

THE BLACK DOLL.

Dot was a little girl five years old, and she had left to her parents, whose other children all lay sleeping a still sounder sleep under four tiny mounds of green turf. The parents were poor, and lived in one poor room "over the water," and the Sunday school was gaged in that location, performed odd jobs in all parts of London. And some of them were very fine odd jobs. He was one of those men who are so very useful when you have something to get rid of, and are at a loss to know what to do when for instance your little dog has died, and you don't know what to do with the body; or when there is a contagious disease abroad, and it seems advisable to have some of the furniture destroyed. On all such occasions Potten was the man. He would do anything for next to nothing, or at any rate for a mere trifle; anything, at least, that was not dishonest, for a more honest man than Potten was scarce to be found. His pulvis nature of the work on which he was frequently employed resulted in any corresponding repulsiveness in the man himself. He had a sallow, gaunt face, it is true, for the lines had not fallen to his forehead, but Potten had smiled when he did smile, very brightly, and his manner, especially toward children, was very winning. No doubt his heart was under the softening influence of a noble memory—of Dot and of the many who had been cured by certainly one unpleasant peculiarity: there were times when he looked the very incarnation of skepticism; disbeliever stood confessed in the twinkling of an eye, and the next moment his nose, in the lines about his mouth, in the sound of his snigger. Sternly admonish him, tearfully beg of him, solemnly abjure him to be very careful, and so take the greatest precautions on his own account. He had any number of children; if he had any, and he would answer impatiently: "All right, sir; to be sure I will, ma'am; don't you go for to be afraid!" but all the while his manner and his laugh were from the bottom of his heart, pleasant as all a pack of rubbish; no harm shall happen unto me." Thus does familiarity breed contempt. Who is it that lights his pipe over the powder magazine? Who is it that murders a nation, and creates a deadly atmosphere of the mine? And yet Potten was most scrupulously careful in all that concerned his employers; he may have laughed at them in his sleeve, but, whether it were from contempt or from a sense of the consequences in case of detected neglect, he performed their order, as regarded themselves, to the very letter.

Such was the man who sat contentedly smoking his pipe, and puffing at his feet, and hugging in her arms a large black doll, with merry black eyes, laughing mouth and grinning teeth, but without arms—not a doll that most girls would fancy, but not loved it so fondly as if it had been a large, or a very small, but he was the largest of society. In Mr. Potten's section of beauty no special smoking-room is provided, and infants sleep peacefully amidst the fumes of tobacco. Perhaps that may be a little overdone, though ample enough, is not more rampant in certain districts.

Well, Mr. Potten sat smoking, Mrs. Potten sat sewing, and Dot lay sleeping. Mr. and Mrs. Potten had a deal table between them; and on a small lamp, which gave a very good light by means, if small can be depended on, of paraffine oil. Dot lay sleeping; but anybody who supposes that she occupied her own little cot with her spectacles, and a few other necessities which make such pretty pictures of slumbering childhood, would be very much mistaken. Mr. Potten's humble establishment did not admit of so much luxury. The bed was shared by Mr. and Mrs. Potten and Dot all shared the same bed, which, though by no means large, took up a considerable portion of the apartment. The bed had a cheerful, nice-looking coverlet. And yet it was anything but an ugly spectacle that presented itself to the husband and wife whenever they looked in Dot's direction. The bed linen was clean, though coarse; and there, and on her, her hair was pinned by Dot. Her fair hair, very long for her age, streamed out in all directions; the long lashes of her closed eyes drooped on her cheeks; her smiling mouth, half open, showed a row of white teeth; her chubby little arms were folded around the neck and body, and her little chin rested, as has been said, upon the woolly head of the black doll. And the black doll, with a ring of beads round a necklace of beads round its throat, and a glaring yellow frock upon its body, was gorgeous to behold.

Mr. Potten arose from his seat, and went softly up to the bed; and there was a moisture in his eyes when he reached it. He kissed his wife, and then he chuckled: "Lord love her! How happy she does look!"

"She never had a doll afore, you know, Potten," rejoined his wife, a little scornful, "but she's a happy woman," bar them little halfpenny ones."

