Albany Register.

OFFICIAL CITY PAPER.

ALBANY, FRIDAY, JULY 21, 1876.

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,

R. B. HAYES.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,

W. A. WHEELER.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

FOR CONGRESS,

HON. R. WILLIAMS,

of Multnomah county.

FOR PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS,
W. H. ODELL, of Lane county.
J. W. WATTS, of Yamhill county.
J. C. CARTWRIGHT, of Wasco county.

LOOK AT HOME.

The Democratic press and speakers are fond of charging corruption and mismanagement upon the Republican party; and no matter how often the charges are refuted, a charge once made by them is clung to and re-printed and reiterated from one end of the Union to the other, the Democratic party always adhering to the idea that a lie well stuck to is as good as the truth. But while the Democracy have always been willing and even over-anxious to charge corruption upon their opponents, they have never been willing to acknowledge, much less publish, the rascality with which its whole history teems. Right here at home Democratic journals have always shown a desire to charge the Republican party with all kinds of villainy, claiming that the Democratic party is the only party of principle and purity. Yet when we come to examine the records, we find the State of Oregon indebted in the sum of over one million of dollars! Upon the incoming of the Grover administration, only six years ago, the State was comparatively out of debt, and now, after but six years of Grover, the debt of the State amounts to the enormous sum of $1,026,915! as estimated by the Portland *Bee*. And this enormous debt has not only been created under a *pure Democratic administration*, but has been created illegally, in direct violation of the State Constitution. Section 7 of article 11 provides that:

"The Legislative Assembly sha'l not loan the credit of the State, nor in any manner create any debts or liabilities which shall singly or in the aggregate, with previous debts or liabilities, exceed the sum of fifty thousand dollars, except in case of war, or to repel invasion, or to suppress insurrection. And every contract of indebtedness entered into or assumed by or on behalf of the State, when all its liabilities and debts amount to said sum, shall be void and of no effect."

Do the people of Oregon desire this kind of *pure* and *honest* Democracy? They will soon be called upon to pay this enormous debt, and then they will begin to see and feel what is meant by "purity and honesty in governmental affairs" as practiced by the Democracy.

Greatness in Tribulation.

The Democracy seem to be in more than usual trouble—in fact these are troublous times for Democracy. All kinds of reports come from Washington in regard to the great Western Sphinx, Mr. Hendricks. One day we are informed that he has quarre'ed with Tilden; the next it is denied. Next that he will refuse to run on the same ticket with Tilden; next that he has not so refused. One day that he will write a letter defining himself on the financial question; next that he will do no such thing. And we are left in doubt as to the actual facts in the case, but have no doubt that Hendricks finds himself in a situation that he sometimes most always can't frequently know himself which of the boys he is—soft or hard. If Hendricks is really doubtful about accepting the empty honors of a nomination at the hands of the Democracy, let him sing out at once. Olebillalien is left. The fact is, neither Tilden nor Hendricks has accepted the nomination—at least no letter of acceptance has been published—and the Democracy is still in suspense as to whether either of these "great lights" deem it worth their "time and money" to go before the people and ask their votes, since Hayes and Wheeler's nomination.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer*, the leading organ of the Democracy in Ohio, and a paper of high national reputation in that delectable party, has the following in reference to Tilden's nomination: The kid-glove Democracy, of which Tilden is the chief, have not the confidence, and cannot obtain the votes of the masses. His nomination will disrupt and disorganize the Democratic party. It means defeat.

The reduction of the national debt during the month of June amounted to $3,881,377.

Metaphorical.

The following touching piece of metaphor is found in the Democratic platform. It ought to cause tears to flow from an iron statue, and Tammany Hall to be deluged by the tears of its innocent followers:

"Reform is necessary to rebuild and establish in the hearts of the whole people the Union, eleven years ago happily rescued from the danger of a corrupt centralism, which, after inflicting upon ten States the carpet-bag tyrannies, has honeycombed the offices of the Federal Government itself with incapacity, waste and fraud, infected States and municipalities with the contagion of misrule, and locked fast the prosperity of an industrious people in the paralysis of hard times."

