

AN ANGEL IN A SALOON. A TRUE INCIDENT.

One afternoon in the month of June, 1870, a lady in deep mourning, followed by a child, entered one of the fashionable saloons in the city of N. The writer happened to be passing at the time, and impelled by curiosity, followed her in to see what would ensue. Stepping up to the bar and addressing the proprietor, who happened to be present, she said: "Sir, can you assist me? I have no home, no friends, and am not able to work." He glanced at her and then at the child, with a mingled look of curiosity and pity. Evidently he was much surprised to see a woman in such a place begging, but without asking any questions, gave her some change, and turning to those present, he said: "Gentlemen here is a lady in distress. Can't some of you help her a little?" They cheerfully acceded to the request, and soon a purse of two dollars was made up and put in her hand. "Madam," said the gentleman who gave her the money, "why do you come to a saloon? It isn't a proper place for a lady, and why are you driven to such a step?" "Sir," said the lady, "I know it isn't a proper place for me to be in, and you ask me why I am driven to such a step. I will tell you in one short word—pointing to a bottle behind the counter labeled whisky—that is what brought me here—Whisky!" "I was once happy and surrounded with all the luxuries that wealth could procure, with a fond and indulgent husband. But in an evil hour he was tempted, and not possessing the will to resist the temptation, fell, and in one short year my dream of happiness was over, my home was forever desolated, and the kind husband and the wealth that once called mine, lost, he never to return, and all by the accursed wine cup. You see before you only the wreck of my former self, homeless and friendless, with nothing left me in this world but this little child, and weeping bitterly she affectionately caressed the golden curls that shaded a face of exquisite loveliness. Regaining her composure and turning to the proprietor of the saloon, she continued: "Sir," the reason I occasionally enter a place like this is to implore those who deal in the deadly poison to desist, to stop a business that spreads desolation, ruin, poverty and starvation. Think one moment of your own loved ones, and then imagine them in the situation I am in. I appeal to your better nature, I appeal to your heart, for I know you possess a kind one, to retire from a business so ruinous to your patrons. Did you know that the money you take across this bar is the same as taking the bread out of the mouths of the famished wives and children of your customers? That it strips the clothes from their backs, deprives them of all the comforts of this life, and throws unhappiness, misery, crime and desolation into their once happy homes? Oh! sir, I implore, beseech and pray you to retire from a business you blush to own you are engaged in before your fellow men, and enter one that will not only be profitable to you, but to your fellow creatures also. You will excuse me if I have spoken too plainly, but I could not help it when I thought of the misery, the suffering, and the unhappiness it has caused me." "Madam, I am not offended," he answered in a voice husky with emotion, "but I thank you from the bottom of my heart for what you have said." "Ma'ma," said the child—who meantime, had been spoken to by some of the gentlemen present—taking hold of her mother's hand, "these gentlemen wish me to sing 'Little Bessie' for them. Shall I do so?" "Yes, my darling, if they wish you to." They all joined in the request, and placing her in a chair, she sang in a sweet childlike voice the following beautiful song: "Out in the gloomy night sally I roam, I have no mother dear, no pleasant home; No one cares for me, no one would cry Even if poor little Bessie should die. Weary and tired I've been wandering all day, Asking for work, but I'm too small they say; On the damp ground I must now lay my head; Father's a drunkard and mother is dead. We were so happy till father drank rum, Then all our sorrow and trouble began; Mother grew pale and wept every day— Baby and I were to hungry to play; Slowly they faded till one summer night Found their dead faces all silent and white. Then with big tears slowly dropping I said, Father's a drunkard and mother is dead. Oh! if the temperance men only could find Poor wretched father, and talk very kind; If they would stop him from drinking, then I should be so very happy again. Is it too late, temperance men? Please try Or poor little Bessie must soon starve and die; All the day long, I've been begging for bread; Father's a drunkard and mother is dead!" The games of billiards were left unfinished, the cards were thrown aside, and the unemployed glasses remained on the counter; all had pressed near, some with curiosity, some with pity beaming in their eyes, entranced with the musical voice and beauty of the child, who seemed better fitted to be

