Aloft upon the wagon box, She sat in virgin state; The spirit moved me to draw near And hold with her debate. I saked of her the price of eggs; She raised her eyes, and then— "If brother Jesse were but here"— Then she looked down again.

She relead her eyes once more, at length "You seem a modest youth "—
Too much so for my good," I said;
"My greatest fault, in truth,"

"The fault becomes thee well;
The heart that harbors such a fault

Oh, heed," said she, "the earnest call That comes to such as thee, and be a bright and shining light,

Before my eyes a vision passed; I stood as in a swoon, And saw myself in Shaker garb, At peaceful Niskayune.

My hair cut short upon my brow, in long, stesight looks behind; A broad-brimmed hat upon my head, and nothing on my mind.

I saw the barn-like meeting hous It was the Sabbath-day— A crowd from Albany and Troy. But I had some to stay.

I saw myself upon the floor, A leader in the dance; First on the heel, then on the toe, I saw myself sdvance.

Then brother Jesse spoke awhile And when he reached the close I sang an edifying strain-I sang it through my nose.

The vision passed, and there I stood Once more upon Broadway. "Wilt go?" inquired the Shakeress; "Wilt go?" I faltered, "Nay!"

A teardrop trickled down my cheek, And fell upon my hand; A sudden hope shot through my soul; Almost I was unmanned.

"But thou wilt go with me?" I cried;
"Fair virgin—let us bo
In holy bonds, by solomn rites,
Our own community."

My life, my fortune, all I have

I tender now to you;
I live in a three-story house,
And I am well-to-do. "Wilt go with me?—you hesitate? A brown-stone front, you know—" Down came she from the wagon-box And answered me, "I go,"

AN UNWELCOME GUEST.

To get money and to keep it, according to Richard Whinstone's catechism, were the two chief ends of man. He was a single man on principle. It was the right thing economically, and therefore right indubitably. To one person in the world Richard Whinstone was generous, and that was his deer friend—Richard

Richard Whinstone had done a good day's work. He had made one or two profitable bargains; he had sold up the Widow Marten, and turned her and her six children out of doors for non-payment of rent; and, finally, had read a little boy with a pinched and pitiful face, who had besought the price of a loaf of bread, and who said he had a sick mother at home, a lecture on the sinfulness of begging, that evidently touched the little wretch's conscience, for he turned aside and wept bitterly.

Disk "he blade in his heart, but it glanced as from plate armor, and in an instant

merry. If his appetite lost its edge, the bottle of Burgundy was there to whet it, and he fell to again, till the last morsel, like Macbeth's amen, stuck in his throat. Satisty normally begets placidity. The lion, the leopard, and the lamb might lie down together any day, with perfect safety to the latter—provided the former had their bellies full. The bos constriction

had their bellies full. The bos constrictor, gorged with an ox, betakes himself, for a season, to a life of quiet. But the effect on Richard Whinstone was different. The expense of a whole sucking pig, wallowing in wine, rested heavy on his conscience; and his brain began to be a size of himself, day was breaking. The old housekeeper, who had found him groaning and sprawling on the floor, had, with much difficulty, shaken him into consciousness. She assisted him to bed; but Richard never shows that there is not a little of the way himself again. The surfeit of pig ent. The expense of a whole sucking on the floor, had, with much difficulty, pig, wallowing in wine, rested heavy on his conscience; and his brain began to busy itself with schemes of reimburse- was himself again. The surfeit of pig

oo careless for a needy customer. "I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, sir," said Richard, in a tone

more freezing than polite.

"But I know you very well," returned the stranger; "and pray don't let us stand here bandying ceremonies, for its confounded chilly;" saying which, he led the way to the apartment Richard had just quitted. "Well, this is comfort," he continued, rubbing his hands before the fire. "I haven't felt so much at home since I left there"

aince I left there."

A hasty survey of his visitor added alarm to Richard's astonishment. He was a wiry, ill-looking little man, in a rusty suit of black, with a wicked leer on his face, and one club foot.

"I say, Dick," the little man resumed, holding his hands in the blaze, as if they were fire-proof, "what an inhospitable does you are!"

"Whether hospitable or inhospitable," growled Richard, losing his temper as he gained his courage, "is not your business; but I would like to know what is!"

** It's bad talking business on an empty "I don't see how it's to be helped,"
swered Dick, doggedly.

"Don't see how it's to be helped, you armudgeon!" thundered the little man, eroely. "With the remains of such a ast on the table, there must be more here it came from."

