

The Albany Register.

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ALBANY, OREGON, NOVEMBER 4, 1871.

NO. 9.

Albany Register.

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Six months, in advance, Two dollars.
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TITUS BROTHERS,
Dealers in
WATCHES,
Clocks, Jewelry, etc.
Repairing of clocks, watches, jewelry, etc., attended to. All work warranted. 3153

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20 DOLLARS A DAY
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To introduce the celebrated
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STITCH ALIKE ON BOTH SIDES, AND THE ONLY SHIRT SEWING MACHINE IN THE UNITED STATES. It is made to use the celebrated Wilson's foot, and will sew all kinds of cloth, and is the best family sewing machine, for light or heavy sewing, in the market. Outfit free. Address
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GEO. W. GRAY, D. D. S.,
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patronage of all persons desiring artificial teeth and first-class dental operations. A strong oxidant administered when desired. Charges moderate. Office in Parrish & Co.'s brick block. Residence first house south of Congregational church, fronting on court house block. Albany, July 2, 1870-1871.

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Established in 1855.
E. A. FRELAND,
DEALER IN EVERY VARIETY OF
miscellaneous books, school books, blank books, stationery. Books imported to order at wholesale. Albany, Dec. 3, 1870.

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I AM PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS OF
turning; keep on hand and make to order rawlins-bottomed chairs, and spinning wheels. Shop near the Magnolia Mills.
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Interest allowed on time deposits in coin. Exchange on Portland, San Francisco, and New York, for sale at lowest rates. Collections on hand promptly made. Address to H. W. GARDNER, Henry Father, W. S. Ladd.
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INVITE THE ATTENTION OF THE
people to their full stock of the latest styles of shoes, boots, and findings, which they have ever been a lot to behold; heretofore they have been in the habit of looking to the city for their shoes, boots, and findings, but they are now in a position to supply them at a lower rate than ever before. They respectfully invite you to come and see their stock. Boots, shoes, etc., made or repaired to order, and all work warranted.

CITY BOOT STORE, FIRST STREET,
First door West of Register Building.
473

CITY MARKET,

FIRST STREET, ALBANY, OREGON.
J. L. HARRIS, G. R. HARRIS,

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WILL ENDEAVOR TO KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FULL SUPPLY OF

ALL KINDS OF MEATS,
Which will be of the very best quality. The highest market price paid for calves, hogs and sheep.

Third door west of Perry, on south side of First street.
J. L. HARRIS & CO.
Albany, Dec. 15, 1870-1871.

J. C. MENDENHALL,
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REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENT,
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RENTS COLLECTED AND TAXES PAID
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Albany Collegiate Institute,
ALBANY, OREGON.

THIS INSTITUTION WILL REOPEN ON
Monday, September 4, 1871, with a corps of teachers capable and earnest. Instruction will be thorough and practical, and the system of order unimpaired. For particulars address
R. K. WARREN, A. M., President;
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A Splendid Drug Business For Sale.
DESIRING TO RETIRE FROM ACTIVE
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Apply soon, if you want a bargain, to
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The Eyes! The Ears!
DR. T. L. GOLDEN,
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DR. GOLDEN IS A
son of the noted old ophthalmic 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 satisfaction to those who may place themselves under his care.
April 15, 68.

NEW STYLE PICTURES.

THE "REMBRANDT"
IS THE MOST POPULAR STYLE OF
photograph now made. Call and see
Jan. 15-18 A. J. WINTER, Albany.

ALBANY BATH HOUSE.
THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RE-
spectfully 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's and ladies' hair neatly cut and shampooed.
Sept. 19-72 JOSEPH WEBBER.

A SUDDEN CHANGE.

A few years ago I made one of the seventy-five passengers on board the fast steamer Emily Barton, bound up the Tennessee. A pleasant intelligent, good-looking captain, a good steward, and a social, refined company, made the trip one of pleasure; indeed, long shall I remember the sunny Emily Barton and her superb living freight. One lovely summer afternoon it was whispered that we were to have a wedding before the boat reached her destination; said whisper started first low, near the ladies' cabin, and speedily made its way to the hall, the boiler deck, and even to the main; like the snow balls down the mountain, gathering size, form, a momentum as it rolled forward, until the principals in the interesting scene were not only pointed out, but the persons—some scraps in the history of each—fiction, fact and surmise, all lashed up ingeniously, leaving you in the half-pleasant, half-painful suspense and doubt that opens the eyes so wide and strains the drum of the ear so tight to all that is going on around us. Well, we landed to wood at a magnificent beach bottom, the tall, heavy leafed trees with silvery gray trunks, marking a deep, cool shade, while they, with the grassy green banks that bore them, were reflected in the glossy river so clear, so serene, that inversion only pointed the false from the real.

