SAY'S THANKSGIVING GUEST.

"We should be thankfuller if we were going to have turkey, and plum pudding, and nuts, and raisins, and "Don't fret, Will, and I'll take you everything nice for dessert; if we were out to walk, after I have helped mamma We should be a good deal thankfuller, shouldn't we, mamma?" said Say, with rather a rueful face at the cold joint of meat that was to serve as their Thanksgiving dinner.

"Mamma, II I meet anybody white I'm out—any very poor body, perhaps—who would not be likely to have as good a dinner as ours, may'I ask her to come and dine with us? May I ask giving dinner.

We ought to be just as thankful for what we have, my dear," said Mrs. Harris. "We'll make believe that we have just as good as anybody, and forget all about the turkey and plum pudding. Poor folks should be just as thankful as rich ones." She tried to speak cheerfully, but sharp-eyed little Say saw that her eyes were moist.

"But I do want plum pudding, I sarnt be thankful!" shouted Will, in most unorthodox rebellion. And he began to cry lustily.

"Be quiet, Will," said Say, "and I'll tell you the story mamma told me last night while you were sleeping."
"No, no!" persisted Will. "I will

born side by side up in a great mounstayed with surprising suddenness. "Now these were merry little brooks, and they played together for a long time in a little green hollow on the top of the mountain; but when they grew larger and older, and their voices, so clear and river as soon as they could. And they were glad enough to obey her, for they were tired of running in one little green

"I say I want plum pudding!" piped Will again, the absence of giants making the story rather tame to his critical ears.

But Say went on, never heeding the interruption. "So they started together one sunshiny morning. They took great leaps over the rocks; they struggled through little fairy forests of fern. When it was dark they sang to them-selves to keep from being frightened; and when it was bright they laughed and shouted so that all the birds began to mimic them. And at last, after they had traveled very far, they found themselves in a merry green meadow.
"'What a wide world it is!' said one

little brook, blinking its eyes with surprise.
"'And what a bonnie one!' said the other, tripping a bluebell that stood in

so fast. The birds pressed them to at-tend a grand concert in the woods near tend a grand concert in the woods near by. The buttercups rustled their satin dresses, and begged them to come and catching at Say's dress. sit at their feet, if only for one moment; and the bees, though they were always so busy, half promised to keep "Well, I can't be good" koliday with them, if they would wait. he announced, desperately; and began little place where they lived, to his own to the other. 'See how dark our path

tance. Why shouldn't we have a holiday now?"
"But the other little brook said:
"'No. I have had holidays enough, and I shall hasten on. The queen said it was time I was doing some good in the world, and I long to be in the river and help carry the beautiful ships.' ""Well,' said the other little brook,

you can go, but I shall stay here until nightfall. And when you are in that dreadfully dark wood, you will look back at me playing in the sunshine, and wish you had stayed with me, I'm

"So they kissed each other good-by over the nose of a bluebell, and went their separate ways. It was dark and fearful in the woods; the trees frowned down on the little brook like tall grim giants, and it could not see the sky. But it kept heart by singing a merry song; and, before it had time to grow discouraged, it reached the river. The great wide sky, without a cloud, was bending over it, and all the waves were filled with strange, beautiful voices. It felt great sails rustle over it; it seemed to be carried along in the arms of cool winds, without any effort of its own; and its heart was filled with a delight it had

after a while that there was any other life than that; that there was anything to do in the world but to kiss a daisy bud and flatter a rose. When he did get tired of it at last, and remembered that he was on the way to the river, he found that he had lost his path; and, after a long and vain search for it, finally died of weariness in the noontide

day."
Will looked rather bewildered, but Will looked rather bewildered, but "O, sir, how very good you are!" preacher of Christianity, who was the seemed deeply impressed by the rewarded virtue of the good brook, and clamma will not like it." ored no more for plum pudding. Say As for Will, he could hardly believe had made the moral of the story rather his own senses; and his eyes shone as more prominent than her mother had much with wonder as delight.

