A CHILD'S WORK.

"Go away! We won't play with you; you're a drunkard's child. Your father gets drunk 'most every day, my father

The speaker was a girl of perhaps twelve years of age. The one addressed was a girl of about the same age.

A group of children had gathered by the roadside to play. A small house stood near by. From this house the child addressed so rudely had seen them at their sport, and had joined them, to be repulsed by the words with which I have begun my story.

Her eyes filled with tears, and her cheeks flushed up with shame and wound-

ed pride. ain't to blame for that," she said, bit-

"Well, we won't play with you, anyway," said the first speaker. "Will we "No! no!" cried the other children,

"There! you heard that, didn't you?" cried the girl, to the child of a drinking "I hope you're satisfied now. Go along with you; we want to play, and we won't be bothered with you, so now. I'd be ashamed if I were you! You're a drunkard's daughter! Shame!

She pointed her finger in derision and scorn at the poor girl, and, parrot-like, or rather, like children, the others followed her example, and cries of "Shame!" "Shame!" rung in the ears of the disgraced child.

She covered her face with her hands, and turned and ran away from them, never stopping until she reached her Then she sunk down sobbing as if her

heart would break. "What is the matter with my little girl?" Mrs. Deane asked, tenderly. She was a pale, sad-faced woman, with sorrow-haunted eyes. A woman who, without being old in years, was old in sad experience of life.

"I went out to play with the girls, and they told me I was a drunkard's and they told me I was a drunkard's

daughter, and wouldn't play with me," sobbed Mary, hiding her face in her mother's lap.
"Poor child!"

Mrs. Deane sighed heavily, but she did not weep.

She had found out, by bitter experience, that tears were of but little avail.

She stroked Mary's hair, and tried to

soothe her by kind words. But the wound she had received was a deep one. "Oh, mother, do you suppose father'll ever give up drinking?" she asked, after a little silence. "I don't know," Mrs. Deane an-

swered. "I hope so. I have prayed for such a blessing more times than I can comprehend. If God heard, he has not answered my prayer yet. He may in his own good time. I can only pray, and hope, and leave the rest to him." "I can't go to school week-days, nor

"And the children won't play with me, cause father drinks. And you can't go to meeting, 'cause you hain't clothes to wear. It's too bad, mother, isn't it?"

"It is a sorrowfol you'ded. Sign. given me the best temperance sermon I ever heard, and—you've converted me! Not another drop of liquor shall be sold across my bar. I will close the place to night. Wait!"

"It is a sorrowfol you've light arm out straight."

"I say—you! Where is Latanette." "It is a sorrowfal way of living,

mother answered, kissing her. "I do not care so much for myself, but for you. I bete to see the years which should be the brightest ones in your life, darkened and made sorrowful. Oh, if he only would leave off that awful habit."

The words held the pathos and sublimity of a prayer.

"What makes Mr. Strong sell liquor,
I wonder?" questioned Mary.

"I don't know," her mother answered.

"To make money, I suppose. I think a man who can make money by selling that to his fellow-man which will ruin his body and soul, must have a, heart as hard as any stone.'

"I wonder if anybody ever asked him to give up such wicked business?" Mary asked. "Maybe he'd quit it if he only knew what misery he was commit-ting. Do you suppose he would?" "I'm afraid not," answered Mrs.

Mary sat and thought for a long time after her mother left her.

Suddenly she seemed to make up her mind as to the course she should pur-sue, and she got up and put on her bon-net, and started down the road without

saying anything to her mother.

Poor Mary!

Her nome had not always been the unhappy one it was then. She could re-member the time when her father used to come home from his day's work, sober as any man. Then her mother would meet him at the gate with kisses, and he would take up his child and carry her to the house, and they were all so happy,

seep her warm; not enough to enable her to go to school, and for the same reason her mother could not go to church. Now, her father often came home the worse for liquor; she could not bear to kiss him with that sickening scent of whisky on his breath. All his earnings, for a week sometimes, would be spent at the saloon in the village.

There was but one saloon in the place, but that was enough to circulate a deal of misery and heartache among the neighborhood.

The first person she met was a mer-hant, with whom they had often had ealings. Occasionally they got things t his store on credit. Mary remem-ered that there was something due him

flaming sign hung out, on which was painted in gilt letters, "Saloon!"

Here she stopped, while her heart beat like a scared bird's.

