Albany Register.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, BY

COLL. VAN CLEVE,

IN THE REGISTER BUILDING,

Corner Ferry and First Streets.

TERMS—IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year.....$2 50
One copy, six months.....1 50
7 clubs of twenty, each copy.....$2 00
Single copies.....Ten cents.

Subscribers outside of Linn county will be charged 20 cents extra—$2 70 for the year—as that is the amount of postage per annum which we are required to pay on each paper mailed by us.

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FRIDAY.....MAY 25, 1877.

AFTER THE FIRE.

THE HAPPINESS WHICH WAS LOCKED UP IN AN IRON BOX.

The fire, from which we date in the family, it being the *great* event therein for years, seemed, at the time it occurred, the climax of a series of misfortunes that had been falling for five years upon our devoted heads.

First, we lost a dear father, who left the family already mentioned—namely, mamma, Meta, Freddie, and myself. Meta was but fourteen when father died, I twelve, and Freddie but three years of age. There was no money for us after the business was closed, and mamma thankfully accepted an offer of her Uncle Gordon, to be his house-keeper, and so secure a home for all of us.

Such a home! Uncle Gordon Crofts was a man nearly seventy, strong and vigorous, with a most ungovernable temper, miserly and suspicious, who had lived alone for about forty years. What sudden spasm of generosity made him open his wretched, tumble down old house to us, we never knew; but certainly he repented the arrangement as soon as his proposal was accepted.

Not one meal passed our lips that we were not reminded of its cost; not an article of our poor clothing was renewed without deep groans over our extravagance; and we were put out at once—Meta and myself—to learn trades, I being apprentice to a milliner, Meta to a bookbinder.

I know now that, scant as our wages were, they really covered the expenses of our poor food and worse lodging. As for poor mamma, with all the housework, sewing, washing, and cooking upon her hands, surely she earned the little she spent.

But, in spite of our poverty and hard work, Meta blossomed into a beautiful, modest and tender girl. I was never even pretty.

When Bret Ellis discovered Meta's attractions she was eighteen, still working as a book-binder in a place of business which Bret's father owned. Old John Ellis, after storming and raging like a maniac at the presumption of one of the "hands" daring to be sufficiently attractive to win the love of the son and heir of his magnificence, dismissed Meta at an hour's notice. As he owned the only bookbinding establishment in the town, and Meta knew no other trade, affairs looked black enough for us.

Brent himself was true as steel, and wanted Meta to marry him at once. But, in spite of her gentleness, Meta had some pride and refused to enter a family where she was not welcome. Mother, too, at this crisis, informed Brent that his visits had better cease, and Meta did not speak one word of dissent.

I stormed, of course; I always do storm when I am angry. But nobody ever came round to my opinion, no matter how I raved—and John Ellis certainly did not. To be sure he did not hear me, or that might have made some difference.

Mid-winter found us in this strait. Meta out of employment, helping mother about the house, and patiently bearing Uncle Gordon's protests against her idleness and fine-lady airs; I trimming hats, and meekly handing over my wages to our uncle; Freddie still at the town school, but with an apprenticeship looming up in the spring.

In January Uncle Gordon was taken ill—the first serious sickness of his life. He would have no doctor until absolutely forced to call one in by increasing pain and weakness, and when the long delayed examination was over it proved to have been made too late.

In just one month from his first pain our uncle died, leaving a brief will conferring all his property, the house included, upon our mother, his "well-beloved niece, Sarah Morton."

But where was the property? Not a shilling was deposited in the bank, not an inch of real estate was held in his name, save the miserable pieces of land, upon which the house stood, and which barely yielded vegetables for the table. We turned the house upside down and inside out, but not a coin rewarded our search. Finally, we sadly concluded that the misery we had seen, the lamentations we had heard, were the result of real, thorough poverty, and not the mere pretences of a miser. And we struggled along somehow, mother sewing a little, Meta doing housework, and I still at the milliner's. We did not starve. That is the record of the next five months—a struggle for mere bread, and the saving of actual existence seeming the first.

