

SCHOOLMASTER OF RUSSIAN BAR.

"When is he expected?"
"He said he was coming in to-night's stage."
"He taught in Frisco, didn't he?"
"Yes; I guess he was in the department."
The doctor's wife was an authority on all matters in Russian Bar and on this last sensation, the coming of the schoolmaster, she freely enlightened her neighbor, Mrs. Blunt, a plump widow, whose minor husband had died a few months before. There was not much to gossip about in the quiet village. The arrival and departure of the stage brought the people to their doors three times a week and if a stranger was noticed, envoys were immediately dispatched to the hotel to learn his name and business and the probable length of his stay. But now Russian Bar was to have a new schoolmaster and the folks wondered much if he would have any trouble with Sam Seymour, the butcher's boy, or Ike Walker, an unruly spirit who had knocked down and pummeled the last precursor who undertook to teach him school discipline. The trustees were powerless in these matters and declared that if a schoolmaster was not able to "get away" with the boys in a square stand-up fight, he might as well pick up his traps and leave Russian Bar.

"On the very evening of the expected arrival, Seymour and Walker, the leading spirits of the mutinous school-boys, met at a pool from which both were trying to coax a few speckled trout for supper.
"Have you heard what the new chap is like, Sam?" said Ike, as he applied a wiggling worm on his hook.
"No, have you?"
"Father told Jake, the barkeeper, that he was very young."
"And small?"
"I guess he won't stay long in town, Ike."
"I think not, Sam. School ain't his good for us such fine weather as this is."

The worthy set and fished in silence and then Ike produced a bunch of cigars and passed them to his friend. At last, finding that the fish wouldn't bite, they shouldered their poles and staggered up to the village, passing a moment to stone a Chinaman's rooster, which had strayed too far from the protecting wash house. Philip Houghton was a schoolmaster from necessity, and not taste. Like many who had been educated as gentlemen in one sense of the word, that is, without the acquaintance with any special pursuit that might be turned to any particular account in the struggle for bread, he found himself adrift in California without anything to fall back on. Seeing an advertisement in a city paper for a competent teacher to take charge of the school at Russian Bar, he answered it, and was accepted at a venture. Putting his few movables together—a pair of old fells and a set of well worn boxing gloves, for Houghton was an accomplished boxer and fencer—he bought a ticket for Russian Bar.

He found the stage driver a communicative, pleasant fellow who, at his request, described the characteristics of his future home. Indeed his description of the class of boys whom Houghton was to take charge of was not very encouraging. "You will find them a hard lot," said he, "and they're all on the muscle too. There's Ike, a tall, lanky fellow, a good deal older than you, and a rascal to boot. He'll get on your nerves, I tell you. You'll find him a good deal more than an exercise something more than a nuisance, I want to get posted on the physique of my men."
"Well, Sam Seymour is about the strongest."
"And what is about the size of the redoubtable Ike?"
"Well, I guess he tops you by half a head."
"O, I guess we'll get along well enough together," said Houghton; "and I suppose this is the first glimpse of Russian Bar," he added, as a turn in the road brought them in view of that picturesque village.

The stage rolled along the smooth road and past the great white oak, under whose friendly branches the weary traveler accustomed to make their noonday halt.
"I'll set you down at the Perkins," said the driver. "There's the Perkins, the proprietor, that fat man smoking on the porch."
Houghton confessed to himself that the prospect before him was anything but a promising one. He was not of a combative nature, though he liked a little danger for the excitement, but a game of fist-cuff with a dirty, mutinous boy, had neither glory nor honor for a man who had been one of the hardest hitters in his college.