This, then, was what some one who had a strong sense of the fitness of things had called "Strong's Hell." Here was where death and ruin to soul and body was sold over the bar at five and ten cents a glass.

Mary went in. A man was standing behind the bar. A man with a not unhandsome face, but one which lacked culture and refine-"Are you Mr. Strong?" asked Mary,

timidly. "Yes, that's my name," he answered pleasantly. "What do you want of "You don't look like such a bad man

as you ought to, to sell liquor," she said, looking into his face.

"Why, had a liquor-dealer ought to look like a bad man?" he asked. "Yes, I think so," she said. "Only bad men sell liquor, and you don't look a very bad man. I ain't much afraid of you, and I thought I should be. Oh, you, and I thought I should be. Oh, Mr. Strong!" clasping her hands plead-ingly, and lifting a face full of beseeching his, "I came down here to-day to ask you to give up selling liquor. You don't know what awful work you're doing. I guess you never thought of it. Did you? I can't go to school, because I can't have clothes good enough to wear and I do so want to learn as other children do. I could, if you wouldn't sell my father liquor; and mother could go to meeting every Sunday. She used to, before there was a saloon in the place, but now she doesn't. And the children won't play with me. They call me a drunkard's child, and shame me. And

we're real unhappy at home, mother and me. Father don't seem like the same man he used to be, since he got to drink He spends most all of his money here. And we ain't the only ones who suffer so. It's all through the neighborhood, mother says. Ever so many men drink, who didn't before you came here. I thought I'd come down here and ask you to stop selling liquor. Maybe you never thought how much sorrow you were causing. Didn't any one ever tell you? Oh, I cry myself to sleep, lots of times, just because father drinks. I don't want to be a drunkard's child! Its the worst stimulus in such cold as this.' thing in the world, I guess. If father didn't drink so, I know we'd be happy again, just as we used to be. Ah, Mr. Strong, if you was me, would you want to be made fun of, because your father drinked? If your mother knew what you was doing, don't you think she'd feel sorry? Please, please don't sell any more liquor. I'll pray for you, every night, and so will mother, if you'll only let us have father back, a sober man.

There were tears in Mr. Strong's eyes; her words, full of infinite pathos, struck home, and the man's heart, which was not all bad, smote him. What would his mother say? She had been dead many years, but the memory of her was the tenderest spot in his heart. If she the tenderest spot in his heart. If she have your father trounce you!" she exhad lived, he might have been a differ-Since her death, he had been ent man. drifting hither and thither, and the good impulses of his nature had got choked got the wood. with tares and brambles.

"Child," he said, with a voice that to school Sundays," said Mary, sighing as no child of her age ought to sigh. had a suspicious quiver in it, "you've ette street was. given me the best temperance sermon I "Doomed for

He went out, and took down his sign. "There!" he said. "You see I mean what I say. Go home, child, and tell that mother of yours that she need fear nothing from me. I shall not stand be tween your father and the sober life which was his in the days when you were "I go, most am not all bad yet, and such prayers as yours may help me to be a better man." suits!

"I wish you'd let me kiss you, she "I love you, and I like to kiss folks I love."

He bent down and caught her in his arms, and she kissed him. Some warm tears fell upon her face. They were promises of a better life.

Some old topers were horrified to miss the sign from the place where they had been in the habit of imbibing, and still more horrified to find that the place was closed forever. "I have been converted," Strong said. "I have concluded to change my busi-

ness, and have taken down my 'guide-board.'" For some one had characterized his Mary's home is a happy one now, for, with the temptation out of the way, John Deane has gone back to his sober

ways again.

And a child's work, under God wrought the change.

How to Make Good Coffee. I will give my mode, the result being very satisfactory: First of all get a good article—that is, coffee that will brown well—this can be tested easily, as the grains should swell almost twice the size But now!

But now!

She shuddered when she thought of it.

Now, she had hardly clothes enough to each the warm; not enough to enable brown, or you will burn it, and good coffee cannot be made out of charcoal. I have an old-fashioned mill, the kind that are nailed upon the wall; that mill three fourths full makes sufficient coffee for four persons. After grinding it I put it in a bowl, pour some white of egg to clarify, then dampen thoroughly with cold water, stirring well to mix the egg through completely, then pour into the boiler, and to this add three pints of cold water instead of bot, as many use cold water, instead of hot, as many use. Set the boiler upon the fire, and as the coffee heats, stir it two or three times before it arrives at the boiling point. When Mary got out of sight of home, she tuirned off from the road, and knelt down among some bushes and prayed. It was a simple little prayer, but it has something very touching in it for all that:

"Dear Jesus," she said, "please help me. I'm going to try to save my father from being a drunkard, and I can't do it alone. I don't want to be called a drunkard's child, and be laughed at any more. I do want to go to school, and mother wants to go to meeting, and we can't if father keeps on drinking so. Please, dear Jesus, help me, and make Mr. Strong stop selling liquor. Amen."

