



BUSINESS CARDS.

KEEP YOUR

On this Space Four Weeks.

Something

NEW

Coming!

S. B. HUMPHREY, Agent.

JOHN BRIGGS

TAKES THIS OPPORTUNITY TO INFORM the friends and the public generally, that he is now settled in his

NEW BUSINESS HOUSE,

on the old stand next door to E. C. Hamer & Co., where can be found as great an assortment and as large a stock of

Stoves and Ranges

as can be found in any one house this side of Portland, and at a

LOW A PRICE.

Pumps & Pipes,

Cast-iron, Brass & Enamelled

KETTLES,

In great variety. Also,

Tin,

Sheet Iron, Galvanized Iron, and

Copperware,

always on hand, and made to order, AT LIV-
ING RATES.

Call on Him.

Albany, October 22, 1875-1878

CITY DRUG STORE.

Corner First and Ellsworth sts.,

ALBANY, OREGON.

R. SALTSMARSH.

Has again taken charge of the

City Drug Store,

having purchased the entire interest of C. W. Shaw, successor to A. Carothers & Co., and is now receiving a

Splendid New Stock,

which, added to the former, renders it very complete in all the different departments.

Quality and Price,

ordinarily invites his old friends and customers to give him a call.

PRESCRIPTIONS,

Will receive immediate and careful attention at all hours, day and night.

PURE WINES AND LIQUORS FOR MEDICINE PURPOSES.

R. SALTSMARSH.

Oct. 26, 77-1878

CITY MARKET!

First street, 3 doors west of Ferry,

ALBANY, OREGON.

HOLACHER & COETZ, Prop's.

HAVING purchased the City Market, I will keep constantly on hand all kinds of Meats, the very best to be had in the market. I will strive at all times to meet the wishes of all who may favor me with their patronage. The public generally are invited to call at my shop when in want of meats. The highest cash price paid for FURS.

New Goods! New Departure!

MILLINERY AND DRESSMAKING.

MRS. O. L. PARKS.

HAVING PURCHASED THE MILLINERY STORE lately owned by Mrs. E. P. Davis and having just added there, a new invoice of late Choice Millinery, Trimmings, Bonnets, Hats, &c., taken pleasure in visiting the ladies of Albany and vicinity to call and select for themselves. All goods will be sold at prices that defy competition. Having secured the services of a first class

Dressmaker!

I am prepared to cut, fit, and make dresses in any style desired, at short notice and in a satisfactory manner.

Making clothing for children a specialty. Store on north side of First, east of Ellsworth street. You are invited to call.

MRS. O. L. PARKS.

27, 1879

Infallible Indian Remedies.

A Sure Shot For

FEVER & AGUE.

DURING A LONG RESIDENCE AMONG the Indian tribes of the west and the interior, I have had the good fortune to discover, from the "Me Hee" men of the several tribes, and from other sources, a number of remedies for diseases prevalent in this country, consisting of roots, herbs and bark, and having been collected by many people of this valley, who have tried and proved the efficacy of them in disease, to receive and offer the same for sale. I take this means of announcing to all that, during the past season, I have made an extended tour through the mountains and valleys, and have secured certain of these remedies which are sure cures for

Fever and Ague.

Those suffering from Ague who desire to be cured, please order of Mr. Strong's store on First street, where I will furnish the remedies, warranting a radical cure or I will demand no pay. W. S. JOHN

Remedies done up in \$1 packages.

LEGAL.

FLINN & CHAMBERLAIN,

Attorneys at Law,

ALBANY, OREGON.

OFFICE—In Foster's new brick block, first door to the left, up stairs.

J. C. POWELL, W. B. BILYEU.

POWELL & BILYEU,

Attorneys at Law and Solicitors

in Chancery.

ALBANY, OREGON.

COLLECTIONS promptly made on all points. Loans negotiated on reasonable terms. Office in Foster's new block.

J. K. WEATHERFORD,

Attorney at Law,

ALBANY, OREGON.

WILL PRACTICE IN THE DIFFERENT COURTS OF THE STATE. Special attention given to collections and probate matter. Office in Old Folios' Temple.

