



DISTANT VIEW OF CASTLE ROCK, COLUMBIA RIVER, OREGON.

**Darwin's Theory.**

The *Toten Crier* has a theory in reference to the origin of man, which he proposes to ventilate in opposition to that of Darwin, who brings us along down the dim highway of life from the monkey with the prehensile tail to the man with his long fingers of dextrous manipulation to catch and hold things coming within his reach. The theory of Darwin has much to commend it to our comprehension and belief; nor is the baboon and the gorilla and the orang-outang so widely different from the present species of man as some would have us think. The habits of the two animals (man and monkey) are not essentially unlike. The disposition of the monkey to ram wild in the woods, to avoid school, to play hooky, to tear leaves out of books, to imitate his elders, to experiment in smoking and chewing tobacco, to worry the cat and play with the fire, is very like the animal boy. His fondness for nuts and fruit is not unlike, and the school boy exhibits a nearly equal agility in climbing trees and fences. The monkey steals for two motives: for his belly and for mischief. The hoodlum does the same thing. As the monkey advances in years he becomes grave and sedate; so does the man. Some monkeys get wicked and bite; some men grow sour and ugly. Some monkeys need the chain; some men need the State Prison to curb their propensities. Some of the monkey specie get amiable as they grow old, like the *Toten Crier*, and only grin and chatter out their lives, thankful if the looker-on throws them nuts and confections in return; but there is another long-tailed animal from which doubtless a portion of mankind has sprung—an animal domestic among us, interesting in his habits; an animal preferring to live in houses, omnivorous, mysterious, prolific, migratory, brave in battle, irresistible in its rage, cannibal in its hunger. We refer to the rat. Cut off the rat's tail, change his fore paws into hands, stand him on his chest, clothe him in fashionable garments, put a hat upon his head, teach him to talk, and you have a man. Now let the rat drink whisky when he is treated, smoke (when he is asked,) give him a pen to write what he is paid for, dwarf him in stature to four feet six, give him a shocking bad hat, a greasy coat, let him retain all his vanity, conceit, impudence, ingratitude, dishonesty, all his mean and rat-like propensities, and although you have not quite a man, you have the Bohemian rat, who thinks the *Toten Crier* has lost his wits. Take another instance: Give the developed rat a long-tailed black coat, a white choker, a bombazine waistcoat, a broad-brimmed hat, let him draw his face up at the eyebrows and down at the chin, and you have a preacher. Put him in the pulpit with a congregation of cats eating stolen cream, and the divine becomes eloquent in the denunciation of sins he cannot enjoy. Let him take the vows of celibacy (not chastity) and take snuff, and you have a priest. Take off his shoes and put a rope around his waist, and you have a monk. Clothe him differently, let him retain his side whiskers, part his hair in the middle, put a hot potato in his mouth, and behold an Englishman. Teach him to chew tobacco, stand on the curbstone with a crooked-handled cane, and lo! a politician. Let these rats get hungry and go to eating each other up, and then you have lawyers or brokers. With petticoats and crinoline, is a female with furtive eye, coquetting with every passer-by. Get a little social crowd around a pan of milk and a bit of toasted cheese, and a lunch party with all its tattle and gossip is before you. Perhaps, after all, the origin of species is not confined to either monkeys or rats. The doctrine of Zoroaster may be true, and souls may transmigrate from the animal to the human form.—*News Letter.*

New engravings next week.

**HUMOROUS.**

An enterprising Quaker greases a thirty-foot board, fills it full of fish-hooks, and sets it up at an angle of forty-five degrees, with a pretty slice of old cheese at the top. Thirty rats went for the cheese in one night, and his rat fishery was successfully demonstrated the next morning.

"What shall we name our little boy?" said a young wife to her husband.

"Call him Peter."

"Oh, no I never knew anybody named Peter that could earn his salt."

"Well, call him Salt Peter, then."

A doctor and a Campbellite preacher riding along together in the outskirts of Kingston, Missouri, not long ago, overtook a raggolarchin with a string of small fish, which he had just caught in a creek close by. The preacher accosted the lad in a patrolling way:

"My son, what do you call those fish?"

