

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, BY COLL. VAN CLEVE, AT THE REGISTER BUILDING, Corner Ferry and First Streets.

TERMS IN ADVANCE. One copy, one year, \$2.50. One copy, six months, \$1.50. Clubs of twenty, each copy, \$2.00. Single copies, 10 cents. Subscribers outside the country will be charged 20 cents extra—\$2.70 for the year—as this is the amount of postage per annum which we are required to pay on each paper mailed by us.

Agents for the Register. The following named gentlemen are authorized to receive and receive subscriptions to the Register in the localities mentioned: Messrs. Kirk & Co., Albany; Messrs. Brown & Co., Troy; Messrs. H. H. Clough, Schenectady; Messrs. Smith & Bradford, Junction City; D. Irving, Saratoga; Thos. H. Reynolds, Salton.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 19, 1877.

WHAT THE PAPERS SAY.

Copperhead Democrats who never did nor never will do anything worth "Tilden or blood," but the people don't intend to have either.

They are now willing to compromise by giving up Hendricks, and allowing Wheeler to be elected Vice President. One by one their positions are surrendered.

"Stop thief!" "Stop thief!" cry the Democratic papers over the Louisiana vote, when in their own pockets they carry the stolen electoral votes of Mississippi and Alabama! Since the founder of the Democratic party tried to bludge our Savior on the mountain, who ever heard of such impudence?

Since the election, not one word has been heard from the liar who originated the absurd charges about President elect Hayes' income tax. The author of this slander was Jas. B. Steadman, who owes the Government about \$640,000 which he failed to account for, when, in 1869, he was collector of internal revenue in Louisiana. A suit for the recovery of the amount was begun years ago.

The Democrats consider that States are ungrateful. Louisiana was purchased by Jefferson, and has gone Republican. Oregon, about which Polk was determined to fight England, has also gone Republican. And, as the unkindest cut of all, Colorado, the admission of which as a State the Republicans opposed and the Democratic House forced into the Union, has joined the happy band and voted against Democracy.

Tammany Hall, in imitation of Abraham S. Hewitt, has issued an address. The main points in it are a claim that Tilden is elected and that there is a "fraudulent conspiracy" to keep him out, which may "prove fatal to the free institutions of the country." The declaration from that source is about as impressive as a sermon would be on intemperance from an occupant of the gutter. Col. Bob Ingersoll never told a plainer truth than when he said that Tammany Hall sustains the same relation to the penitentiary that the Sunday School does to the church. Its leaders are thieves, villains and scoundrels.

Of the war-like editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, who during all of the late "oppressantness," edited a newspaper and never got nearer than within 50 miles of the "Yankee army," the Ohio State Journal says:

M. Henri Waterson is prancing about, with his head and tail (and perhaps more) in a state of elevation, smelling the battle. When Monsieur Henri came through the lines about 1864 in a little bobtail gray roundabout, with a flag of truce, beginning a little below where the roundabout ended, he was not so brash about having the fighting begin again. He was willing to leave something to diplomacy.

The dignified Parke Godwin wants Hayes and Tilden to settle the presidential question by drawing lots. He has had an interview with Tilden, and this happy thought struck him. We suspect that Tilden would prefer to settle it by a game of draw-poker, in which case he would have the advantage of Hayes, as he would receive valuable instructions from his right bower, John Morrissy.

Hon. Zach Chandler says he does not care a copper about the dispatches he sent to prominent Republicans at the South—would just as soon see them made public as not. But the question is, shall those disappointed Democrats, while in a rage over their late defeat, be allowed to throw out their drag-net, and rummage the files of private telegraphic correspondence just for spite against the party that defeated them?

They have convicted about fifty fellows in Cincinnati for repeating; that is voting twice and some of them three or four times in the Presidential election. But one of these repeaters voted for Hayes. Early in the day when he was perfectly sober, and had his boots blacked and a clean shirt on he voted for Hayes and Wheeler. Late in the day, at another ballot box, when he was bested drunk on mean Democratic whisky, he voted for Tilden and Hendricks. We think that fellow ought to be pardoned.

The mule, like a good many theologians, argues backward.

