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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, JULY 6, 1877.

THE TIMBER CULTURE LAW.

From the Walla Walla Union we take the following summary of the provisions of the timber culture law.

Any person who is a citizen of the United States, or has declared his intention to become such, is 21 years of age, or the head of a family, can take 160 acres of prairie land either in or outside of railroad limits on which to raise 40 acres of timber.

One year from date of filing, the applicant must have 10 acres of the land broke up.

Two years from date of filing 10 acres more must have been broken, and 10 acres must be in growing timber.

Three years from filing the applicant must have 20 acres more in growing timber.

Four years from filing there must be 20 acres more of growing timber, making forty acres in all.

At any time after eight and within thirteen years from date of filing the applicant can prove up and obtain title.

The trees must be planted not more than 12 feet apart each way. Seeds or cuttings can be planted. The whole amount must be kept in a healthy, growing condition until proof is made.

The trees can be planted in four tracts of 10 acres each. Residence on the land is not required, and the applicant can do what he likes with the other 120 acres of his claim.

A less quantity than 160 acres can be taken, one fourth of the area taken to be put in timber.

The timber can all be planted in one, two or three years, but must be all growing in four years filing. The right to land under the timber culture law dates from the day of filing the application.

As the timber culture law does not require residence, an application for land under it can be filed at the same time a pre-emption or homestead claim is taken.

The war in Europe promises to increase the volume of immigration to this country immensely. Some estimates declare that it will be unprecedented.

We are without doubt in too great haste in calculating the benefits to our trade and general business from the war, while we do not sufficiently consider what we are to gain by immigration.

This promises to be our greatest gain, in fact. Immigration will build up our industrial prosperity again from the bottom. It is something that helps increase our capacity for production, and that is just what we want.

The force of distributors, named merchants and traders, is already as large as it ought to be. We are confidentially anticipating that this increase of population will come from Great Britain, Holland, Germany, and the Menomites of Southern Russia.

From Germany will come the greater stream, in consequence of the apprehensions excited by war. There the people are chiefly anxious to escape military service. But it still needs special efforts on our part to secure what is notoriously so ready to come and be absorbed by us.

The amount of water passing over the Hore Shoal (Nagara), has been estimated at one hundred million tons an hour, representing a force of sixteen million eight hundred thousand horsepower, an amount which, if it had to be produced by steam, would necessitate an expenditure of not less than two hundred and sixty-six million tons of coal per annum.

A REMARKABLE CAREER. AN AMERICAN FIGHTING WITH DESPITE VALOR UNDER AN INDIAN PRINCE—THEN AN INDIAN ARMY OF HIS OWN—AROUSING THE JEALOUSY OF ENGLISH OFFICERS—KILLED IN HIS OWN DINING-ROOM.

James Lillitridge was born in Exeter, R. I., about the year 1765. But little is known of his parentage beyond the fact that while James was yet a boy his mother and sisters kept a sailors' boarding-house on the Long Wharf in Newport. It is understood that his mother's name was Mowry. James was early put to a mechanical trade. He did not live on friendly terms with his mother and sisters; whether their mode of life was distasteful to him or he was regarded by them as an incumbrance upon the household, is not now known; but in consequence of a family quarrel he left Newport and went to sea. He then took the name of Murray, and was thenceforth known as James Murray. He is next brought to notice at Tranquebar, a seaport in Hindostan, about 1790.

Having heard that certain Frenchmen who had entered the service of the Maharratta princes had risen rapidly in rank and fortune, and that the service of foreigners capable of instructing the natives in the art of war were not only acceptable to but were greatly sought after by these local dignitaries, he determined to seek occupation in their employment.

Though the Danes were in possession of the port of Tranquebar, the servants of the British East India Company guarded the Maharratta dominions to prevent the ingress of foreigners. Murray evaded the vigilance of the British officers and entered the province of Holkar, one of the most formidable of the Maharratta chiefs. There he met with a cordial reception, and was given a service which was sufficiently full of adventure to answer the wildest conception of his youthful and untutored fancy. For sixteen years he was to remain a partisan warrior, always fighting with the same desperate valor, whether in the service of a barbarous prince, under a barbarous chief, or under the flag of St. George with Arthur Wellesley as his leader. It would be difficult to follow the record of his achievements, as it is contained in snatches from a hundred volumes of the history of British India; it is enough for our purpose to say that he marched and fought from Cape Comorin to Cashmere, and from the Bay of Bengal to the Persian boundary.

