

THE MODERN MIDAS.

Transmuting base Metals into Precious Gold.

Amazing Discovery.

Half a Million Dollars Manufactured in Two Months.

ALADIN'S WONDER OUTDONE.

A Gold Laboratory in the City of San Francisco.

The following wonderful statement with regard to the manufacture of gold taken from the San Francisco Daily Chronicle. It will doubtless prove entertaining to those who delight in the marvelous:

The age of discovery is upon us, and California bids fair to be the source of a series of developments which will revolutionize the values of commerce and the basis of exchange. The occupation of the doubler was never so burdened and the faith of the credulous more busy in analyzing on the one hand and absorbing on the other the wild stories of marvelous mines of gold and silver of limitless depth, and of thousands of acres glittering with diamonds and glowing with the prismatic tints of rubies, emeralds and sapphires. The magic crier of Aladdin, which summoned the slaves of the ring, bearing golden vessels running over with jewels of the rarest size and hue, and transformed its owner from a beggar into the welcome consort of princesses, which built palaces and bore them whithersoever he would, would be laid aside in these days as useless lumber, and the Princess Scherezade's tales of the thousand and one nights are as devoid of the marvelous as those of Mrs. Barbauld.

AN UNLEARNED MAN'S DISCOVERY.

Yet all that we have known heretofore of mines of gold and veins of silver—all we have heard of diamond placers, pales into insignificance beside the recent discovery of an unscientific and unlearned man in San Francisco. The story as reported to us has much of romance in it, but the future may demonstrate its truth, revolutionize commerce, and make the possessors of the marvelous talisman, the veritable Midas of the nineteenth century. It is no less than the discovery of a chemical process, which when applied to base metals, transmutes them into gold—pure, shining, veritable gold. The rumor of the diamond discoveries in Arizona have somewhat precipitated the disclosure of the facts we are about to relate, and though at the risk of breaking faith with our informant, we consider his statement too important to be withheld from the public.

THE BANKER'S STRANGE VISITOR.

Some three months ago, a plain-looking man, of American birth, presented himself at one of our leading banks and solicited an interview with the manager. The banker was very much occupied with his cares, overburdened with offers of paper for discount, and harassed with the prospects of losses on loans for which he held collateral in the shape of mining stocks, recently descending on his hands. He surveyed his supposed customer, and almost before the first words of salutation had fallen from the newcomer's lips, he said, "No, sir; can't do it. Very sorry, but have gone beyond our limit to accommodate our own customers. Doing nothing on the outside to-day, at any rate." The stranger made no reply, but deposited a leather valise on the banker's desk, opened and took from it a mass of dinky metal, looking half like copper and half like brass, and handed it to him. The man of money examined it curiously, and returned it, saying he was no judge of mineral substances, and had no time to study this particular specimen.

A CONFIDENTIAL PERSON'S JUDGMENT.

The stranger asked him if he would know gold if he saw it; and if not, would he be kind enough to send for some confidential person, on whose judgment he could rely, to assay and determine the quality and value of his lump of metal. The proposition was reluctantly acceded to. One of our most prominent assayers was summoned, and after examining the substance and inquiring, with visible excitement, where it came from, and receiving no satisfaction, departed, taking it with him, promising to report on it the next day but one at noon. Punctually at the appointed time the three met at the bank. The assayer produced the metal, which had been run into the form of a bar, and had all the appearance of the ordinary gold ingot of commerce. "That looks like gold," said the banker. "It is gold," said the assayer, "nearly a thousand fine—the purest I have ever put in a crucible."

ANOTHER SEARCHING TEST.

The stranger said nothing. The others piled him with questions concerning the source from whence it came. He civilly but firmly declined to furnish any information, requesting them as a further test of its genuineness, to send it to the mint in this city for coinage. To this they assented, and the bar was sent, with other bars, to the Mint. It was there again submitted to the tests usual in such cases, and the next day its value was returned in double eagle—something more than eight thousand dollars—which was placed to the credit of the now decidedly interesting stranger. For nearly a week nothing was seen of him or heard from him. The banker was in a fever of excitement. He could think of nothing but the owner of the gold. He ran over all the mining news of the public press for some record of a strike in the gold producing districts; and, if the truth might be told, he waited for some intelligence of an audacious robbery of the treasure box of an up-country stage or of the rifling of some bank or assay office. In which his new friend should play a prominent part.

