

The Albany Register.

VOLUME VIII.

ALBANY, OREGON, MARCH 17, 1876.

NO. 26.

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**

SOWERS, ETC.

First street, Albany, Oregon.

Terms: Cash.

St. Charles Hotel,

Corner Washington and First Sts.,

ALBANY, OREGON,

Matthews & Morrison,

PROPRIETORS.

House newly furnished throughout. The best 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, Stationery and Stationery, Sewing Machines, Wallpaper, Wood and Willow Ware, Trunks and Valises, Pocket Cutlery, &c., &c.

Sold very low either for cash, or to prompt pay, and in quantities to suit customers on time.

Raising and Moving Buildings.

WE THE UNDERSIGNED BEG 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 order at lowest rates. We guarantee entire satisfaction in all work under taken by us. Orders left at the REGISTER office promptly attended to. Apply to
BANTY, ALLEN & CO.,
Albany, Or., April 25, 1875.

O. S. S. CO.

Agents

of

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

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Albany, Nov. 24, 74-75

Agents

CHAR. B. MONTAGUE ROBT. MONTAGUE.

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FALL AND WINTER GOODS!

selected with care, and bought for cash at

Scandalously Low Figures

and as we bought low we can and will sell them at lowest rates. A respectfully solicited

Astonish Everybody.

Comic and see our selections of

Japanese Goods,

Shawls,

Placards,

Brilliantes,

Manicettes,

Poplins,

Embroid.

Ribbons, Collars, Collarettes,

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for the ladies, and our complete lines of

Readymade Clothing,

Hosiery,

Buttons,

Combs, Cottonades,

Cloths,

Shawls,

Boots,

Shoes,

of all descriptions for men and boys. Also, full assortments of

Groceries, Crockery and Glassware,

at every body.

Get low goods at the lowest rates every time. Call and see.

Location, Oregon, October 30, 1874.

Furniture Warerooms.

FRED GRAY,

HAVING purchased the entire interest of G. C. Gray in the late firm of Gray & Collier, in the furniture business, takes this opportunity to inform the citizens of Albany and vicinity that he has succeeded to the business and will continue to operate as usual. All kinds of furniture kept on hand and manufactured to order at lowest rates. FRED GRAY.

Albany, Mar. 18, 1875.

Albany

Bath House & Barber Shop.

THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECTFULLY thank the citizens of Albany and vicinity for the liberal patronage bestowed on him for the past seven years, and hopes for the future a continuation of their favors. For the accommodation of transient customers, and friends in the upper part of town, he has opened a bath and barber shop, near Taylor Bros. saloon, where a good workman will always be in attendance to wait upon patrons.

Dec. 11, 1874. JOE WEBBER.

MY REVENGE.

And this was the end. Richard Grey would marry his sweet-faced cousin; and, more than that, he had meant to have her for his wife, even while he was looking into my eyes with such intoxicating sweetness. I had not given my heart unsought; but this man—this man who had touched my lips with his kisses, while they were yet warm perhaps from those of his betrothed—had all the love of my proud woman's soul.

I stamped my feet in mad, impatient rage. But, alas! I could not take back what I had given him so freely. Be he saint or fiend, it was all the same. I loved him still.

The sweet June air came in through the window, and the warm roses locked up smilingly from below. Their fragrance tickled me. How many times Richard Grey had put just such roses into my hands; and, with all of heaven in his eyes, had told me I was sweeter far than the flowers I held.

I drew the window down with a crash and turned away. What a consummate fool I had been! and what a consummate actor he had been, if indeed, he did not love me! I could not believe it; but if he did not, it had all been child's play with him, I vowed it should be child's play no longer. He should know what love was before we had done. I would move heaven and earth to accomplish this, if necessary. To think that I, Margaret Sterne, should be outwitted, outdone, and made an object of by the will of one man! The blood coursed through my veins again; I was growing angry. The tonic was doing its work nobly.

My aunt's voice came up the stairs: "Margaret, Mr. Grey is here."

"Yes," I answered; and arranging my toilet cossetedly, and with more than usual care, I went down to meet him.

There was a new brilliancy in my cheek, I knew, and an added lustre in my eyes, as I stood before him, bowing my greeting. He noticed it with heightened color.

"How well you are looking this morning, Margaret," he said.

"Am I?" I said, smiling back into his eyes with all my old trusting fondness. "I had forgotten you were coming to ride out with me, until my aunt's voice reminded me of it."

He looked surprised that I should forget, or seem to forget, any appointment of his, which I had never done before; but I was so attentive to him, otherwise, that his momentary annoyance vanished. We struck out upon the road to Byrne.