It was a night in June—a clear, starlight night—and I, though weary enough, was sleepless. Meta lay by my side, wakeful as myself, and told me in soft whispers, that she had met her lover that day, when on some household errand, and he had urged her sorely to marry him, though his father had not relented.

"I don't know but I would," I said. "After all, he is a man, and must be able to care for you somehow. This life is killing you."

And, as I spoke, Meta cried, "I smell smoke!"

"Smell it!" I cried, starting up. "I see it."

There it was, coming in at the cracks of the worn-out door, little threads at first, but filling the room rapidly. We caught up some clothing, and rushed to the door. As we opened it, the flames burst in on the landing and staircase, forcing us to retreat.

Mother and Freddie slept in the rooms beyond ours on the other side, and we rushed across to them, and we all four scrambled, half-dressed, from Freddie's window to a shed, and so to the yard.

By this time the neighbors were awakened, and the houses about us were glowing in the flames shooting up from our old house to the sky. Fancy, if you can, the group we formed, as we stood huddled together in the yard, and watched everything we owned upon earth being licked by the greedy tongues of flame, swallowed in clouds of smoke. Meta and I could see our bedroom closet and the scanty stock of clothing there, and count the dearly purchased articles as they were consumed.

"My poor black alpaca," Meta said, watching the lurid trimming creeping up the skirt. "We might have snatched that. It hangs on the door."

"See my hand box toppling over," I said. "The bonnet will have flame colored feathers in two minutes."

Mother was too much crushed to share in our grim jesting, and Freddie was trembling with excitement and terror.

The firemen did their duty bravely, but were too late to save anything, and dawn found us homeless, with nothing left of our house but blackened walls and a tall chimney, clearly defined against the rosy sky of a June sunrise.

Then—I shall love him all my life for that—as we stood utterly desolate and destitute, Brent Ellis, who had worked like a giant at the fire engines, came all blackened and streaming with sweat and said, "Marry me, Meta, this hour, so that I may have the right to shelter all of you. I have a little fortune of my own my father cannot touch, and it will keep us from want, if no more.

But Meta only thanked him gently, and clung more closely to our mother. We began to realize the scantiness of our raiment in the daylight, and were glad to accept the offer of a neighbor for temporary shelter. Others came forward, and we had soon an incongruous assortment of cast off clothes at our disposal, and arrayed ourselves as we best could, presenting a ludicrous appearance enough, if any of us could have raised spirits sufficient to laugh.

But we were not exactly hilarious. Utter and entire destitution seemed to have fallen upon us last, after our long fight, with that traditional wolf who had prowled so near our doors for the last five years. We salted our cups of charity offered coffee with our tears, and were blind to the charms of hot cakes hospitably pressed upon us.

Neighbors flocked in to offer advice and consolation, and we were touched by most generous offers of home and food from several, until we could "look up a home." Where? What could we look for? Our only home lay in ashes; our sole possessions were entirely consumed!

For three days we were numbered by despairing sorrow. "We" means three women, for Freddie seemed to look upon the whole business as a pleasurable change in the montony of his existence. He had not been so well fed—indeed I may say so well stuffed—in five years; for all the neighbors called him in, whenever he passed, to offer tit-bits. He had an entire suit of clothes that were outgrown by one of the richer boys, and, fitting Freddie, clothed him better than he had been clothed since his father died, and, best of all, he took a holiday, nobody having sufficiently recovered their wits to send him to school.

As soon as the ruins of our home were cold enough to admit of visiting, parties of boys began to dig in the ashes for half-burned property, and Freddie harrowed our sensitive feelings fifty times a day by rushing in with buttons, scraps of metal, and ruined treasures of every description.

Meta and I summoned up sufficient energy on the third day to go to my employer who agreed to take my sister a short time as saleswoman. We came back to my temporary home somewhat encouraged, to find Brent had been there and fully enlisted mamma on his side. While she was repeating his arguments, and Meta listened with a smile of quiet happiness at her lover's constancy, Freddie burst in.