Mr. Saukey's "Hold the Fort" has been arranged as a waltz for the piano. It is popular among those who hold the piano-forte.

A Nebraska preacher takes up half a column of a newspaper in returning thanks for a present of \$5. The editor loses no matter who gains.

A Wisconsin man made \$18,000 out of cranberries last season. Such men always bring a smile to the face of a sugar dealer.

While the Democrats carried their electoral ticket through in Indiana the Republicans have got the Legislature.

We have had no pronouncement from A. double-s Hewitt for several days.

The war-like Northern Democrats want a chance to flee to Canada as they did during the late war.

Hewitt is a very small man with a very large mouth, and every time he opens it he puts his foot in it.

The symbol of the Republican party is the noble eagle, king of birds. That of the Democratic the rooster of the dunghill brood.

Business men have faith in the stability of the Government, and gold continues at a lower figure than quoted previous to the late election.

Hendricks says the Indiana Democrats want nothing but peace. In that particular he and Grant agree precisely. Grant says we will have peace, and he means what he says.

"Radicalism," says an exchang, "has shown its hand." And it is the dirtiest hand, too, that ever was shown.—Courier Journal.

How could it be otherwise? It has just been handling the Democratic party "without gloves."

Since his failure to swindle himself into the Presidency, Tilden ought to crawl into a cremation furnace.

Grant may attempt to play the Napoleon with a coup d'etat, but he will find in the end that he has simply played the devil.—Courier Journal.

Yes, with the Democratic party.

Of the dozen leading Democrats who went to South Carolina, Louisiana and Florida to help Tilden were Gen. John M. Palmer and Mr. Geo. W. Julian. The Knoxville Tribune, in parading their partisan report before the public, says, with a flourish of trumpets, that they were "former Republicans" and "original abolitionists." This is true, but the Tribune fails to tell that Julian is now a Democrat because the Republicans refused to elect him to the Lower House of Congress, and Palmer a Democrat because the Republicans have several times refused to elect him to the Upper House of Congress. On the same principle the Tribune ought always to speak of Judas Iscariot as a "former Christian."—Parson Brownlow.

YAQUINA RAILROAD.

Says the Corvallis Gazette: Since Governor Grover sought to vent a little personal spite at the people of Benton county, by vetoing the Yaquina railroad bill, last fall, the matter has been settled to remain quiet. But with the rise in price of wheat, and the prospect of a double yield, next harvest, the people are again waking up to the importance of an ocean outlet in the heart of the Willamette valley.

At their December meeting, the Board of Directors of the Willamette Valley and Coast R. R. Co., took steps in this matter, which, in our opinion, will have the effect to unite our people in one more rally for this important enterprise. In consequence of misunderstanding, and the jumbled condition of the old stock books, they resolved to open new books, with new headings, etc., so as to receive produce, labor, or whatever the citizens may choose to give in aid of the road, and allow canvassers 2 1/2 per cent, for securing subscriptions—one half to be taken in stock, and the other in cash.

It is estimated that \$450,000 will be made, bridge, tie and iron the entire road, and the people of Benton county can do this much within themselves. We have waited long enough for outside capitalists to build our road, and we believe the Directors have struck the key note to this enterprise, at last. Let every able-bodied man of Benton county pull of his coat, roll up his sleeves and go to work in earnest, and ground will be broken before the 1st of May. Grade and tie a section of five or ten miles, commencing at any point of deep water, and the iron and rolling stock can be easily secured. The last year's experience of river monopoly and high freights, should rouse the people of Benton and adjoining counties to action. Everything is now favorable for a forward movement on our long looked for railroad project. Will the people of Benton county take hold of this matter in earnest, and secure a permanent check upon transportation monopolies, or will they slyly submit while the galling chains of ruinous freight tariffs are being forged about their necks. What say you farmers and business men of Benton?

GARDENING FOR LADIES.—Make up your beds early in the morning instead of lying thereon; sew buttons on your husband's shirts; do not rake up any grievances; protect the young and tender branches of your family; plant a smile of good temper in your face, and carefully root out all angry feelings; cultivate all womanly graces, and expect a good crop of happiness.

A BLIGHT IN SUMMER.

