

The Albany Register.

VOL. IV.

ALBANY, OREGON, APRIL 26, 1872.

NO. 34.

Albany Register.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
By COLL. VAN CLEYE,
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 collect for subscriptions, advertising, etc., for the REGISTER:
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G. P. Tompkins, Harrisburg.
Peter Hume, Brownsville.
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L. P. Fisher, San Francisco.
D. P. Porter, Shields station.
Fletcher & Wells, Buena Vista, Polk Co.
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BUSINESS CARDS.

J. H. MITCHELL, J. N. DOLPH,
MITCHELL & DOLPH,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
Sole Trustees in Chancery and Probate Court. Office over the old post office, Front street, Portland, Oregon.

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

S. H. CRANOR, S. H. HUMPHREY,
CRANOR & HUMPHREY,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Office in Parrish brick, up stairs, 2v4

W. G. JONES, M. D.,
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.
OFFICE ON FIRST STREET, ONE door west of Broad, in Birkman's two story brick on stairs, over Geo. Turrell's store. RESIDENCE—Corner Sixth and Ferry streets, Albany, Oregon. (16-71)

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

N. S. DU BOIS & CO.,
HAVE ON HAND AND CONSTANTLY RECEIVING A LARGE STOCK OF
Groceries and Provisions.
Wheat and yellow ware, tobacco, cigars, confectionery, Yankee notions, etc., etc., wholesale and retail, at lowest rates. Opposite R. C. Hill & Son's drug store, Albany, Oregon. 23v4

ALBANY BOOK STORE.
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.

TURNING - TURNING.
RAWHIDE CHAIRS.
I AM PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS OF turning; keep on hand and make to order mahogany-bottomed chairs, and spinning wheels. Shop near the "Macrolia Mills."
JOHN M. METZLER,
Albany, Nov. 8, 1868-1.

ALBANY BATH HOUSE.
THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD BE especially informed the citizens of Albany and vicinity that he has taken charge of this establishment, and by keeping clean rooms and paying strict attention to business expects to suit all those who may favor him with their patronage. Having heretofore carried on nothing but
First-class Hair Dressing Saloons.
He expects to give entire satisfaction to all. Children's and ladies' hair neatly cut and shampooed.
Sept. 18-72 JOSEPH WABBER.

FURS! FURS! FURS!
THE HIGHEST PRICES PAID IN CASE for all kinds of FURS, by
BLAIN, YOUNG & CO.
Albany, Feb. 4, 72-21v1

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN CONNER,
BANKING
—AND—
Exchange Office,

ALBANY, OREGON.

DEPOSITS RECEIVED SUBJECT TO CHECK AT SIGHT.
Interest allowed on time deposits in coin. Exchange on Portland, San Francisco, and New York, for sale at lowest rates. Collections made and promptly remitted. References to H. W. Corbett, Henry Failing, W. S. Ladd.
Banking hours from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M. Albany, Feb. 1, 1871-21v3

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. H. 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, balmonis, 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.

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 hogs, hocks and sheep.
Third door west of Ferry, on south side of First street. J. L. HARRIS,
Albany, Dec. 15, 1871-18v4

J. W. Van Den Bergh M. D.,
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. 18v32v6

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. 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 to 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 Warehouses of Chas. Hensley will receive prompt attention. 18v4

CHASED BY A MADMAN.

BY GOSH.

It was a long time ago, and yet it seems but yesterday, that an event occurred which even now when I think of it thrills me with an indescribable sensation. It was on an eve following an election, and the victorious party was celebrating in honor of the event, with bands of music, torchlight procession and general rejoicing. Everybody seemed to be on the street. Houses were illuminated, bonfires were kindled; cheers and hoots mingled with deafening uproar, and altogether it presented a scene at once grand and beautiful. To a disposition like mine it was truly edifying, and so late was I in the carnival of the night, that it was near twelve o'clock before I thought about starting for home; and as this was the latest that I had ever stopped out, I began to feel a little anxious. My home was about three miles from where I was, and the way lay through a thick grove of timber for about half the distance, and it was one of those gloomy, winding roads, with deep dells skirted by thick underbrush, with an occasional brook running across spanned by log bridges, to vary the monotony. One of those places my imagination had conjured up as being the center of everything infernal. Whether it was the tales the old women told, or my own fancy, I did not know, but certain it was I felt so, and could not help it; and even in the daytime when passing that way I had more than once felt half inclined to whistle. On this particular night it seemed darker than usual, made so by the lights in the town. Approaching the old wood with a timid port, I pressed on until I came to the verge of the forest. Here I stopped and tried to peer through the darkness, but I could see nothing; all was dark and lonesome—it put me in mind of a long tunnel running through a high mountain, so dense was it. Nothing was moving, all was silent with the exception of a forlorn bullfrog rendering a melancholy dirge that was in unison with the surroundings. I plucked up courage, however, and pushed on in a kind of dog trot fully prepared, if occasion warranted it, to increase my speed accordingly. By this time I had reached the first hill, and had started down the grade at a pretty smart pace, looking from side to side as I moved along, when all at once I heard a noise as if somebody breaking a stick and, on looking ahead to the left, I saw something white peering through the thick brush. My first impression was to get away as fast as possible, but then I had walked up so near to it that I would not have much chance if I made the attempt. But I quickly came to the conclusion that I would try and get by it, as soon as possible; so, turning well to the right, I made a smart run, with the intention of leaving his honor in the rear, but he seemingly defined my object and bounded out of the woods and stood in the middle of the path before me. I now began to get scared, and I naturally thought of ghosts and hobgoblins, fairies and elfs, but which of these this one was my ideas were not clear enough to define. I began to shakle with terror, and was about to turn and try to get away, when the figure spoke, and wanted to know where I had been. To hear a voice in a place like the one described would have been some relief in an ordinary case, but the thought that this man must be mad divested my mind of the fancied security that I had indulged in but a moment before. As he

