

# Albany Register.

The German Printer.

The scene is a printing office of a German newspaper in a Canadian city. A number of printers are at work at the type cases when another person, evidently also a German, enters. He has rather an intelligent face, but it has a very melancholy expression. This is at once noticed by several of the printers.

"You think I look sad," said he. "No man ever looked more so," returned one of the printers. "What is the matter?"

"I've had a bad dream," said the individual of the melancholy countenance. "I'll tell you about it—perhaps then I shall feel better."

"Tell us—tell us," was the general shout.

"Well, the last time I slept," continued the printer, "I began to dream, and saw that something was passing before me. At first I could not make out what it was. It seemed to be black in every part, but was moving. I stared at it, and as I did so, a faint glimmer of light appeared, and I made out that the object was a hearse, containing a coffin. I now saw that it was drawn by two black horses, covered with black palls and with tall black plumes on their heads. Looking closer, I saw a name on the coffin that I could not make out, and there was a date."

The man stopped, and the eyes that were intently bent upon him saw that he was pallid as a corpse.

"Whose name was there?" demanded one of the now excited group.

"My own,"

"Horrible!" cried the previous speaker with a shudder.

"Most horrible," said the dreamer. "On the coffin I read the words 'Chas. Boehler, July 10.' I screamed with horror, I tried to turn away, but I could not. My gaze was fixed upon the terrible thing, beyond my power to remove it. Slowly, as if passing to the grave, the hearse moved on. Still my eyes followed it. Then I saw it go into the graveyard, and there invisible hands placed the coffin in a new-made grave. Friends, how do you interpret this fearful dream?"

He looked from face to face. But they were all sad like his own.

"Have you no answer for me?" he asked. "Ah, you all believe as I do, that this dream means that I shall be buried on the 10th of July."

Charles Boehler went to his own work, but he was too agitated to accomplish much. His companions said many things to amuse him, but he noticed that not one of them gave him any consolation in regard to the meaning of the dream.

From that time Boehler became a deep drinker. At all times he was more or less under the influence of liquor. He often alluded to his dream, and always expressed the belief that he would be carried to his grave on the 10th of July. The day came and passed. The men in the office had not forgotten the matter, and they offered Boehler their congratulations. On the 11th, when he came in the foreman said, "Well, Charley, the fatal day has passed. You are alive and well. I hope there is nothing in your dream. Give up drinking, and do your work as you used to do."

"Next year," said Charley, in a sad tone, "will have a 10th of July."

"Then you still look forward to your burial on that day?"

"I do," he said with emphasis. Then staggered to his case.

During the year he indulged more freely in liquor than ever. His work was much interrupted by his bad habit, but he was a good workman, and when at all sober, always had employment. It was seen from his every day conversation that he was brooding over his dream, and trying to drown the recollection of it by drinking.

The 10th of July was again approaching. Boehler was laboring under the deepest excitement. On the 9th, in a fit of delirium tremens, he jumped from a third-story window and was killed. Strange to relate, on the 10th of July, just as had been dreamed two years before, a hearse, drawn by two black horses with black palls, was drawn through the streets of the city, and in it was the coffin containing the body of Charles Boehler. The funeral was numerously attended, for the dead man was much respected among his countrymen, and the strange circumstances of his death were well known.

"The printers in the German printing office," says a paper of the date, "are discussing, with bated breath and startled faces, a peculiar circumstance well calculated to send a nervous thrill through a superstitious body. It is all only a dream, but there is a marvelous coincidence in the case."

A private letter to the writer says: "I call your attention to the dream of this unfortunate German, as one of the most singular and startling that has ever occurred. View it in any light that may be given to it, by persons of different opinions and temperaments, it has a ghostly and fearful significance. The dream is too well authenticated to be disbelieved. In this community its verification is regarded as a most remarkable circumstance, and many who have before thought dreams to be idle, foolish things, unworthy of remembrance, now look upon them as having a meaning and influence."

A curious case of assault and battery was lately brought before the police tribunal in Marseilles, France. It appears that a diver, engaged in investigating the wreck of a vessel sunk in the port of that city, discovered an object of some value, which he put aside in a corner of a rock for future disposition. Returning for the last time beneath the surface, he went to secure his prize, but at that moment two other divers attacked him, and attempted to wrest it from him. A fight ensued, which lasted until the people above, alarmed at the confusion below, drew the combatants up to the surface.

