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FRIDAY, APRIL 13, 1877.

TERESA. AN ITALIAN STORY.

I. Light, heat, beauty, life-giving South! The artist seeks it for its glorious depths of color; the poet for its classic traditions and dreamy influences; the invalid for its balmy breath and reviving warmth, which stir the pulses that in northern lands would cease to beat. Lionel Merton, half invalid, sought it for life both of mind and body; and his delicate frame—slattered by the chill blasts of the north—woke to a new being in the soft Ausonian climate, whilst his artist eye glanced with a pleased delight over luxuriant plains and olive-planted slopes, with here and there a glimpse of the yellow Tiber flowing majestically along.

He was just now standing in the doorway of the inn, gazing, not at the landscape or the skies, but at a face that had attracted his attention more than once since his arrival at—. He had seen it first in the beautiful gardens of the villa, not far from the inn, peering through the parted branches of a myrtle, whose dark, glossy leaves seemed to form a fitting framework for the living picture behind them. But the branches had closed hastily fixed as the girl met the blue eyes of Lionel steadily upon her.

"We must go home, Tina," said she to the child, who was watching the doves wash themselves in the basin of the fountain, and she swung it up to her shoulder, where it wound its tiny hands in her dark hair loosening some of the coils that fell heavily down below her waist. A flush came over the pale olive skin.

"Thou art a bad child, Tina," she said, as she hastily twisted up the long tresses under the folds of her white headscarf.

The large lustrous eyes had but looked at Lionel for a moment, and yet they seem to have told him a long story that he had been in the past trying to decipher.

Next he had seen her in the church, kneeling in fervent prayer, and had silently watched the changes of countenance until she again perceived him, and with a startled look rose and fled away.

To-day Teresa stood leaning against a stone pillar, playing with the pink blossom of a catalpa that stood near her, when suddenly she found herself once more face to face with the English stranger.

He had discovered her name—Teresa; daughter of blind Tommaso Cecchi and his bed-ridden wife. She was a good daughter and worked hard to support her parents. To-day she seemed to be taking life easily—drinking in the splendor of the purple mists and golden sheets of sunlight with true Italian indolence.

"Dolce far niente!" thought Lionel, as he looked at the statue-like figure and the head thrown back, partly with weariness, partly with an intense appreciation of the beauty around her.

But Teresa's rest was not to be of long duration. The Mercanti of the Campagna had sent for laborers to gather in the harvest, and men and women were forming into bands to join in the work. Teresa was going, so Giuseppe had told Lionel, and to him it seemed a sacrifice that the beautiful maiden should toil and slave with the common multitude. But what could he do? And in the midst of his meditations the girl raised her face and again their eyes met.

"Teresa!" The name burst involuntarily from his lips.

She started and blushed, but this time did not flee away. She looked up at Lionel.

"Si, signore," she answered.

"That is a pretty flower," said Lionel; "will you give it to me?"

"Can you not find a substitute for your daughter?" and then he heisted for Teresa had come into the room.

"How much will it cost to get a substitute, Teresa?"

Teresa laughed. Giovannetta would pay it she could go in my place," said she. "There are too many ready and willing to go."

"Let them go, then!" responded Lionel, eagerly.

"The signore forgets we must have money," returned Teresa.

Scarcely thinking of what he was doing, Lionel had poured out the contents of a purse full of English gold upon the table. The quick ear of Tommaso caught the sound; he stretched out his hand as if to clutch the ringing coin, but Teresa sprang between, turning a flashing face upon Lionel.

"We are not beggars!" she exclaimed; "I work for my bread!"

"Will you not let me help you?" asked Lionel, in a low tone.

"You cannot," she replied, in an equally low voice; and the flash died out of her face, for Lionel's tone was very humble and his eyes had spoken something to her that her heart answered. She gathered the money together and put it into his hands.

"It must not be," said she, as he sorrowfully departed.

