

Albany Register.

Some of the queer things to be seen in Normandy.

You are struck by the great number of children everywhere here. Some houses absolutely overflowing with them; some tables are embowered in "olive branches." The different sets get along very well together generally, but that is little wonder, after the miracle of agreement between the mothers. Polygamy does not seem to spare women the cares of maternity. I know a Mormon household in which two middle-aged wives count about two dozen children between them. I took two little fair-haired girls for twins and they were a sort of polygamitic twins, born almost at the same time in the same house, of different mothers. It seems to me that the children here do not look as happy and bright as in our towns; I fancy that the little girls, at least, have something of the subdued, repressed look of their mothers. But some of them are pretty, and nearly all neatly and comfortably dressed. I hear that they have very good schools, and are under good discipline at home, answering to the roll-call at night, and duly honoring their father and their mothers.

Many Mormon wives are sisters, and it is said they get along quite harmoniously. The very nature of women seems to be changed here, and turned upside down and inside out. An intelligent "first wife" told a Gentile neighbor that the only wicked feeling she had about her husband taking a second wife was that he did not take her sister, who wanted him; or rather a share of him. She would have liked to have the property kept in the family. I saw the other day a pair of young wives, sisters, walking hand in hand, dressed alike in every particular, of the same height and complexion, and of the same apparent age—indeed, looking so exactly alike that it was almost a case of mitigated bigamy. It must seem queer, even to them, to say "our husband," as they used to say "our piano," or "our pony."

The most singular and unnatural marriages here are those of men with their wives' mothers. These are not unfrequent. It strikes me this is a seditious plot against immemorial domestic authority, the most ancient court of feminine appeal—that it is an attempt to do away with mother-in-law. When young wives are taken, the three or four or five do not always become one flesh, there is sometimes rebellion and even hostility on the part of the old wife. Occasionally a husband objects to having even a second wife imposed on him. I heard of one the other day, who, though he finally submitted to the command of the imperial Brigham, that he should take and provide for a certain poor woman—a lone, lorn, creature—declared that he couldn't "bear her," and at once put her away on a ranch forty miles from town—pensioned and pastured her out.

A Jersey paper tells a very interesting story of a little boy in that State. He was climbing an apple tree, and when upon the topmost limb he slipped and fell to the ground. He was picked up and carried to the house in an insensible condition. After watching by his bedside through many weary hours, his mother perceived signs of returning consciousness. Leaning over him she asked if there was anything she could do for him, now that he began to feel better? Should she bathe his forehead, or change his pillow, or fan him? Was there anything he wanted? Opening his eyes languidly, and looking at her, the little sufferer said: "Yes; I want a pair of pants with a pocket behind." He got them.

SMALL POX—CLAY DRESSING TO PREVENT PITHING.—Dr. E. S. Barker, in a note to the Medical Record, says: "During the recent epidemic I used clay dressing for two pretty decided cases of confluent small pox. Both patients were young women. One, a married lady, aged twenty-three. The other, single, aged twenty-one, had the disease with great violence, recovered rapidly and is now well. In each case I dusted finely sifted pipe-clay over the face as soon as the pustules became fairly developed. This formed immediately a clean, dry and wholesome scab, abolished the intolerable itching and burning, served apparently as a good absorbent of infectious material, and sealed off during convalescence, leaving underneath a soft, natural integument. There was no disfigurement in either case."

THOSE BOYS.—Pending the occurrence of a threatened earthquake, a South American pater-familias sent his boys to stay with a friend beyond the limits of the fated section. The convulsion did not turn up when due, but the youngsters remained in their place of safety till the following note from the host procured their recall: "Dear P.—Send the earthquake along here, and take home your boys."

Thiers spends his leisure studying the Greek philosophers.

A Missouri Eschew Arden.