"Suppose we ride fast?" I said, raising my whip, ready to start.

"No; it will spoil our enjoyment, for we cannot speak a word then—and," he might have added, "I cannot feed you with love's poison on my eyes."

"But I want a race, and, more than that, I mean to have one," I answered, with spirit.

He looked up quickly.

"What has come over you, Margaret?"

"Nothing," I said, meeting his look with more tenderness than usual, but letting my whip fall with a snap upon my horse, and bounding away at the same time. I felt, as if I could ride madly that morning; and I don't know but my companion thought I meant to, for, in spite of his efforts, we were hardly in sight of each other for the next four miles. At the edge of the village I drew up and waited.

"You have lost the race in more senses than one," I said, as he came beside me.

"What do you mean? You are not like yourself to-day; but are beautiful as a queen, Margaret," he said, with an eager flush upon his face.

My heart throbbled wildly.

"Am I a queen for once, then, and, under the subject? I ruled you in the race, you know."

"But you will spoil your horse."

"No matter. It is equally to rule and to ruin together."

"Your heart is too kind."

"My heart kind! Bah! It is cold and cruel as steel, Mr. Grey. If I died, I would never flinch from what I had undertaken."

He was utterly bewildered at the new phase he was seeing in my character, but he could not resist the magnetism of my eyes. My looks belied my words, and he would trust me.

"Never mind, as long as we do not quarrel," he said, with an emphasis upon the pronoun.

"True: rever mind," I answered grimly, thinking of my future a moment. The sun was sinking when we rode up the avenue at Hyde Woods. I was well satisfied with my day's work. He was coming closer to me in spite of himself.

"You must not call this evening," I said as he touched my hand with his lips at the parting. "I have another engagement, but to-morrow if you will."

"If I will! O Margaret! I cannot stay away this evening!"

"But you must," I answered, ascending the steps.

"Margaret, you are not going out with Mr. Grey too much, are you?" she said, stopping me.

"Oh, no! We are only flirting a little, and it would be dreadfully dull with no one, you know, dear Aunt Hyde."

I kissed her and went slowly to my room. If I had given way once it would have all been over with me. I should have had no strength to go on, and if I did not give way I must not trust myself to think alone yet. I put off my

riding dress, and, donning another, went below.

Until late that night I played chess with my aunt, and then, thoroughly tired out, I went to bed and to sleep. I did not mean to see Richard Grey the next day. A little absence would only make my presence dearer, and I was going to try it upon him.

"If Mr. Grey calls this morning, say to him that I am indisposed will you, Aunt Hyde?" I said, as we rose from breakfast.

"Yes; for you do look tired."

I went into the library, and hunting out the most exciting novel I could find, began to read. The sun was hardly three hours high when Richard Grey's voice sounded in the hall; and then I heard his horse canter down the avenue, but I did not change my position. It would not do to satisfy my inclinations now. When the sound died away I went on steadily with my reading again. In the evening the gentleman called to see how I was.

"Better," I heard my aunt say, "but not in the parlor this evening," and he took his departure.

I was ready the following morning early, but none too soon. He was impatient to see me, and his eager greeting would have been flattering indeed if I had not held what he meant undoubtedly should be kept a secret from me. My day's absence had the desired effect, and either his soul lied or he did love me.

"I receive a foreign letter every Wednesday. Let us ride by the office, if you will," I said as we started off.

"Certainly," he answered, eyeing me closely. "You have friends abroad then?"

"Yes. I never told you of my Cousin Ernest? I thought I had. He is an artist, and has been traveling in Europe a year or more. We are all in all to each other."

His lips closed curiously, and his face grew a trifle cooler, though his eyes seemed to burn as they looked into mine.

Grounds for a Divorce.

The new year brought trouble to that good old negro, Amos. Yesterday he entered Gen. G.'s law office, and seemed to be in deep distress.

"Have you got a case, Amos?" inquired the General.

"Yes, General, I've got a pow'ful head case, sah!" said Amos, shaking his head gloomily.

"What's the trouble?"

"I wants to git me a revorce, General—and me and dat gal what's been my wife is fallen out, sah!"

"Well, dat is bad; let us see if you have grounds for a divorce. What has been doing?"

"W'y, sah, she's jis been particularly raising de old Harry round de house for de las' four weeks. Fast thing fo' most she tuck all de money—she could fine 'bout de house ter buy Christmas gifts fur hersef, and when I ax her fur dat money back agin, she jis cussed me out from head to heels, sah!" urged Amos.

"What else?"

