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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1879.

A Doctor's Peril.

When M. D. was attached to my name, I bowed at two shrines, my profession and my Angelina. Her name was not Angelina, but my wife being a modest little lady, desires she shall not be dragged before an inquisitive public. Let, then, the abstract Angelina represent the real woman. I conceal my own name for similar reasons. Of course I had a rival. Name, Richard Somers; aged twenty-six; general appearance, striking and handsome; character, very bad.

Neither my affection for this gentleman nor his affection for me would have caused a conflagration on any river which I know. We disliked each other heartily. Being a much handsomer man than myself, he might have been a dangerous rival. However, he saved me all the trouble. He committed a forgery that was discovered sooner than he expected. He was arrested for the offense, tried, and convicted. I was one of the principal witnesses against him. When the sentence was passed upon him he requested a moment's conversation with me. I shall never forget the look of hatred upon his face as he bared out:

"You have ruined my love and my life. Remember that and fear me!"

We had been married a little over two years. During that time I had heard nothing of Somers. His sentence had been a comparatively light one, one year and six months. After his discharge from prison, however, I neither saw nor heard of him. For so young a man, I had been very successful as a physician. Perhaps my success was principally due to my strict attention to business. No matter how late, or dark and stormy might be the night, I very promptly attended summonses to the bedside of suffering.

One night, a little before the hour for retiring, the door-bell rang, and shortly afterward a man entered the room where we were sitting. He was not prepossessing. His hair was short and black, and the general cast of his features villainous. A gentleman, he said, had broken his leg. I thought it a pity that, if he was anything like his messenger, he had not broken his neck. I did not tell my wife where I was going; it was in a distant part of the town, and in anything but a respectable neighborhood. I did not wish to make the woman nervous.

My guide led me up two flights of very dirty stairs, that creaked objections to our weight upon them. In the third story we stopped before a door, which, to my surprise, my companion opened with a key which he took from his pocket. Was he afraid that the man would escape? I was still more surprised when, on entering the room, I found it empty! He motioned me to a chair, and, remarking that he would soon return, left the room. For the first time I was somewhat nervous and suspicious. The empty room—the last action of my guide—his carelessness on our way as to the health of the supposed injured man—the lonely house and neighborhood, all combined to make me suspect foul play. I stepped to the door, only to find it locked from the outside—to the window, only to find escape impossible there. It was many feet from the ground. My suspicions were now certainties. I was trapped. None of my friends, not even my wife knew where I was. I might be murdered in this den, and my death remain a mystery.

I suppose I waited about an hour before I heard the key turn in the door, and then, to my dismay, a half-dozen men came in. When nature made the jail bird that led me into the trap, she did not break her mould. These gentlemen were of the same pattern. All of them were the same hanging-dog look. One of them raised the light in the room which had been burning low. With a glance at me, they took seats upon the floor and began to play cards. When the door opened and another man entered, I had no hope as I looked on him, for I saw the scintillating glint of a dagger. He was a man of the same pattern. He was a man of the same pattern. He was a man of the same pattern.

When a gentleman, however, appeared upon the floor and began to play cards, I had no hope as I looked on him, for I saw the scintillating glint of a dagger. He was a man of the same pattern. He was a man of the same pattern. He was a man of the same pattern.

"You have ruined my love and my life. Remember that and fear me!" I saw in his face at once (showing his revenge and desperation) that nothing could turn him aside from his purpose.

"Somers?" I said—for my life I could not have called him Mr. Somers—"I know that you have trapped me here for the purpose of revenging yourself upon me; but remember, sir, that I have friends! Remember law and justice!"

"I fear nothing," he answered. "I defy man and God! Revenge on you is dearer to me than life; and though for me the bottomless pit were yawning I would have it!"

I saw it was useless to appeal to this man, and I sullenly waited for what seemed late. At his command the ruffians searched me. One of them who appeared to be a kind of treasurer for the gang, secured my watch and my pocket book. Then they tied me with ropes to a chair. Somers did not address me again, but sat upon the floor and gambled with the rest. Presently he arose, and, saying he would return by daylight, left the room. He evidently felt that I was in his power, and seemed in no hurry to complete his revenge.

