...ER—

...PERIENCE WITH THE REDSKINS—WIFE AND TWO DAUGHTERS SACRIFICED, HIMSELF SHOT ALL TO PIECES, AND A SON SCALPED, BUT STILL ALIVE.

JACKSON, MICH., July 16, 1877.—David P. Greer, a man about forty-five years old, and his son Charles, a boy of ten, reached this city two or three days ago, intending to remain here for a week or so among relatives, and then proceed to Bennington, Vermont, where Mr. Greer has two sisters and other relatives. Both father and son are in a weak and nervous condition, and the reader will not wonder when it is stated that the boy is partly scalped and has a tomahawk wound in the shoulder, while the father has a rifle bullet in his shoulder, a bullet wound in his leg, a stab in the cheek, and a bad wound on the head, where an Indian clubbed him with a rifle.

Up to a few weeks since Mr. Greer was a citizen of Cottonwood river, near its mouth, and just where the most hostile Indians have put in their most savage work. He had a wife and three children, and the boy Charles is the only member of the family now left to him. The pioneer says he was comfortably situated, having all the necessaries of life and saving up something. He had a sort of trading-post connected with his cabin, and was well patronized by Indians and hunters. When asked what caused the sudden outbreak, he replied;

"I haven't felt safe for an hour during the last five years; it was like standing beside a boiler which would sooner or later explode. While there had been no open rupture until this came, the redskins picked off a white man whenever they could safely do it. They were always boasting of what they would some day do, and the longer peace lasted the more they seemed to be spoiling for a row. A few old heads among the tribes were against war, and their counsels have put it off until now."

"Then you knew that war was brewing?"

"We all knew it; but all we could do was for each man to look out for himself. I had real estate and live stock worth $5,000, and I did not want to jump the country unless forced to. And I was fool enough to believe that the redskins would pass me by if they killed all the rest, for I've fed them, and given them credit, and made them presents, and treated every mother's son of the gang like a brother. These wounds here are a proof of an Indian's gratitude, d——n 'em?"

When asked to detail the particulars of the first outbreak, Mr. Greer said:

"Well, I was ready, and yet I wasn't. The reds had been sulking around for a week, and every one entering the store wanted ammunition and nothing else. I had overhauled the houses as well as I could knowing that I would have to defend them until help could come, and one morning I didn't open the store at all, but set out to bring in my three horses which I had grazing about a mile down the river. I gave my wife orders to keep all the doors fastened, and not to let any Indians in, no matter how friendly they appeared. She had a Spencer carbine and a revolver, and I took with me a Henry rifle and another revolver. I was in a hurry, having my mind made up that there would be trouble before night. Having a good horse under me, I soon reached the valley, only to find that my horses were gone, run off the day before by the Indians. I didn't wait around there long as I feared an ambush, and I was about half way home when I heard shots and yells and knew that my post had been attacked. The trail was along the river, and I couldn't see the cabins till close on them. While I was riding that half mile I heard the Spencer carbine growling away, and I knew that my wife had not been taken by surprise."

...u see, as I ...erwards re- ...ls found they ...t by assaults ...y little woman were too much ...s. After losing about a dozen ...lected at the west ...ut of range, and ...r out the logs. ...four hours getting out when the time came ...e end of the building went ...ce. My wife and children ...e realy for them. They defended ...e door-way for full fifteen minutes, or until all but this boy were shot dead. When the Indians finally swarmed in he was the only one left to wreak vengence on. They tomahawked him, and started to scalp him, and he was the same as dead for hours. He is sure the others were dead before the Indians came through the door, and I praise God for that consolation, while it near ly dr ves me crazy to think of it."

There was a period of silence, the boy weeping bitterly, and then Greer braced himself anew and continued:

"And what did I do? God forgive me! but I couldn't do anything? I was wild with excitement, and while I was trying to plan something the reds made a dash at me. They poured down on me as if there was no end to their number. They were right on me the first I knew, shooting, stabbing and striking at me with their guns. I got this rap on the head then, and also this bullet in the shoulder, but they didn't finish me. I fought them, but how long, I don't know, for I was crazy. I remember of them dodging around me, of striking at them, and of feeling the rage and strength of a wounded lion. It was long after dark before I cooled down and knew my situation. I was then carrying this boy in my arms to the river. Where I found him I don't know. After plundering my post the Indians set fire to it. This child must have crept out and hid in the bushes, while the bodies of the dead were burned. He says he was conscious when I crept upon him, and that when he begged for water I took him in my arms and started for the river. Well badly wounded as I was, I felt better in the cool night air, I wanted to save the boy and that helped nerve me up. The cool water eased our hurts and refreshed us, and between ten o'clock that night and daylight the next morning I walked twenty-two miles carrying the boy half the time. You wonder that we are not dead, but it wasn't to be. The boy has been pretty tenderly treated, but I haven't fooled with the doctors much. They dug out some of the lead, bandaged me up, and I'll soon be all right again, I'm going to take Charlie to Vermont, and then I'll go back to Idaho and kill Indians as long as I live. I've made a vow—I've sworn by all that's good and sacred—that I'll enter into no other business and have no other plans but to kill Indians whenever and wherever I can find them! I'll shoot down old and young, I'll keep right on killing through war and peace!"