Then she got up, and went on again. She reached the village.

The first person ahe met was a mer-from a detailed statement of mail matter of all classes originating at fifty of the largest offices in the United States for a seried of four weeks, beginning. After a severe fight, Mr. Sadler was soized by the ankle,

ter of all classes originating at fifty of the largest offices in the United States for a period of four weeks, beginning Dec. 1, 1874, the following comparative

demings. Occusionary may gos surings	figures are taken : Weight
at his store on credit. Mary remem-	
bered that there was something due him	No, of pieces, in pounds,
vet address off; purposite the larger and the	Boston 3,465,343 338,848
	Baltimore 1,237,945 76,834
"Are you going to the store?" he	Buffalo
asked.	Cincipnati
"No, sir," she answered.	Indianapolis
"All right, then," he said. "I	Louisville 673,547 70,871
The trightly then, the district	New Orieans 1,141,665 47,719
didn't know but you was down after	New York11,329,031 1,639,753
something. I thought I'd tell you that	Philadelphia
I couldn't let your folks have anything	Pittaburgh
more until they pay for what they have	San Francisco 856,245 99,619
had. Your father drinks up enough	Washington 1,199,790 214,228
mad, four tather drives up enough	orn a season to the season to at a
every may to pay me what he owes me."	The total number of pieces in the
Mary went on down the street until	fifty offices for the period named is 41,-
she came to a place where there was a	241.990, weighing 5,543,048 pounds.

People Who Delight in Cold. The Speciator says : "There are peo-

ple who find the cold simply a novelty, which gives a fillip to their energies and adds a zest to life. Mr. Alfred Garrod threw out not long ago in a scientific journal a suggestion that perhaps it is the difference in temperature between the external skin and the heat of the blood which supplies the springs of those mag-netic currents of which nervous action in a large degree possibly consists, and that the greater that difference of temperature, the more lively is the action of the belief : batteries of which the nerves are the conducting wires. If that were so, that certainly account for the sort of abounding self-gratulation which seems to possess some men in dwelling on the mere fact that 'the thermometer showed 18 degs, of frost last night;' only it woulr make it still more difficult to account for the apparently frozen up energies which the apparently frozen up energies which the delayers some records. But to the the apparently frozen up energies which cold causes some people. But to the people who exult in cold, the human race several times; think I was in the store appears all the nobler for sustaining so many degrees of frost; and as for them, treat the low temperature as a gospel of great joy. Indeed, their bearing seems to indicate something more like the deep well-spring of satisfaction arising from a good conscience than anything You see the traces of this state of feeling in Dickens' Christmas stories, where frost and benevolence always flow does not gush when water is frozen, it is to me that, to get the money, I must kill always, with Dickens, the sign of deliberate malignity of heart. And unquestionably there are a good number of persons to whom severe weather brings a self-satisfaction and a desire to overflow benignity over other people which you never see at other times. They go about saving either literally or by smiles and lavish rubbing of the hands, 'Here is the ther-mometer more than half-way between freezing-point and zero, yet I exult in it; I walk; I skate; I ride; I beat my breast heartily for the severe weather; I make a joyful noise in everything I do, to attract the attention of the world to my great successin defying the cold; I smile jubilantly and return jubilant smiles jubilantly; for I feel a successful man, and without any mean envy I recognize all comrades who are successful in the same way.' Heroes should support each other, and they are heroes who find nothing but

Unappreciated Shakespeare.

A few days ago young Gurley, whose father lives on Croghan street, organized a theatrical company and purchased the dime novel play of "Hamlet." The company consisted of three boys and a hostler, and Mr. Gurley's hired girl was to be the "Ghost" if the troupe could

guarantee her fifty cents per night.
Young Gurley suddenly bloomed out
as a professional, and when his mother her words, full of infinite pathos, struck asked him to bring in some wood he re-

"The tyrant who lays his hand upon

me shall die!" replied the boy, but he He was out on the step when a man came along and asked him where Lafay-

"Ah! Could the dead but speakah!" continued Gurley.

