The Albany Register.

A Dinner of Herbs.

Between eight and nine o'clock on a fine September morning, a young married couple stood together at the window of a charming little house pleasantly situated at Norwood.

The neatly-appointed breakfast equipage had not been removed by the spruce maid-servant, but the meal had concluded, and the master of the neat little cottage was about to take his departure by train for the scene of his daily labors.

Robert Dinwillow was only a solicitor's confidential clerk, at a salary of rather less than the much-abused three hundred pounds per annum; yet he contrived to find life very tolerable on the whole. He was a fine, honest-faced, stalwart person, about thirty-two or three, who loved his friends, his old mother and sisters, and adored his pretty, spoilt, wilful, loving wife—a bright-eyed, petulant, chirping little woman, ten years his junior.

The morning was splendid; the room was cheerful, the servant-maid brisk and willing, and the eggs and rashers had been unexceptional, the coffee clear, the rolls crisp, and the butter, really butter. Yet for all that, as she stood amid the flowers in her bay-window—herself in white dress and blue ribbons, the most attractive object there—there was a sullen pout on Selina Denwillow's pretty mouth that was not pleasant to see.

"Come, dear, I must go in two minutes," said her husband. "I think I shall be home early to-day. You promised me a roast leg of pork, you know

"And you promised me that gray *moire antique* at Swan and Edgar's" retorted the lady, sulkily.

"But, Lina, dear, I had no notion *moires* were so expensive. Why, they wanted twenty guineas for it."

"Well?"

"Well! Why, it is the twelfth part of our whole year's income."

"But if it was to please me?"

"To please you I would make a good many sacrifices, you know well, my dear Lina; but if I were to try to please you at that rate, I should soon be in the Bankruptcy Court."

Lina tossed her golden head contemptuously.

"Besides, what does my little wife want with such superb fabrics?" said her husband, laughing. "No, no, Lina. Leave *moires* to duchesses. I like you best in your white muslin. There, I must go! Give me a kiss, and don't forget the pork. Bye-bye! You'll be better tempered when I come home, poppit."

And whistling cheerily, away hurried Robert Denwillow to catch the train to London bridge.

Like most of her sex, Lina could have borne any opposition better than her husband's imperturbable good temper. She was out of humor, and she knew it. She wanted to quarrel, and she would quarrel, and she couldn't, because it takes two parties to a quarrel, and her husband had not afforded her the slightest excuse for giving way to her ill-humor.

No sooner was he fairly out of sight than the little woman rang the bell furiously.

"Ann!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"When the greengrocer calls, turnips and potatoes."

"Yes, ma'am."

"And when the butcher calls, a leg of mutton for boiling."

And there was a malicious twinkle in Mrs. Denwillow's eyes.

Ann opened her mouth with astonishment.

"Lor, ma'am, I thought master said something about roast pork."

"Never mind what your master said—"

"But, ma'am," remonstrated Ann, boldly, "master can't bear boiled mutton, and I've got the onions for the stuffing."

"Put on your bonnet immediately, Ann," returned her mistress, with stern dignity, "and go to the Italian warehouse, and order a bottle of capers."

And with a look of dismay Ann vanished.

"Oh, my! ain't she a tartar!" muttered she, as she quitted.

Mrs. Denwillow watched her servant close the door, and then smiled triumphantly.

"There!" exclaimed she, in such a tone as Alexander the Great might have adopted after a decisive victory; "there! think I've done it now."

Five o'clock approached—the Denwillow's usual dinner-hour. The boiling mutton began to give signs and tokens of its presence in the house, and Lina's favorite little dog sniffed the savory odor in the passages, and slobbered anticipatingly.

"Dear me! I wish Robert would come," thought little Mrs. Denwillow. "The mutton will be boiled to rags."

A quarter past five—half past—but no master of the house forthcoming. Lina grew exceedingly angry.

"How dare he tease me like this?" she asked herself.

