

The Albany Register.

VOL. 2.

ALBANY, OREGON, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1870.

NO. 35.

The Albany Register.

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COLL. VANCE.
OFFICE ON CORNER OF FERRY AND FIRST STS.

TERMS—IN ADVANCE.
One Year, Three Dollars
Six Months, Two Dollars
Single Copies, Ten Cents

ADVERTISING RATES.
Transient advertisements per square of ten lines or less, first insertion, \$1; each subsequent insertion, \$1.
Larger advertisements inserted on the most liberal terms.

JOB WORK.
Having received new type, stock of colored inks, cards, a Gordon Jobber, etc., we are prepared to execute all kinds of printing in a better manner and at a cheaper rate than ever before offered in this city.

Agents for the Register.
The following gentlemen are authorized to receive and receipt for subscription, advertising, etc., for the REGISTER:

HIRAM SMITH, Esq., Harrisburg, Pa.
J. S. H. CLAUDE, Esq., Lebanon, Mo.
PETER HUME, Esq., Brownsville, Mo.
W. R. KIRK, Esq., Salem, Mo.
E. R. WHEELER, Esq., Salem, Mo.
Geo. W. CANNON, Esq., Portland, Ore.
L. P. FISHER, Esq., Erie, Pa.

BUSINESS CARDS.

A. WHEELER,
Notary Public.
BROWNVILLE, OREGON.

LEGAL INSTRUMENTS OF ALL KINDS made and attested. Conveyances and collections attended to. 12-69

THEODORE BURMESTER,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
ALBANY, OREGON.
OFFICE—In the Parish Brick. 28

J. HANNON,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
ALBANY, OREGON.
OFFICE—On Main street, opposite Foster's Brick. 1-69

Hiltabrid & Co.,
DEALERS IN GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS, Wood and Willow Ware, Confectionery, Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes, Notions, etc., Main street, adjoining the Express office, Albany, Oregon. 1

E. A. FREELAND,
DEALER IN EVERY DESCRIPTION OF School, Miscellaneous and Blank Books, Stationery, Gold and Steel Pens, Ink, etc., Post-office Building, Albany, Oregon. Books ordered from New York and San Francisco. 1

S. H. CLAGHTON,
NOTARY PUBLIC AND REAL ESTATE AGENT. Office in the Post Office Building, Albany, Oregon. Will attend to making deeds and other conveyances, also to the prompt collection of debts contracted to my care.

J. H. MITCHELL, J. N. DOLPH, A. SMITH,
MILBURN & Smith,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Solicitors in Chancery and Proctors in Admiralty. Office over the old Post Office, Front street, Portland, Oregon. 1

JAMES A. WARNER,
Civil Engineer & Surveyor.
IS PREPARED TO DO SURVEYING AND ENGINEERING. Uses improved Solar Compass. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Residence on 4th St., opposite Dr. Tate's residence, Albany, Oregon. n19-6m

POWELL & Fliinn,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW
and Solicitors in Chancery.
(L. Fliinn, Notary Public.)
Albany, Oregon. Collections and conveyances promptly attended to.

F. M. REDFIELD & CO.,
CONSTANTLY ON HAND AND RECEIVING, a large stock of
Groceries and Provisions,
Wood and Willow Ware, Tobacco, Cigars, Confectionery, Yankee Notions, &c., &c., Wholesale and Retail, opposite R. C. Hill & Son's drug store, Albany, Oregon. 5c49

ST. CHARLES HOTEL,
Corner First and Washington Sts.,
ALBANY, OREGON.
H. BRENNER, Proprietor.

WITH A NEW BUILDING, NEWLY furnished throughout, the proprietor hopes to give entire satisfaction to the traveling public. The beds are supplied with spring-bottoms. The table will receive the closest attention, and everything the market affords palatable to guests will be supplied. Jan29-21

FRANKLIN MARKET,
Main street, - Albany, Oregon.
Meats of All Kinds,
AND
OF THE VERY BEST QUALITY,
Constantly on hand.
30-6m G. B. HAIGHT.