"But she's bin a-cryin'," remarked Potten, with a look of inquiry. "I see two little stains on her little nose." "That's her eyes," said Potten, with a light laugh. "We had a few words about the doll: she'd had it playing with all the blessed day, and I thought she'd do better without it abed. But she's bin a-cryin' ever since she calls it, and wouldn't even have it undressed. So I let her have her own way, and that stopped her cryin' and made her happy again."

"What's the harm?" growled Potten. "Bless her little heart."

"That's her eyes," said Potten, "that doll, she's bin a-cryin' a lot o' money, that with the size on it, and the ornaments, and what not."

"Ah! I dare say," observed Potten with indifference.

"Lord love her! have bin able to buy one like it," continued Mrs. Potten with much emphasis.

"Not I," assented Potten with a short laugh. "Ah! it's an ill wind as blows nobody any good."

"You rot," never told me where you got it from," remarked Mrs. Potten. "You only said it was given to you."

"What's the odds?" said Potten, yawning. "Here, I'm tired, I'm a-goin' to bed. Come, my husband."

Mr. and Mrs. Potten were soon asleep, with Dot and the black doll between them.

pretty little face is thin and pale; her parents are almost transparent; she totters if she is not supported. The lady and maid-servant are present in the room, and render the necessary assistance. The little girl has just had a bath, to judge from plain indications; and she is now being arrayed in the most delicate and dainty of dresses, and gently laid in the most dainty little cot, with the most dainty appliances. Otherwise the room and indeed the whole house, presents an unfurnished appearance; all the furniture seemed to be added together in out-of-the-way places, and there is a notable absence of carpets from the floors. Wherever you turn you see basins or other utensils filled with a red liquid, as if there had been a general nose-bleeding throughout the house. Moreover, there is a pervading smell of soot, from which the experienced would infer disinfectants. In the little girl's own room stands a table on which are arranged, to please the eye, and small articles of dress, flowers, violets, pansies, daffodils, jonquils, grapes and blood-oranges. Cheap photographs and cheap pictures, books, which may serve to amuse for the moment, and may be afterwards discarded, are scattered all over the room, and a score of extravagance are scattered in all directions. When the little girl has been made quite comfortable, the lady sits down by the side of the cot, and prepares to coax the invalid to sleep.

"What's the matter now, dear mum?" asked the invalid.

"Nearly well, dear," replies mamma. "We are going to the sea-side to-morrow, and then you will get quite strong and well again."

"I don't know, why can't I go on having Candace to sleep with me?" asked the invalid.

"Candace has gone away, darling."

"Where to, mum?"

"To the sea-side," said the lady. She was taken away by the man when he took the other things."

"What will he do to her, mum? Cure her?"

"He hopes so, dear."

"But how can't I have her back when she's cured, dear mum?"

"Because, though she might not do you any harm, dear, it's safer, on account of other people, that we should get her cured, and then she'll be strong."

"Poor Candace! I hope she'll soon get well," murmured the invalid sleepily. "And I hope," she added, "that she'd not make any other little girls as ill as she has been."

The mother of the Ethiopians, was the name which the little invalid had given to her plaything, a black doll. It had been included amongst a number of articles which "the man" had carried off, and the lady had "cured" as the little invalid would have said, "The lady knew nothing of 'the man,' but that he had been authoritatively recommended as a regular practitioner in such matters. She had paid him well, and he had brought her a very good, and everything, or at any rate, to bake, smoke, steam, boil, and disinfect everything thoroughly. Unless he faithfully promised to do at least the latter, she would see if she could not find some other kind of aid for her child. "The man" had replied: "All right, ma'am; don't you go for to be afraid; I know all about it." But somehow his manner was a little contemptuous; his eyes were red, and he had a look of being weary by no means reassuring fashion. And so he had gone his way; and she did not even know his name, which was Potten.

And so the lady and the little invalid went to the sea-side; and the latter grew strong and plump and rosy again.

And Candace and "the man" were clean forgotten.

