ROSAMOND'S BOWER.

Love was everything to Margaret Marcer—love and home. She was such a very woman to the heart's core, that I doubt if she had any ambition. To wish to be great, to be known of all the world, to be very wise or learned, never entered her simple mind; but one thing she hoped and labored for with all her might—to be empress of her husband's heart, and living queen regnant in his face as false as it was fair: and Oneen heart, and living queen regnant in his home. Such a home as sue made of it, too so bright in every nook and corner— so bright as she was with her fair,

see she was an injured wife; and the bowl was at Rosamond's lips; and upon the wall of the bower hung a portrait—the wall of the King. Margaret did not mean it; but as she painted hard and fast through the long summer days, there never had been an angry word between the pair since he first courted her.

They were as greatly blessed as were Adam and Eve in paradise. But even to paradise, as we remember, there came a serpent. So, to Margaret Mercer's home came one day Elsie Grey, as fair a serpent as one could meet—a fair a serpent as one could meet—a weman of whom one said, looking at her for the first time, "She is as good as she is beautiful." She came as govcharmed by her sweet face, made a compact of friendship with her at once, and was well pleased that Mathew

"She is so lonely, my dear," said Margaret, looking up into her hus-band's eyes, as they stood together be-fore the pleasant fire on the first evening after the governess' coming. "And it is hard for any woman to earn her bread among strangers; let us be very good to her."

"You could not help being good to any one, Margaret," said Mathew, "and I will try; but I must not quite make love to her—eh, Maggie?" Then the wife had turned and kissed

"I should be jealous, and put poison in a bowl of coffee, and offer her the choice between that and your sharpest

razor," she said, laughing. That was in December. One day in June Margaret walked a little thoughtfully among the roses in the garden, and wondered whether it might not be that she was a little jealous.

"So wrong of me," she said to her-" Mathew is only kind to Elsie." A tear trembled on her eyelash, and at last she sat down upon a bench and fairly sobbed aloud, telling herself all

the while how wrong it was.

And just then, without knocking, in walked Miss Euphemia Jones, her nextdoor neighbor, and looked straight into the wet eyes, turned, somewhat indig-

"Ain't well, eh?" said the spinster.
"Not very," said Margaret. "And tired, you know, and-

"And unhappy," said the spinster.
"Don't tell me, Mrs. Mercer. And this I say—get rid of that sly boots of told them how some day they should a governess, or you'll have more reason to cry than you have now. Men are men, Mrs. Mercer, and your hus-" He is the best man in the

said Margaret.
"But he's a man," said the spinster.
"Why, look here, my dear. Men are men. The last bright eyes are always brightest. It's only women that love through long years with nothing to show for it—not a kiss, not a word, not a letter; women that love some one a letter; women that love some one pithout a speck of beauty until there couldn't be any face so bright and dear to them in all the world. Men ain't like us, and never will be, and this Elsie Grey is pretty, my dear."

"But Mathew is my husband," pant-

ed Margaret. Then he ought not to go a-walkin' "Then he ought not to go a-walkin' with Miss Grey," said the spinster; "holding her hand, too—he oughtn't. Don't be frightened. But there's something you ought to know—he oughtn't to go out of town along with her. We saw them go, I and Mrs. Thompson, only an hour ago. My dear, did you know they were going? My dear, don't look so; don't feel so, if you can help it. She had a bag with her; so had he. She—"

But then the wretched wife fell forward into her neighbor's arm, insen-

ward into her neighbor's arm, insen-

Other neighbors came in, and they put her to bed and took care of her as for once all women were sis-There was no doubt on any one's mind that the very worst had come to pass; and so, indeed, it had. Be-witched by the beautiful serpent his wife's kind heart had warmed and

Margaret had no father or brothers to take her part; she could only suffer in silence. That which aroused her first was the need of earning bread for her children—the two who had ceased their play to wonder why home had grown so dull a place, why papa never came home, and why mamma wept so bitterly, and the unconscious little creature born at the time when her grief was the greatest and the blow but newly fallen.

