

THE OLD CARTMAN.

I have a mind to tell a little story. That it is brief may be seen at a glance, and that it is true I most emphatically avow.

With this understanding I proceed at once to remark that five years ago, or thereabouts, John Ainsley—or "Pap Ainsley," as he was familiarly called—was the owner of a hand-cart, and earned a living by conveying miscellaneous parcels from one section to another, and received therefor the reasonable remuneration of fifty cents per load.

To designate the occupation in the plainest manner possible, he was a hand-cart-man, and when not employed could always be found during working hours at the corner of Montgomery and California. His hair and long beard were quite gray, and his limbs feeble; and if he could not shove, as heavy a load through the deep sand, or up the steep grade above him, as the stalwart Teuton on the opposite corner, thereby losing many a dollar, all the light loads in the neighborhood fell to his lot, and kind-hearted men not infrequently traveled a square or two out of their way to give an easy job to "Pap Ainsley."

Four years last September I recollect the month for I had a note of four thousand dollars to pay, and was compelled to do some pretty sharp finagling to pay it, having two or three dozen volumes of books to transfer to my lodgings. I gave "Pap Ainsley" the task of transportation.

Arriving at my room just as he deposited the last amount on the table, and observing that the old man looked considerably fatigued, after climbing three flights of stairs five or six times, I invited him to take a glass of brandy, a bottle of which I usually kept in my room for medicinal purposes.

Although grateful for the invitation, he politely declined. I urged, but he was inflexible. I was greatly astonished.

"Do you never drink?" said I. "Very seldom," he replied, dropping into a chair at my request, and wiping the perspiration off his forehead.

"Well, if you drink at all," I answered, "you will not find in the next six months so fair an excuse for indulging, for you seem fatigued, and scarcely able to stand."

"To be frank," said the old man, "I do not drink any now. I have not tasted intoxicating liquor for fifteen years—since—since—"

"Since when?" I asked, thoughtlessly observing his hesitation.

The old man told me that sixteen years ago he was a well-to-do farmer near Syracuse, N. Y. He had but one child, a daughter. While attending a boarding-school in that city, the girl, then but sixteen years of age, formed an attachment for a young physician.

Recognizing her father's disapproval, she fled with her consent to her union with a man he had never seen, and removing her from school dispatched a note to the young gallant, with the somewhat pointed information that his presence in the neighborhood of the Ainsley farm would not meet with favor.

The reader, of course, surmises the result, for such a proceeding could and can have but one result. In less than a month there was an elopement. The father loaded his double-barreled shot-gun and swore vengeance; but failing to find the fugitives, he took to the bottle. His good wife told him not to despair, but he drank the deeper, and accused her of encouraging the elopement.

In three months the wife died, and at the expiration of a year the young couple returned to Syracuse from Connecticut, where they ascertained that the old man after the death of his wife, of which he had of course been apprised, had sold his farm, squandered the proceeds, and was almost destitute. Learning of their arrival, Ainsley drank himself into a frenzy, and proceeded to the hotel where they were stopping, attacked the husband, wounded him in the arm with a pistol shot, and then attempted the life of his daughter, who happily escaped unharmed through the intervention of persons brought to the spot by the report of the pistol. Ainsley was arrested, tried, and acquitted on the plea of insanity. The daughter and husband returned to Connecticut, since which time the father had not heard from them. He was sent to a lunatic asylum, from which he was dismissed after remaining six months. In 1851 he came to California. He followed mining for two years, but finding his strength unequal to the pursuit, returned to this city, purchased a hand-cart, and the rest is known.

"Since then," concluded the old man, bowing his face in agony, "I have not tasted liquor, nor have I seen my child."

I regretted that I had been so inquisitive, and expressed to the sufferer the sympathy I really felt for him. After that I seldom passed the corner without looking for "Pap Ainsley," and never saw him but to think of the sad story he had told me.

One chilly, drizzling day in the December following, a gentleman having purchased a small marble-top table at an auction room opposite, proffered the old man the job of conveying it to his residence on Stockton street. He selected the face giving the best assurance of the delivery of the purchase.