He was asked if he had read Generals McDowell and Howard's official dispatches, and he excitedly exclaimed:

"I have, curse 'em! They are making a great blow and brag, while scores of settlers are besieged or have already been murdered. The Government was informed months ago that everything pointed to war, but it slept on and left us to meet it when it came. When these generals telegraph that only a few settlers have been butchered they lie, sir—they deliberately and wickedly lie! Dozens and dozens of pioneer families, situated as mine was, have been wiped off the face of the earth, and the red fiends are still at it. Folks said the boy and I would die if we didn't go to bed for six months, but I wouldn't wait a day. We've traveled lying down, sitting up and every other way, but we both feel better than we did when we started. I'll go back! I'll stab, shoot and destroy until death takes me."

So said the man over and over, and he will keep his word. D. C.

The monument to Stephen A. Douglas, in Chicago, after the foundation and tomb were completed in 1866, has remained unfinished; but the legislature of Illinois appropriated $50,000 to finish it, and work is to be resumed. When completed the monument will be 100 feet high with a diameter at its base of 52 feet. At its top will stand a bronze statue of Douglas nine feet high.

Joseph Mishow, who was buried at Williamsport on July 1st, was the oldest man in Northern Pennsylvania, his age being 103 years, 3 months, and 23 days. He had French blood in his veins, but was born in Maine, where he lived more than ninety years. He enjoyed remarkable health for a hundred and one years. Then his flesh began fairly to dry on his bones until he was reduced to a skeleton. During his last month on earth he resembled a mummy more than he did a living being.

SAVED BY STRATEGY.

"By Jove, what can this mean? Is this a stupendous fraud, a trick, or what? And Proctor Pomeroy stared almost vacantly at the closely written sheet he held in his hand. He read:

"Dr. Pomeroy, I will not apologize for the unparalelled service I am about to ask of you; suffice to say that I have heard your history, heard of your struggles to maintain yourself and mother, and realize how hard a task it is for one young in the profession and without friends in the great wilderness of houses called a city. Also, permit me to add, I have been informed of the cruel blow you received from the hand of one you loved, who was unworthy of you, and yet I am not acquainted with you nor you with me. Indeed, we have never looked upon one another's face. Nevertheless I am about to request you to do me a great favor. Will you come to South-street church to-morrow evening at 8 o'clock? Come privately, unattended, and never reveal that which takes place there. Will you give me, an entire stranger, a lawful claim to your name, and yet seek not to know whom you marry? If you will do so, I will make over to you twenty thousand dollars, payable to your order at the City Bank, as soon as this ceremony is over. Trusting that the money will be a temptation to you, I shall anxiously await you at the appointed time.

That was all. There was no signature, nothing to give any clue to the writer's address or abode. Indeed, it was too terse, and so unfeminine in its details that he was almost tempted to believe some of his male friends were playing a joke upon him.

"I will not go—I will not be fooled!" he said to himself.

He flung the missive down, then he picked it up, folded it carefully, and thrust it into his pocket.

He remembered that he had a patient to visit, and went out; but everywhere the contents of that strange letter were ringing in his ears. He then went to see his mother. She was suffering even more than usual, and a number of dunning bills had been left for his earnest consideration, bills which he had not the remotest idea how he was to meet. He threw them down and buried his face in his hands.

"Poverty is a curse, mother!" he groaned. "I do not know which way to turn."

She tried to cheer him, but in vain. Everywhere he turned, a hopeless chaos seemed to envelop him.

"Ah, if that letter were only real!" he thought. "Twenty thousand dollars would make me rich!"

And so he fretted and worried until the appointed hour came—one moment vowing he would not go near the place—the next tempted to see "the farce out."