I was not the regular doctor, for the practice in Burnley belonged to Fred Garnet, an old hospital friend of mine, who had taken to a simple country practice, while I had been roaming about the world as surgeon in emigrant ships, and during the Franco-German war. We had met after seven years, when I wanted a month's quiet in my country, and he had asked me to attend town to pass a degree, for he was a hard-studying, ambitious fellow.

A man at the door desired me to come over and see his master, who was dying of gout. This was the announcement by the servant. Saving that I had been consulted about a "terrible wherritin' pain" in the back of an old lady about seventy-five, this was my first call.

"There's Miss Kate watching for us," I could see the flutter of a white dress by the gate as we drove on, but my attention was too much taken up by the pretiness of the place, and I was gazing idly about, thinking nothing of "Miss Kate" and her troubles, when the gig stopped and I jumped down.

"Here he is, uncle, dear," she cried. "Time he was here!" exclaimed some one, with a savage growl.

After giving various little orders I placed the leg in an easy position, the patient breaking out into furious exclamations the while. Then, by means of some hoops from a small wooden tub, I made a little gipsy tent over the limb so that the coverings did not touch the exquisitely tender skin, and at the end of half an hour had the pleasure of hearing a sigh of satisfaction, and seeing a smile steal over the face, which was now smooth and bedewed with a gentle perspiration, and directly after in a drowsy voice, my patient said:

"Kitty, my darling, he's a trump. Take him into the next room and apologise to him, and tell him I'm not always such a beast."

He was half asleep already, while I— even in that short hour—I had fallen into a dream, a dream of love; I who had never loved before, or even thought of it, but as sickly boy and girl stuff, unworthy of busy men.

I can not tell you how the day passed, only that Kate Anesty had implied me not to leave her uncle yet; and I? I was her slave, and would have done her bidding even to the death.

He was soon better, but my visits to the farm were more frequent than ever. I went one day as usual, but instead of Kate being at the window and running out to meet me, the old gentleman stood at the door looking very angry, and at once caught hold of my coat and dragged me into the kitchen.

"Is anything wrong?" I said, trembling. "Yes, lots," said the old man. "What do you come here for?"

"For mercy sake, don't keep it back!" I said, for the room seemed to swim around me. "Is Kate ill?"

"Yes—I think she is," he said gruffly. "But look here, young man, what does this mean?"

"Mean," said I. "Oh, Mr. Brand, if she is ill let me see her at once!"

"She don't look very bad," he said, peering through the crack of the door into the parlor, where I could see her white dress; but I say, as your man, you'd better move. She's growing dull, and I can't have my darling made a fool of."

"Made a fool of?" I stammered. "Yes," he said gruffly; "what do you come here for?"

I was silent for a minute, with a wondrous feeling stealing over me, as at last my lips said—I did not prompt them—"because I love her with all my heart."

"And you have told her so?"

"Not a word," I said, slowly. My hand was being crushed as in a vice the next minute.

"I'm not a gentleman, doctor, but I know one when I meet one. There, you may go and talk to her, if it's as you say, for if it's true you wouldn't make her unhappy; but, my lad, the man who trifles with that girl's heart would be the greatest scoundrel that ever stepped on God's earth."

The whole of this part of my life is so dreamy that it's all like some golden vision. But I was at her chair, I know, and that glorious evening I was content to watch the soft dreamy face beside me, as she sat there with her hands folded in her lap, watching the sunset.

At last we rose and walked together through the wood, to stop at last beneath an overshadowing tree, and there, low, broken words, "I loved her, and in her sweet girlish simplicity she laid her hands upon my shoulders, looked up in my face, and promised to be my little wife."

I went home that night riding in a wonderful triumphal chariot instead of a gig, and to my surprise, on reaching the house there was Fred Garnet.

"Back already?" I stammered. "Already? Why the month's up," he said laughing. "You must have had good sport with your fishing, Master Max."

It came upon me like thunder, this return, and I lay that night awake—happy, but miserable, for this meant the end of my visit, and what was to come in the future? I had not thought of that.

I put it off for the time, and having obtained willing permission from Garnet, I went his rounds the next morning, and, of course, found my way to the farm.

I fancy the servant looked at me in rather a peculiar, constrained way as she said that her master had gone to the off-hand farm.

