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Agents for the Register. The following named gentlemen are authorized to receive and receipt for subscriptions to the Register in the localities mentioned:

FRIDAY, MARCH 2, 1877.

OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river the shadows grew. And the world was fair in the gloaming; The beautiful night came slowly down. Where the southern breeze was roaming.

WHICH FOR WHO?

A dozen men—journalists, hunters, Indian-fighters and miners—sat around a camp-fire on the trail to Deadwood. Soft flakes of snow sailed in eccentric courses through the night air, and finally settled down into the spluttering fire or upon the cold earth.

Both were given him, and after drinking a full quart of water, he grasped a loaf of bread and a hunk of meat, and tore them with his teeth as a wolf would have done.

When and how to eat fruit. When fruit does harm it is because it is eaten at improper times, in improper quantities, or before it is ripened and fit for the human stomach.

night; their scalps are back in the hills with the Indian devils! Can you bring life back to them! Give me a gun and an ax."

No one moved for two or three seconds, being spellbound by his wild look and words, and the stranger picked a cavalry carbine and his box of cartridges, seized the light ax, and about the camp-fire, and in another minute was lost sight of in the darkness, calling back, as his step was lost to hearing:

"It is which for who?" Next day, about mid-afternoon, the party came upon two dead Indian ponies, lying between the trail and the foot-hills to the right. A few yards further on was a great stain of blood on the two inches of snow covering the grass.

"It is the man who left our camp last night. Back that is what the reds fist sighted him, and he stood in his tracks and killed two ponies and one injun. There was a gang of forty or fifty reds, and the white man moved to get among the hills and head fair play.

"Guns God! but how he fit!" whispered the old hunter, as he saw how the snow had been trampled down: "but they wounded him here."

The lone man had not hurried his pace. The yelling, howling, whooping Redskins galloping around him, firing upon him and snuffing his scalp, had not shaken his nerve.

At the head of the ravine the snow had scarcely a color except red. The Redskins had charged in a body, and dropping his carbine when the last cartridge was gone, the lone man had used his ax with terrible effect.

When and how to eat fruit. When fruit does harm it is because it is eaten at improper times, in improper quantities, or before it is ripened and fit for the human stomach.

A substitute for gunpowder has been invented in England, in the shape of paper impregnated with a chemical compound of chlorate of potash, nitrate of potash, prussiate of potash and chromate of potash, coupled with a little powdered charcoal and tinder.

"Tommy" observed a Nelson Street mother to her son, a youth of thirteen years, "you must get some wood for the front parlor stove. Mr. Crawford comes to-night."

"Mr. Crawford is a young man who is 'keeping company' with Fanny, Tommy's sister. The time was a Wednesday evening. Tommy had been skating since school, and was now anxiously awaiting his supper, so this announcement came upon him with a very disagreeable force.

"Is that old rooster comin' around here to-night?" he impudently inquired. "Thomas!" cried his mother, in a voice of horror.

Thomas having eased his mind somewhat of the burden, proceeded to the wood-pile without further remark. He was not in good humor as he looked around for the axe, and articles foreign to the search were moved about with careless haste.

"This is a regular dog's life," he moodily ejaculated. "First it's Sunday night, an' then it's Wednesday night, an' then it's Friday night, an' every little while an extra night shovin' in. I don't see what's the use of a girl above's house. If I've got to cut wood every time that fellar comes I'll know the reason why. I won't be put on like this. I can't go to be made a pack mule of, by George, for all the Crawford's and Fanny's on earth. It's all nice enough for them to be in there toasting'n their shins an' actin' sickish, but I notice that I've got to do all the work. It's played out, by Jinks! I ain't that kind of a hair-pin. I'd just like somebody to tell me," he added, looking around for the person in question, "how much of the candy an' oranges an' other things that Fanny gets that I get. Not one whiff, by gracious!—not one single, solitary whiff. An' here I chop wood for her an' him night after night, an' if it wasn't for me they'd shake all their teeth over their heads. Oh, they are a sweet-scented pair, they are."

Closing his remarks with this gloomy observation on his sister and her company he worked away at the wood until the necessary amount was prepared. About seven o'clock Mr. Crawford's knock sounded at the door. Fanny's mother was to have let him in, but Tommy volunteered his services. He escorted the young gentleman into the front room, and then backing himself against the door, he pointed to the stove, which was throwing out a most welcome heat, and then sternly inquired:

"Is that what you call a good fire?" "Yes, indeed," said Mr. Crawford, rubbing his hands gratefully. "Ah!" observed Tommy, in a tone of relief, although his face scarcely relaxed the severity of its expression. "You couldn't very well get along in here without a fire, could you?" "Hardly."

