

The Albany Register.

VOL. IV.

ALBANY, OREGON, FEBRUARY 9, 1872.

NO. 23.

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.
G. P. Tompkins, Harrisburg.
Peter Hume, Brownsville.
W. R. Kirk, Brownsville.
E. E. Wheeler, Seio.
T. H. Reynolds, Salem.
J. P. Fisher, San Francisco.
D. P. Parrot, Seattle's Station.
Fletcher & Wells, Buena Vista, Polk Co.
Chas. Nickell, Jacksonville.

BUSINESS CARDS.

D. B. RICE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon, Albany, Or.
OFFICE ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF MAIN STREET.
April, 1872.

N. S. DU BOIS
HAS ON HAND AND CONSTANTLY RECEIVING A LARGE STOCK OF
Groceries and Provisions,
Wool and willow wares, tobacco, cigars, confectionery, Yankee notions, etc., etc., wholesale and retail, opposite R. C. Hill & Co.'s drug store, Albany, Oregon. 184

J. L. MITCHELL. J. S. DOLPH.
MITCHELL & DOLPH,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY AND PROBATE in this county. Office over the old post office, Front street, Portland, Oregon. 184

J. C. POWELL. I. FLINN.
POWELL & FLINN,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY (L. A. Flinn notary public, Albany, Oregon. Collections and conveyances promptly attended to.

N. H. CRANOR. N. B. HUMPHREY.
CRANOR & HUMPHREY,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Office in Parrish brick, up stairs. 514

GEO. W. GRAY, D. D. S.,
GRADUATE OF CINCINNATI DENTAL COLLEGE,
MAKES SEVERAL NEW AND IMPROVED STYLES OF PLATES FOR ARTIFICIAL TEETH. Also, does ALL work in the line of his profession in the best and most approved method, and at as reasonable rates as can be had elsewhere. Nitrous Oxide administered for the painless extraction of teeth if desired. Office in Parrish brick block, up stairs. Residence first house south of Congressional church, fronting on court house block. 57-18

W. G. JONES, M. D.,
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.
OFFICE ON FIRST STREET, ONE DOOR west of Broadway, in Barkhart's two-story brick up stairs, over Geo. Turrell's store. RESIDENCE—Corner Sixth and Ferry streets, Albany, Oregon. 16-71

LEFFEL & MYERS'
WaterWheels
SPHERICAL FLUMES,
And General Mill Machinery.
J. F. BACKENSTU, Agent,
Albany, Oregon.
513

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 licensed to use the celebrated Wilson's foot for less than 40¢, and acknowledged by all to be the best family sewing machine, for light or heavy sewing, in the market. Quilt free. Address
E. E. MINER & CO., Gen. Agts.,
204 1/2

ALBANY BOOK STORE.
Established in 1854.
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, 1870.

TURNING.
SAWED CHAIRS.

I AM PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS of turning, in wood and metal, and to order wheel-bottomed chairs, and spinning wheels. Shop near the "Magnolia Mills."
JOHN M. METZLER,
Albany, Nov. 8, 1869.

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 almost lowest rates. Collections made and promptly remitted. Refers to H. W. Corbett, Henry Felling, W. S. Ladd.
Banking hours from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M. Albany, Feb. 1, 1872.

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. DOW.
DOW & 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, gaiters, Oxford ties, etc., etc., as well as to the very latest thing out in the line of ladies' and misses' gaiters, hosiery, Newport ties, Antoinette business, and many other new and fashionable styles, just received at the City Boot Store, which they will sell as rapidly 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.
473

CITY MARKET,
J. L. HARRIS,
PROPRIETOR,
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 hogs, and sheep.
Third door west of Ferry, on south side of First street.
J. L. HARRIS.
Albany, Dec. 13, 1871-1872

J. C. MENDELHALL,
Notary Public,
REAL ESTATE INSURANCE AGENT,
ALBANY, OREGON.
RENTS COLLECTED AND TAXES PAID on real estate papers, etc. Office one door above telegraph office. 2673

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 unsurpassed. For particulars address
H. K. WARREN, A. M., President;
Or, Rev. E. R. GEARY, D. D., Albany.

The Eyes! The Ears!
DR. T. L. GOLDEN,
Oculist and Aurist, Albany, Oregon.
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 18, 69.

