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FRIDAY, JUNE 8, 1877.

THE STORY OF MARLY.

A TRUE NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURE IN THE FAR WEST. BY E. V. BLAKE.

"Did you ever know George Marriott?" said Herries to me as I lay smoking on my blanket, supper over, and Miner heaping wood on the fire.

I took the pipe from my lips and paused. The name, a strange souvenir of New York folly, fashion and wickedness, came to me oddly enough here, on the dark, silent, far lying prairie, with the purple, solemn twilight, starlit, bending its hollow arch above, and the faint, sweet, crescent moon, lung away in the West, beside the Evening Star. Over the swells glimmered the white flapped wagons and twinkling lights of the emigrant camp.

"I knew his wife," I repeated. "Emma Mansfield—a fair, tender woman, as good as gold. I know of him—and that was enough. Why, of all memories, do you recall his, to-night?"

"He's over there," answered Herries, with a jerk over his shoulder toward the emigrant camp.

"Over there?" "George Marriott?" "I saw him. I've been over," said Herries sitting down, with a thoughtful expression, on the grass.

"An emigrant? Formost in all fashionable folly and dissipation as they do to be! Why these people are going down to Tucson, Miner tells me."

"Yes. Hadn't you heard, before we left New York, of the scoundie? How his wife obtained a divorce—broken hearted, poor thing—and went home to her father?"

"Yes; I knew it well. She had two children, and the law decreed them hers."

"That can't be, Rafe."

"Why certainly, dear fellow. Emma told me herself. I met her in the street. They were her sole remaining comforts—those two children."

"But he has one with him now."

"Impossible!"

"I saw her, Rafe. A poor forlorn child, six or seven, perhaps, with her mother's face. I talked with him a few minutes. He's degenerated into something brutal. Poor little thing!"

"But I can't get over it," said I, in the extremity of my amazement.

"George Marriott an emigrant! And the child?" "I sat some time smoking, and then up."

"I believe I'll take a stroll over. Want to come?"

"No. Had enough of it. They're a rough set, miners and hard characters in profusion. They're drinking considerable, and I think we'd better shift our camp—that's what I think."

"Et we mind our biz, they'll mind theirs, I guess," said Miner gruffly, and added—rather incoherently—"But of you're goin' ter git inter a skrimmage, you'd best not go alone. I'll go ef ye want'er."

"All right, come along," and we strolled away from the fire. It was a longer walk than it looked, glancing across the swell; but presently the deep toned bass of a big white dog warned the occupants of the nearest wagon of our approach.

"Lia down! Cris," quoth a tall, unshaven individual, who turned in easy, unstrained fashion, as if to do honors of the camp to the unexpected guests—turned, stared and colored with sudden, embarrassed astonishment; for it was George Marriott's self.

"Mr. Ransom, I believe. Never felt very well acquainted, yet I know you—after a fashion," said he with ready, pliant courtesy that smoothed over the first tinge of vexation; for he was plainly not glad to see me. I set it down to the score of his changed position and consequent unwillingness to meet those who had known him in better days. Then, too, I had been a friend of his poor wronged wife.

He muttered some ungracious word, and drew aside the flap of the wagon. The child was crouched on a heap of stuff in the corner. She rose on her elbow and looked at me with eyes which seemed poor Emma's own. She had seen me but two or three times in her life, yet recollected me at once.

"Why, Marly, is it you?" said I, shaking hands with her. "I haven't disturbed you, have I? How do you do?"

"She said, 'Pretty well,' and that she was glad to see me; 'for,' she added, with a timid glance at her father, 'I don't see anybody now that I used to.'"

"Lonesome, my dear? Well, it's quite natural, I'm sure. Strange way of traveling, isn't it? Quite funny in these big, white topped wagons. Do you like it?"

"Sometimes—though I get tired and want to get out. I wish I might ride on a horse, as some of them do."

"You ride!" said Marriott, with a coarse laugh.

"You're not very strong," I said, "my dear. Perhaps I could give you a ride on my black horse—if your father is willing. To-morrow, may be. My road lies with yours for some distance."

She said, with a wistful look, that it would be very pleasant, and glanced again in a frightened way at Marriott, who watched every word. After a little I strolled away to join Miner.