A SECOND INSTALLMENT.

So well satisfied was he of the correctness of this latter conjecture that he was on the point of advertising the possession by him, under peculiar circumstances, of a large quantity of refined gold, when the depositor appeared, bringing with him a much larger piece of the same metal as formerly, which, with some ceremony and dignity, he submitted for inspection. This was done, and then the stranger inquired if the banker was entirely satisfied of its genuineness. "Perfectly, perfectly," was the answer. "It is gold. Where did you get it?" The answer nearly caused him to faint. He sat for a few moments like one in a trance. His ears were filled with strange sounds. His eyes grew dim. His hands trembled nervously and his heart beat a queer tattoo which alarmed him for his personal safety. It was a very brief answer, yet in it were involved the most momentous consequences to commerce, to the vast system of labor and capital employed in the mining enterprises of the State, to the precious metal basis of trade in every land, and to the maintenance even of Government itself. It contained a revolution within itself.

"I MADE IT MYSELF."

It is no wonder that the amazing disclosure almost unmanned the listener. The stranger quietly said, "I made it myself," and after a pause he added: "I can make it by the ton. I can freight a ship with it within a month from the time I have enlarged my present laboratory, as I am now about to do." The banker pined him with questions as to its locality and with prayers to be permitted to visit the scene of his marvelous labors, but to no purpose. He then held before the discoverer the power which they could wield in the community, the vast possessions which they might acquire and the certainty of making together a fortune unequalled since the world began. He represented to him the impossibility of concealment, except with the aid of one situated like himself, who could turn this new accession into the now steady money tides of commercial exchanges and swell without destroying them. He attempted to show him the danger to himself from the chagrin of those whose values he might impair or destroy, and the need of caution in utilizing for himself his terrible secret.

THE SECRET NOT DISCLOSED.

His hearer sat with imperturbable countenance until the close of the banker's harangue, and then replied: "I will make you the depository of my gold. You may control its issue, and we will together share the power it brings. But my process must remain forever in my own heart. I shall never reveal it. I will bring you in a very few days more than you have now in your vaults. My laboratory is near the New Park, in a building which would attract no attention, save from its dilapidated appearance. I was at work there during the most of the past winter, and have by degrees succeeded in making myself quite comfortable without attracting attention. I have several ways of access to it, and never use the same way twice in succession. I admit I have experienced some fear of discovery and attack; but my guards are my dogs, and they are faithful and silent. There is now more danger than ever in the increasing volume of my product, which will need other means of transporting raw material and bringing it back in the shape of gold than this old valise and my hands."

A SEALED ENVELOPE.

He then turned to a convenient table and wrote a few lines, which he sealed in an envelop and handed to the banker. "There is the direction to my retreat. I shall return in a week with more gold, and if I fail to come you may know some evil has befallen me. Then come to me." The banker promised faithful observance of the injunction, and with many protestations of mutual fidelity and good will they parted. The paper has never been opened and the manufacturer of gold has steadily and punctually reappeared, bringing his weekly enormous additions to the bullion of the bank.

It is said that more than half a million have been manufactured within the last two months, and deposited in the bank. Some of it has been converted into coin and put into circulation. Many of our readers who believe they are handling the products of our gold mines, now daily receive and pay out this substance, created from base metals by one of our most unobtrusive citizens. Some of it has been run into bars, and stamped with the brand and records of our most famous refinery, has been shipped abroad, for the basis of exchanges for a banking institution on a colossal scale, to be established on the comparatively small beginning of one of our noted banks, and the effort will be made to make San Francisco the center of all commercial exchanges and the great depository of the products of the world. The scheme is vast, proportioned to the power which two men hold in their grasp. It is frightful to reflect what may be the result of their ambition, if it should pass beyond its present reasonable limits. No human imagination can conceive the end to which the wealth of our modern Midas and his banker may bring all established modes of doing business, and, indeed, as we have said, the Government itself.

