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FANNY CHESTER'S DESTINY. The intelligence of the Judge's failure was first through that city as if on wings of fire, and the friends who had admired the "rich Miss Chester" dropped off one by one.

The Judge left his stately mansion and they took rooms in a small, neat boarding house. He watched how bravely she bore her reverses, and sighed.

Fanny insisted upon the old programme which she had ever dreamed of being reduced. "I will not be a burden to you," she replied to the Judge, when he pleaded with her to abandon her scheme.

She went bravely to the trustees of the school where she had been educated and laid her case before them. They believed there must be sterling qualities within the girl, that she could so readily face her fate. They gave her the position she desired.

"No," she responded frankly. "My intentions are to remain always as now. I have wealth, beauty, youth and an affectionate guardian; what more do I want?"

"At present, nothing," he returned. "But the day may come when all these may be swept away. Your wealth may disappear, your beauty fade, your youth be but the remembrance of the past, and I your guardian be mouldering in the dust. In that day what recourse would you have left?"

"What a doleful picture you have conjured up," she ejaculated. "If ever such an extremity comes I will teach, or sew, or do something to support myself. Anything, guardie, would be preferable to marrying one of the deceitful dandies of the nineteenth century."

"You are too hard," the Judge rejoined quickly. "There are some men left. All are not dreaming popinjays. For instance, look at John Wallace."

The beauty curled her lip disdainfully. John Wallace to be mentioned to her! John Wallace, a poor, friendless orphan, had entered her guardian's office as an orphan boy, and had studied and worked himself up until he was admitted to the bar, was too much beneath her in social rank, for even his name to be tolerated.

"John Wallace," she reiterated. "Why, guardie, I am surprised that you should refer to a man like him—One without blood or lineage; one but even his very existence may be an ineffaceable disgrace!"

"You have too aristocratic ideas for Republican Americans," he responded, and then he longed to tell her something of her family, of which she had lived in blissful ignorance.

"You are too hard," she seemed to flirt even more desperately than before. If she accidentally met John Wallace when he came to the house to consult the Judge, she treated him with supercilious contempt. The Judge flushed with shame.

"Fanny, dear," he ventured to say to her, "I have been more than usually frigid in my conduct, 'you would me. What pleasure can you find in humiliating John Wallace as you have done? Why not at least treat him in a lady-like and polite manner?"

"Because his airs annoy me," was the reply. "He hears everything with cold, calm, unimpassioned bearing that seem to say, 'I am as good as you, and do not heed you; which I consider insufferable insolence from an inferior.'"

The Judge sighed, but made no comment. "New year's came at last, and Fanny was preparing for a ball. She looked into the mirrors that reflected her with evident satisfaction, and then swept down from her apartments to the Judge's library to ask his opinion of her toilet. Voices within attracted her attention.

"I wish to address Miss Chester, and first ask your consent," she heard some one say. "The puppy," she ejaculated, as she recognized his voice as that of a young Englishman with whom she had recently been made acquainted.

The Judge hesitated for a moment. "Miss Chester must please herself," he returned; "but as you have mentioned it to me, I feel in duty bound to correct you in regard to a popular belief. Miss Chester's fortune, as well as my own, has been lost through an unfortunate speculation."

"Is it really so," he asked. "The Judge bowed his head. "But of course that will make no difference with you," he suggested, "as your wish to seek my ward through no mercenary motives."

"The dandy winced. "Pardon me, he stammered. 'I have labored under a mistake. Not,' he added, "that I wish to seek her wealth, but now that she is reduced, she might be induced to follow her mother's profession—an actress."

The Judge rose to his feet. "Be so kind as to leave my house, sir," the Judge commanded, and the fellow slunk out.

"For a moment Fanny stood like one transfixed. The calamity—that of losing her wealth—would indeed appeal to her; but the other—that her mother could have been an actress—chilled her blood. She rushed into the library.

"Tell me—is it so?" she questioned agonizingly. "Which," he asked, hoarsely, her white face appealing to his heart. "My mother," she said slowly. "Child, I did not know you were there."

She heard him not. She stood and stared, and at last threw herself upon his fatherly breast. "Do not think I weep for my wealth," she said. "I can stand that, but the other humiliation;—we—I was so proud of my good family."

She shook off her queenly robes and remained at home.