serious meditation, "things happen to everybody else; why doesn't anything happen to us? Everything's always just the same. Nobody comes to see us, and we never go to see anybody; and you do nothing but just work, work work, all the time. There is Hetty Eaton, she's poor, too, but her uncle Eaton, she's poor, too, but her uncle came home from sea one day and brought her a parrot; and sometimes two aunts come to see her. Then there's little Mary Murphy, she's awful poor; did not escape Say's notice. her mother washes, but she's going to "If you used to know ma have company to-day. Her mother told her she might invite Bridget Col-lins. I wish I could invite somebody to dinner. Wouldn't it seem thankfuller to have somebody besides our- I'm sure, only-" and she hesitated-

and with whom Say was very intimate. She was socially inclined, and made friends with him in the street. "Uncle Toby has been invited to his

daughter's, and he is going to have turkey for dinner," said Say, regret-The unfortunate mention of turkey

going to have lots of company, and set the table," said Say, coaxingly. ived in a big house, like we used to. "Mamma, if I meet anybody while

And Mrs. Harris, whose thoughts were far away in happier Thanksgiving days, said yes, though she had not heed-

ed Say's question. So Say smoothed every wrinkle out of the snowy tablecloth, arranged all the dishes with the nicest care, and, after everything else was completed, she plucked a bright scarlet blossom from her geranium, and shading it in the most artistic manner with a few green leaves, placed it in the center of the table in a little crystal vase. The sunshine came in and made a great bright-ness of its rich petals, the glasses sparkled like silver, and Say thought things did begin to look a little like "Once there were two little brooks Thanksgiving, after all. It was a clear bright day, with just enough snow on tain," began Say, and his tears were the ground to make it look like winter. Say's shoes were so thin and old that her feet were cold, but she had grown so light-hearted all of a sudden that she

did not mind it at all. "Mamma says sometimes that she feels as if something were going to hapringing, were heard far down in the valley, their queen thought it was time remarked to Will, who trudged sturdily they should be doing something in the along by her side. "And it's something world, and bade them set out for the good, Will-something very good, re-

"I'se been good to-day, haven't I?" said Will, doubtfully. He had implicit faith in Say, and the idea of any good thing's hap-pening made him reflect that he might be shut out in the cold. The bad boys in Say's stories were always as mercilessly punished as the good ones were

vigorously rewarded.
"Well, pretty good," said Say, wishing to be as indulgent as her conscience

"I think I should be gooder if I were to have some candy," he remarked, as they stood before the tempting window thing happened—a mistake was made, they stood before the tempting window

of a confectioner's shop.

Say never could pass that window without peeping in. It was a little consolation to be allowed to look at such good things. There was a great candy castle in the center, with a little candy lady standing in the door, taking a view of the tempting heaps of bonbons that were piled up in her door-yard. Will wished he were in her place. Then there were dainty little baskets full of its way.

"They found so many friends in the meadow that they could hardly get along for greeting this one and that one.
There were the daisies, keeping house in little grassy tents, who sent them an its little baskets full of chocolate cream-drops, and caramels, and wine-drops; gilded sheaves full of rich-colored fruits, a great cake under a white frosting of lilies; and in the midst of this wilderness of sweets, in the court-yard of the castle, played a invitation to dine. The roses nodded at them, and begged them not to hurry clear little fountain, whose trickle was wonderfully suggestive of melted sugar.

> "No, dear, not to-day. I haven't any "Well, I can't be good without it."

"Let us stay,' sail one little brook to cry with all his might. "I ought to the other. 'See how dark our path "Dear me!" said Say; "I ought to is growing before us; and it is so pleas- have known better than to stop here in the morning, and Say stood up by ant and sunny here, and there are such with him. Will, you must stop crying, her mother's side during the ceremony, merry folks to keep us company. Sure- or I shall take you home now. Some and we have traveled such a long disgood.

"Tain't no use to be good," said Will, despairingly. "I has been good." "What's the matter with the little boy?" said a gentleman, who had been standing near by for some time, strangely observant of Say's pretty, wistful face under the old red hood.

"Wants candy," said Will, speaking for himself. Say blushed, and tried to draw him away from the spot, but a ray of hope

had crept into his greedy little mind, and he refused to stir an inch. "Will you tell me what your name

is?" said the gentleman, coming nearer, and bending over poor mortified "My name is Sarah Fairlee Harris,"

said she, smiling up into his face.
"I like him. He looks good," she thought; "and he is so handsome! He looks like the picture of the brave knight in my story-book."

The gentleman changed color, and looked down at the child's ragged old boots and faded gown with an expres-sion in his face that troubled her very much.

winds, without any effort of its own; and its heart was filled with a delight it had never dreamed of before.

"But the little brook found it so pleasant in the meadows that he forgot effore a while that the state of the boy that wants candy?" he said, pinching Will's chubby cheek.