Furnished with the number of the house, the old cartman, after a pretty trying struggle with the steep ascent of California street, reached his destination, and deposited the table in the hall. Lingered a moment, the lady did not seem to surmise the reason, until he politely informed her that her husband (for such he took him to be) had, probably by accident, neglected to settle for the cartage.

"Very well, I will pay you," said the lady, stepping into an adjoining room. She returned, and stated that she had no smaller coin in the house, handed the old man a twenty dollar gold piece. He could not make the change.

"No, no!" replied the lady, glancing tringly at his white locks and trembling limbs: "I will not permit you to put yourself to so much trouble," and she handed the coin to Bridget, with instructions to see if she could get it changed at one of the stores, or in some of the markets in the neighborhood.

"Step into the parlor until the girl returns; the air is chilly, and you must be cold," continued the lady, very kindly. "Come," she added, as he looked at his rough attire, and hesitated, "there is a good fire in the grate, and no one there but the children."

"It is somewhat chilly," replied the old man, following her into the parlor, and taking a seat near the fire. "Perhaps I may find some silver in the house," said the lady, leaving the room, for I fear Bridget will not succeed in getting the twenty dollar piece changed.

"Come here, little one, said the old man, coaxingly to the younger of the two children, a girl of about six years of age, "come, I love little children;" and the child, who had been watching him with curiosity from behind a large armchair, he satitigly approached.

"What is your name, dear?" inquired the cartman. "Maria," replied the little one. "Maria?" he repeated, with the great tears gathering in his eyes, "I once had a little girl named Maria, and you look very much as she did."

"Did you?" inquired the child with interest; "and was her name Maria Eastman, too?" "Merciful God!" exclaimed the old man, starting from his chair, and again dropping into it, with his head bowed upon his breast. "This cannot be! and yet why not?" He caught the child up in his arms with an eagerness that frightened, and gazed into her face until he saw conviction. "I cannot meet her without betraying myself, and I dare not tell her I am that drunken father who once attempted to take her life, and perhaps left her father a cripple," he groined as he hurried towards the door.

The little ones were bewildered. "You are not going?" said the mother, at that time reappearing, and discovering the old man in the act of passing into the hall.

He stopped and partly turned his face, but seemed to lack the resolution to do aught else. "He said he had a little Maria once, that looked just like me, mother!" shouted the child, her eyes sparkling with delight.

The knees of the old cartman trembled, and he leaned against the door for support. The lady sprang towards him, and taking him by the arm, attempted to conduct him to a chair.

"No, no!" he exclaimed, "not until you tell me I am forgiven!" "Forgiven? for what?" replied the mother in alarm.

"Recognize in me your wretched father, and I need not tell you," he faltered. "My poor father!" she cried throwing her arms about his neck—"all is forgiven—all is forgotten!"

All was forgiven, and the husband, when he returned late in the afternoon, was secretly less rejoiced than his good wife at the discovery.

Whether Bridget succeeded in changing the double eagle, I never learned; but this I do know—it took the honest female all of two months to unravel the knot into which the domestic affairs of the family had tied themselves during her absence.

"Pap Ainsley" still kept his cart, for money would not induce him to part with it. I peeped into the back yard of Dr. Eastman one day last week, and discovered the old man dragging the favorite vehicle round the enclosure, with his four grandchildren piled promiscuously into it.

A THOUSAND DOLLARS SAVED.—It was observed of a certain covetous man, that he had never invited any one to dine with him. "I'll lay a wager," said a wag, "I get an invitation from him."

The wager was accepted, and the wag went the next day to the rich man's house, about the time he was to dine, and told the servant he must speak with his master immediately, for he could save him a thousand dollars.

"Sir," said the servant to his master, "there's a man in a great hurry to speak to you. He says he can save you a thousand dollars."

Out came the master. "What is that sir? You can save me a thousand dollars?" "Yes, sir, I can; but I see you are at dinner. I will go away and call again."

"O pray, sir, come in and take dinner with me." "I shall be troublesome."