"And Miss Kate?" I said. "She's down in the wood, sir," said the girl.

I waited to hear no more, but ran along the garden, leaped the gate, and crossing two fields, went through the wilderness, and over the stile into the wood.

"My darling!" I kept repeating, as I hurried on, expecting to meet her at every turn, and then I stopped short

with a horrible pang seeming to catch my heart. I was dizzy, faint, and my knees gave under me; but that all passed off to leave a bitter, crushing sense of misery as I held on by a young sappling, and peered at the scene before me.

There stood, with her back to me, Kate—false, false Kate—with the arm of a tall, handsome, military looking man encircling her waist, her head resting on his shoulder; and, even as I gazed, he bent his head down and she raised her arms—her face—her lips to meet his kisses, as he folded her to his breast.

I saw no more but stole blindly away, went to the stable, saddled and bridled the horse in a dreamy fashion, mounted, and rode back to Burnley, threw the bride to the man, walked straight to the station without seeing Fred Garnet, and went off to London.

Six months glided by and then I was once more called upon to take charge of the practice in a fine in the suburbs. It was one dark night in the Winter that I was just going to bed, half wishing I had had a call—for I knew that I should only lie and toss about sleepless, and I was too good a doctor to try my own drugs—when the surgery bell rang sharply, and the summons that I had wished for came.

It was a policeman with a handsome cab, and his oilskins shone wet and vividly in the red light of the lamp over the door.

"A ride, case, sir," he said. "Dr. Barker in the next street's got in and, sir, he wants help."

I learned from him that a gentleman had been knocked down by the very same cab we were in, and trampled upon by the horses before the wheel went over and broke his leg.

"I'll have you there in a few minutes, and I was shown into the back parlor of a comfortable furnished house, where the sufferer had been laid upon a mattress.

A brief conversation with my colleague ensued, and he told me what he feared and how he was situated, another important call demanding his presence. The result was that we would stay till Dr. Barker's return.

A faint groan from the mattress saluted us as we turned to our patient, and as I held the lamp over his face, and the light fell upon his fair hair and long drooping mustache, I nearly dropped it.

"Nemesis!" I thought. Mine enemy delivered into my hand. Kate's lover lying bruised and broken—crushed like a reed at my feet. And now I need not to kill him to be revenged for all his cruelty to me, but stand by supine and he would die.

A few brief moments told me that I possessed greater knowledge than my colleague, and that if I withheld mine, nothing which Dr. Barker could do would save the flame even now trembling in the socket of life's lamp.

The scene in the wood flashed before me once again as I stood there—Kate's sweet face upturned asking for my hand's kiss, and all so vivid that my brain reeled and a mist floated before my eyes.

"What do you think, Mr. Lawler?" said a voice at my elbow, and I started back into the present.

"That he'll be past saving in an hour," I said quietly.

"I fear so," said Dr. Barker, shrugging his shoulders.

Here I unfolded my plans as I said bitterly to myself: "And heap coals of fire upon his head. Kate, take your lover and God forgive you!"

"Excellent," exclaimed Dr. Barker, who was a frank, gentlemanly fellow, without professional jealousy; and in an hour's time we had done all that was necessary, our patient was breathing easily, and Dr. Barker was shaking my hand.

"He's saved, Mr. Lawler. You've saved his life. Now I'll be off and get back in an hour's time. You've given me the greatest lesson in surgery I ever had in my life."

And then I was alone, thinking bitterly of what I had done.

"Kate—Kate—darling!" Those words feebly muttered brought me to myself. I was the cold, hard man once more, and taking the lamp, bent down over my patient, whose eyes now opened and he stared at me.

"Where's Kate?" he asked; "and where—what—" He stopped short. "Hush!" I said, coldly; "you have had an accident."

"Accident? Oh, yes, I remember, I was going to catch the night train for Burnley, when that confounded cab—"

"I said, fighting hard to contain myself. "You are seriously hurt."

The last was not professional, but there was grim pleasure in giving him some pain.

"That's bad, doctor," he whispered, "for I was going down to see my darling—she's very ill."