ALBANY SHAVING SALOON.
THE UNDERSIGNED, HAVING OPENED a New Shaving Saloon, on First street, Albany, Oregon, invites all those wishing a Clean Shave, Hair Dressing, or Shampooing, to give him a call.
J. H. BACKENSTO.
Albany, April 2, 1870-38

ALBANY BATH HOUSE.
THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECTFULLY inform the citizens of Albany and vicinity that he has taken charge of this establishment, and, by keeping clean rooms and paying strict attention to business, expects to suit all those who may favor him with their patronage. Having heretofore carried on nothing but First-Class Hair Dressing Saloons, he expects to give entire satisfaction to all. Children and ladies' hair neatly cut and shampooed.
JOSEPH WEBER.
5c192

BLANKS!
OF ALL KINDS, printed at the very lowest rates, as ordered, at this office.

PORTLAND CARDS.

E. F. RUSSELL, Attorney at Law, C. P. FERRY, Notary Public.
RUSSELL & FERRY,
Real Estate Brokers & Collecting Agents,
Portland, - - - Oregon.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO THE Sale of Real Estate, Real Estate Litigation, and the Collection of Claims.
Office, North-west corner of First and Washington Streets, Portland, Oga. Feb28-70-25

S. D. SMITH, GEO. B. COOK,
THE OCCIDENTAL,
FORMERLY
Western Hotel,
Corner First and Morrison streets,
Portland, Oregon.

Messrs. SMITH & COOK have taken this well known house, refitted and refurnished it throughout, built a large addition, making thirty more pleasant rooms, enlarged the Dining and Sitting rooms, making it by far the

Best Hotel in Portland.
A call from the traveling public will satisfy them that the above statements are true.
SMITH & COOK, Props.
N. B.—Hot and cold Baths attached to the house for the benefit of guests. 50
Portland, August 15th, 1869.

AMERICAN EXCHANGE,
—CORNER OF—
Front and Washington Streets,
PORTLAND, OREGON.
L. P. W. Quimby, - - - Proprietor.
(Late of the Western Hotel.)

THIS HOUSE is the most commodious in the State, newly furnished, and it will be the endeavor of the Proprietor to make his guests comfortable. Nearest Hotel to the steamboat landing.

The Concord Coach will always be four at the landing, on the arrival of steamships, arriving boats, carrying passengers and their baggage to and from the boats free of charge.
House supplied with Patent Fire Extinguishers.

COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL.
(FORMERLY ARRIGONI'S)
Front street : : : Portland, Oregon.

THE UNDERSIGNED, HAVING PURCHASED this well known Hotel, are now prepared to offer the traveling public better accommodations than can be found elsewhere in the city.
Board and Lodging \$2.00 per day.
The Hotel Coach will be in attendance to convey passengers and baggage to and from the Hotel free of charge.
J. B. SPRENGER.

Office Oregon & California Stage Company, B. G. WHITEHOUSE, Agent. 21f

New Columbian Hotel,
N. E. 118, 120 and 122 Front street,
PORTLAND, : : : OREGON
ED. CARNEY, PROPRIETOR.

The Largest, Best and most Convenient Hotel in Portland!
Located in the center of business and near all the steamboat landings.

Board and Lodging
From one to two dollars per day according to the room occupied.
Rooms newly furnished and well ventilated. Superior accommodations for families.
The New Columbian Hotel Coach will be in attendance at all the landings to convey passengers and baggage to and from this Hotel 17
Free of Charge 69

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

LADIES' EMPORIUM.
MRS. A. J. DUNIWAY,
DEALER IN
Fashionable Millinery and Fancy Goods.
Follows Dress and Cloak Making in all their varied branches.
BLEACHES AND PRESSES STRAW GOODS
In Latest Style and best manner.
STAMP FOR BRAID AND EMBROIDERY.
Corner First and Broadbalt streets, Albany, Oregon. Jan17-70

C. MEALEY
DEALER IN & MANUFACTURER OF
FURNITURE!

—AND—
CABINET WARE!
Bedding, Etc.,
Corner First and Broadbalt streets,
ALBANY, OREGON.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO
ORDERS OF ALL KINDS
in his line.
Octo 1868-S

FURNING. - - TURNING.
SPINNING WHEELS.
I AM PREPARED TO DO
ALL KINDS OF TURNING!
I keep on hand and make to order
RAWHIDE-BOTTOMED CHAIRS,
—AND—
Spinning Wheels.
Shop near the "Magnolia Mills."
JOHN M. METZLER
Albany, Nov. 28, 1868-12

[DELAYED LETTER.] BROWNVILLE ITEMS.

FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.

BROWNVILLE, April 26, 1870.
Mr. D. L. Allingham, the proprietor of a steam saw mill on Brush creek, who has been residing here during the winter, sending his children to school, moved his family back to the mill, yesterday, where they will reside during the summer.

The district school in North Brownsville commenced yesterday, Mrs. Martin, teacher. She is a western lady, and came from Chicago last fall. This is her first school in Oregon.

Rev. Mr. Crow, of the United Brethren, delivered a temperance lecture in Smith's Hall last night. He has a happy variety of stirring appeals and laughable anecdotes, which interested, edified and amused his hearers, and sent them home in a good humor with themselves and the rest of the world, except "King Alcohol" and its devotees. Good lectures on that subject are much needed in our land, and we are glad to see the ministry taking hold of it, for we think it their duty to lecture as well as preach against the prevailing evils of the day.

Rev. Mr. Robe, of the Presbyterian church, will lecture here, on the same subject, on next Monday morning.

Mr. George Blakely left here yesterday, for Corvallis, to attend the high school there. He was a pupil in the Albany school during the winter. George is a promising young man, and seems bent on getting an education. We, with the rest of his numerous friends, wish him much success.

We think we are doing our readers a favor by calling their attention to the handsome catalogues of the well known Agricultural Warehouse of Messrs R. H. ALLEN & Co., of New York City, the oldest and largest establishment. The Retail Seed Catalogue has numerous illustrations of the Novelties and Specialties in Vegetable, Grain and Grass Seeds, and, though expensive, is sent to all applicants on receipt of stamp to prepay postage. They deal largely also in Agricultural Implements and Machines, and publish a Large Catalogue, which is a handsome volume of about 300 pages with nearly 600 illustrations of the Latest and Most Improved articles in their line; among them many things which our farmers ought to have, and which they cannot buy at any of our local stores. Of course this is a costly book, they charge \$1 for it, but even this is refunded to the purchaser when he sends an order; so that in reality it costs nothing. Even if it did, we should advise every man who owns any land, no matter how small, to get a copy now. Their address is P. O. Box 376, N. Y. City.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.—A telegram from Richmond (Va.), dated April 27th, gives an account of a terrible accident, caused by the giving way of the floor in the upper room of the Capital building. An immense crowd were assembled to hear the decision in the Mayoralty case. About 11 o'clock the floor gave way beneath the dense weight, precipitating the crowd to the floor below—the room occupied by the House of Delegates. It is supposed that twenty members of the Legislature were killed and wounded, and many other prominent citizens. About two hundred persons are more or less injured by the accident. Gov. Walker escaped unhurt, although on the court room floor at the time. The total number of killed, it is thought, will reach over sixty. Mourning covers the whole city. Both branches of the Legislature met at the Exchange Hotel, meeting and adjourning merely to avoid any interruption to the proceedings. It is believed that the building now will be abandoned. It was built in 1792.

SOUTHERN OREGON.—We clip the following paragraphs from the Roseburg Ensign of April 30:
A gentleman from Myrtle Creek informs us that very rich diggings were struck last week on Myrtle Creek, in a gulch that had not before been thoroughly prospected. Miners are reported to be taking out from two to three dollars to the pan in some instances. These rich deposits do not seem to be extensive in that district.

We learn that Mr. Hyman Abraham, who has been under the care of a surgeon in San Francisco for six months past, is expected home soon. His condition is said to be much improved.

FULL FILES OF THIS PAPER can be found in New York, at the office of Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 40 Park Row.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.—Hon. S. Gardfield expects to reach Washington Territory in time to take part in the winding up of the canvass.

THE BARBER OF STOCKBRAWLER.

A TALE OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

BY MARK LEMON.

At the little town of Stockbawler, on the lower Rhine, in the year of grace 1830, resided one Hans Scarpachius, an industrious and close shaving barber. His industry met with due encouragement from the bearded portion of the community; and the softer sex, whose greatest fault is fickleness, generally selected Hans for the honor of new-fronting them, when they had grown tired of the ringlets nature had bestowed, and which time had freed.