The folks were all at their doors when the stage clattered up the single street, and the slender-looking young man by the driver was measured and canvassed before the schoolmaster had passed the mail to the doctor, who, with his medical vocation, also found time to run the post-office.
The doctor's wife was at her window, and after a long survey of the schoolmaster, hastened to communicate her opinions to Mrs. Blunt. "Meanwhile Houghton washed off the dust of the road and took his seat at the supper table. The driver had introduced him to about a dozen of the leading citizens during the few moments that intervened between their arrival and the evening meal.
"How do you like our town, Mr. Houghton?" asked the landlord, graciously, as he helped his new guest to a cup of steak.
"Well, it seems a pretty place."
"When you're acquainted you will find yourself pleasantly situated; but you'll have a hard time with the boys."
"So they all tell me. Anyhow, I

am not unprepared," said Houghton, cheerfully.
After supper the landlord remarked confidentially to the doctor, "that the young man had got in him, and he thought he'd be able to make the rifle with the boys."
When Houghton arose the next morning and opened his window to get the fresh breeze, odorous with the perfume of the clambering honey-suckles, he felt that after all a residence in a remote village, even with a parcel of rough boys to take care of, was preferable to the dusty, unfamiliar streets of San Francisco. He smiled as he unpacked his fells and boxing gloves, a little sadly, too, for they were linked with many pleasing associations of his undergraduate days.

"Well," he soliloquized, as he straightened his arm and looked at the finely-developed muscles, "I will stand my own in a stand-up with these troublesome boys of mine.— This is my day of trial, however, and before now we shall probably have had one battle out."
The schoolhouse, a raw, unfinished looking frame building, stood hard by the river, about half a mile from the town. When Houghton opened the rickety wooden gate that led into the school lot, he found a group of some twenty boys already assembled there. Among them was Sam Seymour and Ike Walker. The latter's sister, a pretty girl of sixteen, was leaning against the fence with half a dozen of her friends, for the Russian schoolhouse was arranged for the accommodation of both sexes. Houghton handed the key to the nearest boy and asked him to open the door. With a look at the others and a grin on his face, he obeyed.
"Now, boys, muster in," said Houghton, cheerfully to the boys.
They all passed in—Seymour and Walker last. The latter took a good look at the schoolmaster as he passed by. When they were seated, Houghton stood at his desk and laid a heavy rule on the pile of books which were before him.
"Now boys," he said, "I hope we shall get along pleasantly together. You treat me fairly and you shall have no reason to complain, I promise you. Silence and obedience are what I require, and a strict attention to the matters of our instruction."
Giving them a portion of the grammar for recitation, he walked quietly up and down the room, occasionally standing at the windows, but appearing to keep no surveillance on the boys. Suddenly the crack of a match was heard, followed by the general fidget.

Houghton turned quickly from the window, and saw the blue smoke of a cigar arising from the seat where Seymour sat.
"What's your name, boy?" he asked, in a stern tone.
"My name is Seymour," replied the boy, insolently.
"And you are smoking?"
"I guess so."
"Leave the room!"
"I guess not."
There was a dead silence in the school room now, and Houghton felt that the hour of trial had come.
"Seymour," he said again, very quietly.
"Come here."
Seymour, putting his hands in his pockets, sauntered from his desk, stood within half a yard of the schoolmaster, and looked sneeringly into his face.
"Leave the room," said Houghton again, in a lower voice.
"No."
The little arm straightened like a flash of lightning and the rebel measured his length on the floor, while the blood gushed from his nostrils. In a moment he sprang to his feet and rushed furiously at the schoolmaster, and went down again like a reed before the well aimed blow. The second time he fell, Houghton stepped down, and lifting him like as if he had been a mere child, fairly flung him out of the door. Seymour, confused and amazed, staggered down to the brook to wash his face and reflect on the force of that slight arm. And Houghton, turning to the school without a word, commenced recitation. Walker was mum. Seymour's face had appalled him, and in fact, the entire mutinous spirit of the scholars of Russian Bar was in a fair way of being totally subdued.

When the trustees heard of the affair, they unanimously commended the schoolmaster's pluck.
"I'll tell you what, boys," said Perkins to a crowd who were earnestly engaged at a game of old sledge in his bar-room, "that Houghton knows a thing or two about managing boys. He'll fix 'em off, or my name's not Perkins."
Houghton was hospitably treated by the folks at Russian Bar. They felt him to be a man of refinement, and showing no offensive superiority in his intercourse with them. The doctor's wife pronounced him the best New Yorker she had ever met, and the gossip insinuated that the widow Blunt was setting her cap for him.

