

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: Single copy, per year, \$2 00; 6 months, \$1 00; 3 months, 50 cts; in advance.

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ALBANY COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, ALBANY, OR.

FRESH BEEF, PORK, MUTTON, Veal and Sausage always on hand.

JAMES DANNALS, MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN FURNITURE & BEDDING.

State Rights Democrat.

VOL. XVII.

ALBANY, OREGON, FRIDAY, AUGUST 12, 1881.

NO. 2.

Farms Wanted.

WE are constantly receiving applications from parties who desire to rent farmsthe coming season, and wish to add to our list of farms to rent. If you want a good renter for the coming season leave a description of your farm with us. We can send you one.

ALBANY, OR., July 27th, 1881.

Sarsaparilla

In a compound of the virtues of sarsaparilla, siliting, mandrake, yellow dock, with the iodide of potash and iron, all powerful blood-making, blood-purifying, and life-sustaining elements. It is the purest, safest, and most effective of any medicine known or available to the public.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.'s Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

OSTETTER'S PILLS. Celebrated. Malaria and Eucase Vaporous. Poison, spreading disease and death in many localities, for which quinine is no genuine antidote, but for the effects of which

A BARGAIN! Valuable Property for Sale.

THE ALDEN FRUIT DRYER. Including the building and lots upon which it is situated, is for sale at a bargain.

DR. S. SHARPE'S EXTERNAL PILE REMEDY

DR. S. SHARPE'S EXTERNAL PILE REMEDY. Grows Instant Relief, and is an infallible CURE FOR ALL KINDS OF PILES.

REVERE HOUSE, Corner First and Ellsworth Albany, Oregon.

CHAS. PFEIFFER, Prop'r. This new Hotel is fitted up in first class style.

FOSHAY & MASON, Wholesale and Retail. Druggists and Booksellers, ALBANY, OREGON.

King of the Blood

Everybody delighted with the beautiful and beautiful selections made by Mrs. Lamm, who has never failed to please her customers.

THE CORVALLIS FRUIT CO. Will purchase Plummer dried fruit at full market prices.

Poetry.

IF IT WERE TRUE. If it were really true that you were living, You whom my soul has always loved

Can you not see how I have missed you, dear? How I regret I ever gave you pain; How even then I held you first and nearest?

THE SILVER LINING. There's never a day so sunny But a little cloud appears;

THE ALDEN FRUIT DRYER. There's never a day so sunny But a little cloud appears;

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right mad it used to make the boys feel good all around. They couldn't understand exactly who he was mad at, for his eye would take in all sides of the room, which was a follow once and got off on the plea that it was an accident on this account.

After he was dead Reddy took off the black envelope and read the address. It was to "Georgia." That made him curious, and the letter burned his hands.

DEAR OLD FARD.—The game's square. You saved me, and I've saved you. I ain't mad or hurt because you didn't come back and take the murder

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ope. He gave this to Ready Jim, one of his old time pals, and told him not to take off the blank envelope until after he was dead, and then deliver the letter inside where it was addressed, and keep his mouth shut about the whole business.

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graph. "Yes; last night I tried to seize the comet's tail. I knew that the comet is getting among millions of stars, and I wanted to see whether the tail would prove an obstruction to the rays of sunlight coming through it to the earth. I wanted to see whether the comet was so close that it would prevent the sun's light from reaching us.

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Table with 5 columns: Line, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; Price, 12, 12, 12, 12, 12. Includes Special business notices in Local Columns 25 cents per line.

TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY THE Women's Christian Temperance Union.

Ye who drink in moderation hear, I pray you, the admonition of one, who finding himself at last bound by the chain of intemperance, is struggling to free himself from its iron grasp. "The most depraved and wretched of human beings is he who has practiced vice so long that he cannot give up the habit of it; and who pursues it because he feels a terrible power driving him on toward it, but reaching it, knows that it will gnaw his heart and make him roll himself in the dust. Thus it has been, and thus it is with me. The deep, surging waters have gone over me; but out of their awful black depths could I be heard, I would cry out to all who have just set foot in the perilous flood. For I am not one of those, who, if they themselves must die the death the most terrible and appalling of all others, that they would drag or even persuade one other soul to accompany me. But I would cry to others not to come with me. Could the youth who has just begun to taste wine, and the young man his first drink, to whom it is as delicious as the opening scenes of a visionary life, or the entering into some newly discovered paradise where scenes of undimmed glory burst upon his vision, but see the end of all that and what comes after, by looking into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dark and dreary thing it is for a man to be made to feel that he is going over a precipice with his eyes wide open, with a will that has lost power to prevent it; could he feel the body of the death out of which I cry hourly with feeble and feeble utterance, to be delivered; could he know how a constant wall comes up and out from my bleeding heart and begs and pleads with a great agony to be delivered from this great demon drink; could these truths but go home to the hearts and minds of the young men of the land; could they feel but for one single moment what I am compelled to live and battle and endure day in and day out, until the days drag themselves into weeks that seem like months, and months that seem like years, pleasures and joys all gone; yet compelled to live and endure, or rather die on; could every young man feel these things as I am compelled to feel and bear them, it seems to me that it would be enough to make them, while they yet have the power to do it, dash the sparkling damnation of the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptation."

WHAT WINE HAS DONE FOR WOMEN.

War is not so sore an evil as intemperance, for some virtue can flourish on the battle field, and some unmanliness can find a place of rest upon the point of the sword. But there is no room for virtues in the cup of wine and its attendant evils.

Of the worst foes that women have ever had to encounter, wine stands at the head. The appetite for strong drink in man has spoiled the lives of more women, ruined more hopes for them, brought them more sorrow, shame and hardship, than any other evil that exists.

The country numbers tens of thousands of women, who are widows because their husbands have been slain by strong drink. There are hundreds of thousands of homes in which women live lives of torture, going through all the changes of suffering that lie between the extremes of love and despair, because whom they love like wine better than they do the women they have sworn to love.

The sorrows and the horrors of a wife with a drunken husband, of a mother with a drunken son, cannot be described. The shame, the indignation, the sorrow, the sense of disgrace, the poverty, (and not infrequently the beggary), the fear and fact of violence, the lingering and life long struggle and despair of countless women with drunken husbands, are enough to make all women curse wine, and engage unitedly to oppose it every where as the worst enemy of their sex.

WHAT STRONG DRINK DOES.

This was the terribly suggestive statement crayed on the blackboard which stood on the platform at the Chicago noon-prayer meeting the other day: "It costs \$5,000,000,000 a year in money. It makes 50 per cent of our insane. It makes 95 per cent of our paupers. It makes 80 per cent of our criminals. It causes directly 74 per cent of our murders. It sends forth 75 per cent of our vicious youth. It sends one every six minutes to a drunkard's grave."