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UP AND DOWN THE RHINE. As everything connected with the scenery or history of Germany is of peculiar interest to the public just at the present time, we reproduce the following beautifully written letter, which is from the pen of an old schoolmate and friend of our boyhood days, and which we find in the Oskaloosa (Iowa) Herald of the 8th ultimo:

ON THE RHINE, May 10th, 1871. Before leaving Oskaloosa, two years since, I promised many friends that should I ever visit the river Rhine, I would write them my impressions of it. Now, as well of late, I will permit my writing to all, how can I do better than to let the Herald to publish the few homely words I have to say. We, that is, wife and I, had spent a number of days visiting some of the important towns of Germany, with their galleries of Art, beautiful gardens, &c. &c., before concluding to go far to go down the Rhine. At Strasburg, famous for its wonderful clock and trained apostles, who pass in muster every day at noon, and now more famous for its terrible siege, but recently ended, we first crossed the Rhine.

Strasburg is still half ruins, and grim and forbidding. The thousands of piles along its old-time quiet streets, while King William's soldiers, whole armies of them, pass through its gates with banners flying, on their way home from poor suicidal France. The great tower on the cathedral was not seriously injured by the German artillery; but its tall spire, which seemed to pierce the clouds. We both made the ascent to the very top, climbing on the outside up the little stone steps that were scarcely large enough to hold the foot. The only protection, even at the highest part, is a small iron rod; winding around the tower at short distances like a rope.

From the top, the power of climbing, must one trust his life. Looking down from the top, a distance of five hundred and forty-five feet, men and horses seemed but pigmies, while the fair Rhine wound away off into the distance of forest like a silver thread. I will say nothing of the Cathedral itself, which is the greatest in the world. All have read of it; besides, it could not be described in a single letter. From Strasburg we went to the Roman baths of Baden Baden; thence to Darmstadt, Frankfurt, Mayence, and then took the "Crown Prince," a Rhine steamer, and started for Cologne. The Rhine river, from its source among the Alps in Switzerland, down to Mayence, is not remarkable, scarcely beautiful; but below Mayence it widens and increases by the German rivers Neckar and Main, it grows in volume until at the Mouth tower by Bingen it narrows, concentrates its strength, and breaks off through the hills and mountains, a deep, wild, and rapid stream. And here at Bingen commences the Rhine scenery proper; so wild, so beautiful, so historic; every rock a legend, and every hill a tale.

The Rhine waters are more green than blue; you never see a rapids, and deep. At the whirlpool, the rocks of Larelei the water is nearly eighty feet deep, and was formerly very dangerous to descending craft. The river is not much above three hundred miles long, but in that distance makes a descent or fall nearly two thousand feet from its source in the Alps. The Rhine steamers are little single masted boats, with a single funnel, and are very comfortable. Of course we stopped over at Bingen, and wandered about the little town, so full of legend and song, for nearly a day. We visited the hospital and found some of King William's soldiers there, who were wounded at the battle of Colmar. We encouraged them to follow a while, and thought of the Bingen soldier of the Legion who once lay dying in Algiers, and of whom Mrs. Norton so sweetly sang:

"Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine, For I was born at Bingen, sweet Bingen on the Rhine."

Here, too, at Bingen, commences the famous Rhine vineyards, the wine of which surpasses all others. We tried it, of course, as who does not; and started with its remarkably pleasant flavor, sweeter, better than any we had known. It is free from the oily taste of the Spanish wines; the disagreeable acid of nearly all the Swiss, and some of the French, and contains none of the alcohol or cogniac so often found in American wines. These wines are usually cheap, some of the best costing but four francs. Great sums of money are required to manage good vineyards, and much labor, and Fabulous prices are paid for the stony steps where a man can scarcely climb. Stone walls and terraces are built every few feet, from four to six feet high, from the water up to the top of the mountain, presenting to the view a series of stone steps leading from the water up. The vines are cut very low, and close, and trained on little wooden stakes, but two or three feet apart each way and not over four feet high. No wires, no posts, no trellis work here, but simple stakes, and vines close trimmed; the result is grapes, and not stonewards.

These rich vineyards are owned mostly by wealthy men who live in cities on the Rhine, or in some of the old castles, which they have restored by an enormous outlay of money, and employ peasants, who, male and female, may be seen by tens of thousands, digging and plowing on the steep hill sides from one end of the

Rhine to the other. From Bingen on, the scenery is truly grand. The green mountains and rocky cliffs on either side rise grandly up, and cast their shadows on the waters. Almost every one of them is crowned by some old castle or fortress, from five hundred to a thousand years old, and these castles and ruins are rich in historic interest. Many have been the abodes of poets, statesmen, warriors, kings and emperors, and scarcely one of them but has, as well, its strange legend of the olden times. Everybody on this fair day is on deck and the interest of our party, made up from many lands, is wonderful. "Win above, O' my son!" (How fine, O' how fine) exclaims a German on our right, and a pretty French girl chimes in "Magnifique, O' magnifique!" and even the burly Englishman sitting by with his eye-glass and pale air, who seldom finds anything bearable outside of England, grunts "Yes, fine, but nothing to England."

