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

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The Finest Line of Pianos and Organs in the Willamette Valley.

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THE

Leading Clothier,

We are ready now with our prices are right. our fall and winter goods Besides the durable staples which are made up to the highest standard of excellence, there is an extensive variety of higher priced novelties of finest finish to meet the demand of the fine trade. Particular attention will be paid to our Merchant Tailoring. Our stock of Suitings and Trouserings is large and in quality, color and tastefulness of design splendid. A Fit Guaranteed. When you have time, give us a call.

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CHEAPEST PLACE IN TOWN.

Stoves, Tin, Sheet Iron and Copperware, Pumps Iron Pipes and all kinds of Plumbing Goods. Agents for the Celebrated

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Cooking and Heating Stoves, the best stove for the least money ever sold in this city. Give them a call at the Pierce Block, North First Street, Albany, Oregon.

JULIUS JOSEPH

Manufacturer of Choice Cigars

AND DEALER IN FINE IMPORTED AND KEY WEST Cigars, Plug and Smoking Tobacco, Meerschaum and Prier Pipes, a full line of Smokers' Articles. Also dealer in CALIFORNIA AND TROPICAL FRUITS. Next door to Pfeiffer's candy store, Albany, Oregon.

STATE DISPATCHES.

A Farmer Robbed of \$1000 Near Salem.

THE HIGHWAYMEN AT LARGE.

Four Desperate Men Dig Out of the County Prison at Portland and Are at Large—Their Names.

Special to the Herald.—Salem, Aug. 31.—Frank Albaugh, a farmer living near Salem, was returning home last night, was waylaid by two robbers who presented pistols and demanded his money. Albaugh caught hold of one of the revolvers when it was discharged, the ball entering his hand. One of the robbers then fired at him but the course of the ball was stopped by a watch in his vest pocket.

RAILWAY CONSOLIDATION.

A Plan Proposed by C. P. Huntington to be Carried Out.

CHICAGO, Aug. 31.—A morning paper says that in view of the failure of the inter-state railway association and Gould's plan for a general railroad clearing house, C. P. Huntington has a plan, which steps are being made to carry out. This contemplates a general consolidation of all railroad interests west of the Missouri river. To this end it is said that closer relations have already been established between the Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe. Gould's southwestern system. It is further said that the bankers' syndicate in New York has notified the state railroad association that a reorganization is necessary and the whole effort will be to come back to the general railroad trust or clearing house.

RAFTING LOGS AT SEA.

A San Francisco Company Soon to Begin Operations.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 31.—The Robertson patent has been purchased for the Pacific coast by prominent business men of this city. A company is now being organized to carry out not only the building and delivery of rafts, but also to manufacture lumber on a very extensive scale in San Francisco. With an unlimited supply of raw material drawn from the forests of Oregon, Washington and British Columbia, it is thought the manufactured articles of lumber can be placed on this market at very low prices. Piling will also be an item in this trade.

JAIL BREAK AT PORTLAND.

Four Desperate Men Dig Their Way Out of Jail.

PORTLAND, Aug. 31.—At four o'clock this morning Arthur O'Neil, Sam Sheldon, J. Wilson and Thos. Barry, all awaiting the action of the grand jury, dug out of the county prison and made their escape. The jail was in a rotten condition which aided the men.

Drops the Cataract Suffer.

Sure cure for sore eyes, deafness, headache, and the worst forms of cataract in the head and throat. Price 25 cents. Sold by Foshy & Mason, Albany, Oregon.

ATTORNEYS.

D. W. N. BLACKBURN, G. W. WRIGHT, BLACKBURN & WRIGHT ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Albany, Oregon. Office in Odd Fellows Temple. Will practice in all courts of the state, and give special attention to all business.

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Land Surveying.

PARTIES DESIRING SURVEYING DONE CAN obtain accurate and prompt work by calling upon ex-county surveyor F. T. Fisher. He has complete copies of field notes and township plats, and is prepared to do surveying in any part of Lin county. Postoffice address, Mills Station, Linn county, Oregon.

(J. B. WINN, AGENT FOR THE LEADING fire, life and accident insurance companies.

AIR CASTLES.

Shiloh in childhood of her dream gold; Woo'ng a cowboy hat's a cowboy's pride; Her hair never grows dull or old; Bright red with dream years, clear as the dew; Her hair is the blue of the sky; Amber and opal and mother's pearl; Fabrics of India, India's perfume; Floating and lovely, intangible things; Singing, and 'cross it a violin's wail; This the dull world to come there's moment of bliss; Remember thy boyhood's days in Spain; Yet—uncertain, bright, things which made youth bright; For youth never comes in a dream's night.

