

The Albany Register.

VOL. IV.

ALBANY, OREGON, DECEMBER 2, 1871.

NO. 13.

L. J. Fisher

Albany Register.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
BY COLL. VAN CLEVE,
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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 types, stock of colored inks, cards, a Gordon jobber, etc., we are prepared to execute a full line of printing in a better manner and at a lower price than ever before offered in this city.

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The following gentlemen are authorized to receive and remit for subscriptions, advertising, etc., for the Register:
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Nov. 25, 1871.

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N. S. DUBOIS
HAS ON HAND AND CONSTANTLY RECEIVING A LARGE STOCK OF
Groceries and Provisions.
Wood and willow ware, crockery, glass, confectionery, Yankee notions, etc., etc., wholesale and retail, opposite R. C. Hill & Son's drug store, Albany, Oregon. 174

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MITCHELL & DOLPH,
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SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY AND PROBATE, in all matters. Office over the old post office, Front street, Portland, Oregon. 134

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I am prepared to do all kinds of engineering, and to survey, locate, and lay out roads, canals, etc., etc., by mail promptly attended to. Residence on Fourth street, opposite Dr. Tate's, Albany, Oregon.

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AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, etc., etc., in all matters, Albany, Oregon. Collections and conveyances promptly attended to.

TITUS BROTHERS,
Dealers in
WATCHES,
Clocks, Jewellery, etc.
Repairing of clocks, watches, jewelry, etc., attended to. All work warranted.
318

LEFFEL & MYERS'
Water Wheels
SPHERICAL FLUMES,
And General Mill Machinery.
J. F. BACKENSTO, Agent,
Albany, Oregon.

20 DOLLARS A DAY
TO MALE AND FEMALE AGENTS,
To introduce the celebrated
\$25.00
Buckeye Sewing Machine.
CUTCH ALIKE ON BOTH SIDES, AND the only shuttle sewing machine in the United States. Sewed by hand, and the Wilson feed sold for less than \$10, and acknowledged by all to be the best family sewing machine, for light or heavy sewing, in the market. Call for it. Address
MINER & PEABODY, Gen. Agts.,
205 1/2

GEO. W. GRAY, D. D. S.,
WOULD SOLICIT THE patronage of all persons desiring dental treatment and first-class dental operations. Nitrous oxide administered when desired. Charges moderate. Office in Parrish & Co.'s brick block. Residence first horse south of Congregational church, fronting on court house block.
Albany, July 2, 1870-5

ALBANY BOOK STORE.
Established in 1850.
E. A. Freedland,
DEALER IN EVERY VARIETY OF
miscellaneous books, school books, blank books, stationery. Books imported to order at short notice.
Albany, Dec. 3, 1871.

TURNING - TURNING.
RAWLINS CHAIRS

I AM PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS OF
turning, keep on hand and make to order a full variety of chairs, and spinning wheels. Shop near the Magnolia Mill.
JOHN M. METZLER,
Albany, Nov. 9, 1871

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN CONNER,
Banking and Exchange Office,
ALBANY, OREGON.

DEPOSITS RECEIVED SUBJECT TO
check at sight.
Interest allowed on time deposits in coin.
Exchange on Portland, San Francisco, and New York, for sale at lowest rates.
Collectors on all accounts, promptly remitted.
Orders to H. W. Condit, Henry Peabody, W. S. Laub,
Banking hours from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M.
Albany, Feb. 1, 1871-22-3

MARBLE WORKS.

MONROE & STAIGER,
Dealers in

Monuments, Obelisks, Tombs,
Head and Foot Stones,Executed in
California, Vermont and Italian
Marble.

SALEM, OREGON.

BRANCH SHOP AT ALBANY.

J. BOW, M. B. CRANE,
BOW & CRANE,
Dealers in

Boots, Shoes, and Findings
ALBANY, OREGON.

INVITE THE ATTENTION OF THE

public to their full stock of the latest styles in gentlemen's and youth's boots, shoes, cutters, Oxford ties, etc., as well as to the very latest thing out in the line of ladies' and misses' gaiters, hosiery, Newport ties, Antiochete hosiery, and many other new and fashionable styles, just received at the City Boot Store, which will sell as cheaply as they can find purchasers who wish first-class goods at the most reasonable rates. 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,
17-3

CITY MARKET,

FIRST STREET, ALBANY, OREGON.