"Campbellites," promptly responded the boy.

"Why do you call them Campbellites?"

"Because they spoil so quick after I get them out of the water."

I was riding in the cars some days ago, and I sat along-side a fellow who was weather-beaten, as if he had been sitting six weeks astraddle of a watermelon, trying to put out the sun by spitting at it. We conversed, I said to him, "What's your name?"

Says he, "Adolphus."

Says I, "Your mother's name?"

Says he, "Mary."

I looked amazed, and says I, "Mary! Mary! can it be possible that you are the lamb?"

Says he, "The what?"

Says I, "The lamb that Mary had."

He re-vealed the fact that he was not the lamb, and he further observed, "It is all fired hot."

Says I, "Did you ever visit a tropical climate?"

Says he, "A what?"

Says I, "A hot climate."

Says he, "Jimminy crix, stranger, I've ploughed up a side hill Fourth of July when the sun set my straw hat on fire, and if that ain't a hot climb why I hain't been to one as yet."

Before I had time to reply, the conductor came along and shouted "tickets."

Greeny—I've got none.

Conductor—Money then.

Greeny—I hain't any.

Conductor—Got a pass?

Greeny—No, I hain't got a pass.

Conductor—Thunder and spikes, you don't expect to travel on these cars for nothing, do you?

Greeny—You advertise to take a fellow for nothing anyhow.

Conductor—How so?

Greeny—Why, down there into your office in Cincinnati, you've got a great big sign stuck up in store writing, it says, "Through to New York without change."

The conductor dropped his anchor and put that fellow ashore right by a big white post with some black letters on it which read C 30 miles.—[Wandering John, in the New York Sun.]

A Chairvoyant advertises in an eastert exchange her ability to "tell our future and to unfold the record of our fate" if we will send our "hair and eyes in a sealed envelope." Alas! we cannot. We are exceedingly anxious to have our future told; we want to have the record of our fate unfolded, but we have no hair—we are bald; and we cannot spare our eyes—we dare not entrust them to a sealed envelope. Some arrangements might be made, perhaps, if the seer would send a reliable man to take those eyes with him in a carpet-bag; but how to do about the hairs we cannot tell. It is very sad that a man's infirmities can thus bar his way to bliss; but it is so, and we must submit.

The most ingenious, practical sarcasm ever made use of was that of the late Rev. Robert Hall, addressed to a clergyman who had obtained a lucra-

five living after a change of religious opinions. Mr. Hall had pressed him hard upon the question of Church Reform. The gentleman's constant answer to the arguments addressed to him was:

"I can't see it." "I don't see it." "I can't see that at all."

Mr. Hall took a letter from his pocket and wrote on the back of it with his pencil, in small letters, the word God.

"Do you see that?"

"Yes."

He then covered it with a piece of gold.

"Do you see it now?"

"No."

"I must wish you a good-morning, sir," said Mr. Hall, and left him to his meditations.

The *Mobile Register* (Democratic) slightly differs with Charles Sumner in regard to the purposes of the so-called "Liberal" party. According to Mr. Sumner's pretended ideas, the election of Greeley would not transfer the Government from Republican hands, while the *Register* asserts that it would, and would restore all the old rebels to power. Charles speaks in the North, where a lie on the subject will answer better than the truth. The *Register*, notorious for speaking its mind, says what it believes, and what will certainly be the case if the loyal men of the country fail of their duty in November.

PATENT GATE, E. C.

Self-Opening and Self-Closing

**GATE.**

PATENTED BY JOHN PICKERSON, June 4, 1875.

THE GATE IS SO CONSTRUCTED THAT when the vehicle approaches it the wheels on one side pass over a lever which is connected to the gate hinge by a rod, thus opening the gate before you and fastening it open. After going through, the carriage passes over a similar lever, also connected with the gate hinge, causing the gate, in its rotation, to shut behind you and fasten.

No Getting Out of Your Vehicle!

No Raising of Latches Nor Pulling of Strings,

Except the "ribbons" of your team. It is often called

THE "LAZY MAN'S GATE,"

And a

"Dead Open and Shut."