It must be owned that there is nothing in all the world so trying as waiting for an expected person who does not come; and she had this additional incentive to anger, that she had intended to play her husband a trick, and it seemed as if he were turning the tables on her. She thought of serving up dinner—she was fond of boiled mutton—but then she would lose her anticipated laugh; and besides, her wifely instincts revolted from such a piece of selfishness as that.

Six—half past—nearly seven, and no Robert Denwillow! The little woman's anger had all gone. She was now seriously alarmed. Thrice had she descended to the kitchen, to confer with Ann, each time less angrily and more anxiously, and she was already thinking of paying her servant another visit, when Ann herself, with a hasty and unceremonious knock, entered the parlor. The girl looked flurried and alarmed.

"Oh, if you please, ma'am, you're not to be frightened, but Mr. Hodges, the station-master, has sent up to say as there's a accident on the line!"

"What?" screamed Lina, pale as death, and with an awful sinking of the heart.

"A Crystal Palace train have run into the four-thirty, please, ma'am, and seventeen persons are killed, and many wounded. It's near New Cross, ma'am. Them accidents is always near New Cross."

"Oh!" sobbed poor Mrs. Denwillow, "I've lost the best husband—my poor Robert! And I was so wicked to him! Oh! ho!"

"Law, no, if you please ma'am, master ain't killed. Here's a 'gram as Mr. Hodges said I was to give it to you. It ought to have come an hour and a half ago, but were delayed in the confusion. Them 'grams always is delayed somehow," added Ann, soliloquizingly.

Lina seized the paper, and tore it open. It ran thus:—

"DARLING,—*Don't be alarmed. Frightful accident at New Cross. Am making myself useful to sufferers. Shall take cab home. Don't wait dinner*"

In the intense relief of her heart, Lina sobbed convulsively, and made an inward vow never to be so petulant and exacting in future. In a mood of mad penitence, she sat upon the sofa, forming hosts of good resolutions, until the sound of cab-wheels fell joyfully on her ears.

In two minutes more Robert Denwillow was in the parlor, clasping the penitent little woman in his arms.

"Oh, Bob, dear, I am so sorry! And I've been so frightened! I'll never be so cross again!" sobbed she.

The husband stroked her fair hair tenderly, but did not reply. He judged it better to let her tears have their course. At last he said—

"Well, dear, it's all right now, so let us go to dinner."

"Oh those poor people killed! I could not eat any dinner."

"Nonsense, there were no people killed; only a score of broken arms and legs."

"Why," exclaimed the little woman, in surprise, "Ann told me there were seventeen persons killed."

Robert Denwillow laughed.

"These sort of things are always grossly exaggerated," he said. "But come, I want my dinner—odd! I don't perceive the onions."

"Oh, Bob, dear!" sighed his wife, coloring to the roots of her hair, "I—I'm so sorry, but there's nothing but b—b—boiled mutton for dinner."

The good fellow winced for a moment, but he comprehended in an instant how matters stood, and said, gently—

"Well, dearest, a certain grand old Book says, 'Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than,——'"

Lina kissed him impetuously.

"You are an angel, Robert—a good, man—and I am a weak, silly, wicked little thing!"

"Not wicked, pet!"

"Oh, Robert," she said, earnestly, as she hung around his neck, "bear with me, and forgive me!"

"Forgive you, my darling!" said her husband, returning her caress. "Have we not all need of forbearance and forgiveness?"

"Dinner's ready, please sir," cried Ann, entering, with a covert smile on her face.

"Well, Ann," returned her master, good-humoredly, and as if boiled mutton were his favorite dish, "I am hungry enough to do credit to your cooking."

Little Mrs. Denwillow, with a feeling of intense shame, took her seat at the head of the table. Ann removed the covers. The boiled mutton, sadly overdone, was there, it is true; but opposite her master Ann had placed a splendid rump-stake pie, which she had covered over, to produce the greater effect when disclosed.

Lina cast a grateful glance at her servant, whilst Robert Denwillow said—

"This is famous! But how is it, Ann? I thought boiled mutton——"

"Well, sir," said Ann, with a gratified smile, and a sly glance at her mistress, "I thought, as master don't like mutton, and the butcher's boy had a fine steak on his tray, I'd make a pie on my own 'sponsibility."