Meanwhile, Dot had been getting on famously. "Dear Blackie," No doubt Candace, queen of the Ethiopians, had fallen considerably in the social scale; but it is a question whether she had even before been treated with so much deference. Dot never did anything without consulting her, and she had been told that she had given her permission before she even dared to put into her mouth a single piece of bread and butter or a sip of milk and water. Nay, it was said that Dot had been backed up by the influence of the late Queen Candace. On the third evening of Dot's possession of her treasure—"Now, Dot, it's time to go to bed; that's a good girl," said Mrs. Potten, said, "It's time to go to bed, dear Dot; asked; and then she cried exultantly: "No, mother; dear Blackie says we mustn't do to bed yet, but wait for da."

"You'd better ask dear Blackie again," said Mrs. Potten, reproved, for she was a patient and obedient, but firm mother. There was a short pause; and then Dot said, with a knowing laugh: "Dear Blackie says we'd better do to bed to-night, and sit up for da some other time."

"Ah! dear Blackie's a good sort," Mrs. Potten admitted, as she proceeded to undress her obedient little Dot.

And Dot, she closed her eyes in sleep, kissed her black doll, and said good night, dear Blackie. "Dob 'bess 'ou."

That same evening Mr. Potten, whose avocations nearly always took him away from home all day, and who, consequently, seldom had an opportunity of seeing his wife, was now being treated by her to a little comedy, which he, as a father, found more laughable moving than anything ever performed by Liston, Wright or Toole. Dot was restless, and woke up while her father was dressing, and she was then treated by her to a little comedy, which he, as a father, found more laughable moving than anything ever performed by Liston, Wright or Toole. Dot was restless, and woke up while her father was dressing, and she was then treated by her to a little comedy, which he, as a father, found more laughable moving than anything ever performed by Liston, Wright or Toole. Dot was restless, and woke up while her father was dressing, and she was then treated by her to a little comedy, which he, as a father, found more laughable moving than anything ever performed by Liston, Wright or Toole.

And Dot insisted upon sharing his pipe and beer with "dear Blackie," who, she asserted, had always been accustomed to tobacco in "Blackie's time," and who was now to be treated as Mr. Potten himself expressed it "with a head on." So "dear Blackie" was placed in a sitting posture upon the table, was propped up against a candlestick, and, with a language, interpreted by Dot, contributed greatly to the hilarity of the evening.

"Lord love her little heart!" exclaimed Potten, as he wiped tears of amusement from his eyes when Dot had been laughing at him for some time, and was now sleeping heavily, breathing stertorously, and tossing uneasily with a skin as hot and dry as a burnished coal. But poor people shrink from the expense of a doctor; and the Pottens were no exception. The night brought forth a cold, so sore that it seemed as if it would be choked. There was no hope for it; a doctor must be called, and Potten

on his way to work, engaged one to "look in." The doctor looked in, and looked serious. He sent medicine, and word that he would look in again in the evening. In the evening he came, and Potten was there.

Dot, on his original red flush, to the white of the face.

"What is it, sir, please?" asked Potten, with white and trembling lips.

"Well," said the doctor, "it is best to tell you in order that you may take prevention. It is a very bad case of scalded liver."

Potten groaned heavily, dropped down by the bedside, and hid his face in the clothes.

"Come, be a man," said the doctor, touching him on the shoulder; "don't give up just that. I've known worse cases recover."

Potten got up and started about him like one distraught.

The doctor gave his directions to Mrs. Potten, and with a kind "good morning," departed.

The eighth day was approaching, and Dot was in a high state of delirium. There were no sweet flowers, no violets, no primroses, no daffodils for poor little Dot, to catch her eye and soothe her nerves. And she gazed at the flowers to moisten her parched lips. And whenever her father drew near her pillow, she, when the delirious fit was upon her, would turn away her face and mutter, "back man, away, back man; do not touch my back man."

The eighth day came and passed; and Dot passed away in the twilight.

Potten had scarcely spoken a word as long as the fever lasted; but now, as the fever passed, he spoke again, and dry, fierce words at the tiny corpse before him, he said, in slow, distinct, deliberate tones: "Susan! I've killed my child."

Mrs. Potten, for a moment, hushed her breath, and stared at him in blank amazement.

