The Albany Register.

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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 50 per cent cheaper than ever before offered in this city.

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

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Wood and willow ware, tobacco, cigars, confectionery, Yankee notions, etc., etc., wholesale and retail, opposite R. C. Hill & Son's drug store, Albany, Oregon. 1v4

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Office in Parrish brick, up stairs. 5v4

GEO. W. GRAY, D. D. S.,

GRADUATE OF CINCINnati Dental College, makes *Severed 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 Congregational church, fronting on court house block. 17-18

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OFFICE ON FIRST STREET, ONE door west of Broadalbin, in Burkhart's two story brick up stairs, over Geo. Turrell's store. RESIDENCE—Corner Sixth and Ferry streets, Albany, Oregon. 46-71

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Water Wheels

SPHERICAL FLUMES,

And General Mill Machinery.

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20 DOLLARS A DAY

TO MALE AND FEMALE AGENTS, To introduce the celebrated

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Buckeye Sewing Machine.

STITCH ALIKE ON BOTH SIDES, AND is the only shuttle sewing machine in the United States licensed to use the celebrated Wilson feed sold for less than $40, and acknowledged by all to be the best family sewing machine, for light or heavy sewing, in the market. Call from Address

E. M. MISER & CO., Gen'l Agts.,
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Established in 1856.

E. A. Freeland,

DEALER IN EVERY VARIETY OF miscellaneous books, school books, blank books, stationery. Books imported to order at short notice.

Albany, Dec. 3, 1870.

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Rawhide Chairs.

I AM PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS of turning; keep on hand and make to order rawhide-bottomed chairs, and spinning wheels. Shop near the "Magnolia Mills."

JOHN M. METZLER.

Albany, Nov. 6, 1869-1

BUSINESS CARDS.

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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.

Collections made and promptly remitted.

Refer to H. W. Corbett, Henry Failing, W. S. Ladd.

Banking hours from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M.

Albany, Feb. 1, 1871-22v3

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. M. B. CRANE.

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, balmorals, Newport ties, Antoinette buskins, 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.
47v3

CITY MARKET,

FIRST STREET, ALBANY, OREGON,

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 beeves, hogs and sheep.

Third door west of Ferry, on south side of First street. J. L. HARRIS.

Albany, Dec. 15, 1871-15v4

J. C. MENDENHALL,

Notary Public,

REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE AGENT,

ALBANY, OREGON.

RENTS COLLECTED AND TAXES PAID for non-residents and others, making out real estate papers, etc. Office one door above telegraph office. 36v3

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

R. 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. G. 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. 4v1tf, 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 new invention in dental work. It consists in supporting the plate in the mouth without 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 without pain. Office over Turrell's store. All work warranted. 7v4

Paper-hanging, Calcemining, Decorating, &c.

F. M. WADSWORTH will give prompt attention to all orders for Paper-hanging, Calcemining, 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 Warerooms of Chas. Mealey will receive prompt attention. 5v4

Words and their Uses.

BY A MISTERFIED QUAKER.

NEW YORK, 5th Month 20, 71.

RESPECTED WIFE:

From these few lines my whereabouts thee'll learn.
Moreover, I impart to thee my serious concern;
The language of this people is a riddle unto me,
And words with them are figments of a reckless mockery.

For instance, as I left the cars, an imp with smutty face,
Said, "Shine?" "Nay, I'll not shine," I said, "except with inward grace."
"Is inward grace a liquid or a paste?" asked this young Turk.
"Hi, daddy! what is inward grace? How does the old thing work?"

"Friend," said I to him, whose breath suggested gin,
"Can thee convey me straightway to a respectable inn?"
His answer's gross irrelevance I shall not soon forget—
Instead of simply yea or nay, he gruffly said, "You bet!"

"Nay, my, I shall not bet," said I "for that would be a sin—
Why don't thee answer plainly? Can thee take me to an inn?
Thy vehicle is doubtless meant to carry folks about in!
Then why prevaricate?" Said he perversely, "Now yer shout in!"

"Nay, verily, I shouted not," quoth I, "my speech is mild;
But thine—I grieve to say it—with falsehood is defiled.
Thee ought to be admonished to rid thy heart of guile."
"See here, my lively moke!" said he, "you sling on too much style!"

"I've had these plain drab garments twenty years or more," said I,
"And when thee say I 'sling on style,' thee tells a willful lie!"
At that he pranced around as if a bee were in his bonnet,
And with hostile demonstrations inquired if I was "on it!"

"On what? Till thee explain thyself, I cannot tell," I said;
He swore that something was "too thin"—moreover it was "played."
But all his jargon was surpassed in wild absurdity,
By threats, profanely emphasized, "to put a head on me!"

"No son of Belial," said I, "that miracle can do."
Whereat he fell upon me with blows and curses, too,
But failed to work that miracle—if such was his design—
Instead of putting on a head, he strove to smite off mine!

Thee knows I cultivate the peaceful habit of our sect,
But this man's conduct wrought on me a singular effect,
For when he slapped my broad-brim off and asked, "how's dust for high?"
It roused the Adam in me, and I smote him hip and thigh!

The throng then gave a specimen of calumny broke loose,
And said I "snatched him bald-headed" and likewise "cooked his goose,"
Although I solemnly affirm, I did not pull his hair;
Nor did I cook his poultry—for he had no poultry there!

They called me "bully boy!" although I've seen nigh three score year;
And said that I was lightning when I "got up on my ear!"
And when I asked if lightning climbed his ear, or dressed in drab,
"You know how 'tis yourself!" said one in consequential blab.

Thee can perceive that, in this time, I was somewhat perplexed;
Yea, the placid spirit in me has seldom been so vexed.
I tarried there no longer, for blackguards ken men like me,
With such perverters of our tongue can have no unity.

A Southern Story.

Paul H. Hayne, the well-known Southern poet, contributes to *Appleton's Journal* some reminiscenses of early life at Aiken, South Carolina, now a favorite resort for invalids from the North during the Winter months, and for the coast planters during the Summer. Aiken, at the time referred to, was the resort of hunters and frontiersmen, wagoners from the mountain counties, rough farmers, gamblers, etc.

Once in the Fall of 183—, writes Mr. Aiken, there came into Aiken an old trapper and hunter from the neighboring State of Georgia, for the purpose of selling a store of skins and choice varieties, which he had accompanied by his son) he had laboriously conveyed thither in a rough, springless cart.

Sam Gregory—the old man's name—was known to some persons in the village as a straightforward, honest, simple-hearted Methodist, an individual of few words, but those always civil and amiable, and as easy, on most occasions, to deal with as an unspoiled child. Though seventy years of age, he was as upright as a pine, tall in stature, with undiminished muscular vigor and activity. The son, then twenty-one, or thereabouts, in the minutest particulars, the very image of his father, except that he topped the elder by a couple of inches, although old Gregory was upwards of six feet high.

It was "sale day" upon which these two found themselves mingling with what, to their woodland eyes, seemed quite a crowd, among the shops and warehouses of Aiken. A merchant, with whom Gregory had been accustomed to treat in the disposition of his hides and hams, having left the place, our hunter was compelled to seek customers elsewhere. He went from shop to shop, exhibiting specimens of his stock in trade, but luck was against him; he could obtain no purchasers upon anything like fair terms.

At length he came to an establishment which, supposing it to be a grocery, he carelessly entered, his son just behind him. It was not a grocery, however, but a notorious bar-room, kept by a fellow who rejoiced in the nickname of "Bully Bob," one of those desperadoes who infest all new societies, and are the terror of the virtuous and inoffensive.

Bully Bob was even worse than his class in general. Having grown rich in the sale of liquors, he waxed outrageously impertinent, organized a body-guard of "Mohawks," who obeyed his slightest nod, and were the pests of the sober portion of the community both night and day. One of the bully's rules—as sternly carried out as the laws of the Medes and Persians—was that no man, woman or child should enter his bar, no matter how or when, without being made to drink.

In this unhallowed place, and in the presence of the bandy-legged, beetle-browed, broad-chested, fiery-nosed genius of the same, the Gregory's stood, looking about them in that lost, bewildered way characteristic of the backwoodsman in town or city, and the effect of which is half ludicrous, half pathetic.

"Well, stranger," growled Bully Bob, "are you going to stop there all day? Wat's the likker?"

Old Sam explained in his simple, innocent way that he had made a mistake as to the place, and that the "fact was mother Jimmy (pointing to his son) nor his dad (that's me, boys) ever tuk to likker yet, or ever mean to!"

Whereupon he turned to the door, and seemed about to leave.

"None of that, now!" yelled Bully Bob, leaping the counter and locking the door, the key of which he put into his pocket. "You d—d old cuss," he continued, "I'll make ye swill a pint o' whisky *neat*, and pay double for it to boot!"

Here was a dilemma. Bully Bob was supported by half a dozen of his reckless myrmidons, and to attempt resistance seemed madness. *That* did not strike the Gregorys, however. After recovering from a little natural surprise at the unexpected position, the latter demanded their freedom. "Let us go," said he. "When you've done your dooty, and obeyed orders," replied Bob, who had again taken his place behind the bar, and was searching among his bottles. Sam wheeled around, but quite deliberately, and walked toward a back door that was open, beckoning Jim to follow. But three of Bob's "Mohawks" put themselves coolly in his way.

"No use, old 'un," said one of them with a provoking grin.

"Do as you'r bid, and you'll never be chid," piped another with an Irish accent, and the flourish of a huge stick.

Perhaps it was the threat or insult conveyed by this movement which roused old Gregory's blood; but certain it is that the next instant he had dashed his opposers vigorously aside, and might have gained the door and passage-way beyond, if the entire party in Bully Bob's interest had not come up and attacked him.

They were six men in all whom the Gregory's fought, at first with no weapon but nature's; but at length, a pistol having been discharged at the old man's head, he drew his long, keen *couteau de chasse*, cut down two of the assailants, seized Bully Bob—who had just joined the melee—by the "scruff" of the neck, and through a storm of bullets, rushed from the back entrance round into the street, dragging the amazed and discomfitted bully along with him. Jemmy staggered after his father, wounded and bleeding.

"Hurt, Jem?" asked the old man, briefly.

"Done for!" answered Jem, with equal conciseness, and sinking slowly to the ground.

Then the spectators, attracted by the previous firing, witnessed a terrible scene.

The old man looked upon his son and saw that he was dying. He looked next at the wretch upon whom his grasp, firm as iron, still rested, regarded him for a fleeting moment with an indescribable expression, which appeared to paralyze the ruffian; then, with a jerk, he pulled the body up, as if it were a child's, bent it backward across his knee, so that he could see his enemy's face to the last, and with dreadful calmness proceeded to stab and disembowel his victim, whose quivering remains he threw from him, when all was over, with a single half-smothered cry of satisfied rage, which none ever forgot who heard it.

In a few minutes more Jemmy, too, was dead.

That night, untouched by the hand of the law, old Gregory, with the body of his son in charge, returned to his backwoods home. He was never again seen or heard of by any of the Aiken people.

A New York belle told a suitor for her hand that she would accept his offer in six weeks, if Mr. So-and-so didn't make a similar offer in the meantime.

Saxon tourist at railway station—"What time does the half-past eleven train start, Dudley?" Foster—"At thirty minutes to twelve, sahib."

A Nameless Hero.

A STORY OF FACT.

(The action on which this simple tale is founded happened in October, 1867. The poor lad's name is unknown.)

The sea wind went booming and thrilling across the barren, rock-bound coast of Labrador. There was snow on the ground, and the cold was bitter. Mingled with the terrible song of the storm were the groaning crack of a good ship's timbers and the wild outcries of her crew. When these had fallen into an awful silence, another sound arose, still sadder in that dreary waste—the wailing of a very little child. Round a point of rock on a path above the cliffs came three small fluttering figures. How they had escaped the wreck or made their way to that place, they could not have told. Two were mere babies. It was the elder of these who made that shrill cry; the youngest lay numbed and huddled up in the arms of his sister, herself far too weak for the burden. She had that power of endurance in a sudden strait which God gives to some by no means the strongest of his creatures. Her childish eyes anxiously peered out into the obscurity, in search of a friendly face.

The sound of feet clambering up the cliffs, sending down showers of pebbles and sometimes slipping back, brought the children to a stand. Was it a friend or foe? Perhaps there were strange fierce animals abroad in this freezing place where all was strange, or those nameless horrors of night which children dread.

The figure of a lad stepped to the path. The little girl advanced: "Oh, sir!" she could not say a word more, but broke down in sobs. When the stranger drew near, the boy's terror, too, broke out afresh; he screamed aloud for his mother, and hid his face in his sister's gown.

"Mother will come soon," said the lad. The girl looked up eagerly.

"Will she, sir? And father, too?"

"Yes, we shall find them; never fear. Why, my man, what is it? Look up, and never cry!"

He knelt down before the child, and at last mounted him on his own shoulders.

"I can carry baby too," he said.

"Oh, sir, he is so heavy."

"Lighter for me than you, my dear. Now, what shall we do next?"

The boy began to whine again. "So cold, so cold! want to go to bed."

"And we are hungry too, sir," added the little girl in a pitifully patient voice.

"Well, then, we will find a bed at once. And I think I have some supper in my pocket."

Little pick-a-back gave tokens of a desire to have his supper forthwith.

"No; not till you are in bed. We will find a nice warm place. Come, little woman, hold my jacket. That will help you."

The children labored on with the cheery guide, who was but a poor weakly lad, and at last felt his strength failing under the pressure of the wind and the children's weight, and yet there was no sign of human help. Suddenly, the fitful moonlight showed a rent in the rocky wall beside their path. Within, at the further end, he found a small dry place, with a pile of withered moss heaped against its side. The lad thanked God for it, and framed and smoothed it into a pallet, on which he carefully laid the three little ones.

"Will you not lie down, too, sir?" asked the courteous, courageous little girl.

"I want my supper," wailed the boy, and the timiest began to raise a feeble cry.

The lad took from his pocket some hard biscuit soaked with sea water—nauseous enough, but the children were too hungry to be nice. There was not much, and he divided it all among them.

"Will you have some of it, sir?"

"I! oh no, my dear! I had my supper long ago."

So the biscuit was all eaten, and the little fellow stopped crying.

"Now you must say your prayers," said their protector.

The poor little lass began dutifully tumbling out of her mother's bed.

"You can lie still, dear; I will pray and you shall say Amen."

"Will God listen when we are lying down?"

"Yes, to-night He will."

Then kneeling beside the brave child, he uttered a reverent petition: "We thank Thee, dear Lord, for having saved us from great danger, and pray Thee to make our lives worthy of being saved. This was the simple burden of his prayer, ending with the omnipotent "Our Father."

Then he sat down to wait until the children should fall asleep. He would then, he thought, slip away to find their parents and the other survivors, should there be any, and perhaps to get the rest and refreshment he so sorely needed. But the unconscious childish selfishness was not yet satisfied.

"So cold," wailed the boy, and a piteous little cry, "Baby cold," joined in chorus. It was in vain to pile the moss around them.

"I want my blanket," was the clear demand. At last, the kind lad, stripping off his jacket, spread it over them and tucked it in, and then they were satisfied. Shivering as with ague, he crept down beside his trusty little friend, as he somehow felt the brave girl to be, trying to get warm. It would not be long, he thought, before the children would fall asleep and then he could warm himself with exercise, and find help at last. Once, unfaithful with sleep, he started to move, but this time it was the gentlest little friend who pleaded in a very wakeful voice: "Please, sir, don't go away. I cannot get to sleep, and I am so frightened." So he stayed.

It was like a dream to him, that weird, dark hole in the hill-side, looking forth on a patch of cloud swept sky. It seemed that he must suddenly wake and find himself in his own berth in the good ship, soon to sail fairly into harbor. Yet withal there was a clear consciousness of the children's steady breathing, of the fact that cold and hunger, and weakness, like murderous reptiles, were sucking away his very life. Then came a vision of his passage in that ship.

A scene on deck: a fragile woman with a gentle, holy face, and he, her son, supporting her. Before them, a very glorious sunset, with that strangely, sweetly, clear and mellow light bending the horizon which makes us fancy that heaven opens there. The two are talking with the vivid sound of dreams.

"It grows cold, mother; you must go below."

"Stay a moment, love. I shall soon be where the sun's never set. I feel so peaceful to-night; I know that all is well. When you meet your father, tell him to wait patiently till God shall call him to join me in that happy place. And you, my boy, will keep the same hope in your heart; will you not? But pray that before you die, He will grant you to have lived so that some poor souls may bless you."

The vision changed;—a shotted hammock dropped into the sea, and a boy flung prone upon the deck, crying, "Mother, mother, how can I live all alone."

He did not shed one tear now. There was rather a smile on his face as he murmured, "Thank God she went before this night!" He prayed again the prayer she had enjoined upon him, and added this, that his father might be comforted.

One of the children awoke, and began to cry, "Mother!" He roused himself again, though numbing frost seemed soaking into all his frame. He soothed the child, and even tried to lull it off with a little story, but the words ran one into another, and that effort came to nought.

So passed that weary night. At length, when dawn had taken the horror from their sleeping place, he told the children to lie still, for he would go to find their parents, and so left them with a kiss.

He blundered on as in a dream, seeming to see through a mist, with a dim sense of sickness and feebleness.

When or how he hardly knew, he descried two haggard figures hastening towards him through the snow. They hurried faster on seeing him, and came up with eager, woeful faces. "Our children—our three little children—you have seen them? We think they were saved." He told them where to go, though, as he spoke, his voice sounded thin and small in his own ears, as if it came from afar. Thanking him with deep gratitude, they hurried by. He was alone again. As he walked, his breath came sobbing, like that of one plunged into icy water. Short, voiceless prayers arose in his mind. "O God! O God!" was all he could say, and he kept repeating that like the burden of a song.

At last, the air seemed to grow warm and there was a swelling in his brain like the eddy of musical waters. "Why am I walking on, when here is a soft white bed for me! So he said to himself, and laughed, perhaps aloud. I am so sleepy, I will lie down. There! oh, how good it is to rest. Mother, come and bid me good night. Mother! how beautiful you look! And there is father, too; I thought he was far away. He wears the same strange, happy look that I see on your face, mother; the look which I always fancied on angels' faces. Put your arm round me. Ah! that is nice and warm. Why are you lifting me up so high—so high? Good night.

When the parents were returning with their little ones, they found their brave preserver lying dead on the snow, not far from the spot where they had parted from him.

THE LITTLE R.—Wonderful things letters are! We use them every day without thinking how much we are indebted to them. Just think what wondrous things are done by this one little letter R.

It is the beginning of every *vice*, and yet it is always found in *order*. It is found in the centre of the *earth* and yet always exists in *surfeiss*. It is the best of every *river*, and always met in every *street*. It exists both in *fire*, *water* and *air*. It greets us every morning, and is part of *breakfast*, *dinner*, and *supper*. It is the first letter of *repose* and also of *restlessness*. It is never seen in *business* but always in *pleasure*; and yet, strange to say, it forms a part of every *work*. You can see it in every *circle*, *triangle* and *square*. It is doubled in *sorrow*, as well as in *mirrors*. It changes *fiends* to *friends*, and makes all *brothers* to *brothers*. It blooms in every *rose*, and glitters in every *star*, and a funny thing is the letter R.

There is a young girl in Virginia who wears bullets in the form of a Maltese cross, which were extracted from the bodies of her father and brother, who were killed in the siege of Richmond.

"Boy, may I inquire where Robinson's drug store is?" "Certainly, sir," replied the boy very respectively. "Well, sir," said the gentleman, after waiting awhile, "where is it?" "I have not the slightest idea, yer Honor," pulling the weights.