Gypsy Lane, the daughter of a leading man in Russian Bar, and made wealthy by a saw mill, which all day long groaned and screamed some distance down the river, did not express her opinions as to Houghton's merits, but in the summer evenings when the schoolmaster, rod in hand, wandered along the stream and threw his line across the mill-dam, Gypsy was seldom far away. Lane, a bluff, hearty old fellow, frequently asked Houghton to spend the evening with him, and told his patient listener, while Gypsy dutifully mended her father's socks on the veranda.
Mrs. Lane, when Gypsy was but a baby, was laid to rest in Lone

Mountain long before Lane ever thought of settling at Russian Bar. Seymour and Walker were the best and most industrious pupils the young master had and were happy when accompanying him on his fishing excursions. In fact they all agreed in declaring that she education department in the village was a success.

One pleasant evening in June, Gypsy Lane, twirling her straw hat, picked her way across the broad field that lay between her house and the mill. The stream was a winding one, and as she placed her tiny foot on the first stepping stone she saw a straw hat on the grass that she knew well. "How is Miss Lane this evening?" said Houghton, lazily, from beneath a Manzanita bush, where he had been enjoying a book and cigar.
"Well, thank you. How is Mr. Houghton?" Gypsy replied, shyly.
"Worse, but not uncomfortable.— Are you going to the mill?"
"Yes, I have a letter that just came for father."
"May I accompany you?"
"Certainly, if you choose."
Houghton put on his hat and helped Gypsy across the brook. "I had a letter from New York, a few days ago," he said, after he had left the first bend of the river behind.

"Well, although in one sense it brought good news, still I can hardly call it a pleasant letter."
They walked on and Gypsy swung her hat positively, longing with a woman's curiosity, to hear more about the New York letter.
"I am going to leave Russian Bar," said Houghton, abruptly.
"Indeed, how soon?"
"I don't know yet, possibly within a week."
The hat was swayed from side to side with increased energy.
"Do you care much, Miss Lane?" This with an earnest look into her hazel eyes that were kept steadily on the brown parched grass beneath her feet.
"Yes, of course; we shall all be very sorry to lose you," returned Gypsy.
"If I come back in a few months with something for my future wife, shall I see this ring on her finger?" whispered Houghton, capturing the little hand that held the hat, and slipping a ring on the delicate finger.
Gypsy said nothing, but her eyes turned for a moment on the schoolmaster's earnest face, and in the next moment her soft cheek was resting on his shoulder.

Russian Bar, to a man, turned out to wish Philip Houghton God-speed on the morning he took his seat for the driver who one year before had set him down at the Perkins Hotel. They knew that he was on his way to New York, and that he had been left some money, and the gossips more than suspected that there was something between Gypsy Lane and their favorite. At all events her eyes were red for a week after his departure.

Winter had come and the river was swollen and rapid, and many a tree from the pine forest had found its way to the Russian Bar's hearth. One delicious morning, crisp and cold, after a night's rain, the stage passed by the large white oak, and splashed with mud, halted before Perkins Hotel. It had been all night on the way, for the roads were very heavy.
The worthy proprietor of that excellent house was in the act of leasing his first cocktail, when a hearty hand was laid on his shoulder, and Philip Houghton shouted:
"Perkins, old boy, how are you?"
The landlord returned the shake and diving behind the bar had a cocktail mixed in a minute. "And now," said he, as he pledged the ex-schoolmaster, "when will the wedding take place?"
Six weeks afterwards the old mill was hung with evergreen-wreaths and a grand festival was held at Russian Bar. Gypsy Lane was a lovely bride, and when Houghton took charge of the mill and invested all his New York money in the village and was admitted to practice in the courts, Perkins seized the opportunity to take a new partner, and most devoted friend was Sam Seymour, once the terror of Russian Bar schoolmasters, and now the holder of that position.—S. F. Morning Call.