A one-armed horseman recently traveling through Missouri stopped at a blacksmith's shop to have his horse shod. The smith noticed the empty sleeve, and asked him if he lost his arm in the war. He replied with a sigh that he did, and even more, going on to relate how he left home to enlist in the Southern army, and at the close of the war, in going back, he found that his wife, who thought him dead, had moved away and he had since been unable to obtain a trace of her. "What is your name?" asked the blacksmith. When the answer was "J. W. Waldrup," he suddenly released the hoof over which he had been bending, and without looking at the ex-soldier, cried: "Follow me into the house," and hurriedly led the way. Amazed as he was at such conduct, Waldrup mechanically obeyed the unexpected bidding, and before he could pause to think, was in the presence of a comely matron about whose sewing chair three happy children were playing. She was the blacksmith's wife, the mother of his little ones; yet as she rose to see whom the smith had brought in, and caught sight of the stranger's face, one wild shriek proclaimed the instantaneous recognition, and she fainted. In the belief that Waldrup was dead, she had married the blacksmith of Cedar city in the year of the soldier's parole and could now only confess her dread mistake and call alternately on her husband and her God for pardon. After the first agitation of the singular re-union had partially subsided, the two men returned to the smithy and talked the matter over as sensibly and coolly as their respective feelings permitted. Devotedly as he loved the woman, the blacksmith admitted the other's stronger right to her and generously consented that she herself should decide between them. After a long session of tears and self-reproach, she elected to go with him whom she first loved; but declared with bitter lamentations, that she could not leave her children. The smith raising his head from his breast, on which it had drooped in the first despondency of her great affliction eyed her wistfully for a moment, and then said, "you shall take them my dear." When the steamboat St. Luke stopped at the landing some hours later, Waldrup went on board with his still weeping and thickly veiled wife, and the blacksmith followed with the children. The boat's bell rang for the starting, and the dread separation was at hand. The crew, the passengers, the captain—all who witnessed it—were affected to tears by the touching scene. With great drops rolling down his tawny cheeks the smith kissed the children one after another, and in a choking voice bade their mother an eternal good-by. The two men gazed wistfully at each other's faces. Shook hands long and earnestly, and then the blacksmith, by a strong effort of iron will released the hand of Waldrup, and walked quietly to the shore. He never turned his face again towards the boat, which soon passed out of sight around a merciful bend in the river, but strode on, with head bowed down, to the home whither the voice of his wife and children should welcome him no more.

FARM NOTES.—A good cow eats no more than a poor one.

If you give a cow some salt to lick, it is said to make her "bear down."

It is estimated that proper care of agricultural machinery would save annually no less than \$5,000,000.

Three good reasons why it is best to plant small instead of large trees: They cost less at the nursery, expense of packing and transportation is less, and losing but a few roots, they are more certain to live.

Water in which potatoes have been boiled is said to possess a poison fatal to lice on cattle. Wash freely with sponge or woolen cloth, choosing a sunny day or a warm stable for the operation, and as their hides dry, rub down with a curry-comb.

Dr. Holt stated before the Farmers' Convention at Petersburg, Va., that the peanut crop of the counties of Surrey, Sussex, Southampton, Nansemond and Prince Georges has often been equal in value to the entire wheat harvest sold in Richmond in one year.

Seeds kept in paper bags are often destroyed by mice, but if well dried, put into bottles and well sealed, they not only keep better but retain their virtues longer. Label the bottles neatly.

The ex-representatives of the United States abroad, Kilpatrick and Casus M. Clay, espoused the Greeley cause. Both were recalled for indecent conduct. When the man Butler gets back from Egypt, he will probably take the stump for Greeley. The Liberal organization is serving a very good purpose in the sewerage line. A great party, like a great city, needs sewerage. Foulness would reek and breed disease if allowed to stagnate. It must be drained off.—Chicago Journal.

A young man asked a young lady her age, and she replied: "Six times seven and seven times three added to my age will exceed six times nine and four, as double my age exceeds twenty." The young man said he thought she looked much older.

The Rattle of the Rattlesnake.

