

TERMS IN ADVANCE.
One copy, one year, \$2.50
One copy, six months, \$1.50
To clubs of twenty, each copy, \$1.00
Single copies, 5 cents
Subscribers outside of Linn county will be charged 25 cents extra for the year—this charge 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 receipt for subscriptions to the Register in the localities mentioned:
Moses, Nick & Bros., Haysville,
Robert Glass, Cantonville,
W. F. Smith, Haysville,
O. P. Tompkins, Harrisonburg,
A. Wheeler & Co., Belknap,
W. S. Smith & Bros., Junction City,
F. B. Irvine, Junction City,
Thos. H. Reynolds, Salem.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1877.

THERE'S SUNSHINE AFTER RAIN.

There's sunshine after rain, dear friends,
There's sunshine after rain,
And twilight comes when darkness ends,
To usher day again;
Spring brings to life the sleeping grain,
And varied flowers gay;
And hope, when all is grief and pain,
Shines o'er the heart's highway.

Then never let the fiend diabol,
Ere he in our troubled mind;
Nor let the clouds of sorrow
The soul's bright mirror blind;
For if life's morn be dark and drear,
By gloomy hills o'ercast,
A glowing mountain bright and clear,
May cancel troubles past.

The meads grow richer for the storm,
And sweeter smell the flowers;
And why not man receive the charm
From even embittered hours?
Good with the evil ever blends,
Weeds grow among the grain,
While there is love for all, dear friends,
And sunshine after rain.

The Miser's Clock.

Nominally we were the heirs, Ethel and I, of the miserly, vicious uncle, Triptolemus Forbes, who lived and died in Oversea, and was buried without a tear. The only good word ever said for him was in some eulogium of his exit, in consequence of which we took possession of the old homestead that stood midway between the town hall and the court-house in the pretty little village crowning the head of one of the most romantic of the many bays that dent the coast of Massachusetts. With all my good fortune, I am inclined to quarrel with even the name of credit afforded Triptolemus Forbes, in the supposition that we enjoy a competency acquired from him; I hold that we are really and actually heirs of an old Dutch clock, with a dingy dial, and a grimy, cracked case, on the top of which an automaton shoe-maker tweets a pink-and-blue wife with a stroke for every unit of the hours that adorn the face. Ethel's uncle might have accumulated twenty millions, instead of the modest hundred thousand he left, but we, probably, would not have been where the lawyer's letter found us had it not been for the clock.

We were very poor, reduced to straits so terrible that only crime seemed to stand between us and starvation, when one morning, the infrequent postman called on us with a portentous looking missive, addressed to James Mountford Tracy, Esq., No. 229 Marlow Street, City. With the address was the handsome lithographed card of a legal firm on Broadway, and I was too perfectly impressed with the idea that it was a citation into court to answer the demands of some irate creditor, to break the envelope; Ethel, however, weak woman though she was, had the nerve I lacked, and taking the letter, tore it open and ran her eyes over the contents. I noticed her growing paler and paler as she proceeded, and presently she dropped the written page and sank back in her chair without a word.

Picking it up my despondency rapidly changed into exultation as I read *Makfees & Makfees, attorneys, etc.*, had pleasure in sorrowfully informing Mr. Tracy that his wife's uncle, Triptolemus Forbes, Esq., of Oversea, was lately deceased and no will appearing or being in probable existence, they congratulated Mr. Tracy that his wife was heir to the Oversea estate, real and personal, and the legal arrangement that presented itself, though of no nature Makfees & Makfees were unable to state, as their correspondents at Boston had not been explicit in their advices of the 8th of October and subsequent dates. They have been making strenuous efforts for over three months to find the heirs, and were delighted that they had succeeded, and if Mr. Tracy called at their office at his earliest convenience they would be, sir, his most obedient servants.

At the lawyer's office I was received by Mr. Leonidas Makfees, who announced himself as testatory and general contract member of the firm, and bowed me into his diminitive but neatly furnished den.
"Ah? Tracy, heirs to Forbes," he said, striking into the heart of business at once; "no question about the identity, I suppose? I mean you can establish the fact of Mrs. Tracy's being Ethel Forbes, only child of Pontney and only blood relative of Triptolemus Forbes, late deceased?"

I had, of course expected this, and was armed with receipts from the baptismal register, certificate of vaccination, marriage lines, and a multitude of personal references.

"Very good, Mr. Forbes," said Mr. Leonidas, after examination. "I apprehend no difficulty in putting you in immediate possession. A month at the farthest, will see that consummation."

