Albany Register.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY
COLL. VAN CLEVE.

ALBANY, - - - - OREGON.

YOUNG MOLL'S PEEVY.

Villate's "drive" of logs had jammed at the foot of Red Rapids in the very throat of the main "pitch," where the Aux Lievres falls over the ledges into the "glut-hole," fifty feet below.

A wilder spectacle I never saw throughout the lumbering region during a space of eight years. The gates of the dams at the foot of all the lakes were up; the volume of water was immense. Rocks, which in summer stand twenty feet out of the rapids, were now under water. The water came pouring down the long incline, black and swift as an arrow, and went over into the pool at one thunderous plunge, throwing up a vast column of mist. Two ledges only, situated in the very throat of the "pitch," showed above water. These rocks the lumbering company had designed to blast out the previous autumn, but had been prevented by heavy rains. They then stood twenty-seven feet out of water. Now their crests are barely exposed, and the flood washes over them in its mighty rhythm-motion. In the rapids the whole stream is compressed to a width of a little more than seventy yards.

A light jam had formed that morning at a place about a mile above. This was broken by getting a haul on it from the shore with a dog-warp. Thereby several thousand logs were liberated at once, and went down together into the rapids. The older drivers exclaimed that it would make mischief when it started; but nothing could be done; it broke and went out with a rush. We, who were ahead, ran on down the ledges to see it go through the falls, and we had to run fast to keep up. The instant the logs entered the rapids they left us behind. We could see them going down, however, end over end, and hear them "boom" against the sunken rocks. Turtlotte and a Welshman named Finfrock were ahead. I heard Turtlotte call out in French that the logs were jamming, and saw the butt ends of great sticks fly up, glittering, out of the water. The logs had struck and hung on one of the center rocks, and on the shelving ledges upon the east side. The ends of these large sticks, three or four feet across, stood fifteen feet or more out of the water. We ran on, clambering from crag to crag, till we came to a point looking down on the guft, sixty feet beneath; and that was about near enough, for the ends of the logs flew up almost on a level with our eyes, as they went over, and the spray drenched our faces. The ledges under our feet trembled as if an earthquake were shaking them, and not a word could be heard, even when shouted in the ear. The combined noises were louder than thunder, heavier, deeper. It was a warm forenoon, and the sun shone into the rack dazzlingly bright, making a vivid rainbow. It was the hottest, maddest chasm that can well be imagined; and to see that brilliant rainbow hanging there so still and motionless amidst all that uproar, gave one a queer sensation.

Old man Villate himself, with his red cap over his ears, came puffing down, shouting at the top of his lungs. We could see his lips fly. The hitch was betwixt the shelving ledges on the east side and one of the mid-channel rocks. It was not one log that had caught, else the weight of the water would have broken it out. It appeared that two large sticks had come down with the ends across each other, and a third log, perhaps several logs, overlying these. When the current sucked them through the rapid, between the center rock and the shore ledges, the outward ends of the crossed logs struck on both sides.

The warps were brought, and Villate called for volunteers to go down, or rather be let down, the ledges and prize off the shore ends of the jammed logs with "peevies." There were plenty of bold fellows; but every man hesitated. Murmurs of "certaine mort," "sur mort," "porte du tombeau," "porte d'enfer," arose and were repeated.

"It's a hard world, but I wants to tarry in it a spell longer boss!" said one grizzled old Yankee from the Maine rivers, with a sage shake of his long head. We all knew that when this jam started it would go through like an avalanche. Whoever was down there would have to go with it—into the glut-hole.

By noon all the crew had come up. The jam filled the whole river for a third of a mile back from the fall, so completely that during the afternoon the west bank gangs crossed on it to the east side. We lighted our fires on the ledges; and as the evening advanced it was a picturesque sight—the red-shirted drivers camping there and sitting in messes about their coarse fare.

All the next day we worked with the warps. Nooses were dropped over the upright ends of the logs at the foot of the jam, and the gang was set to pull on them. Later in the day a heavy capstan was rigged. The hawsers broke like twine. It was impossible to start a log, so tremendous was the weight of water and lumber combined.

