

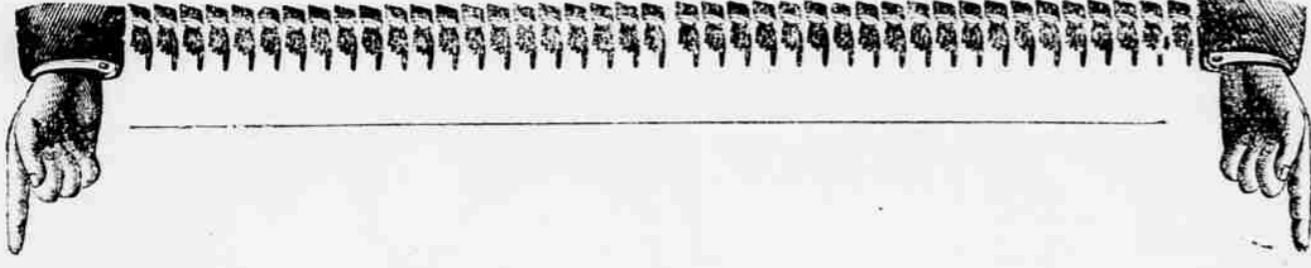
Morning Daily Herald.



15 CENTS A WEEK.

ALBANY OREGON SUNDAY MORNING NOVEMBER 25 1888

VOL. III—NO. 336



ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alums or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 105 Wall St., N. Y.

D. W. CHOWLEY & Co., Agents, Portland, Oregon.

ATTORNEYS.
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PHYSICIANS.
G. W. HASTON, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Albany, Oregon.

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C. C. KELLY, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Albany, Oregon. Office over Grand Union store. Office hours, from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.

D. R. KOLDEWAY, VETERINARY SURGEON, Albany, Oregon. Graduate of Geo. Mason and American colleges.

REVERE HOUSE, ALBANY, OR.—CHAS. R. REVERE, Prop. Only first-class house in the city. Large sample rooms for commercial men. No. 100 Commercial street. General stage office for Corvallis.

H. EWERT, PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER and Jeweler, Albany, Oregon.

Land Surveying.
P. M. DEBRIER, SURVEYOR, ALBANY, OREGON. Has complete outfit of F. T. Fisher. Has been employed by the State and townships in the surveying of lands, and is a member of the Oregon Land Surveyors' Association. Postoffice address: Millers Station, Linn county, Oregon.

Fruit Drier for Sale.
PUMMELER FRUIT DEVER, FACTORY size, complete, with additions and improvements, for sale cheap. Apply to A. Baker, Shady, Oregon, or to A. Wheeler, Springfield, Oregon.

For Sale.
CIDER PRESS AND FILTERS. CAPACITY 200 gallons per day, will be sold cheap for cash, on the installment plan, traded, leased or let on shares. A number of vinegar barrels for sale cheap. Apply to F. H. Pfeiffer, at Albany Soda works.

Wanted to Buy an Invoice of Novelties.
In press trimmings, direct from New York, the latest thing in novelties. They are sure to please. Call and see them.
SAMUEL E. YOUNG.

Meat Market.
FRESH MEAT AND SAUSAGE FACTORY. Situated at Brink's meat market. First quality and a full market kept.

Rooms for Rent.
FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED rooms for rent. Double of B. Baker, corner of Seventh and Baker streets.

Lost.
L. COLEMAN, A MIDDLE SIZED RED colored cow, had out-corn and blunt horns. The holder will be paid a reward. Address Depot Hotel, Albany.

500 Hogs Wanted.
J. DIERINGER WILL PAY THE HIGH est market price for 500 head of hogs. Apply to him at the Albany Market, Albany.

Resolution Notice.
TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN, NOTICE is hereby given that the firm known as Burkhardt & Miller, who have been engaged in the real estate business in Albany, Oregon, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. L. D. Miller retiring and E. A. Burkhardt retaining the business, and assume every control of the same hereafter. E. A. Burkhardt will assume the payment of all outstanding debts of the firm and will also collect all due said firm.
Dated this 24th day of October, 1888.
E. A. BURKHARDT,
L. D. MILLER.

Portrait Photography.
sitting, pointment, Studio cor Second and Ferry streets.
Pillow sham holders, the neatest thing out, at Brink's.

