SAMUEL. E. YOUNG. Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

DRY GOODS. CLOTHING, GROCERIES. BOOTS & SHOEP, THRESHERS. REAPERS & MOWERS, WAGDNS, PLOWS, SEED DRILLS. BROADCST SEED SOWERS, ETC.

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House newly furnished throughout. The Free Couch to and from the Blown.

P. C. HARPER & CO., DRY GOODS Clothing, Boots and Shorn, Hats, Groceries, Fancy Goods, Notious, Shotguns and Pistots, Natis, Rope, Mirrors, Wallpaper, Wood and Willow Ware, Truples and Vallaca, Pocket Cuttery, &c., &c.,

WETHE UNDERSIGNED BEG LEAVE TO young ladies mounted the roofs, and generative entire saturation in the Register office promptly Orders left at the Register office promptly o. Apply to.

BANTY, ALLEN & CO.

Or., April 28, 1675. 22v7

CHAS. M. MONTAGUE. ROUT. N'CA'-LEY. MOXTAGUE & McCALLEY, RE NOW OPENING A MAGNIFICEN

FALL AND WINTER GOODS ented with care, and bought for coin at Scandalously Low Figures and as we bought low we can and will sell them at prices that will

Astonish Everybody.

Come and see our selections of Laces, &c., &c., for the ludies, and our comp Readymade Clothing,

Graceries. Creckery and Glassware. or everybody. The less goods, at the lowest rates every time. Left Come and sec. Lehmon, Oregon, October 30, 1874.

FRED GRAF. II AVING purchased the entire interest of G. Collar in the late firm of Graf & Collar, in the furniture business, takes this opportunity to return his thanks to the citizens of Albany and vicinity who have so generously patroncontinuance of the so alture kept on hand a

Albany Bath House & Barber Shop. THE UNDERSIONED WOULD EESPECTaccommodation of fransient customers, an friends in the upper part of town, he has open of a mant little shop next door to Taylor Bros laicen, where a good workman will always be a attendance to wait upon patrons.

Bec. 11, 1874.

JOE WEBBER.

STOVES STOVES! Cost

From this date until further notice, I will sell:

CHOICE BELICITION OF

Stoves & Ranges FOR CASE,

PUMPS, HOSE, ETC.

Albany, bee. 10, 1974-13

THE COACHING OLUB-POLITICAL -THE CHILDREN'S OPERA - PICTURES -FASHIONS - RELIGIOUS - BUSINESS. NEW YORK, April 29, 1876.

THE COACHING CLUB It is a terrible thing to have too much money. Indeed, I am not certain that it is not better to have too I ttle. The last agony of young New York, with too much money, is egaching. What is coaching? A very simple thing. Men with fine horses who think there is comfort in the old-fashioned stage coach, went to England and had built for them old-fashioned stage coaches-just, such gentle reader, as you saw on the roads thirty years ago, fitted out complete with boot for baggage, and everything else, as it was in the days when coaches, or stages as we call them were the only means of conveyance. They put to them four blooded horses, and they put themselves in the uniforms of drivers, and they load on the roof all their lady triends, and they drive them. That is all there is about it. It means that a certain number of rich young men choose to transform themselves into stage drivers. There is a club of these amiable lunatics in New York, the head lunatic being young James Gorden Bemiett. the proprietor of the Herald. Last Saturday the club made its first parade. Seven stage coaches, rather more costly in style than those you used to see on your roads, drove up in front of the Umon League Club, seven very sich young men habited as coachmen took their places on the seven boxes, forty-Raising and Maving Buildings, five very tich, and not at all beautiful with the utmost solemnity the cortege drove off, up fitth avenue to the park, and back again. The streets were lined with people to see this procession, from Madison square all the way to the park and if the object of the parade was to attract attention the gentlemen stage drivers may be congratulated. But isn't it queer that in the day of steam asthe revival of the stage coach? The heases on these coaches are the very best that money can buy, and they are groomed to a degree that is almost painful. By the way, the absurd English fashion of cutting the tail of the horse into the shape of a club, has been adopted here. I'ray let it be confined to New York, for it is as ng'y as sin.

