

## California, the Land of Discoveries

**EUREKA**

**SANTA**

**ROSHAY**

**THE KING OF CONSUMPTION**

Cures Asthma, Coughs, Bronchitis, and all Diseases of Throat, Chest, and Lungs—Sold on Guarantee.

Send for circular, \$1 per bottle, 3 for 2.

ALBANY OREGON

The motto of California means "I have found it." Only in that land of sunshine, where the orange, grape, olive, fig, almond, peach, apricot, and other fruits are raised in their most perfect form, are the herbs and plants found that are used in that pleasant remedy for all throat and lung troubles, SANTA ROSE, the great cough, asthma, and consumption cure. Roshay & Mason, of Albany, Oregon, have been appointed sole agents for the valuable California remedy, and will make a guarantee at \$1 per bottle for 25¢.

FOR SALE BY

**Roshay**

**Mason.**

A full line of choice family groceries and provision.

Canned pineapples, Choice Table Delicacies Ornament Cakes for Weddings and Parties. Salmon, herring, mackerel and salt fish of all kinds.

**FRESH BAKED BREAD** Every Day.

**Best Syrup, Pies, Cakes** TEAS AND COFFE

**Candies, Nuts, Raisins.** CANNED GOODS, ETC.

The best soap in the market.

**Le Roi Savon.** A fine assortment of domestic and Imported Cigars.

**Hermann's Restaurant.** Hermann Diercks, Prop.

**W. C. TWEEDALE.** DEALER IN Hardware, Stoves, Ranges, Tinware, Copperware.

**CALIFORNIA CURE**

THE ONLY GUARANTEED CURE FOR CATARRH

6 MOS. TREATMENT \$1.00 BY MAIL.

ALBANY OREGON

Have you a cough? Have you an excessive secretion of mucus or matter in the nasal passages which either must be blown from the nose or drop back behind the palate, or hawked or sniffled backward to the throat? Are you troubled by hoarseness, sore throat, frequent soreness of the throat, itching or roaring in the ears, more or less impairment of the hearing, loss of smell, memory impaired, dullness or dizziness of the head, dryness or heat of nose? Have you lost all sense of smell? Have you a hacking cough? Have you dyspepsia? Is your breath foul? If so you have the CATARRH. Some have all these symptoms, others only a part. The leading symptom of ordinary catarrh is increased secretion of mucus or yellow or greenish colored matter. Foul breath is caused by the decomposing secretions exhaled from festering ulcers far back in the head; sometimes the membrane covering the lower lip is torn away and the bones themselves gradually decay. Such cases as in dead objects of pity, as stench from corroding sores give the corruption within.

As every breath drawn into the lungs must pass over and become polluted by the relations in the nasal passages, it must necessarily follow that the air which enters the lungs, takes place, while the mucus matter that is secreted, enters the lungs, stems into the stomach, creates flatulency, and often produces dyspepsia, indigestion, nervousness and consumption.

DO NOT PROCRASTINATE.

If you have experienced any of the above symptoms do not delay, but try CALIFORNIA CURE at once. We positively warrant you a few applications will relieve and a thorough course will cure. Six months treatment for \$1.00 sent by mail.

**Santa Rose and California Cure.**

**Roshay & Mason,** Albany, Oregon

**G. L. BLACKMAN.**

Successor to E. W. Langdon

DEALER IN

**Drugs, Paints, Oils**

Perfumery and toilet articles, also a full line of books and stationery, periodicals, etc.

Prescriptions carefully compounded.

IN ODD FELLOW'S TEMPLE.

Albany Oregon

**300 Men Wanted!**

WORKERS AND BARR WANTS 300 MEN to work on their new tract on the Oregon Pacific Railroad east of Albany. Apply at the White Pine Packing Co. store, or at HERBES office.

**Wages 2.25 Per Day**

**BOARD \$4.50 PER WEEK.**

**The Albany Bakery!**

Under the new management of

**Parker Bros.**

—WHO KEEP—

A full line of choice family groceries and provision.

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**Hardware, Stoves, Ranges, Tinware, Copperware.**

Pumps, iron pipe, rubber hose and plumbing goods. Sole agents for the celebrated "Early Breakfast" cook stoves and ranges, and "Faultless" parlor heating stoves. Albany, Oregon.

