

L. P. Fisher

# The Albany Register.

VOLUME V. ALBANY, OREGON, OCTOBER 4, 1872. NO. 5.

**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 Gordan 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 receive for subscriptions, advertising, etc., for the Register:  
Hiram Smith, Harborside.  
O. P. Tompkins, Harborside.  
Peter Hume, Brownsville.  
W. R. Kiek, Brownsville.  
J. B. Irvine, Seio.  
T. H. Reynolds, Seio.  
L. P. Fisher, San Francisco.  
D. P. Porter, Seio's station.  
Fletcher & Wells, Buena Vista, Polk Co.  
Chas. Nickell, Jacksonville.

**BUSINESS CARDS.**

J. H. MITCHELL. J. N. DOLPH.  
**MITCHELL & DOLPH,**  
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,  
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY AND PROBATE in a building, office over the old post office, Front street, Portland, Oregon, 174

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

W. G. JONES, M. D.,  
**HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.**  
OFFICE ON FIRST STREET, ONE door west of Broad hall, in Burkhart's two story brick building, over Geo. Turrell's store. Residence—First house west of the Methodist church, Albany, Or. 1564

D. M. JONES, M. D.,  
**PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.**  
OFFICE—SOUTH SIDE FIRST STREET, upstairs, in J. M. Beach's store-house. Residence—Second street, south of the Cartwright warehouse. 374

T. W. HARRIS, M. D.,  
**Physician and Surgeon,**  
ALBANY, OREGON.  
OFFICE—ONE DOOR EAST OF TELEGRAPH OFFICE, on First street.  
Residence—At Mr. A. Haackendahl's. 374

**DENTISTRY.**  
GEO. W. GRAY, D. D. S.,  
DOES ALL WORK IN THE line of his profession in the *Latest, Best and most approved method.* Anæsthetic agents used for the painless extraction of teeth, if desired. Particular attention given to the regulation of Children's teeth. Dental consultations and examinations FREE. Charges moderate. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case. Call at his office and examine specimens of his workmanship. OFFICE—In Parrish Brick Block, upstairs. 174-184

**LEFFEL & MYERS'**  
**WaterWheels**  
SPHERICAL FLUMES,  
And General Mill Machinery.  
J. F. BACKENSTO, Agent,  
Albany, Oregon.

N. S. DUBOIS. W. H. SUTCLIFF.  
**N. S. DU BOIS & 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 B. C. Hill & Son's drug store, Albany, Oregon. 314

**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.

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. 174-184

**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, 1872-23

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

HAS JUST OPENED HIS NEW GROCERY establishment on corner of Elm north and First streets, with a fresh stock of Groceries, Provisions, Canned Goods, Tobacco, etc., 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.  
February 16-21-74  
**JOHN SCHMEER.**

**MILLINERY, DRESS MAKING,**  
—AND—  
**LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S FURNISHING HOUSE!**

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS OPENED A new stock of millinery goods, trimmings, ladies' and children's furnishing goods, of all kinds, of the latest and most fashionable styles, which she offers to the ladies of Albany and surrounding country at the lowest rates. In the

Dress Making Department  
I guarantee entire satisfaction. Charges liberal.  
My determination being to give satisfaction in style and quality of work and prices, I ask a share of public patronage. Call at store  
Opposite A. Carothers & Co.,  
First street, Albany, Oregon.  
MRS. H. D. GODLEY,  
Agent for Mrs. Carpenter's CELEBRATED DRESS MODEL. Nov. 4, 74-74

**TURNING - - TURNING.**  
RAWIDE CHAIRS.  
I AM PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS of turning; keep on hand and make to order rawhide-bottomed chairs, &c. Shop near the Mills and Hoskey, Jefferson, Oregon. Branch shop near "Magnolia Mills," Albany, where orders for chairs, turning, &c., can be left. JOHN M. METZLER, Jefferson, Aug. 2, 1872.

**Notice.**  
OREGON & CALIFORNIA RAILROAD Company, Land Department, Portland Oregon, April 4, 1872.—Notice is hereby given, that a vigorous prosecution will be instituted against any and every person who trespasses upon any Railroad Land, by cutting and removing timber therefrom before the same is BOUGHT of the Company AND PAID FOR.  
All vacant Land in odd numbered sections, whether surveyed or unsurveyed, within a distance of thirty miles from the line of the road, belongs to the Company.  
I. R. MOORES,  
Land Agent.

**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. Call for the BAY TEAM and JOB WAGON.  
A. S. ARNOLD,  
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**FURS! FURS! FURS!**  
THE HIGHEST PRICES PAID IN CASH for all kinds of FURS, by  
**BLAIN, YOUNG & CO.**  
Albany, Feb. 9, 73-224

**MY FIRST NEWSPAPER.**  
My father had built a log hut near the Canada line. It was, like all huts, cold and damp, and unfit for human habitation; but it was better than no shelter at all, and we were used to it. I was a barefooted boy during most of the year. Bare feet may do well enough for picture and word painting, but they are quite another sort of thing to the little shivering wretch who drags them about during the cold weather that makes three fourths of the New England year.

