

BY NELLIE ESTER.

I was passing the hotel as the group went in 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 I knew he would come out there with his blood on fire.

"Why did you not call to him, 'Stop?'"

"Oh! my impulse was to spring forward, and lay my hands on his 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 looked queer." I said as the speakers passed beyond my hearing, leaving me to think of that awful moment at the hotel door, when penitence, the bliss or misery of an eternity hung upon the moral courage or cowardice of a woman.

"Perdones, I repeat. Even her tearful entreaties 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 effort."

"Amat Katy! old, black, poor, hard-working Amat Katy heard the same voice, and she was prompt to obey it. No thought of self tainted the purpose 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 birthday he was a rollicking, fun-loving, and as innocently happy a boy, as ever banded 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 saddest of earthly sights to loving eyes—a fast young man."

On the first morning of the latter year, as he carelessly lounged over a counter in the rear of a drinking saloon, waiting on the glass of beer just ordered, and wondering why "the fellows" he was to meet there were so "sneaky slow," he seemed as insensible to any tender emotion, as though his handsome face and form had been carved out of granite.

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

"With a scrubbing-brush in one hand, and a small pot of mud in the other, she stood an instant steadily scanning him."

"Hullo Aunt! Have you any idea of scouring me?" he asked.

"De outside is 'pear and smart lookin, enuff, sir. It's inside whar de stain is dat I can't tech," she replied after removing her earnest gaze.

The blood mounted to his forehead, until his eyes flashed at the unexpected insolence.

"What do you mean, you old fo—?" "Stop! stop honey," she exclaimed, laying the brush with her hand and flit clapping it upon his coat sleeve.

"Twon't help you none to 'hese and scarily old Katy. I see long wanted a chance at you, an now I'll speak my mind. You is moss a man, but honey! it 'pears to me no time since your two year old birthday, when dese arms carried you on a pillow night and day for mos a week. Your mother was worn out nussin you, for you was drefful sick. One day when you laid on my lap jes as white and fluspey as a dinged out clof, she leaned ober you, a prayin' and cryin', and said: 'J's left my precious boy lib, dear Lord, and I gib him to your service foreber as abber.'"

She went home to him soon after dat, an I nassed you a year longer. De Lord heard her prayer and you is mos a man. Whose streat you wasin now, yours or de Lord's? Who long is, yourself or He? Who is you scabbin an reproachin? De dear Lord! 'M Mark."

At that moment, the bar-keeper, who had been providentially detained, approached with the foaming "bit-ter," and at the same moment in red, laughing and shouting, three of the whitest lads in town.

"Old Katy vanished as they came near."

"Been treating old Fiftenth, Mark?" said Bob Carter, the ring-leader of the "Fearless Four," as they had dubbed themselves. "You look as sober as though you had swallowed ber. Four slings, Pete," nodding to the waiter, "and make them as stiff as a brittle. 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 know the struggle that had commenced so suddenly, yet violently, nor the flood of tender memories which was pouring in upon his awakened soul. Words can no more convey an idea of this power and softness, than they show to a blind man the skies' soft hue."

"Lord help me!" he breathed, and already the giant's grip seemed loosening.

"None for me, Bob," as his astonished friends held the tempting glass to his very lips.

"Are you sick, Mark? You're pale as ash," said Hugh Brown.

"Yes, boys, I am sick of myself," and covering his face with his cap he went like a child.

Strange scenes for a city bar-room, but stranger yet to see those four untutored glasses, and the party who had entered the room as though there was neither judgment nor eternity, leaving it with the gravity of mourners at a funeral. So strong is one exact stool's influence.

At a recent Sabbath afternoon prayer meeting, held under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, I sat near the main entrance-

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

Learning to Smoke.

Bob Phast was telling me the other day, how largely he enjoyed his first smoke, 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 youth, who believes he never can become a man without first becoming a flunging liped. "But don't use my name," he enjoined. And I don't intend to. I will call him Smythe.

Bob—I mean Smythe—smoked his first cigar when he was of a very tender age. One of the first moral lessons 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 afternoon suggested that they learn to 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—Smythe.

(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 cigars. Pennies were much larger in those days, you know, than latterly.

"Are they sixers?" asked Joe.

"No," replied Bill, "I guess they're fourers. I got four for a cent, anyhow."

Then each lad took a cigar, mounted a fence under the shade of a cherry tree, a light was passed around, and they smoked.

The robins sang merrily in the tree; the lambs skipped and gambled in an adjacent meadow, and— They smoked.

The sun's scorching rays caused drops of perspiration to ooze from the honest brow of the husbandman toiling in a neighboring field, whilst the measured strokes of his swinging scythe fell gently upon the ear, and— Smythe didn't smoke.

He had consumed only about one inch of his cigar, when his countenance 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 cigar, and lie down a spell.

"There you have dropped your cigar," said Bill.

"It's out."