An editor says he once partook of a beverage so very strong that he could not tell whether it was brandy or a compound of poison that was going down his throat.

## Gallantry of American Foremen.

The gallantry of the American seamen who saved the city of Marseilles, recently, is enthusiastically commended by all the European papers. While the squadron was lying at anchor in the densely crowded harbor, an explosion occurred on board an Italian petroleum vessel, setting fire at once to the ship and her dangerous cargo. There seemed no possibility of preventing the spread of the flames to the other merchantmen, and such an event would certainly have resulted in the destruction of the city, which is built densely to the water's edge, and has very inadequate fire-extinguishing apparatus. While everybody else stood paralyzed the seamen of the American squadron put off in their launches, boarded the burning vessel, scuttled her until her cargo was under water, and then by a united effort in their open boats towed her out into the bay where her burning could not endanger any other craft. Their coolness and daring were greeted by prolonged cheers from the harbor and the shore, and Marseilles is loud in the praises of the men who at the risk of their own lives saved at once a city and a fleet of merchantmen.

### "God Bless You, Sir!"

I was appointed to lecture in a town in Great Britain, six miles from the railway by which I came from my last engagement, and a man drove me in a fly—a one-horse hack—from the station to the town. I noticed that he sat leaning forward in an awkward manner, with his face close to the glass of the window. Soon he folded a handkerchief, and tied it round his neck. I asked him if he was cold.

"No, sir."

Then he placed the handkerchief round his face. I asked him if he had the toothache.

"No, sir," was the reply.

Still he sat leaning forward. At last I said: "Will you please tell me why you sit leaning forward that way with a handkerchief round your neck, if you are not cold and have no toothache?"

He said very quietly: "The window of the carriage is broke, and the wind is cold, and I am trying to keep it from you."

I said in surprise: "You are not putting your face to that broken pane to keep the wind from me, are you?"

"Yes, sir, I am."

"Why do you do that?"

"God bless you, sir, I owe everything I have in the world to you."

"But I never saw you before."

"No, sir; but I have seen you. I was a ballad-singer once. I used to go round with a half-starved baby in my arms for charity, and a draggled wife at my heels, half the time with her eyes blackened; and I went to hear you in Edinburgh, and you told me I was a man; and when I went out of that house I said, 'By the help of God, I'll be a man; and now I've a happy wife and comfortable home—God bless you, sir! I would stick my head in any hole under the heavens, if it would do you any good.'—Gough's Autobiography.

How to be Nobody.—It is easy to be nobody, and we will tell you how to do it. Go to the drinking saucer and spend your leisure time. You need not drink much now; just a little beer, or some other drink.

In the mean time play dominoes, checkers, or something else, to kill time, so that you will be sure not to read any useful book. If you read, let it be the dime novel of the day. Thus go out keeping your stomach full and your head empty, and yourself playing the time-killing games, and in a few years you'll be nobody, unless—as is quite likely—you should turn out a drunkard, or professional gambler, either of which is worse than nobody. There are any number of young men hanging about saloons, billiard-rooms, and other rum shops, just ready to graduate and be nobodies.

DOMESTIC LIFE.—He cannot be an unhappy man who has the love and smiles of woman to accompany him in every department of life. The world may look dark and cheerless without—enemies may gather in his path—but when he returns to the fire-side and feels the tender love of woman, he forgets his cares and his troubles, and is a comparatively happy man. He is but little prepared for his journey of life who takes not with him to soothe and comfort him, that friend who will forsake him in no emergency—who will divide his sorrows—lessen his joys—lift the veil from his heart and throw sunshine amid the darkest scenes. No man cannot be miserable who has a companion, be he ever so poor, despised and trodden upon by the world.

Palmer, a guide in the Adirondack Lake region, shot with his rifle, on Long Lake, a few days ago, what in the dusk of twilight he supposed to be a gull. It proved to be a woman with her head covered with a white kerchief. The ball struck her in the breast and she died almost instantly. The late James Gordon Bennett taught school in Steuben in the year 1818. He taught two months, and at the close of his school, September 13, 1818, he drew \$17 from the town treasury as compensation.

Under the new liquor law of Ohio, a jury has given a verdict of \$2,000 against a liquor dealer, "for the same his husband's society for three years."

1872. 1872. 1872.