"Upon my word," replied Richard, meekly, for he was getting frightened again, "there is not a bite in the home."
"Don't lie!" roared the other; "there is a cold ham in the pantry, and a demijohn of brandy in the closet."

"How do you know that?" It was on the tip of Richard's tongue to ask, but he was too much amazed to speak.
"How do I know it?" broke in the stranger, as if reading his thoughts, why, I smell them; so bring them

ham, big enough for a shark-bait, was stuck on the point of a carving-knife, and thrust down his throat with the audacity of a sword-swallower. Another and another followed, till nothing remained but bone, which he crushed with

his teeth, and then sucked the marrow.
"Now for punch!" he cried.
"There is no hot water," Richard ventured to say.
"Water!"—who asked for water! Bring me a lemon, some sugar, and

The kettle was placed on the fire. The stranger filled it with brandy, adding lemon and sugar to suit his taste. As the liquor boiled over, it caught fire, set-ting the whole in a blaze. Richard jumped up to take it off; the stranger caught his arm, and flung him back as if he had been a child, instead of a substantial citizen of fourteen stone.
"What are you about?" he exclaimed.

"The punch is doing well enough."
"I was only afraid the house might be

"Bother the house," replied the little man; "there's no danger."
"Your health, Dick!" at length he said, and, raising the kettle all blazing to his lips, he drank like a dromedary.
"And now, Dick, it's your turn," he "And now, Dick, it's your turn," he said, after a long breath. "You must drink my health now."

Richard drew back. "Drink!" abouted the stranger, hold-Poor Dick took a single gulp. left the skin of his mouth on the brim of the kettle, his throat was scorched as with liquid fire, and his hair was singed by

"And now to business," said the stranger, resuming his seat, and leaving Dick to sit or stand as he chose. "You knew John Walter, I believe. "Yes-yes," stammered Richard,"

once knew a person of that name."
"You and he went to California gether. Richard acknowledged the fact. "You made money, and he didn't."
"I believe I was the more fortunate of

"You and he started to return gether, and he died at San Francisco. Richard bowed.

"His wife and child are now destitute," the stranger persisted.
"I can't help that."

"I can't help that."
"Of course not. It was his boy you gave the good advice to to-day; I hope the young scamp will profit by it."
The scene with the little beggar, by noard was sure had been witnessed by no one. How the stranger had found it out was past comprehension.
"You're quite sure John Walter died

poor?" the stranger went on.
"Oh, quite," said Richard; "I paid "That's a lie," retorted the little man;
"they were paid by the public. It's another lie that he died poor. He had twenty thousand dollars with him, which

"I deny it!" Richard fairly screamed; "and defy you to prove it."
"Prove it! What effrontery! Why, I saw you do it." "It's false. There was nobody pres-

"Be careful, Dick, or you'll commit yourself. I saw you do another thing Richard shrank shivering in a chair, but said nothing.

The dinner was one after his own heart. It was a treat he had promised himself if things went right, and they had gone right. He ate, drank, and was merry. If his appetite lost its edge, the bottle of Burgundy and the little man was on his feet.

"Oh, ho! that's your game, is it?"

And with a trip that sent his heels spinning in the air, Richard was thrown headlong, with a force that shook the house to its foundation. horribly ugly foot it was! It was cleft like the hoof of an ox, and seemed to weigh a ton.

"Then you are the—"
"Pray keep a civil tongue in your head, and come along," said the little

was himself again. The surfeit of pig had brought on a fever, of which he died in eight days. His last rational act was The current of his thoughts was interpreted by a loud knock. Who could be coming on business at that hour? Some one, perhaps, with a bill to discount in widow and child; which, after all, was a

(Kearney (Mo.) Cor. Chicago Tribune. By popular verdict, the history of the James boys would be the criminal histo-

their booty, and escaped into Missouri.
To this day the Kentucky officials are willing to swear that the leaders of the marauding band were Frank and Jesse

In December, 1869, came the robbery of the Gallatin Bank in Daviess county, Mo., and the killing of John W. Sheets,

Following right upon this was the rob-bery of the cashier of the Kansas City fair grounds in his office—the deed done in

sight of 20,000 people.