The above extraordinary story is told upon the authority of gentleman who is a stranger to the editor of the Chronicle. He refused to disclose his name, and submitted these curious revelations on the condition that no inquiries into his antecedents should be instituted by us. We simply give the startling recital, leaving our readers to form their own estimate of its credibility.

A Parisian journalist recently lost the sight of one eye in a very curious manner. He was putting on a clean shirt, when the edge of the stiff starched bosom struck him in the eye, permanently disabling the organ. Moral: Don't put on clean shirts.

Editing a paper is very much like carrying an umbrella on a windy day: Everybody thinks he could manage better than the one who has hold of the handle.

A Dangerous Man.

Mr. Sumner says that Grant is a bold, bad, dangerous man.—Exchange.

"A bold, bad man is General Grant," said Floyd one gloomy night, As out from Donald's he crept, And took his hasty flight. From Pillow's trembling lips there came

An echo sounding much the same. And Buckner thought his chief was right. Nor longer drest maintain the fight; And then came down the rebel "bars." And from the fort hung the stripes and stars.

"That Grant's a dangerous man!" said they; And doubtless think the same to-day.

"A bold, bad man is General Grant," said Beauregard one morn. As from the haughty traitor's brow The victor's wreath was torn; And from the field his legions went, By order General Grant had sent. Then Shiloh's field was ours again, Despite the host of rebel men. Who came an army, boasting loud, But went a panic-stricken crowd. For Beauregard and all his men Perhaps thought Grant was dangerous then.

"A bold, bad man is General Grant," said Pemberton one day; "Entreaties are of no avail, He will not go away. A stubborn, mulish, dangerous man! He wants our rebel hides to tan." And still Grant's cannon raked the town.

Until the rebel flags came down; And then our banners, rent and torn, Were through the streets of Vicksburg borne. The "bold, bad man" that glorious "Fourth" Sent gladsome tidings to the North.

"A bold, bad man is General Grant!" And poor Bragg's eyes were dim With tears; said he, "I know 'Tis useless fighting him." And soon the cheers from Grant's brave men

On Lookout's crest, told where and when The rebel General had to run. And what that "bold, bad man" had done. "That Grant's a dangerous man!" he said.

As from the field his army fled.

"A bold, bad man is General Grant," said Lee, "that's plain to see; He must be very bold, indeed, To think of whipping me." Then Petersburg and Richmond fell; Then Appomattox—maybe—well. At last our hero's work was done; The final victory was won.

Perhaps the people may forget These things, but, then, they haven't yet. They need, then, such "dangerous" men, And think, perhaps, they may again.

"A bold, bad, dangerous man is Grant;" Jeff Davis thought the same, When, running off in crinoline, He to the "last ditch" came. A Ku-klux's gentle voice was heard, And—"Grant is dangerous" averred. It needs must be that this is so, For all these rebels ought to know. Then Hall and Tweed—good honest men—

Say "Grant is bold and bad," and when Such men declare it, then, forsooth, Folks know that Sumner tells the truth.

—Glean Gazette, Elk Grove, Wisconsin, May, 1872.

Caged With an Anaconda.