"Thou art a fool, child!" said Tommaso Cecchi, when Lionel was out of hearing. "Yes," said she, "but this time I know not what to do with their gold, and we should have been all the better for it."

Slowly plodded the large, gray oxen over the plains of the Campagna; lazily sauntered the drivers at their side. Here and there one heard the sounds of merriment; there again were silent toilers; here worn-out laborers who had crept into the shade and fallen asleep, and above stretched the blue heavens, still and cloudless, over the gray and purple sweeps of far-off landscapes with here and there a patch of sun-gilt water.

All this Lionel saw, for he had obtained a lodging in one of the large stone farm houses, since money will obtain anything; and the fair, delicate-looking, generous Englishman was popular among the poor Italian peasants.

Teresa knew that he was there, but she avoided him; and he, seeing this, only watched her from a distance, and gave no token that she was more to him than any other laborer on the vast plain. He had seen Tommaso and his wife before he had followed to the Campagna, and they were amply provided for during their daughter's absence.

Lionel Merton had fallen in love, and he set down and took the matter into deliberate consideration. His first thought was that Teresa was a queen; fit to be the wife of any man was his second; why not of himself was the third; and that she should be, if possible, was the fourth. Yet how to proceed was the difficulty; he felt, with all the keen sensitiveness of an Englishman to absurd situations, that he was somewhat absurdly placed at the present moment; for Teresa, calmly pursuing her work, gave him no opportunity of addressing her without bringing the eyes of the multitude upon himself and the handsome maiden.

Teresa was the one to break the silence. She feared the pestilential breath that comes with the chill blasts and heavy dews after the burning heat of the day might take effect on Lionel Merton. She noted a lassitude and feverishness which he imputed to his state of mind, and suddenly she appeared before him.

"Signore, you will flee from hence or you will die!"

"And you will have killed me, Teresa."

"No; it is the poisonous mists of the Campagna."

though fate were bidding him return, and so he passively resigned himself and retraced by slow degrees the way to Frascati, delaying as he drew nearer and nearer to it, and yet with every intention of seeing Teresa once more.

He took up his residence at the inn again, but saw nothing of Teresa, neither did he hear of her until, making inquiries from the innkeeper, he found that immediately upon her return from the Campagna her parents were taken ill and were now in the last stages of disease, and that they were poorer than ever. But Lionel shrank from intruding, although he and the old Cecchi had been very friendly.

Still Teresa had a consciousness of his presence in the constant supplies of all needed for the sufferers at the hands of the innkeeper, and she did not refuse them, for she was almost worn out with her vigil and perhaps regarded this unexpected assistance as an answer to her prayers, and therefore not to be flung ungratefully aside.

And then came the end. The Death Angel closed the old man's eyes and the mourner carried him to his grave—soon to be followed by the wife who had journeyed with him through the world. And then Teresa was left an orphan, alone in the world. And then Lionel Merton once more said:

"Teresa, you love me?"

And Teresa replied as she had done before. "Yes." But this time she added, "The vow that parted us is annulled, and I am no longer forbidden to be your wife."—Jean Bonceur.

A PRINTERS' CASE.

Among many good things of its kind the following, from the Chicago Times, as expressing both the fidelity and fertility of the reporter and the technicalities, the brightness, the strength and weakness, the humor and frailty of the "craft"—the craft of crafts—is one of the best. It is safe to say that none but a printer could have made the report.

"You are a printer?" said Scully, as a rather good-looking young man was run from the bull pen into the chute at the West side court.

"Yes sir."

"This is your first 'case'?"

"It's the first time I ever worked at a 'case' in this alley."

"Did you get drunk?"

"The boys 'set' it up and gave me the 'string.'"

"I don't fathom your remark," said his honor, putting one hand to his ear and bending forward.

"They 'proved' the 'matter' and then they left me on the 'stone' for 'dead.'"