Mr. Frank Buckland writes as follows upon this subject: Mr. Thomas Hughes, M. P., has been kind enough to give a very fine specimen of the rattle of a rattlesnake. It is two inches and a half long, and is composed of nine joints. This piece of mechanism is one of the most wonderful in the animal world. It is composed of a horny material, very thin, and is almost as transparent as the sheets of gelatine in which bon-bons are wrapped. It is difficult to explain its ultimate structure in words. The rattle before me is formed of nine complete sections, fitted one into the other in a more ingenious way than any puzzle made by human hands, even those of the Chinese; they fit one into the other so that it is impossible to get them apart without breaking them. Number one (say the lowest) passes right through a hollow in number two, and then bulges out, forming a kind of clip or projection, around which number three holds on firmly, not unlike the ball-socket joint. The rattle is rather more than half an inch across. The snake does not carry it with its broad side to the ground, but with one edge up and the other down; when shaken with the human hand, the noise it makes is very like the noise from a child's rattle; but when the snake plays upon his own instrument, its sound is quick and sharp, like shot when dropped on a tin plate. There can be no doubt but that this curious musical instrument, is given to the snake in order to enable him to get close to his prey.

Imagine a blazing hot day on the desolate prairie, no noise, everything is silence itself. The whirr-whirr of a rattlesnake's rattle would, under these circumstances, attract the notice of a bird or small animal, who could easily escape from his enemy by flight if he knew where his enemy was. He remains, however, still to listen to the unvoiced noise, and gives the snake time to get up, glide noiselessly up to him, and strike him with his deadly fangs. Some time since an American gentleman happened to be talking with me at my museum, when I suddenly played upon a rattlesnake's tail. My friend, a traveler, who knew the sound well, immediately jumped suddenly aside in great alarm, thinking that I might have a rattlesnake loose in the room.

Sagacity of a Mare—A Case of Barrenness.

A remarkable instance of the sagacity (is it not reason?) of a horse has come to our notice. Mr. John Fletcher, of Norwegian, owns an unbroken cayuse mare, which runs in a pasture adjoining his house. The mare, which is very wild, has a colt at her side. A few nights since, after Mr. Fletcher had retired, he was aroused by the mare coming to the window of his house, and by pawing, neighing, and in every way possible trying to get his attention. This continuing for some time, he got up and went out and drove her away, and returned again to bed; but she immediately returned, and, if possible, increased her demonstration, he again went out, when the mare came up to him and rubbed her nose against him, although always before she had been very shy of allowing any one to come within reach of her, then ran on a few yards before him, continuing her neighing; then, as he did not follow her, she returned to him, rubbing against him in the most demonstrative manner. He attempted to drive her off, struck her with a stick, and following her a few yards to frighten her away. As soon, however, as he turned toward the house she returned and tried in every way to prevent him from so doing. He then remarked that her colt was not with her, in fact he had not noticed before it was quite dark. It occurred to him then to follow her which he did. So soon as she saw he was doing so, she ran off before him, stopping every few yards, turning around to see that he was still following. Then again running on keeping up her calling, until she reached a distant part of the field, where she stopped at an old "prospect hole." On coming up with her she again commenced rubbing against him, and drew his attention to the hole where he soon discovered the colt. It appears it had slipped into it and was unable to get out, and the mare had taken this method to obtain assistance. Being unable to get it out alone, Mr. Fletcher went for some of his neighbors and with them returned. While they were taking the little fellow out the mare manifested the most intense delight, and reemed almost beside herself with joy; and afterward, when the men had got out of the hole, she came to Mr. Fletcher, and placing her nose on his shoulders, gave every sign of gratitude that a human mother might under similar circumstances. Who will say the horse does not reason?—Virginia City Montana.

Prior to the Cincinnati Convention Horace White delighted to call Horace Greeley an "inspired harlequin," and Horace Greeley luxuriated in denouncing Horace White as a "perspicacious and sublime liar." Times have changed since then, and the lion and lamb are lying together, even as they formerly lied apart.—Chicago Post.

