

(SPECIAL TO THE REGISTER.)

Dates to July 24th.

PARIS, July 23.—The army of the South of Germany is ordered north.

Prussian army goes south.

It is reported that Denmark has decided on war.

Hungary has declared, also, for France. The Emperor's proclamation to the people created a profound impression.

STRASBURG, June 23.—The panic here this morning was created by the explosion caused by the Prussians in blowing up an abutment of the Kehl railway bridge.

Marshal McMahon is expected here to-morrow.

French troops are massing at Metz and the Ouveille.

Intrigue between Hesse and France suspected.

Imperial Guard arrived at Nancy, to-day.

Couriers have been sent to advise the Cabinet. No steps will be taken until the arrival of the French fleet.

Portion of the French Algerine army arrived at Lascamler, in front of Strasburg.

Prussians burned the eastern end of the bridge connecting the city with Kehl.

LONDON, July 24.—Prussian vessels are pressing into the Channel and into the North Sea, to intercept supplies of coal for the French fleet.

BERLIN, July 24.—The only written document, received by Prussia from France, arrived here last Tuesday, and was a declaration of war.

The Austrian journal *Officielle*, says Napoleon will proclaim a Republic throughout Europe, in case a coalition is made against him.

Guns are being placed upon the fortifications in Paris.

A Prussian force from Strasburg crossed the French border, where they were met and attacked by the French.

The Prussians were forced to retire, leaving two dead on the field. The French sustained a loss of ten or twelve.

Russia (?) seems determined to abridge the duration of the war as much as possible.

PARIS, July 22.—The official journal publishes a circular of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, which describes the progress of negotiations between France and Prussia, and concludes: "History must assign to Prussia the responsibility for the war, which she had the means of avoiding."

The Emperor received the Corps Legislatif at the Tuilleries to-day, and complimentary addresses were exchanged. It is expected the Emperor will take the field soon. Several skirmishes are reported, but it is extremely difficult to obtain news, as correspondents are not allowed to enter the army lines.

Prussia proposes the neutrality of the Baltic, but France refuses.

A bread riot is reported at Cologne. It is reported that South Germany will abandon Prussia at the first opportunity.

MADRID, July 22.—There are parties here who are trying to excite the populace against France, without effect.

It is reported privately that Prince Leopold is on the Franco-Spanish frontier.

LONDON, July 22.—The Prussians will adopt the defensive line from Coblenz along the Rhine. Bismarck and Moltke are confident of success.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 23.—The Prussian Government has issued circulars to all Consuls of the North Germany in foreign States, requiring them to forward immediately all Germans liable to military duty, paying passage to Faderland, and furnishing necessary articles, and also to forward volunteers who wish to fight for Germany.

Martial law has been proclaimed in the Rhinish provinces of Prussia, as well as Hesse, Hanover, Schleswig and eastern Prussia.

The port of Hamburg is still open.

The Prussian headquarters are now at Krensonach, eight miles south of Benge. Prince Royal Frederick William commands the left of the army; Prince Frederick Charles the center. The defenses of the coast are entrusted to Gen. Falkenstein. The staff is the same as in the war of 1860. Gen. Deryevy will lead the advance over the Rhine. Saarsbrücken will be the center of operations.

More than one hundred thousand volunteers have been enrolled in Germany.

[Tuesday's Dispatches.]

LONDON, July 25.—Specials from Metz say three companies have formed around the city; sixty cannon have been placed in position; ditches, casemates, and bomb proof barracks erected, while the utmost enthusiasm and zeal prevailed among those engaged in the work.

These works are not intended as permanent defenses at Metz, but simply as temporary works to protect vast encampments like the present, or to shelter a beaten army. This shows that France has long been preparing for offensive war the first opportunity.

Marshal Bazaine keeps horses belonging to his staff constantly standing before his hotel at Metz, but no movement has yet been ordered.

Prussian troops are passing through the Black Forest towards the scene of operations.

Detachments of troops have been stopped by the Swiss, who have an observation corps of 20,000 there.

Gen. McMahon's headquarters are at Strasburg.

A strong force is massing to prevent surprise through the Roges defiles.

Troops are pouring into Strasburg from Besancon.

Everything indicates that the first great blow will be struck at Strasburg.