"I s'pose not. Now who do you s'pose made that fire?" "Why—I s' suppose—why I don't know," said Mr. Crawford, apparently embarrassed by the question. "No? Well, I can tell you. I made that fire. I cut the wood for it. I cut the wood and made every fire you have here. I've been doing it all the while you've come here, and you and Fanny have set by it an' toasted yourself and ate candy and sucked oranges. You and Fan have had all the comfort of it, and I've done all the work—every bit of it, and not one smell of them candies and oranges have I had, not a living smell."

The unhappy boy knit his eyebrows and instinctively clenched his hands. Scarcely less disturbed was Fanny's young man. He glanced uneasily from the fire-stove to the stove. But he made no reply. He waited apprehensively for what was to follow:

"I'll bet you've got a pound of assorted candies in your clothes this minute, for Fan."

Business prospects in St. Louis have been much improved since the Congressional Committee agreed on their report. The apple woman at the Commercial Exchange reports her receipts increased by fully 7 cents a day, and a prominent citizen residing up on Chouteau Avenue told a boy who wanted to sell him some soap, matches, suspenders, and yeast-cakes to call again in a week or two.

Our special artist who went north last summer for the purpose, sat on the point of the Big Horn and sketched Sitting Bull. The fine steel engraving made from his sketch we show herewith:



The above is the exact likeness of Sitting Bull, who is the boss injun. Of Mr. Sitting Bull's early history, but little is known, though it is very probable that he was brought up in the backwoods—some ways back.

When he was a boy he did not have the advantages of either free schools or larders, and he always served himself instead of the Lord, whenever he got the chance. He most always got the chance.

Old man Sitting Bull gave him a little red paint and his blessing, which was all he had for a start in life. He ran around naked and chased the feet footed antelope; but a fellow couldn't run around naked in this neighborhood for five minutes, although they call it a free country.

Sitting Bull was a child of nature, and lived on a piece of rising ground called the Big Horn Mountains. He is the only game man who ever parted his hair in the middle.

We have seen handlamer men than Sitting Bull, but none that were out on better for wear and tear, especially a tare. But good looks ain't what Sitting Bull brags on.

If Sitting Bull had to live his life over again he would doubtless improve many lost opportunities; but there wouldn't be half as many Indian agents in good health.

Like all men of genius, Sitting Bull loves whisky. If it wasn't for men of genius whisky would be borne to bluish noses, even at ten cents a bushel. A real injun can't hide a heap of whisky, or most anything else; but they always find it again, especially the whisky.

Whisky and warm weather are about all an Injun wants, but even hell would be a resting place, if it had a low temperature and good society.

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Any family man who says he is too poor to take a newspaper should be indicted for obtaining a family under false pretences."

It was a horrible scar. Commencing at the roots of the hair, just over the left temple, it ran down across the face to right hand corner of the mouth, the flesh had closed together in a great ridge, and the nose seemed to have been shortened half an inch by the process of healing. The man with the scar sang two or three songs, and then passed his cap around for pennies.

"Did a blow of an Injun's tomahawk do that?" He replied, "No sir; I got that cut down in Old Virginia, durin' the war 'bout the time it looked as if Jeff Davis was the biggest patriot in the country."

"You were in the cavalry?" "You bet I was! I smashed up so many horses that I was cutting the honest Federate Government \$400,000 when it collapsed. If she hadn't collapsed I'd been forced into bankruptcy."

He checked, and raised his hat so as to reveal the scar in all its hideousness, and continued: "I don't believe a tomahawk could leave a scar like this. It takes a good sharp sabre to spoil a man's face; that he darn't look in the glass or have his photograph taken. A Yank slashed me, of course, but who do you suppose your neck, and so I'll tell—It was Custer, that long-haired dare-devil Yankee general, who used to ride around with blood in his eyes and an extra sabre in his teeth. He thought he'd done for me when he gave me this lick, but he didn't know our family."