"You have done quite rightly, Ann," said her mistress, "and show good sense."

Surely a merrier "dinner of herbs" never was than that, seasoned as it was by a renewal of love and confidence between the married couple. Mrs. Denwillow often spoke of it afterwards as the commencement of a long and happy life.

The Execution of the Officers of Schill's Corps.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

The history of the German war for independence from French rule, passes silently by the shameful event which took place in the Fortress of Wesel, which cost the lives of eleven as brave young soldiers as ever breathed. Up to this time but few particulars have come before the public relative to this bloody tragedy. An old veteran of Schill's Corps, Dr. Purch, Regimental Physician at Potsdam, perhaps the only now living eye-witness of the bloody drama at Wesel, describes the execution of those young officers as follows:

Early on a dreary Autumn day, October 16, 1808, orders were received from Napoleon, ordering the immediate execution of the eleven young Prussian members of Schill's Corps, then held as prisoners of war in the fortress of Wesel. Preparations were immediately made for the carrying into effect the orders received and the execution took place at one o'clock on the same afternoon. Early in the morning the gates leading to the city were closed; the guard reinforced and orders issued prohibiting all gatherings of citizens in the streets. With drums beating, a large detachment of troops took up its line of march from the citadel to the place of execution. The vanguard was formed by a troop of mounted men armed with carbines and ready to make use of their arms at any moment. Following these came a detachment of grenadiers, and then sixty-six cannoniers for the execution, in whose midst the eleven prisoners marched with firm and steady pace, the irons still on, clashing and grating at every step. Their names were:

Leopold Johns, aged 31 years; Ferdinand Schmidt, 28 years of age; Ferdinand Galle, 27 years af age; Carl de Wedell, 23 years of age; Albert de Wedell, 17 years of age; Adolph de Keller, 24 years of age; Constantine Gobiae, 25 years of age; Ernst de Fleming, 25 years of age; Carl de Kuffenbrink, 16 years of age; Frederick Felson, 16 years of age; Frederick Schmidt, 24 years of age.

All of them had already had a taste of Napoleonic humanity as galley slaves at Toulon and Marseilles. On the way to the place of execution they called to citizens who were looking mournfully on this murderous procession, to come along with them and see how a Prussian officer dies for his Fatherland.

Arriving at the place designated for the execution the commanding officer made an effort to read again to the prisoners their sentence of death, but was emphatically interrupted by the prisoners who declared they cared nothing about hearing it. Leopold John then steppod forwarward and in a loud and firm voice exclaimed: "The God of Battles will visit you and your blood-teeming Emperor in judgment hereafter: "Not forever will his golden eagle fly on to victory! Not forever will his star of success shine resplendent, to light him on through blood to glory! No! There is a fall in store for that eagle, and a setting in darkness for that star, and here upon our graves one day the banner of our German Fatherland will wave to the breeze, and the black eagle proudly rise to shelter our resting place beneath his pinions. Here our German brethren will one day plant our triumphant flag and with sword in hand drive back your haughty hosts over the Rhine. The time is not far distant when the proud walls of your Paris will tremble and crumble before Prussian cannons." The words coming like the voice of a prophet from the grave, made a painful impression upon the soldiery charged with the execution. A sergent advanced to blindfold the prisoners, but was disdainfully motioned away by Wedell, who informed him that a Prussian soldier never flinches while looking an enemy in the face. "You can rob us with life of all we possess," said Wedell, "but not of dying as becomes a true Prussian soldier, nor the love we hold in our hearts for our noble country for which we have offered our life! Entertain no fear that we will tremble or falter only be sure that your nerves are steady and that your aim is true." After these words they all embraced each other in a last farewell in life, and taking off their cravats bared their brests calling out to the soldiers to make sure and hit a Prussian's heart. "Long live our noble country, our German Fatherland!" rent the air with one voice, and Fleming, throwing up his cap commanded "Fire!" A volley of sixty-six muskets rattled forth their murderous lead upon them, and ten heroic men were no more. The smoke clearing away displayed the eleventh man still standing motionless as a statue. It was young Wedell, his right arm shattered by his side. His brother pierced by twelve bullets lying dead by his side. The commanding General Lamoine stepped forward from the ranks and advancing towards the prisoner said: "Pardon!" "Pardon!" exclaimed young Wedell, "Pardon! I ask no pardon sir; a Prussian asks no favors from a Frenchman! Am I meaner than my comrades here weltering in their blood? Cowardly braggarts, I thought you better marksmen! Here is my heart shoot like Prussians, and look me in the eye like men!" A section of twelve men were ordered forward from the reserve. In a firm voice Wedell commanded "Fire!" and he had joined his comrades.