"Look here," continued Potten, in low, husky tones: "I knowed there'd bin fever in the house where this come from; the lady that gave it to me, she was a greyed lady, and she, at leastways, to burn the clo'es and the hair, and bake and scour and reglar disinfect the rest on it; but I was afraid of spillin' it, and—and—as they was all dead, and I was afraid to burn it in the house, I never give it a second thought, and—and—I give it—her," and, with a sob that shook his whole body, he threw down upon the patchwork counterpane the black doll.

Potten then returned to him with a face that grew paler and graver, and more horror-stricken at every word he uttered; but all she said was, in a voice full of awe and agony: "Oh, John!"

And then, on her approach she made him; but it may be that there is more in a tone than in words.

Potten walked slowly to the door, and left the room. He looked like a man in a dream. He did not return that night, and Mrs. Potten was alarmed. He did not return the next day or night, and the neighbors were alarmed. They thought, too truly, that the poor man had gone distracted, was mad with grief and the sense of having been the cause of death, and that he would never return. They naturally expected to find him on the river side. And there, on the third day, they found him—at low water—dead.

The Drama in Japan.

In Japan they say the theaters are very much patronized; the play commences at 6 in the morning and terminates at 8 or 9 in the evening; often the same piece occupies two and three days in the representation. Gentlemen go to the theater in the morning, in full dress, but the ladies are the latter, to cover their swarthy looks, have the face and shoulders white-washed with almond milk; a black head-dress and crimson apron, and the lips are coated thinly with gold, which, after a while, takes a red hue; the head-dress is a veritable piece of engineering; it is a scaffolding that has to be commenced in the evening previously by the butts reclining dressed till the theater opens, and once there, she forgets all fatigue. The robe appears to be swathed in ribbon-sashes, forming an immense knot at the back. The scene is painted on a screen, simply on the plan of the turn-table for theatrical motives. At a given signal the table whirls for the space of a half-circle, taking away actors in the midst of their dialogue and bringing others on the scene in the act of continuing the conversation, or representing something new. Every actor has his "shadow,"—an individual dressed in black, who never quits him, handing everything he needs in the need of him. And when the shades of evening fall, he holds a candle on the end of a stick under the actor's nose to allow the spectators to judge of the actor's gestures and expression of passions.

Wisdom of the Egyptians.

Philologists, astronomers, chemists, painters, architects and physicians must needs have been the least important of the writing—a knowledge of the calendar and solar motion—the art of cutting granite with a copper chisel, and of giving elasticity to a copper sword—these were the most important of the rainbow—of moving single blocks of polished syenite nine hundred tons in weight, for any distance by land or water—of building arches round and pointed, with 30,000 stones, at a cost of nearly the present day, and anticipated by two thousand years to the Cloaca Maxima of Rome—of sculpturing a Doric column one thousand years before the Dorians are known in history—of producing the impalpable smoke—of and of practical knowledge in many more. And it is no less clear that every craftsman can behold on Egyptian monuments the progress of his art four thousand years ago, whether it be the architect drawing his chariot, a shoemaker drawing his twine, a leather cutter using that selfsame form of knife which is considered the best form now or a weaver throwing the same hand shuttle.

OTTO OF ROSES.—The crop of roses in the Orient has so fallen off this season that it is thought the whole amount of roses produced in a single year will be 1,600 pounds, whereas the product last year was 2,700 pounds. There are eight provinces in Turkey which together yield ordinarily 3,600 pounds, and occasionally, as in 1896, 6,000 pounds. In 1897, the crop will fall to 7,000 pounds, as in 1872. The largest of these provinces gives about 1,900 pounds. The amount is variable, but on the average, it takes 3,000 pounds of roses to produce a single pound of otto of rose. Great care is necessary in the cultivation of the crop, the business of which is entirely in the hands of the peasantry and farmers, who have the roses in blossom from the middle of the short crop. In consequence of the short crop this year, the price of otto of roses has made a considerable advance in London, Paris, and New York.

Common Superstitions.

Common Superstitions.

Christianity has not eliminated the superstitions of heaven, and we are commanded, "Beware, almighty, at the signs of heaven, as the heathen are."

The son of my German neighbor had a broken leg which was mending under the care of a skillful surgeon. At this time the crowing of a hen, instead of being construed, as it might have been, as the assertion of female rights, was construed, under the accepted German myth, as a sign of death in the house! The crowing of a hen, too, on the catastrophe, and the bird died.