The man drove him into the house, and his mother sent him to the grocery

"I go, most noble duchess," he said happy. Don't forget to pray for me. I as he took up the basket, "but my good sword shall some day avenge these in-

He knew that the grocer favored the-atricals, and when he got there he said : "Art thou provided with a store of that vegetable known as the 'tater, most excellent duke?" "What in thunder do you want?"

growled the grocer as he cleaned the cheese-knife on a piece of paper.
"Thy plebeian mind is dull of compre-

hension!" answered Gurley.
"Don't try to get off any of your nonsense on me, or I'll crack your empty
pate in a minute!" roared the grocer, and "Hamlet" had to come down from his high horse and ask for a peck of

"What made you so long?" asked his mother as he returned. "Thy grave shall be dug in the cy-press glade!" he haughtily answered.

When his father came home at noon, Mrs. Gurley told him that she believed the boy was going crazy, and related what had occurred.

At the dinner table young Gurley casion in question the girl came near to spoke of his father as the "illustrious the black bull, and, with a smothered Count," and when his mother asked him roar, he started toward her. The girl if he would have some butter gravy he

"The appetite of a warrior cannot be satisfied with such nonsense."

When the meal was over the father sprout, and the boy was asked to step out into the woods and see if the pen-stock was frozen up. He found the old man there, and he said:

"Why, most noble lord, I had sup-posed thee far away!" "I'm not so far away but what I'm going to make you skip!" growled the father. "I'll teach you to fool around with ten cent tragedies! Come up here!"

For about five minutes the woodshed was full of dancing feet, flying arms, and moving bodies, and then the old man

A Cumberland county (Pa.) paper says: "Mr. Sadler, of Camp Hill, was attacked by his Berkshire boar, which had been kept penned up, but broke out on Sunday morning. After a severe fight, Mr. Sadler was seized by the ankle, thrown down, and dragged about twenty yards to a place where the water was about a foot deep. The house dog, hearing the struggles, broke his chain and went to his master's assistance. The dog is a large one, of the build-dog species, and immediately seized the boar by the ear with such ferocity that Mr. S. was released, and enabled to crawl away from the contest, nearly smothered with mud, though not much hurt. An hour later, after being thoroughly washed, he found his late assailant sleeping, as though he was innocent of bad intentions. But Mr. S., still smarting from the effects of the late skirmish, took aim, and there was a waste of 300 pounds of pork."

Inger. The tager seized the ox by the neck with such tenacity that when the ox tried to escape he separated the cage-bars and drew the tiger through them. Then a terrible battle commenced. The watchman climbed to the top of the building, and they at once came down to discover the cause of the din. The hyena, elephant, and all the other animals were terribly excited, and doing their utmost to escape. Brooks and Dickey jumped upon the tiger, and by choking him succeeded in tearing him from his victim; but he escaped them and again fastened upon the secured him once more in his cage. Both well was innocent of bad intentions. But Mr. S., still smarting from the effects of the late skirmish, took aim, and there was a waste of 300 pounds of pork."

A HUMAN FIEND.

How Ortwein Destroyed a Whole Family-One of the Most Monstrous and Horrible Crimes E r Heard of.

Ernest rtwein, who was hung at Pittsburgh, last week, for the murder of the Hamnett family in April last, made a full confession of his crime and ac-knowledged the justice of his sentence. The story of the murder, which was made in German, of which the following is a translation, is almost too horrible for

I left Hamnett's house just after supper on the evening of the murder, and went directly to Homestead; I called at about 9 o'clock in the evening; just as I was about leaving, it came into my head that I must have Hamnett's money; I thought he had a great deal of it in the house, and, as I felt queer all at once in my head, I thought I must get it; I went directly to the house, but don't know how I got there; I suppose I must have been out of my mind; after getting into the house I found that Mr. and Mrs together in great spring tides. If feeling Hamnett had not come home. It occurred en, and, taking that with me, I went up into the room above the kitchen, where Robert Smith and myself slept; the bed was in the corner of the room, and I the front of the bed, and with one blow killed the boy; he never moved; I can't say how it was that the boy's throat was cut; I may have struck him twice but he had a specific a specific a Spencer.