*It looks better here than in my studio," she said, quietly; "only I shall touch Eleanor's face again when I have it home. It is not stern enough."

The man heard the voice, gave one look, dragged his hat over his eyes, and cowered down upon the bench, huddling himself together as a beggar does—seldom any other. The lady did net look at him; but the child did. In a moment more, it had pulled its

What could she do for her children's What could she do for her children's bread? With the question came a thought to which ambition never would have given birth. She could paint. Already certain little bits of still life, scraps of landscape, and a child's head or two, proved her power to put a pretty thing, if not a fine one, upon canvas. Many artists at least lived by their art. She would live, and her children should know no want. And so she bears her life-work.

There were hours to come of poverty so great, that the prayer for daily bread was answered with no more than bread and water. There were nights passed in the dark, because the purse held nothing which might be spent for oil or candle. There were fireless days in dead winter; but through all, hop lived, and pride, and a mother's love.

No one guessed what Margaret suffered; and at last her prospects brightened. A certain fashionable clique took a fancy to Mrs. Mercer's pictures; her bits of still life sold; her children's heads were voted gems; the womanly prettiness of her conceptions pleased the eyes of other women, and Margaret felt very rich and prosperous.

mand Margaret felt very rich and prosperous.

'She had begun with no ambition save that of love; she had struggled only for her children. Now she began to dream of a name and fame—of painting great pictures—of being a great woman, Strange hopes for Margaret Mercer—hopes that seldom come to any woman until the natural hopes and ambitions of her life are blasted.

So with no fear of starving upon her

"That is Rosamond," said Margaret, as he pointed to the canvas.

"It is Elsis Grey," he said. "As for that creature, she has been as false to me as to you; and worse than the bowl of poison or the dagger was of fearth her by fate before she died."

"Tan, of a dog's death!" he muttered; "It is no hospital. That's the way also died, as I shall."

Masgaret went one step nearer.

now, after five years of labor-ten years in which no word had ever come to her of the man she had loved so truly, and who had so wofully broken the vow he uttered, to cherish and protect her while life should last—Margaret began the first picture which went beyond mere prottiness—the first in which ac-

face as false as it was fair; and Queen Eleanors eyes held in their depths a look of such reproach that one might see she was an injured wife; and the

Margaret's children watched her as she painted—the boy of 16 and the girl

I mean," cried this little one at last; 'only mamma never looked so cross
"Not cross," said the girl. "T Queen is not cross, but angry, and sorry, and proud.

The elder boy said nothing for a while.
At last he muttered, "She's pretty, though, that girl. Who ever looked like her? I know some one. Who was it? The King is like what I'll be when I get a beard." Then Margaret knew what she had

done. She sent her children out to walk, and locked the door. Then she stood before her easel, struggling with

The woman within her said, "Dash your brush at it; paint it out, for you have written down your life history." The artist said, "Let it stand. What

The artist said, "Let it stand. What though it wrings my heart to look at it? it is the best thing I ever painted."

The woman looked upon the false face of Rosamond and the beautiful portrait of the King, and cast herself down and wept. The artist arose, and saw the gloss upon the golden hair, and the reflex of light upon the white satin and purple velvet soft as though one and purple velvet, soft as though one could lift it in its folds; saw the flesh like flesh—the shadow, like the real light and shadow—saw power and feel-ing in the picture, and smiled through her tears.

love was not all of life. For the first time she stood proud and ambitious, and hopeful of fame and desirous of it; and this before the record of her lifegrief, with the beautiful faces of her false husband and his love, created by her own pencil, looking down upon