with angels above than in such a place. The scene I shall never forget to my dying day, and the sweet cadence of her musical voice still rings in my ears, and every word of the song as it dropped from her lips, sank deep into the hearts of those gathered around her. With her golden hair falling carelessly around her little shoulders, her face of almost ethereal beauty, and locking so trustfully and comfortably upon the gentlemen around her, her beautiful eyes illuminated with a light that seemed not of this earth, she formed a picture of purity and innocence worthy the genius of a poet or painter. At the close of the song many were weeping; men who had not shed a tear for years, now wept like children. One young man who had resisted with scorn the pleadings of a loving mother and the entreaties of friends to desist from a course that was warring his fortune and ruining his health, now approached the child, and taking both her little hands in his, while tears streamed down his pale cheeks, exclaimed with deep emotion: "God bless you, my little angel! you have saved me from ruin and disgrace, from poverty and a drunkard's grave. If there are angels on earth, you are one: God bless you, God bless you!" and putting a bill in the hands of the mother, said: "Please accept this trifle as a token of my regard and esteem, for your little girl has done me a kindness I can never repay. And remember, whenever you are in want, you will find me a true friend," at the same time giving her his name and address. Taking her child by the hand she turned to go, but pausing at the door, said: "God bless you, gentlemen. Accept the heartfelt thanks of a poor, friendless woman for the kindness and courtesy you have shown her." Before any one could reply, she was gone. A silence of several minutes ensued, which was at length broken by the proprietor, who exclaimed: "Gentlemen, that lady was right, and I have sold my last glass of whisky; if any of you want more, you will have to go elsewhere." "And I have drunk my last glass of whisky," said a young man who had long been given up as utterly beyond the reach of those who had a deep interest in his welfare—as sunk too low ever to reform. "There is a temperance organization in this city called the 'Temple of Honor,' and at their next meeting I shall send my name to be admitted. Who will go with me?" "I—I—I, and I," several exclaimed in a chorus, and fifteen names were added to his. True to his word, the owner of the saloon where the scene was enacted, disposed of his entire stock the next day, and is now engaged in an honorable business. Would to heaven that lady with her little one could have gone into every hamlet, town and city throughout the country and met with like results!—Lorraine Sealord.

A Skeleton Clock.

A watchmaker in an Illinois town has constructed a peculiar time-piece, and the local journals describe it as follows: It is a simple dial-plate with two hands—an hour hand and a minute hand. One dial is twenty-four inches in diameter, with a large opening in the centre. The minute hand is twenty inches in length, and the hour hand is one and a-half inches, fastened in the centre of the dial upon a small pivot. That is all that can be seen by looking closely on the large ends towards the centre of the dial, and on the reverse side, you will see what appears to be weights, intended to balance the hands but which in reality contain the secret of the movements of the hands. Within these small "weights" are miniature works like those of a small watch, strong enough to control the large hands. A person may whirl the hands until they spin around like a top, but each will return invariably to its proper place, and indicate the time correctly. The hands may be taken off and laid away for an hour, two hours, or ten, or any length of time, and upon the pivot they will instantly point the precise hour and minute. There is no electricity or any thing of the sort. The dial hangs by a tiny hook from a wall. It may be suspended by a string, or held in the hand and the movements of the hands are always the same. The hands do not move with the regulator, and when the hands of the regulator, or any properly regulated clock, or upon the figures or minute marks, those of this strange time-piece will agree exactly. It is really a remarkable piece of workmanship, and excites much comment. Nothing is seen by looking at it or examining it, save the rim of the dial and the hands. This is all; and when they do correctly mark the time of day it seems as though some unseen spirit must represent and impel their movements. OUR COMMON SCHOOLS.—The common schools give to the mass of the people the key of knowledge. I think it may with truth be said, that the branches of knowledge taught therein, when taught in a masterly manner—reading, in which I include the spelling of our language, a firm legible hand writing, and the elemental rules of arithmetic—are of greater value than all the rest which is taught in our district schools; but the young person who brings these from school, can himself, in his winter evenings, range over the entire field of useful knowledge. Our common schools are important in the same way as the common air, the common sunshine, the common rain— invaluable for their commonness. They are the corner-stone of the municipal organization which is a characteristic feature of our social system, they are the fountain of that widespread intelligence, which like mortal life, pervades the country. From the humblest village school, there may go forth a teacher who, like Newton, shall bind his temples with the stars of Orion's belt—with Herschel, light up his soul with the beams of before un-discovered planets—with Franklin, grasp the lightning.—Edward Everett.