spoke he advanced towards me, while I in turn tried to get back. But it was no use; I could not stir, and I was obliged to wait for his next move. As he came up I could see that he had nothing on but a shirt or loose wrapper thrown around his shoulders; his feet were bare, and take him all in all he was as wild a looking specimen of a human being as one would be apt to meet in a life-time. About this time I began to recollect that I had heard somebody say, some days before, that there was a crazy man somewhere in that section of country, and as this idea struck me it made me creep all over—for if there was anything in the world that I feared it was a mad-man, for I had often listened to my father relating tales in connection with them, how strong they were, and how in one particular case 't took five men to do anything with a crazy man. I had also heard him say that at times they could talk as rationally as anybody, and then again a spell would come over them.

Again he wanted to know where I had been. I told him that I had been down town to hear the music and see the torchlight procession, and also that there was going to be a big supper, and everybody was invited to attend. I grew eloquent in describing the performances of the night, hoping he would like to see some of it himself. My description of affairs seemed to delight him hugely, and he commenced to dance around and clap his hands in high glee.

He then proposed that I should go back with him. I told him that I was just going home to get a light so that I could march in the procession, and that he might go down there and that I would soon be back again, and overtake him. All this time he was dancing around me, and I could see his eyes glistening through the darkness, and he would hold his hands up before him, apparently feeling for something, then he would laugh in a wild way, and clap his hands.

I had almost despaired getting rid of him, when all at once he turned and told me to make haste and hurry back, all of which I promised faithfully to do; he then started up the hill on a kind of a leap. I stood for a moment and watched him, thinking I had plenty of time to contemplate the situation, and at the same time thanking my stars for my escape. As he passed out into the darkness, I turned and resumed my way. I crossed the bridge in a smart walk and hurried up the rise just ahead, and when I had reached the top I turned and looked back, but could not see anything. I then started on a kind of a jog-trot, and had ran about a quarter of a mile when I heard something blow behind me. I quickly turned and like to have fell down with terror, for there, not six feet from me, was this maniac, frothing at the mouth; and when I turned he yelled like a fiend. I could see him reaching for me with his long arms. Now he would laugh, then chuckle to himself, flattering himself that I would soon fall into his hands. After the first scare was over, I soon recovered myself, and settled down to hard work, for I knew I had it to do for my life. Now he would scream and whoop; then he would clap his hands, and occasionally he would rub me very close, especially on level ground. But I was a very fast runner, and I had practiced running long distances, and I was satisfied that on a clear road that nobody could catch me. By this time I had gained very little on him; I was not doing my best; I had saved

myself for the last quarter of a mile, and I thought he had been running longer than I had, and might possibly lose his wind. From where we first started it was about two miles to my home, and we had ran about a half a mile at least, the most of the way being pretty rough.

I could soon see that I was gaining on him. At intervals he would shout, but his shouts were growing very faint, and as he commenced to slack up I increased my speed until I got in sight of my home, when I made a straight run right up to the foot of the steps, and with one spring I landed on the piazza, some five steps from the ground. One jump brought me to the door, which I went through in a twinkling, landing in the middle of the sitting-room, right side up with care. My father was setting up, engaged in reading, when I so unceremoniously entered the room. He sprang to his feet and demanded why I came into the room in that manner. As rapidly as my remaining allowance of wind would admit, I briefly stated the reason of my great haste. He listened attentively to my story, but when I was through, with an incredulous air, he intimated that the story was only the old dodge—merely an excuse by which I hoped to evade a reprimand for being out so late. However, the next day the crazy man was found in the wood, and secured, satisfying my father of the truthfulness of my story of the chase.

This night's adventure may account for the fact that, although a young man, my once dark hair is now untimely sprinkled with gray.

A BIG SCARE.—Mark Twain says the following story was told to him by a fellow passenger, who said he had never been scared since the time that he loaded an old Queen Annie's musket for his father.

You see the old man was trying to teach me to shoot blackbirds, and beasts that tore up the young corn, and such things so that I could be of some use about the farm, because I wasn't big enough to do much. My gun was a single-barrel shot gun, and the old man carried an old Queen Anne musket that weighed about a ton, making a report like a thunder-clap, and kicking like a mule. The old man wanted me to shoot the musket sometimes, but I was afraid.

One day, though, I got her down, and taking her to the hired man, asked him to load her, because the old man was out in the fields. Hiram said:

"Do you see them marks on the stock—an X and a V? Well, that means ten balls and five slugs—that's her load."