I am afraid that I cut the interview impudently short in my anxiety to make Ethel a sharer in the extent of my joy. Mr. Leonidas knew that thousands upon thousands of dollars in govern-

ment bonds had gone into the house, and could find no trace of any having gone out; the coin discovered was the result of cashing some of the coupons, and at the end of a whole month's overhauling of the house, we all agreed that the old miser's wealth was stowed away out of doors, or that the myriads of rats which infested the premises were the only gainers by old Forbes' parsimony.

Mr. Leonidas paid his last visit, the clerk returned to his perch, and Ethel and I were left alone to congratulate ourselves that, in any view, we had considerably bettered our situation; we had house and grounds of our own, and a very tidy sum of money in hand after all our debts were paid.

Nearly a year rolled around as quiet, commonplace and happily with us as the heart could wish. But with the setting in of Winter Ethel grew ill, and when January came we were obliged to have some one at her side continually. Every other night the duty of watching devolved on me. I spent the hours when she slept sitting before the great old open fire-place in the common room. Ethel lying in the adjoining chamber so that I could see her through the open door and hear her slightest move. Her illness and my own lack of frugality had somewhat reduced our stock of money, and I had already taken the preliminary steps towards mortgaging the old homestead, and only waited her convalescence to conclude the operation. Night after night I sat watching the forms and scenes that pictured themselves in the glowing wood-coals piled beneath the great andirons, and thought and pondered on the mystery of old Forbes' money. I was convinced that it could not have passed out of existence so absolutely as to leave no shadow nor fragment remaining; but in reply to the constant query: "What could have become of it?" the wood fire only shot its hickory sparks further out on the hearth, and the old clock ticked solemnly and monotonously along in its accustomed corner.

Though I had looked the clock all over—back, front, top, bottom, outside and inside—many a time since I have been master at Oversea, it never struck me that there was anything unusual about it except the little mechanical figure on top, which indulged in angular antics with every musical ring of the mellow hour bell, until towards the morning of January 25th I caught myself saying in whimsical sleepiness, "Is it seven or sixteen minutes past seven?" and somehow the prompting figures seemed to stand out plainer than I had ever seen them before. They were only a cramped and brownish figure "7," which was inscribed close to the numeral IX, and a like "16" close to the numeral V. It happened to be exactly a quarter of five, and the scanty hands just placed their points on the figures.

Did you ever have some slight, unmeaning, nonsensical idea drop into your mind, and lodge and annoy you with the persistency of a cinder in your eye? Well, that seven to sixteen clung to me with like ridiculous pertinacity. All day I saw it, and heard it; next night I dreamed of it, and after being haunted by the crippled "7" and crabbed "16" for a week, I told Ethel of it, and it nearly worried the life out of the poor sick creature, for it seemed to absorb her thoughts as completely as it had mine.

I convinced myself that the figures were somehow connected with the missing fortune, and I fevered and sixteen everything to which that mathematical combination could be applied. I added, subtracted, and multiplied, and applied my results to everything about the place, from the boards in the floor to the trees in the orchard.

Ethel watched me, deeply interested amused, but said nothing in aid or criticism, until one day she suggested that maybe I was going wrong altogether.

"Has it not occurred to you," she asked, "to take the numbers on the clock case into consideration? May not the singularity of their arrangement have a meaning to do with the solution of the mystery?"

If you will believe me, I heard that clock say "seven by nine," as distinctly as I could ever hear anything in my life.

Seven by nine and sixteen by five, of course it was, and I went to adding, and counting with renewed vigor, beginning with my usual starting point, the fire-place. I did not believe there was any single brick there I had not touched, but mechanically began with the first and solid, with the mortar around it undisturbed. After several futile endeavors I found that sixteen by five from top and front indicated a loose brick, below the ordinary line of coal and ashes. I removed it with trembling agitation. I searched the cavity it left, and found nothing but a handful of loose fragments of mortar, which had filled the broken inner corner. In my disappointment I flung the brick into the fire with an emphasis that nearly smothered me with smoke and ashes.

The old clock was saying, "Don't get mad!" and I half made up my mind to smash it, for its aggravating and insinuating tone; but Ethel happened to make the same remark, and as I could not use them both alike I did not proceed to extremities, but simply kissed her and stopped the clock.