Table Telegraphing. At a hotel table in San Francisco lately sat two young men, telegraph operators, who to amuse themselves, clicked upon their plates with their knife or spoon in the language well known to telegraph officials, but unfamiliar to other people. One would pick up his knife, and convey to the clerk of the other a remark like this: "Why is this butter like the offense of Hamlet's uncle?" His friend replied, "I give it up." He telegraphed, "Because it's rank and smells to heaven?" At this extraordinary intimation given at the expense of the landlord, who sits by, perfectly unconscious of the joke, the other is overcome with laughter, in which the first joins, while all wonder what may be the cause of their merriment. Opposite to them sat a newly married couple, who they imagined to be from the country, and the young lady, who was right good-looking, came next in order as the butt of their telegraphic hits. "What a lovely little pigeon this is opposite, isn't she?" clicked No. 1. "Perfectly handsome," answered No. 2; "looks as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth. Just married, I guess. If that country bumpkin alongside of her were out of the way I would toss her a crust of bread." "Never mind him," replies No. 1. "Give her a nudge under the table with your foot." To the consternation of the foolish young men, the bridegroom picked up his knife, and on his empty glass flicked off the following dispatch, his face flushed and his brow set in a very determined manner: "This lady is my wife, and as soon as she gets through with her breakfast I propose to give both of you a thrashing, you insolent whelps." This was enough to bring a very solemn look upon the two faces opposite. There was no more joking and no appetite for the remainder of the meal, and the offenders immediately rose and slipped out of the way, fearing to encounter again the bridegroom, who was himself a telegraph operator. When young people seek amusement at the expense of others they are likely to be matched in their mischief. Impudence, especially, cannot always hide itself, and if indulged in, its flimsy covering will be drawn aside when least expected; and shame will be the result. There are coarse and selfish people in every vocation, and rarely do such find themselves in the end "at the head of the heap," but generally at the bottom. "TOMMY POTTS."—Paley, wrote some very lewd books, was a stupid boy, and as awkward as a boy could be; and when he went to college, at the age of fifteen, his chums called him "Tommy Potts." He did not improve much in college, at all events for the first two years; books were at a discount with him, but fairs, theatres, revels, fights, and such things, were at a premium. And yet he had ability, if he only cared to use it, for his stupidity was merely in manner and appearance. A companion came to him one morning when he was in bed, and remonstrated with him: "It is a sin for you to be idle," said he; "you have talent; you can do something in the world." That honest word in season was the turning point in Paley's life. He gave up his bad habit of rising at noon, and got up regularly at five o'clock; he gave up fairs and revels and took to books and in a year came out a good scholar. Many a talent has been buried for want of a kind word to develop it; and many a lad has passed into manhood without pausing to ask what was the particular "gift" which belonged to him. Don't you make such a mistake. HOBSON'S CHOICE.—It was election day and Grimes, having assisted on the occasion by depositing his vote and absorbing as much liquid eye as he could walk under, started with two of his neighbors, who were in the same state of elevation, to make his way home. They had to cross a creek by a foot-bridge constructed of a single log and without any handrail. Under ordinary circumstances this was easy enough; but these were extraordinary circumstances. However the creek must be crossed. Grimes' turn came, and making a bold start he succeeded in getting about one third of the way over, when a loud splash announced that he was overboard. Emerging from the water, which was about up to his breast, he quietly said, as if his course was the result of mature deliberation: "I guess I'll wade." A VALUABLE DISCOVERY.—Acting under a commission from a fire-insurance company, a German chemist has discovered that impregnation with a concentrated solution of rock-salt renders all timber fire-proof. The salt, too, renders wood proof against dry rot and the ravages of insects. Wood prepared in this way has already been manufactured into furniture, and it is proposed also to turn this discovery to account in extinguishing flames; for a solution of it, pumped out of a fire-engine, upon burning matter, would be vastly more efficient than plain water. On Thursday a fug New-England dog walked into the school-house on Poplar street, Boston, entered one of the dressing-rooms of the pupils, took down the cap and coat of his young master, and then gave an inquiring look at the children, among whom he failed to see the owner of the cap and coat. Walking into another school-room on the same floor he found the object of his search and went up and affectionately kissed him. This is a true story, says the Boston Herald. A biker in Salem knocked a thiefing Indian down the other day for refusing to leave his premises. In his fall the sharp edge of the door came in contact with his head, making a frightful gash above the eye. No blame was attached to the biker. A gentleman who has lived for many years in sight of the ocean, says it is an undeniable fact that the vicinity of the C always makes a hilly location chilly.