"Well, seckonly, sah, she envied two of her sisters to come dar an' quarter on me fur de whole ob de holidays, tuk my bed for 'em to sleep on, and when I fussed to gib it up, an' got in it myself, she cut de cords and lemme coil, lapse through onto de flo' and den spit de basket board agin me, w'at right, sah!" pointing to a sore place on his head.

"Any thing more?"

"I stood dat pretty well, General, and nebber nuffin more ob her meanness twix dat time and de odder night when dey gib a party down here to dat nigger boarding-house on Decatur Street. Den she come up to me and sez, 'Amos, you doesn't go to parties, and my secon' cousin Joseph is up lyar here!' I want you to lend him dem black suit of Sunday clo's ob yours; now General dat hog-eye Joseph wuz dat gal's sweetheart fore I married her, and dat talk made me madder'n blazes, an' I upstod things round dar in a hurry!"

"I got on my mussel, and for an ole man I'm a boss nigger when I gits started. I sez, 'I'll read out dis lyar right here,' an' fetched her a blif on de mouf dat made her 'tink dar wuz a boufe fater started under her nose, fting her down de back stairs, and emptied 'bout 'leven flower boxes full of yearth on her! 'bout dat time Joseph he come in de gate, and he no more dan sot his foot on de step fore I jumped in among him, and I tell yer de honest' truf, General, dar out mit dat nigger's hido left on him to patch yer slipper at de toe! And dat's whar I wants a revorce, 'Kase dis mairry'n' mong de niggers now-a-days is got down to a lafe'nin', cut throat business anyhow."

Amos was given full legal advice in the case, but it didn't quite suit his side of the matter.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A Troublesome Fortune.

No large sum of money, perhaps, ever was brought under more peculiar circumstances from the Old World to the New, than the \$640,000 with which Peter Demsen, of California, arrived in New York the other day by the steamship Cambria. A native of Prussia, Demsen, long ago lived on a ranch near Pleasanton, Cal. Last summer he received an official letter from Berlin, stating that a relative of his had died, and left him his whole fortune, amounting to nearly 700,000 thalers in gold, which he could receive by calling in person at the Berlin Probate Court. Peter had been dreaming all along of becoming a rich stock farmer, and so he set out joyfully for the German metropolis. But when he was asked by the Probate Judge in what kind of funds he wished to draw his inheritance, poor Peter was disagreeably perplexed. Of a very distrustful character, he became apprehensive that if people should find out what a treasure he had with him, he would surely be robbed. To take the sum in gold would be too onerous, in currency he had no faith, and still less in drafts on San Francisco. In his perturbation of mind he went to the great Bismarck himself, who advised him to purchase for the 700,000 thalers seventy Prussian \$10,000 State bonds. These he could easily take with him, and could sell them slightly above par in San Francisco. The Minister of Finance furnished Peter with the bonds, and the California caused them to be enclosed in a heavy steel box. Peter set out for the New World in the shabbiest clothes imaginable. He took a steamer passage to New York, and always had his precious steel box fastened to his body by means of a chain. When he appeared on deck he also carried it with him. Meanwhile his fear of being robbed of his money had remained no secret in Berlin, and a passenger recognized Peter despite his shabby clothes. So Peter's story soon became known among the other passengers, and when ever he made his appearance he and the box became the cynosure of all eyes. When he arrived in New York, he left the box for three days under the protection of the German Consul-General, and then started with it, still shabbily dressed, for California. It was noticed on the steamship that his face became thinner, and that he took but very little food, and at the slightest noise in the steerage would put his head out of his bunk with a frightened expression.

Reporters are often unconsciously satirical. A morning paper says in an obituary: "Mr. was an estimable citizen. He lived uprightly; he died with perfect resignation—he had been recently married."

Tale of the Flood.

The New York Sunday Mercury of Dec. 5th last past had an interesting account of the discovery of an old chronicle in the Frisian tongue—which may be called the grandmother of the Anglo Saxon language—giving an account of events that occurred in Europe 2,000 years before the Christian era. Since then another installment of the contents of this remarkable book has reached us, and we make haste to lay it before our readers. It treats of that terrible scourge that overcame the earth 4,068 years ago, and is known in Biblical history as the Deluge.