Eight o'clock found him stealing in. He saw two ladies closely veiled, and a gentleman standing in the upper part of the building, while the minister sat in a chair. There was but one gas jet lighted, and he could just distinguish the forms. As soon as he entered, the gentleman spoke to one of the ladies, and then she advanced to meet him.

"Are you Mr. Pomeroy?" she asked in a low tone.

"I am"

She led him to where the gentleman stood, and he extended his hand.

"How do you do, Pomeroy?" he asked, and Pomeroy recognized in him the President of the City Bank. "I am here by the request of this young lady"—pointing to the one who had not moved or spoken—"to inform you that if you agree to her proposition, I am authorized to pay to your order the sum of twenty thousand dollars!"

Pomeroy tried to speak, but his voice was choked. It was no fraud, it was reality! he was to bid farewell to poverty.

He stood motionless for a moment, then advanced and offered his arm to the silent lady. She took it without a quiver, and went with him to where the minister awaited them.

The ceremony was quickly performed. Doctor Pomeroy registered his name, and then looked with considerable curiosity at the bold, plain signature, "Ellen Latour," which his bride wrote down. The minister hastily filled out a certificate, which he had brought with him by request, and which the maid and the banker signed as witnesses. The bride took it, kissed it, and thrust it in her bosom. One moment more and she glided away swiftly from sight.

Dr. Pomeroy wiped the perspiration from his brow, and then asked: "Who is she?"

"I do not know," said the minister. "I was requested by letter and paid to perform the ceremony and keep it secret. it is perfectly lawful."

"And I," said the banker, "did not see the lady's face. She deposited the money with me, and requested my attendance here, to assure you that her promises should be fulfilled."

The three men separated; the gas was turned out; the curtain fell on the first act.

The next day, Pomeroy tried to realize what he had done. He had sold his name to an unknown woman, but he thought that could not injure him.

"She must have been in deadly peril," he meditated, "to pay such an exorbitant price for a single name!"

He took an office further up town, and removed his mother to a nicer home. Patients came pouring in; a different class employed the rich Doctor Pomeroy than those who had employed the poor one.

Five years had passed away, and he had gained a reputation, and added considerable to his bank account. He had been an indefatigable worker, and now he felt that he needed rest for a while.

"We will take a trip to Europe, mother," he said. "It will do you more good than you can imagine."

A great many gentle hearts felt a pang to see the good Doctor leave, although their endeavors to catch him were in vain. He felt no preference to to any of the opposite sex; he had recovered from his disappointment, and he never ceased to remember that he was a married man, or think kindly of the unknown woman who had so radically changed his life.

They traveled leisurely through the tour they had marked out before they started, and one night found themselves in a French village.

About the middle of the night the Doctor was awakened by some one tapping at his door, and calling for him to come out. He did so. He found the landlord, who told him in broken English, that one of his countrymen had just fallen down stairs in a fit, and seeing his name registered as an M. D., they called him up.

He went into an elegantly furnished room where a man some fifty years of age was lying in a dying condition.

A young lady sat near the bed fanning him.

The Doctor hastily examined the patient and found that it was impossible for him to live; but the day passed, and still another, before he drew his last breath. He never recovered his consciousness.

The lady told Doctor Pomeroy that he was her father. His name was Eugene Sydenham, a native of England, and she would like to have him buried where he died. They were traveling for the benefit of his health, she went on to explain, and he was a widower. Her only remaining relative was a younger sister, who was being educated in the Convent of the Sacred Heart, in Paris.

After Mr. Sydenham was buried, Miss Sydenham went, under the care of the Doctor and his mother, to Paris.

She insisted upon them taking up their abode where she had apartments, and so not a day passed but what she was with Mrs. Pomeroy. The old lady got warmly attached to her, and talked doletully to her son about the time when they should be separated.

She told them confidentially not to wonder that she did not mourn for her father, for he had endeavored to wrong her so deeply that it was not love that held her to his side; and that in all her life she had never been so happy as now that she was free.

Doctor Pomeroy watched her. At first he was very gallant, but at last began to be reserved and cold. A feeling which he dared not cherish was growing in his heart, and it alarmed him. "I dare not love her," he muttered to himself. "I am bound!"

Then for the first time he felt how heavy were the fetters he had forged for himself.

She noticed the change. She tried to beguile him to forget the grief that was evidently wearing on him; and at last, in a fit of desperation, he told her all.

"I am a married man," he said, impetuously. "I love you, and I am not free to love!"

She recovered, but made him tell her all.

"It was cruel and unkind of her to bind you so," she said.

