

WEARYIN' FOR YOU.

Jest a-wearyin' for you,
All the time a-feelin' blue;
Wishin' for you, wonderin' when
You'll be comin' home agen;
Restless—don't know what to do,
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

Keep a-mopin' day by day;
Dull—in everybody's way.
Folks they smile and pass along
Wonderin' what on earth is wrong.
'Twouldn't help 'em if they knew—
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

Room's so lonesome, with your chair
Empty by the fire-place there;
Jest can't stand the sight of it;
Go out doors an' roam a bit.
But the woods is lonesome too,
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

Comes the wind with soft caress
Like the rustlin' of your dress;
Blissome fallin' to the ground
Softly-like your footsteps sound;
Violet-like your eyes so blue,
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

Mornin' comes! The birds awake
(Use to sing so for your sake.)
But there's sadness in the notes
That come thrillin' from their throats!
Seem to feel your absence, too,
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

Evenin' falls: I miss you more
When the dark glooms in the door
Seems jest like you orter be
There to open it for me!
Latch goes tinklin'—thrills me through,
Sets me wearyin' for you.

Jest a-wearyin' for you!
All the time a-feelin' blue!
Wishin' for you—wonderin' when
You'll be comin' home agen,
Restless—don't know what to do—
Jest a-wearyin' for you!
—T. L. Stanton, in Courier-Journal.

CONCERNING GOURMETS.

The Varieties of Opinion as to the Dishes That Are Toothsome.

The story of Paganini and the turkey was particularly good; but here is one about Brillat Savarin, which I think is better. B. S. was a fugitive in this country three years from the reign of terror in France; he was a fine writer and better cook. "I was on a journey from Paris to Lyons once," he writes, "when I stopped at Sens for dinner. I was as ravid for food as a wolf—and you may imagine my feelings when on my asking the host what there was in his larder, he answered: 'Little enough.' 'Let's see about that,' said I, as I went on to where I perceived spits perfuming the air. What do you think I saw there? Four fat turkeys—actually four—browning to a turn! 'Why,' said I, 'they're good enough for me—one of them, in fact!' But the host said no. They were all bespoken by a gentleman up-stairs. Perdi! thought I; this gentleman up-stairs must be a second Gargantua! I will go up and entreat him for a bird. And I went. And what do you think I found? Who was the glutton but my own son! 'Father,' said he, 'at home you always favour the pope's nose, the choicest tidbit of all the kings' anatomy. I never get one. I was determined that I would have a feast for once so I ordered four turkeys. Now, as I only want my choice morsel, you may have the rest of 'em with pleasure.'"

One of the maxims of Hermion de Fonsey, the greatest magistrate France ever had, was that the man who discovered a new dish is of more importance than the astronomer who discovered a new planet, for the reason that we have planets enough for all practical purposes, while the palate of civilized man is always yearning for the things that make life endurable. Vatel, the maitre d'hotel of Conde, was the greatest cook that ever donned a chef's cap. His suicide, because of the non-arrival of some fish to complete a great supper he was preparing, is charmingly told by Mme. de Sevigne; next to Vatel was Careme, whose memoirs have lately been published. Vatel was born in Rouen, Normandy, as were also Bechamel, Robert and Merillon, whose fame as masters of the culinary art is historical.

A genuine epicure has some peculiar fancy of his own as regards cooking. Sam Ward in his day was the model diner out, and he had his Maryland hams boiled with straw around them. An Episcopal clergyman in Poughkeepsie prefers them boiled in wine. Judge Henry Allen considered a mongrel goose the greatest thing in the eating line, and Congressman Scott, of Pennsylvania, always wants to cook his oysters himself. Secretary Bayard is also a fine cook, and, in fact, a great many statesmen can prepare certain dishes. Dinners in Washington are generally delightful affairs as the public men give much attention to them, and most of the diplomats are good talkers. The first maxim of the diplomat is to keep a good table and cultivate the ladies.