Cutting this clearing spot in twain, came a magnificent crystal brook, scarce four spans wide, to lose itself in the mass of Tennessee waters, they in turn to be alike lost in the Lemahless sea.

No sooner was the staging out than there emerged from the ladies' cabin a fine manly-looking fellow, dressed in faultless taste, intellect beaming in every feature, while all over his face perfect happiness shone like phosphorus on the sea; and leaning on his arm the most lovely woman I have ever seen by a lot to behold; her face hazel (tell-tales that they were speaking deep emotion, and her expressive lip quivering with excitement, while her step, dress and grace was that of a queen. "There they are!" "That's her!" "Oh, how handsome!" but from many a lip as we involuntarily made way to let them pass to the altar, and where that was we had about as clear an idea as a transcendentalist generally has of what he is talking about. But one thing we all seemed to know, that there was fun ahead, and to fall in their wake was the way to see it.

As the ladies passed, a gallant arm was offered to each, and thus we marched out of the cabin, down the stairs, across the staging, and up the sloping bank. Some fifty yards up the brook the pair stopped, and joining hands, they stood with the clear waters between them—a bridge as it were with the twining fingers, and crossed by a stream of love, as it were itself. All was silent, still, until broken by the minister reading in an impressive manner:

"And out of the rib which the Lord God had taken from the man made he a woman and brought her to the man. And Adam said, This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called woman, because she was taken out of man. Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother and cleave unto his wife; and they shall be one flesh."

He closed the book and offered a most touching prayer; not a heart but seemed to feel that earnest appeal to the Throne of Grace.

Then, asking the usual questions, he pronounced them husband and wife. The bride, slowly sinking on her knees, raised her beautiful face, all covered with tears, and her clasped hands and in the most thrilling, sweet voice, tremulous with deep emotion, said: "I am now, O merciful Father! grant that our two lives, thus united, may peacefully flow into one, even as this rivulet, until we reach the River of Death; and undivided in faith or conduct, be permitted to enjoy Thine eternal smiles, in the land of the pure and the best."

Every pulse seemed still, hoping, wishing for more of this beautiful drama. Not a word, not a movement from all that throng; all, all was hushed. O! lovely panorama! how deeply thou art graven on the heart. The happy man in the act of imprinting a kiss upon the smiling lips of his insignificant wife, when the clear tones of a manly voice startled all from their pleasing reverie; universal gaze rested on a tall Tennessee, whose eagle eye bespoke the man—a fit representative he was of the State where sleeps a Jackson.

"I can't stand this any longer, I can't by—! Pardon, ladies, pardon. I have a proposition to make in the good faith of a man who never lies or trifles. I must make it or die—so here goes. Now, I will marry on this spot any lady in the crowd that has the nerve to face the music; look at me, and if you can love me as she loves (pointing to the bride) I'll promise to be a husband to you—such a husband as she deserves, and such a husband as a true hearted man will make to the woman who comes trembling under his wing. I further say that no spot of shame attaches to my name, nor ever shall. And this arm will support and protect the one who can trust it. Who'll take me?"

And his keen grey eyes ran slowly and steadily over the crowd of handsome women around him; the earnest manner and novel speech had aroused an intense feeling, and all was surprise and deep sympathy for the fearless and excited orator, when to the astonishment and delight of every one, a fawn like blue eyed girl, stepped up

to his side, and looking confidently up to him, with her hand on his arm, said—
"I am there!"

By this time his arm was around her waist, and parting her curls, he "signed the contract" with a kiss that all the married ladies afterward pronounced the genuine sort—perfectly satisfactory. Raising his eyes from the pleasant job just mentioned, he said: "Where is the parson? Send him here—on this spot we met, and on this spot we will be made one; I never let such as this pass me by without a minute's parson all's ready."

And the parson went ahead, and on that spot where they first met were they solemnly united forever. When the words, "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder," died away, a shout went up that woke the echoes for miles; every hand was extended to the happy, lucky, venturesome fellow, and every lady in the crowd pressed the lips of the handsome wife, and laughing, shouting, happy, we all returned on board.

Our generous captain set a splendid supper. The clerk made out two marriage certificates; they were signed by the parson and seventy-five witnesses—men, women and children—all signed.

Then we danced, we laughed, we made children of ourselves—yes, I am afraid made fools of ourselves. Be that as it may, when the watch changed at noon of night, the bluff on the dark shores of the river returned only an unbroken echo of the hoarse coughing of the Emily Barton's engines, and our dreams vainly tried to vie with the lovely reality of the evening.