After long years of experience in the terrible warfare of the Indian princes, an act of humanity attracted the attention of the British Government in India, and alienated Murray from Holkar, the prince whom he had so faithfully served. A number of British officers had been taken prisoners by Holkar, and were to be instantly put to the sword. At the imminent risk of his own life, Murray interposed to save the lives of these officers. This act of mercy chilled the affection of Holkar for one to whom, up to this time, he had shown a devotion akin to idolatry, and the conduct of Holkar disgusted Murray with his barbarous master. Murray got possession of a considerable district of country, which he subjected to his personal government. He maintained his position at first with difficulty, for at one time his force was reduced to eight badly armed men; but he finally succeeded in firmly establishing his authority over a considerable province of India. Afterward, upon the breaking out of a war between the British Government and the Maharratta chiefs, Murray surrendered his sovereignty and proclaimed the supremacy of Great Britain over this principality, and at the head of 7,000 native cavalry, entered the service of the British Government. At this time it was said that he was the best partisan warrior in India. He was then "conspicuous for his invincible courage and undaunted presence of mind, as well as for his personal prowess." He was received into the British service with great courtesy, and the fullest confidence was reposed in him. He retained his independent command, and was actively employed in the most daring and dangerous enterprises of that war. With his unaided command he took both Indore and Malwa, and at Bhutpore, when the British army lost 10,000 men in four several attempts to take the place by storm, Murray was continually in action in command of his cavalry. Then, too, on the opposite side, hanging upon the flank of the British army, at the head of an immense body of cavalry, was Holkar, Murray's old master. This was Murray's opportunity to settle an old quarrel, an opportunity, which from the result of the battle, and from what we know of Murray's character, it is just to suppose, was not neglected.

At the close of the Maharratta war, a treaty was entered into between the Governor-General of India and the

A Raffle For Freedom.

We translate from a German sketch account of an incident alleged to have occurred on a Mississippi steambot a short time before the war.

"I ascended the Mississippi," says the writer, "on a steamer on which were Judge J. and Gen. K., of Pennsylvania, with both of whom I was slightly acquainted.

"A hard set, these Natchez men, said the captain, who met us on the cabin stairs. 'There's some of them down in the Saloon playing a high game. How men can be such fools, I could never see!'

"Let's go down and look on awhile, suggested the judge.

"In the saloon we found four men seated at a table, around which a crowd of spectators had gathered. The four were the heavy players.

The game was poker, and the money changed hands rapidly. We had not been looking on long, when one of the players, a middle-aged man, who I learned was a cotton planter, bet his last dollar against the hand of one of his antagonists.

"Kings, while he had only four queens. He was 'cleared out' and rose as though he was going to leave the table.

"Are you broke, colonel?" asked one of the men.

"Dead?" was the laconic reply. "Never mind; I'll lend you."

"No; I can make a raise, I reckon. Here, Pomp."

"Here, massa!" responded an old negro, as he emerged from one corner of the saloon.

"Bring that girl and her youngster here that I bought in Natchez. Wait a few minutes, gentlemen. I'll raise some money."

The old negro went on his errand and soon returned with the girl and her youngster. The girl proved to be a stately mulatto woman about thirty-five years old. Her youngster was a fine, intelligent looking boy, of eleven or twelve years, whose complexion showed him to be much more nearly allied to the white race than to the black.

"Here, gentlemen," said the planter, as they entered, "you see this girl and her boy—two as fine niggers as you can find anywhere. I paid eight hundred dollars for them yesterday in Natchez. Who will give me six hundred?"

"Will you sell them separate?" asked some one.

"No, can't do it. I promised not to. The girl swears she'll take her life if she's separated from her boy, and her old master said that he was sure she'd keep her word. But don't you see that the girl is worth more money than I ask for both of them? Come, you'll give me six hundred for both?"

The planter waited a moment for a reply, and then said:

"Well, I must have some money. Come, what say you to a raffle—thirty chances at twenty dollars a chance? Out with your cash, gentlemen. The first on the list has the first throw."

This proposition created a decided stir among all present. The three players at the table lead off by taking three chances each. Their example was followed by the spectators, and twenty chances were taken as rapidly as the planter could write down the names and take the money. Then there was a slight pause. The planter himself took two chances, and was followed by his three fellow players, who each took one chance more. Finally, three more chances were taken by the spectators, when the planter cried out:

"Two chances still, gentlemen! who will have them?"

"General K.," whispered something in Judge J.'s ear, and then went to the table and laid two ten-dollar gold pieces on it.

"Name, sir, please."

"Never mind the name. Put it down for the woman."

"El, what I for the girl herself?"

"Yes, certainly; let's give her a chance."

"All right! One for Ninette. And now—"

"That's for the boy," said Judge J. quietly, as he laid twenty dollars on the table.

"Good! Bravo! Bravo!" cried the planter and several by standers.

"One for Tommy, which makes the thirty." Now gentlemen, let's see whom luck favors."