"William," said he, smiling with great amiability through his tears.

"Well, I suppose he may as well have candy, if he wants it." And he rushed into the store, before Say could say a word.
"O, Will! what will mamma say?

You just the same as asked the gentleman to give you candy !" guilt, but expressed himself as being among them all.

done when she told it to her.

"Do you live near here?" asked the upon the shores of the County Down.

"Mamma," said Say, after a little gentleman. "I believe I used to know I shall feel proud indeed if these obserious meditation, "things happen to your mother. I used to know her when

for her; papa named me.' There was a bit of a cloud on her friend's face when she named papa that

"If you used to know mamma once, p'raps you'd like to know her again. And I wish you'd come home with us," said she, artlessly. "I'd like to have you dine with us, and so would mamma, "we ain't going to have turkey or plum

highly as she had done, because he really looked pleased that her papa was

"I should be delighted to go home with you," said he. I'm a stranger in the village, and a hotel Thanksgiving dinner isn't likely to make one feel very thankful.

"I'm afraid you won't like our dinner; it's pretty bad, but then, we can have cocoa-nut cakes for dessert; you bought so many."

But before they reached home, her fears on that score had entirely vanished, and she was sure that Mr. Marsh-he had told her what his name was—was the very nicest gentleman she ever saw, as well as the handsomest. She chatted with him incessantly until she reached the door of their house. She confided to him all her little trials, all her little oys, and all mamma's grief and trouble. and he listened to her with such an interested, sympathetic face!

"Won't mamma be s'prised?" she said, leading the way into the poor little kitchen, that served them as diningroom, and sitting-room also. And mamma was "s'prised" when she saw the tall stranger enter in such an unceremo-

"I invited some one to dinner !" explained Say, triumphantly.
"You surely haven't forgotten me entirely. Sarah?" said the stranger, approaching her, and holding out his

But things grew worse and worse. Mamma put her hand on his shoulder, and cried, and he comforted her with all sorts of endearing words and tender assurances. And they talked about things that she did not understand at all—something about a mistake and losing a letter; and all the while they complished. To check putrid fermentaseemed to forget that there was any one else but themselves in the world. taking advantage of their absorbed

state, had eaten all the cocoa-nut cakes.
"My dear little Say," said Mr. Marsh,
at last, after they had said everything they had to say, ten times over, according to Say's idea, and the forgotten dinner had grown quite cold on the ta-ble, "you didn't know how dear a friend your mamma was to me. Do you know she promised to marry me long before she ever saw your papa? Then some and we were separated. She thought that I had ceased to care for her, and I thought she had ceased to care for me; and we never found out the truth of the matter until it was too late. And now, after I have missed her all these long years, she has promised again to be my wife; and if I have my way, we are to be married this very day. What do be married this very day. What do you say, Say—will you be satisfied to have me for a papa? Are you glad you invited me to come and dine with you?" Then Say repented of her severity, and

"Mamma," she whispered, full of de-light to see her so happy, "I think this is the thankfullest Thanksgiving we ever had, after all!" And Will, with his mouth full of the remnants of the

accepted him as her papa very gra-

candy-feast, agreed with her fully.

It was a thankful Thanksgiving, truly; and after that there was a very different life for Say, and her mother, and Will. Mr. Marsh was a rich man, and day. He and Mrs. Harris were married ly we need not hurry to reach the river; day I'll buy you a lot of candy, if you're the most diginated little black never since been obliged to eat a cold dinner in a smoky little kitchen on Thanksgiving day, she always looks back to it as the most delightful Thanksgiving day of her life. And so indeed do Mr. and Mrs. Frank Marsh, for its thankfulness has reached through all their other Thanksgiving days .- Ballou's Monthly.

The Grave of St. Patrick.

Mr. Berry Fennell, writing in Land and Water, says : "One matter which I think will impress most strangers with a feeling of disappointed surprise is a visit to the Cathedral City of Downpatrick. It is neither the city itself nor the fine substantial cathedral on the hill that evoke this feeling. They are well enough, trim, thriving, comfortable-looking on the whole, and need not fear comparison with other cathedrals or cathedral cities of Ireland. But something more than disappointment, something like indignant surprise, takes possession of one on being led up to what is said to be held sacred as the grave of St. Patrick, and which as such is visited, I am told, by multitudes of American strangers every year. It lies in the highest and most central in the whole place that appears given up to complete neglect and desecration. Around are graves and gravestones, ancient and modern, all well-ordered and neatly kept, some showing the recent touch of hands directed by loving care, while the one which strangers would have expected to find most honored and

Will could not be brought to feel his revered is the only dishonored grave heat. And nobody remembered or cared anything about it, only a forlorn little bird, that had loved its singing. He came and mourned a little in its vacant place, but he thought, after all, what a foolish brook it was, for it might have lived forever, when it only lived a day."