"Honeycombed the offices," etc., is good, but the "contagion of misrule" is a trifle better, while the "paralysis of hard times," rises to the level of the sublime. Bosh! Just think of the sin-scarred politicians of New York and St. Louis indulging in such talk, and sitting in judgment over a party that made the Centennial year possible!

Democratic Reasoning.

The nation is in need of reform; therefore the nation is in need of Democracy.

The nation is burdened with a heavy debt; therefore it should be saddled with Democracy.

The nation is suffering from hard times; therefore it should accept Democracy.

The nation should have a better currency; therefore it should have Democracy.

Everybody should have all the money they want; therefore everybody should support Democracy.

Every passing ill has its antidote, and this antidote is Democracy. From a black spot in the civil service to a hole in a man's hat the only remedy lies in a dose of Democracy. We may suffer a few ills as a people, but good men generally will pray that to these may not be added four years of Democracy. The West may have its grasshoppers, the East hard times, the South Ku-klux, but all these combined in one plague could not equal the evil effects of a single term of Democracy. The Lord spare the land this severe affliction.

Tilden's friends claim that he carried his State in 1874 by 50,000 majority. His vote was 416,000 against 378,000, which gives him a majority of 38,000 only. Last year a majority of 14,810 is claimed for his ticket. His vote was 390,000 against 386,000, which gives him some 4,000 majority. It is well to state the figures accurately, as they take down the lofty pretension of Governor Tilden's popularity, and show that he has fallen far short of his claims to public confidence. He will find that a revolution has taken place since it was seen that he wore only a mask of reform, and that New York is good for 50,000 against him, of which Kings county will furnish 10,000.

A REVERSIBLE TICKET.—Here we have a platform for the millions! Hard money or soft money; greenbacks or gold; resumption and anti-resumption; free schools as you like them; the whole world invited to our shores, and good-will expressed for everybody, except the Chinese. All in one platform, and that Democratic. Tilden the head and Hendricks the tail, the only reversible ticket that has been put in the field. Both ends are calculated to suit any and all tastes. Anything to beat the Republican party! If this reversible ticket fails, then, indeed, the star of Democracy goes down forever.

THE New Orleans *Bulletin* (Dem.) is disgusted with the performances of the St. Louis Convention. It says: "A party that has not the courage to announce a single emphatic conviction, or that has none to declare, is incapable of aggression, and stands confessed as nothing more than a mere organized communion, whose sole purpose is to get offices, which they propose to fill in an indefinite sort of way."

This was the editorially expressed opinion of the Memphis *Avalanche*, on Tuesday morning:

"Tilden is a sham reformer, and the canvass in his behalf has for its basis misrepresentation, deceit and fraud."

We shall be curious to see whether these views have undergone revision since his nomination.

Says the Albany, N. Y, *Journal*: The Democratic platform is not a declaration of principles, but a stump speech; not a clear enunciation of a definite policy, but a string of false and reckless assertions, garnished with all the verbose rhetoric and glittering utterances of a campaign ranter.

Samuel J. Tilden is in his 73d year, a bachelor, 5 feet 10 inches high, weighs more than the Democracy can carry, and has grizzly gray hair and blue eyes.

THE TWO TICKETS.

Both tickets are in the field and the people can now make choice between them. Both parties have put forward their best men. The issue therefore will not be on the men selected, but on the principles they represent. Hayes represents an element that was true during the war. Tilden an element that was untrue to the country. The one went to the field to save the Republic. The other staid at home and by voice and example discouraged enlistments. The one represents the virtue and intelligence of the country. The other its vice and ignorance. The one belongs to the progressive element. The other to the element that would retard and destroy. Hayes has proven his fidelity to the nation. Tilden has nothing but empty promises to rely upon. The first is a true reformer, the latter a pretender, who could not if he would bring about reform. The abuses which have grown up in New York under his rule prove this.

