

# The Albany Register.

VOL. IV.

ALBANY, OREGON, MAY 10, 1872.

NO. 36.

## Albany Register.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,  
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 collect for subscriptions, advertising, etc., for the REGISTER:  
Hiram Smith, Harrisburg.  
G. P. Tompkins, Harrisburg.  
Peter Bone, Brownsville.  
W. R. Kirk, Brownsville.  
J. B. Reynolds, Seio.  
T. B. Reynolds, Salem.  
L. P. Fisher, San Francisco.  
D. P. Porter, Sheik's Station.  
Fischer & Wells, Bacon Vista, Polk Co.  
Chas. Nickoll, Jacksonville.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

J. H. MITCHELL. J. N. DOLPH.  
**MITCHELL & DOLPH,**  
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,  
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY AND PROBATE, in all matters relating to the old post office, Front street, Portland, Oregon.  
J. C. POWELL. L. FLINN.  
**POWELL & FLINN,**  
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,  
AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY AND PROBATE, in all matters relating to the old post office, Front street, Portland, Oregon.  
S. H. CRANOR. S. H. CRANOR.  
**CRANOR & HUMPHREY,**  
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,  
ALBANY, OREGON.  
Office in Parish brick, up stairs, 254

**GEO. W. GRAY, D. D. S.,**  
GRADUATE OF CINCINNATI DENTAL COLLEGE.  
Makes Special and Improved 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 Parish brick block, up stairs. Residence first house south of Congregational church, fronting on court house block. J2-18

**W. G. JONES, M. D.,**  
**HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.**  
OFFICE ON FIRST STREET, ONE DOOR WEST OF BROADWAY, IN BARKHART'S TWO STORY BRICK BUILDING, OVER TURRELL'S STORE. RESIDENCE—Corner Sixth and Ferry streets, Albany, Oregon. 16-71

**LEFFEL & MYERS'**  
**Water Wheels**  
SPHERICAL FLOUMS,  
And General Mill Machinery.  
J. E. BACKENSTO, Agent,  
Albany, Oregon.

N. S. DUBOIS. W. H. M'ULLOCH.  
**N. S. DUBOIS & CO.,**  
HAVE ON HAND AND CONSTANTLY RECEIVING A LARGE STOCK OF  
**Groceries and Provisions.**  
Wood and willow ware, tobacco, cigars, confectionery, Yankee notions, etc., etc., wholesale and retail, at lowest rates. Opposite R. C. Hill & Son's drug store, Albany, Oregon. 38-4

**ALBANY BOOK STORE.**  
Established in 1856.  
**E. A. Freeland,**  
DEALER IN EVERY VARIETY OF  
Instructive books, school books, blank books, stationery. Books imported to order at short notice.  
Albany, Dec. 3, 1870.

**TURNING - - TURNING.**  
MACHINE CHAIRS.  
I AM PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS OF TURNING: keep on hand and make to order rawhide-bottomed chairs, and spin mung wheels. Shop near the "Magnolia Mills." JOHN M. METZLER.  
Albany, Nov. 8, 1868-1

**ALBANY BATH HOUSE.**  
THE UNDERRIGNED WOULD RESPECTFULLY inform 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 served 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-y2 JOSEPH WEBBER.

**FURS! FURS! FURS!**  
THE HIGHEST PRICES PAID IN CASH for all kinds of FURS, by  
BLAIR, YOUNG & CO.  
Albany, Feb. 9, 72-211

## 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. Refers to H. W. Corbett, Henry Failing, W. S. Ladd.  
Banking hours from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M. Albany, Feb. 1, 1872-213

**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 the 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, belton's, 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 to 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.  
47-3

**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 beefs, hogs and sheep.  
Third door west of Ferry, on south side of First street. J. L. HARRIS.  
Albany, Dec. 16, 1871-114

**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. 418-1006

**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, Dr. T. L. 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 discarded. Teeth extracted without pain. Office over Turrell's store. All work warranted. 7-4

**Paper-hanging, Calceniling, Decorating, &c.**  
F. M. WAINSWORTH will give prompt attention to all orders for Paper-hanging, Calceniling, 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. Moseley will receive prompt attention. 10-4

## An Indian Tale.

BY DAVID NEWSOM.

