Albany Krgister. PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

By COLL. VAN CLEVE, IN REGISTER BUILDINGS,

Corn r Ferry and First Streets.

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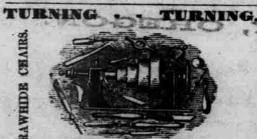
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WILL ENDEAVOR TO KEEP CONstantly on hand a full supply of ALL KINDS OF MEATS,

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Albuny, Dec. 15, 1870-15v3

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The Eyes! The Ears! DR. T. L. GOLDEN.

Deulist and Aurist, Albany, Oregon DR. GOLDEN IS A son of the noted old opthalmic doctor, S. C. Golden.
Dr. Golden has had experience in treating the various diseases to which the eye and ear are subject, and feels confident of giving entire antisfaction to those who may place themselves under his care.

April 18, 69.

NEW STYLE PICTURES. THE "REMBRANDT" S THE MOST POPULAR STYLE OF photograph now finds. Call and see Jan. 14-19 A. J. WINTER, Albany.

ALBANY BATH HOUSE. THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RI and vicinity that he has taken charge of this establishment, and by keeping clear 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 Sale He expects to give entire satisfaction to all. Children's and ladies' hair neatly cut and shampooed. Sept. 19-y2 JOSEPH WEBBER.

Albany Register.

The Little Copper Box.

One morning, while seated in the office reading the Banker's Gazette, a man entered. Now several men had given us a call that particular morning, but this one was a strange person, who I knew at once had entered the bank for the first time. He was of medium hight and well proportioned; his eyes were large and lustrous; but his lips were beautifully chiseled, and twitched nervously. A red sear, extending from his left ear to his mouth, gave

him a repulsive look. After glancing round the room he approached the desk. I laid aside the paper and arose.

"This is the Leroy Pank?" he said, interrogatively. "Yes, sir."

"Do you take things on deposit here?" He emphasized the noun strangely.

"We take money," I answered. "But things?" he said. "Seldom, sir."

"Then you have taken them?" "Well, yes," I answered, hesitatingly, not liking my visitor's look. "We have kept valuables such as jewels, wills, etc., in our vaults till

called for. But it is not in our line of regular business." "Just so," he replied. "I have something, a box, I wish to leave with the bank; you can put it in the vault and label it, 'Left till call-

ed for." I bowed, and upon requesting to see the articles he wished to deposit, the man smiled, and putting his hand in his bosom he drew it forth.

It was a little copper box about three inches square. It was highly polished, and nearly covered with tiny, brass-headed nails. I took it in my hands and examined it with intense curiosity. No hinge or keyhole was visible, not even a seam that would have indicated a lid.

"Well,' said I, finishing my serutiny and setting the box on the desk. "Well, this is what you desire to leave in our care ?"

"Yes, sir. . It is not bulky, and will not occupy much room," he answered, smiling faintly. "It is a curious box," said I:

perhaps it contains an infernal machine." "Far from it, sir." He was becoming impatient. "Will you keep

"I suppose so. When will you eall for it ?"

"Oh! I do not know," he answered. "I am going on a journey, and know not when I will return,"

"Perhaps never," I said, eyeing him the while. "True, sir teller-for such a position I think you occupy here."

I bowed affirmatively and said: "In the event of your death-" "The box will be called for," he

"But how will I know the person calling for it should have it?" "Oh, easily; write me a receipt, and the person presenting it will get

I drew a blank sheet from the lesk, and taking a pen wrote the following recipt: "Received this day of-

small copper box, to be left in the safe until called for." JOHN HOWARD,

Teller, Leroy Bank. With a flourish I made a small

mark on the receipt, so I could identify it when presented.

"Now, then, sign your name in that blank there." He seized the pen, and in a bold chirography wrote a name-Lionel ascini.

"An Italian?" "Ay. And new," he continued. twirling his grizzled mustache," I will go. Take care of the little box, though it may not be called for in twenty years," and picking up the receipt he bowed and left.

For a minute after the sound of his foot-steps on the pavement had ceased to reach my ears, I found myself gazing at the singular box, which I was turning over and over in my hands. Where was the lid? tered. My curiosity was raised to its highest putch, and I tried to pry into the little stranger confided to my care. With my knife I hammered the With my knife I hammered the eight corners, but no lid flew open; again; "I have nothing to do with then I struck many of the small it: but if I had I would force the brass nails, but no lid revealed it thing open and see what it conself-to the good than the set order

Finding it impossible to open the box, I tried to conjecture with cer- so; but my word is given; I will tainty what it contained. In the keep the box unopened until my midst of my study the Bank Presi- death, should it remain unclaimed deut entered. "Hallo, Howard!" he shouted,

"what have you found?" "Look," and I placed the box in his hands.