LONDON, July 25.—Information has reached here, that on Sunday a body of German lancers passed the border near Sabruck, destroyed the railroad track between that place and Metz for a long distance, and returned to camp without loss.

French troops are concentrating at Dunkirk, on the coast near the Belgian frontier.

Paris journals say that the French have taken forty prisoners thus far.

DUBLIN, July 25.—The sympathy in Ireland is almost universally with France. Large and enthusiastic meetings were held here yesterday.

PARIS, July 25.—No battle expected for some days.

Measures were in active operation putting the troops in Paris and those adjacent, in readiness for active hostilities.

The Emperor positively leaves for the front on Tuesday or Wednesday.

The peace party in Paris is rapidly diminishing.

LONDON, July 25.—Much indignation is manifested here at the duplicity of France and Prussia as revealed by publications at Strasburg. Napoleon is considered as having acted insultingly toward England.

COBLENZ, July 25.—The Prussians who crossed the line on Sunday and tore up the track of the Metz railroad, done considerable damage.

LONDON, July 25.—The Prussians will observe Wednesday as a day of fasting and prayer, invoking the divine blessing on their armies.

A Prussian company captured the custom house at Schelkum.

French officers boast that they have one million men between Onville and Strasburg.

VIENNA, July 25.—Austria positively prohibits the proclamation of Papal Infallibility.

MADRID, July 25.—A Carlist outbreak is expected daily.

Markets.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 23.—Flour market unchanged.

Wheat unsteady and five cents lower than yesterday's quotations.

No Eastern market reports.

THE CENSUS OF 1870.—In view of the fact that the census takers have commenced operations throughout the country, the following questions have been collected together by some studious chap as probably embracing the gist of the questions which will be asked by him:

How old are you?

Where were you born, and were you present on the occasion of your birth?

Were you ever a candidate for office, and if so how many times?

Are you a married person, and how do you like the institution?

Have you any children, how many, and what is a certain remedy for the sniffles?

Do you grow corn; if so how much do you consume in whisky, and how much do you waste in making bread?

What is your opinion of larger beer and pretzels?

How many glasses can you drink, and what is your opinion of oats—a proper provender for man and beast?

What is the cash value of a one dollar bill?

Were your father and mother both white men?

Can you stand on your head, and how long? If a good while, how much longer if necessary?

If half an acre of ground can yield one hundred bushels of rutabagas, how many glasses of larger will it require a man to draw a bee line?

If your family eats a ham in three days, how long will it take to eat a couple of hammers?

Lend me five dollars?

What is your opinion of young pups before they get their eyes open?

There are other questions to be answered which we omit here, from the fact that they will at once suggest themselves to the marshals just as soon as they think of them.

AN INTELLIGENT DRAKE.—The following is related by an eminent naturalist: A young lady was sitting in a room adjoining a poultry yard, where chickens, ducks, and geese were disporting themselves. A drake came in, approached the lady, seized the bottom of her dress with his beak, and pulled it vigorously. Feeling startled, she repulsed him with her hand. The bird still persisted. Somewhat astonished, she paid some attention to this unaccountable pantomime, and discovered that the drake wished to drag her out of doors. She got up and he waddled out quietly before her. More and more surprised, she followed him, and he conducted her to the side of the pond where she perceived a duck with its head caught in the opening of a sluice. She hastened to release the poor creature, and restore it to the water.

A Massachusetts paper says, in an obituary notice, that the "deceased had been for several years a director of a bank, notwithstanding which he died a Christian and universally respected."

Bancroft, Minister to Prussia, will not be recalled.

Swinging on the Gate.

Another week nearer home!

Another blessed Saturday night added to the triumphs of Eternity as it has been snatched from time!

The lover thinks he is one week nearer the day when she will be his love forever, while the sweetheart thanks God that one week more has gone from her life of hated unfulfillment! The sick sufferer who is expecting death thanks God that another seven day veil has been removed from before the door we all must enter once, and wonders if another week will be all for earth or a part for Heaven.

To-night we walked home, for the cars were crowded. We were thinking of the labor we had done since last week went and this one came. There were so many letters written—so many columns of editorial written—so many requests granted and so many refused—so many made glad, and so many disappointed, just as it is in life each day, you know. And we were thinking and wondering how many thousands, or hundreds of persons in the land would read this Saturday Night what we had written and printed since last we closed the labors of the week, wiped our pen so clean, and placed it in the little rack to rest against the morrow.

