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H. J. BOUGHTON, M. D.,

GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY of Medical College of New York, late member of Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York. OFFICE—in A. Carothers & Co.'s drug store, Albany, Oregon.

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The Eugene firemen are making arrangements for a grand ball at Lane's Hall on Christmas eve.

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Groceries & Provisions,
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HAS JUST OPENED HIS NEW GROCER establishment on corner of Ellsworth and First streets, with a fresh stock of Groceries, Provisions, Candles, Oils, Tobacco, &c., to which he invites the attention of our citizens.

In connection with the store he will keep a Bakery, and will always have on hand a full supply of fresh bread, crackers, &c.

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JOHN SCHMEER.

February 16-24v4

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Albany Register.

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Agents for the Register.

The following named gentlemen are authorized to receive and receipt for subscriptions to the REGISTER in the localities mentioned: Messrs. Kirk & Hume.....Brownsville.
Robert Glass.....Crawfordsville.
W. P. Smith.....Halsey.
O. P. Tompkins.....Harrisburg.
S. H. Claughton.....Lebanon.
A. Wheeler & Co.....Shield.
Messrs. Smith & Bradford.....Junction City.
J. B. Irvine.....Sola.
Thos. H. Reynolds.....Salem.

FRIDAY.....JUNE 23, 1876.

A Puzzle for Medical Men.

Says the New York Sun: The astonishing cure of a supposed fatal disease by the manipulation of the hands on the body of the patient is reported in the family of Mr. Charles H. Benson, one of the editors of the Jersey City *Evening Journal*. The patient was the eldest child of Mr. Benson, a girl of 9 years. Her recovery from a dangerous illness, and her complete restoration to health, as described by her parents, may be considered by some as a manifestation of spiritualistic power, and by others as the result of animal magnetism. Mr. and Mrs. Benson say that their daughter was prostrated by acute bronchial affection in the early part of last August. She had all the symptoms of consumption. Her cheeks showed the hectic flush of disease, the pulse was quick and irregular and night sweats and daily fevers reduced her body to a skeleton. A hard, racking cough at night, and constant expectoration in the day, marked the case. Three physicians said that she could not possibly live.

Early in January, when the girl's death was daily looked for, Mr. William Winslow Bennett, a next door neighbor of Mr. Benson's and an avowed believer in spiritualistic manifestations, called into Mr. Benson's house at 362 Fifth Street, Jersey City, and said that the little girl's cough kept him awake at night, and he desired to have it stopped. He said that he could hear her coughing in the room where he slept. Mr. Benson told him that the noise of the coughing would not trouble him much longer. Mr. Bennett replied that he had come to cure the child through the aid of spirits, and he asked the parents' permission to lay his hands on the invalid. Not having any faith in spiritualism they refused to consent to his mode of treatment.

Mr. Bennett renewed his offer with such persistency that both Mr. and Mrs. Benson decided to let him try his powers. He at once went to work. He first bathed his hands in salt and water. The child was placed on his lap, after being clothed in a loose garment which would admit of the manipulations, over the flesh. Said the medium, "I will not move my hands, but will await the action of the spirits who are present."

In a few minutes his hand began to move around the throat of the sufferer. That night her cough was not so bad as it had been.

Mr. Bennett continued his laying on of hands every night for three months. He began his operations regularly at 9 o'clock. One evening he was twenty minutes late, and he said that he could not move his hand, as the spirits were not in the room.

Mr. Benson says that his daughter is entirely well.

It is said that Mr. Bennett has made other equally astonishing cures, one being that of ex-Congressman Lawrence, of Ohio who had pneumonia.

A hotel ghost comes under the head of inn spectres.

Speed of Railway Trains.

The following are the highest authentic instances of high railway speeds with which we are acquainted: Brunel, with the Courier class of locomotives, ran 13 miles in 10 minutes, equal to 78 miles an hour. Mr. Patrick Stirling, of the great Northern, took, two years back, 16 carriages 15 miles in 12 minutes, equal to 75 miles an hour. The Great Britain, Lord of the Isles, and Iron Duke, broad gauge engines on the Great Western Railway, have each run with four or five carriages from Faldington to Didcot in 47½ minutes, equal to 66 mi's an hour, or an extreme running speed of 72 miles an hour; the new Midland coupled express engines, running in the usual course, have been timed 68, 70, and 72 miles an hour. The 10 A. M. express on the Great Northern, from Leeds, we have ourselves timed, and found to be running mile after mile at the rate of a mile in 52 seconds, or at 69.2 miles an hour. The engines used are Mr. Stirling's outside cylinder bogie express engines, the load being ten carriages.—*Etc.*

Western Theatre.

An exciting incident, illustrative of Western life, occurred, the other evening, at the Globe Variety Theatre, at the town of Sidney, on the Union Pacific Railroad. The Theatre was crowded with back Hillers, bull-whackers and others. During the performance, a big burly Dutchman, who "had his keg full of lager," yelled out to a bull-whacker:

"Say, mister, bull down your vest, if you please."

"What's that, you ————," replied the bull-whacker spinning out a string of oaths as long as his arm.

"Oh, now, vipe your shin off," said the Dutelman.

