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RATES OF ADVERTISING. Table with columns for length (1 inch, 2 inches, 3 inches, 4 inches, 5 inches, 6 inches, 8 inches, 10 inches) and rates for different durations (1 week, 1 month, 3 months, 6 months, 1 year).

DIED.

FOSTER—In Albany, on the night of February 20th, 1881, of heart disease, Mrs. M. J. Foster, aged 55 years, 4 months and 27 days.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Martha J. Foster, the subject of this sketch, was born September 23, 1825, in Preble county, Ohio. Her father, Mr. James Gray, was one of the early settlers of that then far Western State.

On the 13th of April, 1853, the deceased was married to Mr. Jas. H. Foster, of Albany, one of Oregon's well-known and leading citizens.

Deceased was an affectionate wife, a loving mother, and an unflinching friend. The poor and needy were blessed with her abundant means, and many are they who can never forget her well-timed charity.

"She's a little chit of a thing. You don't want to run after those young people—a man of your age." "What's the reason I don't?" bellowed Mr. Spoonydyke.

"You don't read their right at all," complained Mrs. Spoonydyke. "That's Mrs. Silverperson, and Mrs. Worthington, and Miss Hemmingsway. They're just as nice as they can be."

"I won't either!" shouted Mr. Spoonydyke. "The jolly was sour, and she made me pay a dollar toward a plaster of Paris angel for a starving family out in Flatbush."

"That's Mrs. Willoughby!" exclaimed Mrs. Spoonydyke, complacently. "She's the young widow who recently joined the church."

THE STRANGEST TALE EVER TOLD.

One of the most remarkable stories ever told in a newspaper is that of Miss Mary Hammel, a young woman about 21 years of age, who is a grand-daughter of Philip I. Frenan, the well-known American writer who edited a newspaper in this city during the latter part of the last century.

"I don't care," said Mrs. Spoonydyke, as she whirled around two or three times to practice kicking her leg.

"What makes you put old Sister Lamb at the head of the list?" growled Mr. Spoonydyke.

"I don't believe any one else will call on her," reasoned Mr. Spoonydyke. "She will be tickled to death to see you."

"What do you think I'm starting out for?" demanded Mr. Spoonydyke, fiercely. "Got an idea I'm going around like a missionary to carry the Gospel to people everybody else is afraid of?"

"Then I'll laugh," said the solemn-faced man, and he leaned against the wall and chuckled and laughed until he could hardly get his breath.

"You know she's interested in sending women out west to get husbands. She'll amuse you."

"I don't care!" remonstrated Mrs. Spoonydyke indignantly; "they're nice people and I like to cultivate them. They may be long in life, but they can't help it."

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"You didn't, you never did!" proclaimed Mrs. Spoonydyke, thoroughly aroused. "That isn't her name either. It's Miss Schofield, and she is the best friend I've got."

"I know what you want," hissed Mr. Spoonydyke. "You want a few more acquaintances, and a map, to be a guide book to ancient Troy. Think I'm going to call on that old monolith? Got anything here that belongs to modern times? Know anybody who has been dug up within six or eight centuries? Who that black-eyed girl in the Bible class? Don't she hang out a flag to-day?"

"I wouldn't look at her," sniffed Mrs. Spoonydyke. "I wouldn't have you go there for worlds. Besides, she don't receive."

"What's this?" demanded Mr. Spoonydyke. "What's Mrs. Wimpsty got to do with it? What cemetery will I find her in?"

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A BIT OF HEART.

I once knew a workman, a potter by business, who had one small invalid child at home. He wrought at his trade, exemplary with fidelity, being always in the shop at the opening of the day.

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A MOST REMARKABLE FAMILY—THE LARGEST IN AMERICA.

Lewis Rockwell, aged 102 years, lives in a rocky old house in Pike county, Pa., not far from Tifton. He is the eldest of a family remarkable for the longevity of its members.

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Poetry.

"You wish to be a lawyer, John—well, I've not said a word. Unless I felt quite certain that your longings are absurd; I don't wish to discourage you, but then I can't consent."

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