A FORGIVING CRITIC.

"Not, Miss Maynard, you're going to behold a wonder. Ashley Melincourt is to join us to-night, and you'll meet a man who has traveled all over the world without learning to drink or smoke, and has never gambled or made love in his life! You must give your literary fame under a bushel now, for he detests reviewers."

Time; 3 o'clock on a fine summer afternoon; place, the veranda of a quaint little hotel in one of the most picturesque old-fashioned of Breton coast-towns; subject, the addition of a new member to the peasant little American party already located there.

"No, there's just the mystery—the moon rises over the sea; and the influence of the hour gave a romantic and semi-mystical cast to the talk, which at length turned upon transmigration of souls."

"You don't favor the critics, I see, Mr. Melincourt," said Laura flushing with indignation. "I think I am a hired bazaar of literature, ready to pay on either side and to stab friend or foe as their master bids them; inflexible, because never owning a mistake; free from bias, since they never read the books which they review; showing their learning by hilling-gate and their modesty by setting themselves up as authorities upon subjects of which they know nothing."

"The titter which followed this unassuming home-thrust kindled Laura Maynard's warm blood into a flame. 'Mr. Melincourt,' she cried wrathfully, 'you are giving us an excellent illustration of the danger of setting up as an authority upon a subject of which you know nothing. I think I may claim to know more about critics than you, for I happen to be one myself!'

Melincourt answered only by a bow and an ironical smile, more galling than the bitterest sarcasm, as he arose from his place and sauntered away.

The three following days were so completely taken up with excursions into the surrounding country, that the quarrel had no chance of proceeding any farther; but on the fourth morning, the reaction consequent upon these energetic amusements began to show itself in a ranging of chairs along the veranda of the hotel, and a general production of Tauchnitz novels. Miss Maynard—who, sensitive, like all clever women, felt the mere presence of a person whom she disliked intolerably burdensome—gave the go-by to this impromptu reading club, and set off on a solitary stroll along the sands which the re-

treating tide had left bare.

The choice was a good one, for, even in that picturesque region, it would have been hard to find a more charming walk. On one side lay the blue, sparkling sea; on the other the long, dark outline of the frowning rocks, dappled every here and there with tiny white cottages and green, waving woods. Between the two, extend the vast level of hard, white sand. Far away in the right, cradled in a deep hollow between two mighty rocks, peeped forth the white-walled houses, the red-tiled roofs and quaintly carved church-tower of the little town; and all over all the golden sunshine and the warm, 'reamy southernly air.

Little by little, as she left the inhabited region behind her, the grand repose of the landscape soothed the girls' ruffled feeling, while its beauty pleased her artistic eye. She felt once more, as she had done many a time already, that the strongest armor against the petty worries and vexations of life is to withdraw from them for a time into the great sanctuary of Nature, in whose presence all earth's troubles look mean and trivial.

How long she stood there drinking in the splendor of that wonderful panorama she could never have told; but suddenly she noticed with a start that the sand was growing wet and oozy under her feet. She turned, and was dismayed to find herself completely surrounded by water.

The rising tide pouring through the lower level of the beach behind her, had actually cut her off from the shore!

Suddenly, as she stood motionless and paralyzed with terror, a tall figure appeared at her side, a strong hand grasped hers, and Ashley Melincourt's voice shouted in her ear: "Run, run!—there's not a moment to lose! Hold fast by me and run for your life!"

It was a race for life, indeed. Fast as they fled, the hoarse roar of the pursuing tide came closer and closer behind them. Could they but reach yonder projecting headland they would be safe; but how terribly distant it seemed! And how long before they reach it the sea was upon them in earnest, almost dashing the girl from her feet. Melincourt watched her up in his arms, and plunged desperately on breast with amid the foaming waves. Deeper and deeper grew the water, stronger and stronger pressed the current. Twice he all but fell, where to fall was to rise no more; but at length, by a superhuman effort, the rock was gained, and laying his charge gently upon a broad flat ledge, he sank gasping beside her.

"There was no room for doubt; one glance made the whole truth terribly clear. Their sheltering crag was but an isolated fragment of the main cliff, divided from it by a hideous chasm nearly thirty feet in width, through which the waves were already leaping high and fiercely. They had escaped sudden destruction only to feel the lingering agony of being devoured inch by inch; for a moment's suspension showed them that every flood-tide covered the rock to the very summit.

