The Albany Register.

VOL. IV. ALBANY, OREGON, NOVEMBER 11, 1871. NO. 10.

Albany Register.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

By COLL. VAN CLEVE,

IN REGISTER BUILDINGS,

Corner Ferry and First Streets.

TERMS IN ADVANCE.

One year.....Three dollars.
Six months.....Two dollars.
Single copies.....Ten cents.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Transient advertisements, per square of ten lines or less, first insertion $2; each subsequent insertion $1. Larger advertisements inserted on the most liberal terms.

JOB WORK.

Having received new type, stock of colored inks, cards, a Gordon jobber, etc., we are prepared to execute all kinds of printing in a better manner, and fifty per cent cheaper than ever before offered in this city.

Agents for the Register.

The following gentlemen are authorized to receive and receipt for subscriptions, advertising, etc., for the REGISTER:

Hiram Smith, Harrisburg.
O. P. Tompkins, Harrisburg.
S. H. Claughton, Lebanon.
Peter Hume, Brownsville.
W. R. Kirk, Brownsville.
E. E. Wheeler, Scio.
T. H. Reynolds, Salem.
L. P. Fisher, San Francisco.
D. P. Porter, Shedd's Station.

Missions often precede commerce, and prepare the way for the merchant, and make it safe for him to land and traffic on strange shores. At some of the Micronesion Islands it was not safe for vessels to touch until after the missionary had set himself down among the savages, and taught them something of the ways of civilized and Christian lands. Now a traffic which is worth thousands of dollars every year has sprung up among those very people who were utterly inapproachable but a few years ago. The testimony of a Scotch sailor is striking in respect to the changes wrought by the labors of missionaries. When asked if he thought the missionaries had done any good in the South Sea Islands, he replied: "I will tell you a fact which speaks for itself. Last year I was wrecked on one of those islands, where I knew that eight years before a ship wrecked and the crew was murdered; and you may judge how I felt at the prospect before—if not dashed to pieces on the rocks, to survive only for a more cruel death. When day broke, we saw a number of canoes pulling for our ship, and we prepared for the worst. Think of our joy and wonder when we saw the natives in English dress and heard some of them speak in the English language. On that very island the next Sunday we heard the Gospel preached. I do not know what you think of missions; but I know what I think." Dr. Kane also testified: "Before missionaries came to Greenland it was unsafe for vessels to touch upon the coast; but now it is safer for the wrecked mariner than many parts of our own coast." Commerce owes much to missions.

FROM PENNSYLVANIA.—From the report of the United States Revenue Department we find that in 1867, the licensed retail dealers in Pennsylvania returned over $152,000,000 as the amount of their sales. Add to this the amount sold by licensed venders, and the sum will exceed $300,000,000, as the cost of our liquor bill annually. For the same year, the State expended about $10,000,000 for common-school education. We received $317,472 for license fees, and paid $2,259,910 to support paupers and criminals. Leaving out of account the waste of labor, the loss of time, and the train of woes growing out of this traffic, the subject, as presented in the above figures, is respectfully submitted for the consideration of all concerned.—*State Journal.*

WM. LLOYD GARRISON ON TEMPERANCE.—The temperance movement is, at least, half a century old; it has been examined and discussed in all its bearings, both coolly and zealously, beyond any other question pertaining to individual self-control or to the public welfare. He is a conceited pretender who thinks he can now shed any new light upon it. The field of investigation is exhausted; the evidence is cumulative and overwhelming; the facts are "legion" and irrefutable; all argument is concluded. Until total abstinence and prohibition dominate the land, we shall be a nation of tipplers, incapable of meeting the responsibilities or discharging the duties that Heaven has imposed upon us.

SIN FOUND OUT.—There is now serving out his time in the State Prison, at Joliet, Ill., a former postmaster, whose detection confirms the fact that science renders the escape of a criminal almost impossible. A registered letter, from which five one-hundred-dollar bills had been purloined, was received at the post office in Chicago. An experienced officer, examining the envelope with a microscope, detected small pieces of plug tobacco. He was universally considered an upright man, but when arrested the bills were found secreted upon his person. Boys, never use tobacco, whether you intend to be a rogue or an honest man.