My next neighbor has in his garret a clock, dead these seven years. His son a little time ago heard the clock strike in the night, and told his mother. Shortly after, the son fell ill, and died. The stricken mother had the clang of that clock, untimely striking, as a dreadful sound in her ears. As I write I see that sick boy riding out. The sign had failed. Well, all signs fail in the weather, so it is not discredited after all.

I have, or had, a neighbor who would enter upon no new undertaking on Friday. Friday is an unlucky day. That man, but for his neighborly aid, drove out five miles on Thursday, and returned to lodge at home. Thus he avoided the glower of the unlucky day.

It is a bad sign to see the new moon first over the right shoulder, a very bad sign to hear a death-watch. The death-watch is a bug known to entomologists as *asaperda candida*. It is not safe to sleep in a haunted room. Danger lurks in the shadows of the night.

What is all this but a touch of the fears that haunt the mind of the most ignorant heathen? How sad and humiliating that Christian people should even be subject to such foolish superstitions!

Kitchen Poisoning.

The recent poisoning in New York, caused by the use of the very same exterminator, deserves the earnest attention of housekeepers. Three persons died and several others were seriously prostrated from the effects of this preposterous remedy. The development of the inquiry gives a very forcible exhibition of the ignorance and carelessness of servants, and show how liable families are to fatal accidents in the kitchen, when constant supervision is not exercised by the mistress of the household. The poisonous exterminator used in this case was Paris-green, one of the deadliest of mineral poisons, and the testimony shows that it was employed in entire ignorance of the dangerous nature. Enough of the substance was scattered about the kitchen to kill a regiment, the only excuse for such an invitation to disaster being a desire to rid the premises of roaches. Very likely the roaches were killed by snuffing the powder about, but it is probable that the whole family was not as summarily disposed of. As it was, the consequences were sufficiently dreadful. The poison was found scattered everywhere—among the dishes, among the food, and on the floor. It is probable where a breath of air might scatter it into articles under process of cooking. Such foolhardiness is almost incredible, and the carelessness in the head of the family in permitting such practices equally so. The travail of looking after servants is often a serious one, but experience constantly shows that it cannot, either with safety or comfort, be relaxed.

Saving is Wealth.

One great cause of the poverty of the present day is the failure of our common people to appreciate small savings. The miserly man, who daily accumulation, be it ever so small, will soon make a large pile. If the young men and young women of to-day will only begin now, and begin now, to save a little from their earnings and plant it in the soil of some savings bank, and in a year or two, or monthly add their mite, they will wear a happy smile of competence when they reach middle life. Not only the desire, but the ability to increase it will also grow.

Let clerk and tradesman, laborer and artisan, make now and at once a beginning. Store up some of your youthful force and vigor for future contingency. Let parents teach their children to save. Begeth the nation at the fountain-head to control the stream of extravagance—to choose between poverty and riches. Let our youth go on in habits of extravagance for fifty years to come, and the nation will be a nation of beggars, with moneyed aristocracy. Let a generation of such as save in small sums be reared, and we shall be free from all want. Do not be ambitious for extravagant pleasures. To do so is to risk the loss of every one to obtain, independence and a comfortable home. Wealth, and enough of it, is within the reach of all. It is obtained by one process, and by one only—**SAVING.**

THERE are some merchants who think they can dispense with advertising, because they are well known. Let them ask why it is that A. T. Stewart & Co. spend half a million every year for advertising. That firm is tolerably well known. We never heard it accused of either, of making mistakes in its estimates, or of losing its own language.

Sir Isaac Newton, a very wise and godly man, was once examining a new and fine globe, when a gentleman came into his study who did not believe in the value of the globe, and who lived by live in came by chance. He was much pleased with the handsome globe, and asked:

"Who made it?"

"Nobody," answered Sir Isaac.

The gentleman looked up in amazement at the answer, but he soon understood what it meant.

