

# The Albany Register.

VOLUME VIII.

ALBANY, OREGON, MAY 5, 1876.

NO. 33.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

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Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

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

First street, Albany, Oregon.  
Terms: Cash.

### St. Charles Hotel,

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Mathews & Morrison,  
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Wines newly furnished throughout. The best the market affords always on the table. Free Coach to and from the Home.

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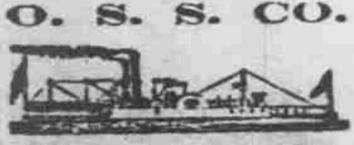
Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Groceries, Fancy Goods, Notions, Photographs and Pistols, Knives, Razors, Mirrors, Wallpapers, Wood and Willow Ware, Trunks and Valises, Pocket Cutlery, &c., &c.

Sold very low either for cash, or on prompt paying 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 out-letting 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—

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ONE DOLLAR PER TON

All down freight will be delivered at PORTLAND or ASTORIA.

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Albany, Nov. 24, 74-75

CHAS. B. MONTAGUE. ROBT. McALEY.

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ARE NOW 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 sell them

at lowest rates.

Astonish Everybody.

Come and see our selections of

Even Goods,

Shawls,

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Flannels,

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Trunks,

Valises,

Shoes,

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at 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.

Look on, Oregon, October 20, 1874.

### Furniture Warerooms.

### FRED GRAF.

HAVING purchased the entire interest of G. G. Graf in the late firm of Graf & Collar, in the furniture business, takes this opportunity to return his thanks to the citizens of Albany and vicinity who have so generously patronized him in the past, and respectfully asks the continuance of the same. For the convenience of his customers, he has removed his store to the upper part of Taylor Street, where a good workman will always be ready to wait upon patrons.

Albany, Nov. 13-75

### Bath House & Barber Shop.

THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECTFULLY call the attention of Albany and vicinity to the new bath house, and barbershop, situated on the corner of Taylor Street and Second Street, where a good workman will always be ready to wait upon patrons.

## OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

MOSTLY ABOUT FUNERALS—THE DEATH OF STEWART—HIS FUNERAL—ANOTHER FUNERAL—THE FASHIONS.

NEW YORK, April 22, 1876.

### THE DEATH OF A GREAT MERCHANT.

The death of A. T. Stewart, the world's greatest merchant, is the event of the week and the one topic of conversation. Almost fifty years ago a young Scotch-Irishman came to New York to seek employment as a teacher. Not succeeding, he determined to give up the profession for which he had been fitted and embark in trade. He had just about money enough to fill a basket, and for a few weeks he peddled his goods from door to door. Then he opened a little store down town, and began a career which is almost romantic. He had a theory as to how business should be done, and from the very first he adhered to it with a fidelity that was wonderful. He bought always for cash, and he sold in the same way. To everything he bought he added a proper per cent, and the goods were sold at that price, or they lay on his counters for so many months, after which time they were marked down to a point where they would sell. There never was a particle of trickery or fraud in his establishment. The goods were carefully bought, and sold at a fair profit, and the most ignorant person could buy to just as good advantage as the most expert. If a woman in the country wanted a dress, all she had to do was to write the color, material and cost, and her husband could get it just as well as she. He was a mercantile genius. If a pattern of calico pleased him, he bought, not only all that the manufacturer had, but he bound himself to take all that could be made of it, so that he alone had it. Possessed of enormous capital, he could take advantage of the markets, and, buying always for cash, he could outbuy all of his competitors.

There is no other such establishment as his in the world. His downtown store is devoted entirely to wholesaling and his uptown to retailing. In the two he gave employment to over two thousand people, and in addition he intended to add boots and shoes. In that wonderful concern a lady could buy a dress ready-made. The alterations, if any were needed, being made in the house in a few minutes, and, without going out, she could buy her children's outfit, or furnish her house throughout. And everything in the concern went as smoothly as clock-work. The army of clerks were at their posts precisely at seven, and if one was late, he was charged with the lost time. Each stood at his own counter and sold only one kind of goods. An army of boys carried the purchases and made the money to a small army of cashiers, who had the parcels made, and made the change, and then if desired the goods were sent home. It was not an uncommon thing for Stewart to sell \$3,000 of shilling calicos in a single day, and his sales of gloves mounted up into the millions.

