

CALEVAR.

A Tale of Cuban Vengeance.  
The approaching marriage of Isa Cantelvar, the wealthy belle of Havana, was no secret in the Cuban capital. Her Spanish lover, a lineal descendant of the fierce subduer of the Aztecs, old Hernan Cortez, was crossing the ocean to claim his love, and great preparations for the event were going on at the Cantelvar mansion, whose foundation was washed by the waters of the gulf.

Isa was very beautiful, and her accomplishments were of the highest order. The only child of a man who was proud of his name and of her face; she had been petted but I will not say spoiled. Her jewels were as remarkable as her beauty, and it was rumored that the Senator Cantelvar had purchased some of the Queen Isabella's jewels for his daughter's nuptials. This rumor was pretty generally believed, and many fashionable people went to the mansion hoping to catch a glimpse of the stones that had once glittered on the bosom of royalty. But the curiosity seekers were disappointed; they saw no ex-Spanish gems.

In due time, a vessel landed the Castilian lover on Cuban soil, and the great event—Isa's marriage—nearly its consummation.  
Among the many people who had witnessed the lover's debarcation, was tall, dark featured man, about forty years of age. He was remarkably handsome; his eyes were dark and lustrous, and his mouth was shaded by the silken hairs of a mustache. He wore the undress uniform of a Captain in the Spanish navy, which was not needed to give him a commanding appearance. His whole bearing indicated a firmness of purpose, a stubbornness of will, that would argue against any, and a daring that would shrink from no undertaking.

He stood apart from all other people watching the debarcation of the Vulture's passengers. The soft tropical twilight hung over the island capital; but he could see the faces of the passengers quite distinctly.  
Suddenly he started, and mechanically his right hand clenched vengefully. There was a rising and falling of the mustache, as if an unseen lip had opened and closed again, and the eyes were assuming an animated brilliancy. The cause of this strange commotion was a man who had just stepped upon the pier.

He stood scarcely twenty feet from the Captain, and his face was plainly discernible.  
A handsome man he was. There was the stamp of nobility on his face, and he bore a resemblance to certain portraits of Cortez still extant. He was watching the debarcation of numerous trunks that bore the name of Don Cortez d'Alvaro.

But by and by he turned away, and hailed the arrival of a "violinista." "It is he!" muttered the Captain, speaking audibly for the first time. "He is the chosen lover of Senorita Isa. His trunks are full of jewels no doubt." And then a devilish laugh rippled over the musician's face.

He watched the violinista until he vanished from sight, when he walked forward and began to inspect the trunks. They numbered quite a score, and some were small but heavily bound. He walked among them carefully, and he noticed everything, and all at once he burst forth with—  
"Five trunks full of jewels! Why they would make a don out of Calevar!"

A moment later he walked away, closely followed by a dwarfish man who had the peculiar gait of the sailor. Though the Captain walked fast, the sailor gained on him, and as he was about to enter a tunnel he turned and touched his elbow.  
The tall man turned quickly, and peered down into the distorted face.  
"And so you are here?" he said in melodious Spanish. "Where have you been?"

"To the wharf."  
"The Captain's eyes glistened—  
"He came."  
"With five trunks of jewels for his bride."  
"But she shall never wear them."  
"No."  
"Good! Come to my room. I want to show you something."  
The two men passed into the narrow hall and ascended a stairway to a room. In the center of this apartment stood a table on which lay an elegant sort of genuine Toledo workmanship. On the sheath, elegantly worked, was the name "Calevar," and the blade bore the inscription: "To the Duke of the Duke." Above the single bed hung the gorgeous dress uniform of a Spanish naval commander, and a pair of splendid boots stood under the table.

venge, dropped in hisses from the repulsive lips of the dwarf, and at last he lost himself among the shipping in the harbor.  
And Calevar, the revengeful, the covetous, the rejected lover of Isa Cantelvar, slumbered on, never dreaming that the dwarf who had served him so faithfully for twelve years, was delivering him over to a fate, from the contemplation of which the mind would shrink with horror.

It was the night before Isa Cantelvar's wedding.  
The hour was twelve, and Havana slept on the edge of the Gulf.  
Not a sound came from the old house so soon to resound with marriage music, and with the groans of one doomed to a living death.

The fair Isa, no doubt, was sleeping away her last maiden hours, for the day soon to dawn was to see her a bride before it departed.  
The stoups were covered with opaque clouds. Not a star was visible, for the rifts, if there were any, were as black as the clouds.

