

The Albany Register.

VOL. IV.

ALBANY, OREGON, JANUARY 10, 1872.

NO. 20.

Albany Register.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
BY COLL. VAN CLEVE,
IN REGISTER BUILDINGS,
Corner Ferry and First Streets.

TERMS IN ADVANCE.
One year, \$5.00; Three months, \$3.00; Six months, \$4.00; Single copies, Ten cents.

ADVERTISING RATES.
Transient advertisements, per square of ten lines or less, one insertion \$2; each subsequent insertion \$1. Large advertisements inserted on the most liberal terms.

JOB WORK.
Having received new type, stock of colored lines, cut in a far better style, we are prepared to execute all kinds of printing in a better manner, and at a lower price than ever before offered in this city.

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

BUSINESS CARDS.
D. E. NICE, J. D. S. S. DE BOIS
HAS ON HAND AND CONSTANTLY RECEIVING A LARGE STOCK OF

MITCHELL & DOLPH,
Attorneys and Commissioners at Law.

Powell & Flynn,
Attorneys and Commissioners at Law.

CRANOR & HUMPHREY,
Attorneys and Commissioners at Law.

GEO. W. GRAY, D. D. S.,
GRADUATE OF CINCINNATI DENTAL COLLEGE.

W. G. JONES, M. D.,
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.

LEFFEL & MYERS,
Water Wheels
SPHERICAL FLUMES.

20 DOLLARS A DAY
TO MALE AND FEMALE AGENTS.

Buckeye Sewing Machine.
CUTCH ALIKE ON BOTH SIDES.

ALBANY BOOK STORE.
Established in 1856.

E. A. Freedland,
DEALER IN EVERY VARIETY OF MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS.

TURNING - TURNING.
RAVINE CHAIRS.

I AM PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS
OF TURNING, KEOP ON HAND AND MAKE TO ORDER

BUSINESS CARDS.
JOHN CONNER,
BANKING

Exchange Office,
ALBANY, OREGON.

MARBLE WORKS.
MONROE & STAIGER,
Dealers in

Monuments, Obelisks, Tombs,
Head and Foot Stones.

California, Vermont and Italian
Marble.

BRANCH SHOP AT ALBANY.
DOW & CRANE,
Dealers in

Boots, Shoes, and Findings
ALBANY, OREGON.

INVITE THE ATTENTION OF THE
LADIES TO THEIR FULL STOCK OF THE LATEST

CITY MARKET,
FIRST STREET, ALBANY, OREGON.

J. L. HARRIS,
PROPRIETOR.

WILL ENDEAVOR TO KEEP
CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FULL SUPPLY OF

Albany Collegiate Institute,
ALBANY, OREGON.

THIS INSTITUTION WILL REOPEN
ON Monday, September 4, 1871, with a corps

The Eye! The Ear!
DR. T. L. GOLDEN,
Oculist and Aurist Albany, Oregon.

DR. GOLDEN IS A
son of the noted old oculist doctor, S. C. Golden.

DR. E. O. SMITH, DENTIST,
HAS LOCATED IN ALBANY, AND IS NOW READY

Paper-hanging, Calcemining,
Decorating, &c.

F. M. WADSWORTH
will give prompt attention to all orders for Paper-hanging, Calcemining, Decorating, &c.

"A Little Nonsense Now and Then,"
etc.

BINGHAMTON, LATELY.—A Fulton Market man found out "What I Know About Farming" in this wise:

Said he, "John do you know the best way to raise potatoes?"
Says I, "I do."
Says he, "How."
"Why," says I, "grab hold of the tops with both hands and pull 'em up."

Says he, "Go to grass."
So I started to grass, and I'm now on a trip over the Erie Railway. It's a good time to go on a railroad. The trees are all dropped, and the leaves are through falling and turning all colors. What last spring was a blanket is now a multicolor. Green peas have turned to shot, and so forth.