The bull-whacker then pulled out a revolver about a foot long, cocked it, and pointed it at the Teutonic slangsinger, who leaned over and coolly said:

"Mien freund, vas ist das? Ist das ein stomach bump, ain't it?"

The bull-whacker couldn't stand the impudence any longer, but fired, the ball grazing the German's ear, going through another man's hat, scaring a scantily dressed beer-jerker almost to death, and finally lodging in a man's shoulder, causing a slight wound. A general stampede from the theatre followed, and shortly afterwards, the bull-whacker was arrested, and he now "pulls down his vest" and "wipes off his chin" in Sidney jail.

The play was resumed after the arrest, and everything went on as usual.

A startling rumor comes from Paris that long gloves reaching nearly to the elbow and requiring twenty buttons will be essential to the peace of mind of every well-dressed lady this year! Also that without court plaster patches no true toilet will be complete. Twenty buttons and patches! And this is called an era of reform!

Mr. George Bain was the only delegate from Missouri to the National Republican Convention that was a Conkling man. Some people thought, from the similarity of names, that he would have been a Blaine man. But then there was an l of a difference as well as an e between the two men.

A correspondent wants to know what is pleasanter, these nice mornings, than getting up and taking a sunrise walk of five miles before breakfast? Nothing, we should say, unless it is lying in bed and calmly thinking the matter over.

To jaw a man that won't jaw back, is like kicking at nothing—it worries you but don't hurt the other feller.

Dom Pedro Meets an Indian.

A correspondent who accompanied Dom Pedro II. and the Brazilian imperial party west from Salt Lake City, relates the following incident in the San Francisco *Chronicle*:

At each station where the train stopped for any length of time the Emperor jumped nimbly from the car and strode up and down the platform, gazing at every thing there was to be seen and returning the stares of the little throngs with interest. At Humboldt station the most amusing occurrence of the trip took place. Natchez, chief of the Piutes, who with a number of his followers had ridden the train from Winnemucca, pressed with a leering grin up to the side of the imperial car and hailing the conductor, cried out, "He, you! where you capiten? You savee. I look him; me capiten, too."

The Emperor emerged from his car, and observing the Piute chief, with the grinning face laughed audibly and asked him what tribe he belonged to.

Natchez answered the question civilly and smilingly reciprocated with the following: "You savee, what tribe you capiten?"

The Emperor did not deign to communicate the desired information, but answered with a chuckle. He asked him how many papooses he had, illustrating his question with a motherly undulating movement of his locked arms. Natchez held up two of his fingers, and with a true Indian persistence asked the Emperor the same question: "Capiten, papoose you how muchee?"

He was answered only by an imperial laugh which evinced a hearty appreciation of the humor of the scene. The Emperor continued his enquiries, most of which were aimed at the numbers, condition and disposition of the Piute nation, and ended with inquiring: "Natchez, how many squaws you got?"

The Indian chief distended his eyes, and, throwing up his arms with a ringing laugh, remarked to the bevy of bystanders:

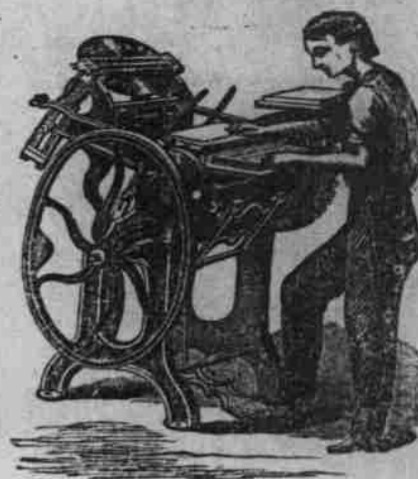
"Oh, he capiten, he bad man, he talkee squaw; he heap bad man!"

The Emperor returned into the privacy of his car amidst a roar of laughter, above which the melodious roar of Natchez was readily distinguishable.

PROF. SERLYE, in his speech at the Fifth Avenue Conference, advanced the opinion that the country ought to be congratulated that the Democratic drag-net had caught so few dishonest officers. The net was so ample, and had been pulled so vigorously, that the only explanation to be made of the fact is that there were few to be caught. This view of the case is borne out by the statement just made to the Senate by the Commissioner of the Customs as to the receipts and disbursements and the balances outstanding in the Treasury Department. The statement shows a deficiency in receipts from Customs for thirty years before 1860 at the rate of \$25 in \$10,000, and for the following fifteen years of only \$10 in \$100,000. On disbursements the deficiency for thirty previous to 1860 was \$26 in \$19,000, while for the next fifteen years it was only \$54 in \$100,000. This indicates that we are not going absolutely to the bad, and that while we might be better than we are, we are considerably better, in some regards, than we have been.

Coroner Praiedicaw, of St. Louis, took some money and a fine diamond stud from a corpse that had been found in the water and put them in his pocket. Soon afterwards he missed the diamond and could not find it nowhere. Scared by the likelihood of being accused of stealing it, he went home, and his excitement made him dangerously ill. The diamond was discovered in the lining of his vest, but he has not yet recovered from the shock to his nerves.

Women newspaper correspondents of Washington who write ball and party gossip, are disrespectfully spoken of as "persons who get their chicken-salad for nothing."



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