J. L. HARRIS, G. E. HAIGIT,
J. L. HARRIS & CO.,
PROPRIETORS.

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 beefs, hogs and sheep.
Third door west of Ferry, on south side of First street. J. L. HARRIS & CO.,
Albany, Dec. 15, 1870-1871

J. C. MENDENHALL,

Notary Public,
REAL ESTATE INSURANCE AGENT,
ALBANY, OREGON.

RENTS COLLECTED AND TAXES PAID
for houses, lots and others, and all other real estate papers, etc. Office one door above telegraph office. 313

Albany Collegiate Institute,

ALBANY, OREGON.

THIS INSTITUTION WILL REOPEN ON
Monday, September 4th, with a corps of teachers capable and earnest. Instruction will be thorough and practical, and the system of order unsurpassed. For particulars, address
R. K. WARREN, A. M., President;
Or, Rev. E. R. GEARY, D. D., Albany.

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Notary Public,
CRANOR & HUMPHREY,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
ALBANY, OREGON.

Office in Parrish block, up stairs. 574

The Eyes! The Ears!

DR. T. L. GOLDEN,
Oculist and Acoustician, Albany, Oregon.

DR. GOLDEN IS A son of the noted oculist and acoustician, 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 18, 69.

NEW STYLE PICTURES.

THE "REMBRANDT"

IS THE MOST POPULAR STYLE OF
photograph now made. Call and see
Jan. 14-19
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.
JOSEPH WEBBER,
Sept. 19-71

The Magic Word

BY MISS M. A. DENISON.

It was one of the lowest, most God-forsaken localities in town. Police- men had a hard time of it there. Their hands were full with fights, and petty thieving, and drunken women, and children as vicious as sin could make them.

A rather decent old woman sold apples near the corner; but sometimes it seemed as if she did it at the peril of her life. Decayed and broken houses, damaged windows, and cellars full of mud, and damp in every crevice, were seen everywhere in their unwholesome proportions, and out of them issued the foulest and vilest of earth's poor, broken, downcast creatures. Could it be possible that these were the same human family with the fair children and graceful women living within a stone's throw of this dreadful street? Were they alike God's creatures? Up from the same dark cavity came the very will-to-the-wisp of a girl; a creature with great, rolling black eyes, grimy features and uncertain movements. Was she happy, that she danced so occasionally hurrying into some half-forgotten fragment of song? Presently a swarthy-looking boy, an Italian, came along. Not the girl was not happy. Up went the doubled fists, and oaths and curses rolled from her round, full, red lips. She could not have known the meaning of the words.

"Shut up, you whelp!" cried a greasy, ragged-looking man who was passing.

"The girl turned sharply on him. 'Keep your tongue to yourself, or you'll get a sling of mud.'"

Just then the little Italian saw that the apple woman was gazing up the street, so he caught at an apple and started off.

"'Why, this is Mag, I think,'" cried the girl. "'This!' cried the woman. 'Stop him!'"

Up came a policeman. The tramps gathered round loaves, reeling and shouting. Two boys began to fight; all the street was howling.

Mag—that was the girl's name, and she had no other that she knew of—stood looking, exultant, after the flying thief. How her face worked! What possibilities of heavy lay hidden under those unfeeling features! Poor child, soiled body and soul!

Presently she, too, began to run, and just at that moment a plain looking, well-dressed man was turning out of an alley. Mag struck against him, and the violence of the recoil threw her down.

Her forehead, coming in contact with a sharp stone, was cut badly. She did not care for that, but darted a look of fury at the man, who now bent over her.

"My poor child!" he exclaimed in accents of the tenderest pity. "I'm afraid you are very much hurt."

Mag looked up. A strip of blue sky between the filthy houses for the first time attracted her attention. It must have been because of the pitting voice.

"Are you very much hurt, dear?" "Dear!" was Mag listening, and in her right senses?

"Oh no; 'tain't nothing," she said, with a coarse laugh, but the blood ran freely and frightened him.

"Here, come this way," he said, and took her hand, leading her down the street to a shop. There he had the woman dressed, and it was curious to see the grim of unwashed dirt disappear, till like that strip of blue sky, something in the child's face seemed to tell of possible purity and beauty.

Then a piece of plaster was placed over the wound and the doctor gave her something for her dizzy feeling in her head. The good man paid him, and the two went out.