GOVERNMENT BONDS.—By way of reply to a correspondent the New York Tribune states that the total amount of bonds of the United States bearing interest in gold now outstanding is \$1,748,700 in the 6 per cent bonds known as 5-20's; \$238,681,350 in 6 per cent bonds of other classes; \$322,197,900 in per cent bonds of the new loan, representing the new issue of \$1,000,000 and \$19,827,300 of other issues of per cent bonds. The amount of 5-20's outstanding on the 1st of March, 1880, was \$1,602,687,350, and the amount paid off in gold and purchased for the sinking fund is \$679,040,650.

SEVEN SONS OF EXTRA PRICE of Brooklyn, met at Norwich, a few days since, to select the one to represent the family in the army. The seven brothers, despite their ages, have gained some notoriety as postal-card writers. Edmund, 66 years old, wrote on a card last year, 2,700 words, for which he received a diploma at the American Institute of Correspondence, and he wrote on one 9,800 words from the Psalms.

"VOLUNTARY and responsible insanity" is Gerrit Smith's analysis of drunkenness.

The Rear of Houses.

Take the prettiest and best kept villages of New England, and you doubt a better scene of verdant and picturesque mansions and the most ornate cottages will bear examination in the rear. Instead of being nicely finished in all their petty domestic details and conveniences, and kept snug and trim, each of these villages is draped in the most ordinate avenues and garden approaches well graveled, clean swept and free of refuse, and everything wholesome and orderly, there is apt to be a look of general untidiness, as if the residual rubbish of the land had been dumped there. Not unfrequently a railroad runs its track in such a manner as to expose the rear of plenty of houses to the eye of the traveler over it, whose sense of neatness is offended by the square rods of each of these villages. The great conceivable variety of second-hand, damaged and invalidated articles known to domestic use, from a horse-cart disabled by broken thills and wrecked wheels to the ghost of the baby carriage which carries two or three children, are interspersed with smashed crockery, rusty and condemned tinware, old boots, sardine boxes, disabled junk bottles, hoop-skirts which would have outlived their usefulness, and a host of other things, burdock, mulin, ashes, half-burned lumps of wasted coal, and all imaginable litter, trash, debris and dirt. On the other hand, nothing is prettier than a stage which is thoroughly well kept of the land, and being in the public portion. It seems inevitably redolent of a purer, sweeter, happier domestic life than one with heaps of festering rubbish crowding hard upon it.

A Great Enterprise.

There is now a great probability that work will soon be begun on the submarine tunnel between England and France. The width of the channel at the narrowest between Dover, England, and Calais is about twenty miles. The surveys already made show that the chalk which forms the Dover cliffs extends under water from the shore, forming a very rocky shore, and perfectly water-proof. Its depth, direction, and solidity have been ascertained by sinking shafts at various points. The proposed tunnel will run about two hundred feet below the sea bottom, thus avoiding the rocks and shoals. The work will be insured by shafts terminating on the shore. The cost of these shafts and the preliminary work is estimated at about \$800,000, while the total expenses of the undertaking may not fall short of \$10,000,000. The tunnel will be built by a combined French and English company, with the aid of the connection railways, and concessions from the two governments. Toward the preliminary engineering each company has contributed \$500,000. The French subscriptions are nearly made up, while there is every reason to believe that the English will be ready within their due time. Nothing else delays the commencement of the work, save the favorable action of the French assembly, which is likely to be taken, as President MacMahon is not opposed to the enterprise. The tunnel, once in working order, a fearful amount of commerce will be carried, and so far as travel is concerned, England will form a part of the continent.

Cat-Mad.

A boy of Willow Creek, Cal., last February was bitten by a wild cat, and soon got apparently well of the bite. He is a muscular boy of seventeen, and lately he began to be cruel to his younger brothers and often seized with a strong passion, and even with a club, a dog from him when the cat was on him, and babies were carefully kept out of his reach. He took it into his head that it was not wrong to kill little children and a very slight provocation was enough to prompt him. His peculiarities began to attract general attention and the people of Willow Creek became afraid of the boy. They called him a human wild cat because when he was attacked with a stick or a club, he would growl and hiss like a cat. At length he was caught and taken to Yreka, and put into jail for safe keeping. The doctors heard of the case and had a consultation over it. They called his malady *rabies felina* and pronounced it a case of rabies, and ease is said to be exceedingly rare in this country.