But when Marriott thought me out of sight among the wagons, I heard an oath, a blow and a bitter cry from the child; and my blood boiled in my veins.

I could not sleep that night. Marly Marriott's pitiful face, with its sad, entreating eyes, was for ever looking into mine. I loved and trembled, sat up, poked the fire, lay down again, and—what?—Did I dream? Was it a ghost? Something came softly, swiftly through the tall grass—a phantom, a shadow—under the dark purple, starry sky and almost touched me as I lay with the blood slowly freezing in my veins.

"Please get up; please wake up, Mr. Ransom!" and the faint voice was shaken with bitter sobbing; like the sob of the wind on a gusty autumn night.

"Please do wake up and take me away!"

Miner was on his feet—though sleepily—as I caught the poor little, slivering figure, and felt it to be indeed flesh and blood. Over the wide, dark prairie slope she had followed our camp-fire alone—the pitiful little child—with only God and the angels to care for her.

"What is it my little girl? tell me."

"Do take me away—please do take me away. I shall die if you don't take me to my mamma—mamma!"

"What did you come here with him?" said Herries.

"He stole me in the night and made me stay asleep; and he will kill me. I don't dare to go back."

"Up with ye duds, Herries; saddle up, boys," whispered Miner, hoarsely. "We'll take the child an' clear out. I can't stand this, you know. Lively, boys!"

In about ten minutes the horses were saddled, and we rode swiftly through the timber, Marly before me, wrapped in my blanket. I shall never forget that ride. Miner led—he knew the country—and Herries brought up the rear. The stars glided, the damp night breeze blew in our faces; the horses never broke their gallop for miles and miles over the dark unending, rolling prairie. By and by the east turned gray, the west darker; a long, pale streak of yellow rimmed the far-lying swells. It turned rosy; crimson streaks shot up; the stars paled and vanished—it was day.

"Fred, my dear?" for she leaned her head wearily against me.

"A little, little bit. Only don't stop—don't stop yet. We are not far enough away."

Miner turned and shot an incomprehensible glance over his shoulder without speaking. I understood. George Marriott had stolen the child to torment his wife, and it was quite probable that he would move heaven and earth for her recovery. He knew me for a friend of Emma's.

"There's some pretty rough places between here and civilization," said Miner, an hour later when we had halted for rest, and the child was asleep. "If he kin git an inkling of our route, there's ways enough to hinder us. We're only three. Just now it's nearest to Xavier station, an' then to Austin. But we won't go there, as he'll naturally think we will. If the law has judged the child to his wife, he'll keep out o' reach o' the law—won't you see? Conspicuously, we'll git round back 'ards to Montrose—you don't know it; it's a dirty little Mexican place—then twenty miles further to—hollo!"

A peculiar echo resounded from the rocky mouth of the pass where we had camped. We were on the verge of a mountainous region; had struck westward from our original trail.

"I rather guess—hold on!" said Miner. "Saddle up, boys, before you wake her. I didn't camp in this here place for nothin'." This echo's a good warning as I've found out afore; an' these rocks don't tell no tales. I'm goin' ter wake her. And we dashed away, our hasty preparations for departure.

"Just so. They're in sight. A bit puzzled—halted to consider." He was out of breath, and shot forth these irregular sentences in the intervals of saddling up. "Now, then, don't let us about 'em to her, ye know. Wake her up, Rafe. Time's out."

Marly looked frightened and clung to me as I lifted her. I smiled into her face.

"No wonder, my dear? Well, it's quite natural, I'm sure. Strange way of traveling, isn't it? Quite funny in these big, white topped wagons. Do you like it?"

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"Did I startle you?" I asked.

"It's time to move, ye see, so I thought we had better not delay. Hold fast."