It is stated in this ancient chronicle that for more than 10,000 years there was a mighty continent extending to the West, "for many thousands of journeys," meaning an immense distance, which the people called Altland, or Old Land. From this name of Altland, Plato probably got the knowledge of which he speaks in his book "Timaeus," and he corrupted the Frisian word Altland into the Greek-sounding Atlantis. The people inhabiting that continent were a very warlike race, and counted by many millions. They overran what is now known as Southern Europe and Northern Africa, and conquered the nations living there. The chronicle describes the people as being of a dark, reddish hue, which description would fit the color of our Indians, and hence the supposition that the time a part of the continent of Atlantis, which fact would at once explain what many ethnologists have hitherto failed to do, the origin of the Indian population of America. The legendary account of Plato, who speaks of tremendous battles fought between the people of Greece and the red invaders from Atlantis, is fully corroborated by this Frisian relic of antiquity. What became of this great continent and its millions of inhabitants is told as follows:

It was in the year 2193 before the birth of Christ that terrific convulsions shook the globe. Earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, thunder-storms and rain-storms of great vehemence succeeded each other and continued for full three years. Deep valleys rose into mountains, and rocky heights were cleft in twain and sank into valleys. Ocean encroached upon the land, the lightning set fire to the forests, and smoke clouds changed the day into one continuous night. Before these powers of destruction mankind sought refuge in flight, but few only were able to escape. For months and months the sun and the firmament were invisible, and the roar and the fury of the elements were so great, say this book, that men trembled and died of fright, nor could one talk to another, it being impossible to be heard. At last, after three years, the excitement gradually subsided, and having waited some time, a few of the bolder fishermen of Frisia returned home to find a most pitiful tale. Before the tremendous war of the elements these same fishermen were in the habit of visiting Altland for the purposes of trade, but now, they said, not a trace was left of that vast continent. As far as the eye could reach to the south and west, nothing but water could be seen, the land with its millions of people being sunk into the ocean. This recital found but few believers at first, and expedition after expedition was sent out by the Frisians to ascertain whether it was a fact, but they all brought back the same story—that of the immense continent of Altland nothing remained except a few islands, which are now known as Madeira, the Canaries, the Cape Verde Islands, and the Azores. So great an impression did the event make upon the Frisians that the sinking of Altland, or Atlantis, was deemed by them as beginning a new era, and thenceforth they counted their years as being so many after the disappearance of that continent. The last entry in this newly found old chronicle was made about the middle of the thirteenth century of our Christian era, and there it is stated that the slaking of the earth commenced 2,196 years before Christ, and Altland sunk in the ocean three years later, 2,193 years before Christ. There are many facts in history which go far to prove the truth of these assertions in this chronicle. Charlemagne, over a thousand years ago, sent ambassadors to the Frisians, and these reported to him that these strange people counted their years from the sinking of Altland, and that the Deluge of the Bible. One of the Frisian chiefs sent a letter to the Emperor Charlemagne in the year 803, which is still preserved in the library of manuscripts in the Vatican of Rome. The letter begins with the following statement: "Since Altland is sunken, it is now 2,996 years," which, it being then the Christian year 709, makes it precisely 2,093 years before Christ. And it is somewhat strange how well this Frisian chronology, written near 4,000 years ago, tallies with the Biblical history. According to the first book of Moses, the deluge occurred 1,756 years after the creation of the world, which, by Biblical count, would be 4,068 years ago. Deducting from that number the year 1876, in which this Frisian chronicle was found, leaves the year 2,193 precisely the time when the continent of Altland or Atlantis vanished in the waters. It is, therefore, quite clear that

the deluge spoken of by Moses, and the three years of earthquakes and thunder-storms followed by the sinking of Altland or Atlantis, are the same identical events.

One Hundred Years Ago.

One hundred years ago wedding tows were not fashionable.

One hundred years ago farmers did not cut their legs off with mowing machines.

One hundred years ago our mothers did not worry over disordered sewing machines.

One hundred years ago horses which could trot a mile in 2:14 were somewhat scarce.

One hundred years ago it took several days to procure a divorce and find a congenial spirit.

One hundred years ago there were no disputes about the impoliteness of street-car drivers.

One hundred years ago "crooked" whisky was not known. Our forefathers took their whisky straight.

One hundred years ago every young man was not an applicant for a position as clerk or book-keeper.

One hundred years ago kerosene lamps did not explode and assist women to shuffle off their mortal coil.

One hundred years ago men did not commit suicide by going up balloons.

One hundred years ago young women did not lose caste by wetting her hands in dish-water or rubbing the skin off her knuckles on a wash-board.

One hundred years ago the physician who could not draw every form of disease from the system by tapping a large vein in the arm was not much of a doctor.

One hundred years ago men were not running about over the country with millions of fish eggs to be hatched to order. Fish superintended their own hatching in those days.

One hundred years ago the condition of the weather on the 1st of January was not telegraphed all over the continent on the evening of December the 31st. Things have changed.