The first thing I did after getting into the cars was to try and make myself agreeable. The attempt proved a failure. I saw a fellow with a package in his hand, and I said to him: "Have a game?"

"Game of what," said he.
"Seven-up," said I.
"There isn't so much bitterness in a ton of boiled lobes as there was in the expression of that fellow's face. Intense scorn and indignity struggled to the mastery as he yelled out, "No, sir! I'm a miller."

"Well," said I, "you needn't get mad. Nobody ever would believe it unless you told 'em so."
Then I told him on closer inspection he did look like a miller—a miller penitentiary—and I asked him what he was doing with the ears.

He said they were not ears, they were blank tickets for the Sunday-school library.
"Then I said, "What might your name be?"
He said, "Barney."

Then I said, with a smile, "They are ears of lard all over the country, ain't they?"
"To this day he has never answered that question. He moved into another car.

Back of me sat a little boy. He had a half ticket. The conductor punched it. I said to him, "Is that boy obliged to have a whole ticket to travel on this train?"
He said, "No."
"Well," said I, "he has got one."
"I'll bet you," said I. "It was a half ticket until you punched it; that made it a hole one."
He intimated he would punch me; so we didn't continue to converse.

I moved over next to a fellow who was devoid of nose. "Ahem," said I, "cheer of myhem?"
"No," said he, "my dog chewed it off last July."
"Ah," said I, "not myhem, but Julyhem, eh?"
"Be you from York?" said he.
"I am," said I.
"Do you know Smith?" said he.
"Smith," said I, "what Smith?"
"No, not Watt Smith, but Mister Smith; he keeps a store down there."
He was very much surprised when I told him "I had never heard of him."
"How of water and chopper of grass," I exclaimed, "what is your biz?"

He said he was a miller.
"Oh miller," said I.
"No, sir," said he, "I conduct a well regulated, Christian saw-mill."
"Ah," said I, "you are a millerite, then." Just then I made some further remarks. I observed the country looked fine. I didn't exactly know how the country ought to look like here, but I lit it right, for he said "Yes," and he said we were passing through a dairy country.

"Do they run trains nights through a dairy country," I asked, sweetly.
He said yes and said they made mighty good cheese in that section. I related to him how "I didn't like milk—good cheese?" then I told him "Truth was mighty and would prevail, and cheese was mighty and that was prevailing to considerable extent, too."

Then we stopped for grub, and I can swear that I saw a man sell slices of a policeman's club for Bologna sausage and sandwiches, and I was served to a piece of the steak old John Rogers was burned at, and it was turned ten per cent. worse than he was, and longer than a parboiled pumpkin on a toast. The proprietor asked me if I had been served? I told him yes I had been served darned meanly.

When I got into the car again the Millerite observed, "The pen is mightier than the sword." I told him that wasn't the case with a hog pen. Then we commenced about the grass crop. He said he was much troubled with ground-hogs. "So am I," said I; "where I board we are annoyed to death with 'em all winter."
"Why," said he, "do you have ground-hogs in York?"
"Yes," said I, "lots of 'em; we call them saggies."
"For the space of five minutes he bowed his head and wept.

As soon as he got through weeping I told him I had recently visited New England, and how profitable every thing was up there, and I observed to him how for miles along the side of the railroads the telegraph poles had sprouted and were bearing apples, quinces, musk-melons, huckleberries and bananas.

"No," said he.
"Yes," said I.
"Then he rose and said, "Wash I thought you was dead."
"My name is not Wash," said I.
"Excuse me, sir," said he, "I called you Wash because you remind me so strongly of George Washington

who did it with his hatchet—the man who never told a lie."
Says I, "It is best you shut a nigger; if you were I would kill you, sir, and let your family go a black-burying 14 October."

Then he went into the next car where the conductor went, then the cars stopped five minutes, and I had a slight altercation with a sallow chap. He sold awful small pieces of pie for ten cents a piece, and I asked him if he would sell three pieces for a quarter. He said no.

