Albany Register.

SAVED. BY NELLIE EVETER.

I was passing the hotel as the group went to the door. He was behind, Just as he put his foot on the threshold he carelessly looked back, and seeing me, touched his hat. Then the door closed, and my heart almost stopped beating, for 1 knew he would come out there with his blood on fire.

"Why did you not call to him, Stop?

"Oh! my impulse way, to spring forward, and implore him to thru back, and I believe he would have done so, but the street was full of strangers, and you know it would have looked so queer for a woman to have done that."

"So queer for a woman to do that! Great God! To risk the chance of saving a soul because it would have tooked queer," I said as the speakers passed beyond my hearing, leaving me to think of that awful moment at the hotel door, when perchance the bliss or misery of an eternity hung upon the moral courage or cowardied of a woman.

Perchasee, I repeat. Even her tearful entrenties might have been useless, for his fetters may have been too strong for human will to break, yet she had given her divine impulse to save. Who can tell what divine power might not have accompanied the etfort.

Aunt Katy ! old, black, poor, hardworking Aunt Katy heard the same voice, and she was prompt to obey it. No thought of self tainted the pure pool of her love, when the Angel of Pity troubled its waters, and what was the result? I know the story. On Mark Station's eighteenth birth-

day he was a rollicking, fun-loving. and as innocently happy a boy, as ever bandied with or tossed a snow ball.

Within the twelve months folded between the Few Years' days of '71 and '72, he had fallen from his high estate, and become that suddest of carthly sights to loving eyes-"a fast young man."

On the first morning of the latter year, as he carelessly lounged over a sounter in the rear of a drinking sabon, walting on the glass of beer just artered, and wondering why "the fel-byws" he was to meet there were so "dreadful slow," he seemed as insenhis handsome face and form had been curved out of granite.

Idly tapping on the smooth marble, still waiting, and planning meanwhile a wild debauch for the coming even-ing—a glass door just behind him opened, and he heard a deep sigh, and turning, confronted a wrinkled negress

With a scrubbing-brush in one hand, and a small pot of sand in the other, doe stood an instant steadily scanning

"Hallo Aunty! Have you any idea

of scouring me?" he asked. "De outside is 'peart and smart lookin, enuff, sir. It's inside wharde stain is dat I can't tech," she replied

uever removing her earnest gaze. The blood mounted to his forehead, until his eyes flashed at the unexpectest insolence.

et insolence. "What do you mean, you old io--?" "Stop! stop honey," she exclaimed, laying the brush with her hand and all clasping it upon his coat sleeve. "Twon't help you none to 'base and scarify old Katy. I se long wanted a chance at you, an now I'll speak my mind. You is most a men but how. mind. You is moss a man, but hon-·y! it 'pears to me no time since your

door. Soon there came in, two by two, a well-known libble class of "boys," and bringing up the rear, with beads erect, and firm, ringing footsteps, came the "Fearless Four." God accept Mark's re-dedication, and forwar blow the base of the form and forever bless the brave old missionary, Annt Katy.

Learning to Smoke.

Bob Phast was felling me the other day, how largely he enjoyed his first surve, and said maybe if I would write a piece about it and print it in the paper, it might prove a warning to some rash yonth, who believes he never our become a man without first becoming a fundgathing biped. "Eut don't use my mame," he enjoince. And I don't intend to. I will call him Smythe. Bob-1 meta Smythe-smoked his

first eight when he was of a very ten-der age. One of the first moral les-sons instilled into his youthful mind by a loving parent was about never putting off till to-morrow what can be done to day. So, when three of his companions, on Saturday after-noon suggested that they fearm to smale.

smoke. Bob-Smythe-saw at once that it would be worse than folly to defer until Sunday.

There were four of them-Jim, Bill,

Joe and B-Snythe. (I wish I hadn't promised Bob not to mention his name, because I expect I will get it in the piece before it is finished.)

Bill was the happy possessor of a cent, and, starting off to a tobacco foundry, he soon returned with four eigars. Pennies were much larger in

those days, you know, than latteriy, "Are they sixers?" asked Joe, "No," replied Bill, "I guess they're fourners. I got four for a cent, any-how."

Then each lad took a cigar, mount-ed a fence under the shade of a cherry tree, a light was passed around, and-

They smoked. The robbins sing merrily in the tree; the lambsskipped and gamboid in an adjacent meadow, and-They smoked.

· The sun's scorehing rays caused drops of perspiration to ooze from the hon-est brow of the husbandman tolling in a neighboring field, whilst the measured scrokes of his swinging scythe fell gently upon the ear, and— Smythe daln't smoke. He had consumed only about one inch of his eigar, when his constr-tutes and the size of the science of the

nance suddenly grew pale, as if he had seen a ghost or something, and he looked very much discouraged, just as if he would rather stop wrestling with that eigar, and he down a spell.

"There you have dropped your ci-gar," said Bill, "It's out."

"Come and get another light." "No." said 160b Ph-Snythe, "Pill save this till to-morrow." picking up the "stump." "I must go home now." But he didn't go home. He was fearful lest the smell of tobacco smoke would model a superplace term with would unfold a compulsory strap with which his mother sometimes vaccinated him.

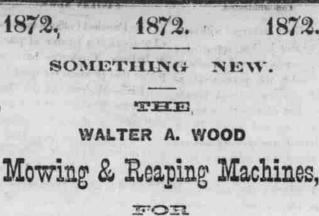
He was sick-that's what ailed him. The penny that purchased the eigar must have been a bad one. He left, he said, as it he had swallowed a five lobster, and it was trying to find its way out. He staggered down to the river's brink and crawled under some alder bashes.