"Come, quick, quick!" he cried; "we have found a big iron box under the chimney place. I can't lift it, it is so heavy. O, come!"

He was fairly dragging mamma from her seat, and, hastily throwing a shawl around her, she followed him, Meta and myself bring up the rear.

Truly enough, there was a large box under the chimney-place, in a hollow, bricked all around, which had evidently had an opening we had never seen. It was large and heavy, and required the united forces of the family to pull it from its resting place and carry it to the barn, where we put it down on the floor. There was no key, but a strong lock, and after due deliberation we sent for a hatchet, and, by dint of much perseverance and strength, burst it open.

Within—as by that time we half expected—we found Uncle Gordon's hoarded treasures. Bonds to the amount of ten thousand pounds; one hundred and twenty pounds in gold; a case of uncut gems, not very valuable; a package of private letters, an old fashioned watch and chain, and a miniature portrait of a lady, opening out a field for our speculations as to some romance of the past we had never suspected in our uncle's life.

There was no one to dispute our mother's claim to the property, all safely deposited in bank before sunset, and our troubles seemed at last to be over.

John Ellis, whom I hate most cordially, and shall while I live, called upon mamma in a few days, and most gracefully withdrew his opposition to his son's marriage. We took his condescension for exactly what it was worth, but were more than happy at the thought of rewarding Brent's faithful love.

Our new house, built upon the site of the old one, is but a roomy two story cottage, but home like and cosey; and our warming was the wedding of Brent and Meta, where Freddie and I officiated as groomsman and bridesmaid, and dear mamma seemed to throw off twenty years of her age when she put on a lavender silk dress and wound her heavy hair in a coronet upon her head in honor of the bridal.

Brent would have no part of mamma's money settled upon his wife; but he was a loving adviser as to its investment for our support, and we make occasions for present giving toward the housekeeping treasures of the young couple, to keep up something of a fair division of the income.

Freddie plumes himself greatly upon the fact that his bright eyes discovered the hoard that so improved our fortunes; and it has become a habit with us to date all the events in our family history as having occurred "before the fire," or "after the fire."

A HORRIBLE DEATH.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION OF A LIVING MAN—TERRIBLE SCENE IN THE CITY HALL COURTYARD.

A most horrible and sickening accident occurred in Kerman's saloon, in the courtyard back of the City Hall, at a quarter past ten this morning, being no less than the spontaneous combustion of a human body. The victim of his appetites was a man named Harley or Hartley, who has not been more than a month in the city, but during that time had been frequently arrested for drunkenness. He was a short, quite fat man, shabbily dressed with a florid bloated countenance. He had no intimate companion, but wandered about alone, seemingly demented, occupied his whole time in drinking the vile poison of the city front and Barbary Coast dens. He has twice been treated by Dr. Stivers for delirium tremens, and was this morning discharged after a longer siege than usual. With a seemingly

INSANE DESIRE FOR DRINK,

He continued from half past 7 o'clock drinking steadily at the various bars in the vicinity, and the large size of each potation promised to speedily send him back to the hospital. About the time mentioned, he staggered into the room nearly insensible, and feebly asked for a drink. This was refused him, and he staggered toward the gas jet to light the stump of a cigar he carried, while the barkeeper, Thomas Connors, turned away to attend to his duties. A moment afterward he heard a low moan and noticed a flash of fire, and turning around he saw Harley falling to the floor, his head enveloped in a black, thick smoke, while flames issued from his mouth and ears. A horrible filthy smell of burned and putrified flesh filled the the air, and its nauseating odor made not only the saloon but the courtyard unbearable for a while. Not a moment was lost in attending to the sufferer. He was beyond relief, however.

HIS FACE WAS PERFECTLY BLACK,

Partly charred and partly covered with a moist suit. His eyes were open and had a horrible appearance, unlike anything save a roasted egg, while a greenish liquid oozed from the ears. His mouth was completely roasted on the inside, but with the exception of his head and hands, no parts of his body bears marks of his horrible death. The coroner was immediately notified, and the body was removed to Morgue, followed by a curious crowd, who, in spite of the horrible accessories, were anxious to view the peculiar sight. A letter found in his pocket, addressed to M. Harley or Hartley, furnished the only clue to his identity.

