The Albany Register.

The Man with a Hole in His Head.

[It will hardly do to pronounce the story of Obed Murch an impossibility for not many years ago a man in Vermont actually did experience such a mishap as befell Obed, and yet he lived, although without promising his head to anybody. Possibly somebody may have taken it, however.]

As Obed Murch sat sprawled out on a huge granite bowlder at the top of Poverty Ridge, his rock-hammer in one hand and his tamping iron in the other he thought that Mooney Flat had never looked so repulsive. Obed could see across the hot waste of hill below him the door of his humble cabin wide open the white table-cloth gleaming within, and Priscilla flitting to and fro. Obed was a family man, and had married Priscilla two years ago, when he was getting out lumber at Puget Sound. And as he lifted up his hammer to strike a few more blows on the tamping-iron, and thought of the poor prospect before him, he gave an awkward sideling blow with his hammer—for there was a tear in his eye, and it bothered him. There was a quick puff of smoke—a tearing shriek of a small explosion—and before Obed Murch could wipe the tear from his eye, he lay flat on his back with his heels in the air, and a clean hole cut from under his chin to the top of his head, where the slender tamping-iron had gone through bone, muscle, brain, skull and scalp.

"Dead as a mackerel."

This was the verdict of a rough miner who, coming down with his comrades from the gulch above, saw the catastrophe. And to all appearances Obed was as near his grave as a man could well be. So the miners, a little subdued by this untimely taking-off of their neighbor, shouldered him tenderly and carried him down the hill, Hy Fender loitering along in the rear, curiously regarding the fatal tool in his hand, and wondering if a man could live after a tamping-iron, twenty-two inches long and one-half of an inch in diameter, had gone clean through his head.

But Obed Murch was still alive. When his wife Priscilla came to the door to wave a towel as a signal to her husband that his dinner was ready, and saw six men bringing home her husband, with one following behind like a solitary mourner, she knew exactly what had happened, and turned back into the house, shoved the unneeded dinner-table against the wall, made ready the neat white bed in the corner for the wounded man; and when the sad procession had crossed the dusty road and crowded in at the narrow doorway, she asked: "Is he badly hurt?"

"Dead as a mackerel."

Mooney flat is not favorable to the growth of sentiment; and Jotham Snowman, the deliverer of this verdict, was unsentimental—and unmarried. Priscilla did not weep, nor moan, nor shriek. She helped to lay her husband gently on his bed, and turning to the last speaker, she said: "Now you, Jotham, jest you get Squire Thornton's pony, and ride over to Timbuctoo after Dr. Otis as quick as God'll let you." Jotham departed straight; and the Squire's yellow pony was making a white cloud of dust on the Empire Ranch ridge as Priscilla sat down by the bedside and bathed her husband's face in spirits of champhor. This was all the poor woman could do; and the gossips, who gathered in to sympathize with the mourner, curiously eyed the round red hole in the top of the head—but suggested no remedy nor other restorative. Obed lay motionless, but not quite breathless; and the silent group waited for the doctor—a mighty man of physic, who had brought many a hopeless case from death's door before now.

It was dark when Dr. Otis, after a long and exhausting attendance by the bedside of the supposed dying man, stepped out into the cool evening air. Obed's fate had been canvassed in every cabin of the village; and nothing but a sublime confidence in Dr. Otis's power to work miracles had prevented the populace from sending out two of their number to Dead Man's Gulch to dig a grave. Three or four miners and axemen sat whittling on the logs as the doctor came out; and Hy Fender asked: "Well, now; has he passed in his checks?" The doctor smiled good-naturedly, and said: "It would be no surprising thing if Obed Murch would outlive you yet, Hiram."

"What—with a hole in his head!"

"Aye—with a hole in his head from bottom to top, and clean through the brain at that. You see, the iron was small and smooth; it parted the formations of the brain, cut no large blood vessels, did not injure the cerebral organs, and left him only senseless. I believe he will recover."

"Well, boys," said Jotham Snowman, "I guess we won't dig that grave to-night; and some of you fellers had better lay round here to-night in case you're wanted."