D. H. S. BLACKBURN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

ALBANY, OREGON.

PROMPT ATTENTION GIVEN TO ALL BUSINESS.

S. B. HUMPHREY, C. E. WELVERTON,

Humphrey & Welverson,

Attorneys and Counselors at Law.

WILL PRACTICE IN ALL THE COURTS OF THE STATE. OFFICE—In Froman's brick building, upstairs, Albany, Oregon.

L. H. MONTANE,

Attorney at Law,

ALBANY, OREGON.

OFFICE—Up stairs, over John Briggs' store, on First street.

C. H. HEWITT,

Attorney and Counselor at Law.

Office, Old Post Office Building, Albany, Oregon.

WILL PRACTICE IN THE DIFFERENT COURTS OF THE STATE.

MEDICAL.

DR. H. J. CHURCHILL,

Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon.

OFFICE—In McEwan's brick, Albany, Ore. Chronic diseases a specialty. Can be found at my office at all hours of the day or night, when not professionally absent.

J. SURMAN, M. D.,

(SUCCESSOR TO DR. NEWELL.)

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE, On Second St., near Albany Engine Co. No. One's engine house, Albany, Ore., Jan. 3, 1879-1880

B. M. SAVAGE, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon.

Froman's Brick, up stairs,

First street, Albany, Oregon.

C. C. KELLY, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

ALBANY, OREGON.

OFFICE IN McEWAN'S BRICK BLOCK. Residence—One door north of Brown factory, Lyon street.

JUNES F. WHITING, ARTIST.

Fresco, Sign, Scene.

AND

Pictorial Painting.

DESIGNING A SPECIALTY.

Rooms and L. Patrick block, corner First and Ferry streets, Albany, Oregon.

D. G. CLARK,

Successor to J. B. WYATT,

—under in—

Heavy and Shelf Hardware,

Iron, Steel and Machinery Tools.

First door east of S. E. Young, ALBANY, OREGON.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL,

ALBANY, OREGON.

Mrs. C. Houk, Proprietor.

THIS HOUSE has been thoroughly renovated and refurnished, and placed in first class condition for the accommodation of its guests. Good Sample Room for Commercial Travellers. General Store Office for Groceries, Indulgences and Lardons. Free Cough and to the house.

TITUS BROS.,

Jewelers,

Albany, Oregon.

REGULATING TIME-PIECES & REPAIRING jewelry a specialty. Call. V11117

Agents for "New Home" Sewing Machine.

ALBANY

Collegiate Institute,

Albany, Oregon.

The second Term will open on

November 12th, 1879.

SO FAR AS IT IS DESIRABLE THREE courses of instruction will be pursued. In this Institute, viz: Classical, Scientific and

A Full Corps of Instructors has been

secured.

For particulars concerning courses of study and the price of tuition, apply to

Rev. ELBERT N. G. Pres.

August 8, 1879/11115

Republican State Ticket.

We are used to scenes of pain and suffering at the G— hospital, and could look on ghastly wounds and faces on which the mortal agony inflicted by the surgeon's probe and knife was painted without blanching or apparent emotion. But when gallant Harry Delmont was brought in from the "front," with a hideous hole in his manly breast, such as only a minnie ball could make, a great hush of sorrow and dismay fell upon us all. And when the surgeon's solemn words, "He cannot live three days," fell upon our ears, the hush was broken by the sobs of strong men, as well as by the morbid wailing of the female nurses, for all of us loved the brave young Captain as a brother.

We hovered over his cot throughout the day, and when night came it was agreed that one of us should have the special duty of watching beside it during the night, for fear that he should awaken from the lethargy which seemed to prelude approaching death, to ask for something that the steward could not obtain. And then I pleaded for the privilege, and after some demur it was accorded me.

"Watch him very closely," said the surgeon to me, as I took my seat for the vigil beside the cot of our favorite, "for at any moment he is liable to come out of the coma, and he may be wandering."