Then she opened the door, and went to seek her children in the garden; and

The picture was sent for exhibition. It hung in a great ga

And meanwhile a man, threadbare and rusty, old before his time, with and rusty, old before his time, with remorse so stamped upon his handsome features that a child could read it there, prowled often about the door of the gallery where the picture hung, and looked in along the still echoing en-trance, at the end of which the man who took the tickets sat. At last he

shame-faced way, to the ticket-taker; "I want to see that picture. I haven't any money; but I knew Mrs. Mercer once. Let me look, won't you? It can't hurt you, or any one." can't hurt you, or any one."
"If you know her, why, I suppose—"
yawned the man—"only look here;

lon't stay long-" But the man had passed him. walked up to the picture, and looked at it. Then he pressed his hand upon his forehead, and ground his teeth to-

"Margaret! Margaret!" he muttered ! "oh, heavens! Margaret!"
And then he sat down, staring at the picture with eyes that saw those like-

pass; and so, indeed, it had. Bewitched by the beautiful serpent his
wife's kind heart had warmed and
nourished until it had strength to
sting her. Mathew Mercer had left his
home, his wife, and his children, for
her sake.

Margaret had no father or brothers
to take her part; she could only suffer
in silence. That which aroused her
first was the need of earning bread for
layer the great state when a rustle of
silk, a sweep of velvet, the high tones
of young voices filled the gallery. A
lady walked up the room and stood before the picture—a child by her hand,
a tall girl and boy behind her.

"It looks better here than in my
studio," she said, quietly; "only I
shall touch Eleanor's face again when
I have it home. It is not stern enough."

a moment more, it had pulled its mother's sleeve.

"There's a man just like the King, "There's a man just like the King,"
he said; "just such a beard, mother."
And Margaret turned her head.
Then her face grew white. She took a
step toward the man. He started to
his feet.

"Mathew!" she cried.
He only turned his face away.

"Mathew," she said again, "did
you come here to find me?"

"No," he answered; "I am not coward enough for that. I came to look at that picture. I knew what I should see; that picture, born of your grief, with the story of my treachery and your wrong stamped upon it. Did you say to yourself, as you painted it, that thus the memory of that evil done you should outlive you, and those who injured you?"

"I painted the picture with no thought of that," she said. "Oh, Mathew! Mathew! I ought not to speak to you; but you are poor—you are unhappy—"

"I am as poor as I deserve to be."

"I am as poor as I deserve to be," he said. "Nothing has prospered with me since I left you. As for the woman

"That is Rosamond," said Margaret,

"You have not asked me to forgive you, Mathew," she said softly. "Forgive me, when you have painted

my crime down for all posterity to look upon!" he said. "Is it likely? Besides, you are rich now"—and he looked at her costly dress; "and I next door to a beggar.'

Great tears filled Margaret's eyes.
"Mathew," she said, "does that pic-ture stand between us?" "Your hate-your scorn-that which gave birth to that picture must," he

"Have you a penkife?" she asked,
"A penknife?"
"Yes."

Perhaps he thought she meant to kill him. He took it from his pocket and opened it, as he handed it to her, and flung his coat back, and stood, as it were, ready for a blow. And she indeed lifted the knife, but the blow fell upon the picture, upon the painted face of the King, upon the golden hair of Rosa-mond, and the royal robes of Queen Eleanor—slit and tore them, dashed from the canvas all the toil of months, in a few short minutes. There was no picture left, as she turned from her work, for critics to stare at, or rich men to buy; but her eyes sparkled, and her

cheeks were aglow.
"Nothing stands between us now,
Mathew," she said. "There is no memory of the past on my heart, any more than on that canvas. Let it be blotted out for both of us, and let us

begin our life anew together."