Will looked rather bewildered, but to the neighborhood, or the county, to

The human pulse, in all ages of the world, has been consulted as an index of health or disease. It is a kind of dial within us which gives us both the meas-ure of time and of health.

The pulse of a person in health beats about seventy strokes in a minute, and the ordinary time of life is about seventy years. In these seventy years the pulse of a temperate person beats 2,570,-440,000 times. If no actual disorganization should happen, a drunken person might live until his pulse beat this number of times; but by the constant stimselves, anyway?"

"Who would you invite, my dear?"

said Mrs. Harris, laughing. "I don't know of any one who would be likely to come, with the exception of old Uncle Toby. He would be highly flattered "The your papa is dead?"

"we ain't going to have turkey or plum pudding; not a nice dinner, at all. We are very poor, you know, and mamma has had to work very hard since papa died to get any dinners."

"The your papa is dead?"

"Yes "said Say sorrowfully. "he's performed in little more than the ordinThe Agents of Putrefaction.

After examining the alterations pro-

duced in the living, we have to consider those occasioned by fermentation in the dead. When life has retreated by slow degrees from all the parts of an organized being; when, after all par-tial deaths have occurred, total death has possessed the depths of the subject, and broken all the springs of its activity, the work of putrefaction begins. Its task is to unmake this body. to destroy its forms and dissever its materials. The work to be done is to disorganize it, to reduce it into solids, liquids and gases, fit to go back again

And there he told me, blushing soft—sh me!

Of one that he could love—so young and fair, like mine the color of her eyes and hair; of solids heart! I thought that I was she! liquids and gases, fit to go back again into the vast reservoir whence new life is incessantly issuing. This is the task that heat, moisture, air and germs, will undertake in unison. It is all performed with steady diligence. Nature knows no delays; as soon as the body is cold, the protecting coating that covers all its surface, the epithelium decays in places, particularly the moister parts. The agents of disorganization, vibrios and bacteria, or rather the germ of these thread-like corpuscles, penetrate through the skin, wind into the small ducts, invade the whole blood, and by degrees all the organs. Soon they swarm everywhere, almost as numerous as the chemical molecules in the midst of which they stir and circle. The albuminoid matters are decomposed into fetid gases, escaping into the air. The fixed salts, alkaline and earthly alkaline, slowly release themselves from "Frank!" she exclaimed, and grew so white that Say feared she was ill.

Then, to the little girl's utter amazement, what did Mr. Marsh do, but put his arm around her and kiss her! Say's dries away. Everything volatile vanishes, and at the end of a certain time, out in a their companies was dreadfully shock. nothing remains save the skeleton, but a formless mingling of mineral prin-ciples, a sort of numus ready to manure the earth. Now all these complex operations absolutely required the intervention of the infusoria of putrefaccomplished. To check putrid fermenta-tions, to insure the conservation of animal or vegetable substances in a state of perfect integrity only one state of perfect integrity, only one means avails, but that is an infallible one—that of thoroughly precluding the access to them of the aerial germs of vibrios and bacteria. - Popular Science

> A Careful Traveler. Gov. Bradley, of Nevada, got on the train at Elko last week to go to Paliside. The car was crowded and he was compelled to perambulate the entire length of the car to obtain a seat. "Good morning, my son; how-d'ye do, sar?" "That's all right, my friend," said the stranger; but don't make yourself quite so familiar with me, if you please; I have heer'd of you before—you're one of them three-card fellows—but you can't come it over me not much. can't come it over me, not much. I've been thar myself, I have!" The Governor assured the stranger that he was mistaken in the man, that his mission was of a different character altogether; but t was of no use, the more the Governor protested his innocence, the more the man became convinced he had the man became convinced 'dropped on one of them fellers." Finding his protests and arguments unavailing, and fearing the stranger might take a notion to make him vacate the seat, the Governor concluded to drop the subject. The stranger turned half round in his seat and sat watching the arrived at Carlin. Here the stranger expecting every moment to see him spread his tricks" and take some poor fellow in, but was surprised to see his "monte sharp" at once surrounded by a crowd of gentlemen. Bradley told the joke to his friends, and the stranger was brought up and introduced, and in-

formed that his supposed highwayman was Governor of the State of Nevada. The Missourian collapsed, acknowledged himself sold, and all hands took a drink at the Governor's expense.