The bank of Corydon, Iowa, was plundered in June, 1871. A resolute posse trailed the robbers as far as Daviess county, Mo., overtook them, fought, and were reconlised. In April, 1872, the bank at Columbia,

Ky., was visited the same way, and the preying band were tracked to the borders of Missouri and lost. The contents of the bank at Ste. Gene-The contents of the bank at Ste. Genevieve. Mo., went in May, 1873. Since then have come, in startling succession, the train robberies of Iowa, Gadshill, and, lastly, of Muncie. There is nothing in the criminal history of the country to equal this record of bold plunder-

These are only the greater crimes charged upon these boys. There are scores of lesser charges which popular opinion has filed against them. For these past eight years more romance and more terrorism has attached to the names of the James boys than to all other desperadoes of this half-tamed Southwest out together.

ness of these men. They face death with the nonchalance taught by a life's familiarity with it.

The James boys, while never denying their terrible record during the war, have steadily repudiated these charges of bank and train robberies. Each successive Governor of Missouri outlaws them nd sets a price on their heads, to which they regularly retort with an offer to give themselves up and face the decisions of the courts if pledged fair treatment. The father of Jesse and Frank was the Rev. Thomas James, a Baptist preacher, who attained considerable eminence in

Clay county was part of the debatable ground in the early troubles of the Jay-hawkers and the Border Ruffians, as they were opprobriously termed by their enemies on either side. At the outset of the conflict Frank James joined Quantrell. Jesse, only 16 years of age, remained on the farm. One day a company of militia came to the place and hung Dr. Samuels to a tree three or four times, and left him for dead. Jesse was taken from the plow and ded about with a rope around his neck, beaten with the flats of sabers, and warned that the punishment would be worse if the family continued to har-bor bushwhackers. Mrs. Samuels and her daughter were taken to St. Joseph, and for some weeks held in custody. Jesse James joined his brother under Quantrell, and from that day to the end of the war the boys were in every massacre and terrible encounter in the guerrilla warfare up and down the Missouri, Kansas and Arkansas border. They served under those most noted despera-does, Quantrell, Todd, Anderson and Taylor, out of whom the only one now living is Taylor, and he is a cripple, with one arm shot away, a shattered right lung, and a terrible scar on his thigh.

The James boys were prominent in the sack of Lawrence, and afterward it was a party of twenty-seven men under their leadership who fell upon a detachment of Jennison's famous 15th Kansas cavalry on Cabin Creek, in the Cherokee Nation, and slaughtered twenty-nine out of the thirty-two. With his own hand in this meeting, Jesse James killed Capt. Goss, and also the Rev. U. P. Gardner, of the 13th Kansas.

They were with Bill Anderson at Centralia, Mo., when a train of soldiers, some armed and some helpless, was stopped. A few shots were fired, and then the Union soldiers surrendered, only to be taken from the cars and shot down until not a man was left. Then the town was sacked. The train was set on fire, the engine turned loose with a full head of steam, and sent plunging away at a fearful rate of speed toward Sturgeon. When the place had been laid waste, Anderson and his men retreated to the

From Paris, in Monroe county, a de tachment of Federal cavalry 300 strong, under Maj. Johnson, came down to avenge the outrage. Anderson's men lured the troopers into their trap, and swooped down on them. Out of the 300, barely twenty got back to tell of the massacre. There were no prisoners taken. Jesse James killed Maj. Johnson and seven others. Frank James killed as many more. The blood that rests on these two men's heads is something so terrible that their old companions in arms shudder when they tell of them. The war record of these men would fill books, but this is enough to show the "John Walter would have survived his

American Revivalists in England.

Moody and Sankey, the evangelists who work in Great Britain and Ireland, are soon to be in London, where Mr. Spur-geon has offered them the use of his tabernacle, on the South Side; the Agricultural Hall, which will hold 12,000 people, has been secured in the North Division; and in the East and West Divisions large temporary edifices are to be put up. The very fact of these great preparations will crowd their meetings, and that is all these men want. Given the people, and their peculiar influence, "God's grace," as they firmly believe, will fill the crowd with religious excitement and emotion. All the English ministers who have been engaged with them, and many Americans, including Talmage, have been invited to join them in revival theatrical about their management, and indeed about Mr. Moody's preaching, which is full of dramatic power. A writer in the London News calls him a Yankee Bunyan, who has the great gift of realizing the unseen, and describing one, perhaps, with a bill to discount in an emergency that would bear no waiting. So much the better, and he hastened to open the door.

"How are you, Dick?" the stranger

Reasons for Drinking.