The Democratic State Convention did two toolish things, viz :- It endorsed Sammy Tilden and snubbed John Morrissey. The Convention by its acts made it a certainty that every Republican in the country will vote his straight ticket, no matter how much he may have been disposed to bolt. For Tammany-John Kelly's Tammany-run the machine from first to last. John Morrissey made a vigorous fight, but he was routed, horse, toot, and dragoons, and the Kelly was left in complete possession of the field. Tilden was endorsed, and it he wins the nomi-Furniture Warerooms. nation he goes before the people as the nominee of the most villainously corrupt organization that ever existed. He goes into the canvass as the especial creature of the old Tammany ring reorganized-the Tweeds and Connollys under other names. I have no especial admiration for John Morrissey, but I must say that he did make a good fight, and an apparently honest one, against these villains. But Tilden's money, and the Tammany organization were too much for him, and down he went, The decent portion of the Democracy of New York are very sore over the result, and with a good candidate the Republi cans can easily earry the State. Tammany has recovered from its defeat last tall, and is arrogant as ever. Let the Cincinnati Convention give the Republicans a good candidate, and let the St. Louis Convention nommate Tilden, and we can carry New York with perfect

POLITICAL.

THE CHILDREN'S OPERA, "in aid of the Centennial," stares one at the head of every pleasant project now-adays and people are pretty well pillaged on one pretext or another. The last was the very pretty spectacle of "Cinderella" at the Academy of Music, given by two hundred and fifty children of feshionable families. Tableaux from the ministers of the city churches have the peel of a lemon, a little nate flowing flossy hair, and cloudy white endeavoring to run revivals on their silver-spangled dresses, with gauzy own book, in the same manner that the wings and wands as fairies, and evangelists did. They have employed

with their sl rinking manners, seemed to lift it out. ike wandering moonbeams. Even the flowered trains and powdered bair, of employment, and the outlook is was the interior of the photograph sa- haps it is as well, for big cities are great loon, with groups of miniature court curses after all. people in gold and satin, with b'ue and ourple and rose mantle, figures a la prites, hardly as tall as their golden his debut in the following terms: hair was long, presided and hovered

as they were taken. SOMETHING ABOUT PICTURES. The gallery of the late Wm, T. Blodgett sold at auction this week for over \$90,000, a tidy sun to have locked up in pictures. Mr. Taylor Johnston, whose private gallery is one of the choicest in New York, opens it to the public in his own house in aid of the Women's Centennial Fund, charging \$1 00 admission, and the chance is engerly sought-It is expected that Mr. Stewart's picures, which he kept jealously guarded from the public, will now be accessi-

on any other account will have some interest in this collection, knowing that it represents a value much above \$500,-

THE FASIRONS. for which the present has to thank of one lemon, and sweetening modern skill and old design. They are stout damasks, in natural and halfbleached shades, relieved by soft dull ailment. e lors, and form a desirable class of variety, or can be adapted to more pur- as it becomes cool. in finish and comfort. The heavy furniturnishings, which look like silk and will make it look as well as new. woolen, are, one is surprised to learn, of GINGER SNAPS .- One pint of molas Verietian carpets, largely made of flax, are handsome as the choicest patterns of brussels, and wear wonderfully, while they are clean and sweet longer than wool carpets are, Fine mixed cotton and linen 'awas are sold at the low price of 30 cents a yard, and make most comfortable underwear for summer, while for dresses they do up like new every time they pass through the laundress's