"Impossible! Dead? Deserted you in the snow drifts. Or do I get the right glimpse of what you are trying to show?"

"I will 'correct' it, myself, with your permission."

"Do so; go on."

"I was soon 'alive,' and when I was 'shoved over' I was 'standing.'"

"Young man, you narrate in parables. Can't you elucidate?"

"I will try, judge. They put a 'good heading' on me, and gave me a prominent place at the top of the 'column.'"

THE STRANGEST BEDEFFELLOW.

An eastern newspaper prints the following letter:

I haven't dated this letter, because I don't know where I am. I am about nine miles from Julesburg at a little settlement on the South Platte. At daylight to-morrow I am to catch some of the finest salmon you ever saw. They will not bite at any other time of day. I suppose they learned this disagreeable habit of early breakfasting from the "bullwhackers" who navigate these plains. I am stopping at a little hotel about 80x80 feet. The scarest thing is lumber, the settlers having to pay so many dollars a foot for all they use, besides what they brought in valises.

The landlord is from Pennsylvania, and seems to be doing a thriving business. By dint of hard talking and liberal promises I got a room to myself. It is just large enough for the bed and a candle box set on a chair, upon which I am writing this letter. It is in one end of the building, and separated from the next room by a bedquilt, which you must crawl under to come in or go out. But it is my room, and, after the jolting I have had upon the Indian pony, I expect to have a good night's sleep.

Was ever a poor pilgrim in such a fix? Just as I had written "night's" above, and had "sleep" upon the point of my pen, I heard a knocking on the outside of the bedquilt. "Crawl under," said I.

Enter the landlord's daughter, a buxom young lady of seventeen years of age I should judge. She opened her rosy lips and spoke as follows:

"Mister, don't take off your clothes to-night when you go to bed."

"Why?"

"Because I am going to sleep with you."

"Well, if you have no better reason than that?"

"Hush! Shut up! You told par that you would not sleep with a man."

"Had rather sleep with a wet dog."

"Well, I have given up my bed to a sick man. I have been hard at work all day, and have to work to-morrow, and cannot afford to set up all night. That bed is wide enough for us both. I shall stay on the back side, and if you don't stay on your side, you'd better, that's all."

As she said this she raised from her dress pocket an infernal jack-knife, such as farmers use in trimming tree stumps, and then it fell back with a clug. I comprehended the situation in half a moment, and unto this maiden I quoth as follows:

"Miss, young lady, your intentions may or may not be honorable. I am traveling entirely by myself. My natural protectors are miles and miles away beyond the boundless prairie, ignorant of the perils which may beset their idol. Thus far I have not been insulted by your sex. I am a man of few words, but they are always emphatic. I will give you part of that bed, and that's all I can do. If you attempt anything contrary to this firm determination, by St. Joseph, my patron saint, I will shoot you right through the midriff!"

As I concluded, I laid a St. Crammie pistol on the mantle. A low clunkle outside the bedquilt gave evidence that pater familias had heard and approved the arrangement.

My antagonist laughed, and saying, "Mister, I reckon we understand each other," bounded over to the back side of the bed. There she is now, pretending to be asleep. I can't do anything. Talk about trials of the earlier sages—about being broiled over live coals—about being flayed alive—about being broiled in oil. What was all that to this.

Using His Influence. A good Detroit citizen, who has the cause of temperance at heart was yesterday traveling up and down Michigan avenue to watch for toppers and to coax them to sign the pledge.

Entering the store, he unfolded the pledge, and to the first he said:

"Tom, I want your fist to this."

The Strongest Man.

Frederick Barnaby was educated at Harrow, and thence proceeded to Germany, where, under private tuition, he acquired an unusually perfect acquaintance with the French, Italian and German languages, and incidentally imbibed a taste for gymnastics.