Many years ago, there resided on Big Kanawha in West Virginia, a wealthy, respectable gentleman whose name was Steptoe. He had a darling daughter and three sons, Miss Laura Steptoe was amiable, beautiful and highly accomplished. She was now seventeen years of age. Several young gentlemen had sought her hand in marriage, but one young man—Charles Morris—was the accepted lover of the charming Laura. Mr. Morris had asked the consent of her parents to their marriage, and it was freely given. The time was set in July, and many persons were invited to the wedding. Two weeks before the appointed time for the marriage of Mr. Morris and Miss Steptoe, two beautiful young ladies, sisters—whose names were Clarissa and Mary Hilton, paid a visit to Mr. Steptoe's. The next day after their arrival there, was Sunday. The three girls, in the forenoon, took a pleasant walk, and finally went to the Kanawha river, a half mile distant. They went into their long, family canoe; and they were expert in managing a canoe or skiff, and the river was low and very calm, they had a fine time of sport upon the river. They remained in the canoe for an hour or more, and then went ashore. Dinner time was at hand, and they intended to return direct. At three o'clock P. M., no girls came home. Mr. Steptoe and his family became alarmed, and feared that the young ladies had gone to the river, and were drowned. On searching for them, it was ascertained that they had gone into the canoe, and had returned again to shore at a landing a little distance below. There were signs in the sand, the girls tracks, and Indian moccasins tracks. There were no sign of any blood, and the tracks made off into the heavy brush and timber land on no path or road. The Indians had been fought and driven back towards Ohio, several years before this time.

These leaves would soon wilt, and would direct their friends in their pursuit after them. When it was known that those young ladies were taken prisoners by the Indians, the alarm was raised far and near, and in two day's time, fifty armed men, provisioned and mounted, had started in pursuit, determined to rescue the girls or die in the attempt. They chose Charles Morris as their Captain. They had no trouble in the pursuit, as to keeping the trail, for the witted leaves directed them as signals on the bushes. Near the Ohio river, on the fourth morning after the girls were captured, deliverance came to them. Scouts had gone forward in the evening very privately, and found the Indian camps. All the white men posted themselves in a half-circle around the twelve braves in the night, concealed behind large trees—the horses having been left a mile behind, near the bluffs of the river. The Indians arose very early and untied the girls, who moved off about fifty yards, and sat down on a log. They never were required to cook or do any servile labor, being intended for "Royalty." Some of the Indians were boiling some fresh meat, lately killed, for breakfast, and others of them were mending their moccasins. The girls dresses and shoes were carefully brought along for their use on their wedding day. At a signal from Capt. Morris, fifty rifles sent their messengers of death towards the Indians. They all fell, and the girls ran towards the smoke of the rifles. They were joyfully greeted by their relatives and good friends. In the joy of the moment, but little attention was directed to the dead Indians. One of them was wounded, but he crept off with his rifle, and went back on their trail a mile and a half and hid himself. The whites took the spoils of the enemy and started for home. The girls were clad in their own garments. Each lady was mounted on a good horse. Capt. Morris and his dear Miss Laura were riding together in front. When they came opposite the wounded Indian, he fired his rifle, and the ball pierced the heart of Charles Morris.

It was piteous to behold the heart-rending sorrow of Laura Steptoe. Many tears were shed on that plot of ground—the scene of so sad an event. Six men aimed at the wounded Indian's head, and six at his heart. He never quailed, but met his fate in Indian stoicism.

The remains of poor Charles Morris were taken home for interment. Laura Steptoe never married during her life, and at her death, which occurred only fifteen years afterward she requested that her body might rest beside her lover. Roses bloom over their graves. Peace to their memories.

A French woman is being tried for sorcery in Marcellis, and the testimony of a dozen or more reputable witnesses convict her of possessing an "evil eye," slaying cattle, breaking furniture, slaking houses "from turrel to foundation-stone," and flying through the air on a broomstick with the ease for which the gentleman on the flying trapeze is noted. A woman, too, who had the temerity to strike the sorceress lost her chignon in a sulphurous whirlwind, and a man who swore at her was rendered insensible by the pavement on which he was walking leaping up and striking him on the head. All this is subscribed and sworn to by witnesses of "unimpeachable veracity."