"Not at all." The invitation was accepted. As soon as dinner was over, and the family had retired—

"Well, sir," said the man of the house, "now to your business. Pray let me know how I am to save a thousand dollars."

"Well, sir, I hear you have a daughter to dispose of in marriage?" "I have sir."

"And you intend to portion her with ten thousand dollars?" "I do sir."

"Why, then let me have her, and I will take her with nine thousand."

Sequel.—Davis rises in a passion—and—the wag retired as hastily as decorum would permit.

From the tabular statement of a company of merchants numbering one hundred and ten, who reside in the East, they estimate amongst other items, that the average gain of advertising judiciously in their several vocations was \$43 profit for every dollar so expended in advertising, annually. Forty-three dollars profit for every one dollar so invested is a splendid dividend.

A prickly pair.—A porcupine and a hedgehog.

Punctuations.—There is great carelessness, if not ignorance, in the matter of punctuation, whereby much misunderstanding arises. Many persons even emulate the ancient writers in leaving out all marks or divisions of any kind, like the barber who wrote over his door, "What do you think I shave you for nothing and give you a drink," which was interpreted by some to imply an easy shave and a morning tittle to be got for the asking. Such, however, was not the meaning of our worthy tonsor, who, on being arraigned before the magistrate for what seemed a clear case of deception, exclaimed, "What do you think I shave you for nothing and give you a drink?"

Points were first used by Aristophanes, a grammarian of Alexander, 200 B. C., but were not generally used until the modern system was introduced at the beginning of the sixteenth century by a learned printer of Venice, named Manutius. Punctuation not only serves to make an author's meaning plain, but often saves it from being entirely misconceived. And there are many places where a change of points completely alters the sentiment. The following anecdote of an English statesman, who once took advantage of this fact to free himself from an embarrassing position, is an amusing illustration:

Having charged an officer of the government with dishonesty, he was punished, publicly to retract the accusation in the House of Commons. At the appointed time he appeared with a written retraction, which he read about as follows: "I said he was dishonest; it is true; and I am sorry for it." This was satisfactory; but what was the surprise of Parliament, the following day, to see the retraction printed in the papers thus: "I said he was dishonest; it is true, and I am sorry for it." By a simple transposition of the comma and semicolon, the ingenious slanderer represented himself to the country, not only as having made no retraction, but even as having reiterated the charge in the very face of Parliament.

DECEIVING CHILDREN.—Is it any wonder that so many children grow up to be liars, when the example is set them daily in the deceptive practices on them by parents? A doctor, who had been called to visit a sick boy some twelve years old, was told by the mother, as he entered the house, that she could not get her boy to take any medicine unless she deceived him; to which the doctor replied that he was very sick, and must take some medicine, which would taste badly and make him feel badly for a little while, and then it would make him feel better. He prepared the medicine, and the boy took it like a man, without any resistance; and he would take from his mother anything that the physician had prescribed, but would take nothing else from her. She had so often deceived him and told him it was good when she gave him medicine, that he would not trust to anything that she said. Honesty with children as well as with all others, and in all circumstances, is the best policy. A mother's feelings under such circumstances must be anything but enviable, and this incident should teach them to never lie to their children.

AN IMPORTANT DECISION.—A man drew a note promising to pay one hundred dollars. He used a printed form but did not close up the blank devoted to dollars; after it passed as negotiable paper, somebody inserted "and fifty" after the "one hundred" and before the word "dollars." The note thus altered, got into the hands of an innocent party, who presented it to the drawer, and the Supreme Court decided that the maker of the note was liable for its face, because through negligence he did not draw a line between the written word "hundred" and the printed word "dollars." Any testimony that the drawer might offer to establish the fact that he gave a note for only one hundred dollars must go for nothing, as "there was nothing on the face of the note showing that it had been altered." Evidence of an alteration on the face of the note would have changed the case. Let this decision be a lesson to all drawers of promissory notes. No one can be too careful in such matters.