"How was it?" "It was down at Trav'loan Station. He was raiding around with a lot of cavalry, and our folks got him in a box. Somehow we got around him on all sides, and we had cavalry, infantry and artillery. We were two to one, and had him fairly copped, and by all decent rules of warfare he ought to have flung out the white flag, and handed over his sabre, and politely said: 'Boys you've got the grapevine twist on me and I leave.' We expected it; but blast him! He didn't do any such thing. No sir. He massed his troopers, and gave 'em to understand that it was 'hell or home,' and the whole capoodle of 'em come for us on the gallop, bands playing, flags flying, and coopers yelling like wild injuns, our batteries played on 'em from a dozen hills; our infantry fusiladed 'em good and strong, and our troopers got the word to charge."

"Durn my buttons but wasn't it a hot fight! We were all mixed up—bullets flying, sabres hacking, men yelling, horses neighing, everybody shouting; and it was a devil's dance all round. I heard a Yank shouting orders, as if he was some big gun or other, and I worked up to him through the smoke. It was Custer, I had seen him before, and I knew what a fighter he was. I pushed right up to him, gave my old sabre a twist and an ent, and off went his head!"

He looked up with a wicked twinkle in his eyes and added: "In a horn! I rose in my stirrups and struck at him with force enough to cut clean down to the saddle, but he parried the blow, leaned over, I saw a flash, and the next thing I knew I had been in the hospital for two weeks, and the surgeons were trying to look into my boots through this sabre cut in my face. I was a whole year getting over it, and then I looked so handsome that I was turned over to the home guards for the rest of the war. Sometimes I feel like suicide, and again I don't care. I don't bear no grudge agin Custer for the slash, but he might just as well have put his cheese knife through me as to have given me this 'X' his mark, to lug around. And that's what ails the old red, and that's how I feel."—N. Y. Times.

THE FEARFUL RIDE OF A TEAM.—He boarded a train at Omaha, and after having been ejected from several trains, he reached Green River. Here the train men became more vigilant, and the dead-head saw that he must find a very secure hiding place. Accordingly, while the train men were busy, he crawled into the fire box of a stationary engine that was standing on a flat car, and which was going through to San Francisco. Soon after the train started some one shut the engine door, and the man was a prisoner. He could not sit down, and could barely turn around, and in this way he rode for four days and nights, without a mouthful of food or drink, excepting a few crackers he had in his pockets. When the train arrived at Verde, Nevada, a distance of nearly 900 miles from Green River, he attracted the attention of the conductor by scratching on the inside of the engine with his finger-nails. He was liberated almost dead with cold and hunger.

DRINK.—From a speech by J. J. Talbot, who recently died drunk in Elkhart, Ind.: "I had a position high and holy. The demon tore from around me the robes of my sacred office and sent me forth churchless and godless, a very hissing and by-word among men. Afterward my voice was heard in the courts. But the dust gathered on my open books, and no footfall crossed the threshold of the drunkard's office. I had money ample for all necessities, but it went to feed the coffers of the devils which possessed me. I had a home adorned with all that wealth and the most exquisite taste could suggest. The devil crossed its threshold and the light faded from its chambers. And thus I stood, a clergyman without a church, a barrister without a brief, a man with scarcely a friend, a soul without a hope—all swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink."

"It may all be very well, Mr. Henry," said John's wife the other day, "to stay out half the night working for the glorious Republican cause; but if the Republican party left that long yellow hair and that big grease spot on your nose black vest, it ain't the kind of an organization that I take it for."

Four dairymen need a spur, an eye-opener, a lesson which speaks volumes in three words, here is one at the head of this article. Butter is actually brought from France and sold by New York dealers. This is because there is an actual scarcity of good butter in the market, put up in an attractive shape for small consumers. We know that one dairymen gets \$1 15 a pound for his products, another \$1, and another 75 cents the year round, at his dairy door, it is easily seen that it will pay to bring butter across the ocean from France, if it is only good and shapely enough to suit the fastidious purchasers who will have something nice, whatever it may cost. All this butter is made from choice cows, choicedly fed on clean sweet food; the milking is done in the cleanest manner. The milk is handled as carefully as though of milk, and the cream is churned with clock and thermometer, the butter is worked with skill, and is made up in shapely cakes, which do not require to be cut when brought to the table. Compare them, this cake—hard, golden yellow, sweet, fragrant and tempting to all the senses—with an unsightly chunk, which is cut out of a greasy keg, and smells of old age and rancidity, and is made from ill-kept cows, from cows filthy lodged and carelessly milked, and churned anyhow, and the difference is easily accounted for.—N. Y. Tribune.

