

The Albany Register.

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NO. 16.

DRUGS, ETC.

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DRUGGIST,

(Successor to D. W. Wakefield,

Parish'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 sometimes 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 halcyon in the sky," by which you may be restored to perfect health, and prolong your days to an incalculable extent.

How?

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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, stiches, trusses, etc. Agents for the

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Particular attention paid to repairing all kinds of machinery.

Albany Register.

Autumn Song.

A little bird flew through the dell,
And where the falling sunbeams fell
He warbled thus his melodious lay:
"Adieu! adieu! I go away;
Far, far,
Must I voyage ere the twilight star?"

It pierced me through, the song he sang,
With many a sweet and bitter pang:
For wounding joy, delicious pain,
My bosom sore had and sank again.
Heart! heart!
Is it drunk with bliss or woe thou art?

Then, when I saw the drifted leaves,
I said, "Already Autumn grieves!
To summer skies the swallows fly:
So Love departs and longing flies,
Far, far,
Where the Radian and the Beauteous are"

But soon the sun shone out anew,
And back the little flutterer flew:
He saw my grief, he saw my tears,
And sang, Love knows no Winter years!
No! No!
While it lives its breath is Summer's glow!"

An Incident at Last Chance Bar.

It was but seldom that anything occurred to rattle the placid course of events in Last Chance Bar, but one bright summer morning in '71 the little population was in a fever of excitement. Big Jake, the gambler, and Lucky Joe, who was working a bill claim up Bear Run Gulch, had quarreled over their cups and windings the night before and had vowed they would commence hostilities at sight. Accordingly, when Big Jake, who was sunning himself in front of the saloon on this particularly pleasant morning, saw Joe strolling down the street towards the saloon, he rose, stretched himself, crossed lazily over to the other side and walked slowly towards his man. Both belligerents were divested of all unnecessary clothing and each was girded with a belt which supported a large army revolver. As nobody cared to be in the line of fire, the two men had the street to themselves, and as they approached each other on opposite sides, each kept his eye riveted on every motion of the other, and when they were just even, stopped, mechanically drew his pistol from his side and fired a hasty shot at his opponent. Joe seemed to be a little the quicker, and the few spectators who occupied positions of comparative safety thought that Jake was lit. He stood still however, and tried to cock his pistol for another shot. Somehow or other it wouldn't work, the cylinder wouldn't revolve, and there he stood fooling with the worthless thing while Joe was sending in his leaden compliments as fast as he could shoot. Joe saw the situation, and after the second shot he called out to Jake to throw away his weapon and he would quit, but Jake kept trying to fix the cylinder and never moved from his tracks. Joe had fired four times, and with his pistol raised for the fifth shot he called out in agony, "Throw the thing away, Jake, you ain't got no show and I don't want to shoot ye this way." He waited a minute, but Jake never spoke nor looked away from that wretched revolver which wouldn't revolve. He probably thought he could still fix it in time to finish his friend over the way. Joe was loth to kill so brave yet so helpless a man, but he knew that it would not do to take any chances, as Jake might get his weapon in trim and accordingly, taking deliberate aim he fired his fifth shot. Jake slowly settled down to his knees and then fell forward on his face, dropping his pistol and gasping for breath. Joe ran quickly over to him and gave him his last bullet in the head, just as a safeguard against any future difficulty, and then the people rushed forward to examine the scene.

They found Joe uninjured and Jake was quite dead, having been lit no less than four times. Upon examining Jake's revolver it was discovered that the exploded cap had become so firmly wedged in at the base of the cylinder as to defy all his efforts to turn it. "He thought a heap of that same gun," remarked one of the investigating committee, "he used to say it was as sure as a knife, but it beat him at last." "I tell ye boys," said Joe, "I never hated to do anything so in my life when I drew bead and him standin' there so cool, not even lookin' for a chance to dodge, but I happened to think what such a feller might do if he should get his fixus in workin' order, and that made me desperate. I felt my finger press on the trigger. Ugh! Give me some ficker." "He was the pluckiest and coolest chap I ever see" said one. "And the biggest fool," put in an old Scotchman, "not to run when he couldn't fight."

They buried him the next day. The funeral procession was not a grand

one, but all the saloons and stores were closed and every man, woman and child, for miles around was present. The procession passed slowly across the creek and up the sloping foothill of the big South mountain. There among the tall pines, at the base of the giant, snow-capped sentinel which frowns upon the living and the dead, they buried him. There was no funeral service, they laid him at rest beside some old comrades of his, men who had been unfortunate, like him.

He had cast his lot in the mountains and bravely met his fate on Last Chance Bar.

"Oh Consistency, Thou art a Jewel"

The frequent use of this phrase during the last Presidential campaign, when there was too often occasion to criticize the aberrations and contradictions of politicians, led to inquiry as to its origin. Thorough search by many scholars of our acquaintance failed to discover the source of a saying so common; yet while traveling last winter in Wisconsin, among a few old books constituting the library of a farmer, we accidentally discovered the volume containing it.