A VARI STORY.—A writer in the Westminster Star relates the following anecdote of the White House.
"During the civil war a letter was received by the State Department, following a telegraph dispatch from Boston, relating in terms of conviction and certainty a plot to undermine and blow up the Executive Mansion, with Mr. Lincoln and all his Ministers, on some Cabinet or reception day, that Caleb Smith, Secretary of the Interior, was confidentially charged to investigate it. He sent for a native District and Union man, known to every citizen, and asked him if it could be arranged to have some expert mechanic examine the White House cellar and approach, without exciting suspicion among the workmen. He said he knew such a man, and called on Tom Lewis, a reliable mason, mason, Lewis took a gang of men, picks, shovels, &c., and informed them that he wanted to excavate for a drain or spring which made the cellar damp, and had taken up, countermines and trenches dug, and informed Mr. Lincoln, who was not a particle scared, that he could see nothing like the work of Guy Fawkes. Caleb Smith was much excited, however, and telegraphed to his informant in Boston to write more explicitly.— The man did so, and assured the Secretary that there could be no mistake about his information, for he had derived it personally by communication with spirits."
"So note it be."

THEORY OF GOVERNMENT—STATE AND NATIONAL.

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March 16th, 1874.

Editor Democrat:
In my last letter I proposed that in this I would continue the examination of the subject in reference to the exercise of the right of sovereignty by the several States in the formation and adoption of the Federal Constitution.

And in the first place I will endeavor to remove what seems to me many a stumbling block in the way of a proper and impartial investigation of this subject; a point beyond which too many have shown an unwillingness to venture in search of truth, but at which they have been too willing to stop, content to adopt as their theory that the Constitution was made and adopted by "We, the people of the United States." The preamble to the Constitution is "We, the people of the United States." The preamble to the Constitution is "We, the people of the United States." The preamble to the Constitution is "We, the people of the United States."

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THE ARKANSAS TRAVELER.

A burlesque tale, known as "The Arkansas Traveler," is exceedingly popular in the West and South, and originated from the incidents of the following story—which are exact as related by the author of the tale and story, Col. S. C. Faulkner, of Arkansas.

In the earlier days of the Territory of Arkansas, when the settlements were few and far between, an adventurous traveler from one of the old States, while traversing the swamps of that portion of the country, gets lost on a cold rainy day, in the Autumn of the year. After wandering till evening, and despairing of finding a habitation, while searching for a place to camp, he strikes a trail which seems to lead somewhere, and also hears in that direction the noise of a field.

Accordingly he takes the trail, and soon discovers ahead of him, rising above the timber, a light column of smoke, which he knows comes from the cabin of a squatter. As he approaches he finds it to be a log cabin, ten logs high and about ten feet square—one side being roofed, and the other only half covered with boards. He also sees the proprietor seated on an old whisky-barrel near the door, sheltered by a few boards which project from the eaves, playing a tune, or rather, the first snatch of a tune, on an old fiddle.

After surveying the habitation and surroundings of "cotton-head" children, the traveler rises up to see if he can get lodgings, and the following dialogue ensues, the hoosier, however, still continuing to play the same part over and over again, only stopping to give short, indifferent replies to the traveler's queries:
Traveler—"Good morning, sir."
Squatter—"How'd ye do, sir?"
T—"Can I get to stay all night with you?"
S—"No, sir."
T—"Can't you give me a glass of something to drink? I am very wet and cold."
S—"I drank the last drop this morning."
T—"I am very hungry; ain't had a thing to eat to-day. Will you let me have something to eat?"
S—"Haven't a darned thing in the house."
T—"Then can't you give my horse something?"
S—"Got nothing to feed him on."
T—"How far is it to the next house?"
S—"Stranger, I don't know; I've never been there."
T—"Well, where does this road go to?"
S—"It's never been anywhere since I lived here; it's always here when I get up in the morning."
T—"As I am not likely to get to any other house to-night, can't you let me sleep in yours, and I'll tie my horse to a tree and do without anything to eat or drink?"
S—"My house leaks; there's only one dry spot in it, and me and Sal sleep on that."
T—"Why don't you finish covering your horse and stop the leak?"
S—"It's raining."
T—"Well, why don't you do it when it is not raining?"
S—"It don't leak then."
T—"Well, if you have nothing to eat or drink in your house, and nothing alive about your place but children, how do you do here, anyhow?"
S—"Putty well, I thank you.—How'd ye do yourself?"
T—"After trying in vain all sorts of ways to exact some satisfactory information from him—"My friend, why don't you play the whole of that tune?"
S—"Stops playing, and looks up for the first time—"I did not know that there was any more to it. Can you play the fiddle, stranger?"
T—"I play a little, sometimes."
S—"You don't look much like a fiddler (handing him the fiddle).—Will you play the balance of that tune?"
The traveler gets down and plays that tune.