During the time that Robinson's circus was on the line of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, the Jim Fisk stole show—consisting of Fisk, Mansfield, Stokes, and a large anaconda—started from Leavenworth to join the circus near St. Louis. The canvas and wax figures were stowed away in a baggage car, filling the front end and leaving a single door for entrance to the coach. The baggage-man, being of an inquiring mind, and thinking that he would take a free peep at the show, just to see what Fisk and the Mansfield looked like, opened the door and stood in the midst of the illustrious trio. While he was admiring the graceful contour of Mansfield's bust, what was his horror to see the monster raise his head and begin to crawl slowly out of the box. The serpent's eyes were upon him, and his forked tongue moved rapidly backward and forward like a weaver's shuttle. Having heard of the power of the anaconda in squeezing its victims to death in its terrible folds, our trunk man at once realized the danger of his situation. His mind reverted with lightning rapidity to the events of his life, and visions of wrecked Saratogas, frail valises and flimsy carpet-bags arose in a mountain of judgment before him. He would have given his right hand for a large steel-plated trunk to crawl into, but no such thing was at hand. After protruding about half his length, the snake paused and turned his eyes in another direction. The baggage-man was not slow of availing himself of this opportunity of making his escape. Quickly and with all the stealth of a ferret, he crawled over piles of boxes, gained the door, and made good his retreat to the coach. He there found the showmen, and on informing them that the snake was endeavoring to escape, they went to the baggage-car and recaptured the reptile. The baggage-man was so gratified at what he thought such a miraculous escape, that he vowed never again to pry into the boxes of showmen placed in his charge.

ORGANS.

REV. J. W. ROOS, PRESIDING ELDER of the Methodist Church, San Francisco, says: "In my opinion, George Woods & Co.'s Organs have no equal for richness and sweetness of tone, with great power. I am familiar with all the most prominent organs in the market, have owned four different kinds, and unhesitatingly say I prefer those of George Woods to any other."

Send for Price List and Circulars for the finest Organ in the world.

W. K. BADGER, Sole Agent, at Snow & Ross' Art Gallery, 75 First street, Portland, Or. August 23-64 and

JOHN SCHMEER, DEALER IN Groceries & Provisions, ALBANY, OREGON.

HAS JUST OPENED HIS NEW GROCER establishment on corner of Ellsworth and First streets, with a fresh stock of Groceries, Provisions, Candles, Cigars, Tobacco, &c., to which he invites the attention of our citizens.

In connection with the store he will keep a Bakery, and will always have on hand a full supply of fresh bread, crackers, &c. Call and see me.

JOHN SCHMEER, February 1874

JOB WAGON. HAVING PURCHASED THE INTEREST of G. W. Young in the Delivery Business, I am prepared to do any and all kinds of jobs, on short notice and with quick dispatch. Terms reasonable. Packages delivered to any part of the city. Look out for the BAY TEAM and JOB WAGON, 504

Dr. Livingstone's second letter compels many persons to believe that his mind is affected. Many of his friends in England are represented to be greatly alarmed respecting him, and fearful that he may never regain his wits after the long strain upon his nervous system.

The great success of the new French loan is the subject of considerable comment in New York financial circles. The total subscriptions were equal to \$4,200,000,000 gold, or about double our national debt. This is without parallel in history. "I don't mean to reflect on you," said a coarse, would-be-wit to a man whom he had insulted. "No," was the reply, "you're not polished enough to reflect upon anybody."

WILLIAM DAVIDSON, REAL ESTATE DEALER, No. 61 Front Street, Portland, Or

REAL ESTATE in this CITY and EAST PORTLAND, in the most desirable localities, consisting of LOTS, HALF BLOCKS, and BLOCKS, HOUSES and STORES; also, IMPROVED FARMS, and valuable un-cultivated LANDS, located in ALL parts of the STATE, for SALE.

REAL ESTATE, and other property, purchased for correspondents, in this CITY and throughout the STATE, and TERRITORIES, with great care and on the most ADVANTAGEOUS TERMS.

HOUSES and STORES leased, LOANS NEGOTIATED, and CLAIMS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS PROMPTLY COLLECTED; and a general FINANCIAL and AGENCY BUSINESS transacted.

AGENTS of this OFFICE, in all the CITIES and TOWNS in the STATE, will receive descriptions of FARM PROPERTY and forward the same to the above address.

A. WHEELER, SHEDD, OREGON, Forwarding & Commission Merchant.

Agent for the sale of the celebrated BAIN WAGON, and all kinds of AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY. Consignments solicited. TOWN LOTS, in the town of Shedd, for sale.