My hand through the grating, I implored my boy to leave. My son, Clay, caught him in his arms and ran behind a large iron cage, but before Clay could spring back to his place against the door, Johnnie cried out: "Oh! my father," and sprang between his father and Rosser, who was in the act of shooting at the boy, and fired his contents into his body. At that instant my husband obtained the only loaded gun there, which had been brought from our house and killed Rosser. When I put my head through the grating I saw Cornelia fainting, and rubbing her face. I told her for her father's sake to rally. She gathered her little dead brother in her arms and ran behind the cage. After the lock had been chopped off the door, I sprang inside to give the alarm that the mob had fired the jail. My daughter's face was covered with blood from wounds caused by a shot which had rebounded after striking the iron bars. I told my husband to fight his way through, not knowing that the guns which had been left by the guards had been loaded with powder only by the sheriff. With Clay's assistance I carried Johnnie's dead body down stairs through the hall to the outside door. Turning I saw a renewal of the attack and my husband coming down with our daughter's arm hanging from the wall. This time old Henry Gully was at the door I urged him back, holding the door with both hands. He put his gun through the grating, and Cornelia throwing her arms around her father's neck and told Gully to kill her and spare her father. Gully placed the gun within a few inches of her and fired, her arm receiving the contents of both barrels. Another gun was handed Gully by a boy, who fired and shot about. Phil Gully ran up with a club, but another shot finished him and he fell exclaiming, "My precious wife, I die innocent. My entire family murdered, but if any of my children live I want them to know that I have never done an act nor harbored a thought that would cause them to blush." Clay tried to stand between him and his murderers while Cornelia and I ran to the door to obtain help to carry my husband home. Blood was running from Cornelia's shattered arm which she held between us and them. Arriving at home I found that the servants had fled with the keys, and we had to force the window open, through which we climbed. A kind negro brought my dead boy home but was afraid to remain.

Mrs. Chisholm then describes her efforts to relieve the sufferings and dress the wounds of her husband and daughter, and concludes as follows:

My own unhappy family is now reduced to myself and two little sons. Clay is watered and mangled. I have been warned that my life is in danger. My heart is broken.

In connection with the murderer of McLellan, at Seaside, Ore., we called upon the sheriff to perform some duty, the report prevails that the British legion here will institute inquiries with reference to the killing, and if the facts warrant it a formal demand will be made for the arrest and punishment of his murderers.

Climate East of the Cascades.

The climate east of the Cascades is just such that it commends it for health, being pure and free from the dampness that pervades the entire section west of the Cascades. The Summers though warm are not as oppressive as the valley of the Sacramento, California. Summers, so far as we are able to learn, are unknown. The Springs and Falls are most delightfully cool and refreshing. The Winters are only moderately cool. Seldom is the cold so intense as to make outdoor traveling unenjoyable. Few Winters are so severe as to require stock to be fed, although we think that there, like every other part of the country, it would be much better for the stock if they have access to the stack of straw or hay. The dry summer allows the farmers to take time in harvesting, many allowing their grain to remain in the open air until late into the Fall without the fear of injury from rain.

But without doubt the climate is undergoing changes and it will only be a few years before a more general distribution of rain will be had. Indeed even now a larger rainfall is noticed than a decade ago. Captain Baughman in charge of the O.S.N. Co's. boats on the Upper Columbia river, informed us that a very perceptible increase in the rains had been noted during the past three years with an unusual quantity the past Winter. He also says that trees are to be seen now where fourteen years ago there were not any. This is substantiated by others with whom we conversed. Being upon this subject we give the following the way of the increased rainfall advanced by Rev. G. H. Atkinson, D. D., of this city, and written specially for this paper. Being a gentleman possessed of practical knowledge about farming, and of a scientific turn of mind, the views herein expressed are deserving of careful reading. The article discusses the question very fully and we cannot do better than to close ours with it. The Doctor says: "The plough is the machine for Eastern Oregon and Washington, Nevada and Idaho."

"It is known that high and dry prairies and hills east of the mountains are becoming grand wheat fields. Every year of successive deep and thorough

plowing increases the value and amount of the crop. Judge O. Humason, just before his death, gave me the reason for this remarkable fact in these dry plains. He had learned it from a French writer. It is a simple principle, and like every such simple law, it can be easily and universally applied. It is known that a vast ocean of invisible moisture is flowing over the interior of the Rocky mountains, and the vast plains of Idaho, Wyoming, Dakota, Saskatchewan, the river and the Lakes of British America. A part of this vapor is deposited quickly by the Coast and Cascade ad blue ranges of mountains, which act as coolers. The forests and fields and pastures are coolers also, and get a morning bath of dew even in summer. But the best cooler is the light, up-traced soil. The sensation of thirst is the natural warning that the blood wants water. I may here remark, incidentally, that it is not a wise custom to take excessive quantities of any fluid, even simple water, with our food, for by so doing we dilute too much the digestive juices, and so retard their solvent action on the solid food we have consumed. A draught of fluid, however, towards the end of digestion is often useful in promoting the solution and absorption of the residuum of this process, or in aiding its propulsion along the digestive tract. Hence the custom of taking water a few hours after dinner, or seltzer or soda water a little before bed-time.—Fortnightly Review.

