

STOVES—INSURANCE, ETC.  
THE OLD STOVE DEPOT.

JOHN BRIGGS,  
Dealer in

STOVES!  
COOK, PARLOR AND BOX,  
Of the best patterns.

ALSO: TIN, SHEET IRON AND COPPER WARE.  
And the usual assortment of furnishing goods to be obtained in a tin store.

Repairs neatly and promptly executed on reasonable terms.

Short reckonings make long friends.

FRONT STREET, ALBANY,  
Dec. 3, 1884

LOOK HERE.

THE SAN FRANCISCO STORE,

Corner First and Ferry Sts., Albany,  
Keeps constantly on hand

A Full Assortment of Stoves,  
Pumps, and Tinware.

And will have for sale the celebrated  
DIAMOND ROCK COOK STOVE.

Also manufacture all kinds of  
TIN, COPPER & SHEET IRON WARE,  
In the best style, at lowest rates, for cash  
or country produce.

Always on hand,  
Full Supply of Pure Wines & Liquors,  
For medicinal purposes only.

A well selected stock of  
GROCERIES AND CROCKERY  
Will always be found at my establishment.

I will sell all goods in my house, for cash  
or produce on delivery, cheaper than ever  
before offered in this market.

All kinds of repairing done, on short  
notice, and entire satisfaction warranted,  
in my store and in the home.

Nov. 19-11 JULIUS GRAUWOHL.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!  
"A Stitch in Time Saves Nine."

UNION  
Fire and Marine Insurance Company,

Nos. 416 and 418 California St.,  
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

Stockholders Individually Liable.  
Cash capital, in gold coin, \$750,000.00  
Deposit in Oregon, 50,000.00

Losses promptly and equitably ad-  
justed, and

PAID IN GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY HAVING COMPLIED  
with the laws of Oregon, by making a  
deposit of fifty thousand dollars, is now  
prepared to effect insurance against losses  
by fire, and also against marine  
and inland navigation risks, on liberal  
terms.

GUSTAVE TOUCHARD, President.  
CHAS. D. HAVEN, Secretary.  
J. C. MENDENHALL, Agent, Albany.  
Albany, 1874-18

GIFT ENTERPRISE.  
\$45,000  
IN GOLD FOR 1 DOLLAR!

The Best Chance yet Offered.  
LOOK AT THIS NEW ARRANGEMENT  
(33) GOLD COIN PRIZES ADDED  
to those before advertised, making this  
drawing the most attractive one ever  
offered to the public, and all for one dollar.

The People's Grand Musical Festival  
and Gift Enterprise,  
to take place at the Metropolitan Theatre,  
in Sacramento, October 15, 1884.

110,000 tickets will be sold.  
Any person can spare a dollar for such a  
chance.

699 magnificent prizes, among which is one  
of \$20,000 gold coin.

These gifts will, at the concert, be awarded  
to the holders of tickets in the same  
manner as at the concert given in San  
Francisco in aid of the Mercantile Library.

One gift in U. S. gold coin, \$20,000  
One gift in U. S. gold coin, \$5,000  
One gift in U. S. gold coin, \$2,500  
Two gifts in U. S. gold coin, \$1,500 each  
Eight gifts in U. S. gold coin, \$500 each  
Twenty gifts in U. S. gold coin, \$100  
each

200 gifts in U. S. gold coin, \$20 each  
400 gifts in U. S. gold coin, \$10 each  
One gift—a neat house and lot in the  
fourishing city of Vallejo, valued, 1,800  
One gift—a neat house and lot in Val-  
lejo, valued, 1,800  
One gift—Neat house and lot in Val-  
lejo, valued, 1,200  
One gift—Neat house and lot in Val-  
lejo, valued, 1,200  
One gift—Neat house and lot in Val-  
lejo, valued, 1,200  
16 gifts—10 fine building lots in Val-  
lejo, \$800 each, 12,800  
7 gifts—17 fine building lots in Val-  
lejo, valued, 8,800  
Twenty-six other valuable gifts, 8,188

Six Hundred and Ninety-nine Gifts.

The Old Fellows' Bank of Savings, at  
Sacramento, is the repository for the deeds  
of all the real estate, and also all moneys  
received for sale of tickets, and its officers  
are duly authorized by the managers to  
deliver all gifts to those holding the in-  
viting numbers.

RESPONSIBLE AGENTS WANTED,  
to whom a discount will be made, equal to  
that of any similar enterprise. To persons  
remaining direct, eleven tickets will be sent  
for \$10; 25 tickets for \$30; or 116 tickets for  
\$100. We thus make it an object to persons  
forming clubs.