Successful Co-operation.

Godin, a manufacturer at Guise, France, has introduced there a practical system of co-operation. In a work of the subject, Godin says that he became convinced that the principal evils of poverty, the lack of money, the want of books, nurses, doctors, and other necessary attendants; ill-trained and ill-lighted houses, lack of moral amusements, and consequent temptations Godin built a great social palace on the ruins of the old one. He employed the workmen, and when their wants are supplied by co-operative stores, kitchen and laundries. Theatrical and concert troupes, formed among the inhabitants furnish amusement, and a physician and a surgeon are on duty. He has done the work. Godin has lost nothing by his philanthropy, the rents paying a fair return on the capital invested. He also shares the profits above 15 per cent. of the capital invested with the working men, besides paying them good wages.

A Telling Reply.

In a small town of nearly a mile distant from this city there recently appeared a stranger, who, in the first instance, minded his own business, spoke but little, and paid his bills with regularity. The quiet demeanor of the stranger attracted considerable unfavorable comment, which the length grew into a charge that he was a law-breaking gang. The stranger at length held a meeting to consider the case, and the landlord of the hotel was appointed a member of the committee. The stranger and asked his business in town. The landlord took occasion to do so at meal-time. The stranger laid down his knife and fork, and said: "You see, landlord, I am on to you. I have got into a scrape a short time ago, was caught, and sentenced to hang, and to reside two weeks in the place. I have lived out one week already, but I am doubtful about being able to get out of the place before the week is over, and the townspeople asked no further questions."—*New-Haven Palladium*.

AN OREGON WOMAN.

—There is a smart young widow in Lane county, Oregon, who last winter plowed between seventy and eighty acres of ground for her father, and harrowed the most of it in. She then went to the city and took up a school and taught until harvest and harvest commenced, when she dropped the "birch" and again took up the reins and cut her father's uncle's grain, and is now cutting for her neighbors.

Tax on wells of Pennsylvania.

—The oil wells of Pennsylvania are taxed daily about 40,000 barrels.

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BUSINESS CARDS.

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JNO. FOSHAY,
Dealer in
Miscellaneous Books, School Books, Blank
Books, Stationery, Fancy Articles, &c.
Books imported to order at shortest possible no-
tice. 16030

DR. GEO. W. GRAY,
DENTIST,
—ALBANY, OREGON.—
Office in Parrish Brick Block, corner First and
Ferry streets.
Residence, corner Fifth and Ferry streets.
Office hours from 8 to 12 o'clock a. m. and 1 to 4
o'clock p. m. 1895

Epizootics Distanced.
THE BAY TEAM STILL LIVES
And is flourishing like a green bay tree. Thanks
for past favors, and wishing to merit the continu-
ance of the same, the BAY TEAM will always be
ready, and easily found, to do any hauling within
the city limits, for a reasonable compensation.
2055 Delivery of goods a specialty.
W. A. ARNOLD, Proprietor.

W. C. TWEEDEDALE,
Dealer in
Groceries, Provisions, Tobacco, Cigars
Cutlery, Crockery, and Wood and Willow Ware.
—ALBANY, OREGON.—
227 Call and see him. 2455

The Metzler Chair
Can be had at the following places:
Harrisburg.....Sam May
Junction City.....Smith & Braselton
.....Rick & Huns-
Halsey.....J. M. Morgan
.....J. J. Brown
Albany.....J. G. Metzler
.....J. G. & Col-
A full supply are also obtained at my old shop
on First street, Albany, Oregon. 10156

Piles! Piles!
Why say this damaging and troublesome com-
plaint cannot be cured, when so many evidences of
success might be placed before you every day—
cures of supposed hopeless cases? Your physician
informs you that the longer you allow the complaint
to exist, you lessen your chances for relief. Ex-
perience has taught this in all cases.

