

STOVES AND TINWARE.

THE
OLD STOVE DEPOT.

JOHN BRIGGS,

Dealer in

RANGES.

COOK, PARLOR AND BOX,

STOVES!

Of the best patterns.

ALSO: TIN, SHEET IRON AND COPPER WARE.

And the usual assortment of furnishing goods to be obtained in a tin store.

Repairs neatly and promptly executed, on reasonable terms.

Short reckonings make long friends.

FRONT STREET, ALBANY.
Dec. 5, 1886-1

HARDWARE.

W. H. KUHN & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

SHELF AND HEAVY

HARDWARE,

Farmers' & Mechanics' Tools,

BUILDERS' HARDWARE,

IRON AND STEEL,

OAK and ELM HUES,

HICKORY & OAK SPOKES,

HICKORY AXLES,

Hardwood Lumber,

Bent Rims, Shafts, Poles, &c.,

WOOD AND WILLOW WARE,

All of which are now offered to the public at low rates. As we make the business a specialty, we can and will keep a better assortment, at lower prices, than any house in this city.

W. H. KUHN & CO.,

Monteith fire-proof brick, First street.
Albany, June 14, 1872-41v4

DRUGS.

A. CAROTHERS & CO.,

—Dealers in—

Drugs,

CHEMICALS, OILS, PAINTS, DYES,

GLASS, LAMPS, ETC.,

All the popular

PATENT MEDICINES,

FINE CUTLERY, CIGARS, TOBACCO,

NOTIONS, PERFUMERY,

and Toilet Goods.

Particular care and promptness given
Physicians' prescriptions and Family Re-
cipes.

A. CAROTHERS & CO.

Albany, Oregon-4v5

THE STAR

Is the best and cheapest independent Family Newspaper published in this State. It is printed in the latest style, on fine white paper, and published at the low price of ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, and

EVERY SUBSCRIBER

receives a BEAUTIFUL CHROMO worth the price of the paper. Send one dollar for a year's subscription and ten cents for expense of mailing the Chromo, to the Star Publishing Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE CINCINNATI DAILY EVENING STAR

has the largest circulation by over 5,000 of any afternoon paper in the State of Ohio.

W. ASHENHEIM,
Commission Merchant,
and dealer in all kinds of
GAME, POULTRY, FISH & DAIRY PRO-
DUCE.
Washington Market, Portland, Or.
BRANCHES: 824 1/2 Central Market.
No. 145 First street.

Consignments respectfully solicited
and returns promptly made.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN CONNER.

BANKING

—AND—

Exchange Office,

ALBANY, OREGON.

DEPOSITS RECEIVED SUBJECT TO

check at sight.

Interest allowed on time deposits in coin.
Exchange on Portland, San Francisco,
and New York, for sale at lowest rates.
Collections made and promptly remitted.
Refers to H. W. Corbett, Henry Failing,
W. S. Ladd.Banking hours from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M.
Albany, Feb. 1, 1871-2v3

Something New in Dentistry.

DR. E. O. SMITH, DENTIST,

HAS LOCATED IN ALBANY, and has the new in-
vention in plate work, which
consists in inserting teeth
in the mouth without covering the whole
roof, as heretofore. It gives the wearer the
freedom of the tongue to the
roof of the mouth in talking and tasting.
It is the Smith & Parvline patent.Teeth extracted without pain. Plates
mended, whether broken or divided.OFFICE—First street, east of Conner's
Bank (up stairs), Albany, Oregon. 7v4

CITY MARKET,

FIRST STREET, ALBANY, OREGON,

J. L. HARRIS,

PROPRIETOR.

WILL ENDEAVOR TO KEEP CON-
stantly on hand a full supply of

ALL KINDS OF MEATS,

Which will be of the very best quality.

The highest market price paid for hives,
hogs and sheep.Third door west of Ferry, on south side
of First street.J. L. HARRIS.
Albany, Dec. 15, 1871-15v4

GANG PLOW

Improved for 1872.

PLOW BOTTOMS, is the best GANG PLOW

in the world. It is simple, strong and

durable, and does its work effectively.

Don't fail to see it before buying. Price,

\$75. Sold only by TREADWELL & CO.,

San Francisco. Send for circulars. 3v3

JOHN SCHMEER,

—DEALER IN—

Groceries & Provisions,

ALBANY, OREGON.

HAS JUST OPENED HIS NEW GROCER

establishment on corner of Elsworth
and First streets, with a fresh stock of
Groceries, Provisions, Cakes, Cigars, To-
bacco, &c., to which he invites the atten-
tion of our citizens.In connection with the store he will keep
a Bakery, and will always have on hand a
full supply of fresh bread, crackers, &c.

Call and see me.

JOHN SCHMEER.

February 16-24v4

TURNING - - TURNING.

RAWHIDE CHAIRS.

I AM PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS

of turning; keep on hand and make to

order rawhide-bottomed chairs, &c. Shop

near the Mills and Hosley, Jefferson, Ore-
gon. Branch shop near "Magnolia Mills,"Albany, where orders for chairs, turning,
&c., can be left. JOHN M. METZLER.