Here in the United States our choice is oysters, terrapin, canvas back duck and turkey. A Greenland's great luxury is a half putrid whale's tail or a walrus liver; and a trapper in the far north has for a relish beaver tail and bear's paw. They eat their rum and chew their brandy, as everything freezes, and an arctic sandwich is a frozen slice of whisky between two slices of beer. Porpoise meat was once a favored dish with the English nobility, but now "there's no hale like the Hinglish hale, and no beef like the Hinglish beef." A delicious morsel to the Australian is kangaroo and the

With sugar and Ottomans in South America eat clay as a luxury, but with some people, even in our own Southern States, it is a necessity. Baked elephant's trunk, palm worms fried in their own fat, roasted spiders and mice are the favorite dainties with the tribes of Africa; and the natives of the West Indies can abide anything but a rabbit stew. In China the diet is shark's fins, bird's nest soup, ducks' tongues and the chrysalis of the silkworm after the silk has been wound from it. And so on throughout the entire world, each nation having its particular specialties. —Hartford Times.

CRAZED BY PROSPERITY.

Too Much Success Drives a Musical Composer Mad.

The sad story of William Rob, the composer, who has just been placed in a lunatic asylum, from which, according to the doctors, he is unlikely ever to go out again, gives a striking illustration of the dangers of overprosperity. His story is very curious. Twenty years ago he led the life of an out-and-out Bohemian—not of an elegant imitator, cashless Arab of art. At that time he was the familiar of two singers, who had a tremendous reputation among the frequenters of the less reputable musical halls at Vienna. At their entertainment he was the orchestra, for the sole accompaniment in these places is the piano. Besides this, he could make for them the not very moral couplets with which they made their mark. The life might not be unpleasant, for though the wages were not good, and Rob often had to go all day without a meal, he could compensate for it at night. When his two "divas" were asked out to supper he went with them, and, by stuffing himself with good things and champagne, he made up for forced asceticism.

One evening a lucky thing happened to him. Somebody had suggested to Baron Nathaniel de Rothschild that it would be amusing to visit one of these singing saloons; and he went. As is well known, he is a musical amateur, and particularly fond of Viennese music. So when chance brought him to the place where our trio were performing he paid little attention to the rather commonplace charms of the two sirens, while he noted with surprise the brilliant execution of their accompanist, who performed valses of Strauss and Laura as well as his own compositions in the interludes. Now, Rothschild had been thinking for some time of getting together a company of twelve first-rate musicians for his palace at Wilden, and the idea came across him—which he ultimately carried out—of installing Rob there as permanent chief. Here was a chance for the poor Bohemian. At the touch of a magician's wand he found himself transformed into splendid apartments, fashionably clothed, waited upon by servants, with his pockets full of money, and publishers clamoring for the rights of publishing his songs. His new patron was proud of him and took him to London, Paris and other places, got him to play before the Prince of Wales and otherwise made a lion of him. Everywhere the expatriate went about like a great lord; everywhere he was treated with the deference paid to wealth and the friends of millionaires. The change proved too great for his brain. The derangement of his faculties soon began to be shown by the development of extraordinary eccentricities. He developed an incredible refinement of taste, and even the table of the Baron de Rothschild was not exquisite enough for him. As to champagne, he gave over drinking it and used it externally. This got worse and worse. The Baron, who treated him as a spoiled child, thought to obviate the first symptoms of madness by traveling about with him to the Alps and elsewhere, but in vain. He got worse and worse, and eventually had to be handed over to a specialist, a sad case of a man's brain being overturned by prosperity. —London Globe.

—Dr. Tanser, the faster, maintains that the growing use of opium and its compounds frequently produce syncope nowadays, which leads to interment before actual death.

—The carpet manufacturers of Philadelphia have 7,350 looms in use, employing 17,800 hands, and manufacture annually 7,500,000 yards of carpet at a value of \$44,960,000.

—M. Fouque, a French metallurgist, claims to have re-discovered the art of making the famous Pompeii blue. His process is based on a mixture of silicate, copper and chalk, and he says that he can produce any quantity of it at a moderate cost.

