

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BUSINESS CARDS.

**GRANOR & HUMPHREY,**  
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW.  
(N. B. Humphrey, Notary Public.)  
Office—In Parrish's Brick Building, up-  
stairs, Albany, Oregon. v78871

**M. McCANN & CO.,**  
WOOL, HIDES, LEATHER,  
AND GENERAL MERCHANDISE,  
BOUGHT AND SOLD ON COMMISSION.  
Liberal Advances made on Consignments.  
No. 818 Battery Street,  
SAN FRANCISCO.  
v62311

**CHEMEKETA HOUSE,**  
SALEM, OREGON.

**R. P. EARRHART,** PROPRIETOR.  
THIS NEW AND ELEGANT HOTEL,  
situated with every modern accommo-  
dation, is now open for the reception of guests.  
may 12/6m/90/91

**E. N. TANDY,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
AND—  
NOTARY PUBLIC.  
HARRISBURG, LINN COUNTY, OREGON.  
Will practice in the Courts of Linn and ad-  
joining counties; and will buy good negotiable  
paper at a reasonable discount. ag2771

**J. A. CHENOWETH,** L. N. SMITH,  
Corvallis, Linn Co.  
v62311

**CHENOWETH & SMITH,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
Corvallis, Oregon.  
v62311

**C. S. BELLINGER,** TREV. BUREAUER.  
BELLINGER & BURMESTER,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
No. 89 First Street,  
PORTLAND, OREGON.  
Special attention given to matters in Bankrup-  
cy and all business in United States Courts.  
v622411

**J. C. MENDENHALL,**  
NOTARY PUBLIC,  
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENT.  
ALBANY, OREGON.  
Rents Collected and Taxes Paid for Non-Resi-  
dents and others, making Real Estate payers, etc.  
Office next door to Telegraph Office.  
v624111

**GEO. R. HELM,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW  
Will practice in all the Courts of this State.  
OFFICE: ALBANY, OREGON.  
Nov. 11, 1871.

**KELSA & HANNON,**  
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW.  
ALBANY, OREGON.  
Partners for Linn County.  
Office up stairs in Post Office Building.  
v624111

**G. F. SETTLEMIER,**  
Druggist and Apothecary!  
DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, OILS,  
Essences, Soap, Brushes, Perfumery, Liquors,  
Fancy Goods, Window Glass, Dyes, etc., etc.  
Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.  
All articles and Drugs in our line warranted  
of the best quality.  
First street, Post Office Building, Albany.  
July 15/6m/87/88

**N. S. DU BOIS,**  
CONSTANTLY ON HAND AND RECEIV-  
ING A Large Stock of Groceries and Provi-  
sions, Wood and Willow Ware, Tobacco, Cigars,  
Confectionery, Yankee Notions, etc., etc.  
Wholesale and Retail.  
Opposite R. C. Hill & Son's Drug Store,  
Albany, Oregon.  
v624111

**D. B. RICE, M. D.,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.  
ALBANY, OREGON.  
Office: On South side of Main street.  
Residence: On the corner of Third and Baker  
Streets.  
April 15/6m/87/88

**JOHN J. WHITNEY,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW  
and Notary Public.  
Special attention given to collection.  
Office—Up stairs in Parrish's Brick.  
Albany, Oregon. v623211

**TAKE NOTICE, EVERYBODY.**  
WHAT WE WILL PAY FOR GOOD BUTY.  
From 22 to 25 cents per pound, and  
25 cents a dozen for 2500, trade.

**A Large Assortment of Crockery Ware.**  
Those who wish goods AT A BARGAIN had  
better give us a call at the CASH STORE  
and see for themselves. R. CHADDE & CO.  
v624111

**ALBANY BATH HOUSE!**  
THE UNDERIGNED WOULD RESPECT-  
fully inform the citizens of Albany and vicin-  
ity that he has taken charge of this establish-  
ment, and by keeping clean rooms and paying  
strict attention to business, expects to suit all  
those who may favor him with their patronage.  
Having heretofore carried on nothing but  
First-Class Hair Dressing Saloons,  
he expects to give entire satisfaction to all.  
Children and Ladies' Hair neatly cut  
and shampooed. JOSEPH WEBBER.  
v623311

**FINE BLOOD SHEEP.**  
COTTSWOLD HALF BREEDS  
FOR SALE.—Apply to S. B. EM-  
ERSON, Mountain View, Santa  
Clara Co., Cal., or JOHN ANDERSON, 622  
Clay St., San Francisco. Jan10/6