Next day the jam was mined with powder placed in water-tight molasses-casks and connected with fire at the top of the ledges by means of tarred fuses. The blasts blew out splinters freely, but failed to break or dislodge the large sticks. Villate fumed and sweated. Unless the drive went down to market, not a dollar would be paid to one of us, so he declared. "If you want your pay, break the jam," was his constant exhortation, enforced by vigorous curses—and, indeed, we had been hired on these terms: wages to be paid when the drive reached Montreal—not before. This is a common rule, or used to be; the men have thus a strong interest in the driving.

A plan was mooted among the messes the following night to cut out the front logs. The same scheme has been often put in execution. It was argued that by stretching a warp-line across the rapids, from cliff to cliff, directly over the foot of the jam, a man might be lowered on it, with an ax, and cut away the logs. A large "basket"—so it was talked—might be swung on the cable. By slackening the line, the ax-man could be lowered to the logs, and the instant the sticks cracked under the strokes he could leap to the basket and be pulled up out of harm's way, and let the jam go through under him. The idea gained favor. The following morning the end of one of the seven hundred foot lines was taken across on the jam to the ledges on the west bank. Fifty men went over with it, to handle it. With a hundred men there was no difficulty in lowering and mising it at will. When drawn taut, it hung sixty feet above the foot of the jam. One of the Indian drivers, named Lahaume, had been at work weaving a basket of ash strip, and by noon this novel carriage was finished and slung on the cable, the project was ready for trial. While the project was being talked over, several of the drivers had declared themselves willing to undertake the feat, but now that the basket was slung, and after seeing it drawn out over the abyss, they were less disposed to proffer their services. It needed strong nerves and a stout heart to gaze into that foaming gulf and not turn dizzy.

There was among us a youngster whom the old drivers called "Young Moll's Peevy." Young Moll was a half-breed (French and Indian) girl, or rather woman at this time, of thirty or thirty-three, and the mother of this boy. Some of the drivers said that his rightful patronymic was Skelly; but this was a rather obscure matter.

"The Peevy," as he was half-humorously christened, must have been nearly or quite eighteen. The name was said to have come to him one day in boyhood, when a "peevy" was dropped off a glut into ten or a dozen feet of water. Several of the drivers were trying to hook it up, but kept missing it. The boy, then eleven or twelve years old, had come along unobserved. Presently, and without saying a word, he dropped off the logs, brought up the peevy and ran away, dripping. The men laughed, and not knowing his name called him "the peevy-boy." Afterward, when they found out his mother, they named the urchin "Young Moll's Peevy." But his mother called him Lotte. A stranger would not easily have believed him the child of the fresh young person who had cared for him; for he was unusually stalwart and bronzed by exposure. Seen together, they rather resembled lad and lass. I thought so, at least, when first I saw her, coming to fetch him dry feeting and a clean shirt. She had walked twenty miles to bring them, through the woods, following our trail. And the way she kissed the young man, aside, was, or looked to be, rather lover-like than maternal. Afterward, on several similar occasions, I was much struck by the *genre* picture they made; the youth had the great black eyes and black curling hair of his mother. The drivers used to chaff the fellow unceasingly about Young Moll and the care she took of him, all of which he bore silently, with a troubled, resentful eye; though, otherwise, a great noble-hearted boy, generous and inclined to jollity. Really, the rough fellows thought the more of the young woman for this motherly affection and wealth of care for her boy. It was in their uncultured faces, all the while their tongues belied them.

The "basket" was slung and ready. The gang on the other side were gesticulating, with random tugs at the line. There was something whimsical in the way the proposers of the project shrank the one behind the other, with assumed bravado and covert glances at each other's faces.

"I shall have to go myself," Villate exclaimed, with his characteristic French oath. "I will go myself, fat as I am!" when bashfully, as if afraid of giving offense, young Lotte said he would go "if no better man wanted the job." There was at first muttered "*non nons*" of a discussion in the crowd, but nobody claimed the "job," and Villate was but too glad to get a man to go. In a moment the young man had stripped to his shirt and red drawers, taken his ax and stepped to the basket, but it was found to be insecurely attached; and afterward several better modes of handling the line were suggested, in all causing a delay of an hour or two.

And now, as if the birds of spring, just flitting past, had carried the word, or some presentiment of evil had found its way to the Peevy's mother, she inopportunely made her appearance. Rad Cates privately touched my elbow and nodded back, up the bank. I then saw young Moll standing partly in the cover of a shrub fir, a hundred yards off, intently watching the gang and the extended warp.