MRS. H. D. CODLEY, FIRST STREET, ALBANY, CONTEMPLATES ENLARGING HER business the coming season, and in order to make room will

Sell at Cost for Thirty Days! Her entire stock of Millinery Goods!

Consisting of BONNETS, HATS, FLOWERS, RIB LACES, EMBROIDERIES, JACONS, BARRED MULLINS,

and a variety of other goods to be found in a First Class Millinery Store!

Please call and examine. July 12-64 NEW TO-DAY.

PIANOS. HALLET, DAVIS & CO.'S CELEBRATED PIANOS

Take the Highest Rank. HALLET, DAVIS & CO.'S PIANOS have been selected by the Executive Committee of the World's Jubilee as the Best Pianos. No other Piano will be used.

Franz Bendel, The greatest living Pianist, who was in Boston, attending the Jubilee, says: "The Hallet, Davis & Co.'s Piano excels in every particular, all other Pianos."

Call and examine and see for yourselves, or send for Price List and Circulars. W. K. BADGER, Sole Agent, at Snow & Ross' Art Gallery, 75 First street, Portland.

ORGANS. REV. J. W. ROOS, PRESIDING ELDER of the Methodist Church, San Francisco, says: "In my opinion, George Woods & Co.'s Organs have no equal for richness and sweetness of tone, with great power. I am familiar with all the most prominent organs in the market, have owned four different kinds, and unhesitatingly say I prefer those of George Woods to any other."

Send for Price List and Circulars for the finest Organ in the world.

W. K. BADGER, Sole Agent, at Snow & Ross' Art Gallery, 75 First street, Portland, Or. August 23-64 and

JOHN SCHMEER, DEALER IN Groceries & Provisions, ALBANY, OREGON.

HAS JUST OPENED HIS NEW GROCER establishment on corner of Ellsworth and First streets, with a fresh stock of Groceries, Provisions, Candles, Cigars, Tobacco, &c., to which he invites the attention of our citizens.

In connection with the store he will keep a Bakery, and will always have on hand a full supply of fresh bread, crackers, &c. Call and see me.

JOHN SCHMEER, February 1874

JOB WAGON. HAVING PURCHASED THE INTEREST of G. W. Young in the Delivery Business, I am prepared to do any and all kinds of jobs, on short notice and with quick dispatch. Terms reasonable. Packages delivered to any part of the city. Look out for the BAY TEAM and JOB WAGON, 504

WHEELER'S "ECONOMY IS WEALTH." "TIME IS MONEY." SAVE YOUR TIME, AND ACCUMULATE WEALTH, BY BUYING YOUR DRY GOODS, HARDWARE, GROCERIES, NOTIONS, Clothing! CROCKERY, HATS, BOOTS & SHOES, PILLS, LINIMENT, PAINTS, OILS, IN FACT ALMOST ANYTHING YOU MAY HAVE OCCASION TO USE, UNDER ONE ROOF.

READY PAY, PROMPT PAYING SHORT-TIME CUSTOMERS, WILL FIND, AS HERETOFORE, AT THE STORE OF THE SUBSCRIBER, A Good Assortment of the BEST GOODS at the LOWEST PRICES! ALL KINDS BOUGHT. A. WHEELER, Shedd, Oregon, April 3, 1872-23

Advertisement for A. C. Layton's Groceries and Provisions. The ad is arranged in a grid-like fashion with multiple columns of text. It features large, bold headlines such as "ECONOMY IS WEALTH" and "TIME IS MONEY". The text promotes various goods including dry goods, hardware, clothing, and household items, all available at low prices. It also mentions that the store has a full and complete supply of staple and fancy groceries. The address is given as Corner First & Broad Streets, Albany, Oregon. There are several small notices interspersed within the main advertisement, including one about a general invitation to all people to call and examine goods, and another about a general invitation to all people to call and examine goods. The ad concludes with the name A. C. LAYTON and the date April 3, 1872-23.