The Albany Register.

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Home Interests.

FIRE.—The residence of Mr. Wm. Ralston, corner of Baker and First streets, caught fire about eight o'clock on Friday night of last week. A fire had been left burning in a box-stove up stairs, which stood in close proximity to a partition. Between the partition and stove set a box containing kindlings. It is supposed this box of dry material was ignited by the heat from the stove; the kindlings set fire to the partition, and when the fire was discovered it had reached the ceiling and was just ready to burst out at the roof, in which event the building would most probably have been destroyed, and doubtless property adjacent. By great exertions the fire was subdued without calling into requisition the fire engine. The damage resulting will probably not amount to over $100. The effects of the excitement upon Mrs. Ralston were very severe, and for a time her life was despaired of. The careful attention of friends eventually revived her, but the effects of the severe nervous prostration which she suffered, will require time to entirely eradicate. The fire boys were on hand promptly, notwithstanding the severe (for Oregon) weather, ready to render any and all assistance in their power. There isn't any discount on our fire boys.

THIEF JUGGED.—We gave an account last week of a robbery committed at the farm of Chas. Bourgardes, a short distance from this city. A man employed by Mr. B. to work on the farm, left during the absence of Peters, a German also in Mr. B.'s employ, taking with him $53 of Peter's money, a revolver, underclothing, etc. Information of the theft, and a discription of the thief, was left at the Sheriff's office, and Deputy Sheriff Queener immediately started on the scent, and succeeded in arresting his man at Gervais, Marion county, early on Friday morning last, the theft having been committed the Sunday previous. The accused gave his name as Andrew Dougherty, and is quite a good looking man. When arrested, he was well dressed, and on his person was found some gambling traps, and two bits in money. A revolver was also found on his person, which Peter Peters swore was the identical weapon stolen from him. Dougherty was brought to this city, and on Saturday, taken before Justice Hannon. The Justice deeming the evidence sufficient, bound him over in $200, which, failing to give, he was incarcerated in the county jail.

WEATHER.—The weather moderated somewhat on Saturday, the wind getting around in the southwest, but during the night it got around in the north again, and on Sunday morning the thermometer indicated twelve degrees below zero. The coldest weather experienced in this part of the Willamette Valley in the last twenty-two years, the thermometer indicated but eight degrees below zero. Considerable snow fell on Friday night, which, added to the snow already on the ground, made pretty good sleighing, which was improved on Saturday and Sunday, all the sleighs to be had being brought into requisition.

IT IS SELDOM THAT WE NOT ONLY anything in the medical line, nor would we now, unless we could be convinced that we are not doing our duty as a journalist in recommending to the public the celebrated botanical preparations of Dr. Henry. Whoever induces the victim of Scrofula or any other disease of the blood, to use Dr. Henry's Extract of Sarsaparilla, has begun a good work. There can be no question as to the result of this medicine if persevered in. It is a sure cure for Scrofula, Rheumatism, Salt Rheum, and indeed all complaints arising from vitated or impure blood. It is just what a good physician would prescribe for these complaints, and we confidently recommend it as being the best article now in use. Dr. Henry's Cough Balsam is the most effective remedy for any affections of the Throat or Lungs that we have ever known. It contains no deleterious drugs, and can be taken with impunity and certainty of relief. For the cure of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, etc., it stands without a rival. Dr. Henry's Liniment as an alleviator of pain, is unrivalled by any preparation before the public; the most skeptical will be convinced by a single trial. It will prove itself a "friend in need" which no family should be without.

SUCCESS TO GENIUS.—Mr. James Sherrill, of Harrisburg, called on Monday. His cultivator and seed sower is meeting a splendid reception, and he has orders for seventy of them already on his books, which will keep him busy to fill in time for spring work. Mr. Sherrill, while busily engaged in turning out cultivators, has had time to invent a new machine, that will work wonders in aiding to expedite blacksmithing and machine work. Mr. S. is a genius, and is using his great gift to benefit his fellowmen. Success to him.

BIBLE DEPOSITORY.—The Bible Society has recently met a want of Linn county, by establishing a Bible Depository at Plummer's Drug Store, where bibles and testaments can be obtained at prices within the reach of all. Persons holding membership in either the American or Oregon State Bible Society, should call at once for their yearly allowance for gratuitous distribution.

ICE.—Messrs. A. Carothers & Co. had men busily at work during the first part of the week securing ice, which they put up in their large icehouse on Second street. The ice was taken from the Callpoola, and was from two to six inches in thickness.