Several of the men saw her, but did not look or notice her after the first glance. "Parbleu! a pity she's here!" one said, and they closed in about Lotte to prevent his seeing her. But the woman soon came nearer, going partly around the crowd, keeping aloof. She had a new plaid shawl, gayly colored, pinned closely about her neck, and her long, black, Indian-like curls showed beneath a beaded scarlet hood. There was an intently anxious look in her eyes; she appeared worn and tired.

"The Peevy" was much too tall a man to be shut up in the crowd. Presently he espied her, and his eye fell. After a time he casually, as it were, made his way back to her. None of us heard what was said. The most instinctively kept their eyes to themselves. The gang on the other side was staring across the chasm. Villate ripped out an oath, and I saw Lotte push the girl aside so roughly that she caught at a shrub to save herself. He walked straight to the brink of the cliff.

"I am here," said he, I never saw him look so manly. We knew his eye was quick and his hand sure. I had little doubt that he would cut the front logs and come up safe. We did not know what the danger was till afterward. He stood upright in the "basket," with one hand on the hawser to steady himself, and his ax in the other.

At a signal the gang on the west side straightened the line. We paid it out slowly. They drew him out from the brink of the ledge, till the basket was directly over the center rock. Then gradually we slackened it, and let him down foot by foot, down under the rainbow, where the hot, mad midst flew up in fierce gusts, bearing the strong odor of crushed spruce fiber. He seemed to bear the deafening roar without confusion, and glanced about quite coolly, as it looked.

Our attention was given closely to his signals and to our task, yet I saw Young Moll coming forward, step by step, as the "basket" went deeper and deeper into the gorge, her eyes riveted on it. She was very pale and her hands were tightly clenched. The drivers cast ominous glances at her.

"I don't half like the looks of the woman!" I heard muttered, and I think the sight of her filled every one with a sense of the foreboding.

As soon as the basket was down to the logs we saw him step out upon them, and thence to the rock. From moment to moment the mist hid him, and transient jets of water, from betwixt the logs, squirted high over his head. Guardedly he planted one boot, shod with the sharp corks, upon one of the large logs—the one he judged it best to cut away first; the other rested on the rock. The "basket" he had placed on his back. We were holding it steady from both banks, ready to pull it up when signaled. Before and beneath him raged the cataract. We saw him raise his ax and strike it into the log. The bright steel flashed in the narrow chasm. At the fourth stroke the great log cracked. He threw the ax and clutched the basket. A mighty crash rang up. The jam had started—was moving—going down—madly splintering—thundering into the glut-hole! The wet splinters all along the rapids went up a hundred feet in air. On both sides the gangs were running backward, hoisting the "basket." It rose twenty feet a second! A hundred and fifty strong men pulled with might and main! As he rose he waved his hand to us.

Ah, God! we were too slow! It was all done in a trice. One great stick, ending over like a fagot, barely missed the basket. Another longer log, whirling up struck the warp farther out, and hurled him down with it! The cable was torn from our hands! Gone like a flash, into the gulf below! From the one great rough human heart on either bank a groan of pity blended with the roar.

"Too d——n bad!" they cried out in all sincerity, and stood staring.

Then all eyes turned toward the poor fellow's mother. She had thrown up her hands when the timber swept him down, as if to shut out the sight, then dropped them on a sudden, with a moan.

"Catch her!" some one shouted. Half a dozen standing nearest sprang forward—for she was standing on the very verge of the rocks. Her eyes had fallen on old man Villate. They were like the eyes of one in mortal agony. The blotched and bloated old rum-butt turned his face aside and downward, and thrust out his hand as if to fight off flame. For their lives the men durst not lay hold of her. She seemed to waver in soul betwixt grief and fury.

A moment after, the men gave a loud shout! She was gone from where she had stood, and the echo of a smothered shriek—tribute of a woman's heart to death—came to our ears. We sprang to look over. There was a glimpse of the bright shawl whirled amid the foam.

"Did she fall?" some cried out.

"Threwed herself down!" said those who saw it.

We never saw trace of either of them. But the jam went out, to the last log. Two hours later the gangs were following the drive down the stream—on to Montreal! But the men had turned sullen. Scarce a laugh or a cheery shout was heard for three days.—*Scribner.*

The Fashions.