But my passion had made the long-sought solution possible, for seven by nine, from top and front again, was

loose and easily removed. I suppose I had tried and tried that identical one fifty times before, instigated by the fact that the mortar beneath it and its neighbors was more deeply grooved than almost any other in sight, but heretofore, it had been apparently one of the solidest in the side; now it yielded to the slightest pull. When it came entirely out I discovered that it was only half a brick, with an ingeniously fitted iron back, provided with a staple in which a bolt had evidently played. The bolt dropped when the first brick was loosened, and sprung into the staple when the connecting rod's base was pressed back by the lower brick and fragments of mortar. I knew by the coincidence of the color and results that no proceed further alone. There were good and sufficient reasons enough occurring to me why further investigation should be continued in the presence of spectators. It was too late to proceed that night, so I kept watch and vigil until the village was astragrain.

By nine o'clock the next morn, the local lawyer, a mason, carpenter and constable had answered my summons and we carefully examined the chimney, within and without.

The house had been so cunningly constructed that the chimney apparently flush with the main wall, had room for a cavity on the right hand side, more than a foot wider than the wall was at its juncture with the wall into which it ran, and instead of being of a single four brick thick, it was double that, with a space of eight inches between. We did not stand on ceremony in breaking through the wall, and on finding out an iron case eight inches wide, two feet long, and three feet deep, supplied on the end next to the side of the fire place, with a slit like those in the ends of letter boxes, only considerably larger, which was exactly opposite to brick number seven by nine. It was the old miser's repository, constructed on the principle of a child's bank, to receive all but give up nothing until broken into by force. A more careful device could not be conceived to guard its contents, for we had to call in the village blacksmith to enable us to penetrate to its hoarded wealth. Besides gold bonds and notes, it contained Triptolemus Forbes' will, devising all he died possessed of to Ethel, as the one reparation in his power to make for the evil he had exercised towards her father.

In deference to the opinions of my neighbors I have caused a costly stone to be erected to the memory of Ethel's uncle; but in my heart there is a prouder monument, with a more grateful inscription, raised to the honor of that old Dutch clock, for from it really descended the inheritance we enjoy.

Captive of the Sioux for Nine Years—A Romance in Real Life.
Yesterday afternoon a young girl, aged about 17, arrived at the Union Depot, by Chicago express, on her way to relatives at Lockport. Her name is Lizzie Smith, and she has been captive to a tribe of the Sioux who live north of the Black Hills, for nearly nine years. Her father resided in Philadelphia, and was engaged in a dry goods store. She and other members of the family were visiting in Western Iowa, when the Sioux raided the place, capturing her and others, and killing her little brother. She was taken to their hunting grounds, and was, she says, treated well generally, but mistreated at times, because of her inability to learn their language. Another girl a year or two her senior, was captured with her, and the two, by conversing together, succeeded in retaining their knowledge of the English tongue. Her companion was a Miss Stewart, who was rescued at the same time and sent to her friends at Omaha. Miss Smith states that a party of five trappers discovered them some weeks since and persuaded them to make an escape. This they consented to do, and the party, stealing Indian ponies, left for the white man's country. They were pursued four days by the Sioux, but got off, and in time to reach Rock Springs, on the U. P. road. There they were supplied with clothing by their rescuers, Messrs. Welsh, Schwartz, Wolf, Botmeyer and one other whose name Miss Smith cannot recall. The railway company passed her via Chicago, boarding her in transit and treating her with the greatest kindness. The agent of the Pennsylvania Railway did similarly here, and the young woman was sent to her uncle at Lockport, on the 4:30 train yesterday afternoon. Miss Smith has been so long with the Indians that she has acquired a few of their peculiarities, and to the reporter seemed to have some of the prominent features of the savages. She is intelligent, considering her disadvantages, and quite prepossessing in appearance, notwithstanding her bronzed complexion. [Pittsburg (Pa.) Chronicle.]

SUBSTITUTE FOR RAIN.—Mr. Paraf has to a certain extent, solved the problem of artificial irrigation by the discovery of a method of doing without rain. His plan is to apply calcium chloride, which has a powerful affinity for moisture, and absorbs a large quantity from the atmosphere. For a number of experiments he has found that it will produce irrigation more efficiently and cheaper than any other artificial method. One application will, he states, produce abundant moisture for three days, when the same amount of water, applied in the ordinary way, would evaporate in an hour. The inventor believes that his way is cheaper than canal irrigation, and that not only by its use two blades of grass will be produced where only one is now, but that it will make it possible to have fields, meadows, grass and prosperity where now there is nothing but sand and desert waste.