At sixteen he, the youngest of 150 candidates, passed his examination for admission to the army, and at the mature age of seventeen found himself a cornet in the Royal Horse Guards. At this time his breast seems to have been fired by the noble ambition to become the strongest man in the world. He threw himself into the pursuit of muscle with all the ardor since shown in other directions, and the cup of his joy must have been full when a precise examination led to the demonstration of the fact that his arm measured round the biceps exactly seventeen inches. His playing at Aldershot was a dumbbell weighing 170 pounds, which he lifted straight out with one hand, and there was a standing bet of £10 sterling that no other man in the camp could perform the same feat.

At the rooms of the London Fencing Club there is to this day a dumbbell weighing 122 pounds, and Captain Barnaby is the only member who can lift it above his head.

There is a story told of early barracks days which brings pleasantly up a reminiscence of the Tichborne trial. A horse dealer arrived at Windsor with a pair of beautiful little ponies, which he had been commanded to show to the Queen. Before exhibiting them to Her Majesty he took them to cavalry barracks for display to the officers of the Guards. Some of these, by way of a surprise, led the ponies up stairs into Barnaby's room, where they were much admired. But when the time came to take leave an alarming difficulty presented itself. The ponies though they had walked up stairs, could by no means be induced to walk down again. The officers were in a fix, the horse dealer was in despair when young Barnaby settled the matter by taking up the ponies, one under each arm, and walking down stairs, deposited them in the barrack yard.

But Cornet Barnaby was as skillful as he was strong. He was one of the best amateur boxers of the day, as Tom Paddock, Nat Langham and Bob Travers could testify by their own well-earned experience. Moreover, he fenced as well as he boxed, and the turn of his wrist, which never failed to disarm a swordsman, was known in more than one of the capitals of Europe. Ten years ago everybody was talking of the wonderful feat of the young guardsman who undertook for a small wage to hop a quarter of a mile, run a quarter of a mile, ride a quarter of a mile, row a quarter of a mile, and walk a quarter of a mile in a quarter of an hour, and who covered the mile and a quarter of distance in ten minutes and twenty seconds. Fred Barnaby had, while barely out of his teens, realized his boyish dream and became the strongest man in the world. But he had also begun to pay the penalty of success in the coin of wretchedness and failing health. When a man finds, after anxious and arduous experiments, that a water ice is the only form of nourishment that his stomach will retain, he is driven to the conviction that there is something wrong and that he had better see the doctor. The result of the young athlete's visit to the doctor was that he mournfully laid down the dumbbells and the foils, eschewed gymnastics and took to travel.

THEY MET BY CHANCE.—The St. Louis Republican relates the following as an actual fact lately transpiring in that city: "Not long ago two ladies that city, who were each unknown to each other, but were each intent upon the examination of shawls. One of the ladies was finally handed something that struck her fancy. She turned the article over and over, with admiring eyes upon it, and asked its price. She was told what it was, and with a sigh laid it down again. 'I like it,' she said, 'it suits me perfectly, but I cannot afford it. My husband tells me we must retrench as much as possible.' The sympathetic saleswoman was about to replace the shawl upon its shelf, when the other lady spoke: 'You do not intend to take the shawl, then, madam?'

"No," was the response. Then I think I'll take it. It suits me, too, and I was only waiting for your determination." Then turning to the saleswoman the last speaker told her to do up the purchase, adding, "Charge it to Mr. Merton."

The effect the name had upon the lady who was unable to buy the shawl was electric. "That's my husband," shrieked the lady, and there was a scene upon which the curtain did not fall at once by any means."

Mrs. FLORIS' LEG.—A Missouri court has just had to pass upon a question of some delicacy—that of the value of a woman's leg. A market house roof was blown off in a storm, and in its fall, crushed the lower part of Mrs. Floris' leg. Amputation below the knee became necessary to save the woman's life. She brought suit against the city of St. Louis for damages, and the jury returned a verdict for \$4,166.66.