As we walked along we saw leaning over a little iron gate in front of a neat brick house a pretty, chubby-faced boy, as if waiting for some one. Looking to a window, we saw a middle-aged woman sitting there with a paper in her hand, as if reading.

"Hello, little captain! You are the boy that has red cheeks and bright eyes? What are you doing out here in the cold?"

"I am looking for my papa!"

"Where is he coming from?"

"Down town, sir, and he comes about!"

"What is your name?"

"Bobby."

"How old are you?"

"Five years, so my mamma says!"

"Where is your mamma?"

"At the window! Don't you see her? I can!"

"Oh, yes—that is she sure!"

"Yes!"

"When does your papa come?"

"He always comes now!" And I am waiting for him, and so is mamma!"

"Well, Bobby, you are a nice little boy. Do you love your papa?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, he will come pretty soon. May be he is stopping to buy something to bring to you?"

"I know he is—and he'll kiss me when he comes, and he'll kiss mamma, too, cause he always does, and I kiss, and mamma kisses him too!"

"Well, Bobby, hadn't you better run in where mamma is, and look out the window till papa comes? It's cold out here!"

"No, sir—I don't want to! He'll come, for he always comes now!"

Just then, down the little one sprang from the gate, pushed it open and then scampered down the sidewalk a few rods to meet the one he had been waiting for, and who he knew always came now!

Perhaps some of you saw him. He was a well-built man, clad in honest garb. His cap fitted close to his head—his coat was closely buttoned—he caught the little boy in his arms and kissed him—then let him down and walked along with a proud, firm, muscular step like a monarch among men. No wonder the little boy swung on the gate no wonder the wife at looking out of the window for his coming. He held the hand of the little one who trotted along by his side. As they came to the gate, by the side of which we stood carelessly, the woman at the window arose and walked to the door, the man passed by—little Bobby looked at us with a smile and said—

"I told you he'd come."

They passed into the house, and we came to terms.

The man did not notice us. Perhaps he never heard of us—perhaps he has. It may be he is a man that hates us, and says bitter things against us. Well, never mind—he is good to his little boy—he is good to the one he loves, who is named to little Bobby—he comes home Saturday night with a proud, firm step—he is a man—he loves his home once, and we like him.

That man is living to a purpose. He is a true man, of use in the world. Two hearts at least, besides his own, were made glad by his coming. And he was good not to keep them waiting, as thousands of men, and women, too, keep their loved ones waiting, when the heart is hungry for love and the minutes drag like hours. He was a workingman—his hands and clothes told us so. The week went and he came. Not late as if he hated to come home, but early as if his heart was there. Little Bobby was proud of him. He knew his papa would come, and with a warm and earnest kiss. Little Bobby was happy. The father was happy or his looks lied—and they did not.

Now we have been thinking till the hands on the watch-face before us point to midnight. What a good world this world would be if every home had a gate where swung and waited a little one knowing that now papa would come with a kiss, a smile, and a good heart. If at every home, by a window, were seated some loving woman and a loving wife waiting—not dreading, the approach of her husband, knowing he would be there on time, quick, firm in his step, prompt in his manhood, and sober, one who is monarch of his own life, and therefore over all. And all men might be so—can be so if they will. And then what a glorious world in which we live!

And we have been thinking, and must write it before we quit work, of the thousands of little boys and girls who might swing for hours on the gates, of the women who may watch at the windows for hours, wondering when he will come—how will he come—the one who at heart is real good, but who lacks the nerve to be the man he ought to be, can be, should, and would be if he would only pause to think, and see if there was not a better way to happiness that he was in. And we have been thinking of the poor widows whose husbands can never more to them come, no matter how long they watch at windows—of the men whose wives are gone, never more to return—of

the orphans who have no one to come home now and catch them in their arms and love them. And we have been wondering if any man who reads this will be brave enough to go to his home a little earlier each night, and try to be a good, earnest man, who will be proud of his home and of his manhood, of whom his wife and his children are so deserving. We know some will and some will think they will, but when the hour comes they will forget as we all do, and instead of making glad hearts of those who would be so glad to have them come home, perhaps not with presents, but like men, sober, kind, loving, will wait just a little longer, till thus their life becomes a failure.

