

L. P. Fisher

# The Albany Register.

VOLUME V. ALBANY, OREGON, OCTOBER 11, 1872. NO. 6.

**Albany Register.**  
 PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.  
 BY COL. VAN CLEVE,  
 IN REGISTER BUILDINGS,  
 Corner Ferry and First Streets.

TERMS IN ADVANCE.  
 One year..... Three dollars.  
 Six months..... Two dollars.  
 Three months..... Ten cents.

ADVERTISING RATES.  
 Transient advertisements, per square of ten lines or less, first insertion 25 cents; second insertion 15 cents; larger advertisements inserted on the most liberal terms.

JOB WORK.  
 Having received a 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 receipt for subscriptions, advertising, etc., for the Register:  
 Hiram South, Harrisburg.  
 O. P. Tompkins, Harbington.  
 Peter Hume, Brownsville.  
 W. R. Kirk, Brownsville.  
 J. B. Irvine, selo.  
 T. H. Reynolds, Salem.  
 L. P. Fisher, San Francisco.  
 D. P. Porter, Ste. J's Station.  
 Fletcher & Wells, Buena Vista, Polk Co.  
 Chas. Nickel, Jacksonville.

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. Laidl.  
 Banking hours from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M.  
 Albany, Feb. 1, 1872-73



A SCENE IN OREGON.

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

HAS JUST OPENED HIS NEW GROCERY establishment on corner of Elm-street and First streets, with a fresh stock of Groceries, Provisions, Candles, Cheeses, 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.

February 16-24-74 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 price, I ask a share of public patronage.  
 Call at store.

Opposite A. Carothers & Co.,  
 First street, Albany, Oregon.  
 MRS. H. D. GOBLEY,  
 Agent for Mrs. Carpenter's CELEBRATED DRESS MODEL. Nov. 6-71-94

**TURNING - - TURNING.**

I AM PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS of turning; keep on hand and make to order saw-hill-bottomed chairs, &c. Shop near the Mills and Hostery, 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 5, 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. Look out for the BAY TEAM and JOB WAGON.  
 A. S. ARNOLD,  
 2074

**FURS! FURS! FURS!**

THE HIGHEST PRICES PAID IN CASH for all kinds of FURS, by BLAIN, YOUNG & CO. Albany, Feb. 3, 72-21E

## BROKEN ON THE WHEEL.

SERVIAN JUSTICE—HORRIBLE PUNISHMENT FOR A HORRIBLE CRIME.

There is no State in Europe in which the barbarous punishment of breaking on the wheel is inflicted on criminals except Servia, of the semi-dependencies of Turkey. In Servia they have three methods of punishing murderers, highway robbers, and incendiaries. In the most aggravated cases, execution by breaking on the wheel is inflicted. In other cases the culprits are tied to chairs, and the head-mann runs a sharp knife across their throats and then breaks their spine. If there are peculiar circumstances of mitigation, the culprits are shot by a file of soldiers.

One of the most revolting crimes ever committed in Servia was the assassination of the whole family of a wealthy farmer named Detrestij, in the Bialin District, about twenty miles from Belgrade, the capital of Servia. On the 24th of April, Detrestij, a man of 40 years of age, his wife, Susannah, 29 years old, and his three children, Frances, Kathinka, and Andreas, aged respectively 12, 9, and 4 years, were found in the house murdered. It was also discovered that the mother and the two daughters had been outraged. All the victims had been beaten with bludgeons, and then stabbed.

An active search was at once made for the perpetrators. Two days afterward they were discovered in a forest about four miles from where the murder was committed. They were Sebastianos Alexiry, formerly a non-commissioned officer in the army of the Sultan of Turkey, and Moses Alexander Werthstein, an Austrian Jew.

When they were arrested, the officers found several hundred zequins and the watch of the murdered man in their possession. They were taken in irons to Bucharest. Upon being brought before the examining magistrate, they denied any knowledge of the crime; but the lash, which is there still used upon the mendacious criminals, was not long in eliciting a confession from the tortured Werthstein. After receiving fifty lashes on the bare back, he confessed that Alexiry and he had broken into the house of the farmer in order to rob him of three hundred zequins. They succeeded in forcing their way into the house, but were confronted by him, whereupon a desperate scuffle ensued. The farmer fought valiantly, but they clubbed him, and then finished him with their dirk-knives.