**DANIEL GABY,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC.  
SCIO, OREGON.  
Special attention given to the collection  
of notes, accounts, &c. dec16/6118

**JOHNS & GABY,**  
SCIO, OREGON.

**Real Estate Dealers**  
LAND, IMPROVED OR UNIMPROVED,  
is cheaper in the Forks of the Santiam  
than in any other part of the State.  
Inquire of J. M. Jones, Marion Station,  
or of DANIEL GABY, Scio, Linn county.  
v623311

**FRANKLIN MEAT MARKET**  
FIRST STREET,  
ALBANY, O'GN.  
Next Door to A. Cowan & Co.'s Store.

**J. R. HERREN, PROPRIETOR.** WILL  
always keep the best meat the market affords  
and put it up to suit his customers.  
ad15/6118

**E. P. RUSSELL, G. P. FERRY,**  
Att'ys at Law. Notary Public.

**RUSSELL, FERRY & WOODWARD,**  
REAL ESTATE BROKERS,  
—AND—  
COLLECTING AGENTS.  
Special attention given to the sale of Real  
Estate, Real Estate Litigation and the Collec-  
tion of Claims. Office, No. W. Corner First and  
Washington Streets.  
Portland, Oregon.  
Feb. 22, 1870. v622811

THE OLD BALL-DRESS.

By L. J. PRICE.

Mrs. Langdon had sent out cards of invitation to her "dear five hundred" friends, for a grand ball at her elegant residence of Fifth Avenue, in honor of the entrance of her twin daughters into society.

They had just been graduated at some "fashionable," "finishing off" establishment, and their *debut* was intended to be a very magnificent affair.

Mrs. Gregory, husband and daughters, were on the invited list. As the former and two latter sat in their parlor, looking at the very elegant cards, with the interesting subject under discussion, they were broken in upon by the entrance of Mr. Gregory, who looked harassed and weary.

"Papa!" cried Lena, the elder daughter, "see our invitations to Mrs. Langdon's great ball," showing him the cards she held in her hand. "And there is the loveliest silk at Stewart's, that I want to wear. Can I go and order it to-morrow?" she pleaded, laying her white hand, flashing with jewels, on his arm, and looking up into his face.

"Haven't you any dresses to wear?" he asked, somewhat moodily.

"A plenty of old ones, which have already been worn, and will not answer for this particular event," she replied.

"How much will it cost?" asked Mr. Gregory.

"Oh, perhaps a hundred and fifty," said Lena, carelessly, with as little idea of the value of money as an unfledged bird.

Her father groaned, and said something about foolish extravagance; and drawing out his pocket book, slowly counted out the required sum, and laid it on the table.

"How much do you want, Bertha?" he asked turning towards her.

"I don't want any, papa. I have a pretty dress, which will answer very nicely," she replied.

"You are a sensible girl, and the man that gets you for a wife will have some one to help him keep his head above water. If the pressure on the money market lasts much longer, with these demands to meet, I shall soon be a dead bankrupt," said Mr. Gregory, as he left the room.

"What is the trouble with papa? what does make him talk so dolefully when he is asked for a little money?" said Lena. "Any one would think he was a poor man."

"It is one of his money-nervous spells; he is always so afraid his business affairs won't come out just so straight; then it is economy, and retrenchment, or everything will drift to bankruptcy. That is the way business men always talk, till it has become quite an old story with me," said Mrs. Gregory, drawing a breath of relief.

"I don't think papa is trying to frighten us at all," said Bertha. "I think his business does really perplex him. I've noticed for a week that he has looked pale and care-worn, and has said little. I've asked him yesterday, if he was not well, and he said there were anxieties preying upon his mind."

"Was that the reason you didn't want a new ball-dress?" asked Lena.

"Yes. I'd rather wear an old one than place papa to the expense of a new one just now, while money is so hard to raise," replied Bertha.

"Really, Miss Bertha, you are becoming quite learned in financial affairs. I should think papa would give you the position of private counsellor in his counting-room. With your wise brain to aid him, he might sail through seas of trouble, dry-shod," said Lena, with sarcasm.

"Pray, inform us how you came to know so much about monetary affairs, my daughter?" Mrs. Gregory said.

"I heard papa and Mr. Ainsley talking about business when he was here the other evening, and he said it was almost an impossibility to get any money at all now," said Bertha.

