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TAKES THIS OPPORTUNITY TO INFORM his clients and the public generally, that he is now settled in his

NEW BUSINESS HOUSE,

on the old stand next door to A. C. Harper & Co., where can be found as good a assortment and as large a stock of

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as can be found in any one house this side of Portland, and at as

LOW A PRICE.

Pumps and Pipes,

Castiron, Brass and Enameled

KETTLES,

in great variety. Also,

Tin,

Sheet Iron,

Galvanized Iron,

and

Copperware,

always on hand, and made to order. AT LIV-
ING ROOM.

Call on Him.

Albany, October 22, 1878-5-8

CITY DRUG STORE.

Corner First and Ellsworth sts.,

ALBANY, OREGON.

R. SALTSMARSH,

Has again taken charge of the

City Drug Store,

having purchased the entire interest of C. W. Shaw, successor to A. Carothers & Co., and is now receiving a

Splendid New Stock,

which, added to the former, renders it very complete in all the different departments. Feeling assured that all can be satisfied in both

Quality and Price,

he cordially invites his old friends and customers to give him a call.

RECOMMENDATIONS,

Will render the same late and careful attention on all orders, day and night.

Pure Wines and Liquors for medicinal purposes.

R. SALTSMARSH.

Oct. 26, 77-5-10

CITY MARKET:

First street, 3 doors west of Ferry.

ALBANY, OREGON.

HOLACHER & GETZ, Prop's.

HAVING purchased the City Market, I will keep constantly on hand all kinds of Meats in every part of the market. I will arrive at all times with the freshest of all what may be wanted with their patronage. The public are invited to call at any shop when in want of meats. The highest cash price paid for F.O.R.K. 51-10-15

New Goods! New Departure!

MILINERY AND DRESSMAKING.

MRS. O. L. PARKS,

HAVING purchased the MILINERY Store lately owned by Mrs. C. P. Davis and having just added there a new invoice of Choice Millinery, Trimmings, Bonnets, Hats, &c., takes pleasure in inviting the ladies of Albany and vicinity to call and inspect for themselves. All goods will be sold at prices that defy competition. Having secured the services of a first class Dressmaker!

I am prepared to cut, fit, and make dresses in any style desired, at short notice and in a satisfactory manner. Making clothing for children a specialty. Store on north side of First, east of Ellsworth street. You are invited to call. 27, 1879. MRS. O. L. PARKS.

Infalible Indian Remedies.

A Sure Shot For FEVER and AGUE.

DURING A LONG RESIDENCE AMONG the Indian tribes of the coast and the interior, I have had the good fortune to discover, from the sage hints of the several tribes, and from other sources, a number of remedies for diseases incident to this country, consisting of roots, herbs and bark, and having been solicited by many people of this valley, who have tried and proved the efficacy of them in disease, to procure and offer the same for sale, I take this means of announcing to all that, during the past season, I have made an extended tour through the mountains and valleys, and have secured a series of these remedies which are a sure cure for

LEGAL.

G. E. CHAMBERLAIN.

FLINN & CHAMBERLAIN,

Attorneys at Law,

ALBANY, OREGON.

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THIS HOUSE has been thoroughly overhauled and renovated, and placed in first condition for the reception of its guests. Good Sample Room for Commercial Travellers. General Store Office for Groceries. Independent and Lefebvre. Free Couch and bed from every room. 11-11-11

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LARGE stock Carriages and Wagons constantly on hand. Repairing and Job work done at short notice and in the most skillful manner. 5-11-11

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TITUS BROS.,

Jewelers, Albany, Oregon. REGULATING TIME-PIECES & REPAIRING Jewelry a specialty. Call. 11-11-11 Agents for "New Home" Sewing Machines. 666 work in your own town. 8 outfit free. At which persons of either sex can make great use of the time when they work, write for rules. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Me. 11-11-11

The Cranberry Swamp.

"Of course," said young Doctor Dealing, "a man has his own fortune to look to."

"Of course," said Judith Grey, and as she spoke the words a cold chill seemed to creep like slowly congealing ice around her whole heart.