N. B.—He is believed by some to be the same man who, according to the morning papers, attempted to commit suicide at Black Point yesterday by placing a rope around his neck, swallowing laudanum, setting his clothes on fire with kerosene and shooting himself off the bluff after swallowing poison. Should it prove to be he, he can congratulate himself in having shuffled off the mortal coil in a successful manner as far as an uniqueness goes.—*S. F. Post.*

There is a good deal of sense in the suggestion of the Philadelphia *Times* that all consular and diplomatic representation abroad be limited to eight consecutive years. This was a rule established by Jefferson when he was Secretary of State under Washington, and it was observed until all civil service rules went by the board. The reason is obvious: Jefferson himself found that when he returned from a seven years absence to Europe he was startled at the changes that had taken place, and the new conditions and sentiments were almost alien to him. Eight years residence abroad is quite sufficient to denationalize any citizen, to alienate him from the thoughts, manners and customs of his fellow-citizens, and therefore to render him unfitted properly to represent his country. One instance of this is in the case of an estimable gentleman now or recently living in Berlin, who, when superseded found himself with a wife and family speaking only German and French, and with no inducement to return where all his associations had been broken off.

Alexis telegraphs the Czar that he will hold New York against any son of a Turk that may be sent against him.

The old Catholic church at Idaho City caught fire from a flue and burned to the ground. Loss $2 000.

LUXURY ON THE RAIL.

THE DIFFERENCE.

We have been frequently asked: "What is the difference between a railroad dining car and a Pullman Hotel car?" That there is a vast difference is well known to thosee who have had occasion to use either; but the untraveled public are not fully advised as to the points of difference. The old-fashioned railroad eating-house is, alas! too well known: its peculiar, hastily eaten meals have been partaken of by too many thousands to be forgotten. The dining car, then, is this well-known eating house placed on wheels, attached to the train at the usual meal hour, and hauled along for thirty, forty or sixty miles, until the meal has been served, when it is set off on a side track and is by the next train hauled back to its starting point, and so it runs a few miles for each meal. To get meals in this car the passenger has to work his way through the train while it is under full headway, pass from car to car, running the risk of falling between the platforms, and finally finding the car at the rear of the train. Then comes the meal, which must be hurried through with to give other hungry passengers a chance to take your place, and you must force your way back to your seat, again running the risk of your platform passage while the train is at full speed. In such cars you pay seventy-five cents for each meal, even if you take or need only a cup of coffee and a cracker. Bear in mind that in no case does these dining cars accompany the train from the starting point to destination. They are always cut off and taken on as we have described. With the Pullman Hotel car the case is different in every respect. These cars are from sixty to sixty-four feet long, have sixteen wheels under each, are built strong, so as to insure steady, quiet running, without the usual unpleasant side motion. Each Hotel car contains, in the order named, the following compartments:

1st. A cosy, neat and clean kitchen, fitted up with a range, an ice and meat box, rows of shelves covered with bright silver and brighter glass ware, and all the appliances needed for preparing a sumptuous meal.

2d. A compact China and glass closet, in which is kept the table-ware and table linen, cutlery, etc.

3d. A passage way cutting off the kitchen and China closet from the rest of the car, and forming an air chamber to prevent the smell of the cooking victuals from reaching the saloon portion of the car.

4th. The grand saloon. This is fitted up with twelve, fourteen or sixteen sections with space for tables between each, and in these the meals are served. You, while on this car, own the space you occupy as much as you do your room at home, and noone can hurry you while at meals, nor are you forced to give it up to allow any other person to occupy it. At night, as if by magic, this saloon is changed into a boudoir, and here your couch is prepared, and here you rest yourself isolated, and as separated from your fellow-travelers as you would be in your own bed-chamber.