## SOMETHING NEW.

THE

WALTER A. WOOD

### Mowing & Reaping Machines,

FOR

### THE COMING HARVEST.

C. B. COMSTOCK & CO.,

SPRINGVILLE & ALBANY, OREGON,

Sole Agents for Oregon & Washington Territory.

W. S. NEWBURY,

Traveling & General Agent,

ALBANY, OREGON.

THESE JUSTLY POPULAR MACHINES ARE NOW IN GENERAL use in Russia, Prussia, Austria, Bavaria, France, Spain, England, and North and South America, in fact throughout the whole civilized world, and have been awarded the FIRST PREMIUM at every trial, both in Europe and America, since the World's Fair at Paris in 1867, since which time many valuable improvements have been added.

### The New One & Two-Horse Double-Geared Jointed Flexible Bar Mowers,

never clog. They are the WONDER OF THE AGE for Strength, Beauty, Capacity and LIGHTNESS OF DRAFT.

### THE SELF-RAKING REAPER,

with Mowing Attachment, is the most complete and desirable Reaper, either in Europe or America, and is a COMPLETE REAPER and a COMPLETE MOWER, being two separate machines.

### WE CLAIM FOR THE WOOD'S MACHINES

That they are the LIGHTEST DRAFT, the QUICKEST and BEST MOTION, as well as the MOST DURABLE. That they leave the BUNDLES IN THE BEST SHAPE, and are the EASIEST HANDLED of any Mowing and Reaping Machine either in Europe or America.

We warrant the Wood's Machines to be as **21** Represented. **21**

A full assortment of EXTRAS constantly kept at all our Agencies.

WE ALSO HAVE THE AGENCY OF THE

### HAINES' HEADERS,

with the WOOD IMPROVEMENT, which renders it one of the BEST HEADERS extant. If you buy a Header, be sure you get the HAINES with Wood's Late Improvements, as they were only added in 1871.

SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE BOOK.

Albany, May 34, 1872-35

"Tommy, my son, what are you going to do with that club?" "Send it to the editor, of course." "But what are you going to send it to the editor for?" "Cause he says if anybody will send him a club, he will send them a copy of his paper." The mother came pretty near fainting, but retained consciousness enough to ask: "But, Tommy, dear, what do you suppose he wants with a club?" "Well, I don't know," replied the hopeful urchin, "unless it is to knock down subscribers as don't pay for their paper."

A Southern paper advertises as follows: "Wanted, at this office, an able-bodied, hard-fisted, but tempered, not-to-be-puffed-off and not-to-be-lacked-down, freckled-faced young man; must furnish his own horse, saddle, bags, pistols, whisky, bowie-knife and cow-hide. We will furnish the accounts. To such we promise constant and laborious employment."

### NEW TO-DAY.

GO TO TURRELL'S FOR GENTS' Clothing and Gent's Furnishing Goods of all descriptions. He has also a large stock of Boys' Clothing, Hats, Shirts, etc., which he is selling very low. 43-4

FOR DRESS GOODS, GLOVES, TRIMMINGS, Hosiery, etc., go to Turrell's, First street. 43-4

PEOPLE FURNISHING SHOULD CALL on Turrell's large stock of Carpets, Oil-cloths, Blinds, Rugs, etc., which he is selling very cheap. 43-4

GO TO TURRELL'S FOR HARDWARE, Lamp, Lamp-chimneys, etc. He has the Goods to suit you. 43-4

GEORGE TURRELL KEEPS A LARGE stock of

Assorted Merchandise

to suit the market. It would be to the interest of everybody to give him an early call. 43-4

GEORGE TURRELL PAYS THE HIGHEST price for all kinds of Country Produce. Remember the address, Turrell's, First street. 43-4

D. E. JONES, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, ALBANY, OREGON.

OFFICE—SOUTH SIDE FIRST STREET, up-stairs, in J. M. Beach's store-house, between the second and third streets, south of the Cartwright warehouse. 37-4

T. W. HANSEN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, ALBANY, OREGON. OFFICE—ONE DOOR EAST OF TELEGRAPH OFFICE, on First street. Residence—At Mr. A. Bachman's, 27-4

### P. C. HARPER & CO.

WE BEG LEAVE TO CALL THE ATTENTION of the public to our large and well selected stock of

### GENERAL MERCHANDISE

consisting of the latest and most fashionable styles of

### DRESS GOODS!

TRIMMINGS, LACE COLLARS, SHAWLS, LACES, EMBROIDERY and Fancy Notions. In the

### Gentlemen's Department

we offer the latest styles in CLOTHING, the best in UNDERWEAR, the noblest TIES and SCARFS, the nicest GLOVES and GAITHERS, and the "fin" in HATS & SHOES, while our SILK HATS are all the rage. We keep constantly on hand a full assortment of

### SHOT GUNS,

SHOT-POUCHES, GUN-TUBES, POWDER, FLASKS, SHOT-BELTS, POWDER, SHOT, CAPS.