Long to be Remembered.

For ten days past we have had a remarkably cold spell of weather in the Willamette valley, last Sabbath being the coldest day for at least 22 years. The 17th day of January, 1857, in the morning, the mercury only got down to three degrees below zero, with two feet of snow on the ground. Never since that time, in this part of Oregon, has the mercury been so low till last Sabbath, when it went down to 7 degrees below zero, with four inches of snow on the ground. If this had continued for a week or two longer, I think the most of farmers would have seen the necessity of stacking their straw instead of burning it. We might expect and look for such a spell every winter; and a stock of good straw would be a welcome guest to a band of starving cattle, with their backs humped up like dromedarys. There is now a great demand for straw and little in the market. Emigrants will now see that Oregon is not all sunshine; that there is snow given like wool, and frost scattered broadcast over the earth like ashes. Job says, by the breath of God frost is given; therefore we may look for it in its proper season, although it is a very cold kind of breath. There are many poor cattle in Oregon that would be willing to say, Lord, please hold thy breath a little. It is seldom in this valley that the mercury gets below the freezing point, and when it gets down to eight or ten degrees above zero it continues but a very few days. It is very different from the Eastern ice-bound States, where they have their two and three months' frost and snow, while here these cold spells only last a few days. We were glad this afternoon to see the heavens covered with clouds and the rain descending to make the grass grow for the cattle and the herb for the service of man. We prefer the rain. J. FINLAYSON.

Jan. 19th, 1875.

GONE EAST.—Col. A. B. Meacham, of Salem, called on Monday. On Tuesday noon, the Col., accompanied by George Harney, wife and child, took the southern bound train for Washington City. George Harney is a Rogue River Chief, as fine a specimen of the child of the forest as can be found on the coast, tall and straight as an arrow, about twenty-eight years old, and weighs 163 pounds. He is said by those who know him, to be, to use a western expression, as smart as a steel trap, and will greatly aid Col. Meacham in giving the people of the East a clear and intelligent understanding of the capacity and intelligence of the Indians of the North Pacific. Col. Meacham will also be accompanied in his tour through the Eastern States by David Hill, a Klamath Chief, and Tecumseh, a sub-Chief of the same tribe; Natchez, a Piute, and nephew of the old Chief, Winnemucca; Scarfaced Charley and Shack-Nasty Jim, Modoc Chiefs, and members of the late Capt. Jack's band, now located on a reservation in the Indian Territory. In addition to these noted red men, the Government of the United States is using every means to secure the release of the great war Chief, Satanta, of Texas, now incarcerated in the State Prison of that commonwealth, charged with breaking his parole given last spring to the Governor of that State. It is believed that satisfactory evidence can be given the Governor that Satanta did not break his parole, and that he will be released from durance vile, when he will join Col. Meacham. Capt. Oliver Applegate, of this State, will also accompany Col. Meacham, as assistant and interpreter, the Capt. speaking fluently several Indian dialects. James Redpath, of Boston, one of the most noted literary characters of the East, will have the general management, which alone secures the fullest success to the enterprise. In this enterprise Col. Meacham seems not only to have the best wishes of the General Government, but the ardent support of the leading philanthropists of the East. We hope that the undertaking may not only prove a financial success, but that it may have a large share in solving the great Indian problem which has so long vexed the greatest minds of the nation.

TEMPERANCE.—On the evening of the 19th, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, a large number of the citizens of this city assembled at the Court House to listen to a temperance lecture from W. R. Dunbar, of Salem, G. W. C. T. of Oregon. The meeting was called to order by J. A. Warner, District Deputy for Linn county, and on motion Jas. Hannon, Esq., was elected Chairman. After being introduced to the audience by the Chairman, the speaker proceeded, in his usual argumentative and fervid style, to deliver one of the best lectures ever delivered here on the subject of temperance. Space does not permit to speak further of the lecture; suffice it to say that the order are fortunate in their choice of an able and effective standard-bearer. The Good Templar lodge of this city is exceedingly prosperous, numbering about 120 members, and is considered the banner lodge of the State.

We are indebted to friends in different portions of the county for favors.

