

The Albany Register.

VOLUME VI.

ALBANY, OREGON, OCTOBER 18, 1873.

NO. 12.

DRUGS, ETC.

GEO. F. SETTLEMIER,

DRUGGIST,

(Successor to D. W. Wakefield.)

Parrish's New Building, First Street,

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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

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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, stiffs, trusses, etc. Agents for the

Celebrated Unk Weed Remedy.

Or, Oregon Rheumatic Cure; Dr. D. Jayne & Sons' medicines, etc. Spencer'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, 71-4093



The standard remedy for Coughs, Influenza, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, Croup, Liver Complaint, Bronchitis, Bleeding of the Lungs, and every affection of the Throat, Lungs and Chest, including Consumption.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry does not dry up a Cough, but loosens it, cleanses the lungs, and allays irritation, thus removing the cause of the complaint. None genuine unless signed I. RUTTE. Prepared by SEYMOUR W. FOWLE & SONS, Boston. Sold by REDINGTON, HOSTETTER & CO., San Francisco, and by dealers generally.

Albany Register.

WHEAT—Still continues to be received at our mills and warehouses.

RELIGIOUS—Rev. Mr. Oakes preaches at the Opera House to-morrow at 11 A. M.

THE WEATHER—Has cleared up again, and the roads will soon be in good condition.

THE GRAND JURY—Having got through their business were discharged yesterday.

DEPUTY MARSHAL.—Levi Backus has been appointed deputy Marshal and Nightwatch vice Wm. Brown, resigned.

Dr. Loryea, of Unkweed fame, is now a resident of London, England. He is agent for the sale of agricultural and mineral lands, etc.

CARD.—See card of C. M. Carter, Esq., Portland, and if you have any business in his line, you are hereby assured that by placing it in his hands, you will secure its speedy accomplishment.

TO-DAY.—N. Baum will receive nearly one hundred and fifteen thousand dollars, which will be paid out on his wheat contract as fast as called for. It will probably be two weeks before the entire sum is paid out.

BLOODY.—A Chinaman, whose face was daubed all over with blood, entered complaint at the Recorder's office on Thursday against one of the section bosses on the O. & C. Railroad, charging him with assault and battery. He looked like he had been kicked by a mule, and had a head on him like onto a pizened purp.

NEW PAPER.—Number one of volume one of the *Herald*, published at Baker City, by R. B. M. Boyd, has reached us. It is a neatly printed seven-column sheet, "patent outside," well filled with local matters of interest, and starts off with a fair prospect of success. It is Democratic in politics.

S. S. PRAYERMEETING.—Inasmuch as next Sunday and Monday, October 19 and 20, have been recommended by the Sunday School Union of Great Britain, and by our own S. S. Union also, as special sessions for prayer, therefore the undersigned would announce that on Sabbath afternoon a general Sunday School prayermeeting will be held in the M. E. Church in this city, to which all Christian workers are cordially invited. Meeting will be interspersed with singing and appropriate addresses. The meeting will be continued on Monday evening.

ISAIAH WILSON, Pastor.

MELLOW SOIL.—As an evidence of the splendid condition of the rich soil in the city limits, since the rains, we may state that a wagon loaded with wheat, on Thursday, attempted to cross from Montgomery to Baker streets. In the suburbs of the city, somewhere about Ninth, when the wagon sank down into the mellow earth clear to the axle. Six able-bodied horses were attached to the wagon, but failed to budge it. After unloading, it was as much as four horses and the united action of several strong men could do to get the empty wagon out of its predicament. Our farmers coming in with heavy loads should stick to the graveled streets if they don't wish to be compelled to unload before they get to a warehouse.

ANOTHER STEAMER.—The Walla Walla men are agitating the subject of purchasing another steam engine for their little city. The one purchased some time ago seems to have given such general satisfaction, that the citizens feel like investing in another.

A GOOD DOG.

I'm fond of that dog!
Well, I ought to be,
For he saved my life,
And is fond of me,
He knows what I'm saying—
There—do you see—
He comes and puts
His paw on my knee?

I was took with the fever,
And down so low
I made up my mind
I had to go;
It was on the cards,
I hadn't no show;
It was—Pass in your chips,
And good-by, Joe!

That's just where I was—
Played out you may say,
For the doctor left,
When my chum ran away;
Doctors in them days
Went for their pay;
I lay there alone—
Not a man would stay!

Only my dog,
Who sat by my bed,
Just where I could see him,
And pat his head;
He felt what I suffered,
Knew what I said,
And wouldn't believe
I was almost dead!

Day after day,
And night after night,
He sat by my bedside,
Always in sight;
He seemed to know
That my head was light;
He wouldn't lie down,
And the dog was right!

I felt if he did—
And I think so still—
I should lose my grip—
He was my will,
He put out the fever,
Broke up the chill—
Was something to me
Death could not kill.