Says I, "by gosh you do do it."
He swore he didn't. Then I told him he did—that there were three pieces to every quarter of pie on his counter, and that was three pieces for a quarter.

He set a pure white black-and-tan terrier at me, but he was so scared by before he could open his mouth to bite, I was on board the cars again.

But here we are at Binghamton, at which place I will not see the time being.

Before leaving you I proposed a conundrum. Why is a railroad traveler like a mule teacher? Because he is always dealing with flat and sharp. Ludlow was lodged in Binghamton. The Asylum is in Binghamton. "While there is life there is hope." Still watchless but on time. Yours, Jons.

Mixed Things.
A late Eastern paper contains the following ludicrous narrative:

Some years ago when the writer was a reporter upon an Eastern paper, it developed upon him to write for the same edition an account of the presentation of a gold-headed cane to the Rev. Dr. Mulge, the clergyman of the place, and the description of a patent hog-killing and sausage machine, that had been put in operation at the factory. Now, what made Dr. Mulge and was full. The inconsiderate farmer who made up the forms got the two loaves mixed up in a frightful manner, and when we went to press something like this was the appalling result:

"Several of the Rev. Dr. Mulge's friends called upon him yesterday, and after a brief conversation the unsuspecting hog was seized by the hind legs and set into a beam, until he reached the hot water tank. His friends explained the object of their visit, and presented him with a very handsome gold-headed butcher, who grabbed him by the tail-swing him round, cut his throat from ear to ear, and in less than a minute the carcass was in the water. Thereupon he came forward and said there were times when the feelings over-powered one, and for that reason he would not attempt to do more than thank those around him for the manner in which so long an animal was cut into so many fragments was simply astonishing. The doctor concluded his remarks, when the machine seized him, and in less time than it takes to write at the hog was cut into fragments and worked up into delicious sausage. The occasion will long be remembered by the doctor's friends as one of the most delightful of their lives. The best pieces can be obtained for 15 cents a pound, and we are sure that those who have sat so long under his ministry will rejoice that he has been so handsomely treated."

Mad! Well, about nine o'clock that morning that office had been abandoned by every man but the advertising clerk, and he ascended to the roof and robed himself in boiler iron, so that he could watch the venerable clergyman tearing round down there in the street with his congregation, all wearing the penitency of war and carrying butcher knives and things. The next day we explained an apologized, but the doctor stopped his subscription and began to take the rival paper.

A NEW KIND OF WALL.—A wall, lately invented, is coming into use in England, the advantages claimed for which are the very important ones of the non-absorbency of moisture, non-conduction of heat, economy of space, a washable surface, and without cleanness. Over a framework of strong cross-wires, of about one-eighth of an inch thick, there is woven by a powerful pressure, fibrous matter, which is saturated with a solution that renders it fire-proof. It is then subjected to a very powerful pressure. A coating of light Scott's cement is then put upon it for inside facing, and Portland cement for outside facing. By this means surfaces are made impervious to moisture, smooth, and easily washed with water, thus saving the expense of repeated lime-washings. It is formed into slabs in iron frames, which are put together and closely and securely fastened with bolts. The slabs are from one and a half to four inches thick. They are found to serve as superb panelling for dividing walls and partitions. Where the space is of importance, it has the advantage, perhaps over concrete walling, in enabling a wall to be of not more than one and a half or two inches of thickness, and yet its quality is said to greatly exceed that of concrete.

The Chinese, it is said, celebrate all their holidays by paying their debts, forgiving all their enemies, and slaking hands all around. So that in one respect, at least, the "Heavenly Chinese" has one excellent custom very conformable indeed to Christian principles. Let us hope that this salutary principle may be generally adopted. It is worthy of a carnival to celebrate it.

Schoolboys hear with pleasure of the decline in whaling business.

The Story of a King.
ONE OF THE ROMANCES OF THE WAR.

In the year 1861, a young man, then living a few miles from this city, went into the Missouri State Guard as a soldier. At Springfield, and on the re-organization of this branch of the army, he took service as a Confederate. Afterwards he joined a company in Colonel Up. Hays' regiment, and participated in the battle of Lone Jack.

