

L. P. Fisher

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DRUGS, ETC.

GEO. P. SETTLEMIER,

DRUGGIST,

Successor to D. W. Wakefield,

Parish's New Building, First Street,

ALBANY, OREGON.

Dealer in

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All articles warranted pure, and of the best quality. Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded. Albany, Oct. 17, 1884-611

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Particular care and promptness given Physicians' prescriptions and Family Receipts. Albany, Oregon-475

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 lay, 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, waxes, trusses, etc. Agents for the

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Or Oregon Rheumatic Cure; Dr. D. Jayne & Sons' medicines, etc. Spencer's Positive and Negative Powders kept in stock. Also agents for the

Home Sewing Machine. One of the most useful pieces of household furniture extant. Call and examine. R. C. HILL & SON. Albany, June 19, 71-40V3



The standard remedy for Coughs, In- Queens, 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. WISTAR. Prepared by SETH W. FOWLE & SONS, Boston. Sold by REDINGTON, HOSKIN & CO., San Francisco, and by dealers generally. 1873-74

Albany Register.

Do as Near Right as You Can.

The world stretches out before you, A field for your muscles and brain; And though clouds may often float o'er you, An often tempest and rain, Be fearless of storms which o'er take you— Push forward through all like a man— Good fortune will never forsake you If you do as near right as you can.

Remember, the will to do rightly, If used, will the evil confound; Live daily by conscience, that nightly Your sleep may be peaceful and sound.

Though foes darkest scan-lal may speed, And strive, with the shrewdest of fact, To injure your fame, never heed, But justly and honestly act; And ask the Ruler of Heaven To save your fair name as a man, And all that you ask will be given, If you do as near right as you can.

A Snake Story.

Very talkative people always seem to me to be divided into two classes—those who lie for a purpose and those who lie for the love of lying; and Sam Baxter belonged, with broad impartiality, to both. With him falsehood was not more frequently a means than an end; for he would not only lie without a purpose but at a sacrifice. I heard him once reading a newspaper to a blind aunt, and deliberately falsifying the market reports. The good old lady took it all in with a trustful faith, until he quoted dried apples at fifty cents a yard for unbolted sides; then she arose and disinherited him. Sam seemed to regard the fountain of truth as a stagnant pool, and himself an angel whose business it was to stay by and trouble the waters.

"You know Ben Dean," said Sam to me one day; "I'm down on that fellow, and I'll tell you why. In the winter of '68 he and I were snaking together in the mountains north of the Big Sandy."

"What do you mean by snaking, Sam?"

"Well, I like that! Why, gathering snakes, to be sure—rattlesnakes for zoological gardens, museums, and side-shows to circuses. This is how it is done; a party of snakes go up to the mountains in the early autumn, with provisions for all winter, and putting up a snakery at some central point, get to work as soon as the torrid season sets in, and before there is much snow. I presume you know that when the nights begin to get cold the snakes go in under big flat stones, single together, and lie there frozen stiff until the warm days of spring liberate them for business. We go about, raise up the rocks, tie the worms into convenient bundles and carry them to the snakery; where, during the snow season, they are assorted, labeled according to quality, and packed away for transportation. Sometimes a single showman will have as many as a dozen snakes in the mountains all winter.

"Ben and I were out, one day, and had gathered a few sheaves of prime ones, when we discovered a broad stone that showed good indications, but we couldn't raise it. The whole upper part of the mountain seemed to be built mostly upon this one stone. There was nothing to be done but mole it—dig under, you know; so taking the spade I soon widened the hole the creatures had gone in at, until it would admit anybody. Crawling in I found a kind of cell in the solid rock, stowed nearly full of beautiful serpents, some of them as long as a man. You would have revelled in those worms. They were neatly disposed about the sides of the cave, an even dozen in each berth, and some odd ones swinging from the ceiling in hammocks, like sailors. By the time I had counted them roughly, as they lay, it was dark, and snowing like mischief. There was no getting back to headquarters that night, and there was room for but one of us inside."

"Inside what, Sam?"

"See here? have you been listening to what I'm telling you, or not. There is no use telling you anything. Perhaps you won't mind waiting till I get done, and then you can tell something of your own. We drew straws to decide who should sleep inside, and it fell to me. Such luck as that fellow Ben always had drawing straws when I held them! It was sinful! But even inside it was coldish, and I was more than an hour getting asleep. Towards morning, though, I awoke, feeling very warm and peaceful. The moon was at full, just rising in the valley below; and, shining in at the hole I'd entered at, it made everything light as day."

"But, Sam, according to my astronomy a full moon never rises towards morning."

"Now, who said anything about your astronomy? I'd like to know

who is telling this—you or I. Always think you know more than I do—and always swearing it isn't so—and always taking the words out of my mouth—and, what's the use arguing with you? As I was saying, the snakes began waking about the same time as I did; I could hear them turn over on their other sides and sigh. Presently one raised himself up and yawned. He meant well, but it was not the regular thing for an ophidian to do at that season. By-and-by they began to poke their heads up all round, nodding good-morning to one another across the room; and pretty soon one saw me lying there and called attention to the fact. Then they all began to crowd to the front, and hang out over the sides of the beds in a fringe, to study my habits. I can't describe the strange spectacle—you would have supposed it was the middle of March and a forward season! There were more worms than I had counted, and they were larger ones than I had thought. And the more they got a-wake the wider they yawned, and the longer they stretched. The fat fellows in the hammocks above me were in danger of toppling out and breaking their necks every minute.