Hans continued to shave and thrive, and all the careful old burghers foretold of his future well-doing; when he met with a misfortune, which promised for a time to shut up his shop and leave him a beggar. He fell in love.

Neighbors warned Hans of the consequences of his folly; but all remonstrance was in vain. Customers became scarce, wearing out their patience and their wigs together; the shop became dirty, and winter saw the flies of summer scattered on his show board.

Agnes Flirtitz was the prettiest girl in Stockbawler. Her eyes were as blue as a summer's sky, her cheeks as rosy as an autumn sunset, and her teeth as white as winter's snow. Her hair was a beautiful flaxen—not a drab—but that peculiar seven-penny moist sugar tint which the poets of old were wont to call golden.

Her voice was melodious; her notes in all were equal to Grisi's; in short, she would have been a desirable, lovable young lady, if she had not been a coquette.

Hans met her at a festival given in commemoration of the demise of the burgomaster's second wife—I beg pardon, I mean in celebration of his union with his third bride. From that day Hans was a lost barber. Sleeping, waking, shaving, curling, powdering, he thought of nothing but Agnes. His love dreams placed him in all kinds of awkward predicaments.

And Agnes—what thought she of the unhappy barber? Nothing, except that he was a presumptuous puppy, and wore unfashionable garments. Hans received an intimation of this latter opinion; and, after sundry quailings and misgivings, he resolved to dispose of his remaining stock in trade, and, for once, dress like a gentleman. The measures had been taken by the tailor, the garments had been bought and tried on, and Hans was standing at his door in a state of feverish excitement, awaiting their arrival in a completed condition (as there was to be a fête on the morrow, at which Agnes was to be present.) When a stranger requested to be shaved; Hans wished him at the next barber's; but there was something so unpleasantly positive in the visitor's appearance, that he had not the power to object, so politely bowed him into the shop.

The stranger removed his cap, and discovered two very ugly protuberances, one on each side of his head, and of most unsophisticated appearance. Hans commenced operations—the latter dress as fast as he laid it on, and the razor emitted small sparks as it encountered the bristles on the stranger's face. Hans felt particularly uncomfortable, and not a word had hitherto passed on either side, when the stranger broke the ice by asking rather abruptly, "Have you any snappans in the house?" Hans jumped like a partridge without waiting for a reply, the stranger rose, and opened the cupboard.

"I never take anything stronger than water," said Hans, in reply to the "Pshaw!" which broke from the stranger's lips as he smelt at the contents of a little brown pitcher. "More fool you," replied his customer. "Here, taste that—some of the richest grape-blood of Rheingau!" "Ha! ha!" and yet you hope to thrive with the women," said the stranger. "No wonder that Agnes treats you as she does. But drink!"

The stranger took a pipe, and coolly seated himself again in his chair, hung one leg over the back of another, and striking his finger briskly down his nose, elicited a flame that ignited his tobacco, and then he puffed and puffed, till every moth in the shop coughed aloud. The uneasiness of Hans increased, and he looked toward the door with the most cowardly intention; and, lo! two laughing, dimpled faces were peeping in at the door. "Come in, come in!" and to Hans' horror, two very equivocal damsels entered the shop. Hans felt scandalized, and was about to make a most powerful remonstrance, when he encountered the eyes of his impertinent customer; and, from his sinister expression, he thought it wise to be silent. One of the damsels seated herself on the stranger's knee, whilst the other looked mockingly at the barber; who, however, remained poor to all her winks and blinks, and "wroathful smiles."

"Shh! shh!" exclaimed the lady, "the man's an icicle!"

"Hans, you're a fool!" said the stranger; and his inamorata concurred in the opinion. The flask was again proffered—the eye-artillery again brought into action, but Hans remained constant to pump water and Agnes Flirtitz.

The stranger rubbed the palm of his hand on one of his head ornaments, as though he were somewhat perplexed at the countenance of the barber; then rising he gracefully led the ladies out. As he stood, with one foot on the step of the door, he turned his head scornfully over his shoulder and said, "Hans, you are nothing but a barber; but before I eat, you shall repent of your present determination."