Gen. Crook appears to be doing his usual good work. Learning that some eight hundred Cheyennes were on their way to join Sitting Bull, he made a forced march of seventy-five miles in thirty-five hours and fell upon the Indians like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. The Indians astounded by the sudden appearance of the "Grey Fox," as they call Crook, and made all possible haste to get back to their reservation which they reached in a thoroughly frightened and demoralized condition. Gen. Crook is of the opinion that no attempts will be made by them to move northward to assist Sitting Bull. Some Indians were reported near the North Platte river and Capt Egan went with his company to hunt them up and off. Nothing has been heard in regard to his expedition.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer*, the leading Democratic paper in Ohio, didn't want Tilden nominated, but on the contrary proved him a swindler, railroad jobber, trickster, deceiver, etc. Yet the St. Louis convention pronounced him their style of man. The *Enquirer*, while acquiescing in the nomination says that what it has said against Tilden "must stand;" and that if its arguments in opposition to his nomination "now serve the enemy, we [it] can't help it."

The Steubenville *Gazette*, a life-long Democratic paper, bolts the nomination of Tilden. It says:

As for Mr. Tilden, we have frequently said that if he was nominated we would not give him our support, and now that he has been chosen as the "Democratic" candidate for President, we dec'are freely and unequivocally, that unless something beyond our present knowledge conspires to change our opinion of the man and position, we will do nothing whatever to further his election. We do not now consider him a Democrat, for no Democrat would have used his influence and money to defeat the election of Wm. Allen to the Governorship of Ohio, as did Mr. Tilden last year

John Morrissey, Tilden's chief fugleman at St. Louis, is announced as the projector of a new Democratic paper at Washington. You can't most always tell now who isn't going to start a new paper. It mainly requires "cheek" to go in, but it is Providentially arranged that there is a hereafter.

The Brooklyn *Argus* throws this little ray of light on the strength of Tilden in his own State: The *Argus* would like to support an honest Democrat as against Governor Hayes, but as between Governor Hayes and Samuel J. Tilden, there is not an independent paper in the State of New York that will not support Hayes as a matter of patriotic duty.

Horace Greeley knew very well that during the Tweed regime, during which Samuel J. Tilden was chairman of the Democratic state central committee of New York, extensive election frauds were constantly practiced in that state. In 1868 Mr. Greeley wrote an open letter to Tilden calling his attention to this fact, advising him that if these frauds were continued the people would hold him responsible, and appealing to him for an honest vote in the city of New York at the pending election. The only reply made was that, at the election that fall, the Republicans were swindled out of the majority vote of that state by Tilden and his associates, Hoffman was counted in as governor against Griswold who was really elected; and the electoral vote of the state was given to Seymour, when it honestly belonged to General Grant. The truth of this statement has been demonstrated by some of the parties who participated in the fraud. In the letter referred to, Mr. Greeley informed Tilden that one word from him in favor of honest elections would be respected by every Democrat in New York city. But that word was never spoken.

Mr. R. H. Carter, well known at Boise and elsewhere as a mining superintendent, died rather suddenly in Silver City about half-past ten o'clock Monday morning the 10th inst. His disease was congestion of the brain.

THE PUBLIC GOOD.—It is said that Tilden has an eye single to the public good. The other eye is retained for the benefit of Samuel, the reformer.

Food for Reflection.

The country has crossed the threshhold of and is now entering upon its second century. Throughout the land rejoicing is the order of the day North, South, East and West, the people have uttered words of devotion and gratitude. Is it not a thought worthy of special prominence that the Nation lives today through the patriotism and wisdom of the Republican party? Is not the conflicting and irreconcilable views of the leaders of the opposition, equally suggestive of their incompetency and lack of wisdom? Most assuredly this centennial year the great American people cannot afford to give the control of the government into the hands of men who, but a few short years ago, were themselves conspicuous in their efforts to destroy the nation.

The Albany *Journal*, speaking of the much that is said of Mr. Tilden's success and power in accomplishing his objects, dec'ares that the simple truth is that he is successful when he is not seriously opposed, and never successful when he is.

A PICTURE.—Morrissey and Kelly shedding tears over official corruption and embracing each other for the public good is a picture worthy the pencil of a Nast.

Senator Thurman does not hesitate to say that the Republican Presidential ticket is a strong one. He declares that Hayes is a splendid man, and that his reputation is without flaw or stain.

The only man who refused to pay his hotel bill at St. Louis, during Convention week, was W. T. Pelton, nephew of Gov. Tilden. The proprietors of the Planters' House sue him for $325.