He examined it as I had, and handing it back asked where I got it. I told him all-of my visitor, fully. what he said, etc. He listened attentively, and as I concluded, said:

"Yes, sir," put it in the vault, in the middle safe; and when it is called for, mind I want to see the claim-

Away I went to the strong vault, hugging the little box as though invisible thieves were watching to deprive me of it. I unlocked the largest sate, a massive one, indeed, placed the box in one of its innermost apartments, relocked it and left the vault.

Well, readers, days and months and years passed away; Summer gave place to Autumn, Autumn to Winter, year after year, and still the little copper box was an occupant of the strong safe. No claimant came. Closely I scrutinized every one that entered the bank, hoping it might be he of the scar but he came not. Every day I went to the vault and took a peep at the box, and the President would jok-

ingly remark: "Howard, if you wish, I will get a larger safe and let you sleep in it, with that confounded copper box for

a bedfellow."

Thus, twenty years were numbered with the past, and changes had been made in Leroy Bank. The cashier had died-taken his own life—and I was now at his desk. Marville, the President of twenty years ago, still retained his position, though in his seventieth year. The twenty years left ther mark behind; my cheeks were growing furrowed, years. and my hair, once dark as night, was now gray.

Still the little box remained in the vault, and I had long since given up all hopes of seeing it claimed. One day Marville entered hur-

riedly, and throwing his gold spectacles on the desk, exclaimed: "John, I have seen Lionel Vas-

I sprang to my feet-Lionel Vas cini! I remembered the name. I believed that not a day had passed during those twenty long years, that I had not repeated that name a score of times-Lionel Vascini, the

man of the copper box. "Lionel Vascini!" I shouted. "Yes, sir; it is he," replied old Marville; "the same gray eyes, and

identical red scar." "Where is he?" "At the Morgue." "Dead ?"

"Dead!" I grasped my hat and hurried from the bank in the direction of the Morgue. I entered among the dead. I glanced at them and passed on. Here lay a girl, her face was beautiful as in life; there a young man, whose bloated face told that he had been in the water. Suddenly I cold water from above falling upon him. One look satisfied me. It was

Lionel Vascini. to my guide, and nodding towards the body, asked:

"How did he die ?" "He was seen to jump from the pier last night, and when fished out he was dead."

"His clothes—I would see them." The clothes of the deceased man was handed to me. I starched them. In a pocket I found a comb, a knife and a purse. In the latter article I

it was not there. "Do you recognize the body?" asked the man.

returned to the bank.

"Well," said Marville as I en-"I have seen him," "Now, then, what shall we do with the box?"

ANNAMED SEED OF BEING PARTY.

"Curiosity often tempts me to do until that time."

The President smiled and walked

A stormy day, eight mouths after I had found Vascini in the Morgue, a man of about thirty years of age entered the bank and bowed respect-

"You are the teller, sir ?" "No, sir; the cashier."

"Where is Mr. Howard, the teller ?" "Here; you behold him in the position of cashier," I replied.

"You were teller nearly twentyone years ago?" "Yes, sir."

"Then I have business with you. Here," and he drew from his pocket a folded paper and handed it to me. I unfolded it and started. I saw a name never to be effaced from my memory-Lionel Vascini. I had

recognized my own receipt. "Is that satisfactory?" asked the man alluded to.

"Yes, sir; entirely so." I stepped to Marville's room and called him in, while I proceeded to the vault. Returning with the little box, I laid it on the desk.

"Ah! that is it, though I behold it for the first time," he exclaimed, and he drew forth his knife and a He opened the letter and read

aloud: "The twelfth nail from the southeast corner." He took the box and struck the nail designated with his knife, but no lid opened. "Turn the box over," said Mar-

The man did so, strck as before, and lo! with a noise like the crack of a percussion cap, the lid flew

the contents of the little box, which had not seen the light for so many What a dazzling sight met our gaze! The box was filled with diamonds of the first water! We uttered an exclamation of astonish-

Eagerly we bent forward to see

ment, but the man silently regarded the treasure. "Gentlemen," said he at last, thank you for guarding this box for so many years, and I pray you to accept these as your reward," and before we could utter a syllable, he took from the box two of the largest

diamonds and handed them to us. "But really-" began Marville. "No excuses," said the man, impatiently. "In giving you these I but fulfill my father's last re-

quest." "Lionel Vascini was your father,

then," "Yes, sir; I was in Italy when he died. Committed suicide, you know. Well, he wrote to me a few hours before he committed the rash

act, inclosing the receipt."
"But allow me to ask," said Marville, "from whence came these dia-

