



The Albany Register.

VOLUME VIII.

ALBANY, OREGON, NOVEMBER 26, 1875.

NO. 10.

BUSINESS CARDS.

SAMUEL E. YOUNG,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

**DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
GROCERIES,
BOOTS & SHOES,
THRESHERS,
REAPERS & MOWERS,
WAGONS, PLOWS,
SEED DRILLS,
BROADCAST SEED
MOWERS, ETC.**

First street, Albany, Oregon.
Terms: - Cash.

American Exchange Hotel.

Cor. Front and Washington sts.

ALBANY, OREGON.

THE AMERICAN EXCHANGE HOTEL, so popular under the former management, will be transferred on the 1st of October, to Mr. E. W. BIRDY. Mr. Birdy, in addition to being a first class caterer, is thorough in the hotel business. sept. 29/75-11.

St. Charles Hotel,

Corner Washington and First Sts.,

ALBANY, OREGON,

Mathews & Morrison,
PROPRIETORS.

House newly furnished throughout. The best the market affords always on the table. Free coach to and from the House.

P. C. HARPER & CO.,

Dealers in—

DRY GOODS.

Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Groceries, Fancy Goods, Notions, Shagbuns and Pistols, Nails, Rope, Mirrors, Wallpapers, Wood and Willow Ware, Trunks and Valises, Pocket Cutlery, &c., &c.

Sold very low either for cash, or to prompt paying customers on time.

Raising and Moving Buildings.

WE ARE UNDERSIGNED TO LEAVE TO announce to the citizens of Albany and surrounding country that, having supplied ourselves with the necessary machinery for raising and removing buildings, we are ready at all times to receive orders for such work, which we will do in short or long order. We guarantee entire satisfaction in all work undertaken by us. Orders left at the REGISTER office promptly attended to. Apply to BANTY, ALLEN & CO., Albany, Or., April 21, 1875.

O. S. S. CO.

ALBANY, OREGON.

NOTICE.

FROM AND AFTER DATE, UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, FREIGHT FROM PORTLAND TO ALBANY WILL BE

ONE DOLLAR PER TON

All down freight will be delivered at PORTLAND OR ASTORIA.

Free of Drayage and Wharfage.

At Reduced Rates.

Boats will leave ALBANY for CORVALLIS or PORTLAND

Every Day.

For further particulars, apply to BEACH & MONTAGUE, Albany, Nov. 24, 75-12

CHAS. B. MONTAGUE. ROBT. MC'CALEY.

MONTAGUE & MC'CALEY,

A NEW OPENING A MAGNIFICENT

FALL AND WINTER GOODS!

selected with care, and bought for coin at

scandalously low figures!

and as we bought low we can and will sell them at prices that will

Astonish Everybody.

Come and see our selections of Dress Goods, Japanese

Figures, Millinery, Parasols, Ribbons, Collars, Collarettes, Lace, &c., &c.,

for the ladies, and our complete lines of Ready-made Clothing,

Costly, Chamber, Children, Boys, Hats, Caps, &c.,

of all descriptions for men and boys. Also, full

assortments of Groceries, Crockery and Glassware,

or everybody.

The best goods, at the lowest rates every time.

Done and see. Lancaster, Oregon, October 30, 1874.

FOUR-ACRE LOTS

FOR SALE,

Within one mile of Albany

Parties in want of Homestead Lots would do well to call on W. H. DODD & CO., before purchasing elsewhere. Land rich and would make fine garden.

See The whole can be irrigated with very little expense.

W. H. DODD & CO.

Home Interests.

The steamer Ajax is due at Portland tomorrow evening.

M. E. QUARTERLY MEETING.—Saturday and Sunday next. Public services at the church Saturday evening.

Counterfeit half dollars are beginning to make their appearance rather too frequently hereabouts. Look out for them.

TAKES A REST.—The Corvallis Gazette takes a month's rest after this week, to enable the boss to collect what is due, and arrange for the improvement of the paper.

Prof. Hermann, under the management of Mr. Sherry Corby, starts from San Francisco early next month for a tour through Oregon and British Columbia. Look out for him when he arrives in this district.