"Well, you are a little gossip; if you will go to the grand ball of the season in an old made-over ball-dress, and be ridiculed by all the elite, you can do so. A few hundred dollars can't make much difference any way. And when you see the victory, which may, perhaps, be won over our mutual acquaintance, by your elder sister's more stylish toilet; you will regret your decision in favor of Madame Noh's antediluvian costume," said Lena, sneeringly.

"I'm perfectly indifferent to the praise or censure of the fashionable world, in which there is neither heart nor sincerity in it. And concerning the gentleman to whom you so strangely hint, if his heart is only susceptible to the influence of costly apparel, he can pay court to it as long as he wishes, without once exciting my jealousy, as I want no dry-goods worshipper for my future leige lord. So, *ma chere* sister, you have the field open and free to yourself."

"March on, march on, ye brave, to victory or death," sung Bertha, jubilantly, waving her handkerchief at Lena, who was picking up her money from the table, where her father had laid it, humming a gay operatic air.

"Bertha what dress have you to wear?" You haven't any that you're not already worn two or three times, at least; and I desire my daughters to make as elegant an appearance as any of the friends on this occasion," said Mrs. Gregory.

As Mrs. Gregory was a particular friend of Mrs. Langdon's, she felt it duty bound to honor, as much as possible, the advent of her daughters to the fashionable world, and the attire of her own daughters, on this particular occasion was an all-important consideration.

"I'm going to have Madame Leicester make over my blue, gros grain silk, and you know she is a noted genius for renewing worn ball-dresses; but after it is done, if it looks antediluvian, and smells musty, I'll do pen-

ANCE BY STAYING AT HOME."

"Do just as you prefer; but I think your father would give you a new dress if you wished it," Mrs. Gregory said.

Lena purchased the new dress, and had it made up without regard to expense, and it was exquisite when done, and extremely becoming to the young lady, who had been congratulating herself on the success she was determined to achieve.

Bertha's dress came from the mantu-maker's hands as beautiful as could be, and none would have suspected it had already three been worn, unless she had been seen with it. It harmonized admirably with her fair, blonde complexion, forming a vivid contrast to Lena's more brilliant style of personal attractiveness, and bright, orange-colored robe.

The day previous to the ball, Clara Ainsley called, a sister of Hugh Ainsley, who was the fixed, central star, around which the feminine luminaries had ambitiously beamed for the last few weeks, each fondly hoping to be the finally favored one. But, to the secret chagrin of each, he still maintained the same quiet courtliness of manner towards themall. He seemed quite as indifferent to their heart affairs as he would have been to the pyramids of Egypt. This was the gentleman Lena was bending all her energies to ensnare and bring to her feet, before the present season closed.

Clara was an intimate friend of both the girls, and she was invited up stairs to see the dresses, which had just been sent home. Their beauty she warmly expatiated upon, but Lena would not allow her to leave until she had told her of Bertha's wonderful fit of economy, and her kindly forebodings to herself until after the *fete* was over, when, if he found no means of extricating himself, he would make a clean breast of the whole thing to them.

Hugh Ainsley was quite attentive to Miss Lena that night, who looked very quietly in the gay throng, and his attentions were received with deep satisfaction by the young lady, who was less interested in Bertha, who had had no regard to him, overlooked.

He inquired at once when her father was, as he had not seen him there. To her reply that he had resisted all entreaty to come, from great fatigue, he uttered a prolonged "Ah," and fell into a reverie.

"Hugh is so thinking of the vague reports he had heard on Wall street that morning, that the Commercial House of Gregory & Co. was fast tottering toward bankruptcy."

The next morning, at an early hour, Hugh called at Mr. Gregory's counting house, and offered him great loans to any amount, to help him through the financial crisis that was upon him. Mr. Gregory had done the same deed years before, for Hugh's father, and he (Hugh) kindly pressed it was back upon him, which was accepted with tears of gratitude in the eyes of the panic-stricken merchant.

As Clara and Hugh sat at dinner the next day after the ball, discussing the costumes brought out there, she related what Lena had told her of Bertha's streak of economy.

"Is that so, Clara?" he asked.—"But she looked as sweet as a rose-bud in her dress, if it had been worn three times." Then he told her, in confidence, of the state of Mr. Gregory's affairs, and the reason which had probably deterred Bertha from the outlay of a new dress. "She is a noble girl, Clara, and I'm afraid we couldn't number many a year amongst that assembly at Mrs. Langdon's. Surely 'all is not gold that glitters.'" A week after this, the footman at the parlor for Miss "Miss Bertha, and the gentleman is waiting below in the drawing-room."