The present fashionable bonnet is simply a large hat with flowing brim, and upon it and inside of its upward front rests a conservatory of flowers. There are numerous other shapes, each pretty, some coquettish, all becoming, light and graceful withal. Straw is disappearing and in its place is chip of the lighest and finest *ecru*, dust color, drab, black and white. The English round hat will be very popular as affording protection to the eyes. All of the hats have drooping streamers behind, but there are no strings and very few feathers are seen.

As the beauty of the bonnet consists in the heaped-up masses of flowers on the front, there is evidently no room yet for the proposed change in vails. The stiff scrap of lace or tulle will, therefore, continue in use placed under the hat, to the injury of the eyes, and with the loss of the grace given by floating lace. The newest shapes imported are called La Brune, Lucia, the Ristori, the Bon Ton, and in English, the Warwick, with a high round crown and flaring brim; the very piquant Girofla turned up at the left side. A coquettish sailor hat is called Castalia; and there are other shapes, the front or back being decided by the trimming.

For early spring and cool summer days there is a large display of "suitings," so called from being made up simply with other fabrics in a suit. These are in all wool broken plaids, extremely soft and fine, of single width, called camel's hair; twilled, damasked, diamond-blocked, bird's eye and diagonal, in drabs, grays, blue-gray, and neutral-tinted ground, with thread-like bars and broken lines of blue, red, dashes of green, dull blue and gold color. The overskirt and basque are made of these fabrics, and the skirt and sleeves of silk, the color of the darkest or most prominent dark shade of the plaid. These cost 80 cents and $1 a yard. All Oriental stuffs are fast gaining popularity; delicate grey Japanese silks of this season have tiny black figures scattered over their surface with here and there an embossed white flossy silk figure, giving an exceedingly silvery look by gaslight.

Black silks are more lustrous than they have been for many years past, and much finer in the reps. American silks are steadily gaining in popularity on account of their rich appearance, durability and freedom from all chemical dyes and mixtures. The colored silks of this manufacture come in all the new fashionable tints—the Oxford, a cold, blue gray; a Russian gray of pinkish hue; seal brown and beige brown; jujube, a red brown like paste; all shades of steel and dust color and olive and bronze greens, deep green, and violet merging into plum shades. Besides these are all the light evening shades. The colored American silks are especially adapted for street wear.

A novelty this spring is guipure grenadine, or called by others *ecru* linen, open worked in Hamburg designs, or like English embroidery, so very open that scarcely any of the fabric is to be seen.

At present, fashions seem to have settled into the cuirass and long apron, scanty skirts with much less trimming, and quantities of shirr. Shirring is introduced in sleeves, waists, aprons, headings of flounces and ruffles. The figure will not be disguised by voluminous drapery and quantities of trimming. It is impossible to do away with the useful, pretty and economical polonaise, covering as it does a multitude of evils in the way of shortcomings in the dresses of a past season. So they come again in cashmere, silk-trimmed, and jet-embroidered, and in braided and embroidered camel's hair.

There are several important changes in fashionable jewelry. A taste for colored stones is revived, in accordance with the passion for everything Oriental in dress. —*New York Tribune.*

How He Explained.

A resident of the Sixth Ward has been missing wood from his pile for several weeks past, and the other night he watched and caught a negro loading up a big armful. Springing out, he cried:

"Ah! hah! I've caught you, have I!"

"Is dat you?" asked the negro as he dropped the wood.

"Yes, this is I, and I want to know what you are doing here?"

"Doin' heah?"

"Yes, sir."

"You see dis yere wood-pile, doesn't you?" inquired the darkey.

"Yes, I do."

"Well, dere's a new family moved into dat shanty over dar, and I don't like dere looks one bit. I believe dey'd steal wood quicker'n lightning, and I cum over to warn ye. If ye miss any wood don't say I didn't tell ye what kind of people done are!"

And he walked away leaving the man dumbfounded.—*Detroit Free Press.*

AMBROSE is projected from Staten Island to New Jersey, and also a double track railroad tunnel under Newark Bay, 2½ miles long, and costing $6,000,000.

The Pumpkin.

The pumpkin iz a large, yello fruit, about one foot in diameter, and not far from being round.

The seed ov it is shaped like the hed ov an Injun arrow and iz about the size ov yure middle finger nail.

The seed iz inserted into the ground about the 15th ov May, and cums to light in about 6 days.

