

TERMS IN ADVANCE. One copy, one year, \$2.00. One copy, six months, \$1.50. To clubs of twenty, each copy, \$1.00. Single copies, 5 cents.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 27, 1876.

DEED. August 21st, 1876, in this city, the youngest son of Coll. and Frank L. Van-Cleve, aged ten months and twenty-one days.

LIST OF LETTERS. Remaining in the Albany Postoffice, Aug. 26, 1876. Persons calling for these letters must give the date on which they were advertised.

PARAGRAPHS. Our old Corvallis friend, Johnnie Williams, called a moment Thursday morning.

So far, we believe, no money has reached this market for the purchase of grain. And the prospect now is that another month may elapse before such an event takes place.

On Wednesday, Charley Taylor cut Mr. Nicholson, a blacksmith, with a pocket knife, in the side. The wound is not considered dangerous.

A row occurred in one of our saloons Wednesday night, in which a derringer was thrown in sight, and probably would have been used had not spectators interfered.

The Albany Express ran over a wagon that was crossing the track Monday evening on her up trip, knocking the vehicle and its load all to flinders.

FOR THE BAY.—Dr. Gamble and family left on Wednesday morning last, bound for Yaquina Bay, where he goes to reside.

ARM BROKES.—Last Friday Louis Miller's daughter, Tony, aged nine years, was precipitated from a lumber wagon.

SEATED PROPOSALS.—As will be seen in an advertisement elsewhere in this paper, Gen. Michler will receive sealed proposals at his office in Portland.

QUARTER MEETING.—At the M. E. Church to-morrow and next day—Saturday and Sunday.

W. H. Dodd started from this city for Eugene in a two-horse buggy on Saturday at 3 o'clock P. M.

When we read in an exchange that an editor had just "received from Europe the sorrowful intelligence of the death of the aged mother of his brother-in-law."

Geo. F. Settlement, who went to San Francisco several weeks since, to have his eyes doctored, we learn is on his way home.

Any one wanting to invest in a desirable residence, surrounded with large grounds and all the usual out-houses, fruit and ornamental trees, etc., can secure just the place they want by enquiring at this office.

THE RECEPTION.—Held at the Methodist parsonage on Tuesday night, welcoming to their new field of labor Rev. Mr. Vanderol and family, who were most agreeable and pleasant, and thoroughly appreciated by the recipients.

RETURNED.—Judge Baber, after an absence of several months visiting in the East, principally in Virginia, has returned to old Lane, where he received a hearty welcome from his many friends.

There is no excuse for those who drag their weary and disordered bodies into our parsonage, when a few doses of Ayer's Sarsaparilla would cleanse their murky blood and restore their health and vigor.

Maj. Habersham was in the city yesterday. He is engaged in surveying the Upper Willamette for the contemplated improvements this season.

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VISIT TO FISH LAKE.

ALBANY, Or., Aug. 19th, 1876.

ED. REGISTER.—In planning for a vacation we were at some loss in determining between the advantages of Yaquina Bay and Clear Lake, which are the two rival places of Summer resort for this part of the valley.

After drinking a few pints of soda water, and observing the curious formation of the rocks thereabouts, and the clear pools in the bed of the Santiam, suggesting brook trout, we resume our journey, passing at last a huge mass of basaltic formation, called "Elephant Rock."

Thus we go, threading our way along the narrow trail, over stones and stumps, around abrupt curves, winding here and there among the trees, forced to take every advantage of the ground, with huge mountains above and deep canyons yawning below.

When we reach the summit the ladies, who have been obliged to walk the entire distance, are glad to get in "and all take a ride" in a mile or so we come to Summit Prairie, where we camp to lunch, and rest our weary horses.

At length we reach Fish Lake, 82 miles from Albany, the end of our journey. By the advice of friends we are persuaded to seek a camp upon the Lava beds.

Many of your readers are familiar with the details of camp life, and some of the facts are not particularly pleasant to review. Although our camp was quite picturesque, under the great firs, and just overlooking the waters of Fish Lake, it was not at all romantic.

After lunch, a higher peak than any yet ascended afforded attractions not yet enjoyed, whence a beautiful lake, nestling down at the foot of the surrounding peaks, could be seen.

It was now 5 P. M., and not less than ten to twelve miles from camp. A wooded point to the right looked attractive, especially if it could be turned without much climbing.

After two hours that summit appeared scarcely one hundred yards ahead. A stony bluff, or a deep canyon to right or left, showed the light through the trees and promised an outlet. Up and up, with extreme difficulty, and often serious danger, scaling rocky faces, hold-

quality of the waters at lower soda. We found several parties camping here, hoping to be benefited by the curative properties of these springs.

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with scores of others, which help to destroy each other. Occasionally as we drive along, some old tree has so far rotted that it falls with a tremendous crash. Sometimes they block the way and have to be burnt or chopped out, before teams can pass.

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After we were somewhat satisfied with the novelties of the situation, the rafts were anchored in about fifty feet of water and the party devoted itself to the serious work of fishing. These lake trout are very fine, some of them weighing from 2 1/2 to 4 pounds.

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ing on to projecting points, hurrying over some gravelly slope which sent the rattling stones down to the bottom, grasping bushes, or root or weed, and at last enveloped in driving clouds and mist, below and above, in the gloom of the coming darkness, and the top still at an unknown distance, the prospect was not specially encouraging.

An opening of burnt timber offered a faint hope of success, but dense thickets, vine maple and clusters of a thorn weed, made traveling in the dark impossible. Fire kindled with nearly the last match, lighted up the mountain solitude and made the increasing cold endurable without coat or blanket, with a piece of bark for a pillow, and the uneven ground for a bed, repose was somewhat broken and not very refreshing.

The details of the tramp will not be very interesting in the relating, as they were not experiencing, except to mention a shot at a curious young deer who stuck its head round a big fir to find out who was fooling away his time out so far from home, so early in the morning.

The buck fever would come on whenever the bounding creatures suggested game. Always regretting the inability to get a shot until the noonday sun revealed the fact that the water-fall sounding so distinctly was the outlet of Clear Lake into the McKeezie, and that we had gone miles out of the way.

When the vision had been somewhat satisfied with the magnificent views of mountain and gorge, and the apparent depths of the adjacent canyon sounded by huge rocks, dislodged from their ancient resting places, rolling and bounding with more than the stride and speed of a race-horse, crashing through the trees, raising clouds of dust, until the resounding echoes came up to tell of a final resting place.

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Having been driver, hostler, hunter, boatman and fisherman, hever of wood and drawer of water, by turns, we have now to show our skill as blacksmith. An hour finds us on our way down the hill, and another hour doubles over our boat again.

We make out to reach the Mountain House, where another trial of skill, and a chain borrowed from Uncle Mack, sends us on our way rejoicing. We make out to reach the blacksmith shop in Sweet Home valley, and by keeping the smith up half the night, are ready to resume the journey early in the morning.

We went our way round the obstruction, and after a short halt to lunch, and another to shoot grass, passing by vast grain fields, ripe for the sickle, listening to the music of reaper or header and thresher, fitting thousands of bushels of wheat for market, at last we reach our own Albany, glad to be at home once more.

And that is how we saw the mountains, and if you want to know anything more about how a preacher was lost and found, ask Andy Carothers, S. soda water man.