But with all this it cannot be said that Stewart was either a good or useful citizen. He was cold and harsh to his employees, merciless to his debtors, and as grasping as a man could be. He lived by rule, and was as inflexible as a bar of iron. He never took circumstances into account, and made no allowances. It was the dollar that he wanted, and the dollar he would have, at no matter what cost to others. Possessed of millions he has given but little in charities, and has in no way assisted in advancing the interests of this city or country. He built two very fine buildings, but they were needed in his business, or he never would have done it. Whether he has left anything to the public remains to be seen. His estate will foot up not less than \$40,000,000, of which \$6,000,000 is in real estate in this city.

His name had been so long a word of strength, and he had gone so proudly through a hundred convulsions of business, when men were falling around him, that it seemed as if he were exempt from the troubles of mortality, and that the common lot of all could hardly be his. It did not seem as if he could die. So carefully had his illness been kept from the world by his trusted agents, that the news of his death fell on the

city with a dramatic suddenness. He must be numbered as one of the victims of the sharp inflammatory attacks peculiar to the season. His death was one of intense suffering from inflammation of the bowels, to which he was subject, but which in this case was the result of a severe cold. To day the pageant of his funeral has hardly passed as this is written. The streets along the line of the procession were crowded with the throng which the city gets up at the slightest notice. The old church of St. Mark's, in whose grassy churchyard lies the dust of many Knickerbockers, Peter Stuyvesant, among them, was too small to hold a third of those who desired a sight of the great millionaire's last obsequies, and admission was given to the church as well as to the house by card only, and special police kept a passage open with difficulty for the carriages, three abreast. Mackereville came up to gaze at the gilded coffin, and hearse; but ladies in India shawls and creamy plumes, and well-dressed men stood among the frowsy, unkempt crowd, and all gazed, clattered, and criticised, as if it were a parade they were out to see. The lower orders joked and laughed, while their betters speculated about the will, and the gold plate on the coffin, part of which was ascertained to be gold plated on silver and part solid gold. The hearse, newly gilt and polished, was festooned with heavy gold fringe, but the coffin was without pall.

With the usual perfusion of scentless white flowers, callas and camelias, proper to funerals, florists now deftly mingle yellow tea-roses and violets, shades suitable to mourning, with subdued and excellent effect. The scent of flowers was heavy at the outer door, and the scene in the chancel, the tall white obelisks and crosses of lilies almost filling the space, with the rich violet hangings of pulpit and reading desk for Lent glowing against them, was superb. At the back, the Altar, draped with purple cloth, bore a wide cross, nearly ten feet high, in front of a table of smilax supported an obelisk of white flowers, with the word "Remembered" in violets bedded in the white at its base. In front a tablet of smilax upheld a column six feet high, flanked by a large anchor and a floral harp, whose chords were strung with violets, a star of blossoms in the green at the base. Below, the coffin rested on a bank of flowers. The widow provided that the decorations be duplicated, so that the coffin was lifted from one company of emblems at the house to find another bed among them at the church.

The house was filled with fashion and respectability, chosen singers chanted the sweetest music, and outside, in the crowd, each man hugged himself that he was not as the rich one who lay within. "Ah," said an old Irishman looking on, "perhaps we'll have as good a coffin ourselves when the time comes, not so grand maybe, but it'll answer the purpose. He'll mow'd as soon as any of us there." Thousands of employees escorted the hearse, sal-low-faced clerks and burly porters, four abreast, but there was not room for them in the church, and without doubt they were glad to be in the sun, enjoying their unaccustomed holiday. The retail store has been closed since the day Mr. Stewart died, the only time except on legal holidays, it is said, since it was built. It is also said the other drygoods firms have not enjoyed such a run of trade for years as in the two days that Stewart's has been unopened. There are few signs of grief apparent for the man, but his loss seems more like a business change than anything else.