The pumpkin keeps on bizzy growing untill the fust day of Oktober, and then gives up the contest.

Pumpkins gro on to a vine, and thar iz but few if enny smarter weeds than a pumpkin vine. On ritch ground they will gro four inches a day, besides growing about two inches each night, and they have large, yello flowers on them about the size and shape ov the other end ov a key bugle, or French horn.

Each ov these flowers means a pumpkin, and I hav seen 16 able-boddyed pumpkins on one vine.

This is called "sum pumpkins."

Pumpkins are planted among corn, and after the corn haz been got off I hav seen the pumpkins so mutch on the ground that yu couldn't count hem.

The most remarkable thing about the pumpkin iz the pi that iz in them.

Each able-boddyed pumpkin haz from 6 to 8 pize in them, and there ain't no food, anshunt or modern, kan outstyle them.

Pumpkin pi iz az hard to beat az the simple truth iz. Pumpkins are kut up into strips and hung up in the kitchen for winter pi.

I dont kno whare or when the pumpkin waz fust diskovered, or who it waz who fust worked it up into pi.

Christopher Columbus found Amerika, Newton waz the father ov gravitashun, and menny a man haz spent hiz whole life and talent on perpetual motion and never kaught up with it, but who fust found a pumpkin or invented it iz a mistery up to this hour.

Pumpkins grow the most cheerfully in Nu England, bekause folks are most kind to them thare, but the pumpkin iz a good-natured plant, and will gro ennywhare if people ain't sassy to it.—*Josh Billings.*

A California Goose.

The season of wonderful fish and bird and snake stories is fairly inaugurated, and, as might have been expected, the Pacific slope, with its big trees and its big vegetables and fruits, produces also the prize zoological romances. The last story which comes is of a wild goose of the past and the present. One Mr. Abe Green, a mighty hunter, went forth to hunt lately on Cache creek, near Yolo, Cal., and saw in the course of his rambles a wild goose sitting at the edge of the water. Mr. Abe Green crept up as close to the bird as he thought prudent, and the thunder of his overloaded shotgun reverberated up and down the creek, but the wild goose didn't budge. Then Mr. Abe Green went up to fathom the mystery, and discovered a wonderful thing. The goose he shot at was a petrified goose, and the load from his gun had only clipped off a tiny fraction of its wing. He lifted the goose from the ground, and as he did so a piece of its breast dropped out, disclosing a hollow inside, from which pure, clear water commenced running. The feathers of the goose, though of stone, were natural in appearance, and the general look of the bird was altogether life-like. Mr. Abe Green took the solid curiosity to his cabin, where it is now undergoing inspection by the curious.

Scene in a Cincinnati Barber Shop.

Enter a colored man—"I say Boss, has you heard ob de Civil Rights bill?"

Barber—"Yes, certainly."

Col'd man—"An' ye know it's become o law ob de lan'?"

Barber—"Oh, yes."

Col'd man—"Nigger jes' much rites as de white man eberywhere!"

Barber—"Seems so."

Col'd man—"Well, den, (dropping into a vacant chair), you jes' shave me, will you, boss?"

Barber—"Of course, sit still and I'll shave you."

The lathering was duly performed and the barber got ready to apply the razor.

"Look-a-heah," cried the civil righter; "what makes your hand tremble so?"

Barber—"Well, I am a little shaky this morning, that's a fact, (vibrating the razor in dangerous proximity to the customer's juggler.) You see, I've been drinking pretty hard lately, and last night I had an attack of *delirium tremens*; but——"

The darkey didn't stop to hear any more. "Gosh A'mighty! boss, you can't shave me," he yelled, and slipping out of the chair, he made for the door, lathered as he was, and disappeared.

Moody and Sankey.

There is no hesitation, no beating about the bush; Mr. Moody's earliest request is an eminently hopeful and practical one. "Let us praise God," he exclaims, "for what He is going to do in London;" and forthwith, without more prelude, he gives out the 100th Psalm, the 16,000 people rise together, and, led by the harmonium, sing the grand old lines which all have learnt from their childhood. It may be that "all people that on earth do dwell" are objecting strenuously to comply with the request the chorus makes; the adjurstion is none the less determined, and the wave of sound rolls round and round the building, forming a very ocean of melody such as may scarcely be imagined. Preachers and their people alike throw back their heads and shout out the refrain with heart and soul, gallery answers to gallery, the singers on the platform to the chorus below, and when Mr. Sankey calls for renewed expression in the last verse, the audience makes one more grand effort with tremendous effect. A Mr. Billing now offers a short prayer, and with this the "revival" service is inaugurated.—*London Daily Telegraph.*

Facts Worth Remembering.