Alexiry refused to confess, and remained firm, even under the torture of the lash, freely administered by order of the magistrate. Both Alexiry and Werthstein were fully committed. Their trial before the full bench of criminal judges came off on the 11th of June. It lasted but one hour. Both were found guilty of murder, without extenuating circumstances, and sentenced to be broken on the wheel. There was loud applause in the court when the sentence was pronounced. Alexiry listened to it without emotion. Werthstein, however, broke into loud screams, tore his hair, and yelled for mercy. The officers of the court had to drag him back to his cell.

The 14th of July was fixed for the execution. They were to expiate their doom on the old glacis of the fortress of Belgrade, upon which Prince Edward of Savoy made once his famous assault. The execution was to take place at 8 A. M., and an enormous concourse assembled to witness it. The scaffold was circular, of wood, and the only distinctive feature about it was a St. Andrew's cross slightly elevated above the platform.

About half past seven the executioners arrived. One was a heavy-built man, and the other almost a giant. Both were dressed in green flannel jackets, and had their arms bare. When the clock on St. Mary's steeple at Belgrade struck 8, there emerged from the gate of the fortress a procession headed by four horsemen. Next followed the carriage in which the judges and the priest were seated. As the procession emerged from the gate

loud shrieks were heard. They were those of Werthstein, who, chained as he was, hand and foot, screamed to Heaven for help. Under ordinary circumstances his appeals might have had some effect upon the people. But, knowing the fearful crime which he and his accomplice had committed, there was not a voice raised in his favor, and the soldiers were rather encouraged to punch him with the butt end of their muskets.

After the criminals had been brought on the platform every stitch of clothing left upon Alexiry was torn off, and he was firmly tied to St. Andrew's cross. Until this moment he had preserved his equanimity; but now the executioner drew from a green bag a sort of iron club, with a knob at its head. The fastened criminal looked wistfully at the man who was to torture him, and then put him to death. The executioner raised the iron club and crushed Alexiry's right shoulder. The murderer gave a shriek, and made a desperate effort to free himself. He struggled desperately in his agony, but the next blow which the executioner gave him—on the knee pan—elicited from the culprit a scream of pain that caused the blood of the spectators to freeze. After this infliction he seemed insensible, and the other blows that crushed his joints, and the flailing strokes on his belly, were given as to a dead man.

Meanwhile, Werthstein, in his chains, had to look on. He rent the air with his lamentations, and came near fainting away when the executioner dealt Alexiry the first blow. He flung himself to the floor and begged piteously for his life; but after the lifeless corpse of Alexiry had been detached from the fatal cross, the Jew was dragged to it, and, in spite of his invocation, fastened to it like his accomplice. He yelled even before he received the first stroke with the iron club; but when the instrument of torture descended upon his shoulder-joint, he gave an unearthly scream, and the executioner's blow upon his knee-pan made him howl still worse.

For five minutes—an eternity under the circumstances—he continued his yells, and it was not until the executioner gave him three heavy blows on the abdomen that all was quiet, and Servian justice was satisfied.

## Bogg's Gardening.

The "Fat Contributor" relates the following interesting experience:

We have recently moved into a house that has a front yard. We have always lived in houses whose front yard was the street. Children will play in the yard whether there is a street running through it or not. After two or three of them had barely escaped being run over by the teams that insisted on running through our front yard, wife said we must rent a house that had no street in it. So we did. But Lord! the children don't make any account of it. They are in the street as much as ever, accumulating their daily supply of narrow escapes.

Wife said the yard looked bare without shrubs, and flowers and vines. I hinted that a little grass would help it, too. She asked me if I knew where I could get some, and I told her I knew a little grass widow on the next street, if she would do. I retreated to the door, followed by the rolling-pin.