### A GOOD FUNERAL.

On the same day that Stewart was buried, another funeral took place, whose chief object seemed to be to outdo the display of the millionaire, only as it was arranged according to the wishes of the deceased, it was probably intended only to show that she could have as fine a funeral as anybody. The dead woman was fifty years old, daughter of a milkman who drove his own cart, unless his wife relieved him in that duty, and the widow of a rich man, who made his money in an iron and real estate speculations long ago. By her wish, the corpse was in her wedding dress with white and red roses, laid in a coffin rich with black and violet velvet fringed and tasseled with bullion and lined with quilted white satin. The coffin lay in a parlor, backed by tall monuments of flowers which looked as if the ornamental sculpture of a stone-

cutter's yard had been transported there. The hearse was drawn by six black horses with gilded trappings, next came six carriages with four horses each, seventy more followed, half of them empty, and a large wagon carried the flowers to the grave. Pride could no further go.

### THE FASHIONS.

The finish and yet simplicity of the new styles are admirable. A fashionable policeman is out with only one dart, and the back has few seams, but is marvelously fitted by going under the arms so that it defines the figure with the elegance of a tight garment with all the ease of a three-quarter dress one. This is the style above all others for Summer traveling. A specimen in drab cloth for Spring has a large pocket, like a courier's bag, along with a quilted strap of cloth over the right shoulder, a most convenient notion for carrying the dozen indispensable things a woman wants in traveling. A new hat that goes well with this and promises to be in favor, is the small shepherdess shape bent over the forehead and curled slightly above the ears, of rough straw to be trimmed with black velvet and field flowers, or with cream white silk and bright flowers of one color under the brim. This is a veritable shade hat, and yet modest enough in size for town wear. Shirred overskirts have nearly disappeared. The new ones are very long, all round, drawn in slight folds instead of heavy plaques, and have comparatively little trimming. PIERRO.

**BUILD UP A HOMESTEAD.**—The feeling that you are settled and fixed will induce you to work to improve your farms, to plant orchards, to set out shade trees, to enclose pastures, to build comfortable outhouses, and each improvement is a bond to bind you still closer to your homes. This will bring contentment in the family. Your wives and daughters will fall in love with the country, your sons will love home better than the grog shops, and prefer farming to measuring tape or professional loading, and you will be happy in seeing the contented and cheerful faces of your families. Make your home beautiful, convenient, and pleasant, and your children will love it above all other places; they leave it with regret, think of it with fondness, come back to it joyfully, seek their chief happiness around their home fire-side. Women and children need more than meat, bread and raiment; more than acres of corn and cotton spread out all around them. Their love for the beautiful must be satisfied. Their tastes must be cultivated; their sensibilities humored, not shocked. To accomplish this good end, home must be made lovely, conveniences multiplied, comforts multiplied, and cheerfulness fostered. There must be both sunshine and shade, luscious fruit and fragrant flowers, as well as corn and cotton. The mind as well as the field must be cultivated; and then intelligence and contentment will be the rule instead of the exception. Stick to, improve and beautify your homesteads, for with this good work comes contentment.

Mr. J. Henry Brown, secretary of the Pioneer Association of Oregon, states that the transactions and addresses of the reunion of 1876 have been printed and are now in the hands of the book-binder. This year's transactions make a pamphlet of 88 pages, and will be very interesting, as there is a great deal of history contained in the addresses of J. W. Nesmith and Geo. L. Curry. The Society is in a prosperous condition.