"Come and get another light."

"No," said Bob Ph—Smythe, "I'll 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 unfold a compulsory strap with which his mother sometimes vaccinated him.

He was sick—that's what ailed him. The penny that purchased the cigar must have been a bad one. He felt, he said, as if he had swallowed a live lobster, and it was trying to find its way out. He staggered down to the river's brink and crawled under some alder bushes.

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

And the young smok't "heaved." Smythe thought maybe he was going to make a subject for a funeral, and wondered how long his body would remain in the bushes before it was discovered. Then he thought a great many things, and a great many things he didn't think of. At last he managed to get upon his feet and started for home—first taking the half cigar from his pocket and hurling it into the river.

On entering the door his strength failed him, and he fell to the floor, exclaiming, "I am sick!"

"What made you sick?" asked his mother, running to him.

"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 his tongue. "What is the matter with him, Doctor?" anxiously asked the mother.

"Nothing serious. He's been smoking a cigar."

When this announcement was made, Bob—Smythe, I mean,—said 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 ominously remarked: "Smoking a cigar—eh? I'll smoke him when he gets better, the young scamp!"

And she did. She just brought into requisition that compulsory vaccination strap, and made Bob promise that he would never smoke one of those disgusting things again as long as he lived.

The lesson was a severe one, and Bob never forgot it. He has not smoked "a common" cigar since. He pays five and ten cents apiece for 'em now. He says they are not so disgusting.

Yours, B. BADD.

A MEMORABLE INCIDENT.—There is a station on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad called Hanna, in honor of a deceased citizen of Fort Wayne. A train stopped there the other day, and the brakeman, after the manner of his class, thrust his head inside the door and called out "Hanna," loud and long. A young lady, probably endowed with the poetic appellation of Hanna, supposing he was addressing her, and shocked at his familiarity on so short an acquaintance, frowned like a thunder-cloud and retorted, "Shut your mouth!" He shut it.

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

1872. 1872. 1872.

SOMETHING NEW.

THE WALTER A. WOOD Mowing & Reaping Machines, FOR THE COMING HARVEST.

C. B. COMSTOCK & CO., SPRINGVILLE & ALBANY, OREGON, Sole Agents for Oregon & Washington Territory.

W. S. NEWBURY, Traveling & General Agent, ALBANY, OREGON.

THESE JUSTLY POPULAR MACHINES ARE NOW IN GENERAL use in Russia, Prussia, Austria, Bavaria, France, Spain, England, and North and South America, in fact throughout the whole civilized world, and have been awarded the FIRST PRIZES at every trial, both in Europe and America, since the World's Fair at Paris in 1867, since which time many valuable improvements have been added.

The New One & Two-Horse Double-Geared Jointed Flexible Bar Mowers,

never clog. They are the WONDER OF THE AGE for Strength, Beauty, Capacity and LIGHTNESS OF DRAFT.

THE SELF-RAKING REAPER, with Mowing Attachment, is the most complete and desirable Reaver, either in Europe or America, and is a COMPLETE REAPER and a COMPLETE MOWER, being two separate machines.

WE CLAIM FOR THE WOOD'S MACHINES That they are the LIGHTEST DRAFT, the QUICKEST and BEST MOTION, as well as the MOST DURABLE. That they have the BEST CUT IN THE BEST SHAPE, and are the EASIEST HANDLED of any Mowing and Reaping Machine either in Europe or America.

We warrant the Wood's Machines to be as Represented.

A full assortment of EXTRAS constantly kept at all our Agencies.

WE ALSO HAVE THE AGENCY OF THE HAINES' HEADERS, with the WOOD IMPROVEMENT, which renders it one of the BEST HEADERS extant.

If you buy a Header, be sure you get the HAINES with Wood's Late Improvements, as they were only added in 1871.

SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE BOOK.

Albany, May 24, 1872-5

NEW TO-DAY.

GO TO TURRELL'S FOR GENTS' Clothing and Gent's Furnishing Goods of all descriptions. He has also a large stock of Boys' Clothing, Hats, Shirts, etc., which he is selling very low.

FOR DRESS GOODS, GLOVES, TRIMMINGS, Hosiery, etc., go to Turrell's, First street.

PEOPLE FURNISHING SHOULD CALL on Turrell's large stock of Carpets, Oilcloths, Blinds, Rugs, etc., which he is selling very cheap.

GO TO TURRELL'S FOR HARDWARE, Lamps, Lamp-glasses, etc. He has the goods to suit you.

GEORGE TURRELL KEEPS A LARGE stock of Assorted Merchandise to suit the market. It would be to the interest of everybody to give him an early call.

GEORGE TURRELL PAYS THE HIGHEST price for all kinds of Country Produce. Remember the address, Turrell's, First street.

D. N. JONES, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, ALBANY, OREGON. OFFICE—SOUTH SIDE FIRST STREET, up-stairs, in J. M. Bach's store-house. Residence—Second street, south of the Cartwright warehouse.