Bertha glanced at the card and saw the name of "Hugh Ainsley" incriminated thereon.

"Is that you, Clara?" she asked, "John?" she asked, thinking it must have been intended for Lena.

"Yes, ma'am," he said. "Miss Bertha," replied the servant.

Lena pointed at this; she had thought he had made a mistake, and an angry frown clouded her face as Bertha descended to the drawing-room.

"As it is I wish to see you, Mr. Ainsley," she asked, after saluting him.

"It was you, yourself. Why? permit me to inquire."

"I thought it might be one of John's blunders, and that sister Lena was the one desired," said Bertha.

"No, Miss Bertha, it was you, with whom I have special business," he said at the same time watching the sudden enlargement of her blue eyes when he said "business."

"For several years, Miss Bertha, I've been searching in the circle of my acquaintances for a noble, true-hearted woman, to ask to become my wife. I have just been fortunate enough to find her, and have now come to ask her if she will bear my name, and share with me my earthly lot. Bertha, you are the chosen one, and my heart's best, purest affection I lay at your feet. Will you answer me 'yes?'"

"Give me time to think, please, it is so sudden," she stammered, covering her face with her hands to conceal the blushes.

"You shall have three whole

MONTHS TO CONSIDER THE SUBJECT, THEN I SHALL DEMAND AN UNCONDITIONAL ANSWER," SAID HUGH, DRAWING THE HANDS FROM HER FACE AND PRESSING THEM TO HIS LIPS.

In three months Bertha decided to say "yes," and their engagement was announced to the gay world. Another three months and the gay world was invited to their public wedding in church. After much coaxing, Lena was prevailed upon to be Bertha's bridesmaid, but it was a bitter disappointment to stand in that place instead of next to the groom.

In after years she learned that Bertha's "Old Ball-Dress" had turned the scale in favor of her, and won Hugh Ainsley. He reasoned that the daughter who would sacrifice her own desires for the sake of lessening the burden weighing upon the shoulders of her father, could not fail to make a true wife.

(From the Louisville Ledger, Oct. 27.)

GRANDMOTHER GLAZE.

A Sketch of a Remarkable Old Woman.

Poor old woman! Years ago the withered hands were folded across her piteous breast, and robed in spotted white she was laid away in the garden, where all day long the silken butterflies glided between the roses and the honeysuckle in a silence over her grave. The grass that would spring fresh and green in the narrow path that leads from the rickety gateway to the humble mound is beaten down by the feet of children on weekly pilgrimages to this Medina of their young and tender affections. Was she not, in life, the project of a priest and queen? Did the harness chivalry of Arabia, with all their wild dreams of conquest, pay sincerer tribute of love to Mohammed than these little ones to their sole earthly deity whose place can never more be supplied? What wonder, then, that with each returning Spring they vie with each other in the display of their affection above her narrow home.

Grandmother Glaze moved from Alabama in company with a daughter, aged eighty years, a grandson of sixty, a great-grandson of thirty-five, and a host of little great-greats, in the Summer of 1848.

She was then in her ninety-eighth year, and the merely affection bestowed on her only child gave rise to the joke that she was wanted to remark, "I fear I will never raise that child." She was always delicate-like and feeble—poor thing. But this was a Sary Gump story which well-balanced persons never entertained.

ALABAMA WAS THE OLD LADY'S PARADISE.

Moving from the county of Madison, in that State, to the adjoining State in the year mentioned, was the first time she had ever passed the boundary line of her native country.— Few persons have ever lived ninety years, and she was no exception, and this fact of itself made her a heroine in the eyes of the fast age.

"I hope yet," she would say with tears in her eyes, "to go back to Yalberham, and end my days there. I never would 'a left if I'd had my way. But things are not as they was in my rarin'." Then grown people had but one way to show their respect for her, and that was to turn to the children, and training to her daughter and grandson) rule the grown-up-folk!

There was no intended irony in this. Children are always children in a mother's heart, thank God! and we are always boys at home, let the hateful crow set his tracks about the corners of our eyes as he may.

Grandmother Glaze was the idol of all the little ones in the neighborhood. To telling of her haps by field and flood there was no end, though she never had but one in all her life. And that was a slight-of-hand show; and though she didn't know it by that name, nor by any other, as for that matter.