5th. An elegant drawing room, with room for six or eight persons. This is found alone in these magnificent cars. In it you and your family and a party of friends can be as secluded as you please, or you can slide open the end and have the company of those in the grand saloon.

6th. Charmingly arranged lavatories are partitioned off, and arranged in two distinct compartments for the separate use of ladies and gentlemen. These lavatories are supplied with pure water, clean towels, combs, brushes, and, in fact, everything the most dainty may desire for the most perfect performance of an elaborate toilet

7th. Then follow conductors' and porter's rooms, linen closets, etc., etc.

It will thus be seen that this car is, as its name implies, a perfect modern hotel, with all of its appliances and comforts complete. This car is taken on at the commencement of the journey, and is part of the train to its destination In it you get your sleeping compartments and meal accommodations, while neither encroach upon the other. Envious dining-car employees, who are paid to decry this form of Hotel car, cannot, with anything like truth on their side, give any valid or conclusive reasons for preferring the dining to the Hotel car, and they only chatter in favor of the dining car because they are paid to do so. These Hotel cars have run from New York to San Francisco and back with Emperor Dom Pedro—with Jaret & Palmer's party, that traveled almost at lightning speed—with many a party of California bonanza kings; and all join in pledging their honor that the cars are incomparable.

Two lines of these celebrated cars run between New York and Chicago, and one line only between Chicago and Omaha. It may be needless to say that this last-named line runs over the steel track of the Chicago & North-Western Railway. That these cars are attracting a large share of the California travel, both ways, might be easily conjectured. Any road deserves to be patronized that is enterprising enough to give the traveling public such facilities as is freely tendered by the Chicago & North-Western Railway on its California line.

We have neglected to say that, in these Hotel cars, the meals are *a la carte*—you pay for what you get, and nothing more; and that at very reasonable terms.—*The Tribune, April 7th, 1877.*

A Presbyterian Church was organized at upper Astoria, by Rev. A. L. Lindsley, D. D., on Saturday May 5th, 1877, consisting of nineteen members. Title of the church, "The First Presbyterian Church of Astoria," under the presbytery of Oregon in connection with the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the U. S. A. Two ruling elders were elected, viz: T. P. Powers and W. H. Gray. Three trustees were also elected, viz: T. P. Powers, C. Leineweber and W. H. Gray.

HOW NOAH GOT HIS NAME.

After the ark had been out about two weeks, the wife of the captain began to get tired and restless and anxious to be once more on dry land. Hence she fell into a habit of every now and then calling out to her husband and inquiring whether there were any signs of clearing up, etc., and he always answered "No," she in dispair would add "Ah!" and so it went on from hour to hour and day to day. One night the wind came out from the northeast and made things lively on board. The jib clewlines parted; the topsail binnacle was carried away and the main sheet blown into pieces no larger than five cent handkerchiefs. Of course the "old man" was kept busy and was not in the best of humor. He had just hailed the lookout and asked him if he had seen anything of "Ary rat," and received in answer "Nary rat, sir!"—had just ordered Shem, who was steering, to "Keep her off two points," when Ham came on deck and reported that the largest elephant had broken loose and insisted on taking his trunk into the camels' department, who in turn had got their backs up about the interview. The various beasts had taken sides in the quarrel, and there was a grand row generally. Just as the captain had pursuaded the elephant to go back to his own room and had checked his trunk in order to pacify him, there came a voice, "Any signs of its clearing up, dear?" It was raining then literally in sheets. To the inquiry was given the usual reply, and to the reply was added the usual "ah!" only in a sadder tone than usual It was a little more than the old man could stand, and he yelled out "No ah!" "No ah!" it is nothing but "No ah!" all day long; you had better call me "Noah" and be done with it," and he went below to splice the main brace, which had parted. And so it was that the captain of that first great ship came to be called "Noah."

Burying A Fort.