But I was very tired, and about midnight, do what I could, I could not keep my eyes from closing in a half an hour. My reverie, which, after a time, merged into a fitful slumber. And very soon occurred the mystery of which it is my present task to tell.

A bright dream of the "northern home so far away" was flitting through my brain, when suddenly I seemed to be impressed with some presence that held my body in a thrall, while my senses became almost preternaturally acute. Opening my eyes at last, I gazed toward the couch of the wounded captain, and by his side with one hand clasped in hers, I saw the figure of a young and beautiful lady, whose eyes were gazing down to his with such a look of pitying tenderness that I felt sure at once she was his sweetheart.

I wondered much, however, how she came to be there in the hospital at that hour of the night, when visitors had never been admitted after sundown. And I knew that Dr. Vance, the surgeon in charge, had his own brother been dying in that place, and his father and mother come to see him, would never have admitted them only at regular hours.

I was so exercised in mind that I was just opening my lips to question the strange visitor, when I saw the steward with the light, moving along the lower end of the ward in such a way as to bring our visitor between the light and me, and then my heart stood still. The light the steward carried I could see shining, and I was looking through the form of the lady who stood by my patient's side.

I gazed in awe upon the apparition for a few brief seconds, and then a torpor overcame me, and I knew no more until the steward roughly shook my arm and made me awake, for Captain Delmont was no longer let alone, but delicious. But when I looked upon his clear, calm eyes, I told the steward he was not delirious.

"Is Nettie here?" he faintly asked, as I bent over him.

I did not question who "Nettie" was, for I was certain I had seen her semblance, and I answered calmly:

"Nettie has been here Captain Delmont, but she is not here now."

"I wish you would call her again. Mrs. Emis, for I wish to speak with her."

"Did you speak with her when she was here?" I asked, heeding the steward's great amazement.

"No," he answered simply. "I tried to speak, but somehow I could not utter a word; I suppose I was then too weak."

"Was she your affianced wife?" I asked.

"Not when I joined the army. We had not been affianced once, but she broke the engagement because—here his voice faltered—"because I was too poor. But I know she loves me."

"She does," I said, "I could see it in her eyes."

"It is she to nurse me," he exclaimed, "I surely shall recover! O, call her now, dear Mrs. Emis—I must have the assurance from her own lips."

But I persuaded him to wait till morning. Morning came, and the surgeon, after a hasty examination, said the Captain was much better, and that a chance of life was won. As soon as he was gone I turned to my patient, who only murmured "Nettie."

"Captain Delmont," I said, calmly, "Nettie is not here."

"Not here?" he cried clutching my hand. "Not here! why I saw her last night. She has not gone away again, and left me to die alone?"

"No, Harry, but she has not been here—not in the flesh."

"Mrs. Emis, am I mad or are you? for I plainly saw her, and you say she has not been here."

"Yes, I saw her," I replied, "and she was standing by your cot, and in her hand she held your own. But through her form I saw the candle carried by the steward, half a dozen cots away."

He turned his face to the wall, and then I trembled for the effect I feared my words would have. But when he turned his face again I saw my fear was groundless.

"I called her," he said earnestly, "and though five hundred miles away, he heard me and came to me. God bless her!"

And for all the surgeon's prophecy he rapidly began to mend. Days glided by, and he grew convalescent.

Two weeks later, going out one day, I met a lady going in, and it needed but one glance to tell me who it was. She stared at me as I approached, bewildered. I went up to her and took her hand.

"This is Captain Delmont's Nettie!" I exclaimed.

She looked frightened. I saw that she grew pale. I guided her to Captain Delmont's cot, and when she reached it and she beheld the surroundings she grew paler still.

"Why, this is the very place I dreamed of seeing two weeks ago! and you are the nurse I saw sitting by his cot!" she gasped rather than spoke.

I did not reply. Harry Delmont had clasped her to his breast, and I very quietly withdrew.

Of course the story ends with happiness and marriage, as usual; but the appearance by my patient's cot I fear will never be explained. It is a question for psychologists to settle or discuss.

Grant in Galveston.

