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What is the reason people will not, cannot or do not see any difference in cheap nestrums put up by cheap John houses or irresponsible parties at enormous profits...

Guard Against the Scourge. And always have a bottle of Acker's English Remedy in the house...

Caution to Mothers. Every mother is cautioned against giving her child laudanum or paregoric; it creates an unnatural craving for stimulants which kills the mind...

SPECIAL NOTICE. DR. W. C. NEGUS, Graduate of the Royal College of London, England, also of the Bellevue Medical College.

Try Come Bro's Pappoose 5 cent Havana cigars.

9,999.00 IN GOLD To Be Given Away.

Collection of Plants: No. 1—2 hardy roses, No. 2—2 hardy climbing roses, No. 3—2 overhanging roses for house culture.

Those wishing a first-class piano, sewing machine, the latest music or artists' materials, will find a bargain by calling at Mrs. B. Hyman's.

WANTED. THOSE WISHING A FIRST-class piano, sewing machine, the latest music or artists' materials...

A POET HERMIT.

An Oregon Author Who Lives in the Wilds of Nestucca.

SOME OF HIS SUCCESSFUL DRAMATIC EFFORTS—His Associations With Early Days on This Coast.

The neighborhood of Nestucca bay, an arm of the Pacific Ocean on the Oregon coast, is a wild and rugged region. The cliffs along the edge of the ocean are exalted, precipitous, rough and beetling.

On the land the primeval forests of hemlock, spruce and pine stand as heavy, somber, deep and mysterious as if the foot of man had never trod the ground upon which they grow.

The streams in this region are full of big and saucy trout, and game, great and small, is abundant in the woods. This is why myself and a companion were down there, in that southern extremity of Tillamook, for a time last summer.

One day while we were exploring the deep woods, about three miles from the ocean and six miles below a settlement on the Nestucca bay, we suddenly came upon a diminutive log cabin.

The discovery was more or less astonishing, and we started at once for the cabin intent upon ascertaining, if possible, who had come so far from the haunts of men, three miles from the ocean and six miles from anywhere else, to pitch his habitation; who it was that had been so eminently successful in finding such a boundless continuity of shade.

We were quickly rewarded, for the bark of an aged dog brought a tall, grizzled and bearded old man to the door, and he had to bend some more to come through the entrance of his habitation.

"Hello! Good day," he said, in a pleasant tone. "Glad to see you it is a friendly," he continued, and when we assured him as to why we happened to be there, he asked us to take seats on a bench outside.

He talked well, too; used good English, with a touch of Western dialect, and his conversation was spiced with great good-humor and besprinkled with salt of the Atlantic variety.

It was evident that he was a very extraordinary man to be thus lying here, and more extraordinary for that very paradoxical reason.

Somehow I felt from the first that I knew the man, and from a peculiar twinkle of his eye, as he led me on gradually to talk about people and places known well to me, I felt he knew who I was.

He informed us during the conversation that he had been living alone in his cabin, which he had built himself, for nearly three years, and that his only companions were his old dog and a cow and a calf.

Once in perhaps a month, on an average, he went to the post office at Nestouka, a very small hamlet, ten or twelve miles away, where he got some newspapers and magazines, which he subscribed for, and at the one little store in the village such other articles as he might need.

Finally my curiosity and Behemian audacity got the better of politeness and I asked him who he was. He replied: "My name is Sam Smith and I know you quite well, though I have not seen you for many years."

leaders, in the same way that "The Color Guard" and other such plays are worked.

He also wrote "Tom Bell," a very successful California melodrama of a few years ago, and he is the author of "Fonda, the Trapper's Bride," "California Through Death's Valley," or whatever other name they chose to call it, over which Sheridan Corby, Frank Mayo's late manager, and Captain Jack Crawford, the "poet scout," are now having an interesting war of words in the dramatic newspapers, and over which they may come to a lawsuit, though nothing more dangerous need be looked for.

Sam Smith wrote the play for John Woodard, who a short time ago was playing "Roger" in "Esmeralda" in one of the Madison Square companies. A great success in this same John Woodard, who has been a victim to his own abnormally and astonishing modesty. Woodard was many years a theatrical manager in San Francisco in early times, and often then he re-constructed dramas to suit the day and occasion, interspersing them with songs prepared to catch the miners, thus he became the author of the once famous song, "Joe Bowers," which begins:

"My name it is Joe Bowers, I have a brother Ike, I'm just from old Missouri, Yes, all the way from Fike."

He was also the author of the remarkably popular song on the coast in these times: "The days of old, the days of gold. The days of forty-nine, The days of '49, '49, '49."

Smith called the play alluded to, "The Plains," and it was an excellent piece of work of its kind then. What the dramatic art of Crawford & Co. may have done for it since deponent saith not.

Smith came to California in the gold-digging times, and in 1861 joined the Union army as a private soldier, and rose to the rank of Captain. His command served altogether on the Pacific coast among the Indians of Washington Territory, Oregon, California and Arizona.