That night Obed Murch squeezed his wife's hand when she whispered for him to give a sign if he recognized her voice. The next day he was fed with a weak broth of chicken—though the wound in his mouth pained him excessively. And in a month afterwards, he was sitting in the doorway, with all his faculties about him, contemplating with affectionate interest the smooth tamping-iron that had nearly done him to death—and with the hole in his head nicely covered by a small silver plate, over which the drawn scalp was promising to grow kindly.

And thus was death cheated of it's prey by a skillful, well-trained surgeon, and a gentle, affectionate, and untiring nurse.

But the times were hard with the Murch family. But their neighbors—kind souls! knew exactly the state of things in the Murch cabin; and, with all the ingenuity that such exingencies call into action, they helped the Murches on one pretext and another. And so when Dr. Otis came to speak about his bill for services and attendance, Priscilla felt a little tremor in spite of herself. This was a sacred debt; it was to the good doctor who had saved Obed's life.

But the doctor had his plan of settlement. "Now, Murch," said he, "you will have a louder call some of these days. We have all our time to die; yours was not when that iron went up through your head; but it will come by and by. I am getting gray, I know, but I may outlive you. You may get blowed up yet; and as you will have no special use for that curious head of yours why, I'll call it square if you will agree to let me have it after you have got through with it."

This staggered Murch not a little; and his wife was disposed to resent such a proposition. But after contemplating it curiously for a day or two, both agreed; and Dr. Otis gave Obed a receipt for all services rendered, absolutely declining to take any written agreement as to the novel means of payment—laughingly declaring that if Obed's word, attested by Obed's wife, was not good for Obed's skull when he was done using it, a formal document would be no better.

The curious facts in Murch's case got into the newspapers. Consequently, when he went to the large town of Emilyville to live, he was the object of much remark and curiosity, and he thought this odd sort of notoriety rather helped him in his attempts to win a livelihood, for in some way or another things prospered with him and he got even with the world in spite of his drawbacks.

Murch had made a good many friends in his new home, and when Priscilla was taken down one summer with a fever, there were kind and sympathizing hands extended to help the childless couple in their trouble. One of the neighbors ran for a doctor who had lateely moved into Emilyville, and had already made for himself a considerable name. Obed had had no sickness in his home and knew nothing of the physician of the town; and was not a little astonished when the new doctor proved to be no less than his old friend Otis—who had a mortgage on the skull of his old patient. The cheery doctor, however, shook him heartily by the hand, and divining his thoughts, said good naturedly: "Never you mind, Obed, you are not sent for yet; and your head is good for as many years on those shoulders as this one is on mine," shaking his own gray locks.

Afterwards, when the doctor came out of Priscilla's sick chamber, he said gravely to Obed: "My old friend, your time is not come yet, but Priscilla is called." This was a sad blow to Obed, and he did not let go his hold on his beloved wife with much resignation. Priscilla was not a gentle woman, and sometimes her language had been rough with Obed; but she was a true, loving, and honorable wife, and her counsels had been his guide in life. So when she was passing away and reminded him of what he had owed to Dr. Otis, he listened awe struck, as to a voice from the grave.

"Remember," said Priscilla, "if it hadn't been for Otis you would have gone five years before me. He saved your life, and you musn't go back on your promise to him. We made it together, and if I had outlived you I meant to see it kept. He has set his heart on't. Whoever comes after you must do your will in this matter." Obed promised; he meant to keep his word, and perhaps it was not his fault that he never did. And when he laid Priscilla in the bleak cemetery of Emilyville, he made up his mind to write his will so that his wishes might be known to those who should come after him. But men dislike making their wills.

Priscilla's death unsettled Murch once more; and, selling out his little property he went back to Puget Sound, where he had wooed and won her he had so lately lost. He took unto himself a second wife—Phebe Morey by name. Very different was Phebe from her predecessor. Light, trifling, vain, and superficial, she led the steady going Obed a life much changed from what he had known before.