Many great men sat at the table. The young man had been poor, and was then only a mechanic in moderate circumstances. During dinner, Mr. Adams said to him: "Will you drink a glass of wine with me, sir?" The young man was a temperance man. But the eyes of many greater than himself were upon him. They were all wine-drinkers, and it was no small matter to decline such a request from his venerable host. No wonder the young man was embarrassed, that he blushed and hesitated. It was a critical moment for him. But he was a true man. He had real manhood, and he stammered: "Sir, I never take wine." Nobly said, young man! Massachusetts heard that answer, and understood it. She saw in Henry Wilson a man who could be trusted, and she made him one of her Senators. To-day, as for several years past, he has been known as Senator Wilson. God bless him! May our readers follow his example, and however and by whomsoever tempted, stick to their principles. The work wrought by temperance organizations in removing the social bottle, and throwing around the teacher lauds of the family the sacred guard of the temperance shield, has done more for our country and our race than any mind can estimate. It is also a great achievement to drive the bottle and the practice of drinking behind the screen, and thereby fix upon the practice of drinking, public condemnation, a practice too disreputable to be seen by the public. The further it can be driven from public view, the better. Indeed, these screens serve a test of public sentiment. When liquor drinking becomes so popular that it can appear on the streets with open doors, it is high proof that the temperance sentiment is at a very low point. So soon as the public sentiment rises, the screens are seen to rise with it.—The Nation. BE A MAN.—The following good advice is clipped from an excellent little paper, called the Working Man: "Foolish spending father of poverty. Do not be ashamed of hard work. Work for the best salary or wages you can get, but work for half price rather than be idle. Be your own master, and do not let society or fashion swallow up your individuality—hat, coat and boots. Do not eat up and wear out all that you can earn. Compel your selfish body to spare something for profit saved. Be stingy to your own appetite, but be merciful to other's necessities. Help others, and ask no help for yourself. See that you are proud. Let your pride be of the right kind. Be too proud to be lazy; too proud to give up without conspiring every difficulty; too proud to wear a coat you cannot afford to buy; too proud to be in company you cannot keep up with in expenses; too proud to be stingy. During the Franco-Prussian war a great deal of fun was poked at a New Jersey editor who read in the cable dispatches that "Bazine has moved twenty kilometres out of Metz." He thereupon sat down and wrote an editorial, in which he said he was delighted to hear that all the kilometres had been removed, and that the innocent people of Metz were no longer endangered by the presence of those devilish engines of war—sleeping upon a volcano as it were. And then he went on to describe some experiments made with kilometres in the Crimea, in which one of them exploded and blew a frigate out of the water. VERY WELL PUT.—Dr. Jewett, at the late Massachusetts Temperance Convention, made a very good point on the Western Civil Damage laws, which allow widows and orphan children to prosecute rum-sellers for selling to husbands and fathers. He says: "Think of the law of God as saying that shalt not kill, except you are ready to pay damages; and yet some religious papers had recommended these laws as better than the prohibitory law. A fellow feeling: Indignant old lady—"Guard, do you allow smoking in this compartment?" Obliging Guard—"Law, week, if name o' the gentlemen object, ye can take a bit o' draw o' the pipe."—Punch. George Stewart, of Colches, is the present champion flunter. When he falls of exhaustion he wants to be sprinkled with brandy. When brandy is not at hand, the butt-end of a wagon-trace will bring him to, quite as rapidly and at less expense. A PLUCKY TEMPERANCE MAN.—Twenty years ago, a young man went to Washington with a petition to Congress from the people of old Massachusetts. While in that city, he was invited to dine with the celebrated John Quincy Adams. When a dyspeptic and melancholic young professional man bewailed his prospects to Chief Justice Parsons, and said he didn't see how he should ever get through the world. "Did you ever know any one to stop on the way?" was the grave and consoling reply. Rowland Hill made a good remark upon hearing the power of the letter H discussed, whether it were a letter or not. If it were not, he said, it would be a very serious affair for him, for it would make him H all the days of his life. A young fellow at college wrote to his uncle, on whom he entirely depended, "My dear uncle—ready for the needful. Your affectionate nephew." The uncle replied, "Dear nephew—the needful is not ready." Your affectionate uncle.

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