Old Sambo Shute, long since gone across the dark valley, was a worthy man in his way, and genial withal; but Sambo would occasionally get drunk. One day his employer took him to task, and read him a lecture, at the close of which he asked him if he didn't think he could do better for the future.
"Don'o, mas'r," said the darkey, scratching his head.

"But what do you think?"
"Well, mas'r, I's afear'd I tink not."

"Well, mas'r, I's afear'd I tink not."

"Sambo, what do you mean? Do you mean that you will not try?"

"Twouldn't be of no use, mas'r. Fact is, 'twas born in me. Rum is my nat'ral drink. Yer see, afore I was born, my father and mother were boff bought on de coast of Africa, an' paid for in rum.

This is about equal to the excuse of the old fellow in a New Hampshire barroom. It was 11 o'clock in the forenoon, and a number of thirsty ones had

room. It was 11 o'clock in the forenoon, and a number of thirsty ones had
entered the tavern for their beverage;
and they all offered an excuse for their
indulging. One said he had a pain in
his side; another had a touch of the
colic; another had a severe cold, and
so on, and so on. At length a red-faced
old Trojan samped up to the bar, having listened to the excuses of the others,
and said ha. and said he :

"Say, old hoss, give us a glass of old Jamaica, stiff. My old woman's goin' to have codfish for dinner, and salt codfish allers makes me dry!"—New York

For several years past some unknown person was in the habit of sending checks for £1,000, at intervals, to the person was in the habit of sending checks for £1,000, at intervals, to the several charitable institutions in London, and all efforts to discover who it was failed. The John Bull now says that it was a Mr. Attwood, who died recently near Chechunt. He was about 80 years old, and a bachelor; rich, but living very quietly. His books show that he gave away £350,000 by these checks—£45,000 within the last year. He has left more than a million sterling, and no will. A thousand pound note was found lying about the room, as if it had been waste in all these robberies. The party rardy within the last year. He has left more than five, and the well laid plans have been always carried out thousand pound note was found lying without a hitch. It is impossible not to admire the superb daring and recklessA Maniac's Wonderful Escape.

About a quarter before 10 this morn ng pedestrians on Sacramento and Montgomery streets, and occupants of Donahue & Kelly's bank and the offices over it were horrified to see a man, nude all but a shirt, emerge from a window in the fourth story of the Alta boarding house and sustain himself at this dizzy height by clinging to the window-sill. His screams of murder and the cries of the gathering crowd, who expected to see him every moment lying a mangled corpse on the pavement beneath, attracted the attention of the Post editors in the adjoining building. On seeing the man's danger, the first thought was to throw the noose of a rope over him. He succeeded, however, in making a spring from the window-sill over nearly three feet to the perpendicular water conduit of the Post building—s pipe of six inches in diameter. From that he six inches in diameter. From that he made another spring and caught the large signboard of the *Post*. How he accomplished the feat of holding to so large a pipe with one hand, even for a minute, is inexplicable. When he reached the signboard he passed himself along hand over hand until he reached the iron belony of the corner window of the iron balcony of the corner window of the Post building, and raising himself with great strength until he came within reach of some of the editorial corps of the Post, when he was dragged into the room to the great relief of the crowd below.
The poor fellow, panting and trembling, told a terrible etory, how he had been attacked by a dozen of masked men who had murdered all his companions and had attempted to chloroform him, stab him, and in other ways put an end to his life, and how two, ten, and 1,000 men had been murdered by these assassins, until his chamber was drenched with blood. The poor fellow was evidently crazy from some cause, and the officers were sent for. After procuring his clothes from the lodging house he was removed to the City Hall. On examination by the Commissioners on Lunacy he was remanded to the Home of the Inebriates for a few days, that his mental condition might be ascertained. He gave the name of Thomas Allen, aged 24, and said he was a native of Ireland; also, that he had been working on the railroad in San Mateo county, and had come to town yesterday. He repeatedly declared that he had only drank three glasses of ale, and had gone to bed sober; also, that after a short sleep the attacks on him began, and had been continued all night. Few of those who saw the poor fellow in his peril will easily forget the blood-curdling sensation this maniac's performance gave them.—San Francisco Post, Jan. 12.

Justice Boiled Down.

"James Jackson-charged with drunknness—what do you say?" exclaimed his Honor as "next" was called.

