

strong arms of justice, attachment of members of police that I was now he air was very warm the common observa- heat as you get planet. The the- however, is, you per- ed by my experience. the outskirts of a low. Through its agged publicly, much much starting. The street busy nightmare of disjoint- Professor Essig, could be en dragged through Skitzton, would have delivered his farewell lecture upon his return. "Gentlemen, Fuit Hinn—Fuit Iechum—Fuit Saerum—Anatomy has lost her seat among the sciences. My occupation's gone." Professor Owen's book "On the Nature of Limbs," most contain, in the next edition, an Appendix "Upon Limbs in Skitzland." I was dragged through the street, and all that I saw there, in the present age of little faith, I dare not tell you. I was dragged through the streets to prison and their duty chained, after having been subjected to the scrutiny of about fifty couples of eyes drawn up in a line within the prison door. I was chained in a dark cell, a cell so dark that I could very faintly perceive the figure of some being who was my companion. Whether this individual had ears wherewith to hear me, I could not say, but at a venture I addressed him. My thirst for information was unconquerable; I began, therefore, immediately with a question: "Friend, what are those stars which we see shining in the sky at mid-day?" An awful groan being an unsatisfactory reply, I asked again: "Man, do not mock at misery. You will yourself be one of them." "The teachers shall shine like stars in the firmament." I have a propensity for teaching, but was puzzled to discover how I could give so practical an illustration of the text of Deuteronomy. "Believe me," I said "I am strangely ignorant. Explain yourself." He answered with a hollow voice: "Murderers are shot up out of the mortars in the sky, and stick there. These white glistening specks, they are their skeletons."

Justice is prompt in Skitzland. I was tried incredibly fast by a jury of twelve men who had absolutely heads. The judges had nothing but brain, mouth and ear. Three powerful tongues defended me, but as they were not allowed to talk nonsense, they had little to say. The whole case was too clear to be talked into cloudiness. Baron Terrono, in peremptory deposition, that he had sent his eyes to see a friend at Culmsey, and that they were returning on the Skitzton coach, when I, illegally, came with my whole bulk upon the box-seat, which he occupied. That one of his eyes was, in that manner totally destroyed, but that the other eye, having escaped, identified me, and brought to his brain intelligence of the calamity which had befallen. He deposed further, that having received this information, he despatched his merrushed eye with arms from the police-office, and accompanied with several members of the detective force, to capture the offender, and to procure the full profits of my crime. A sub-inspector of Skitzton police then deposed that he sent three of his faculties, with his mouth, eye, and ear, to meet the coach. That the driver, consisting only of a stomach and hands, had been unable to observe what passed. That the guard, on the contrary, had taxed me with my deed, that he had seen me rise from my seat upon the murdered eye, and that he had heard me make confession of my guilt. The guard was brought next into court, and told his tale. Then I was called upon by my defence. If a man wearing a cloth coat and trousers, and talking excellent English, were to pluck the Old Bailey that he had broken into some citizen's premises accidentally by falling from the moon, his tale would be received in London as mine was in Skitzton. I was severely reprimanded for my levity, and ordered to be silent. The judge summed up and the jury found me guilty. The judge, who had put on the black cap before the verdict was pronounced, held out no hope of mercy, and straightway sentenced me to death, according to the laws and usage of the realm.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.
The last Hours of the Condemned in Skitzland—I am executed.
The period which intervenes between the sentence and execution of a criminal in Skitzland, is no longer than three hours. In order to increase the terror of death by contrast, the condemned man is suffered to taste at the table of life from which he is banished, the most luscious viands. All the attainable enjoyment that his wit can ask for, he is allowed to have, during the three hours before he is shot, like rubbish, off the fields of Skitzland.
Under guard, of course, I was now to be led whithersoever I desired.
Several churches were open. They never are all shut in Skitzton. I was taken into one. A man with life and heart was preaching. People with hearts were in some pews; people with brains in others; people with ears only in some. In a neighboring church, there was a popular preacher, a skeleton with life. His congregation was a crowd of ears, and nothing more.
There was a day-performance at the opera. I went to that. Fine lungs and mouths possessed the stage, and afterwards, there was a great bewilderment with legs. I was surprised to notice that many of the most beautiful young ladies were carried in and out, and lifted about like dolls. My guides sneered at my pretence of ignorance, when I asked why this was. But they were bound to please me in all practicable ways, so they informed me, although somewhat pettishly. It seems that in Skitzland, ladies who possess and have cultivated only their good looks, lose at the age of twenty-one, all other endowments. So they become literally dolls, but dolls of a superior kind; for they can not only open and shut their eyes, but also sigh;