Eating his solitary luncheon at noon one day, Obed saw the open doorway of the saw mill darken, and looking up, beheld Dr. Otis. A little chill passed over him as he greeted his oldtime preserver, but he managed to put a pleasant face on the matter, and found that the doctor, had been, like himself, a rolling stone, and had finally bent his steps to the new Territory as a more promising region for a professional man. Obed was really bothered at the sudden appearance of him who had a claim on his head, and when he went home to his supper that night his wife pouted and fretted because he was silent and glum, and would give no explanation therefor His story had gone with him, and during the few years which had passed since he returned to Puget Sound, he had established something of an eccentric fame as "The Man with a Hole in his Head." Often had he good naturedly allowed his prying neighbors to feel the silver plate under his scalp, and had showed them the scar hidden among the bushy whiskers that covered the place where the tamping-iron had passed up through his head from under his chin. But not even his wife knew of the bargain which he had made with Dr. Otis. Still he meant to keep it all the same.

Obed could not very well avoid meeting Dr. Otis in the little village where they both lived now; and he never saw the good doctor without thinking of the chances which there might be of the cool scientific man some day turning over his empty skull, as Hamlet might have handled poor Yorick's. And he made a ghastly joke to himself, as he thought of the intoxicating liquor going to his brain. Only once did he mention the unpleasant topic to the doctor; and it was then he suggested that he was able to pay that old bill now, if the doctor would make it out for him.

"But," said Otis, good-humoredly, "you have a receipted bill; what more do you want?"

"True," said Obed; "but you may never get the consideration given for that receipt; and I had rather pay it now in coin and have done with it."

The doctor laughed, and said, "Never you mind; my consideration was your promise, and I'll run the risk of your keeping it. What! man," he added more gravely, "have you repented of your bargain?"

"No," said Murch, "not repented; but you may never get your pay, and I would like to have it off my mind."

"Leave me alone for that," was the shrewd reply; "If I slip off the hooks before you do, I shall lose; and that is my risk, not yours."

And though the doctor was a frequent guest at Murch's house, sitting at his table and chatting gaily with his wife, Obed never spoke of the affair to him again; but often, when the unconscious Otis was passing in and about his home, he would look almost savagely at him, muttering to himself. "He's waiting for my head. Don't he wish he may get it."

Some such feeling as this, added to his wife's importunities, may have induced Murch to quit the Sound country and go to California. At any rate, for the next few years he moved restlessly from place to place, never staying very long anywhere. His friends and acquaintances said it was a pity that his wife was of such a fickle disposition. It was a little singular, to be sure; but Otis never dwelt long in one place; and he was so attached to the man whose life he had saved, that he liked to live where he lived. And so it came to pass that Obed fairly hated the sight of the good doctor; and when he had moved to a new place, he waited uneasily until he had found that Otis was once more near him. He knew he would come; and though he swore a suppressed oath to himself when he saw his old and fast friend at last in his new home, he was restless and fidgety until the doctor came. Then was mor se, but tranquil.

While he was living at San Marcel, there was every indication that the time for Obed Murch to die had come at last. He was very sick; and what was most unfortunate, there was no physician in the place. There might be one at Red Dog; but Red Dog was over "the divide," ten miles away, and with a rough road between. The emergency was pressing, and a kind neighbor was found to mount and ride to Red Dog to see if any body had moved into the place to succeed to the practice of Dr. McTavish, who had drank himself into a premature grave and a disused mining shaft one night, and had left no successor. Murch was very sick with horrible spasms of colic, when back came his messenger with Dr. Otis, who had moved into Red Dog only a week before. Obed was not surprised in the least, and motioning his wife from the room, he raised himself up in bed, and said; "See here, Doc; no foolishness now; if you don't do your level best to bring me out of this, you bet I'll find some way to circumvent you yet."

"But, my dear fellow," said the doctor, with an injured air, "do you suppose I wouldn't do my best to bring you out of this? Your time has not come yet, and if anybody can save you I can, and I will."

And he did.

When the Idaho mining excitement broke out, Murch left his wife with the mother of his first wife, Priscilla, then living in San Francisco, and went to the diggings He lost sight of Dr. Otis for a while; but, with a singular fatality, he soon drifted back to California, the Idaho venture not turning out as he expected; and he took up his abode in San Francisco sharing his home with his mother-in-law, Mrs. Dilkins. His old friend, Dr. Otis, was already established in a good practice in the city; and when Obed met him on the street a few days after his return, he winked significantly at the doctor and said: "Waiting for me, are you?" It was Murch who had followed Otis this time. And there was an omen in it.