THOS. JONES'

TONSorial Parlors

ARE NOW REMOVED TO THE STRAHAN block, where he is prepared to do hair-dressing work in the tonsorial line. His bath rooms are neat and clean and ready for use all hours. Give him

Harry Burton

OR
TRUE FRIENDSHIP'S SACRIFICE
A Romance of the War.

BY OTWIS.

AUTHOR OF "BESSIE'S DIARY," ETC.
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CHAPTER XXII—CONTINUED.

All day Pearl wandered about the house, lending a helping hand here and there, offering some suggestion or making some little change in the wonderfully beautiful floral decorations, apparently more interested than Nellie, who kept her room all day only attended by her two best brides maids.

The ceremony was to take place at nine o'clock, and the important hour for dressing began early in the afternoon.

Who can describe the scene upon the upper floor of that house then? Surely not! Such commotion; such opening, and closing of doors; such tittering and giggling, such scampering from one room to another by lovely maidens in dis-

commodation; such exclamations of "how do I look?" And, "am I white enough?" And, "will this do?" Such choruses of "oh lovely," and just splendid; such involuntaries of "oh my's," such preludes of "Ah's," "Oh's," "Oh's" such interludes of "I am so nervous," which extended even to the very church door. No, I give it up, it is beyond my descriptive powers.

Pearl and Nellie went in the first carriage with Mr. Desmond and Mr. Nelson, while Mrs. Desmond and Mrs. Nelson and the bride maids were crowded into the other three carriages and followed.

The carriages containing the two bridesmaids, and their best men, and Mr. Rubell's father and mother drew up in front of the great church almost simultaneously, and the great bells rang out loudly, gladly, joyously, while after the first stroke all the bells in the neighborhood joined in unison, producing one grand burst of harmonious, and joyful melody.

Little children clothed in white stood on either side of the carpeted and flower strewn walk, and sang "Her merry wedding bells," while the wedding party slowly filed into the church, which was one glare of light and a perfect bowyer of beautiful flowers.

The wedding party looked very imposing as they swept up the aisle in proper order and stood before the altar while the solemn, voiced, white robed man or woman uttered the words which bound two couple to one another for life—"for better or worse, till death do ye part."

Mrs. Nelson and Mrs. Desmond sat upon the back seat of the first carriage returning home after the ceremony, and congratulated them selves upon the success of every thing.

"I shall feel so relieved," said nervous little Mrs. Nelson, "when it is all over, and I always so afraid some one of the servants will forget, or neglect something, or do something at the wrong time."

"Oh don't worry my dear Mrs. Nelson such a thing would be impossible with your well trained servants. But here we are, and we will hardly have time to lay aside our bonnets before the guests begin to arrive."

The rest of the bridal party soon arrived, and immediately took their places ready to receive their guests and to be congratulated.

Pearl had borne up wonderfully well under the terrible strain. In deed she had learned well how to suffer and be still. How like an angel she looked in her bridal robes of creamy white, with diamonds flashing upon her arms, her throat and in the waves of her beautiful hair. One could hardly imagine the sparkling radiating stars a visionary halo around her head, and the face was saintly in its look of resignation, of entire self atonement. She stood by Colonel Warren's side, underneath the great marriage bell, which was composed entirely of white, pure, sweet scented lilies, and hung suspended in the centre of the long drawing room—she stood there calmly, in stately silence waiting the coming of the guests whose carriage wheels could even now be heard upon the gravelled drive.

The colonel presented quite a contrast to Pearl's easy unconcernedness. Indeed his nervousness was quite apparent to all present; for such conduct was so different to his usual self command.

Mr. Paul Rubell had just turned to his bride with some light remark of surprise that the battle scared colonel should be nervous at his own wedding, when crash! crash! rang out a startling report of a pistol fired in quick succession, followed by a deep groan, and a heavy thud, as of some one falling near one of the windows opening upon the piazza. A score or more of feminine voices shrieked, "Oh! what is it? What has happened?"

While a few deemed it a fitting opportunity to faint and be taken care of by their male attendants, while others, more courageous than the rest ran out upon the piazza, where most of the gentlemen and a few of the servants had by this time congregated.

"Oh! it is a man, and he is dead," they cried. Then Pearl's voice was heard above the rest, as coming up behind the crowd she caught a glimpse of the dead man's face.

"Oh my love! My long lost love," she cried, and sank upon her knees by the dead man.

"John! here, William help!" she cried, "carry him into the house! Perhaps he is not dead. I pray God he is not dead!"