At the last grand ball at Wooming, Miss — was attired in a buff gored, grained buckskin dress, with army blanket overcoat, bottom looped up with buckskin strings and Miss Hair dressed a la Red Cloud, in which was twined a few sprigs of sage brush, the whole secured behind in a bunch with a handsome pin made with a pine splinter and a buffalo's ear.

"You see, said the deponent man on the pickle barrel, addressing the grocer, who was opening the top of a canker box with a clove knife, 'you see some people has good luck, and some has bad luck. Now, I remember once I was walking along the street with Tom Jellicke, and he went down on one side of it and I went down on the other. We hadn't got more'n half way down when he found a pocketbook with \$201 in it, and I stepped on a woman's dress and got acquainted with my present wife. It was always so,' he said with a sigh, 'that Tom Jellicke was the luckiest man in the world, and I never had any luck.'

### MILLY'S HERO.

It may safely be averred that three prettier girls could not have been found in all England than the trio assembled under that wide, leafy oak of Querning Chase, Dumberland. There was Lettie Graham, a blonde; Flo Graham, a rich brunette; and last, but not least, Milly Vere, the Rector's daughter, a happy medium. The two former reclined on the grass; the latter leaned against a tree, her straw hat shading her black eyes; and they talked—well, yes—upon the recent wedding of a mutual friend.

"In my private opinion, you know," remarked Lettie, eagerly, "I think Kate's husband just detestable. I wouldn't have had him for worlds."

"Nor I," coincided Flo. "He's a perfect nuisance. What do you say, Milly?"

"That I am not going to risk a minority; I cast my eye with yours," laughed the girl. "No, as the saying is, 'Alfred Mills is the man for my money.' His head is as empty as an oak-apple," and she plucked one.

"When I marry, it must be a hero."

"A hero? Ah! I see!"

"A sort of man each fair should envy being thine," laughed Lettie, gaily.

"No, that species of mankind, which resembles the waxen bust in a hair-dresser's window never could be a hero. I would have one not only capable of appreciating noble deeds, but also of performing them."

"Where will you find him, in Querning, *ma chere*?"

"Here!" broke in Flo, with mock heroic style. "We speak of angels, and lo! the lucent glitter of their wings is in our eyes. Behold, Milly, here at the same time is your lover and your hero."

The girl turned, and a flush of anger, but which quickly changed to contentment, spread over her face.

"Love! That is his fault, not mine," she remarked, disdainfully. "My hero? Certainly not. Mine must at least have some pretensions to manliness, also to good looks, not be a stammering, nervous nonentity. Why, he is coming this way. Impertinence! I shall go."

"Then the impertinence will be on your side, Milly; you had better stay. A cat may look at a king, you know, and a curate at his Rector's daughter," whispered Lettie.

The unfortunate personage who had called forth these remarks, was a gentleman of about seven-and-twenty, attired in clerical garb; his height, over five feet nine, added to a rather aimless, caused an uncertainty, nervous gait to be yet more painfully observable. His complexion was fair, his hair of the lightest red gold, while his features devoid of any great pretensions to good looks, were rendered still less attractive by an evident nervous lack of self-appreciation. The redeeming points were a small, firm mouth, and a certain rare glance that could at time flash from his dark blue eyes.

Jerred remarks, "May has no such enemy as sensibility." Basil Chevriil was a proof. It was his bitter enemy; a keen sense of ridicule increased a natural nervousness, which he never felt more than in ladies society, especially in Milly Vere's, whose very footprints he worshipped. Thus, as he approached the charming trio, aware he was the object of their inspection, he assuredly did not look a hero.

Bowing as he came up, he addressed himself to Milly.

"I trust I do not intrude, Miss Vere," he said; "but I have just returned from Eppenhale, and, seeing you here, have brought the book you commissioned."

He handed it to her, nervously. She, conscious of her friends' observation, took it carelessly, as she answered:

"Thanks, Mr. Chevriil. Pray, how much am I indebted to you?"

"Do not mention that, Miss Vere," he rejoined. "The pleasure of being of service is more than sufficient payment."