One hundred years ago people did not worry about rapid transit and cheap transportation, but threw their grain across the backs of their horses and uncomplainingly "went to the mill."

One hundred years ago every man cut his own coat according to his real value, shoddy was not known, nobody had struck lire, and true merit and honest work were the only grounds for promotion.

LAMPS WITHOUT OIL.—It will be an old thing if we some day fill our lamps with iron filings instead of oil, and dispense with wicks. Yet an experimentalist in Berlin has shown that a brilliant, lasting light may be obtained by burning iron. He took a straight bar magnet of some power, and sprinkled iron filings on one of its poles. Applying to this the flame of burning gas or spirit, it took fire, and continued to burn for some time as freely as any ordinary combustible material do.

The filings arrange themselves in accordance with magnetic force, and however closely they may appear to be placed of course no two of the metallic filings are parallel, and consequently a certain amount of air is confined as in a metallic sponge.

THE WYOMING JURYWOMAN.—"I say that man never tuk the muel, and when you roosters git yer mind made up in the same way just squeal an' we'll perambulate back inter court." It occurred at the trial of a mule thief in the mountains of Wyoming, where women can serve as jurors, and every man on that jury testified that when old Mother Steyer put her foot down it "war thar," and although the proof of the man's guilt was strong, he was allowed to quietly leave the settlement.

TWO SINNERS.—Astride a log sat Sam and another sinner engaged in a little game of seven-up, when a minister approached, who after a moment's solemn contemplation of the game, laid his hand upon Sam's shoulder and said: "My friend, is that the way you save your soul?" "Perhaps not," answered Sam, who having just played a card, was attentively considering his hand, "perhaps not, but it seems about the best thing I can do to save my jack."

A BIRD CONCERT.—They had a novel entertainment in the Baptist Church, Binghamton, Ill., lately, which they called a bird concert. The room was decorated with evergreens and bird-cages hung from every chandelier. Most of the birds appeared frightened at the crowd and noise, but one of the feathered songsters considered himself entitled to a place on the programme, and sang away with great energy. The programmes for the concert were printed upon the back of pictures of birds.

Money goes, no one knows. Where it goeth, no one showeth. Here and there, everywhere. Run, run, run, dun; spend, spend, lend, lend; send, send. Flash to-day, short to-morrow; notes to pay, borrow, borrow. How it goes, no one knows. Where it goeth, no one showeth.

There is a probability that the Mexican war veterans on the Pacific coast will be furnished with free transportation to the continental and return.

Most any sensible American girl would rather marry an Italian beggar with a titled name than a moderately well-off but humble American.

A knotty question of law as to the ownership of a ring is to come up in the West Virginia courts. A gentleman of Washington was engaged to be married to a Morgantown, W. Va., belle, and the engagement was suddenly broken off. The lady put the engagement ring in a letter and directed it to the Washington gentleman. Shortly after she saw the same ring on the dainty middle finger of another Morgantown belle. She was not jealous, probably, but thought it a very strange incident. Womanlike, she made efforts to find how that particular ring got on that particular finger in Morgantown. It was finally brought to light that a post-office clerk had abstracted the ring from the letter and given it to a friend, who placed it on the finger of the Morgantown belle as a token of affection and promise. That is how the ring came to be doing double duty in Morgantown. The post-office clerk was arrested for theft of the ring. The question at law will be to whom did the ring rightfully belong at the time it was abstracted from the letter? The courts will answer.

The following is from the *Danbury News*. It is well said, expresses forcibly what every editor thinks:

"We don't mind how eccentric a person is in his dress. That's his own business. But no man has got a right to be eccentric in his penmanship if he designs the manuscript for others. An eccentricity in writing is abominable. It tires the eyes, tires the brain, and blunts the moral nature of the reader. An article, to have its merits understood, should be read fluently. We wish writers for the press would understand that they can brighten up their clanciness of a welcome by plain straightforward penmanship. We are deeply interested in this subject, as our time is pretty well occupied. If we were the president of a base ball club, with nothing to do but sit astraddle of a fence and watch for a throw, it would be different."

A gentleman on Aberdeen street is now thoroughly convinced of the efficacy of prayer. His wife has been troubled for years with an affection of the eyes, so severe that it prevented her from distinguishing objects at a distance. She writes to an eminent revivalist last week, and was prayed over, and professed to have thoroughly recovered her sight. Her husband doubted this, and was guilty of an impious fraud to determine the precise amount of cure that had been wrought. He procured a nice long auburn hair—his wife's hair is black—and put it on the shoulder of his coat. It was dusk when he came to the door, the