DR. E. O. SMITH, DENTIST,
HAS LOCATED IN ALBANY, and is now ready to wait on the citizens of Albany and vicinity, with a view to the practice of dentistry. It consists in supporting the plate to the mouth with about covering the whole roof, as heretofore. Those wishing artificial teeth are requested to call and examine for themselves. Also, plates mended, whether partially broken or divided. Teeth, extracted with-out pain. Office over Turrell's store. All work warranted. 74

Paper-hanging, Calceining, Decorating, &c.
F. M. WADSWORTH will give prompt attention to all orders for Paper-hanging, Calceining, Decorating, &c., in this city or vicinity. All work executed in the latest style, in the best manner, and at lowest living rates. Orders left at Furniture Warehouse of Chas. Mackay will receive prompt attention. 1084

FOUR AGES.

A Thrilling Cliff-hanger Incident of '69.
Spindle was a new arrival. The camp, with customary propriety had dubbed him this because he was so slim. On the same principle his awkwardness soon gave him notoriety. Nor this only; like One-eyed Tom, Spindle made one of the happiest hits. Young, passionate, elated beyond degree with the splendor of his prospects, it was no surprise that he should court the pale-faced gamblers, who were the aristocrats of the camp. It was no wonder that they should discover his weakness and determine to "salt" him. Play? No, no; Spindle did not play; he only came in to watch the game; it was those sitting there in the tent alone. "Try it, double your stake on three, triple it on a full," said a pleasant faced fellow, who was raking in a hundred dollars more; Spindle was inclined to listen. "Tell you what to do," said the gambler, continuing, "go me leaves for an hour and see how you come out." He did so.

At the end of the hour he had won a "stake" of several thousand dollars. Spindle was fascinated. "I will double this to-morrow night," said he, mentally, as he left the gambler's tent. He doubled it. "This must be tripled," said Spindle, as he sought the tent again; two nights afterwards it was tripled. "Spindle means to break or be broken," said the bystanders one night, about a week after his original venture. "Look at the dirt he is betting." He is, indeed, betting heavily. The rattlesnake has charmed him. Bet after bet, till the winnings have left him; and after bet until his earnings are all gone—till the last "slug" is up, and he has but a single digit for it. Woe to him, for he wins! The tide is floating again, and Spindle is even. "Safe, safe," he remarks, betting a hundred slugs as a "blind," on the strength of his confidence. One by one the cards go round to the players. Spindle does not look at his, but gathered them under his hand on the table. "I see you 'blind' and go you a hundred better." It was "Eagle nose" who spoke—"Eagle nose, the lucky." Spindle looks at his cards. He has a first class hand—four aces only will beat him. Eagle nose can have but three of those, for he saw one on the bottom of the pack as the gambler laid the cards on the table; the gambler moult that he should see it.

"I see your bet and raise you a hundred better," replied Spindle. Eagle nose is uncertain. He looks wistfully at the gold, furtively at his antagonist, and very carefully at the cards in his hand. "He writes he 'wonders,'" said Spindle to himself. "I thought he was bluffing." Spindle does not see the smile on the face of the bystander at the back of the gambler, or he would think very differently. Rising from the rough stool on which he sits, Eagle nose steps back in the tent and opens a strong wooden chest. Two bags of dust are taken from it, and the gambler staggers under the heavy load, as he brings it toward the table. Spindle sees a \$10,000 mark on each of them. "Bet you ten 'ere things," says Eagle nose, as he lays the two bags with the other gold. It is now Spindle's turn to hesitate. Can it be that he has the other ace? No, he will not think it; but what shall he do? He had not money enough to "call" him. He does not wish to do this; it would be cowardly. "Ha!" says Spindle, "I have it now; I will bet my claim and the few thousand I have left against his pile, if it only be large enough." This to himself. Then to Eagle nose. "What's your pile?" "There are five more bags in the chest," said the gambler quietly; "what do you do?" "Bet my claim against your pile," said Spindle, intently excited.

The bet was taken. Spindle threw his cards on the table with a half paralyzed motion and a face whiter than the tent above him—four queens and a king. Eagle nose fled his off, one by one—three aces, a king, and a ace. Not a word was spoken by either, and Eagle nose had no reason for so doing. A few moments afterwards the ruined miser staggered to the door of the tent passed out into the moonlight, and the game goes on as ever.