"If you had consulted me as to your affairs," went on the young man, "instead of taking this extraordinary step, entirely without advice or counsel—"

"Yes, I know," hurriedly interposed Judith; but it's over and past now, so perhaps we had better not talk about it."

The red winter sunset was blazing with golden fire above the cedar copse in the west; the leafless trees held up their black arms in a sort of wrestling agony; toward the sky, as the bleak wind tossed them to and fro, and a solitary raven uttered his ominous croak, in the woods at the back of the house.

"Such a place," said he, "for a woman to select to live in."

"It isn't very cheerful," said Judith; "but I've lived here all my life, you know."

"The more reason for wanting to get out of it now," said the doctor, impatiently.

Judith was silent. She looked at the blazing logs on the old-fashioned hearth, and tried to keep back the fast-rising tears.

Dr. Dealing rose and took up his hat.

"Then I am to consider that our engagement is quite at an end," said the doctor.

"Yes," said Judith, in a low tone.

"I shall always wish you well," said the doctor, affably.

"I thank you," said Judith.

"Good-by!" said Dr. Dealing.

"Good-by!" said Judith.

The next moment she was alone with the blazing logs, and the cricket chirping on the hearth, and the strange, weird shadows that came and went on the wainscoted walls.

It was just a month to-night since they buried old Miles Grey out of sight. Little Judith, who had worn herself out in taking care of him, had dropped a few sincere tears on the cheap coffin that incased his remains, but no one else had seemed particularly to grieve.

Mrs. Pytheley, her eldest sister, who was married to a New York grocer, had boldly declared that it was high time the old man took himself off the stage of this world, and made to secret of her despair, when it was discovered that a thousand dollars in gold pieces were sent all his hoarded wealth, with the exception of the cranberry swamp, upon whose verge stood the house, and this dainty property, by the terms of the will, was to be divided between his two eldest, Judith Grey and Maud Pytheley, as they themselves might agree.

"I'll take the ready money," said Mrs. Pytheley, hastily. "What could I do with three or four miles of cranberry swamp?"

"Or what could Judith do with it, either?" said Maud Pytheley, who was whittling a pine stick beside the fire.

"I dare say she could manage very nicely," said Maud. "I've heard Uncle Miles say that he sold sixty dollars' worth of cranberries one year out of the swamp."

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Pytheley.

"And that's legal interest on a thousand dollars, you know," added his wife.

"What do you say, Judith?"

"It makes no difference to me," said Judith, quietly.

"It does to me, then," said Mrs. Pytheley. "Because, as you know very well, Maud's business is in the city, and we could do nothing with a lot of swamp land here in the backwoods."

So Mrs. Pytheley had taken the lion's share of the old man's behest, and gone back to her city home over Maud's grocery store; and young Dr. Dealing, who had confidently calculated on at least five hundred dollars, to buy surgical instruments and fit up an office in the village adjoining—five hundred dollars as the dowry of his bride—broke his engagement in a fit of pique that Judith should have so deliberately flung her fortune away.

"A set of harpies!" cried he, with disgust.

"Stop, Dr. Dealing!" cried Judith, coloring up. "You forget that you are speaking of my sister and her husband."

"But they had no business to impose upon you thus!" exclaimed the doctor.

"I agreed to the plan, without remonstrance."

Dr. Dealing shrugged his shoulders.

"In that," he said sharply, "you showed your lack of common sense. If you had no good regard for yourself, you might have had some for me."

"Was it for money you wanted me?" demanded Judith, stung to the quick.

Dr. Dealing colored and hesitated.

"A man must take monetary matters into consideration," he said.

And so it came about that the engagement was canceled, and Judith Grey was sitting there, alone in the whirly twilight, with clasped hands and head dropped low upon her breast.

Dr. Dealing plodded home to the village, and as he passed the brilliant windows of the little hosiery, he paused, remembering the bitter cold of the winter air, the frosty influence of the breeze.

"I may as well go in and warm myself," he thought.

Mine host met him with a cheery air.

"Walk in, doctor—walk in," said he.

"Not that room," as Dealing mechanically laid his hand upon the door-knob of the apartment he usually entered. "The railway committee is a-sittin' there. This way, please."