"I'll!" I exclaimed starting. "Yes," he said, speaking with pain, and I could not stop him now. "Assumption, they say, broken heart, I think. Some scoundrel—"

I almost dropped the lamp as I caught his hand and gripped it, and said in a hoarse, choking voice, for I was struggling to see the full light:

"What do you wish me to do?"

"Telegraph at any expense, to my brother-in-law. Take it down or you'll forget from Christopher Anesty to John Brand, Greenmead Burnley. Say Kate is not to be let go. You know best."

"Yes, yes," I stammered, my hands trembling as I took out a pencil and pretended to write, "Miss Kate," then, I altered, "ie—"

"My darling child!" sobbed the poor fellow, "and she's dying!"

He was too weak, too faint to heed me, as with a bitter groan I turned away stunned and almost as if fully forgot from Christopher Anesty to John Brand, Greenmead Burnley. Say Kate is not to be let go. You know best."

"Yes, yes," I stammered, my hands trembling as I took out a pencil and pretended to write, "Miss Kate," then, I altered, "ie—"

"My darling child!" sobbed the poor fellow, "and she's dying!"

When I turned once more to the mattress my patient had fallen asleep, and I stood there thinking.

In a few minutes I had made my plans; then, watch in hand, I impatiently waited for Dr. Barker's return.

He was back to his time, and in a few words I had made my arrangements.

"Doctor," I said, "you said you were in my debt for this night's work."

"My dear sir, I'll write you a check for twenty guineas with pleasure," he replied.

"Pay me in this way," I said: "see that these patients whose names I have written on this slip of paper are attended to well for the next two days and attend our friend here that his message has been sent to."

He promised eagerly, and the next minute I was in the street, running to the nearest cab stand. I was just in time to catch the early morning train, and half mad, and half joyous, I sat impatiently there till the train dropped me at Burnley, where the fly slowly jolted me over to the old Four mile farm.

"Kate!" I cried, as half blind I ran toward a pale face lying back in an easy chair by the fire.

"You scoundrel!" was roared at the same moment, and the sturdy farmer bed pined me by the throat.

"Yes, all that," I said; "only hear me."

His hands dropped as Kate uttered a low cry and fainted.

"Quick!" I said, "water and some brandy."

With a low growl of rage my old patient for aught obeyed me, and in a few minutes Kate opened her eyes to look full in mine as she lay rested on my arm.

"Have you come to say good-bye?" she said feebly; and there was such a look of reproach in that poor worn face that I could only answer in a whisper:

"No, no—to ask you to give and bless me with your love; to ask you to forgive me for my weakness, for I must have been mad."

A deep groan made me turn my head to see that the farmer's head was down upon his arms, and his broad shoulders were heaving.

"I thought you would never come again," said Kate feebly; "but I never gave up hope."

"I reckon Johnson, I'll have to fine you a little. The Eastern question is dying out, the presidential excitement has boiled down, now we all know that the infamous designs of P. Cooper have been foiled in the end, and I must do something to keep the people of the United States in a stirred-up condition. I believe I'll fine you seven dollars and a half. If you know of any mitigating circumstances, come out with them."

Sam Johnson pushed out an under lip that looked like an inkstand, and said sulkily that he wasn't no "banjo nigger;" he "didn't know nuffin about military circus dances."

"Cap. Dobbin, do you know any mitigating circumstances that will justify me in commuting this man's sentence to imprisonment on the gallows for life?"

"Yes," replied the city marshal, "I know one military circus dance in the case."

"What's that?"

"Nothing; only the city election comes off in January, and this man is a registered voter. That's all, but it is only one vote Hayes is suffering for."

The city marshal closed one eye and looked steadily at the recorder.

"Mr. Johnson you are a registered voter, are you not?"

"I is dat, and voted for you last time," last election, Cap. Johnson?"

"I did, sah, once at the court house, and two other in Ward No. 4, and I was going to vote once more for you, but I slipped up on it dat last time; for you see dere was some mistake in de number, and when I handed in de ticket dey looked in de registration book and one feller asked me how my name came to be Herman von Schulze, and if I was a German. I tole him dat didn't make no difference, because dey had passed me in as an Irishman at de court house, and in de other ward dey mistook me to a Mexican."