And in a moment she wept upon the bosom of the man who, whatever had been his faults, was still her husband, and the father of her children—and the only man she had ever loved in her life. I think Margaret will never paint another great picture in her life. Pretty things—bits of still life and woodland nooks, and doves upon their nests, still grow beneath her pencil; but no dreams of art or fame, no longings for Italy, slumber in her dark eyes now. Instead, you see there the sweet light reflected from the fireside, and all her dreams are of home. Perhaps she ought not to be happy, but she is. And he who has repented is dear to her, as the Bible s ys repentant sinners are to heaven. And Queen Eleanor, and Rosamond, and the false King, and the wrongs and woes that gave bulk to those "coun-

her mind forever. As for the picture, no one guesse how it was destroyed, except the ticket-taker, who, laying the deed to the charge of the man he admitted, keeps his own counsel, lest he should be blamed.

terfeit presentments," have faded from

Tom Sanders' Bet.

Tom Sanders, of Buffalo, owns a little, lazy, slow mare, that is the ridicule of his friends. One recent evening he and some of these friends were talking of horses, when he astonished them by offering to bet \$100 that he could ride his mare twenty miles in an hour. He counted out the money in a tantalizing way, remarking that his mare had been laughed at long enough, and he had made up his mind to shew what she could do. It seemed like robbing him, so they all said, to take his bet, but he insisted, and the stakes were put into trustworthy hands. A day was chosen for the trial, and when it came Tom led them to the Central railroad depot, where the homely little mare was found aboard a baggage car. Tom had tickdusky proscenium; people went to see it, and it was admired; critics praised it. A rich man offered a great price for it. Margaret was proud and glad; so it. Margaret was proud and glad; so were the children, to whom she spoke again of Italy, where she would paint such pictures as she had never painted before. joined in the bet against the mare very sorrowful of expression. About fifteen miles had been run in about half an hour, and Tom was grinning in anan hour, and form was grinning in anticipation of easy victory, when the car bumped over something, and he was thrown off the mare, by hastily applied air brakes. An axie had broken, and the train was stopped for more than an hour. And Tom was not so rueful over

New State Project Revived.

The project of a separate State, to include the Upper Peninsula of Michigan is strongly urged again by the Marquette Mining Journal, which ridicules the idea of being detached from Michithe idea of being detached from Michigan and becoming a part of Wisconsin, or annexing a part of Wisconsin to form the new State. It dislikes the existing position of "depending upon the State that has no interest in common with the Upper Peninsula," and says, "the 70,000 people ask a separate government, with a local Legislature and a delegate to Congress for the encourage. delegate to Congress, for the encourage-ment of manufacturing industries and the development of mineral and other resources that are without a parallel." The Portage Lake Mining Gazette, on the other hand, is opposed to any "one-horse Territorial scheme," and calls the attempt in this direction "a waste of time." The Lausing Republican believes that, if a decided majority of the records of the Universe Peninsula wish to people of the Upper Peninsula wish to set up on their own hook, and can show good reason for it, the Lower Peninsula will be forced to be willing.

A Horse that "Knows the Ropes." The Newburg (N. Y.) Journal relates
the following: "A gentleman living
in the suburbs has a colt which he
values highly, not only on account of
a his possessing pure blood and a degree
of speed, but for his intelligence. In
common with the other stock in the
stable, he is fed his hay from a orib on
the side of the building. It had been
noticed that, while all the other animals
left a small quantity of fine hay-seed in noticed that, while all the other animals left a small quantity of fine hay-seed in the further end of the crib, which could not be reached, the bars only permitting them to get their noses in a short distance, this horse always had his eaten clean. On being watched it was discovered that the colt would catch up the slack of his repe halter in his teeth so that it formed a loop, and thrusting it between the bars, he was able to push it to the back part of the crib, and by drawing it out again, to drag with it, where he could reach it, the part of the feed referred to. Thus it was the crib was always clean. The way he handled the rope is said to be skillful and sagacious in the extreme."

The Queen of England's daughters are samples to the rest of the fashionable world in industry and taste. At the royal Swiss cottage each of the princesses has a garden which she cultivates with her own hands. They have learned to cook, and they frequently ait down to a meal prepared by one or the other. Louise, wife of the Marquis of Lorn, is a clever artist, and all of them are accomplished in some way or other, besides being excellent linguists.