not a streak of white sand instead of a boiling and turbulent torrent. Later in the season, when the snows have ceased to melt, the water becomes as clear as crystal, and trout are abundant. About 14 miles up the river the valley proper begins. The heavy growth of pine, fir and other timber of the mountains grows sparser and the white oak appears in pleasant contrast with the sombre hues of the dark forest on the mountain sides. This valley is, on an average, about six miles wide, though it does not lie in regular form. Much of what is called the valley consists of upland, slightly rolling, and dotted here and there with a mixture of oak and pine timber. There is but little underbrush, and that little is partly composed of the fragrant shubshula, from the flower of which bees extract the most delicious honey. The open timber of the country constitutes the most varied and beautiful scenery. Forsaking the road, the traveler can ride his horse or drive with his carriage for miles beneath the spreading branches of the white oak. These trees are clear, straight and symmetrical, and bear acorns in great quantities. In the valley proper of the river, and along the upland near the Columbia river, the soil is a sandy loam with a gravelly subsoil. Back from the river the subsoil is of clay and very much resembles the red hills of Yamhill county and the subsoil in other localities of the Willamette valley. A fruit of all kinds common to this zone grows here in the greatest perfection. The Hood river peaches have the deserved reputation of being the best that Oregon can produce. This year they are smaller than usual and are very much blighted, an unusual occurrence, which is attributed to the remarkable open winter. How or why the open winter should thus effect the fruit, we cannot understand; let some pomologist answer.
It was once thought that this country was too dry to raise wheat; but this has, upon trial, been found to be a great mistake. The soil is very rich, and all kinds of grain yield abundant crops. We were shown a field of wheat on the farm of Mr. Baeclus which equalled any wheat we ever saw. The heads were plump and well filled; the grains were very full, round and white. Good judges say this field will yield 80 bushels to the acre. Irrigation is not necessary in order to produce good crops. Frequent cultivation at the right season of the year is all that is required.
There are many reasons why this country is indeed a paradise in the Cascade mountains. The atmosphere of this mountain region is light, dry, pure and invigorating. The water flowing from the numerous springs is clear as crystal and, likewise, pure and wholesome. Such air and water together constitute a tonic which can never be equalled by any preparations of *medicamenta herbarum*. A number of the residents here are invalids and are now strong and robust people. Mrs. Henry Hoyt, of Portland, was an invalid, almost helpless, and after a three-weeks' stay was able to walk around on doors, and before going home, to Portland, walked to the country postoffice and back. Mr. Crockett, of Whidby's Island, W. T., was totally out of health. He moved to Hood river and is now a comparatively well man. Mr. Pealer came from Iowa utterly broken down in health; had not been able to do a day's work for seven years. Now he is robust and can do as much work as anybody. Many other instances might be cited did space permit. This climate is well adapted to persons afflicted with throat and lung troubles and with rheumatism and dyspepsia. Located on the eastern slope of the Cascade range, this locality is not visited by the continuous and heavy rains so common to the western slope. The air is dry and bracing through the greater part of the year. There are no heavy dews, and yet, owing to the presence of mountain forests on every hand, there is more moisture here during the year than there is further east, on the rolling prairies beyond the Dalles. At this season occasional warm days occur, but not warmer than on the Columbia at Vancouver, and not so warm as in Portland. In the summer the wind blows from the northwest, in the winter from the east and southeast, which is very seldom. The valley is surrounded on every side by mountains, which greatly moderate the force of prevailing winds, tempering them into balmy breezes which are delightful in the hot summer weather.
The scenery hereabouts is superlatively grand and magnificent. In the view looking north stands Mount Adam, white looming up in the southern horizon is Mount Hood, both of them mighty chiefs among the serrated ranks of lesser mountains. Then there are mountains all around of lesser note, but from whose beehiving crags high in air, and jagged sides corr-catted with basaltic rock, descends a wild gaderator to demand the adoration of man. Here, also, are seen the most gorgeous sunsets; the whole heavens taking on a roseate tinge, and delicate beauty blends with the surrounding scenery. The face of nature is picturesque, and the great Columbia, deep, silent and majestic, reflects the shadows of the mountain heights upon the bosom of its dark waters.—*Vancouver Independent*.