T. W. HARRIS, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, ALBANY, OREGON. OFFICE—ONE DOOR EAST OF TELEGRAPH OFFICE, on First street. Residence—AT Mr. A. Harkness's.

SIX, AND NO MORE.—A stalwart down-easter went into a printing office in Bangor a few days ago and asked the proprietor: "Are you the man who stamps names on keards?" "I am sir." "Do you keep the keards too?" "Yes sir."

"I want some." "What name shall I write?" Here the tall individual came to a posture where his eye was on a level with the paper, and he added in subdued tones, "I want marriage keards!" After taking the names the proprietor asked: "How many cards do you want?" "Six." "But, sir, I never strike off less than fifty."

"I don't know what in thunder I should do with so many," said the long man, and after some further remarks he retired, leaving an order for "six keards."

CALL AND EXAMINE GOODS.

FOSTER'S BUILDING, First St., Albany.

P. C. HARPER & CO.

NEW TO-DAY. SPECTACLES!

W. J. MILLER, Surveyor & Civil Engineer. PREPARED TO DO SURVEYING and Engineering. Orders solicited by mail, to which prompt attention will be paid. Residence—Tangent, Ima county, Oregon; Postoffice a dress—Albany.

Arctic Soda. HAVING ADDED VASTLY TO OUR facilities for dispensing this delightful and healthful beverage, we would announce to our former patrons, and the public generally, that we are fully prepared from one of our elegant

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

BOTTLED SODA! Sarsaparilla! WILL, DURING THE SPRING and SUMMER, be delivered to families ordering through-out the city.

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

Genuine Haines Headers, from 10 to 15 feet cut, made by Walter A. Wood, at Husick Falls, N. Y., with all his improvements, and having also Denny's Patent Adjustable Reel.

Russell's Thresher, as improved, is the perfection of the Threshing Machine. We have them from 30 to 40 inch, with new feed table, large shoe, double fan, 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.

THE NEW FAMILY SINGER SEWING MACHINE, WITH ATTACHMENTS FOR ALL KINDS OF WORK.

Is 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 adjusted, easily operated, and smoothest running of all the Family Sewing Machines.

SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE BOOK.

April 1872. THE NEW FAMILY SINGER SEWING MACHINE, WITH ATTACHMENTS FOR ALL KINDS OF WORK.

ALL OTHER KINDS OF BUILDING MATERIALS.

ALSO: PREPARED TO DO MILL work, furnish shaker fans, slant shakers, section fans, driving pulleys of any kind, at our factory on Lyon street on the river bank, next below Markham's warehouse.

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

GENERAL MERCHANDISE! WILL KEEP ALWAYS ON HAND A full stock of DRY GOODS, HATS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, BOOTS & SHOES.

NOTE THIS: HALE BACKENSTO has opened a new bar-room on First street, three doors west of Cowan's Bank, where he will be pleased to see all persons needing his services.

PATENT MEDICINE. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT. Every Man his own Physician.

CAUTION. Increased demand for HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and OINTMENT has tempted cheap imitations to enter the market.

DR. LE RICHARD'S GOLDEN BALM! After ten years' trial on this Coast has proven itself the only cure in a certain class of disease pronounced by medical practitioners as incurable.

DR. LE RICHARD'S GOLDEN BALM No. 1 cures Chancery first and second stage, Bores on the Legs or Body; Bone Lame, Erysipelas, Copper-colored Blotches, Syphilitic Oculars, Dissected Scalp, and all primary forms of the disease known as Syphilis. Price, 25¢ per bottle, or 50¢ per dozen.

DR. LE RICHARD'S GOLDEN BALM No. 2 cures Tertiary, Mercurial, Syphilitic Rheumatism, Pains in the Bones, Itch of the Neck, Ulcers on the Throat, Syphilitic Rash, Limp and Contracted Glands, Effusions of the Lungs, and embolism all diseases from the system, whether caused by induration or abuse of mercury—leaving the blood pure and cool by Price, 25¢ per bottle, or 50¢ per dozen.

DR. LE RICHARD'S GOLDEN SPANISH ANTI-ITCH, for the Cure of Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Irritation, Gravel, and all Urinary & Genital Disarrangements. Price, 25¢ per bottle.

DR. LE RICHARD'S GOLDEN SPANISH PILLS for Female Weakness, Faint Inclinations, Impure Blood, and all diseases arising from Indigestion and excessive eating. Price, 25¢ per bottle. The genuine Golden Balm is put up only in round bottles.

DR. LE RICHARD'S GOLDEN SPANISH PILLS are sold in all parts of the country by express or mail, securely packed and free from evaporation. Sole Agents,

C. P. RICHARDS & CO. Wholesale and Retail Druggists and Chemists, 8 W. cor. Clay & Sanson Streets, San Francisco, Cal.

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