One thousand shingles laid four inches to the weather will cover over one hundred square feet of surface, and five pounds of shingle-nails will fasten them on.

One-fifth more siding and flooring is needed than the number of square feet of surface to be covered, because of the lap in the siding and matching of the floor.

One thousand laths will cover seventy yards of surface, and eleven pounds of lath-nails will nail them on.

Eight bushels of good lime, sixteen bushels of sand, and one bushel of hair will make enough mortar to plaster one hundred square yards.

A cord of stone, three bushels of lime, and a cubic yard of sand will lay one hundred cubic feet of wall.

Five courses of brick will lay one foot in hight on a chimney, six bricks in a course will make a flue four inches wide and twelve inches long, and eight bricks in a course will make a flue eight inches wide and sixteen inches long.

THERE is a horrid rumor of the restoration of crinoline.

The Spelling Mania.

Dr. Mess was about right when he said, at a late spelling-match between two Christian associations, that the man ism't entitled to much respect who cannot spell any word in the English language in more ways than one. There are certainly two ways in which every English word may be spelled—one as pronounced, and one as it is written. But conventionality is a dreadful thing. The man who pronounces an English word as it is written makes himself about as ridiculous as the man who writes an English word as it is pronounced. One would think that so palpable a contradiction as this might be corrected in the interest of more than 100,000,000 people. The English language is spoken and written by more people than the language of any other civilized people. Yet none other is so barbarous in its othography and orthoepy. The language is a jumble, from the complex character of its origin. A mixture of Anglo-Saxon, Norman-French and German, acquiring its Greek through the Latin, and its Latin through the French, it is a composite of richness and irregularity. We have departed from the almost universal rule of cultivated tongues in the relations between spelling and pronunciation. Sanscrit, Greek, Latin, Italian, German, Spanish are all written as they are pronounced, and pronounced as they are written. Having acquired the organic sounds peculiar to the different nationalities, it is an easy matter to spell the words correctly in any of these languages. Even in the French there are rules which govern the discrepancies between orthography and sound. Not so in English. Hence the English-speaking people are necessarily "bad spellers." To spell English correctly comes by nature much more than Dogberry's reading and writing, for the accomplishment is the result of a retentive memory, as well as long application. The most serious application will fail without the assistance of this natural gift of a tenacious memory.

The new amusement of spelling matches, old and familiar in the country-school districts, has, in its present form, a wide field of usefulness as well as entertainment. As if in keeping with the contradictory character of the language, nothing brings one into ridicule as quickly as bad spelling. The printers and the proof-readers get an excess of abuse which they do not merit. If they would put into type and pass every word as it is written in editorials, local articles, advertisements and communications (especially the latter), the issue of a large morning daily would be a more wonderful orthographical product than the wildest efforts of Josh Billing or Artemus Ward.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Live Stock and Population.

Prof. Thorold Rogers, of Oxford University, England, has made up a curious return of the proportion of domesticated live stock to population in the most prominent countries in the world. It shows the following results:

Great Britain has one cow to every twelve persons, a sheep for everybody, and one pig for every six.

France has a like proportion of sheep, a double share, comparatively, of cows, but only one pig to every six persons.

The Swedes have a cow between three and one-half of them, a sheep between two and three-quarters, and a pig to a baker's dozen.

There are as many sheep as there are Norwegians in Norway, when they are all at home, and two and one-half of them—the Norwegians—are entitled to a cow. They can have only one-eighteenth of a pig each.

Denmark has a cow for three persons, as many sheep as persons, and a pig for four and three-quarters persons.

Prussia, with her usual uniformity, has an equal number of cows and pigs, one to every five inhabitants, besides a sheep apiece all round.

Wurtemburg has a quarter as many cows as people, a sheep to two and three-quarters, and a pig to every seven.

Bavaria rates the same as Wurtemburg as to cows and sheep, and is as much better off for pigs as one-fifth is better than one-seventh.

Saxony has a sheep and a pig for every eight persons, and a cow for every six.