When you wish

The ample supply of dust for animals in winter, is understood by very few stock growers. All sorts of animals delight in a dust bath. Chickens do not have easy and continual access to it will never be troubled with vermin, either in their houses or on their bodies. Catnip delight to stand in a dusty road, scratching it up with their fore-legs and flinging it all over their backs. The cheapest and most effectual cure for lice on cattle is to scatter a quart of perfectly dry dust along the spine, from the horns to the tail. In winter, when they cannot get it, many animals become covered with vermin. The writer has a rickety wagon-shed with strips of tin inches wide nailed close to the ground on three sides, into which half a dozen wheelbarrow loads of dust are placed every fall. Here the poultry delight to wallow and roll in the sun. It is also kept and used on all other stock at stated intervals, and no vermin of any sort is ever seen on any of them. This is at once the most certain remedy for these pests, while the stock thrives by being supplied with what they crave, and what in a state of nature they would surely supply themselves with, but which they cannot when restrained and tied up in yards and stables.—Prairie Farmer.

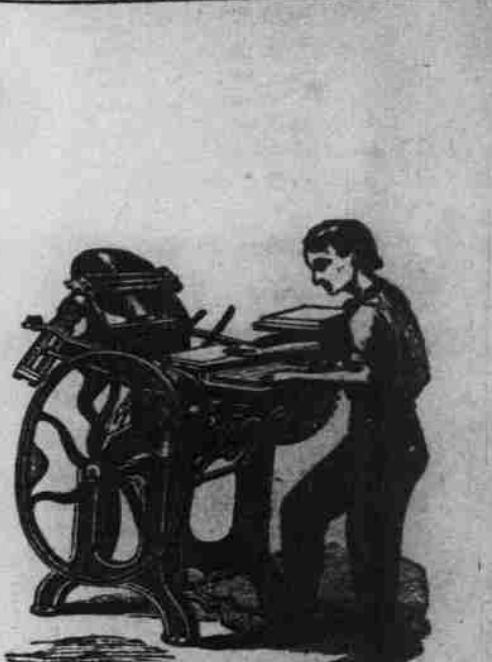
POURING OIL ON THE WATERS.—During a severe storm off the Cape of Good Hope, the captain of the King Centre, 3,400 tons, determined to make a trial of throwing oil upon the water. Two canvas clothes bags were obtained and into each two gallons of fine oil was poured, the bags being punctured slightly, and flung one over each quarter in tow of the vessel. The effect was magical; the waves no longer broke over the poop and sides of the ship, but several yards away where the oil had spread itself over the surface and around the poop in the wake of the vessel, was a large circuit of calm water. The crew were thus able to repair the damage with greater ease, and the ship was relieved from tremendous shocks she had previously received from the heavy seas. The two bags lasted two days, after which the worst fury of the gale having expended itself, no more oil was used.

FATE OF THE APOSTLES.—Matthew is supposed to have suffered martyrdom, or was slain in the city of Ethiopia. Mark was dragged through the streets of Alexandria, in Egypt, till he expired. John was put into a boiling cauldron at Rome, but escaped death. He died a natural death at Ephesus, in Asia. James the Great was beheaded in Jerusalem. James the less was thrown from a pinnacle and beaten to death. Phillip was beheaded. Andrew was crucified and pounded with a mallet. Bartholomew was skinned alive. Thomas was run through with a lance. Judah was shot to death with arrows. Simon Peter was crucified. Matthias was stoned. Barnabas was stoned to death. Paul was beheaded by the tyrant Nero, at Rome.

In the House of Lords, Lord Derby gave details regarding the extradition controversy. He said the difficulty arose because America intimated she would try Lawrence who was extradited for another offense than the one named under the treaty, if the first failed. America communicated in August that she never intended to try Lawrence for the second offense. The British government, therefore, while maintaining the construction it adopted, felt there was no reason for longer suspending the operation of the treaty, and the surrender of Brent the Louisville forger, was unconditional because the conditions were not required. Arrangements are continuing, as before the negotiations now pending, for a new treaty.

He was a redheaded boot-black, and had finished putting "a shine" on a Cincinnati drummer's leg. He spit a pint of tobacco juice into his blacking-box, took off his coat, grabbed his brush, knelt down and shouted "Change cars." The fellow put his foot upon the boy and held him there until he was so weak he couldn't speak, and then went off down the alley to wash in the mud with the foot that had the shine on it.

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