The drawing will take place under the  
supervision of a committee of well known  
and responsible citizens of Sacramento.

Address all orders to  
FELCH & CO., General Managers,  
2-11 No. 45 Fourth street, Sacramento.

DRY GOODS.

L. Blain, S. E. Young, J. Barrows

BLAIN,  
YOUNG  
& CO.,

Wholesale and Retail

DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES,

HARDWARE,

BOOTS, SHOES, ETC.

Agents for All kinds of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

SEWING MACHINES,

And the

Celebrated Bain Wagon!

SASH FACTORY.

BUILDERS, ATTENTION!

SASH, BLIND, AND DOOR

FACTORY.

S. H. ALTHOUSE, J. P. BACKENSTO,  
N. WRIGHT.

ALTHOUSE & CO.,

Lyon Street, on the River Bank,  
ALBANY, OREGON.

Keep on hand a full assortment, and are  
prepared to

FURNISH TO ORDER,  
Doors, Sash, Blinds, and  
Moldings,

Such as  
CROWN, PANEL, BAND & SECTION  
MOLD,

Of all sizes.

WINDOW AND DOOR FRAMES,  
Flooring, Siding,  
—And—  
All other kinds of Building Material.

ALSO: PREPARED TO DO MILL  
work, furnish shaker fans, zigzag  
shakers, suction fans, driving pulleys of  
any kind, at our factory on Lyon street (on  
the river bank), next below Markham's  
warehouse. ALTHOUSE & CO.  
Albany, Feb. 10, 1884-14

NURSERY.  
SETTLEMIRE'S NURSERY,  
Six Miles South of Albany, Lian 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, blackber-  
ries, currants and roses. Also, black and  
white walnut, English walnut, hickory,  
peach, 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.  
Dec. 17, 1874-15

FURNITURE.

C. MEALEY,

DEALER IN

And

MANUFACTURER

Of

FURNITURE

And

Cabinet Ware,

BEDDING, Etc.,

Corner of

First and Broadalbin Sts.

ALBANY, OR.

Particular

ATTENTION PAID TO

ORDERS OF ALL KINDS

IN HIS LINE.

JUST RECEIVED

FROM S. F. AND THE EAST,

THE LARGEST LOT

Of

New and Elegant

FURNITURE,

EVER BROUGHT TO ALBANY!

Come and See it!

A Terrible Fifty Minutes.

In August, 1880, I arrived at Cham-  
onix with one of my friends, a traveler  
like myself. For about five weeks we  
had been exploring Switzerland, so  
that we had plenty of time to get used  
to the snow and glaciers. We had  
made several ascents, one of 14,000  
feet. I will remember the sensation I  
felt when I first saw one of those crev-  
asses which seam the surface of the gla-  
ciers. Holding firmly to my guide's  
hand I leaned over the yawning gulf,  
and tried to gaze down into its terrible  
depth. The two perpendicular walls of  
ice appeared to meet some 300 feet  
below, but I believe it was only the  
feet of perspective, the rent being prob-  
ably extended as far as the solid rock.

"A man who falls there is certain  
never to come out alive," said one of  
my guides.  
"True," replied the other; "but I  
know one who was rescued. A nar-  
row escape indeed it was; he still lives  
at Grunewald. He is a chamois hun-  
ter; he was returning home and in-  
descending the crevasse he fell. His  
fall was broken by projecting blocks  
of ice, which yielded, however, be-  
neath his weight when he clung to  
them. When he reached the bottom,  
a distance of some hundred feet, he  
had a leg and arm broken. Below the  
earth and the ice he found a hollow  
place into which a stream was running.  
Crawling along, suffering terrible pain,  
he followed the course of the water,  
and in three hours he was out of the  
glacier."

Crevasse vary in breadth from two  
to six feet at the mouth, but the sides  
approach rapidly as they descend, so  
that a man may find himself jammed  
between the walls a long time before  
he reaches the bottom, and then, if  
ropes long and strong enough are at  
hand, it is possible to save him from  
death. But generally the ropes are not  
long enough, and the traveler perishes  
of cold, or falls lower down into the  
crevasse during hours which elapse  
while some of the party have gone to  
the nearest village to fetch longer  
ropes. Thus an unfortunate Russian  
nobleman perished in a glacier near  
Zermatt some years ago.