Holland has a cow to every four, a sheep to every four, and a pig to twelve persons.

Belgium a cow to six, a sheep to nine, and a pig to eight (which is an Hibernicism.)

Austria has a cow for every six persons and a sheep and a pig for every five persons.

Switzerland runs up to the Swedish standard on cows, one to three and one-half persons, and has a sheep for five, and a pig for every seven and one-half persons.

We Americans close the list with a cow for every four of us, a sheep apiece, one pig to every one and one-half.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Her Vapor Bath.

Says a writer in the St. Louis *Republican*: "She will not take a vapor bath again very soon, though the one she took recently was by no means lacking in results. One of her friends had been telling her of the beneficial effects of baths of this kind and giving definite advice regarding its preparation, so she resolved to try it. The extemporized bath was arranged by filling a saucer with whiskey, in which was placed some boneset and sassafras. Then she placed the saucer on the floor, and over it placed a cane-bottomed chair, taking a seat in the chair dressed *a la* Eve, save that a huge blanket enveloped the whole outfit. An attendant then lifted a corner of the blanket and applied a match to the whiskey in order to produce the gentle, soothing vapor which was expected to arise and do worlds of good. Would that a veil could be drawn over the subsequent proceedings, but an ordinary veil wouldn't cover 'em. The gentle, soothing vapor didn't arise, but a red hot, scorching flame did arise, like lightning, to the height of about five feet from the saucer, there was a terrific report, and the bath-taker was lifted off the chair on the wings of a sirocco, and deposited, half grilled, in a corner of the room. And now she is nearly well, but opposed to extempore vapor baths."

THE following table shows the leading agricultural products in the United States in 1850 and 1870:

	1850.	1870.
Cash value of farms,	$3,967,343,590	$11,124,958,747
live stock, machinery and tools	867,453,267	1,907,379,329
Cereals, bu	100,485,574	287,745,626
Wheat alone, bu	15,828,642	27,316,049
Hay, tons	418,881,109	677,017,035
Butter and cheese, lbs.		
Animals slaughtered or sold for slaughter, value	$111,703,142	$338,958,976
Tobacco, lbs	199,752,038	262,735,341
Cotton, bales of 400 lbs.	2,455,038	3,011,996
Rice, lbs	213,515,497	72,435,021
Cane sugar, hhds	237,577	57,923
Products of all manufactures	$1,016,195,213	$4,232,325,433

At the former of these periods the population of the United States was 28,191,876 and at the latter period it was 38,558,371.

VICES are often habit rather than passions.

BUSINESS CARDS

JOHN CONNER,

Banking

— AND —

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 York for sale at lowest rates.
Collections made and promptly remitted.
Refers to H. W. Corbett, Henry Failing, W. S. Ladd.
Banking hours from 8 a. m. to 4 p. m.
Albany, Feb. 1, 1874. 22v6

J. W. BALDWIN,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Will practice in all the Courts in the Second, Third and Fourth Judicial Districts, in the Supreme Court of Oregon, and in the U. S. District and Circuit Courts.
Office in Parrish brick (up-stairs), in office occupied by the late N. H. Crano, First street, Albany, Oregon. 1o15v6

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. v5n40

J. C. POWELL. L. FLYNN.
POWELL & FLYNN,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
L. Flinn, Notary Public), Albany, Oregon. Collections and conveyances promptly attended to. 1

Albany Book Store.
JNO. FOSHAY,
Dealer in
Miscellaneous Books, School Books, Blank Books, Stationery, Fancy Articles, &c.
Books imported to order at shortest possible notice. v6n30

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. 18v6

Epizootics Distanced.
THE BAY TEAM STILL LIVES,
And is flourishing like a green bay tree. Thankful for past favors, and wishing to merit 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.
☞ Delivery of goods a specialty.
20v6 A. N. ARNOLD, Proprietor.

W. C. TWEEDALE,
Dealer in
Groceries, Provisions, Tobacco, Cigars,
Cutlery, Crockery, and Wood and Willow Ware,
ALBANY, OREGON.
☞ Call and see him. 24v5

The Metzler Chair!
Can be had at the following places:
Harrisburg.....Sam May
Junction City.....Smith & Brasfield
Brownsville.....Kirk & Hume
Halsey.....J. M. Morgan
Scio.....J. J. Brown
Albany.....Graf & Collar
A full supply can also be obtained at my old shop on First street, Albany, Oregon.
J. M. METZLER.