Yesterday we met a gentleman who has just returned from Galveston, Texas, and who was in that city at the time of General Grant's recent visit. He gave us a graphic description of the way the Democrats, or as they are called down there, "cow boys," treated their visitors. When the dispatch arrived announcing the coming of the General, the military were ordered to be in readiness to fire a salute. The evening before his arrival the "cow boys" got into the army and spiked the cannon driving a file into the vent, but drove them in the wrong way, and they were bored out in time to be used. Our informant states that in the procession in honor of Grant, there were very few white people, the soldiers and societies in line being nearly all colored men, who are every one for Grant. All along the line of the procession instead of hurrahing and cheering the "Cows Boys" gathered and hooted and howled with all their might, jeering at every one in the procession. In the evening a grand reception was held in a large hall, and just as one of the city officers was making an address of welcome every light in the building went out, leaving the entire assemblage in total darkness. A general panic ensued, during which several people were trampled on and seriously hurt. Of course this burst up the reception, and the committee discovered that some miscreant had gone to the rear of the building and digging down out the gas pipe in twin. A conspiracy was on foot to waylay General Grant on his trip from Galveston to Houston, but for some reason was abandoned, the ruffians probably lacking courage to attack the party. The negroes of the South are solid for Grant, and are mostly Republicans.

The following advertisement appeared the other day in a London newspaper: "A lady of position and fortune desires to share her very elegant and luxurious home with one person of corresponding means. Vague and inexplicit, impecunious or obscure persons quite ineligible."

A Mystery.

But I persuaded him to wait till morning. Morning came, and the surgeon, after a hasty examination, said the Captain was much better, and that a chance of life was won. As soon as he was gone I turned to my patient, who only murmured "Nettie."

"Captain Delmont," I said, calmly, "Nettie is not here."

"Not here?" he cried clutching my hand. "Not here! why I saw her last night. She has not gone away again, and left me to die alone?"

"No, Harry, but she has not been here—not in the flesh."

"Mrs. Emis, am I mad or are you? for I plainly saw her, and you say she has not been here."

"Yes, I saw her," I replied, "and she was standing by your cot, and in her hand she held your own. But through her form I saw the candle carried by the steward, half a dozen cots away."

He turned his face to the wall, and then I trembled for the effect I feared my words would have. But when he turned his face again I saw my fear was groundless.

"I called her," he said earnestly, "and though five hundred miles away, he heard me and came to me. God bless her!"

And for all the surgeon's prophecy he rapidly began to mend. Days glided by, and he grew convalescent.

Two weeks later, going out one day, I met a lady going in, and it needed but one glance to tell me who it was. She stared at me as I approached, bewildered. I went up to her and took her hand.

"This is Captain Delmont's Nettie!" I exclaimed.

She looked frightened. I saw that she grew pale. I guided her to Captain Delmont's cot, and when she reached it and she beheld the surroundings she grew paler still.

"Why, this is the very place I dreamed of seeing two weeks ago! and you are the nurse I saw sitting by his cot!" she gasped rather than spoke.

I did not reply. Harry Delmont had clasped her to his breast, and I very quietly withdrew.

Of course the story ends with happiness and marriage, as usual; but the appearance by my patient's cot I fear will never be explained. It is a question for psychologists to settle or discuss.

Terrible Weapons of War.

Dr. J. H. McLean left a few days ago for the East in order to make a public trial of some of the monster guns he has invented and which he claims will work a revolution in the art of war. Previous to his departure a report of the Post-Dispatch interviewed the Doctor on the subject of his warlike inventions, with the following results: Dr. McLean, being asked what was the first internal machine he had constructed, replied:

"The first thing I had constructed was a time shell, which may be thrown into a fortification and be made to explode upon landing, or at any time afterward, from one second to ten hours, or longer if thought desirable. Such a shell would not only effect great destruction to life in a fort, but would thoroughly demoralize the soldiers occupying it. Suppose 5,000 of these shells have been pitched into an earth-work containing 10,000, or 15,000 men, the first 500 being set to explode in a period covering four hours, and so on at regular or irregular intervals for twenty-four hours, until all have exploded. What a time the men would have in that fort. While the shells were coming in the men would naturally be stowed away in their bomb proof, but as the rain of shells ceased they would be at their duties, when all at once the first installment of 500 shells would begin to burst and for twenty-four hours from that time the poor soldiers would be slaughtered by a cannonade inside of their own works."