Mr. Dunning has increased his stock of furniture, and now has his elegant store-room crowded with as handsome an assortment as was ever brought to this city. He is offering goods, too, at very reasonable figures. See ad. elsewhere.

THE WOOLEN MILL.—This is certainly an enterprise that commends itself to everybody. Every man in the city, who can possibly do so, should subscribe for stock, so that the enterprise may at once be set upon its feet. Every one who takes a hand in helping to secure this enterprise to Albany will have done an act which he will remember with pleasure ever after.

Gen. Michler, who has been in charge of this lighthouse district for a year or two past, has been ordered to report at Philadelphia, to await orders. It is understood that Gen. Wilson will be assigned to this district. Gen. Michler will probably not go East until next month. He will carry with him the good wishes of all who were acquainted with him.

FIRE.—The fire Sunday night at the Democrat office emptied the different churches of the city in a jiffy. The night was intensely dark and stormy, adding to the terror always inspired by the cry of fire. The side and crosswalks in the vicinity of the burning building were soon crowded with men, women and children, all eager to aid in extinguishing the fire. Our people are always ready to lend their aid in emergencies of this kind.

Harry Webber, the young man who was some time ago arrested in Albany and taken to The Dalles to be tried for horse stealing, has been entirely exonerated from the charge, the grand jury having failed to find an indictment against him. And what is better, another party was convicted of the offense, which completely clears up any suspicion which might rest upon young Webber in regard to the matter.

STEAM FIRE ENGINE SECURED.—Half the stock necessary to purchase a steam fire engine for the Twosters has been subscribed, and the remainder will soon be secured. The holders of stock will organize by the election of Directors, as soon as the necessary notice can be given, when the engine, a No. 4 Clapp & Jones, with jumper, 500 feet of hose, etc., will be ordered. The members of Lion Engine Company No. 2 are in the best of spirits over the prospect of obtaining a steamer at an early date.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.—Saturday morning last, Frank Chambers was fearfully mangled and bruised by a saw log which caught him in its fall, knocking him down and rolling on him. As near as we could learn them, the facts are these: A large fir had been sawed nearly in two, at the logging camp on Rainwater's place opposite this city, when Frank took his ax and went on the lower side of the hill to cut the log through on the under side. The log was much nearer in two than he thought for, and he gave the log but one blow when it fell, throwing him down and rolling on him. He lay beneath the terrible weight of that log for half an hour, with leg broken and hip crushed, before sufficient assistance could be obtained to lift the log. Dr. D. M. Jones was called, who rendered all the assistance in his power. Young Chambers will hardly get well.

Prayer-Meetings. Under this heading the Oregon City Enterprise remarks as follows: The noon-day prayer-meetings which were given in Allen's dance cellar in New York, are said to have produced much good. Allen himself, at one time known as "the wickedest man in New York," is said to have been thoroughly converted, and now is engaged, like the ex-English prize-fighter, Bendigo, in spreading the good work among his own and lower classes. Business men in New York City to this day attend the once resort of vice as regularly as the priest reads his breviary. The efficacy of prayer in this place is said to have been, on numerous occasions, most fully demonstrated.

From a correspondent we learn that during the noon prayer meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association, Portland, a well known gambler arose, and drawing from his pocket an elegantly made card box, said: "I want to be a Christian," handing at the same time the card box to a member of the Association, "and I want you to take this and remember me in your prayers." He then took two packs of cards from his pockets and gave one to General Howard one to Rev. Mr. Chasin, Secretary of the Association. As these implements

of vice were given up, accompanied by earnest, pathetic words, many in the room were moved to tears. And we have no doubt but there was that rejoicing in Heaven which the Good Book tells us comes invariably from the return of a contrite sinner.

GIL.

A ragged, sad-eyed boy, aged nine or ten, stopped me on the street the other day and said:

"I haven't had anything to eat this whole day! Won't you please give me ten cents?"

I gave it to him. I'd have given the money if it had been necessary to pawn my hat.

"Do you let impostors swindle you in that manner?" inquired an intimate acquaintance.

A journalist who has knocked around for a daily paper a dozen years has seen every phase of human life. Men, women, and children have swindled him, or sought to; people have lied to him; his money has been given to whining, lying vagrants who told direful tales of distress, and he ought to be able to correctly read human nature.