"Pardon me," said Milly, haltingly; "but when I ask a favor, I do not expect to place myself under the obligation of a gift. The price of the book is—"

"Three-and sixpence," he answered instantly.

He had started, and flushed red at first; but now his voice was steady; the rare light was in his eyes.

Milly drew out her purse, and, as she placed the sum in his hand, said, more gently:

"I thank you, Mr. Chevriil."

"You are welcome, Miss Vere," he answered; then, bowing, passed away among the trees of the Chase.

"How could you treat him so unkindly, Milly?" cried Flo.

"How dare he love me?" responded the other, with some asperity. "It is your fault. I saw you two laughing."

"Still, politeness is politeness," suggested Lettie; "and if the poor man is not a hero, he is, at least, a perfect gentleman. Gracious! curates warm. Here is the other."

The other, but how different! Dr. Vere's second curate was a tall, hard-wooded man, who wore his clerical attire with the air of a bear, and talked with the easy assurance of a man of the world. There was no nervousness in him.

Joining the ladies, who, especially Milly, welcomed him with a smile, he chatted gaily in their company, escorted them to the Rectory, where, by the Rector's invitation, he dined. Yes; very different from Basil Chevriil.

"Now Stanley Carr might be a hero," thought Milly, that night. "What a contrast to Mr. Chevriil! It's rather a shame, however he laughs at him so. Still, he is such a nonentity."

How about Basil Chevriil? How had his day been passed?

On quitting Milly, whose manner had cut him to the soul, he had flung himself face downwards among the long ferns of a neighboring copse, and gave vent to his misery.

"Oh, heaven!" he groaned, "how I love her!—how fondly! And now she despises me. Oh! that I had the assurance of, and was as well looking as Carr; then it might be different. But now it is he who will win the prize—sweet, pretty, good Milly Vere; and he is not worthy of her. He is selfish; he is a coward."

He panted; then proceeded, wildly, despairingly:

"Why must men live when live is a burden? Oh! that I were dead!"

Quickly he recalled and repented the words, remembering the good mother, so fond of whom he was the sole support. That recollection strengthened him to battle with his trial—Milly's contempt.

Two weeks elapsed, when bad news reached the Rectory.

In the poor hamlet of Sotendale, three miles distant, small-pox had broken out in so violent a form, that hopeless cases had spread rapidly through the whole community.

Death followed quickly on the heels of seizure. Nothing appeared able to check it. In some cases children quitted their dying parents alarmed of contagion; while some—too poor to pay for help—were left wholly unattended in their extremity.

The description brought sent a shudder through every hearer. Milly's, however, was blended with deep compassion for the sufferers.

"Oh! papa, can nothing be done for them?" she cried.

"All that is possible, love, is to send what help we can, said the Rector, and see that these poor people do not die without the consolatory prayers of the church. We must do all that we are able, at first, to calm the frantic terror that appears to possess the unfortunate persons. For that purpose, I fancy you had better go over at once, Carr."

"I? My dear Mr. Vere," exclaimed the curate, turning absolutely pale, "really, I'm very sorry, but the only thing—mark, the only thing—I have an uncontrolable fear of, is this small-pox. My sister died of it. She looked awful!"

Perhaps, unintentionally, his eyes wandered to his own handsome reflection in the mirror as he said that.

"It's very name fills me with horror. I dare not go! Indeed, sir, I should be dead in a week. I would sooner—indeed, I would—resign my curacy!"

"There is no need for that, Carr. One will be quite enough. I will go, Mr. Vere; I do not fear."

The speaker was Basil Chevriil. He stood calm, unexpressing as usual; but not nervous now. The pure purpose of a noble mind, the true charity of a Christian man, shone in his dark eyes and in every muscle of his face. As Milly looked in surprise, she wondered how she had ever considered Basil Chevriil plain.

"Do you mean it, my dear fellow?" asked the Rector.

"Assuredly, sir. Have you any orders to give? For I think, if these poor people are in such a frantic state of dread, no time should be lost before I start."