As a test of this principle I inquired of Rev. Ezra Fisher, before his death, of the facts on his farm and orchard near the Dalles. His cultivation had mostly been on creek bottoms, but he had ploughed one piece of dry up-land. The first year the crop was fair. The second year it was a more vigorous growth. The third year he plowed it deeper and better, and it yielded as well as any land he had. A gentleman from Baker county, on the same trip from the Dalles, testified that a farmer there, well known to him, ploughed up dry sage brush land and got seventy bushels of oats to the acre; and that others got forty bushels of wheat to the acre on dry hill sides in that county.

The common testimony is that the farmers of Walla Walla county have ploughed the hills and higher plains, and have got increasing annual harvests, which is verified by the larger bulk of wheat and other cereals exported down the Columbia river by year.

"To the question put by Rev. P. B. Chamberlain, last August; will the farmers move to the hills or the high prairies? he replied that they would not, because they could not get water. Having stated the principle that the plow is opening the soil and watering the wheat lands, I asked if this change of condition? His reply was that springs have been noticed breaking out on the hill sides, where none had been seen before. Possibly this process is fitting those high plains for the settler.

"Mr. Warner, an orchardist near the White Salmon, states that a piece of upland so dry and hard that it was difficult to get a pick in it, was ploughed in the Winter or Spring and a peach orchard planted. It was kept mellow with the water. The trees grew finely and a large crop of vegetables was raised among them last year. Mr. Humason attested the increased productiveness of his fields back of the Dalles, after the free use of the plow year after year.

"It is probable that the observing farmer and orchardist east of the mountains can verify this principle with a larger number and variety of cases within their experience during the last five or eight years. If it can be done, the question of the profitable and permanent settlement of that whole region should be assured on the basis of prosperity to producer and consumer, to merchant and mechanic, and small branches of industry and commerce.—Commercial Reporter.

WATER AS A BEVERAGE.

No one can exist without consuming a certain quantity of water, which is the essential basis of all drinks. It has been calculated that the body of a man weighing eleven stone contains sixty-six pounds of solid matters and eighty-eight pounds of water, and that he uses in various ways about six pounds in twenty-four hours, and this loss of water must be supplied in food and drink. In the ordinary physiological process nothing passes out of the blood and nothing comes out of it, without the intervention, in some way or the other, of water as a solvent. It will thus be seen that water plays a most important part in relation to animal life and nutrition. It is also the agent by which the body is cleansed inwardly as well as outwardly, and is as necessary though not quite so obvious that the interior of our bodies should be washed and made clean as the exterior. In the process of nutrition—in the physical and chemical changes upon which life depends—effluent waste products are constantly being discharged into the blood from the tissues of the body, and these have to be got rid of; for if they are permitted to accumulate in the blood the body becomes poisoned by them, and life is destroyed as certainly as if a large dose of prussic acid or opium were introduced from without. Men do indeed frequently die, poisoned by toxic agents which they manufacture within their own organisms. One of the uses of water, taken into the body as a beverage, is to dissolve these effluents, and so to convey them out of the body, and so to convey them out of the body through the action of the secretory organs. Water is readily absorbed into the blood and is rapidly discharged from it. In its rapid course through the body it washes, so to speak, the circulating fluid, and carries away through the channels of excretion, substance, the retention of which in the blood would prove in the highest degree harmful. It may readily be imagined that pure, unadulterated water performs that function better than any modification of it which we may drink as a beverage. It is, however, quite true that some slightly mineralized waters pass through the organism with even greater rapidity than pure water, on account of the stimulating action the most