# AT COST!

# STILL TO THE FRONT!

## G. W. SIMPSON.

Having purchased the stock of Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Boots, Shoes, Etc., of C. B. Roland & Co. is now prepared to offer

## Better Bargains than Ever!

Table & Bureau Scarfs

Having a complete assortment of General Merchandise, bought at a big discount, which he still proposes to sell at cost. Purchasers will do well to call and get his prices before buying elsewhere, as you can save from 25 to 50 per cent. The highest market price paid for country produce of all kinds, either in cash or goods.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and whiteness. More economical than the ordinary kind and cannot be sold in competition with multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. **ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 107 Wall St., N. Y.**

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**NOVELTIES**

RECEIVED TO-DAY AN INVOICE OF NOVELTIES in dress trimmings direct from New York, the latest thing out. They are sure to please. Call and see them.

**SAMUEL E. YOUNG.**

**Meat Market.**

**FRESH MEAT AND SALMON EVERY** day at H. D. Miller's market. Fine specialties and a full market kept up.

**Rooms for Rent.**

FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED rooms to rent. Enquire of H. Barnes, corner of Seventh and Baker streets.

**500 Hens Wanted.**

J. DIEBING will pay the highest price for 500 head of hens. Apply to him at the Albany Market, Albany.

**Dissolution Notice.**

NOTICE is hereby given that the firm known as Parkhart & Miller, who have been engaged in the real estate business in Albany, Oregon, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. L. D. Miller retaining and F. A. Parkhart retaining the business, and assuming every control of the same hereafter. F. A. Parkhart will assume the payment of all outstanding debts of the firm and will also collect all due said firm.

Dated this 11th day of October, 1888.

F. A. PARKHART, L. D. MILLER.

**THOS. JONES'**

**TONSorial Parlors**

ARE NOW REMOVED TO THE STRAHLAN Block, which is prepared to do hair work in the tonsorial line. His bath rooms are neat and clean and ready for use at all hours. Give him a call.

Reflex for Sale! A good good brick for sale by W. C. Cassell, Albany.

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**CHARLIE.**

A beggar died last night; his soul Went up to God, and said: "I come, my lord; forgive my sin: I did for want of bread."

Then answered him the Lord of Heaven: "Son, how can this thing be? Are not My saints on earth? And they Had surely succored thee?"

"Thy saints, O Lord," the beggar said, "Live holy lives of prayer; How small thy knowledge of such as we? We perish unaware."

"Thy saints to save our wicked souls: And fit them for the sky; Meanwhile, not having bread to eat, (Forgive) our bodies die."

Then the Lord God spake out of heaven: "In wrath and angry pain: 'O men, for whom My Son is died, My Son hath lived in vain!'"

—Woman's World.

**Harry Burton.**

—OR—

**TRUE FRIENDSHIP'S SACRIFICE**

**A Romance of the War.**

BY OTWEIS.

AUTHOR OF "BESSIE'S DIARY," ETC. All rights reserved.

CHAPTER XX.

Assured of your approval kind reader, I pass over unnoted years of "radical" events in the history of our country, to scenes and even more closely connected with our story; but certainly not less tragical and perhaps not less important to us, who are familiar and sympathetic friends of some of the actors in this little side scene in the great theatre of this world and this little by play in the wonderful drama called life.

Walk by my side then along this beautiful thoroughfare in St. Louis, let us enter this lighted gateway, and walk along this path spread with costly carpet, and enclosed on either side by costly and "allegorical" the whole brilliantly illuminated with Chinese lanterns. Let us ascend the marble steps, to enter the open doors. Ah, I see you recognize immediately the fair, tall, comfortable looking Mrs. Desmond. But your recollection comes less quickly when you lift your eyes to the tall stately young lady by her side. No! Yes it is Pearl Bedford, now she smiles. Yes, and those are Pearl's own eyes of heavenly blue, now that she lifts them to welcome you with the old frank cordiality; but it makes your heart ache to see how much older she has grown, not with years, but with a weariness that comes of too much sorrow. The old animation, the old flow of wit, and bright repartee have disappeared. All through the evening you will notice that although she is surrounded by admirers and is courteously gentle, and gracious to all, she never loses that look of patient sadness. There comes a look more tender, more regretful perhaps when she places her hand upon the left arm of a dark-eyed, gray haired, yet young looking man. You are right, that is Lieutenant Warren, but you must call him Colonel Warren now, and I will tell you that his right arm is only six feet.

"Pearl, is this to go on forever," he cries when he has led out by the fountain, away from the glare and glitter of the gas lit, crowded rooms. "Is this to go on forever?" he repeats almost fiercely.

"I hope not Colonel," answered Pearl in a quiet voice, I am so weary of it as you are certainly."