Half an hour later, Spindle sat in his tent alone. Before him lay the picture of a fair, sweet face, that had won his love a few years back. No word he had seen while he watches the play of light in those eloquent eyes. You could step in, and step heavily, too, without startling him. He is lost in reverential thought, leaning down to despair. All that he had hoped to do was vanished. Last night rich in gold, to night bankrupt. Why, then, should he live? He can hear the roar of the Yuba as it tumbles over the cliff only a mile above him. He steps out into the open air; the cataract glimmers in the distance, and the sound of its waters soothes and fascinates him. Nobody will miss him; why should he hesitate?

He moves toward it with eager bounds and determined purpose. Up the rocky hill—up, up, up, till he stands on the edge of the precipice, far above the fall. He looks at the white tents in the distance; hate is blazoned on every one of them. He looks at the white spray, far, far, below him; a hundred phantoms beseech him to come to them. A pause, for an instant only, a whispered something—was it a prayer? A quick, terrible leap, then the same moonlight as before above on the flower-clad hills around, on the white tents of the sleeping camp, and on the whiter face of the cataract. Overland Monthly.

Indian Antiquities.

Aaron Abbott contributes interesting sketches from the Plains to the Philadelphia Press. This is one of them: Another instance of the attachment of a maid of the forest to a white man, is worthy of relation in this connection. An officer had a very fine horse, of which a petty Crow chief took a fancy. The Crow offered the officer twice the value of the animal, but having use for him, the officer would not sell. As a last resort, the Indian said: "My sister is the most beautiful girl of her tribe, and I will give you her and one hundred beaver skins (\$150 for your horse)." The officer, struck with the novelty of the offer, and fearing the Indians would steal his horse if he did not comply, accepted. The girl was with a distant portion of that tribe, and the chief came out to find her. In two weeks he returned, accompanied by a tall, well-formed young woman, whom he introduced to the officer as his sister. The horse was delivered and the chief bid the girl remain with her proper owner, but by special arrangement she was allowed to depart with her brother, the officer saying he would call for her by and by. He no doubt thought he had done a meritorious act and gratified the girl, but the sequel to the affair proved otherwise. In a few days the chief called to deliver the beaver skins and say that his sister "was anxious to see her future husband." To please her, and at the same time apologize for his seeming neglect, the officer bought at the sutler's store a large quantity of beads and several yards of squaw cloth and red flannel, and sent them to the Indian girl by her brother. So pleased was she by these trifling presents that she sent a special runner to the fort to thank her future lord for his kind thought of her. The officer now fancied that he was rid of her, and had discharged all obligations she could possibly have upon him. Imagine then his surprise a few evenings afterwards, when he was riding near the Indian camp, a tall, fine girl, dressed in a robe ornamented with a profusion of red, blue and black beads, suddenly appeared in the road in front of his horse, and halted him.

Addressing the officer she said: "For many days I have waited for you, but you have not come for me. According to the laws of our tribe I am your wife, but I have no husband. My brother tells me the white man has pleased you will send for me; but the young women in the village say you think I am deformed or no longer a maid." "See," she said, suddenly removing her robe and drawing it about her loins, "they feel; I am not deformed, and my brother and my whole tribe can testify that I am a maid."

The sight that greeted his eyes was not a modest one, but the child of the forest seemed all unconscious of her shame. As she stood there her beauty glowing in the rays of the setting sun, he thought he had never seen a more perfect picture of female loveliness. Her bosom heaving with excitement, her eyes shining like diamonds, the mock pearls around her neck and bead bands on her wrists and rounded arms, made her seem a savage Venus, as with blushing effrontery she exposed her voluptuous figure to the eyes of a man. Poor child of nature! She knows no harm, and driven to madness by the taunts of her companions who told her future husband believed her deformed, took this extraordinary method of convincing him that she was a perfect woman. Quickly throwing her robe around her shoulders, she darted into the woods; and a moment afterwards he saw her black tresses gleaming among the trees as she listened to the village. Perhaps she expected her husband to follow her and claim her as his bride, as is often done among the Indians, who have to catch their wives after marriage; but, if so, she was doomed to disappointment, for he galloped back to the fort deeply perplexed at the trouble he had got himself into.