Converted a mutual aid association. One as the "yaller-winged fiend."

The Queen of England's daughters quire means to fit himself for business. A special from Topeka, Kan., states that Joseph B. North, alias "Buffalo Joe," who murdered George Jones on Christmas evening a year ago, was hanged to a telegraph pole by a mob on that had force of character enough to advance himself will always prove useful, and can be depended on. Young man who has had force of character enough to educate himself will always prove useful, and can be depended on. Young man who has had force of character enough to educate himself will always prove useful, and can be depended on. Young man who has had force of character enough to educate himself will always prove useful, and can be depended on. Young man who has had force of character enough to educate himself will always prove useful, and can be depended on. Young man who has had force of character enough to a telegraph pole by a mob on the night of December 30, at Wallace, Kan. The knot of the rope with which has had force of character enough to a telegraph pole by a mob on the night of December 30, at Wallace, Kan. The knot of the rope with which has had force of character enough to a telegraph pole by a mob on the night of December 30, at Wallace, Kan. The knot of the rope with which has had force of character enough to a telegraph pole by a mob on the night of December 30, at Wallace, Kan. The knot of the rope with which has had force of character enough to the proper and the p

After the Election.

When I got home last night (said Squills) the old lady was waiting for me. I knew there was something in soak. There always is when she sits propped up in bed reading, and I knew

I was feeling pretty good, said Squills, for I had been whitewashed in the convention, sold out body, boots and breeches, and I felt like a board yard he cat with his back hair curled the wrong side up.
"Have you got elected, Squilis,

I knew that she had seen the paper, but I said, "No, love," as mildly as if elections and all such snares were beeath my notice.

"Not got the election, Mr. Squills?"
"No, Mrs. Squills, not that the court is aware of at this present writing, ertainly not." "Then what do you expect to get for all the whisky you've been pouring down those fellows' throats?"

"What fellows' throats?"
"Your friends who have been ramping in and out of my house, Mr. Squills, and borrowing your children's money, and running you rehildren's money, and running you into all kinds of disreputable places to hunt up votes, and sneaking you off into the country to barbecues and other infamous resorts, paying for buggies and making ridiculous remarks, which I know you paid the reporters to work up into a speech. A nice thing you have for yourself, and me,

done for yourself, and me, and the poor children, and then, after all, not get anything for your pains; I'm ashamed of you, Mr. Squills, If I could afford to blush for so wicked a being, Squills, I would blush for you. But I can't, and, what is more, I won't. Don't tell me, Squills, that you don't want me to blush for you, and you sitting there just as mad you, and you sitting there just as mad as a hatful of hornets. After you telling me, too, and the dear child, that she should have a new silk when you got the election. Anice election you've got, and those fellows who took your money and your whisky just laughing at you and thinking what a fool you are for believing them. That's what hurts me in the tenderest point, Squills."

Squills,"
"About this time," said Squills, "I
put out the light, tumbled into bed, and prepared to sleep, but Mrs. Squills still kept at it with forty Squills power.

After a time exhausted nature gave way, and she was silent. Then I felt a singular jiggling at the bed, and I turned round and said: Mrs. Squills, is that you? What in the world are you doing that for? If you want to laugh, laugh, but don't shake as if you had

the buck-ague.' "Oh, what a politician you are, Squills," said she, "Two weeks' canvassing, and then to be beaten by a

business, what can you explain to a How Do You Measure Wood?