"IT'S SET FOR TWENTY MINUTES."—A good story is told of an English judge visiting a penal institution, and being practically disposed, the learned judge philanthropically trusted himself on the treadmill, desiring the warden to set it in motion. The machine was accordingly adjusted, and his lordship began to lift his feet. In a few minutes, however, the new hand had quite enough of it, and called to be released, but this was not so easy. "Please, my lord," said the man, "you can't get off. It's set for twenty minutes; that's the shortest time we can make it go." So the judge was in durance until his term expired.

Sullivan county, Ohio, is the home of Estella Whitcomb, thirteen years of age, and who for three years past has for her own choice been engaged in regular farm work, in plowing, sowing, reaping, mowing and harrowing, as well as driving and managing horses. Last summer she raked about forty acres of hay, besides doing her share toward mowing, loading and pitching it.

Henry P. Comstock, who discovered the silver mines at Virginia City, committed suicide, recently, in Montana Territory. He had been on the Big Horn expedition, became discouraged, demented, and at length blew his brains out.

At a meeting of the Board of Regents, yesterday, it was unanimously resolved to admit ladies as students in the University on equal terms with young men. This will be regarded as an enlightened and popular decision, and fully up to the spirit of the times.—*Cal. Paper*

The New York *Tribune* is eclipsing all other journals in the world in the extent and costliness of its European news. It has daily telegrams from the principal European capitals, and these letters it is said cost from $1,500 to $4,000 a day. In comparison our local journalism seems insignificant indeed.

A gentleman who is ashamed of his intensely bald head, explains the absence of hair by saying that he was born poor, and was compelled to scratch his way through life. What quantities of people in Oregon were thus afflicted.

It is said that it takes ten men nearly a year working steadily, to finish a handsome camel's hair shawl. When you take this into consideration, the price asked for them seems moderate.

Robert Collyer says: "I do not remember a single preacher of the English race and of commanding power, who was not the son of a man in moderate circumstances."

Paducah, Kentucky, is growing. A married couple in that place have had eight children in five years—twins four times straight along. Six children, or three pairs, are now living, one pair having died.

The Virginia oyster navy is preparing to shell the Maryland fleet.

The Influence of the Editor.

There seems to be a great consumption of brain power on the daily journalism of America. It has been but a few months since intelligence of the sudden death of Henry J. Raymond, of the New York *Times*, shocked the reading public of Christendom. It has been but a few days since intelligence of the sudden death of Charles H. Ray brought personal sorrow to ten thousand hearts, and feelings of profound regret to many of his countrymen in all portions of the republic. Both of these distinguished journalists died on the sunny side of fifty of over-work of the brain. Mr. Raymond stood at the head of his profession in the East; Dr. Ray was confessedly its most eminent man in the Interior. The brain of each suddenly gave way, leaving physical natures which, with animating soul, might have lived vigorously on for years.

Nor are these celebrated journalists the only ones who have suffered similar fate, or to avoid it have abandoned journalism for other and less exacting pursuits. Mr. Raymond, it is well known, prepared about as much matter on one noted day of his editorial life, as would make a volume of Bancroft's History of the United States. This condensation of year's work into days is not infrequent in editorial life. It is not strange, therefore, that we all unexpectedly hear that the silver cord is loosened and the pitcher broken at the fountain, and that the mourners go about the streets, who, only yesterday, rejoiced with those who to-day are gone.