W. H. MCFARLAND. all the romantic Mother Goose better singers than Sankey, to sing paste. This makes a very good pasts recorde-Red Riding Hood with her Fankey's songs, and as they all think for ordinary use.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER. basket, the Sleeping Beauty and the they are better orators than Moody, Enchanted Prince; and it won plenty they believed they could carry on the ot compliments and plenty of dollars work better than did these men. They from the admiring families and friends have all tailed. The fact is they may who filled the house. Perhaps the best preach better than Moody, and their fun was the next day, when the young paid singers may sing better than Sanperformers all went down to Mora's the key, but it don't amount to a straw Spanish artist who takes the beauties They have not the soul in it that the and celebrities of the stage with such evangelists had, and soul is what counts. delicacy, to be photographed in costume. Moody and Sankey were in earnest A crowd stood about the entrance to they believe in what they are doing, the gallery on Broadway for hours, to and they were successful. They ago catela glimpse of each snowy clad little nized; they never ate or slept while at figure as it fled from mamint's carriage their work, and having no clap-trap or up the steps. The boys were the hand- nonsense about it, they did good every. somest in my eyes. There was one where; revivals by machinery won't little prince in blue satu and silver do, and rever all and never will. It count dress, whose mother ought to won't answer to pol an opera singer pray that he might go to heaven before in the place of Sankoy, for while he he grows up to spoil one trace of his may be a better singer than Sankey, he open, laughing beauty; and the fair will sing it as an opera singer, and not boy in black ratin Continental dress, as a man who feels that he is responsi with white silk stockings and ruffles at ble for the salvation of men. It is sad. is wrist, locked as it he lad just step. but it is true, that with the going of the ped out of a picture, with his noble evangelists, the interest in religious ountenance and grave, sweet air. The matters in the city is gone. New York girls, had marvelous, delicate complex- will have to go on in its sin till they or us-too delicate for pleasure; and, some other equally zealous men come

> slender, fragile creatures of fifteen who is as dull as it can be. There is little will be debutantes next season, who trade going, ren's are falling day by held the parts of Continental dames in day, thousands upon thousands are out there was hardly one of them that look. gloomy. The, interior cities are doing ed substantial enough to kiss. Like better, it is only the metropolis that is sugar angels, they were to look at, but suffering. Take courage outside, and not to taste. But fancy how charming pity us who are sweating here. Per-PIETRO.

STUNNING A LAWYER .- A French compadour and watteau, niched in the lawyer, who has neured with some unwindow seats, delicate faces, happy, the the Republic, has given a description of

I pleaded my first cause. It was that chir over by auxious mammas in black sating and white bouncts. What fun it was to be hidden in the photographs' closet, could be inspired by this strong faith, could be inspired by this strong faith, and gamed an acquittal. Once free, said the tall, furry stranger. he east his arms around me.

"O, monsieur," he said, "you spoke well. My children shall be taught to adopted by the new comer. bless you. There is one more service which you should do for me." "What is it "

"Dig up the watch for me." "Dig up the watch for you?"

"Certainly. You understand that they will keep their eyes on me, while with your little can, and return it to me," "Miserable wretch! Then of course

you are guilty?" "What! didn't you know it? If I Those who do not care for pictures pensed with a lawyer, and been my own train, which would be along now, al-

from the effects of a cold, a simple, pleasand throat. ant remedy is furnished by beating up The medieval linens are something the white of one egg, adding the juice been known to effectually cure the

LEMONADE FOR SCARLET FEVER. as they have much the appearance of says he has cured pinety-nine out of antique brocades, copied from old pic- every hundred cases of scarlet fever by ures. Linens are taking their place at giving the patient warm lemonade with the head of textile fabries, not excepting wru g out in hot water and laid upon silk, for no other material takes more the stomach should be removed rapidly

poses of utility and beauty. It rivals Stove lustre, when mixed with turbrocade in lustre, and cotton in service, pentine, and applied in the usual manwhile it is now made to resemble wool durable than when mixed with any ture brocades and tapestries, used in art rust, and when put on an old rusty stove

linen, durable, and what is worth every ses, one cup of sugar, one cup of butter other consideration, wholesome, as they will not absorb dust and bad odors as reps and brocatelle always do. The

SHORT CAKE,- One cup porridge, one cup water, and one and a-half cups barley meal or wheat meal (Graham Make into a cake not me half an inch thick and bake fifteen or twenty minutes in a hot oven.

GERMAN POTATOES .- Mashed pota toes well seasoned and plenty of cream. Make in little cakes an inch thick. (made some hours beforehand they are better), beat an egg and dip them in it; brown nicely on both sides.

SAGO PUDDING .- Two large spoon Moody and Sankey have gone, and fuls of sago boiled in one quart of milk, Mother Goose followed, and it was a undertaken to carry on the work that when cool add four eggs, and a little pretty sight, the curled darlings, with they began. That is to say, they are Eat with sugar and cream,

PLAIN FAMILY PASTR - Two por of flour, half a pound of butter half pound of land; mix as directed for puff

The Windom of Life. BY PROF. JOHN STUART BLAKE.