"I say I wasn't," replied the prisoner.
"Well, officer, arise, hold up your hand, tell the whole truth and stop coughing. Now then, go ahead." Jackson was found seated in a public stairway, his back to the wall, eyes shut, and his nose being gradually frostbitten. When aroused he said he wouldn't go with the officer until he could have on a Butler to recover money taken by the behind and a pair of sleeve-buttons with dogs' heads on them. The officer had The Spea to tear his coat collar off before Mr. Jackson could be induced to take a liamentary. moonlight stroll down through the valley leading to the Central Station. All of which the officer said was the truth and nothing but the truth, and he held up the coat collar to add weight to his

"I won't work," retorted the prisoner.
"They won't require you to. I shall send up word to have you dressed like a nabob, perfumed up, waited on by three servants and given a room with velvet-covered furniture. Remember, Mr. Jackson, in ordering your oysters that the breast is the most nutritious portion of the animal, and if you want luck you of the animal, and if you want luck you

of the animal, and if you want luck you will save your wish-bones."

That ended the soirce, and as his Honor and the reporters left the room Bijah was getting off one of his old yarns on Russia, claiming to have seen icicles three feet long on the spouts of boiling tea-kettles.—Detroit Free Press.

Mr. Smith's Perplexity.

A prominent church-goer of Willough-by, Ohio, who is called Mr. Smith for convenience, entered the Methodist Church at that place last Sabbath, walked up the aisle very deliberately, chose a seat in front of the pulpit, in full view seat in front of the pulpit, in full view of the audience, took off his overcost and commenced folding it. An audible titter passed through the entire congregation, and Mr. Smith could not imagine what was the cause of the marriment. Having folded his coat very carefully and placed it beside him, he was just going to sit down, when he discovered for the first time, that he was versenting quite a down, when he discovered for the first time that he was presenting quite a pugilistic appearance, standing there before the audience in his shirt-sleeves! When he fully comprehended the situation a look of utter dismay was depicted upon his countenance. The appearance of the Furies, the Harpies, or some Gorgon horror just then would not have disturbed his peace of mind in a greater degree. Seising his coat he put it on in an incredibly short space of time, and sat down a sadder and a warmer man. Every few minutes he would fix his collar around his neck more tightly as if he Every few minutes he would fix his collar around his neck more tightly as if he were afraid his coat would slip off a second time of its own accord. The minister who had to view the whole incident, with much difficulty and a large handkerchief managed to restrain his laughter.

A Wall from the Oil Region.

Oildom is, we confess, under a sad depression, embarrassed with abundance.
Oil that once would have brought six dollars per barrel now brings sixty cents; a well that once would have brought \$250,000 lately sold for \$15,000—all from the "excessive superabundance." a well that once would have brought \$250,000 lately sold for \$15,000—all from the "excessive superabundance" of oil. If one remembers how this business began—at the top—he can imagine how complete is its prostration. All Titusville, the metropolis of oildom, is under the hammer. One man (only a specimen), who had but lately an income of \$100,000, is now hardly worth his hat. All is dreary as wintry midnight. Oil is here stored in huge tanks, enough to light the world a while; and still it comes. To strike oil, which once made one's fortune, is a very moderate blessing; nor can our favorite Pennsylvaniaism, "protection," help us, for nobody competes with us in supplying the world. So we must suffer from our copiousness, while all make light of the cause of our trouble. It is little comfort that on sea and shore, around the world, we shine, and that Dr. Newman saw us brightening even the Garden of Eden, as long as oil is so dark at home!—Letter in Zion's Herald.

IP you are out in a driving storm, don't attempt to hold the rains.

LIVELY SCENE IN CONGRESS.

Mangreement Between Ben Butler and a Flery Hember from the Lone Star State-A Row, and Almost a Fight.

It occurred during a debate on the Civil Rights bill, and is thus described by a correspondent of the Chicago by a correspondent of the Chicago Times: He (Butler) proceeded to stigmatize, by inference, the majority of the people of the South as murderers, benditti, and horse-thieves. This remark stirred up the Southern members, and they came crowding down to the front, with eyes flashing and threatening looks. They were unwise in this. Randall said during the row, "It don't amount to shucks," and that they should consider the source of the remarks before becomdered a man in New Orleans," not at first hear it. Some other words were exchanged, when a member ran to Butler and told him what McLean had said. Butler then bounded out in front of the Speaker's deak, and roared at McLean that the time had long gone by when such ruffishly, unparliamentary, and ungentlemanly language could frighten anybody. There was now one of those lively scenes that occasionally occur upon the floor of the House. Confusion reigned supreme for a moment, while Blaine pounded away vigorously with his gavel. As soon as order was partially restored, Mr. Blaine condemned McLean's language as grossly unparlia-McLean said he had understood Butler as calling the people of the South mur-derers, banditti, and horse-thieves.