Joining the Masons.

I must tell you of the perils and trials I had to undergo to become a Mason. On the evening in question, I said myself at the door of the lodge room, No. 215, signs of the skull and cross-bones. I was conducted to an ante-room where five or six melancholy looking clerks in sashes and embroidered napkins, were waiting to receive me, on my entrance they all got up and turned back somewhat and then resumed their seats. A big fat fellow sat in the middle, and who seemed to be the proprietor, said: "Sinner from the other world, advance!" I advanced. "Will you give up everything to join us?" "Not if I know it," I said; "there is my wife and fourteen fine—" Another party here told me to say "yes," as it was merely a matter of form; so I said "yes, I give up everything." The fellow in the towels then groaned and said: "It's well; do you swear never to reveal anything you see or hear this evening to any human being, or to your wife?" I said: "You may word I will not."

They then examined my teeth, felt of my tongue, and then groaned again. I said: "If you don't feel well, I have got a little bottle here." The fat man then took the bottle away from me and told me to shut up. He then in a voice of thunder said: "Bring forth the goat!" Another fellow then came up with a cloth to blindfold me. "No you don't, Mr. Mason," I said; "no tricks on travel, if you please, I don't believe in playing blind man's bluff with a goat. I'll ride the devil if you like, but I don't go it blind; stand back or I'll knock you into smithereens." They were too much for me, however, so I had to submit to being blindfolded.

The goat was then led in, and I could hear him making an awful racket among the furniture. I began to feel that I was urgently wanted at home, but I was in for it and could not help myself. Three or four men then seized me and with a demoniacal laugh, pitched me on the animal's back, telling me at the same time, to look out for squalls. I have been in many scrapes; I have been in election fight; I have been pitched out of a four story window; I have gone down in a railway collision; but this little goat excursion was ahead of them all. The confounded thing must be all wings and horns. It bumped me against chairs, tables, and the ceiling, but I hung on like a Trojan; it turned front and back, I thought it was all over with me. I was just on the point of giving up when the bandage fell from my eyes, and the goat bounded through the window with a yell like a wild Indian giving up the ghost. I was in a lodge of Masons; they were dancing a war dance around a big snail, playing leap-frog and tumbling the big fat fellow of the ante-room was standing on his head in the corner.

The Rev. W. H. H. Murray, of Boston, in a sermon on care of the health, said that a man's happiness, usefulness, and spirituality, depended on the condition of his body, and that theological opinions and Scripture interpretations were often determined by the state of the stomach. He claimed that Christ, the Apostles, and ancient worthies, were all "out-door men," and evoked the risibilities of his hearers by the gravely uttered remark that Adam lived principally in the country.

When the pulpit begins to talk of air and diet, it is certainly time for physicians to pay some attention to teaching hygiene, the most important branch of their profession.

When women understand the science of pneumatics and architecture, we shall have our houses, schools, churches, and public halls well ventilated.—Mrs. Stanton.

An idle brain is the devil's workshop.

An Unknown Race of Giants.

CAYUGA, N. Y., Aug. 21.
On Wednesday the Rev. Nathaniel Wardell, Messrs. Orin Wardell (of Toronto), and Daniel Fridenburg (of Ticonderoga), on the banks of the Grand River, in the township of Cayuga, when they had got five or six feet below the surface, a strange sight met them. Piled up in layers, one upon top of the other, were two hundred skeletons of human beings, nearly perfect—around the neck of each one being a string of beads. There were also deposited in this pit a number of axes and skimmers made of stone. In the jaws of several of the skeletons were large stone pipes, one of which Mr. O. Wardell took with him to Toronto a day or two after.

These skeletons are those of men of gigantic stature, some of them measuring nine feet, very few of them being less than seven feet. Some of the high bones were found to be at least half a foot longer than those at present known, and one of the skulls being examined, completely covered the head of an ordinary person. These skeletons are supposed to belong to a race of people anterior to the Indians. Some three years ago the bones of a Mastodon were found imbedded in the earth about six miles from this spot. The pit and its ghastly occupants are open to the view of those who may wish to make a visit there.

CHICAGO, October 23.

There is not the least doubt that the remains of a lost city are on this farm. A curious thing within the last year the remains of mud houses with their chimneys have been found; and there are dozens of pits of a similar kind to that just unearthed, though much smaller, in the place which has been discovered before, though the fact has not been made public before. The remains of a blacksmith's shop, containing two tons of charcoal and various other implements were turned up a few months ago. The farm, which consists of 150 acres, has been cultivated for nearly a century, and was covered with a thick growth of pine, so that it must have been ages ago that the remains were deposited.