The Outrigger

The Pall Mall Gazette cays : "The Castalia, and vessels of her class, point in their mechanical struc-ture to a remarkable fact well known to Oriental navigators. It may be true that it is incorrect to term the Castalia of them have moved away, and are lost a twin vessel. It has been urged that she is rather one large ship, partially divided in such a way that while her lateral motion in a rough sea shall be and others again have died and are slight, yet her progress forward shall not be seriously impeded. Yet, when we look at the mechanical principle on which she is constructed, we find that not only is she to all intents and purposes a double ship, but also that in her build she is but the exemplification on a large scale of that one outrigger system which is so universally adopted between Ceylon and the Pacific Islands position in the otherwise decently kept and which has, strange to say, never churchyard surrounding Downpatrick been elsewhere largely adopted. Here Cathedral, and is the one spot of earth we come to a veritable historical puzzle. From Ceylon to the west, and the islands of the Pacific, closest to the American shore line, to the east, we style, as it he had just finished a waltz meet everywhere with small sailing craft carrying the one-outrigger. Nowhere else in the whole seagirt world is this the case, and nowhere, as far as history tells us, has it ever been. These crafts not only sail very rapidly, but in a boon to the equine inhabitants of rigger system.'

"We am t going to neve turkey or plum pudding; not a nice dinner, at all. We said Mrs. Harris, laughing. "I don't know of any one who would be likely to come, with the exception of old Uncle Toby. He would be highly flattered by an invitation from you, I've no doubt."

Uncle Toby was an old colored man, who sawed wood in the neighborhood,

"We am t going to neve turkey or plum pudding; not a nice dinner, at all. We are very poor, you know, and mamma has had to work very hard since papa accelerated, and the two billion five hundred and seventy million four hundred and forty thousand pulsations are performed in little more than the ordinary term of human life, and life! goes out in forty or forty-five years instead who sawed wood in the neighborhood,

"We am t going to neve turkey or plum pudding; not a nice dinner, at all. We are very poor, you know, and mamma has had to work very hard since papa accelerated, and the two billion five hundred and seventy million four hundred and seventy million four hundred and forty thousand pulsations are performed in little more than the ordinary term of human life, and life! goes out in forty or forty-five years instead of seventy.

"We am t going to never yoor, you know, and mamma has been died to get any dinners."

An Admisses or Paper Monex.—

The King of Burmah is said to have the pulse becomes greatly accelerated, and the two billion five has had to work very hard since papa accelerated, and the two billion five has been deaders."

The King of Burmah is said to have the has been deaders in a position appearance of a man in the last agonies of swallowing a fish bone, and, with all this his body at about an angle of forty-five may be obtained.

THE FATAL ARROW.

My father had a fair-haired harvester; I gleaned beaind him in the barley land; And there he put a red rose in my hand; O, cruel, killing leaves those rose leaves wers!

He sung to me a little lovelorn lay, Learned of some bird; and while his sickle swept
Athwart the shining stalks, my wild heart kept
leating the tune up with him all the way.

one time we rested by the limpid stream, O'er which the loose-tongued willows whispered low; Ah, blessed hour! so long and long ago,

t cometh back unto me like a dream

Full flowed his manly beard; his eyes so brown Made sweet confession with their tender loo A thousand times I kissed him in the brook across the flowers—with bashful eyelids down

And even yet I cannot hear the stir
Of willows by the water but I stop,
And down the warm waves all their length I drop My empty arms to find my harvester.

n all his speech there was no word to mend; Whate'er he said, or right or wrong was best, Until at last an arrow pierced my breast, lpt with a fatal point—he called me friend.

still next my heart the fading rose I wore, But all so sad; full well I know, God wot, That I had been in love and he had not. and in the barley field I gleaned no more.