"That I cannot reveal," and the lid closed with a snap. "So good day," and he was gone, while Marville and I stood bewildered, gazing a moment at our diamonds, then at paused-before me lay a man, the the door through which the son of Lionel Vascini had walked with un-

told wealth. We weighed our diamonds; mine "Poor fellow," said I, "he will weighed thirty-one carats, Marville's never claim the box; " and I turned thirty four. I still possess my diamond; it is of a rich sky-blue color. Marville has died, but I know not what became of his diamond, as he

departed this intestate. Since that stormy day, I have not seen the little copper box nor its possessor.

A Cincimati river man coutemplates building a new steamboat, and the cost of fuel entering largely looked expecting to find the receipt into the expense of running a boat, I had written twenty years ago, but he desires to economize in this one item. With a view to carrying out this object, he has been reading the circulars and advertisements in "Oh, yes; 'tis Lionel Vascini, an Italian; I will send a coffin for it to-night." the newspapers, to learn all the latest improvements in machinery. He says he has seen a boiler advertised which saves 43 per cent of fuel, a valve which saves 25 per cent, a governor which saves 15 per cent, a grate which saves 12 per cent, and a lubricator which saves 6 per cent—total, 101 per cent. Combining all these improvements, he argues that an engine will run itself, and produce a balance of fuel for and not the certain effect of any. culinary purposes, tail not

Letters of Recommendation

A gentleman advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves to him. Out of the whole number he in a short time selected one, and sent away the rest.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy, who had not even a single recommendation."

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman; "he had a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in. and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful. He gave up his seat instantly to that lame old man, showing he was kind and thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly and respectfully, showing he was polite and gentle-manly. He picked up the book which I had purposely laid upon the floor, and replaced it on the ta-ble, while all the rest stepped over it, or shoved it aside; and he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing and crowding, showing that he was honest and orderly. When I talked with him I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, his hair in nice order, and his teeth as white as milk; and when he wrote his name, I noticed that his fingernails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet, like those of the handsome little fellow in the blue acket. Do not you call those things letters of recommendation? I do, and I would give more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes than all the fine letters he can bring me."

Worth Having, Worth Asking. I once had this lesson impressed upon my mind in rather a peculiar manner, and I must tell you about it. When I was a boy, I was playing out in the street one winter's

day, catching rides on the sleighs, and it was great fun. Boys would rather catch rides any day than go out regularly and properly to take a drive. As I was catching on to one sleigh and another, sometimes having a nice time, and oft-times getting a cut from a big black whip, I at last fastened like a barnacle to the side of a countryman's cutter. An old gentleman sat alone on the seat, and he looked at me rather benignantly, as I thought, and neither said anything nor swung his old whip over me; so I ventured to climb up on the side of the cutter. Another benignant look from the countryman, but not a word. Emboldened by his supposed goodness, I ventured to tumble into the cutter and take a seat under his warm buffalo robe beside him and he then spoke. The colloquy was as fol-

"Young man, do you like to ride?"

"Yes, sir" "Do you own this cutter, young nan ?" "No, sir."

"It's a pretty nice cutter, isn't it?" "Yes, sir, it is, and a nice horse

"Did you ask to get in?" "No, sir," "Well, then, why del you get in?"
"Well, sir, I—I thought you looked good and kind, and that you

would have no objection." "And so, young man, because you thought I was good and kind, you took advantage of that kindness, and took a favor without asking for it?"

"Yes, sir." "Is this ride worth having?" "Yes, sir."

"Well, now, young man, I want to tell you two things. You should never take a mean advantage of the kindness of others; and what is worth having, is at least worth asking for. Now, as you tumbled into this sleigh without asking me, I shall

this sleigh without asking me, I shall tumble you into that snow drift without asking you."

And out I went like shot off a shovel, and he didn't make much fuss about it either. I picked my self up in a bewildered state, but I

never forgot that lesson.

God is good, and kind, and benevolent, but He wishes us to ask for what we want, and to thank Him for what we receive; and there is no true manliness in taking the hest of Heaven's gifts and making no acknowledgment for them.

thing upon earth; and it is as easy for Providence to convey it without Victor Hugo is sick with pleurisy. for Providence to convey it will His condition occasions much alarm. wealth as with it.