Jefferson, Aug. 2, 1873

Notice.

OREGON & CALIFORNIA RAILROAD

Company, Land Department, Portland

Oregon, April 5, 1873—Notice is hereby

given, that a vigorous prosecution will be

instituted against any and every person

who trespasses upon any Railroad Land,

by cutting and removing timber therefrom

before the same is BOUGHT of the Company

AND PAID FOR.

All vacant land in odd numbered sec-
tions, whether surveyed or unsurveyed,within a distance of thirty miles from the
line of the road, belongs to the Company.L. B. MOORE,
Land Agent.

32v44f

JOB WAGON.

HAVING PURCHASED THE INTER-
est of G. W. Young in the

Delivery Business,

I am prepared to do any and all kinds of

jobs, on short notice and with quick dis-
patch. Terms reasonable. Packages de-
livered to any part of the city. Look

out for the BAY TEAM and JOB WAGON.

A. A. ARNOLD.

20v4

BLANK DEEDS, MORTGAGES, ETC.,

on hand—latest styles—and for sale

low, at this office.

DRUGS, ETC.

Murder in Albany

HAS NEVER YET BEEN KNOWN, AND
no threatening of it at present.

Death

Is a thing which sometime must befall
every son and daughter of the human fam-
ily; and yet,

At the Mid-day,

Of your life, if disease lays his vile hands
upon you, there is still "a balm in Gilead,"
by which you may be restored to perfect
health, and prolong your days to a miracu-
lous extent.

How?

By calling on

R. C. HILL & SON,

With a prescription, where you can have
it compounded by one experienced in that
particular line. Also, constantly on hand
a good assortment of fresh drugs, patent
medicines, chemicals, paints, oils, dye-
stuffs, trusses, etc. Agents for the

Celebrated Unk Weed Remedy.

Or, Oregon Rheumatic Cure; Dr. D. Jayne

& Sons' medicines, etc.

Spence's Positive and Negative Powders

kept in stock. Also agents for the

Home Shuttle Sewing Machine.

One of the most useful pieces of household

furniture extant. Call and examine.

R. C. HILL & SON.

Albany, June 19, 71-40v3

GEO. F. SETTLEMIER,

DRUGGIST,

(Successor to D. W. Wakenfield),

Parrish's New Building, First Street,

ALBANY, OREGON.

Dealer in

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

CHEMICALS,

PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, ETC.

All articles warranted pure, and of the

best quality.

Physicians' prescriptions carefully com-
pounded.

Albany, Oct. 17, 1886-41f

FOUNDRY.

ALBANY FOUNDRY

And

Machine Shop,

A. F. CHERRY Proprietor,

ALBANY, OREGON.

Manufactures Steam Engines,

Flour and Saw Mill Machin-
ery,

WOOD WORKING

And

AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY,

And all kinds of

IRON AND BRASS CASTINGS.

Particular attention paid to repairing all
kinds of machinery.

STOVES, ETC.

M. M. HARVEY & CO.,

(LATE W. H. M'FARLAND & CO.)

Opposite the hotels,

Albany, Oregon,

STOVES, RANGES,

Force and Lift Pumps,

LEAD AND IRON PIPE,

Hollow Ware,

HOUSE FURNISHING HARDWARE,

Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron

Ware.

LARGEST STOCK IN THE VALLEY.

Lowest Prices Every Time.

Repairing Properly Done. 40v3

[CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

and all the windows of the old
meeting house were thrown open,
the big trees waying close to the
high, old-fashioned windows, the
swallows twittering, the breeze
wandering in from the near clover
field, just as in old times when Dave
sat, in Sunday rig, dozing in the
gallery.

Looking about he saw Hannah
seated in the choir in a pretty pink-
lined bonnet; her eyes were intent
on her note-book; she did not re-
turn his glance. At that moment
there was a turning about of heads,
a rustle up the aisle, and Miss Sim-
mons came sweeping up the centre
in her flowing silks.

"A magnificent woman," David
thought, as he opened the pew door
for her. "A tall woman is queenly,
whereas Hannah always was a lit-
tle thing." He glanced up toward
the rose-lined bonnet in the choir.
"I'll speak to her after meeting," he
said.

But after the meeting David was
the center of a general hand-shak-
ing; and as he walked out of the
meeting-house, and up the leafy
street, Miss Simmons' lustrous rai-
ment swept close beside him, and
Hannah, walking on the opposite
side, did not look at the two, not
even when they met face to face at
the crossing.

He spent the evening at the
Squire's. Mrs. Johnson, having
done her pious duty for the day,
reclined upon the sofa. Miss Sim-
mons was very entertaining; Miss
Simmons was very agreeable. Some-
how it grew to be eleven o'clock—
a late hour in the country—and still
the visitor lingered.

The two drew near the curtained
window. Miss Simmons' perfumed
hair swept very near her compan-
ion's cheek. It was nearly mid-
night, the hour of spells. A strange
light glowed up in Miss Simmons'
eye, the red rose on her bosom shone
splendidly. It was an alluring vision
for a plaid lumberman; a lux-
ury of rest stole over him; he felt
himself being drawn nearer and
nearer this haven of silks and laces
and perfume.