A ROGUE RIVER CHIEF.—One of the finest looking Indian Chiefs we have seen for many a day, strode into our sanctum on Monday, and announced himself as George Harney, a Rogue River Chief. He stands about six feet in his moccasins, is twenty-eight years old, is a model of strength, has regular, clean cut features, with an eye like the lordly eagle, with hair straight and as black as a raven's wing. Chief Harney was about to leave for a long tour through the Eastern States, with Col. Meacham, he informed us, and he did not wish to leave his native hills, it may be forever, without leaving some mark of his high regard and esteem for the Government Agent at Siletz, Mr. Fairchild. He pronounced, in fair English, a eulogy upon the Siletz Indian Agent that was flattering indeed. "His uniform kindness, unvarying thruthfulness, and charity for the shortcomings of my red brothers, has secured their love and esteem, and they would lay down their lives for him." We suspect that the Agent at Siletz is the right man in the right place, and wish him the greatest success in his mission.

TO BE REMEMBERED.—We have been notified by the agent at this city, Wr. Wyatt, that Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express Co. proposes to carry all exchanges between the different papers on this coast free of charge,—thus cutting down quite a bill of expense for the newspaper proprietors, as all papers going into the U. S. mail from publication offices, since the first of January, must be prepaid. This generous offer of Wells, Fargo & Co. saves the prepayment of postage on exchanges at least, which is quite a little sum in the course of a year. This favor will be remembered.

The Yaquina Railroad project is steadily advancing in public favor in Benton county, says the *Gazette*. A recent survey made by competent gentlemen sets at rest all doubts as to the practicability of its construction. A much nearer and better route than the one hitherto calculated upon has been discovered, the only serious object being the necessity of tunneling about three hundred feet at one place: A series of meetings are contemplated in Benton county, calculated to more thoroughly awaken and arouse public sentiment in that and adjoining counties. There is now a strong feeling in portions at least of Linn county, in favor of the construction of the road; and we are inclined to believe a liberal amount of aid could be secured from our citizens, if properly approached.

The ice in the river gorged just below this city early on Wednesday, and remained so until sometime in the night. In the meantime the water in the Willamette raised some eighteen or twenty inches. Mr. Backus who crossed the river on the ice said it was perfectly solid, and did not give or tremble under his weight. In some places where the ice had been forced one piece upon another, and then frozen together, the ice was fully three feet thick. These immense masses of ice will doubtless do a deal of damage as they go crushing and tearing down the river on their way to the ocean.

SUCH FUN!—We hear of a gay and festive couple who embarked in a gaudy sleigh, with spirited match horses ornamented with sleigh bells, for a high toned ride. They had not proceeded far when the animals got the best of the gay young man, ran away, upset the sleigh, throwing the occupants out in a most undesirable spot, and there leaving them. They hoofed it home. We scorn to mention names.

PARAGRAMLETS.

Wheat 65c.

Mrs. Loony Bond left this city on Tuesday for Salem.

The U. S. mail from Lebanon, on Tuesday, came in on a bob-sled.

Markets extremely dull, with no change of note in prices.

The Willamette full of floating ice on Tuesday.

The insinuating Chinook zephyrs melted the snow rapidly on Tuesday.

Business has been quite dull during the week.

A. Wheeler, Esq., of Shedd, paid us a pleasant visit on Wednesday.

Rebekah meeting to-morrow night. Don't fail to be on hand.

Rev. I. D. Driver favored us with a call on Wednesday.

A furious storm of wind and rain raged furiously almost all day yesterday.

Thurston Hackleman is thought to be out of danger and slowly recovering from typhoid fever.

G. W. C. T., W. R. Dunbar, called a few moments on Monday. He is laboring most efficiently in the temperance cause.

Communication from "Athol" received yesterday—press day. Will receive due attention next week. Do it more.

Purge out the Morbid Humors of the Blood, by a dose of two of *Ayer's Pills*, and you will have clearer heads as well as bodies.

W. R. Dunbar, of Salem, lectured at the Court House, on temperance, on Tuesday evening. He was to lecture at Corvallis on Wednesday, Harrisburg on Thursday, and at Muddy on Friday.

The ice blockade at Portland on Wednesday prevented the crossing of the Willamette; in consequence we had no mail.

The Willamette at this place was blocked up with ice on Wednesday, the mail from Corvallis failed to connect.

Work suspended on the Greenhorn Ditch, owing to the extreme cold weather in the mountains, to be resumed as soon as the weather will permit.

Col. A. B. Meacham, of Salem, called on Monday. The Col. took the southern bound train on Tuesday, en route for San Francisco and the East.

On the morning of the 17th a fire broke out in the residence of Andy Americ, Corvallis, but was soon extinguished with snow. Damage slight.