We had ascended the Brevent; we  
now had only the Mer de Glace and the  
Jardin to visit. We slept at the Mon-  
tanvert in the solitary little inn at the  
top of the glacier. Next morning we  
were up at dawn. Furnished with  
some provisions and two bottles of  
wine we started with our guide.  
It was a splendid morning and  
augured well for our excursion.  
For half an hour we followed a rough  
path which skirted the Mer de Glace,  
which displayed below us a surface,  
riven with crevasses and covered with  
rocks and fragments. Our road en-  
ded at the glacier, upon which we now  
began to descend, and to traverse in zig-  
zags in the midst of numerous fissures.  
The Mer de Glace is not considered  
dangerous, and it is quite the excep-  
tion to take axes and ropes when cross-  
ing it. Alert and cheerful we hasten-  
ed on without taking notice of our  
guide, who, some way behind, cried  
out to us several times to be cautious  
and wait for him. We were obliged  
at last to halt before a vast crevasse  
which barred up our passage. It  
opened with a length of some sixty  
yards, and ended upon our left in a  
slope of ice, somewhat steep, but which  
I thought I could easily mount. Using  
the iron end of my alpenstock as a  
hatchet, I began to cut holes in the  
ice, large enough to put my feet in.  
At this moment our guide rejoined us.  
He looked at the slope and at the yawning  
crevasse below it, and said in a  
grave tone: "It is dangerous; let us  
go round it."

With the aid of my alpenstock I had  
already got half way up this icy hill-  
lock, and was now quite convinced that  
it was too steep and slippery to be  
crossed without an ax. The guide's  
warning confirmed my opinion. I  
was cautiously lowering my right leg,  
seeking for the hole that I had made  
in the ice, my foot passed it; I felt that  
I was sliding down; there was nothing  
rough to stop me, not the least projec-  
tion by which I could hold myself in.  
The dellivity became perpendicular,  
and I fell into the gulf.

I heard the cry of despair of my com-  
panion and my guide. My own sen-  
sation cannot be described. I was gid-  
dy and half stunned, sent backwards  
and forwards from one wall of ice to  
the other. I felt myself descending to  
a great depth, condemned to be dashed  
to pieces, to die a horrible death. Sud-  
denly something stopped me. I felt  
myself suspended. I took breath  
again, and could cry out: "A rope! a  
rope!"

By God's mercy I had fallen upon a  
narrow ledge of ice, which formed a  
sort of bridge across the crevasse. This  
was about four inches broad and eight-  
een thick. My head hung from one  
side of it, my feet from the other. I  
instinctively and immediately by what  
means I know not raised myself up-  
right on this projection, where there  
was a hollow just large enough for me  
to plant one foot.

Then, I heard my companion say  
above me: "We never hoped to hear  
your voice again; trust in God and  
take courage. The guide has run to  
Montanvert to seek men and ropes; he  
will come back directly."  
"If his long," I replied, "I shall  
not come up alive."  
My position was a terrible one—  
the thin ledge of ice was so narrow  
that I could not place both feet on it.  
I could only support myself on one leg,  
half resting against one of the ice walls,  
and pressing the other with my hand.  
The ice was as smooth as a mirror, and  
there was nothing to grasp. A stream  
of water flowed down upon my  
shoulders, piercing me to the very  
bones. Above my head I saw the  
long and narrow streak of the sky  
round which the mouth of the crevasse  
formed a frame. The ice, which was  
of the darkest blue color, encircling  
me on all sides, looked threatening and  
gloomy. The two walls seemed as if  
they were about to meet. In order to  
crush me, rather than to release their  
prey. Numerous water courses  
streamed down their sides, but in this  
extent of sixty yards I could not see  
any projection or obstacle except this  
ledge upon which I had so miraculously  
fallen.

I risked looking, for one second,  
down into the terrible abyss above  
which I was suspended. At the spot  
where I was the crevasse narrowed  
rapidly, and a hundred yards below  
the two sides appeared to touch each  
other. I believe if I had fallen but a  
few inches on either side from the  
narrow bridge which had arrested me  
I should have been hurled and jammed  
at a depth where no rope could  
have reached me. I had remained  
about twenty minutes in my terrible  
position, nerves and muscles being  
stretched to the utmost to keep myself  
there, looking at the sky above my  
head and at the ice around me, but not  
daring again to glance into the gulf  
below. The blood was flowing from  
a wound I had received in the cheek,  
and I felt that my right leg, upon  
which I fortunately was not resting,  
was severely bruised; my left leg,  
however, pained by the effort of  
standing and the cold, was beginning to  
give way. It was impossible to change  
my position without the risk of losing  
my balance. The cold of the wall of  
ice against which I was resting more  
and more benumbed me, the water con-  
tinued to fall, and I dared not stir.