One fine summer day. Obed Murch was brought home on a stretcher, dumb with apoplexy, and gasping for breath. He was laid on a couch, but only to die; and as he passed away, he rallied for a moment, his dying eye lightning up as Dr. Otis entered the room. He gurgingly whispered; don't call time, on me yet. Doc, you may have my head to-morrow."

And this time Obed Murch had really "handed in his checks."

"Poor dear," said his wife who had heard his last words to the doctor, "he was out of his head at the very last." The doctor smiled a grim smile, and saw trouble ahead, for he knew that Obed had never told this no-account young wife of his of the compact which he had made with the doctor. She was a flighty, weak-minded woman, without the least consideration for the requirements of science and totally ignorant of anatomy

While preparations for the funeral were going on. Dr. Otis, as gently as possible, communicated to the widow the particulars of Obed's early accident, his marvelous cure, and the promise which he had made to his preserver. "And so," said the indignant woman, drying her tears for the moment, "you want to cut Obed's poor dead head off, and make a 'natomy of him, do you?" The doctor explained that something like this was his desire. But the widow was obstinate. In vain did Otis plead the sacred promise of the deceased; in vain did he recall the consent of Priscilla; in vain did Mrs. Dilkins aver reluctantly that she had heard her poor dead and gone Priscilla say that Dr. Otis had the promise of Obed's skull, if he lived long enough to get it rightly. And so to Lone Mountain did Obed go, taking his head with him into his sandy grave, where he was laid peacefully to rest.

The dispositio of Obed's skull proved to be a sore subject with both women. They had never agreed well together; but, while Obed lived, he had managed to keep peace in his house Now, however, Mrs. Dilkins, who thought Dr. Otis a hardly used man, "couldn't abide" Mrs. Phebe, who was horrified at the ghoul-like proposition of the doctor, and determined that she would not live in the same house with a woman who upheld him in his monstrous demands. So they dissolved partnership; and the unconscious cause of all this trouble slept tranquilly in his grave, with his head safely on his shoulders.

Years went slowly by, and Obed's form was moldering in the grave, when a new feud flashed up between the two women. Dr. Otis married Mrs. Dolkins. It caused great scandal, especially to Mrs. Phebe Murch. "To think," she said, "of that old thing marrying a man young enough to be her grandson!" But there was not so much difference in the ages of the couple as all that; and Dr. Otis appeared satisfied with his choice, although she brought him small dowry beyond a little furniture and a small bit of iron which had once been blown perpendicularly through a man's head at Mooney Flat. It was Obed Murch's tamping iron. Mrs. Otis was the mother-in law of the deceased Obed Murch; she was the mother of his wife, who had been a party to the compact which gave Dr. Otis the right to a certain skull for which Murch had no further use. She was, moreover, the guardian of her deceased daughter's good name, and in some sense the custodian of the husband's remains. Accordingly she executed a paper, giving to the bearer, Dr. Peletiah Otis, the right and permission to exhume the body of her son-in law, Obed Murch, and remove therefrom the skull of said deceased. It appeared as though Mrs. Phebe had been circumvented.

Armed with this document Dr. Otis applied to the proper authorities for permission to carry out his plan; and at night, to avoid prying curiosity, he proceeded to the cemetery, attended by a trusty assistant. The pitying starlight looked down upon the open lid of Obed's last resting place, and beheld the sudden wrench and twist which gave to Science and Dr. Otis that rare specimen of anatomy—the skull of a man with a hole in his head.

The wrath of Mrs. Phebe when she found what had been done was dreadful to behold. It was gently noised about that the doctor had promised an eminent professor of anatomy in an Eastern college that he should have the skull for the college lectures and the college museum. There were writs of replevin and other curious legal documents out, and meantime, in a stout box, under an enormous pile of freight, Obed Murch's fleshless skull was traveling to New York.

The yellow October moon shone wierdly in through the high gothic arched windows of the library of Corinthian college. Staring out of the darkness of the alcoves, a few pale marble shapes of Roman orators, Greek poets, and lusty British kings glamed duskily, as if half alive. And up and down the clustered columns the fitful shadows of the elms by the windows chased each other like gobiln ghosts.