"You are a brave fellow, Basil. Come to the library?"

As, five minutes after, the young Curate crossed the hall to leave the Rectory, he encountered Milly.

Tears were in her eyes as she held out her hand.

"Good-bye, Mr. Chevriil," she said, warmly. "Yours is a noble work. Heaven reward you."

"It has already, Miss Vere," he responded meaningly, after the first start at her change of manner. "May it bless you for giving me this encouragement."

Then he did what he had never done before: he kissed her hand, and Milly did not check him.

As she recrossed the hall, she encountered Stanley Carr, in appearance rather ashamed.

"I am very sorry I had to refuse, Miss Vere," he said, apologetically. "But it's the very work for poor old Chevriil; he is so different from me."

"So I perceive, Mr. Carr," retorted Milly, with a glance. "You are merely a man; he is a Christian."

With that my lady went up stairs, vouchsafing no other word. Was Basil Chevriil becoming a hero?

Daily reports reached Milly of the fearful scenes and more fearful devastation the small-pox was making in the little village, which, lying in a valley, held it as if it were a prisoner; and these reports were always accompanied by high laudations of the Curate's kindly and indistinguishable zeal. She listened to the one with sorrow, the other with joy—nay, pride; while the more she heard the plainer grew Stanley Carr in her eyes, until she wondered she had ever thought him good-looking.

One morning, descending to the breakfast room, she found the Rector in the much excitement.

"Bad news, Milly," he said; "poor Chevriil's got the fever."

Milly's heart felt abruptly turned to ice.

"Not very badly, I hope, papa?" she murmured, faintly.

"Heaven knows. But, you see, he would keep on, though ready to drop. He would not give up his work until his strength utterly failed, and he is now down with delirium."

"Has he anyone to nurse him, papa?"

"Yes; his mother arrived from Lancaster last night. One of the prettiest, most ladylike old ladies I ever saw, Milly. You should hear, too, how she speaks of her son. He is her sole support. The strict economy of which we have made a jest, the occasional rusty rim to his hat, have all arisen from his striving to live on as little as he could to maintain her comfortably. And we compared him disadvantageously with that fellow Carr! My love, it is not clerical language, but Chevriil is a 'brick!'"

"Or, papa," smiled Milly approvingly, "in politer phrase, he is a hero."

"That he is, to the backbone. Well," proceeded the Rector, addressing a servant who entered, "did you take my message to Mr. Carr, that Mr. Chevriil having the fever, for, or so, he must go with me to the hamlet to-day?"

"Mr. Carr, sir, went from Querning this morning, leaving this letter."

The Rector took it, read it, and flung it on the floor.

"The miserable coward!" he exclaimed, furiously. "He declares he has been called away to a dying relation, and sends me his resignation."

"And this man," reflected Milly, with disgust, "because of his self-assurance and good looks I believe a hero?"

As if its mission was accomplished in striking down the young Curate, the small-pox now abated, but Basil, who had for long been given over, was the last to recover, then he seemed the very ghost of himself.

Moved by admiration as well as gratitude to one to whom they owed so much, the parishioners subscribed to pay for his expenses to go for a while to the seaside, but from the pulpit the following Sunday Basil kindly yet firmly refused it.

"My cure is only a matter of time," he said, "and the money is more needed by the unfortunate families about us, many of whom have been deprived of husbands and fathers who supported them. I entreat you give it them; while they want I cannot except it."

That afternoon, as Milly Vere was about to enter the Rectory gate, deep in thought, Lettie and Flo Graham, came up.

"A kiss for your meditations, Milly," laughed the brunette. "I pray have you found your hero yet?"

"Yes," answered Milly, boldly.

"Really! Who is he?"

"Basil Chevriil."

"What? A stammering, nervous nonentity, who has neither manliness nor good looks?"

"You have a right to shame me with my own words," responded Milly, quietly. "I deserve