"There I have offended you again. Forgive me!" he cried kneeling at her feet.

"There Colonel, do not kneel to me," said Pearl, "I am the one who should supplicate pardon. I know, she continued, "I know I should consent to your proposals. I know I should marry you. I know 'twas dear Papa's last wish. I know that through all these weary years you have been my kindest, best friend. I know Colonel that such self denial, such unselfish devotion as yours would melt any woman's heart. I ought to love you; but I must be made of stone for I cannot. Oh, I cannot."

The last words were uttered in a tone of utter despondency.

The Colonel ground his teeth and under his breath muttered curses toward the "young jail bird" who still possessed her heart. "Will she ever cease thinking of the young devil," he thought, while aloud he exclaimed; "Pearl you are an angel. I was a brute to reproach you, but I love you so dearly that it almost maddens me to see you treat other men with the same cordiality that you do me, to feel that I am no more to you than that simpleton Carnes."

But Colonel, you are more to me than Mr. Carnes. Frankly you are more to me than any other gentleman of my acquaintance. I re-

spect, and admire you as if you were my brother, but I cannot give you the love you deserve from a wife."

"Oh, Pearl that is sufficient," he cried eagerly, "if you like me so much, surely love would come after marriage. I would teach you to love me. You have never admitted that you cared for me so much as I care for you. Oh, Pearl, let me beseech you once more to make me happy. I know you are weary of my importunity, but let my great love be my excuse. Marry me and I swear to you solemnly that you shall never regret."

"If I were sure that he was dead now," she began, mere to herself than to him. "If I were sure that he no longer lived, I would marry you; but I am bound by a sacred oath to be true to him forever and forever. Colonel Warren could you, would you marry a woman whose whole heart was given to another? Would you want the body without the soul?"

"My darling you attach too much importance to an oath or vow made in thoughtlessness, you were allowed a romantic sentiment to overcome your better judgment."

"No, Colonel no, you are mistaken; that was the one love of my life. Forgive me if my words pain you, but I must be true to that oath as long as he and I both live. I have been candid with you this evening, because I think you deserve candor and because now that you know that my heart is in possession of another you will cease to covet it. Let us return to the house, they will miss me."

The Colonel could do less than obey; but the lurking demon which seemed to have taken possession since that night at Fort D— and which seemed ever ready to concoct some new falsehood, or some new stratagem to further his object—was at his elbow again whispering words of hope through the familiar byways of cunning and deceit.

Miss Nellie Nelson, from Boston had come to spend the winter with Pearl, and this fall given in her honor, was only the beginning of a rotund of gaily planned for the "girls."

Nellie had been Pearl's bosom friend in their school days, and had been with Mrs. Desmond a chaperon and companion during the two years spent abroad after the death of Pearl's father. Their long tried friendship had deepened into a affection more tender than is usually manifest between sisters.

"Do you notice anything peculiar in my appearance this morning?"

"No, Nellie, why do you ask?"

"Well I envied you so much last night that I thought I had turned green during the night."

"You are certainly growing childish little grandmamma," returned Pearl laughing.

"Not at all, though I should not be surprised if you told me my hair had turned gray from torture I endured. Think of listening to constant repetition of such phrases as these—'How lovely.' 'How precious.' 'How angelic.' 'Just like a pure white lily.' 'A lone star above all the rest.' etc. do you not wonder that I expected to be a shade greener this morning?"

"What foolishness Nellie!"

"Not a bit, that is the worst of it all. I had to acknowledge that they were all correct."

"And this a sample of what they say about my little grandma goose, they say 'What a dainty little rosebud.' 'What a little fairy,' and Mr. Adolph Carnes said—'what a charmingly joyous girl! your friend from Boston is Miss Bedford.'"

"What a nuisance he is!" cried Nellie laughing at Pearl's correct imitation of his silly drawl.

But seriously Pearl, why is it we always long for something we do not possess? I remember when I was a bony scrawny—

"Oh, Nellie you never was bony or scrawny; you were always—"

"Hush child! don't contradict your elders. I can remember how I wished I could be dimpled and rosy like you, and now that you have grown stately, and pale and grand, and I have grown far beneath you as ever. But I don't envy you Pearl. I love you too dearly to envy yours or any one's admiration—unless it is that grand Colonel," she added with a smile.

"Pearl are you going to say no to him always? How can you?"

"Don't Nellie," said Pearl gently.