Seven States will hold elections before the Presidential election in November. Maine, Vermont and Kansas will vote in September, and Ohio, Indiana, West Virginia and Georgia in October.

Reports from different localities on Puget Sound are to the effect that potatoes are becoming specked, and are rotting to considerable extent. Very hot weather succeeded by cold rains, is, perhaps, the cause of the diseased condition of our potatoes so early in the season.

A Crout Romance from Laramie City.

It will be remembered that at the spring term of Court, in one of the divorce suits entitled Crout vs. Crout, the plaintiff alleged that she was entitled to a divorce on the grounds that Crout didn't pet her enough; that Crout did not buzz the requisite amount of sweetness into her ear, nor shed the required number of beaming smiles onto her which her clinging fondness seemed to demand; and that Crout was morose, or, in other words, "he was a sour Crout," and so she soured on him.

But with the blooming of the cactus and the sighing of the mountain zephyr, came the true knight for whom Mrs. Crout had sighed. He was poor but honest, withal he had a place in his heart for Mrs. Crout, and a raging hunger in his pocket for the contributions of his friends. His name was Cameron. And according to the tale of Cameron, some of the noblest blood of Scotland circulated through his capillaries in the proportion of eight parts Highland blood to ninety-two parts of very poor whiskey, or, to put it practically, the the boss blood of bonny Scotland was "comin' thro' the rye."

But in an evil hour he skipped. His views were b'ood; he could not brook the narrow limits of Laramie So one bright May morning he bounded lightly into the train, and, gently putting his thumb upon his ruddy nose as a parting salute to his friends who had generously contributed toward paying for his hash and whisky straights, he hied himself away to other fields. But after awhile he came back. He didn't really want to, but he took the advice of the Sheriff and came back. The City Clerk the City Marshal, the Prosecuting Attorney, the Sheriff, and quite a large number of citizens, got up a grand meeting for him at the City Hall. Hon. N. L. Andrews made some very appropriate remarks, and was then followed by Hon. C. W. Bramel and others. Then the occasion seemed to require that Mr. Cameron should make some acknowledgement of this attention. He rose with evident emotion and said —"Not guilty." Although not very loquacious, he seemed to fully appreciate the kindness manifested toward him, more especially when he became the guest of Sheriff Brophy for the remainder of his stay in the city.

But, to cut a long story short, Mr. C., on a writ of habeas corpus, once more became a free American citizen, without a mother-in-law. So he went with his grief to Mrs. Crout. And did Mrs. Crout look upon him coldly? Not by a bushel and a half. The fellow who took her to be a cold Crout didn't know the party in question.

She smashed the off rim of her new spring hat on his shoulder and cried till the paper collar of Cameron hung around his neck like a wet bandage on a sore toe.

Then they planned that they would elope. They had both had nearly all kinds of experience, but neither of them had ever eloped. So they ran away, and registered at Rawlins as John Cameron and wife. Thus, these two, who seemed to be made for each other, were at last brought together, and lived happy ever afterwards. So the green grass waved, the mountain blast blasted, the zephyr sighed through the sage-brush, the lambs whisked their tails, and Cameron softly whispers in the ear of Mrs. Crout.—*Laramie Sun.*

How Jones Secured the Respect of Mrs. Jones.

Mrs. Jones was standing in her back yard feeding the chickens, when Stonewall Jackson came running in, crying as though his heart would break, and told her that Bill Brown had slapped him for nothing. Mrs. Jones never said a word, but she grit her teeth hard and went into the house to cut cabbage, and chopped it so fine, thinking it was Bill Brown's head, that you might have sifted it through a cob-web. While Jones sat eating his dinner that evening, Mrs. Jones told of the outrage that had been committed, and asked him what he was going to do about it. Jones pondered. Bill Brown was fully 21 years old, a shining light in the Fire Department, pitcher in a base-ball club, and had the general reputation among experts of being "a good man." After considering these things carefully, Jones came to the conclusion that the best course to pursue was "to treat Brown with silent contempt," and so he told his wife, adding, by way of parenthesis, "My dear, such cattle are beneath our notice."