GINGER SNAPS.—I cup New Orleans molasses, 1 cup of sugar, 1 cup butter, 1 large spoonful of soda dissolved in a little boiling water, 2 spoonfuls of cream, one of ginger. Roll as stiff as possible with flour; cut thin and bake in a quick oven. There are no better ginger snaps than these.

HOTEL CARS.
Another Grand Improvement to be made on the "Pioneer" Line.
Description of the Superb Cars now being Constructed.

For some time we have heard hints of a line of hotel cars for the Omaha and California line of the Chicago & North-Western Railway. When asked about their cars, the officers have uniformly evaded a direct reply. Our "reportorial instincts" taught us to investigate for ourselves. We have done so, and are now enabled to state positively that such a line will be started in the early spring, and that the cars are now being built. The fact will no longer be a secret after this day's paper gets before the public.

Four of the most magnificent hotel cars that have been built anywhere are now being constructed by the Pullman Palace Car Company expressly for this line. These cars will be sixty-six feet long, ten feet wide, and ten feet high, with twelve sections, one drawing-room (with table room for six persons), and one state room, besides the kitchen, china closet, dressing room, etc. The interior will be finished with black and white walnut, mahogany, French ash, and curled maple; the place of the usual head lining being filled in with fine polished woods; the panels between the windows will be of California laurel and other California woods; the lamp fixtures, window fastenings, door hardware, etc., will be of triple plated silver. The upholstery of the seats is to be of rich but plain reps, corresponding and harmonizing with the wood finished of the sides and roof of the cars. Between each set of seats is space for a table that will accommodate four persons comfortably, but as a rule are not expected to seat more than two persons. The glass and china ware for the tables are now being made at Dresden, Germany, from patterns selected from the Royal Dresden Exhibition and so greatly admired. Each piece of silver-ware and china-ware will have the monogram of the Chicago & North-Western road marked thereon. The kitchens of the cars will be so arranged that no fumes from the cooking stoves can reach the occupants of the berths. On each car will be a steward, two cooks, three waiters, and a chambermaid to wait upon lady patrons. It is the intention of the company to furnish the best meals that money can buy, and choice wines and cigars will be attainable by those desiring those luxuries.

These hotel cars will leave Chicago on the "California Express," and run through to the Missouri river. On the west-bound train, dinner, supper and breakfast will be served. Thus passengers bound in either direction will be enabled to have all their meals en route and yet not leave their palatial traveling parlors.

The only objection that has ever been raised against the use of hotel cars has been connected with the odors of the kitchen. As we said before, this, in these cars, will be entirely obviated; no person, no matter how particular he or she may be, will have cause to make any objection on this score. In the dining car you merely get your meals, and as soon as you are through eating you are shooed out and started for the coach or sleeper, so as to make room for some other traveler who desires your place. While in these hotel cars your berth will be secured through you will own it absolutely for the length of your trip, and it will be your own for lounging, sitting, sleeping, and eating purposes, as much as your own house.

As it is not generally known, dining cars are never run over the entire length of a route; they are taken on and set off of the train at stated meal times, while these hotel cars will be made a part of the train and run through in the same way as the regular sleeping car.

On the admirable steel rail that is now laid on the Chicago & North-Western Railway, these elegant, sixteen-wheeled hotel cars will ride as easy and with as little noise or oscillation as a balloon that floats serenely through the air; and we believe it will be found to be a result that thousands will flock to this "Pioneer Line," who have hitherto gone by some other route.

With these and other improvements the people are very largely interested and we believe will join with us in congratulating the progressive management of this great line in its most advanced and up-to-date efforts in equipping the Chicago & North-Western as the foremost road in all the West.

These hotel cars will be placed in service about March 1st, 1877.—*Republican, Dec. 22, 1876.*

Theodore Herren, of Salem, killed twenty-five teal ducks at one shot last week.

Robert Cameron is to have a seven-mile ditch dug in Jackson county to aid his mining enterprises.

Dill Roberts of the Chehalis has been arrested for shooting Wm. Vanderpool in the back of the head.

The Astorian says a lady in Oregon City has given birth to five children in less than two years. Verily Oregon City is a great place.

Marden & Knott, arrested in Jacksonville for shooting a Chinaman, have been acquitted, notwithstanding the latter admitted firing the fatal shot.

Engineer Hoonett last week ran his train from Celilo to The Dalles, a distance of fourteen miles, in fifteen minutes, there being many curves on the route and three miles of bridging.