Therefore, the crouching figure that crept through the shadows was not perceived. It seemed a man, yet it had the motion of an animal.  
It paused before a low door in the eastern wing of the Cantelvar mansion and listened.

The wash of the waves against the walls was the only sound that came to the solitary being. Then it struck the door twice, and the portal opened noiselessly, and closed again. But the night prowler was not to be seen without it; he was within the mansion.  
The person who had admitted him seemed to be a small man. The person admitted was tall and wore a mask that effectually concealed his features.

"You can find your way now?" asked the person.  
"Yes, give me the light."  
The dark taper was placed in his hands.  
"You have the keys," said the traitor.  
"May the Virgin speed you; I will be at the wharf. We sail to-night."  
"Yes, so-night. Be there!"

A moment later the tall man moved off, leaving the other watching him and his light.  
More than one long corridor the masked one traveled, and the silence of death was about him. His feet gave forth no sound, and he descended in nothing but short Cuban hose, and there were no obstacles in his path. The ornamented butts of the pistols visible just above his belt told him he was prepared for an emergency, and the left hand clutched the hilt of a dagger whose blade was hidden in his sleeve.

At last he paused before a door much smaller than any he had encountered in the house, and his heavy locks told that it led to a room where valuable treasure lay.  
The mask listened a long time at the door before he tried to open it. He knew that he was underground, for the stone floor on which he stood was quite damp, and the walls about him were covered with icy streaks. The curious shaped key that he drew from his pocket opened the little door, and the night prowler found himself in a small room.

Closing the door gently he soon produced a stronger light, and the glare that shined from his eyes almost sent him to the floor.  
A table stood in the center of the treasure room, and on that table were the treasures for which he had seemingly entered the Cantelvar mansion.  
There were necklaces of diamonds and fine cut rubies; bracelets of pearls and pins of emeralds; head-dresses of beaten gold, studded with precious stones, and rings whose value seemed incalculable.

one mine. He groaned when he comprehended his situation, and then he cursed till his tongue refused to blaspheme longer.  
"This is your fate, Capt. Calevar," said Senor Cantelvar, who well knew his voice. "You sought wealth and you have it. What you see is yours. You are welcome to take it away. You'll find the wine the best. There are two bottles of your favorite Catalonia, and two of thirty-five year Madeira. Pleas- and dreams to you, Senor Captain!"

The silence that followed was awful.  
"If Domarogknew this!" cried Calevar. "Holy Virgin! where is the dwarf?"  
A hellish laugh answered him.  
"Domarog is here!" said the dwarf's voice. "He is Vinities' brother! Ha! ha! ha! Good-by, Captain! The Sea Greaser will sail this time without you."  
"Betrayed!" groaned the doomed man, and for the first time his bravery deserted him.

He fainted in the iron chair.  
The next day there was the sound of merry voices far above him. Angels seemed to be singing to him, and he was by and by the hands ceased. Isa Cantelvar was a bride!  
No sounds now but the wash of the gulf waves against the walls of the treasure room.  
Days came and went.  
The bottles on the table grew moldy; the oranges rotted; the delicacies spoiled; the candelabrum's light went out; but there was a grinning man in the iron chair. The Sea Greaser sailed away without him.

A year ago that terrible room was opened. A skeleton seated in an iron chair told the story of Cuban vengeance.  
Esop.  
Probably every one has heard of the fables of Esop, yet if questioned as to their authorship, how many could give any account?  
The life of Esop, as it is given before so many editions of his fables, is an invention of one Plutarch, a Greek monarch of the sixth or seventh century. The same may be said of a large proportion of the fables which bear his name.

Of the real life of Esop little is known with certainty. "The different traditions, opinions and conjectures of Esop by both ancient and modern writers would fill a large volume." Phaedrus, Euripides, Plutarch, Plato, Aristotle, Gellius, and in fact nearly all of the writers of the ancient Greeks mention him. "You have not so much as read Esop," was a proverbial expression for ignorance.  
Esop flourished about B. C. 550, a hundred years before Herodotus, the most ancient Greek historian, and four hundred years after Homer. He was born at some town in Phrygia, and by condition a slave, though probably he rose above that condition, as he became an eminent speaker. Most writers also ascribe to him a deformed person. Perhaps it is of this account he got the name of Gelo-topos, as he is called by Lucian.