"The railway committee," echoed Dealing. "What railway committee? You don't mean that they're actually taking any steps about that old idea of a railway between here and Glassville?"

"Yes, I do," said the landlord. "It's a committee of rich capitalists as are building factories close to the Falls; and they mean to put up tenement houses all along, and lay down a line of rails, and—don't say as I mentioned it, doctor, because I only caught a snatch here and there, when I was carrying in the plates and setting on the truits, and hints, and wine—but it's to go right through old Miles Grey's cranberry swamp, the new railway is. And the chairman of the committee is going to offer Miss Judith five thousand dollars in good, clean, hard money for her share in it."

Dr. Dealing started.

"Five—thousand—dollars!" repeated he, slowly.

"Could it be a fact? If so—and there seemed very little reason for doubting it—what a fatal mistake he had made in rejecting a bride who could bring him the rich portion of a cranberry swamp as her wedding dower. If he had only known this half an hour—one little half hour—ago!"

"Don't fret about him, Judith, dear; he isn't worth it," urged honest Marmaduke Redfield, who had stopped on his way to the post-office to bring a message from his mother. "He was always a pretentious sort of a fellow, all for outward show, with a heart like stone and a nature as shallow as Deacon Dolor's brook."

Judith looked up at the clumsy, good-hearted, hard-handed farmer, and wondered that she had never before noticed what a true face and what clear, frank eyes he had.

"Forget him, Judith," pleaded Redfield; and she began seriously to think that he would at least make the trial. "Come over to our house and stay with mother. It's too bleak and lonesome for you here—for the present, at least. Spring will be time enough for you to come back to the cranberry swamp."

Judith Grey looked around at the solitary room, and thought of Mrs. Redfield's big cosy kitchen, with its bright-colored rug carpet, its windows lined with blossoming geraniums and its still-visible emerald bird hanging over the work-table.

"Do you think," she hesitated, "that your mother would be willing to be troubled with such a guest as me?"

"Only try her," said he. "Dear Judith, you'd be as welcome as flowers in May."

And the next day Mrs. Redfield came over in the old farm carry-all to claim her guest, and the old swamp house was left to its own dreary desolation and the driving snows of January.

Scarcely three weeks had elapsed, when young Dr. Dealing came to the Redfield farm in his new gig, with the old roan horse that really made quite a good appearance when you don't hurry him, and the road was so tolerably good, and he was free from a visitation known as the "harrows."

"There ain't nobody sick here," said Julius, the hired man, who was splitting wood at the side of the house as he eyed the doctor rather suspiciously.

"No, I know it," said Dr. Dealing "but I've called to see Miss Grey."

"Miss Grey ain't no ways allin'," as a know-offer persisted Julius, feeling the edge of the axe, and still staring hard at the medical representative of Glassville.

"Oh," said Julius.

"Will you be so kind as to let me in?" persisted the doctor.

"Tain't no use," said Julius, rolling a prodigious pine knot down from the pile, and preparing himself for a strenuous effort: "there ain't nobody at home."

"Nobody at home!" echoed the doctor.

"They've all gone to church," explained Julius.

"To church, man! Why it's Tuesday."

"Who said it was?" retorted Julius.

"They ain't gone to hear services—they've gone to be married."

"Who?" demanded Dr. Dealing.

"Our Marmaduke and Miss Judith."

And down came the ax upon the end of the pine knot with a crash that made the man of medicine start back.

The new railroad was duly constructed directly across the boggy depth of old Miles Grey's cranberry swamp, and the five thousand dollars was placed to Mrs. Marmaduke Redfield's account in the nearest national bank; and Mrs. Pytheley thinks she made a mistake in taking the gold coins instead of the cranberry swamp—but young Dr. Dealing thinks his mistake was greater still.

"No, Algonquin, I say that the boy shall not be brought up on the bottle. Look at his grandpa's nose!"

They have got a Newark in New Jersey, and are waiting for the coming of a second hand Non.

Better roast goose stuffed with onions where love is a \$3 dinner among young bloods down town.

Mine Vamity.

Dimpled cheeks mlt eyes off blue, Mouth like it was moisted mlt dew, Und leetle teeth shut peckin' droo— Do't a der baby.