"Think you will find him dead," said the cool voice of the colonel, as the crowd made way for the servants to enter the house with their burden.

"Yes, you will find him dead, I aimed well. I aimed well," he repeated his voice growing louder. "Ha, ha, he is dead. Yes he is dead this time. No need to lie, and cheat any more. No need to write false newspaper reports any more. Ha, ha, ha, I swore she should be mine, and I have kept my oath. Yes, she is mine. You were just a little too late my milk-sop, and now you are dead; and she is mine—me I tell you. Ah, I have been very cunning, he went on wildly, while every one stood staring at him in amazement, scarcely understanding that he was mad.

"Yes I've been very cunning, but I've had a hard time of it. Yes it would have been easier to have shot him down dead years ago if only I could have found him. But he is dead now, and she is mine. I've fooled them all. I have kept old Van Feet in prison, and now I've killed him so you see she is mine, yes mine, my own bride," and he held out his arm to Pearl, but she cried out for help.

"Do you not see that he is mad? Oh take him away—take him away!"

"No, no, my darling I am not mad. It is all these people who are mad," he said as Mr. Nelson and several other gentlemen tried to persuade him to go with them.

"No my little Pearl, you and I are not mad, only a little insane with happiness—ha, ha, ha. Come darling come," he called pleadingly. "No! you shall not separate us. The first one of you who dares lay a hand upon me shall die instantly," and he jerked the pistol which he had shot Harry, from his pocket, and held it pointed toward the crowd in front of him, with his finger upon the lock.

But there were too many for him. A strong arm reached from behind him and grasped the weapon from his hand, while others bound him, and carried him struggling from the room.

Ah! what terrible changes can take place in only a few hours. A few hours ago what happiness, what excitement, this peaceful dwelling contained. Now a dead man lies in one room. A raving maniac in another. And in another Mrs. Desmond in convulsive hysterics.

CHAPTER XXIII.

When Harry Burton stepped from the deck of the "Queen" upon British soil it was with feelings about as forlorn as it is possible for the average American to feel.

Alone in the streets of London, with not a friend, and with only a few dollars in his pocket, how was he to obtain that employment which would keep the guilt well on starvation at bay?

But being young, robust and naturally of a sanguine disposition he was not easily discouraged, and he turned with eager steps toward the mercantile streets.

He would be a clerk in a dry goods store, he thought, or he would be a short hand newspaper reporter. But after trudging all day, for days together, and sleeping at night in a third rate boarding house, he found himself out of money, and no nearer the road toward replenishing his purse than when he quitted the old sea "Queen."

"This will never do," he said to himself, "I cannot starve, just because I haven't any character; for wherever I go that is the only answer I receive to my enquiries for employment—have you a character? Let's see your recommendations. And I cannot buy a character ready made, because—as Captain Van, would say—I am 'strapped.' But, Captain Van, when I adopted your name that night at Fort D., I also adopted your motto—'never say die,' so I will try again."

This day he had earned a shilling by helping to load a dray with coal. With this shilling he bought some supper, but he had no place to sleep, and in his anxiety and perplexity he walked about, scarcely realizing the lateness of the hour, that he had wandered into a very suspicious locality, until he was roused by cries of "help!" just in front of him, he thought, although he could see no one.

With a natural impulse he ran forward. Before he ran many steps however, he heard another scream, though muffled, which sounded almost behind him. Turning he saw within the doorway of an old, deserted building a man prostrate upon the floor, while two ruffians were rapidly going through his pockets.

Quick as a flash Harry gave the first one a "back-hander" that sent

him heavily upon his head against the wall, then, for the one received a kick in the stomach, which doubled him up like a carpenter's two-foot rule.

The man upon the floor was not very long in gaining his feet, nor did he and Harry waste much time in leaving the neighborhood.

"Ah! To whom am I indebted for this service?" said the rescued man, as they emerged from the dark streets into more public and safer thoroughfares, and stopped to recover breath.

"My name is Lawrence, Harry Lawrence, sir." "Well, Mr. Lawrence, what can I do for you to show my gratitude for your timely aid?"

They had stopped under a lamp, and he must have discovered instinctively that Harry was a gentleman who would resent any mercenary offers for the assistance he had rendered, for his seedy appearance would not indicate such a fact.

"Nothing at all sir," said Harry. "The service you speak of was not worth mentioning, sir. I hope you are not hurt?"