A handsome young gentleman walked into an Adams Express office, the other day, and desired to express a package of letters to a lady, to whom he desired to return them. "What are they worth?" asked the clerk, who, in making out his account, desired to know what was the risk. The young gentleman hesitated a moment, then clearing his throat, from a little huskiness, replied:

"Well, I can't say exactly; but a few weeks ago I thought they were worth about four hundred thousand dollars."

## THE MOTO DUEL.

(From the Posthumous Papers of John Ransom, Printer.)

In the summer of 1848, I was "journing" in the city of New Orleans, working on the various newspapers whenever I could get a chance. A scarcity of work, and an unusually healthy season, kept the "typos" at their cases, leaving very little to do for the wanderers of the craft. Thoroughly disgusted with such a state of affairs, I wrote to a friend and former schoolmate, who was at that time editing a paper in Montgomery, Alabama, to be on the look-out for a situation of some kind for me. Much earlier than I expected, I received the following letter in reply:

MONTEGOMERY, Ala., July, 1848.  
MY DEAR RANSOM: Your letter of June 10th at hand. I am sorry to hear you have been in such miserable luck, yet glad, for, as if fate ordained it, while I was reading your letter, I received a visit from Col. Davis, of Columbus, Mississippi, who told me he was about starting a paper in that place, to advocate the ticket headed by Zachary Taylor for the presidency. Having conversed with him in regard to his future plans, I brooded the question of a proper man to take charge of the mechanical affairs of his journal. Upon his inquiries as to whether or no I knew of a suitable person, I handed him your letter. After many interrogatories as to your ability and character (you may be sure I painted both in the very blackest colors, my description pleased him so much that you may consider yourself engaged); and in view of this fact you will find inclosed draft for \$100, which the enclosed left to be forwarded, to pay your expenses.

You will report at Columbus without delay.  
I think Senator W— is at the bottom of this affair, and a sleut partner of the Colonel's in the enterprise.  
All well here. Wife sends her love.  
Your old friend,  
C. N.

This letter and the money was really a surprise. Glad for the opportunity to escape from the Crescent City and breathe the up-country air once more, I was not dilatory in my preparations for leaving; so on the third day after the receipt of C— N—'s letter, I was on board a steamer bound up the Mississippi for Vicksburg, from which point I hoped to be able to stage it to Columbus.

My conjectures proved to be correct as to the stage routes, but I little dreamt of the long and tedious journey I had before me, or of the rugged roads over which we had to travel, else it is possible my bravery would not have carried me so far; however, I sat it out, managing to keep my seat during the ride and troubled the various drivers we had from each relay as little as possible. The pleasure of the last news—that only twenty miles separated me from Columbus—I still distinctly remember, not only as the harbinger of rest, and the opening of a new field for operations, but from an incident that transpired.

We had changed our horses, and were about to start upon the last section of our journey, when two ladies were driven up to the inn where we had stopped. By the movements of the driver, I surmised that we were to receive another passenger, which proved to be the case. The youngest of the two ladies soon took her seat inside, after having bid her companion "Good-bye." As she did so, I heard the lady who had just entered rather startled me. Was it possible that the lady who had just entered was a relation of the man with whom I was uppermost in my mind, until the crack of the driver's whip and the sudden jolt of the vehicle recalled me to my senses. I turned to observe the new passenger we had taken on board. She was apparently about twenty-two years of age—she might have been twenty-five. The face was one not easily forgotten. Its loveliness I can compare to nothing I ever saw. Only the pencil of a master could have done it justice. The hair was of a yellowish golden hue, bound in the prevailing fashion by braids and pins, yet I could see where it rose, as if in rebellion against the restraints, in waves over her head, and I thought what a sunny head it would be were it allowed to fall into natural ringlets. Her eyes were of a peculiar color, a sort of neutral tinting between blue and gray. The dress of the period, arranged with a view to ease and comfort, under the warm climate of Mississippi, admirably set off a charming figure. Take it for all in all, it was a bright vision, one upon which I never expect to look again.