I was helping father dig potatoes, one day, late in the fall, when I was about nine years old. A flurry of snow had fallen, just enough to remind us that winter was setting in. Father always put things off till the last minute, and then he would give all before him, and be as cross as a bear when her cuts are in danger. We had been to work since daylight, and my feet were almost frozen. Oh! I can feel them ache now! They were cut, and sore, and would have been bleeding, but they were numb as icicles. Late in the afternoon father sent me to the house, and mother went out and took my place in the field. My feet were over the worst of their aching, and I had piled the green wood in the fire-place, and laid down on the floor, with my hands under my head, to watch the sap sizzle and gutter, and fire off miniature cannons, when there came a rap on the door. I sat, without waiting for an answer, in came a stranger, well bundled in fur cap and overcoat.

"Can I warm up here?"  
"Guess so," said I, hitching along to give him half of the fireplace.  
The man came up eagerly, like one who had traveled long, and was weary and chilled, and spread out his hands before the fire, as if heat was a luxury to them.

"Where's your folks?" he asked, glancing down at me, for I hadn't the civility to rise.  
"Out."  
"Are they around?"  
"Digging taters!"  
"Rather late for that, isn't it?"  
"Rather."  
"Do you think I could get a bite here?"  
"Guess so."  
"Could I stay here to-night?"  
"Guess so."

The man unbuttoned his coat and seated himself, letting his boots steam before the coals.  
After a little he rallied again, as if unaccustomed to be quiet.  
"Where's your mother, my boy?"  
"Digging taters."  
"And you taking your comfort before the fire?" he asked, in a surprised tone.

I explained to him that I was obliged to come in on account of my feet, and then, for the first time, he seemed to notice that they were naked.

"Have you no shoes?"  
"No sir."  
The man raised his head and gave a sharp look around the room, his eyes wandering over the shelves, as if missing something. "Thinks I to myself—'he's hungry."  
"Have you anything to read here?" was the next question.  
"There's part of a Testament on the high shelf."  
"Anything else?"  
"There's some almanacs, somewhere, but pretty much gone."  
"Anything else? Books, for instance?"  
"Guess not."  
"Or newspapers?"

Now I actually had never seen or heard of a newspaper in my life, so I said, sheepishly, "Guess not."  
The man gave me a sharp glance from his keen, black eye. "You guess not? Don't you know? My lad, if you are to go *guessing* through the world, you will have a bad time of it."

"I don't know what a newspaper is," said I.  
The man looked at me with an expression of pity that I could not understand. Then he rummaged in his overcoat pocket, and produced one, which he handed me, with the remark, "The next best thing to a Bible is a good newspaper."

I was on my feet in an instant. I spread the sheet on the bed, and never shall I forget the delight with which it was examined. I could not read a word—did not know my letters even; but there came, with looking at that paper, such a longing to read it, that I absolutely plunged both knuckles into my eyes, and uttered such a hubbly howl as brought the stranger to my side.

"What's the matter?" asked he.  
"I can't read it," said I.  
"Don't you know your letters?"  
"No sir."  
"Bring the paper to the fire, and

let me see what we can do."  
Then he took a pin from the inside of the lapel of his coat, and bade me pay strict attention.  
"I am one of nature's schoolmasters," said he, "and I can teach you your letters in an hour."

By this time I was wide awake, you may be sure.  
"Do you see that letter? It is A. Now, sir, do you take that paper and prick a dot over all the A's you see." I did it. In this way he taught me all the vowels and consonants. When my parents came in from the field I had pricked the whole alphabet into my memory in a way never to be forgotten. During the evening the man conversed very freely with my father in regard to his spiritual and worldly condition. My parents readily confessed their need of religion, but as to education, my father said his parents were not educated, and they got through the world.

"But," said the stranger, "if they had been educated, do you think I should have found you in this log hut, digging potatoes after the snow has fallen, and that, too, aided by your wife? No, sir; you would have made a steam engine out of your head first."  
The stranger was an itinerant minister. We had prayers that night, and as it was the first time in my life I had heard a prayer, the man's fervor impressed me very sensibly, as you may suppose.

As we were closely pressed for quarters, the stranger had to share my straw bunk, and he did not neglect the additional opportunity to urge me to make a man of myself.

"If you will learn to read," said he and you can, now that you know your letters, I will send you a newspaper every week."  
This generosity won my heart. The next morning he obtained my father's permission for me to go to the post-office every Saturday, in consideration of my general good conduct during the week. As the postoffice was several miles distant, and I should be obliged to go on foot, it may seem strange that I regarded this permission as a very kind condescension on the part of my father; but, indeed, I never was so grateful to him for any act of his life.

I can never recall, without a smile, the excitement attendant upon my first post-office trip. If I did not run every step of the way, it was because my breath did not hold out. I don't suppose there were a dozen houses in the village where the office was located; but I remember how impressed I was by the bustle of the little country hamlet. It couldn't be supposed that I asked for that paper as I would ask for anything else. My very heart stopped beating when the postmaster looked out, with a pen stuck behind his ear, and asked me what I wanted.

