

Albany Register.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

A dreary place would be this earth...

CAIN.

There was blood on the hand, not visible to the eye...

There was blood, too, on the brow...

I met him at Camp Date Creek, Arizona...

The hot sun of the June morning was pouring its heat down upon me...

One stands near a precipice. He is in a crowsy, from the heart...

In the soul-horror that seizes one, when in the presence of great crime...

I sat in the hot sun, and the chill horror crept and crept over me...

When, where, how? I know not. It might have been on the high seas...

I sat in the hot sun, and the chill horror crept and crept over me...

I sat one day in the shade of the hospital tent...

I sat idly gazing, when he came slowly walking by...

He stood gazing, yet not seeing. I sat in the shadow of the tent...

Where is Abel, thy brother? The voice of thy brother's blood...

He still stood with the vacant eyes fixed upon the brown, desolate mountains...

At the voice slowly read, a look of indignity came to the face...

the black veins, filled almost to bursting. I could not move. I still sat in the shade of the tent...

He was going on from the camp in company with a small party of travelers...

I thought of the voice of the sick man reading, "A fugitive and a vagabond shall thou be in the earth!"

When I was a child I used to hear, among old nursery tales, one that a murderer always afterward slept with his eyes partly open...

I stood and watched him as he slept. I could not help it. The eyelids hung half open...

I saw him once again. I was settled in Los Angeles. I sat one evening in the dusky twilight in my office...

Then over the haggard face, (my God! can I ever shut it out from my sight?) over the hollow cheeks...

In the northwest corner of San Bernardino county, lying partly in Inyo county...

I sat one day in the shade of the hospital tent. One of the patients inside...

I sat idly gazing, when he came slowly walking by, and then stopped a moment...

He stood gazing, yet not seeing. I sat in the shadow of the tent, silently watching his face...

Where is Abel, thy brother? The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground...

He still stood with the vacant eyes fixed upon the brown, desolate mountains...

Walled by the mountains, doomed with a brazen sky, Languor after languor the sun sank and sprays like the ocean to the lifting eye...

Or, it is as though God had repented Him of his anger, when he said, "I cursed the earth for man's sake..."

One day an old acquaintance came to my office—a roving, good-natured fellow, with a strong appreciation of the advantages of money...

"We did not find the mine," said my friend; "but one day, when toiling through the sand in the edge of the valley..."

"I must have fainted again. The sun hangs just above the mountain crest in the east—no longer angry, no longer red..."

"The State of Trade. It is two years and four months since the collapse of 1873 precipitated its gathering effects on the country..."

"Blood on my hand! A blur of crimson before my eyes! The skies are bruised above me..."

"I was alone with my wealth; with my wealth—ah! and the dead! I had not thought of the cold, still face that would be there after the blow..."

"Here some leaves are missing from the book, as if torn out. I transcribe again, as the record goes on: 'Wandering, still wandering. Earth has no rest for thy feet, and an so weary...'"

"I wandered to a post here in the Arizona mountains, thinking I might rest—only a few days; I was so tired. They were all strangers, and they surely would not see me..."

Recently, while a mail from England was being distributed at the Postoffice in Toronto, some of the letters were found to be gnawed, and on investigation a mouse was found in the bag...

Recently, while a mail from England was being distributed at the Postoffice in Toronto, some of the letters were found to be gnawed, and on investigation a mouse was found in the bag...

Recently, while a mail from England was being distributed at the Postoffice in Toronto, some of the letters were found to be gnawed, and on investigation a mouse was found in the bag...

Recently, while a mail from England was being distributed at the Postoffice in Toronto, some of the letters were found to be gnawed, and on investigation a mouse was found in the bag...

Recently, while a mail from England was being distributed at the Postoffice in Toronto, some of the letters were found to be gnawed, and on investigation a mouse was found in the bag...

the eyes might betray me. I thought I was safe. I sat and talked. Then, all at once, I knew that the horror had come upon him, and that he saw...

"A hope has come to me wandering here alone. Strange word!—hope? I hope born of despair. I will go back. I cannot flee from the burning eye of God..."

"Where am I? Ah! now I recollect. I was walking in the day. It is night now. I must have fainted. I am lying in the desert..."

"I must have fainted again. The sun hangs just above the mountain crest in the east—no longer angry, no longer red..."

"The State of Trade. It is two years and four months since the collapse of 1873 precipitated its gathering effects on the country..."

"Blood on my hand! A blur of crimson before my eyes! The skies are bruised above me..."

"I was alone with my wealth; with my wealth—ah! and the dead! I had not thought of the cold, still face that would be there after the blow..."

"Here some leaves are missing from the book, as if torn out. I transcribe again, as the record goes on: 'Wandering, still wandering. Earth has no rest for thy feet, and an so weary...'"

"I wandered to a post here in the Arizona mountains, thinking I might rest—only a few days; I was so tired. They were all strangers, and they surely would not see me..."

Recently, while a mail from England was being distributed at the Postoffice in Toronto, some of the letters were found to be gnawed, and on investigation a mouse was found in the bag...

Recently, while a mail from England was being distributed at the Postoffice in Toronto, some of the letters were found to be gnawed, and on investigation a mouse was found in the bag...

Recently, while a mail from England was being distributed at the Postoffice in Toronto, some of the letters were found to be gnawed, and on investigation a mouse was found in the bag...

Recently, while a mail from England was being distributed at the Postoffice in Toronto, some of the letters were found to be gnawed, and on investigation a mouse was found in the bag...