"No, no!" he ejaculated. "She saved me, she blessed me, and I shall always respect her; but never did my bonds hurt me until I met you. Now I shall be miserable forever."

"You may meet her."

"Impossible!"

"But—possible," she said, slowly, with a sorrowful look. "I know your Ellen Latour. She lives, and I must give you up."

"You know her?"

"Yes. To-morrow I will introduce you to her. She is anxious to see you; she knows you are here, and—she believed you loved me, and wondered if you were as upright as she had always thought you to be."

He bowed his face in his hands, and Miss Sydenham left him.

The hour had come which he had hoped for in by-gone days—he was to learn to whom he was wedded—but it gave him no pleasure now.

At an early hour the next day, a servant told him that Miss Latour awaited him in her private parlor, and he was ushered into a strange room.

He scarcely lifted his eyes as he entered; but, when they did, they fell upon Miss Sydenham.

"I am Ellen Latour," she said. "That is my real name, though I never anticipated revealing the truth to you."

"Ellen Latour? My wife?"

"Listen to my story before you blame me," she said. "The man you saw die was my step father. He married my mother when I was but five years old, and sister Ada was a baby. My mother was weakly, and she died a few years later, leaving all our father's property in that man's hands. He was our sole guardian, to hold our property under his control until we married or became of age. He placed me in the Sacred Heart, and kept me there until I was sixteen; then he brought me out and proposed to marry me to a friend of his. I rebelled. One night I overheard a conversation between them, and found that he was selling me for twenty thousand dollars, that being the sum that was to be paid down to him of my property, the moment Turner become my husband. I was shocked. I had no friends to go to. He did not allow me to go into society; I made no acquaintances, and instead of allowing me to stay in my mother's house, he kept me traveling around the country. At last I promised to compromise; I told my stepfather to take me to America, and when I returned I would marry his friend. He complied, and I got my maid to gossip with one of the servants in the hotel, and by chance she told your history, as her sister worked for your mother. Just before I started from England, an uncle of my mother had died, and left me twenty thousand dollars in my own right, which my stepfather could not touch. I had it transferred to New York, and determined to save myself with it. Hearing of you, I adopted the plan of getting you to marry me. When we returned to England and my stepfather commanded me to fulfill my promises, I showed him my marriage certificate. He swore but he saw his case was lost; I had outwitted him. I did not leave him. We patched up a peace between us, and I remained with him to protect my sister Ada from a similar fate. I never expected to meet you. I intended to have you sue me for a divorce as soon as he should die, and it would not endanger my safety."

"But that intention will never be carried into effect," Dr. Pomeroy exclaimed. "You will be mine forever, Ellen?"

"Yours forever," she answered.

And when they went to see his mother, there were no three happier people to be found in the world.

Years have passed since, and Ada finds a home with her sister, who never repents that she was saved from a fate worse than death by strategy.

OPEN-BACK SHIRTS.

They were a sleepy lot on a 4 o'clock car going down Michigan avenue yesterday. The day was hot, and the dust thick, and only one man, and he beyond the prime of life, opened his eyes as a woman crawled in with a long paper box under her arm. His eyes opened a little more as she sat down near him, and, presently, they widened to their fullest extent as he read the label on the box, "One dozen open-backed shirts." He glanced from the box to the female and back, and grunted out:

"Land o' love! but what will come next?"

She looked around at him as if she feared that a case of colic would come next, and he brightened up a little and said:

"Well, I've worn 'em for a year, and I know they are handy and reliable. If my daughters want to get half a dozen apiece I shan't cry over it."

"Were you speaking to me?" she asked, after seeing that no one else seemed interested.

"I sorter was, and sorter wasn't," he replied, as he worked a faint smile to his face.

"I was saying that's wonderful how much the inventive genius of this country has done for us on the shirt question."

She hitched away a little.

"Twenty years ago," he mused, as he hitched after her, "if any man had told me that the dormant genius of this country would soon rouse up and invent a button behind shirt I'd have looked upon him as crazy. But dormant genius was all O. K. She roused, she invented, and I've got one o' them very shirts on."

The look she gave him ought to have torn him all to pieces but it didn't.

"One year ago," he calmly resumed, "if anybody had told me that the gentler sex would soon demand open backed shirts I'd have gone a fishing and never returned. But the epoch has hove in sight—she's right here it I can recommend them as boss."

"Who are you talking to, sir?" she demanded in an awful voice.

"To you madam I was saying that if I wear 'em, there's no reason why you should not."

"I appeal to the passengers she excitedly exclaimed

"So do I," he answered. "Everybody in this car, with a button-behind shirt on, will please stand up until I can count noses."