"There Pearl, I would not hurt for worlds. I was only jesting; you know I could never be serious for five consecutive minutes. Let us change the subject. Let me see, what shall we do for a change to-day? I must write to my little mater. Shall I tell her you will come home with me after the new year?"

"Yes, if you like. I promised to go shopping with auntie and pass my judgment on another bonnet. Will you not accompany us?"

"No, thank you, Pearl. I will stay at home and write my poor, long neglected mamma a letter."

The next month was one continued round of balls and parties, the theatres and opera going, until both

girls declared they were worn out. "Oh, Nellie! are you never going to wake up?" cried Pearl one morning from the sitting room fire. This sitting room was a large, pleasant room, which the girls shared in common, and their sleeping apartments opened from it on opposite sides.

"Oh, I've been awake ever so long," came a sleepy voice from the pillows.

"Nellie! don't you know where naughty girls who tell stories go?"

"Well, I have been awake long enough to wonder whether it is worth while rising to-day. Don't you think it would be a vast amount of labor saved if I did not get up all to-morrow?"

"I think if you do not get up pretty soon these eggs will be overdone, and this toast will be cold, and that would be a pity, for I've ordered my tea terribly in toasting it."

"Well, I'll be with you in just seven-eighths of a minute."

"Well, be quick, or I shall have gathered all the news from the papers and you will have to take it second-hand."

"There, did you expect one of my age and immunities to be so quick?" said Nellie, gaily, as she presented herself presently, rosy and bright from a cool bath, and arrayed in a dainty, rose colored wrapper.

"Oh, Pearl! what is the matter?" she cried; for Pearl's arms were thrown across the table, and her head dropped upon them in an attitude of hopeless abnasion.

"Pearl! Pearl! What is the matter? Tell me what has caused this? Tell Nellie—tell little grandma the trouble."

Pearl held towards her the newspaper in her hands.

"Was it something in the paper? Never mind, dearie, don't give way like that. There now, cry if you like, dear, while I see what has hurt you so."

She sat down and drew Pearl's head on to her lap. "Cry Pearl, it will do you good."

It might have been amusing to any one else but Pearl—this motherly solicitude from a little rosy-cheeked dumpling of a year at a man her junior—out Pearl appreciated her sympathy and delighted in calling her jolly little friend "grandma."

Nellie's quick eyes were not long in finding what had caused Pearl's agitation. Half way down the second column was a notice, she felt was what she sought, what had caused the mischief.

"Found at last!" "Murder Will Out!" etc., etc.

Then followed a long and graphic description—seemingly copied from some Western paper—of a terrible railway accident, and a death-bed confession from one of the marauded victims, who gave his name as Harry Burton, and confessed to the crime of murdering General Bedford at Fort D., during the first part of the war.

He said he did it in a moment of anger, and had been conscience-stricken ever since. That he could not do without confessing his terrible crime, and asking one of God's ministers to intercede with his Maker for pardon, etc., etc. He ended by telling how the man discovered and was carried, with many others, by the people of the town.

Nellie's eyes were not long in finding the truth of the statement. Pearl was completely crushed, and for the first time Nellie failed to find words of comfort to offer her friend.

This was too terrible, too awful to contemplate. In all Pearl's dreams she had never imagined him guilty; never once thought his hands stained with his father's blood. She did not cry as Nellie begged her to do, she was too badly stunned. She only sat and moaned pitifully.

Had it not been for Nellie's thoughtful protection, her animation and perseverance Pearl might have gone into brain fever again, or worse. But Nellie contrived to divert her mind in some degree from her trouble, by feigning illness, and arousing Pearl's sympathy sufficiently to cause her to exert herself for Nellie's sake.

Nellie was ill for several days, and suffered herself to be bathed and dossed and scolded and petted alternately by Mrs. Desmond, Susie and Pearl. But she insisted that as Pearl could wait upon her so well!

This Susie objected to, declaring that Mlle. Pearl looked really to be sick herself, and that she would "take care" of Mlle. Nellie. But a few whispered words from Nellie sent Susie out of the sick room sniffling and satisfied.

Susie had been just a little jealous of Nellie, for since Nellie came Susie had been banished from Pearl's society almost entirely, Nellie insisting that she and Pearl must wait upon each other as they had done at school, except, of course, when they were dressing for an evening out, then they found Susie's French taste indispensable.

Nellie was always thirsting for something new—some novelty as her latest "enthusiasm" (as Pearl called her projects) was to cook their own breakfasts over the sitting room fireplace. This "enthusiasm" however, was fast losing its novelty, for Nellie had of late kept her

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