AMERICAN HUMOR.

There seems to be a fatality among the supremely rich men this year. "We are not feeling well, ourselves,"—Washington Nation.

Beautiful sentiment by a milkman; "While the ship of State is in danger, let every man be at the pumps."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Queen Victoria is not for war, although the soldierly are. This shows that the hair-pin is mightier than the sword.—New York Herald.

Said Jones sweepingly, "When you are in Rome do as the Romans do," and Johnson replied, "When you are in gin do as the Injins do."—New York Herald.

The grave of the inventor of the accordion is unmarked by a stone. It ought to have an epitaph. "Hark from the tomb a doleful sound."—New York Graphic.

By the number of good resolutions adopted 1877 already adopted, one might suppose the year to be a defunct member of a gilt-edged fire-company.—Rome Sentinel.

When a young man sets out in dead earnest to court a girl, the deferential manner in which he regards her big brother is truly remarkable.—Turners Falls Reporter.

Business seems to be generally reviving. A man went around at the saloons one day last week, trying to trade three palm-leaf fans for ten cents worth of hot Scotch.—Rome Sentinel.

The leap year has passed, and that reminds us that it's a blamed sight easier to ask questions than to answer them, especially if you are good looking and ain't married.—Washington Nation.

A large number of our merchants have figured up their business of last year, and find that notwithstanding the unparalleled hard times and general depression of trade, they made—nothing.—Rockland Courier.

Alfred Tompkinson wears his hair long and natural. The first time he ever saw a comb, somebody sent him one for a Christmas present, and he thought it was something to scratch with his back with.

An exchange does the Chicago people the justice to say the great majority of them are honest. You meet the great majority often, because circumstances require them to be constantly in motion.—Brooklyn Argus.

Seventeen thousand Iowans spent nearly \$2,000,000 at the Centennial. And now they are sitting around in Iowa complaining that there is no money in the State. Singular where all the money has gone.—Burlington Hawkeye.

In a composition written by a miss of fourteen, a pupil in one of our public schools, occurs the following passage: "Sunrise is the front door of the day, and sunset the back door." This indicates talent.—Brooklyn Argus.

We have been looking for it, and here it is: "A South Bend hen has laid an egg inscribed, 'War.'" Read "war" backward and you will have the true character of that egg. The hen commenced at the wrong end to spell.—Norristown Herald.

The London Saturday Review says that "Girls are by nature more inclined to untruthfulness than boys." This assertion may be true as far as England is concerned, but this country is falsified by the fact that more boys than girls become editors of Democratic papers.

A Colorado Miner on the Black Hills.
The Longmont (Colo.) Press says: Mr. Gilbert Tower, who settled in this country in 1859, has returned from the Black Hills country, and according to his description it must be a good mining and pastoral region. The quartz ore is rich with free gold in the vicinity of Deadwood and Custer. At Galena, on the Bear Butte river, silver abounds. Three quartz mills were there, and one of them was running and paying well. Several aransas were in operation during the season, giving good results. Very few leads were taken until late in the season. Hard wood, such as oak, elm and birch, abound in places. The character and business of the country reminds him of the early settlement of Colorado; and it is his opinion that it will be a permanent mining country. It is a first-rate stock country, and everything can be raised that is raised here, with the exception, perhaps, of corn. Oats that he sowed did well. In regard to the Indians, Mr. Tower says that all the depredations have been committed by the Indians from the Agency, and that the massacre of the Metz family was traced to them. He also thinks the killing of Fritz, of Sunshine, was done by the scouts belonging to the army. He says that if the government officers had permitted volunteers to go after them, the Indians would have been cleaned out by the middle of last summer.

Pity is about the meanest wish that one can offer another. I had rather have a ten-dollar greenback that had been torn in two twice and pasted together, than all the pity there is on the upper side of the earth. Pity is nothing more than a quiet satisfaction that I am a great deal better than you are, and that I intend to keep so.

Schrump, a milk dealer in New York, was fined \$250 and sent to jail for ten days for selling watered milk. The prisoner says he is going into the whiskey business when he gets out, as there is no penalty for selling adulterated liquors.

Whittier, the poet, thinks \$50 a year ought to dress a woman. Certainly. Eve dressed for less than that. But it was before fall set in.

A Charleston correspondent doesn't see how Hampton will get out of the sea of difficulties he has plunged into. He will Wade.

HERE AND THERE.