Would you lead a happy life, Would you lead a happy life,
Free from melancholy,
Gnawing care and stooms strite,
And plague of blife sity—
I will tell you how to live
Heartily and traly,
With sweet honey in your hive,
Like a bee in July.

Like the bee, be out and work When the see, be out and work
When the sun is shining,
Never in a corner lurk,
Whimpering and whining.
If you scour the fields, you'll find
Thyme, or mint or clover;
Something to a willing mind
Jod will still discover.

When the sky is goin and gray,
Though the clouds ran fountailes.
March; the molabilis on your way
Don't mistake by maintains.
If a ghost beside you stand,
Make no tengin comment:
But free the shadow boilty, and
"Tis vanished in a moment!

What tolks of you may say
Never mind the rattle,
Spin your quiet yarn, while they
Waste their wind in battle.
Lies that float on what wings
With windy haste will perish,
But the seed of truthful things
Time's trultful womb will cheri

Wear your heart not on your sleeve But on just occasion Let men know what you believe With breezy ventilation; Prove the good and make them thine With warm embrace and ample; But never cast your pearls to swine, Who turn and rend and trample.

Make a penny when you can,
'Tis useful as a tool is,
But who says, money makes the man, This useful as a tool is.

But who says, money makes the man,
A meager-witted fool is.

Rich is he whose genial breast,
With liberal salutation,
Hath welcomed all that's right and best,
Throughout the wide creation.

A THUMET AGENTS MINTAKE. BY AMY RANDOLPH.

The express train had come and gone brough the rainy December dusk, with its eyes of scarlet fire, and its whizz of reaping steam, and there was only one assenger for Peterbank-a tall aristocratic looking gentleman, with a for-I was young and mususpecting when a tringe of snowy whiskers under his

and among the villainous smelling acids all, the air of the accused-which was wherewith ticket agents grow in time

"I am, sir," Otherbrae answered, half offended at the supercitions tone

"Perhaps, then, you can tell me what time the train from Carrowdale is due?" "At six-fifty, sir."

The old gentleman glanced first at the clock on the wall, then at his waten; then sat deliberately down at the fire, as it resigning himself to an hour and a you, in your promenade, can dig it up half of waiting. And Rolf went out into the twilight to make sure that the switch-tender, a hundred yards or so up the snow-covered track, had not fallen "What! didn't you know it? If I asleep, and that the signal lights burned hadn't been guilty, I should have disclear and steady for the Southshore

most before they knew it, To Cure Hoarseness.—When the cice is lost, as is sometimes the case, om the effects of a cold, a simple pleas.

The Carrowdale train came in the the white of one egg, adding the juice of one lemon, and sweetening with white sugar to the taste. Take a teaspoonful from time to time. It has been known to effectually cure the ness in various direction ons-except one young girl, dressed in pinkish gray, with a black boa wound round her fabrics for u-e, coolness, and artistic merit, An eminent physician of a Western city throat, and a single long willow plume drooping over her almost alabaster pale face, who entered the ladies' waiting om, slightly shivering with the cold

Mr. Otherbrae, the courteons young ticket agent, advanced towards her: is but just to premise that he would have done the same had she been sixty, and pitted with the small-pox. "Can I get you a carriage?" ed, "or be of any other service to you?"

"Thanks," she answered, shyly, expect a friend to meet me here." Rolf Otherbrae could not but note

as she spoke the extreme beauty of the fair, oval face under the willow plu with its velvet hazel eyes, scarlet m and small, regular features. Ticket agents have eyes—and appreciative ones, too—as well as the rest of the world. But he turned away with a bow, as the young lady seated herself, as if to wait—and once more the dull, drowsy silence, broken only by the ticking of the clock, settled down upon the

Click! The sharp, sudden summons of the little telegraph behind the railed compartment at the further end of the -and Mr. Otherbrae who was telegraph operator, as well as station agent, hurried to the post.