H. J. BOUGHTON, M. D.,
GRADUATE OF THE
UNIVERSITY MEDICAL COLLEGE
OF NEW YORK,
and late member of Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York.
Office in A. Carothers & Co.'s Drug Store, Albany, Oregon.

Piles! Piles!
Why say this damaging and troublesome complaint 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. *Experience has taught this in all cases.*
A. Carothers & Co.'s Pile Pills & Ointment
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, Albany, Oregon.

JOHN SCHMEER,
DEALER IN
Groceries and Provisions,
ALBANY, OREGON,
Has just opened his new grocery establishment, on
Corner of Ellsworth and First Streets,
With a fresh stock of Groceries, Provisions, Candies, 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.
☞ Call and see me.
JOHN SCHMEER.
February 16. 24v4

The Old Stove Depot
John Briggs,
Dealer in
Ranges,
Cook, Parlor and Box Stoves!
OF THE BEST PATTERNS.
ALSO,
Tin, Sheet Iron and Copper Ware,
And the usual assortment of Furnishing Goods to be obtained in a Tin Store.
Repairs neatly and promptly executed on reasonable terms.
Short Reckonings Make Long Friends.
FRONT STREET, ALBANY.
Dec. 5, 1874. 1

A. WHEELER. C. P. ROUGE.
G. R. WHEELER.
A. WHEELER & CO.,
SHEDD, OREGON,
FORWARDING AND COMMISSION
MERCHANTS.
Dealers in Merchandise and Produce. A good assortment of all kinds of Goods always in store at lowest market rates.
Agents for sale of Wagons, Grain Drills, Cider Mills, Churns, &c., &c.
CASH paid for WHEAT, OATS, PORK, BUTTER, EGGS, and POULTRY.

A. W. GAMBLE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, Etc.
Office on First St., over Weed's Grocery Store
Residence opposite late residence of John C. Mendenhall, near the Foundry, First street, Albany.
October 29, 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.
☞ The highest cash price paid for Hides.
CHARLES WILSON.
Albany, August 14, 1874.

GEO. R. HELM,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
ALBANY, OREGON,
Will practice in all the Courts of this State.
Office in Fox's Brick Building (up-stairs), First street. 6v7

ALBANY
Foundry and Machine Shop,
A. F. CHERRY, Proprietor,
ALBANY, OREGON,
Manufacturer
Steam Engines,
Flour and Saw Mill Machinery,
Wood-Working & Agricultural Machinery,
And all kinds of
Iron and Brass Castings.
Particular attention paid to repairing all kinds of machinery. 41v3

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. CAROTHERS & CO.
Albany, Oregon. 4v6

GO TO THE
BEE-HIVE STORE!
— 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 themselves. H. WEED,
First Street, Albany, Oregon.
32v6

Ye OLD MEXICAN 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.
Ye OLD Homestead Tonic
Plantation Bitters
Is a purely Vegetable Preparation, composed of Calisaya Bark, Roots, Herbs and Fruits, among which will be found Sarsaparillian, Dandelion, Wild Cherry, Senna, Rhubarb, Fennel, Coriander, Sweet Flag, etc.; also Tamarinds, Dates, Prunes and Juniper Berries, preserved in a sufficient quantity (only) of the spirit of Sugar Cane to keep in any climate. They invariably relieve and cure the following complaints: Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Liver Complaints, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Bilious Attacks, Fever and Ague, Summer Complaints, Sour Stomach, Palpitation of the Heart, General Debility, etc. They are especially adapted as a remedy for the diseases to which
WOMEN
Are subjected; and as a tonic for the Aged, Feeble and Debilitated, have no equal. They are strictly intended as a Temperance Tonic or Bitters, to be used as a medicine only, and always according to directions.
SOLD BY ALL FIRST-CLASS DRUGGISTS

BROOM FACTORY.
W. D. BELDING,
Who manufactured the first good Broom every made in Albany, has returned from California, and located permanently in this city, where he has again commenced the manufacture of all kinds of
Brooms, Brushes, Wisps,
&c., at his factory on FIRST STREET, at John Meister's old stand, east of Magnolia Mills, where he invites those wishing a first-class broom to call and secure it of him.
W. D. BELDING.
Albany, Oct. 16, 1874. 8v7