DRUGS, ETC. Murder in Albany HAS NEVER YET BEEN KNOWN, AND no threatening of it at present. Death Is a thing which sometime must befall every son and daughter of the human family; and yet, At the Mid-day, Of your life, if disease lays his vile hands upon you, there is still "a balm in Gilead," by which you may be restored to perfect health, and prolong your days to a miraculous extent. How? By calling on R. C. HILL & SON, With a prescription, where you can have it compounded by one experienced in that particular line. Also, constantly on hand a good assortment of fresh drugs, patent medicines, chemicals, paints, oils, dyes, stuffs, trusses, etc. Agents for the Celebrated Lark Weed Remedy, Or, Oregon Rheumatic Cure; Dr. D. Jayne & Sons' medicines, etc. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders kept in stock. Also agents for the Home Shuttle Sewing Machine, One of the most useful pieces of household furniture extant. Call and examine. R. C. HILL & SON, Albany, June 10, 71-40v3. GEO. F. SETTLEMIEB, DRUGGIST, (Successor to D. W. Wakefield), Parrish's New Building, First Street, ALBANY, OREGON. Dealer in DRUGS AND MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, ETC. All articles warranted pure, and of the best quality. Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded. Albany, Oct. 17, 1898-61v. FOUNDRY. ALBANY FOUNDRY And Machine Shop, A. F. CHERRY Proprietor, ALBANY, OREGON, Manufactures Steam Engines, Flour and Saw Mill Machinery, WOOD WORKING And AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY, And all kinds of IRON AND BRASS CASTINGS. Particular attention paid to repairing all kinds of machinery. 41v3. STOVES, ETC. M. M. HARVEY & CO., (LATE W. H. M'FARLAND & CO.) Opposite the hotels, Albany, Oregon, STOVES, RANGES, Force and Lift Pumps, LEAD AND IRON PIPE, Hollow Ware, HOUSE FURNISHING HARDWARE, Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Ware. LARGEST STOCK IN THE VALLEY. Lowest Prices Every Time. Repairing Properly Done. 40v3.

PIANOS—ORGANS. 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. BAIRD, Sole Agent, at Snow & Ross' Art Gallery, 73 First Street, Portland, Or. ORGAN. 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. BAIRD, Sole Agent, at Snow & Ross' Art Gallery, 73 First Street, Portland, Or. August 23-31v4v6. SEWING MACHINES. A BIG VICTORY! FOR THE New Wilson Underfeed Sewing Machine! IT WILL DELIGHT THE MANY Friends of the NEW Wilson Improved Sewing Machine. To know that in the stubborn contest for superiority in samples of work at the great Northern Ohio Fair, their favorite has carried off the two great premiums—the Medal for best six specimens machine work, and the Diploma for best embroidery. As the great competition was in these two classes, it will be seen that the Wilson's victory is complete. We knew this would be so; it could not be otherwise. There is no talking down the fact that the New Wilson is the best Family Sewing Machine now manufactured—capable of doing the best work on any kind of goods, under all circumstances. This award of the highest premium should and will silence the talk of that large class of sewing machine men who have made this machine the object of their special enmity, simply because it is a moderate priced machine and undersells their expensive ones. Go and see the Premium New Wilson Sewing Machine, the best in the world, now on exhibition at Snow & Ross Art Gallery, 73 First Street, Portland, Oregon, and remember you can buy this premium machine for \$50. Agents wanted. MINER & PEARSON, July 19, 72-46. BLACKSMITHING! —AND— General Repair Shop. THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING RETURNED to Albany, and taken his old shop on corner of Edsworth and Second streets, announces his readiness to attend to all kinds of BLACKSMITHING, MILL & MACHINE FORGING, ETC. Also, has on hand and for sale, the COQUILLARD WAGON, Strayer Force-feed GRAIN DRILL, STAR MOLINE, and other FLOWS WOOD'S REAPER & MOWER, which he will sell on the most reasonable terms. HORSE SHOING—All round, \$2; Rosetting, \$3. GIVE ME A CALL. All work entrusted to me will receive prompt attention, and be executed in the best possible manner, with good material. A share of public patronage is solicited. Shop on corner Edsworth and Second streets, opposite Pierce's Ferry, 10v4. F. WOOD. Albany Collegiate Institute, ALBANY, OREGON. (THIS INSTITUTION WILL REOPEN ON Monday, September 4, 1891, with a corps of teachers capable and earnest. Instruction will be thorough and practical, and the system of order unsurpassed. For particulars address R. K. WARREN, A. M., President; Or, Rev. E. R. GEARY, D. D., Albany.