A singular and interesting case is being tried here before Justice Ming. It appears that a wood-cutter took a tail, and lifted up his voice in such procontract to cut and deliver a certain amount of wood to the coal kilns of the blast-furnace situated here. The contractor delivered the wood in proper shape, but in measuring it a dispute stress between the company's agent and the contractor, the contractor claiming that the agent did not measure it accurately. Upon presenting his bill to the company, it refused to pay him for any more than what the agent had made it by his measurement. Law was resorted to, competent judges, among whom were engineers, were employed to inspect and re-measure it; but they differed in regard to the amount to something like one hundred cords. In measuring the length, some did so from one-third of the distance from where the chamfer begins to the tip end of the stick to the same distance on the other end, while others measured from onehalf of the length of the chamfer, and others from the tip of one end of the stick to where the chamfer begins on the other end. In the pile there are in the neighborhood of 950 cords. By computation it will be found that one inch of the end of the wood will amount, in the number of cords given above, to nearly twenty. Now it is evident that the three methods used will vary quite materially as to the length of the wood, and greatly as to the number of cords; but which is correct?—Appleton Cor-respondence Milwaukee Sentinel.

Our Productive Growth. Every man must take peculiar pride in contemplating the vastness of the productive industry of the Western States. Its increase is so wonderful that a frequent examination of the figures is necessary to its complete com-

which, these States consumed only about 86,000,000, leaving some 70,000, 000 bushels for export from these States. They produced, also, in that year, 700,000,000 bushels of corn. The Western and Northwestern States shipped to market, the same year, 213,000,000 bushels of wheat, of which over 74,400,000 went to foreign countries, over 41,000,000 to the New England, and the balance to the Gulf States.

The year 1873 saw an ingressed agree.

Considering the dog as a nuisance.—

New York Letter.

A country merchant in Iowa recently who, on reaching her home, could not make them burn. In a towering passion, which increased all the way back, she returned and demanded: "Why did you cheat me with those worthless matches?" "Matches," responded the

The year 1878 saw an increased acre-The year 1878 saw an increased acreage, and 1874 surpassed all the preceding by far, both in the number of new acres brought under tillage, and in the aggregate yield of most of the cereals, and this in spite of droughts and insect depredations, which in quite extended localities destroyed all vegetation.—

Don't Groan.—The man who groans over his poverty without taking a step toward bettering his condition, is justly regarded as a good-for-nothing dunce. Had he sense, the more desperate his fortunes the more energetic would be his attempts to improve them. Groaning does not help the matter; work is what is wanted. Persistent work will accomplish most anything. Opportunities are always waiting for those who are able to seize them. If a young man is poor, it does no good to complain about it. Let him go to work and acsagacious in the extreme."

The Queen of England's daughters are samples to the rest of the fashionable world in industry and taste. At the royal Swiss cottage each of the princesses has a garden which she cultivates with her own hands. They have learned to cook, and they frequently ait down to a meal prepared by one or the other. Louise, wife of the Marquis of Lorn, is a clever artist, and all of them are accomplished in some way or other, besides being excellent linguists.

Convilagrances are now spoken of the milking of San They are making for those who are able to seize them. If a young man is poor, it does no good to complain about it. Let him go to work and acquire means to fit himself for business. When thoroughly instructed in business to advance himself. Business men are always glad to get such talent. They know that any young man who has had force of character enough to educate himself will always prove useful, and can be depended on. Young men, if you are poor, don't groan, but go to work.

Convilagrances are now spoken of the milking of San The milking of San Them.

A Nice Man to Ride With.