When I asked him how he came to write "Struck Oil," he said: "I went to Frisco in '73 and was slain, financially, in Flook's stock deal. Then I needed a hundred dollars, or any other amount. An actor (without giving his name, a name that will occur to the profession throughout the United States when it is said he is one of the best drawing stars on the stage, and yet one of the most homeopathic-souled men on earth) left word with John Woodard that he wanted a 'piece' with I sing-song Dutchman in it, and would pay well for it. I wrote what a thought would answer and when the actor came around presented it for inspection, he flashed the light of a three thousand dollar solitaire on me and said:

"It would do as it is, but since you've wrote it (that's his style of grammar) I'll take it East to my actor, Fred Maeder, and if he can do anything with it I'll give you something for it."

Casualty I remarked: "Blast your author, or words to that effect, and departed with my manuscript. Next day I watched at the entrance of the California Theater for J. C. Williamson, the low comedian there. I didn't know him personally, but knew him by sight, so button-holed him when he came out. I got him into a safe place and read that piece to him and it made his eyes stick out. He gave me a hundred on the spot and said if I ever got hard up to let him know. He made a fortune by it, and once in a while he advertises and finds out where I am, and sends me a few hundred."

After he had made a success of it the original actor came back to this coast and hunted me up, and that conversation ensued: "That piece 'Struck Oil' you originally wrote for me didn't you?" "Yes but you refused it."

"You only got a little \$100 for it from Williamson, I'll give you \$250 if you'll sign a paper stating that you wrote it for me."

"You haven't got money enough to get me to sign such a paper."

"I'll make you."

"You can go to —" "Ingersoll says there is no such place."

We talked thus with Smith a long time, and as the shadow began to grow long, I bade him good bye. Lately he has sent me for inspection a pastoral, which is brilliant and original, and which ere long will be published in book form, and it will astonish the literary world, so able is this hermit-poet in forests of Tillamook.

GENERAL NEWS.

The Report that President Harrison Is Ill a Mistake.

ITEMS FROM WASHINGTON.

White Caps Give an Ohio Man a Whipping—The Bain Damppens the Centennial Celebration Preparations.

The Herald's Special Despatch. WASHINGTON, April 27.—Secretary Halford says there is no report in the circles of the president's health. To reporters he said that there were times, of course, when President Harrison was worried and annoyed by office distributing. That was natural. Everybody who has a great deal of business to attend to has suffered more or less from worry.

He had known the president for twenty years and Mr. Harrison's health was never better than it is now. There probably were times when then the president did not go to sleep within three minutes and a half after he had touched the pillow, but it was foolishness of the most advanced kind to say that the president was suffering from insomnia.

"President Harrison never had a sick day since he came to Washington, except when he had a slight cold," was Mr. Halford's concluding remark.

Adjutant General McClesher of Indiana was in the private secretary's room when the reporters were talking the matter over with Mr. Halford, and he agreed with the secretary that the president was in first-class condition.

The appointment of Ex-Governor Stoue of Iowa as assistant commissioner of the general land office presents a complication that bids fair to cause the comptroller of the treasury some trouble before it is settled.

WASHINGTON CENTENNIAL. Rain Interferes with the Preparations for the Centennial.

NEW YORK, April 27.—The rain continues to fall steadily, causing anxiety in connection with the centennial celebration. The signal service promises good weather for Tuesday and Wednesday. Visitors are arriving in great crowds on special trains. The Ohio troops will arrive in a body this evening.

The weather does not prevent decorating, which is progressing in the rain. Arrangements for all the events are finally completed.

WHITE CAPS AGAIN. They Administer a Severe Whipping Upon an Ohio Man.

CINCINNATI, April 27.—Last night a body of masked white caps administered a whipping with long willow switches to Frank Gehrling, of Riverside, Ohio. Gehrling's offense is said to be general worthlessness, while his wife supports him and the family by keeping boarders. A crowd of spectators cheered the white caps as they showered blows upon the victim.

A Frightful Fall. NEW YORK, April 27.—Another accident connected with the destruction of the telegraph poles and wires occurred this morning. A line man was at work at the corner of Sixth avenue and Twentieth street on top of a pole when the pole fell. He was badly injured. The work of the destruction of poles is proceeding with unabated vigor.

Supposed to be Drowned. ST. PAUL, April 27.—Joseph Bouchard, agent of the Richelieu & Ontario navigation company and George Gagnon left Murray Bay, Ont., to-day in their yacht to come here. They have not since been heard of and it is supposed they were drowned in a storm.

Captives Released. ZANZIBAR, April 27.—Rees, Taylor, Edwards and Hopper, who were captured by bushiers and held for ransom, have been released on payment of the sum demanded. They have arrived here.

Mrs. Kirkham Discharged. CHICAGO, April 27.—The case of Mrs. Kirkham, wife of the South side minister, who was charged with stealing from a State street house a few days ago, was called this morning and dismissed for want of prosecution.

Bailed for Europe. NEW YORK, April 27.—Ex-Secretaries Whitney and Edgar sailed for Europe this afternoon. Also Buffalo Bills show, bound for Paris.

The American Delegates. BERLIN, April 27.—Kasson, Phelps and Bates, the American delegates to the Samoan conference, called upon Bismarck this afternoon.

Anti-Slavery Congress. LONDON, April 27.—The international anti-slavery congress will be held at Lucerne in July next. The papal delegate will participate.

Making Sad Havoc. NEW YORK, April 27.—The second day's rain is playing havoc with the centennial decorations.