Save power moved. never groaned; after the boy was dead, I went into an adjoining room, where Ida and little Fmma were sleeping—one in the corner and the other in the bed occupied by the children, near the center; both of the little girls were sleeping; I struck Ida first, and she never moved;

After this I went down stairs, and took a ward. position just inside of the door of the room adjoining the kitchen, and waited for Mr. and Mrs. Hamnett to come liome. They came between 10 and 11 o'clock. Mr. Hamnett came into the room first. I was standing so that he could not see me, and I struck him from | pound. behind, using the same ax; he fell to the floor. Mrs. Hamnett came rushing into the room, and, as she passed me, I struck her, but did not kill. shrieked once or twice, "O God, John!" and then I struck her a second blow, which killed her instantly. Mrs. Hamnett and the baby were the only ones I hit twice; the others were killed with one blow. I used the ax all the time. I

committed the deed to get Mr. Hamnett's money. I searched Mr. Hamnett's pockets and obtained his pocketbook. It contained only \$15 in paper money. I found Mrs. Hamnett's pocket-book on the sewing-machine; was only 50 cents in it. I looked over the honse, but all the money I got was \$15. The silver money I spent yesterday I brought with me from Ger-I did not get it from the house. My only motive for doing this deed was to get the mc...y. I never had any ill-feeling toward any of the Hamnetts ; "I say—you! Where is Lafayette Ill-leeling toward any of the Hamnetts; alstreet?" called the man.

Homestead. The boy Smith and I were good friends, and I slways liked Mr. and Mrs. Hamnett. I did not fire the house, and it was not a part of the plan to cover up the murder. When search ing the house I put an oil-lamp in the sitting-room, and, when rushing away from the builning, it was overturned. I wish my doctor felt as I feel, And had to be plastered from head to heel. sitting-room, and, when rushing away from the builning, it was overturned. I thought it would go out; I did not think the house would burn. As soon as I left the building I proceeded at once to the railroad, and walked direct to Pittsburgh; I stopped at several places, but don't know the names; came over to Pittsburgh, and went to see my friend Baier, on Penn avenue. After leaving Baier's, I crossed over the river to Allegheny, and went to several breweries to get work; purchased a new suit of clothes.

True Presence of Mind.

The following was related by a man who was at work on the farm where, and at the time when, the event occurred: "A Mr. Sutherland, of Ulster county, N. Y., besides extensive farming operations, raised large numbers of cattle.
One day his daughter, a girl of fifteen, had occasion to pass through a meadow where the cattle were grazing, as she had often done before. Among the cattle were two bulls, one an old brindle, "I see what ails him," mused the father; "this explains why he hangs around Johnson's barn so much." which the girl had petted from calfhood, and the other a young black rascal, treacherous and belligerent. On the ocsaw, and was for the moment paralyzed with terror. What was she to do? There was not a fence, nor a stump, nor a protecting rock, within half a mile. To run would have been death. Instantly went out to his favorite shade tree, cut a her senses came to her. She thought of old Brindle, larger and stronger, she knew, than the black, and with swift steps she ran to the patriarch's side, and patted him upon the shoulder.

"Brindle want a potato? she said—a sentence the meaning of which she had

taught him long ago. 'Then come

A remarkable scene occurred at Burr Robins' farm, near Janesville, Wis., where he winters his menagerie, last week. About midnight the sacred ox got loose, backed out of his stall, and stopped close to a den occupied by a large Bengal Tiger. The tiger seized the ox by the neck with such tenacity that when the ox tried to escape he separated the care-

OVER THE WAY.

Over the way, over the way,
I've seen a head that's fair and gray;
I've seen kind eyes not new to tears,
A form of grace, though full of years.
Her fifty summers have left no flawAnd I, a youth of twenty-three,
So love this lady, fair to see,
I want her for my mother-in-law!

Over the way, over the way,
I've seen her with the children play;
I've seen her with a royal grace
Before the mirror adjust her Isce;
A kinder woman none ever saw;
God bless and theer her onward path,
And bless all treasures that she hath,

Over the way, over the way,
I think I'll venture, dear, some day,
(If you will lend a helping hand,
And sanctify the scheme I've planned),
I'll kneel in loving, reverent awe,
Down at the lady's feet, and say:
"I've loved your daughter many a day—
I'lease, won't you be my mother-in-law?"
Scribner's Monthly for March.

Pith and Point.

Some ice o' late. A TERRIBLE blow-B'low zero. CLOTH for a baker-Dough-skin. LEGAL nudity-Losing one's suit. BROKEN spirits-Brandy smashes.

A DETROIT boy says he doesn't want to die until he gets used to it, so it won't oregon.