One morning, as I was going away, wife asked me to bring her a few "annuals" when I came back. I wondered what she wanted of annuals as I rode down town in a street car; but I am accustomed to a blind obedience to her requests, so when I went home at night I brought her some annuals. There were "Dr. Jayne's Medical Almanac," "I remember," and "The Odd Fellows' Annual Offering," and a "New Year's Address" for 1862 and the "Birth-Day Gift," and numerous annual addresses before Agricultural Associations that had accumulated on my hands.

"Good gracious," exclaimed Mrs. Bogg, (she never swears that way unless under very great excitement.) "what have you brought me?" "Annuals, Mrs. Bogg," said I.

"You said you wanted some annuals, and here they are."

Then Mrs. Bogg burst out laughing and said:

"Why, you old fool, you"—we have been married twenty years, but Mrs. B. calls me pet names yet—"the annuals I meant are flowers, such as verbenas, pansies, morning glories and the like, to set out in our front yard."

Then she took all the annuals I had been at so much pains to collect, and set them out in the back yard among the other rubbish.

The next morning she asked me if I thought I could get the roses for the front yard. Told her I knew a man who had got a lot of early rose potatoes, but it wasn't the right time of year for getting them out. I have an idea that ground is much better employed in raising a potatoe than in raising a flower, unless it be a barrel of flour. Wife said I hadn't a bit of taste. She then gave me a memorandum of roses she wanted. I was busy all day, but just as I was about taking a car for home I thought of the roses. I referred to the memoranda and found the following:

"Get a few geraniums, fuchsias, bell-tropes, roses, Bourbon running rose, 'Prairie Queen,' golden ten-plant, vines, English Ivy, 'Wandering Jew,' seeds, etc."

I studied it hard, but it was slightly incomprehensible. She had evidently got things mixed up. However, I went to a florist's and told him what I wanted. Said I:

"Give me a few geraniums, and a few shes, and—"

"A few what?" asked the flower-man, looking puzzled.

"A few shes," said I turning very red. I know, for I couldn't tell for the life of me what my wife wanted of a few shes about the place, as she never could live in the same house with another woman.

As the florist looked more staggered than ever, I handed him the memoranda, when he burst into a loud laugh.

"Why, man," he cried, "its fuchsias she wants!" And then he roared again.

"Well, whatever it is, give me a couple of yards of it anyhow, front and back yard, too."

You see I was mad.

I got the things the memoranda seemed to call for at the vario places, and went home.

"Here, Mrs. Bogg," said I testily, "are the things for your front yard."

"Why, what is this?" she cried, as I thrust a two-gallon jug upon her among other things.

"Bourbon, my dear. I found it on the memoranda. Pretty thing to set out in the front yard, though. How long do you suppose it'll stay there with the neighbors we've got?"

"Bogg, you are an infernal—— That memorandum was a 'Bourbon Rose.' But what is this nasty little book?" holding up a dime novel, with a highly-colored title page, representing a gorgeous squaw on a fiery and untrammelled Mustang.

"That? Why you ordered it, didn't you? That is 'Running Rose,' or the 'Prairie Queen,' one of Beadle's very best."

My wife carried it arm's length, and threw it into the stove. Then she took the jug of Bourbon and emptied it into a gutter. While she was gone I concealed Alexander Dumas' "Wandering Jew," which I also had purchased, for I began to see that I had made a terrible blunder in filling that order. (I have since ascertained that "Wandering Jew" is the name of a vine, but how was I expected to know all about it?)

## CANNED FRUITS.

The impression prevails among those who use freely fruits which are put up in tin cans that they are injured thereby, and this impression is in many cases correct. We have long contended that all preserved fruits and vegetables should be stored in glass, and no metal of any kind should be brought in contact with them. All fruits contain more or less of vegetable acids, and others that are highly corrosive are often formed by fermentation, and the metallic vessels are considerably acted upon. Tin cans are held together by solder; an alloy into which lead enters largely. This metal is easily corroded by vegetable acids, and poisonous salts are formed. Undoubtedly many persons are greatly injured by eating tomatoes, peaches, &c., which have been placed in tin cans, and we advise all our friends who contemplate putting up fruits the present summer to use only glass jars for the purpose.—Journal of Chemistry.

"The Britshers are payin' up; The Rebs have well nigh quit consin'w'n'; The debt is growin' less and less, And things are thirvin'!"