"Stranger come in! Take half a dozen chairs and sit down. Sal, go round into the holler, where I killed that buck this morning. Cut off some of the best pieces and fetch it, and cook it for me and this gentleman, directly. Raise up the board under the head of the bed, afore you go, and get the black dog I hid from Dick, and give us some whisky.—I know there's some left yet. Dick, carry the gentleman's horse around to the shed; you'll find some fodder and corn there. Give him as much as he can eat. Durn me, stranger, if you can't stay as long as you please, and I'll give you plenty to eat and drink. Hurry, old woman. If you can't find the butter knife, take the cob-handle, or granny's knife. Sleep away, stranger! you shall sleep on the dry spot to-night."
A Missouri school-master says: "I will spill any man, woman or child in the hell state for a dictionary, of less price of one hundred dollars a side, the money to be awarded by a committee of clergymen or school directors. There has been a darned side of blow about my spell; now I want them to put up or shut up. I won't be put down by a parcel of ignoramuses because I differ with nor Webster's style of spelling."
A young lady of Lyons, Iowa, recently said: "Some men are always talking about patronizing their own town—always harping on that duty—and yet they go abroad to get married, while here we all stand waiting! I do hope that some of those who marry Eastern women will get cheated."

A Chicago paper thinks that everybody who flies in Milwaukee is sure of going to a better land. Milwaukee has an idea that everybody who lives in Chicago can go to a better land without dying.
A New York paper thinks that "a Japanese youth who has been to America in a great horse as a Yankee stripping who has died in Paris."

RATES OF ADVERTISEMENTS.

Week	1 Mo	3 Mo	6 Mo	1 Yr
1. 1. 1.	3.00	6.00	10.00	16.00
2. 1. 1.	2.00	4.00	6.00	10.00
3. 1. 1.	1.50	3.00	4.50	7.50
4. 1. 1.	1.00	2.00	3.00	5.00
5. 1. 1.	.75	1.50	2.25	3.75
6. 1. 1.	.50	1.00	1.50	2.50
7. 1. 1.	.25	.50	.75	1.25
8. 1. 1.	.12	.25	.37	.62
9. 1. 1.	.08	.16	.24	.40
10. 1. 1.	.06	.12	.18	.30

Business notices in the Local Columns, 25 cents per line for the first insertion, and 15 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.
For legal and court advertisements, 50 cents per square for the first insertion, and 25 cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

CONTRACTS.
You will meet me at the depot, and we'll smoke my cigar. I'll show you my new watch. I'll show you my new watch. I'll show you my new watch. I'll show you my new watch.

THE CENTENNIAL BUILDING.
The General Plan as Sketched by a Wisconsin Architect.
It is proposed, says a lady correspondent, to erect a building covering thirty acres, and yet so devised that more than half of it is visible from the centre at once—an effect made evident to the eye by a pink and white mammoth map wherein the lotter-like pink projections represent the visible area. Outside this vast building is a great parallelogram, inside it is broken up into pillars sixty feet square, and small is the arrangement of the roof, in small domes, that each of these pillars encloses an open space reaching up to the sky itself, bright with grass and flowers and musical fountains. Yet the arch is so intense that these enclosed courts appear like ordinary pillars. The general plan is of aisles radiating from an elliptical centre, crossed by other aisles encircling the same centre.