Recently, while a mail from England was being distributed at the Postoffice in Toronto, some of the letters were found to be gnawed, and on investigation a mouse was found in the bag...

Recently, while a mail from England was being distributed at the Postoffice in Toronto, some of the letters were found to be gnawed, and on investigation a mouse was found in the bag...

Recently, while a mail from England was being distributed at the Postoffice in Toronto, some of the letters were found to be gnawed, and on investigation a mouse was found in the bag...

Drop from a fountain unfalling! Into the world here with walling. Some at the time of a crisis— Flickering the light in his eyes...

Govn. of the longest and whitest; Lace of the airiest and lightest; Eyes, like the stars of the night...

Stay for a moment, for maybe I may have been such a baby— Just such a baby as I was...

Party ties—White cravats. A GOOD floor manager—A broom. WHO is the greatest terrifier? Fire...

THE Minnesota wolves are starving. Where's Bergh? TO PRODUCE cowpits in winter—Drive your cattle on the ice...

Epizootics Distanced. THE BAY TEAM STILL LIVES. AND is flourishing like a green bay tree...

THE American Consul at Naples is often mortified by his countrymen and women calling upon him at the consulate to inquire...

READING in the morning papers that Thalberg had been embalmied by his widow, Muggins remarked that he knew several married men who were kept alive in a pickle by their wives...

Two MEDICAL societies met in Portland the other day. A card of grave-astorism was read during the day. It is not often that the eternal fitness of things sticks out in this manner...

Country-School Oratory. "Solomon Smith, Jr., step up here," said a stupid-looking country boy...

"Make your bow, sir!" interrupted Mr. Whippen. The boy stopped short, made a jerking inclination, and went on...

"Well, done, Solomon," said Mr. Whippen. "Go on with the next verse." "That's not next verse, sir; the moral comes next."

Probabilities of Population. There are going to be some disappointments in 1900, if the orators who were being slow about the probability of there being 100,000,000 inhabitants in this country...

Recently, while a mail from England was being distributed at the Postoffice in Toronto, some of the letters were found to be gnawed, and on investigation a mouse was found in the bag...

Recently, while a mail from England was being distributed at the Postoffice in Toronto, some of the letters were found to be gnawed, and on investigation a mouse was found in the bag...

Recently, while a mail from England was being distributed at the Postoffice in Toronto, some of the letters were found to be gnawed, and on investigation a mouse was found in the bag...

BUSINESS CARDS. JOHN CONNER, Banking. Exchange Office, ALBANY, OREGON.

J. W. BALDWIN, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Will practice in all the Courts in this State...

D. B. RICE, M. D., SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN. Office, First-st., Between Ferry and Washington.

J. C. POWELL, L. FLYNN, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY...

JNO. FOSHAY, Dealer in Miscellaneous Books, School Books, Blank Books, Stationery, Fancy Articles, etc.

DR. GEO. W. GRAY, DENTIST, ALBANY, OREGON. Office in Parrish Brick Block, corner First and Ferry streets.

W. C. TWEEDALE, Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Tobacco, Cigars, Crockery, and Wood and Willow Ware.

H. J. BOUGHTON, M. D., GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY MEDICAL COLLEGE OF NEW YORK.

JOHN SCHMEER, DEALER IN Groceries and Provisions, ALBANY, OREGON.

JOHN SCHMEER, DEALER IN Groceries and Provisions, ALBANY, OREGON.

JOHN SCHMEER, DEALER IN Groceries and Provisions, ALBANY, OREGON.

JOHN SCHMEER, DEALER IN Groceries and Provisions, ALBANY, OREGON.

JOHN SCHMEER, DEALER IN Groceries and Provisions, ALBANY, OREGON.

JOHN SCHMEER, DEALER IN Groceries and Provisions, ALBANY, OREGON.

JOHN SCHMEER, DEALER IN Groceries and Provisions, ALBANY, OREGON.

JOHN SCHMEER, DEALER IN Groceries and Provisions, ALBANY, OREGON.

A. W. GAMBLE, M. D., PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, Etc. Office on First St., over West's Grocery Store.

GEO. R. HELM, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, ALBANY, OREGON.

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

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

Drugs, Chemicals, Oils, Paints, Dyes, Glass, Lamps, Etc.

PATENT MEDICINES, FINE CUTLERY, CIGARS, TOBACCO, NOTIONS, PERFUMERY, AND TOILET GOODS.

GO TO THE BEE-HIVE STORE! Groceries, Provisions, Notions, &c., &c., &c.

Y<sup>e</sup> OLD MEXICAN Mustang Liniment, Sold by all Druggists.

S.T.-1860-X. Y<sup>e</sup> OLD Homestead Tonic Plantation Bitters.

Y<sup>e</sup> OLD Homestead Tonic Plantation Bitters, Cook, Parlor and Box Stoves!

Y<sup>e</sup> OLD Homestead Tonic Plantation Bitters, Tin, Sheet Iron and Copper Ware.

Y<sup>e</sup> OLD Homestead Tonic Plantation Bitters, Short Reckonings Make Long Friends.

Y<sup>e</sup> OLD Homestead Tonic Plantation Bitters, A. WHEELER & CO., SHEDD, OREGON.

Y<sup>e</sup> OLD Homestead Tonic Plantation Bitters, FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

Y<sup>e</sup> OLD Homestead Tonic Plantation Bitters, W. D. BELDING, Brooms, Brushes, Wisps.

Y<sup>e</sup> OLD Homestead Tonic Plantation Bitters, W. D. BELDING, Brooms, Brushes, Wisps.