The girl eyed her new friend with shame and half-distrustful glances. "I think I've got a pair of shoes that will fit you, in here," he said, and took her into a place that looked something like a clothing shop. Then he found the shoes.

"Do you like them?" he asked, as she stood up in them.

"No, sir; they are queer to my feet," she said, faintly.

"But you will wear them, won't you? It's getting cold weather now, and besides you are too large to go without shoes."

Her great eyes sought his. At that moment the soul in them started lid.

"I'll tell you, true, sir," she said hurriedly; "my mother'll put them shoes up for liquor."

seemed, felt something human swell up in her heart. She had kept the shoes. He had insisted upon that. Out into the street one of her companions cried—

"Hellow, shoes!" and up went Mag's doubled fists. Out came she on it and then another, and then she seemed to shrink away from herself, and all at once her eye caught sight of that strip of blue sky; and her face reddened, while, perhaps for the first time in her life, she felt that it was wrong to swear, wicked to feel as she did.

She went slowly home. Home! O, the mockery, the exceeding bitterness of that word when it meant want, and misery, and woe, and rags, and squalor, and sin!

Her mother saw the shoes, her bleared eyes brightened. An aunt lived with the mother. Lived, did I say? She dragged on a miserable, sickening existence, sometimes begging, sometimes starving.

As for Mag, the two women knew not what to make of her conduct. She had brought them a little loaf of bread but could not eat herself.

"What ails the young one?" her mother said, at last. Somewhere in the bottom of her soul there was a remnant of the woman left.

"I wish I was dead," said Mag, sullenly; and that was all she said.

One morning she looked for her shoes. They were gone. But cursing and swearing were not the remedy now for evils, as they had been before. Something restrained her; that feeble, flickering conscience that the good woman's tender words had lightened, feeble indeed, but yet distinctly felt.

One morning with her basket full of cold scraps, she met him on Broadway. Forward she started, her face flaming with sudden beauty. He did not at first notice her, and an agony took possession of her spirit, such as no feeling but the forgotten out-cast can feel. But suddenly some power, watchful, unseen, touched him on the arm, and he turned.

"Why, this is Mag, I think," he said, going up to her. He had that girl's heart in his hand.

"Yes, sir," she replied, the coming tears changing to smiles.

"Why, Mag! O, the shoes are gone." "I told you, sir," she filtered out.

"Yes, yes; I'm not blaming you, my dear." O, if Mag could have gone down on her knees to him right there on the gay and crowded street!

"We'll hope for better times," he said gravely. "What if I should see your mother?"

"Oh, sir," and her mouth began to work. "She's gone very low, but it's since father died; only since father died."

"And how long is that?" "Five years, sir, or may be more," was the trembling answer.

Mag could think of nothing else all day but that he had met her, and had spoken to her. Oh, that one little tender word! What fruit it was to her!

Mag went home. Death had been there before her. The poor, wretched woman, to whom she had been so bright and beautiful a thing, had fallen into a drunken convulsion. No one was near to help, and there she had died—gone forever.

"O Mag," sobbed her aunt, broken and frightened at the sight, "get's you and I be better than we have been. I couldn't do so."

Mag no longer had her mother to keep. Poor child, was it possible for her to mourn much? What had she to remember besides blows, and oaths, and cruelty?

She never rested till she had found her friend—she never rested till she had found a heaven for herself and her aunt.

Will you believe me when I tell you that to-day Mag is a beautiful, aye, a refined young lady? That she is teaching school in a Western village, and that all this sprang from one word of tenderness, one little word of four letters, which he who had the Heaven shut up in his heart, spoke in an impulse of tender pity?

Do not be above your business, no matter what that calling may be, but strive to be the best in that line. He who turns up his nose at his work, quarrels with his bread and butter, is a poor smith who quarrels with his own sparks; there is no shame about any honest calling; don't be afraid of soiling your hands; there is plenty of soap to be had. All trades are good to traders. You cannot get honey if you are afraid of bees, nor plant corn if you are afraid of getting mud on your boots. When we dig fields with a tooth-pick, blow along with a fan, and grow plumb-cakes in flower-pots, then it will be a nice time for candies. Above all things avoid laziness. There is plenty to do in this world for every pair of hands placed upon it, and we must so work that the world will be richer because of our having lived in it.