"Then it went through my mind like a flash what was the matter. Finding it cold outside, Ben had made a roaring fire on the top of the rock, and the heat had deceived the worms into the belief that it was late spring. All day there and thought of a full-grown man who hadn't any better sense than to do such a thing as that, I was mad enough to kill him. I lost confidence in mankind. If I had not stopped up the entrance before lying down, with a big round stone which the heat had swollen so that a hydraulic ram couldn't have butted it loose, I should have put on my clothes and gone straight home."

"But, Sam, you said the entrance was open, and the moon shining in."

"There you go again! Always contradicting—and insinuating that the moon must remain for hours in one position—and saying you've heard it told better by some one else—and wanting to fight! I've told this story to your brother over at Milk River more than a hundred times, and he never said a word against it."

"I believe you, Sam; for he is as deaf as a tombstone."

"Tell you what to do for him! I know a fellow in Smith's Valley will cure him in a minute. That fellow has cleaned the deafness all out of Washington county a dozen times. I never knew a case of it that could stand against him ten seconds. Take three quarts of snakeroot to a gallon of wagon-grease, and—I'll go and see if I can find the prescription."

And Sam was off like a rocket.

"HONEST NEZ."—This is the name that some of his Democratic friends delight to call J. W. Nesmith of Oregon. Now that he is elected we hope to see "Nez" more honest than he ever was before. But when they claim that he has made his raise by farming, and that he came out of the Senate a poorer man than when he went in, we must say a word. "Nez" made his first raise by running the only mill in his neighborhood and selling flour at a fearfully high price. He made his second raise while Superintendent of Indian Affairs. And instead of being poorer when he came out of the Senate than when he went in, the contrary is true. When he was elected he was thousands of dollars in debt. When he came out he had saved money enough to buy about 2,000 acres of valuable land, and bring out a ship load of machinery, upon which the Senator did not lose anything. It is true that for some years he has not been in office, and during that time he has been engaged in farming on quite an extensive scale, but he never farms when he can get a paying office, and he never has an office but that he makes pay. He has been a chronic office holder and office seeker all his life, and has held office two years to where he has earned one while waiting for office. And he has made ten dollars out of his office to where he has one out of his farm. For, as is now the case, as soon as he runs through on his farm with what he has made out of an office, he invariably goes for another office. And that is the way "honest Nez" the farmer makes farming pay.—W. W. Union.

A very singular phase of horse training was exhibited at Columbus, Ohio. The horse Postle won a trotting race in three straight heats without a break making better than 2:40 every time. And the same day at the same Fair he was entered for and won the pacing match in nearly the same time. Such an instance is almost without parallel.

Successful Elopement.

CHICAGO, September 17.—A pleasant little incident occurred here this week, showing how young lovers can defy stern parents, even when the stern parents are aided by all the power and vigilance of heavy-handed and lynx-eyed law. Two young people in Philadelphia, handsome, rich and loving, desired to wed, but the paternal authorities said nay. The prospect of waiting till the parents should relent or the lady come of age was not sufficiently alluring, so an elopement to Chicago was planned. The intended bride made her way secretly to Buffalo, and there took one of the Erie propellers for this city, while the intending groom came on here direct and awaited her arrival with affectionate anxiety, becoming as much a part of the dock at which the steamer was to arrive as the post to which she would moor. At last the boat was telegraphed from Milwaukee, and the ardent lover hastened to the river side, but was horrified to observe, while cautiously reconnoitering the dock, the pa of his intended, accompanied by a detective, apparently looking for the lady as anxiously as himself, though with other objects in view. There was scanty room for debate, and retiring in good order, he fled to the office of the V. O. T. Company. In a few moments a little four by fourteen tug, was cleaving the muddy waters of the river, belching forth unusual volumes of sooty smoke, screeching under bridges and leaving a wake behind her higher than her bulwarks. In a few minutes she was out of the harbor, and not long after was on her way to Grrosse's Point to intercept the big propeller. The boat hove in sight and was boarded, the lady was found, lugged hurriedly and transhipped, blishes and baggage, to the tug; then with a triumphant scream of the whistle, amid the waving handkerchiefs of sympathizing passengers of the propeller, the tug made for the harbor, throttle-valve wide open and the steam-gauge up to "danger." At the first dock a hack was secured and the lovers vanished. Half an hour afterwards the propeller reached the dock. Lynx-eyed parent and policeman scanned the passengers, but the missing girl did not trip down the gangway. They boarded the boat and found no traces of her. They then questioned the officers and found that a lady answering to the description they gave had been on the propeller. Where was she? She had left the boat for a tug just outside the harbor. Then there was swearing in hot haste and a rapid search for the tug and the hackman, but the young Lochinvar of Lake Michigan and the lost bride of Philadelphia had made good their escape, and have eluded detection in whatever paradise they have found.