"In cold weather Cronin is obliged to cover his nose with a horse-blanket," says an Eastern paper. This may be construed into a personal reflection that Cronin himself may never have observed—in water!

Cronin stood one evening on the beautiful, golden beach of the Pacific where rolls the Oregon, and he was sniffing the savory breeze, when a junk on the coast of China sneered off just in time to have the captain sing out, "American man big fooler."—*Cheyenne Leader.*

The conduct of Cronin, the Oregon elector, in exacting \$3,000 down as the price of his journey to Washington, with the electoral vote, is in the last degree disgraceful. Unless we are mistaken, the three thousand dollars is all he will get. His character, if he had any, is blasted, and in the future he will be an object of scorn and contempt.—*Walla Walla Statesman.*

The introduction of railways in Egypt has proved a great stimulus to the growth of cotton. That portion of the country along the borders of the Nile is admirably adapted to the cultivation of this staple, and its product is of superior quality, much resembling that of the Gulf States. All along the route of the railroad line which runs up the valley of the Nile, cotton plantations and ginning houses have lately sprung up, and the road is already in receipt of a very flourishing traffic from this source.

By about the middle of next May the public will have seen the last of the present three-cent postage stamp, and begin to get accustomed to one that is red, or possibly a new tint. Its change has been rendered necessary by stamp-washers take off the old cancellation without acid or alkali and stamp again. A series of experiments just completed convinces the Post-Office department that green is the poorest color to be found. With a change of color there will be a change of design. The medallion head of Washington will be retained, but it will be relieved by an open scroll of white, and the scroll-work will have a different pattern.

If the United States does not develop a great trade with the Empire of Brazil it will not be for lack of encouragement from Brazil. Another step is being taken in the direction of closer relations with this country under the auspices of Brazilians. It is now proposed to establish in the city of New York an agency to be called the Imperial Brazilian Bureau. Its object is to bring the Empire of Dom Pedro and its resources before the people of this country, and "to invite, stimulate and encourage American merchants, planters and manufacturers to establish in the Empire commercial, agricultural and industrial enterprises."

John Chapon, a New Orleans waiter, his mother and sister, expect to establish themselves among seven heirs to \$24,000,000 of Holland gold. The story is that old James Dubois, director of the East India Company, died 1704 worth \$1,800,000, and leaving no children. The eccentric old gentleman, no doubt to spite too greedy relatives, provided that his heirs should acquire the property only after it had been 90 years at compound interest. The century passed, no one claimed the money, and it went to the Government. But now the ancient will has been unearthed from dusty Government archives, and the New Orleans branch of the aristocratic Holland Dubois expects to retire from the restaurant business.

A man at Fairview, Kentucky, with a craving for liquor, after selling everything of value wherewith to buy the stimulant, took his few months-old child and traded it over the bar for a drunk of whiskey. The child was afterward redeemed by the mother on paying for the liquor.

When all that is worldly turns to dross around us, books only retain their steady value. When friends grow cold, and the converse of intimates languishes into rapid civility and commonplace, these only continue the unaltered countenance of better days, and cheer us with that true friendship that never deceived hope or deserted sorrow.

A man named Putnam has 1,000 sheep on his ranch, 40 miles below Greeley, on the South Platte, to which he is feeding about a ton of hay per day, and he has fifty tons left. He reports snow fourteen inches deep.

Colorado will vote on woman suffrage next October.

Wolfhunters in the valley of the Yellowstone make \$800 a month from the wolf skins they take.

"Much remains unsung," as the tom-cat remarked to the brickbat when it abruptly cut short his serenade.

J. M. Bacon has been confirmed postmaster at Oregon City.

"Man proposes—" but there are still 31,000 more women than men in Massachusetts.

Joaquin Miller is trying to find out why an eight-day clock can't be evolved up to run nine days.

The far-seeing man pours water on his front steps so that burglars will slip down and break their necks.

Cassell's Magazine argues that the dark spots on the moon are simply great grazing pastures. Send your cow right along.

Those whalermen who were left in the Arctic region won't have to pay any poll-tax or worry about the Presidential question.

JOB PRINTING.



When you wish

Posters.

Business Cards.

Bill Heads.

Letter Heads

Envelopes.

Ball Tickets.

Programmes

Labels,

Horse Bills,

Circular.

Pamphlets,

or in fact anything in the

Printing Line

call at the

ALBANY

REGISTER

PRINTING HOUSE,

CORNER FERRY & FIRST STS.

ALBANY.