Curley hed, and full of glee, Drowers all out at der knee— He has been playing horse, you see— Do't leetle Otzo.

Der hundred-axen in der shole, Der oder day when she was volged— She beats me soon I was avrad— Do't my Gretchen.

Bare-footed hed, and booty stouft, Mlt prooked legs dat will beed out, Foud of his beer and sauer kraut— Do't a use himself.

Von seimall young baby, full of fun, Von leetle bright-eyed roughish son, Von frau to greet when work was done— Do't a mine vamily.

State Temperance Alliance.

The ninth annual session of the Oregon State Temperance Alliance will be held in the City of Eugene commencing Wednesday, Feb. 18, 1880. Article 3 of the constitution reads as follows:

This Alliance shall be composed of delegates duly elected and accredited from all temperance societies, Churches, Sunday Schools, and all organized bodies which are known to be in active working sympathy with the temperance reform, the basis of representation being one for every twenty members, and one for every fraction thereof.

The O. & C. R. R. and the W. O. R. R. Companies have consented to carry delegates as follows: Delegates will pay full fare to the Alliance, and be returned free upon presentation of the Secretary's certificate of attendance.

Let the coming session of the Alliance be a reunion of all the temperance people of Oregon. Dr. J. W. WATTS, Pres. C. H. WHITNEY, Secretary.

The Way the Money Goes.

There has been considerable complaint among the tax-payers of the State because of the great expense of State and county governments and the inquiry is sometimes made, "where does the money go?"

We were looking over the records of the State House yesterday, and our attention was attracted by the label "Indigent fund," and in looking over the papers we discovered on top a bill sent us from Jackson county for keeping non-resident indigent persons amounting to over \$800.

On examination it was found that ten persons had been cared for at different times and for different periods of time, but in each case bill was rendered and audited by the Jackson County Court, at the rate of three dollars per day for each and every day. It appears from the records that the County Court of Jackson county, has entered into a contract with some person or persons, to keep non-resident indigent persons at the rate of three dollars per day, and that the bills are sent to the Secretary of State for payment out of the Indigent fund of the State.

This, certainly, is an exorbitant price to pay for that kind of service. The best hotels in the State would be glad to keep them in first class style for a much less price. To draw it mild, we must call this a game of fraud and a swindle on the tax-payers of the State. We do not know whether the Secretary of the State proposes to allow this bill or not, but we shall deem him remiss in his duty if he does not cut down those prices more than one-half.

This one item does not amount to a very great sum, but it shows a disposition to rob the State, and it is these items taken in the aggregate that depletes the treasury and makes the people wonder where the money goes. We shall watch the actions of the State authorities in their disposition of this bill of accounts and should it be paid in full, we shall demand a reason why.—Statenum.

What There is in Wheat.

The wheat grain is a fruit consisting of a seed and its coverings. All the middle part of the grain is occupied by large, thin cells, full of a powdery substance which contains nearly all the starch of the wheat. Outside of the central starch mass is a single row of squarish cells, filled with a yellowish material, very rich in nitrogenous matter, and is, flesh-forming matter. Beyond this again there are six thin coats or coverings, containing much mineral matter, both of phosphates and potash. The mill products of these coverings of the seed are peculiarly rich in nutriment, and fine flour is robbed of a large percentage of valuable and nutritious food. Middlings not only contain more fibrin and mineral matter than fine flour, but also more fat. The fibrous matter, or outer coat, which is indigestible, forms one-sixth of the bran, but not one-hundredth of the fine flour. Wheat contains the greatest quantity of gluten and the smallest of starch; rye, a medium proportion of both, while in barley, oats and corn the largest proportion of starch and the smallest of gluten are to be found. In practice 100 pounds of flour will make from 123 to 137 pounds of bread, a good average being 133 pounds; hence a barrel of 193 pounds should yield 236 one pound loaves.

The left-handed man hears best with his left ear, and sees best with his left eye, and is generally ready to take what is left.

It will never do to advise the patriotic Boston women to vote as they fight. There would be too much scratching at the polls.

Kentucky has discovered an inexhaustible bed of lithographic stone, and can now cut her