"What security have I that you will keep your word?" replied Hans, who felt emboldened by the outside situation of his customer, and the shop poker, of which he had obtained possession.

"The best in the world," said the stranger. "Here, take these!" and placing both rows of his teeth in the hands of the astonished Hans, he quickly walked up the street with the ladies.

The astonishment of Hans had somewhat subsided, when Stitz, the tailor, entered with the so-much and so-long expected garments. The stranger was forgotten; the door was bolted, the clothes tried on, and they fitted to a miracle. A small three-cornered piece of looking-glass was held in every direction by the delighted tailor, who declared his performance *chef d'œuvre*; and Hans felt for the first time in his life that he looked like a gentleman. Without a moment's hesitation, or the slightest hint at discount for ready money, he gave the tailor his last thaler and his old suit of clothes, as per contract; shook Stitz's hand at parting till every bone of the tailor's fingers ached, and an hour afterward, bolted the door, and went to bed the poorest but happiest barber in Stockbawler.

After a restless night, Hans rose the next morning with the oddest sensation in the world. He fancied that the bed was shorter, the chairs lower, and the room smaller than on the preceding day; but attributed this feeling to the feverish sleep he had had, he proceeded to put on his pantaloons. With great care he thrust his leg into its proper division, when to his horror and amazement, he found that he had grown two feet at least during the night; and that the pantaloons which had fitted so admirably before, were now only knee breeches. He rushed to the window with the intention of breaking his neck by a leap into the street, when his eye fell upon the strange customer of the preceding day, who was leaning against the gable end of the house opposite, quietly smoking his meerschaum. Hans paused; then thought, and then concluded that having found an appetite, he had repented of his boast at parting, and had called for his teeth. Being a good natured lad, Hans shuffled down stairs, and opening the door, called him to come over. The stranger obeyed the summons, but honorably refused to accept of his teeth, except on the conditions of his wages. To Hans' great surprise, he seemed to be well acquainted with the phenomenon of the past night, and good-naturedly offered to go to Stitz, and inform him of the barber's dilemma. The stranger departed, and in a few moments the tailor arrived, and having ascertained by his inch measure the truth of Hans' conjectures, bade him be of good cheer, as he had a suit of clothes which would exactly fit him. They had been made for a traveling giant, who had either forgotten to call for them, or suspected that Stitz would require the *felt* before he gave up the broadcloth.

The tailor was right—he did fit—and in an hour afterwards Hans was on his way to the fête. When he arrived there, many of his old friends stood aghast for a few moments; but, as stranger things had occurred in Germany than a man growing two feet in one night, they soon ceased to notice the alteration in Hans' appearance. Agnes was evidently struck with the improvement of the barber's figure, and for two whole hours did he enjoy the extreme felicity of making half-a-dozen other young gentlemen miserable by monopolizing the arm and conversation of the beauty of Stockbawler. But pleasure, like fine weather, lasts not forever; and as Hans and Agnes turned the corner of a path, his eye again encountered the stranger. Whether it was from fear or dislike he knew not, but his heart seemed to sink, and so did his body; for, to his utter dismay, he found that he had shrunk to his original proportions, and that the garment of the giant hung about him in anything but graceful proportions. He felt that he was a human telescope, that some infernal power could elongate or shut up at pleasure.

The whole band of jealous rivals set up the "Laughing Chorus," and Agnes, in the extremity of her disgust, turned up her nose till she nearly fractured her bridge, whilst Hans rushed from the scene of his disgrace, and never stopped running until he opened the door of his little shop, threw himself into the old "family Bible," which chanced to be upon the table. In this position he continued for some time, when, on raising his head, he found his tormentor and the two ladies grouped like the Graces in the center of the apartment.

"Well, Scarpachius," said the gentleman, "I have called for my teeth. You see I have kept my promise!" Hans sighed deeply, and the ladies giggled.

"Nay, man, never look so glum! Here, take the flask—forget Agnes, and console yourself with the love of!"