Here's the latest: "I'll put a head on you," said a little gamin to a companion. "You try it," was the reply, "and your mother's monkey will be a cherub in ten seconds."

Owing to the ice blockade, there were but few ministers in attendance at the District meeting announced to be held in the M. E. Church, commencing on Tuesday, and the meeting was postponed indefinitely.

W. R. Dunbar, Esq., Grand Worthy Chief Templar of Oregon, while riding on horseback to one of his appointments on Wednesday of last week, had his hands and ears badly frost bitten.

Mr. Lamb, the successor of Dr. Plummer in the superintendency of the W. U. Telegraph Co.'s lines on the North Pacific, was in the city part of Tuesday and Wednesday.

Wm. Tally will close up his billiard saloon in a few weeks, to engage in the more profitable and healthy employment of a shepherd. He expects to locate in Southern Oregon.

We omitted to mention last week, that at the meeting of Orgeana Encampment No. 5. I.O.O.F., of this city held on the evening of the 8th, Past Chief Patriarch Backensto installed the officers elect for the current term, as follows: Wm. Tally, C. P.; N. Baum, H. P.; Coll. Van Cleve, S. W.; P. H. Raymond, S.; C. Kiefer, T.; A. N. Arnold, J. W.

Live quails at the Beehive store.

It is rumored that the O. & C. Railroad track from Eugene to Roseburg will be taken up during the coming summer. We put no confidence in the rumor, but stranger things have happened.

Books and Brains.

For the comprehensive study of any given subject, many books are essential, yet few can afford the luxury of a large private library. To those of us who have chosen our homes on the Pacific slope, no study possesses deeper interest than that of our portion of the continent, its people, history, geography, climate, and resources. As our country is still called a new one, of which we all may term ourselves the early settlers, and as making books is not ordinarily the first care of pioneers, it would not seem, at first thought, a difficult or impracticable task to bring together the few books which would tell the whole story. Hubert Bancroft, of San Francisco, was one of the few who attempted to form such a collection, and the only one to persevere after realizing the difficulties in his way. He has collected nearly twenty thousand volumes on the western half of North America. It has taken fifteen years hard search to do it, and he is still hard at work. This is not an encouraging prospect for men of literary tastes interested in Pacific Coast history, especially as hundreds of the works in the Bancroft collection are manuscripts, not elsewhere to be found, and hundreds more are of great rarity and of great pecuniary as well as historic value. But Mr. Bancroft has formed his grand collection with no intention of hoarding his literary treasure. On the contrary, his only aim is to save others the labor and mony expended by him, by giving to the public, in a compact, accessible form, what each reader should glean for himself only at the expense of a fortune and a life-time of research. He believes he can satisfactorily condense into fifty volumes all that is valuble and interesting in his twenty thousand. He begins with the native races, the true Americans. Twelve hundred authors have written on the subject. Few could or would collect these books, fewer still would have the patience to search their contents, yet all would gladly possess and read what is known of the aborigines. Mr. Bancroft has embodied in five octavo volumes all that the twelve hundred writers say on the subject; and the first volume, containing more than the equivalent of one man's work for ten years, is now before the public, to be followed by the others in rapid succession. Mr. C. H. Mattoon, the agent for this great work in this community, deserves a cordial welcome on the part of our citizens. If Mr. Bancroft lives to complete his gigantic task, he will, practically, put into the hands of every reader on the coast a Pacific library, equal in value, though less bulky, than his own.

As a bridal party were leaving the French cathedral, in Quebec, recently, a heavy snow slide came from the roof into their vehicle, just as they were starting for home, and, besides burying the whole party, so filled the sleigh with snow that it had to be turned upside down to clear out its contents. The inmates suffered little beyond a scare.

The Virginia Senate has passed a bill to suppress games of chance, which is, perhaps, the most sweeping one of its kind on the statutes of this country. Under it every species of lottery, gift enterprise or raffle is forbidden, and even the ladies are debarred from raffling articles of their handiwork at the fairs.

PARTING.

And must we part? Has fate decreed
That at no distant day
We two must tread divergent paths,
Nor meet more on life's way?

Shall my fond arm no more around
Thy yielding waist be thrown,
And shall my ear no more drink in
Thy softly murmur'd tone?

Shall my warm hand, with pressure light,
No more clasp thy dear fingers;
Nor lip touch lip with fervent kiss
That softly, sweetly lingers?

Shall my eyes gaze no more in thine,
Whose liquid depths reveal
As great a wealth of tenderness
As human heart can feel?