It was midnight; and if ever spectral shapes appeared to men this was the time and the place. So thought the half scared old watchman as he rose uneasily from his comfortable chair, where he had taken an illicit nap; and looking warily down the long vista he beheld the moon shining through the door of the museum of anatomy, which should be closed. Hobbling along to the arched doorway through which the moonlight gleamed in a broad flood, he saw beyond a strange, dark figure gliding stealthily along, feeling its way by the glazed cabinets whose heavy cases lined the wall. The shape stopped by one of the cabinets, and then he saw it was the headless figure of a man. Softly rolling back the sash door, the shape put out its hand and drew forth a gleaming white skull impaled upon an iron rod, such as is used by those who blast rocks. It slipped the gibbering, bony skull up and down on the rod that pierced it from chin to crown, as if it were amused at the curious sight; then the awe struck watcher heard from the fleshless lips of the skull: "Yes, you bet that's me!" Unless the watchman dreamed a horrid dream, he had seen the spectre of the man with a hole in his head.

Five Ways to Destroy Ants.

1. Pour copiously, hot water as near the boiling point as possible, down their burrows and over their hills, and repeat the operation several times.

2. Entrap the ants by means of narrow sheets of stiff board, covered with some sweet, sticky substance. The ants are attracted by the sweet, and, sticking fast, can be destroyed as often as a sufficient number are entrapped.

3. Lay fresh bones around their haunts. They will leave every thing else to attack these, and when thus accumulated, dip them in hot water.

4. Pour two or three spoonfuls of coal-oil into their holes, and they will abandon the nest.

5. Bury a few slices of onions in their nest, and they will abandon them

To Keep Milk Sweet.—A tea spoon ful of fine salt or horseradish, in a pan of milk will keep it sweet for several days. Milk can be kept a year or more as sweet as when taken from the cow by the following method: Procure bottles, which must be perfectly clean, sweet, and dry; draw the milk from the cow into bottles, and as they are filled, immediately cork them well, and fasten the cork with pack thread or wire. Then spread a little straw in the bottom of a boiler, on which place the bot les, with straw between them, until the boiler contains a sufficient quantity. Fill it up with cold water, heat the water, and as soon as it begins to boil draw the fire and let the whole gradually cool. When quite cold, take out the bottles and pack them in sawdust in hampers, and stow them away in the coolest part of the house.—*Southern Farmer*

A Chicago merchant advertised a "boy wanted," and before he got down town his clerk met him. breathless, and told him that his wife had twin boys. Oh, it pays to advertise.

A clergyman in Cairo, Ill, expressed lately his contempt of nickles in his Sunday collection, and positively forbade any of his congregation from contributing anything under the denomination of five cents. "Save your cents," said the good man, "untill you have five before you put your hands in this box. The widow's mite business is played out here."

The indications are that all the stir made about the cancer remedy, cundurango, will prove to have been part of an extensive scheme to give a new quack medicine a good start. It is pronounced by several of the most prominent physicians of Washington city, and medical officers in the army and navy, as a pure humbug.

Rather a good story is told of the former Miss Lane while she was the charming mistress of the Executive Mansion. A photographer in New York presented her with an album, superbly bound, containing forty two different views of Miss Lane. Jones remarked, on seeing it one day, that it was the most Miss-a-Laneous book he had ever seen.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CITY DRUG STORE.

A. CAROTHERS. | R. SALTMARSH.

A. CAROTHERS & CO.,

DRUGGISTS & APOTHECARIES,

(Foster's Block, First street),

ALBANY, : : : : OREGON,

DEALERS IN

Drugs, Chemicals, Medicines,

PAINTS, OILS, DYE-STUFFS, GLASS,

TOILET GOODS,

French and American Calognes,

HANDKERCHIEF EXTRACTS,

CONFECTIONERY.

Pure Wines & Liquors,

for medicinal purposes.

Fine Tobacco and Cigars.

Physician's Prescriptions and Family Recipes compounded with care.
December 31, 1870-17

SETTLEMIRE'S NURSERY,

Six miles South of Albany, Linn Co.,

Near the Railroad.

I SOLICIT THE ATTENTION OF ALL persons desiring to purchase Fruit Trees to call and examine my stock, which is composed of the largest and best selection in the State, consisting of Apples, Pears, Cherries, Plums, Prunes, Grapes, Black Berries, Currants and Roses.