"But how much powder?"

"O, it don't matter; put in four handfuls."

So I loaded her up in that way, and it was an awful charge—I had sense enough to see that—and I started out. I leveled her on a good many birds, but every time I attempted to pull the trigger my heart failed me; I was afraid of her kick. Towards sundown I fetched up at the house, and there was the old man resting on the porch.

"Been out hunting have you?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"What did you kill?"

"Didn't kill anything, sir—didn't shoot her off. I was afraid she'd kick."

"Gimmus that gun!" roared the old man, mad as sin. "Do you see that sapling?"

I saw it and began to drop back out of danger. The next moment I heard an earthquake, and saw the Queen Anne whirled end over end in the air, and the old man spinning round on one heel, with both hands on his jaw, and the bark flying from his sapling.

The old man's shoulder was set back four inches, and his jaw turned black and blue, and he had to lay up for three days. I haven't been scared since.

THE RUSSIAN STYLE OF PROPOSING.—It is well known here that marriage here has come to be looked upon as a luxury to be indulged in only by the better circumstances. The large number of servants, waiters, day-laborers, and others without any regular trade, rarely marry at all. They find it enough to earn a decent living themselves. Those who do marry wait until about the twenty-seventh year. If he is a merchant, he must wait until his business is established; if a professional man, until he has a good practice or position. Every class, as a rule, marries late, for that which is necessary with the poor has, from its generality, come to be regarded as a custom for all.

It is not customary, as in America, for young gentlemen and ladies to associate much together, since the expenses of gallantry are thought beyond their means. Young men go with young men, and live in clubs or bachelor bands, where each one pays his expenses, and lives as economically as he can. When they seek female company, which is only now and then, it is at the public balls or in worse connections. This custom has become so established that it works the other way, and no young lady who values her reputation will allow herself to be seen alone in company of a gentleman before she is engaged to him, and before the engagement is duly published in the press. The formalities of betrothal are celebrated in the presence of her friends. They much wonder at the liberty of American young ladies in Germany, who allow themselves to go with any young gentleman acquaintance whatever, being one evening with one and the next evening with another.

CHASED BY A SAW LOG.—A Pittsburgh paper tells the following: "Did you ever hear of being chased by a saw log, as it chanced to a French Canadian out in Curtis' woods last week? It happened thuswise. They were cutting the timber from the brow of a hill in these famous woods, and rolling it to the bottom where a steam saw mill is to be erected. The Frenchman was attempting to manipulate a huge log for a safe descent, when he discovered it was getting the better of him. He was on the under side, and it would not do to 'let it slide,' so he screamed for help. But no help came. His strength was surely and rapidly failing, and there was nothing to do but run for it, and run he did; a fearful race. The natural philosophers say that a log gains in rapidity as it descends. It is otherwise with human legs on a run, even when as in this case descent is steep and icy. There was no turning out, and the log gained with terrible rapidity on the frightened Canadian, and was just now on his heels, when luckily he spied a hollow in his path into which he popped with a bound; but had hardly time to huddle himself into it to his hole, when crash! crash! the log thundered over him and left him safe, but after the worst scared man that ever hallooted in Curtis' woods, if his nerves are no stronger than ours claim to be. And that is how a saw log chased a Frenchman."

THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND.—The Democratic party has the brazen assurance to claim to be *pro* the poor man's friend, and it is a lamentable fact that many, in their ignorance, are disposed to believe it. But it has not only never done anything for the laboring classes, but bitterly opposed every measure calculated to benefit them. It opposed emancipation; it opposed the Homestead Act; it is a foe to protection of American industry, and it has just shown its animosity to the working men through the vote of its representatives in the lower House of Congress on the proposition to pay the employees full wages for eight hours' work. With the restriction of the number of hours, there was a corresponding reduction in wages. The proposition was to recognize the eight-hour system by making up the deficiency in the past, and authorizing Government officials to pay a full day's wages for eight hours' work. The Democrats vote almost unanimously against this, thus giving the working-men due warning that they need not expect any favors in the future from the Democratic party. It is true to tradition, and continues the foe of the industrial classes. It believes in owners and drivers for colored men, while it favors caste among whites, and would cut down wages to the point where want would be a high more potent and more scourging to the soul of the white man than the "black snake" is to the back of the negro.—*Union Herald.*

The Indianapolis News says: A Lafayette lover seated himself on a barrel turned on its side, while serenading his heart's mistress. In his ecstasy he rolled the barrel over, slaming his guitar against a shutter in his efforts to regain his balance, and disappeared in the chasm. The hubbub cry of the strong swimmer in his agony, brought out the entire family, including the bulldog, in various brief and picturesque costumes, ranging all the way from an elaborate robe de nuit and curl papers worn by the innocent cause of it all, to a simple yet serviceable collar, ornamented with spikes, worn by the bulldog.

P. S.—He was fished out.

One of "our young girls," at an examination in grammar, the other day, when asked why the noun "bachelor" was singular, blushing answered: "Because it is very singular they don't get married." She went up head.

W. P. Fisher