Courts.

Office in Parrish brick (up-stairs), in office occurred by the late N. H. Cranor, First street, Albany oregon.

THERE'S one good thing . Jout this cold weather—one doesn't / have to take

It is hard to lose friend after friend to see them slipping from you one by one; but it is harder still to find a towel with your eyes full of soap.

oration or sermon, and seldom in private conversation, the opinion expressed that a man with \$10,000 income had gone to

IF the James brother carry six revolvers and two bowie-knives each, besides I then raised the ax and struck at a Henry rifle, Quad says he shall peg Emma; she uttered a cry, and I hit her right along in the office and make no a second time. She did not groan again. more attempts to secure that \$10,000 re-

> THE man who brought down two birds with one stone was nowhere compared with the honest Granger who brought down two birds with two stones, one in each, and then sold the chickens by the

> Ar a parting at a Chicago railroad de pot, "Do not forget me or cease to love me!" murmured the husband. "Never, never!" sobbed the wife, and she pulled out a handkerchief and tied a knot in it, that she might remember.

EVANESCENCE. What's the brightness of a brow?
What's a mouth of pearls and corals?
Beauty vanishes like a vapor,
Preach the men of musty morals.

Should the crowd, then, ages since, Have shut their ears to singing Homer Because the music fied as soon As, fleets the violet's aroma?

Ah, for me, I thrill to see
The bloom a velvet check discloses.
Made of dust!—I well believe it!
So are lilies! so are roses.
-Harfter's Magazine. THE DOCTORS,

This pill is the size of a small nutmeg;
"Oh, doctor! have mercy!" I scream and beg.
"My dear," says he, "if you hollos much londer
l'il be forced besides to give you a powder,"

There is quinine, whisky, and potassium, I believe, Given to me my pains to relieve; But you may talk and coaxas much as you please, I'll still believe the remedy worse than the disease,

Doctors, like other things, are good in their place, But I am not one that admires the race; So I advise all not to get ill— If you should, though, refuse to take both tonic and pill.

Carl Schurz's Little Hamburg Girl.

Carl Schurz has always been his wife's hero. A little girl in Hamburg, she worshiped the pictured image of the revolutionist whom she had never seen. After leaving school she visited London, and a friend said, "You must come to my house this evening and see the won-derful Carl Schurz." The maiden came, and in a remote corner worshiped from and in a remote corner worshiped from afar the young lion of the occasion. The friend said to Carl, "There is a little Hamburg girl here who adores you as a far-off hero. You must know her." "He was introduced," said the sweet voice, "and what do you think he said of me? When my friend asked, 'What do you think of her?' why, all he thought was, 'She seems a good, healthy girl.' He didn't admire me at all—not then." He must have managed to do so pretty soon after, however, for they were married within a year, before he was 21 or she 17. They came to this country to begin their united fortune. "You will hand me the bricks," he said, "and I will build." If he has often "builded better than he knew," has it not been because of the sympathetic intelligence, the lov-ing heart, the gentle, unfaltering hands which have never for an instant failed him in his life-service?—Mary Clemmer.

She Didn't Say Anything.

She Didn't Say Anything.

A few days ago, says the San Francisco Chronicle, a rather passe lady got into a closely packed car on Kearney street, and tearing, followed; but when he ventured too near, the grand old Brindle turned, and with a simple toss of the head, held him at bay. In this manner the girl led her pet to the stile, close by the barn, where she was safe.

A Tiger at Large.

A remarkable scene occurred at Burr Robins' farm, near Janesville, Wis, where he winters his menagerie, last week. About midnight the sacred ox got pleased smile and queried, "Beg pardon—what?" in a voice audible to every one in the car. With a rather tart voice, she answered, "I did not say anything to you, sir." The smile on his face grew plainly cynical with her reply, and, as he turned to walk to walk to remarked." Events me Medicar, he remarked, "Excuse me, Madame, I thought you said—'Thank you." The lady reddened, stopped the ear, and got out, leaving but one calm face, that of the invalid, who resumed his seat.

The sooner new potatoes are cooked after being dug the more palatable they are. Clean off all the loose skin with a coarse towel and cold water; when rubbed clean put into scalding water, and boil from twenty to thirty minutes, according to size; new potatoes are usually cooked too long. Turn off all the water, sprinkle a little salt on them, and shake the kettle with both hands over the handle. This makes them look very floury. Serve with butter and salt.

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