Also,

Black and White Walnut, English Walnut, Hickory, Pecan, Redbud, Honey Locust, Hackberry,

and a number of other varieties of trees and plants too numerous to mention, all of which are offered at low rates. HENRY W. SETTLEMIRE.
December 17, 1870-15

A Great Bargain.

THE FARM KNOWN AS "FARMOUNT Lake" is offered for sale at $10,000 in coin—$4,000 in hand, and the remainder in six equal annual payments, with interest from date. The tract is in good shape, being nearly a square, containing about 660 acres of rich soil; and is diversified with forests vast, fair lawns, lordly oaks, and willows sitting by the lake, the woodland and prairie so alternating as to make it one of the most attractive places in the State. It is situated on the west side of the Willamette river, within half a mile of Albany, which is known as being in the heart of the best agricultural portion of Oregon. The location is healthful. It has a good stone quarry, about 100 acres under fence, a two-story frame barn with shedding 90 feet square; a large and handsome new house two-stories high, thoroughly painted inside and out, the large cupboards and book-cases being fixtures, and the house having under its whole length a good dry cellar. In addition to these there is a neat well-house, a wood-house and all other necessary out-houses. There is a meadow, large pasture, orchards, garden, &c., &c. It is susceptible of being divided into four farms, all of them having good soil, fuel and rail timber, and three of them having stock water.

For particulars address J. C. Mendenhall, Esq., Albany, or the undersign at Portland.
J. QUINN THORNTON.
Feb. 14th, 1871—24v3. Attorney at Law.

Patronize Home Manufactures!

BROOMS At Portland Prices!

HAVING GONE LARGELY INTO the manufacture of

ALL GRADES OF BROOMS!

I am prepared to furnish the Oregon public with as good a broom as can be obtained on the coast, at Portland prices. Orders solicited.
Address all orders to BLAIN, YOUNG & CO., General Agents, Albany, Oregon.
W. D. BELDING.
Albany, December 3, 1870-13v

J. D. TITUS,

Dealer in

WATCHES,

CLOCKS, JEWELRY, ETC.

Repairing of Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, &c., attended to. All work warranted. 31v3

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 WEBBER.
se, 19v2

GROCERIES & PROVISIONS,

Wholesale and Retail,

CORNER FIRST & BROADALBIN,

ALBANY, OREGON,

A. C. LAYTON, PROP.

A. C. LAYTON HAVING PURCHASED the stock of Geo. W. Young, and added to it a large assortment of

GROCERIES AND NOTIONS!

solicits the patronage of his friends and the public. The stock is well selected, and will be sold

At the Lowest Prices.

We mean TRADE, and will give you VALUE RECEIVED.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

A. C. LAYTON.
Corner First and Broadalbin streets

FARMERS!

We want your Produce, and will give as good a bargain as can be found in this burgh. Call and see us. [v3n20

FRANK A. COOK.

BOOKBINDER

—AND—

Blank Book Manufacturer,

SALEM, OREGON

HAVING ESTABLISHED FIRST CLASS Bookbindery in Salem, is now prepared to do all manner of work known to the trade.
Magazines, Newspapers and Music bound in any desired style.
Old Books re-bound.
Blank Books, of every description, with or without printed headings, manufactured to order.
Blanks, of every kind, ruled and printed to order.
PRICES REASONABLE.
In Gray's Brick Block. 43m4

NEW TO-DAY.

NEW FIRM.

W. H. KUHN & CO.,

Having just received a Large and well selected Stock of

HARDWARE,

SUCH AS

FARMER'S & MECHANIC'S TOOLS

CONSISTING OF

ANVILS, VICES, BELLOWS,

Hammers, Hammers, Sledges, Sledges,
Saws, Saws, Saws, Planes, Planes, Planes,

Corss-Cut and Mill Saws,

Together with a large assortment of

IRON AND STEEL

Nails, Nails, Nails, Springs, Springs, Springs,
Axles, Thimble-Skeins, Bolts, &c., &c.

Also, a well Selected Stock of

Wagon Timber,

SPOKES, HUBS, BENT RIMS, SHAFTS, POLES, HICKORY AXLES, ETC.,

All of which we are now offering to the public at low rates. As we make the business a specialty, we can and will keep a better assortment at lower prices than any house in this city.