The book is "A Collection of Ancient English and Scotch Ballads," published in 1751, by one Murtagh, (perhaps an ancestor of the proprietor of the Washington Daily Republic.) The line occurs in a ballad entitled "Jolly Robyn Roughhead," where the poet bewails the extravagance in dress which, in his estimation, was the grand enormity of his own times. The poet makes Robin Roughhead address his wife as follows:

"Tush, tush, my lassie, such thought comparisons are cruel,
Fine pictures suit in flames as fine,
Consistency's a jewel,
For thee and me coarse clothes are best,
Rude folks in bonnie valiant dress,
Wife Joan and Goodman Robyn."

If the newspapers now abound in Philippic and invectives against female extravagance, the theme is by no means a new one, but may be traced back to the first existence of woman—

"That dear, delightful, coaxing, costly sex."

The Rev. Dr. Thomas Fuller, in 1632, in his old folio entitled "The History of the Worthies of England," says:

"The good wife is none of our dainty dames, who love to appear in a variety of suits every day now, as if a good gown, like a stratagem in war, were to be used but once. But our good wife sets up a sail according to the keel of her husband's estate, and if of high parentage, she doth not so remember what she was by birth, that she forgets what she is by match."

The Rev. John Tabor, in a curious volume of poems, published in London 1637, entitled "Seasonable Thoughts in Sad Times," has likewise his girl at the pestilent excess of female apparel, and with the extract from him we close our citations upon a topic which would indefinitely furnish them. The Rev. John, in the bitterness of his soul, cries out:

"Our horrid fashions make us English strange
To such as know us, and our women change
Their shape with each new moon, and some do show,
By the loose wanton garb in which they go,
What were they sell; and some do strive
By paint
To make the ugly devil seem a saint;
Some have their faces with black patches dressed,
As thinking dapple ladies will sell best;
And now our ladies' vanity and pride,
And their neglect of housewifery beside,
Affright all so'er men, who fear to woo,
Lest they should court their woe in doing so;
Or with their wives must now some thousand have
To keep them in the fashion fine and brave."

—The Republic.

The American Sportsman is trying hard to teach people how to handle guns. It gives four rules. The substance of the first three rules is—never handle a gun unless you know how; always handle a gun as if it were loaded; always carry a gun at half-cock. The fourth rule we give entire. "If you know of no other way of ascertaining whether a gun is loaded or not, than by putting the muzzle to your mouth and blowing, or if you feel inclined to draw the cap, retire to a safe distance and at once blow out your brains—if you have any—before you kill or maim other people by your stupidity or carelessness."

The reconstructed Tammany Hall rejoices also in a new "boss." The distinguished gentleman is one John Kelly, who has been Sheriff and Congressman, and who is not nearly such a tascal as Tweed. The new "boss" is said to be well up in all political maneuvers, and disposed to reward his friends and punish his enemies.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPH.

Anticipation of evil is the death of happiness.

There is more fatigue in laziness than in labor.

Ladies who light up well at night—Those who have lantern-jaws.

Business neglected is business lost. Those who try it, find out to their cost.

Man judges of our motives by our actions. God judges of our actions by our motives.

"You seem to be a little hoarse, my love," remarked Stinkins to his spouse, when she had a cold. "A little hoarse, indeed!" she replied, mistaking the personal allusion, "better be that than a big mule!"

When Arthur was a very small boy his mother reprimanded him one day for some misdemeanor. Not knowing it, his father began talking to him on the same subject. Looking up in his face, Arthur said solemnly, "My mother has tended to me."

A festive young "cuss" in love thus addressed his innamorata:—"Loveliest vision, as my eyes rest upon thy seraph-like form, my soul is filled with the scintillating fancies of the poet. O! lovely Dido, dost love the humble squire that craves the faintest glimmer from the meridian rays of thy young heart's affection? O! angel fresh from the streets of Paradise, clad in the halo of the queen of night, dost pity the faithful Troilus, who stands before thee?" and gently the maiden answered with a heavenly sigh, faint as the night wind: "Go West, young man, and give us a rest."

A Chicago gentleman says that he once was so unfortunate as to get thoroughly fuddled. It was in Harrison's "hard cider" campaign, and he had been in attendance on one of the most enthusiastic of the meetings, and had wit enough at night to know that he was in no condition to meet his wife. He walked about the yard for an hour or two, and finally crept in and slipped quietly into the bed, turning his back to his wife, that she might not smell his breath. He was just beginning to congratulate himself that she would not suspect his condition, when she broke out: "You needn't take so much pains, Joel. You are drunk all through."

Netalon.