Of the castles, a thousand of which sit like watchmen along the whole length of the Rhine, I will mention two or three. Many of them are only ruins made so by the thirty years' war, while hundreds of others are restored in a style that is superb. The castle of Stolzenfels, near Koblenz, built in A. D. 1250, is one of the handsomest on the view. It is immense in proportion and sits on the rock 500 feet above the water. It is filled with paintings by the old masters, Reubens, Holbein, Van Dyck and Rembrandt. It is a property, and a summer resort of the new emperor William, of Germany, and is rededicated at the trifling expense of a million and a half of francs. Not far below it is the beautiful city of Coblenz and its wonderful fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, ten years in building, at a cost of eight million dollars. Sitting at the junction of the Moselle and Rhine it is a German Gibraltar. It was never taken by force of arms, and probably could not be by any army, as it is almost entirely inaccessible.

From Coblenz we went to Bonn, and were soon down close by the seven mountains, and under the old castle of Drachenfels, frowning down upon the Rhine with its burden of grapes and corn. The legend tells how Count Seigfried, from the low countries, once slew a mighty dragon here, and having bathed in its blood became invulnerable. The castle stands on a basaltic rock, 910 feet above the water, and commands one of the finest views imaginable. It vividly recalls Byron's stirring lines:

"The castle crags of Drachenfels, From o'er the wide & winding Rhine, Where break of waters broadly swell, And fields which bloom with blossoms' trees; And scattered cities crowning the hills, Where far, white walls along these shores, With their steep & sunny dunes, and high towers, and towers remain almost as good as new. Generations of men have come and gone, and war has ravaged them by sieges and storm, and yet they stand the eternal gardeners of the Rhine. Still numbers of them are only ruins, with arches, towers, and broken gateways, covered with wild moss, and creeping vines remaining. Old crippled soldiers there, without even a pension, and like real old soldiers they tell many a tale of love and war."

By evening we reached the city of Cologne, famous for its Cologne wax, dirty streets, and wonderful Cathedral. The latter attracts the admiration of everybody who visits the city. Though founded six centuries and more ago, it is not yet quite completed, and the scaffolds still cling to its lofty towers. Its proportions are grand, and the harmony of its architecture complete. The body of the church covers an area of some seventy thousand square feet, and an idea of the cost of the structure may be had, when it is said the magnificent south portal, alone, which is 234 feet high, cost not less than half a million dollars of gold.

After a short stay in Cologne, we took the same steamer, and returning up the river, passed again the objects of interest, and impressed them more firmly in our minds, satisfied, too, that though there are longer, and greater and deeper rivers, none are so especially interesting in beauty of scenery, art, and history, as the Rhine, the German Rhine. In this letter a little longer. Have I trespassed on good-natured Editors? If so, forgive me, I don't do it often,—and now with Carley, I will say, "adieu, good readers, bad ones, too, adieu."

S. H. M. BYERS. THE MAN-WOMAN. The effeminate man is like a weak poultice. He is a cross between table-bread and ginger-pop, with the cork left out. A fresh-water mermaid found in a cow-pasture, with her hands filled with dandelions. He is a tea-cup full of syllabus; a kitten in trousers; a weak monkey, with a bloated moustache. He is a vine without any tendrils; a fly drowned in oil; a paper kite in a dead can. He lives like a butterfly; nobody can tell why. He is as harmless as a pennyworth of sugar candy, and as useless as a shirt-button without a hole. He is as lazy as a slug, top of the mountain, and takes away all his no more hope than last year's summer fly. He goes through life on tip-toe, and dies like cologne water spilt over the ground.

A young lady of Cleveland, Ohio, received a letter on the eve of her wedding saying that her lover had a wife and two children in a neighboring town. The poor girl read the letter through, turned her face toward her mother, who was in the room, and exclaiming, "O, ma!" dropped dead upon the floor.

Three Iowa boys tried to whip a school teacher. She made it warm for them with a red-hot poker, and they hauled off for repairs.