In view of the fearful list of derangements and diseases caused by the habitual use of tobacco, it may be said that the North American Indians, who first taught white men the habit, have taking a fearful revenge on us for rooting them out of the land.

A Mountain Belle's Flirtations and their Consequences.

Journalists in the exercise of their profession are frequently called upon to record melancholy instances of treachery and deceit practiced upon innocent and too confiding females. When such a story becomes generally known the victim never fails to receive from the public the sympathy which is her due: but when the case is reversed, as it sometimes is, and a man blinded by love is led on to humiliation and disgrace by the wiles of a heartless though fascinating woman, he is much more frequently laughed at than pitied. This should not be so.

THE FEMALE FLIRT

Sustains the same relation to other women that the libertine does to his own sex. Both make war upon the best interests of society and outrage the purest and holiest sentiments of the heart. A curious illustration of the power for evil which a coquette exercises over dupes is afforded by a case occurring in this city within the past three weeks. The details of the affair became known to one of the *Carnival* reporters through his acquaintance with a bank clerk who was an intimate friend of the principal sufferer. These we now give, premising that the conditions under which the information was given prevents the publication of names.

THE MOUNTAIN BELLE.

About a month ago a young lady living in Nevada county left her home and came to San Francisco on a visit to some of her city friends. The father of the young lady in question is quite wealthy, and his daughter, who has recently completed her nineteenth year has had every opportunity to become educated and accomplished to a degree fitting her to become an ornament to the highest circles. Unfortunately she is

A REMORSELESS ELIRT.

Finding no other occupation so agreeable as that of trifling with hearts. In personal appearance she is remarkably attractive. Her beauty is of the blonde type and all who are in the habit of frequently promenading Kearny street must have sometimes seen her and been struck with the beauty of her face and form, and especially with the profusion and unusual hue of her hair, of which she is very proud. But her chief charm is in her eyes, large, blue and lustrous, and into which she can throw at will every expression she desires.

HER FRIENDS,

Who reside on Mission street, west of the point of its intersection by Third, are fond of society and receive many visitors. Among these the ones who took the principal parts in this strange and thrilling drama which was there enacted were a young married couple, a physician and a young and very promising law student.

THE YOUNG HUSBAND

Soon found in the society of the beautiful coquette a facination which drew him from the side of his wife. He knew that he could never make her his lawful love, but the spell that she threw around him blinded his judgment, and in a short time he was hopelessly enslaved. The other two, differently circumstanced, became equally infatuated, and each hoped to win her as his wife.

THE INTERVIEW AND THE LETTER.

The heartless girl distributed her smiles among her three admirers with the utmost impartiality, now encouraging and now repulsing as fancy dictated or policy seemed to require. At the usual places of amusement, the theatre, the Cliff House, Woodward's Gardens, etc., she was almost daily seen with one or the other of her dupes, each of whom fancied that she was devoted to him alone. The young law student, being of very susceptible excitable temperament, first brought matters to a crisis, so far at least as he was concerned. Surprising her alone one day in the parlor, he seized her hand, and maddened by the coldness with which she received him, declared his love and refused to allow her to leave the room without giving him a decisive answer. Wearied with his importunities and a little startled at the wildness of his demeanor, she coldly told him that she had not the slightest love for him and that her heart was given to another. When he heard these words from the lips of one who had previously done everything that could be done, without actually committing herself, to convince him that his passion was returned, he reproached her with her perfidy in the most bitter terms.

HALF FRIGHTENED,

She fled from the room dropping in her haste the letter she had been reading when he entered the apartment. Acting under the unaccountable impulse of jealousy, he picked it up, opened and read it. Its contents more than confirmed what she said. It was a letter from her accepted lover, a wealthy mine-owner in her own locality, and mentioned incidentally the fact of their engagement, and the day on which the marriage ceremony was to be performed.

IN A STATE OF MIND.