All and the while the sun shone brilliantly in the blue summer sky, and the sea-birds fluttered rejoicingly around them, and the fresh breeze stirred the green leaves along the un-reachable shore, and the bright, merciless sea danced and sparkled in the sunlight as if pitilessly. "Hard for you," said her companion, simply. "No one will care when I am gone."

And then both were silent; but their hands met and did not part again. Cut off from the living world by fast approaching death, they felt the need of clinging to something un-grim isolation of the grave. Parted in life they were drawn together as if by magic. "Thank God!" ejaculated Melincourt fervently, as the fitting sail caught his eye.

on him for a considerate old fellow)

and busied himself with the management of the boat. "Miss Maynard," said Ashley, solemnly, "after what we have passed through to-day there can be no reserve between us. I owe it to you to explain my rudeness the other day, by showing you that my hatred of critics and criticism is not without cause. Two years ago a dear friend of mine died very suddenly and left his widow almost starving; and, unhappily I was quite unable to help her, except by writing a book which might, I hoped, yield money enough to keep her from absolute want. I had to write it in a desperate hurry, of course, as my kind critics were good enough to remark; but still, I think it might have saved the poor woman if one of those slashing articles in the New York *Empire* had not ruined all."

"The New York *Empire*!" echoed Laura, in a voice so unlike her own that it made him start. "What was your book called?—tell me quick!"

"Withered Leaves," Laura uttered a stifled cry, and, bursting into tears, seized his hand in both her own. "Oh, Mr. Melincourt, can you forgive me? That horrible review—I wrote it!"

Melincourt looked at her in silent amazement. "I wrote it," she repeated, with a woman's impetuous eagerness to atone for any injustice; "but oh, I never dreamed—how could I?—what harm I was doing—never! never! and to think how I enjoyed writing it and read bits of it to my friends, while all the while— Can you ever forgive me?"

HUMOROUS DRIFT.

Lebbs—Did the old gentleman leave much when he died?
Bubbs—He left the earth. What more could I expect?
"Well, Brown, how do you find yourself?"
"Never lose myself. If I did I suppose I'd advertise."
If we need a national flower why not take the pansy? It indicates the origin of the species—the chimpanzee.
"Love one another!" sounds like a good maxim, but it makes no end of trouble when followed indiscriminately.
A cat that will drink beer is one of the curiosities of Calumet, O. It is probably one of the maltese variety.

There is talk of changing the name of the State of Kentucky to Sparta. Spartans were never known to "take water."
No wonder the spoon looks so hollow and long-faced. What in the world is often in the soup?
Age cannot expect to be honored if it tries to act like gilded youth.

Showering an Unseen Fee.—"This was something a paradox," as Hamlet says. Since, however, the people of America and other lands have been enabled to pit Hostetter's Stomach Bitters against that unseeable foe, malaria, it is no longer a paradox, but an easy possibility. Whatever malaria evolves its misty venom to poison the air, and decaying unwholesome vegetation impregnates the water there, in the very stronghold of miasma, is the auxiliary potent to disarm the foe and assure efficient protection. Fever and ague, bilious remittent, dumb's ague and ague cake, no matter how tenaciously they have fastened their clutch on the system, are first forced to relax their grasp and eventually to abandon it altogether. But it is preventive force that should chiefly recommend the Bitters to persons dwelling in malarial localities, for it is a certain buckler of defence against which the enemy's powerless. Cures, likewise, dyspepsia, rheumatism, kidney and bilious ailments.

On Top Again.

In fresh fruits and vegetables just received. Celery, cauliflower, sweet potatoes, grapes, peaches, watermelons, canteloupes, lemons, Italian prunes, Bartlett pears, green peppers, garlic, tomatoes, string beans, comb honey, cream cheese, limberger cheese, etc. Be sure to call early and get first choice. Willamette Packing Co.
California Cane-Cure.—The only guaranteed cure for catarrh cold in the head, hay fever, nose cold, catarrhal deafness and sore eyes. Restore the sense of taste and unpleasant breath, resulting from catarrh. Easy and pleasant to use. Follow directions and a cure is warranted, by all druggists. Send for circular to Abietine Medical Company, Oroville, Cal. Six months' treatment for \$1; sent by mail \$1 10. For sale by Foshy & Mason.
Money to Loan.—At a low rate of interest on good farm property in Linn county, or on best improved city property in Albany. Apply to Blackburn & Wright, Albany, Oregon.
Why Women Fade.—Women lose their beauty because colds undermine their life. Dr. Acker's English Remedy for consumption is an absolute cure for colds.
A Fine gold watch, full jeweled and guaranteed for \$50 cash, at R. M. Frenke's, the Corner Jewelry Store.