DOING WELL.—A young woman, who was thinking of getting married went to her minister to ask his advice about so important a step. She told him that she had an offer of marriage and she wanted his advice. Her minister said he did not know very well what to say to her but he should remind her of what the apostle Paul had said upon that subject. "They that marry do well; but they that do not marry do better." "Weel, weel," she says, "I'll awa him and dae weel, let them dae better than I like."

Astronomers have established the fact that the bright fixed star, Sirius, is two hundred thousand times as far from the earth as our sun, and that in point of size and splendor, that star exceeds our sun in the ratio of 14 to 1. We may gain a faint idea of the magnitude of this star when we reflect that the sun is about 1,400,000 times as large as the earth. And we may gain a vague idea of the almost infinite distance of this star, when we consider that if our sun were as far from the earth as this star, that it would appear to be a small star of the 14th magnitude.

The convention recently held at Cincinnati, to take action toward the improvement of the Ohio river navigation, passed a resolution requesting the Governor of Illinois to appoint a committee to look into the matter and make recommendations. The legislature of Illinois concurred in this resolution, in accordance wherewith, Gov. Palmer appointed as said committee, John Gilbert, of Golconda, Pope county; Alfred Cutting, of Metropolis, Massac county; William P. Holliday, of Shawneetown, Gallatin county; and James Packney, of Carlin, White county.

A "Goak" by Artemus Ward.

The Fat Contributor, in some recollections of Artemus Ward, tells the following story:

In the spring of 1858 I accepted a proffered editorial position on the Cleveland National Democrat, and renewed my acquaintance with Artemus.

On the first evening of my arrival, he volunteered to show me around—a very desirable achievement, as I was to fill the position of city editor. He showed me around so successfully that about 2 o'clock in the morning I began to feel almost as much at home in Cleveland, as though I had lived there all my days to say nothing of my nights. Artemus invited me to share his bed for the remainder of the night, and I accepted.

Adjoining the room lodged a young professor of elocution, who was endeavoring to establish a school in Cleveland. He was just starting out in business, and was naturally anxious to propitiate the press.

"Let's get the professor up," said Artemus, "and have him recite to us."

I remonstrated with him, reminding him of the lateness of the hour; that I wasn't acquainted with the professor, and all that; but to no purpose.

"He is a public man," said Ward, "and public men are glad to meet members of the press, as restaurants are supposed to get up warm meals, at all hours."

He gave a thundering loud rap on the door as he shouted: "Professor!"

"Who's there? What yer want?" cried a muffled voice, evidently from beneath the bed-clothes, for it was a bitter cold night in February.

"It is I—Brown of the Plaindealer," said Artemus, and judging me gently in the ribs, he whispered: "That'll fetch him. The power the press is invincible. It is the Archimedean lever which—"

His remarks were interrupted by the opening of the door, and I could just discover the outline of a shirted form shivering in the doorway.

"Excuse me for disturbing you, professor," said Artemus, in his blindest manner, "but I am anxious to introduce my friend here, the new 'local' of the Democrat. He has heard much of you, and declares positively that he can't go to sleep until he hears you elocute."

"Hear me what?" asked the professor, between his chattering teeth.

"Hears you elocute—recite—declaim—understand?—specimen of your elocution."

In vain did the professor plead the lateness of the hour, and his fire had gone out. Artemus would accept no excuse.

"Not at all necessary. Elocution, my dear boy, is not dependent on gas. 'Here,' (straightening up a chair which he had just tumbled over) "get right up on this chair and give us 'The boy stood on the burning deck,' adding in a side whisper in my ear, 'The burning deck will warm him up.'"

Get y, yet firmly, did Artemus boost the reluctant professor upon the chair, protesting that no apologies were necessary for his appearance, and assuring him that "clothes didn't make the man," although the shivering disciple of Demosthenes and Cicero probably thought that clothes would make a man more comfortable on such a night as that.