"I'll bet that boy is a professional beggar," continued my friend, chuckling at the idea of my being swindled.

None of us care for the loss of a ship-plaster on the street, while every one feels vexed and annoyed at the idea of being swindled out of a single penny. I could not say the boy was not a swindler, and yet I would have divided my last shilling with him.

"Why?"

"I told my friend why, and I will also tell you.

One day last year when the wind blew the snow over the house-roofs, and around the corners in blinding clouds, and when the frosty air cut one's face like a knife, a boy of ten came up to me as I waited for the car. He was thinly clad. His face betrayed hunger and suffering, and in a mournful voice he pleaded:

"I'm hungry and cold."

"Why don't you go home?" I asked.

"I haven't any."

"Haven't you any relatives?"

"Not one!"

"How long have you been here?"

"Three weeks."

The boy spoke in that drawl which professional beggars assume. I believed, too, that I had seen his face on the streets time and again. I hardened my heart and then said:

"Boy! I know you, and if I catch you asking any one for money again I'll have you arrested!"

He moved away quickly. I argued that this proved his guilt, forgetting that a homeless, friendless waif might evince fear when entirely innocent.

Five hours later, when night had come, and the wind had grown to a fierce gale, the boy halted me again as I plunged through the snow drifts. I did not see him until he cried out:

"Mister! I'm almost starved, and I'll freeze to death if I can't get some place to sleep!"

The same thin ragged clothes, hardly comfortable enough for June weather—the same white to his voice. I felt like giving him money, but the fear that he had been sent out by his parents to beg restrained and angered me. Catching him by the arm I yelled out:

"See here, boy! if you don't own up that you are lying to me I'll take you to the station!"

Through the blinding storm I saw his white face grow paler and paler, and he cried back:

"Don't take me—don't! Yes sir, I am lying!"

I released him and he hurried away, while I walked on, flattering myself that I had played a sharp game and done the generous public a good turn.

and freely. But I was angry at his trailing me—angry that he thought he could swindle me, and I grabbed at him and inquired:

"Boy, what is your name?"

He leaped back, and standing where the furious storm almost buried him from sight, he answered:

"Gil."

"I know you sir!" I shouted, and he moved slowly away without uttering another word.

May the Lord forgive me for that night's work! but you might have acted the same. When morning came, after a night so bitter that policemen were frozen on their beats, I opened the door to find that boy dead on the steps—frozen to death! I knew, as the dead white face looked up at me through the snow, that I had wronged him with my suspicious, but it was too late then—the angels had opened to him a gate leading to where the human heart and its unworthy thoughts can never enter. Poor Gil! A warm meal or a shilling would have saved his life, and I drove him out to his death.

This is why I give when I am asked how. I know that I sometimes give to the unworthy, thinking that it would be better to give all I possessed to an impostor than to have another homeless waif creep back to die on the spot where I had unjustly accused him.

The Pacific Coast Mines.

Ten years ago John Mackey was working as a mining laborer in a little exploring shaft in Virginia City. He swung his pick vigorously, and was paid \$4 a day. To-day he has a larger income than any other single individual in America, and if his wealth continues to accumulate as it has in the past two years, his fortune will rival that of the richest Rothschild. Mr. Mackey is the head of the great firm of Flood & O'Brien of San Francisco, whose gigantic operations and grand aggregation of capital recently swamped the Bank of California, and hurled Sharon, Ralston and Jones from their financial pedestal.

The members of the firm are John Mackey, James C. Flood, William S. O'Brien and Col. James G. Fair. Mr. Mackey is the financial head, Flood and O'Brien attend to the interests of the firm in California, and Col. Fair is working superintendent of the mines in Virginia City. The latter embraces the Consolidated Virginia, the richest mine ever discovered in Nevada, late turning out a million and a half a month; the California, adjoining it, with even a larger body of ore; the Hale and Norcross, Best and Belcher, Gould and Curry, Sierra, Nevada, Mexican, and finally the famous Savage, which in years gone by has turned out its millions.

