

The Albany Register.

VOLUME V.

ALBANY, OREGON, OCTOBER 25, 1872.

NO. 8.

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 4c; each subsequent insertion 4c. Larger advertisements inserted on the most liberal terms.

JOB WORK.

Having received 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 Smith, Harrisburg.
O. P. Tomankins, Harrisburg.
Peter Home, Brownsville.
W. R. Kirk, Brownsville.
J. B. Irving, Seilo.
T. H. Reynolds, Salem.
D. P. Fisher, San Francisco.
D. P. Porter, Sheble's Station.
Fletcher & Wells, Buena Vista, Polk Co.
Chas. Nickel, Jacksonville.

BUSINESS CARDS.

J. S. DOLPH.
MITCHELL & DOLPH,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY AND PROBATE in a minority. Office over the old post office, Front street, Portland, Oregon.
J. C. POWELL. D. FLINN.
POWELL & FLINN,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY (L. A. Film) in a minority, Albany, Oregon.
Collections and conveyances promptly attended to.

W. G. JONES, M. D.,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.
OFFICE ON FIRST STREET, ONE DOOR WEST OF BARKHART'S, IN BARKHART'S TWO STORY BRICK BUILDING, OVER TOWNS' TRINITY STORE. Residence: First house west of the Methodist church, Albany, OR. 1874

D. M. JONES, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
ALBANY, OREGON.
OFFICE—SOUTH SIDE FIRST STREET, UP-STAIRS, IN J. M. BUNCH'S STOREHOUSE, B-4 FERRY SECOND STREET, SOUTH OF THE CURTIS WAREHOUSE. 3774

T. W. HARRIS, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
ALBANY, OREGON.
OFFICE—ONE DOOR EAST OF TELEGRAPH OFFICE, ON FIRST STREET.
Residence—At Mr. A. Hackleman's, 37-4

DENTISTRY.
GEO. W. GRAY, D. D. S.,
DOES ALL WORK IN THE line of his profession in the *latest, best and most approved method.*
Amalgam agents used for the painless extraction of teeth, if desired. Particular attention given to the regulation of children's teeth.
Dental consultations and examinations gratis. Charges moderate. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case. Call at his office and examine specimens of his workmanship.
OFFICE—In Parrish Brick Block, up stairs. 172-1874

LEFFEL & MYERS'
Water Wheels
SPHERICAL FLUMES,
And General Mill Machinery.
J. F. BACKENSTO, Agent,
Albany, Oregon.
N. K. DUBOIS. W. H. McVULLOCH.
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 R. C. Hill & Son's drug store, Albany, Oregon. 3374

ALBANY BOOK STORE.
Established in 1856.
E. A. Freeland,
DEALER IN EVERY VARIETY OF
miscellaneous books, school books, blank books, stationery. Books imported so 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. 35 and 39, over the Post Office. Consultations and examinations free of charge. 748-750

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. Ladd.
Banking hours from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M. Albany, Feb. 1, 1871-2273

JOHN SCHMEER,
—DEALER IN—

Groceries & Provisions,
ALBANY, OREGON.

HAS JUST OPENED HIS NEW GROCERY 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 16-2174

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. B. D. GODLEY.
Agent for Mrs. Carpenter's CHELSEA DRESS MODEL. Nov. 4, 71-974

TURNING - - TURNING.

RAWMIDE CHAIRS.
I AM PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS of turning; keep on hand and make to order rawmide-bottomed chairs, &c. Shop near the Mills and Hosiery, 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 3, 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.
L. 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.
2074 A. S. ARNOLD.

FURS! FURS! FURS!
THE HIGHEST PRICES PAID IN CASH for all kinds of FURS, by
BLAIS, YOUNG & CO.
Albany, Feb. 2, 72-774

A Brand from the Burning.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

I sat in Dr. Tobie's office. He had been reading a letter when I entered, and beyond a simple salutation nothing was said until he had folded the missive and laid it aside. His eyes were moist as he finished the perusal, and he wiped them with his handkerchief. Then he got up and shook me warmly by the hand, and after a few passages of friendly lanter, he said to me:

"Sit down, old fellow: I've got a story for you." And he laid his hand upon the letter which he had been reading. "I won't bore you. It's a simple sketch, and the coloring you can put in for yourself."

I seated myself, and the Doctor told me as follows:
"Twelve years ago I was called to the Police Court to give my testimony concerning the result of a post-mortem of the body of a man who had been killed in a street brawl. This case having been disposed of, I took a seat within the bar to watch the wheel of justice revolve upon other cases. They came up upon the prisoners' dock, one by one—the old, the middle-aged, and the young—representatives of all degrees of crime and degradation,—and I wondered, as I saw them passed off to punishment, how many of the poor creatures had been absolutely born to a life of shame; how many had been led thereto by surrounding circumstances and influences over which they had no control; and how many might have fallen from a better estate through criminal choice. At all events, I could not put away the conviction that here was a field for missionary effort. But never mind my moralizing. Only suffer me to say, that after I had mentally fired a shot at what I conceived to be misdirected missionary effort, the thought forced itself upon me,—'What have I done in the way of this redemption?' And I concluded that I had better wait until I had redeemed myself from tuncion before I blained others for misdirection of action."