He gave us "Casabianca" with a good many quavers of the voice, as he stood quaking in a single shirt, white garment; and then followed: "On Linden, when the sun was low," "Sword of Bunker Hill," etc., "by particular request of our friend," as Artemus said, although I was too nearly suffocated with suppressed laughter to make even a last dying request had it been necessary. It was too ludicrous to depict—the professor, an indistinct white object, standing on the chair, "elocuting," as Ward had it, and we sitting on the floor, holding our sides, while Artemus would faintly whisper between his pangs of mirth, "Just hear him."

It wasn't in Ward's heart to have his fun at the expense of another without recompense; so next day I remember he published a lengthy and entirely serious account of our visit to the professor's room, spoke of his wonderful powers as an elocutionist, and expressed the satisfaction and delight which we listened to his unequalled recitations. The professor was overjoyed, and one probably is ignorant to this day that Artemus was "playing it on him."

The Norfolk (Va.) Journal announces that a process for the welding of copper, which has occupied the skill and the science of the world for centuries without success, has been discovered by a practical mechanic of that city.

NEW TO-DAY.

W. J. MILLER, Surveyor & Civil Engineer, IS PREPARED TO DO SURVEYING and all Engineering. Orders solicited by mail, to which prompt attention will be paid. Residence—Tungsten, Linn county, Oregon; Postoffice address—Albany. '82

Arctic Soda.

HAVING ADDED VASTLY TO OUR facilities for dispensing this delightful and health-giving beverage, we would announce to our former patrons, and the public generally, that we are fully prepared from one of those elegant

Tuft's Arctic Fountains, to supply soda of the best quality in unlimited quantities to all who may favor us with a call.

BOTTLED SODA!

—AND— Sarsaparilla!

WILL, DURING THE SPRING and SUMMER.

be delivered to families ordering through-out the city.

Dealers Supplied at Liberal Rates. A. CAROTIERS & CO.

Genuine Haines

Hair-curlers, from 10 to 15 feet long, made by Walter A. Wood, at Housick Falls, N. Y., with all his improvements, and "Haines' also Deane's Patent Adjustable Rest."

See No other Hair-curlers these improvements. Take none but the Haines' Improved Hair-curlers by Wood.

Russell's Thresher,

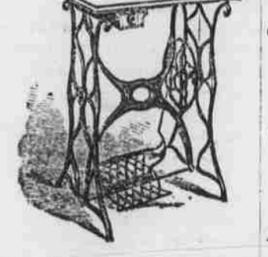
as improved, is the perfection of the Threshing Machine. We have them from 3 to 40 bush, with new feed table, large spout, and the fine, elevator, double discharge, etc., made especially for the wants of this coast, after years of study. It has greater cleaning capacity than any other, and is every way perfect. See No other machine has ever equaled the "Russell's"; none can excel it.

TREADWELL & CO., San Francisco. April 1872

THE NEW FAMILY SINGER SEWING MACHINE,

WITH ATTACHMENTS FOR ALL KINDS OF WORK.

It fast winning favor in the household, as shown by the rapidly increasing sales.



This NEW FAMILY MACHINE is capable of a range and variety of work such as was once thought impossible to perform by machinery. We claim and can show that it is the cheapest, most beautiful, delicately arranged, nicely finished, easily operated, and smoothly running of all the Family Sewing Machines. It is remarkable not only for the range and variety of its sewing, but also for the variety and different kinds of texture which it will sew with equal facility and perfection, and silk, linen or cotton thread, line or coarse, making the interlocked-elastic-stitch, alike on both sides of the fabric sewn. This heavier cloth, or leather, may be sewn with great strength and uniformity of stitch; and, in a moment, this willing and never-wearying instrument may be adjusted for fine work on gauze or mosquito netting, or the tacking of tartan, or ruffling, or almost any other work which delicate fingers have been known to perform.

Apply to S. H. CLAUGHTON, AGENT FOR LINN COUNTY, LEBANON, OREGON.

Also at the Drug Store of A. CAROTIERS & CO., Albany, Oregon. May 3, 1872

SEWING MACHINES.

THE CELEBRATED Buck Eye Sewing Machine.

Price \$45; without table, \$25

Five Hundred SOLD IN OREGON For the Year 1871!

No Family can Afford to be Without One.