After Somers was gone the card playing was kept up a couple of hours. Then they all stretched themselves upon the floor and slept. The door opened inward, and across it was the burly form of the treasurer. In spite of the apparent hopelessness of the trial, I set about devising some plan of escape. The first thing to do was to free myself. I have large wrists and small hands. In trying me they did not take this into consideration. Without much difficulty I liberated my hands, then, of course, it was but the work of a few seconds to free myself from my bonds. Taking the precaution to place the ropes in such a position that should any of the gang waken I should still appear to be bound.

I thought upon my chances of escape. They certainly appeared to be very few and small. The fact of the men upon the floor being asleep seemed little in my favor. I could not move the ruffian who was sleeping at the door without waking him. As I have before stated, escape by the window was impossible. Every plan that suggested itself had insurmountable objections to it. I had almost given up scheming in despair and concluded to adopt some hopeless, desperate measure, when I thought of the contents of a bottle I had in my pocket. In searching me the ruffians had not taken it. It contained chloroform. I also had a sponge in my pocket. In a moment I resolved what to do. Drawing the bottle from my pocket I soaked the sponge thoroughly with its contents. Slowly, patiently, with all the caution that a man uses when his life may depend upon the slightest noise, I stepped to the side of the nearest ruffian. Placing the sponge to his nose, I saw him quickly yield to the influence of the vapor. From man to man I stepped. One by one they were senseless, helpless.

The man at the door was the last. I drew him away, first securing my watch and pocket book. I also found in his possession a blackjack, which I took the liberty of appropriating. Then opening the door, I stepped out into the hall. I still moved cautiously, feeling that all danger was not passed. I thought there might be a watcher there, but to my surprise, I saw no one. I descended the flight of stairs and reached the second story in safety.

I had gone about half way down the second flight. My heart stood still, for I heard some one enter below, then, in the oath I recognized Somers's voice. I crouched down upon the stair next to the wall, hoping he might pass me. But as he came up his hand brushed my face. In a moment he had me by the throat. I knew him to be by far the more powerful man, and it was not a time for scruples. Quickly, it being so dark he could not see the action; I raised the blackjack—I had held it since I left the room—and brought it down heavily upon his skull. His hand left my throat and a lifeless mass he rolled down the stairs. I found him at the foot quite still. I made good my escape, not stopping to see if I had killed him. I do not know to this day whether he is dead or alive. I never saw or heard of him again.

There is said, says an exchange, to be a woman in the Indiana State Prison, serving out a sentence for life, who offers \$80,000 to any man who will marry her and release her from duress vile. One heroic individual with the name of Schwartzmiller has come forward to sacrifice himself for the sum of \$80,000, but the Governor of Indiana has been forced to disappoint his aspirations; the laws of the United States contain no provision whereby a person can be released by any such romantic process.

Piazza Smyth suggests the construction of an imperial observatory on the heights of Cyprus, where the sky is clear and the climate mild.

Potassium salts have been used for some time in Austria as a manure. Near Sebastopol the pedestal of a bronze statue has been dug up. It is covered with Hellenic inscriptions belonging to the second century before the Christian era.

The weighting of silk is ruinous to the silk-growing departments of France. Their high class products are no longer in demand, as inferior and cheaper foreign silks serve equally well for loaded tissues.

A writer in *Nature* suggests the employment of carrier pigeons in the British meteorological service as a means of bringing accounts of the weather at different points in the Atlantic Ocean, 300, 400, or even 500 miles out, the pigeons being dispatched on outward voyages of ships leaving such ports as Queenstown, Southampton, etc.

The catalogue describing the agricultural products shown at the Sydney Exhibition by the Imperial College of Agriculture at Tokio, Japan, states that sugar starch is prepared by treating steamed rice with a portion of rice, wheat or barley which has already undergone fermentation. After digesting for several hours at a fixed temperature, the solution is strained and evaporated either to a syrup or a solid condition.

M. A. Dupre has published a letter challenging the claim of M. T. Bechamp as to the discovery of the presence of alcohol in animal tissues during life. He says: "Years ago the late Dr. Austin and myself showed that animal tissue, when distilled with water, yield a distillate containing traces of a substance which gives all the characteristic reactions of alcohol. In our researches on the elimination of alcohol, we had not only recognized this, but made allowance for the presence of this natural alcohol."