"I do not feel much the worse; but I shudder to think what might have been but for your timely help. I find they have got away with my watch," he continued, "but I deserve the loss for my folly in attempting to go through Trumbone alley at this time of night. My papers, etc., are here, thanks to you, Ah! here is my card, my name is Palmer. Ah! I hope our acquaintance, began under such stimulating circumstances, will not end so furiously. Ah! indeed, I hope we will become friends. I would not like you for an enemy, I can tell you, and he laughed heartily. "I tell you that though you gave that rascal's dinner basket fully convinced me that you are a 'holy terror' when aroused. Ah! yes, yes, sir, let us be friends by all means," he went on gleefully.

"Here is my hand upon it, hoping we will always be at peace with one another. Now tell me something of yourself."

Harry shook the jolly old gentleman's hand, and emboldened by his kind manner told him how he had come over from America, and how he had failed to obtain employment, and how lonely and friendless he felt.

"Ah! And so you are an American. I might have known that. That accounts for that bold sparring I witnessed awhile ago," and the merry blue eyes twinkled again.

(To be Continued.)

Prudence! Prudence!

In medication, as in aught else, prudence should be our guide. Yet thousands cast it to the winds. Every new nostrum finds its patrons, the medical empirics of every false school have their guile. Every change in the amount of humbug is rung successfully—for a time at least—the notes being furnished by the credulous, in a happy contrast to the many advertised impostures of the day stands Foster's Stomach Bitters, now in the third decade of popularity, approved and recommended by physicians, mentioned and prized by invalids everywhere. It is an ascertained specific for and preventive of malarial diseases, chronic indigestion, and liver complaint and constipation.

Thousands of Dollars.

Are spent every year by the people of this state for worthless medicines for the cure of throat and lung diseases when we know that if they would only invest \$1 in Santa Abla the New California discovery for consumption and kindred complaints, they would in this pleasant remedy find relief. It is recommended by ministers, physicians and public speakers of the Golden State. Sold and guaranteed by Foshay & Mason at \$1 a bottle. Three for \$2.50. The most successful case of catarrh will speedily succumb to California Cat B. Cure. Six months treatment for \$1. By mail \$1.10.

Pimples on the Face.

Denote an impure state of the blood and are looked upon by many with suspicion. Acker's Blood Elixir will remove all impurities and leave the complexion smooth and clear. There is nothing that will so thoroughly build up the constitution, purify and strengthen the whole system. Sold and guaranteed by Foshay & Mason.

Not a California Bear.

Anybody can catch cold this kind of weather. The trouble is to let go like the man who caught the bear. We advise our readers to purchase of Foshay and Mason, a bottle of Santa Abla, the California King of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs and Croup Cures and keep it handy. Its pleasing taste and death to the above complaints. Sold at \$1 a bottle or 3 for \$2.50. California Cat B. Cure gives immediate relief. The Catarrhal virus is soon displaced by its healing and penetrating nature. Give it a trial. Six months treatment \$1 sent by mail \$1.10.

Happiness and Contentment.

Cannot go hand in hand if we look on the dark side of every little obstacle. Nothing will so darken life and make it a burden as Dyspepsia. Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets will cure the worst form of Dyspepsia, Constipation and Indigestion, and make his a very happiness and pleasure. Sold at 25 and 50 cents by Foshay & Mason.

Reward.

For a better or more pleasant remedy for the cure of consumption, bronchial troubles, cough, croup and whooping cough than Santa Abla, the California King of Consumption. Every bottle warranted. If you would be cured of that disgusting disease, send for California Cat B. Cure. It cures by mail \$1.10. Sold and warranted by Foshay & Mason.

I know I can save you money, try me, and you will be convinced. W. F. Read.

CLOSING OUT SALE!

Having decided to retire from business in Albany, we will offer our

Our Entire Stock of General Merchandise

CONSISTING OF

Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes
Hats, Furnishing Goods, Carpets, Cloaks, Etc.

At Cost Without Reserve!

FOR THE NEXT 40 DAYS ONLY

The Entire Stock Must Be Closed Within Six Weeks

AND

The Knife Will Be Put to Prices

WITHOUT REGARD TO COST

This is a Genuine Closing Out Sale of the well known firm of MONTEITH &

SEITENBACH, and purchasers will receive a net saving of 25 per cent on Goods

bought. Early callers will secure the advantage of the large and unbroken

stock to select from.

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