Butler denied this, and then, to save any more recrimination, the Honse waited fifteen minutes for the short-hand reporter to transcribe Butler's words, as taken down. The scene was made fur-ther interesting by Butler saying that it was true he had hung a man in New Or-leans. He was proud of it, and was only sorry that he had not hung more. When his words were read, it was seen that he had not openly charged the Southern people with being murderers and the

Butler gave way for Lynch, the colored Mississippi member, and he began to speak, but the confusion was so great that he could not be heard. Lamar, of Mississippi, ran over to Lynch, and got him to yield a moment, and then Lamar called the attention of the Chair to the language used by Butler in reply to McLean, and asked if that

was not unparliamentary. He wanted censure visited where it belonged.

Pelham, of Indiana, crowded in front of Lamar at this. "God damn it," said he, "there is going to be a fight now." There was another crowding of members to the front, during which De Witt, of New York, had some words with Butler. Butler told him to get out of the crowd, and stop mixing with other people's quarrels. Then De Witt went right over to Butler and shook his fist in his face, to show him that he was not afraid to talk without permission. The enmity clean paper collar, a shirt which buttoned latter, during the war, from a New Or

The Speaker then enlivened matters by ruling Butler's language also unpar-

A New Way to Pay Old Debts.

othing but the truth, and he held up he coat collar to add weight to his ords.

Benson Smith, a Chappaqua farmer, was served with meat by Mr. John Kipp, the butcher, until Mr. Kipp became satisfied that Mr. Smith did not intend to ing around this town in this sort of way," said his Honor. "You are out of money, look bad all over, and it seems that all the ambition has faded out of your character. I shall have to make it sixty like the wagon delivering meat. Kipp was on the wagon delivering mest. He stopped Smith and asked him to pay

Smith's countenance was a spectacle to behold. Young Kipp, unhurt, drove away whistling.

Mr. Smith then went before Justic St. John and sued out a warrant, and when the case was called for trial a jury when the case was called for trial a jury was demanded. The jury having been completed, Mr. Kipp's lawyer hurriedly asked Mr. Kipp whether he had given Mr. Smith a receipt. "No," he answered in astonishment. "Then give him one." Mr. Kipp quickly complied, and Mr. Smith took it in wonder.

"Now, if your Honor pleases," said ne lawyer, "I wish to call your attenthe lawyer, "I wish to call your attention to the fact that the assault complained of was the fulfillment of a con-tract duly made. The consideration was the amount of the bill, which the boy was to take in his own way out of

The Justice declined to deal with the knotty point, and turned it over to the jury, and they lost no time in deciding that the complainant had no case.

The Use of Enemies.

When a man complains of his enemi it not only shows that his heart is filled with bitterness, and that he would not hesitate to retaliate if opportunits should offer, but also that he lacks wis dom as well as charity in not considerdom as well as charity in not consider-ing how useful an enemy could be to him. A wise and faithful friend once spoke to his acquaintance upon this sub-ject as follows: "You are ever com-plaining of the wrong and annoyance you suffer from your enemy, but you forget that more than half your trouble-and fears come from your own heart and fears come from your own heart. Guard more against yourself, and you will have less reason to fear other enemies, for open enemies are far less danmies, for open enemies are far less dan-gerous than secret ones. That man is an enemy to himself who indulges in hatred to his fellow-man, and meditates revenge against those of whose hostility he complains; for by cherishing such a temper of mind he makes himself an enemy of the God who condemns all im-placability and malevolence of disposi-tion. Now, consider the matter calmly, and you will soon see how much good you may derive from an enemy, and you may derive from an enemy, and thank God that so much good can come

IRON IN THE PTRAMIDS OF EGYPT.—According to the Iron Age, a wedge or plate of iron has been found imbedded in the masonry of the great pyramid in Egpyt, the indications being that it must have been wrought in the age of Cheops, placed by some authorities as far back as 5,400 years ago. This makes the use of iron about 2,500 years more ancient than it is supposed to be, and affords opportunity for explaining the cutting of the sharp and well-defined hieroglyphics on perphyry, granite and other hard stones sharp and well-defined hieroglypnics on perphyry, granite and other hard stones employed in the construction of Egyptian pyramids, temples and tombs. How these could have been out before the age of iron has been a puzzling question to of iron has been a pussling question to

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