Quite an original method of taking a fort is described in Blackwood's Magazine. In 1696, a large Russian army besieged the Turkish fort of Azof, which was situated on a plain, strongly fortified, and had a small but well disciplined garrison. No common approaches could be made to it, and the Turkish cannon swept the level with iron hail. In this case the engineering skill of the Russians was baffled, but General Patrick Gordon, the right-hand man of Peter the Great, and the only one for whose death it is said he ever shed a tear, being determined to take the place at any cost, proposed to bury it with earth by gradual approaches. He had a large army; the soil of the plain was light and deep, and he set 12,000 men to work with spades, throwing up a high circumvallation of earth wall before them in advance. The men were kept in gangs, working day and night, the earth being thrown from one to another like the steps of a stair, the top gang taking the lowest place every half hour in succession. In five weeks the huge earth wall was carried forward nearly one mile, until it rose to and above the highest ramparts, and the earth began to roll over them. This caused the Turkish Governor to hang out the white flag, and give in. Had he not done so, General Gordon would have buried the fortress.

THE FEAT OF A CRAZY GYMNAST.

"Senor Mirande," gymnast, eclipsed all his previous flights while delirious from fever at New York, the other evening. He had been so violent that he was tied to his bed, but he broke the cords, and with a shriek turned a somersault through the third-story window and hung to the casement by his hands his body swinging to and fro forty feet above the sidewalk, while he shouted to his friends: "Go away! I'll climb to the moon!" Then he swayed his body with increasing rapidity and let go, but grasped the metal leader of the house, went up it hand over hand with the agility of a monkey, and suddenly plunged forward, landing upon the top of a shutter on the top floor. Then he swung on the fragile blind, which it was feared would be forced from its hinges by his weight, and suddenly leaping in the air, grasped the gutter of the house. He ran along the edge with seeming indifference at the height at which he was performing, and then started to descend headlong the shutter of the adjoining house. Away he went, leaping from shutter to window-sill, until the top of the stoop was reached, when he slid down one of the posts to the street, escaping in the darkness. He was finally caught, but died next day.

RESPECT TO THE FLAG.—Two United States flags stand alone in a corner of the great hall of the Propaganda at Rome. The story is that in one of the Italian rebellions the leader of the insurgents planted his cannon before the Propaganda, intending to destroy it. The frightened papal authorities begged Minister Cass to save the building by the power of the American flag; neither the flag of England, France or Austria would be respected, but the American flag would. After much hesitation, Mr. Cass publicly removed his consulate to the Propaganda and raised the flag of the Union over its roof. The chief of the insurgents swore he would not fire on the flag, made his cannon ready and moved away. The Propaganda was saved and the flags have this honor for the good they did in the time of peril.

Some time ago a farmer who was given to experimenting, tried salt upon swine which he was fattening. He selected two pair of barrow hogs, weighing 200 pounds apiece. One pair received with their daily allowance of food two ounces of salt; the other pair, similarly fed, none. In the course of a week it was plainly seen that the salted pair had a much stronger appetite than the others, and after a fortnight it was increased to two ounces apiece. After four months the weight of the salted hogs was 350 pounds each, while that of the unsalted five weeks later, reached only 300lbs.

SOMETHING ABOUT NEWSPAPERS.

That the Americans are a reading people is manifest by the statistics of the Newspaper Press of the country, as given in the *Newspaper Directory* for 1877, just issued by *S. M. Petengill & Co.*, the well-known Advertising Agents of New York, Boston and Philadelphia. There are reported in it the names, character (political, agricultural, religious, medical, etc.) and names of publishers of no less than 795 dailies, 79 tri-weeklies, 125 semi-weekies, 6,606 weeklies, 122 semi-monthlies, 771 monthlies, 16 bi-monthlies and 60 quarterlies, published in the United States and the British American Provinces. The Directory shows the number of each of these editions which are published in each State, Territory or Province.

The book contains 376 pages, and embraces an immense amount of valuable information, showing great labor and care in its collection and preparation. It gives all necessary facts for an advertiser to know about, 8574 separate publications, while it is also interesting and valuable for the general reader, the student of American periodical literature, and the observer of American institutions The book is sold at the low price of $1 per copy.