"All right, Mr. Jones," said Mrs. Jones, "if your not man enough to protect your family, thank God! I've got a brother," and she swept from the room with a look that Jones knew only too well. He had seen that same look on his wife's face once before, when he brought a friend home to dinner on washing day, and he knew it meant war. There was no help for it; it flashed upon Jones with the swiftness of lightning; there would be no peace in the Jones family until the insult of the morning had been wiped out with blood.

That night the boys were all sitting in a neighboring beer saloon, and the genial proprietor was telling them what he would do if he got the nomination for Alderman. The gentleman, whom we will call Mike, because that was not his name, was an ex-prize fighter, could barely write his name, and was in many other respects especially qualified for an Alderman. He kept good beer, and offered it with that lavish liberality and recklessness of expenditure for which Vicksburg candidates are famous. Jones came in, took his pro rata of beer and sat down to meditate upon the Brown affair. At last a happy idea seemed to strike him; he called for another "shoofly," and rubbed his hands and slapped his knees in gleeful anticipation

At last he said to Mike, with careless air, "Mike, is Bill Brown one of your supporters?"

"You can jut bet your munkey-muck on that," says Mike; there's a boy I do stand solid with."

"That's strange," said Jones.

"What's strange?" said Mike with that uneasy, suspicious air so common to candidates.

"Oh nothing," said Jones mysteriously; "I don't think I ought to tell."

"Jones," said Mike, solemnly, "if you're a friend of mine you'll tell."

"Well, I will," said Jones, "but you must keep it confidential"

"All right; go ahead," said Mike anxiously.

"Well," said Jones, "I just came from the Centennial bar-room, and heard Brown say that you did'nt know your head from a shot-gun; that he caught you one day reading a newspaper upside down; that he'd sooner vote for the lowest down nigger in the ward than vote for you, and that if you were elected, city scrip would go down to 5 cents on the dollar, and taxes go up so high you couldn't reach them with a balloon."

Mike put on his hat and coat, and made a bee line for the Centennial bar-room.

Jones went home and sat down on the front gallery, smoking his cigar with that peace of mind which only one can know whose bosom is distended with the proud consciousness of having done a good action.

About half an hour afterwards he said to his wife, who was sitting inside.

"Mrs. Jones, I don't think Bill Brown will hit our boy any more."

"Why?"

"Come and see."

Mrs. Jones stepped to the window, and looked out. They were bringing Brown home on a shutter, with both of his eyes banged up and his nose dripping blood at every pore.

Mrs. Jones turned to her husband, and said:

"Darling, can you forgive me?"

Jones drew himself up haughtily, and replied with withering sarcasm; "Mrs. Jones, I don't think I am able to protect this family; you'd better send for your brother."

Mrs. Jones was crushed.—*Vicksburg Herald.*

The Poorman ledge on the 7th level north is begining to show up splendidly. It abounds in high grade ore and has all the appearance of a perfect developement. There is every indication that the Poorman will yet be the agency through which the camp will roll on to prosperity.

LOCAL MATTERS.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in the Post Office, Albany, Linn county, Oregon, July 20, 1876. Persons calling for these letters must give the date on which they were advertised.

Blinn, A	Lewis, David
Calkins, W F	Mack, Roman
Engels, John	Pottle, B N
Graves, Henry	Reasoner, Miss E A
Hicks, Mrs Mary E	Sperry, John
Hicks, Frank	Taylor, Mrs Eliza
James, Stephens G	Taylor, Miss Mary A
Lerinzo, Miss MaryA	Farmer, J F
Lyon, Miss Alice	

P. H. RAYMOND, P. M.

CLOSE CALL.—Tuesday's Express train, having on board about half the excursionists on their return to Portland, came within an ace of being thrown from the track and playing havoc generally with the passengers. When the train was within a mile and a half of Brooks' station, the engineer discovered a pile of firewood on the track. Brakes were whistled down, and fortunately the train was stopped in time, but not until the cowcatcher had struck the impediment. The fiend or fiends who were guilty of this attempt at wholesale murder should be ferited out, no matter at what cost, and put where they cannot exercise their devilish propensities. The Railroad Company offers a reward of $500, and the excursionists offer an additional $500, for the apprehension of the guilty parties.