"R. Otherbrae, Peterbank Station," the tougue of the telegraph whispered, with its wiere, clicking sound:

as for her being connected with a forger's gang-pshaw! Rolf Otherbrae

At the same instant she rose and came hesitatingly half across the floor. "I beg your pardon, sir—but has the express train come in yet:"
""wo hours ago," Mr. Otherbrae me-

chanically answered, wondering if it were possible that so fair an outward exterior could conceal the hideons inner life of crime! And then all of a si it occurred to him that the tall ge man in the fur trimmed overcoat in the

pace of two farther, she caught sight of the divorce of his quondam wife chron-the figure w rapped in furs, and I parted," he said, in a dreamy, arith the silvery, aristocratic hair, and retrospective manner, "in Angest, 1872. the chin drooping on his breast as if in

" Papa!" broke involuntarily from her lips. "He has been waiting for me. and I never knew it!" She hurried past the ticket agent into the other room. Rolf Otherbrae

looked after her in dismay.

"I'm to stop her, am I?" thought Itolf. "And how the dence am I to do it, I'd like to know? I wish Mr. Deko was here himself'

As these disjointed reflections passed through his mind a sudden shriek rose up in the silence—and Mr. Otherbrae was all my fancy painted her," rep!ied the second; "but I had a rival in a harrying into the waiting room, saw the young girl kneeling on the floor beside the old gentleman. And in an instant

was quite dead. As Rolf advanced she look wildly up

into his face.

"Can't you help him?" she gasped. "Can't you do something? O, don't you see he has fainted? Tell me where to go for a doctor. Where can I find

take you there.'

"And papa? Papa, who has come all the way from India to meet me, and take me home to England?"

once," said Rolf, swallowing a big used to tag after her." "It must be and among the villainous smelling acids all, the air of the accuses—which was all that of a good man—had convinced me of the innocence of my client. I pleading to himself, "I don't care if she's remarkable coincidence. When shall remarkable coincidence. When shall remarkable coincidence. murder beside. I won't make a brute drink after breakfast, but this is a spe of myself by laying so much as an addi- cial occasion and we may, mayn't we?" tional straw on the burden of her troub'e. It's the sweetest face I ever saw-yes, and the best."

And so old Mrs. Otherbrae was stricken dumb as she sat by her cozy treat. I've just been divorced, and my hearthstone, at ten o'clock at night, by the sudden apparition of a beautiful

And he hurried back to the depot,

where the dead man still sat, keeping Half an hour afterwards Ethel Dew grove knew that she was an orphan in

strange land. "Where shall I go?" she faltered, looking wildly around. "What shall I

do? Papa! oh, poor, poor papa!"
"My dear, my dear!" said Mrr. Otherbrae, kindly patting her hand; "be calm! You need go no where; you ciently embarrassing, but the woman need do nothing. Rolf will arrange it didn't faint, but simply remarked; all. Rolf is the best fellow in the "Oh, Mr. Green, glad to meet you; world. Just quiet yourself, and let him manage it all!"

And as Rolf, in the other room,

heard the suppressed sobs of the bereaved daughter, he resolved within himself that not all the police agents in Christendom should wrest Ethel Dew-tion.—Chicago Tribune. grove from beneath the ægis of his pro-

With these reflections in his mind, he went out to see the midnight train rush in, pause a second on its hurrying way, and then steam onward, like a firethroated monster, with a vertebrae of moving lights. "Well, we've got 'em!" swing a stout old lady off the lower teps to Rolf's protecting hand. Got whom?

"The torgers! Went on to Shelton's Point, Jones arrested 'em. Them's 'em by the far window," with a jerk of his hand towards a certain glimpse of reddish light, where a dull, wicked profile nodded occasionally. "Real good by that luck it was. Wish it had been me Oh! laid hold on 'em!"

Rolf stared. Then his inner convic tions had all been erroneous. He had wronged the tall, hazel-eyed girl by the bare suspicion that she was aught but one of God's most innocent earth-angels.
What a dolt—a blockhead he had icen! What an idiot! Well, at all events, he was glad she never had sus

"Marry Rolf Otherbrae? Marry an insignificant young ticket-agent, your splendid fortune? Excuse Miss Dewgrove, but—"

with its wiery, clicking sound;

"From Police Headquarters. Stop an old gautieman and a young girl, well dressed and plausible. Forgery.