Meantime, what is the subtle though prodigious power that causes so many of our best minds to spend their lives in productions whose life is like that of the morning dew, that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away? There are, doubtless, many things which make up this singular power, this fascination, making newspaper life, to certain active minds, an irresistible charm. The principal cause, however, is to be found, we think, in the current influence of the editor. Consider the power of that orator, great and skillful in his art, who should have an audience of fifty thousand or a hundred thousand persons every day throughout the year. Consider how much greater would be his influence if by some means, these vast audiences could be doubled, trebled, quadrupled, enlarged twenty-fold, by some process for the conveyance of his main arguments to many audiences. Such actually is the influence of the editor of a great newspaper. A journal which has a circulation of twenty-five thousand, will be read by at least a hundred thousand persons. What is the voice of man, uttering even the eloquence of Demosthenes, to this? But this is not all: The brilliant, ringing editorials of such a writer as Dr. Ray find their way into journals, and before their power is exhausted, their voice has been heard by vast numbers of persons. Orator has never lived, clerical or lay, who, if he could have had such auditory as this, would not have talked himself to death between spring time and harvest.—*From an article on the late Dr. C. H. Ray, in* THE WESTERN MONTHLY *for November.*

A Boston man has been in business there in one house seventy-five years. He is ninety five years old, and got already to die just as the war broke out, when the price of coffins went up; so he concluded it would be money in his pockets to postpone it. And they haven't come down enough since to warrant him a cheap funeral.

One of the Yancton Sioux chiefs calls himself Bill Goosequill. The Detroit *Tribune* says, "This is evidently a rude attempt by the poor untutored red man to pay a tribute to the name and fame of William Penn.,'

A young lady from Iowa has been on the plains shooting buffalo. She is described as very pretty, and with her first shot brought down an enormous bison.

There is a humane farmer in New Jersey, who refuses to shoot boys for stealing his watermelons. He lets them eat all they want, and then takes his revenge by reading their obituaries a few days after.

The *Galaxy* observes that the lack of hickory wood in England prevents the building of light wagons and sulkies like ours. Lancewood is too heavy and other is not sufficiently tough.

Marie Krebs is the name of the new pianist who is to arrive in this country from Germany this month. She is said to be as beautiful as she is gifted and only eighteen.

It was once said of a penurious money lender, that he kept the trunk containing his securities near the head of his bed, and laid awake to hear them draw interest.

A man going down hill always gets more help than going up. When it comes to kicking, people are wont to be very liberal.

At Wamego, a place in the extreme West, is a shanty which bears the sign: "Here's where you get a meal like your mother used to give you."

A little girl was heard to wish the other day "that she was a boy, so she could swear when she dropped her books in the mud.

Rev. T. H. Pearne has been appointed U. S. Consul at Kingston Jamaica.

Bismarck says the first point of the armistice was not settled.

Ah about a woman—A hoop-skirt.

Notice of Final Settlement.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT James P. Hogue, Executor of the estate of Davis Layton, deceased, has filed his final account in the matter of said estate, and asks a final settlement of the same, and that by order of the County Court in and for Linn county and State of Oregon, made on the 7th day of October, 1870, the 8th day of November, A. D. 1870, is set for the hearing of objections to said final account and settlement of the same.

By order of the County Court, made on the 7th day of October, A. D. 1870.

S. A. JOHNS, County Judge.
JAMES P. HOGUE, Executor.
POWELL & FLINN, Atty's for Executor.
Albany, Oct. 6, 1870-v3n5w4

NEW TO-DAY.

1870. 1870.

FALL TRADE.

L. GOLDSMITH & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS

—OF—

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

DRY GOODS!

NOTIFY THE TRADE THAT THEY will open, on the

30th day of August, 1870,

the Largest and Best Assorted Stock of

Domestic & Foreign Dry Goods

to be found in this market, comprising every brand and make of Cotton Goods known to the Trade, at

REDUCED RATES!

We also invite special attention to our Large and Well Selected Stock of

FANCY GOODS, CLOTHING,

—AND—

MENS' FURNISHING GOODS!

which we offer at UNSURPASSED PRICES, on the most favorable terms.