"Why, bless your souls, children!" she would exclaim, "you oughter seen that man. He 'uz cut the head off of another man, with no more how'd-ye-do about it than I'd cut off a chicken's! But he put it on ag'in, and that's the wonder. And then he made a watch fly out of another man's pocket right slap into my pocket; and he fried eggs in his hat, same as a fryin'-pan. This was the one show I ever went to, and I don't know whether they called it an animal show or a circus."

LOVE WAS THE LAW OF HER LIFE.

She knew—she wanted to know no other. Her last illness was borne with a patient faith worthy of the martyrs. She never exhibited the least impatience save once—that was but the day before her death.— The physician, in the kindness of his professional heart, slipped quietly to her bedside while she slept, and laying the flat of his left hand on her shrunk chest, began with the rights to sound her lungs, as she had always objected to such investigation when awake. But these new-fangled notions didn't suit Grandmother Glaze. "Yarbs, and catnip, and sich," were her stand-by to the last. What, then, was the doctor's astonishment and trepidation as the old lady half spring from her dying couch and shouted out, "that's not a shamplin' of me fur! I'm not a watermillin'! This was a woman's argument, but it prevailed. Dear old soul! She no doubt felt that her time had come when such innovations were tolerated, and passed willingly to her final rest.

A Warsaw man saw a war among the wives and widows of Warsaw, and remarks that "of all the wars we ever saw, we never saw a war like that war we saw among the wives and widows of Warsaw."

How much money could be made by buying some people at their own price and selling them at the price the public puts on them? Answer—0000.

THE WISCONSIN HOLOGRAUST.

From an extra of the Menominee Eagle, and from the Milwaukee Sentinel we obtain the following particulars of the great fires in north-eastern Wisconsin, involving the loss of several hundred lives, and the destruction of several millions of property:

The fire was about three-fourths of a mile distant from Marinette, and shooting above the tallest treetops, it lit up the whole country with a fierce, lurid glare. The fire spread was holding high carnival, having selected the towns of Peshtigo, Marinette, and Menoneka, as its prey. Every available force that could be brought to bear to stay the force of the fire was brought into requisition.

The village of Peshtigo is burnt to the ground, and from 1000 to 1500 persons are out of employment. The fire was seen at half past eight, and at ten, every building was on fire, together with the great Peshtigo Manufacturing Co.'s mill and tannery.

This wind came from the south-west, and was heard coming an hour before it burst upon the town, and many were awakened from sleep with barely time to hasten to the river and sink themselves in the water to save their lives. The flames rolled mountain high, and swept every building, fence and stable and left a scene most horrible to behold. Mr. J. J. Taur nearly perished in saving his family, and lost three in the flames, and Mr. Beebe's family, lost all but one child and some one took this child to the river. The whole town for the river, hanging on to logs and booms, and had frequently to duck their heads to save their lives. As many as seventy-five are supposed to have burnt to death.

Direct accounts from Peshtigo inform us that the great number of lives lost there occurred thus: Fires had been raging around the village some days before; had become subdued, and the people felt secure; when on Sunday night, all of a sudden, when the wind was blowing a tornado, it again broke out from the fires of the camps of the bands working on the railroad, and immediately overwhelmed the village, inmates of houses having only time to escape as they arose from their beds. The village could not have contained more than five or six hundred, or a thousand at the most, residents; but it is estimated that one thousand transient men were in the place—lumbermen mainly. The Peshtigo river runs directly through the village. The people living in the main portion of the village were driven by the rushing flames directly towards the river, and, horrible to contemplate, cattle had preceded them and blockaded up the passage to the bridge; consequently human beings had to take to the water, when a large portion were either burned to death or drowned.

One man who escaped reports that he sank his entire body into the water, occasionally raising a portion of his head to get breath, and that he saw several women perish right along side of him. When rescued his eyes were completely blinded, but are now partially restored.

Some hundred and fifty men finding escape cut off, took to a large barn, belonging to the Peshtigo Company, and were burned up in it.