The conclusion of this harangue must forever remain a mystery; for Hans, at this moment, took up the family volume which had served him for a pillow, and dashed it at the heads of the trio. A scream, so loud that it broke the tympanum of his left ear, seemed to issue from them simultaneously—a shriek vapor filled the room, which gradually cleared off, and left no traces of Hans' visitors but three small sticks of stone brimstone. The truth flashed upon the barber—his visitor was the far-famed Mephistopheles. Hans packed up his remaining wardrobe, razor, strop, soapdish, scissors and combs, and turned his back upon Stockbawler forever. Four years passed away, and Hans was again a thriving man, and Agnes Flirtitz the wife of the doctor of Stockbawler. Another year passed on, and Hans was both a husband and a father; but the coquette, who had nearly been his ruin, had eloped with the *chasseur* of a travelling nobleman.

"My boy, what does your mother do for a living?" was asked of a little bare-footed urchin. "She eats cold victuals, sir."

The Signs of the Hands.

A. R. Craig, in his "Book of the Hands; or, Modern Palmistry," brings together a large amount of amusing gossip, without saying how much of it he believes. He founds his story upon the system of V. Arpentigny and Desbarrolles, the celebrated French Chironomancers. From them are taken into detail the rules for interpreting all the knots and hollows, lines and furrows that occur in various hands; and he who studies them aright will be able to tell fortunes and read characters, at any rate as wisely as any wandering gipsy. Without much study he may be, in a superficial way a palmist.

If the palm of the hand be long, and the fingers well proportioned, etc., not soft, but rather hard, it denotes the person to be ingenious, but changeable, and given to theft and vice.

If the hand be hollow, solid, and well knit in the joints, it predicts long life, but if overthwarted then it denotes short life.

Observe the finger of Mercury—that is, the little finger, if the end of it exceeds the joint of the ring finger, such a man will rule in his own house, and his wife will be pleasing and obedient to him; but if it be short, and does not reach the joint, he will have a shrew, and she will wear the breeches.

Broad nails show the person to be bashful, fearful, but of a gentle nature. Narrow nails denote the person to be inclined to mischief, and to do injury to his neighbors.

Long nails show a person to be good natured, but distrustful, and his reconciliation rather than differences of his neighbors.

Oblique nails signify deceit and want of courage.

Little round nails denote obstinate, anger and hatred.

If they be crooked at the extremity, they show pride and fierceness.

Round nails show a choleric person, yet soon reconciled, honest, a lover of secret sciences.

Flethy nails denote the person to be mild in temper, idle and lazy.

Tale and black nails show the person to be very deceitful to his neighbor, and subject to many diseases.

Red and marked nails signify a choleric and martial nature, given to cruelty; and as many little marks as there are speak of many evil desires.

"EQUITABLE ADJUSTMENT."—We ask honest Democrats how they can truthfully assert that they are not in favor of repudiating the National Debt, when with the same breath they acknowledge they are in favor of "equitable adjustment" of that debt?

In the language of your great leader, Mr. Fay: "If equitable adjustment does not mean repudiation, what does it mean? Then why not let the original resolution stand? Give us for once, just once, a Democratic platform. We haven't had one for ten years."

RAILROAD PAPERS.—Hon. Geo. E. Cole, agent of the Oregon and California Railroad Company, was at this place on the 23d, and recorded in the office of the County Clerk a mortgage of all the railroad property of said company, including the right of way and franchise, to Faxon D. Atherton and Milton S. Latham, as Trustees for the negotiation of the bonds of said company. He also recorded, at the same time, a "trust deed" of all the land, etc., granted by Congress to aid in the construction of the road, to the same parties in their capacity as Trustees. These instruments designate the route of the road as "through the Willamette, Umpqua and Rogue River valleys," and are recorded in every county through which the route passes. Five millions of the bonds of this company have been negotiated in Europe, and it is probable that the whole will soon be taken. This gives our people a renewed assurance that we are to have a railroad through this valley at no very distant day.—*Roseburg Ensign.*

COUNT JO. SMITH.—The *Herald* has oceans of words to waste away in describing the railroad projected between Astoria, McMinnville and Portland, as a Hamburg devised by Senator Williams and Ben Holladay. Only two days ago, we received from Washington copies of the Congressional Globe, with marked passages to call attention to the debate in the House on the Bill granting lands to aid this very road, and reporting at length the remarks and explanations of Hon. Joseph Smith, of Oregon, in its favor. That gentleman was very energetically combating all the expressions against railroad grants, and urging the importance of the measures with true Oregon zeal, and actually prevented its reference to a committee where it would not have been heard from to be acted upon this session. As Mr. Smith is fighting hard for the Bill in the House, will not the *Herald* in future be just enough to include him in the copartnership, and in future describe the West-Side Road as a Hamburg got up by Jo. Smith, Ben Holladay and Williams.—*Statesman.*

