory crop of wheat; I have known no such thing as Midge, Hessian Fly, or any worm."

HIS LOGGAGE.—"Beg yeh pardon!" but which was the conductor for "Montreat" and a newly arrived Briton to the baggage-master of one of the Northern railways.

"First car forward," said the active attitude of the road. "Baggage checks, eh?"

"Baggage? Haws? you mean my baggage?" Haven't any, except what I have on, and that is all checked, piled out and trowers, check dirt, and cross bar scars, and the number into the car. I have no baggage, no baggage on the square, as the railway official remarked to a traveling comrade.

DRUGS, ETC.

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