In a few days the chief called on the officer to learn his intentions toward his sister. The chief said his strange conduct had brought disgrace upon the whole family, and he begged the officer to claim his bride or give some satisfactory explanation of his delay in a matter so important. The officer said it was against the rules of the army for soldiers to have Indian wives, and he could not think of making so fine a girl a concubine. The latter part of the argument did not particularly impress the young chief, and he insisted upon delivering the girl to her proper owner, saying the officer could do as he pleased with her afterwards. Even as a divorced wife she could have some honor in her tribe, but in her present status she could neither marry nor be given in marriage to any one else. An old frontiersman who was appealed to, finally solved the matter by declaring that, under the rules of the tribe, the officer could himself sell the girl to any one he might wish, as Indian wives were an article of merchandise. It was known a young warrior was very fond of the girl, and the officer appealed to him to take his Indian bride off his hands. The warrior was willing enough, but objected to the doubtful status of the girl in her tribe. By and by, he said, when the soldier was tired of her, he would buy her, but until she had been acknowledged as the wife of the soldier he could not interfere; besides he did not have at present any horse to give for her. After much explanation, the affair was settled by the officer buying a pony and presenting it to another officer, who presented it to the warrior, who, in turn, gave it to the officer, and in exchange all right, deed and title to the Indian girl. The

Humorous.

An interview with a wife is assigned as the cause of a Missouriian's death. An exchange inquires "Why is an infant like a fish?" We suppose it is because it is a sucker. Horace Greeley wrote: "Women manage most of the public libraries in Massachusetts," and the compositor read it: "Women now worry most of their public babies by mastication."

Christiansburg, Va., is in ecstasies over a venerable turkey gobble who has builded for himself a nest and is now gravely sitting upon four apples. It is presumed that his action is intended as a grave satire upon the woman's rights business. A boy gave a good definition of a horse in his composition, when he said, "he is an animal with four legs, one in each corner."

The following notice, printed on colored card boards with a nice border, hangs up in a place of business in Rome, New York: "Mebbe you don't petter had loaf round here, ven you don't go some pennis, ain't it?" "You are beautiful, and I adore you," said a gentleman to the belle of the evening. "For my part, I hate you and think you frightful," she retorted. "I believe you, you frank girl. You don't tell polite falsehoods like me."

The Queen of Madagascar is reported sufficiently civilized to wear hoops. Our own native Indians have had war whoops for some time, and they've got on the skirts of civilization besides. There is no truth in the report that Horace Greeley has organized a company of iron-founders and protectionists for the purpose of raising monkey-wrenches from apes. "You flatter me," said a thin equine the other day to a young lady who was praising the beauties of his mustache. "For Heaven's sake man! interposed an old skipper, 'don't make that monkey any flatter than he is!'"

Down-east they have again caught that shark which has a gold ring in his stomach—only this time the Down-easters ought to decide whether this ring belongs to the shark, or the shark, like other sharks, belongs to the ring. Some girls will never learn to restrain the natural impulse of their nature. A minister was baptizing a girl at Ripon, Wis., and when he had submerged her, and came out of the water, he asked her how she felt in mind. Her answer was, "All-hinkey, only a little wet."

"Why are you like an annual, my darling?" said a sunny lover, winding his arm around Harriet's waist. "I cannot say. Why?" "Because you are handsomely bound." "Indeed!" said Harriet. "Why, then, am I like a law book?" "I give it up." "Because I am bound in calf."

At a trial not long since one of the witnesses, an old lady of some eighty years, was closely questioned by the opening counsel relative to the clearness of her eyesight. "Can you see me?" said he. "Yes," was answered. "How well can you see me?" persisted the lawyer. "Well enough," responded the lady, "to see that you're neither a Negro, an Indian, nor a gentleman." The answer brought down the house.

Our Major, says an old Mexican volunteer, had very long feet, and also a horse that threw every one but the Major. One evening the Major's servant was out on the parade ground with the horse, and, as usual, got thrown off, when one of the boys spoke up, and said: "I know why the horse don't throw the Major." "Why?" was asked by a dozen or more. "Well, you see the Major's got such long feet that the horse thinks he's in shafts."

A Mrs. Bradley, of Tomah, Wisconsin, found a lady upon her door-step the other evening, with a card pinned to its clothes, which read: "I commend my little darling to your care, Mrs. B. Please call her Madge Armida. Please never give her stimulating drink of any kind in her food, for that came near killing her, and cold water was all that saved her life. Please let her food be made of cream, loaf-sugar and boiling water.—Mother."

A mouse in Belfast, Maine, was found recently frozen stiff upon a hammer. Investigation showed that in picking up something that lay on the iron head of the hammer, the tongue of the mouse had frozen to it, and being unable to get away, it had died.

It is understood that Mr. Greeley, if invited to do so, will soon deliver before the Royal Society an address of "cryptogamic palimpsestus."

The quantity of beer manufactured in New Jersey last year gives two and one-half barrels to every man, woman and child in the Commonwealth.

A Mchigander passes his time in contemplating two tons of honey which he has marked the past year. If you have a good business advertise and keep it. If not advertise and get it. Life is a malady which sleep cures every twenty-four hours. The richer a man makes his food the poorer he makes his appetite.

The First Pair of Boots.

"O, mother! mayn't I have some boots?" exclaimed little Summer H— as he bounded into the log cabin where Mrs. H— sat sewing, trying so hard to make new clothes out of old. "Do say I may, 'cause I land, I've got some, and I'm almost as old as he is."

"But, my child, I've no money to buy them," and she sighed, for it was the autumn of 1857, that terrible year for emigrants. "Money! money! Dear me, I wish I was made of money. But can't you think of any way you can get some?" Poor mother, she had thought until she was dizzy-headed.

"Isn't there any way I can earn some?" and the little four-year old straightened himself up proudly. "Yes," she said, finally; "You may sell all the eggs you can find in the corners of the fences—"

He was off before she could finish the sentence. Three hours afterward he came back flushed with fatigue, but so happy! He had found a dozen, and had carried them to town a mile across the prairie, and returned with a dime! "How many of them will it take for a dollar and a half?" "Fifteen."

"O, dear! Well, if the hens don't stop laying, I'll get my boots though!" Fifteen times that little Hawkeye boy trudged across the prairie with his dozen of eggs—then he came back, O, how proudly! for in his hands were his first pair of boots. He did not wear them for a week, but he carried them wherever he went; he ate with them; he played with them; he showed them to every neighbor; they were in his arms when he said his prayers; they were in his arms when he went to sleep. The first pair of boots! Will anything he may earn in manhood give him so much pure joy?—Gulling Star.

Mrs. LAMBERT'S DEMORALIZED COW.—Since Mrs. O'Leary's cow got her name in the papers, the whole equine bovine family are cutting up d-does to secure an equal notoriety. The latest exploits are by a cow belonging to Mrs. Lambert of Bay city, Michigan. Exploring the back yard on a recent evening she put her head into a barrel which she couldn't get off, and becoming very much frightened at her condition, she blindly forced her way into the wood-shed, thence into the kitchen, and thence into the dining-room of the house, becoming all the while more furious. From this room she made her way into the parlor, throwing down and trampling under foot everything that came in her way.

Mrs. Lambert aroused her husband, who arose, but finding he could do nothing, went for help. The cow next rushed into the bedroom where Mrs. Lambert, with a little baby occupied a bed, and another little child, a crib in front of it. The enraged animal mounted the bed, but help arrived, and not an instant too soon. The window was raised from the outside, and a neighbor attempted to enter, when the barrel gave him a blow which knocked him back against the fence. The children were at last secured and passed through the window, and Mrs. Lambert soon followed. The door of the bed-room was then closed and the cow left to herself. She finally became spotted, and walked out after demolishing all the nice furniture in the lower part of the house.—Springfield Republican.

A steamer on the Sacramento recently rescued three Chinamen who had found a temporary abiding place in the top of a big tree which had not been completely covered by the swoolen stream. They were blue with cold and their stomachs were painful cavities. As the elder of the trio and possessor of the most gigantic queue remarked, when warming himself in front of the steamer's furnace: "Too muchee heap cold; too muchee water—no to muchee grub. Three day no eattee nothing. Dum!"

A few days since a singular fracas took place in Pinerville, Monroe county, Alabama. Enoch Riley and Jehl Cotton, two aged and respected citizens, at the head of two of the largest and best families of the county, nursed a little difficulty till they met one day, each armed with a double-barreled shot-gun. Simultaneously they fired, killing each other instantly.

The executors of the estate of the late Thaddeus Stevens have at last contracted for the erection of a handsome granite monument, with marble tablets, over his grave in Lancaster, Pa. It is understood that their delay in the matter has been occasioned by the expectation that either the colored people of the United States or the public school children of Pennsylvania would raise a memorial to him.

If man or woman wishes to realize the full power of personal beauty, it must be by cherishing noble hopes and purposes; by having something to do and something to live for, which is worthy of humanity, and which by expanding the capacities of the soul, gives expansion and symmetry to the body which contains it.—Epheus.

J. P. Walker