OUR STOCK OF

BOOTS & SHOES!

Is worthy the attention of every Buyer, having been expressly Manufactured for the Oregon Trade, and will offer great inducements to purchasers.

L. GOLDSMITH & CO.,

75 Front and 76 First-St., Portland, Oregon,
132 Church street, New York.

L. GOLDSMITH & CO.,

SOLE AGENTS OF WILLAMETTE WOOLEN Manufactory, have a Large Stock of the Goods manufactured by the above mentioned Co. now in store, consisting of

Flannels,

Tweeds,

Cassimeres,

and Blankets.

Our NEW STYLE CASSIMERES Excel in Style and Finish any Goods manufactured on this coast. 52m3

September 3d, 1870.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

GEO. F. SETTLEMIER,

DRUGGIST.

(Successor to D. W. Wakefield,)

Parrish's New Building, First Street,

ALBANY, OREGON,

—DEALER IN—

Drugs and Medicines,

CHEMICALS,

PAINTS. OILS, GLASS, ETC.

All articles warranted pure and of the best quality.

Physicians Prescriptions carefully compounded.

Albany, Oct. 17, 1868-6tf

$2,000

BET ON THE ELECTION!

Any one who wants to win can do so by calling on

R. C. HILL & SON,

WHO, thankful for past patronage, still invite the attention of Linn county *et al.*, to their unequalled stock of

DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS,
PAINT & VARNISH BRUSHES,
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,
ALCOHOL, KEROSENE,
WINDOW GLASS,
TRUSSES,

FANCY AND TOILET ARTICLES, ETC.

Agents for Dr. D. Jayne & Son's preparations, H. H. H. Horse Medicines, etc.

Do you like medicine for its bitter or nauseating taste? We have that description. Do you want the effect with an aromatic taste? After taking a few doses of our Elixir, 'twill be so very pleasant that your prejudices
Must surely turn awry,
and the preparation
Will lose the name of physic.
(but not the effect.)

Physicians and customers from the country may rest assured that their orders will be promptly attended to. Prescriptions carefully and correctly compounded.

Have you the impolite guest called a corn? We sell "Corn Slayer," which surely does the work, without pain. Do you desire a book of any kind, a Gold Pen, an Album, Stationery, or such? W. S. Driggs is with us, for the accommodation of all favoring him with a call.

Do you want a fine Watch, a set of Jewelry, cheap or dear? J. D. Titus sells the same, under the same roof.

Come and see us. Buy a Book. Buy a Watch. Buy a Pill Buy something or nothing, but come and see us, anyway. A well sprinkled floor and a cool drink of water in the summer, and a warm stove surrounded by comfortable chairs in winter constantly kept for the accommodation of all.

Albany, May 14, '70-36

RATES OF TOLL

OVER THE

Willamette Valley and Cascade Mountain Wagon Road.

To Deschuttes River:

Four Horse or Mule team	$4 50
Two " " "	3 00
One " " "	2 00
Ox teams, three yoke	4 50
For every additional yoke	50
Loose horses, per head	25
" cattle, per head	15
" sheep or hogs	3
Teams returning empty, half price.	
Pack animals, loaded	50
" " unloaded	25
Horse and rider	1 00

To Fish Lake:

Four horse or mule team, each way	2
Two " " " "	1
One " " " "	1
Pack animals, loaded.	
" " unloaded.	
Horse and rider	
Ox team, three yoke	2

To Upper Soda Spring:

Four horse or mule team, out and back	2 50
Two " " " "	2 00
One " " " "	1 00
Horse and rider, "	50
Loose animals, "	25

Ox teams the same as horse teams.

A. HACKLEMAN, Pres.
W. W. PARRISH, Sec.
March 0, 1869- 8

"GAY" NEWS.

Farmers Can Ride and Plow,

BY SECURING ONE OF THE

"GAY" PLOWS,

Manufactured and sold for the very low price of

$65 and $75.