ILLUMINATED.—Among the buildings illuminated Monday night other than the Court House, we mention the *Democrat* office, No 1's hall, O. Fox, & Bro., J. M. Merick's and the St. Charles Hotel. The St. Charles was handsomely adorned, inside and out, with flags, over three hundred flags being used for that purpose. Adorned with flags and illuminated from top to bottom, the St. Charles presented a magnificent appearance.

PERSONAL.—We are indebted to Messrs. Henry L. Pittock, wife and daughter, little Sue, S. A. Moreland and wife, W. H. Coburn, J. M. Baltimore (the first named gentleman one of the proprietors, and the other three attachees of the *Oregonian*); J. T. Atkinson, of the *Sunday Welcome*, I. Samuel, of the *West Shore*, Prof. R. C. White, and other friends whose names now escape us, for visits on Monday and Tuesday.

ARM BROKEN.—Our youngest daughter, Lottie, not quite four years old, fell from the back stairs shortly after six o'clock Tuesday evening, fracturing the left arm bone at the shoulder. With the necessary attention, although the little one suffered intensely during Tuesday night, we think now the arm will knit together and heal up all right in time.

GONE EAST.—Rev. Isaiah Wilson, wife and daughter, of Eugene City, left us on Wdenesday, after a short visit, for Old New Jersey, where they will probably reside hereafter. They take with them the kindest wishes of a large circle of friends, both here and at Eugene, for their future health and prosperity.

NOTICE.—Persons wishing to purchase will please notice the ad. offering two houses for sale, elsewhere in this number. Also, that the School Directors wish to let the erection of a new school building, similar to the one erected in Dixie a year ago.

WAY UP.—The supper at the St. Charles Monday night was the best "lay out" in the grub line ever gotten up by a hotel in this city. It was highly praised by the Portland and other guests of Albany Fire Department who partook of the bountiful spread. 'Ror for Matthews & Morrison.

OUR FIREMEN'S RECEPTION—Monday night was a complete success, in the way of attendance, etc. There was a train-load of people from Portland and other points north, while representatives came from various other points, near and far. Elsewhere we give a more detailed account of the grand affair.

FROM PENNSYLVANIA.—We had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Gale, a member of the pressgang, of Pennsylvania, at the St. Charles Monday night. Mr. Gale was "doing" Oregon for the benefit of the readers of his journal.

MEDICAL.—The homoeopathic physicians of Oregon were to meet at Portland yesterday, for the purpose of forming a State Association. Dr. G. W. Wilcox will represent Albany having left on yesterday morning's Express train for Portland.

Two or three hacks and several buggies, loaded with ladies and gentlemen of this city, went out near Rev. S. G. Irvine's farm, on Muddy, yesterday, to while away a few hours in the exciting and healthful game of croquet.

FALSE ALARM.—An alarm of fire called out both companies in a hurry, on Wednesday night. Somebody set fire to some straw or other rubbish in the vacant lots near the Episcopal church, causing the alarm.

DISLOCATED.—On Saturday last, the two little sons of Henry Leffers, residing near Scio, aged respectively 9 and 6 years, fell from the back of a horse, the eldest escaping without injury, but the youngest had his shoulder dislocated.

DITCHED.—The up mail train was ditched at Elk creek, near Drain's Station, Wednesday afternoon, by the breaking of an axle on the tender. Conductor Stroud received a few scratches, and a lady passenger had her shoulder dislocated.

FOR OCHOCO.—Messrs. Vanny Smith and Thurs. Hackleman, mounted on a couple of splendid mules armed and equipped as the law directs, started for Ochoco Monday. They expect to be absent about one month.

Medicated baths are expensive. Not so, however, Glenn's Sulphur Soap, a cheap and efficient substitute, which answers the same purpose as far as local diseases of the skin, rheumatism and gout are concerned.

MARRIED.—At the residence of A. B. Morris, in this city, July 16, 1876, by Elder J. A. Powell, Mr. Joshua H. Smith and Mrs. Mary E. Lewis, both of Marion county, Oregon.

MARRIED.—July 13, 1876, at Corvallis, Mr. Conrad Myer, of this city, and Miss Kate Radamaker, of Corvallis.

For the wine and cake forward to this office on Friday, we make our best bow. May a kind providence always smile upon the happy pair.