Indeed, it is not material whether he was bond or free, whether handsome or ugly. He has left us a legacy in his writings that for 2,500 years has preserved his memory dear to us. And although in this long period the circumstances of his life have been lost, his fables remain, and will continue to instruct as they have in the past.—  
Health and Home.

Journalism as a Profession.  
The Secretary of the Treasury, in a decision rendered has given the profession of journalism a new distinction. He has recognized it as one of the learned professions, to be ranked at least so far as classical education is concerned, with the law, medicine, jurisprudence, and theology. An American journalist, who was returning from Europe, bringing with him a considerable quantity of books, amounting in value to several hundred dollars, and in his own library, claimed that the books were entitled to be entered duty free as a portion of his professional journal library. He bases this application upon that section in the customs laws which makes provision for the importation of books for the use of a library of a physician, a lawyer, and a clergyman. The Custom-House officers at Baltimore, at which port the books were imported, despatched the journalist is not a profession, and that these books could not be imported under that provision. An appeal was taken to the Secretary of the Treasury, who has decided that journals and newspapers, such as an extent as will give a journalist the advantages of this provision of the law.

How to Make Mischief.  
Keep your eye on your neighbors. Take care of them. Do not let them see anything without watching. They may do something wrong if you do. To be sure, you never knew them to do anything bad, but it may be on your account they have not. Perhaps they are waiting for your kind care, they might have disgraced themselves a long time ago. Therefore do not relax any effort to keep them where they ought to be. Never mind your own business—that will take care of itself. The passing of a suspicious man; perhaps he contemplates stealing, some of these dark nights, there is no knowing what queer fancies may have got into the head of a man. If you find any symptoms of any one passing out of the path of duty, tell every one else what you see, and be particularly to see a great many. It is a good way to circulate such things, though it may not benefit yourself particularly. Do keep something going—silence is a dreadful thing; though it is said there was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour, do not let any such thing occur on earth, it would be too much or this mundane sphere.

MISTAKEN ADVERTISING.—An exchange expresses the opinion that the public can be better reached through the columns of a newspaper of a fair circulation than through all the other mediums, costly circulars, cards, posters, give-aways and jimmicks put together. The old-established county newspaper, in general, the only one of its kind, is a medium for advertising. A thousand doors are opened to welcome it; a thousand messengers are weekly seeking the Post-office to receive it; a thousand families look for its coming, and ten thousand read it when it does come, advertisements and all. There is much truth in this. The thousands of dollars wasted annually upon expensive almanacs, circulars and other questionable methods of advertising, which, in company with the Patent Office reports, find their way to the junk-shop, would render very material aid toward the support of numbers of deserving papers, and also render something in the way of profit to the advertiser.

All Sorts.  
It costs only half a cent a mile to go to Europe.  
OLIVE HARPER, a gossiping American newspaper correspondent, has just been married to a French Marquis.  
It is stated that among persons of eighteen and under, the proportion of the illiterate is smaller in San Francisco than in any other large city in the Union.  
A FOUR-YEAR-OLD child in Tuscarora, Pa., has actually died of drunkenness. His mother fed it with whiskey until after weeks of steady intoxication it died.

CAPT. JOHN BOSTON, of Lewis county, Ky., aged 95, and a veteran of the war of 1812, is about to be married. His intended bride is only a year older than himself.  
Mrs. SCOTT-SIDDONS has left England on a "farewell tour" through India, China, Japan and the United States, and it will take two years to bid everybody adieu.  
A REMARKABLE instance of the increase in the sale of imported ox tongues is afforded by the trade done at Paysanau, in Uruguay. At this little town, during the last season, about 150,000 ox tongues were packed in hermetically-sealed tins and shipped to England.

C. COBB, a printer, while trying to mount his fiery steed upon the streets of St. Louis the other day, was bitten by the other cob upon the arm. A fellow who probably made an animal wondrous kind. He saw a Cobb, and thinking him "corned," wanted to eat him.  
If a young lady has a brother, and that brother wears a brown felt hat worth \$2, and he should come home late at night from seeing a friend, with that hat crushed into "forty-seven" shapes, the young lady should immediately seize it and by stewing a rosette of velvet and some ribbon over it, she will have a hat of the latest style, worth about \$10.