BEFORE LEAVING HOME.
However, his mother gave him an old-fashioned gold ring, which had a heart upon it, and the letters "R. S." engraved upon the heart. She placed it on her son's hand with a wish or rather a prayer, that he might go through the war safely, and get safely back to his home again. It is not known that either the ring or the prayer acted as a charm, but the young man went unscathed through many bloody fights, being hit in but one of them, the wound then proving to be only a mere scratch.

VERY SICK OF A FEVER.
At Clarksville, Texas. During the delirium attendant upon it, and while he was tossing to and fro, the ring slipped from his finger and was lost. The closest search failed to find it, and it was given up for good. There waited upon the young man, however, a very pretty and amiable girl, who seemed to be sorry when he got well enough to refresh his remembrance. When he left her laughingly told her that if she would find his ring, and he lived, he would come back and marry her. If this promise was made at first with any degree of sincerity, it would soon be forgotten in the excitement and care of a soldier's life, and only at rare intervals, perhaps, did he recall the sick room and the ministering angel.

WHEN THE WAR WAS OVER.
The young man returned to his father's farm in Jackson county and went to work in good earnest. Two years ago his mother died, and once more the loss of the ring came back to him with redoubled sorrow. He determined to write to the lady who had nursed him, and to inquire of her whether she had seen or heard anything of the present his mother had made him. The letter was written in August, 1869, and, in March, 1870, what was his surprise to receive an answer from

THE IDENTICAL GIRL.
He had left in 1864, and to whom he had made a light promise of marriage. She was still single, she said, and waiting for him. And what was stranger still, only five days before she wrote, she had found the lost ring. The manner of finding it was as follows: The father of the young lady had determined to make some repairs in his house, which repairs necessitated the taking up of the floor of the room in which the soldier had been sick. After doing this, and while digging away some rubbish beneath, the workmen came upon the ring. It had slipped through a crack in the floor, and had been lying there, safe and sound, for nearly five long years.

THE LADY TOOK POSSESSION OF IT
At once, and wrote immediately to its owner, as we have stated above. Perhaps she looked upon its recovery as an omen, and perhaps it was. At any rate it was a little romantic, with all its attending circumstances. The correspondence thus commenced, or rather renewed, was continued with an ever increasing ardor on the part of the gentleman, until in the end he made a new and an impetuous offer of marriage. Without that the story would be incomplete. Last week, with money in his pocket, a good home in Jackson county, and a great happiness in his heart, this young soldier—now somewhat older and more settled and sedate—started for Clarksville, Texas, the home of his betrothed.

WHO CAN DOUBT OF THE RESULT?
He will remain there probably a month, and return again to Missouri with his bride. When he does, we promise to give him our best wishes. It is impossible for the condition of secrecy was attached to the information before we could obtain it. The circumstances, however, are just as we have narrated them in every particular, and furnish another to the long list of romantic incidents that have grown out of the war.

A RELIGIOUS ROOSTER.—A man in Cayuga, N. Y., has a remarkable Cochlin China rooster. He has observed his master's practice of family worship, and as soon as the Bible is taken to be read before prayer, the rooster walks in deliberately and takes his stand by the side of the woman of the house, and there remains in a very quiet and reverend posture during the whole service, seeming to understand the words, for as soon as "Amen" is repeated he walks out without noise and rejoins his family of hens. The children of the family in their out-door plays have the company of clatterer simply by calling him Cochlin. He allows them to put their arms around him and perform other acts of playfulness.

The writer of an obituary notice of an estimable lady said that the bereaved husband was "hardly able to bear the demise of his wife." Imagine his disgust on reading in print that her husband was "hardly able to wear the chemise of his wife."

He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand; but the hand of the diligent maketh rich.

HUMOROUS.
A little boy defines snoring as letting off sleep.

The Boston Times has discovered that the "passive politicians" are first cousins to the "masterly inactivity."