Besides, they own a score of small mines, any one of which may at any time turn up a bonanza. Of the entire business and profits of the firm, Mr. Mackey has a three-fifths interest. The firm owns 66,000 shares of Consolidated Virginia stock, on which they declare a monthly dividend of \$10 a share. Mackey's share of this is \$396,000 a month. Of stock in the California mine, they own 60,000 shares. The first monthly dividend is to be declared in November and this will add to Mr. Mackey's income, \$360,000 a month. The other mines that the firm control pay no dividends, but they yield a large revenue to the firm in ways more indirect.

For instance, the firm owns all the wood used in their working, for fuel, &c., and they sell it to the companies at an immense profit. The Savage, Hale and Norcross, and Gould and Curry all crush more or less ore, and this is done in the firm's mills at a cost of \$13 a ton. The yield of silver being scarcely enough to pay the cost of both mining and crushing, assessments are levied to make up the deficiency. The firm's income from this source and from crushing the ore of the Consolidated Virginia, which is also done in their own mills, is estimated at \$50,000 a month, of which put Mr. Mackey down for \$30,000.

Add to this the prospective profits of the Nevada Bank, which has just opened with a cash capital of \$5,000,000 and which is the exclusive property of the firm, and you may then figure out the income of Mr. Mackey. The Bank of California paid for years 18 per cent. on their \$5,000,000 capital. The profits of the new bank cannot be less. This amounts to \$300,000, or \$25,000 a month, of which Mr. Mackey's share will be \$45,000. To sum up, then, Mackey will have for the next year from his mining and bullion interests alone the colossal income of \$881,000 a month, or at the rate of nearly \$10,000,000 a year. This does not include the income of his vast wealth in real estate.

For the past year he has been making large investments in the very heart of the city. Whole blocks of the most valuable real estate in San Francisco have been purchased, and the income from this cannot

well be estimated, but it must be enormous.

Mr. Mackey is the most retiring and modest of any of the California millionaires. He lives in Virginia, but his family spend most of their time in San Francisco. He dresses plainly, and might be supposed to be a well-to-do farmer—nothing more. Already the Nevada politicians are moving to make him Senator Jones's successor in Washington. If he wants the place, he can undoubtedly buy it for much less money than Jones paid, for Nevada politicians are poor and hungry, and will sell out cheap.

Of Mackey's partners, J. C. Flood is the most important. With O'Brien, Flood used to keep a little grocery on Sansome street, San Francisco. They did not close the establishment until 1867. They made some money at the business and invested it with Mackey in the purchase of the ground that is a part of the Consolidated Virginia mine. Flood and O'Brien are Irishmen. They are shrewd and sharp in business, generous to their friends, and unrelenting to their enemies. They took up a poverty stricken newspaper man last spring—a man who had done them some little turn while they were in the whisky business—and in three days made him worth \$75,000. On the other hand, Sharon, and Ralston, and the Bank of California, which had offended them, they crushed out in three weeks, and they would have kept the bank down but for Ralston's death and the popular outcry against them. Flood recently bought \$3,000,000 worth of real estate, and said himself just before the new bank opened that he had \$4,000,000 lent on call at one per cent. a month. His wealth is second only to that of Mackey. Col. Fair is the only man of book education in the firm. He has long been a mining superintendent, and is somewhat noted for tricks that are vain. When he was poor, a few years ago, he was known by some as "Lying Jim Fair," and by others as "Slippery Jim," but everybody calls him Col. Fair now. He is worth ten millions.

Circumstances Control Men's Destiny.