SHE WALKS OFF WITH A PIUTE BRAVE.—A few days since the daughter of a well-to-do ranchman residing on the headwaters of Walker river, a handsome and well educated young lady about sixteen or seventeen years of age, eloped with a young man of the Piute persuasion, who had been working about her father's place. The girl and her dusky lover got considerably the start of the father, and, it would seem, did some fall traveling toward the wilderness and the warrior's castle of sagebrush on the Lake of Walker, but the father did not let the grass grow under his feet or his horse's hoofs. He procured the best horse in the settlement and rode a distance of 150 miles in eighteen hours. He caught his runaway daughter somewhere between Walker Lake and the Sink of the Carson, and snatched her home bald-headed. What became of the gallant "lover" we have not learned. The chances are that the irate parent made it so warm for him that he will not hereafter hanker after a white father-in-law.

TIGHT BOOTS.—The Newcastle Journal gives the following process for putting on tight boots: "Our fiery footed 'nice young men' will be rejoiced to learn that tight boots may be drawn on easily by a simple process. The patient lies down on the floor and holds his feet straight up in the air until the blood runs out of them, thus diminishing the size of the foot by several ounces, when it will slip into the boot as sliding into a gutter on a dark night. To enjoy perfect immunity from pedal torture while the foot is thus encased, it is only necessary to remain in the position until ready to draw off the boots."

A Detroit man who wanted a wife "right away," got one by advertising. Two days after he was observed walking "right away" from home, with his left ear set back and no hair to speak of on the back of his head.

Postage Stamps.

THEIR MANUFACTURE, DISTRIBUTION AND NUMBERS.

Postage stamps, although they carry all kinds of information to every part of the world, tell but little in their travels of their own history or of the care required in their manufacture and distribution. In the days of their virgin beauty they show us something of the engraver's and printer's skill, but nothing after they have commenced the stern business of life and been subjected to the ignoble fate of all stamps—to be disfigured. Small and insignificant as they are individually, collectively they are numbered by billions, and are worth many millions of dollars. There are now in use one hundred and three different classes of postage stamps, and twenty-six thousand sheets of one hundred stamps each are printed every working day. The number of stamps used annually is about six hundred and fifty millions, and their average value is \$18,000,000. To prevent error and fraud, the sheets of stamps are counted and recounted ten or twelve times, registered, receipted for and counted again, until, what with handling and grumming, they lose their original freshness and have to be polished up in a hydraulic press. They are distributed by mail to about thirty-five thousand Post Offices in the United States, and orders are received daily for about 13,000,000 stamps. A Government agent gives his receipt for the stamps and obtains corresponding receipts from those to whom they are distributed. They are manufactured by the Continental Bank Note Company, and during the month of July the Company had a stock on hand of 75,000,000 stamps, valued at \$2,263,000. Of these, 54,770,300 were three-cent stamps, 11,167,500 one-cent, and 5,651,700 two-cent stamps. The little stamp that does its work so cheaply for all of us—that impartially carries good and ill news to friend and foe—belongs to a most respectable and important family, and is not to be despised, even when its usefulness has been somewhat impaired by the Postmaster's disfigurement of its polished face.

The United States Treasury Department's experts have performed a delicate and difficult task. Some time ago the cashier of a bank in the interior of Pennsylvania, becoming insane, threw a large mass of bonds and other securities belonging to the bank into the fire. They were partially consumed, but the crazy act being discovered, the whole mass of ashes and charred remnants of papers was raked out, boxed up, and sent to the Treasury. The experts occupied thirty clear days in assorting and recognizing securities, the work being so delicate that it could not be pursued in cloudy weather. Their labors were rewarded by the recognition of \$140,000 Government bonds, \$80,000 railway and other bonds, and \$150,000 greenbacks, bank notes and bills receivable; all these securities being identified and made good, so that the only loss suffered by the bank was about \$3 in currency.

A young lady in Gloucester is charged with keeping a light burning in the parlor until very late on Sunday night, in order to harrow the sensitive feelings of an envious neighbor into the belief that she has really got a bean.

A thrifty Vermont widow finding some delay in the burial of her late husband, owing to the caving in of the ground, rather than waste time, went to the minister's house and was married to another husband, and returned to finish the burial of the first.

An affectionate wife in Des Moines gave her husband a dose of morphine to cure him of the habit of chewing tobacco. She didn't find out what a fool she had made of herself until she discovered that the expenses of his funeral, economical as it was, would have kept him in the best of fine-cut for at least two years.

An old lady in Lancaster was very indignant on being assured by her nephew that the belles at Long Branch exhibit a strong partiality for "ruff."

A woman with seven children and a drunken husband to support does the whole thing handsomely by selling cigars and soda water at Pittsburg.

"Don't worry yourself about my going away, my darling. Absence, you know, makes the heart grow fonder." "Of somebody else," added the darling.

An absent-minded friend of ours once kissed the pet kitten and slapped his wife. The nice have had a good time at his house ever since.

A bridal procession in Milwaukee was four hours passing a given point. The point was a saloon.