I lead a rough life,
I get and I spend,
Pay what I borrow,
Lose what I lend;
I loved a woman—
It came to an end;
Get a good dog, sir,
You have a friend!

—Aldine.

PACIFIC COAST NEWS.

A Masonic hall was dedicated at La Grande on the 15th, Grand Master McPatton officiating, and Hon. S. F. Chadwick orating.

The Sunday Schools of Grand Ronde Valley had a barbecue at the Cove on the 5th inst. The programme consisted of speeches, music and hash.

Mr. Greene C. Patton, living in the Waldo Hills, attempted to commit suicide on Saturday by taking poison. He swallowed a large dose of strychnine, arsenic and two or three other drugs. He was found by his wife shortly afterward, lying on the ground, near the barn, insensible. He had, however, taken such an overdose as to defeat his purpose, as he vomited freely. He is still lying in a critical condition, but will probably recover.

Mr. A. E. Isham, a prominent lawyer of North Idaho, well known to many of the people of this part of the country, lies dangerously sick at Warrenton, and is not expected to recover.

The amount of money given by the Boise City Jockey Club during the races was \$1,250. Besides this, John Young, proprietor of the track, gave purses to the amount of \$180, making a total of \$1,430.

A fatal stabbing affray took place at the Cariboo mines, Oneida county, Idaho, on the 18th of September. A man named Davis was stabbed by a man named Waters. Davis is dead. The murderer was taken to Malad to await the action of the Grand Jury at the next term of the District Court.

The Walla Walla Union says: "The railroad has now been completed to a point this side of the Pamburn grade, and will soon be finished to Cumming's crossing. When it is finished to that place, which will probably be in a few days, we learn the Company will commence regularly to take freights between that point and Wallula."

An accident occurred at Walla Walla on the 5th inst., resulting in the death of a young Indian woman under very peculiar circumstances. A fourteen-year old boy, the nephew of Mr. Weber, was out hunting rabbits. Some Indians were camped in a field through which he was running, two of which were sleeping quite late in the morning, in the tall rye grass, some distance from their camp. The boy coming near the place where they were lying, and seeing something move in the grass, thought he saw a rabbit, and fired, the whole charge of shot taking effect in the left side and breast of the squaw, who, it seems, had risen to a sitting position, probably on hearing the approach of the boy. The shot must have taken effect in the heart, as the woman died almost instantly. The boy was not more than 18 or 20 feet away from the woman at the time. On viewing the scene it was evident that he could not have seen plainly enough to tell what he was shooting at.

Rich discoveries of silver ore are reported about twenty-five miles south

of Green River Station, on the Union Pacific Railroad.

The new Ford Hotel, not completed, in Denver, is five stories in height, fitted up in the best manner, and will accommodate over three hundred guests.

A Laramie storekeeper has reduced the price of shirts, and the men over there are greatly rejoiced. They no longer go to bed to have that lonely one washed.

The Laramie Independent says it is reported that Gen. Sheridan intends making preparations at Fort Russell for a winter campaign against the Indians. He is at the post now.

Dr. Cass arrived at Corinne from the Cariboo mines, with 200 ounces of gold taken from the flumes of the Jeff. Thompson mine, which is said to be yielding from fifteen to forty ounces per day.

Rich deposits of cinnabar are said to have been found in the northern part of Mohave county.

BRIDGETA, THE FAIR; Or, the Bandit's Doom.

BY WARD WOOD.

[The following abbreviated narrative contains a moral of about the same touching nature, and certainly of as practical a character, as a not small number of our modern publications. Aspirants for literary fame will certainly be benefited by its perusal, and when we compliment them by asserting our belief of the inability of one-half of them to equal even this effusion, we hope we may not be misunderstood.]

CHAPTER I.

BRIDGETA.

The moon shone forth in all its glory, and the little stars that dotted the firmament looked smilingly down upon Bridgeta Le Flynn, as she wended her way up the walk that led to her father's mansion.

A beautiful picture it was. Sixteen bright Summers had lightly waltzed over her auburn tresses—and yet she wasn't happy. No; but as she stopped to gather the fragrant Jimson flowers that grew on either side of the walk, a deep-drawn sigh escaped her, and ever and anon she murmured, "Claude."

'Twas a very beautiful night, and the light that streamed from the windows of the mansion—not to mention the moonlight—made it as light as daylight. But why was the fair Bridgeta out on the lawn? Why did she leave the merry throng that had assembled in her father's spacious parlors? Why? I say! and I repeat it—Why? It was because the company was not congenial? Was it because she wished to cool her fevered brow, or to watch the gambols of the agile mosquito? Oh, no! none of these, Bridgeta!—but of that we will speak in another chapter.

CHAPTER II.

CLAUDE.