THE simplicity and practicability of this new Plow commends it favorably to the special notice of every farmer. It possesses a decided superiority over all other plows now in use. The wheels are four feet in diameter, and run on the unplowed land. Its entire construction is in no way complicated. The plow is managed in every manner with ease, and requires only two levers to be used in making any alteration. The superiority of the "Gay" Plow will be clearly shown by the following certificate:

We, the undersigned, citizens of Linn county, Oregon, having purchased and used upon our farms the "Gay" Plow, hereby certify that the same has given us entire satisfaction. Its facility for adjusting to suit the depth of furrow without moving from the seat, is simple and easy. We like the plow for its draught, because the same is brought to bear directly upon the plow-beam instead of the carriage; also, because it is strong and durable, all except the wood-work being constructed of wrought iron—no castings are used. The wheels running upon the solid land is an advantage over other gang-plows, in striking off land and in plowing, not having to make the necessary changes in the machinery, and the seat is always level, not throwing the driver forward or sideways as in other plows. Better work and more of it can be accomplished by the use of this Plow than by hand.

We take pleasure in recommending the "GAY" PLOW to our brother farmers, as one having no superior in Oregon.

J. G. REED, W. P. ESHOM,
A. S. LOONEY, E. W. PIKE,
W. H. GOLTTREE. H. DAVIDSON.

May 20th, 1869.

The "GAY" PLOW is manufactured by H. Goulding, Portland Machine Shop.

All orders will be promptly attended to by addressing,

C. P. GAY,
Portland, Oregon.

Albany Agents.
J. BARROWS & CO., Agents for Linn & Benton counties.
JOHN BRIGGS, Agent for Linn & Benton counties.

May , '69-37

S. H. Claughton,

NOTARY PUBLIC AND REAL ESTATE AGENT. Office in the Post Office building, *Lebanon, Oregon.*

Will attend to making Deeds and other conveyances, also to the prompt collection of debts entrusted to my care. 1

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

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO PHYSICIANS.

NEW YORK, August 15, 1868.

Allow me to call your attention to my PREPARATION OF COMPOUND EXTRACT BUCHU. The component parts are, BUCHU, Long Leaf CUBEBS, JUNIPER BEERIES.

Mode of Preparation:—Buchu, in vacuo. Juniper Berries, by distillation, to form a fine gin. Cubebs extracted by displacement with spirits obtained from Juniper Berries; very little sugar is used, and a small proportion of spirit. It is more palatable than any now in use.

Buchu as prepared by Druggists, is of a dark color. It is a plant that emits its fragrance; the action of a flame destroys this (its active principle) leaving a dark and glutinous decoction. Mine is the color of ingredients. The Buchu in my preparation predominates; the smallest quantity of the other ingredients are added to prevent fermentation; upon inspection it will be found not to be a Tincture, as made in Pharmacopœa, nor is it a Syrup—and therefore can be used in cases where fever or inflammation exists. In this, you have the knowledge of the ingredients and the mode of preparation.

Hoping that you will favor it with a trial, and that upon inspection it will meet with your approbation, with a feeling of profound confidence,

I am very respectfully,
H. T. HELMBOLD,
Chemist and Druggist of 19 Years' Experience.

(From the largest Manufacturing Chemists in the World.)

November 4, 1854.

"I am acquainted with Mr. H. T. Helmbold; he occupied the drug store opposite my residence, and was successful in conducting the business where others had not been equally so before him. I have been favorably impressed with his character and enterprise."

WILLIAM WEIGHTMAN,
Firm of Powers & Weightman, Manufacturing Cemists, Ninth and Brown-sts., Philadelphia.

HELMBOLD'S

FLUID EXTRACT

BUCHU,

For weakness arrising from indiscretion. The exhausted powers of Nature which are accompanied by so many alarming symptoms, among which will be found, Indisposition to Exertion, Loss of Memory, Wakefulness, Horror of Disease, or Forebodings of Evil; in fact, Universal Lassitude Prostration, and inability to enter into the enjoyments of society.

The Constitution

once effected with Organic Weakness, requires the aid of Medicine to strengthen and invigorate the system, which HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU invariably does. If no treatment is submitted to, Consumption or Insanity ensues.

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