Violent exercise is seldom useful. It was noticed by the early Greeks that no one who in early youth won the prize at the Olympic games ever distinguished himself afterward. The same principle held good in regard to overtaxing the mental powers in early life. An overworked brain is the source of sorrows in latter years.

The ex-Emperor Napoleon's income is stated by a German paper to be \$25,000 a year, which will be increased to \$50,000 by the proceeds of the property recently sold in Spain by the Emperress.

Wisconsin has abandoned the grand jury system.

HARDSHELL SERMON.

TEXT—"THE HEN SCRATCHES WHERE SHE EXPECTS TO FIND A BUG."

Fellow sisters, brethren, men, women and children, generally and particularly speaking, you needn't bustle any pages for the text, for it ain't there. It is a special dispensation to your appointed pastor; and he bustles it at you for what it is worth. Where the hen scratches there she expects to find a bug. Did you come from the race track of the world to parade your "trotting harness" before the neck and lordly? Have you dropped the dazzling rattle of business and pleasure to while an idle hour away, listening to the mournful melody that is rung by angel hands from the sacred harps that hang forgotten upon the drooping willows of mortality? Or are you indulging for the almighty dollar? Verily I say unto you, where the hen scratches there she expects to find a bug.

My drowsy hearers, we are a lot of damaged goods, trying to palm ourselves off upon each other for more than our market value; and the old firm of Time, Death & Co., is doing a heavy commission business upon our stock in trade. I hear the mallet of death, with its mechanical tap, tap, and solid "going, going," and the next minute down it will come down upon some of your unconscious heads, and we shall be folded up like tents of the Arabs, and as silently borne away to the other side of Jordan, where the dry goods man refrains from trailing, and the grocer has nothing to say, and the weary hen ceases from scratching, and the precious bug is found. In the midst of life we are in debt, says a noble prophet, who was near kin to your beloved pastor. Many of you are tempted to tarry in the tavern of life, and fail to settle your accounts with your landlord, may the text rise up before you like a fabulous Arabian hero, only to rest from the rough and tumble game, and deter you from that out-of-depravity where bumpers lead trustful hens to scratch up the legs they devour.

Your undivided attention is further solicited to the significance of the text, metaphorically and colloquially, in small packages to suit the capacity, from the boy sucking peanuts peacefully on the corner, to the hardened sinner who talks so proudly in your pastor's presence. And we unto you, young woman, sea-sawing up the broad aisle with your new bonnet and streamer flying, for your fancy neckties, go on until you slip over a tale of cotton and are left to drift away over the brimstone sea of national disgrace a by-word and jest that you loved not wisely but too well. No beloved, I warn you now, if you manifest symptoms of such cowardice as has been faulted down to you from high places, the biggest pair of stogy boots in this congregation will rise up in judgment against you, and kick you out into the broad road that leads to everlasting ruin.

And finally, when you cut out the crust from your brown bread loaf and scrape the hard leaven from the top of noon-day pot, if you cut a little below the crisp for the beggar's and out-cast's portion, your conscience and digestion will trouble you less; and as you steal out, as some of you will to-night where the silvery moon of memory hangs over the haunted hills of the past, and bow at some hallowed finger-post that points the way a broken heart to heaven, may the eternal verdure of your faith's green hope spring up in barren spots trod hard by the busy feet of the absorbing now, and bring you to the sweetness of that love that overflows continually in deeds and words for the elevation of the rag-amulins who march in the rear ranks of humanity; for the barbarians are not all in the ragged file, but many a man of purest ray serene, wants but a lifting from the filth to shine." So note it, be. Brother Slowfast, circulate the platter for the root of evil, until it is all rotted out of this place. For verily I say unto you, the hen that scratches here expects to find a bug. Shell out.

THE SCHOOL FESTIVAL.—Quarterly magazine, devoted to original matter for Day School and Sunday School Exhibitions, and public Occasions. The October number of this popular Magazine (which was destroyed by the great Chicago fire, when all ready to mail), has been reprinted, and has just reached us. As its subscription list was burned, the Publishers request us to ask their address, stating what numbers were yet due them, and to remit their subscription for next year. Let all teachers and pupils subscribe now, for the School Festival—they all need it. It costs only 50 cents a year, in advance, or 15 cents for a single number. The Publishers were very sorry to lose any of their subscribers, but they don't propose to allow their subscribers to lose anything. Send by mail, to Alfred L. Sewell & Co., Publishers, Chicago, Ill.