The Oregonian of last week says: "During the last fair at Salem an old coachman went into Rockwell's horse show. When he came to the door, a young man by the name of Cole was at the entrance. He handed Cole a \$5 gold piece. The people were pressing so that Cole had no time to make change, and said to the man, 'go in and take your seat and I will bring you your change when the rush is over.' When Cole presented his change, the man said it was ten dollars he gave him. Cole said it was but five. Mr. Rockwell said to the coachman that he saw the money and it was but five dollars. The man gave him the \$5 and lie twice. Mr. Rockwell asked him to be civil, and about that time he gave Cole the lie. Cole put in a blow and knocked him down. His friends carried him out. Soon after the Marshal came to arrest Cole, who had stepped back out of sight. Mr. Rockwell told the Marshal that if he would take Cole before a justice and give him a fair trial, he would have him come in, give himself up and would pay his fine. It was agreed to and the fine proved to be \$30 and costs, amounting to \$30 more, which was considered out of all reason. The Sunday following Cole stared in advance of the rest of the troupe to Dallas, Rockwell having advertised to show at five different points on his circuit to Portland. Mr. Cole had only got six miles from Salem, when a party of eight half-breeds and roughs came up with him, headed him off, and ordered him to halt, saying they were friends of the coach driver and had come to mob him. He drew his revolver and stood them off until he could take his horses loose from the wagon and came back to Salem, leaving the wagon in the road. He reported to Rockwell, who at once said if he had to fight his way into a community he would not go. Mr. Cole said that if he would send all the boys along he could go, but could not go alone. Mr. Rockwell replied that if it might cost bloodshed and money would not pay for that; that he should take the boys and bring back the wagon and he would ship next day to Portland then to Victoria and leave for California. Hence his connection with the ill-fated steamer. It may be well to state, the coachman had borrowed the \$5 and many witnesses saw it put into Cole's hands.

An Iowa girl has a chest, containing two dozen pillow cases, six bed quilts and comforters, three dozen towels, and six table cloths, and her father has given her two cows and ten sheep. And yet the young Patrons around there hesitate about marrying her, because she is cross-eyed, and they cannot tell which eye means when she smiles at the crowd in church.

A CURIOUS GEOGRAPHICAL PROBLEM.

A curious geographical problem is suggested by the appearance at the mouth of the Seine, near Havre, in the course of the present month, of one of the hermetically sealed bottles in wooden cases, which were thrown overboard during Prince Napoleon's North Pole Expedition in 1860. Wooden-covered bottles of this kind were thrown into the sea daily in the month of June, in that year from the Prince's ship, in the expectation that the course taken by them would lead to the elucidation of the direction of the greater oceanic currents; but during the fourteen and a half years that have intervened since then none of these bottles have been seen till the present one was washed ashore. Its appearance at the mouth of the Seine seems to indicate that a polar current must be borne into the German Ocean, and must be carried thence through the channel to the Western coast of France.

WHAT THE MENNONITES ARE.

The great influx of Mennonites into this country, and their settlement in colonies in the Western States, give a universal interest to all matters connected with their history, religion and social customs. They derive their name from Mennon Symons, a contemporary of Luther, under whose guidance they were organized and indoctrinated. In some respects they are like the Quakers, in still others like themselves. They are opposed to War and consistently refuse military service or to hold civil office. They decline to take oaths, in obedience to the Christian precept, "Swear not at all." They hold it sinful to receive or pay a salary for preaching, and their preachers are chosen by lot. There are no changes apparent in their relations to the world and business. They toil from Monday morning to Saturday night at the avocation in which they were found when called to the work of the ministry. On the Sabbath they rise before immense throngs of devout people and solemnly tell them that now they are going to hand over the truth just as they get it from the Holy Spirit, and "they feel to say" thus and so.

On Wall Street.—The character of Wall street business may be understood by reading the reports of what has been done on Wall street in the last week. We learn that in round numbers nine hundred and forty-five thousand shares were bought and sold. Of these shares seven hundred thousand represent what are called fancy stocks—that is, stocks of nominal value, the trade in which cannot be considered as a sound expression of business. The buying and selling of these stocks, as reported in the tables, as so is a misnomer. They are not really bought or sold, but "puts" and "calls" and other contracts for their delivery have been the staple of trade, and many of the sales, too, have been nominal between agents of some stock-jobber anxious to give a false value to the market. The two hundred and forty thousand shares of honest stocks which have been sold are a gratifying indication of the real revival in business. During the Summer the whole burden of shares in wall street were these fancy securities. We can understand the exact value of Wall street as we mark the diminution of the sales of the fancy stocks and the increase in the sales of the real stocks.

LIGHT AND SUNSHINE.

Children need sunshine as much as flowers do. Half an hour daily is not enough. Several hours are required. The most beautiful flowers that ever studded a meadow could not be made half so beautiful without days and days of the glad light that streams through space. Light for children. Sunshine for the little elves that gladden this otherwise gloomy earth. Deal it out in generous fulness to them. Let the nursery be in the sunshine. Better plant roses on the dark side of an iceberg than rear babies and children in rooms and alleys stunted of the light that makes them happy.—Dr. Hall.