The Marchioness of Thomond, who has just died at 82 years of age, was the widow of a nobleman who used to claim that according to lineal descent, he would be the lawful King of Ireland. The Marquis and Marchioness used to live at Bath, and their equipage was that of the modern business men. The Marquis died some twenty years ago. The widow married Rear Admiral Fane, R. N.  
Contrasts in New York.  
It is the common thing to contrast the old style of doing things with the new; the old style of politeness and courtesy with the new style of impertinence and incivility; the eighteen hours of labor at the little pine desk with the "down at 11" and "up at 12" of the modern business men. But there are other contrasts. It is fashionable for the young operators in the stock to dine at Delmonico's at an expense of from \$2 to \$5 a day, when a good lunch could be had for fifty cents; a cab is hired for \$3, while the Astor ride up in an omnibus for ten cents. I saw a young man the other day who had on a rough outfit. I had known him on the street as a smart operator and fashionably dressed. He had been on the street, he said, "ten years; I have made a great deal of money and lost it all; I made \$28,000 in puts and calls in one day the next I did not wish, drink I knew hurt me, and go into companies that my judgment did not approve. I am now in the lumber business. I make \$3,000 a year. I live better, have more money, have more comfort in my family, and sleep sweeter than I have for ten years. The two great merchants of the city, Peter Cooper and William E. Dodge, ride about the city on business in a plain one-horse buggy that the youngsters on the street would be ashamed to drive upon the road, yet these gentlemen have more money to give away, and are not afraid of being ruined every day of their lives. The economy and modesty of this class could be safely studied by the fast young man of our city and day.—  
New York Cor. Boston Journal.

The Weather.  
It is predicted by those who profess to be "weather-wise," if not otherwise, that the extraordinary mildness of the present season will characterize the whole winter; in other words, that the winter of 1875 will bear comparison with some which have "long gone by." Thus, an English chronicle relates that in 1172 the temperature was so high that leaves came out on the trees in January and in the month of February. In 1289 the winter was equally mild, and the maidens of Cologne wore wreaths of violets and cornflowers at Christmas and on Twelfth Day. In 1421 the trees ripened in the month of April; cherries ripened in the same month, and grapes appeared in May. In 1572 the trees were covered with leaves in January, and the birds hatched their young in February, as in 1172; in 1585 the same thing was repeated, and it is added that the corn was in the ear at Easter. There was in France neither frost nor snow throughout the winters of 1538, 1607, 1609, 1611, 1639, 1669, 1689, and 1709. In the north of Germany, the stoves were not lighted, and trees flowered in February. Coming to late dates, the winter of 1846-7, and that of 1866, of the Seine, may be mentioned as exceptionally mild.

An Ex-Executioner.  
Figaro's reporter always saw at the Paris executions an old man dressed in black, of distinguished appearance, and who always took an intense interest in all the details, and was on familiar terms with all the functionaries. One long time the reporter was mystified, and finally resorted to an interview. His man proved to be an ex-dignitary of the guillotine. He had been the assistant for many years of Heindreich, the former executioner, and he attended the executions out of a feeling of "home-sickness" for his ancient occupation. "He finds the present executions only so-so," and says that Heindreich was more distinguished. In his retirement he has made himself a garden, and he has a millionaires rats and mice at his home, No. 131 Boulevard Mont Parnasse.

The English firm of powder manufacturers that owned the cargo which recently exploded with such damaging results a few weeks ago, contributed \$500 to the relief fund of the sufferers.  
According to the late Prof. Agassiz, the Adirondack group of mountains is the oldest in the world—the land which first made its appearance above the waters of the great primeval ocean.

Wonderful Curiosity.  
The British ship Scindia, Capt. Geo. Harrison, arrived here a few days since from Calcutta, having on board one of the most remarkable natural curiosities of the world has probably ever seen. It consists of a short-eared, sacred Brahmin bull, born in Nepal, Northern India, in 1871, and imported here by Capt. William Demison Folger, formerly of Calcutta. The bull itself is a remarkable curiosity, and is one of that description of animals held in great reverence by the natives of India, on account of its traditional sacred character. But in this case a novel naturalist renders it a most singular creature. The brute portion is symmetrically formed with a glossy coat of fawn colored hair and well-shaped body and limbs. But protruding, as it were, from the left side of the hump on the back of the neck of the animal, is a wonderful and regularly-shaped, in nearly all respects, human arm. The deltoid and triceps and biceps muscles are well developed, particularly the latter; the joint at the elbow is flexible, the forearm and other parts of the arm are fully flexible as in the human arm proper, while the hand is composed of four distinctly marked fingers, two of them connected together. The extraordinary appendage to an otherwise well-formed body does not appear to give the creature any inconvenience or pain, generally hanging listlessly by its side, except when it is angered or annoyed, when the arm raises as if its possessor felt inclined to strike from the shoulder. The animal is quite healthy, enjoys a ravenous appetite, the nice grass of its native clime being its favorite food, and does not seem to have suffered any bodily injury by its long sojourn. It is not disposed of in this country, nor does it seem to be the intention of the importer to take the creature to England, and secure it a place in the London Zoological Gardens, where such novelties are highly prized. It would prove a unique attraction to the natural curiosities in our Central Park. It has already been visited on the Scindia by several scientific gentlemen of this city and Brooklyn, where the ship lies, near the Fulton ferry.—  
New York Herald.