I just hear of the death of seven-five persons, who could get to no water, and were strangled and burnt to death. Horses, cattle and wagons, and all movable property, were burnt and many an honest man's heads burnt, and eyes burnt out, and ears off. Some saved themselves by hiding in wells and burying themselves in the sand, and in one case five women perished by a log turning, when they all sank to rise no more. The loss cannot be counted. A small village, eighteen miles from here, of eighteen persons perished at Bush creek, and it is sickening to see the sufferers come with eyes out and fearfully maimed. Many children were lost wandering from their homes to the river. The west coast is on fire from Green Bay to Menominee. It was said in thirty minutes after the awful roaring was heard from the woods the town was in flames, and in Peshtigo no lumber was found to make coffins to bury the dead. One man was passing the benzine house with his family when it exploded, and his whole family was lost excepting himself. The people of Marinette and Menominee have all done their duty to the survivors, in clothing, food and money, and many a man took off his coat to give to his neighbor who had lost all.

A lady who came through here has her hair and one side of her face burnt to a crisp. She says there was no smoke from the burning buildings, but it was one complete glare of glowing blaze, awful to behold. Not a vestige of anything wooden is left of the place.

Menoneka was destroyed. Everything of any particular value was destroyed. The luckless inhabitants are homeless and houseless.

Marinette, also, was burnt. Though not so large as Peshtigo, the suffering is not less. The people are engaged in saving what little there is left. Several lives were lost.

Menominee suffered severely. Four persons are known to be dead. Loss of property estimated from \$50,000 to \$100,000.

A good instance of "sharp practice" is that of a man of Ohio, who was acquitted of murder on the plea of insanity. He had secured his wife's property on the ground that he was insane when he made it, according to the showing of these same lawyers.

A good book and a good woman, are excellent things for those who know how justly to appreciate their value. There are men, however, who judge from the beauty of their covering.

THE GRECIAN BEND.

The Missouri (Jefferson City) State Times of October 20th has the following:  
The Jefferson City correspondent of the Republican says: "Colonel Dougherty, Warden of the Penitentiary, jeopardized his reputation for gallantry to the fair sex last Wednesday. What appeared to be a tall, creature with a lovely Grecian bend, with the Grecian bend, was making fast tracks towards the depot. The supposed woman was extremely graceful in her manners, causing men to pause and look after her, and ladies to pursue her with eyes of envy. While 'she' was such an object of attraction to quite a number of the gentlemen, as well as a stern sex, Col. Dougherty was discovered carrying toward the supposed woman with anything but a pleasant visage. What could it mean? His objective point was certainly this supposed female with the loveliest Grecian bend. But he was never known to look so stern when a lady was about. People wondered and wondered. He preached the supposed woman on the grand, full female's shoulder; he ordered her, in a voice that was not the voice of gallantry, to counter-march. The supposed woman returned toward the Executive mansion, from which she had but a few moments previously issued with a lovely Grecian bend. Several gentlemen who had never before seen a lady treated in that manner in the streets of Jefferson City, and were therefore somewhat indignant, determined to then and there enter their solemn protest, and offer their protection, if necessary, to the graceful creature with the lovely Grecian bend. They overtook Col. Dougherty and stated the case. He smiled. He abruptly raised the supposed female's dress! Stout limbs, inclosed in shiny broadcloth pants, were disclosed. He drew off the supposed woman's hood. The half-shaven head of a notorious convict appeared! It was Samuel Thomas, a convict of four years and a half from St. Louis. He endeavored to escape some time ago, and half his head was shaved. He was employed about the work on the Executive mansion, and managed to procure a full citizen's dress, which he wore under the female apparel. Where or how he procured that or the female apparel is unknown. But a real woman was seen watching for him down at the depot, who seemed greatly distressed at his detection and capture."

FEARFUL SCENE.

A correspondent at Chicago writes: One of the most dramatic and impressive scenes of the fire, not yet recorded, was the flight through the La Salle street tunnel under the river during Sunday night.

It was about two o'clock when this strange horror began, and in ten minutes it became a furious rout. The bridges on both sides were on fire and the flames were writing over the decks of the brigs in the river, and winding their fierce arms of flame around the masts and through the rigging like a monstrous, luminous devil-fish. The awful canopy of fire drew down and closed over Water street, as the shrieking multitude rushed for the tunnel, the only avenue of escape. The gas works had already blown up, and there was no light in any house save the illumination which lighted up only to destroy.