of them exercise on certain of the excretory organs. Mild alkaline waters may also, under certain circumstances, prove more cleansing than pure water, on account of their great solvent action on some substances. The quantity of water we need in the form of beverage depends greatly on the nature of the other substances we consume as food. With a dietary composed largely of succulent vegetables and fruit, very little of any kind of beverage is required. Much depends on the manner in which our solid food is cooked—whether, in the case of animal food, the natural juices of the flesh are retained in it or not; much too, will depend on those atmospheric and other conditions which determine the amount of fluid lost by evaporation from the surface of the body. The sensation of thirst is the natural warning that the blood wants water. I may here remark, incidentally, that it is not a wise custom to take excessive quantities of any fluid, even simple water, with our food, for by so doing we dilute too much the digestive juices, and so retard their solvent action on the solid food we have consumed. A draught of fluid, however, towards the end of digestion is often useful in promoting the solution and absorption of the residuum of this process, or in aiding its propulsion along the digestive tract. Hence the custom of taking water a few hours after dinner, or seltzer or soda water a little before bed-time.—Fortnightly Review.

DEPLORABLE STATE OF AFFAIRS.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Times has this to say about M. Jules Simon, the recent Minister of the Interior of France:

No man has written more eloquently upon the liberty of conscience than M. Jules Simon, and no minister has ever shown himself more just or more inclined to allow religious freedom in its widest sense. He has more than once incurred the displeasure of the Radicals by allowing the liberty to Catholicism that he has allowed to Protestants. But notwithstanding his liberality and moderation, the two parties will not aid him in the propagation of just and liberal ideas, each seeming to be hostile to him in every case that arises. One day the Protestants have a complaint to make, and Jules Simon is blamed for not suppressing the Catholics; next, the latter find something wrong, and accuse him of being a free-thinker. It is said to find so little honesty on both sides. The clerical agitation seems to increase, and I fear that the Catholics are presuming upon the good will of the minister. For some time Catholic petitions in favor of the 'prisoner of Viterbo' have been in circulation throughout France, and many of them contain nothing less than an appeal to a religious war. All of them are bitter upon the German Government for its course with respect to the Jesuits and Ultramontanes, and naturally the government is held responsible. What a disagreeable situation? If the Premier stops this agitation in the name of patriotism, he is attacked by all the clerical organs in the country; in every case that arises, he is held only guilty of the curse of the Republic, but some disagreeable comments from the other side of the Rhine. There is a want of loyalty on both sides that is really deplorable.

MARLBIZED IRON.

Marlized iron is getting a bad name in Boston. Enamelled iron vessels, called marlized iron, were are in extensive use in that city, when made in the form of teapots, milkpans, saucepans, fryingpans, dippers, spoons, etc. It is not only getting the curse of the Republic, but some disagreeable comments from the other side of the Rhine. There is a want of loyalty on both sides that is really deplorable.

A fearful drouth is prevailing in the region of Buenos Ayres, South America. The streams have dried to such an extent that fish are putrefying in their beds. Sun fires are destroying the woods in Entre Rios, on the Uruguay river, and steamers are almost unable to navigate that river because of heat and smoke.

The O. S. N. Co.

The O. S. N. Co. has built a new wharfboat, 150 feet long by 43 feet beam, at Colvco.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

Rev. J. P. 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 vocal music, piano, etc. She has had several years experience in teaching, and can give the best of references. 4 1/2

PLATING, Stamping, Cutting and Fitting.

Plating, Stamping, 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, silver-ware, &c. Gives him a call.

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 to be cured, 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. Parties wishing the prescription will please address: Dr. A. W. Williams, 111 Penn St., Philadelphia, N. Y. (1876) (1876) (1876)

PINKETS.

Will mail from the recipe for preparing a simple Vegetable Balm that will remove Tan, Freckles, Pimples and Blisters, leaving the skin soft, white and glowing. Instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on bald heads, and a substitute for the advertiser's experience can be obtained by sending in perfect confidence, JOHN B. OGDEN, 43 Cedar St., New York. 1876

Errors of Ye th.

A gentleman who suffered for years from Nervous Debility that will remove Tan, Freckles, Pimples and Blisters, leaving the skin soft, white and glowing. Instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on bald heads, and a substitute for the advertiser's experience can be obtained by sending in perfect confidence, JOHN B. OGDEN, 43 Cedar St., New York. 1876

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indications of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of memory, etc., etc., I have a remedy that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This remedy is a discovery by a substance in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope for particulars. JOHN B. OGDEN, 43 Cedar St., New York. 1876

The mail is now carried between Oakland and Cottage Grove.