How A TURK TRIED A SWORD.— Troops of newly-recruited soldiers are every day passing through Constantinople on their way to the seat of war. They are but little removed above savages. They are truculent, insolent, and utterly destitute of anything like deference to other people's feelings. They walk three or four abreast in the streets, giving no room and knocking people right and left. While walking with a friend in the Grande Rue de Pera, a group of them broke in between us and hurled us almost across the street. There was no use of remonstrating, for there would soon have collected a crowd of Mussulmans and woman and children, with a pack of yelping curs, and we would have been put in the wrong as Gaians. Recently a Turkish soldier went into the bazaar at Demasceus to buy a sword. To try the temper of one, he looked around for some object. It was at that moment a Jew happened to pass. In the twinkling of an eye, with a sweeping blow he cut off the head of the Jew as clean as though it had been done by the ax of the executioner. Turning to the merchant he coolly pronounced it of good steel, paid the price, and went his way. The Jew in a body demanded his arrest and punishment. The governor took no other notice of their outcries than to order him to join his regiment. I mention these incidents to give you an idea of the kind of life we live here now.—*Constantinople letter*.

PREPARED FOR THE FOURTH.—The Philadelphia Bulletin had this: "Oh, I'll have a blazing time on the Fourth!" yelled a boy from the city hall steps yesterday at another in the yard. "Going to shoot off your mouth?" sneered the other. "No, I ain't going to shoot off my mouth, but I've got a fire-cracker as big as your leg, two hundred torpedoes, six old muskets and a sky rocket. I'm sold the stove biler yesterday for lemons and sugar, had is around trying to pick gooseberries for a pie, we've got the dead thing on a yearling chicken, and if you want to see the Goddess of Liberty turn handspins over the clothes line, you come around and look through the alley fence."

Judge Drummond of Illinois has just outlawed certain outrageous gas contracts in which the city of Chicago has been involved by corrupt city authority. The contracts run for ten years, and are apparently good on technicality, but Judge Drummond says that "members of a city council in this country are nothing but trustees of the public, and it cannot be that powers vested in them be filtered away by contract or parcelled out to individuals or corporations so as to place those powers beyond control." It is very refreshing to hear a Judge meet technically with the plain "it cannot be" of justice.

The first submarine cable was that laid across the Strait of Dover, 27 years ago. It parted next day, and the first working cable was laid, in 1851, on the same route. The network of a cable has now extended so far that when Asia is united to America by cabling the Pacific, the electric globe around or parcelled out to individuals or corporations so as to place those powers beyond control." It is very refreshing to hear a Judge meet technically with the plain "it cannot be" of justice.

A man arrived in Buffalo the other day with his mother for the purpose of putting her in an insane asylum. After doing so his own conduct excited suspicion. He said his anxiety for his mother had made him nervous, and that he had not had his regular sleep for several nights. He was kept at the hotel over night, and the next morning was a raving maniac.

Baltimore has a queer old man who, every day at 1 o'clock, goes through certain streets and takes his stand near a pump. There he remains, counting aloud the persons who come for water until the number reaches 17, when he turns and goes the way he came to his home.

It is stated from Vienna that a man named Benik, a groom of an aristocratic house, during a fit of religious fervor nailed both his feet and left hand to the floor of his bedroom, and then with a knife cut his left side open. During the entire operation he gave no signs of pain.

The small boy of the office, who had evidently been to church on Sunday, just now asked us "Why is General Howard like Mrs. Potiphar?" and on our giving it up replied, "Because he is trying to entrap Joseph." He was kicked out.

The king of Holland has offered to send 40,000 tulips to the Paris Exposition of 1878. He will also send some of his gin to keep the two lips moist.

The Dubuque Times says that Prof. Tice, whom it calls the weather buckster of the West, has arranged for 57 thunder storms for Iowa this Summer.

Characteristic leader from an Arkansas country weekly—"Our respected chief being off on his annual drunk, no editorial appears this week."

Senator Boggs loses \$100,000 by the failure of the Commercial Insurance Company, of which his son was President.

He who labors with the mind governs others; he who labors with the body is governed by others.

The farmer's best vest—harvest.

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. She had several years experience in teaching and can give the best of references.
FLAINTING, Stamping, Cutting, Pressing, Plain Sewing, Hair Weaving, etc. Call at the rooms adjoining the Court House, Albany, Oregon. Miss Cook, Van V.
MAJON WHITE—Is located one block of Fox Bro.'s First street, Albany, Oregon. He is prepared to do all work in his line, such as repairing watches, clocks, and jewelry. Also, engraves door-plates, silver-ware, &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 a 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 memory, &c., I will send a receipt that will cure you. FREE OF CHARGE. The 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.—REV.
FOR SALE!
A VERY DESIRABLE business lot, 60x100 feet on the corner of Second and West streets, Albany. Also, Engine, Boiler and Machinery, together with a lot of farm implements, wheelbarrows, barrows, &c., all to be sold off cheap for cash in consequence of removal on account of sickness. Enquire of the premises of PUTNAM & CO., Albany, Jan. 19, 1877-117

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