But into the darkened cave rushed the pell-mell, from all directions, the frenzied crowd—bankers, thieves, draymen, wives, children—in every stage of undress as they had leaped from burning lodgings, a howling, cursing, praying, wailing mob, making their desperate dive under the river. It was as dark in the tunnel as it is in the center of the earth. Hundreds of the fugitives were laden with furniture, household goods, utensils, loaves of bread, a piece of meat, and their rush through the almost smothering tunnel was fearful in the extreme. They knocked each other down, and the strong trod on the helpless. Nothing was heard at the mouth of the cavernous prison but a muffled howl of rage and anguish.— Several came forth with broken limbs and terrible bruises, and scattered and resumed their flight under the blazing sky.

FUN AT THE FIRE.—I saw a man on Monday night looking intently and seriously at his block of five story stores on Water street, then writhing and roaring in the flames, and then him and watched him. His gaze was riveted. I pitied him heartily, for I judged that he was on the verge of despair. At last I ventured to approach and break his reverie. "Well, Blake, what are you thinking of?" said I. "Ah—h!" said he, with a smile, "I was thinking that the rats must be catching."

I met another friend on Tuesday walking thoughtfully around with a piece of lead pipe. As I approached and saluted him he stopped, slapped the lead pipe down on a brick wall till it mashed flat and then said, "Jo, that pipe's all I've got in the world; but I begin again to-morrow." I met a man on the night of the fire who had lost his store and then his handsome residence on Michigan Avenue. He was lugging around a marble mantle, with the heavy sides attached. He laughed as he saw me, and remarked, "That's all I can't find another and build a house for it."

One Blakely, editor of the Evening Post, hovering around in front of the ruins of the office. He picked up a brick factiously and spat upon it. "What for?" I asked. "Seeing whether they're cool enough to clear out and build over again," was the reply. This reveals all of the cheerfulness there is. The mirth is rather forced; there is plenty of mirth, but it has a solid substratum of serious meditation.

Every man has his weak side; and it is very difficult to find out what side is the best part of the man's weak side.

NO SECTS IN HEAVEN.

By WAKCAT.

Talking of sects fell into one eye,  
Of the various doctrines the saints believe;  
That night I stood, in a troubled dream,  
By the side of the dear old Saviour.

And a Churchman down to the river came,  
When I heard a strange voice call his name,  
"Good father, stop; when you cross this tide,  
You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind;  
And his long gown floated out behind,  
As down to the stream his way he took,  
His pale hand clasping his gilt-edged book.

"I'm bound for Heaven; and when I'm there,  
I shall wait my book of Common Prayer;  
And though I put on a shiny gown,  
I should feel quite out of my gown."

Then he fixed his eye on the shining track,  
But his gown was heavy, and held him back,  
And the poor old father tried in vain  
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,  
But his shillings gashed on his head and high,  
And no one asked if that blessed soul,  
Whether he belonged to "the Church" or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker strayed;  
His dress of a sober hue was made;  
"My coat and shawl are made of grey;  
I cannot go any other way."

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin,  
And staidly, solemnly waded in,  
But his hood blew the breeze pulled down tight  
Over his forehead, so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat;  
A moment he silently sighed over that;  
And then, as he gazed to the further shore,  
The coat slipped off—and was seen no more.

As he entered Heaven, his suit of gray  
Was quite as tight as the burden pulled down tight  
Over his forehead, so cold and white.  
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts, with a bundle of Psalms  
And a copy of the New Testament;  
And hymns and a very nice thing,  
That the people in Heaven "all around" might sing.

But I thought that he heard an anxious sigh,  
And he saw that the river was rolling on;  
And looked rather surprised as, one by one,  
The Psalms and hymns in the wave went down.

And after him, with his MSS.,  
Came Wm. Walford, the pattern of godliness,  
But he cried, "Dear me, I'm a little late,  
The people in Heaven are all around."

Then he looked at his watch, and saw it was ten;  
And he thought, "I'm a little late;  
But at last, together they entered in."

And now, when the river was rolling on,  
A Presbyterian Church went down,  
And there were three seen as immeasurably through,  
But the men who were seen as they passed along.

And concerning the road they could never agree,  
The Old or the New way, which it should be,  
Nor ever a moment passed to think  
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And some of morning, long and loud,  
Came over the river, the morning crowd,  
"Yes, in the Old way, I'm in the New;  
That is the safe, and this is the true."  
"That is the Old way, and you're in the New;  
That is the safe, and this is the true."

But the broken only seemed to speak;  
Modest the sisters wailed and moaned,  
And if ever one of them chance to say  
What she thought to be the way, she said,  
"You're bound to go to the cross with me;  
Nor feared to cross over the swelling tide."