Bordering on frenzy he left the house. Unable to control his feelings while near her, he determined to try the effect of a change of scene. The next day he left for the East. The worthy

DISCIPLE OF ESCULAPIUS

Was of a more philosophical disposistion, and took his final rejection quite cooly. He went about his business as usual, letting out some of his vindictive feelings possibly by dosing his patients a little more severely than usual, but otherwise acting as if nothing serious had happened. Far from meditating anything like suicide, he was even particularly careful to refrain from taking any of his own prescriptions, thereby proving himself perfectly sound in mind, notwithstanding his disappointment.

LOVE AND JEALOUSY IN WOODWARD'S GARDENS.

A week ago last Thursday the coquettish blonde went, with one of her friends, to Woodward's Gardens. Strolling around the grounds, they encountered the young married couple already mentioned. Here was a chance for finishing the conquest already begun of the young husband, and the accomplished flirt was not slow in affecting a temporary change of partners and strolling away to a place more fitted for a flirtation. Everybody knows that there are places at Woodward's Gardens, with rustic seats, where much love may be safely discoursed of, provided it be done in an undertone. One of these places was reached, and for a time all went well. But the jealousy of the young wife was already excited. Telling the gentleman with whom she was now with that she wished to speak to her husband, but would return in a moment, she left him contemplating a rather dingy looking specimen of the sculptor's art and approached her husband and the bewitching mountain flirt from the rear. So silent was her approach and so much were they absorbed that they failed to observe her presence. Standing behind the two she heard her husband declare his most guilty love for another than herself. What a blow to the heart of a

ONCE HAPPY WIFE,

Without a word, heedless of her abandoned escort, of all observers—of everything but her own overwhelming sorrow—she hastily quitted the grounds. Perhaps there are some who were there that day who will remember seeing a lady alone and in tears pass hastily through the entrance way of the gardens and enter the street car in waiting. Since then wife and husband have not met to speak to one another, and steps are already taken for the procurement of a divorce.

THE SUICIDE.

And now comes the last scene in the drama. From a New York paper, only a week old, we clip the following:

"FOUND DEAD.—A young man was found dead this morning in his room, at a lodging-house on Nassau street. It is a clear case of suicide. An empty vial which had contained laudanum was found on the table, and near it this note; 'I know this is a weak act, but I can endure life no longer. Money enough to pay my funeral expenses will be found in my pockets. Send this note to No.— Mission street, San Francisco. They will understand all. Good bye.

FRANK.'"

Such were the dying words of the coquette's victim. They require no comment. The story is best ended thus.—*S. F. Chronicle.*

GRINDING WHEAT WITHOUT MILLSTONES.—At a recent meeting in Edinburgh of the British Association of Science a paper was read by Mr. Thomas Carr upon a new mill for grinding wheat. It is described as reducing wheat by percussion, while it is unsupported and being projected through the air. When the wheat passes through the machine it is struck by a series of bars, moving very swiftly and in opposite directions. They reduce the wheat so instantaneously to a state ready for bolting that no injurious heat is caused, and consequently the flour is of much superior quality to that obtained in the usual way of grinding, and also at a much less cost. An Edinburgh firm has one of these disintegrating flour-mills in full operation, and the advantages in its favor over the millstones it supersedes are pointed out by Mr. Carr's paper. It rarley needs repairing in comparison with the other millstones; requires fewer men, and thus saves in wages; is free from loss in scorching, and thus saves fire insurance; occupies less space, and requires less driving power; and, in addition to this produces a superior quality of flour.

HOW SUGAR IS MADE.—The way in which sugar is made perfectly white was found out in a curious way. A hen that had gone through a clay mud-puddle, went with her muddy feet into the sugar house. It was observed by some one that wherever the tracks were, the sugar was whitened. This led to some experiments. The result was, that the clay came to be used in refining sugar. It is in this way: The sugar is put in earthen jars, shaped as you see the sugar is. The large ends are upward. The ends have a hole in them. The jar is filled with sugar, the clay put over the top and kept wet. The moisture goes through the sugar, and drops from the hole in the small end of the jar. This makes the sugar perfectly white.