God bless all who love their "loved ones" and who do not keep them waiting, and all those who suffer at heart from the absence of those they dearly love, and for whom they wait and watch, and watch and wait, hours upon hours, till all joy, of hope, of heart, of life, of love, has gone, as this Saturday night.—New York Democrat.

Why are country girls' cheeks like a good print dress? Because they are wanted to wash and retain their color.

A schoolmistress resident in Hamlin county, Iowa, was dismissed the other day for kissing the big boys.

Singing is to be officially and regularly taught in the French navy, by what is known as the Galias method.

A young lady in New York boasts that she can take an ounce of arsenic per day for her complexion and that it has no injurious effect.

In some French cities there are wine shops for women only, and drunkenness among working women is said to be on the increase.

A poor little boy, ten years old, whose parents are dead, shot himself through the heart in Fortsnouth Va. It is supposed harsh treatment drove him to the act.

A Western paper complains that the only success of an oculist recently in its locality was in enabling the flats who consulted him to cut their eye-teeth.

The California and Oregon and the Valjeo Railroads have formed a close connection for the freighting business.

NEW TO-DAY.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the county of Linn.

G. W. Phillips, plaintiff, vs. James Wiles, Lucinda J. Wiles, John N. Durham, Mary A. M. Durham, James Sanderson, Mary E. Sanderson, Esau Prewitt and Sarah E. Prewitt, defendants.

Suit to have deed reformed and a mistake in the description of the premises corrected, and for the specific performance of the contract of the contract.

To James Wiles, Lucinda J. Wiles, James Sanderson and the County of Linn, Oregon: You are hereby required to appear in this Court on the 12th day of July, 1870, to answer the complaint therein filed against you by the above named plaintiff with the Clerk of said Court, within ten days from the date of service of this summons upon you; and if service of this summons upon you be had by publication, then by the first day of the term following the expiration of six weeks from the first publication hereof, to-wit: the fourth Monday of October, 1870. And take notice, if you fail to appear and answer in said Court, on the day specified, that the relief demanded in said complaint, to-wit: for a judgment or decree to reform a certain deed by you executed, and for costs, &c.

Dated July 12, 1870.

First publication July 16, 1870.

By order of Hon. R. P. Boise, Judge.

N. H. CRANOR, Atty for PHE.

STATE OF OREGON, vs. County of Linn.

I hereby certify that the foregoing summons is a true copy of the original now on file in the Clerk's office of the State and county aforesaid.

Done under my hand and official seal aforesaid, this 12th day of July, 1870.

A. C. JONES, Clerk.

42w

In the County Court of the County of Linn, State of Oregon.

In the matter of the estate of Isiah Mercier, deceased.

To Mrs. Franklin P. Smith (formerly Miss Mercier), Sarah L. Mercier, Josephine Mercier and Mary Mercier, heirs of said deceased.

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON: You and each of you are hereby cited to appear in said Court, on the 12th day of July, 1870, to answer the petition of said Isiah Mercier, deceased, filed in said Court, on the 12th day of July, 1870, and to show cause, if any exist, why an order of sale of the real estate of said deceased should not be made as prayed for in the petition of said Isiah Mercier, deceased. Said real estate is described as follows: Lot No. 5, in Block No. 10, and lot No. 2, in Block No. 16.

By order of said Court.

I, I. A. C. Jones, the County Clerk, have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of said Court on this 7th day of July, 1870.

A. C. JONES, County Clerk.

July 9, 1870-42w

Summons.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the county of Linn.

James Knox, Letitia Knox and John Lowerback, plaintiffs, vs. John Lowerback, defendant.

Suit to compel J. B. Cleeland, plaintiff, to perform a legal obligation and for damages.

To John Lowerback, defendant: You are hereby required to appear in this Court on the 12th day of July, 1870, to answer the complaint therein filed against you by the above named plaintiffs, with the Clerk of said Court, within ten days from the date of service of this summons upon you; and if service of this summons upon you be had by publication, then by the first day of the term following the expiration of six weeks from the first publication hereof, to-wit: the fourth Monday of October, 1870. And take notice, if you fail to answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court, as said term, for the relief demanded in said complaint, to-wit: for a judgment or decree discharging a mortgage, and for one hundred dollars damages, besides costs, &c.

First publication June 25, 1870.

By order of Hon. R. P. Boise, Judge.

A. C. JONES, Atty for plaintiffs.

42w

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