BLACK BART CAUGHT

The Lone Wisconsin Stage-Robber and Murderer in Prison

HE CONFESSES HIS CRIME.

A Brave Engineer's Death—Disastrous Storms in Mexico—Important Railway Consolidation—Western News

The Herald's special Dispatches. MARQUETTE, Mich., Aug. 31.—"Black Bart," the lone highwayman of Wisconsin, was captured at Republic this morning. He is the man who one noon held up the Gogebic stage. There were four prominent people in it: Donald McKeicher of the First National bank of Minneapolis; A. G. Fleischbein of Belleville, Ill.; Robert Pinter of the Bank of Montreal, Chicago, and William Pakden, also of Chicago. When he stopped the stage and demanded that the party deliver up one of them began firing at him. The robber returned the fire and Manchester was badly wounded, but recovered. Fleischbein was hit twice and fell out of the coach, while the horses dashed away with the rest of the party. The robber went through Fleischbein and then disappeared. Three hours later Fleischbein was picked up and cared for, but died that night. Parties with bloodhounds were at once organized and a systematic hunt began, which ended as above stated. "Black Bart's" right name is Schymaunde Holzhey, and he has been a terror to the whole country around, holding up stages or railroad trains or individuals indiscriminately.

THE ROBBER CONFESSES.

MARQUETTE, (Mich.), Aug. 31.—When the south bound Milwaukee & Northern train from Champion reached Republic at 7 o'clock, Deputy Sheriff Glade stopped the train and arrested a man who answered in every particular the description of the highwayman who held up the Gogebic stage. He will be brought here this afternoon. When the officer made the arrest "Black Bart" drew a revolver upon him, but was promptly knocked down and the handcuffs clapped on. The man now confesses that he is the man wanted for the Gogebic stage robbery. Convincing evidence was found on his person in the shape of three pocketbooks, one belonging to Fleischbein and bearing his name. He also had three revolvers and three watches.

TELEGRAPH SERVICE.

An Agreement Will Probably be Reached on Wanamaker's Lines. WASHINGTON, Aug. 31.—Postmaster-General Wanamaker and President Norvin Green had a consultation last evening respecting the telegraph service furnished the government by the Western Union Telegraph Company. While details of the plan have not been arranged, it is understood that satisfactory progress has been made toward an agreement on the lines laid down by the postmaster-general. The question of rates to the government for telegraph service is the point at issue, but by no means the principal question, as Postmaster-General Wanamaker's plans contemplate a considerable enlargement of the functions of the post-office department in co-operation with the telegraph companies, to secure a cheaper and better service. The possibility of a postal telegraph has been reported, but no confirmation of it is obtainable.

A BRAVE ENGINEER

Stands at His Post in a Collision and is Killed.

MIDDLESBURG, (Vt.), Aug. 31.—An excursion train and stock train collided last night near Brookville. Both engines, one car and part of a car of the excursion train and ten or twelve stock cars, loaded with hogs, were wrecked. Engineer Emery of the passenger train saw the other too late to prevent the collision around a curve, and put on the air brake. He pushed the fireman from the cab, but remained with his hand on the lever, and was killed at his post. The following is a list of the killed: Conductor Hiram Blongett, of Northfield; Engineer Wm. Emery, of St. Albans, Vt.; W. W. Allen, fireman, of Vergennes. Injured: Hunt, of New Haven, leg crushed and severe bruises about the head; Charles Hunt, his brother, leg broken and injured internally; Henry Perrin, of St. Albans, fireman, compound fracture of the right leg; Conductor Dutton seriously injured.

NEWS FROM MEXICO.

Lives Lost by Floods—A Silk Factory Being Established. CITY OF MEXICO (via Galema), Aug. 31.—Eight persons lost their lives by the floods at Zimapan, in the state of Hecalco. A silk factory is being established at Guadaluajara. Engineers have commenced work on the bar at Tampico. Killed by a Falling Wall. SPRING CITY, (Pa.), Aug. 31.—One of the large buildings of the American Wood Paper Co. was burned this morning. A wall fell, killing Oliver Minesbourne and injuring several others.