The Walla Wal'a *Watchman* tells this: Al Reeves was at work at Dr. Blalock's saw mill, and last Monday he took a notion to come to town. He thought he would ride down the flume—which is about three miles long—and secured a long plank and set sail, and away he went at the rate of about 15 miles an hour. Those who witnessed the fact say it was a grand sight. He laid flat down, head up and coat tail fluttering in the breeze. The spray dashing over him like a Yellowstone geyser, but on he went for about a mile at a furious rate. While in the act of adjusting matters, one corner of his craft touched the side and spilled him overboard and over the flume in a violent manner, hurting him quite seriously if not fatally.

In Owyhee county, Idaho, there is a singular state of things. Lien holders who have furnished labor and supplies have attachments of important mines. They are anxious to push the suit, and the defendents want them put off. It was intimated and threatened when the grand jury was called, that unless these cases were tried no indictments would be found. This intimation or threat has been carried out and no indictments found The stage robbers and other prisoners must be turned loose. There is evidently a good deal of hot blood in Owyhee over these troubles.

Menagerie notes: The rats have made a conquest of Pitcairn's Island in the Pacific. Some of them are as large as rabbits; all of them are hungry; and they have swept across the island, devouring the grain in the barns and the flour in the store-rooms, and attacking the natives with a ferocity that is uncommon. Three weeks ago a party of Englishmen while journeying from Dudley to Lower Gornel were overtaken by a host of snakes and lizards. The reptiles were marching in close order; in platoons ten yards deep. A man in Raleigh, N. C., owns a cat that has a mania for setting on eggs, and if she cannot get a dozen will square herself down on a single one, and remain there until she is driven off.

There are in Ireland, (we quote from a speech made by Mr. Bright in the House of Commons,) 67,716 owners of land, of whom 36,000 hold less than one acre. The whole of the land, held by 52,782 persons, is 235,558 acres, while two owners hold 282,199 acres. Of the 20,000,000 acres of land in Ireland 17 individuals own 1,400,000 acres, 107 own 4,000,000, and 292 own very nearly one-third of the whole surface of the country. In England one person in every 23 or 24 is an owner of land; in Ireland the proportion is one in 79 or 80.

Gen. Grant says in regard to his foreign tour that if he gets tired of traveling he will come home in three months; but if he enjoys it he may prolong his stay two or three years, and extend his journey around the world. If he had a fixed purpose, however, of going around the world, he would go west, as Seward did. As to his future home, he dismisses all thought of that, and can not say until after his return whether he will settle down in Galena or some other place.

A very curious and remarkable experiment has just been tried in India. A Mr. Adams, of Bombay, has invented a solar battery, consisting of two hundred small mirrors so arranged that they focused the sun's rays upon a small copper boiler and generated steam in it in twenty minutes. Mr. Adams contends that he could by the same means generate heat enough to drive the largest spinning mill in Bombay.

A young man in the Eastern States of a statistical and speculative turn of mind has accumulated a considerable fortune during the past winter by attending church sociables, planting himself by the refreshment table, and betting everybody that came up for oyster soup from 50 cents to $5 that he wouldn't have two oysters in his ration. He says that it is a surer thing than dealing faro with sized cards and a spring-bottomed box.

A man named David I. Richards, formerly a stage driver in Idaho, was drowned in the Hot Springs near Austin, Nev., on the 30th ult. He was bathing. The water is so hot that one can remain in it but a few seconds. When taken out a few hours afterwards the body was parboiled, the skin peeling off in large flakes.

"SORTS."

Japan has a government sheep farm of 7,500 acres.

Minnesota proposes to spend $100,000 in the destruction of grasshopper eggs.

One hundred pounds of grass consumed in doors by a cow will produce seventy-one pounds of solid and liquid manure.

Russia produces 157,938,000 bushels of wheat on 28,743,300 acres, or an average yield of only five and a half bushels per acre.

The Canadian Government has prohibited importation of British and European cattle, on account of the prevalence of the rinderpest.

France annually produces $500,000,000 of grain, $225,000,000 of wine, and $60,000,000 of vegetables Her total annual product of the soil exceeds in value $1,100,000,000.