The dice was brought and the throwing began. Each chance entitled the holder to three throws.

Thirty-six was the highest throw until the holder of the eleventh chance threw. He scored forty-two. Then a less number was thrown until number twenty-one scored forty-nine.

"The excitement now became intense. Forty-nine was hard to beat, the highest throw possible being nine sixes—fifty-four."

Again and again the dice rattled in the box, until it came to number twenty-nine.

"Come, Minette—it's your turn now."

As the poor woman came forward her hands crossed and pressed convulsively against her breast, it was truly painful to witness her agitation.

"Won't the gentleman that took the chance for me please throw?" she asked in a low, tremulous voice.

"No; let the boy throw," replied the General, "perhaps he would have more luck than I."

"Come, Tom, said the planter. Tom came forward and picked up the box. The woman pressed her lips firmly together and clasped her hands as if in prayer. The boy trembled like an aspen-leaf, but shook the dice, and threw three!

For a moment he stared at the dice as though he could not believe his eyes, then he put down the box and stepped back pale and dejected.

"Come, Tommy, throw again, urged the planter.

"It's no use, master; I couldn't throw forty-nine now."

"True, true! But you have your own chance. Throw that."

"Certainly," said Judge J., "that one was your mother's. Now throw for yourself, on the chance I gave you."

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HEAVEN STOLE MY BOY, AND MAY HEAVEN SMILE ON YOU!

Again the boy turned to the table and took up the box. He pressed his lips together and did his best to control his trembling limbs. Not a sound was to be heard in the saloon but the rattling of the dice. For a moment every man seemed to hold his breath.

"Two sixes and a six—sixteen!" said the planter, putting down the number, while a murmur of satisfaction ran through the crowd.

One of the by-standers gathered up the dice and put them in the box, and the boy threw again.

"Two sixes and a five—seventeen. The excitement now knew no bounds, and the 'braves' resounded on every hand. The boy, as he took up the box to throw for the third and last time, was as nearly colorless as it was possible for him to be with his yellow skin.

Out rolled the dice, and up came three sixes, which made fifty-one!

"Tommy, my boy, I congratulate you!" cried the planter. You are your own and your mother's master. Fill up the necessary papers, Captain, and I will sign them. These gentlemen will be witnesses."

"I will not attempt to describe the scene that followed. In the general satisfaction, one of the roughest looking men in the crowd proposed a subscription for the freed negroes. The proposition was received with such fervor that in less than five minutes fifty dollars were collected.

A SMOKING AUTOMATON.—Many men smoke mechanically, but we never heard of one before smoking by machinery, other than that furnished by nature. The Salem Gazette says: "Mr. Thom as B. Russell, an ingenious machinist, of this city, has exhibited to some of his friends a curious piece of mechanism, which is now at his residence, No. 354 Essex street. It consists of the figure of a man, seated in a common chair, and holding a cigar in his mouth. By winding up a weight, and thus setting in motion an ingenious piece of machinery, the cigar, when lighted, and also the mouth of the figure, are made, at regular intervals, to emit a steady stream of smoke, interspersed with puffs that a professional smoker could not excel. By this process a cigar will be smoked up as quickly and naturally as a living man could do it. The machinery by which the result is accomplished consists of a series of wheels, not unlike those by which a clock is made to strike. Rubber tubes or pipes are conveyed from the mouth of the figure to bellows which are slowly worked. Two valves, nicely adjusted, regulate the drawing in and emission of the smoke."

A gentleman proposes a compromise upon which he hopes to unite the silver dollar men and advocates of the gold standard. He has patented a metal for coinage supposed to contain two standards in one. It consists of amalgam of twenty-four parts of silver to one of gold which is about the same as the alloy of copper is now used in silver coins. A dollar piece of this material will be about the size of our present silver half dollars. The inventor proposes that coins made of this patent mixture be a legal tender and recent subsidiary coinages shall be retired. He argues that his new money, will not be exported or worked up by jewelers and silver smiths, and that it will therefore remain in the country as a permanent circulating medium. He says the density of the new metal would be greater than either of its component parts, and that it would be liable to less wear than either gold or silver.

THE AMERICAN GIANT.—The largest man on record was Miles Darden, a native of North Carolina, who was born in 1798, and who died in Tennessee in 1857, at the age of fifty-eight years. He was seven feet and six inches in height, and in 1746 weighed eight hundred and seventy-two pounds. In 1839 his coat was buttoned around three men, each of them weighing over two hundred pounds, who walked together in it across the square of Lexington. Until 1853 he was active and lively and able to bear labor, but from that time was compelled to stay at home, or to be hauled about in a two horse wagon. At his death he weighed over one thousand pounds. His coffin was eight feet long, thirty-five inches deep, thirty-two inches across the breast, eighteen inches across the head, and fourteen inches across the feet. It required twenty-four yards of black velvet to cover the sides and lid of the coffin. Miles Darden was twice married, and his children are very large, though it is not probable that any of them will ever attain the gigantic weight and size of their father.