The outside of the whole building measures 1,876 feet; the open space inside 1,776 feet. Outside there are domes and cupolas, projections and embrasures, and, crowning all a dome of such singular construction that you forget it is 300 feet high, and notice only that, instead of following the ordinary plan of domes and settling down upon the building with an immense load, two supports of solidly to limit of gravity, this one is contracted at the bottom, a sort of an irregularly shaped octagonal globe resting upon one of its sides and supported by pillars which seem to bind it to the building beneath. You think of a solidified balloon, and then you think it is much prettier than that would be. You are thankful for the variety, at least you are specially in love with this variation, and you are amazed to be told that the Capitol dome might mould upon itself and still peer upward unavailingly to the crown of this aspiring summit.

You may easily exhaust one after another the whole round of favorable adjectives in describing the building, and find the last exhausted and unsatisfactory. The wonder of it lies in the fact that it is a temporary building; that an architectural pile which is the growth of ages past or the pot of future centuries should be all that art and money can combine to make it is no great marvel. That this structure neither equals nor resembles the world-famous and time-defying architectural standard is an evidence of its fitness to its purpose; moreover, it is American in every sense, and it deserves the commendation of the people of America. Dr. William Carpenter has somewhere called common sense the resultant of the whole previous action of our minds. Perhaps this building might seem the resultant of all the variety of inside forces and outside circumstance that for a hundred years has moulded our country into what it is.

A conscientious Sunday-school teacher felt pained upon looking through a crack in the fence at seeing some of his scholars in attendance upon the trials of speed at the fair, asked one of them if he did think there was a great waste of time at the races. The youngster replied that he thought there was a "thundering sight too much time lost in scoring!"

Mrs. Brown, widow of Governor Aaron V. Brown, Postmaster General during the administration of President Buchanan, had been appointed regent of the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association for the State of Tennessee. She is a relative of President Washington's family and also of President Madison's.

A New England paper states that Elder Knapp, the revivalist, declined to go to his dying mother's bedside recently for the reason that she was sure of dying, and the attendant he was exhorting was in danger of damnation.
There is nothing quite so exhausting to a village newspaper man as to write up a complimentary notice of a local exhibition, in which there are thirteen performers who design sending copies of the paper to their friends.
There is a preparation for coloring ladies gowns a beautiful and delicate pink, and the result is a song that is popular among confidential friends: "Guns, oh guns with me."
A new style of trousers has been invented in Boston, with a copper seat, brass knees, riveted down the seams, and water-proof pockets to hold broken eggs.
Motto of the hard manufacturer: "I'll try."

BUSINESS CARDS.
J. GOUNSEY,
MERCHANT TAILOR.
Has opened a first-class tailor shop in Albany, Oreg., and is ready to make suits, coats, etc., to order, and to give satisfaction.
Office in Parrish's Block, First Street.

OHENOWETH & SMITH,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Corvallis, Oregon.
Office at the Court House.

JOHN J. WHITNEY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
and Notary Public.
Special attention given to collections.
Office in Parrish's Block, Albany, Oregon.

JONES & HILL,
PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS
—ALBANY, OREGON.

S. A. JOHNS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Office in the Court House.

BOOTS MADE TO ORDER
ALBANY, OREGON.
Work warranted to give satisfaction.

W. C. TWEDALE,
DEALER IN
GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,
Tobacco, Cigars and Yankee Notions,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Will strive to keep on hands the best of everything at my price, and to meet the public demand.

A. W. GAMBLE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Office on Main Street, one door west of Wood's grocery store.

D. B. RICE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Office on Main Street, between Perry and Grand.

J. W. BALDWIN,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Office in Parrish's Block, First Street.

DR. E. O. SMITH,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Office on Main Street, over A. Campbell's.

DENTIST,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Office—7th door east of Cooney's Bank.

GEORGE R. HELM,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Office in Parrish's Block, First Street.

MRS. M. LUBOIS,
PROPRIETOR,
ALBANY, OREGON.
This house is the most commodious in the city.

G. F. SETTLEMER,
Druggist and Apothecary,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Sole Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Oils, Paints, Window Glass, Dye-stuffs, Liquors, Fancy Soaps, Brushes, Perfumery, &c.
Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.
All art and drugs in our line warranted the best quality.

ALBANY BATH HOUSE!
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