Claude Melnot de Finegan was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Finegan. His parents had intended him for the ministry, but at the early age of fourteen he evinced such decide talents for the bar that they had not the heart to oppose him and thus we find him, at the age of twenty-four, slinging gin-slugs and other appetizers over the bar of a third-class hotel.

Claude was a model young man, tall and fair to look upon. A slight accident while a child had deprived him of one of his eyes, but having a cast in the one he had not been deprived of, the loss was scarcely noticeable. His nose was of the "Roman" style of architecture, and reamed pretty much all over his face. Claude prided himself on his singing. He had a fine falsetto voice, and his seven dollar "false setter" teeth were the envy of all the young men.

Alas! for Claude. He loved! And had a rival whom he thought held pretty much all the best playing cards. La Claude was unhappy. On the morning we are first introduced to him he had sworn vengeance. He must have blood! Deep, red, gory blood!

It was plain to be seen that his mind was wandering. He wasn't himself all that day. For instance, when a customer called for a hot Scotch, he would hand him a toothpick, etc., and he was observed upon one occasion to mistake his pocket for the cash drawer. Such is life.

CHAPTER III.

THE RIVAL.

Antonio Cappellitti first saw daylight in sunny Italy. Being of an adventurous turn of mind, he left his fair home, came to America, and hired a

suite of furnished rooms on Kearney street, in this city.

His distinguished appearance, blended with his conversational powers and rare musical qualities, gained him access to the best society. And it is not strange that he should have met Bridgeta La Flynn. And to see her was to love her. Antonio knew all this, and more—for he swore a terrible oath that he would some day claim her as his bride.

Many and many a night did he stand beneath her window and grind out beautiful music from his hand-organ. And many and many a night did the policeman threaten to run him in for disturbing the peace.

Police-men have no souls for music.

CHAPTER IV.

HORRIBLE.

'Twas night before last. The moon was hid behind a veil of mist; a clouded canopy overhanging the world, naught was heard save the troubled water of Jones Falls dashing upon the rock-bonnet shore. (Patent applied for.) All was dark within the Finegan mansion. Bridgeta was sleeping the sleep of innocence. Tiger, the watch dog, slept the sleep of innocence also. The sleep of innocence was King Dick in the Finegan mansion.

A tall figure, clutching a dagger, and muffled in a cloak that reached the ground, glided from out the shrubbery, ascended the porch, approached the door and tried the latch. Locked. Turning round, the light from a firefly revealed the face of Antonio Cappellitti. For a few moments Antonio stood listening. Then he clutched the dagger with a sterner grasp. A demonic smile gathered on his upper lip; he gritted his teeth and said, "Chi non s'arrischi, no guadagna!" What "Chi non s'arrischi, no guadagna!" means I haven't the slightest idea, but suppose he knew or he wouldn't have said it. He knelt down, put his left eye to the keyhole and said "Damn it!"

He couldn't have had a very satisfactory view of the interior of the room, for after gazing a few moments, he came down from the porch, took from beneath his cloak a rope ladder, and examined it with the utmost care. Then as if a sudden thought or a brick had struck him, he measured with his eye the distance from the window to the ground, took the rope ladder in one hand, and went—home.

THE END.

ONE OF MAX ADELER'S STORIES.—A friend of ours who was stopping at an interior town a few days ago, went with a companion into a small tavern near to the railroad station. Sitting behind the bar in a rocking-chair was the landlady, reading a book, and crying over it. When a customer would come in she would turn the volume down on the table, wipe her eyes, and dispense the liquid poison, and perhaps abuse some one of the drinkers for not paying his score. Then she would return to the book, and open the fountain of her tears afresh. Presently a gentleman with a vermillion nose and tattered garments came in, and after obtaining a sip of gin attempted to walk out without paying for it. Then that landlady slammed her book down on the counter, climbed over the bar, and engaged in single combat with the party of the glowing nose. She came off the conqueror, but while the conflict raged, our man walked over and took a look at the title of the book. It was Mr. Arthur's affecting story, *Ten Nights in a Bar-Room*. This is a fact.

DELICATE GRATITUDE.—The New Albany Ledger-Standard tells of an incident, which if true, does much towards redeeming our race from the charge of selfishness. A gentleman had assisted another to start in business, whereby he had risen from poverty and obscurity to wealth and distinction. Quite recently the daughter of the benefactor was married. Her father, not having kept pace with his protégé for wealth, was unable to bestow upon her any rich gifts with which to commence life. But the gentleman who, years before, had profited by his benevolence, had not forgotten what he owed to him, and considering that it would be a delicate way of acknowledging his indebtedness to bestow a present upon the daughter, held many consultations with his family as to what it should be. Unable to decide, it was finally concluded to make the present in money and let her invest it as she saw fit; and while others brought gifts of plate and jewels, the grateful millionaire simply pressed in the hand of the bride a package of money and departed. Imagine the exultant joy of the bride and her spouse, when, on unrolling it, the package was found to contain a dollar greenback.