A voice arose from the brethren then,  
"Let no one speak but the holy men;  
For have ye not heard the words of Paul,  
That the women keep silence still?"

I watched them long in my curious dream,  
Till they stood by the burning, and then  
Then, just as I thought, the two ways met;  
But all the brethren were talking yet,  
And would not guide them, or BISHOP,  
Carried them over, side by side—  
Side by side, for the way was one;  
The following journey of life was done;  
And all who in Christ the Savior died  
Came out alike on the other side.

No forms or crosses or books had they;  
No gowns of silk, or suits of gray;  
No words to guide them, or BISHOP,  
For all had put on Christ's righteousness.

FROM AN BUILDING!

**WHEAT AND FLAX-SEED DEPOT!**  
Cleaning and Elevating Capacity 10,000  
Bushels per Day!

150,000 Bushels Wheat Wanted in Store!

50,000 Sacks for those who wish to sell or  
store with us.  
Flax-Seed Contractors of Pioneer Oil Co. will  
call on us for sacks.  
v625111

**THE JUSTLY  
CELEBRATED BAIN WAGON!**  
RECOGNIZED EVERYWHERE AS A  
FIRST CLASS FARM WAGON.  
No other Wagon has a Home reputation equal  
to "Bain" make, and it is the only wagon that  
has been tested and known to stand the strain.  
In a word it is made of the best materials and is  
the highest finished wagon that comes to this mar-  
ket.

We have different styles of Hounds and Reach,  
Patent do. (so called) included.  
BLAIN, YOUNG & CO.  
v624111

FOR THE HARVEST OF 1871.

**PITT'S THRESHERS!**  
HAINES, HEADERS!  
LATEST IMPROVED MOWERS!  
—And All Kinds of—  
Agricultural Implements!  
CONSTANTLY ON HAND!  
—Also the—  
CELEBRATED BAIN WAGON  
BLAIN, YOUNG & CO.,  
Albany, Oregon.  
v624111

TALLY & HOUCK,

**WE HAVE ESTABLISHED AN EXTENSIVE  
Brewery business in  
ALBANY AND CORVALLIS.**  
Mr. Houck keeping the old stand of Tally in  
Albany and Mr. Tally superintending the Es-  
tablishment at Corvallis. Beer furnished to  
SALOONS AND PRIVATE FAMILIES  
to order, and  
WARRANTED TO BE VERY BEST!  
TALLY & HOUCK,  
April 14, 1871—v623511

JOHN CONNER'S

**BANKING AND EXCHANGE OFFICE,  
ALBANY, OREGON.**  
DEPOSITES RECEIVED,  
SUBJECT TO CHECK AT SIGHT.  
Interest Allowed on Time Deposits in Coin.  
EXCHANGE ON PORTLAND, SAN FRAN-  
CISCO, AND NEW YORK, for sale  
at lowest rates.  
COLLECTIONS MADE AND PROMPTLY REMITTED  
Banking hours, 8 A. M. to 4 P. M.  
Refer to  
H. W. CORRETT,  
HENRY FALLING,  
W. S. LADD.  
Feb. 1, 1871—71

STORE AT LEBANONI

**A. COWAN & CO., Prop's.**  
S. B. CRAIGTON, Agent.  
Fresh Stock Just Received!  
DRY GOODS!  
GROCERIES!  
CLOTHING, HATS & CAPS!  
Boots and Shoes!  
GLASS AND QUEENWARE!  
Iron, Hardware, &c.  
Which will all be Disposed of at Albany Prices!

FOR SALE.

ALL PERSONS INTERESTED ARE RE-  
spectfully informed that the under-  
signed has on hand, from selected lots, all the  
varieties of

CHOICE SEED WHEAT,

carefully and separately stored, and for sale on  
reasonable terms.  
W. S. COMSTOCK & Co.  
C. S. NEWBERRY, Agent.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS OWING ON SUBSCRIP-  
tion or an account of railroad, completion  
to Albany please call and settle immedi-  
ately.  
BEN. HOLLADAY.  
v624111

FOR SALE.

ALL PERSONS INTERESTED ARE RE-  
spectfully informed that the under-  
signed has on hand, from selected lots, all the  
varieties of

CHOICE SEED WHEAT,

carefully and separately stored, and for sale on  
reasonable terms.  
W. S. COMSTOCK & Co.  
C. S. NEWBERRY, Agent.

NOTICE.