The success of the BUCKEYE stands without a rival on this coast. Hundreds who now use them pronounce them to be unequalled for family use.

EVERY MACHINE WARRANTED.

The BUCKEYE makes the Lock-stitch, which will not unravel. They are simple and durable, and have less machinery than any other machine, therefore are less liable to get out of order.

AGENTS WANTED. To sell the BUCKEYE, the best and only low-priced machine that has any merit.

Machines shipped to any part of the coast upon receipt of price.

For further particulars enquire or address M. PEABSON & CO., Gen. Agents for the Pacific Coast.

SPECTACLES.

MONEY CAN NOT BUY IT, FOR SIGHT IS PRICELESS!



But the Diamond Spectacles will preserve it.

WE NOW OFFER A GLASS TO THE public which is pronounced by the most celebrated opticians of the world to be the most perfect, natural, artificial help to the human eye ever known. They are ground under one or a super-refraction, at our own manufactory, in New Haven, and are so constructed that the cone or center of the lens comes directly in front of the eye, producing a

CLEAR AND DISTINCT VISION.

As in the natural, healthy sight, and preventing all unpleasant sensations, such as glimmering and wavering of sight, dizziness, etc., peculiar to all eyes in use. These glasses are manufactured from minute crystal globes melted together, and derive their name, "Diamond," on account of their hardness and brilliancy. They are mounted in the finest manner, at our own manufactory, in all styles of gold, silver, steel, rubber, and shell frames, of the best quality. Their durability can not be surpassed, and their finish is such as will suit the most fastidious. None genuine unless bearing our trade-mark, stamped on every frame.

For sale by the principal opticians and jewelers, throughout the country. Manufactured by J. E. SPENCER & CO., practical opticians, New York. For sale only by J. T. BROTHERS, Dealers in watches, clocks, jewelry, silver ware, etc., Albany, Oregon.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1869, by J. E. SPENCER & CO., in the clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York. 3073

SASH FACTORY.

BUILDERS ATTENTION!

SASH, BLIND, AND DOOR FACTORY.

S. H. ALTHOUSE, J. P. BARKER, W. KENNETH.

ALTHOUSE & CO.,

Lyon Street, on the River Bank, ALBANY, OREGON.

Keep on hand a full assortment, and are prepared to FURNISH TO ORDER.

Doors, Sash, Blinds, and Moldings.

Such as CROWN, PANEL, BAND & SECTION MOLD.

Of all sizes.

WINDOW AND DOOR FRAMES.

Flooring, Siding, and

All other kinds of Building Material.

ALSO: PREPARED TO DO MILL work, furnish shaker fans, zigzag shakers, suction fans, driving pulleys of any kind, at our factory on Lyon street on the River Bank, next to the Markham's warehouse. ALTHOUSE & CO., Albany, Feb. 10, 1874

JAMES L. COWAN,

(Successor of A. Cowan & Co.) Lebanon, Oregon.

Dealer in GENERAL MERCHANDISE!

WILL KEEP ALWAYS ON HAND A full stock of DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, BOOTS & SHOES,

all for sale at the Lowest Prices for Cash or Produce. All persons owing A. Cowan & Co. can settle by calling on me at Lebanon, 251 JAMES L. COWAN.

New Barber Shop.

NOTE THIS: HALE BACKENSTO has opened a new Barber Shop on First street, three doors west of Conner's Bath, where he will be pleased to see all persons needing his services. Shaving, hair-cutting, shampooing, etc., done in the most satisfactory manner. Albany, February 12-21

PATENT MEDICINE.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.



Every Man his own Physician.

CAUTION.

THE immense demand for HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT has tempted unprincipled parties to counterfeit these valuable medicines.

In order to protect the public and ourselves, we have issued a new Trade Mark, consisting of an Egyptian circle of a serpent, with the letter H in the centre. Every box of genuine HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT will have this trade mark on it; and none genuine without it.

N. Y. CHEMICAL CO., Sole Proprietors, 75 Maiden Lane, New York.

CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco, Cal. Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast.