The Albany Register.

VOL. IV. ALBANY, OREGON, APRIL 12, 1872. NO. 32.

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.

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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.

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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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Attorneys and Counselors at Law,

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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 Congregational church, fronting on court house block. 372-18

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OFFICE ON FIRST STREET, ONE door west of Broadalbin, 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. BACKENSTO, Agent, Albany, Oregon. 51v3

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TO MALE AND FEMALE AGENTS, To introduce the celebrated

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Buckeye Sewing Machine.

STITCH ALIKE ON BOTH SIDES, AND 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. Outfit free. Address E. E. MINER & CO., Gen. Agts., 20v3tf Albany, Oregon.

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Established in 1856.

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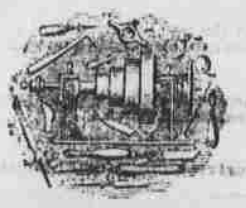

RAWHIDE CHAIRS.

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, 1868-1

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—AND—

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ALBANY, OREGON.

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Interest allowed on time deposits in coin.

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Collections made and promptly remitted. Refers 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

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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 Build'g. 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.

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WORM DOCTOR,

SALEM : : : OREGON.

MY long experience in diseases caused by WORMS, cannot be surpassed by any physician in Europe or the United States. Office rooms, Nos. 38 and 39, over the Post Office. ☞ Consultations and examinations *free of charge.* v4n3-n6

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 opthalmic 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 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

The Story of Two Boys.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

I sat under a tree in the Park, reading a book, one warm summer day, and two boys, ten or twelve years old, perhaps, were playing together on a grass plot, at a little distance. I knew them by sight, well. One was Harry Walters, the son of a lawyer; the other Timothy Graves, the son of a dry goods merchant—both bright, intelligent lads, with fresh young faces, and neatly clad. After a time, having tired themselves out with racing and jumping, and wrestling, they threw themselves down upon the grass, under the shade of a tree, but a few feet from where I sat, to rest and chat.

"I suppose you are going away before long?" I heard Harry say, questioningly, as they sat down.

Timothy shook his head. "No," said he.

"No?" echoed Harry, surprised. "I thought you said, a few weeks ago, that you were going to visit your cousin in Clinton, this summer."

"I did, but the old man thinks I had better go to school this summer—you know it begins next week—and make my visit next fall."

"Who thinks so?" queried Harry, with a look of wonder and surprise on his round fresh face.

Timothy laughed a little pompeously. "Why the old man—or the old *gentleman*, I suppose you think I should say, but I can't always stop to be so particular, you know."

Still the look of wonder and surprise did not leave Harry's face. "But what old gentleman do you mean?" he asked. "I didn't know there was any at your house."

Timothy shouted. "Ha, ha; ho, ho!" he cried. "Ain't we green, though! Why, I mean the *governor*, my boy, if you like that better. Now, do you know?"

"The governor!" Harry repeated, slowly. "I have heard that young horse-jockey, Jack Jones, call his father that. Is it him you mean?"

"You are just right—it is." Tim responded, slapping his knee, as he had seen older boys do. "I mean my respected daddy, and nobody else."

The look of wonder on Harry's face changed to one of unmistakable disgust.

"I would be *ashamed* to call my father any of those names," he said.

Timothy laughed again, boisterously.

"I suppose you would always say *my honored parent*," he sneered. "You would; oh, yes, I know how girl boys talk."

"No, I shouldn't say that," Harry said, calmly. "I should say my *father*, or just father; but I would sooner always call him an honored parent, than to use such words as *old man*, or *governor*."

"Oh, to be sure you would!" Tim responded, a little scornfully. "But you see as boys that *are* boys grow older, they get over such notions, and follow the fashion. The fashion is, now, to say the *old man*, or the *old gen'man*, or the *governor*. You can take your choice."

"Well, it's a mean, low fashion," Harry cried, spiritedly, "and just fit for jockeys and loafers to follow; but a boy who has any self-respect, or any respect for his father, will never speak of him in that way, I know. I never would dare look anybody in the face, after I had spoken so of *my* father."

"Oh, well, you are green and spooney," Tim said, disdainfully. "You'll get over such girl-notions, maybe, unless you're a regular muff. For my part I think it sounds a great deal more manly to hear a fellow say the governor, or the old gem'man, than *father* and *papa*. That's for girls to say."

"And I'm very glad I'm girlish enough to keep from being a rowdy, then," Harry said, proudly. "I would sooner be called a muff, any time, than a rowdy, and that is what any boy is, who calls his father the old man."

Tim laughed, with an air of affected age, as he sprang up from the grass. "Oh, well, old fellow, we won't fight over that," he said. "You can say *father* all you please, and I'll say the old man. Now, for another race."

They were off like the wind, forgetting in a moment their little misunderstanding, and perhaps neither of them ever thinking of it again. But I did not forget so easily. I determined to keep track of these boys, and I did. I left the city soon after, and did not return for ten years. One of the first questions I asked on returning was: "What has become of Harry Walters and Timothy Graves?"

"Oh, they are large boys, now," laughed my friend. "Harry Walters was twenty-one a few days ago, and was admitted to the bar. He is an uncommonly fine young man, and his father is very properly proud of him. There is no young man in the city with finer prospects."

My friend shook his head. "I can't say as much for him," he said. "I wish I could; but he's a spendthrift, and a ne'er-do-well. It is strange, too. He and Harry were brought up together, almost. Both had good, steady parents; they attended the same school, and had the same advantages. Yet Harry went up, and Tim down. He seeks loafers and rowdies for companions, and has almost broken his parents' hearts with his conduct."

"I knew it would be so," I cried.

My friend looked up questioningly. "How did you know it?"

I told him the conversation I heard between the two boys, ten years before. "I never knew it to fail," I added, "when a boy has such firm and fine ideas of right and wrong as Harry had, and all his companion's jeers only make him firmer, he is sure to turn out well. And when a boy shows a preference for low things, and begins to talk about the old man, and affects the ways of loafers, he is pretty sure to grow up a miserable affair, unless some strong, healthy influence is brought to bear against these inclinations."

"True," my friend said, "I always feel sorry when I hear any boy talking about the old man, when he means his father: and if boys only knew it, they always fall in the estimation of grown people when they do it. It is only loafers and rowdies who applaud them. And it is far better to win the approval of a true man, or woman, than a rowdy. But many boys fail to see it."

My young readers, never let any one hear you call your father the *old man* or the *governor*. Such expressions are only fit for rowdies; remember that, no matter who you hear use them.

Laughable Blunders of Writers and Typos.

The amusement afforded by ludicrous typhographical errors will be inexhaustible while printers are fallible and editors write with abominable indifference to legibility. One of the most astonishing blunders of this kind was committed some years ago in an editorial in the *Bulletin*. The writer, who had cautioned his readers against "casting their pearls before the swine," was amazed and grieved to perceive that the compositor had warned the public against "eating pills before sunrise." This was corrected in the proof, but the reporter who declared of a certain new store that had "sixty fancy windows," was even more indignant than the storekeeper when he saw in his paper the statement that the establishment contained "sixty faded windows." And then there was the poet, in Muncy who sought to smooth the wounded feelings of a bereaved family by publishing in the local paper a poetical tribute to the deceased daughter, Emily, in which he declared that "we will hallow her grave with our tears." He was pursued next morning by Emily's exasperated brother because the printers insisted that "we will harrow her grave with our steers."

The poets suffer most deeply. Nothing could be worse, for instance, than the misery to the bard who asserted, in his copy, that he "kissed her under the silent stars," only to find that the compositor compelled him to "kick her under the cellar stairs." A certain Jenkins, also, was the victim of an aggravated assault, because when, in his report of a wedding he declared that "the bride was accompanied to the alter by *eight* bridesmaids," the types made it that "the bride was accompanied to the alter by *tight* bridesmaids." These things are peculiarly unpleasant when they occur in remarks upon death; as in the case of the editor, while writing a sympathetic paragraph observed that "Mr. Smith could hardly bear the loss of his wife," only to find that the printer had made it "Mr. Smith could hardly bear such a boss for a wife."

Even more deplorable is the injury to the journalist who complimented a certain candidate with the observation that he was "a noble old burgher, proudly loving his native State." Imagine the indignation of the candidate and the horror of the editor, when the paper the next day contained the assertion that the said burgher was "a nobby old burglar, prowling around in a naked state."

But printers do not make all the mistakes. We remember the laughter and comment provoked by the statement of a provincial reporter, who called the attention of the constable to the fact that "on Sunday last some twenty or thirty men *collected in the hollow-back of Thomas McGinnis*, and engaged in fighting during the whole morning." Mr. McGinnis' back must have been uncommonly large.

During the Franco-Prussian war a great deal of fun was poked at the New Jersey editor who read in the cable dispatches that "Bazaine has moved twenty kilometres out of Metz." He thereupon sat down and wrote an editorial, in which he said he was delighted to hear that all the kilometres had been removed and the innocent people of Metz were no longer endangered by the presence of those devilish engines of war—sleeping upon a volcano, as it were. And then went on to describe some experiments made with kilometres in the Crimea, in which one of them exploded and blew a frigate out of the water.

Another editor clipped from an exchange an obituary poem, which he sent to the composing room, with some introductory remarks. He said: "We publish below a very touching production from the pen of Miss M——. It was written by her at the death-bed of her sainted mother, and it overflows with those expressions of filial affection which the natural outgrowth of pure untutored genius that has developed beneath the sheltering influence of a mothers love. The reader will observe how each line glows with ardent affection and tenderest regret."

Somehow, in attaching this introduction to the poem, the editor turned up the wrong side of the clippings, and the consequence was the editor's lines led the reader gently into an article upon "Hog Cholera in Tennessee." It was rumored that the relatives of Miss M——was seen prowling around the office the next day, armed with shotguns, but this has not been traced to any reliable authority.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

The Ages of the Presidents.

As so many of the young men of to-day are hoping and striving to achieve greatness and possibly aspire to hold high places in the land, it may be of interest, if not positively consoling, to know that those who have held the noblest position, known to our form of government, attained it late in life. Particularly is this true of President Harrison, who was the oldest of the Presidents, being sixty-seven years of age when he was elected. That courtly and elegant old gentleman, President Buchanan was sixty-five when he became Chief Magistrate, and next to him in point of years, was Zachary Taylor, the hero of Buena Vista, and the eleventh President of the United States. John Adams, Washington's successor, was sixty-one, as also was Andrew Jackson, and both Madison and Monroe and also John Quincy Adams were fifty-eight when they attained presidential honors. Washington, Jefferson and Martin Van Buren were each fifty-seven, and James K. Polk was forty-nine. Franklin Pearce was next to the youngest, being forty-eight, while the present incumbent, U. S. Grant, was forty-seven at the time of his inauguration. Of the three Vice Presidents, Tyler, Filmore and Johnson, the former was fifty-one, the latter fifty-nine, and Mr. Fillmore was fifty.

THE CARPENTER'S DREAM.—A poor man was a carpenter; and he often said to himself and others:

"If I was only rich, I would show people how to give."

In his dream he saw a pyramid of silver dollars—all new, bright, and beautiful. Just then a voice reached him, saying:

"Now is your time. You are rich at last; let us see your generosity."

So he rose from his seat and went to the pile to take some money for charitable purposes. But the pyramid was so perfect that he could not bear to break it. He walked all around it, but found no place where he could take a dollar without spoiling the heap. So he decided that the pyramid should not be broken! and then awoke. He awoke to know himself, and to see that he would be generous only when comparatively poor.

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.—The eccentric Lorenzo Dow was once approaching a place where he had an appointment to preach, when a stranger complained to him that his watch was stolen from under his pillow the night before. Dow assured the victim that the watch would be restored, and picking up a boulder that weighed a pound or so, hid it under his cloak and entered the pulpit. After preaching zealously for half an hour or so he suddenly exclaimed: "A man's watch was stolen in this neighborhood last night, and the thief is now in this house. I shall hit him with this stone." He made a feint of throwing it, and one of the audience ducked his head. He was instantly seized, searched, and the stolen watch found in his pocket.

"Why," said once a fox, walking on the river side, and seeing the fish merrily playing along the watery element at times, and hastily taking to their flight at others, "Why do you flee?" "We flee the nets that men spread around us," was the reply. "Why, then, do you not come up here, on dry land, that we might play together, as my forefathers, in olden times, were wont to do with your forefathers?" "Subtlest of animals," replied the fish; "If in our very element of life so many dangers threaten our lives, how much more have we to fear out of our element?"

A close-fisted fellow, treating a friend to some old wine, poured out a very small quantity. The latter, taking the glass and holding it above his head, remarked, rather skeptically: "You say this is forty years old?" "Yes," said the host. "Then," rejoined his friend, "all I have to say is that it is very small for its age."

A toper sneered at a young man for wearing spectacles, when the latter said, "It is better to use glasses over the nose as I do, than under the nose as you do!"

PURITY OF CHARACTER.—Over the beauty of the plum and apricot there grows a bloom and beauty more exquisite than the fruit itself—a soft, delicate flush overspreads its blushing cheek. Now, if you strike your hand over that, and it is once gone, it is gone forever; for it never grows but once. The flower that hangs in the morning, impearled with dew, arrayed with jewels—once shake it so that the beads roll off, and you may sprinkle water over it as you please, yet it can never be made again what it was when the dew fell lightly on it from heaven! On a frosty morning you may see the panes of glass covered with landscapes, mountains, lakes and trees, blended with a beautiful fantastic picture. Now lay your hand upon the glass, and by the scratch of your finger, or by the warmth of your palm, all the delicate tracery will be obliterated. So there is in youth a beauty and purity of character, which, once touched and defiled, can never be restored—a fringe more delicate than frost work, and which, when torn and broken, will never be re-embroidered. When a young man leaves his father's house, with the blessing of his mother's tears still wet upon his forehead, if he once loses that early purity of character, it is a loss that he can never make whole again. Such is the consequence of crime. Its effects cannot be eradicated; it can only be forgiven.

ALL RIGHT.—We have frequently heard these words when on the railway train, spoken by the conductor to the engineer, when the train had stopped and was just about to start forward again. The careful engineer will not move on until he hears the exclamation from the trusty attendant, "All right!"

Let us think; these words mean a great deal, if we will make a wise application of them to our course of life.

How is that? Are we on the right track, and are we sure that we are moving on safely?

Many of the thoughtless and reckless are rushing into evil and sure punishment, all from the want of inquiring before they start, if all is right. So has many a youth been drawn into the ways of transgression, not realizing that he went there but to sacrifice his character and all that made life worth possessing. Every hour we live brings before us such fearful examples. All is not right at the starting point. The beginning is made in error, and calamity and destruction come.

Young reader, look out, and see that in all lifes undertakings you start right. See that you keep "all right" as you move on. And then you may be quite sure of coming out right in the end. Be not deceived. Solomon says: "There is a way that seemeth right unto man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."

Take heed! Seek for the right way. Pray as did the Psalmist to God: "Lead me in the way everlasting. All is right there.—Myrtle.

SPREAD OF THE WORD.—The Bible is read of a Sabbath in all the 10,000 pulpits of our land. The sun never sets on its gleaming page. It goes equally to the cottage of the plain man and the palace of the king. It is woven into literature, and it colors the talk of the street. The bark of the merchant cannot sail to sea without it. No ship of war goes to the conflict but the Bible is there. It enters men's closets; mingles in all grief and cheerfulness of life. The aching head finds a softer pillow when the Bible lies underneath. It blesses us when we are born; gives names to half of Christendom; rejoices with us; has sympathy for our mourning; tempers our grief to finer issues. It is the better part of our sermons. It lifts man above himself. The timid man, awaking from his dream of life, looks through the glass of Scripture, and his eye grows bright. He does not fear to stand alone—to tread the way unknown and distant—to take the death-angel by the hand, and bid farewell to wife and babes at home. Men rest on this, their dearest hope. It tells them of God, and of his beloved son; of earthly duties and of heavenly rest.

Alphose Karr, the gardener poet, has offered a *bon mot* to the world. He was lately present at a banquet given by the disciples of Hahneman. Toasts were given to the health of every medical celebrity by everybody, when the President remarked, "Monsieur Karr, you have not proposed the health of any one." The poet rose and modestly replied, "I propose the health of the sick."

A saloon keeper of questionable honesty went to a lawyer to consult him about commencing an action of defamation against a fellow-townsman. "The scoundrel," said he, fiercely, "has robbed me of my character!" "Ah? has he?—are you sure of that fact?" replied the attorney; "if so, for heaven's sake let him go; for it is the luckiest thing that ever happened to you!"

A Maine gentleman once called on President Lincoln. He had shaken hands with him observing: "Don't be scared, Mr. Lincoln, I do not want an office." "Is that so?" said the President; "then give us another shake."

Mrs. Partington says she does wish they would hurry up and pass the silver service bill in Washington.

They say female compositors get through their copy very rapidly, being anxious to get the last word.