I had just passed this reproof upon myself when a prisoner stepped up from the dock who particularly attracted my attention. It was a boy, not more than fourteen years of age, and rather small at that. He was light of frame, and I thought, slightly undersized; but every inch of him was finely strung and firmly set, and his form was beauty itself. His face was thin and pale, and his features of a clear Grecian cut. I saw him first in profile, and as his wavy hair, of a sunny hue, straggling into ringlets here and there, swept back from his full brow. I thought I had never seen a more tempting study. When he turned his face toward me I saw a pair of large blue eyes, and found that the view thus obtained of his features was equally interesting with the other. His clothes were ragged, but not dirty, and there was no dirt upon his hands nor upon his face. This struck me forcibly, because most of those who had come up from the prison-cell had come bleared and grimed.

He answered to the name of Dick Printle, and was up for petty larceny; and the officer who presented him said this was the third time he had been up for like offending. The Judge nodded grimly, for he himself recognized the lad as one who had before passed under his sentence. The boy could not plead innocence, for he had been caught in the very act of pilfering; and he acknowledged his guilt. The Judge's brow was black with judicial thunder; but he did not deem it worth while to vent much of it upon so insignificant an object.

"So! This is the third time!" he said. The boy started and trembled, and I thought he tried to speak; but the awful voice of power sounded again.—"You'll come to the gallows, sir!—do you know that? You are incorrigible! Haven't you had enough of prison life yet?"

The boy's trembling ceased, and he looked defiant. He stood erect, his blue eyes flashed, and his finely cut nostrils were distended.

"By this time I had called to mind where and when, on a former occasion, I had seen that same boy. I had been called to his mother's death-bed three years before. I remembered the name—Printle—and I remembered the curly-headed boy who had held her failing hand. And I remembered that I had then heard the dying woman's story. Her husband had once been captain of a ship, and accounted a seaman of the very first class; but rum had broken him down, and cast him, a complete wreck, upon a dark shore. She had suffered more than she could tell,—had sunk to the sorrowful level where I had found her—and was only too glad to die. And, dying, she had left her boy the inmate of a den of criminals; and, in her obliviousness of spirit consequent upon a long suffering wherein only these children of night had been her friends, she looked thankfully upon the keeper of the den when he promised to be a friend to the boy.

"I thought of all this while the prisoner stood at the bar, and before the sentence had been pronounced I stepped over and touched the clerk of the court upon the arm, and told him that I would like to have that boy placed in my charge for a month. The clerk whispered to the judge, and the judge beckoned to me. I went to him, and he told me that he feared it would be of no use. 'The little rascal is utterly incorrigible,' said he. 'This is the third time within the year that he has been up for stealing.'

"I looked at the little fellow, and as I marked the finely cut lines of the handsome face, now so defiantly set, I thought to myself that if he were suffered to grow up into a manhood of crime he would give society trouble. He would play no second part in the drama of life, were it to be fair or foul. And I whispered to the judge my thoughts. He had been a class-mate of mine in college, and was willing to please me; and the sentence which, a few moments before, had waited upon his lips, was suspended, and the boy was placed under bonds in the sum of fifty dollars—which bond required that he should appear again in court at the expiration of one month. It was not my purpose to bail him out at that time, and the little fellow seemed slightly bewildered when the officer sent him back into the dock; and he may have been more bewildered still when he found himself consigned to the jail instead of being sent to the penitentiary.

"On the following day I went down to the jail, with an order from the sheriff, and was admitted to the boy's cell. His face brightened when he saw me, and in that instant I saw, as by inspiration, the latent goodness of the poor wail. I sat down, and called him by name, and asked him if he remembered me.

"He remembered me very well as the doctor who had been called to his mother's dying-bed.
"Well," said I, "I would have helped your mother then had it been in my power; and I have come now to help you if you will let me."
"He caught my hand, and looked up into my face; and he asked me what I meant. 'Of course,' said he, 'I will let you help me.'
"But," said I, "will you help me?"
"He looked at me again in the same wondering way.
"Will you help me to help you?" I asked.
"He caught my meaning. 'O!' he cried, 'will you give me a chance?'"
"I told him that was what I had come for.
"I have never had a chance," he said. "Ever since I can remember I have been down in the mud and the dirt, and those that wear fine clothes have shunned me; the officers have kicked me; and only thieves and pick-pockets have been good to me. O, if I could only have a chance?"
"You have been punished for doing wrong?" I queried.
"Yes, sir," he said. "I was sent to the penitentiary."
"But it didn't seem to do you any good."
"How could it?" he asked, with utter simplicity. "I was treated like a little wretch while I was there, and when I came out I was kicked back into the old path. What chance was there for me to be better. Give me a chance, and see."