The old man stood up, he was all alone. He looked around and in a sorrowful way, said:

"The noses have it, and the resolution is laid on the table. However, I'll stick to mine, and I don't believe this woman here will go back on her dozen till she has given them a fair show. Which side of the neck do they button on, madam?"

The yells that followed brought in the driver. The old man was pointed out as a drunkard and woman insulter, and the driver was feeling for his neck when the astonished man cried out:

"Who's drunk! Who's insulted anybody?"

"He kept on talking about shirts!" screamed the woman with the box.

"And you've got a box full!" shouted the man.

"I hain't ne———!"

She turned up the box, and saw the label for the first time. She grew red then white and there was an awful silence. Ripping off the cover she exhibited a bolt of mosquito netting nestled away in a box. Nay, she held it up, shook it at the old man. He smiled softly, nodded his head a dozen times, and blandly said:

"Correct, madam—I tumble to it. That don't look like a dozen button behind shirts, and I'm grieved if I offended. Put it back, madam, forget that you ever saw me, and wear any kind you are a mind to!"

THE GAME OF LIFE.

Man's life is a game of cards. First it is a "crib-age." Next he tries to "go it a lone," at a sort of "cut, shuffle and deal" pace. Then he "gambols on the green." Then he "raises" the "deuce," when his mother "takes a hand in" and, contrary to Hoyle, "beats the little joker" with her "five." Then with his "diamonds" he wins the "queen of hearts." Tired of "playing a lone hand," he expresses his desire to "assist" his fair "partner," "throws out his cards," and the clergyman takes a ten dollar bill out of him "on a pair." She "orders him up" to build the fire. Like a "knave" he joins the "clubs," where he often gets "nigh," which is "low" too. If he keeps "straight" he is often "flush." He grows old and "bluff," sees a "deal" of trouble when at last he "shuffles" off his mortal coil, and "passes in his checks." As he is "raked in" by a "spade," life's fitful "game" is ended, and he waits the summons of Gabriel's "trump," which shall "order him up."

At no time does a bachelor glance so tenderly backward into the past, and sigh over misplaced opportunities, than when sitting in scanty costume on the edge of a discorded bed, he attempts to find a hole in a shirt button with a needle, and the first notice of his success is the needle suddenly reaching through far enough into his thumb to cause him to jump up and kick over the lamp stand.

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.

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.

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.—n8v9.

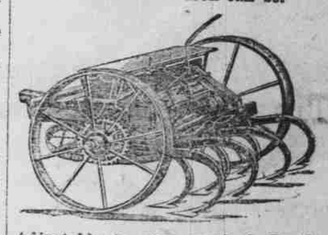
FOR SALE!

A VERY DESIRABLE business lot 68x100 feet on the corner of Second and Washington streets, Albany. Also, Engine, Boiler and Machinery, together with a lot of furniture, ladders, wheelbarrows, barrows, &c., &c., all to be sold off cheap for cash, in consequence of removal on account of sickness. Enquire on the premises of PUTNAM & CO.
Albany, Jan. 19, 1877-n17

FOR
BLANK DEEDS,
Neatly executed,
Call at the Register Office

OREGON SOLID
FOR
SHERRILL'S
IRON
CULTIVATOR
AND
SEEDER.

All Important Parts made of IRON, and Durable as Iron can be.



Adjustable to any required Depth while in motion.

Never Clogs or Chokes on Stubble or "Trashy" Ground.

Arranged for two, three or four horses abreast. Lightest Draft Machine in use. Covers and cuts all the ground. Broadcast Seeders will sow all kinds of grain, wet or dry.

EVERY MACHINE WARRANTED.

I ask every farmer to examine my Seeder and Cultivator before purchasing an Eastern Machine. For further particulars address
JAMES SHERRILL,
Harrisburg, Oregon.
February 9, 1877-2v9

JOBING
JOB PRINTING

HAVING PURCHASED THE EXtensive Job Printing Establishments of the "State Rights Democrat," and the "Albany Register," we are prepared to execute in first-class style,

PROMPTLY & REASONABLY

All kinds of
BOOK & JOB
PRINTING!
POSTERS AND PROGRAMMES
Of Every Description.

BILL-HEADS AND STATEMENTS,
Bills of Fare.
LETTER HEADS
BRIEF AND LEGAL BLANKS.
Cards of all Kinds and Colors,
Circulars,
Pamphlets,
Blank Checks,
Receipts,
Mortgages,
and Deeds
MANSFIELD & MONTEITH