A. Carothers & Co.'s Pile Pills & Ointment
Are all they are recommended to be. Will cure
Chronic, and Bleeding Piles in a very short
time, and are *convenient to use.*
This preparation is sent by mail or express to any
point within the United States at \$1.50 per package
address A. CAROTHERS & CO.,
Box 105, Albany, Oregon.
2255

JOHN SCHMEER,
DEALER IN
Groceries and Provisions
—ALBANY, OREGON,—
Has just opened his new grocery establishment, at
Corner of Ellsworth and First Street
With a fresh stock of Groceries, Provisions, Candles,
Cigars, Tobacco, &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.
227 Call and see him.

February 16. JOHN SCHMEER. 2454

The Old Store 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 reason-
able terms.
Short Reckonings Make Long Friends
FRONT STREET, ALBANY.
Dec. 5, 1874.

FURNITURE
Everything New.
GRAF & COLLAR,
Manufacturers and Dealers in
FURNITURE
OF ALL KINDS.
Bureaus, Bedsteads, Tables, Lounges,
Sofas, Spring Beds, Chairs, Etc.,
Always on hand or made to order on the short-
notice.
Furniture repaired expeditiously and at fair rate
Salisbury and Factory on First Street
near Schmeer's Bakery.
Albany, Feb. 28, 1874-25. GRAF & COLLAR.

A. W. GAMBLE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, Etc.
Office on First St., over Weed's Grocery Store.
Residence opposite late residence of John C. McDonald, near the Foundry, First street, Albany.
October 28, 1878.

Webfoot Market!
CHARLES WILSON
Having leased the Webfoot Market, on First street, adjoining Gradwohl's, respectfully asks a share of the public patronage. The market will be kept constantly supplied with all kinds of fresh meats, Call and see.
\$18 The highest cash price paid for hinds.
Albany, August 14, 1874. **CHARLES WILSON.**

W. H. McFarland,
(Late M. M. Harvey & Co.,)
Next Door to Conner's Bank,
ALBANY, OREGON.

STOVES, RANGES,
Force and Lift Pumps,
Lead and Iron Pipe,
Hollow Ware,
House Furnishing Hardware,
Tin, Copper & Sheet Iron Ware.
LARGEST STOCK IN THE VALLEY.
LOWEST PRICES EVERY TIME.
REPAIRING PROMPTLY DONE.
June 11, 1874.

ALBANY
Foundry and Machine Shop,
A. F. CHERRY, Proprietor,
ALBANY, OREGON,
Manufactures

Steam Engines,
Flour and Saw Mill Machinery,
Wood-Working & Agricultural Machinery.
And all kinds of
Iron and Brass Castings.
Particular attention paid to repairing all kinds of machinery. 41V3
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 receive.
Albany, Oregon. **A. CAROTHERS & CO.** 41V3

GO TO THE
BEE-HIVE STORE
— TO BUY —
Groceries,
Provisions,
Notions,
&c., &c., &c.
Cheap for Cash!
Country Produce of All Kinds Bought
For Merchandise or Cash.
This is the place to get the
Best Bargains Ever Offered in Albany
Parties will always do well to call and see for themselves.
First Street, Albany, Oregon.
92V6

Y^e
MEXICAN
Mustang Liniment
Was first known in America. Its merits are now well known throughout the habitable world. It has the oldest and best record of any Liniment in the world. From six millions upon millions of bottles sold not a single complaint has ever reached us. As a Healing and Pain-Subduing Liniment it has no equal. It is **ALF**
BENEFICIAL TO MAN AND BEAST
Sold by All Druggists.
S. ---86---X
Y^e OLD
Homestead Tonic
Plantation Bitters
Is a purely Vegetable Preparation, composed of Calagaya Bark, Roots, Herbs and Fruits, among which will be found Sarsaparilla, Danielon, Wild Cherry, Sassafras, Tansy, Gentian, Sweet Flag, etc. also Tamarinds, Dates, Prunes and Juniper Berries preserved in a sufficient quantity (only) of the Refined Sugar: Cane to keep in any climate. They invariably relieve and cure the following complaints: Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Liver Complaints, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Bilious Attacks, Fever as caused as a medicine only, and always according directions.
WOMEN
Are subjected; and as a tonic for the Aged, Feeble and Debilitated, have no equal. They are strictly intended as a Temperance Tonic or Bitters, to be used as a medicine only, and always according directions.
SOLD BY ALL FIRST-CLASS DRUGGISTS