Various attempts were made by his honor to interrupt the speaker but he kept on until he got through, when his honor fined the city marshal \$10 for not keeping order in the court, and ordered Johnson to leave the room, threatening to make it a personal matter with him if he ever showed his face there again.

—San Antonio Herald.

A Cheyenne young lady had expressed a desire to vote. Her young man was more than willing she should be gratified, and sent for a buggy to take her to the polls. While on their way, he asked to see her ticket. It was shown to him. While she was looking in another direction, he puts her ticket, which was for Corbett, in his pocket and gave her one in its place for Steele. The saddest part is yet to be told. She never knew how she had voted for days afterward. He was in the habit of taking candy to her every Friday night. Last Friday, he failed. But when he told her so, she could not believe him. So she determined to search his pocket.

Horror! The first thing she discovered was her ticket, written in her own hand. When the young man awoke to a proper realization of his situation, he was lying doubled up on the floor, while tufts of his auburn locks were scattered in rich profusion about the room. As he opened his eyes, a vase filled with water and an ornamental sea shell came crashing into his face, followed by invectives of anything but a loving nature from her whom he had so cruelly deceived. He scrambled to his feet, made a hasty exit through a window, and has since studiously avoided the house. He secured a vote for his favorite candidate, but lost his girl.

One Mr. Sims purposes totting Edward S. Stokes around the country as a lecturer. Where are the James boys?

What Shall we do With Our Daughters.

Apocryphs of what Mrs. Livermore's late lecture on the above important question said, the Davenport Democrat thus sensibly makes answer:

Teach them self reliance. Teach them to make bread. Teach them to make shirts. Teach them not to wear false hair. Teach them not to paint and powder. Teach them to wear thick warm shoes.

Teach them how to wash and iron clothes. Bring them up in the way they should go. Teach them to do the marketing for the family.

Teach them how to make their own dresses. Teach them how to cook a good meal of victuals.

Teach them that a dollar is only a hundred cents. Teach them to wear calico dresses—and do it like a queen.

Teach them to say no, and mean it; or yes, and stick to it.

Teach them to darn stockings and sew on buttons.

Teach them to regard the morals, not the money, of beauty.

Give them a good substantial, common education.

Teach them every day, dry, hard practical common sense.

Teach them all the mysteries of the kitchen, the dining-room and parlor.

Teach them that a good round rosy romp is worth fifty delicate consumptives.

Teach them to have nothing to do with intemperate and dissolute young men.

Teach them that the more one lives within their income, the more they will save.

Teach them the further one lives beyond their income, the nearer they get to the poor house.

Rely upon it that upon your teaching depends in a great measure the weal or woe of their after life.

Teach them accomplishments—music, painting, drawing—if you have time and money to do it with.

Teach them to cultivate a garden, and drive a road team or farm wagon.

Teach them that God made them in his own image, and that no amount of tight lacing will improve the model.

Teach them that a good steady mechanic, without a cent, is worth a dozen oil pated lawyers in broadcloth.

Teach them the essentials of life—truth, honesty, uprightness—and at a suitable time let them marry.

A Local Returning Board.

They were playing poker and Pomp held a full hand. His eyes glistened with conscious triumph as he put up his ten-cent aote and gazed at his partner expectantly.

"I raises dat ten cents," remarked Pete.

"I goes a quarter more," insinuated Pomp.

"I stand you and raises another quarter," replies Pete.

"I continue on de war-path, and fops down de last thirty cents," answered Pomp, placing six nickels on the table.

"I kivers de pile and calls you," answered Pete.

"Full hand," said Pomp, turning his cards. "What you got?"

"A pair, and de game am undecided."

"What's dat? Undecided? Dis yer child takes de pile."

"Not by a long chalk. Dis case will now be referred to de returning board who will examine into de particulars. Dar's plenty more good cards in de pack, an' why didn't I get 'em. Dar's been intimidation an' fraud, and meanwhile de returnin' board takes possession of de spoils," and Pete reached out his hand.

Then the other side denied the right of the returning board to decide, and when the reporter left the horrible den of civil war was dancing a wild dance in the neighborhood, and a policeman was marching up to meditate with a club.

Gold Hunting in Georgia.