"After talking with the boy a while, and satisfying myself that his very soul yearned for a better life, I told him to make himself comfortable and contented where he was until he saw me again. I made him understand that if he came out he must come upon my responsibility, and that I only wanted time to find a suitable starting point for him in the new sphere. There was no wild burst of thanks,—no gushing of sentiment or promise. He took both my hands, and looked up with a solemn, earnest look, and with a tear starting from either eye, he said—
"Give me a chance, Doctor—a chance where I can hold my own with people—and if I fail you I will never ask help again."
"I promised that I would try, and then I left him.
"I had a dear friend living away in the country—a true Christian man, who had a true Christian wife—a couple who preached their Christianity by living it, and who prayed with strong hands and tender hearts. I wrote to my friend, and told him the whole story, and he wrote back for me to send the boy to him. Then I went down to the jail, and when Dick looked up into my face, he clasped his

hands over his eyes and broke out into sobbing and weeping. My first thought was to comfort him with assurance of coming good; but he stopped me.
"I know! I know!" he cried. "I see it in your face. I saw you smile, and I knew you had come to help me. O! I never, never saw that smile before."
"On that day I took Dick Printle from the jail, and carried him to my own house, where I gave him new clothes, and where my wife and daughters were kind to him. On the day following, as I needed recreation, I went with him into the country, and introduced him to my friend, where he was at once taken to a comfortable home, and to tender, loving hearts.
"That was twelve years ago. Today the wail which I rescued from the maelstrom of vice—the brand which I plucked from the burning—is an ornament to the society in which he moves, and that society is of the very best. He says it was from reverence of me that the idea came to him of being a physician; but no matter whence came the thought, the medical profession gained a grand accession when he received his diploma, and suffering humanity gained a true and able helper. He found a wife in the daughter of the man to whose care I consigned him; and he has found friends everywhere. In this letter he tells me that a second child has been born to him,—the first was a girl,—this is a boy,—and he asks me if he may give it my name; and asks further, that I will bring him my answer in person.
"Come," he writes, "and take a peep into the heaven we owe to you. Come and make our heaven brighter still by the presence of one whom we love so deeply and so devotedly. Come—"
"But never mind the rest. It was only meant for my eye.
"And you will go?" said I.
"Yes," said the doctor. "It always does me good to see that man. My heart warms beneath his cheerful smile, and my faith in humanity gains new strength from the grandeur of his later life."

A Remarkable Masonic Incident.
The first Masonic funeral that ever occurred in California took place in the year 1839, and was performed over the body of a brother found in the bay of San Francisco.
An account of the ceremony states that on the body of the deceased was found a silver mark of a Mason, upon which was engraved the initials of his name. A little further investigation revealed to the beholder the most singular exhibition of Masonic emblems that was ever drawn by the ingenuity of man upon the human skin. There is nothing in the traditions of Freemasonry equal to it. Beautifully dotted on his left arm, in red and blue ink, which time could not efface, appeared all the emblems of an entered apprenticeship. There was the Holy Bible, the square and compass, the twenty-four inch gauge and common gavel. There was also the Masonic pavement, representing the ground floor of King Solomon's Temple, the indented tassel which surrounds it and the blazing star in the centre. On his right arm and artistically executed in the same indelible liquid, were the emblems pertaining to the fellow craft degree, viz., the square, the level and the plumb. There were also five orders of architecture—the Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian and Composite.

In removing the garments from his body the trowel presented itself with all the other tools of operative masonry. Over his heart was the pot of incense. On the other parts of his body were the beehive, the "Book of Constitutions" guarded by the Tyler's sword, the sword pointing to a naked heart; the All-seeing eye, the anchor and ark, the hour-glass, the scythe, the 421 problem of Euclid, the Sun, Moon, Stars and Comet, the three steps emblematic of youth, manhood and age. Admirably executed was the weeping virgin, reclining upon a broken column upon which lay the "Book of Constitutions." In her left hand she held the pot of incense the Masonic emblem of immortality of the soul. Immediately beneath her stood winged Time, with his scythe by his side, which cuts the brittle thread of life, and the hour-glass at his feet, which is ever reminding us that our lives are withering away. The withered and attenuated fingers of the Destroyer were placed among the long and gracefully flowing ringlets of the disconsolate mourner. Thus were the stirring emblems of mortality beautifully beaded in one pictorial representation. It was a spectacle such as Masons never saw before, and in all probability such as the fraternity will never witness again. The brother's name was never known.