Ah! no; another arm than mine
Does now thy form embrace;
Ah! yes, another hand than mine
Does thy small fingers press.

Upon another ear than mine
Thy tones shall shortly fall;
Another heart than mine shall feel
Thine eyes' bewitching thrall.

Behind the darkest cloud that comes
And shrouds us in deep gloom,
Angels of mercy hover near
To shield us from our doom.

ALBANY, Jan. 19, '75. ORTHODOX.

Weather by Telegraph.

The following shows the state of the weather on Thursday of last week at different points:

FOUR O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON.

Oakland—The weather is very cold. There is two inches of snow on the ground, and still is falling.

Junction City—We have three inches of snow on the ground, and it is still falling. A strong north wind blowing and very cold.

Weston, Umatilla County—Weather very cool, the thermometer indicating 34 degrees below zero.

SEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON.

Redding, California—The weather is not cold. Raining very hard, with no appearance of snow.

Yreka, California—A light snow has been falling during the day. It melted as fast as it fell, and up to the present time none lies upon the ground.

Jacksonville—We have about four inches of snow upon the ground. It has been falling all day long. The weather is moderating considerably.

Roseburg—Been snowing since noon. About three and a-half inches upon the ground. The weather is very cold.

Salem—It commenced snowing at an early hour this morning and continued during the day, with a high wind from the north, and bitter cold. The oldest inhabitant has no recollection of anything like it. Snow is now six inches deep and still snowing. Water pipes were all frozen up this morning.

A SLY PUSS.—A popular young lady on West Adams street, who has about forty young gentlemen on the roll of her personal friends, has entered into a speculation that promises to pay better than a grain corner or a gambling hell, with all the city officials for silent partners. She bought the canvas for forty-one pairs of slippers, all of a pattern, leased out the making of forty pairs of them to an aged colored seamstress, and has kept the forty-first pair in the parlor, where she can have them on hand whenever one of her lovers calls. Of course the young man asks for whom she is working those pretty slippers, and she replies with that bewitching dropping of the eyelids which is one part modesty and two parts wink: "O, they're for a Christmas present for a young gentleman friend of mine." Then the infatuated youth goes off and buys her a seal-skin jacket or a pair of earrings, or an easy chair, for his Christmas gift. She will bestow upon each of her adorers a pair of slippers worked by the colored seamstress and fitted by a Dutch shoemaker with one eye, each costing on an average $2 65, while she estimates that her presents will net $45 to the adorer. The pair she is working herself will be presented to a young dry goods clerk in Aurora, to whom she was secretly married last September. —*Chicago Tribune.*

An army officer relates this queer incident: "Corporal John Smith, with four men, were employed recently on detail duty a few miles from Fort Sill, Indian Territory. They were surrounded by a hundred Comanches with hostile intentions. The soldiers took to the only available shelter, an old buffalo wallow, where in an uncomfortable position they managed to protect their bodies and keep the Indians at a distance for the day and night. The next morning, suffering for food and water, something energetic had to be done. Corporal Smith tore off a piece of his white shirt and wrote on it a note describing their situation. He tied this to the neck of a small, shaggy mongrel dog which had followed them from the fort; then battering up a canteen, he fastened it to the animal's tail, and giving him a kick, started him off yelping. The corporal says the dog just thumped himself.' The Indians, thinking it a mere act of bravado, paid no attention to the dog. Within two hours he reached the fort, and aid was immediately sent to the besieged soldiers, the Indians making off at the first sight of the rescuing party."

TORTURED AND FROZEN TO DEATH.—St. Louis, Jan. 7.—The *Republican* has a special from Topeka, Kan., stating that Joseph B. North, alias "Buffalo Joe," who murdered George Jones on Christmas evening a year ago, was hanged to a telegraph pole by a mob on the night of December 30, at Wallace, Kansas. The knot of the rope with which he was hanged caught under his chin and did not choke him; so he hung for a long time in that position, talking to the mob, imploring them to release him, but received only jeers in return. He did not die for over two hours, and finally froze to death. The sheriff of Ellis county is after the mob, and the leaders will soon be captured.

A man somewhat under the influence of liquor took another man who sat next to him at the Theater in Troy, the other night, into his confidence, and told him all about his preparations to break open a safe, offering him a share in the job. The second man was one of the city detectives, and the generous thief soon found himself in jail.

Somebody has counted 2,500 grangers in Colorado.