In fact, everything in the hunter's line.

### Mirrors & Picture Frames

embrace all sizes and styles. In the line of

### GROCERIES,

Crockery, Glassware, Fruit Jars,

### POCKET & TABLE CUTLERY,

Nails, Tobacco, Domestic Goods, &

### WOOD & WILLOW WARE,

our stock is full and complete.

Call and examine goods.

First Building, First St., Albany.

P. C. HARPER & CO.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Albany, Oregon.

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## NEW TO-DAY.

W. J. HILLER, Surveyor & Civil Engineer, IS PREPARED TO SUPERVISE AND ENGINEERING. Orders solicited by mail, to which prompt attention will be paid. Residence—Tangier, Linn county, Oregon; Postoffice address—Albany. 28-4

### Arctic Soda.

HAVING ADDED VASTLY TO OUR facilities for dispensing this delightful and health-giving beverage, we would announce to our former patrons, and the public generally, that we are fully prepared from one of those elegant

Tuft's Arctic Fountains,

to supply soda of the best quality in unlimited quantities to all who may favor us with a call.

### BOTTLED SODA!

—AND—

### Sarsaparilla!

WILL, DURING THE

### SPRING and SUMMER,

be delivered to families ordering through-out the city.

Dealers supplied at Liberal Rates.

A. CAROTHERS & CO.,

### Genuine Haines

Headers, from 10 to 15 feet cut, made by Walter A. Wood, at Hoesick Falls, N. Y., with all his improvements, and having also Deane's Patent Adjustable Reel. No other Headers have these improvements. Take note that the Haines Improved Headers made by Wood.

### Russell's Thresher,

as improved, is the perfection of the Threshing Machine. We have them from 30 to 40 inch, with new feed table, large shoe, double fan, elevator, double discharge, etc., made especially for the wants of this coast, after years of study. It has greater cleaning capacity than any other, and is every way perfect. No other machine has ever equalled the "Russell"; none can excel it.

TREADEWELL & CO., San Francisco.

April 19-30m3

### THE NEW FAMILY

### SINGER

### SEWING MACHINE,

WITH ATTACHMENTS FOR

ALL KINDS OF WORK,

Such as

CROWN, PANEL, HAND & SECTION

MOLD,

Of all sizes.

WINDOW AND DOOR FRAMES,

Flooring, Siding,

—And—

All other kinds of Building Material.

ALSO: PREPARED TO DO MILL work, furnish shaker fans, slinger shakers, suction fans, driving pulleys of any kind, at our factory on Lyon street on the river bank, next below Markham's warehouse. ALTHOUSE & CO. Albany, Feb. 10, 1872-14

### JAMES L. COWAN,

(Successor of A. Cowan & Co.)

### Lebanon, Oregon,

—Dealer In—

### GENERAL MERCHANDISE!

WILL KEEP ALWAYS ON HAND A full stock of

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, BOOTS & SHOES,

all for sale at the Lowest Prices for Cash or Produce.

All persons owing A. Cowan & Co. can settle by calling on me at Lebanon. JAMES L. COWAN, 22-4

### New Barber Shop.

NOTE THIS: HALE BACKSTO has opened a new Barber shop on First street, three doors west of Conner's Bank, where he will be pleased to see all persons needing his services. Shaving, hair-cutting, shampooing, etc., done in the most satisfactory manner. Albany, February 16-74

### PATENT MEDICINE.

### HOLLOWAY'S

PILLS AND OINTMENT

Every Man his own Physician.

### CAUTION.

"THE immense demand for HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and OINTMENT has tempted many unprincipled parties to counterfeit these valuable medicines."

Order to protect the public and ourselves, we have issued a new "Trade Mark," consisting of an Egyptian obelisk of a pyramid, with the letters H. L. in the center. Every box of pills and ointment will have this mark on it; and are genuine.

W. C. CHAMBERLAIN, Sole Proprietor, 10 Maiden Lane, New York.

CRACK & BRIGHAM, Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast, 174

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