Ethel flashed out to her tall, nortly lawyer. "He was good to me when I have a good lawyer. "He was good to me when I was alone—he is noble and true, aud—

N. Y. Ledger.

An Incident at a Chicago Hotel. Three gentlemen happened to meet at

breaktast at the Grand Pacific Hotel

one morning last week. They were strangers to each other. All were readng the Chicago Tribune, when suddenly one broke the silence with the reother room might possibly be the "friend" she had spoken of—and the "old man" alluded to in the telegram.

At the same instant, advancing a At the same instant, advancing a he had been tomewhat surprised to see retrospective manner, "in Angast, 1872 —this wife with a pot-lid determined me to destroy my Lares and Penates-and two months afterwards she married a fellow named Tompkins," "Tompkins?" said the second gentleman, with a sudden interest; "Tompkins, Peoria, October, 1872-was her name Theodosia? A woman who had lim-pid blue eyes, and always had a rolling-pin under her pillow on nights the lodge met?" "The same, stranger, the same." "Shake,old pard," said the first speaker; "and how was she?" "She. stove-lifter, for whom she had too much affection, and in January, 1875, the courts of Lafayette, Ind., dissolved the the perceived the secret of her cry.

The stately old gentleman with fur trimmed garments and the snowy beard heard." "I am the rooster named bonds between us. I believe she may-Green, and am glad to make your acquaintance. Geotlemen, I knew your wife well for ever a year, and, barring her vivacity with toasting-forks and long-handled trying-pans, a better wife I never had. But we parted last December, as soon as I could get out of some one? I have a smelling bottle, the doctor's hands with a fracture of the "It is of no use," Rolf answered, gently, entirely forgetting the telegram, or rather resolving to ignore it. My mother's cottage is close by. Let me take you there." skull (in conjunction with a discussion, concerning getting up to light the fire—also a bootjack), and I thought the fact of our divorce had been previously announced." "But," said the first speak. er, "your name, my companion in di-vorce, is Green; the last time she was divorced it was from Brown," "Brown? Brown?" said Mr. Tomkins, reflective-"I will send some one to him at ly; "there was one fellow named Brown So they all went out to the together to driftk success to Brown, and as they stepped up to they bar the met a man who said: "Gentlemen, this is my name is Brown, and I'm going to treat the house. Give it a name and call for the best in the house." His three young lady drowned in tears.
"Don't ask any questions, mother, darling," Rolf whispered, "but be good exchanging three looks of intelligence exchanging three looks of intelligence, among themselves, when a weak-eyed young man walked in diagonally and, said: "See here, you fellers have got to. take a bottle of wine with me. I'm a newly married man; bridegroom rejoicing to run a race, you know; have something?" And so he wandered on till, to get rid of him, they agreed to "stairs to the ladies' parlor and be presented to his newly They did so, and lo and behold she was your face seems familiar to me. Mr. Tompkins! Somehow the name seems known to me, Mr. Brown. I seem to recollect your face; any relation to the Browns, of Lafayette, Ind.?" And so on. Truly, truth is stranger than fie-

Hints for a Universal Language.

Yesterday afternoon, says the San Francisco Call, a young man much given to slang of the day called on the neon Pike, the conductor, as he of a saloon keeper who assaulted him, a stout old lady off the lower and this is the way he made his want "Look a-here, I want a warrant for a

"What did he do to you?" asked the

"Fired you out! What do you mean by that?" Oh! well be stood me on my "Do you nesn to say that he stood you on your head; how did he do it?" "He didn't exactly do that, but he elevated me. Kinder raised me and

slid me off my car."
"What did he do that for?" "Why, I asked him for a drink, and when I told him to chalk it in his

head, and that when I came around again I'd kick it out, he told me to pull down my vest. I told him to comb his hair, and just then he boosted, He obtained a warrant for assault and battery.

The work of Bible revision will prob

our years on this revision—one in Eng gence from their metalic surface; then he looked across the room to where the element dark eyed young lady sat, her hands clasped on her knee, and her eyes fixed intently on the dull fire.

"A young girl, well dressed and plausible!" The description talkied well enough—but then she was alone! And