Some large shells supposed to have been used for holding water, which were also found in the pit, were almost perfectly preserved. There is no doubt that there is a scheme of exploration carried on thoroughly the result would be highly interesting. A good deal of excitement exists in the neighborhood, and many visitors call at the farm daily. The skulls and bones of the giants are fast disappearing being taken away by curiosity hunters. It is the intention of Mr. Fridenburg to cover the pit up very soon—the pit is ghastly in the extreme. The farm is situated on the north by the Grand river. The pit is close to the banks, but the marks are there to show where the gold or silver are supposed to be under.

From the appearance of the skulls it would seem that their possessors died a violent death, as many of them were broken and gashed. The axes are sharpened like tomahawks, small, but had instruments. The beads are all of stone, and of all sizes and shapes. The pipes are not unlike in shape the cutty pipe, and several of them are engraved with dog's heads. They have not lost their virtue for smoking. Some profess to believe that the locality of Fridenburg farm was formerly an Indian burial place, but the enormous stature of the skeletons and the fact that pine trees of centuries' growth covered the spot, go far to disprove this idea.—Correspondence of the Toronto Telegraph.

Calebushing, in *The Independent*, shows that England was only conquered by the United States. "It is notable that no true English army ever surrendered itself to a foreign enemy except in the United States, but that twice in the war of the Revolution, and once in the second war, an English general capitulated on the field of battle, and surrendered his arms to the United States. There is no parallel to this series of events in all the numerous military operations of England, in Europe, Asia, and Africa, from the time of William the Norman to that of Victoria.

A poor toper, as a last resort for liquor, took his Bible to pawn it for money, but the landlady refused to take it. "Well," said he, "if she won't take my word or God's word, it's time to give it up." And he went and signed the pledge and kept it faithfully.

Laziness grows on people; it begins in cob-webs, and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do the more he is able to accomplish, for he learns to economize his time.

A Wisconsin musician sat down upon a keg of powder and began to smoke. They found one button.

A condensed "philosophy of farming"—Feed your land before it is hungry; rest it before it is weary; and weed it before it is foul.

YE SERENADE.

Ye maiden looked down from her lattice
On ye howlers down below,
As they stoode turnin' their voyces
At midnight, in a row.

In a row beneath her lattice,
With ye tenor at ye head—
A pally youth who ought to have
Been "put in his lytle bed!"

And now ye viols sounded,
And ye flute on ye midnights air;
And dymnal noyses went walling out
From him of ye swarthy hair.

He called her hys sun, hys light, hys star,
And lykened her to ye moon;
And ye viols and flute and light guitar
Took up and echoed ye tune.

And ye longer he sung ye louder
Hys voice warpyched and higher;
He clasped hys hands where hys heart
Should be,

And in verse, swore hys heart was
on fyre!

Then ye mayden smiled a pensive smile,
And went to her lytle stand,
And appeared in whyte at ye lattice
With a pycher in each hand.

Then ye howlers grew more frantyc!
And fiercer ye music grew!
But onto their heads cold water
She very deftly threw.

Bratall Outrage.

CHICAGO, October 23.—A horrible outrage was recently perpetrated in Virgoin, Wisconsin. A man and woman, supposed to be living together in an unlawful manner, were walked upon in the night by a party of citizens, and tarred and feathered. The parties were not living in an illegal manner, at least not without the form of marriage. Chester Barrett was married to the woman, with whom he is now living, in this city December 13, 1870, by the Police Justice. It is claimed that he had a wife in Minnesota, and that legal proceedings for bigamy were begun against him. On the night mentioned about twenty persons, with their faces blackened and clothing disguised, visited the house of Mr. Barrett and seized him and wife. Some held him, while others stripped her entirely naked, bound her hands and feet, tied a rope around her feet and dragged her into the yard. Here she was hauled about for some time, amid jeers and derision, and then a coat of tar and feathers was applied to her body. The fields then selected a rough rail, and with her feet still tied, amid her screams of pain, forced her limbs apart, thrust the rail between them and bore her into a field, where she was thrown down and left. Returning to the house they subjected Mr. Barrett to nearly every possible indignity, and then tarred and feathered him and carried him to the place where his wife was and dumped him beside her. The pit is ghastly in the extreme. The farm is situated on the north by the Grand river. The pit is close to the banks, but the marks are there to show where the gold or silver are supposed to be under.

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21. 10. 1871