A PRUDENT LOVER. An Ohio journal says that quite a number of odd and amusing scenes frequently occur with parties who visit the Probate Court for the purpose of securing necessary documents to legalize their marriage. But the other day a young man, about 21, accompanied by one of the opposite sex, equally as young, ascended the main steps of the court house, and then, being directed to the Probate Court, took up their line of march for his hallowed precincts. Hearing, he refused to enter.

His hand did quake, And trembling like a leaf of aspen green And troubled blood through his pale face was seen. As it a running messenger had been.

The rustic maiden, who was extremely anxious to see the marriage programme carried to a successful issue, looked upon him with pleading eyes, and she taking him by the hand in the most tender manner, beseeched him to go to the Court and obtain the license.

"Oh! come along Jake; what's the use backing out?" fell in dulcet tones upon Jacob's ear.

"Melindy, I can't. The old man will give me fits if I marry you."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Melindy. If the old man holds agin my having you till Christmas, I'll marry you then, farm or no farm."

"Sure!" "As sure as my name's Jacob."

"Well, let her go then till Christmas, but if you back out then, Jake, look sharp."

"I'll tell the scratch then, by jingo, if the old man runs me off the farm with a double-barreled shot-gun, certain," and Jake looked as if he would, being thus assured that she would be married by Christmas, she turned upon her heel, snatched her cloak by the arm and started for the door, remarking to him:

"Now, Jake, remember, Christmas and no fail; for I'm on it, you bet;—and if you don't do the mark on time I'll snatch the daubin' out'n your cracks, chinikin' an' all."

ANTICHRIST IN THE MIDDLE AGES. Antichrist was supposed to be born in Babylon, and the Jews were ready to recognize him as their Messiah. The year 1000 was fixed upon by the most learned doctors as the time of his appearance and the end of the world. We have a terrible picture given by a cotemporary of the desolation which reigned throughout Europe at the approach of this fatal year; there were fearful signs in the heavens and on the earth—eclipses, comets, meteors, floods, tempests and plagues. Superstition aggravated the real-evil of public misery;—the people spoke of frightful miracles; the dead were raised; the living struck with sudden death; speeters and demons came from the abyss. Men thought of nothing but prayers, and the people feared that the world would appear before God. They gave up their wealth to churches and convents; they thought it useless to till the ground and occupy themselves in their daily tasks; their fields, houses and shops were deserted for the altar. At length the last day of the year 999 arrived; the people, in a panic, fled to the churches, crowded the churches, and waited in trembling expectation the sounding of the seven trumpets and the appearance of Antichrist; but the sun rose bright as ever, the stars fell not from heaven, the laws of nature were uninterfered. "It was only postponed," said the calduals; they counted the days, weeks and months with indescribable anxiety, and it required many years of anguish to restore calmness to their minds.

Tax question as to whether New Jersey is a part of the United States or not, will soon be settled in the negative if things go on there as they started in Thursday. In Warren county the earth is disappearing, and the people fear that the Warren county will sink out of sight. It is to be hoped that the humorous telegram was not correct in declaring that "the bottom is dropping out of the State of New Jersey." We can easily believe, however, the statement that prior of real estate has a natural downward tendency, when we reflect that real estate itself is going in the same direction.—Sacramento Record.

DAVE CROCKETT used to tell how he was once treed by a herd of prairie wolves and how he hid himself of their unwelcome company. "I shot away all my ammunition, and threw away my gun and knife among them, but it was no use. Finally, I thought I would try the effect of music, and began to sing 'Old Hundred.' Before I had finished the first verse, every wolf put his fore paws to his ears and galloped off."

"Monsieur," asks us, "What is the best method of popping the question?" It is a good deal like champagne—if it don't pop itself, there is something wrong about it.

The last case of indolence is that of a man named John Hole, who is so lazy that in writing his name, he simply uses the letter J and then punches a hole through the paper.

The cleanest city in the world is Brooch, in Holland, where no horse or carriage has ever been permitted to enter, and where everything is kept with most scrupulous neatness. Before entering many of the houses, you are required to remove your shoes. It is said that even the Emperor of Russia was compelled to comply with this custom on his visit to that place.

"Lemon not, darling, but get up and get my breakfast, d-e-n-y-u-r," is what a fond Portage Lake hubby says to his soul's delight.

Eleven blonde Boston beauties bestowed their hands and hearts on colored bridegrooms last year.

The assembly in Versailles is supposed the entire treaty signed at Fontenoy.