A meek-looking stranger was sitting on the station platform reading a newspaper, when he suddenly let it fall from his hands and burst into tears. "What is your grief, my dear sir," hastily asked an astonished and sympathetic bystander. The afflicted man looked up with eyes streaming. "Stranger," he gasped, "do you know that there hasn't a single ex-President alive?" and again he bowed his head and wept.

There were only twelve hundred speeches made in Ohio during the late canvass.

The Cassiar mines this season averaged \$750 to the man, about 800 miners being there.

Pope & Talbot, of Port Gamble mills have purchased the stern wheel steamer Constance, 148 tons, in San Francisco, for \$10,000.

There is a young lady in Silver City who declares she is "tired of going it alone," and wants to know if she is to live the long winter out in such a disconsolate manner.

The first President of Harvard College, Henry Dunster, a clergyman, a scholar, and a true man, was tried, convicted and obliged to resign his office on the charge of being a Baptist.

Mr. James Bates, residing near Jefferson, Marion county, fell from an apple tree on Thursday and broke his leg. Mr. Bates is one of the oldest pioneers of the State, having come to this coast many years ago in the employ of the Hudson Bay Co.

The Ladies' Centennial Committee for Benton met at Corvallis, November 6, 1875. Relics of antiquity, works of art and fancy work of all kinds are earnestly requested. Pressed leaves, wild flowers, mosses, grasses, ferns and all plants common or peculiar to our State are desired.

It is mighty lucky for Chris. Columbus that he is dead—for John S. C. Abbott has started in on his life; and likely as not it is mighty lucky for Abbott that brave Chris. is dead and cannot avenge the life of himself the ruthless scrapper will write. It is enough to die; but it is awful to have one's life tortured by that everlasting life-destroyer.

An executive order will soon be issued reserving for the benefit of California Mission Indians, small remaining tracks of unoccupied public land in the vicinity of their recent home, and it will be recommended that Congress make good by purchase, their loss of title to the rest of the lands heretofore occupied by them.

The Hillsboro Independent says: "What a huge burlesque is Dame Nature making now. Here it is, the snow three inches deep, and still a snowing and blowing like ruin, with the grass growing fresh and tender, tomato vines green, and the apple and pear trees still loaded with fruit. The old girl ought to be ashamed of herself so she ought."

Turkey is afraid Russia will take Constantinople and kick the Crescent out of Europe. Russia is afraid Prussia will take Finland and Poland. France is afraid that Germany will take the province of Champagne as Von Moltke's soldiers got such a first-class taste of its sparkling wine during the 1870 campaign. England is afraid her scattered provinces will take themselves and leave her only a nutshell to crack in her own little isle. Spain is afraid the United States will take Cuba, and Don Hamilton Fish is afraid Cuba will take the United States.

SALT LAKE, NOV. 18.—The case of Brigham Young, held in custody by Marshal Maxwell for contempt, on order of Judge Boreman, of October 29th, coming before Chief Justice White on habeas corpus, it was decided by him to-day that the judgment of Judge Lowe, of May 10th, discharging the prisoner for the alleged contempt and of disobedience to the order of February 26th, by Judge McKean, requiring him to pay alimony to Ann Eliza, was final and conclusive, and that upon the adjournment of that term it became beyond the power of the court; therefore, that the decision of Judge Boreman in committing Brigham Young for contempt is void; that he is wrongfully imprisoned and should be discharged.

Child.—Does the Lord take the papers? Mother.—No, my child; why do you ask? Child.—Oh, I thought he didn't, it takes our minister so long to tell him about things.

Stumbling into his room, he sat down on the edge of the bed and soliloquized thus: "Feet wet, tight boots, a sore on one hand and a felon on t'other, and no bootjack in 's house. Sings got to be different. E'ther I mus' get married, else get a bootjack; whah! I do!"

We may wear our hair shingled and put on style and laugh at the Chinaman, but lie's particular in his way. Just because one beauty's nose was a little out of plumb at a recent sale of Chinese women in San Francisco she brought only the ridiculous sum of sixty-five cents.