"Is there a paper here for me?" said I.  
"Who for?" he asked.  
"For me."  
"Well, who is *me*?"  
"Tell him your name," said a pleasant looking woman, who seemed to be waiting for something, too.

My name? I was not sure I had any. I was always called Tim at home. So I called out "Tim!"  
"Well, you ought to have heard the loungers about the place laugh, then. Even the nice lady joined in it."  
"Tell him your father's name," said she.  
"He's old Tim, and I'm little Tim," said I, feeling as if I must begin to cry.

There was another shout.  
"It's Timothy somebody," said the lady. "Please look for a Timothy, and perhaps you will find it."  
Then she put her hand kindly on my shoulder, and patted it a little.

"Here's a Timothy Scraggin," said the postman, holding up a paper, and peeping into the wrapper.  
Then I remembered hearing a man that got mad at father, call him "Old Scraggin!"

"That's it," said I, and I darted off like a pickerel.  
When I got away from the village, I sat down on the ground, and took a good look at my treasure. I hope I may be as happy again, but I am afraid I never shall. After I had carefully examined every part of the paper, I studied the wrapper. It was my name, for the postmaster had read it—Master Timothy Scraggin! To think of my being addressed as *master*, and that my name was written out in full! Just then, I looked at my naked feet.

"A boy that takes a paper," thought I, "ought to wear shoes."  
Two weeks from that day, father sold potatoes and bought me the first pair of *new* shoes I ever wore.

The next day being Sunday, mother, who knew something about reading, helped me to spell out the shortest

words, and every night during the week I devoted all my time to learning to read it. Before the winter was over I could read tolerably well.

A year later, the minister came to us again, and I stood up by his side, and read some verses which he had himself written for the paper. When I had finished, I saw the tears creeping down his gray beard, and mother was leaning on the table, with her face in her apron.

"Hem!" said father. "I'll sell taters, and take a paper for myself!" And he did.

**Josh Billings on the "Gote."**

The gote is a coarse wollen sheep. They have a split hoof and a whole tail.

They have a good appetite, and a sanguine digestion. They swallow what they eat, and will eat anything they can bite.

Their moral characters are not polished, they had rather steal a rotten turnip out of a garbage box, than they can honestly bite a pek ov oats.

The male gote has two horns on the ridge of his head and a mustash on his bottom lip, and is the plug ugly ov his naberhood.

They are faithful critters and will stick tew a friend az long az he livs in a shanty.

A maskuline gote will fite emy thing from an elephant down to hiz shadder on a ded wall.

They kan kline emy thing but a greast pole, and kno the way up a rock, az natral az a woodbine.

They are az certain tew raise az yung ones, sum familys are half gotes, and the other half children. They are good eating when they are yung but they leave it oph az they get stronger.

They are alwys poor in the bobby, but platt in the stummock. When they eat seems to all go to appetight. You mite az well agree tew platt an injun-rubber overshew bi filling it with kiam shells, az tew raise emy adipose membrane on the outside bust ov a gote.

A phatt gote would be a literary curiosity.

They use the same dialekt az the sheep, and the yung ones speak the language more fluently than the parients do.

There iz only two animals ov the earth that will ent tobakko—one iz a man and tuther iz a gote, but the gote understands it the most, for he swallers the spit chaw and oil.

The male gote, when he iz pensiv, iz a venerable and philosophy looking old cuss, and wouldn't make a bad professor ov arithmetik in sum ov our colleges.

They are handy at living a long time, reaching an advanced age without arriving at emy definite kouklnstion.

How long a gote livs without giving it up, there iz no man now old enuff tew tell.

Methuzelar, if his memory wuz bad at forgetting, mite give a good-sized guess, but unfortunately for science and this essa, Methuzelar aint here.

Gotes will live in emy kilmate, and on emy vities, except tamberk, and if they ever cum to a square death, it iz a profound secret in the hands of a tew, to this day.

**LEAF IMPRESSIONS.**—Taking leaf impressions is a very pleasant amusement, especially for girls, and we subjoin the following method of the operation, which is said to be a good one although not new:

Hold oil paper in the smoke of a lamp or of pitch until it becomes coated with the smoke; then take a perfect leaf having a pretty outline; and after warming it with the hands, lay the leaf upon the smoked side of the paper, with the under side down, press it evenly upon the paper that every part may come in contact; go over it lightly with a rolling pin, then remove the leaf with care to a plain piece of white note paper and use the rolling pin again; you will then have a beautiful impression of the delicate veins and outlines of the leaf. And this process is so simple that any person, with a little practice to enable him to apply the right quantity of smoke to the oil paper and give the leaf the proper pressure, can prepare leaf impressions such as a naturalist would be proud to possess. Specimens can be neatly preserved in book form, interleaving the impressions with tissue paper.

The most cutting stroke of sarcasm we know of is this: When Senator Sumner made his charge against President Grant that he was a great quarreler, a lady, upon hearing it, quietly remarked: "His wife has been able to live with him for nearly thirty years and they seem to get along very pleasantly and happily together."