Ever and anon a boatman on the opposite side of the stream would yell heave too !"

ance, frowned like a thunder-cloud

Ho shut it.

And the young smokist "heaved." Southe thought maybe he was go-ing to make a subject for a functal, and wondered how long his body would remain in the busies before it was discovered. Then he thought a great many things and a great many things be didn't think of. At last be PEOPLE FURNISHING SHOULD CALL T and see Turrell's large stock of Cur-pets, Obcloths, Blinds, Bags, etc., which he is selling very cheap. 43-4 managed to get upon his feet and started for home-first taking the half eigar from his pocket and hurling it On entering the door his strength failed him, and he fell to the floor, exclaiming, "I am sick?" asked his mother, running to him. GEORGE TURREL KEEPS A LARGE "I don't know. Maybe it was some green apples I eat. He was put to bed and a doctor summoned. When he arrived he felt Bob's pulse and told him to put out Assorted Merchandise boos pulse and told him to put out his tongue. "What is the matter with him, Doctor?" anxiously asked call. the mother. "Nothing serious. He's been smok ing a cigar. When this announcement was made, G EORGE TURRELL PAYS THE IIICH-est price for all kinds of Country Pro-duce. Remember the address, TarrelFs, First street. 45-1 Bob-Smythe, I mean,-suid he felt as if it would have done him a heap of good if he could have died right away. And this feeling was augmented when his mother onnionsly remarked: "Smoking a cigar—ch? I'll smoke him when he gets better, the young scamp!" D. M. JONEN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, ALBANY, OFFICIN. OFFICE SOUTH SIDE FIRST STREET, up-stairs, in J. M. Banch's store-house. Residence Second street, south of the Cartwright warehouse. 374 And she did. She just brought into regulation that compulsory vaccina-tion strap, and made Bob promise that he would never smoke one of T. W. BARRIS, M. D., those disgusting things again as long as he lived. Physician and Surgcon, ALBANY, OREGON. The lesson was a severe one, and Bob never forgot it. He has not smok-Residence- At Mr. A. Hackleman's. 37-4 ed "a common" cigar since. He pays five and ten cents aplece for 'em now. He says they are not so disgusting. Yours, B. BADD, SIX, AND NO MORE .- A stalwart down-easter went into a printing A HEMORUS INCIDENT.-There office in Bangor a few days ago is a station on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad called you the man who stamps names on Hanna, in honor of a deceased citi-zen of Fort Wayne. A train stop- keep the keerds too?" "Yes sir." Hama, in honor of a deceased citiped there the other day, and the "I want some." "What name brakeman, after the manner of his shall I write ?" Here the tall inclass, thrust his head inside the door dividual came to a posture where and called out " Hanna," loud and his eye was on a level with the long. A young lady, probably en-dowed with the poetic appellation tones, "I want marriage keerds!" of Hanna, supposing he was ad-dressing her, and shocked at his After taking the names the proprie-tor asked : "How many cards do you want ?" "Six." "But, sir, familiarity on so short an acquaint.



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Albany, May 34, 1872-35



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surried you on a pillow night and day for mos a week. Your mother was worn out nussin you, for you was irefful sick. One day when you laid on my lap jes as white and limpsey as a ringed out clof, she leaned ober you, a prayin' and eryin', and said : 'J'is left my precious boy lib, dear Lord, and I gib him to your service forebber ast obber.'

She went home to Him soon after that, an I mussed you a year longer. De Lord heard her prayer and you is nos a man. Whose strenf you wastin now, yours or de Lord's? Who 'long (a) yourself or He? Who is you scan-balizin an reproachin? De deer Lord? 'In Mark.''

At that moment, the bar-keeper, sto had been providentially detained, approached with the foaming "bitand at the same moment in ru-hed, laughing and shouting, three of the wildest lads in town.

Old Katy vanished as they came

open. "Been treating old Fiftcenth, Mark?" said Bob Carter, the ring-eader of the "Fearless Four," as they had dubbed themselves. "You look as sober as though you had awallowed ber. Four sings, Pete," nodding to the waiter, "and make them as stiff is a height. What the winching is as a bristle. What the mischief is wrong, Mark?" he continued, as Mark, with hands thrust into the depths of his pockets, and a grave face, stood where Aunt Katy had left him.

None but the sympathizing Christ knew the struggle that had commenc-ed so suddlenly, yet violently, nor the flood of tender mermories which was pouring in upon his awakened soul. Words can no more convey an idea of these sources and death the their power and swiftness, than they dow to a blind man the skies' soft

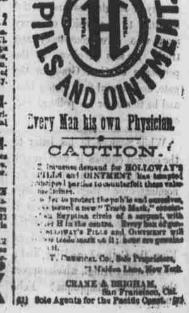
"Lord help me !" he breathed, and decady the giant's grip seemed loos-calog. "None for me, Bob," as his aston-

ished friends beld the tempting glass

"Are you sick, Mark? You're pale as ashes," and Hugh Brown. "Yes, boys, I am sick of myself:" and covering his face with his cap he wropt like a child.

range some for a city bar-room. but stranger yet to see those four un-tailed glasses, and the party who had entered the room as though there was seither judgment nor eternity, leav-ing it with the gravity of monroers at monroet. In provide the second secon ral. So strong is one caracat al to be

At a recent Sabhath afternoon pray-ser mosting, held under the auspices of due Young Men's Christian Associa-tion, J sai near the main entrance-



An Irishman said he did not some to this country for want. Its had abundance of that at home.