"There's a strange illumination
in the sky, isn't there?" said the
lady, pointing outward with her
jeweled finger.

"You are illumined," said Mr.
David stupidly.

She laughed coquetically. "Not
quite so ruddily, I trust. See!"

True enough. A sinister bloom,
a roseate fever hue, rested redly in
the heavens, solemn and portentous.
Evidently there must be a fire.

"I'll go down to the gate," said
Mr. David, rousing himself, "and
see where it is."

How absorbed he had been! The
village bells at that moment rang
out a wild peal; he could hear the
tramp of feet along the road. A
lumbering engine from a neighbor-
ing town came creaking rustily up
the street. The whole place was
astir.

"Where is the fire?" he asked of
a man running by.

"Dunno. Reckon you'll find out
as soon as I do. Heern it was in
the little milliner's shop."

David was hatless; he forgot
that. David was leaving pleasant
company in very abrupt fashion; he
forgot that. Fires are very excit-
ing things. He forgot all about
Miss Simmons. She was safe,
whereas—

A dense crowd gathered about
the street where the flames were
making silent headway. The en-
gine was late, and, little used, was
long in getting under way. Mean-
time buckets of water were being
passed from hand to hand. It was
slow work—very slow work; the
fire was evidently gaining strength,
and every wooden building in the
neighborhood loomed redly in the
blaze, transformed from the white
peacefulness of yesterday, angry, in-
cendiary, threatening danger to the
whole town. The great tree in front
of Hannah's door crackled with fer-
vent heat; door and passage were
enveloped in smoke and flame.

"Any one inside?" asked David,
as he saw the rustic faces upturned
toward the window, intent, silent.

"Had her out once," said a man,
gruffly, "but she turned and went
back like mad. Job Winters is af-
ter her now."

"There's some of Jones' young-
sters asleep in there, I do believe,"
said another; they're always hang-
ing about the place. Shouldn't
wonder if they had a hand in the
mischief."

David was used to peril; he had
been up in the pine woods when the
flames girdled them with a fiery
belt. What was there in this small
village conflagration to make a
man turn sick and pale? He press-
ed his way through the crowd to the
doorway.

"Ware!" cried a voice; and at
that moment the great beam over
the shop window fell with a crash.
There was a cry that the wall was
falling, and Job Winters in his fire-
man's cap, appeared amidst the
shower of falling timber, and was
let down by a rope.

In the confusion David was drag-
ged, stunned and dizzy, from the
center of danger and flung out of
the way on the other side of the
great tree. A dead faint seemed
fallen upon him. Presently a sound
aroused him—a stir, a strange ex-
citement among the crowd, a hum
rising to a huzza.

Beside him under the great tree
stood a little woman, her face black-
ened with smoke, her raiment bur-
ied to shreds; by either hand she
held a barefoot lad, scarcely yet
awake from stupefying sleep.

"By the Lord, but you're a brave
little woman!" cried Job Winters,
singed and smiling. "I thought
you buried under the timbers for
sure. How ever did you do it?"

"Oh, Job, trust a woman's wit
for that. I climbed out through
the back-yard, and was scrambling
over the fence with the boys when
the wall fell. Are you hurt Dave?"
she asked, taking up a tin cup and
sprinkling his face with water. How
calm and quiet she was, as if it were
the most natural thing in the world
that they should be together in
trouble!

What had brought Mr. David
Dunham down there? He had done
nothing to help anybody; instead
of that he was being helped him-
self. He felt lame, and bruised,
and humiliated. "Hannah," he said,
"O, Hannah, I thought you were
dead!"

"Not I," said Hannah blithely.
"I am too full of business to think of
it. And the fire is getting under,
thank God, and the boys are safe.

Poor little Jimmy! your shavings
and matches for boiling aunt Han-
nah's kettle to-morrow like to have
cost you dear.

"But, Hannah, you have lost
everything."

"Hush! don't speak of it now. I
have not lost faith in myself."

"But you have in me."

David looked wistfully at the
scarred face of the little woman, her
shredded garments, her quiet, lu-
minous eyes. She stood in the fad-
ing blaze that had consumed all her
possessions, shining like an angel.

"Only one thing I will say, Han-
nah; we are old friends, and old
friends may speak their minds to
each other, may they not?"

"I suppose so, David; but the
boys are drenched through, and if
you are able to walk—"

"Just one word, Hannah. Where
is the fellow that you were waiting
for all this time in the little shop?"

A great change passed over Han-
nah's face. She stood utterly still,
as one who has seen a vision. Then
she laughed out-right.

"David," said she, "he is here
under this great tree, half drowned
and smudged and smutted. I think
he has a scorch on his forehead,
where the falling timber grazed it."

"You must make my little wife
excuse me to you for leaving so ab-
ruptly on the night of the fire,"
said David one day, coming upon
Miss Simmons, at the village store.
"Oh," said she, with a smile, "a
fire is so exciting! One never
knows what may come of it."—
Harper's Weekly.

The losses on the Western rivers
for the year amount to \$3,226,200.