—Chicken in Cream.—Select a plump, young chicken; clean it nicely and divide into pieces. Roll or dredge in flour and fry to a golden brown. Arrange neatly on a dish and pour over it a dressing made of a cup of cream brought to the boiling point, into which are stirred the beaten yolks of two eggs, salt and pepper and a few drops of lemon, being careful that it does not curdle or get too thick. Garnish with parsley, if liked, and serve at once.

Why Imitation Gems Are So Frequently Worn by Persons of Means.

A reporter recently asked a Maiden Lane diamond merchant, pointing to a pendant in the window:

"Do you mean to say those are not diamonds?"

"No more diamonds than they are eggs. Simply exceedingly fine specimens of 'French paste,' which is the best imitation of the diamond yet discovered," was the reply.

"What is 'French paste?'"

"It is a peculiar kind of glass, perfected in Paris by Donault-Wieland. Its basis is finely powdered rock crystal melted with other minerals."

"Are these imitations as brilliant and expensive as the doublets—the gems made by imposing a thin face of real diamond on a backing of rock crystal?"

"They are more brilliant and cost less in proportion to size—much less; but the doublets are by far the most durable."

"What other gems are imitated as successfully as the diamond?"

"Rubies and sapphires even more so. The imitations of them actually possess the same chemical composition as the real stones. The gems so made are expensive, but much less so than the real stones, and are very hard, with fine luster and excellent color, if the proportions of the material are exactly right. Emeralds, topazes, garnets and various other more or less valuable gems, are all well imitated in glass colored with different silicates and oxides. Sham pearls are also so well made that, when properly set, they can not be distinguished from genuine ones. They are simply beads of clear glass, coated inside with a lustrous solution obtained from the scales of some small fishes—bleak and dace. I think the fishes are called. It takes the scales of 40,000 of the fishes to make two pounds of the solution, which is called 'Essence d'Orient.' The imitation pearls are more durable than the real ones, which are liable to be injured by perspiration or various other incidents of wear."

"Reverting to that French paste; are there many of that sort of diamonds sold in this country?"

"A great many. Reputable dealers sell them for what they are, and their price—for fine ones such as these—is sufficiently high to keep them from being offered as cheap stuff to the masses, yet great numbers are worn."

"Why do persons of means invest in bogus gems?"

"For various reasons. One does not care to keep locked up in mere ornament the large amount of money that would be required to purchase diamonds in such size and number as society might expect him or her to have, so a few really fine stones are purchased for habitual wear, to challenge criticism, and a brilliant array of 'French pastes' is provided for show upon occasions when big display is expected and there will be no danger of close critical inspection."

"Has anybody had yet the bright idea of starting the manufacture of 'French paste' diamonds here as one of our industries?"

"No. The French stand first in it, and the Germans are rather a poor second, but we are nowhere. The situation may be different, however, in the course of the next four years." —N. Y. Mail and Express.

A Mirror of Your Mind.

Starting with the word Washington, write down one hundred words just as they occur to you. Let your second word be the one which Washington naturally suggests to you. Possibly it will be capitol. It may be President. Take the word which first comes into your mind. In the same manner let the third word be suggested by the second, the fourth by the third, and so on. Be careful that the third word is not suggested by both the first and second. Drop the first entirely and let your mind go from the second alone to the third. Having written this list of words you will have furnished yourself with a cheap but very useful mirror of your mind. If you are able to use this mirror you may discover some very serious defects in your mental processes. You may discover that you think along certain lines too frequently. You may discover that you are using superficial principles quite too much, to the neglect of more important laws of mind. You will thus be led to avoid certain linkings, and to encourage others of a more philosophical nature. —Des Moines (Ia.) Register.

The Rig He Puts on Her.

Dutiful Wife—I always look prettiest in calico.
Lady Friend—Who told you so?
Dutiful Wife—My husband.—Chicago Globe.

—It is hard on a young man to spend three months deciding which of two girls he will choose for his wife, and then to find out when he proposes that neither one of them will have him.—Somerville Journal.

—The slanderer flourishes without soil, moisture, sympathy or soul. In this it rivals the cactus in its independence of nourishment, and exceeds the cactus in the venom of its stings.

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