Receiving and opening a large and splendid assortment of

WOOD AND WILLOW WARE,

Which we offer at reduced rates.
W. H. KUHN & CO.
In the Monteith Fire-proof Brick, First-st.
March 12.-70-27

CITY MARKET,

FIRST STREET, ALBANY, OREGON,

J. L. HARRIS. G. B. HAIGHT.

J. L. HARRIS & CO.,

PROPRIETORS. We shall endeavor to always keep on hand a full supply of all

Kinds of Meats!

all of which will be of the very best quality.
The highest market price paid for Beeves, Hogs and Sheep.
Third door west of Ferry, on south side of First streets. J. L. HARRIS & CO.
Albany, Dec. 15, 1870-15

BILL-HEAD PAPER, all sizes, just received and for sale at this office, low for cash.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,

WHOLESALE

DRUGGISTS,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,

Call the attention of Dealers to their large assortment of "Newly Arrived" Goods, composed in part of the following articles, together with every thing kept in a well supplied WHOLESALE DRUG STORE.

FRESH DRUGS,	TILDEN'S PREPARAT'NS
PATENT MEDICINES,	DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES,
TRUSSES & SUPPORTERS	SHAKER HERBS,
ESSENTIAL OILS,	PERFUMERIES,
KEROSENE OIL,	PAINTS AND OILS,

Which we offer at the lowest Cash Prices, and are determined not to be undersold.
R. H. McDONALD & CO., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FOR SALE.

Our Drug Business located in San Francisco, Cal After our best wishes, and expressing our thanks for the liberal patronage we have received for more than twenty-one years, during which period we have been steadily engaged in the Drug business in California, we beg to say in consequence of the rapid growth of Dr. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters, now spread over the United States and countries far beyond, we are necessitated to devote our entire time to said business.

We are the Oldest Drug firm on the Pacific Coast and the only one, continuous under the same proprietors since 1849, and have determined to sell our large, prosperous, and well established business on favorable terms.

This is a rare opportunity for men with means, of entering into a profitable business with advantages never before offered.

For particulars enquire of
R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
R. H. McDONALD, } Wholesale Druggists,
J. C. SPENCER. } San Francisco, Cal.

N. B. Until a sale is made we shall continue our importations and keep a large stock of fresh goods constantly on hand, and sell at prices to defy competition.

The Great Medical Discovery!

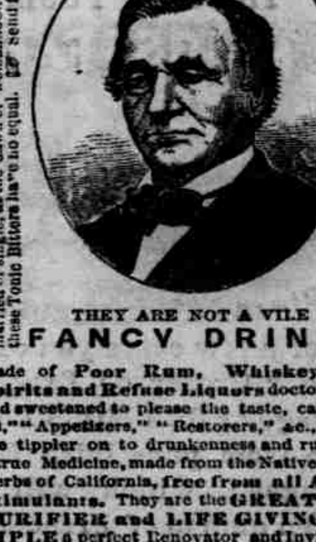
Dr. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA

VINEGAR BITTERS,

Hundreds of Thousands

Bear testimony to their Wonderful Curative Effects.

WHAT ARE THEY?



FOR FEMALE COMPLAINTS, whether in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood or at the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters have no equal. Send for a circular.

They are a Gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, possessing also, the peculiar merit of acting as a powerful agent in relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver, and all the Visceral Organs.

THEY ARE NOT A VILE

FANCY DRINK,

Made of Poor Rum, Whiskey, Proof Spirits and Refuse Liquors doctored, spiced and sweetened to please the taste, called "Tonics," "Appetizers," "Restorers," &c., that lead the tippler on to drunkenness and ruin, but are a true Medicine, made from the Native Roots and Herbs of California, free from all Alcoholic Stimulants. They are the GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER and LIFE GIVING PRINCIPLE a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the System, carrying off all poisonous matter and restoring the blood to a healthy condition. No person can take these Bitters according to direction and remain long unwell.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism and Gout, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Bladder, these Bitters have been most successful. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood, which is generally produced by derangement of the Digestive Organs.

DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION. Headache Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad taste in the Mouth Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the regions of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

They invigorate the Stomach and stimulate the torpid liver and bowels, which render them of unequalled efficacy in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

FOR SKIN DISEASES, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-Worms, Scald-Head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters. One bottle in such cases will convince the most incredulous of their curative effects.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure and the health of the system will follow.

PIN, TAPE and other WORMS, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. For full directions, read carefully the circular around each bottle.

J. WALKER, Proprietor. R. H. McDONALD & CO., Druggists and Gen. Agents, San Francisco, Cal., and 32 and 34 Commerce Street, New York.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PATENT

ARION PIANO.

A FEW REASONS WHY

—THE—

ARION PIANO

—IS—

SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.

THE ARION PIANO-FORTE has Greater Power than any other other Piano-Forte manufactured.

IT WILL STAND IN TUNE LONGER and in its mechanical construction it is more perfect, and therefore, more durable than any instrument constructed in the usual modern style.

The arrangement of the Agraffe, the manner of stringing, the peculiar form and arrangement of the Iron Frame,

Supersedes all Others.

The use of a bart, (which is a part of the Iron Frame) on a line with the heavy steel stringing, gives

Great Strength

Where most needed, and in this respect all other Pianos fail.

The construction of the WREST PLANK, into which the Tuning Pins are inserted, is such that it is impossible for the pins to become loosened, or the Wrest Plank itself to split, as is too often the case in other Piano-Fortes,

THE EXTRAORDINARY EVENNESS,

Throughout the entire scale, the excellent Singing Quality, the

Length and Purity on Vibration,

All go to prove what we claim, viz.: that the

Arion Piano-Forte

Is the Best Instrument Manufactured.

THE PATENT

ARION PIANOS

Are used Exclusively in the

AMERICAN CONSERVATORIES OF MUSIC

of New York city.

The most severe test a piano can receive is constant use in a Conservatory.

Read The Following:

It affords me much pleasure to give you, in these few lines, a very sincere testimonial for the Piano Fortes of your manufacture. We have now used the "Patent Arion Pianos" in our Conservatories for a year, and have had a fair opportunity of testing their durability during that time. The Pianos have been played upon almost constantly, from morning till night, and a Piano must indeed be a good one when it will bear such constant use without showing signs of defection. As for *remaining in tune*, it out rivals any Piano known to me.

Their peculiar sweetness of tone in the treble, (as compared to other Pianos with the ordinary metal agraffe arrangement) is so striking that I have had pupils remark, while taking their lessons, that although they had at home what they supposed to be one of the best makes of Pianos, still the treble was very wirey toned compared with the "ARION."

What makes them still more desirable is their uniform volume of tone, which enables an Artist to perform a composition in its true character.

In total, I can conscientiously endorse all that is claimed by the Arion Piano-Forte Company for their superb instruments, as I consider them superior to any other make.

Congratulating you upon the great success you have obtained in the manufacture of so perfect an instrument, I remain yours,

Very truly,
HENRY SCHROEDER,
Director.

New York, September 3, 1870.

AGENTS WANTED

We want first class and responsible Agents in every city and town where we have not already appointed them.

We have just Published

Our annual Illustrated Pamphlet, which contains a full description of the interior construction of the Patent Arion Piano-Forte, and all the other leading Pianos of the principal makes; illustrated with cuts, thus contrasting the Arion with all other first-class Pianos, and proving

Why and Where

Our Pianos are superior to any in the market.

Our pamphlet contains engravings of all the different styles of instruments that we manufacture, giving a full description of each, so that a person can select the style they may desire to order, with the assurance that they will receive just as good a Piano as if they were in our warerooms to select it. We have sold over Five Thousand Pianos, many of them being shipped great distances, and we have never yet received the first complaint. As we give a written guarantee with every Piano we manufacture, for five years, the purchaser runs no risk.

Don't fail to write for our pamphlet which we mail Free, and when you write state what paper you saw this notice in.

N. B.—We caution the public from purchasing a cheap Piano, which has recently been put in the market, bearing the name "Arion." All genuine Arion Pianos bear the name "Patent Arion," and can only be purchased from our New York Warerooms, or our authorized Agents throughout the United States.

All kinds of

Musical Instruments Supplied.

ADDRESS THE

ARION PIANO-FORTE COMPANY

No. 554 Broadway, New York City.