The London correspondent of the Graphic tells this story: One of the most popular notions in England is that our system of railway traveling surpasses yours in comfort, from the fact that with our small carriages it is easy to get a compartment to one's self, or, at worst, a carriage with only one or two occupants. That there are drawbacks, however, even to this summit of earthly felicity, the adventures of a worthy director, who recently traveled from one Midland station to another, may show. The train he had to catch was very full and he was rather late, and in hurrying to and fro he observed a carriage tenanted by two men, one of whom was leaning out of the easy to get a compartment to one's self. one of whom was leaning out of the window while No. 2 was asleep in the corner. No. 1 endeavored to assert that the carriage was taken, but the director would stand no such nonsense and hysteld into the country of the control of th and bustled into the carriage, followed by the solicitor to the company. The train started immediately, and tenant No. 1 proceeded to explain that his sleepy friend was a lunatic, and that he was his keeper, and that as his patient was excitable all that was to be hoped was that he might not wake. luckily this hope proved vain, and the invalid being aroused required the director to sit opposite him while he explained the theory of the connection between fish-ponds and frogs, the director's open mouth doing duty for the former and the ranunculi being represented by little pellets of paper, which were hurled down the aperture with great precision by the lunatic. This interesting invalid next insisted on the director's danking his face with ink the director's daubing his face with ink which was produced from a traveling bag, and the entertainment wound up with a screaming farce, called "Hot Pancakes," in which the fun consisted in the insane gentleman's slapping each of his companion's faces in turn, and exclaiming, "There's another hot pan-cake." This finally resulted in a free fight, and the capture of the lunatic; but the director takes care now whom he travels with.

MRS. WATSON, wife of Professor Wat son, of Michigan University, is probably the only woman who enjoyed the privilege of going on the transit expedi-tion from the United States. She had a long journey. First, there was an overland journey to San Francisco, and then a voyage, lasting twenty-six days, to Yokohama, a four days' sail to Na-gasaki, and another of six days to Tientsin. Then followed a voyage up the river on small house-boats to Tung Chang, and finally, a donkey ride of sixteen miles to Peking.

Dog Dentistry in New York.

Dogs have the toothache, and not only do dogs have the toothache, but they have dentists, and it's hard to tell "To keep peace in the family," said Squills. "I had to promise a dress, or something else, and as for the tadpole fragile bit of a canine weighing no more than two pounds. The dear little man became fractious. He slunged his head in the sofa pillow and threw up his other end as if life had no more for-the patient was found with the family when the prescription for Claude was the dentist. His blanket was put on, his spirits encouraged, and off went the poor dear to have his teeth

A regular practitioner was the operator. Claude was put into a neat little box, packed in with wool. His wondering countenance stuck out of a hole in the cover. A rubber-covered stick went into his mouth and kept his jaws open, and the investigation commenced. Two of his back teeth were pulled— there was no doubt of that. He expostulated loudly, notwithstanding the gag. Then he was allowed a respite of some hours, after which he reluctantly resumed his harness and had three teeth filled with amalgam. Thus tink-ered, Claude has returned to his home to think of the past and refuse all sweet things that may bring to his little canine soul such sorrow as he has just suffered.

The little dog's dental bill was \$20, and that's but one of his mistress' troubles. She has paid \$25 for his prehension.

In the year 1872 the States of Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska, produced, of cereals, 1,029,000,000 bushels, or about 62 per cent. of all the grain produced in the United States in that year. Of this, over 156,000,000 bushels were of wheat, of which, these States consumed only about 86,000,000 leaving some 70,000. passage across the ocean four times.

> sion, which increased all the way back, she returned and demanded: "Why did you cheat me with those worthless matches?" "Matches," responded the grocer, pleasantly, (he always wears a smile for his customers), "what is the trouble with the matches?" "They won't burn, not one of them," was the quick, angry response. "Let us see," said the gentleman, applying the charged end to his pantaloons, and causing it to blaze instanter; "that burns well enough." "But the rest won't," re plied the woman, who began to fear that she had walked seven miles and was to return seven more on foot, and was to return seven more on foot, and had got angry for nothing. The grocer opened three bunches and proved them all the same, "I don't want to burn up all your matches," he said, "but there is not one that will not burn the there is not one that will not burn the same way." Chagrined, she stared at him with tiger eyes, and not to beaten, burst out: "If they will, you don't s'pose every time I want a fire I'm coming all this way to rub them on the seat of your trousers, do you?"

BUSINESS CARDS

JOHN CONNER,

Banking

Exchange Office,

ALBANY, OREGON.