PICTORIALS—In good supply, at Jno. Foshay's, as well as all kinds of stationery, books, musical instruments, drugs, medicines, etc., and Star is always there to serve you in good style.

On Tuesday, Messrs. J. K. Morrison and wife, James Scrafford, wife and daughter, F. Eggert and wife, Mart Scrafford and wife, C. H. Stewart, W. M. Gastoin and John Hume started for Fish Lake and fun.

VERY ILL.—The two youngest children of Rev. Dr. Irvine have been very ill, and the life of the babe was almost given up Tuesday night, but careful treatment brought it through.

REMOVAL.—W. C. Tweedale moved into his storeroom, opposite Carothers & Co. (lately occupied by Doc Lister), on Monday, where customers will hereafter find him.

About the middle of the week W. W. Parrish and family left us for the Ochoco country, where they propose remaining for sometime.

AT SHEDD.—For fruit cans and jars; for wax to seal 'em; for cigars and soda-pop; for Oregon made stoves and tinware, see Wheeler, at Shedd.

Telegrams were flashing over the wires pretty rapidly on Monday, and Charley Irwin was kept pretty busy receiving and toteing them around.

The Decoration Committee at the Opera House did themselves credit Monday last, as all who were present at the ball that evening will testify.

Rev. Mr. Stephens, Episcopal, arrived in this city from the East yesterday. He will take charge of the new church recently completed on Lyon street.

Charley Elkins, of Ochoco, arrived in the city the front part of the week, on a visit to his parents and many friends here.

Tyler & Tate have some of the handsomest lard. In five pound cans, you ever went anywhere.

Good weather for soda, and A Carothers & Co have both the Arctic and the Lemonillakindyoubef.

Sam'l E. Young has just sold gobs and slathers of agricultural implements during the last two weeks—and he'll sell more.

The cherry harvest is over, and the blackberry (tame) harvest is almost upon us.

Holbert, of Salem, the great manufacturer of sweets, glided through our city yesterday, en route for Eugene.

Jim Foster, who had been ill for some days previous, started for Yaquina a day or two ago.

Mr. John Monteith is again about, after his recent severe illness.

The prospect for an enormous yield of grain was never better in Linn county.

All the Peninsular nabobs threw themselves in sight Monday night.

Some pretty warm days during the week.

Ans. Lincoln threw himself in sight yesterday. He came from California.

D. H. Stearns, of the Portland *Bee*, made us a pleasant call yesterday.

Billy Brunk is doing Fish Lake.

New To-Day.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that we will sell, to the highest responsible bidder, one house 23x30 feet, one and one-half stories high, finished off with rooms suitable for family convenience. Also one small one-story house, 14x24 feet. Said houses are situated on the Canal, in the upper portion of the city of Albany, and known as the Dennis Beach property. Said sale will take place on the premises above mentioned, at the hour of one o'clock P. M., on the

28th day of July, 1876.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash; houses to be moved by November 1st, 1876.

Also, on the same day and date, we will let to the lowest responsible bidder, the building of a schoolhouse; dimensions same as the one built in the lower part of the city in 1875, by Dowel & Baltimore.

By order of Directors of Sch. Dist. No. 5.

Albany, July 21, 1876. 43v8

Notice to Creditors.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned was, on the 11th day of July, 1876, appointed administrator of the estate of Thomas L. Ramsay, deceased, by the County Court of Linn county, Oregon. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same with proper vouchers, within six months after the date hereof, at my residence near Albany, in Linn county, Oregon.

WM. R. HARDMAN,
July 11, 1876-v43 Administrator.

Owing to continued illness in the editor's family, and other causes, he is desirous of "talking a walk," and will therefore sell the REGISTER office for about half what it is really worth. It is a complete news and job office. If you mean business, come to see us.

FOR

BLANK DEEDS,

Neatly executed,

Call at the Register Office

Pictures and Picture Frames.

E. B. PURDOM

Would announce to the citizens of Albany and vicinity, that he is prepared to furnish all kinds of PICTURE FRAMES to order, at short notice. Pictures framed, and old frames repaired. Call at his office on First street, one door west of Broadalbin, and leave your orders 38-1

$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit & terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Me.