Dr. C. Hunter, a German savant, of Griefswald, has devised a simple arrangement which demonstrates the circulation of the blood in the human body by making it visible. What is known as Purkinje's experiments previously enabled an observer to witness the circulation in his own retinal blood vessels; but now for the first time, can the flow of the vital fluid in one person be watched by another, and that, we are assured, with sufficient accuracy to detect anything abnormal, and to obtain invaluable assistance in the diagnosis of disease. Dr. Hunter's method is as follows: The patient's head being fixed in a frame, on which is a contrivance for supporting a microscope and a lamp, his lower lip is drawn out and fixed on the stage of the microscope by means of clips, the inner surface being uppermost and having a strong light thrown on it by a condenser. When these preparations are completed, all the observer has to do is to bring the microscope to bear on the surface of the lip, using a low-power objective, and focusing a small superficial vessel. At once he sees the end less procession of the blood corpuscles through the minute capillaries, the colorless ones appearing like white specks dotting the red stream. Dr. Hunter asserts that from taking careful note of variations in the blood-flow and changes in the corpuscles, he has derived great advantages in the treatment of medical cases.

Why the Book-Keeper Stole.

He had a wife. His salary was \$2,500 per annum. But she complained. She wanted a better house. Better clothes. Nothing fit to go out in. No country cottage. Nor carriage. Nor front pews. Nor society. She coveted a place on the ragged edge of the select 500. She kept it up. Night and day. And moaned and groaned and growled and wept. He lacked style, also. As well as new clothes every six weeks, and various other things. He knew how his employer made several hundreds daily on the street. A thousand or so would not be missed for a few hours. So he took it, went up the street and won. She got her seat skin. He took more and lost. More to get that back and lost. More yet. Delicacy discovered. He wears the Penitentiary check. Others are going too. Beware. But if you win regularly, society won't be hard on you. But if you lose, society will sit down on you.

Beware. Better is a modest room up two pair of back stairs than a cell in the Tombs. And a plain woolen jacket rather than a pair of prison uniform pants on poor Charlie's legs.

Mr. Arthur Lockyer writes to the *London Times*: "The following extract from Evelyn's Diary shows that in the matter of husbands she outdid the famous Mrs. Abbott, of New York: 'Toward the end of August I returned to Haslemere. They showed us a cottage where they told us dwelt a woman who had been married to her twenty-fifth husband, and being now a widow, was prohibited to marry in the future, yet it could not be proved that she had ever made away with any of her husbands, though the suspicion had brought her divers times to trial.'"

Is there no way to bring home a wandering sheep but by worrying him to death?

"Are you fond of tongue, sir?" I was always fond of tongue, madame, and like it still."

If you wish to be released from a rash promise of marriage, breathe vows of love continually, after eating onions. Why is a young lady like a bill of exchange? Because she ought to be settled as soon as she comes to maturity. A young lady who was urged to study French, replied that she thought one tongue sufficient for any woman.

There are only three ways of getting out of a scrape—write out, back out, the best way is to keep out. "I'll take your part," as the dog said, when he robbed the cat of her portion of the dinner.

A little boy was asked if he had a good memory. "No," said he, "but I have a good forgetfulness."

Paper is worth six cents a pound in Peru until it is made into money. Then it depreciates about 50 per cent.

"Will you take something?" said a teetotaler to his friend, when standing near a tavern. "I don't care if I do," was the reply. "Well," said Frank, "let's take a walk."

"I'm glad that this coffee doesn't mean anything," said Brown, a teacher, at the breakfast table. "Why?" said Smith. "Because I don't believe it would ever settle."

It is said that a minister in a country kirk in Scotland stopped in the course of his sermon to ask a member who was somewhat deaf, "Are ye hearing, John?" "Oh, aye," was the response, "I am hearing, but to verra little purpose."

A little boy running along caught his toe in something and fell on the pavement.

"Never mind, my little fellow, it won't hurt to-morrow," said a bystander.

To which the boy replied: "Then I won't cry to-morrow."

A little three-year old boy ran to his mother the other day with a bunch of corn silks, crying, "Me dot some hair for papa's bald head." There were several ladies by, and the father didn't appreciate the joke exactly.