Sheridan found it hard to acquire the elements of learning. His mother deemed it her duty to inform his teacher that he was not bright to learn like other boys. Adam Clark was pronounced by his father to be "a grievous dunce," and Dr. Chalmers was pronounced by his father as an "incorrigible" one. Chatterton was dismissed from school by his master, who, finding himself unable to teach him anything in a satisfactory manner, settled it that the boy was a fool."

How Mother Did It.

If we were to suggest one thing which above all other things combined, would most contribute to the happiness of the young housekeeper, it would be to learn to cook as the husband's mother cooked. Mother used to make coffee so and so; and mother used to have such waffles; and mother knew just how thick or thin to make a squash pie; and O, if I could only taste of mother's biscuit! Such are the comments of the husband and at too many tables. It would only be a little more cruel for the husband to throw his fork across the table, or dash the contents of his teacup in his wife's face. The experience of a contrite husband who publishes his confession in the Utica, (N. Y.) *Herald*, is good reading for those men whose daily sauce is, "how mother did it." He says:

"I found fault some time ago with Maria Ann's custard pie, and tried to tell her how my mother baked custard pie. Maria made the pie after my recipe. It lasted longer than any pie we ever had. Maria sat it on the table every day for dinner, and you see I could not eat it because I forgot to tell her to put in any eggs or shortening. It was economical, but in a fit of generosity I stole it from the pantry and gave it to a poor little boy in the neighborhood. The boy's funeral was largely attended by his former playmates. I did not go myself.

"Then there was the buckwheat cakes. I told Maria Ann any fool could beat her making those cakes, and she said I had better try it. So I did. I emptied the batter all out of the pitcher one evening and set the cakes myself. I got the flour and the salt and water, and warned by the past, put in a liberal quantity of eggs and shortening. I shortened with tallow from roast beef because I could not find any lard. The batter did not look quite right, and I lit my pipe and pondered. Yeast—yeast to be sure. I had forgotten the yeast. I went and woke up the baker and got six cents' worth of yeast. I set the pitcher behind the sitting-room stove and went to bed. In the morning I got up early and prepared to enjoy my triumph; but I didn't. That yeast was strong enough to raise the dead, and the batter was running all over the carpet. I scraped it up and put it into another dish. Then I got a fire in the kitchen and put on the griddle. The first lot of cakes stuck to the griddle. The second dittoed, only more so. Maria came down and asked what was burning. She advised me to grease the griddle. I did it. One end of the griddle got too hot and I dropped the thing on my tenderest corn, while trying to turn it around. Finally the cakes were ready for breakfast, and Maria got the other things ready. We sat down. My cakes did not have exactly the right flavor. I took one mouthful and it satisfied me. I lost my appetite at once. Maria would not let me put one on her plate. I think those cakes may be reckoned a dead loss. The cat would not eat them. The dog ran off and stayed away three days after one was offered him. The hens won't go within ten feet of them. I threw them into the back yard, and there has not been a pig on the premises since. I eat what is put before me now, and do not allude to my mother's system of cooking.

MR. WEBSTER AND THE CROCODILE.—It is stated in one of our exchanges, that in ascending the Cooper river in South Carolina, Daniel Webster declared to some of his friends who accompanied him, that he had it before him as one of his ambitions to kill a crocodile or alligator. An occasion of gratifying his wish soon offered itself. A fine, large alligator was perceived basking in the sunshine. Mr. Webster aimed at him, as is stated, but did not succeed in killing him, the ball being too small, but, adds the story teller, "I am convinced that he made as profound an impression on this crocodile as he is making on all the world." "This piece of pleasantry," says the *Courier des Etats Unis*, "brings to mind that noble English sportsman, whose shots a sycophantic friend was always accustomed to praise whether good or bad. One day, aiming at a bird and missing him, the everlasting flatterer cried out, "Ha, ha! I knew you would force him to fly from there!"

They were discussing a masquerade and endeavoring to select the characters in which they should go. "How shall I go?" said our very tall and slender friend William. "Chalk your head and go as a billiard cue," was the response.