It is said that there is no physical suffering so great as dying from thirst. Soldiers on the battle-field will risk their lives often in crossing an exposed road or space to get a drink of water. There is no substance that can give relief—no luxury but would gladly be exchanged for a cup of cold water by one who is thus perishing.

A hint to mothers—treat your babies kindly, but not cordially.

New Dictionary.

New words—Kittens.
A scratch race—Monkeys.
A notice of a peal—Lightning.
Something to boot—A foot.
The auctioneer's muse—"Bid."
A volume of love—Your blankbook.
A "storied bard"—The novelist's pay.

How to get rid of fleas—Kill them.
A relative beauty—A pretty cousin.
The woman's club—The broomstick.
The board of health—A plain diet.
A bad policy—one that has run out.
"Case" hardened people—Printers.
Meantime—When one's note falls due.

Borrowed discourses—Lent sermons.
The largest cup of frolic—the hiccup.
House decorations—Women.
A half-'em scare'em invention—The chignon.
A woman's best point—Point lace.
Dead locks—Chignon.
Backgammon—A lady's waterfall.
Burning words—A dictionary in flames.

The dress circle—Crimoline.
The "rest" of the week—Sunday.
Smoking carriages—Engines.
A long staircase (staircase)—A telescope.
A Hand-to-Mouth Existence—That of a dentist.
Mere matter of form—fitting a dress.
A deer country—A stag-nation.
A green grocer—One who trusts.
The last thing out—The gas.

Piece makers—Seamstresses.
Girl loaves—Female loafers.
A dead language—Obituary.
A match game—Incendiarism.
Preferred stock—That which is best.
The modern song of love—Cupidity.
The color of a storm—Elev.

Damaged garments—Libel suits.
Steady on his pegs—A shoemaker.
Party magazines—Kerosene-lamps.
Maid of honor—Those who do not jilt suitors.

"Galley" slaves—Printer's devils.
A chop for breakfast—Hash.
The War of measure—A line of battle.
Pleasant checks in life—Bank checks.

The raw material—Undone steak.
A head wind—A sneeze.
To those who are in pecuniary difficulties—Get out.
An eccentric chuck—Chuckling an old maid under the chin.
Drawback—Toothache.

"Home brook"—The children.
Boston's favorite—Jamaica plain.
A dip in the briny—"Pickled pork."
Something to chalk down—The price of milk.

On the rise—A baker's stock.
A "picked nine"—The Muses.
How to be wise—Drink sage tea.
Very much red—Tomatoes and war news.

Noose-paper—The marriage certificate.
The Aldermen to their dinner—Gorge us!
A crack corps—The burglars.
Doing a heavy business—The iron dealers.

Advice to doctors—Live and let live.
The height of the season—Fahrenheit.
What auctioneers like to see—Forbidden countenances.
A bawl-work—The nursery.
Steady work—Walking on the tight rope.

Spley details—Statistics of the nutmeg State.
The oldest top in the world—Mountain top.
Wide-awake hats—Those without a nap!
High words—Dialogue in a balloon.

Universal topics—The Rhine and the rhino.
Contraband of war—The pipe of peace.
The proper beverage for milkmen—Pail ale.

The minister of the interior—"Whittles."
Geometrical figures of the bibulous—Rye-tangles.
The hire class—Laborers.
The love class—Scholars.
Crested business—Wanted work.

A time to run—When you are in a hurry.
To make a hot bed—Set the mattress on fire.
This best "church service"—Matrimony.

The sweetest of strains—Trying to lift a pretty girl on a horse.
The way to raise the wind—Fan an heiress at Saratoga.

Stage carpenters—Actors who saw the air and bore the audience.
Contentment—To sit in the house and see other people stuck in the mud.
The greatest curiosity in the world—A woman's.

Joint proprietors—Butchers.
An attached couple—Oyster-shells.
Capital sport—Money hunting.
An obscure life—The fly's in amber.
Flat falsehood—Lying on your back.

Vegetable philosophy—Sage advice.
Light employment—Building castles in the air.
The swiftest arm of military service—The fleet.

Some one, feeling that actions are better than words, has said: "We read of the acts of the apostles, but never of their resolutions."

The Methodists of the country are going to raise \$200,000 for their Chicago brethren. New England furnishes \$20,000.