A contemporary has an acquaintance who remarks he has often heard the proverb, "A friend in need is a friend indeed!" but he can't see where the laugh comes in. He has a friend in need who is always borrowing money of him.

An Irishman going to market saw a farmer with an owl. "Say, mister, what will ye take for yer big eyed turkey?" "It's an owl," replied the astonished farmer. "Devil a bit do I care whether it is owl or young."

A lady of experience observes that a good way to pick out a husband is to see how patiently he waits for dinner when it is behind time. Her husband remarks that a good way to pick out a wife is to see whether the woman has dinner ready in time.

A noble lord asked a clergyman once, at the bottom of his table, "Why the goose, if there was one, was always placed next to the parson?" "Really," said he, "I can give no reason for it; but your question is so odd, that I shall never see a goose again without thinking of your lordship."

A rather gaily dressed young lady asked her Sunday-school class, "What was meant by the pomps and vanities of the world?" The answer was honest, but rather unexpected, "Them flowers on your hat." That was a sermon on "top-knot come down."

A lucky chap at Washington who has the prescription, says: "A woman is the best maneuverer after all. Take three pounds of petticoats, four smiles, two tear drops, with cannon at discretion; stir briskly, and apply while warm to the blind side of a secretary, and you have a never failing prescription for getting office."

The following is a speech made by the manager of an Irish theatre. "There was only three persons composing his audience: 'Ladies and gentlemen! As there is nobody here, I'll dismiss you all; the performances of this night will not be performed; but the performances of this night will be repeated to-morrow evening.'"

The following was the answer made the other day, by a gentleman to a young lady who had sent him a kiss in a letter:

Thanks to my gentle absent friend—A kiss you in the letter sent! But ah! the thrilling charm is lost In kisses that arrive by post: That fruit can only tasteful be. When gathered melting from the tree.

Men never grow too old to learn wisdom. It is said that Dan Voorhees is about to abandon the soft money foolishness and embrace the sensible financial views of Bayard and other democrats, whose heads have never been turned by the flat money craze.

How to Cure Ingrowing Toe Nails.

Put a small piece of tallow in a spoon and heat until very hot, then pour it on the granulations being careful not to get it on other portions of the toe. The effect will be almost magical pain and tenderness will at once disappear, and in a few days the granulations will all be gone, the diseased part dry and destitute of feeling, and the edge of the nail exposed so as to admit of being pared away without any inconvenience. The operation causes but little pain, if the tallow is properly heated. A repetition in some cases might be necessary, although we have never met with a case that did not yield to one operation.—*Medical Journal.*

An Excellent Remedy for Rheumatism.

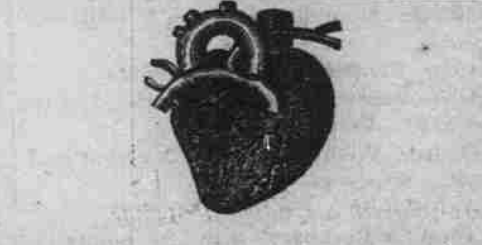
Take fluid extract of Black Cohosh two fluid ounces; Iodide of Potash, two drachms, Simple Syrup, one pint. Mix and take one teaspoonful three times a day, one hour before meals. This is the formula we are using daily in our practice. Any one afflicted with rheumatism will never regret a thorough trial of the above.—*Medical Journal.*

Pennsylvania is again placed under the disagreeable necessity of hanging a woman. Mrs. Catharine Zell has been convicted of murder in the first degree, she having poisoned an old lady by the name of Kiehl. The murder was committed at the instance of a man named Wynkoop, who claimed that the old lady had left all her property by will. As he was not related to her, and there was no reason why she should thus have favored him, suspicion was aroused and the fact developed that Mrs. Zell had given the deceased enough arsenic to kill half a dozen persons. The man is yet to be tried.

The Hon. Fred. Hassareuk, editor of Cincinnati *Volkblatt*, and for some years past an active democrat, has pronounced in favor of John Sherman for president. He says the democratic party is hopelessly demoralized, and as the choice seems to be reduced to Grant or Sherman he is for the latter.

The telegraph informs us that O. N. Denny, has been nominated as Consul General at Shanghai.

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