I called my companion! no one re-  
plied. I called again. Nothing!  
Nothing! Not a human being within  
the reach of my voice. I was seized  
with giddiness as a terrible thought  
crossed my brain.  
"He has gone to see if the help is  
not coming, and he cannot find the  
crevasse again; there are a hundred  
such—I am lost!"  
I commended my soul to God. My  
strength was exhausted. I had never  
yet given up all hope. I was seized  
with a desire to let myself fall, and  
thus put an end to this agony.  
At the critical moment I heard my-  
self called. My friend had run to look  
for the guide, but when he wished to  
return he was horror-struck on perceiv-  
ing that the surface of the glacier was  
rent by countless crevasses, all so sim-  
ilar that there was not a single sign by  
which he could recognize the abyss in  
which he was buried alive. In this cri-  
sis of perplexity God guided him to see a  
little knapsack which the guide had  
left at the edge of the gulf. I cried to  
him to look at his watch. Five min-  
utes more elapsed, the cold was becom-  
ing more and more intense; the blood  
was literally freezing in my veins. I  
called; I asked if there was any one in  
sight. The guide had started thirty-  
five minutes ago, and not a soul had  
yet appeared. It was scarcely possible  
that he could return so quickly, as we  
had taken three quarters of an hour to  
get to this spot, and he had to go  
and return.  
I felt that I could hold out but little  
longer. The support on which my  
safety alone depended might yield at  
any moment and break beneath me.  
I remembered that I had a strong knife  
in my pocket, and resolved to make  
use of it to draw myself out. I in-  
formed my companion of this project;  
he implored me to do nothing of the  
kind; but my situation had become in-  
tolerable. I made a notch in the ice,  
high enough for me to reach it, and  
large enough for me to insert my hand  
in; then about two feet above the lit-  
tle bridge I dug out a little hole suffi-  
ciently large enough for me to put my  
foot in. I succeeded in grasping these  
two points of support, my back resting  
with all my strength against the oppo-  
site wall, I was able to raise myself and  
keep myself firm in this position. I  
decided again upon the bridge, and  
began another notch above the first, I  
flattered myself that I should thus be  
able to escape from my prison; but a  
single slip, or false step, would precipi-  
tate me into the abyss.  
I was working diligently at my sec-  
ond step, when I heard a joyous cry  
above me. "Here they are! Three  
men with ropes—they are running as  
fast as their legs can carry them."  
I steadied myself as firmly as possi-  
ble upon the narrow and slippery  
bridge, so as to be able to seize the rope  
they were about to lower, and tie it  
around me. I saw the end of it swing-  
ing about two yards above my head.  
"May God have mercy upon me! It  
is too short!"  
"We have another!"  
That was fastened to the floor and  
let down. I seized the end of it. I  
bound it strongly around my waist,  
and grasping the rope with both hands,  
I gave the signal for them to pull up.  
They began—I was saved. A minute  
afterward I was standing upon the  
glacier. I had passed fifty minutes in  
the crevasse, during which time I had  
happily lost neither my confidence in  
God nor my presence of mind.

AGRICULTURAL.

EFFICACY OF ONIONS.—We are trou-  
bled often with severe coughs, the re-  
sult of colds of long standing, which  
may turn to consumption and pneu-  
monia. Hard cough causes sleep-  
less nights by constant irritation in  
the throat, and a constant effort to throw  
off offensive matter from the lungs.  
The remedy I propose has been tried  
by me, and often recommended to oth-  
ers with good results, which is simply  
to take in a piece of raw onion, after  
chewing. The resultant in an uncooked  
state is very heating, and tends to col-  
lect the waters from the lungs and  
throat, causing immediate relief to the  
patient.

HORSERADISH FOR ANIMALS.—An  
exchange says: Horseradish is an ex-  
cellent condiment to mix with the food  
of cows to give them an appetite, and  
make them sleek and thrifty. It  
should be fed freely to all animals that  
are not well, and it will be of great ser-  
vice to the working oxen troubled  
with heat. If given to cows in doses  
of a pint a day, mixed with potatoes or  
bran, it will prevent or relieve cows of  
the disease called cake in the bag. Few  
animals will refuse to eat it, and some  
will eat of it greedily, as much as half  
a peck at a time.