This gate is simple in its construction, both of iron and wood work, and not likely to get out of order. If a neat, cheap gate is desired, it may be made light, with three cross bars of wood and one-fourth inch wire, neatly curved at the top, the lower end hid in the bottom bar, which is the style of a factory made gate. The gates are now in practical use in several of the counties around San Francisco, and plenty of testimonials can be given.

**THOMAS J. SAFFORD,**

Having purchased the

Right for Linn Co., Oregon,

Has now on hand, and will manufacture the above described gate. Wherever it has been used it has received the highest encomiums, as the large number of certificates from prominent farmers in all parts of the country, now in my hands, will testify.

**CARRIAGES AND WAGONS,**

Of All Descriptions,

On hand and manufactured to order.

Blacksmithing and Repairing

Done to order at most reasonable rates. Shop foot of Ferry street, opposite Beach, Monteth & Co.'s flouring mills.

**THOMAS J. SAFFORD,**

Albany, Oct. 28, 1875-6

DRUGS, ETC.

"They Who Have Nothing for Sale are Farthest from Market"

**A. CAROTHERS & CO.,**

WHO KNOW THIS TO BE TRUE

Are now keeping, and also constantly receiving additions to

The Largest Stock of Goods

USUAL TO THEIR TRADE

**ABOVE PORTLAND,**

And

**AT SUCH PRICES**

That

Purchasers Shall be Satisfied.

—

Besides a Large Stock of

**DRUGS, CHEMICALS**

**PATENT MEDICINES,**

Paints, Dye Stuffs, and Oils,

They keep

**Yankee Notions,**

**Confectionery**

**Finest Tobacco & Cigars**

**WOSTENHOLM'S CUTLER**

**SPICES, PERFUMERY,**

(All kinds),

**TOILET SOAP,**

—AND—

**Everything**

USUALLY OBTAINED IN

**A STRICTLY**

**First Class**

**DRUG ESTABLISHMENT.**

—

NO ARTICLE SOLD

But what is

**Guaranteed To Be**

**JUST AS REPRESENTED**

And

**Must be Good.**

**Arctic Soda!**

**A. CAROTHERS & CO**

—

**JOB PRINTING.**

**THE**

**ALBANY REGISTER**

**PRINTING HOUSE**

WITH NEW AND EAST

**POWER AND HAND**

**PRESSES,**

Latest and most Desirable

Styles of

**Printing**

**Material,**

Is undoubtedly

**THE SHEBANG**

TO GO FOR

When you wish

**Posters, or**

**Visiting Cards,**

**Business Cards,**

**Bill Heads,**

**Letter Heads,**

**Envelopes,**

**Ball Tickets,**

**Programmes,**

**Labels--**

But why particularize, when it is generally acknowledged that we are

**ON IT**

When it comes under the head of

**Printing**

—

Come to see us, once!

**C. MEALEY,**

**FURNITURE**

—AND—

**CABINETWARE!**

**BEDS AND BEDDING,**

**MATTRESSES**

**Of all Kinds!**

**SPRING BEDS**

**Of Every Description!**

**MIRRORS,**

**Picture Frames,**

**WINDOW SHADES,**

**WINDOW CORNICE,**

**CHINESE**

**MATTING!**

**CHAMBER SUITS** in every style.

**PARLOR SETS** of Substantial patterns.

**LOUNGES,**

**OF EVERY DESCRIPTION**

**TABLES,**

Every Style known to the Trade:

**KITCHEN SAFES,**

**BOOK CASES,**

**Hat-Racks,**

**CUPBOARDS,**

**China Closets,**

**Wash Stands,**

**BEDSTEADS,**

in endless variety;

**CHAIRS,**

All Styles and Descriptions, all of which will be sold at the

**VERY LOWEST FIGURES!**

**UPHOLSTERY**

—AND—

**Undertaking**

in all their branches,

**Done to Order, and**

**Satisfaction Guaranteed.**

—

I have on hand a supply of

**Ready-made Coffins,**

suitable for all the demands of this community.

Also, I have a neat

**HEARSE,**

for the use of my customers.

Corner Broadalbin and First-sts.,

**ALBANY, OREGON.**