A YANKEZ critic, speaking of a very tall actor, said, "He's tall enough to act in two parts.' A PHYSICIAN advised a patient "to

take a walk on an empty stomach." "Whose stomach?" feebly asked the

SEVENTY-FIVE ladies of Rochester are out in a card denying that they sleep in their corsets in order to keep their forms graceful. THE difference between a fool and

ooking-glass is said to be that the fool speaks without reflecting, and that the looking-glass reflects without speaking. "My dear sir," said a candidate, ac

I have voted." "How MUCH did he leave?" inquired gentleman of a wag, on learning the death of a wealthy citizen. "Every-thing," responded the wag, "he didn't take a dollar with him."

FIRST wife-" Dear me, Mrs. Doyle, I have heard that your husband was a spirit-medium; is it so?" Second wife -"Medium! Goodness, yes, Comes home drunk every night." THE New York Commercial thinks

said the Governor in a good natured way, to a big Missourian who had generously given up half his seat to the stranger who had thus accosted him. A Michigan farmer complains that he

An excited railway man, who shouts into the car the names of the stations, and who hears a great deal of complain because the names are called indistinctly

tenors at \$40 a month A COUNTRYMAN bargained with a Cali-Governor, as if taking the dimensions of a supposed monster, until the train arrived at Carlin. Here the stranger when the artist delivered a fine view of followed the Governor to the platform, his subject from the waistband down, the victimized sitter indulged in re

wants to know if the public expect

marks more forcible than polite. RICHARDSON, the painter, used to speak of an open, honest country gentleman who one day asked him to come to his house, adding: "I wish very much to see you, for I have just purhased a picture from Rubens. It is a rare good one. Brown saw it, and says it is a copy. A copy! If any man living dares to say it is a copy, I will break every bone in his skin! Pray call on me and give me your opinion.'

A COUNTRY exchange gets off the following on delinquent subscribers: Looking over an old ledger, we see a ong array of names of former subscribers who are indebted to us. Some of them have moved away, and are lost to sight, although to memory dear.

Chronic, Bind and Discussion 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.,

Address A. CAROTHERS & CO. angels in heaven, but they owe us just the same.'

SAYS the Boston Bulletin: "And now the drawling 'Tha-a-nks' of the languid swells has crept into the dry goods stores; so when a lady hands her currency to the brisk counter-jumper and he has yelled 'ca-a-sh' in a rasping voice into her very face half a dozen times, and rapped on the counter till her teeth are on edge, he unsettles her digestion for the rest of the day by handing her the change and drawling 'Tha-a-nks' in a vapid, easy, familiar Tha-a-nks' in a vapid, easy, familiar as it he had just finished a waltz Bread, Crackers, &c.

1 Corner of Ellsworth and First Street, with a fresh stock of Groceries, Provisions, Candles, Cigars, Tobacco, &c., to which he invites the attention 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.

2 Call and see me.

Rubber Overshoes for Horses. Rubber overshoes for horses are a

accordance with certain principles yet paved cities. The shoes are made and lined in precisely similar manner to the unascertained, we believe, are wonderfully steady in the roughest sea. Along the coast of Northern India, as well as trace, and, in fact, presents no points, along that of Java and Sumatra, the of difference save in its shape and its outrigger itself is frequently fitted with small sails, but this is not the case near rubber. It is designed as a substitute Ceylon. Cross over from Ceylon west-ward—only a few miles—to the coast of Southern India, and not a glimpse is to be obtained of the ingenious one-out-ing with cracked or contracted hoofs and similar painful hurts, it is said, are The French Shrug.

An emissary of the Indianapolis

Herald writes from France of the
French shrug: "Now, a Frenchman

The French shrug: "Now, a Frenchman shrug: "Now, a Fr can, under some circumstances, convey abrasion against pavements by the to a closer certainty the idea he wishes heavy rubber sole beneath. The deto express, by simply shrugging his shoulders, than could possibly be done through the medium of words; and Americans, seeing this, and feeling the horse may be left barefooted. In winforce of the practice, attempt to imiter time, the covering serves as a protection against illness, due to the comerage American 'shrugs it:' If he is mon practice of mingling salt with the asked a simple question, which could be answered by a plain 'yes' or 'no,' roughened surface of the rubber behe finds it an opportune moment to make an exhibition of himself, and begins by drawing up his shoulders as if he wished to rub his cars with his ones is about one-third more, and their collar-bone, throws his head and neck weight is some 40 per cent. less, while forward—not unlike a crane looking after a log-stretches his arms out from are manufactured, so that accurate fits

BUSINESS CARDS.

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