A Man Slaughters One Hundred Striped Snakes.  
Last spring Will Moody moved out of his log house in Union Grove, and to some place in the woods for several weeks, but last July Ed. Asher purchased the property and moved into the old house to stop only while he could build a new frame house.  
He had hardly settled his family in their quarters, before they had a practical demonstration that there were occupants there before them, who evidently looked upon the new comers as intruders, and these old settlers were snakes! The little striped garter-snakes.

The first night in the house, there was a great rustling on the floor like the pattering of myriads of mice, but it was nice not that made the noise; it was the sound from dozens of snakes as they dragged themselves across the floor. Delightful!  
In the morning Mr. A. used to get up, shake the reptiles out of his clothes, grasp a pitchfork and pitch the slimy creatures of dozens. It was not long before the morning that a dozen in the morning. The second and third days were worse than the first. At breakfast one morning Mr. A. felt something crawling up his leg, and glancing downward, he saw a beautiful little striped fellow working his way up in the world. Another time he found a three-foot fellow in his overcoat pocket, who greeted him on his approach with a friendly kiss.

This nuisance became intolerable. The house was old and the mortar in the clinking had given away in many places, and in the evening so soon as the lamp lighted than a serenade of hisses would begin, and nearly every one of the holes would be connected with a snake's head. At the end of the fourth day, Mr. Asher grasped his shovel and went to the banking of the house, a mass of straw and dirt that had not been moved for several years, and here were their snake-holes in all their glory. It was a perfect massacre, for in that banking he found and killed an even hundred garter snakes. Thirty were found in one nest.  
There is a security of the serpent around Mr. A.'s farm now.—  
Litchfield (Minn.) Ledger.

Habits of the Ostrich.  
The fallacy that ostriches do not sit on their eggs, but leave them to be hatched out by the heat of the sun, is upset by the report of a Captain of an Algerian regiment in the Bulletin of the Paris Acclimatization Society. According to the same authority, the number of eggs laid by one female averages about eight, but the whole of these are hardly ever set upon. In many cases they are left entirely alone, without being once covered, and of course they are not hatched. In those cases where the birds brood over the eggs, three or four are always ejected from the nest. This apparent wantonness on the part of the parent bird has its object; and the object is, that the eggs shall serve as food for the chicks till they are big enough to accompany their parents to the breeding grounds. An ostrich's nest is often built in the midst of a desert, many miles away from a blade of grass; and it is some provision were not made for the young bird, he would be bound only to die. This fact has been proved by placing some food cut fine near the newly-hatched ostriches, but they refused it, and the mother having broken the shells of several of the rejected eggs, they greedily ate the contents, swallowing a quantity of sand with the yolk of the egg.

ANTHONY COMSTOCK, chief detective of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, told a Brooklyn meeting the other evening that nineteen tons of obscene publications have been seized this year, with account books showing the names of 4,500 dealers all over the country. One hundred persons have been convicted during the year. A few nights later Comstock's face was terribly gashed by a dirk in the hands of one of the dealers whom he had arrested. But for his great physical strength Comstock would doubtless have been murdered.

The Richmond (Va.) Engineer says: "Lynchburg is to have a likeness of Senator Thurman, taken by her own photographer. During his recent visit to his native town the Senator gave Van Ness a sitting, and the vainest town in the State supremely happy in the possession of her favorite son's likeness has been murdered."  
RICE CAKE.—One cup of rice flour, three eggs, one cup of sugar. Beat the eggs to a standing froth, then add the sugar and beat as much longer, or until light; add the rice flour and beat light again. Bake in a quick oven. As there is neither butter nor soda in it, it is a good cake for invalids.

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