A schoolboy going out of the playground without leave, one of his masters called after him and inquired where he was going. "I am going to buy a ha'porth of nails." What do you want a ha'porth of nails for?" "For a halfpenny," replied the youngster.

The other day in an up-town residence a ring at the door was heard, and the servant girl, calling to her mistress, said: "Please, mum, go to the door, and if its anybody for me, tell 'em I'm engaged."

Rumor says that ex-President Grant will take several thousand of his favorite brand of cigars with him to Europe—from which an exchange infers that he is going to stump the continent.

A western paper, in describing an incident recently, says, with much candor: "Dr. Jones was called, and under his prompt and skillful treatment the young man died Wednesday night."

At Walla Walla two of the "solid farmers" have made a novel bet. The wager is 200 bushels of wheat on the result of the war. The one who backs Turkey isn't scared a bit.

The immediate result of President Hayes' policy will be to eliminate from politics the negro as a negro, and for this consummation the negro as a man should be profoundly grateful.

A woman in Butler, Georgia, recently gave birth to girl twins, which weighed just two pounds each, and now at four months old they weigh just four pounds each. They are so much alike their mother has to tie a different ribbon around their necks to tell them apart.

A safety envelope to prevent tampering has been devised. On the flap the words "Attempt to open," are printed with a double set of chemicals, the first impression containing nutgalls and the second green vitrol. If the flap is steamed or moistened in any way the magic printing will appear.

Nashville has always been believed to be a nice place to live in, but one resident there says he has had the chills and fever every day for five years, and in that time he has taken 1,800 grains of quinine, 1,000 grains of arsenic, 500 grains of cinchonidia, 500 grains of Peruvian bark, and a good deal of nitric acid, without having any effect upon him.

There is a man in Tennessee with such big feet that, if he gets them wet in December, he doesn't have a cold in his head until February.

The gates of heaven are low arched; we must enter upon our knees.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.—Rev. J. F. DeVore will hold services in the brown M. E. church in this city on Sabbath, morning and evening. Sunday School at 2:30 P. M. Prayer meeting each Thursday evening

Special Notices.

MUSICAL.—Miss Nettie Piper, teacher of Vocal and Instrumental music, has recently located in Albany, and prepared to give lessons in the above named branches. Has had several years experience in teaching, and can give the best of references. 4*

PLAITING, Stamping, Cutting and Fitting, Plain Sewing, Hair Weaving, etc. Cutting and fitting Children's Clothing a specialty. Call at the rooms adjoining the REGISTER office, Albany, Oregon. MRS. COLL. VAN CLEVE.

MAJOR WHITE—Is located one door west of Fox Bro.'s, First street, Albany, where he is prepared to do all work in his line, such as repairing watches, clocks, and jewelry. Also, engraves door-plates, silverware, &c. Give him a call. *

From N. Plummer, M. D., Auburn, N H

"Although adverse to countenancing patent medicines, I cheerfully make an exception of your very excellent lung preparation—Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. This preparation I have used in my practice for more than ten years past, and have always found it to be of more effectual service than anything within my knowledge. I recommend it with the greatest confidence to those subject to coughs and pulmonary complaints. Sold by all druggists. may.

The Richmond Range is a great wood saver, and as it throws out less heat than any other good range or stove, it is way up for Summer use. *

TO CONSUMPTIVES. The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c. Parties wishing the prescription will please address Rev. E. A. WILSON, 154 Penn St., Williamsburg, N. Y. [18v9] ton43v9

PIMPLES.—I will mail (free) the recipe for preparing a simple Vegetable Balm that will remove Tan, Freckles, Pimples and Blotches, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful; also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face. Address Ben. Vandelf & Co., box 5191, No. 8 Wooster-St., New York. ton43v9

Errors of Youth.—A gentleman who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion will, for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the recipe and direction for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience can do so by addressing in perfect confidence JOHN B. OGDEN, 42 Cedar St., New York. m25v9

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, Bible House, New York. m8v9