Turning to a fellow-passenger who had entered the stage coach at Jackson, and who had told me that he was acquainted in Columbus, whether he was also bound with myself, I noticed that his eyes were as intensely bent upon the beautiful woman who sat opposite as mine had been. Whispering, I asked him if he knew who she was?

"Yes," he answered, "that lady is the wife of Colonel Davis, a noted politician in Columbus. He thinks she is the only woman in the world worth a thought. But I don't blame him, for she is assuredly a fine-looking woman."

Turning from the speaker, I observed that our lady passenger was attempting to read a book, which the jolting of the vehicle rendered impossible. Yet she apparently remained occupied with it, paying no attention whatever to her fellow-passengers. As she read, I had a fair opportunity to observe her more closely, and as I

did so, little by little the vision became more familiar. The face was not a strange one, but to place it in a satisfactory locality was a puzzle. I thought of my school-days in Medway, Mass.; of the girls and boys who used to sit in the same classroom with me. Yet I could not definitely trace the countenance of our lady passenger. A dreamy stupor came over me. I thought I was back in the Bay State again, and that I was chasing a little yellow-haired girl over fields and meadows; that when about to lay hands on her, she would elude my grasp with a merry laugh. How long I might have dreamt I cannot tell, but I was suddenly aroused by the stopping of the coach, and the yell of the driver, "Columbus!"

As I became fairly conscious, I turned to see where my fellow-passengers were. They were gone; but upon the walk in front of the hotel where we had stopped, I saw the very woman whom I had been puzzling my brain in the arms of a tall, heavy-bearded man, smiles of misdirected pleasure playing upon both faces.

"Husband and wife," I mentally ejaculated; "my future employer."

Not caring to remain at the hotel where the coach stopped, I inquired of one of the loungers at the door, as to the locality where the contemplated newspaper was to be published. Having learned this, I set out to find it, which I did. There were no indications that anything had been done toward pushing on the enterprise, as the building seemed to be deserted. Entering it, all the doors being unlocked, I found the first floor littered with machinery, thrown promiscuously together—parts of a hand-press, mixed up with parts of a Ruggles' up-down jobber. Going up stairs, I found the same chaotic state of affairs. Cases, stands, boxes of type, some open, some broken, as if done purposely by the negroes who had carried the material in. I felt discouraged and heartily sick of my prospects. As I stood, like a typographic Marius, looking upon the ruins, I was startled by a step and a voice.

"Is this Mr. Ransom?"

I turned and beheld the gentleman who had taken away the lady passenger of the stage coach, holding out his hand by way of welcome.

"Yes, sir," I returned. "Colonel Davis, I presume."

"At your service," and, without waiting for a rejoinder, continued: "This is a terrible mess! I am sorry. Mr. Ransom, that we have not everything in good order; but whatever help you may want, to get matters straight, don't be afraid to seek it. By the way, I have engaged two young fellows, printers, to come here and help you. If they suit you, keep them; if not, act your own way. I want you to suit yourself in all mechanical arrangements that may be made. But you must be fired by the long ride you have had. It is a long journey. You will feel better in the morning, however. Let us go down to the hotel. I will arrange matters there to suit you. Come along!" and without waiting for an appeal, he led the way.

The Colonel spoke rapidly and in a sort of disconnected way; yet there was a tone of gentility in his manner and speech that spoke of good-breeding. He was very tall, slender, yet graceful in his movements; but the most attractive feature of the man was the head, which was massive, and indicative of a powerful mind. His dark gray eyes, while kindly expressive, nevertheless bespoke a will that could not be conquered.

Upon arriving at the hotel, whither I had accompanied him, the Colonel, as he was called, had a whispered conversation with the landlady, and then turning to me, said:

"Mr. Ransom, Mr. Walker will take good care of you. May I expect you in the morning?"

Upon my assuring him that I would be at work on the following morning, he bade me "Good afternoon," and went off.

The hotel keeper was no exception to the class who cater to the traveler in country towns. So soon as the Colonel disappeared, he turned to me, and, with a confidential wink, said:

"The Colonel is a queer man. I reckon you be going into the newspaper office with him?"

"Yes," I replied.  
"You know General Taylor, I reckon?"

V. P. Fisher