CULTIVATING WHEAT.—The results  
of sowing wheat in drills at such a dis-  
tance apart that the crop could receive  
cultivation with a horse-hoe have been  
very favorable. Sowed at the rate of  
three pecks per acre, in drills twenty  
inches apart, through which in spring,  
a garden harrow was run, the crop  
amounted to twenty-nine bushels,  
while the remainder of the field, sowed  
in nine-inch drills, not cultivated, yel-  
ded only nine bushels per acre. Nu-  
merous other experiments, both here  
and in England, have had similar re-  
sults, proving that cultivation tends to  
increase the crop, and pays many times  
over for the extra labor performed.  
In England especially, where labor is  
cheap enough to permit it, the wheat  
crop receives a hand-hoeing and weed-  
ing, and the consequence is that the  
average crop here is forty bushels per  
acre, while the grain often weighs sixty-  
six pounds per bushel. We would sug-  
gest sowing one acre the present sea-  
son in wide drills, as an experiment.  
—Williamette Farmer.

WATERING TEAMS OFTEN.—Horses  
and oxen at work need water often.  
The plowman carries his jug of water,  
or leaves his team to rest while he goes  
to the house for a drink. But the team  
works harder than the driver, and  
probably needs drink as often, yet  
many teams are taken out early in the  
field, where there is no water, except  
in the drivers' jug, and work five or six  
hours before they can get a drop. Is  
it any wonder that they are injured  
by drinking too much when they are  
led to the spring at noon or evening?

BINDING GRAIN.—The Chicago Post  
states that a citizen of Wisconsin has  
invented an automatic machine that  
will cut, bind and deliver grain in the  
bundle, and that this problem, which  
for many years has excited a deep in-  
terest among agriculturists, has at last  
been solved. The machine in ques-  
tion was tried last season at Fond du  
Lac, Wisconsin, on six different farms,  
in order to test its adaptability to  
rough, smooth, hill-side and level  
ground, and also to different lengths  
of grain, whether grassy, tangled or  
well cultivated. The result established  
the fact that the work could be satis-  
factorily performed, and the per cent  
of failures averaged five in the hundred,  
the machine having cut and bound  
one hundred thousand bundles. This  
year the same machine, with improve-  
ments, has again been on trial near  
Waukesha, Wis., and the results were  
highly satisfactory. The machine was  
put in operation in a field of oats of  
about thirty-five acres. The grain var-  
ied in height from six feet in the most  
fertile to ten inches in the poorest  
parts, and was cut and bound in bun-  
dles of the size of a man's body to the  
size of his arm, and in some cases mere  
wisps, owing to the shortness of the  
straw. The butts were laid as smooth-  
ly as if cut across with a knife, and the  
per centage of failures was insignifi-  
cant. Subsequently the machine was  
placed in a field of wheat, which it cut  
and bound at the rate of fourteen acres  
a day. The machine is stated, does  
its work perfectly, and the grain is  
harvested with the exception of put-  
ting it in shock and stacking. The  
wire bands used in tying up the bun-  
dles, it is reported, are efficient and  
cost 30 cents an acre.

STRONG BUTTER.—"Why is it, my  
son, that when you drop your bread  
and butter it is always on the but-  
ter-side?"  
"I don't know. It hadn't orter,  
had it? The strongest side ought to be  
up; and this is the strongest butter I  
have ever seen."  
"Hush up; it's some of your aunt's  
churning."  
"Did she churn it, the lazy thing?"  
"What, your aunt?"  
"No, this here butter, to make the  
old woman churn it when it is strong  
enough to churn itself."  
"Hush, Zeb; I've eat a great deal  
worse butter in Arcotouric houses."  
"Well, people of rank ought to eat  
it."  
"Why?"  
"Cause it's rank butter?"  
"You rascal; what makes you talk  
so smart?"  
"Cause the butter has taken the skin  
off my tongue."  
"Zeb, don't lie. I can't throw away  
that butter."  
"I'll tell you what I would do with  
it—I'd keep it to draw blisters."

Mr. Milford, in the "Talk of Old  
Japan," says that the nudity in the  
bath, where both sexes plunged in to-  
gether, is as innocent in the eyes of the  
Japanese as the low-necked dresses of  
our ladies is in our estimation. The  
most scrupulously modest Japanese  
woman has no more scruple in bathing  
with her whole circle of acquaintance  
than has the Long Branch belle in  
seeking the surf in presence of her  
masculine admirers.

A man in Wyoming says he never  
discovered what a splendid woman his  
cook was until his wife had been three  
nights locked up in a jury room,

A political orator in New Orleans  
recently crowded history by referring  
to "the iron coffin of De Soto, con-  
taining the gold trumpet presented to  
that illustrious discoverer by Queen  
Victoria." "Why, you fool," ex-  
claimed an intelligent auditor, "Queen  
Victoria wasn't born for more'n two  
hundred years after De Soto died; an'  
how could she give him a gold trump-  
et?" "She left it to him in her will,"  
solemnly replied the orator.

Subscribe for the REGISTER.