Deposits received subject to check at sight.
Interest allowed on time deposits in coin.
Exchange on Portland, San Francisco and New
Fork for sale at lowest rates.
Collections made and promptly remitted.
Befers to H. W. Corbett, Henry Falling, W. S.

JONES & HILL, PHYSICIANS AND SURCEONS,

ALBANY, OREGON. J. W. BALDWIN, Attorney and Counselor at Law,

Will practice in all the Courts in the Second, The and Fourth Judicial Districts, in the Supreme Court Oregon, and in the U. S. District and Circ Office in Parrish brick (up-stairs), in office occupied by the late N. H. Cranor, First street, Albany, Oregon. D. B. RICE, M. D.,

SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN.

Office, First-st., Between Ferry and Washington. Residence, Third street, two blocks below or east of Methodist Church, Albany, Oregon. v5ns0

POWELL & FLYNN, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, . Finn, Notary Public), Albany, Oregon. Collectons and conveyances promptly attended to. 1

Albany Book Store.

JNO. FOSHAY,

Desier in

Miscellaneous Books, School Books, Blank
Books, Stationery, Fancy Articles, &c. Books imported to order at shortest possible n

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 5 o'clock p. m.

Epizootics Distanced. THE BAY TEAM STILL LIVES, And is flourishing like a green bay tree. Thankful for past favors, and wishing to morit the continuance 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.

20 Delivery of goods a specialty.

20v5

A. N. ABNOLD, Proprietor.

W. C. TWEEDALE,

Groceries, Provisions, Tobacco, Cigars Cutiery, Crockery, and Wood and Willow Ware.

ALBANY, OREGON.

The Metzler Chair! Can be had at the following places:

A full supply can also be obtained at my old shop on First street, Albany, Oregon. J. M. METZLER.

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. Ec-perience has taught this in all cases.

A. Carothers & Co.'s Pile Pills & Ointmen Are all they are recommended to be. Will cure Chronic, Blind 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.,

27v5

Box 33, Alabany, Oregon,

JOHN SCHMEER. DEALER IN

ALBANY, OREGON, Has just opened his new grocery establishment, on

Corner of Ellsworth and First Streets, 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.

EST Call and see me.

JOHN SCHMEER

John Briggs, Ranges,

Cook, Parlor and Box Stoves OF THE BEST PATTERNS.

ALSO, Tin, Sheet Iron and Copper Ware, Repairs neatly and promptly executed on reason

Short Reckonings Make Long Friends.

FRONT STREET, ALBANY.

Everything New. GRAF & COLLAR.

Manufacturers and Dealers in FURNITURE

Bureaus, Bedsteads, Tables, Lounges Bofas, Spring Beds, Chairs, Etc., Furniture repaired expeditionally and at fair rates.

Enlearcom and Pactory on First Street,
mear Schmeon's Enkery.

Albany, Feb. 28, 1874-25. GRAF & COLLAR:

A. W. GAMBLE, M. D., PHYSICIAN, SURCEON, Etc. Office on First St., over Weed's Grocery Store-

Residence opposite late residence of John C. Men-lenhall, near the Foundry, First street, Albany. October 22 1873. 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. and see.

The highest cash price paid for Hides.

CHARLES WILSON. Albany, August 14, 1874.

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.

ALBANY

Foundry and Machine Shop. A. F. CHERRY, Proprietor,

ALBANY, OREGON, Manufactures

Steam Engines, Flour and Saw Mill Machinery, Wood-Working & Agricultural Machinery.

Iron and Brass Castings. Particular attention paid to repairing all kinds of nachinery.

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 recipes.

A. CABOTHERS & CO. Albany, Oregon.

GO TO THE

-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 them

First Street, Albany, Oregon.

MEXICAN The Old Stove Depot 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 the 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 alike BENEFICIAL TO MAN AND BEAST.

Sold by all Druggists. S.T.--1860--X.

A. OTD

Homestead **Plantation Bitters**

WOMEN

SOLD BY ALL FIRST-CLASS DRUGGISTS