The determination of this amount was arrived at by each juror's putting down a thousand dollars, and then adding \$500 for the doctor's bill, the value of the entire leg being placed at \$12,500. Why it was that the estimates of the several jurymen were added together, instead of being averaged, is not narrated. But so it was, and the Missouri jury having found the value of that which was lost. This part was decided to be one third of the whole, and hence it was that damages of \$4,166.66, were awarded. The city took the case up to the Court of Appeals, and that court affirmed the decision of the Circuit Court. So it was settled what the value is of the third part of a woman's leg.

Milk biscuit, heated until crisp, make a nice relish for lunch or for a sick person.

MATRIMONIAL SCENE.—"Can you let me have some money to purchase a new bonnet, my dear?"

"By-and-by, love."

"That's what you always say, my love, but how can I buy and buy without money?"

"And that brought the money, just as ore good turn deserves another. Her wit was so successful that she tried it again next week."

"I want money, my dear, to buy a new dress."

"Well, you can't have it; you called me a bear last night," said the husband.

"O, well, dear, you know that was only because you are so fond of hugging."

It hit him just right again, and she got the money and something extra, as he left his pretty wife and hurried off to business, saying, "It takes a fortune to keep such a wife as you are—but it's worth it."

A WONDERFUL BEAR STORY.—We are informed that on Thursday last a son of Christian Hanson, about 9 years of age, went to a straw-stack near the stable to get some straw for horse-bedding. He says that while putting out the straw a huge black bear seized him by the hip and started with him for the woods. The bear held him in such a way that he could make no resistance, but after running half a mile and leaping a high fence, the beast seemed to get out of wind, and let him creep down upon the ground, while he stood over him with his great red tongue laughing out of his mouth, panting for breath.

The boy says he seized hold of the bear's tongue with both hands, and held on until he raised upon his hind feet and scratched him in the face with his fore paws so hard that he let go and ran. The bear did not follow, and the little fellow made the best time possible toward the home. Mr. Hanson was away from home at the time. The next day he and his neighbors followed the bear's track for some distance, and the citizens of Helen will make it warm for Bruin if he does not return to his hole.—Glen-coe (Minn.) Register.

MRS. HAYES.—Whatever opinions may be held as to her husband's ability, there is no question as to the superior worth of our new President's wife. Mrs. Hayes is a woman of strong natural power of mind, and to this she has added the graces of culture. She is a woman to whom affection is a total stranger. For years she has been an earnest worker in various benevolent and charitable enterprises, and in this, as in everything else she has done, her course has been marked by a wise discretion. Mrs. Hayes will bring none of the vices of fashion into our Republican court. Her influence there will be decidedly of a conservative character. She has thus far schooled herself into believing that there is a higher mission for woman than a study of the Paris fashions.

The first choice of a seat at Mr. Edwin Booth's first performance in San Francisco was sold, it is recorded for \$10. His first appearance on the stage was made before an audience of small girls and boys in Baltimore, who were admitted to the juvenile theatre for an enormous fee of two cents.

The Chicago reporter who was booted by Fred Grant has never rallied from the kick, and is looking for a situation with some man who travels around renovating feather beds.

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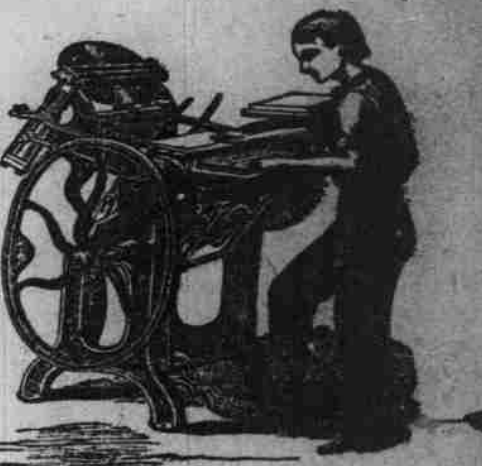
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