This shell I have been describing is called the "Surprise" in my book. The "Cyclone" is a longer, heavier shell, and is intended to be used against besieged cities or fortified positions where anything combustible exists. With the Cyclone I could have burnt the whole city of Charleston in twenty-four hours. With one of my proposed 100 tons I could throw the Cyclone twenty miles. It is also provided with the same time firing apparatus used in the surprise.

The first gun I built was a steel gun. It has two barrels, though only one is used at a time. One is thirty inches long and is called the "Little Phil," after Gen. Phil. Sheridan, and the other is forty inches long and is called the "General Sherman." I had these two barrels made to show how easily old sound cannon could be turned into shape and converted into war Peace Makers. This little cannon carries a ball of one pound in weight, and throws it a mile or more with astonishing accuracy.

I have some machine guns in my book—call them battery guns—that are bound to create a sensation all over the world. I have built two of them but I will only describe one. This one has been named "The Lady McLean." It has 36 barrels and 73 magazines, and can throw 2,000 shots per minute without ever changing its aim half an inch, or it can be turned in a complete circle by the turn of a wheel. It is the most deadly weapon ever invented, and can sweep horses, men and cannon from the face of the earth like a blast from hell itself, and it is so simple any child can work it.

The ladies of Swedenborgian Church in Portland, Me., have invented a new wrinkle in public entertainments. They have invented a city photographer into a conspiracy with them and advertise a "baby show," holding out to fond mothers and proud fathers such inducements as these: "Portraits of the loveliest babies of Portland to be thrown on a mammoth screen by means of a stereoscopic and the 'drummond light.' All sections of the city to be represented. Your baby may be there.

Congressman Upson, of Texas, hails from a large State, and deals in exuberant language. In a recent speech he declared that a certain policy "will tend to paralyze the energies, dwarf the growth, imbecilate the powers, imbelly the life of a nation." He should be presented with an unabridged dictionary by his delighted and bewildered constituents.

Some time before the death of George IV he acquainted himself with all the minutiae of the family repelcher, and declared to the Duke of Wellington that "he'd be—if he'd be on a shelf among the juniors while his predecessor lay in the middle," and left every special directions that he, too, should repose in the center.

A New Marvel in Bethelohem.

Dr. H. E. Licks, of Old South Bethelohem, after three years' labor, claims that he has perfected an instrument by which forms and colors can be sent by wire the same as words are sent. He calls this instrument a diaphote. The word diaphote from the Greek, *dia* signifying through and *phote* signifying light, had been selected as its name, implying that the light traveled through or along a wire. He read a paper on his invention before a scientific society here.

The diaphote consists of four essential parts, the receiving mirror, the transmitting wire, a common galvanic battery and the reproducing speculum. Dr. Licks gave a detailed account of the many experiments undertaken to determine the proper composition and arrangement of the mirror and speculum. For the former he had finally selected an amalgam of selenium and iodide of silver, and for the latter a compound of selenium and chromium. The peculiar sensativeness of iodide of silver and chromium to light has long been known, and their practical use in photography suggested their application to the diaphote. It was found, however, after many experiments, that their action must be so modified that every ray of light should influence the electric current proportionally to its position in the solar spectrum, and selenium was ascertained to be the best adapted to this purpose. At first a single mirror was employed with only a single wire, but the images reproduced were indistinct and confused, so that it became necessary to make the mirror of a number of small pieces, each about one-third of a square inch in area, and having a small wire attached. In the diaphote exhibited by Dr. Licks to the club the mirror was six inches by four, and had seventy-two fine wires, which were gathered together in one about a foot length of the frame, the whole then being finely wrapped with an insulating covering, and on reaching the speculum each little wire was connected to a division similarly placed as in the mirror. From a