The Great French Surgeon Netalon has just died. He will be known to the profession of the future chiefly by one very simple, but very neat invention—a slender probe of porcelain, rough at the end, which rubs a little lead from a bullet in a wound. It was made famous by its demonstration that a rifle ball was in Garibaldi's foot. Thanks to the skill of Netalon the hero of Aspremonte was able to give his services to France during the war with Germany. They were not of much value, but he showed his good will all the same; and now we hear that he has offered his aid to the Republicans of Spain. He was declined with thanks. Netalon was a great man, very decided, very firm, and never in a hurry. "If you have the misfortune to cut off a man's carotid artery," he said to his students, "you have plenty of time to save his life, provided you are not in a hurry." He was performing an operation on the Prince Imperial, cutting down to open a deep seated abscess. The Emperor, in an agony for his child, tried to stop him, and even seized his arm. "Sire," said the surgeon, "you are in my way," and brushing him aside, he finished the operation, and possibly saved the boy's life.

REASONS FOR NOT GOING TO CHURCH.

—Because the regular minister has gone to Europe to recruit his health.
—Because the pew doors creak.
—Because the man in the next pew snores so loud.
—Because there's a draft through the east door.
—Because it begins to soon after breakfast.
—Because it's unpleasant to walk a long way in tight boots.
—Because there's a collection.
—Because my wife hasn't got a new fall bonnet.
—Because there's a panic in the money market.
—Because I want to go to the post-office.
—Because there are no open bars.
—Because I want to stay at home.

The London Standard observes as a curious coincidence that England and France paid their respective war indemnities almost on the same day "to the two victorious nations—the one (Germany) by force of arms, the other (America) by diplomacy."

THINGS TO REMEMBER.

If the crust to bread is wished tender, as soon as the loaves are taken out of the oven, wrap them in a wet cloth wrung from cold water, and then over it a dry towel.

To make common fruit cake: One pound of flour; one pound of raisins; one pound of currants; one-half pound of citron; one cup of sugar; one of molasses; one of butter; one of milk; three eggs; a teaspoon of saleratus, and spice to taste.

To make orange tart: squeeze two oranges and boil the fluid tender; add half a teaspoonful of sugar; the juice and pulp of the fruit, and one ounce of butter beaten to a paste. Line a shallow dish with light puff crust, and lay the paste of orange in it.

The juice of apples boiled in shallow vessels, without a particle of sugar, makes the most sparkling, delicious jelly imaginable. Red apples will give jelly the color and clearness of claret, while that from light fruits is like amber. Take the cider just as it is made, and not allowing it to ferment at all, and if possible boil in a pan flat, very large and shallow. Any one living near a "house" for boiling sorghum juice can make this jelly in perfection.

To make rice pudding: one quart of new milk, one cupful of seeded raisins, two-thirds of a cupful of rice; keep it hot in a saucepan on the back part of the stove for two hours, or until the rice is soft enough. Then add one quart of milk, one cupful of sugar, and when cool enough, two eggs (the yolks and whites beaten separately until they are frothy), a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and a very little salt. Mix carefully, so as not to break the rice, and bake about half or three-quarters of an hour.

THE WAY TO KEEP SUNDAY.—The Lord's day is a good day in which to love your neighbor as yourself. I do not think it is a great sin if your neighbor has his side door open on the Sabbath for you to walk across the lawn and sit on his porch, and talk to him of seemly things. I think the Lord likes that. I do not think that, if your household is more radiant, and your children wake and say (as I never did), thank God, it is Sunday—I don't think if you make it the best day of the week, and your children are good natured and joyful, that they are any the worse. I believe in letting out the harness a little. I believe in making the holes for the buckle a little lower down. Let on Lord's day be a church day in the morning, and a family day the rest of the time. I think that we preach too much. I think we over-learn and over-tax in the Sabbath school. I think that we make the Lord's day laborious. I do not think we use Sunday enough to make the family finer, sweeter, more homogeneous, more social, and so more religious. I see many, many men, who come to church stern and stiff. They would not for all the world ride in a street car on Sunday—no! I do not hold up their way of keeping the Sabbath as a model. Sunday is a day of home-hold love. It is a day in which the children ought to feel that their father and mother never were so kind, so good, and never so good. It is a day in which every part of the household should, at the going down of the sun, be able to say, thank God for this open door of heaven, which has poured so many happy hours on us.

RAILWAY ACROSS THE ANDES—

Peru now possesses a railway across the Andes, which is represented to be the greatest modern triumph of engineering skill. Passing from the sea coast directly over the mountains into the interior it ascends by a long series of remarkably easy grades and beautiful curves to the highest point ever reached by a locomotive, and through some of the finest scenery of the South American mountain regions. Among other attractions of the route is the celebrated Lake Titicaca, the shores of which are skirted by the railway, and which is the highest body of water in the world. The greatest elevation on the line is 14,033 feet, at which altitude the Summer temperature drops as low as 34 degrees. July snow storms are no novelty.

Let us all rejoice over the punishment of a bloated aristocrat, one Hatton, a Viscount, and eldest son of the Earl of Whitehaven. He was dragged into Judge Cape's Court, at Atherstone, with his hat on; and that step-father sentenced him to ten days' imprisonment for contempt.

Miss Bella Lockwood has been admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, and her first case was a suit for divorce brought in behalf of the wife.