The *Indian Mail* is somewhat inigmatical in its announcement of the death of an unfortunate Englishman, who seems to have indulged too much in some convalescent diet. It says: "A friend called to see him on the following morning, and found him suffering very much. Mr. H. afterward went out for a walk and threw himself down a khud. The kinsman of the dawkbungalow promptly got a jampun, and sent him to Kalka. On the way he expired."

I have lost flesh, as the butcher said when his cart was robbed.

Editing a Paper.

The following was found in the office of an editor by the county sheriff: Editing a paper is a very pleasant business.

If it contains too much political matter people won't have it.

If it contains too little they won't have it.

If the type is large it don't contain enough reading matter.

If the type is small they can't read it.

If we publish telegraph reports folks say they are nothing but lies.

If we omit them people say we have no enterprise, or suppress them for political effect.

If we have in a few jokes people say we are nothing but a rattlesnake.

If we publish original matter they damn us for not giving selections.

If we publish selections folks say we are lazy for not writing more, and giving them what they have not read in some other paper.

If we give a man complimentary notices we are censured for being partial.

If we do not, all hands say we are a great hog.

If we insert articles which please the ladies, men become jealous.

If we do not enter to their wishes the paper is not a fit one to have in their house.

If we attend church they say it is only for effect.

If we do not they denounce us as deceitful and desperately wicked.

If we stay in our office and attend to our business folks say we are too proud to mingle with our fellows.

If we go out they say we never attend to business.

If we do not pay all bills promptly folks say we are not to be trusted.

If we do pay promptly they say we are subsidized.

TO SEE DOWN A WELL.—The New Hampshire *Journal of Agriculture* suggests an excellent plan for exploring the bottom of a well: "It is not generally known how easy a matter it is to examine the bottom of a well, cistern or pond of water by the use of a common mirror. When the sun is shining brightly, hold the mirror so that the reflected rays of light will fall into the water. A spot will be seen at the bottom, so light as to show the smallest object plainly. By this means we have examined bottoms of wells 50 feet deep, when half full or more of water. The smallest straw or other small objects can be perfectly seen from the surface. In the same way one can examine the bottom of ponds and rivers, if the water be somewhat clear, and not agitated by winds or rapid motion. If a well or cistern be under cover, or shaded by buildings, so that the sunlight will not fall near the opening, it is only necessary to employ two mirrors, using one to reflect the light to the opening, and another to send it down perpendicularly into the water. Light may be thrown fifty or a hundred yards to the precise spot desired, and then reflect downward. We have used mirrors with success to reflect the light around the field to a shaded spot, and also to carry it from a south window through two rooms, and then into a cistern under the north side of the house.

THE TROUT.—The trout is the only fish that comes in and goes out of season with the deer: he grows rapidly, and dies early after reaching his full growth. The female spawns in October—at a different time from other fish; afterwards both male and female become lean, and unwholesome eating, and it is examined closely, will be found covered with a species of clove-shaped insects, which appear to suck their substance from them; and they continue sick until warm weather, when they rub the insects off on the gravel, and immediately grow strong. The female is the best for the table. She may be known by her small head and deep body. Fish are always in season when their heads are so small as to be disproportioned to the size of the body. The trout is less oily and richer than the salmon; the female is much brighter, and more beautiful than the male; they swim rapidly, and often leap, like a salmon, to a great height when ascending streams. In a trout-pond they may be fed with angle worms, reesebugs, crickets, grass-hoppers, etc., which they attack with great voracity. They grow much more rapidly in ponds than in their native streams, from the fact that they are better fed and not compelled to exercise. Trout are the only fish known that possess a voice, which is perceived by pressing them, when they tremble and initiate a murmuring sound.

OUR POETS.—A paragraph lately published giving the ages of American poets suggests a statement of their property and how, in each case,