A new process of casting and annealing paving blocks of furnace cinders has been suggested, which consists in taking the slag as it flows from the furnace and running it into molds placed upon a circular table. As fast as the molds are filled they are moved away, and left to cool down to a dull red color. The molds are then opened and the blocks are taken out and annealed in a furnace for 24 hours. They are then ready for use. The principal improvement in this process is in the annealing of the block of slag. Thus prepared, the block would be suitable for constructing walls for building purposes and engineering work.

Louisiana will profit handsomely by the fact of a short sugar crop in many other countries this year.

"SORTS."

A South James street man proposed to quit drinking for a year if his wife would quit scolding for a year; but she said life would not be worth living for if she must rob her home of pleasure.

A spread-eagle orator wanted the wings of a bird to fly to every village and hamlet in the broad land, but he writhed when a son of a Granger in the crowd sung out; "You'd get shot for a goose before you'd fied a mile."

A fashion chronicler says: "Old lace is more fashionable and more worn than new." Old clothes are more "worn" than new, too, and it is to be hoped that the time will soon come when they will be more fashionable.

"Henry," said she, sharply, as they passed a lonesome corner on the boulevard, "do you want me to come out of this sleigh-ride with my hat looking as though it had been run over by an omnibus?" And yet he didn't seem to care.

It is interesting to sit in a flour store now as the proprietor receives a dispatch, and yells: "They're throwin' shells across Grassacoralitonzeffinvarina, an' some one is going to get hurt. Turn out all hands and mark every danged bar'l up half a dollar."

Mr. Spyles has a boy who "nailed" things. One day he remarked in the presence of both parents, "Ma, I saw pa kiss you in the woodshed last evening."

"Hush, Jonnie, yer pa never committed such a foolish act." "Yes he did, ma, 'cause I thought it was Jane, and Jane says it wasn't her, but you!" Jane doesn't work there now.

Cunning is a short-lived success. Obituary notices, to be very fine, should not be too true.

Faith has won more victories than ambition ever has.

There is full as much pleasure in economy as there is profit.

The part for an unwelcome guest to play—de-part.

In what place are two heads better than one? In a barrel.

Young man, you can go up hill as fast as you please, but go down hill slow.

The man who can say all he has got to say in a few words is an ugly customer to handle.

If there is a man who thinks that it is an easy job to be honest, just let him try it once.

I have seen many an ugly face grow beautiful just as soon as it opens its mouth and begins to talk.

It don't pay to prophesy; if you do get it right nobody remembers; if you get it wrong nobody forgets it.

It don't require much talent to write but to know just what to publish requires the highest order of talent.

The cheapest and toughest thing to wear in this world is truth, and yet men will pay twice as much for a lie.

There is nothing so weak as the cunning in a man, and yet he is apt to be more vain of it than he is of his judgment.

The man whose sole ambition is to win applause of the world, is sure to be disappointed, whether he wins or loses.

Any man who can swap horses, or catch fish and not lie about it, is just about as pious as men ever get in this world.

Truth never need be in a hurry, but a lie must keep all the time on the jump; a lazy lie soon tires itself out, and ends in confusion.

Children that are remarkable for what they know at five years old, are generally more remarkable at twenty-five for what they don't know.

General Julius White, who is to have the Turkish mission, resigned the mission to the Argentine republic in 1874.

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.

FLATTING, 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. MISS 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.

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 miraculously cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known, this follow suffers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription and full directions, with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption. Anemia, Bronchitis, Parties wishing the prescription will please address Rev. E. A. Wallace, 121 Penn St., Philadelphia, Pa. (1875) 104349

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 read it, the recipe and directions for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by direct advertiser's experience can do so by addressing in perfect confidence, JOHN B. OSBORN, 22 Cedar St., New York. 104379

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, and all the ills that attend them, I will send a recipe that will cure you. It is a simple remedy, and that remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Joseph T. Walker, Station D, 536 1/2 Ave., New York.—1875.

Sensible Advice.

You are asked every day through the columns of your newspapers and by your Druggist to use something for your Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint that you know nothing about, you get discouraged spending money with but little success. Now to give you satisfactory proof that Green's August Flower will cure you of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint with all its effects, such as Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Habitual Costiveness, palpitation of the Heart, Heart-burn, Water-brash, Fullness at the pit of the Stomach, Yellow Skin, Coated Tongue, Coming up of food after eating, low spirits, &c., we ask you to go to your Druggist and get a sample bottle