Why are washerwomen the silliest of people? Because they put out their tubs to catch soft water when it rains hard.

What is the difference between a hill and a pill? One is hard to get up and the other is hard to get down.

Teacher—"Charles, what do you know of Napoleon?" Charles—"He begins with a big N and ends with a little n."

Leap year takes its name from the fact that those who marry during that year generally leap out of the frying pan into the fire.

Teacher—"John Smith, what is a parrot?"
John Smith—"A parrot is a thing to keep the sun off, used by ladies made of cotton and whalebone."

Wood said he was forced to make broad grains under narrow circumstances, and to be a live hood for a live hood.

A physician has discovered that the nightmare, in nine cases out of ten, is produced from owing a bill to the printer.

"Which, my dear lady, do you think the merriest piece in the world?"
"That immediately above the atmosphere that surrounds the earth. I should think." "And why so?"
"Because I am told that there all bodies lose their gravity."

Boarding School Miss: "Oh, Charley, I expect to graduate at next commencement?" "Graduate! What do you expect to graduate in?"
"Why, in white tulle."

Men laugh and pretend to be well pleased when women descend to vulgar jokes, but in seeking wives they look elsewhere.

A western newspaper says: "A child was run over by a wagon three years old and crossed with pantaloons on which never spoke afterwards." That wagon must have been one of the new fashioned kind.

"What makes your cows so cross?" said an old lady to the milkman the other day. "Cross, ma'am? They are the gentlest things in the world."
"Well, the milk is always sour," the milkman replied sharply.

A gentleman traveling homeward from Atlanta met an old colored man, on whose face was etched the crease of grief. The gentleman said, "You have lost some friend, I see?" "Yes, massa." "Was it a near or distant relative?" "Well, pretty distant—'bout twenty-four miles."

An old Dutchman, who some years ago was elected as a member of the Canadian Legislature, said, in broken English style: "Yen I went to the Legislature I tought I would find den all Solomon's dere, but I soon found dere vas some as pick fools dere as I vas."

Yeomanry Drill—Drill Sergeant—"Dress up, Mr. Bumpkins. You must dress up." Mr. Bumpkins indignantly—"Dress up! Can't you? I'm better dressed than you are!"

A Dutch Justice gives the following catch to a witness: "You do awfully swore you will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, the best that you can't."

There is a man in Decorah, Iowa, so peevish that, when shelling corn and a kernel flew into the wood-pile, he removed seven cords of wood to find it. A neighbor standing by dropped a kernel near where the searcher was looking, but when he found it he said—"You can't fool me with that small kernel; the one I lost was a larger one."

A Nebraska man has invented a powerful, double-acting salve, which shows powers never exhibited before by any salve. The inventor accidentally cut off the tail of a tame wolf, and immediately after applying some of the salve to the stump, a new tail grew out. Then picking up the tail, he applied some of the salve to the raw end, and a new wolf grew out; but he was a wild wolf, and had to be shot.

An inquisitive youth of South Bend, Ind., curious to know what the smallest fox was like, looked into the window of the post house at that place. Now he knows how it is himself.

"Do you think raw oysters are healthy?" asked a lady of her physician. "So far as I know, they are; I never knew one to complain of being out of health," he replied.

A cockney tourist met with a Scotch lassie going barefoot toward Glasgow. "Lassie," said he, "I should like to know if all the people in this part go barefooted?" "Part of 'em do, and the rest of 'em mind their own business," was the rather settling reply.

"Shall I help you to alight?" said a young gentleman to a bonning country girl, who was preparing to jump from a carriage in front of his office. "Thank you sir," sweetly replied the girl; "but I don't smoke."

A Kansas man is reported to be suffering with hydrophobia from his wife having bitten him.

When a girl marries why do people talk of her choice? In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, has she any choice? Does not the man (probably the last she would have chosen) select her?

The young lady who "refused" Grant married a Galena brick-layer.

J. P. Fisher